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And Ladies' Journal.

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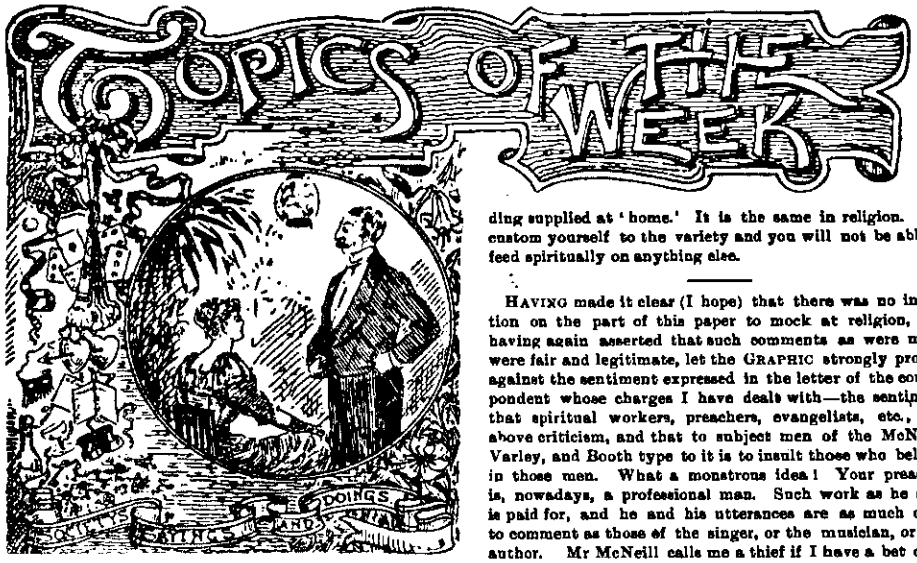
ATALANTA CYCLING CLUB, CHRISTCHURCH.—SEE OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Sturdee and Power, photo



HOW extremely sensitive Christians are to criticism. One is speaking, of course, of those who have and who claim a special right to the title; those who openly teach and profess what the rest of us only think about, and even that somewhat more carelessly and less frequently than we should. In a recent issue some strong editorial comments appeared on the subject of travelling evangelists, the Rev. John McNeill being made a scapegoat for the occasion. Letters on the subject have reached this office from all parts of the colony, and, except in one instance, cordially approve of the strong stand taken against the travelling evangelist evil, for it is unquestionably an evil that the support which belongs to the local clergy should be put into the 'mission' boxes and collection bags of the outsider. One correspondent, however—a gentlemen of undoubted worth and honest convictions—writes that to mock at religion is not merely immoral on my part, but bad business from the publisher's point of view. To this I cordially assent, but this paper never has and never would for a moment ridicule religion or make a mock of the highest and noblest of human instincts — the instinct of worship. Strong as were the opinions expressed in the article on McNeill and the travelling evangelists, there was not one remark which can be construed by any unprejudiced person into any sort of slur on Christianity or religion. All that was done was to comment—somewhat severely, it is true—on the taste displayed by a prominent evangelist in making unflattering comments on the social and spiritual life of a city which preferred to pay its own parsons rather than to find expenses for men whose ministrations they did not feel they required.

MR MCNEILL was, as hinted above, the scapegoat on this occasion. Had he not thought fit to call Wellington disagreeable names, the article might not have been written until the next evangelist gave an opening. All that has been said might have appeared with equal justice when Varley or Hugh Price Hughes stumped the colony. Mr Varley dropped in for very much more caustic criticism than Mr McNeill, and deservedly so. McNeill has at least a pure, clean mind. He never, as Varley delighted to do, insisted on the innate filthiness of mankind, but he expected New Zealand to pay his expenses while he preached to them, and encouraged the vicious habit which has so strong a hold of colonial Christians of paying outsiders and being constantly on the *qui vive* for something new. Nothing could be further removed from the intentions of the writer than to 'mock at religion,' but the religion which is fostered by and exists on these 'mission revivals' is unhealthy to the last degree, and to be discouraged by every man who has a sincere and honest regard for good things and true.

