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A NEW ZEALANDER'S NOTES ON THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

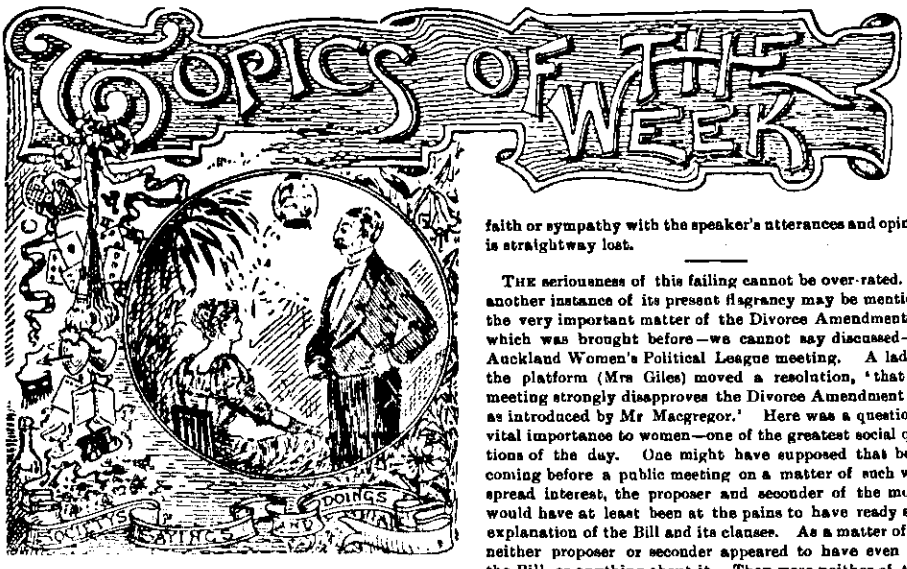
THE photograph reproduced in this issue needs very little explanation. The group of women and girls is from a view taken in one of the many burial places which may be seen scattered over the islands. The faces are thoroughly typical of the Friendly Islanders, and the figures are represented in their every-day dress. The natives are very fond of flowers, sometimes using them for personal decoration, as will be seen in our illustration. The starry white blossom of the 'Charley' is the favourite, perhaps owing to its great fragrance. For this reason it is used to perfume the cocoanut oil so liberally used by the natives for anointing the skin. In most localities the graves are covered by large mounds of shells and coral, which the women decorate with streamers made from native plants, and sometimes strings of flowers and berries.

BALLOON VOYAGES.

THE two great institutions of the pigeon and the balloon continued to be of marked interest to France. But, as the year drew towards its close, the pigeons were found to be less useful than they had proved in the early months. They would not fly during the night; and the December days were so short that messages were in this way frequently delayed. When the birds were sent from the south of France, it was necessary to convey them a long part of the way by hand, and to set them loose at such a distance from Paris as they could traverse before sunset. If not, they went to roost wherever they could, and sometimes failed to continue their journey on the following day. The balloons also were liable to accidents, but, on the whole, did wonders in keeping up intercommunication. They were for the most part made of strong calico, covered with two or three coatings of linseed oil and oxide of lead, and inflated with ordinary gas. Some were manufactured at the Northern, others at the Orleans, railway station; and at the former the pieces were sewn together by machinery. One of the most adventurous of these balloon voyages was that of M. Martin, a naval officer from Finisterre, who gave an account of his experiences to the Bordeaux correspondent of the *Daily News*. M. Martin started from Paris on the 1st of December in a balloon which had been christened the 'Jules Favre.' He rose at once above the snow clouds into a stratum of bitter cold air, along which he was borne with great speed in a westerly direction. He felt like a man who had been buried alive in a vast dark, chilling vault, beyond the reach of human sympathy or aid. Presently the stars were obscured by snow clouds, and it was also found that the instruments used by aëronants for taking their bearings had got out of order. At four o'clock in the morning M. Martin and his companion perceived water below them, which at first they supposed to be the Loire; but shortly afterwards, seeing a lighthouse and ships, they found they were in the neighbourhood of the sea. They were above Belle-Isle, and close to the western side of it, so that it was necessary to descend at once, if they would not be swept away over the Atlantic. The pulley which opened the escape-valve had been blown out of reach by the fury of their rushing passage through the air; but M. Martin climbed up the ropes, regained the pulley, and released the gas. They now descended with such rapidity as to lose consciousness. The balloon, on nearing the earth, dashed madly about, tore off the roof of a house, broke down a wall, and came into collision with an old church. M. Martin's companion was thrown out and seriously hurt, and M. Martin himself, on recovering his senses, found that some coastguardsmen were holding down the car. Among the persons soon attracted to the spot was M. Armand Trochu, brother of the Governor of Paris. This gentleman had a little property on Belle Isle, where he lived with his mother, then in her 84th year. By a strange coincidence, it was the roof of M. Armand Trochu's house which the 'Jules Favre' tore off in its wild writhings. The old lady had been praying throughout the night for a sign from heaven that France should be saved by her son; and when the rafters crashed over her head she exclaimed to her granddaughter that the sign had been given, and that 'the Providence of the King of Prussia' was not always to prevail.

H. Utting, photo., Auckland.

GROUP OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN, FRIENDLY ISLANDS.



THE political woman has been somewhat prominently before the public during the past week, with interesting and, it is to be hoped, not uninstructive results. Public political meetings convened by women have been held in Wanganui and in Auckland, and though neither one nor the other is likely to prove of any great or immediate political importance, both are worthy of more than passing consideration and attention. Considerable capital has been made, by those to whom political activity in woman is an abomination, out of the fact that the Auckland meeting was a divided one, and that the proceedings were of the class usually described as 'lively.' It is certainly to be regretted that the want of a little tact and judgment should have given the hard-dying conservatism, which disbelieves in the advancement of women, so excellent a peg on which to hang exaggerative and damaging reports. At the same time, it must be remembered that the faults of the meeting have been, to say the least, made the most of, while such virtues as it possessed have been entirely ignored.

VIEWED dispassionately, the meeting was no worse than many (we cannot say the majority) of those held and convened by men. The personalities exchanged between Mrs Daldy and Mrs Collings were neither better nor worse, wiser or more foolish, than those which we have heard exchanged many times when masculine political disputants have warmed to their work. And though a platform interchange of amenities between two speakers, where one doubts the competency of the other's judgment, and that other responds by calling the antagonist to order and to retract, may amuse rather than edify the public, yet it is unfair to make mountains out of mole hills just because the moles on this occasion are of the feminine gender. It is, nevertheless, a pity, a very great pity, that there should have been mole hills at all. Mountains may be climbed, and though those who are prepared for them do not do so, mole hills are easy things to stumble over. One cannot help remembering, too, that we once heard a good deal from women about the discreditable manner in which *men* bickered, and squabbled, and lost their tempers, and became personal in the discussion of politics, and we were surely given to understand that woman would show man a good example when once she began political work. She has certainly begun, but we yet await the example.

BUT after all, 'the liveliness'—so to term it—of the Auckland meeting, though made much of in certain quarters, was not the point most open to criticism—and unfavourable criticism. No person who attended the meeting or even read the reports of it, could fail to have been struck at the really lamentable ignorance displayed on the subjects under discussion by the ladies who so ardently discussed them. If women desire to engage actively in politics, they must take the trouble to arm themselves for the fray. Before speaking at a public meeting on questions of such intricacy and importance as those discussed in Auckland, a superficial knowledge of the matter is at least advisable. To get up on the platform and to address a convened meeting of citizens and citizenesses on a question with the very rudiments of which you are unacquainted is certainly imprudent, and approaches perilously near to impudence and impertinence. Yet this the ladies did at the Auckland meeting. Many of us do not agree with the cheap money to farmers' scheme, some on the ground of impracticability in practice, others from a more decidedly antagonistic point of view; but for a speaker on the subject, on one side or the other, to tell a large audience that farmers don't want to borrow money, in your opinion, argues so fathomless an ignorance of the subject that all faith or sympathy with the speaker's utterances and opinions is straightway lost.

THE seriousness of this failing cannot be over-rated. As another instance of its present flagrancy may be mentioned the very important matter of the Divorce Amendment Bill which was brought before—we cannot say discussed—the Auckland Women's Political League meeting. A lady on the platform (Mrs Giles) moved a resolution, 'that this meeting strongly disapproves the Divorce Amendment Bill as introduced by Mr Macgregor.' Here was a question of vital importance to women—one of the greatest social questions of the day. One might have supposed that before coming before a public meeting on a matter of such widespread interest, the proposer and seconder of the motion would have at least been at the pains to have ready some explanation of the Bill and its clauses. As a matter of fact neither proposer or seconder appeared to have even read the Bill, or anything about it. They were neither of them able to offer one single word of explanation to some one in the audience who asked what the Bill was about. It is only charitable to suppose the President of the meeting was equally ignorant. Her answer that three years' desertion constituted ground for divorce would otherwise have been an exceedingly unfair and politically immoral representation. Of this, however, more anon.

IF the Auckland Woman's Political League duly learn the lessons to be gleaned from the somewhat questionable success of their recent meeting, it will not have been unproductive of great results. These lessons are:—That it is utterly impracticable and absurd for the League to pretend to be a non-party association, and to call meetings to discuss distinctly party questions. That the ignorance of the very elements of politics exemplified in the innocent supposition, that a protest against a Government measure could be discussed on non-party lines by a non party body, while touching in simplicity, is calculated to bring deserved contempt and ridicule on those who share it. That to rush before the public with wild statements and ignorant generalities is one of those privileges which should be left exclusively to the male politician; that before women talk politics in public, they should educate themselves in practice.

IN an interesting little article recently published in one of our cheap periodicals an attempt was made to give what are the usual subjects of conversation among ordinary people in their proper proportion—so much per cent. to sporting matters, so much to the stage, to business, to affairs of the heart, and so on. The writer had evidently given his ear to a good many people who had been unaware that it had been presented to them, and gathered a great deal of miscellaneous information. Upon the whole, his conclusions seem very much what one would have imagined they would be, except that his unsuspecting clients seem to have had little to say about the weather. To judge from the odds and ends of talk that one cannot help hearing between one's fellow-passengers in the railway and the omnibus, this is surely a favourite topic. It is used, of course, chiefly by persons who have little else to talk about, or merely as an introduction to break the ice of silence; but it would astonish the sound to know how largely it would enter into their discourse should they become sick. To the young and strong the matter is of no consequence—

> Nought cared this body for wind or weather
> When Youth and I lived in't together;

but to the aged and the frail it is one full of importance.

THERE is something pathetic—though, it must be confessed, very uninteresting to the outsider (says Mr James Payn), in the talk of these persons about the prevalence of east winds, or of the damp weather, which increases their ailments or delays their recovery; for in nine cases out of ten the weather, unhappily, has very little to do with it—no, nor even the time of the year, though the date (that is, the Anno Domini) has generally a good deal. How the doctors would get on without this topic one can hardly conceive; for when there is no other hope to be held out to the chronic invalid, they always pretend to look for improvement in a change of weather. When the warmth of summer sets in, or the clear sharp frosts of winter, we shall get relief, they say; and let us hope the recording angel blots out their too smooth prophecies with a tear. Though in his secret heart the patient has long lost hope, it is touching to see how he answers to the spur of encouragement; how he talks of the spring weather coming very slowly up his way—and how he will be 'another man' by midsummer, which, indeed, he may be, and in another sphere of existence.

FOR many years of his life Dr. Johnson looked with incredulity upon the weather as having any influence upon the human frame, though he seems to have rather given himself away in saying, 'Why, yes, Sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals.' If any of his acquaintance told him it was wet or dry, he would stop him with, 'Pooh, pooh! you are telling me that of which none but men in a mine or in a dungeon can be ignorant. Let us bear with patience, or enjoy in quiet, elementary changes, whether for better or the worse, as they are never secrets.' When the Doctor became an invalid, however, he shared the common lot. 'The weather, you know,' he writes, 'has not been balmy; I am now reduced to think, and am, at last, content to talk of the weather. Pride must have a fall.'

DESPITE some very distinct mannerisms few melodramatic actors have been more popular with New Zealand audiences than Walter Howe, who was for so many years with Bland Holt, but who recently started 'on his own.' Walter Howe has many friends on this side, and these will all be sorry to hear he has lost his brother. Poor Howe, surely one of the gentlest and most amiable men that ever lived, did excellent service as a musical and dramatic critic for many years. He was a sound musician and a most capable judge of acting. If sometimes his criticism seemed to lack vigour, it was because his generous disposition prevented him from writing strong words which would be likely to cause pain, even when condemnation was richly deserved. He was an entirely lovable man, and will be sincerely mourned and missed. We must all sympathise most deeply with his father, who has lost the prop and comfort of his age.

FROM New Zealand to London in twelve hours. Such is the brilliant conception of an English merchant. The means is so simple (says Picaroon, to whom we are indebted for this item) that I fancy it must have occurred to a good many people already. Everyone knows that the world spins round on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Whence it is clear that if you hang yourself up somewhere and wait, in twelve hours New Zealand will be under your feet, and you will only have to step down in order to be comfortably there. The good merchant proposes to send passengers up in a well-appointed balloon, where they will wait until Australasia comes round. It is an admirable scheme. And yet I suppose everyone will laugh at it. Why? How many people could explain in ten words why it will not work? The other day I consulted a lady on the subject. She said it was a question of gravity. Which, for my own part, I found rather difficult to maintain.

MUCH may be forgiven those smarting under non-success, and in the first passion of disappointment it is not always easy to speak moderately. One of the examiners at a recent examination for a medical degree lately received the following letter from a lady candidate:—

> Sir,—Don't you dare refuse me again in physiology when you *know* I know *all about* physiology; I very likely know more than you do. I shall write to Mr.—— if you do about it. Very soon Doctors will be drawn only from we *pure, noble-minded women*, and you *vile, drunken, filthy* men expelled for ever.
> (Signed) —— ——.

Even if the lady passed in physiology she should have been 'ploughed' in grammar.

THAT a surveyor's life in this colony is far from being an uneventful one was claimed by a gentleman of that profession who returned last week from a survey in a somewhat wild locality north of Auckland. He said that the night before he left that district for more civilised regions, he put up at a small bush pub. The accommodation was limited, and a man who arrived after he did was assigned quarters in a sort of lean-to which did duty usually as a butcher's shop. The last-comer, it appeared, was a little queer in the upper story. In the night, our surveyor was awakened by some alarming noises. A cat belonging to the establishment, recollecting juicy meals in the lean-to, entered that apartment in search of her supper. Her appearance so frightened the temporary occupier thereof that his mind became completely unhinged. He seized a butcher's knife and cut off the head of the feline intruder. Then he added to his weapons an axe and a saw. Thus armed, he rushed out, got up on the roof of the bush hotel and began sawing away at the ridging. The surveyor and the other inhabitants of the house hastily left their rooms, clad, it must be confessed, in somewhat scanty attire. They expostulated, remonstrated, entreated, commanded, threatened, but the ghostly figure on the roof sawed savagely away. Mr W., the surveyor, took up the door-step and flung it at the man. It had no effect, and as there was nothing more to throw and nothing could be done, the surveyor turned in again till morning. Sleep was out of the question, however.

AS soon as it was light, a friend of the erratic man on the roof was fetched. The friend was also a bit queer, and succeeded in inducing him to hurl the saw and the axe at the onlookers. The knife he would not part with. Then queer one No. 2 climbed up, and waged a battle on the roof with the other queer fellow. The surveyor urged diplomatic dealing and caution, but his

remarks were unheeded, and presently the two queer ones rolled off their awkward and elevated battlefield on to the ground. They were not hurt, and the cause of all the trouble was speedily and strongly secured with ropes. Then the surveyor rode twenty-five miles with him to the nearest J.P.'s house. Here he was relieved of his unpleasant companion; a policeman telegraphed for, and the queer one given in charge. Coming down next day on the steamer, the surveyor found his quondam fellow lodger and the policeman. The queer one managed to elude the latter's vigilance—he was confined in the smoke-room—and threw his blanket overboard. A legend was current that he threw lots more things into the sea, but the surveyor only vouches for what he actually knows. The lively passenger was, on his arrival in Auckland, speedily placed in a safe asylum.

The late Madame Blavatsky is much wanted at the present moment in New Zealand. Whether her successors would be prepared to take her place, and convey to us poor mortals the exact message we want, I cannot say. What we all desire to know is upon whom did the lamented Mr Ballance intend that the mantle of the Premiership which he was compelled to put off, should fall. Those who claim to have communications from the land of departed spirits ought to be able to tell us. But unfortunately, the Mahatmas in this colony do not seem anything but second class mediums, and are unable to help the country out of a serious difficulty. The trouble is just this: Mr Seddon claims that he has documents in his possession proving his statement that he succeeded Mr Ballance as leader of the Liberal party at that gentleman's request. On the other hand, Sir Robert Stout has now given forth to the world the last political words of the late Premier, viz., that it was his dying wish that Sir Robert Stout should lead the party he (Mr Ballance) had led. The knight has also on his side the somewhat sensational card of Mrs Ballance's letter published on Monday. The situation is an interesting one, and the touch of humour which is seldom absent from any forcible dramatic position is added by the curious fact that in a professedly democratic country, where every possible office is to be obtained by election, and not by inheritance, the right of Mr Ballance to name his successor, and the Liberal party's acceptance of that nominee, has not been questioned. The only point has been which of the two candidates did Mr Ballance appoint his political heir! It is quite evident that were the Governorship of the colony to be immediately in the hands of an elective body, and the man they were to choose should speedily throw off this mortal coil, the people of New Zealand would at once want to know whom their late Governor had desired should succeed him. Then, with the tradition of the ancient method of kingly succession still clinging to them, they would adopt the man he named. Just so is it in the present instance. The old world idea of monarchical succession hovers yet in our minds, and as the Premier of the colony is a little king in his own way, it is meet he should point out who should assume the office he has to resign, and become his political son. This wrangling over a leadership, when, according to Liberal principles, all men are equal, is a very edifying spectacle, and clearly shows that the preaching and practice of democracy do not go hand-in-hand.

The opportunity for thus asserting his claim was given Sir Robert Stout at the annual meeting of the Wanganui Women's Political League held last week. The meeting was exceedingly well arranged, and great credit is due to the energetic chairwoman, Mrs Bullock. In the excellently compiled report of the year's proceedings, it is stated that one of the most stringent rules of the League prohibits questions of party politics, and they further state that the League is strictly non-partisan, 'and our hope,' say they, 'is to keep it as a common meeting ground, where women of all shades of opinion may take counsel together on matters relating to the common weal. Our present object—a threefold one—all women must surely sympathise with, namely, "To promote the political education of women generally—to improve the economic position of women—and to take up women's questions as they arise."' If they can manage to keep to these objects, well and good, but it looks very much as though the Wanganui League should be called the 'Stout Wanganui Women's Political League.' Women, bless them! despite their emancipation, have still a delightful belief in man, and especially in man's supremacy in matters of State. Hence they are very likely to be easily—if skilfully—directed in the path the brave knight would have them tread. This is merely thrown out as a note of warning to the fair sex generally, and the Wanganui dames in particular.

To return to our sheep. A Stoutly harmonious note was struck at the commencement and vibrated through the meeting, ending in the usual manner by votes of thanks and 'prolonged applause' from the large audience. The whole affair was well balanced, and though there was only one male to five lady speakers, yet that one man contrived to talk as much as the whole five put together, which kept up the idea of masculine strength and supremacy, and conveyed the impression to the uninitiated that the warning given above was necessary, were the League to be kept utterly free from party influence. So interesting, in fact, were the proceedings throughout the evening that a scoffer was heard to remark: 'I declare there are some women who have minds above dish-washing and stocking-mending, and they're pretty practical too!' It will be matter for speculation how the daughters of these emancipated and intelligent women turn out—whether severely prosaic and domestic, or staunch politicians.

Very clever and very well worth reading is the article on childish misreadings and misunderstandings of certain passages in the Bible and Prayer Book which will be found in another part of this issue. The article—which originally appeared in the *Spectator*—is one of almost universal interest, for there are few of us who cannot look back and remember more than one instance where we have absurdly misunderstood some Scriptural passage. Without doubt some of our readers could recount childish blunders every bit as amusing as those quoted in the article. From these it would be interesting to hear, and we shall be pleased to publish communications on the subject. The rising generation, however, are not, we are inclined to think, likely to furnish many instances. The modern child is at once more sceptical and less easily satisfied with a vague answer than we were—as instancing which we may quote the excellent, if somewhat chestnutty, story of the small colonial girl, aged ten, who on being asked who was the mother of Moses answered promptly, 'Pharaoh's daughter.' 'No,' said the teacher, 'it was Pharaoh's daughter who found Moses in the rushes.' 'Yes,' said the child, with a very cunning look and scornful emphasis, '*so she said*.' Those who have heard the story must pardon, as it is sufficiently good to be retold, and is a really fine commentary on *fin de siecle* childish innocence.

A very interesting page of Etchings by the 'Autocratic Idler' has unavoidably been held over this week.

OBITUARY.

Another old resident of Picton in the person of Mr William Dart, of Waikawa Road, has gone to join the great majority, having succumbed to influenza on August 2nd. Mr Dart went to Picton with the Wakamarina rush in 1864, and by his industry and honourable, straightforward character gained the respect of all who knew him, and made a home for his family which is one of the show places in the district. Mr Dart was a staunch supporter of the church, the Literary Institute, the local Building Society, and everything that tendered to the advancement of his adopted home. Mr Dart leaves one son, who is a student at Bishopdale, Nelson, and three daughters, as well as a widow, to mourn his loss, and to them the sympathy of all classes of the community of Picton has been rendered. Mr Dart was seventy-four years of age, and until quite lately was as upright of form as he was in nature, but of late his health has not been so good, and influenza finished the reaper's work, and carried off one of the most respected inhabitants of that little town.

AUCKLAND AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND CHORAL HALL CONCERT.

The Parnell Lawn Tennis Club believe in keeping their members in touch with one another during the off season, and under their auspices a grand concert will be given next Monday at the Choral Hall. All members of the Club will, of course, attend, but the good thing is not confined to them. The public generally are invited to attend in their hundreds, and, if they will, even in their thousands. A glance at the names advertised in another column in this issue will satisfy the most critical that a very excellent concert may be anticipated. Mr Gee and Miss Thorpe are to sing a duet, and so are Mr Towsey and Miss White. Mr Innes will play the flute, and Mr Edwards will sing. Mr McLean will contribute a violin solo, and in fact, all those whose names appear on the programme will do something pleasant. The prices are as will be seen 'popular.' We have no doubt the concert will prove a great success—financial and artistic.

PONSONBY 'AT HOME.'

The fourth monthly dance of the Ponsonby 'At Homes' will take place on Friday, the 17th instant. A successful evening is anticipated. For further particulars intending visitors are requested to notice our advertising column.

NEWBURY-SPADA CONCERTS.

Certainly we have no need to complain of want of musical entertainment in Auckland. As we speed the parting guest we are called upon to welcome the coming. The Newbury Spada Concert Company promises a trio of excellent concerts. There will certainly be a variety in the programme, for there is a tenor, a soprano, a baritone, and a contralto, besides the inevitable accompanist. The prices are low, and the singers are, we understand, artists of a high order. Good houses should therefore crowd the Opera House for all three nights. The concerts commence on Wednesday, August 22nd.

DEVONPORT WATERWORKS.

OPENING CEREMONY.

The pretty and popular little borough of Devonport has now one of the finest water supplies in the colony. On Saturday afternoon the new waterworks were opened in the presence of a very large party of residents and invited guests. The 'first valve' was opened by Mr E W. Alison, Mayor, and after this ceremony luncheon and speeches, both excellent, were indulged in by the Council and their guests. Some sketches at the function by our special artist appear on page 153.

THE LITERARY REGIMEN.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

ONE of the most puzzling questions with which the literary beginner is confronted is how the more popular and successful of our writers get their ideas. The aspirant, as a rule, has no doubt about his technical capacity, but there is a something he feels, trivial, but necessary, that eludes him. 'Give me,' he will say, 'a subject, and I can write upon it as well, or better, than most people;' but somehow he cannot get this subject. There is, too, a distinctive something about these distinguished writers, a flavour, what people call a 'style of their own,' that is desirable, and yet singularly remote. A few suggestions to those entering this respectable, and, as we are told, by no means unremunerative profession, may therefore not be altogether out of place.

Now,

AT THE RISK OF OFFENDING THE YOUNG BEGINNER'S ILLUSIONS,

we must remind him of one or two homely but important facts. Homely as they are, they explain the whole matter. It is common knowledge that, after a prolonged fast, the brain works in a feeble manner, the current of one's thoughts is pallid and shallow, and it is difficult to fix the attention, and impossible to mobilise the full forces of the mind. On the other hand, immediately after a sound meal the brain feels massive, but static. Tea is conducive to a gentle flow of pleasing thoughts, and anyone who has taken Easton's syrup of the hypophosphites will recall at once the state of cerebral erethism, of general mental alacrity, that followed on a dose. Again, champagne (followed, perhaps, by a *soupçon* of whisky) leads to a mood essentially humorous and playful, while about three dozen oysters taken fasting will, in most cases, produce a profound and even ominous melancholy. We might enlarge further upon this topic, on the brutalising influence of beer, the sedative quality of lettuce, and the stimulating consequences of curried chicken; but enough has been said to point our argument. It is that such facts as this can surely indicate only one conclusion, and that is *the entire dependence of literary qualities upon the diet of the writer.*

TO COME NOW TO MORE EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS.

It is imperative, if you wish to write with any power and freshness at all, that you should *utterly ruin your digestion.* Any literary person will confirm this statement. At any cost the thing must be done, even if you have to live on German sausage, onions, and cheese to do it. So long as you turn all your dietary to flesh and blood you will get no literature out of it. 'We learn in suffering what we teach in song.' This is why men who live at home with their mothers, or have their elder sisters to see after them, never by any chance, however great their literary ambition may be, write anything but minor poetry. They get their meals at regular hours, and done to a turn, and that plays the very devil—if you will pardon the phrase—with one's imagination.

A careful study of

THE RECORDS OF LITERARY MEN IN THE PAST,

and a considerable knowledge of living authors, convinces us that there are two chief ways of losing one's digestion and engendering literary capacity in England. You go and live in humble lodgings—we could name dozens of prominent men who have fed a great ambition in this way—or you marry a nice girl who does not understand housekeeping. The former is the more efficacious method because, as a rule, the nice girl wants to come and sit on your knee all day, and that is a great impediment to literary composition. Belonging to a club—even a literary club—where you can dine is absolute ruin to the literary beginner. Many a bright young fellow, who has pushed his way, or has been pushed by indiscreet friends into the society of successful literary men, has been spoilt by this fatal error, and he has saved his stomach only to lose his reputation.

HAVING GOT RID OF YOUR DIGESTION,

then, the common condition of all good literature, the next thing is to arrange your dietary for the particular literary effect you desire. And here we may point out the secrecy observed in such matters by literary men. Mr R. L. Stevenson, indeed, has fled to Samoa to hide his extremely elaborate methods, and to keep his kitchen servants out of the reach of bribery. Even Mr Walter Besant, though he is fairly communicative to the young aspirant, has dropped no hints of the plain, pure, and wholesome *menu* he presumably follows. Mr Sala professes to eat everything, but that is probably his badinage. Possibly he has one staple and takes all the rest as condiment. Then what did Shakespeare live on? Bacon? And Mr Barrie, though he has written a delightful book about his pipes and tobacco, full of suggestion to the young humorist, lets out nothing or next to nothing of his meat and drink. His hints about pipes, by-the bye, are very extensively followed, and nowadays every ambitious pressman smokes in public at least one well-burnt briar with an eccentric stem—even at some personal inconvenience. But this jealous reticence on the part of successful men—you notice they never let even the interviewer see their kitchens or the *débris* of a meal—necessarily throws one back upon rumour and hypothesis in this matter. For instance, it is said that Mr Lang consumes nothing but salmon, and that Mr J. K. Jerome is most successful on well-boiled mutton and caper sauce, with rum and milk in the morning; but neither of these statements is probably correct. Nor does Mr Haggard feed entirely on raw meat. Indeed, for lurid and somewhat pessimistic narratives there is nothing like the ordinary currant bun eaten new and in quantity.

A LIGHT HUMOROUS STYLE IS BEST ATTAINED

by soda water and dry biscuits, following café noir. The soda water may be either Scotch or Irish, as the taste inclines. For a florid, tawdry style the beginner must take nothing but boiled water, stewed vegetables, and an interest in the movements against vivisection, opium, alcohol, tobacco, sarcophagy, and the male sex.

