



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.

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DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Our stay at the seaside terminated yesterday, but, oh, I did have such a good time! We picnicked in a little cottage, and went out boating or fishing every day, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. On New Year's day we sailed to Te Whapau, and I became so sunburnt, but now my face has become as brown as a Maori's. On January the third we rowed to Pahihi, which is such a lovely little place, and on returning home it rained so hard that we were drenched through. To heighten our discomfiture the plug came out of the boat, so I was obliged to keep my finger in the hole until we reached home. I was much afraid that the fish would come and take a bite all the while. We spent two days at pretty historical little Russell, and I climbed up to the delightful and sublime beautiful view. There is really some magnificent scenery off Russell town. Longbeach is a lovely nook behind the town. The waves roar and toss and roll so grandly! I presume most of the cousins are acquainted with some of the history of ancient Kororarua (Russell). We attempted to pull up to the Waitangi Falls on the fifteenth, but the tide was too strongly against us. However we took a good survey of Waitangi, the place where the memorable Treaty was signed. There is a fine hall standing there now. On Wednesday 16th, the little steamboat Ida took us to Kerikeri. We left Opua at six o'clock, Russell at seven, and arrived at our destination at a quarter-past nine. From thence we walked two miles and a half to the waterfalls, which descend a height of eighty feet. The river being in flood, the volume or fall of water was increased, and really the falls presented a most beautiful sight. There is a natural cave underneath the ledge from which the water rushes, in which some forty Maoris once took refuge from their enemies, but they were discovered and murdered there and then. The bush in one part of Kerikeri contains heaps of the bones of those slain in the great old Maori wars. Well, after watching the play of the falls, we trudged back in the burning sun to partake of luncheon under an ancient totara tree. I afterwards learned that this was where the ferocious Maoris had held gruesome cannibal feasts! The tale of savages! I heard such awful accounts at Kerikeri as to make me think the ancient Maori was as cruel and revengeful as any other barbarous race. I was shown three or four other places (and heard their history) at Kerikeri, but I have not space to mention them here. Did you know that insignificant little place holds the oldest house in New Zealand, Cousin Kate? Well it does. The building was erected in 1818 and is still sound and habitable. Near it stands the large stone erection, which was in the early New Zealand days the store house in which the missionaries kept supplies for the European population. It is a wonderfully strong and interesting house, built much like a fortress. I heard that the 58th regiment was quartered in it once. I have filled half an exercise book with accounts of my 'adventures' at the places we visited, but I cannot tell you all I should like to, here, as it would occupy too much space. Have you ever gone pipping? Cousin Kate? Oh it is such fun! I went, and managed to get half a sackful. I should like to tell you about these places: Cherry Bay, Motorna, Walkare and more about Waitangi, but it would be too long, and very likely you couldn't be bothered reading it. I cannot imagine what Cousin Lilla's failure in cocoanut-icing is to be attributed to, unless she used the wrong quantities. The icing should be white and hard. About Christmas Day, Cousin Kate—well, I did nothing unusual, nothing worth mentioning—just went to church in the morning and spent a nice lazy day altogether. I have not tried jam-making yet, but know that it is very hot work. Don't you think it would be nice if the fruit would keep till winter to be converted into jam? The badge arrived safely, and I think it very neat and pretty, Cousin Kate, were you not glad to get home again after camping out? Although we picnicked in a house, I was glad to come home to comfortable quarters, still I do not think it was possible to enjoy a holiday more than I did at the seaside. Before we went away I had my pony's shoes removed, and we turned her into a good paddock, where she spent her holidays comfortably. She is so fat and frisky now, and we had a terrible 'job' to catch her. I have altered her name to 'Dottie.' During our holidays I read five books, and am deep in 'A Tramp Abroad,' by Mark Twain. It is a splendid book; and I have no doubt you have read it. Well, I

think it is about time to stop now. Kind regards to all the cousins and love to yourself,—from COUSIN LOU.

[Dear Lou, you deserve a long answer, and you should have it were space no object. Many thanks for your very interesting description of your holidays. What a 'real good time' (Mark Twain) you must have had! You will have to write a book called 'An interesting up-to-date history of Russell and its neighbourhood, from personal observations and oral traditions, enlivened by modern adventures.' I am quite sure it would be excellent reading. If I could screw up space for it, I would give you half a column a week in the children's page, so that you would have it printed, and all the cousins could enjoy reading it. How would it do next holidays when there are fewer letters? Alas! I do not know the pleasures of pipping in New Zealand. We called them cookies in England.—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I think it is quite time I wrote to you again, as you wrote such a kind letter to the cousins asking us all to write as often as we can. I wrote a story for the competition, but left it until it was too late to copy it. On Christmas Eve I went to town, and did not get home till nearly eleven o'clock. I went for a picnic down 'The Sands' on Boxing Day, and I enjoyed myself very much. On New Year's Day it was the Regatta, and unfortunately it was very showery. There were a good few people down in the afternoon, but it came on to rain so heavily that nearly everybody went home. My father put his yacht in for one of the races, and it came third. In the afternoon the rowing races took place. The Nelson Rowing Club was very successful, winning four races out of five. The 'Stars' from Wellington won one race, and the Bleheim did not win any. You can imagine how pleased the Nelson folk were at their success, because I do not think they expected to win half so many races. I go to the Maitai River bathing hole, and my cousin is trying to teach me to swim. I like bathing very much, and go for one as often as I can. When our school prizes were given out I got the first prize for having the most marks. The prize is a copy of Mrs Browning's works. We go back to school in two weeks, after having five weeks' holiday. Now I have no more to tell you so I must say good-bye.—Yours affectionately, COUSIN MAUDE. Wakefield Quay, Nelson.