THE craze for 'something new' in religion is as old as the hills, but it is to be doubted if it ever—even in the Athens of St. Paul's time—reached such a pitch as it has in New Zealand at the present time. The rapid succession of travelling persons and preachers, and the enormous audiences they attract is solely and entirely responsible for the half-filled churches and constantly diminishing congregations complained of by resident ministers of every shade of opinion and every denomination. The prophet has less honour than ever in his own country because—and *only* because—the unspoiled article is fresh, and because the latter is enabled to give one or two highly spiced dishes instead of plain homely fare produceable when it has to be done week after week. The man who takes his meals flitting from one restaurant to another as his appetite varies, soon finds it so pampered that he revolts against the plain joint and pudding supplied at 'home.' It is the same in religion. Accustom yourself to the variety and you will not be able to feed spiritually on anything else.

HAVING made it clear (I hope) that there was no intention on the part of this paper to mock at religion, and having again asserted that such comments as were made were fair and legitimate, let the GRAPHIC strongly protest against the sentiment expressed in the letter of the correspondent whose charges I have dealt with—the sentiment that spiritual workers, preachers, evangelists, etc., are above criticism, and that to subject men of the McNeill, Varley, and Booth type to it is to insult those who believe in those men. What a monstrous idea! Your preacher is, nowadays, a professional man. Such work as he does is paid for, and he and his utterances are as much open to comment as those of the singer, or the musician, or the author. Mr McNeill calls me a thief if I have a bet on a race; he calls me mean if I won't help pay his expenses, and he writes me down cold, etc., etc., because I don't think, all things considered, that I care to go and hear him. And while he does this his friends applaud him to the echo. What right, then, have his friends to object to my calling him a 'beggar' when in my opinion his demand for expenses makes him as truly a one as the tramp who hammers at our back doors?

THE following is one of the letters I have received on the matter from a correspondent who agrees with me:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GRAPHIC.

Sir,—New Zealand is so much in the habit of accepting its shows, religious and other, on faith, and has hitherto bowed with such dutiful and becoming submission to the criticisms (usually insolent) of its cash-collecting visitors, that your strictures on McNeill and his mission must have fallen very much as a bombshell among the mass of your readers. As the first shot in the cannonade, which is to sweep away the clerical show nuisance, I welcome it, and hasten to add the contents of my small gun to your editorial blast. It would sir, I imagine, savour of impertinence in a person going uninvited to the house of a stranger, were he, after being suitably entertained, to publish remarks to the detriment of his host. Much more must this be the case with a person to whom I have refused permission to polish (at a price) the brass knocker on my front door, and who in consequence of that refusal considers himself at liberty to remark on the appointments of my house, with the interior of which—beyond what he saw over my shoulder in the passage—he is entirely unacquainted. Impertinences of this character are really becoming too common. Every fly-blown celebrity coming to us with a decayed reputation, and not infrequently a quantity of dirty linen in soak at home, makes his comments favourable or the reverse, in accordance with our acceptance or rejection of his wares. If we do not immediately announce ourselves converts to Theosophy, it is because our instincts are of the basely practical and money-grubbing order. If Madame Squallini's voice or her fiddle playing does not ravish the gold from our pockets it is by reason of our barbarism; for did not that celebrated lady so long as fifty years ago—ay, before this wretched New Zealand was so much as thought of—enchant all the crowned heads of Europe with her delightful singing? So with our evangelist, if we do not immediately desert the pastor who has stood by us through fair weather and foul, and received the wage of a mechanic for his pains—if we do not fly instanter from the ministrations of this good man to the auditorium of the first be-trumpeted, money-hunting, globe-trotting evangel that comes our way, then are we cold and unsympathetic, publicans and sinners. I do not, any more than I feel sure is the case with yourself, desire to scoff at what is worthy of reverence, but one evangelist does not make a religion any more than one swallow makes a summer, and I am no more bound to place reliance on the black coat and white tie of the one than on the black back and white breast of the other. Religion, indeed, is a thing very different from the words and conduct of a man, be his name McNeill or McTalmage, and in this belief and in entire sympathy with your remarks I sign myself—Yours, etc., MCDEIL.