FOR CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE LEADING REVIEWS,

boiled pork and cabbage may be eaten, with bottled beer, followed by apple dumpling. This effectually suppresses any tendency to facetiousness, or what respectable English people call *double entendre*, and brings you *en rapport* with the serious people who read these publications. So soon as you begin to feel wakeful and restless discontinue writing. For what is vulgarly known as the *fin de siècle* type of publication, on the other hand, one should limit oneself entirely to an aërated bread shop for a week or so, with the exception of an occasional tea in a literary household. This, too, might be tried for a pseudonym. All people fed mainly on scones become clever. This regimen, with an occasional debauch upon macaroons, chocolate, and cheap champagne, and brisk daily walks from Oxford Circus, through Regent-street, Piccadilly, and the Green Park, to Westminster and back, should make one a serious rival to the authors of 'The Green Bay Tree.'

It is not known

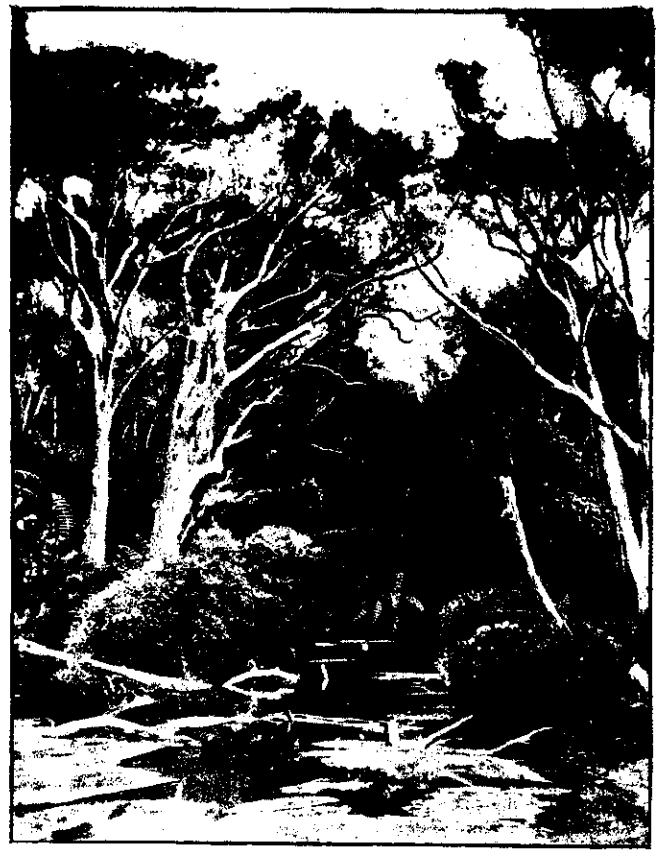
WHAT MR KIPLING TAKES TO MAKE HIM SO PECULIAR.

Many of us would like to know. Possibly it is something he picked up in the jungle—berries or something. A friend who made a few tentative experiments to this end turned out nothing beyond a will, and that he dictated and left incomplete. (It was scarcely on the lines of an ordinary will, being blasphemous, and mentioning no property except his inside.) For short stories of the detective type, cold strong tea and hard biscuits are fruitful eating; while for a social science novel one should take an abundance of boiled rice and toast and-water.

However,

THESE REMARKS ARE MAINLY BY WAY OF SUGGESTION.

Every writer in the end, so soon as his digestion is destroyed, must ascertain for himself the peculiar diet that suits him best—that is, which disagrees with him the most. If everything else fails he might try some chemical food. A small quantity of arsenic might perhaps with advantage be mixed in. 'Jabber's Food for Authors,' by the-way, well advertised, and with portraits of literary men in their best drawing rooms, 'Fed entirely on Jabber's Food,' with medical certificates of its unwholesomeness, and favourable and expurgated reviews of works written on it, ought to be a brilliant success in this age of literary aspirants.



W. J. Barrard, amateur photo., Wellington. A QUIET STREAM, UPPER HUTT.

W. J. Barrard amateur photo., Wellington. ON THE AIRATERE.

HOW A CZAR IS CROWNED.

The coronation of a Czar is perhaps the most gorgeous ceremony known to modern times. We may call it barbaric and childish, but it certainly is splendid in the highest degree.

It always takes place in Moscow—elsewhere it would not be legal—and for days beforehand the city wears a holiday appearance. An old law, still unrevoked, requires each house to receive three coats of white paint in honour of the occasion, and the inhabitants vie with each other in the magnificence of their decorations.

The grand procession with which the ceremonies open is first formed at the cavalry barracks. Sixty heralds, mounted upon cream coloured horses, range themselves twenty abreast before the door and sound their trumpets. The commandant appears, and asks, as if surprised, what they will with him, to which the master of ceremonies replies:—

'The Czar commands thee to follow me.'

The regiment then issues forth and marches, preceded by the heralds, to the cathedral, where they are awaited by the clergy, then to the law courts, where the judges are assembled, and next to the headquarters of the various nobles, governors, deputations, and guilds, all of whom, after the same formal question and answer, join the procession.

Thus, continually increasing, it passes on to the closed gate of the kremlin. The trumpets again sound, and the commander of the garrison inquires what the people want.

'The Czar,' they cry.

'What for?' asks the officer.

'To crown him most powerful of the powerful!'

Upon which the gates are flung open, and they all pass in.

They next proceed to the palace, where, in response to their demand, they are joined by the Czar in a colonel's uniform, accompanied by the Czarina, in the dress of a Russian peasant.

Thence they go, over a path strewn with bay leaves, to the cathedral of the Holy Assumption, within which, beneath a scarlet velvet canopy embroidered with gold, stands the famous throne of Veadimir Monomaqua. Beside it is a smaller throne for the Czarina, and before it a table upon which lie a crown, a sceptre, and an ermine mantle.

As soon as the Czar mounts the throne he is surrounded by his nobles, who draw their swords and lay them at his feet. The Bishop of Kazan then repeats three times a formula requiring any one who knows a reason why the coronation should not take place to come forward and declare it.

No answer being made, the Czar kneels and the ermine mantle is placed upon his shoulders by the Archbishop of Moscow, who says, as he does so—

'Cover and protect thy people as this robe covers and protects thee.'

To which the Czar replies, 'I will, I will, I will,' thrice kissing the prelate's hand. He is then invested with the crown and sceptre, after which he himself crowns his wife, holding the crown above her head while both remain in silent prayer. At last they rise; all present kneel, shouting, 'Long live the Czar!'

The nobles approach to swear allegiance, and receive their swords from his hand. He is then anointed within the inner sanctuary, and next, upon leaving the cathedral, passes with the great procession through the chief streets of the city, the Imperial carriage, in accordance with ancient custom, being escorted by a guard of a hundred young girls of high rank, armed with huge bouquets.

THE true sphere of the phonograph had yet to be discovered. We have discovered it. Its rôle is to help out Society in its poverty of conversation. It is an inestimable boon. No dull "At Homes"—no bad quarters of an hour! The brightest conversation always laid on—broken attempts at converse mended while you wait.

This is the way you do it:—In the ball-room you fix pairs of phonographs where partners will stand for square dances, or sit after round ones. One phono has a bass voice, the other a treble. The pressure of the boots on the floor causes them to start a lively conversation—teeming with pleasant compliment, cheerful wit, lively repartee, and intelligent discussion of passing events. The partners have merely to remain silent; though they should give a natural air to the arrangement by accompanying the dialogues 'with appropriate gestures.' A staff of bright and intellectual conversationalists should be retained previously to speak into the machines—this would be done at Whiteley's, or wherever the machines are supplied from. Here is young Sorrey, while his phonograph delivers an intellectual criticism of the modern novel.

Then you can have the denunciatory phono. There's Smiler who has one of a most objurgatory nature always fixed on his chair, ready for the visit of the tax-collector.

Of course there are difficulties connected with all things. Aunt Jane, from Scotland, nearly jumped out of her skin on hearing the thing start. She says it's uncanny, and no guid will come of it. She's wrong! We mean to float a company to supply the New Boom.

"And here's our Vicar. He is receiving callers. The phono over his head had begun in a jesting strain. The vicar promptly supplied the appropriate action. Suddenly (through some error), the machine glided into some horrible newspaper tragedy: and our vicar hasn't noticed the difference.

You also fix the machines to the backs of dining-chairs. There is old Treacherboy (very deaf), wholly unaware that he is (clevorously) reciting an impassioned poem to Lady Arabella.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS A SOCIAL BLESSING.

THE TARANAKI REPRESENTATIVE FOOTBALL TEAM.

TARANAKI may well be proud of her footballers. The late victorious tour which culminated in such brilliant fashion in Auckland, showed very clearly that the Garden of New Zealand can do more than hold her own in football as in everything else. The Auckland-Taranaki match was as fine a sight as any lover of the game could wish to see, and the dash and brilliance of the Taranaki game worth tramping many a mile to see. The story of how the contest was fought, and how completely Auckland were beaten, need not be told here. It is now ancient history, though we doubt not the battle will be fought over again many and many a time over pipe and fire. A few notes on each player may give additional interest to the picture.

L. ALLEN, full-back. This is the first season Allen has played full-back in representative matches. His usual place has been three-quarter-back. His defensive play is good, and he is also accounted an excellent kick.

A. BAYLY, centre three-quarter. One of the best known and most popular players in the colony. Taken all round, he is perhaps the finest, and certainly the most useful, footballer in New Zealand. Bayly was a prominent member of the New Zealand representative team, and won the medal presented during that tour to the best all-round player on the field.

J. LAMBIE.—One of the best forwards in the colony. A clever dribbler and a dangerous man near his opponents' goal line.

M. MCMILLAN is another ex-Aucklander, and represented the Northern province in 1892 3. He is a sterling forward, and one who can play a very clever game.

D. HUGHES is the tallest man in the team. Splendid line-out man, and good all-round forward.

D. WATSON, a powerful and fast forward. A warrior to 'graft,' both in the scrum and open.

W. SANGSTER looks about 22, but is actually 36. Plays as good, sound, honest, and plucky a game as ever; a fine forward, and a perfect wonder to 'follow up.'

WELLS, a real good forward, clever with both hands and feet. The only forward who scored in Auckland match.

CULLEN is the lightest of the Taranaki forwards, but a grand little player either in the scrum or in the open.

OXFORD ROWDYISM.

BY AN OLD OXONIAN.

THE undergraduate of Oxford is not a political conspirator, like the undergraduate of Moscow, nor does he understand the uses of the *monome*, like the undergraduates of Paris. His methods of painting the town red are of a much more light and airy character. Yet the stories that have lately got into the papers about the breaking of windows in the

A more notable row was that which took place at Wadham, towards the end of the seventies, and resulted in making that college a wilderness for many years. It sprang, like so many great events, from a very trifling cause. The dons had put their heads together and composed a book of rules for the conduct of those *in statu pupillaris*. The undergraduates considered that this

SAVOURED OF GRANDMOTHERLY LEGISLATION.

Some wits among them compiled a bogus book of rules, burlesquing the official document, and posted copies of it to the vice chancellor, the proctors, and the heads of all colleges and halls. The dons replied by forbidding the Wadham men to give their usual concert at the end of the summer term. Then the fun began. A great bonfire was lighted on the grass, where undergraduates are not even allowed to walk. A great quantity of wine was drunk, and the proposal was made to 'rag' the rooms of a certain 'unbelieving Dick'—so called on account of his reputed theological opinions—who was believed to be at the bottom of the attack upon undergraduate liberties. The project was carried out.

STONES AND BRICK-BATS ENTERED THE WINDOWS OF THE OFFENDING DON,

and he himself was constrained to flee for refuge in his nightdress. Now arose the question of punishing the ringleaders. But before they could be punished they must be discovered, and to this end the services of a private detective were sought. The private detective did not discover the ringleaders, but the ringleaders discovered the private detective. Having discovered him, they put him under the pump; and the upshot of the matter was that the whole college was sent down, and stayed down.

There is not much space left to recall

OTHER OXFORD ROWS;

F. W. Edwards, photo, Auckland.

BACK ROW.—W. SANGSTER (forward), D. WATSON (forward), G. WELLS (forward), D. HUGHES (forward), T. HEMPTON (2), M. MCMILLAN (forward).
MIDDLE ROW.—F. PEARSON, H. GOOD (2), R. B. LUSK (2), A. BAYLY (2, Captain), J. LAMBIE (forward), A. GOOD (2), L. ALLEN (full-back).
FRONT ROW.—J. CULLEN (forward), A. HUMPHRIES (2), W. BAYLY (2).

T. HEMPTON, wing three quarter, is an old Taranaki rep, who has not, however, played for some years. He it was who scored the try for Taranaki in the 1887 match against Auckland, thus winning the game for his side and province.

H. GOOD, wing three-quarter, is described as the coming three-quarter of New Zealand. He is the fastest man in the team, very strong, and a splendid kick. He is exceedingly valuable in defensive play.

R. B. LUSK is an ex-Aucklander, and learnt his football at the Auckland College and Grammar School. He represented Auckland in 1886-7 8 9, playing in the position of full-back. He has represented Taranaki for the past three seasons. This year Lusk has played in the position of five-eighths, and shows great pace and dodging powers, besides being a fine kick.

A. HUMPHRIES, centre half-back, is the light weight of the team; a clever and plucky little player. With a little more weight would be good enough for any team.

W. BAYLY, wing forward, one of the best wing forwards in the colony. Plays with great dash, and is always on the ball.

A. GOOD, wing forward, has usually played three-quarter. His dash and great pace have stood the team in good stead more than once.

Christ Church quadrangles, and the consequent rustication of certain members of the Ballingdon Club, revive many memories of revolutions, a little graver than the proverbial schoolboy's barring-out. Let me try to recall a few of them at random.

Comparatively recently there was a great row at New College, the exact rights of which few people ever knew.

THE NEW WOMEN AND THE NEW JOURNALISM

were jointly responsible for it. The New Women had taken to attending the classes of a University Professor who was lecturing on Juvenal—a poet whose writings are sometimes as unpleasantly realistic as the contents of a French anatomical museum. The New Journalism, represented on this occasion by an amateur organ of undergraduate opinion, edited by the Hon. Lionel Bathurst—commented on the circumstance, and hinted that the improper passages which occur so freely in the poems of the Roman satirist were not so unpalatable to the New Women as they ought to be. In the interests of discipline the dons took the matter up, and sent Mr Bathurst down. New College, as a whole, formed the opinion that Mr Bathurst was hardly treated. They laid their views before the dons, and as their views did not find acceptance, they created no inconsiderable disturbance.

OF COURSE THERE WERE BONFIRES—THERE ARE ALWAYS BONFIRES.

But the greatest demonstration took place in hall, when the college was assembled for dinner. For, when the don at the head of the high table rose to ask the usual blessing on the meal, his Latin grace was drowned by the chorus of the well known English song, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'

but a certain memorable row at Magdalen must not go unmentioned. It happened, if my memory does not mislead me, in the year 1883. That was the time when the æsthetic movement had its little day at Oxford, and a great many of the æsthetics were in residence at Magdalen. There were also a good many boating men at Magdalen, and the æsthetics and the boating men did not love each other. One of the æsthetics had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to his fellow creatures. The intense and plaintive tone of voice in which he made his most trivial observations was in itself enough to give offence; but the climax of his unpopularity came on the day when he went down to the Union Debating Society and demanded that the society should cease to subscribe for *Punch*, because *Punch* had aspersed the New Renaissance. A few days afterwards the boating men were celebrating their victories in the Eights Week. Flown with insolence and wine, they forced their way into the æsthete's rooms. He was a collector of china. The boating men laid violent hands upon that collection, and threw it out of window. Then they laid violent hands upon the æsthete himself. He struggled, but his struggles were unavailing. He was led like a lamb to the pump, and there deluged with cold water. Ultimately he escaped and ran, but the boating men ran after him. They pursued him across the quadrangle and up a staircase on the other side. The chase only ceased when he burst unannounced into the apartments of a don, and, with the cold water dripping from his clothing, flung himself down exhausted upon one of the don's armchairs, and asked that the strong arm of authority might protect him from his enemies.

NEW BOOKS.

'PERSEPHONE AND OTHER POEMS,' BY K. McCOSH CLARK.*

It is with anticipatory feelings of pleasure that we take up the volume of poems bearing the above title. For the memory of Mrs McCosh Clark's 'A Southern Cross Fairy Tale' still lingers in New Zealand, and further contributions to current literature from the same pen command attention and excite interest. No disappointment awaits the peruser of 'Persephone and Other Poems;' rather, indeed, in this case does the realisation exceed the anticipation. Mrs McCosh Clark has given to the world a thoroughly readable book of poetry. There is a pure, clear ring about these poems, a healthy tone, a light and graceful touch which makes them specially acceptable at a time when women writers are soiling their hands with all kinds of questionable productions in the shape of literary matter. Take, for instance, the title poem, Persephone, and the description of the maiden :—

Luxuriant tresses fell
In clouds of golden splendour to her feet,
And standing close to me, in the pale light,
I saw the white gleam of the outstretched arms,
The rounded neck, the sinuous lines, the grace
Of perfect womanhood: And what more fair?
But in her eyes there lay the veiled light
That shines when love is purified by pain.

Here is conveyed an excellent idea of what a woman's beauty might be in aptly and carefully chosen words which cannot be condemned by the most fastidious reader. But despite this avoidance of the modern method of introducing unpleasant topics into books intended for general perusal, the volume is not in the least namby-pamby. On the contrary, some of the poems are vigorous and manly in style, bracing and elevating in tone.

IN ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

O youth,
Who in your dreams of happiness, or love,
Or fame, see but yourselves: ye waste your strength,
If naught but self reflects in all ye see!
Strength ever grows through love, and when 'tis merged
Into some other life outside your own,
It straight forgets its selfish aims, and seeks
To work a wider good.

. . . . . .

A great man's fame
With clarion sound is heralded from age
To age, and as the centuries roll on
And myriads of lesser lives pass by
And are forgot, his name yet lives on lips
Of men, sounding through all hereafters.

Quite in a different style, and marked by a naturalness and daintiness of touch and fresh country scents which is very attractive, is the poem entitled :

A FARM IDYL.

She was a maiden rosy—bright as any posy,
He was nothing but a ploughboy, rough and strong—
But he loved to walk beside her, where the drooping boughs could hide her,
And the daffodils kept nodding all day long!

No queen he thought was fairer—no grace was ever rarer,
As she carried her bright pail and milking stool;
But, ah! he could not utter what he thought, but only stutter,
And the daffodils kept nodding 'He's a fool!'

One day as he was sitting close to Molly busy knitting,
She dropped a stitch just in the stocking-heel;
He blurted out, 'A lover should that lost stitch recover!'
And the daffodils kept nodding 'He should kneel.'

But in his clumsy fingers the needle stiffly lingers,
Till Molly, all impatient of delay,
Said, 'If you really are my lover, why do you not discover
That I mean far more than any girl can say?'

He laid the knitting lightly on the settle shining brightly,
As he looked into the pretty hazel eyes,
And he sighed, 'If you do love me, don't speak, but gently shove me,
And the daffodils kept nodding in surprise.

So red as any clover, she got closer to her lover,
And looked into the embers burning low,
And her blushes said, 'I'd miss yo, Johnny dear, why don't you kiss me.'
And the daffodils they nodded 'Ay, just so!'

Some of the love poems are very pretty, such as the one beginning,

'Dear, draw my lips to thine in sweetest bliss,'

and 'Edelweiss.'

There is not wanting, too, the pathos in Mrs McCosh Clark's poetry without which no true poet ever sings :

Yes, surely dear ones from the shadow land
Soothe with their mystic presence those who mourn,
And hover o'er us, as we longing stand
Gazing beyond life's bourn.

For often in the silent brooding hour,
Some subtle sweetness mingles with our pain,
And, warm, in fancy, long-lost kisses shower
Upon our lips again.

And again in 'The Bells' :—

Ah! snow! fall gently on the new-turned sod,
Where I have left my cherished one with God.

Of the more ambitious poems, 'Niobe,' 'Socrates,' etc., we have no space to speak, but they can be left with confidence to the warm approval of an appreciative public, who cannot do better when they want to enrich their poetical libraries or send an acceptable gift to a friend than purchase a copy of 'Persephone.'

The volume is prettily bound in green and white touched with gold. The paper is of the fashionable rough style, and the printing is acceptably clear; all of which conduce to the pleasure of adding these poems to one's own or one's friend's collection.

London: Sampson Low, Marston and Company.

'FOLLOW ME 'OME.'

THERE was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot,
Nor any o' the Guns I knew;
An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an' died,
Which is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin'—
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long,
She paws the 'ole night through,
An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' waitin' for 'is step,
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier,
Before 'er month is through; (hooked,
An' the banns are up in church, for she's got the beggar
Which is just what a girl would do.

We fought 'bout a dog—last week it were—
No more than a round or two;
But I strook 'im cruel 'ard, an' I wish I 'adn't now,
Which is just what a man can't do.

'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend,
An' I've 'ad to find one new;
But I'd give my pay an' stripe for to get the beggar back
Which it's just too late to do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me,
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me.
Oh, 'ark to the fifes a crawlin'!
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the best men go.
Take 'im away! An' the gun wheels turnin' slow.
Take 'im away! There's more from the place 'e come.
Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum.

For it's 'Three rounds blank' an' follow me,
An' it's 'Thirteen rank' an' follow me;
Oh, passin' the love o' woman,
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AGAINST stupidity the gods themselves are powerless.—SCHILLER

Advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give but hard enough to take.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.

Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and gravenness.
SHAKESPEARE.

Kindness shows out the better part of every nature—disarming resistance, dissipating angry passions, and melting the hardest heart.—SAMUEL SMILES.

Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.—CHALMERS.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—CARLYLE.

All censure of others is oblique praise of self. It is uttered in order to show how much the speaker can bear. It has all the insidiousness of self-praise and all the reproach of falsehood.—ADDISON.

A SOCIETY OF BEGGARS.—Several prominent Parisians were recently pestered by begging-letter writers, some of whom had the audacity to threaten reprisals by dynamite if they did not receive prompt alms. This conduct has led to the arrest of twenty-two men, who formed a band of cosmopolitan begging-letter scribes. They usually met in a tavern in the Rue de la Roquette, where they had a veritable exchange and mart of concocted eleemosynary epistles, forged certificates of conduct, sham passports, and lists of the persons who were to be approached or written to for pecuniary help. The tavern was surrounded by the police, and it is believed that every member of this International Mendicants' Association has been captured. Russians predominated, Austrians and Germans coming next; Hungarians, Greeks, and one alleged Turk, who, in the police reports, has a Teutonic name, bringing up the rear.

IMPERISHABLE EGGS.—I hear with some dismay of an invention which has been tried at Dublin for the preservation of eggs. The eggs are covered with a certain preparation, and will then keep for months. This is a serious matter. Should the invention be generally adopted there will be no such thing as stale eggs, and in consequence the elder humour would lose one of its most faithful and hard-worked subjects. The range of the elder humour was never very wide, and I have reason to know that this loss would be severely felt. The consequence would undoubtedly be that much humour which now takes its exercise on the subject of bad eggs would have to be diverted to something else—that is, either to German bands or to intoxication. From both of these latter the utmost possible harvest of jokes is already reaped daily, and it is impossible to forecast what the result would be if any further demands were made on them. Perhaps the Government will interfere.

USE OF THE CAMERA.—Now that it is possible to take instantaneous pictures, the use of the camera has extended in every way. In England a few weeks ago a certain iron bridge of one of the railways was suspected of being unsafe. It looked all right, but there were some reasons why the managers were afraid of it. They could not decide themselves, and they sent up to London for a famous engineer to come and look it over. He came, and was puzzled too, until he thought of a way to test it. He took a kodak and made a picture of the bridge with no train upon it. Then he kept his camera in position and waited for a fast train to come. Pretty soon an express train came thundering on, and just as the big locomotive struck the bridge he pulled open the slide and took a second picture on the same plate that still held the first. When the plate was examined the picture with the train was found so much below the other as to show what the engineer and managers had feared—a dangerous droop to the bridge.

FANCIES OF MAD FOLKS.—At a lunatic asylum I recently visited I saw a woman about 50 years of age who was under the belief that there were no men in the world. Just to test her the party of visitors among whom I was asked her how many men there were in the room at that moment. 'None,' she replied. 'They are all females.' In the same asylum there is incarcerated an elderly lady known to the other inmates as 'Silent Jane.' Some months ago she committed an offence against a rule of the establishment, and was severely reprimanded in consequence by the master. She thereupon gave expression to a resolve never to speak again, and up to the present time she has faithfully kept her promise, although persistent efforts are made to get her to talk. The only noise made by the old woman is a sort of humming, and, despite the strongest temptations that have been held out to her, she never utters a word. I once met a lunatic whose special mania was the making of beds. He was so fond of making beds that he voluntarily made the whole of the beds in one dormitory. He performed the task with marvellous regularity and speed. He could make a bed perfectly in less than two minutes, and such carefully made beds were never seen before.

IMPLANTING NEW TEETH.—The last and most ingenious resort of the dental surgeon is 'implantation,' *i e*, the setting of new teeth into the jaw. For this purpose real teeth are employed, and not artificial ones. Cocaine having been first applied for producing local anæsthesia, a hole is drilled in the jawbone, and into this socket a good tooth newly drawn from somebody's jaw is set. If the patient is young and vigorous the osseous structure soon closes around it, and by the time the gum is healed the tooth is ready for use. It should last from three to ten years. In the case of an elderly or feeble person, it may be fastened in place by silver wires passing around the jawbone. The root of a freshly-extracted tooth is covered with a delicate membrane called the 'pericementum,' the vitality of which materially assists the wished-for combining of the tissues. Unless the grinder is directly transferred, the vitality of this membrane must be artificially preserved. One way of doing it is to graft the tooth temporarily into the comb of a cock, that part of the fowl being well fed with blood, as may be seen from its redness. When wanted for use it is cut out.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A GOOD WAY TO DISINFECT.

CRUDE carbolic acid is excellent for disinfecting the premises of the hens. It is both cheap and easily applied. The best way to use it is to dissolve a pound of soap in a gallon of boiling water, add a half gallon of the acid and agitate briskly, as for the well-known kerosene emulsion, adding ten gallons of water, but be careful in handling the acid in order to avoid injury to the skin or clothing.

COST OF BIG GUN FIRING.

The cost of firing one of Krupp's 130 ton steel guns is £650, or, adding the cost of the projectile, £300, about £950 for each shot fired. The gun cost £39,000, and it can only be fired, at the most, sixty times. Two shots a minute can be discharged, so that if it were fired continuously it would become valueless in about half an hour. The gun has a range of fifteen miles, and the projectile weighs 2,600 pounds.

STRANGE PLAYMATES.

IN a field near my garden (says a Cumberland correspondent of *Nature Notes*) a cow and sheep live in close companionship. The sheep was brought from the Fells sick from water in the head, and not worth 3s 6d—so its owner said. However, he successfully operated upon it, turned it into the field, where it became fat and strong. I watched it one evening playing with the cow. It gambolled round it like a dog; then going to a distance, made a 'butt' at the cow's head, which was lowered to receive the charge. Then they stood a while with heads close together, presently resuming their play. Jesse has shown in his *Gleanings* how the instinct of friendship exists in animals.

TEMPERATURE AND HEALTH.

AT a meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society Mr W. H. Dines read a paper on 'The Relation Between the Mean Quarterly Temperature and the Death Rate.' The Registrar General's quarterly returns for the whole of England since 1362 were taken by the author, and the number of deaths in each quarter expressed as a departure per thousand from that particular quarter's average; the value so obtained being placed side by side with the corresponding departure of the temperature at Greenwich from its mean value. The rule seems to be that a cold winter is unhealthy and a mild winter healthy; and that a hot summer is always unhealthy and a cold summer healthy.

AN IMPROVED AMBULANCE.