[Please next time you write, fold your paper in half before you begin. It is very trying to the printers written right across the immense page as yours is. Also remember to leave the envelope open. We had to pay 4d on your letter because of that. Now, having scolded you, let me praise you for writing at all, especially such a nice, long letter. Please congratulate your father on his yachting success from me, and pat all the Nelson folk on the back for having done so well. Where is the Maitai bathing hole? I ride up the side of the river once or twice, but do not remember it.—COUSIN KATE.]

CHILDREN'S PUZZLE COLUMN.



Driving my off, I chanced to see
A robin and bold as he could be;
Wild hips and seeds and berries were his
And to his little he warbled sweet.

(1) Why are three couples going to church like a child's penny trumpet? (2) What is that which everyone wishes for and yet tries to get rid of? (3) What is a cherry like a book? (4) When is a sailor not a sailor? (5) Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? (6) Why is the January sun like sixpence?—COUSIN MAUDE.

When is an immovable clock on the stairs absent from its place?—COUSIN JACK.

ANAGRAM.
COUSIN JACK.

ANSWERS.

SEPARATED WORDS.
(1) 1. Rest-Less. 2. Up-On. 3. Son-Net. 4. Kindred. 5. I-One. 6. Nick-Name.—RUSKIN, London.

FORTY-FIVE HIDDEN NAMES OF WOMEN.

(2) My dearest Ella.—You persist in thinking I owe you a letter, I dare say. No, rather you are in my debt, but never mind. The Lenten I renew my charity and write once more. The Linden tree, the redoubt, a bit harmed by the storm, late frost, are in bloom. A divination of them may be found, or a picture, to put it plainly, in the last paper I sent. We want to live here always.

France still appears hostile. It strikes us and others, too, that there will be war. I, an ardent peace-lover, am grieved. I think, in that case, Germany will be victor. I adore the army rapturously.

The birds here in summer nest in every tree, there are such myriads. We went to a museum this morning; raced through, as time was short. Saw a fine picture of the Virgin. I admired or casually glanced at many lovely things.

Saw a seal, the actual seal used by Frederic; a shoe worn

by Paul in a battle. Jim audibly asked naturally enough, 'What Paul?' And there is a belt that belonged to Jeanne d'Arc.

(Going down the steps I fell, endangering my limbs. A rather dangerous proceeding, but escaped without a scratch. On or after the first we go to Charlottenberg. My brother Joseph in every case wishes to do what we like. Dear Jo! an ideal brother, ha.

Philip parted from us yesterday. To tell you the truth, it is time we all came home. A man dare not stay so long, nor should we. It is violating prudence. So before many weeks we shall sail.

Write soon. With love,—I am yours cordially, D. I. ADAIR.

Answers to Cousin Mabel Deacon's puzzles:—(1) Tobacco. (2) Her grandson.—ILMA.

AT TABLE IN JAPAN.

SMALL boys and girls who are often reproved for their manners at table may be thankful that they were not born in Japan, where the etiquette of eating is far more complicated than in New Zealand. A writer in Food gives some idea of the Japanese code of table manners.

'The usual dinner hours are four, six, and seven. As soon as the guests are seated on the mats, two, and sometimes three, small, low, lacquered tables are brought to each. On the one immediately in front of him the guest finds seven little coloured bowls, with next his left hand rice, next his right fermented bean soup, the others containing fish, roast fowl, boiled meat, raw fish in vinegar, and a stew of vegetables. On the second table will be five other bowls, consisting of two soups (one of carp, more raw fish, fowl, and kuraage—a kind of jelly fish). The third, a very small table, should hold three bowls of baked shell-fish, lobster, and fish soup. Except at great set feasts, a beginning in made with the rice, and here the etiquette is very strict, and as complicated as the old foreign game, "Here's the health to Cardinal Puff." Take up the chopsticks with the right hand, remove the cover of the rice bowl with the same hand, transfer it to the left, and place it to the left of the table. Then remove the cover of the bean soup, and place it on the rice cover.

'Next, take up the rice-bowl with the right hand, pass it to the left, and eat two mouthfuls with the chopsticks, and then drink (the word drink must be used here) once from the soup-bowl. And so on with the other dishes, never omitting to eat some rice between the mouthfuls of meat, fish, vegetables, or soup. Rice wine goes around from the beginning of the meal. The most trivial breaches of etiquette are unpardonable sins, and they are gibbeted by certain names. One is drinking soup immediately on receiving a bowl of it without first depositing it on the table; another is hesitating whether to eat soup, drink soup, or eat something else; a third is after eating of one dish to begin on another without going back to the rice. For cakes the guest must be provided with pieces of paper. He should pick up the cake with the chopsticks, place it in a piece of paper, break it in two, and eat the right piece first.

'These minutiae are nothing to those of tea-drinking or cha-no-yu, which properly takes place at noon, and the ritual of which was fixed by a master of the art who flourished in the fifteenth century. One soso, or master of the polite arts, goes so far as to lay down as the essentials of a tea party, purity, peace, reverence, and detachment from all earthly cares. "Without these," said the sage, "we can never hope to have a perfect tea party."

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several remedies and consulted a doctor, without obtaining any relief; finally, one of my customers recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla; it helped me from the first,—in fact, after taking six bottles I was completely cured, and could eat anything and sleep like a child."

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