BY all accounts anniversary day in Auckland this year was equally successful with the Wellington function, which is certainly saying a good deal. There is no doubt that the increasing taste for yachting is rapidly becoming a characteristic of the colony, and that when New Zealand becomes a nation she is almost certain to become in the new world as great a mercantile power as the mother country has in the old. And this happy and indeed glorious state of affairs will be mainly due to the fact that the colonial youth takes to the water and to sailing and seamanship with precisely the same enthusiasm and the same instinctive facility that his Anglo-Saxon or Norman ancestor did. The yacht racing in Auckland this year was exceptionally good and exciting, and as the same thing may be said of both Wellington and Lyttelton, it may be confidently hoped that the time is near at hand when a really good prize can be offered for a champion yacht race. If possible, the race should be for £200, and a trophy. Certainly nothing less than £200 will attract a really good field. And not because our yachtsmen are not good and genuine sportsmen, but because it positively is beyond the means of the owners to send their yachts from one end of the colony to the other, unless there is 'a chance that the stakes will repay the expenses of the trip.'

WELLINGTON certainly gave its new bishop a magnificent welcome, and the function in the Drill-shed was a most enthusiastic and successful affair. The speeches were for the most part good, but surely it was not necessary for anyone to have alluded to the fact that the place had been offered to other, though certainly not better men. Yet nearly every speaker seemed determined to drag the fact in, and in more than one instance in a very tactless fashion. Mr Seddon's playful allusion to the excitement in Wellington when it was announced that a bachelor bishop was coming out, and the subsequent disappointment when the news of his approaching marriage was announced, fell just a trifle flat. The unregenerate, amongst whom was the writer, enjoyed the joke, but certain of those on the platform smiled in a sickly sort of fashion. They appeared to fear that outspoken Dick might add some embarrassing remark about the well-known duties of a colonial. A certain twinkle of mischief in the Premier's eye seemed to show that he had half a mind to say it, but he evidently must have thought better of it. The new Bishop's reply to the numerous speeches of welcome was evidently heartfelt, and perhaps for this reason it was not overwhelmingly brilliant. One does not speak at one's best when one is sincerely moved by gratitude; but if the new bishop had given the most eloquent oration ever delivered in the Empire City, he could not have pleased the Wellingtonians more. Any man, especially a man straight from Home, who declares that it has always been his desire to live in Wellington, and that it is far prettier, far more pleasant, and far more cordial than he expected, will certainly enjoy his life in the capital.

THE 'go as you please' manner in which the young people of this generation are allowed to grow up—bringing up of children is a forgotten art—is arousing some renewed attention in the colonies as well as at Home, and a correspondent desires me to draw attention to the fact that save in exceptional cases the training of children is entirely neglected, except in the royal families of Europe. My correspondent exaggerates pretty considerably, but there is little doubt that very few children in New Zealand receive so strict, and one might add severe, bringing up as that endured by the present Czarina of Russia, whose marriage bells have so recently been ringing. She was left motherless at six years of age, and she was not in her teens when her father contracted a morganatic alliance. But her mother, Alice of England, who was as bright as her sister, the present dowager Empress of Germany, and as strong willed, laid down rules for the education of her children which were faithfully adhered to after her death. She ordered that they should carefully avoid the hauteur which is observed in the daughters of most noble families in Germany. It was her will that they should be brought up as girls in the middle class, but rather more strictly. Her mother expressed the guiding principle of her system in the sentence: 'I desire that my daughters shall be unassuming and perfectly frank and natural. They must understand they should have nothing to conceal.'