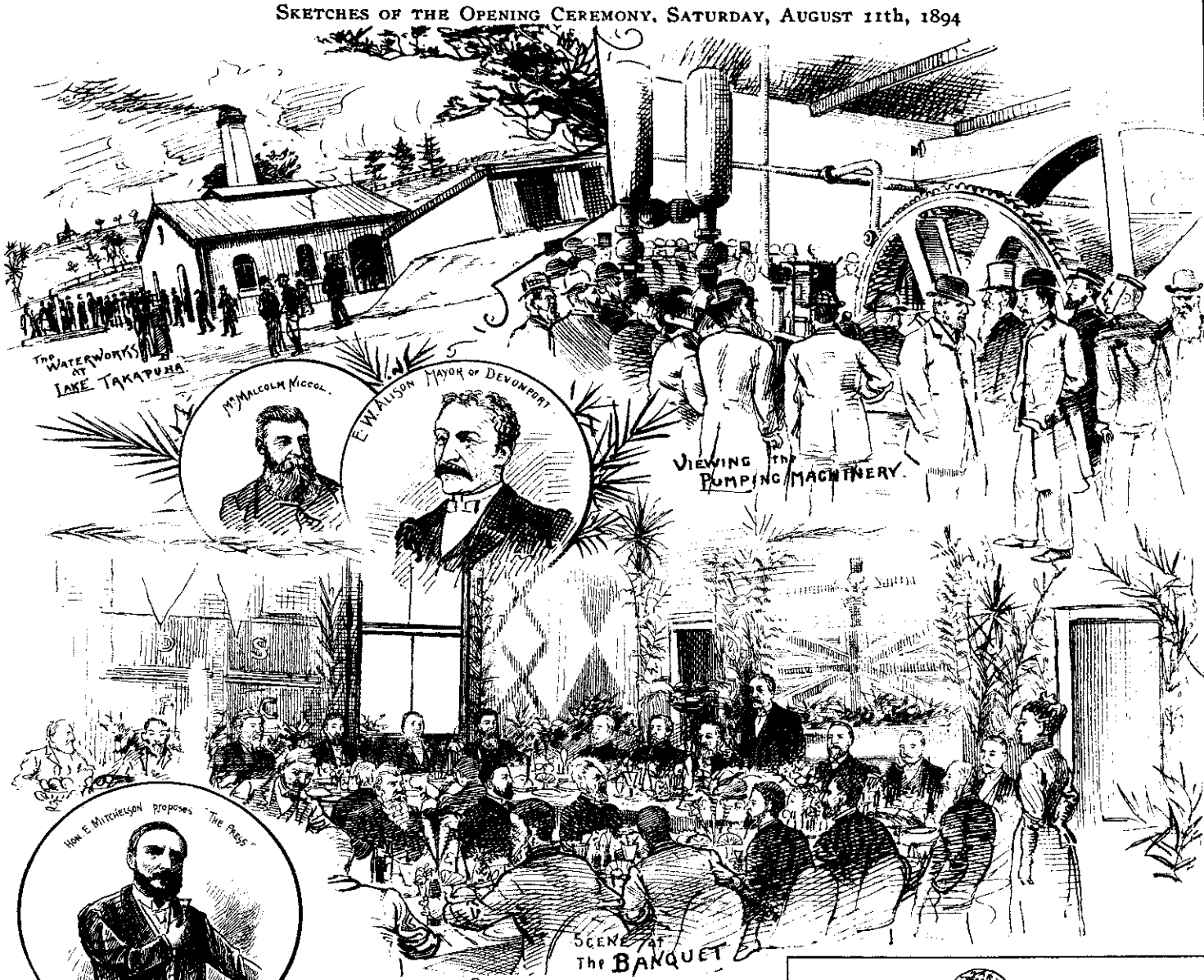
A new ambulance which has lately been designed for rough use by Mr John Carter, of New Cavendish Street, is remarkable for the strength and simplicity of its construction. The frame runs on two light wheels, and has four iron legs which fold up when not in use. The stretcher is fitted with wooden rollers to enable it to slide smoothly into a van or railway train, and is held in position on the frame simply by its own weight, so that there are no pins or complicated fastenings of any kind to waste the time that is often so precious in cases of serious injury. The machine is supplied with an expanding hood, such as is used with bath chairs—a distinct improvement on the somewhat clumsy arrangement of hoops usually adopted. Mr Carter has also an ambulance intended for town use. It is built on the same lines as the other, but runs on three wheels instead of two.

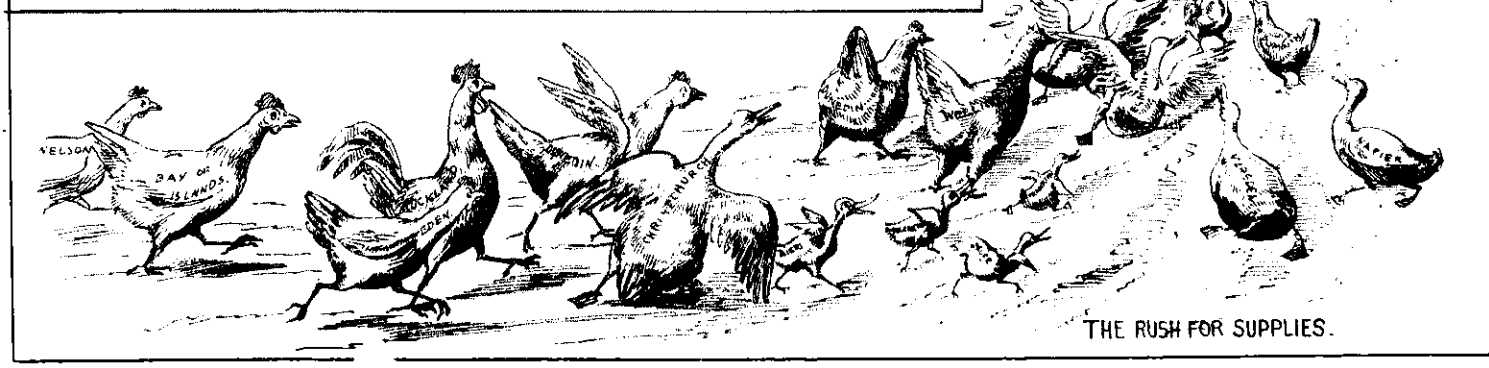
INDIAN MAGIC EXPLAINED.

Miraculous as the feats performed by the Indian juggler appear to the onlooker, there is no doubt they can all be reasonably explained. The disappearance of a living being from a basket in a place where trap doors, concealed exits, or collusion were impossible, seems inexplicable; yet the writer, quite by accident, detected the way in which this trick is done. A juggler stepped at Madras on to the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, and offered the company assembled, who were lounging about highly bored by the old method of coaling, if they would subscribe to show them something better than common juggling. The collection, of course, was forthcoming at once; he cleared a space on the deck, and told his wife to lie down. The young woman, who may have weighed seven stone, but more probably six, lay down, and her husband placed over her a shallow, flat basket, with a handle at the back, exactly resembling the baskets used for vegetables in East Anglia, and called a 'frail.' Then with a light and graceful gesture, he took up the basket, and laid it down two or three feet off, when it was seen that the woman had vanished. Unfortunately for the juggler, the writer accidentally stepped on the edge of the 'frail,' and heard a little cry of pain. The whole thing had been a piece of superb acting. The young woman had learned to hook herself with her fingers and prehensile toes into the strong network forming the top of the frail, and the husband, a slight but powerful man, had learned to lift her as if he were lifting nothing but the basket. The writer of course said nothing about his awkwardness; the juggler, after one savage glance, said nothing either, and the trick is still quoted as one which, owing to the absence of machinery, cannot be explained away.

NEW WATERWORKS AT DEVONPORT,

SKETCHES OF THE OPENING CEREMONY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1894





RECENT EVENTS.

GERARD * LISLE'S * ERROR.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNPLEASANT DECLARATION.

'HI! it's of no use for you to look round, you can't get any farther. You're regularly trapped this time, Miss Lucy, and must hear what I have to say.'

Lucy Hardwick glanced up at the rich browny-red rock, brightened with overhanging grass and fern, and saw that instead of receding and offering foothold for a climb to the top, it projected where it was not absolutely perpendicular. Behind her, the narrow path trailed off to nothingness. On her right was the precipice, going down sheer a hundred feet to where the deep blue sea was playing about the weedy rocks—here in deep dark pools, there in silvery foam that glittered and sparkled in the sunshine. Before her stood Isaac Masters, gentleman, a retired inhabitant of Strawley-on-Sea, so people called him—a man, in fact, who by some lucky speculation had amassed a sufficiency to keep him independently for the rest of his life; and in consequence he had taken 'The Rosery,' a pretty cottage, nestling in a nook of the cliff, bought himself a yacht, and, whether sailing or at home, was always looked upon as a real gentleman.

Opinions vary as to what is necessary to make a real gentleman. Odd sixpences and shillings, given for the purpose of being expended in beer, had a great deal to do with Mr Isaac Masters being so dubbed, for certainly his appearance had not helped him very much. Doctor Ballard, in allusion to the short, squat figure, long black hair and beard, and swarthy complexion of his acquaintance, and sometime patient, had been rude enough to say that Mr Isaac Masters seemed to have run away from the London streets, where he ought to have had the care of an organ and petted monkey. But when he said that, Doctor Ballard was cross; Isaac Masters had metaphorically trodden upon his corns, by saying that the bill sent in was scandalously large. 'When I had not charged him a shilling for physic,' said the doctor, 'only for my time and trouble. But oh, if I had known!'

That was rather a mystic expression of the doctor's, and might have borne a good many interpretations. Perhaps Gerard Lisle was right when he said it meant that Doctor Ballard would have given his patient 'such a dose!'

Gerard Lisle was a young man who had evidently found the air of hospitals suitable to his constitution, for he had grown tall, strong, and healthy-looking during the days of his studentship, and now that, for the sake of gaining knowledge and experience, he had come down to Strawley as assistant to Doctor Ballard, he had picked up more experience than he had anticipated, for he had found out that Lucy Hardwick, daughter of one of the doctor's patients, was necessary to him as a companion through life, and that Mr Isaac Masters, the wealthy, was of precisely the same opinion.

Gerard Lisle knew Lucy, had chatted with her often—not half so often as he wished—but for reasons of his own, connected with youth, inexperience, and banking accounts, he had never told his love.

Isaac Masters suffered neither from youth, inexperience, nor troubles in his banking account, so he had told his love more than once, and at the moment when he addressed Lucy Hardwick in the above free and easy way on the edge of the cliff-path, he had fully made up his mind to tell it again.

'Really, Mr Masters, this is very strange and ungentlemanly behaviour,' said pretty Lucy, turning at bay now; and the girl's spirit showed in her bright grey eyes, and the slight flush on her softly-rounded cheeks. She was no beautiful heroine of romance, but a fair, sweet, English girl, without a thought of coquetry or allure, and at that moment the one idea in her mind was the very unladylike fancy that there was nothing on earth she would like better to do than to give Mr Isaac Masters a good sharp tingling box on the ears.

'Ungentlemanly? Oh no, my dear, not it,' said Isaac; 'all's fair in love and war; and if you will keep playing the coy maiden, and doing all you can to lead me on, and tease me all the time, why, you must put up with the consequences.'

'I do not understand you, Mr Masters,' said Lucy; and the flush on her cheeks deepened.

'Don't you now?' he said, mockingly. 'Lor,' how pretty you look when you blush. Oh, I do like to make you blush!'

Lucy's face just then expressed horror and indignation, but Isaac Masters had never studied Lavater nor the expression of the human countenance on his own account. One face he had studied a great deal, and that was his own. He was familiar with every line and turn of feature, from looking at it long and often in the glass. He was also well acquainted with the face of Lucy Hardwick; in fact, he had often told himself that it was imprinted upon his heart. But he could not read it; he could not tell by its mobile lines the thoughts of the maiden who stood facing him, or he would have remained speechless and allowed her to go at once.

'Will you allow me to pass, Mr Masters?' said Lucy, coldly.

'Not likely, my dear, not likely,' he said with an irritating little laugh. 'Here have I been waiting for months and months to have a quiet interview with you, and you have kept me off. I couldn't say anything before the old gentleman, of course. I say, how is the old man this morning?'

'Papa is a little better, Mr Masters, I thank you. Will you come in and see him?'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Masters. 'Ha! ha! ha!' and he shook his head, with his eyes half shut, and gazed mockingly in Lucy's face. 'Oh, I say, you are a deep one, you are. Ha! ha! ha! You'd like me to go back with you at once, and do me out of my chance to speak to you. Oh, Lucy, what a deep little puss you are!'

'Mr Masters, I assure you I am in a hurry to get back,' said Lucy, hurriedly. 'Will you be kind enough to let me pass? This path is dangerous.'

'Not to you. Oh no, my dear, you needn't tell me that. Why, you skip about like a goat, and your head's as clear as your feet are sure. Besides, I am here, and will take care of you.'

Lucy cast a despairing look down below, and then beyond her tormentor.

'Why, what nonsense it is,' he said, laughing. 'What is the good of keeping up this coyness? We've known one another long enough now to pitch all that over; and you know, you artful puss, that you came up here this morning on purpose, because you knew I should follow you.'

'Mr Masters!'

'Oh, yes, it's all right,' he said, in what was meant to be a winning manner; 'but I say, Lucy, when is it to be Mrs Masters?'

'I do not understand you, sir,' cried the girl, indignantly.

'Oh no, of course not. You can't understand that. It isn't likely. Ha! ha! ha! what funny things girls are.'

'Mr Masters,' said Lucy, making an effort to be cool and collected, and to speak in a way that should teach her admirer that his words were offensive, 'I should be greatly obliged if you would allow me to pass. Papa must be anxiously expecting me home.'

'Let him expect then, my dear; and when you go you shall have some news for him. Come, Lucy, let's have no more nonsense now.'

'Mr Masters, this is becoming insulting,' she replied. 'Sir, you have no right to speak to me in such a familiar way.'

'Then give me the right, my dear. Come, I say, Lucy, I'm a plain man. I want a wife, and you want a husband.'

'Indeed I don't,' cried Lucy, with innocent indignation, but becoming the next moment bitterly angry with herself for her weak words.

'Oh yes, you do, my dear; so have me. You're very poor, and I'm—well no, I'm not rich, but I'm warm, and there's a comfortable home for you, and you shall do just as you like; and oh, I say, my dear, you don't know how fond I am of you.'

He spoke in a low, earnest voice now, and as he spoke he took a step towards her, while in her horror Lucy made a step backwards—a dangerous step, that took her close to the edge of the cliff, and warranted Isaac Masters' catching her by the arm, which he did with a firm grip, and drew her towards him, while an ugly, grim shadow crossed his face.

'I say, you know, don't do that, my dear. You should be careful. I say! ha! ha! ha!' he continued, with a forced laugh. 'I can't afford to lose my little wife.'

'Mr Masters,' said Lucy, firmly, as she extricated her arm from his grasp, 'let us understand each other at once.'

'To be sure!' he cried; 'to be sure! The sooner the better, say I, my dear!'

'I cannot charge myself with ever having——'

'Oh, come! Drop fine language now,' said Masters eagerly; 'one word will tell me all I want to know, my dear. I love you, Miss Lucy, oh, so very, very much, and I want you to be my wife. One word will do it all, without a lot of fine-young-lady speech. All you've got to say, my dear, is—yes. One word will do it—*yes!*'

'One word *will* express all I meant to say, Mr Masters,' said Lucy, firmly; 'and so that we may fully understand each other, I am going to say that word.'

'Well, say it then,' he responded, with his face changing slightly.

'I will,' said Lucy. 'I am sorry to hurt your feelings, Mr Masters; but that word is—no.'

Lucy shrank back as she saw the eyes of the man she was rejecting fixed upon her, and that the grey shade was coming once more over his face, as he moistened his lips with his tongue; but she was on her guard this time, and did not go too near the brink.

'I say,' exclaimed Masters, leisurely, 'you don't mean that, do you?'

'It is better that I should be perfectly plain with you, Mr Masters, painful as it is to me to speak like this. I do mean it, sir; and I beg that you will never speak to me in such a strain again.'

'You do mean it?' he cried, flashing into sudden rage; 'but don't you think I'm going to put up with it. I mean it; and I'm not going to be baulked. Look here, Lucy Hardwick, is there—is there anyone else?'

'How dare you speak to me, sir, like this?' cried Lucy.

'I say, is there anyone else?' cried Masters, hoarsely. 'No, there ain't; I know there ain't. And if there was,' he said, savagely, as he stamped his foot upon the ground, 'I'd crush him before he should so much as touch your hand. And now, look here,' he continued, with a low, savage growl, 'you don't know me if you think I'm going to be put off like this. When I make up my mind to a thing, I mean it. I made up my mind to make money, and I made it; I've made up my mind to marry you, and I'm going to; so now then.'

He had not intended to let her pass, but in his energetic declaration he had stood aside, and given the girl her opportunity, which she took, slipping by him, and hurrying down from the cliff towards home.

CHAPTER II.

MR HARDWICK'S COMPLAINT.

'GOOD morning, Miss Hardwick,' said a frank, cheery voice, and Lucy Hardwick's face, that had been pale with apprehension and excitement, recovered a little of its peachy bloom, and her eyes brightened somewhat as she turned to the manly-looking young fellow who had stridden rapidly up from the low path to overtake her.

'Going home? That's lucky. I'm going over to see Mr Hardwick.'

'Papa has not sent for you?' said Lucy, with apprehension.

'Oh, no; it's Ballard's day for giving a look in, but he has been called away to High Cliff, so he said I was to make his call.'

Several things combined to make Lucy Hardwick rejoice at the idea of having Gerard Lisle for a companion home. One of them was a natural liking, though at another time her maidenly instinct would have made her suppress this. Another was the thought of the protection, Gerard Lisle being so big and manly and strong; while yet another was the one which made her heart throb, as she felt a kind of hope that Mr Isaac Masters might see her walking beside Gerard Lisle; and though there was nothing between them, and never could be, she assured herself, Mr Masters might think that there was, and give her up, and never persecute her again.

Under these circumstances there was a something in Lucy's manner that morning that made the young man's heart give a big throb as the lady willingly accepted his escort—a thing she had never done before—and walked by his side.

Isaac Masters could see Gerard Lisle walking by Lucy Hardwick's side, and the expression of his face was not a pleasant one as he watched them from a distance, following them till he saw them enter Mr Hardwick's gate, when he said a very ugly thing out aloud, and struck his doubled fist into his hand as he turned away, wishing that he could have heard every word they had said.

He might have heard every word, and been but little edified, even though the greater part of the conversation was kept up by Lucy, who questioned her companion, the topic being her father's health.

'Then you do not think him so very ill?' with an imploring look.

'WILL YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO LET ME PASS?'

'I wish, for your sake, Miss Hardwick, I could speak as you evidently would like me to speak,' said the young man, gravely; 'but I must be perfectly sincere with you.'

'Oh, yes! pray do,' said Lucy; and Gerard Lisle's heart gave another big throb, though he smothered his human feelings directly in favour of science—the science that he loved.

'It must be painful to you,' continued the young doctor in a low, sympathetic voice; 'but it is better that you should know the worst.'

'Yes, oh yes!' said Lucy, with a sob.

'Then let me tell you the worst at once. My dear Miss Hardwick, he can never recover from his complaint.'

'Mr Lisle!' cried Lucy, piteously.

'But he may live to eighty with his ailment—even ninety—all the same,' said the young doctor.

'Ah! there you give me hope,' said Lucy, with her eyes suffused with tears.

'It is a complaint that grows more troublesome as it creeps on; but in his case it is not likely to kill.'

'Are you sure?—are you saying this merely to comfort me?' cried Lucy.

'Miss Hardwick, I would not deceive you for the world,' said Gerard, simply. 'I have told you the truth.'

'You have made me so happy,' cried Lucy. 'Then I must do all I can to make poor papa's burden more easy for him—soothe him in his painful moments, and do all I can to make his journey lighter and pleasanter through life. Mr Lisle, I thank you for your words. Now we must talk of something cheerful, and go in smiling. Poor papa's fits of depression are sometimes so bad.'

Not one word of love, not the slightest advance, but somehow Gerard Lisle had made a wonderful stride into Lucy Hardwick's affections during that short walk, and as he held open the gate so that she might pass in, the young man said to himself:

'A good daughter makes the best of wives. If—some day—I could make a good practice, and be in a position to keep her, would she be my wife?'

'Oh, you have come home?' said a sharp voice. 'How long you have been. Who's this? Who's this, I say?'

'It is Mr Lisle, papa: Mr Ballard's partner.'

'Partner!—assistant, you mean. Well, sir, what do you want?'

Gerard Lisle was standing before the speaker, a tall, gaunt man, with a pinched expression of countenance. He had just risen from a chair beside a table covered with books, and stood gazing angrily from beneath his overhanging, grey shaggy eyebrows at his visitor, while with a nervous uneasy motion he passed his hand over his thinly-scattered grey hairs.

'Yes, Mr Hardwick,' said Gerard, with a smile, as he scanned at a glance the shabby black of clerical cut, and ill-put-on white necktie: 'assistant—not partner. Mr Ballard has been called away to-day, and he asked me to visit you instead.'

'Yes, of course!' said the old clergyman, with petulant fierceness. 'I am of no consequence—my health doesn't matter.'

'Oh, papa!' faltered Lucy, with an apologetic look at their visitor.

'Ah, yes! my dear, you don't know,' said Mr Hardwick, taking and patting her hand tenderly; 'you don't understand the world yet. It's spring with you, winter with me—the winter of misery and neglect.'

'I hope not, Mr Hardwick,' said Gerard, and his pleasant manly tones seemed to have their effect upon the irritable invalid. 'Winter is a genial time, sir, full of pleasant associations, to my mind, of cheery warmth, and long snug evenings by the fireside.'

'Ay, to the young,' said Mr Hardwick. 'Now, then, sir, you may tell Dr. Ballard from me——'

'That you gave his young assistant a hearty welcome, Mr Hardwick, and shook hands with him, asked him to sit down, and had a good long chat about your symptoms,' said Gerard Lisle, holding out his hand.

'How dare you!' began the invalid; and Lucy caught him by the sleeve, glancing appealingly at Gerard Lisle the while as he stood there unmoved, with his hand outstretched, and the issue was one of doubt.

Gerard Lisle had, however, diagnosed, as he called it, the patient he had come to see; and he was right in his estimate. The Reverend Robert Hardwick was a gentleman, and as he gazed in the frank young face before him, his own aspect changed.

'I beg your pardon, Mr Lisle,' he said, softly. 'Will you sit down? It was an insult to you. We old men profess to despise the young, and call them boys. It is envy, my dear sir, envy and jealousy combined. Lucy, my child, I am very irritable this morning. If Mr Lisle could treat me for that, he would make you a happier life.'

'My life could not be a happier one, dear,' she said, kissing him as she led him tenderly back to his seat. 'But you did speak rather harshly of dear Doctor Ballard.'

'So I did, Lucy, so I did,' said the old clergyman. 'Ballard's a good fellow. Don't tell him what I said, Mr Lisle. Yes, do; he'll know it is only my way. Lucy, my dear, you will leave us now.'

The girl nodded, and left the room, her father watching her with a jealous eye, lest there should seem to be any understanding between his visitor and his child; but he bit his lip directly after, as if feeling ashamed of his suspicion, and turned to the young medical man.

'My complaint makes me very peevish, Mr Lisle, I'm afraid,' he said.

'No doubt, Mr Hardwick. People do not laugh as a rule while they are in pain, nor look pleasant when their nerves are unstrung, as I see yours are.'

'Mine? No, no; nonsense, sir!' said the invalid, with a flash back into his former fretful manner. 'You are too young to understand, sir. Asthma—shortness of breath—those are my troubles.'

'And mental anxiety besides,' said Gerard Lisle, quietly.

The old man turned upon him as if he had been stung; and so convulsed was his face, so angry his manner, that Gerard Lisle regretted his plain speaking; but only for a few moments, as he saw a change come over the old man's face again, and he turned his wistful eyes upon the young doctor.

'And I despised you when you came in,' he said. 'I told myself that you would begin with the regular jargon, and would prescribe some drug or another. Mr Lisle, you are right. You have placed your finger on the sore.'

They sat in silence for a few moments, each keenly reading the other's face; and then the young doctor spoke, smiling pleasantly the while.

'I am glad I came, Mr Hardwick,' he said. 'Now, may I prescribe?'

'Yes—yes, if you will,' said the old clergyman, slowly.

'Firstly, then, my dear sir—never mind what Ballard says—don't take a drop more medicine.'

'No more medicine?'

'No, sir, only the pure fresh air upon the cliff. Secondly, try a little cheerful society and change. Those are for the body. For the mind, Mr Hardwick—— Sir, you are a clergyman; I will not venture to intrude upon your path. You should be able to minister to a mind diseased; but if I might say anything——'

'Yes,' said Mr Hardwick, smiling; 'speak out.'

'You have in this house what ought to be an antidote for many ills.'

'I don't understand you, sir,' said the old clergyman.

'I allude to your daughter, sir. Probably I shall never marry. If I did, and had such a daughter——'

'Well,' said the old man, sharply.

'I should thank God for the *gift*, and think myself a happy man. Now I must go. Mr Hardwick, I have several times met Miss Hardwick at various friends' houses, but this is my first meeting with you. May I call again?'

The old man stood gazing in his face for some moments before speaking, his eyes seeming to penetrate the young man's soul.

'Yes,' he said at last; 'I shall be glad to see you again.' And then, as he stood listening to the departing steps, he repeated Gerard Lisle's words softly aloud—'*I should thank God for the gift, and think myself a happy man.*'

'Ah!' he moaned, as he sank back in his chair, 'how little we get to know of another's mental pangs!'

'HE TURNED FROM MASTERS, AND WALKED SILENTLY ALONG THE SANDS.'

CHAPTER III.

A VERY GREAT FRIEND.

'YES, he's a peculiarity, Lisle—a great peculiarity; and she is—— Look here, young fellow, don't you go falling in love with little Lucy. I mean her for myself when the old woman here dies.'

Gerard Lisle glanced apprehensively from Dr. Ballard, as he sat in the porch of his pretty rose-covered Devon cottage, smoking a huge china-bowled German pipe, to pleasant-faced, plump Mrs Ballard, seated opposite, and knitting away as hard as her pins could go. He expected to hear a sharp expostulation, but there was only a smile and shake of the head at the doctor, who went on smoking and chatting.

'No, my lad, it won't do. She's all that a girl should be. Might be a bit prettier, perhaps.'

'If she were she wouldn't look and be half so sweet, Mr Lisle,' put in Mrs Ballard.

'Now, look here, old lady, be quiet, will you? Don't get setting the young man on to take a fancy to the girl,' cried Dr. Ballard, sharply. 'Good gracious me! it would not do at any price. It's absurd! In a horribly healthy place like this, too, where nobody ever dies; and when the rich people from London come down here they get better without a doctor. Why, Gerard Lisle, if you should marry that girl you'd starve.'

'That he wouldn't,' said Mrs Ballard, stoutly; and she smiled pleasantly at Gerard, who was by her side.

'But I tell you he would,' cried the doctor. 'Look here, Lisle, you wait till there's a nice rich old lady comes down with a bad leg, or too much liver, or a nice lively asthma, like old Hardwick's. Attend her until she feels that you are indispensable, and then marry her at once; but make sure about her money.'

'Don't you pay any attention to what he says, Mr Lisle,' said Mrs Ballard, nodding over her knitting. 'He has got his joking fit on and does not mean a word he says. Lucy Hardwick is a very nice girl indeed, and a very good daughter.'

'And old Hardwick is a very nice old man indeed, and a good father,' said Dr. Ballard, chuckling; 'but all the same, I should not care for him to be my father-in-law if he meant to come and live with us. But seriously, my lad, it won't do. You must not tie a log round your leg just at starting in life; and besides, as you are with me, and I look upon you as a friend as well as assistant——'

'And almost as a son,' put in Mrs Ballard, smiling.

'No, I don't,' said the doctor, testily. 'Don't be so stupid, Maria.'

'You said you did, James, last night, when we were going to bed,' said Mrs Ballard, quietly.

'All stuff!' cried the doctor. 'What are you talking about, Maria? You'll make the young man believe directly that I mean to leave him my practice.'

'There are more unlikely things than that,' said Mrs Ballard, quietly; and she nodded again pleasantly at their young assistant.

'Well, I never did!' exclaimed the doctor, apostrophising a ring of smoke that floated upward from his pipe. 'There, you see what marrying comes to, Lisle. When she gets old enough your wife turns into a lunatic, and loses all command over her tongue.'

'I don't mind what he says, Gerard Lisle,' said Mrs Ballard, smiling. 'He doesn't mean it; and I'm quite used to his ways.'

'I think you ought to resent it, Mrs Ballard,' said Lisle, merrily. 'It is too bad!'

'Look here, Lisle; it won't do. Lucy Hardwick is very well, but she is no wife for you.'

'I really cannot recall saying a word that suggested a wish to make her my wife,' said Lisle, smiling.

'No, no, of course you didn't; and I don't want you to get thinking about her, my lad.'

'Because you mean to make her the second Mrs Ballard?' said Lisle, laughingly.

'By jingo! no, man. One wife's quite enough for a fellow to have had; and besides, I shall never have a chance. That old lady there's as tough as wire-rope, and will see me out many a year.'

Mrs Ballard nodded smilingly at Lisle, as much as to say—'He will talk over his pipe.'

'I want to put you on your guard, my lad. I'm very friendly with old Hardwick, and I'm very sorry for him; but I think you ought to know that he's under a cloud.'

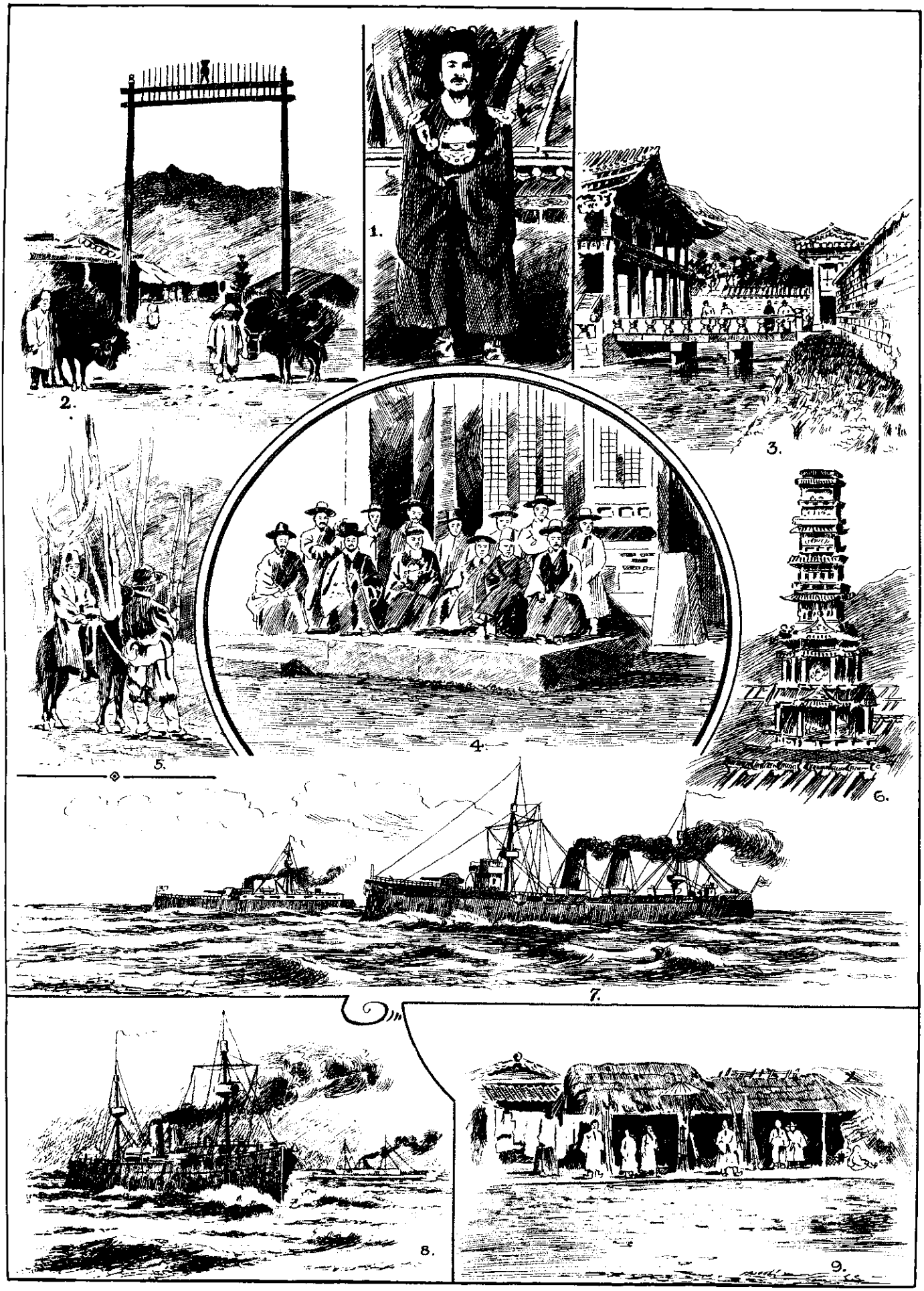
'Under a cloud, Mr Ballard?'

'Yes, my lad, under a cloud. I don't quite know the rights of it, but he got into some terrible disgrace; and though he keeps to the clerical garb, he has no more right to preach or teach than you or I.'

'You surprise me,' said Lisle.

'Yes, I suppose so. Poor old boy, he makes no confidences; but I am sure I am right, and I thought you ought to know.'

(Continued on page 160.)



THE CHINA AND JAPAN WAR.

SKETCHES IN COREA AND THE CHINESE AND JAPANESE WARSHIPS

1. The King. 2. The Red Arrow Gate. 3. The Lotus Pond in the Palace of Summer. 4. The Foreign Office. 5. Coreans. 6. The Pagoda. 7. Japanese Warships Itsukusima and Yoshino. 8. Chinese Warships Tehao-yong and Ting-yuen. 9. In the main street of Seoul.

China and Japan at War.

THE COREAN TROUBLE — AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

At the present juncture, when our interest is centered in all that concerns the fighting powers of the apparently victorious Japs, we consider ourselves fortunate in having come across a very recent and up-to-date account of the army of Japan. The article is written in a bright, lucid style and cannot fail to interest all classes of our readers :—

In company with Colonels Kouroda and Murata I went over the Tokio arsenal, where the Murata rifle is now being manufactured. Colonel Kouroda is commandant of the arsenal, was president of the commission which adopted the rifle, and visited America in 1876 with the younger Saigo. Colonel Murata, who has made several tours of inspection to Europe, is an intelligent and accomplished officer, and one of the best rifle shots in the empire. Indeed,

THE MARKSMANSHIP OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER

is, on the authority of the French instructors formerly employed by the Government, considerably above the average. The Japanese eye is quick and keen, and I am told that instantaneous photography has verified the correctness of Japanese drawings of birds in flight and other animals in motion—representations hitherto regarded as conventional. Whether this be so or not, the success of Japanese artists in conveying impressions of action is well known.

JAPANESE ARSENAL

The arsenal, begun in 1874 and completed in 1885, occupies the site of the former residence of Prince Mito, and it is a somewhat novel experience to step from the noise and smell of the workshop into the silence and beauty of a garden 480,000 square metres in extent and 300 years old,

PRINCE ARISUGAWA, COMMANDER IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

there to lunch under magnificent trees in a tea house beside waters filled with sleeping carp and lotos flowers. The arsenal differs from those abroad only in size and capacity, being supplied with the best machinery of American, English, and continental types. The contrast between the primitive tools in common use and those of the Government workshops is everywhere striking. At Kioto one sees the wooden looms working side by side with the latest machinery from Lyons, and the same is true of the pottery manufactory with its extensive plant from Limoges. In view of the rate of recent improvements in small arms, types becoming obsolete in about six years, the capacity of the Tokio arsenal is inadequate, its possible day's work of one hundred (actually seventy) rifles being far below the average of foreign arsenals; and the problem of ordnance supply, easily solved by purchase in time of peace, would be a difficult one for Japan in time of war. The production of iron is small; except a few Government ones, there are no foundries, and the tempered steel bars for the Murata rifle are imported from England. Reliance is naturally placed on Krupp and Armstrong for the larger calibres for naval and seacoast purposes, but the small production of raw material and deficiency in the processes of manufacture constitute in this age of iron and steel

A WEAK POINT OF THE JAPANESE NATIONAL DEFENCE.

The field artillery of various types is made at Osaka, the prevailing gun being of Italian model with a calibre of seven and a half centimetres. All small arms and ammunition are manufactured at the Tokio arsenal, for which a large plant has been recently ordered from the Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

The erection of modern barracks on a large scale is in contemplation. For the most part

THE GARRISON OF TOKIO

is now quartered in the yashiki of the daimio, square inclosures of many acres formerly occupied by these feudal lords during their residence with their clansmen at the shogun's court. They are surrounded by a moat and continuous line of buildings with barred windows, the former dwellings of the retainers. As the capital of the shogunate, Tokio was a vast camp, and the cyclopean walls of its castle (containing stones sixteen feet long, six feet wide and

THE MIKADO'S TRUMPETER.

Reproduced from 'New Zealand Graphic,' 1892

four feet thick) with their broad moats still suggest a feudal civilization. I visited the only new barracks yet erected, now occupied by the Third regiment of the line. In general arrangement and cleanliness it is unsurpassed by the best modern buildings of its kind. The bath rooms, kitchens, offices and guardhouse are detached from the main edifice, which accommodates one regiment on a war footing. On the upper floor are stored the clothes and equipments of those in excess of the peace effective; these are at present supplied by contractors, but it is the intention of the Government hereafter to furnish them directly. Three baths weekly are prescribed—not a hardship for this bath-loving people—and a thorough gymnastic system is also in force.

THE JAPANESE SOLDIER

is undersized, but muscular and stocky, well developed, and possesses unusual marching powers, as was well illustrated in the Satsuma rebellion, where forced marches were made of over sixty miles in twenty-four hours. The total marching weight, including one ration, is slightly over thirty-three pounds.

THE ACTIVE ARMY IS UNDOUBTEDLY BETTER OFFICERED THAN THE FIRST RESERVE.

The superior officers owe their positions largely to their services in the war of the restoration and the Satsuma rebellion, and while thus men of considerable local military experience, are generally less thoroughly trained than those of the middle and lower grades. It is also interesting to note that the number of those entering the military schools from the samurai class is decreasing, while that from the common people or heimin is on the increase.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN JAPAN

involve more than ordinary expense, owing to the peculiar agricultural features of the country and the resulting injury to the rice fields. For this reason they are generally on a much less extensive scale than those of this year, when a plan of operations including both the land and naval forces was successfully carried out in the presence of the diplomatic corps, and a large number of invited guests. These operations lasted eight days, and the invading and home forces were distinguished as the western and eastern armies. It was assumed that the western fleet had divided into two squadrons, one of which had seized the island of Oshima, off the Bay of Yedo, while the other had occupied the island of Awaji, commanding the entrance to the Inland sea, as also the town of Wakayama on the mainland opposite.

The report of Prince Arisugawa, commander-in-chief, states that both sides committed tactical errors to an equal degree and that victory lay with neither; but the report of the War Office is not yet published and the data for detailed criticism are not at hand. In the way of general results, however, it may be stated that in exceptionally bad weather 30,000 troops and fifteen war ships were successfully concentrated at the point of attack. The artillery and ammunition supplies were at hand as wanted, but some fault was found with the commissariat. From such information as I could gather, the numbers despatched to the front and those actually available on contact with the enemy compared favourably, and at the close of the week's campaign were not sensibly affected. Few fell out from fatigue, and as the infantry were allowed to exchange the army boot for the sandal, the men suffered but little in two days' hard marching from sore feet. The general appearance of the men and the handling of the vessels of

THE FLEET RECEIVED HIGH PRAISE FROM COMPETENT WITNESSES.

It is to be remembered that no foreign officials are now employed by the War Department. Indeed, the number of foreigners in other departments of the Government is steadily decreasing. Japan has had a somewhat expensive experience in this respect, both as regards the incapacity of some of her advisers and the non-adaptability of their schemes to Japanese conditions. Prince Arisugawa, a near relation of the Mikado, is commander-in-chief and director

MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN JAPAN—FIELD ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

of the general staff, and Count Oyama presides over the War Department. A general officer commands each of the seven military districts into which the empire is divided.

The annual cost per man of the land forces is slightly over 240 yen, a figure below the average of the corresponding ones for the five great continental powers.

THE TOTAL COST OF THE LAND AND NAVAL FORCES

is about thirty per cent. of the income. If the expenses of the military establishment are regarded as 100, those of the navy, including special appropriations for naval stations, are about 93; England being the only great power whose naval expenses are so large relatively to those of the army. The task of creating an army is a far easier one than that of creating a navy, which is essentially a growth dependent upon conditions not to be found in Japan. With a large seafaring population, yet the Japanese are not sailors in the English sense. They have

NOT BEEN A PEOPLE OF NAVAL ENTERPRISE,

and have no Cook or Drake in their annals. Foreign commerce and colonial possessions, the great spurs to naval development, are wanting, as also the wealth and industries necessary to the maintenance of a large navy. When it is remembered that that of England is the growth of centuries, the sudden creation of dockyards, arsenals and fleets by Japan is a noteworthy proof of her ambition and enterprise. But in spite of a certain superfical skill,

THE SEAMANSHIP OF THE JAPANESE NAVY

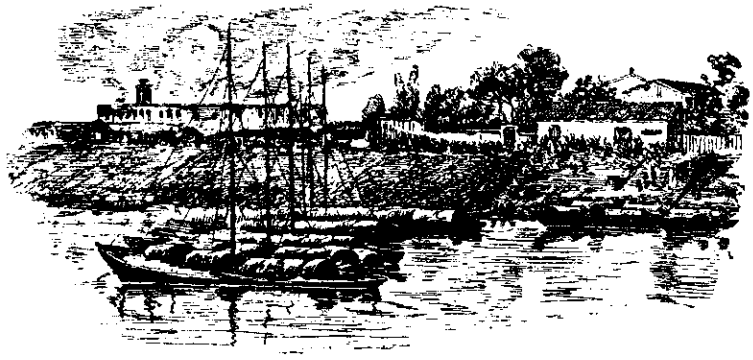
is not of a high order, and it may be fairly questioned whether undue reliance has not been placed upon the naval forces as an element of national defence. The organisation and equipment of the army, moreover, has not as yet been followed up by the internal improvements necessary to render it effective. The length of the island is a military disadvantage, concentration and operations on interior lines being extremely difficult. Few of the many points of attack are as yet fortified or connected with each other. Engineering difficulties led to the abandonment of the plan to connect the eastern and western capitals by a railway along the Nakasendo, the only route satisfying strategical conditions. The railway along the eastern shore is being pushed forward to the Straits of Shimonoseki, but is a narrow gauge single track, inadequate for a military emergency, and at several points too near the coast for safety as a trunk line. Important harbours are as yet without overland communications; the west and east coasts, separated by mountain ranges, are unconnected, and the common roads with their narrow light bridges are unsuitable for the passage of artillery and rapid concentration. The location of the depots of war material in centres sure to be attacked in the event of war is unfortunate from a military point of view, as is also the situation of the capital; while the protection of the outlying islands, many of which form excellent bases of operation for a hostile force, is a difficult problem. Japan is undoubtedly alive to these unfavourable conditions and will remedy them as thoroughly and as fast as possible.

THE JAPANESE MAGAZINE RIFLE,

of which a picture is given, merits some description. It is the invention of Colonel Murata of the Japanese army, and was submitted to the Japanese War Office for examination. An Examining Board was appointed, and after a thorough series of experiments this weapon, with some modifications suggested by the experiments, was adopted for the infantry under the name of the Murata repeating rifle. Its manufacture was begun in 1889 at the Tokio arsenal. When loaded it holds ten cartridges; eight in the magazine, one in the feed chamber, and one in the bore. As the result of repeated trial it is found that the time required to load ten cartridges as above, the cartridges being taken from a table, is 11¼ seconds. The soldier standing with his rifle at the shoulder can fire the ten cartridges in 13·9 seconds without aiming, and when aiming in 23·8 seconds. The weight of the rifle with and without the bayonet is 4k.300 and 4k.170 respectively, and its length is 1m.220, or, with the bayonet, 1m.4885. The calibre is 8mm., and the projectile a cylindro-ogival one of 15gm.55, attaining an initial velocity of 625m. with a charge of 2gm.2 of smokeless powder.

The accompanying longitudinal section exhibits the mechanism of the rifle whose magazine is below the barrel, and which resembles the Mauser type, with a sliding bolt action and spring feed. The barrel is of steel, the length of its rifled part being 672mm. There are four grooves with a square cross section and a right-handed twist of 235mm. or 29·5 times the calibre. Externally and internally the barrel is a truncated cone. The steel bayonet is light, and is a cutting blade 28cm. in length.

WRECKING THE EPISCOPAL MISSION AT ICHANG, YANGTSZE, DURING THE FANATIC CRUSADE AGAINST FOREIGN RELIGION.



CHINESE BURNING THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION AT ICHANG, DURING THE FANATIC CRUSADE AGAINST FOREIGN RELIGION.

COREA AND THE COREANS.

THAT people learn geography by the war maps is a saying which is accepted as perfectly true, even of regions respecting which ignorance of any kind is hardly deemed to be lawful. Respecting that quarter where the Chinese and Japanese have actually come to blows, it is probable that a good many persons will have again to turn carefully to the map of Asia to satisfy themselves as to the exact whereabouts of the contemplated battle ground. Corea, it will be seen, is chiefly comprised within a peninsula lying to the southward of the north-eastern portion of China. It is bounded on the west by the Yellow Sea, and on the east by the Sea of Japan. Its extent may be roughly stated as something under the area of England and Scotland.

A TRIBUTARY KINGDOM OF CHINA,

Corea has still a monarch who exercises the most absolute authority over his own subjects. They are reckoned at some twelve millions. The divinity which doth hedge his Corean Majesty takes a very literal shape. Improving on those Romans who piously held that their Emperors after death at once took their places among the gods, the Coreans accord celestial honours to their Monarch while he is still in the flesh. He is

ACTUALLY WORSHIPPED AS A DIVINITY.

It is sacrilege to touch his person with an iron weapon, which religious ordinance has, however, its inconveniences for some of the regal divinities themselves. One of them at least is said to have died from an abscess, rather than let a lancet be applied to it. The kingdom of this vassal, though still divine ruler, is divided into eight provinces, and the affairs of the whole are administered through three principal Ministers, who are assisted by various subordinates. Its connection with Chinese history goes back for many centuries, during which, despite its being classed as a separate Asiatic Kingdom, it has been claimed as an integral part of the Chinese Empire. But its relations with Japan, too, are pretty old ones, and ere now have been the reverse o pleasant. Corean records tell, indeed, of a fierce war waged against the Japanese in the 15th century. Corea was invaded by a powerful Japanese army, which did not quit the country till the Coreans had signed a humiliating treaty by which they were bound to pay tribute to the successful invaders.

One of our illustrations depicts

THE KING, THE SACRED INDIVIDUAL

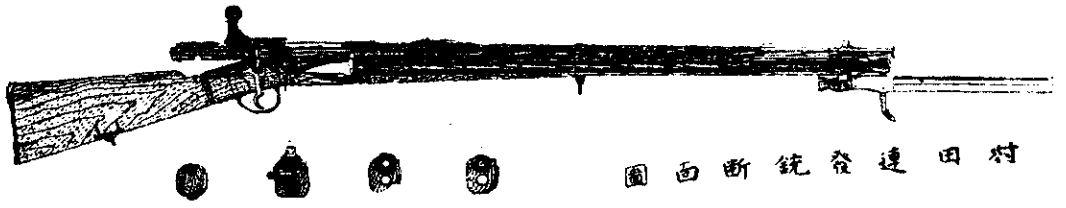
whom no iron implement must touch, and who, therefore, must shave himself if he desires to be shaved at all. He probably gets over the difficulty by growing very little whiskers.

No. 2 of our illustrations gives a very characteristic piece of Corean architecture—the Red Arrow Gate. It is a sort of Corean equivalent of the Japanese Birds' Rest Gate. It is the distinctive mark of magistracy. Two tall posts, slightly inclined to each other, are crossed by a third, and bound together a short distance above their crossing by a fourth. Starting from the lower and projecting above the upper are a row of vertical beams of wood spear-shaped. In the centre is a design as singular to the eye as it is peculiar for its mystic meaning — two spirals coiled together filling the area of a circle. They are

MILITARY MANŒUVRES—JAPANESE INFANTRY.

emblematic of the positive and negative essences of Chinese philosophy. The height of the gate is from 30ft to 40ft. No. 3 of our illustrations shows the lotus pond of the Palace of Summer. Water gardening is popular in Corea. The garden is a lotus pond. So universal is the cultivation of the lotus in these artificial waters that it has given them their distinctive name. Even where it is not grown the pond is called a lotus pond just the same. Such ponds are always well-stocked with fish. Our fourth illustration is the Corean Foreign Office. This department of Government is quite a modern arrangement. It did not exist in ancient Corea, for the very good and sufficient reason that ancient Corea had no foreign affairs to attend to. It now has more than it knows what to do with. No. 4 gives an idea of what Coreans are like. Our sixth illustration depicts the only stone pagoda in Seoul. It is constructed of white granite, but is not in the best of preservation. It is a survival of the time when Buddhism was of some account in Corea. No. 7 shows the Japanese warships Itsukusima and Yoshino. No. 8 is a sketch of the Chinese warships Tshao-yong and Ting-yuen. Our ninth illustration shows what the main street of Seoul is like—nor does it give a very flattering impression either. The houses look dilapidated enough. The Government has fine buildings, the upper ten thousand, who constitute the governing classes, are well off, and have good houses; but there is no middle class, and the houses of the lower ten million are poor in character.

Several of the sketches on page 156 are reproduced from our Australian contemporary, the *Town and Country Journal*.



MURATA RIFLE.

OUR CANDID FRIENDS.

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

THEY are so loyal to the truth, dear things!—so earnest to say that which is, and to shame him who shall be nameless by their absolute devotion to sincerity! It is quite touching, when you come to think of it, that they can so nobly sacrifice all their tender prepossessions in favour of the person they love, when they make the exact appraisement of his merits—the careful measurement of her virtues. They do not allow themselves to be blinded by their affection—no, not so much as by the slightest, flimsiest little veil. Lynxes themselves do not come near their perspicacity of vision when the thing to be discerned is the fault, the blemish, the wrong doing of their friend. And then their candour in confessing what they see! Really it is all a beautiful sacrifice of self to the Higher Law, and as such to be commended with shawms and trumpets and loud-voiced anthems of praise.

Human nature being a poor fallible kind of thing at the best—a statue of clay set about with precious gems—

OUR CANDID FRIENDS HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL AND THEIR COURSE CLEAR.

It is so easy to ignore those sparsely-set gems and fasten only on the gross crude clay. It is so easy to find faults in excess of virtues, and to go behind crooked motives even when the act rules straight. As every length of velvet has its coarser side, and every royal garment has its inner seams, so have men and women their defects when closely examined; and not all characters can bear the test of a probe. Beautiful on the surface, they are less lovely in the depths; and the candid friend acknowledges this, with pain and sorrow—oh! always with much pain and great sorrow, but with brave acknowledgment notwithstanding. Far from him that base trafficking with truth and excellence which takes what is good and rubs a little softening wax over that which is evil. Far from him the Laodicean lukewarmness which makes excuses for the overpowering domination of temperament; which gives a kindly explanation to a doubtful appearance; which does not believe in that unproved damaging report; which calls attention to the humble little floral flowers, and passes over in silence those lurking weeds. Our candid friends understand nothing of all this charitable temporizing; but, holding the standard of perfection heaven-high and flinging abroad the flag of moral supremacy for all the world to see, they pronounce on the faults and pass over the virtues—more in sorrow than in anger registering the shortcomings which yet do not prevent that comprehensive 'All the same, I love him or her, all the same.'

On whatever lines our character may be built, our candid friends find the flaw in the foundation and the failure in the superstructure. Say we are one of those entirely human and affectionate creatures who love our kind and are sympathetic with all we know; our candid friends lament the insincerity which must of necessity underlie our expansive impulses. For how is it possible for anyone to be as genial as we seem to be? Just as no one was ever so wise as Thurlow looked, so no one could be as generally sympathetic as we appear. We must therefore be hypocritical and insincere to the last point. Or if not this, then are we by necessity shallow and transient. To give us credit for a development of the social instinct in excess of their own would be impossible for our candid friends, to whom an inscrutable Providence has confided the measuring-tape of a virtuous humanity; so that what stretches beyond their allowance of inches is excessive and what falls short is too little. For if, in contrast to ourselves, they speak of one who boasts of being eclectic, difficult to please, exceeding choice in selection, and is all this beyond the proportions deemed just by these candid friends, then is he or she openly chidden and publicly blamed for a poverty of soul, an aridity of affection, which is positively inhuman. Yet they love that he or she. Certainly they love him or her—only, being candid, being lovers of truth more than of men, being faithful witnesses in a naughty world, they are compelled to strike the blot and put their accusing fingers on the sore place.

GOD DEFEND US FROM OUR CANDID FRIENDS WHEN SEATED IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR OF POWER.

and armed with the flail of literary criticism! With the pain and toil that accompanies all creative work, with conscientious diligence and careful concentration we have accomplished our task. It has taken us many months of hard labour, and we know that we have not made a *fiasco*. It falls into the hands of our candid friend, chief reviewer on the *Daily Slasher* or the *Weekly Pepperpot*; and he, with his impartial flail, comes down on the heap of what we fondly thought was good grain lying on the granary floor, but what he pronounces to be worthless chaff all through. He is sorry to have it to say. Of course he is sorry; a candid friend always is, when truth compels him to sharpen his knife and justice guides his hand for the blow; but we have really put forth such a miserable scantling as a full-grown well conditioned harvest, he is quite unable to find words of praise. To be sure, in his haste to show his absolute impartiality—being known as our personal friend as well as a writer on the press—he muddles up the characters and confuses the incidents, giving to one the circumstances assigned to the other—as when he makes the blameless prig of the story commit the murder done by the ruffian, and credits the saintly *ingénue* with the indiscretions of the high-flying wife *fin de siècle*. This, however, is only a detail. The main thing to be noted is our candid friend's devotion to the truth, which compels him to strip us of our false pretensions, leaving us not one poor little rag of intellectual merit wherewith to cover our literary nakedness.

Nothing is more depressing than to note

THE NUMBER AND BLACKNESS OF OUR FAULTS AND MISTAKES

when we see ourselves in the mirror held up by our candid friends. We are never by any chance in the right. When we come to those cross roads where understanding judgment is at fault, and the issue alone determines which was the best way, our candid friends are sure to say we have taken the wrong path while that issue is uncertain, ascribing to themselves the wisdom of our decision—which they influenced—if it turn out well, but 'slating' us with Catolike severity if it turn ill. No mortal with only an ordinary pair of eyes could see the result of that investment. It looked fair; it had influential backers; it was popular in the City; it promised well all round. That it would be mismanaged, and by mismanagement brought to ruin, was out of the prophetic picture altogether. And our candid friends saw no more of that skinny hand of Disaster than did we or the rest. But Lord! when the crash came how they went for us! What a roll-call of vices and weaknesses we suddenly found ourselves possessed of, and what a queer amount of responsibility was strapped on to our aching shoulders! Had we, poor little insignificant investor, following the crowd and hanging on with the multitude—had we been the Great Dalai Lama of the House, holding the financial credit of empires like a ripe fruit in our loss, we could not have been made more guiltily responsible by our candid friends when discussing, as they did at all street corners, the sad news of our loss. They told us so—they always have told us so when we have fallen into a bog or stumbled over the tent pegs;—but we are so obstinate, so rash, so unwise, and ever and ever, and again and again, so pig-headed, that we will not be advised by wiser heads and cooler judgments.

WE ARE THE DEAREST DARLINGS IN THE WORLD—

the best fellows and the nicest women—but we are the most unwise and exasperating; and good and nice as we may be, and love us as they may, our candid friends are really heartsick when they think of us, and feel inclined to give us up to the destruction we ourselves court by our folly. We are so ungrateful too! Our candid friends hold forth on the need of reciprocity in love—on the gratitude in obedience due from one as much loved and as loyally protected, they say, as we are and have been by them. And we are so self-willed and so selfish! We take all and give back nothing, neither to them nor to others. In that quarrel between us and the Smiths we were undoubtedly to blame and the Smiths were in the right. When our daughter ran away with the clerk we were also to blame, though how we could have seen what was going on in the dark behind our back, and how we could have coped with a deep laid plot arranged with Machiavellian craft and carried out with such consummate skill, would puzzle a wiser than ourselves to determine. But our candid friends say it was our fault; and it is to be supposed they know what they talk about.