UNDER the direction of competent governesses Alix and her sisters rose early, and before breakfast prepared their lessons, which they recited until the beginning of the afternoon. Then they walked, played croquet and tennis, rode, rowed in summer and skated in winter. Their studies embraced the usual branches of a complete education, including English and French, likewise an exhaustive course in cookery, sewing, and dressmaking. Until their confirmation their clothing was all made at home, and they took turns to furnish the pastry for the family dinner. When they entertained their young friends they were required to make the cakes which were served, and they were encouraged to supply the children of a neighbouring orphan asylum with bonbons of their own manufacture. They were also taught music and painting. In the latter accomplishment Alix is said to excel.

AFTER their confirmation their pocket money, which had been sixpence a week was raised to one shilling, and they were allowed to wear long skirts and go to a few parties and theatres. Queen Victoria obtained as a personal favour permission for them to drive with her and her court when

they visited England. On that occasion, for the first time in their lives, they were allowed to pay visits to grown people. The fruit of this training is exhibited in the character of the Grand Duchess Ella, the eldest of the three Princesses of Hesse, who married Sergius of Russia. She is the active patroness of the institute for training nurses at St. Petersburg, and is never ceasing in her works of charity and kindness. It was she who chose the nurses who watched the late Czar's deathbed.

IT is quite on the cards that the legacy of Alice of England may ensure to the benefit of peace and civilisation. In the ruling class in Europe, as in the class that is ruled, women are potential, and the sway of policies is sometimes in their hands. Common rumour accuses the Empress Eugenie of having boasted—when the French started on their mad race—'A Berlin!' that the war then beginning was 'her war.' Whether she was so indiscreet or not, there is no doubt that she used her influence with her husband to egg him on to a war from which he instinctively shrank, and she must have her share of the blame. It is pleasant to think that if a good training can make a good woman the world may be a gainer by the accession of Alix of Hesse to the throne of the Russias.

THE comparatively placid manner in which the news of the loss of the Elbe and three hundred lives was received in this part of the world presents a striking contrast to the sensation caused by the Wairarapa disaster. Of course it is natural that the wreck of a steamer on our own shores should be far more shocking to us than one ten or fifteen thousand miles away, even if the latter does mean the loss of twice as many lives and the breaking up of twice as many homes. The death of one of our own household must ever mean far more to us than a plague which sweeps away whole streets of people on every side of us. These platitudes would be scarcely worth repeating were it not for the fact that there has been a tendency to complain of the selfishness of the English press in having made so little of the Wairarapa wreck. Shortly after the arrival of the last mail from England the writer heard an eminent public man wax violently indignant because the news of the Wairarapa wreck inquiry had been dismissed in a two or three line message in the cable columns of the English press. One perfectly understood the feeling. The shock of the tragedy to us was so great that it seemed impossible that it should not affect others to an equal extent, but the fact is we are all supremely selfish in this way. The wreck of the Elbe is to us what the Wairarapa was to the good folk at Home—a newspaper sensation and nothing more. The Elbe was not only a very handsome, but a very comfortable steamer, and if the skipper who commanded her when she was run down last week was the same who held the post some six years ago when the writer made a voyage on her, the German merchant fleet has lost a gallant gentleman and a fine sailor.