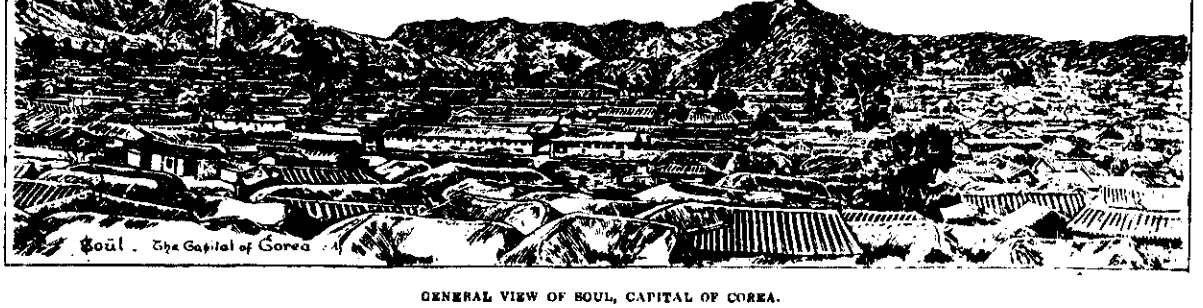
So it goes on through the whole catalogue of the day's doings. Mingled with sweet professions of tender love come these bitter accusations of misdeeds and mistakes. Painted by our candid friends we have not a moral beauty left. Yet they always end their indictment with that hateful apologia. 'All the same.' 'In spite of all his faults he is a good fellow on the whole.' 'In spite of her desperately bad qualities, we love her all the same.'

VISIBLE SOUND.

If human voice may on the plastic disk
Breathe into being forms of beauty rare,
And we may see the voices that we love
Take shape and colour infinitely fair.

May not the lofty mountains and the hills
Be voice of God; his song, the gentle flowers;
His chant, the stars' procession, and alas!
His only sigh, these human hearts of ours?

ELLEN KNIGHT BRADFORD.



GENERAL VIEW OF SOUL, CAPITAL OF COREA.

'Of course, of course,' said Lisle, thoughtfully; and as he sat gazing straight out to sea, thinking of Lucy Hardwick and her devotion to her father, he was startled back to the present by an ejaculation from the doctor.

'Hullo! What does he want?'

'Pills—blue, I should think,' said Mrs Ballard, taking up a little lorgnette from the seat beside her, and looking along the path. 'Poor man! how bilious he does seem.'

'Put that down, Maria. Don't let him think we are noticing him. He's conceited enough without. 'Yes, he's coming here.'

'Ah, doctor! how are you?—Mrs Ballard, too? How well you look. I say, Mr Lisle, it's nice to have a doctor in your own house, and one who don't charge.'

'Humph! never charged you half enough,' muttered the doctor.

'You are not smoking, Mr Lisle; will you take one of my cigars?' continued the new-comer. 'I think you will like them. I always get the best I can—I like having the best. I say, you've got nothing to do; walk up to my place and have a look round. You can spare him, can't you, doctor?'

'Oh, yes, I can spare him,' said Dr. Ballard.

'Come along, then, Lisle,' said the visitor. 'I never did see such a fellow for work as you are. You've always got a book in your hand.'

'Not to day, though, Mr Masters,' said Lisle.

'No, not to-day. That's why I ask you to come up with me now. It's such a treat to see you idle. Come along.'

Lisle hesitated for a moment, for he was not much attracted towards Isaac Masters; but as so warm an advance had been made, he threw aside his dislike, feeling that it would be bad taste towards one of the doctor's regular patients to decline, and, rising, expressed his willingness to go.

'I don't half like that man,' said Mrs Ballard, as she watched the pair going along the road.

'Of course you don't,' said the doctor; 'nor wholly like him. You've got to like me, and no one else.'

'Do talk sensibly, dear,' said Mrs Ballard, as she still gazed after the departing couple. 'There's a something about Mr Masters that always makes me feel as if it would be nicer if he were an enemy than a friend.'

'Oh, stuff and nonsense!' cried the doctor. 'You can't have perfect people in this world. From baby to old age they always have their faults.'

Meanwhile Isaac Masters was talking away in a most friendly manner possible to his companion on the way to his cottage.

'Look here, you know, Lisle, you are too much of an indoor fellow, and you think you are going to win people over to you by being such a student. Bless your heart, man! that won't get over the people here. Go out more, and mix with them. Do a bit of fishing and boating. Look here; you can have my boat whenever you like. Just give old Lawson a shilling afterwards for cleaning her out when you've been fishing, that's all.'

He spoke as if there was a regular charge for the boat which he was waiving on Lisle's behalf—at least, it sounded so to him.

'And look here, you know,' Masters went on with a smile, 'run up and see me pretty often. Have a cigar and a glass and a turn round my garden. It'll do you good and me too. Then, you know, if ever I am ill—which isn't likely—you'll know my constitution so well that you can set me right again.'

'Then I am to look forward to you as a patient, eh?' said Lisle, laughing to conceal the distaste with which the man inspired him.

'To be sure,' said Masters, 'to be sure. Old Ballard's all right enough; but you young fellows get all sorts of fresh ideas from the London places, and know ever so much more than the old fellows do. Here we are.'

He threw open the gate of the very pretty place where he lived, and laid his hand upon Lisle's shoulder in the most familiar way as the gate swung back.

'Here, let's have a look through the garden first. You've never been here before. Snug crib, isn't it for a bachelor? There's my summer-house and look-out; I've a capital glass there, by one of the best makers. You can read the names of the ships miles away. That's my bit of a greenhouse, where I grow my flowers; that's my vinery. But you don't care about those sort of things. Come in, my lad, come in.'

The sudden friendliness was most apparent, but it seemed to be so genuine that Gerard Lisle could do nothing more than respond in the same strain; so he stopped and smoked his cigar, chatted about the boat, promised to use it, and then, just as he was going, was almost dragged into an adjoining room, where a pleasant little supper was laid out, and of this he had to partake before he was allowed to go.

CHAPTER IV.

GERARD LISLE GOES FOR A WALK.

Isaac Masters' friendly feeling towards the young doctor seemed to increase as time went on, and much to Lisle's annoyance. He could not be rude to the man, for Masters was always amiability itself; but so sure as he had made up his mind to have a quiet chat with Mr Hardwick, so sure was Masters to turn up, and insist upon his accompanying him to some place or another.

'I do like you, Lisle,' he often said; 'you are such a straightforward, honest sort of fellow; and I often wish I had a brother, and that he was like you.'

Masters even went so far as to offer money in the form of loans, assuring his companion that he only did it out of kindness, and that no offence must be taken.

'I know there used to be times,' he said, 'years ago, when I was often hard pushed for a little cash, and I should have been very glad then if anybody had said I could have ten or twenty pounds when I liked.'

'Oh! it's very good of you, Masters, and I am very grateful to you.'

'No you're not, or you'd take it,' said Masters. 'You're so stuck up and proud, you are. You won't have it, though I want you to.'

'But hang it, man! I don't require the money,' cried Lisle.

'Well, there it is when you do want it, mind,' said Masters; 'and I say, as an old friend you know, what a sly dog you are, Gerard!'

'I sly—I—what do you mean?'

'Oh, no, no, no! you don't know, of course—not you. I say, did you ever hear of a bird called an ostridge?'

'Yes, I have heard of the ostrich,' said Lisle, stiffly.

'Goes and sticks his head in the sand, and thinks nobody can see. Ha! ha! ha! that's what you do. Fall in love, stick your head in the sand, and nobody can't see me, says you.'

'Really, I do not understand you,' said Lisle, reddening.

'Not you! of course not!' cried Masters, grinning. Then turning very serious all at once, and holding out his hand: 'Well, my lad, I congratulate you. She's an uncommonly amiable girl, and I wish you joy.'

'I suppose you are alluding to my visits to Mr Hardwick's cottage?' said Lisle, quietly.

'Of course I am, my lad, and I wish you joy.'

'Thank you,' said Lisle.

'But look here, Lisle, my boy—now don't you be offended with me, you know, because I am speaking as a friend you may trust—don't go too far there without being sure of your ground.'

'I do not understand you,' said Lisle, warmly.

'There now, don't be peppery; I'm only speaking for your good. I say, make sure of your ground. Are you aware that old Hardwick is under a sort of cloud?'

'I have heard something of the sort,' said Lisle; 'but how does that affect my attention to the lady?'

'Not a bit, my boy—not the least in the world,' cried Masters, eagerly; 'only I thought you ought to know. Don't be offended; I was acting for the best.'

'I wish he would act for the best at the North Pole, or some other place, where I should never set eyes upon him again,' said Gerard Lisle to himself, as he walked away. 'Hang him! I wish he would not be so fond of me. He sickens me sometimes, and there——. 'Oh! there's a piece of luck; Lucy going for a walk with Mrs Ballard. Surely I may follow now.'

He was not told so in words, but both Mrs Ballard and Lucy said he was welcome with their eyes; and as they strolled on together, with Mrs Ballard taking an unwonted interest in the wild flowers that grew about the path, and constantly hanging back to gather them, that evening seemed to Gerard Lisle the sweetest he had ever spent. No word of love had passed between him and Lucy; but time had crept on, his visits to the cottage had been many, and watched for eagerly by both. In fact, they needed no words to tell of their love, but seemed, as Mrs Ballard said, to have been made for each other.

'I daresay it's wrong of me to hang back as I do,' said the old lady, with a smile full of tender recollections; 'but they are both so young and so good-looking and suited and they look so happy together, that it makes me think of—dear, dear, dear, dear!—can it be possible?—four-and-forty years ago. Ah, dear me! how time does go, to be sure!' and involuntarily the old lady went on picking flowers, and humming to herself the old song:—

'Gather your roses while you may.'

And then sadly she stopped, and said, with a wistful look at the couple before her, 'Yes, and time is still a-flying; but it seems very hard to imagine that sweet innocent girl grown into a stout, grey-headed old lady like me—that sweet, innocent girl!—that sweet, innocent girl!—that sweet, innocent girl.'

She repeated this several times in a thoughtful manner, and then exclaimed:

'Oh! I'll ask her if it's true. No, I won't,' she cried, indignantly, 'she wouldn't be such a cruel, deceitful wretch to everybody, and people ought to be ashamed of themselves for putting such scandalous tales about.'

'Ah!' she exclaimed soon after, 'if I knew who it was, and they came to me, if I wouldn't give them a good strong dose my name's not Maria!'

'Well, my dears, getting tired! I think we must go back now,' and those whom she addressed started, for Gerard Lisle was under the impression that they had been out ten minutes instead of two hours.

CHAPTER V.

A SHARP PANG.

Gerard Lisle thought of that in his hours of misery as the most delicious evening he had ever spent; and then he let his head go down upon his hands, and wondered whether it was all a dream.

For there had come a change over his happy life, and he was suffering bitterly in his heart, though openly he seemed only a little pale.

'She is not bound to me in any way,' he said to himself. 'I never offered her my love; she never promised me hers. What right have I to complain? But it is bitter—bitter indeed!'

He was sitting with his face buried in his hands; now he, however, started up, and tried to smile, for there had been a touch upon his shoulder, and on looking up, it was to see Mrs Ballard gazing down on him in a tender motherly way.

'You have heard something?' she said.

He did not answer for a few moments, and then said, softly—

'Yes.'

'But I don't believe it's true, my boy; and it's very cowardly and cruel of you to believe it of her. I should not have expected it of you.'

'Don't—don't say that,' he cried, excitedly. 'I have been so loyal—I felt such confidence—there, I do now,' he cried. 'I will not believe but what it is all right. Though I have no claim upon her if she prefers—someone else.'

'But she don't prefer someone else,' said Mrs Ballard; 'and it's all stuff and nonsense! Tall, dark young man, indeed, coming from Dawcross in a boat! Such lies! I suppose you'll tell me next that you've seen him.'

Gerard Lisle gazed wistfully at the speaker.

'I say,' she cried, angrily, 'you'll tell me next that you have seen him.'

'Yes,' said Gerard, sadly, 'I have seen the man of whom they speak.'

'What!' cried Mrs Ballard, starting back, 'really seen him?'

'Yes,' said Gerard, quietly, 'I have seen him.'

'Then I shall go straight up to Lucy Hardwick, and ask her what it all means; and this very evening, too. And now, if there isn't that tiresome Masters. I wish he wouldn't come here.'

'Ah, Lisle, how goes it?' cried the visitor. 'Ah, Mrs Ballard, glad to see you. Lovely evening, isn't it?' Lisle, old fellow, I want you to come for a walk.'

'No, not to night,' said Gerard, rather impatiently.

'But you must,' said Masters. 'Hang it all, man, get your hat; you've been shutting yourself up too much lately. You look all of a mope.'

Judging it to be the best way of getting rid of his visitor to go with him a little way, Gerard Lisle reluctantly took his hat, and sauntered along the cliff with Masters, paying no heed to where they were going, and listening to his companion's remarks, and forgetting them the very next moment.

Somehow the stroll was prolonged till it was quite dark, with the moon, nearly at its full, rising slowly over the water, and sending a long golden patch of light from the horizon to the shore.

'What a delicious night!' said Masters softly, as if the beauty of the scene had its influence even upon him.

'Yes, delightful,' said Lisle, moodily.

'Hullo! What a pity to disturb them!' whispered Masters just then, as he checked his companion by catching his arm, and holding him fast amid a clump of rocks—for they had descended to the shore, every place seeming the same to Lisle; and as he raised his eyes he stood as if petrified.

For there, in a nook amidst the rocks, opposite to a small boat drawn up on the sands, and plainly seen by the yellow light of the rising moon, stood Lucy Hardwick, with her face upturned and an agonised expression upon her countenance, evidently listening to the words of a tall, dark-moustached, youngish man, who had one of her hands in his, whilst his arm clasped her waist.

She was evidently whispering something to him as Lisle and Masters came up, whose effect was to make the man turn from her angrily; but she ran a few steps, and caught him by the arm.

'No, no,' she cried, 'pray don't go like that! Oh, Arthur! you will break my heart.'

An icy chill seemed to run through Gerard Lisle, and he bitterly muttered Lucy's words to himself, 'You will break my heart'

Then his eyes seemed to be fixed upon the group before him; and though he tried to tear himself away, he seemed forced to gaze at Lucy clinging to and imploring this man, who, on his part, seemed to be treating her half brutally in his haste to get away; and then words fell upon Gerard Lisle's ears that seemed to make them tingle, and their bitterness to sink back into his heart.

'Oh, Arthur! dear Arthur!' she sobbed, 'pray—pray come home with me. Don't—oh, don't leave me like this. Pray—pray come.'

'No; not I,' he said, roughly. 'There, there, little fool, let go!' he cried, fiercely; and shaking himself free, he strode off down to the boat, pushed it off, regardless of getting his legs wet, sprang in, and rowed rapidly away, leaving Lucy seated upon the sands, sobbing as if her heart really was about to break.

The spell that had been upon Gerard Lisle seemed broken now, and he stood there as if hesitating, then, in the anguish of his spirit, he turned, and ran swiftly away over the sands, urged by but one desire—that of trying to get free from the misery that haunted him. He was for the time being half mad with rage, jealousy, and disappointment; but as he tore on, the tremendous muscular exertion seemed to relieve the tension upon his brain, and he stopped short, after running about a mile, with reason beginning to resume its regular calm flow.

'Well,' he said aloud, 'what right have I to complain? She knew and loved him before she saw me, and I have been a weak fool, deluding myself with false hopes. Now I will be a man.'

He turned, and began to walk back steadily.

'Bah! what a weak boy I am!' he cried, railing against himself. 'What an idiot Masters will think me; and the—poor girl!'

He uttered a low groan as he saw again that scene in the soft yellow moonlight, with Lucy struggling with and appealing to this man, and once more anger began to assert itself, and he found himself wondering why he had not seized the fellow by the throat and brought him to his knees, to force him to respond to poor Lucy's appeal.

'I had no right to interfere,' he said to himself; 'no right—never shall have a right.'

He walked rapidly on, with his head bent down, and his fists clenched, muttering to himself.

'It has been a pleasant dream,' he said, hoarsely; 'a happy dream—one that can never be dreamed again. I was deceived—self-deceived; for, poor child, after all she was never more than kind to me. In the blindness of my boyishness I made all fit to my own bright fancy, and once more I am awake.'

CHAPTER VI.

ERROR WITHIN ERROR.

As Lisle turned and dashed off, Isaac Masters stood softly rubbing his hands together, watching him till his tall, well-knit figure seemed to dwindle into the soft night, and pass away.

'So goes one rival,' said Masters, with a laugh. 'Poor idiot! and he thought he loved her. Big, strong and young as he is, though, what a poor love is his to mine! He goes—I stay; and perhaps now she will change her tone. Ha, ha, ha!' he laughed, softly; 'those who can wait can generally win. I was insolent and ungentlemanly, was I? Well, my proud little lady, what will you say to me now with such a secret for the trump card I mean to play?'

He stood gloating over Lucy's misery for a few minutes, till he saw her rise and stand with her handkerchief to her eyes; then as his step came lightly over the sand, she heard it, and started forward, believing that he with whom she had been speaking had returned, but upon seeing who it was, she paused in bewilderment.

'Mr Masters—you here?' she faltered.

'Yes, my dear Miss Lucy; Mr Masters—and here. It seemed such a pity for you to be alone, and as you have sent him off in such a hurry, I thought you would be glad to have me to see you home.'

'You have been watching me,' she said, sharply.

'Watching? Oh, dear, no; not watching. I was having a walk with poor Lisle, and it was not our fault if ladies will choose the public sands for such interviews as that which you have just had.'

'Did—did Mr Lisle see me—here—with him?'

'To be sure he did,' said Masters, laughing, 'and it had such an effect upon him that he ran away.'

'He has gone?' said Lucy.

'Yes; miles away by now. But what of that, my dear? I am here to take care of you; and, Lucy, you won't be so cruel to me now, dear, will you, as you were up yonder on the cliff? Oh, I say, though, what a little flirt you are!'

Lucy did not seem to hear him, for her thoughts were

running upon the fact of Gerard Lisle having been a witness of her interview; and she turned and walked away.

'Don't be in such a hurry,' said Masters; 'it's a lovely night, and no one about. Suppose we take a turn down here under the cliff?'

Lucy paid no heed to his words, but walked steadily on.

'Come, come, come,' cried Masters, bending towards her, planting himself half across her path; 'you did not behave like this to our friend who has just gone. Let me see, the last three times you met him you threw your arms round his neck and kissed him. Come, Lucy, I won't be jealous if you'll be as kind to me.'

She stopped short, and stared at him as if in astonishment.

'Mr Masters!' she exclaimed at last, 'do you know what you are saying?'

'Know? Why, of course, I know,' he said jauntily, as he caught her hand in his. 'I know, too, that I have waited and waited, till my turn has come. Lucy, my little darling, I——'

'How dare you!' she cried, flinging him off, and drawing herself up. 'Is it not bad enough that you should play the spy upon me? I remember now; it was you, then, I saw last night, and three nights ago, watching me; but I did not think it could be you who would be so base.'

'All things are fair in love, my dear little coquette. Why, I love you three times better for being so brave, that I do; but, come, that's enough. Come, you have been spirited enough; now, be a sensible little woman, and let's have a quiet talk.'

As he spoke, he caught both her hands in his. Frightened as she was, she disdained to cry out, but struggled bravely to get them away, while half-angry at her resistance, half-laughing, he held them firmly.

'How dare you insult me like this?' she cried, passionately.

'Insult you, nonsense! It is no insult to kiss the little girl one loves so dearly as I love you;' and, loosing her hand, he passed his arm quickly round her waist, and then utrered an oath as a sharp thud was heard, and he went rolling over the sands two or three yards, and then fell in a heap, half stunned and helpless, so swift and sure had been the punishment he had received.

'Oh, Gerard! you are here,' sobbed Lucy; and, clinging to his arm, she tried to speak; but now that the reason for maintaining her courage was gone, she was a weak woman once more, and sobbed and cried so passionately, that, bitter as were his feelings against her, Lisle could not help compassion creeping in.

'You—you shall smart for this,' cried Masters, who had risen, and who now came up with clenched fists. 'You—you great cowardly—'

'Silence, dog!' roared Gerard, turning to face him; and before Masters had recovered from his surprise, he was taken by the throat, shaken furiously, and then forced down upon his knees. 'Now, beg Miss Hardwick's pardon.'

'I—I beg pardon!' panted Masters. 'Before I'd beg pardon I'd——'

The rest of his words were inaudible, for Gerard threw him back upon the sand, and planted one foot upon his chest.

'Beg her pardon!' he cried again in a low, deep voice, so full of passionate rage, that Lucy caught him by the arm, and, trembling and sobbing with dread, begged him to let the miserable fellow go.

'Take me home, dear Gerard—take me home,' she whispered; and she clung to his arm so imploringly, that, without a word, he turned from Masters, and walked silently along the sands, with Lucy still clinging to his arm, sobbing bitterly as she went.

Twice over she essayed to speak, but her words failed her; and Gerard Lisle did not even turn his head, but stalked on silently at her side.

'I will not leave her till she is with her father,' he kept thinking, 'and then I will never look her in the face again.'

His intention was to take her to the gate, and leave her, but before they reached the cottage, the tall, gaunt figure of Lucy's father came in sight, and as he caught sight of the coming pair, the old man quickened his pace, and stopped short before them.

'She has not been to meet *you*, has she, Gerard Lisle?' cried the old man.

Gerard was silent.

'Answer me, sir!' cried the old man, furiously.

Gerard glanced at Lucy, who had laid her hands upon her father's arm, and had bent down over them, and was sobbing so bitterly that, cruel as was his own wound, something like compassion stole into the young man's breast.

'I will not betray her,' he said to himself, and he turned to go.

'Stop!' cried the old clergyman, furiously. 'I have admitted you to my house as a friend, and trusted you, Gerard Lisle. If you wanted to see Lucy, you could have come on to the house; but I know—you have not been to meet her. Answer me, sir!'

'You have no right to ask,' said Gerard, sternly.

'No right? I have—a father's right. Speak out.'

'I shall not answer you,' said Gerard, firmly.

'No; you are trying to screen her. I know.'

'Mr Lisle did not come to meet me, dear father,' sobbed Lucy. 'Pray, pray, let us go in.'

'No; I'll speak here,' cried the old man, furiously. 'He shall know all. I trust him. He is a gentleman, a true gentleman, and——'

'Mr Hardwick, I am more pained than I can say. You must excuse me now; I would rather go.'

'And I say, sir, that you shall stay,' cried the old man. 'You shall stay, and judge between me and her.'

'No; I cannot do that, Mr Hardwick. 'Sir, you must excuse me.'

'No. You shall stay,' cried the old man.

'Gerard Lisle,' said Lucy, softly, 'it is right that you should know. I only ask that we may go on home.'

'Do I not know enough?' cried Gerard, bitterly.

'No,' said Lucy, softly; and her look was so full of tender reproach, that he regretted what he had said, though he knew not why.

'I have borne it, Gerard Lisle, till I can bear it no longer,' cried the old man, as they stood there in the broad moonlight on that solitary cliff path, alone in the soft silence of the summer night. 'I'll speak here, out in the free air, under the broad heaven; and may the all-seeing God forgive me if I am too hard.'

Lucy stood with her hands clasped and hanging before her, while her head was bent in humble deprecation of her father's wrath; and as she stood there, with the soft moonlight playing upon her hair, she never seemed so beautiful to Gerard Lisle before.

'I am not blind, Gerard Lisle,' panted the old man. 'I have seen that you loved her, and I said to myself, I would not wish to see her with a truer-hearted protector to take my place when I am gone. I speak then before you. It has been a secret that I would not tell, but now it is forced from me by what she has done.'

'He begged of me so hard, dear, dear father, what could I do? And you, too, do love him in your heart,' sobbed Lucy.

'I do not!' he cried fiercely; 'I hate him! I forbade you to see him. I said you should never see him again.'

'But he begged so hard for me to forgive him, dear, and I did,' sobbed Lucy; and every word was a fresh pang in Gerard Lisle's heart.

'Yes, weak foolish girl that you are. A few sham prayers, and I daresay a tear squeezed out, and your arms were round his neck again.'

'Yes,' muttered Gerard, 'her arms were round his neck again.'

'Listen to me,' cried the old man, 'and you shall judge between us, Gerard Lisle. Seven years ago I was a happy man. I had had my sorrow—I had lost my dear wife. Thank God!' he said, fervently, 'for she was spared all this. I say I was happy in—as I thought—the love of my son and daughter. Gerard Lisle, for that son's sake I bore the credit of a cruel fraud. I was deprived of my living—I have lived almost an outcast and a beggar, and yet for his mother's sake I have forgiven him again and again, but only to find out some new villainy. At last I could bear no more. I sought out this place, broken in health, broken in spirit, to try and end my days in peace, and now he has found me out again. He is striving to win her from me.'

'No, no—dear, dear father!'

'I say he is,' cried the old man, passionately, 'and I forbade all further intercourse with him, and you have disobeyed.'

'Gerard, he is my only brother,' sobbed Lucy, 'he came, as I believed, in sorrow and contrition. What could I—— Oh! father!'

She sprang to Gerard Lisle's side; but too late, for she had seen him reel suddenly, and before she could help him he fell heavily upon the rocky path.

'A mere nothing,' he said, as he recovered consciousness, and found Lucy kneeling by his side bathing his face with water which she had fetched from the cottage, while Mr Hardwick knelt upon the other side, holding his hand. 'A mere nothing, a sudden giddiness,' and then, unable to contain himself, he caught Lucy's hand and held it to his eyes, as he lay back for a time, and she could feel the anguish of his spirit in the suppressed sobs that shook his frame.

'Shall I fetch Dr. Ballard?' said Mr Hardwick at last.

'No, no—no, no,' said Gerard, struggling up; 'I am better now. Let us go in.'

'Yes—yes,' said the old man, in a broken voice, his own passion evaporated now on witnessing the trouble of the man he had learned to love, though he could not read the cause. 'I was very angry, Lisle. However, forgive me for what I said; but it is sometimes too hard to bear.'

He went on, heedless of those who followed, and as he passed in at the gate, Gerard drew Lucy back and knelt at her feet, holding her hands in his.

'I saw you—in his arms—down there,' he said, hoarsely. 'I thought—I thought—oh, my darling, forgive me! for I love you with all my heart.'

A good half hour had passed before they entered the cottage, to find that there was no light in the little sitting-room, save that of the moon, which fell upon the bent grey head of the old clergyman, who rose and said simply—

'I have been praying that my heart may be softened towards my boy, and I feel that my prayer is heard.'

'Father!' sobbed Lucy, springing to his breast.

'Mr Hardwick,' said Gerard Lisle, in a low voice, 'I have been asking Lucy if she will be my wife.'

And the old man said softly—

'Thank God!'

Lucy thought strangely of his altered mien that night, and of his words respecting his forgiveness of his son, for two days afterwards the little boat in which the young man had crossed the bay was found bottom upwards amongst the rocks of the coast, and it was supposed that it had been overset in the very dangerous spot avoided by all who knew the coast. It was a week after his visit to his sister, to try and extort money, before the body of Arthur Hardwick was cast upon the shore, the old man insisting upon reading the burial service himself upon the day that the earth closed over one who had caused so much pain and bitter trial.

PRESENTATION AT COURT.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KISS THE QUEEN'S HAND.

A HIGH PRICED FUNCTION THAT MUST BE CARRIED OUT REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

'I SHOULD say,' remarked the woman in the white wicker armchair, as she deftly dropped two extra lumps into her tea and knitted her brows thoughtfully, 'that a presentation at Queen Victoria's court requires an outlay of all of £90. I have been to Buckingham Palace for three such functions, and I never did it for less, which is more than my wedding finery cost. There are women who have done it for less, but it's a pinch and I shouldn't like to try.

'You see, you simply can't go in a gown that has ever been worn before, nor in a costume that is not made of the very best materials. You can't, because you will perish of shame when you stand in line with women who are in the richest and freshest that Lyons looms and French dressmakers can turn out. Any woman has sense enough to recognise that it is better not to go at all than go inadequately, to stand in the fierce light reflected from the throne.

CHOICE AND COST OF THE GOWN.

'Having this conviction firmly fastened in your mind, consult some French dressmaker of note in London. Trot yourself round to White and Allenby, the smartest of the smart English modistes, and look over samples of brocade satin, velvet, and silk, ranging in prices from 15s to 30s a yard. If you are an unmarried woman, anywhere on the sunny side of sixty, you wear white. *Debutantes* look at tulle and silk and lace and wreaths of French flowers, silver embroidery, pearls, and ribbons; and middle-aged matrons ponder over velvet, purple, red, black, etc; young married persons go in for the heavy white brocades, or brocades with coloured flowerings.

'Now, the result of long hours of solemn consideration among billows of splendid fabrics sends you contemplatively off—you wonder in what humour one's obliging papa or generous husband will accept the news that one cannot be made decent for court on less that £60. One must appear as well as the other women, the Queen exacts that one's train lie for three yards on the floor, and the end of expense is not yet. The order for the gown is given a full month beforehand, and that is well, considering the rush at the dressmakers'. From White and Allenby's one goes to give one's order for a bouquet. Only a leading florist can supply the huge shower bouquet of white flowers that costs £5.

HIGH PRICED DETAILS.

'One never sees such bouquets in this country—beautiful cascades of flowers built on a frail foundation of chiffon and trailing from one's hand to the floor. In London women always carry huge bouquets to every function during all seasons, so that bouquet-building has become a great art with them.

'At the glover's one must have a vastly long pair of one guinea gloves, lovely things to wrinkle up to one's shoulders nearly. To a French bootmaker a sufficient piece of one's gown material must be taken to make one's slippers that cost at least two guineas.

'Lastly, one makes an appointment with a court hairdresser, who charges about 15s. Thirty-five shillings covers the cost of the three feathers and veil. A good public stable is sought out and arrangements are perfected to have a very big carriage sent one by nine o'clock the morning of the Drawing Room. Because he is expected to send one of his very perfect establishments, and because the carriage, both delivering one at and taking one from the palace, must stand in line for hours, the stablekeeper asks not less than two pounds for the service.

WHAT IT ALL COSTS.

'Reckon all those amounts up, and the result is approximate to my first statement, is it not? There are few loopholes for economy, for certain things you must have, or you will never kiss the Queen's hand. One's train must fall from the shoulders, so that its spread on the floor includes a vast stretch of costly goods five yards long by two wide. The gown must be cut out below the point of the shoulders. Have you never noticed, in all pictures of royalty in evening dress, that the women invariably wore their bodices cut so? The fashion of 1830 in that respect has never changed, and though we ordinary persons wear straps, shoulder puffs, square neck, and the rest of it, full dress for any European court means literally bare shoulders.

'Another exaction is the placing of feathers and veil. Only a court hairdresser knows how to accomplish it to the Queen's taste, and the Queen, though her taste may not be good, demands that her ideas be followed to the last letter. Only a physician's certificate entitles one to appear at a Drawing Room with covered shoulders. The certificate must be procured in advance and sent to the Lord Chamberlain, who asks the Queen's consent. Often enough she refuses. It does seem petty, doesn't it?

A STALWART SCOTCH PEERESS.

'Please give me another cup of tea, and I'll tell you how an old Scotch Countess outwitted Her Majesty. The Countess was sixty, a tall, thin old grenadier of a Scotchwoman, very dignified, and in London with a pretty granddaughter under her wing to present. She begged leave to wear a high necked gown. The Court Chamberlain asked if she was too ill to wear a low-necked one.

'"Certainly not," said the old lady, "but I don't want to exhibit my venerable throat to a critical world, and imperil my good health by coming out on a raw March day with bare shoulders."

'Nevertheless the Queen forbade her to come in a high-necked frock. So what did the Countess do but have made an unusually splendid gown, cut after the approved fashion, under the *decollete* bodice of which was seen the warm neck and sleeves of a stout, honest, knitted Merino undershirt. A gorgeous necklace of diamonds glittered on the old lady's Merino shirted bosom, and heavy bracelets on her long, well covered arms. The Queen's open astonishment and anger over the odd spectacle never abashed the Counters for a second, and so delighted was the Prince of Wales with the old Scotchwoman's calm courage that he asked an introduction at the next royal ball and led her out in a stately quadrille.

'There is one last item of expense very often included in a *debutante's* list. I mean the cost of instruction in making the curtsey. You know, there are women who guarantee to teach one how, in a very few lessons; they charge a pound or two for that, and in the spring are well employed. It is best that they should, as otherwise great errors would be made—for example, by the well-meaning woman who believed it her duty to actually kiss Queen Victoria's hand. In reality, you know, the Queen's hand is never kissed. One does it so: Extend your hand. I lay mine this way across your fingertips and lightly touch my lips to the back of my own hand.'

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

A FATHER'S favour overtops the mountain; a mother's kindness is deeper than the sea.

A woman with a three-inch tongue can slay a giant.

Trouble proceeds from the mouth.

From a married couple's quarrels even a dog will flee.

Inquire not the sea road from the mountain woodcutter; nor ask the seaman the way of the mountain.

Poverty is more bitter than 400 illnesses.

There is no cordiality for the too frequent visitor.

Beauty is only one layer (which is suggestive of the English proverb that 'Beauty is but skin deep').

There are three misfortunes in life—in youth to lose a father; in middle age, the death of a wife; in old age, to have no children.

A gentleman will not stop to retie his shoelace beside another's watermelon field.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 14.

On the whole we are having an excellent winter. There are few days on which we cannot get out. Unfortunately the day chosen for a large and

FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON TEA

by Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, Parnell, last week, was an unpleasant one for functions of this kind, as our hostess would have liked her guests to wander round the grounds, and as the house is so prettily situated on a knoll overlooking St. George's Bay, they would have enjoyed the stroll. The morning was wet, and in the afternoon luckily it ceased, but a heavy mist hung about, making everything look gloomy. Mrs Bloomfield's pretty little baby girl toddled in and out amongst the guests, attracting everybody by her charming little manners. She was becomingly gowned all in white flannelette, and shoes *en suite*. The decorations were very pretty. In the reception room handsome tiger rugs were spread, shot by Mr L. Bloomfield when in India; from the chandelier hung large Tuscan coloured crinkley pear flowers, especially pretty were the decorations in the room where tea was dispensed, nil green crinkley paper finished with white ti-tree predominated, and in and out were the sweets peeping.

THE DRESSES.

Our hostess was gowned in a well-fitting black crêpon with cuffs and vest of old rose veiled in black lace; Mrs Bloomfield (Wonona), very stylish brown silk trimmed with bands of velvet; Mrs Leathem looked well in black with white yoke veiled in black bead work; Mrs Rusk, green plaid gown; Mrs Pollan, black; Miss Crutton, black crêpon trimmed with silk, black picture felt hat; Miss Mowbray, neat fitting black gown; Miss Ray, green; Miss Bull and her sister were similarly attired in navy; Mrs Saunders, black; Mrs W. Bloomfield, stylish havanne brown gown with velvet sleeves, small neat fitting bonnet; Miss Hookes, tabac brown cashmere; Miss Holmes, navy; Miss Thorne-George, brown; Mrs Murcd, Miss Cheeseman, black; Miss Kempthorne, navy; Mrs Roiseo, very stylish gown of two colours; Miss Gypsy Walker, navy; Miss Wylde-Brown, Miss Chambers, dark green; Miss K. Buchanan, navy; Miss Kissling, black; Miss Hull, Miss Kilgour, navy, and her sister, brown trimmed with red; Miss Lawford, green; Miss Constance Walker, navy hopsacking serge trimmed with black military braid.

SOCIETY JOTTINGS.

Mrs Arthur Bull gave a small impromptu dance last week at her pretty residence, Mount Eden.

The Onehunga Social was very successful on Saturday night. A great many from town as well as Parnell patronised it.

Mr Brigham's eldest son, of Parnell, has been removed from the Auckland branch of the Bank of New Zealand to Gisborne. He will be much missed from the aquatic circle, as he took such interest in rowing, yachting, etc.

On Saturday a number of people wend their way to the Golf Links in Green Lane. Last Saturday being fine, I noticed a great many present, amongst them Mrs Buddle, Misses Wilkins (two), Miss Forbes, Miss Kilgour, etc.

A large and an enthusiastic crowd attended the public meeting held by the

WOMEN'S POLITICAL LEAGUE

last week in the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr Withy and Mr Holl made capital speeches on the borrowing policy, besides various ladies. Miss Calder particularly made a pretty little speech, and looked very well in a dark dress with large blue bow, and bonnet *en suite*. Amongst those present I noticed Mr and Mrs M. Clarke, Miss Wallace, Mr and Mrs Arch Clarke, Mrs Bassett, and a great many others whom I did not know.

One of the most successful of

THE REMUERA UNIONS

took place last Thursday evening. The weather, though unpropitious during the day, cleared up for a lovely moonlight night. The Remuera Hall was crowded with gay dancers and smart costumes, blue being the prevailing colour worn. The floor was in splendid condition, having a polished surface like glass. It is the first time for some years that the floor has regained its old condition. The ladies and gentlemen were equal in numbers. There were about one hundred couples present. The supper is always all that could be desired, being provided by the ladies, who certainly know how to do it. The decorations were not so extensive as on former occasions. The stage was trimmed with drapery, pots of shrubs, and stately arum lilies with their leaves. The supper-table was decorated with pots of ferns and small flowering shrubs, draped in buttercup coloured silk. In an anteroom, where tea was dispensed, the table was strewn with every variety of camellias. Dr. Pickthorne and several other officers of the H.M.S. Wallaroo were present. Others were Mr and Mrs Johnstone, the latter wearing a black silk with white panel and trimmed with braid; Mr and Mrs Finlayson, the lady wearing a stylish silver grey brocaded silk finished with white tulle; Mrs (Major) Banks, striking white silk *en traine* veiled in deep flounces of black lace; Mr and Mrs Hansen, the lady wearing an elegant black satin trimmed profusely with beads and jet; Mrs Cotter elegant Tuscan satin, pink velvet bebe sleeves, the bodice finished with black lace, band of pink velvet round the bottom of skirt, and veiled in deep black flounce lace; Mrs Hanna, white silk trimmed with sea-green Liberty silk, and silver passementerie; Miss Jackson, canary-coloured crepon; Miss Stevenson, old gold silk veiled in black lace; her sister, white Empire gown trimmed with pink ribbons; Miss Ethel Bull looked well in white silk; Miss Beatrice Bull, blue bengaline relieved with white lace; Miss Whewell, dome blue art muslin trimmed with beige ribbons; Mrs Cottle, black silk finished with lace, red flowers in her hair; Mrs Thompson, rich black silk *en traine*, with old gold spotted net bebe sleeves; Miss Brigham looked lovely in a plain white silk; Miss Amy Taylor, orange silk relieved with white lace; Miss Davy, Italic Liberty silk with white lace; and her sister, an Italic brocaded satin finished with chiffon *en suite*; Miss Hookes looked pretty in a buttercup silk finished with white lace; Miss Forbes was *piquante* in a blue crepon trimmed with white lace; Miss Hay, a stylish combination of pink and blue; and her sister, a simple white gown; Miss Reeve looked *distinguee* in bouton d'or crêpon; Miss Percival, rich coral pink finished with deep flounces of white lace; Miss Otway looked extremely pretty in blue bengaline finished with gauze; Mrs Hesketh, stylish navy shimmering silk; Miss Hesketh looked extremely pretty in a white Liberty silk finished with fute and chiffon; and her sister wore a tuscan crêpon with be be sleeves and frill round neck of white chiffon; Mrs Gordon, a buttercup Liberty silk relieved with white lace; Miss Bursill was looking well in a dome-coloured surah finished with net of the same shade; Miss Lennox, a stylish Italic crêpon with moss-green velvet bebe sleeves; the edgings on the bodice and skirt were of the same; Miss Allie Buddle, black velvet, with Tuscan chiffon trimmings; Miss Ada Dixon, white silk, overall of white lace; Miss Gertrude Buddle, Loutre velvet gown finished with white muslin; and her sister was gowned in blue; Miss Flora Thorpe looked *distinguee* in white silk finished with lace; Miss Gorrie, azur nil net; and her sister heliotrope Liberty silk; Miss Little, old rose trimmed with velvet; Miss Fanny Johnson was *chic* in salmon pink and blue silk; Miss Maud Buckland, becoming white gown; Mrs Black, nil green silk; Miss Von Sturmer, blue cashmere relieved with white lace; Messrs Anderson, Sealy, Crombie, Purchas, Forbes, Johnstone (two), Brigham (two), Lawford, Jackson, Whewell, J. Philips, Brodie (two), Marshall, Gamble, Thomson, Gould, Wright, Payton, Otway (two), Rose, Dr. Forbes.

THE COLUMBIA RINK.

To the great delight of ardent rinkists Club night at the Columbia Rink came off again last Thursday. I think everyone enjoyed it more than ever after the rest of a week. The usual set were present, and I need not take up any time describing dresses, as everyone wears the same rinking things week after week. The prices are now surely low enough for all, and the attendance and arrangements are as good as ever.

AN AUCKLAND GIRL IN INDIA.

Miss Amy Moss appears to be having a real good time in India. I have been shown a letter in which she describes all sorts of gaieties, also a paper describing some private theatricals in which Mr Eric Hudson and his wife (*nee* Miss Mabel Moss) took part. I copied out some of the paper. Here it is:—"Through the careful handling of Mrs Eric Hudson, the stage had become completely transformed, while the arrangement of the ferns and palms in front only proved what a lady can do, when she has the interests of others at heart, and Mrs Hudson is certainly to be warmly congratulated for the pretty effects she had arranged for us. The ball was set a-rolling with the Amateur Minstrel troupe, in which Mr Eric Hudson and Mr Gurling, as cornermen, got up in quite the correct style, fairly brought down the house. The "Minstrel" programme being over, the curtain was then lowered and shortly raised on the celebrated farce "Turn Him Out." In this Mr and Mrs Eric Hudson must surely be allowed the palm of praise; their acting throughout was perfect."

PROFESSOR CARROLLO'S CARNIVAL.

The gallery of the Choral Hall was crowded with visitors on Saturday night when a gymnastic display was given by Professor Carrollo's lady pupils, about one hundred in number. Some of the items, such as the Indian Club Squad and Maze (to music), with limelight effects were exceedingly pretty. Amongst the ladies present were: Miss Holland (pink; Mrs Hesketh, stylish black costume, black tipped bonnet; the Misses Hesketh, fawn and gray dresses respectively, large feathered hats; Mrs Cruickshank, dark green dress, bonnet to match; Mrs J. W. Tibbs, black; Mrs C. M. Nelson looked well in black, fawn jacket; Mrs Ching, handsome sealskin jacket over black dress, black feathered hat; Mrs Wm. Firth, long black fur-lined mantle, golden brown bonnet; Miss Rice, dark brown costume, small sailor hat; Miss W. Rice, fawn-coloured jacket over dark dress, fawn hat trimmed with green; Mrs Winks, handsome black plush mantle, bonnet to match; Mrs Alexander, long stylish fur-bordered mantle with dress of pale fawn; Miss Cora Alexander, dark dress, pretty opera cloak of fawn and beaver; Miss Rashleigh, black, small black toque; Mrs Atkinson, stylish brown mantle and bonnet, dark dress; Miss Atkinson, brown, feathered hat to match; Mrs Graves Aicken, stylish dark costume; Mrs Haslett, black; Mrs Cotter, black dress and bonnet, handsome cloak of crimson and black fur; Miss Owen, handsome black velvet; Mrs Myers, black silk, velvet mantle and bonnet; Mrs Coleman, handsome blouse of moss green velvet, dark skirt and sailor hat; Miss Ethel Cotter, cardinal blouse with black jacket and hat; the Misses Stevenson (Remuera), brown; Miss Lena Howard looked pretty in rose-pink cashmere blouse, dark; brown skirt; Mrs Pearce, all black; Miss Elsie Pearce, dark costume; Mrs Donald, black; Miss Agnes Donald, pretty red dress Miss Wilkie, Mrs Tait, the Misses Binney, Mrs Butt and many others whom I cannot remember.

A very

ENJOYABLE MUSICAL EVENING

was given by the Right Rev. Bishop Luck, at Bishop's House, Ponsonby, on Friday evening. Among the guests present were Archbishop Redwood (Wellington), Bishop Grimes (Christchurch), Revs. Dr. Egan and Father Reinault, Mr and Mrs J. A. Tole, Mr and Mrs Burton, Mr and Mrs T. Mahony, Mr and Mrs E. Mahony, Miss Tole, Miss Rita Tole, Messrs Tole, R. Mahony, Darby, and Landon.

STREET DRESSES.

Miss Forbes, navy serge, white gem hat; Mrs Theo. Kissling, black cashmere, sealskin jacket, small velvet Princess bonnet; Miss Nashelski, stylish black gown with gold braid, fawn cape, fawn felt hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs James Russell, black cashmere with bands of brocaded silk and jet, black hat with feathers; Miss Hooper, navy gown, with Cossack jacket and tippet, navy hat with velvet and feathers; Miss Suttie, becoming brown plaid gown, toque to correspond; Miss Singleton, neat-fitting brown cashmere with bands of brown velvet; Miss Courtayne, navy gown with white vest and gem hat; Miss McMillan, grey and drab Cheviot tweed flecked with golden brown, trimmed with bands of golden brown silk, picture felt hat with feathers *en suite*; Miss M. Durrieu, black check coat; Mrs Chieg, black gown with large blue bow in front, black velvet hat; Miss Cameron, black skirt, brown red ingute with black braid, brown hat with black ostrich tips; Miss Johnstone (Parnell), black gown, brown sealskin jacket, black beaded bonnet; Mrs Niccol, brown plaid gown, becoming brown hat relieved with rosettes of old gold; Mrs James Buckland, black gown with bands of black braid, black cape with mirror silk bows; Miss Jackson, black skirt, red blouse with revers of black lace, red toque with band of black velvet; Miss Clayton (Sydney), grey tweed gown, pink vest, hat with roses; Miss Constance Walker, navy serge with bands of black braid; Miss Walker (Ellerslie), navy serge with velvet bodice, black felt hat with navy gown; sister, her little sister looks well in red; Mrs Dawson (Onehunga), grey check gown with grey fur tippet; Miss Cashel, navy cashmere, with cordings of navy and white, lilac vest, and flowers in black hat; Miss Maxwell, black; Mrs C. James, navy gown and toque with red wing; Mrs Goodhue, navy gown and redingote, black bonnet with beaded osprey; Miss Coffey, stylish navy blue serge dress, navy gem hat; Miss Montrose (Sydney), grey tweed, tailor-made, green felt hat with plumes; Miss Logan (Melbourne), pretty green cloth, white gem hat.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 9.

Mrs Johnstone Stewart's second evening 'At Home took the form of another

SMALL DANCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

last Friday evening, there being about eighty guests. The dance was as usual from nine till twelve o'clock, and was much enjoyed. The lovely decorations were much admired, all the mantelpieces being covered with beautiful flowering plants and maiden-hair ferns, and the hall was banked on either side with tall bamboo plants and ferns; the little alcoves near the staircase were lined with greenery, and made into pretty little bowers lit with Chinese lanterns and furnished with lounges, the staircase also being prettily decorated. The drawing-room was charmingly decorated with quantities of camellias and wattles and palm plants, and was lit by tall yellow shaded lamps. The supper table also looked pretty and the dining-room mantelpiece was smothered with camellias, etc. The Scotch reel was included in the programme of twelve dances, Lord Glasgow standing by and coaching the young people, many of whom had never danced it before. Mrs Stewart and Lady Augusta Boyle both danced in it. Mrs Stewart wore a very pretty gown of white chiffon striped with white satin, and she wore a string of pearls and a diamond star in her hair. Lady Augusta Boyle wore a beautiful trained gown of rose pink satin, the bodice trimmed with deep cream lace. The Ladies Alice and Dorothy Boyle were present, but Captain Stewart, Captain Clayton, and Major Elliott were all there.

THE GUESTS.

Mrs Newman wore a very handsome Pompadour silk gown, trained; Mrs Wilson, a lovely white satin gown, trained, and embroidered with pearls and softened with lace and diamond ornaments; Mrs G. Hutchison, a pretty grey silk gown with grey velvet and steel trimming; Mrs (Dr.) Fell, black trimmed with lace and trained; Mrs Loughnan, black; Mrs C. Izard, a pretty black velvet gown; Mrs Firth, a combination of yellow and white silk with hanging angel sleeves; Mrs Mantell, deep rose-coloured velvet edged with narrow jet; Miss Baker, of Napier, wore white, as did also Miss Friend, Miss Susy Graham, and Miss Cara Russell. Miss Lingard wore sea green trimmed with ruchings of the same, and her sister was in white silk with narrow swansdown trimming; the Misses (J. N.) Williams, of Hawke's Bay, wore blue silk veiled with coffee-coloured embroidered chiffon, and bunches of coffee and blue ribbons; Mrs Dan Riddiford, black with knots of flowers; Miss Keiller, of Rangitikei, wore a pretty yellow silk frock; Miss Medley, blue; Miss Thomas, of Christchurch, a pretty pink gown; Miss Heywood, black, and her sister also wore black much trimmed with white; Miss Drafield, handsome white satin trimmed with lace; Miss A. Brandon, black trimmed with rows of silver; Miss Whistler, white trimmed with blue and silver gauze; Miss Duncan, black satin trimmed with jet; Miss Allan, black with yellow and black striped sleeves; Miss M. Allan, white with blue and white sleeves; Miss Blair, black; Miss Burnett, white; Miss M. Burnett, a blue striped gown; Miss Fancourt, blue, and also Mr and Mrs E. B. Brown, Miss Brandon, Miss Wantham, of Hawera, Mr and Mrs Gee (lately from Christchurch), Miss Buckley, of Christchurch, Miss Gibson, Mr and Mrs Alex Crawford, Captain Russell, Colonel Fox, Dr. Fell, Dr. Cahill, and Messrs Hutchison, Loughnan, A'Deane, Evans, Coates, Hume, Guy Russell, Robison, Montgomery, Dimock, Duncan, Didsbury, Todd, Warren, Gardiner, Elliot, Kennedy, etc.

I hear that there is to be another small dance at Government House before the end of this month.

COMING DANCES.

Mrs Hutchison's second dance takes place next Monday; Mrs Collins' on the following Thursday, and Mrs (Dr.) Adams' on the 18th of August, and Mrs Pearce has issued a number of invitations for an 'At Home,' which is to be a dance, for the 23rd of August. I believe there are to be no less than eight more dances in August, but as the invitations are not yet out, I must not divulge more

OPERA

The Montague-Turner Company are having a fairly successful season here. Their best effort was decidedly 'Maritana,' which they gave most successfully. Miss Montague certainly wears some magnificent gowns in 'Maritana.' She first appears in a gorgeous gypsy costume, and uses her be-ribboned tambourine very coquettishly. Afterwards she wears a lovely white moire wedding dress with a long train, the front covered with a filigree of gold, and in another act she looks remarkably well in a lovely heliotrope brocade gown with a long train, the corsage trimmed with lace. In 'Carmen,' one of her greatest successes, she wears in one act, a lovely white satin gown flounced with lace and embroidered with pink flowers and green leaves, the bodice made in the shape of a zouave sparkling with silver. Among those who have been present at the opera during the season are His Excellency the Governor, Lady Augusta Boyle, wearing white, and a grey and red cloak; Major Elliott, Captains Stewart and Clayton; Mrs Seddon wearing black silk and jet; Miss L. Seddon in mauve; the Hon. J. G. and Mrs Ward, the latter wearing black and a white fur cloak; Mr and Mrs J. Allen (Dunedin), the latter in pale grey; Mr and Mrs J. G. Wilson (Rangitikei), the latter in fawn; Miss Wilson wore white; Lady Buckley, a handsome dark greeny grey brocade; Mr and Mrs D. Riddiford, the latter in black with a mauve cloak bound with white fur; Miss Keiller (Rangitikei), mauve silk; Mrs Dowell, pink silk; Mrs E. J. Riddiford, black; Mrs Purdy, a grey cloak; Mrs H. D. Bell, black; Miss Buchanan (Canterbury), white fur cloak; Misses (Walter) Johnston, pretty white fur cloaks; Mrs Gore, a red brocaded fur cloak; the Misses Gore, white cloaks; Mrs (Captain) Russell, a handsome black and red cloak; Miss Cara Russell, white, and a long red and white striped silk cloak with a hood; Mrs A. Pearce, black, white fur cloak; Mrs Collins, black; Miss Gibson (Dunedin), cream trimmed with pink silk; Mrs W. Mantell, a long red and white striped cloak; Mrs Gale, a lemon velvet cloak bound with white fur; Mrs Prouse, a fawn cloak; Mrs McKenzie, a white fur cloak; Miss Gillon, a white cloak; the Misses Menzies, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, the Hon. Lancelot Walker, Drs. Collins, Ewart and McKenzie, Col. Fox, etc., etc.

Last Saturday night Mrs Thomas Rose gave a

LARGE PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY,

which was much enjoyed by those present, among whom were Mr, Mrs, and Miss Tolhurst, the Misses Nathan, Mr and Mrs A. Pearce, Miss Holmes, Miss Blair, etc. There was keen competition for the prizes, which were really beautiful, and which were duly presented at the conclusion of the games. Just before supper Mr W. Day sang a song, and after supper a very pleasant party broke up. The Misses Rose were helping generally, and distributing the favours after each game.

One day last week Lord Glasgow, Mrs Stewart, and several others of the Government House party visited Birnbaum and Son's Waterproof Factory, and were shown over by the manager, Mr Fox. They were much interested in the

LOCAL PRODUCTIONS,

and expressed their pleasure at the evidence of such rapid strides having been attained since the factory started here.

KETTLEDRUMS.

There have been two afternoon teas to-day—one given by Mrs (Dr.) Fell, and another by Mrs Tolhurst, and many people drove from one to the other. Lady Campbell sang twice at Mrs Fell's, and other guests contributed songs, and among those present were Captain and Mrs Russell, Miss Cara Russell, Mr and Mr Oliver (of Dunedin), Miss Williams (of Dunedin), Mrs (Judge) Richmond, Miss Fell (of Nelson), Dr. and Mrs Adams, Mrs and the Misses Grace, Mrs and Miss Harding, the Misses Brandon, etc.

At Mrs Tolhurst's there were Mrs Collins, Miss Gibson (of Dunedin), Mrs Baker, Miss Baker (of Napier), Miss Pearce, Mrs and Miss Rose, Mr and Mrs Pharazyn, Mrs Lynsent, Mrs and Miss Williams, Mrs and Miss Johnston, Mrs Wilson, and many others. The Misses Tolhurst were helping to entertain. The tea tables at both parties were beautifully decorated with camellias and jonquils, and looked very tempting with all the dainties.

OPHELIA.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 10.

We are all looking forward to the first concert by our

NAPIER LIEDERTAFEL,

which is to be next Friday evening. Mr Maughan Barnett is the conductor, so everyone may rest assured of the chorus being given in perfect taste.

A

FASHIONABLE EUCHRE PARTY

was given at the residence of Mr and Mrs Bridges this week in honour of Mr and Mrs Willie Cotterill, who are visiting Napier. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs J. Carlile, Mr and Mrs Arthur Kennedy, Mr and Mrs W. Wood, Captain and Mrs Jarvis son, Mr and Mrs W. Cotterill, the Misses Cotterill and Bugg, General and Miss Fulton. Mrs Davidson won the first prize. A recherché little supper ended a pleasant evening.

OUR PEOPLE.

It is rumoured on good authority that Mr Charles Nairn, of Hawke's Bay, died suddenly in the Old Country. The family were just about to return to New Zealand.

Mrs Charles Cato looks very well in a stylish gown of navy blue with dashes of cardinal; Miss Bryson is wearing black and tartan.

Mr Ned Chapman has returned from Sydney, and appears to have had an enjoyable trip.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Mr George Stewart, formerly an employee in Neal and Close's. Mr Stewart died of consumption, and was attended assiduously for many years by his sisters.

There was a fashionable assemblage to witness the

FOOTBALL MATCH

between Hawke's Bay and South Canterbury. I am not going to take up space by telling you about the game, except to say that our boys won by eight points to three, but I will enumerate a few of the stylish gowns worn by ladies present. Mrs Logan, neat dark tweed; Miss Millie Cotterill a black with green *chic* sailor hat; Miss Cotterill, brown; Miss Hilda Fulton, navy blue; Mrs H. B. Lusk, stylish gown of green with rows of braid, black hat with feathers; Miss Rhodes, electric serge; Miss Fernandez, stylish red cloak; Miss Maitland, brown; Miss Hobbs, neat black tweed; Miss Jago, brown jacket and dark skirt; Miss Lyndon, black; Miss Cunningham, navy and light blue; Miss Humphries, grey; Mrs W. Anderson, green; Mrs A. Kennedy, navy serge, black hat; Mrs J. King (Wellington), fawn costume, bow bonnet; Mrs (Dr.) Reed, black, and red vest; Miss Balfour, neat navy serge; Miss Muriel Balfour, brown; Mrs Ludlow, neat black serge; Miss Una Hitchings, black costume, stylish jet bow bonnet; Mrs Carlile, grey dress.

Mrs Hugh Lusk is visiting some friends in Napier, and appears to have quite recovered from her long illness.

Mr and Mrs J. King (*nee* Miss Bendall), from Wellington, are staying with the Misses Hitchings.