THOSE—and their name is legion—who take an interest in the affairs of animals, are usually somewhat inclined to become bores when started on their favourite subject. There is no nuisance in the world like the man who insists on telling prosy anecdotes about animals in general and pets in particular. Conscious of this the GRAPHIC has, as a rule, carefully refrained from the publication of animal stories, or even casual reference to them. A recent series of articles on the everyday life of animals now appearing in the *Spectator* are, however, so bright, so true, and so interesting that they deserve that the attention of colonial lovers of animals should be drawn to them. One of the most recent on animals' beds and bed-making was really charmingly written, and will assuredly remind readers of the curious customs of some pet animal of their acquaintance. As the writer very truly observes, that as a rule it is only petted domestic animals that are 'faddy' about their beds. Many of these are as particular about the arrangement of their beds as the old 'nabob' at St. Ronan's Well, who drilled the housemaid into adjusting his mattresses to the proper angle of inclination. We have seen a little dachshund which would not go to her basket until the blanket had been held to the hall stove. This she required to be done in summer as well as winter, though the stove was not lighted. A spaniel kept in a stable, used always to leave its kennel to sleep with the horse. Hounds make a joint bed on the bench after a long run, lying back to back, and so supporting one another. But sporting dogs should have proper beds made like shallow boxes with sloping sides.

CATS are the most obstinately capricious, in their fancies about their beds, of any domestic creature. They will follow a particular rug or shawl from room to room, if it be removed, in order to sleep on it, or insist on the use of one chair, until they get their way, and then for some reason take a fancy to another. The cleanliest of all animals, anything newly washed or very fresh and bright, strikes them as just the thing for a bed. A nicely aired newspaper lying on the floor or in a chair, or linen fresh from the wash, is almost irresistible. Outdoor cats seek a warm as well as a tidy bed. The writer was once much surprised, when passing through a large shipbuilding yard, to see a cat fast asleep lying, it seemed, on a muddy path. But the spot which the cat had selected for its couch was one at which a hot steam-pipe passed under the road, and the mud was there baked into a warm, dry cake, which made not only a clean but an artificially heated sleeping-place. But the oddest taste in beds developed by a cat, was that entertained by a very highly bred grey Angora, which was justly petted and admired by the family in which it lived. For some months it would only sleep in or upon a hat, if such could be found, ladies' hats being preferred. If it could discover one with the inside uppermost, it would lie inside it. If not, such was its love for this form of couch, it would curl itself round the brim, and with its long, furry tail and pliant body made a fine winter trimming to a summer hat. By some accident, a drawer in which all the 'summer' hats had been disposed for the winter was left open for some days, after which it was discovered that all the hats had been tried in turn, the cat having finally selected one adorned with white laburnum flowers, which never recovered from the 'ironing' to which it had been subjected.

EVEN the animals of the farm have certain preferences in their sleeping arrangements. Cattle and sheep, when left out to 'lie rough,' always sleep under trees to avoid the dew; and sheep, if there is no such cover available, lie on the highest, and consequently the driest, ground. Horses seem less particular, though they have curious fancies as to their bed-litter in stables.

THE cable columns in our colonial papers furnish some startling reports occasionally, but surely the wire never brought us a stranger message than that which announced that Judge Williams was to be removed from the position he held because, in winding up companies, he commented too fearlessly on the conduct of directors. Most people who read the astounding message simply refused to believe it was correct, but when the next day's cables told that the *Times* denounced the affair as scandalous, there was no room left for doubt. But what Englishman, colonial or Home born, ever imagined it possible that an English judge should be removed from his position for being too fearless. It is monstrous, shameful, there is no word in the language which seems strong enough for satisfactory employment in speaking of the affair. Of course, it will never be tolerated. Judge Williams spoke in clear tones concerning the directors of the Loan and Mercantile, and, excepting the implicated directors, there is probably not one person in the kingdom or in the colonies who does not believe that every atom of comment spoken by him was more than merited. There is not the least doubt that but for the strange byways of the English law the directors would ere this have been on their trial. It was, however, thought that the game was not worth the candle. Those who so terribly mismanaged, those at whose door lie the ruin of thousands, are merely to go Scot free while their ruined victims are forced to 'hard labour for life,' but the upright judge who dared to say disagreeable things is to be removed. It may be, indeed it is, some comfort to feel that such a thing will never be allowed, but the very fact of it having been proposed is an indelible and shameful stain on the splendid escutcheon of English justice.