Rather a novel idea was a

TENNYSONIAN CONCERT

held at Port Ahuri. A great number were present, attracted no doubt by the pleasing programme. Several limelight views were shewn, including portraits of Lord and Lady Tennyson. Encores were numerous. Miss D'Autheran's and Miss Fenton's songs were excellent, but I enjoyed Miss L. King's solo the most, 'Break, Break, Break.'

The minstrel performance which was so successful about three weeks ago has been repeated. The happy band of negroes left by train last Friday and played at Woodville, Waipawa, and Palmerston. They had good houses and a most enjoyable trip on the whole.

HAWKINS—ALLARDICE.

MR HAWKINS, the well known cricketer and footballer in Hawke's Bay, was married at Pahiatua to Miss Allardice. The wedding was a quiet one, but Mr Hawkins and his bride have the heartfelt wishes and congratulations of all their Napier and Hawke's Bay friends.

GLADYS.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 4.

Last week I did not write a letter to you for the simple reason that I had no society news to write about. The only amusements that were going on in town at all were

THE NEWBURY-SPADA CONCERTS.

As no pretty dresses or opera cloaks were worn there I did not think that news about the concerts would interest you, because no doubt you will eventually have the pleasure of hearing this delightful tenor yourself.

On Monday evening

THE LADIES' SAVAGE CLUB

held their weekly meeting at Mrs Boyd's, Stafford-street. Mrs Boyd was chairwoman for the evening. The programme was ornamented with an extremely pretty little view of Dunedin Harbour, painted by Mrs Joachim. As it was a visitor's evening Mrs Boyd's rooms were taxed to the utmost. Mrs E. C. Reynolds opened the programme with one of Kowalski's bright and pretty mazurkas. The next item was a recitation by Miss Annie Cargill called 'Confessions' by Browning. To everyone's great disappointment it was very short. Mrs Busck next played a very pretty violin solo, accompanied by Mrs Ogston, and Mrs Lindo Ferguson's charming little piece entitled 'Mes Papilons' ended the first half of the programme. Delicious coffee and cakes were dispensed in the drawing-room, and after a short interval Mrs A. J. Ferguson and five ladies sang a most enjoyable glee. Mrs Boyd gave a recipe for French jellies and a pattern of a 'bon bon' box made out of Christmas cards. The last item was a most amusing drama called 'A Pair of Lunatics' given by Miss Reynolds and Miss Maude Reynolds. Amongst the ladies I noticed present were Mrs Boyd, who wore a pretty yellow silk covered with black net; Mrs Denniston, stylish black silk with claret silk vest; Mrs Harvey, black cashmere skirt with black bengaline blouse; Mrs Moore, black merveilleux, sleeves diagonally crossed with cream insertion; Mrs Hugh MacNeil, black silk with heliotrope silk and cream lace; Mrs Hocken, dark tweed; Mrs Joachim, black; Mrs Richardson (Wanganui), black velvet, full epaulettes and frill of white chiffon; Mrs Chamberlain, black with white lace; Mrs E. C. Reynolds, black; Mrs Lindo Ferguson, stylish grey crepon trimmed with pink silk; Mrs Hosking, red tweed; Mrs Cargill, black silk trimmed with black lace; Mrs Postlethwaite, very pretty bottle green silk blouse, basque and epaulettes edged with jet; Mrs Ogston, black; Mrs Colquhoun, black silk, with yoke and sleeves slashed with pale green; Mrs Tower, black; Mrs Woodhouse, black trimmed with terra-cotta. Some of the younger people present were Miss MacLean, pretty fawn cloth trimmed with insertion; Miss De Salaines, red nun's veiling blouse; Miss Driver, black silk blouse, sleeves diagonally crossed with cream insertion; Miss Batchelor, black velvet skirt, pale green silk blouse, bodice and sleeves banded with fine insertion, black silk sash tied in large butterfly bow behind; Miss Reynolds, black silk and lace; Miss Ellie Ulrich, stylish red velvet blouse with real lace collarette; Miss Lily Turton, pretty blue blouse trimmed with white lace; Miss Nellie Reid (Elderslie), bronze green velvet, with yoke and large sleeves of salmon pink silk; Miss Susie Webster, heliotrope bengaline blouse trimmed with black lace and jet, black velvet skirt; her sister was attired in black crepon trimmed with real black lace; Miss Stanford, blue silk with black chiffon; Miss Cutten, dark tweed; Miss Gilkison, black lace with red silk sleeves; Miss Ettie Gilkison, cream cashmere; Miss Hilda Nevill (Auckland), green tweed, large revers of green velvet; Miss Rattray, white silk blouse; Miss Lorna Rattray, grey crepon with bands of insertion; Miss F. Sise, red silk blouse trimmed with jet; Miss Greenwood, red blouse; Miss Mabel Greenwood (Christchurch), black with electric blue; Miss Maude Sise, pale blue blouse; Miss Bartleman, terra cotta trimmed with black velvet; Miss Macassey, brown tweed with velvet waistcoat; Miss Scott, royal blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Bathgate, sapphire blue silk blouse with black rosettes.

On Tuesday Mrs Sise gave

A LARGE 'AT HOME'

at her residence in Queen-street, for her eldest daughter, who is going to be married on the 22nd of this month to Mr Charles Reid, of Elderslie (Oamaru). Most unfortunately the day was very wet, so not very pretty costumes were worn. Mrs Sise received her guests in the drawing room. She was dressed in a very pretty black figured cloth trimmed with jet. The Misses Sise presided over the tea-table which was uniquely decorated with white lace, pots of ferns, and red, pink, and white cambric. The cakes, which I believe were all home-made, were most delicious. Miss Sise has already received a few wedding presents, but I will wait until after the wedding to enumerate them. The rooms looked bright and pretty, bowls of chrysanthemums being placed all about. I will now try and give you a list of the

GUESTS AND DRESSES,

which is a rather difficult matter, as the rooms were so crowded. Mrs Cutten, black mantle, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Postlethwaite, black cloth, with vest and cuffs of electric blue, very pretty bonnet to match; Mrs Jack Wright, stylish brown cape, with capes edged with beaver black velvet hat with feathers; Mrs Colquhoun, dark dress, small bonnet; Mrs Israel, smart peacock blue dress trimmed with braid; Mrs Sargood, heliotrope tweed flecked with black, hands and rosettes of black watered silk, large velvet hat trimmed with ospreys and black watered ribbon; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, stylish black braided jacket, and large black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Holmes, long black braided cape, very pretty bonnet; Mrs Theomin, becoming black crepon with basque, and epaulettes of plum-coloured velvet; Mrs James Cargill, brown costume, jacket edged with beaver, brown felt hat; Mrs Robert Wilson, long black plush mantle, black bonnet trimmed with heliotrope and jet; Mrs Roth, black surah silk trimmed with bands of white silk covered with black lace; Mrs Woodhouse, brown tweed; Mrs Bathgate, black figured cloth, small jet bonnet; Mrs Melland, green cloth, long basque lined with terra-cotta, large green hat trimmed with green feathers and terra-cotta ribbon; Mrs Fitz Roberts, black dress and mantle, black bonnet, with white; Mrs Branson, black costume, jet bonnet relieved with red velvet. The girls present were, Miss Sise, brown serge; the Misses F. and M. Sise looked very nice in white muslin blouses, black cloth skirts striped with silk, and black satin sashes tied in large bows behind; Miss Batchelor, red serge skirt, black jacket, large yellow tie, and white felt hat with rosettes and black feathers; Miss Bartleman, green tweed costume, pretty brown hat trimmed with heliotrope astera; Miss Cumine, stylish rough grey tweed trimmed with bands of black velvet; Miss A. Cumine, green costume trimmed with green buttons; Miss McLean, stylish black jacket trimmed with fur; Miss Belle McLean, sealette jacket trimmed with fur, felt hat with magenta coloured feathers; Miss K. McLean, blue costume trimmed with bands of large blue picot, hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Nellie Reid (Oamaru), brown tweed trimmed with crushed strawberry velvet; Miss Reid, green, black hat with pale blue; Miss Greenwood (Christchurch), black serge with basque of light blue braided with black, black hat; her sister wore a blue serge costume, blue hat with red rosettes; Miss Bathgate, smart black jacket, brown hat with blue velvet and cock's feathers, black feather boa; Miss S. Rattray, olive green costume with fawn silk waistcoat, stylish black hat; Miss J. Rattray, brown jacket and skirt, smart burnt straw hat trimmed with black; Miss Miller (Oamaru), black costume; Miss Driver, black and white tweed, bear boa, and smart black felt hat; Miss N. Driver, black jacket and skirt, small black sailor hat; Miss Lily Turton, blue serge, blue felt hat with feathers; Miss Olive Turton, fawn cape and skirt, fawn felt boa; Misses S. Rattray, olive green costume; Miss Maude Reynolds, olive green cloth, trimmed with black, black and green straw hat trimmed with small black feathers; Miss Lily Roberts, black cloth jacket, black serge skirt, and felt hat with feathers; Miss Ulrich, blue jacket braided with black, black straw hat with feathers; Miss E. Ulrich, brown jacket, black serge skirt.

AILEEN.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 7.

The annual meeting of the parishioners of Holy Trinity (Anglican) Church has resulted in a step being taken towards giving women certain privileges in church government now only bestowed upon men.

WOMAN'S POWER IN CHURCH.

Mr John Duncan, who is a staunch supporter of progress in every form, brought a resolution before the meeting to the effect that at the next meeting of the Diocesan Synod the representatives of this district should bring before the Synod the unanimous desire of the parishioners that women should have the power to vote, and also to act as officers of the church. The applause which greeted Mr Duncan's resolution plainly testified to the feeling of the meeting. After the parish business was done the meeting resolved itself into a pleasant little social gathering; tea, coffee, and cakes being provided by some of the ladies.

The yearly visit of

THE MEMBERS AND THEIR WIVES

is quite an oasis in the desert of excitements here, and Saturday's visit was no exception to the rule. The Hinemoa arrived soon after 10 a.m., and the party were welcomed by Mayor Philpotts, Mrs and Miss Philpotts, Mrs Allen, Miss Duncan, and Messrs John Duncan and S. C. Allen being also on the wharf, prepared to show as many of the lions as a limited time would permit.

NEW ZEALAND'S FAMOUS LADY MAYOR,

Mrs Yates, of Onehunga, was of the party, and was promptly taken possession of by your correspondent, conveyed to the sacred edifice (Council Chamber), where are written down as they emanate from the powerful brains of our City Fathers, and installed in the mayoral chair, from whence

SHE DELIVERED A HOMILY ON TOWN COUNCILLORS AND GAS.

Some of the party visited the church, and others were taken to see the debatable land of the tennis court, [and were asked the latest Picton conundrum, namely, 'How was it possible for people playing on the court during the afternoon to interfere with the slumbers of an individual ever so far away?' The members couldn't see it, and promised to heartily support the club in their efforts with the Government to retain possession of the court till it was required for building or other Departmental purposes. A special train conveyed the party to Massacre Hill, where they visited the monument erected to the memory of those unfortunate individuals who were massacred there more than fifty years ago, and from thence proceeded to Blenheim where they were entertained right royally by the Blenheim folks, driving around the county, and at a banquet in Ewart's Hall, where Mrs Yates, of Onehunga, set an excellent example to prosy men by saying all that she had to say in less than five minutes. I heard her being afterwards complimented on the force, vigour, and the absence of all tautology in her speech. We all think the Onehunga ratepayers ought to be proud of their lady Mayor, and certainly they are to be complimented on their march in the van of progress. The party returned to Picton at 9 p.m., and the gentlemen were entertained by the Mayor, City Fathers, and all the males interested in such matters, at a banquet and smoke concert at the Terminus Hotel. Songs were sung and speeches were made, and, according to report and the washed-out appearance of many next day, 'the lords of creation' thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Mrs Philpotts,

THE MAYOR'S WIFE, ENTERTAINED THE LADIES OF THE PARLIAMENTARY PICNIC PARTY

at her residence during the evening, and a most enjoyable time was spent, some of the young ladies being adepts in the art of playing well and singing divinely, and all willing to give pleasure. Miss Carnelle, of Napier, played some selections, and Miss Seddon and a Wellington young lady whose name I am sorry to have forgotten, sang several songs very well indeed. Misses M. Seymour and M. Philpotts sang 'Sweet Chiming Bells,' their voices blending together beautifully. The Picton ladies were Mesdames Allen, Gudgeon, Foll, and Miss M. Seymour, and the visitors, Mesdames Yates, McGuire, Cameron, Flatman, Pirani, Fairchild, Misses Seddon, Holm, Carnelle, Green, and several others whose names I cannot remember. Mrs and the Misses Philpotts' hospitality was greatly appreciated and much enjoyed by all present, though many of the guests would have preferred a something in which both sexes could have joined, not a smoke concert.

On the arrival of the late train

A DEPUTATION OF LADIES

connected with the Picton Lawn Tennis Club, waited on Mr T. L. Hulck, member for the district, with a request that he would lay before the Minister of Justice the Club's side of the question in regard to their eviction from the court. Mr Hulck, however, was totally opposed to what he called 'a precedent,' though it was pointed out to him that a like precedent already existed in the Parliamentary grounds in Wellington. Mr Hulck evidently does not believe in the old saying, 'What's good for the goose, etc., and so I'm afraid that the Picton lawn tennis club will be a defunct body unless our late visitors will carry influence enough to batter down the stone wall of Mr Buick's obstinacy.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 8.

As in nature so in our daily life—before the storm there is a dead calm; and this week has been

THE VERY ESSENCE OF A SLOW TIME.

Great anxiety is felt, of course, on account of the very unsettled weather we have had during this winter for Thursday, when we meet once more and hope to congratulate some of our local ladies on becoming the proud possessor of one or both of the very handsome bracelets to be run for at the Grand National. The first prize is a magnificent one of knife wire gold set with diamonds, two trefoil leaves crossing at the top; the second is somewhat similar, but of smaller type. Both were manufactured at Messrs Sandstien and Co. I doubt if there will be much to note in dress, for it is too early for spring costumes.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

is bringing out local talent and industries before unknown, and will help to waken up things a little; the Tuam-street Theatre is like a fair at times. The Exhibition will remain open this week.

Mr F. M. Wallace's

FOURTH CHAMBER CONCERT

took place last Thursday evening in the Art Gallery, and was again a highly successful affair. A very large audience assembled in spite of the wretched night and were well repaid, Mrs Woodman-cott and Mr Hugh Reeves were the vocalists. The latter being in splendid voice, gained a double recall for his second song. Miss Rachel Ross made her first appearance at those concerts as a pianiste, and was greatly appreciated. The string numbers were also beautifully played. The greatest interest has been taken over the 'Plebiscite' programme for the fifth and last of the season, and we shall now have the first favourites of the two seasons for our last.

THE DRESSES.

Mrs Westmacott wore a very handsome black dress with red trimmings; Miss Ross, a simple white silk with frill of Honiton lace on the bodice; Mrs Vernon, navy blue with white cloak; Mrs Izard, a long red cloak; Mrs Ronalds in black and terra-cotta; Mrs H Cotterill, black with a pretty pale pink cloak; Mrs Cook, a lovely dove grey cloak; Miss Studholme, a pale blue gown with white insertion; Miss Grey, a shot silk; Mrs George Gould, rainbow costume with a handsome brown cloak; Mrs Wilding, a pretty mixture of electric blue and brown; Mrs Jennings, a sweet little pretty pink dress with insertion; Mrs Meares, black and amber; Miss Meares, pale blue; Mrs Mathias, black; Miss Stack, eau-de-nil; Miss Withnall, yellow; Miss Meeson, black; Miss Higgie, black velvet with fawn trimmings; Miss Davie, a stylish white cloak trimmed with fur; Miss Hallamore, a tan cloak; Mrs Kirkpatrick, pink cloak trimmed with beaver; Mrs Hamer looked well in Gobelin blue silk with black insertion.

On Wednesday evening Mrs Stack, Fendalton, gave a

JOLLY LITTLE EUCHRE PARTY.

Play began early, and the six or seven tables which were kept going made things very merry, and everything was done to make the guests enjoy themselves, which I am quite sure they did. Those present were Judge and Mrs Denniston, Mr and Mrs Humphreys, Mr and Mrs Harris, Misses Gerrard (two), Withnall, Harris, Turton, Messrs Harris, Gerrard, W. Humphreys, and Dr. Stack.

Mrs Irving gave

A 'SMALL AND EARLY'

on Saturday night. Dancing was indulged in for a couple of hours and much enjoyed by the young people there. A delicious little supper brought a pleasant evening to a close.

DOLLY VALE.

HUNTING.

AUCKLAND.

THE Pakuranga hounds met last week at Green Lane, where there was a very large attendance of both riders and drivers. The day was beautifully fine. Hunting after pussy was very slow, as there was so much barbed wire in the direction she chose to take that the riders were forced to watch the harriers giving chase from the road. Pussy escaped into the scrub surrounding the Lake, St. John's College. Two drags were laid by Mr Gordon on foot. The first ran from Orakei to St. John's College, passing through Meadow Bank, and an unpleasant, boggy one it was. The jumps were not very high, but the gullies and swampy land and trappy ditches were many. Mr Jack Philips was seen unwinding wire from Oceola's feet. Miss Dunnett marked Sir Roger with barbed wire. The second drag ran from St. John's College to St. Helier's Bay. Very few followed in this as the jumps were stiff.

UNFORTUNATELY Cannonade, a splendid steeple-chaser, had the misfortune to get staked by jumping on to a sharp post which entered more than a foot into its body, presenting a terrible spectacle. Dr. Forbes, who is always ready at emergencies, sprang from his own hunter, Shaughraun, and eased the horse off the stake, while the rest looked on, seeming too dazed to do anything to assist. Dr. Forbes afterwards presented a very gory appearance, as he was covered from head to foot in blood. The poor horse had to be destroyed, as nothing could be done to save its life, as an artery had been severed. Cannonade was valuable, besides being a good-looking horse.

AMONGST those present driving were Mr and Mrs Bloomfield; Misses Firth and Mr Greenway; Mrs Walker (Ellerslie) and family; Misses Hesketh and Mr Shepherd; Misses Stevenson and Mrs Arch. Clark. Riding were Mesdames Bews, Mahoney, H. Tonks, Misses Dunnett, Percival, Rookes, Wilks, Sellars, Wright, Kerr-Taylor, McLaughlin, Roberts (two), Colonel Dawson, Colonel Noakes, Messrs Fenwicke, Noakes, Wynyard (two), Dawson (three), Tonks, Halstead, Dunnett, McLaughlin, Kinloch, etc.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, August 3.

Some people are born lucky. What do you think of this? A man tramped into town to-day, being reduced to a crust of bread for his last meal. He went to inquire at the Post Office for letters, and had one handed to him which had been lying there for over three months. On opening it what do you think it contained. Nothing less than a draft for £800 and a letter telling him that he had come in for a fortune of several thousands a year.

TENNIS.

Tennis players will be sorry to hear that the Farndon Courts, of which Napierites were so justly proud, are likely to fall through. However, new and central courts are to be obtained in town, which certainly will be more central.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr and Mrs Cotterill from Christchurch are staying here.

Miss Gurr is on a visit to Mr and Mrs Kimbell.

Mrs Arthur Kennedy looks very stylish in town in a navy serge skirt and handsome black jacket, *chic* hat with wings; Mrs E. H. Dixon, black serge; Mrs Frank Logan, neat dark tweed; Miss Fernandez, black skirt, cardinal cloak.

Miss Innes is in Napier staying with Mrs Innes.

Gladys.

HASTINGS.

Dear Bee, August 6.

Will nothing come to break the monotony of this dull winter? During the Session, when all the gay world is bent on Wellington and pleasure, we, who in this weak piping time of peace, have no delights to pass away the time, finding that reading is the one thing left with which to while away the long evenings, are, you may imagine, delighted that the library is closed for three weeks, during which time a new catalogue will be made to include three hundred books just arrived from Home. The feeling that beyond that shut door a whole field of fresh and unthumbed literature lies is, on the whole, tantalizing.

Last Wednesday

A CANTATA

was performed, under the conductorship of Mr Horace H. Hunt, by the choir of St. Matthew's in the hall belonging to that church, which passed off very successfully. The stage was very prettily decorated with greens, which set off the white figures of the ladies to perfection, and the hall was crowded. The cantata chosen was 'Under the Palms,' the music of which is of a very light and taking order. One or two choruses were rendered by some of the school children, who were trained by Miss Percy. She deserves great credit for her care, the altos being particularly true.

OUR PEOPLE.

Captain Russell came up from Wellington on Saturday, staying a few days.

Mr and Mrs J. B. Braithwaite and Miss Braithwaite are at home again after their round of visits.

Mr and Mrs Fitzroy have returned to Ringstead.

Mrs Rainbow, Miss Ida Johnston (Wellington), and Miss Keil are staying at 'Flaxmere.'

Mrs Grant (Wellington) is visiting Mrs Galwey at the Bank of New South Wales.

STREET DRESSES.

Miss Hodge is wearing a very neat navy gown, made with frilled basque, black sailor hat with light blue band; Miss Beamish, black dress, black cloth jacket trimmed with braid, sailor hat; Mrs Tipping, well-fitting black gown, beaver boa. I noticed an extremely pretty costume of brown French serge the other day, the skirt made with the drape, and vandyked round the bottom showing a frill of golden-brown silk, long jacket, with double-breasted waistcoat of the silk, a white shirt and tie of mixed browns, a dainty bonnet of gold-coloured velvet trimmed with brown feathers completed this charming costume.

Dolly.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

ATKINSON—LYSAGHT.

A CROWDED church, despite the heavy rain, testified to the interest felt in the marriage of Miss L. M. Lysaght, youngest daughter of J. R. Lysaght, Esq., of Mokoia, and Mr A. C. Atkinson, third son of the late Sir Harry Atkinson, which was celebrated at St. Mary's, Hawera. The decorations were very tasteful, and added greatly to the pretty effect of the wedding party when grouped in the chancel.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful gown of white moiré, rich Honiton lace forming the trimmings and veil, the latter being secured by sprays of orange blossoms and a diamond star. An exquisite white bouquet completed her toilette.

The six bridesmaids, viz., Miss Dorothy Moore (niece of the bride), the Misses Clement Govett (nieces of the bridegroom), and Miss Lucy Atkinson (sister of the bridegroom) wore crêpon of an ivory tint, tastefully finished with bows and streamers of pale apple-green ribbon. Their chapeaux were wood-brown with green trimmings, brown gloves and shoes. Dainty baskets of jonquils took the place of the conventional bouquets.

The best man was Mr Arnold Atkinson, and the officiating minister the Rev. W. H Kay.

Amongst the wedding party were Mrs Lysaght, who was stylishly robed in grey satin and broché; Mrs Fred Lysaght, shot blue and brown, blue silk vest, chapeau *en suite*; Miss Lysaght, heliotrope shot with brown, trimmings of heliotrope velvet, the two colours being tastefully united in her bonnet; Mrs Moore, a brown tweed with waistcoat of cream velvet, and bonnet with long spray of yellow flowers; Mrs Clement Govett, heliotrope bengaline trimmed with cream lace, heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Empson, a brown tweed dress and cardinal bonnet. There were a number of other guests present, many of the dresses being remarkably handsome.

Mr and Mrs Lysaght entertained about sixty guests at an 'At Home' after the ceremony. The presents were very handsome.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

FANCY COSTUMES.

SEMI-PURITANICAL look characterises the shape of this neat flat little bonnet, which, however, is perfectly modernised by the introduction of the black aigrettes arising sentinel wise from the ground-work of black velvet striped *appliqués* on dove-grey *velours*. The shops are already showing windows full of spring blooms, and many of us begin to regret the money spent on warm winter shapes that by next year will be dated 'antediluvian.' An airy French model that would look well at afternoon concerts or 'at homes' this mild weather may be described as follows: On a large round shape composed of coarse white and sun-burnt straw fancifully blended, leafless pink roses are scattered here and there around the rim. Two black velvet bands encircle the crown, which is not too high and not too low, and a large steel buckle, securing a couple of black ostrich tips, affords the finishing touch of smartness.

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Watered silk is doing all in its power to throw satins, velvets, and even moiré *velours* into the shade. As far as sleeves and trimming are concerned, it has already been very successful, but there are not many women, especially girls, who care to entirely frame their beauty in so hard a material. On my first evening model, so essentially girlish, black watered silk ribbon is introduced as the garniture of the corsage. The twin rosettes are extremely dainty, and

THE ROSETTE EVENING GOWN.

—what is perhaps still better—something quite new. Deep folded belts are not yet scratched from the list of what is really worn, and the one shown in this delightful pink crêpon model seems to harmonise perfectly with the remainder of the frock. The sleeves, wrought in pink tulle spotted with black seams, are made so as to reveal the dimpled portion of the arm, and by reason of their particular shape to deserve the title of butterfly.

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In Paris I saw a curious sleeve introduced into a serge gown. The upper portion, from shoulder to elbow, was formed of longitudinal puffings, each one kept out by a strip of whalebone. The colour of this gown was dark blue, and it displayed the favourite mixture—green—which took the form of bands of velvet on the skirt and a crossing piece on the bodice. All the bodices were large about the bust, and, while many ended at the waist in a band, or were apparently sewn to the skirt, others again had a deep crossway basque.

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Winter is essentially a time for masquerading, and just now youngsters are full of the costumes they are going to

THE MASQUERADERS.

wear at such and such a dance. For a little boy, few fancy dresses are more becoming than the 'Little Hans' costume. Over black silk tights, a sage green cloth tunic trimmed with beaver. The black velvet cloak is lined with salmon pink silk, and the sleeves, also composed of black *velours*, are laced with cord over under ones in white silk. On the long ringlets, the black velvet skull cap is shown off to advantage. Our other bébé is a little old English maiden, wearing a quaint orange-coloured cloth gown (you know the yellow peculiar to the Bluecoat boy's stockings?) An embroidery of dark blue silk runs round the hem and the belt of her frock that shows a pointed yoke, and sleeves of dark blue velvet. Nothing could be more easily manufactured at home than this old-world fancy dress.

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For a girl's dress, Miss Emery, in 'Dick Sheridan' at the Comedy (where the dresses are simply charming), is a vision of loveliness as the 'Maid of Bath' (Miss Linley), and suggests a good idea for a fancy dress for any girl sufficiently blessed with good looks and a grace of figure to represent the beautiful songstress whom Sheridan eloped with so romantically.

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It is strange that to judge from their occasional weird appearance, many concert singers don't care a fig for pretty suitable platform gowns. Every vocalist would pay attention to her toilette, if she could but only realize how an audience is impressed by mere dress. 'Simplicity un-

A CONCERT TOILETTE.

adorned' is out of date, and woe betide the sweet songstress who neglects the hang of her skirt. As a finale, we illustrate a perfect concert gown in black satin. In this case we decidedly recommend a silk backed material. Over the gracefully hanging *jupe* an amber-coloured brocaded bodice is worn, the corsage being completed by the addition of a fringe of gold sequins, and cream lace arranged so as to fall in the novel manner indicated. Round the skirt, a band of the brocade is introduced.

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The most beautiful dress the lovely Lily Hanbury wears in her new part is an ideal gown of an iridescent moiré antique, something of the colour of mother-of-pearl, made with a plain shaped skirt, a tight-fitting bodice with invisible fastening; the whole of the front is formed of a V-shaped vest of exquisite old lace, with which the full puff sleeves are also edged. The *tout ensemble* is perfectly charming.

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If we are not becoming French in every way, we are, at least, as regards the ever-increasing popularity of fancy balls. What could have 'hit the nail on the head' with more accuracy than the chic dress given by our artist? The prevailing 'five o'clock' tea has inspired this luminary's pencil. A costume made on these lines—distinctly out of the common—is both effective and inexpensive (two great points in these days). The lady fair under discussion is wearing on her sunlit locks a cardboard teapot. We fear a china one would be a wee bit too cumbersome. Cut out of some old box, it should be painted blue and white on either side; in fact, be made on the same system as the tiny make-believe saucers arranged across the bust, and the elfin cups hanging bell like from the sleeves. The prettily-shaped chemisette affording so much grace to our initial charmer's dimpled arms is made of stiff white book muslin, the epaulettes being fashioned in the same blue-patterned white foulard as the skirt. Muslin, encircled by an embroidered frill, and finished off with 'fussy' pockets, forms the apron, while the 'touch of the tar brush,' so necessary for artistic effect, is provided by the black velvet corselet. This is edged with the fancy silk liliputian tin doll's spoons, constituting an appropriate design on the china pattern. Now for the T itself. Made of black velvet pasted on cardboard, it is sewn on, in view of security, to the apron and skirt.

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Black velvet numbers are gummed round the white cardboard timepiece, on which two hands composed of gold paper mark the welcome hour of clatter and scandal. The festive young creature is holding a tray and tea-service; that, we may remark in confidence, are no other than a bright, inexpensive tin salver and some china that has been given away with a pound of tea. Should her imitator happen not to possess one of these prize sets of porcelain,

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

she could easily procure a cheap box of doll's cups and saucers, etc. The shoes and stockings are light blue.

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'Marguerite, oh Marguerite!' would be sweetly warbled by the cavalier of any damsel frocked in the same manner as the girl in our picture number six. This is a real 'Gretchen' costume. Merely some light blue nun's veiling

THE GRETCHEN.

that can be obtained at 6d per yard, is required for the accordian pleated or finely-gathered skirt, the same inexpensive material forming the sleeveless corsage, which, outlined with black velvet ribbon, laces over a chemisette of soft 'butter' muslin. The pocket, fashioned in the blue material, is secured to the waist by a long loop of black velvet ribbon, as narrow as the one lacing the bodice. A neat little white muslin cap, edged with embroidery, is perched on sweet Marguerite's fair tresses. This costume is, of course, especially intended for a *blonde*. Her shoes should, by the way, be black, and her stockings blue.

HELOISE.

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, *Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The* RULES *for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the* NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC *are requested to comply with them.*

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

RULES.

No. 1.—*All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.*

No. 2.—*All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.*

No. 3.—*The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.*

RECIPES.

SOUFFLE OF CHEESE.—Put into a stewpan one and a half ounces of fine flour and one and three-quarter ounces of butter, the raw yolks of one and a half egg, a little cayenne pepper and salt, and rather less than half a pint of milk. Mix these ingredients altogether, and stir over the fire until they boil. When at boiling point stir up very quickly, so that there are no lumps in the mixture, then add a little more milk, about a tablespoonful, and one and a-half ounce of freshly-grated parmesan cheese, one ounce of gruyère, and the same quantity of cheddar. After having mixed the cheese with the other ingredients, add the whites of three eggs which have been whipped quite stiffly, with a pinch of salt added to them. Stir them lightly into the pan containing the soufflé, and when mixed pour into a soufflé tin which has been previously well buttered and surrounded with a band of well buttered paper, which should stand between two and three inches above the tin. Sprinkle the top with browned crumbs, and place here and there on it some small pieces of butter, place on a baking tin, and bake in a fairly quick oven for five and twenty minutes. When cooked remove the paper, sprinkle a little grated cheese over the top, and fasten a folded napkin round the tin, and, I need hardly add, serve at once.

BEURRE NOIR.—Beurre noir is most simple to make; put, say, a couple of ounces of butter into a frying pan and let it cook until a pale golden colour, then add about two tablespoonfuls of parsley leaves which have been picked from the stems into quite small pieces, shake the pan, and when the parsley is crisp pour the butter either over the fillets of fish or else into the sauce boat, put the pan on the stove again and pour into it two dessertspoonfuls of French vinegar, let it boil and then pour it over the butter and serve as hot as possible.

PRESERVED COCOANUT.—Pare and wash the nut in its own milk, then grate it and put it into a skillet with one pound of fine, white sugar, and stir it constantly until it is done.

BAKED PLUM PUDDING.—Take a double handful of grated bread crumbs, the same amount of suet, two-thirds of a teacupful of sugar, a teacupful each of raisins and currants, sprinkle them in a dish in alternate layers until they are mixed, then pour over a quart of milk, to which has been added three eggs, beaten till very light, and bake for an hour.

CARAMEL PUDDING.—Brown a saucerful of brown sugar, and when dissolved, add to it a quart of milk with three well-beaten eggs and bake until done.

EVERLASTING YEAST.—In order to make myself understood I will give both bread and yeast recipe. Soak a piece of yeast and one half cupful of sugar in one quart of milk or water (milk is preferable), and make a stiff batter. When risen, add one-half a cupful of lard, half a teaspoonful each of salt and soda, with sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Knead until smooth; let it rise till light and mould into small loaves. Grease the loaves as well as the baking pans, and when risen to twice their original size bake in a slow oven. Yeast is a piece of the dough saved from the baking. You need not dry it. If it gets very sour, so much the better. This yeast will never run out. I got a start two years ago, and my bread is as good now as it was at first. If you dry the yeast it will keep six months, and it is well to have a dry piece for use, should you forget to save a piece from the last baking.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE COMMON HOUSE FLY.

THESE are so troublesome that any hint to get rid of them will be welcomed by all housewives. A writer suggests that anybody troubled with them should try sponging her window panes and sills with strong carbolic acid, she will find the flies die in a few minutes, when they should be swept up and burnt. Apply the acid when the sun shines and the flies are most numerous, and repeat if necessary.

BLACK BEETLES.

There is no royal road to the destruction of black beetles! There are plenty of powders and insecticides, which all answer for a time, and then seem to lose their effect. The only way is to continue the treatment steadily. For instance, say you adopt the popular cucumber-rind remedy; lay these down for three or four successive nights until you see a lessening in the number of beetles, then leave it off for a few days, and repeat it as you notice the insects re appearing; continue this treatment at weekly intervals till you see no more, but be prepared to renew the application the moment one is seen again. The usual thing is to lay down the beetle poison for several nights, till the pests get used to the trap and avoid it; and, not finding any defunct, it is supposed they are exterminated, but at the end of a few days they are back more lively than ever. By the first method, however, you get rid of the successive generations as they emerge, and so, though you do not really destroy the plague, you keep it in bounds. It is very difficult really to eradicate them, for as soon as you have got rid of your own supply, your neighbour's share appear to turn up to replace them. A very effectual plan at this time of year is to lay leaves of rhubarb about the kitchen, carefully sweeping up any bodies found, and burning them with the used leaves. Another excellent beetle killer is powdered borax mixed with a quarter of its volume of castor sugar; but both these remedies require repeating as described above.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

Under this heading I am very pleased to reply to all queries that are genuine and helpful to the querist and others. Kindly write on one side of the paper only, and address to the Lady Editor.

'G. R. DICKSON.'—I have made inquiries about the lawn tennis question, and think you will find the following manual answer all your requirements, 'Lawn Tennis, by H. W. W. Wilberforce, secretary A.E.L.T.C.' In the All England series the price is 1s, and you can order it at Messrs Wildman and Lyells,' Shortland-street, Auckland. There is a large number of books at this price describing all sorts of games. The initials at the end of the secretary's name stand for 'All England Lawn Tennis Club,' so the author should know something about the work. I play tennis myself, and if anything puzzles you should be glad to help, or get it explained by some competent authority. Have you a grass ground, or cinder or asphalt courts? The latter enable players to enjoy tennis when cold weather makes the game really acceptable. In summer it is fearfully hot work. The book will probably give price of gear. No. 2 Query: In Auckland the policemen wear a cuff when on duty, and I fancy they do in Wellington and Napier. However, I shall be very glad if someone in these two cities will kindly write to me and inform me. A post card would be quite sufficient, and will be gratefully received.

* * * * * *

'Busy Bee.'—Your question 'How can I make my kitchen look pretty and tasteful?' seems answered by a very nice description given of what I should imagine is just what you want, viz., a place to cook in, but very habitable also. The description was given by a practical lady at the Woman's Congress. She, like you, had to do all her own work, and consequently, had to spend much of her time in the kitchen. This was a room whose old floor had been covered with neat oilcloth in imitation of blue and grey tiling, its woodwork and walls painted and tinted to correspond; little dressers arranged with a display of blue and white pottery; the sparing furniture of the room by skilful manipulation all brought into the blue and grey symphony; pretty chintz curtains hung at the windows; the blue and grey agate and porcelain were tastefully arranged, and every detail of the apartment made to satisfy the most artistic taste. Here are two suggestions that go hand in hand, and it would appear that their careful consideration might solve the servant problem. Two chief objections that the woman of intelligence and breeding has to undertaking the domestic labour of her house are—first, the absorption of her time in drudging, manual labour; and second, the distasteful, if not unsavoury surroundings of the average kitchen. Civilization and invention are rapidly doing away with the first disadvantage. With the present improvements in gas and gasoline and kerosene ranges, and the thousand and one little time saving contrivances in the way of improved implements, improved food compounds, and the improved cooking utensils by which roasting and boiling and baking carry themselves to a successful issue almost without attention, it is a poor manager who cannot with an actual expenditure of time not exceeding three hours make ready the prescribed three meals and prepare them so that they will be appetizing, wholesome, and present a sufficiently varied bill of fare.

* * * * * *

'Little Ruby.'—I am truly sorry for your warts. Yes, they are a great disfigurement. Here are three suggestions for cures. They are not my own, but are taken from a first class paper. In England we cured our warts by continued applications of the milk of the common dandelion. Caustic is the first suggestion, and should be persevered with. Another remedy is to moisten the warts with vinegar, cut as much off them as possible each day, and apply a little powdered alum. It is generally advisable to take some cooling salts, such as Lamplough's Pyretic Saline, if one is troubled with these disfigurements. Sometimes a wart may be cured by steeping it in castor oil several times a day, or by rubbing constantly with a raw potato, or painting with lemon juice. I know one authority who says this treatment is successful:—Take a slate and have it calcined in the fire, then reduce it to powder, and mix with strong vinegar. Rub the warts with this wash. Of course you must understand the necessity of continuing for weeks together with one treatment before it will be marked with success, paring off as much of the excrescence as possible without pain.

GAMES FOR WINTER NIGHTS.

'IT'—A PUZZLING SOCIAL PLAY.

THE guessers in this play must be those only who have never seen it or been told the secret of it. The others may act as players, and should keep the secret as long as possible.

One of the guessers is sent from the room, while the company of players form by seating themselves in a row, which may consist of boys, girls, adults, and old people.

The guesser is to come in and ask each player in turn, 'What is it?' Now the 'It' in this play is always to be the person at the left hand of the person replying, and the last person is to answer, 'It is nothing.' Thus, as the 'It' is in one case a man, and in another case a woman, or boy or girl, the truthful answers of the players are very contradictory. For example, the guesser says to the first person in the row:

'What is it?'

'Ask me questions.'

'Is it a man?'

'Yes.' (A man sits at the player's left hand.)

The guesser asks the next person the same questions:

'Is it a man?'

'No.'

'Is it a woman?'

'Yes.'

'But,' says the guesser, 'the first player said it was a man.'

'It was.'

A third player, at whose left sits a child, correctly says that it is neither a man nor a woman. The guesser may ask where *it* came from, how old *it* is, etc., and the answers may all be truthful, yet seemingly contradictory.

THE POET'S PARTY.

This is a South American pastime. The Spanish language is a very musical one, and in some parts of South America the children learn to talk very fluently and picturesquely, in rhyme, at their holiday and birthday parties. They are experts in giving impromptu toasts in rhyme.

The Poet's Party consists of impromptu rhymesters. Each may assume the name of some favourite poet, when the conversation will begin. All that is said must be in rhyme, and the questions may be answered in rhyme. The humour of the play consists of the evidences of confusion in the mind of the inexperienced in trying to find rhymes.

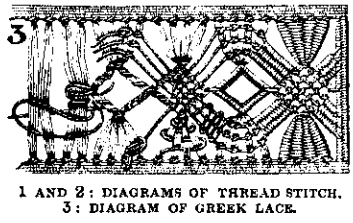
Rhyming dictionaries may be used. A young lady who had such an unpoetic mind and want of rhythmic sense as to take the party name of 'Eliza the Cook,' accomplished the following, as a maiden effort:

How do you do, Mr Brown?
Hem, hem, hem, hem!
Take a chair and sit down;
Hem, hem, hem, hem!
'Tis a long time since I *see* you,
Hem, hem, hem, hem!
How does your wife and children do?
Hem, hem, hem, hem!

THE WORK CORNER.

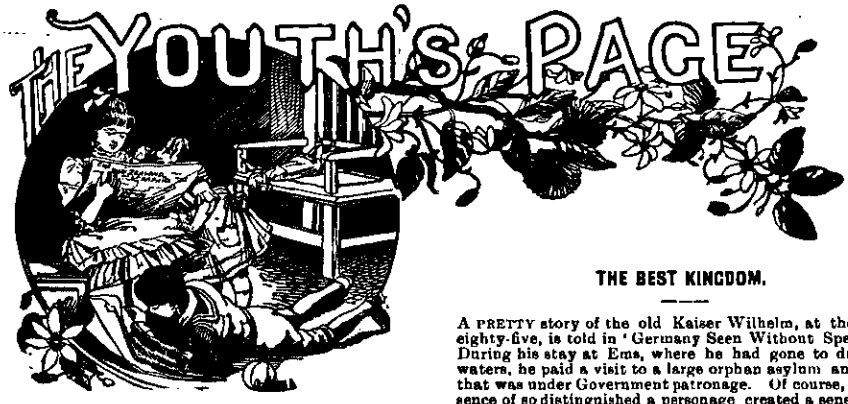
BEAUTIFUL linen should be amongst the most treasured possessions of a housewife. In the first place, it must be either of really good damask or hand-woven linen. In the case of the former, its own pattern is quite sufficient ornament; but there is a growing feeling in favour of a plain ground decorated with various borders executed in hem stitching drawn thread-work, either in its simplicity, or in its more elaborate form known as Reticella or Greek lace. Sometimes the edges are fringed, but this is hardly advisable in consideration of the treatment they have to undergo at the modern lawndresses' hands. A narrow hem-stitching, and then a border of strong linen lace, is far better; and it should be noted that on table linen the lace should be turned at the corners quite flatly instead of being pulled. Whether form of decoration be indulged in or not, the hems should always be sewn by hand—*never* by machine. A little quiet attention paid to the first steps in drawn thread work, given in my first

1 AND 2: DIAGRAMS OF THREAD STITCH.



3: DIAGRAM OF GREEK LACE.

sketches, will enable the beginner to commence. In process of time they will not be content without attempting the more elaborate details of modern Greek lace. No inkmarking should ever be seen on table linen; large initials or a monogram should be embroidered in a corner, and the date and number may be added as well. These are particularly pretty when enclosed in the old-styled circle and quaintly fashioned.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'COUSIN KATE, *care of the Lady Editor,* GRAPHIC *Office, Auckland.'*

Write on one side of the paper only.

DEAR COUSINS.—I hear, with great regret, that some of the cousins' letters have not reached me. I have always put in all I have received, and am very sorry indeed that any cousins should have been disappointed at not seeing their letters in print. The letters always appear the first possible issue of the GRAPHIC after I receive them. Through the courtesy of the Auckland Chief Postmaster, of whom inquiry concerning the letters was promptly made, I give the stamps, address and weight necessary for the children's letters, and I hope our nice little circle of cousins will keep up the correspondence, and that fresh ones will soon join, especially those whose first letters went astray. These are the rules:—All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post-office as follows: Not exceeding ½oz., ½d; not exceeding 4oz, 1d; for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof, ½d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have never written to you before. Our examination was on the 18th of July, and I passed, so I am in the Fourth Standard. I should like very much to become a cousin too. I am eleven years old. I am going to tell you about my pets. I have a cat and a dog. I had the dog given to me for a Christmas box; he is black and white. We have six cows milking, and I milk two of them. My brother takes the GRAPHIC every week, and I like reading the cousins' letters very much. We have our Midwinter holidays; the school will open on Monday. Please put this letter in the GRAPHIC. I am sending some riddles for the cousins to guess. I like our teacher very much. I hope this letter is not too long. I must say good-bye.—Your loving cousin, JANE NICHOLSON. Te Mata, Raglan.

[Your letter is not at all too long, Jane. I hope you will write again. I like all the cousins to write as often as they feel inclined, so an invitation to one to write, means an invitation to all. Please, dear cousins, take the hint.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I must say I have been very lazy for not writing and telling you the name of my goldfinch. His name is Pacific, and he begins to sing now. I did not tell you I had a creamy pony, but it died last Wednesday. My brother caught two black swans, but mine died on Wednesday, too. I don't think I will tell you any more of my bad luck, or else I will never finish.—Your affectionate cousin, LILY. Takapau.

[I am sorry for your losses in the shape of animals. Did you kill them with kindness, do you think? Tell me if you will join our Society for kindness to dumb animals. I want all the names I can get.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I should like to become a cousin very much. I always enjoy reading the cousins' letters, and so does little sister Hilda. I have not much to tell you. Wellington is so dull after England. I lived in Leamington, Warwickshire, for two years, and the country in summer is lovely. We had a lot of little friends there. We came to Wellington in the Ruahine and had such a jolly trip; I do so love the sea. I am eight years old and very fond of writing. We have a sweet little canary; I feed him for mother every day. I have no pet of my own, but I am going to have a puppy. I must say good-bye now.—Your loving cousin, ADELE. Wellington.

[I should like to congratulate your mother, Adele, on having a little girl who can write so well when only eight years old. I wonder if she taught you? Where do you go to school now? I know a good many pretty places in England, but have not been to Leamington, though I had several invitations to stay with friends there. I am glad to have you as a cousin.—COUSIN KATE.]

'Marie.'—Your tale, 'Grandmother's Story,' will appear next week. I have already, I am afraid, more letters and stories than can go into our short space. It is nicely written.—COUSIN KATE.

'Belle Allen.'—Your story is also left out for above reason.—COUSIN KATE.

THE BEST KINGDOM.

A PRETTY story of the old Kaiser Wilhelm, at the age of eighty-five, is told in 'Germany Seen Without Spectacles.' During his stay at Ems, where he had gone to drink the waters, he paid a visit to a large orphan asylum and school that was under Government patronage. Of course, the presence of so distinguished a personage created a sensation in the establishment.

After listening with much interest to the recitations of several of the classes, His Majesty called to him a bright, flaxen-haired little girl of five or six years, and lifting her into his lap, said to her:

'Now, my little fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong?' and taking out of his pocket an orange, he held it up to her.

The little girl hesitated a moment, and looking timidly up in the Emperor's face, replied, 'To the vegetable kingdom.'

'Very good, my little fraulein; and now to what kingdom does this belong?' and he drew out of his pocket a gold piece and placed it on the orange.

Again the little girl hesitated, but soon replied: 'To the mineral kingdom.'

'Better and better,' said the Emperor. 'Now look at me and say to what kingdom I belong.'

At this question there was an ominous silence among the teachers and visitors, who were listening with much interest to the royal catechism. The little girl hesitated long, as if perplexed as to what answer she should give. Was the Emperor an animal?

Her eyes sought those of her teachers and schoolmates. Then she looked up into the eyes of the aged Emperor, and with a half-startled, frightened look, as if she were evading the question, replied:

'To the kingdom of Heaven.'

The unexpected answer brought tears to the Emperor's eyes.

'Yes, yes, my little fraulein,' said he; 'I trust I do belong to God's kingdom. And you think it time I was there, do you not? And the day is not far distant.'

RUTH'S STORY.

'COME along, Ruth, we want to hear what you have been doing all the holidays,' said Gerty Winter as Ruth Martin came into the schoolroom where all the girls were sitting.

'Why, I have just come to hear what you have been doing,' replied Ruth, as she took a seat.

'Oh, no!' cried all the girls, 'we want to hear your story first.'

'Very well,' answered Ruth.

'Begin at the beginning, please, and tell us about what you did first,' said Marie Linton, who was sitting in the only easy chair in the room.

'Very well,' replied Ruth. 'Well, first, my brother Jack met us at the station. When we got home we had tea, and in the evening we went to "Charley's Aunt." 'Oh, it was so amusing. I wished you were there. The next day we went to a picnic on the beach, and in the evening we went to a play at my aunt's house. It was called the "Sleeping Beauty." My cousin was the Sleeping Beauty and my brother Bob was the Prince. The next day we went to the Steeplechase; my cousin Marjorie won the trotting match, and in the evening she gave a children's dance.'

'What did you wear?' interrupted Bessie Mardock, who was always talking of dress.

'Oh, I wore my new terra cotta smock trimmed with light blue, and Carrie wore her light blue smock trimmed with terra cotta. We enjoyed ourselves very much. Carrie and I stayed the night at my aunt's house, and the next morning we were going for a ride, but it rained so hard that we had to stay indoors, and in the afternoon we went home. The next day was fine, and Mrs Earle had asked Carrie and me to a party at Earlescourt. We went at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and in the evening it rained so hard that we had to stay the night at her place; but in the morning it was fine enough for us to go home. In the afternoon Jack took Madge, Carrie, and me to the Art Gallery, and in the evening we all went to a circus. The next day we all went for a boating picnic, and the boat upset and we got so wet. In the evening my father took Carrie, Madge, and myself to a social gathering in the St. Albert Hall. There was a *tableau* acted called Pygmalion and Galatea. On Wednesday it was Mamie Butler's birthday, and Carrie and I went to her party and enjoyed it very much. On Friday Mrs Gray asked Carrie and me to go to Sherwash to a picnic in the bush if it was fine. Well, on Friday it was a beautiful day, and Frank drove Carrie and me over to Sherwash. We had dinner at the house, and then in the afternoon we went down to the bush for tea. But just as we were crossing the creek it came on to rain; we ran into the bush, but we got drenched to the skin, and when the rain was over, we went up to the house to get our things dried. Carrie went into the drawing-room in one of Mrs Gray's night-gowns, and I went in one of Mrs Gray's dressing-gowns. Oh, we did have such fun. About five o'clock Frank came and took us home. The day before we came away we were to have gone up to my cousin's, but it rained so hard and Carrie had such a cold that mother would not let us go. My cousins came down to our place instead. The next day they all came down to say good-bye to us at the train, and that is the end of my story. Now we will hear Gerty's story,' said Ruth.

'Oh, dear, there is the tea bell,' cried Marie Linton, as the tea bell rang and all the children began to get up. 'We will hear your story after tea, Gerty, so come along,' and all the children ran out of the room.

MURIEL ST. C. INGLIS.

FOOTBALL AT HOME.

AMONG the newest indoor games invented by young people for the entertainment of their friends is 'Football at Home.' It is a simple game and highly exciting, although it does not introduce any of the bone-breaking, rough-and-tumble contests so common, and perhaps so necessary, on the 'gridiron.' The ball is an empty egg shell, and the field a covered table.

After the sides have been chosen—any number of persons taking part—the players kneel at both sides of the table, a captain at the head on one side, and another captain at the foot on the other side. In front of each captain are placed two upright bodies—candlesticks, tumblers, or what not. These are the goals, across which a ribbon is stretched.

The egg shell is placed in the centre of the table, and put in play by both captains blowing at it. All the other players then line up and assist in the blowing, which keeps the ball moving about the table at such a rapid succession of tangents as to cause a great deal of fun.

A touchdown, which scores four points, is made by blowing the ball through the opponents' goal. The captain of the victorious side then takes the ball back to the opposite goal and blows it across the table, the object being to pass it through the same goal again. This, if successful, scores two more points.

The time limit of the game is thirty minutes, divided into two parts of fifteen minutes each. After the first half the two teams exchange positions as in football.

DISENCHANTED.

I saw her at a minstrel-show,
And passing fair was she;
I wondered if her voice and mind
As beautiful could be.

I worshipped at a distance
Until the end man spoke,
When my soul was chilled with sadness,
For she laughed at the minstrel's joke.

So old and stale and weary
That joke was that he sprung,
The fire-bells of the city
Rebuking should have rung.

I could have borne the 'chestnut,'
But from my dream I woke
When I saw her overcome with mirth
At that wretched minstrel joke.

Had she spoken in loud, uncultured tones
And talked even slang in such,
Or eaten of peanuts from a bag,
I shouldn't have cared so much.

But that brief charm her beauty cast
No more can aught evoke;
For I saw her laughing, half-convulsed,
At a weary minstrel joke.

Graph.

BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

It is told of a young gentleman, whom a maiden liked, but father didn't, that at a reasonable hour the old gent mildly intimated that the time for retiring had arrived.

'I think you are correct, my dear sir,' answered nineteenth century, modestly; 'we have been waiting over an hour for you to put yourself in your little bed.'

The father retired, thoughtfully.

THIS SIDE UP.

We saw Jake nailing up a box the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending south. From the nature of the contents we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage. So we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused '*This side up*,' etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake.

'Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get there safely?'

'Every one broke!' replied Jake sullenly. 'Lost the hull lot! Hang the company!'

'Did you put on "This side up," as we told you?'

'Yes, I did; an' fur fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver I put it on the bottom tew—confound 'em!'

Hotel Proprietor: 'If I am not mistaken, you and your wife stopped here about a year ago.'

Mr Soapacker: 'Yes, just about a year ago.'

Hotel Proprietor: 'She seems changed somewhat.'

Mr Soapacker: 'Yes, a little.'

Hotel Proprietor: 'She is not quite so stout.'

Mr Soapacker: 'Very likely.'

Hotel Proprietor: 'And her hair is darker.'

Mr Soapacker: 'Right you are, but she is not the same wife.'

WONDERFUL PERSPICACITY.

Mother: 'But, my child, how do you know that he is in love with you? Has he told you so?'

Daughter: 'Oh, no, mamma, but you should just see how he stares at me when I am not looking at him.'

SECOND SIGHT.

'I wonder,' said the editor the other day, 'why that man Lawrence next door always takes two copies of the paper?'

'Oh, that's all right,' replied the Innocent Interviewer; 'he's so cross-eyed that he has to hold one paper in each hand when he reads.'

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

'Dear,' asked Mrs Wickwire, looking up from the last thing in feminine fiction, 'what does this book mean by referring to "the superfluous woman?" What is the superfluous woman?'

'In our engagement days,' answered Mr Wickwire, 'the superfluous woman was your younger sister.'

OUR JURY SYSTEM.

'I don't see how you could sit on that jury as you did, and not find McCain guilty!'

'Oh! he was insane.'

'Well, there's no doubt about his being tried by a jury of his peers!'

A SQUASHER.

City Masher (anxious to open conversation): 'Pardon me, but, er—have you any objection to the window being left down and my smoking a cigar?'

Passenger: 'Certainly not, if it will not make you ill!'

FLOWERY.

Young Reporter: 'The storm king hurled his toin and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice.'

Old Editor: 'What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?'

Young Reporter: 'I—er—er the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old soap factory.'

SAVED HER THE TROUBLE.

'Do I make myself plain?' asked the angular lecturer on 'Woman's Rights,' stopping in the middle of her discourse.

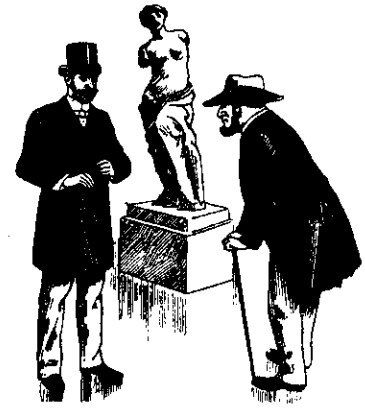
'You don't have to, mum,' replied a voice from the rear. 'Providence done it for you long ago.'

FATHER LEFT IN CHARGE.

'I wonder what the thunder he wants now!'

ALAS.

Our poets sing the bloom of womanhood
As something more than earthly, quite divine,
And o'er it in ecstatic rapture brood;
I fear they would not had their fate been mine.
For I have had my little fortune wrecked,
Though honoured once were my financial powers,
Because the blooms the charmers most affect
Are blooms of roses, and most costly flowers.



Country Visitor to Museum: 'It's an outrage, sir, an outrage, that in a fine building like this they keep their statuary in such poor repair.'

SAD MEMORIES.

'Watermillions, mum?' said the vendor to Widow Jones, 'nice ripe watermillions?'

'No,' said the widow, with difficulty suppressing the tears, 'I don't want any water-melons. I never see a watermelon 'thout thinkin' how dreadfully poor John suffered the night afore he died.'

ANOTHER PLOT.

The Czar: 'A horrible thought strikes me!'

The Lord High Executioner: 'What is that, your majesty?'

The Czar: 'If that dentist was a Nihilist he might have filled my teeth with dynamite. Then, the first time I bite hard I shall blow the top of my head off!'

SURE OF HER GROUND.

He: 'Will you marry me?'

She: 'Wait a minute.' [Exit.]

(Reappearing with a shotgun): 'Hold up your hands! Higher yet! I am sorry to say, Mr Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seemingly rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place.'

MONEY IN IT.

Hurly: 'What business are you in now, Burly?'

Burly: 'I'm a stockbroker.'

Hurly: 'They say there's a good deal of money in that business.'

Burly (dolefully): 'Well, there's a good deal of my money.'

MONEY-BAGS.

Miss: 'Of course you know, Baron, that my father is not in the remotest degree a nobleman?'

He: 'Say no more, beautiful one. A man who will give his daughter a dowry of a million is noble enough for me.'