IT is again being suggested that judges should endeavour to gain some experience of the punishment they inflict. There is something exhilarating in the idea of a Judge testing for his own satisfaction samples of the sentences he metes out. No doubt it is an excellent leaven in the loaf of justice. One judge who tried the treadmill, we are told, very quickly cried enough. A little oakum-picking went a long way with another. It is even reported that a taste of the 'cat' was administered to an enterprising judicial light, and with such salutary effect that he now shudders whenever he sentences a prisoner. It is much to be hoped that the country magistrates, who occasionally sentence some poor fellow to a month for stealing a couple of turnips, and let a human brute off with a caution for kicking his wife half to death, will be led to vary the judge's experiment somewhat by placing themselves at the mercy of the wife-kickers and seeing how it feels. Perhaps we should than have fewer anomalies in the so-called administration of justice by these bright ornaments of the judicial Bench.

THE latest tall yarn being told in clubland in Wellington concerns a kitten which presumably went to sleep on the inside flange of the large flywheel of a stationary engine. The unfortunate pussy must have had a bad time of it. The wheel ran for six hours and a half. The cat was taken out nearly lifeless, but recovered. The fly-wheel makes 250 revolutions per minute, and every turn pussy travelled seventeen feet. The engine was in motion 390 minutes, and during that time the kitten travelled a distance of 315 miles.

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S new work is called 'Round the Red Lamp.' It will be ready in a wick or so, and I feel tolerably safe in predicting that before many days are over a large percentage of the reading public will be eagerly conin' D'oil. That it is light literature goes without saying, and the coming winter should see it illuminating many Holmes.

THE GIANTS OF JAPAN.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

I SEE that the most famous wrestlers of Japan have offered their services to the Emperor in the war with China. They have sent a delegation to him at Hiroshama asking that they be sent to Corea and be given a place in the Japanese army. These men have done a great deal in the crude wars of the past, but it is doubtful whether they will be of much use in connection with Gatling guns and Winchester rifles. They form a curious class of the Japanese people, and they are like no other athletes on the face of the globe. They have entirely different methods of training from our prize-fighters, and John Sullivan or Corbett would laugh at their

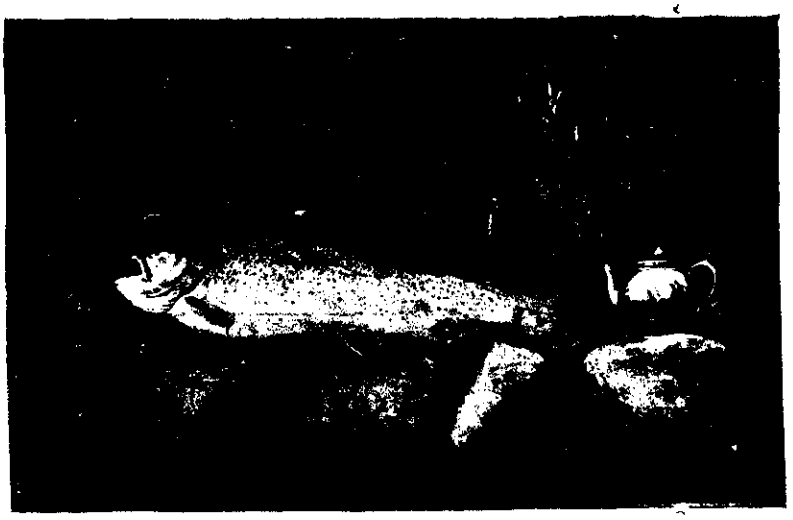


Photo. by Mr G. R. Card. THE GIANT TROUT
(Caught in the Waingongoro River, Taranaki, New Zealand).—See Our Illustrations.'

corpulent frames. They would think them puffy and flabby and would expect to see them go all to pieces at a blow. Still, I venture the Japanese giants could stand several rounds with either Sullivan or Corbett, and they could probably throw either of these muscular Americans in a wrestling bout. They seem to be of a race of their own. They are

TALLER AND HEAVIER THAN THE ORDINARY JAPANESE,

and many of them are over six feet tall. These wrestlers weigh from 200 to 300 pounds, and they are mountains of fat and beef. They eat quantities of meat, while the other people of Japan live largely upon vegetables, rice and fish. They drink soup and beer by the gallon, and Professor Burton of the Imperial University, who has taken the best photographs of them, told me how two wrestlers whom he was entertaining one day in order to get their pictures each drank two dozen bottles of beer, and great quantities of soda water, ginger ale and claret. These wrestlers have features much the same as the ordinary Japanese, though their heads are much larger and more like cannon balls than anything else. They wrestle almost stark naked, and the only hair I could see on their bodies was under their armpit and that which was put up in the old Japanese style on the tops of their heads. They shave their heads from the forehead to the crown, leaving that over the ears and at the back to grow long and tying it up on the top of the head in a queue like a doorknocker. They are

BY NO MEANS FIERCE LOOKING,

and when I visited the wrestling matches I was taken among them and chatted with some of them through my interpreter. I felt their muscles and they were as hard as iron, and what I had supposed to be great lumps of fat I found to be bunches of muscle.

I saw famous matches in both Tokio and Osaka, and I spent one day at a wrestling match in the Japanese capital, in which 120 of the greatest wrestlers of Japan struggled together. The wrestling began at ten in the morning and lasted until five in the afternoon, and there was not a minute during this time that wrestlers were not in the ring. But let me give you some idea of one of these Japanese prize fights. Imagine the biggest circus tent you have ever seen to be spread out upon a network of bamboo poles so that it covers about 10,000 people. These sit on the ground and in boxes, or on platforms which are built up perhaps ten feet above the ground, and in the centre of the crowd there is a little pavilion about twenty feet square, supported by four posts as large around as telegraph poles.

This pavilion is trimmed with red and its posts are wrapped with red cloth, while about its top there is a curtain of blue. It has a raised foundation perhaps two feet high and a ring of rice bags runs around its floor, inclosing a circle of twelve feet in diameter, which is floored with black earth. This is

THE FAMED WRESTLING RING OF JAPAN,

and in such rings all these matches are fought. The giants struggle inside the rice bags, and if one can throw the other over these or can fling him to the earth he is proclaimed the victor. At each corner of this pavilion, against one of the red posts, sits a sober, dark-faced, heavy-browed Japanese, dressed in a black kimono. He is raised upon cushions and sits cross-legged, and he forms one of the four judges in case there is a dispute as to the decision of the umpire. In the centre of the ring stands the umpire, wearing the old brocade costume of the days of the Daimios. He has a black lacquer fan in his hand and he looks like a chump. He screeches out his voice as though he had the colic and was screaming with pain, but his shrill cries penetrate to every part of the circus, and he is a man of great importance and long training. The spectators squat on the ground back of the ring and on these platforms. Each has a little tobacco box before him with some coals of fire in it. All sit cross-legged and nearly all smoke little metal pipes with bowls as big as a thimble.

But

LET US LOOK AT THE WRESTLERS.

There are scores of them squatting about the wring just outside of the rice bags. They are entirely naked with the exception of a band of blue silk four inches wide, which runs round their waists and between their legs and is tied in a knot at the back. This has a fringe about four inches long, which falls to their thighs, but further than this they have no more clothes than had Adam when he was gardening, before he had eaten the apple. Here come two into the ring. They are the most famous wrestlers of the east and the west and the people receive them with clapping. What giants they are, and how queerly they act! At the corners there are buckets of water. They walk up to these and gulp down great swallows. They fill their mouths and squirt the fluid into the air so that it falls back in a spray over their cream coloured bodies. They take bits of paper and wipe themselves off and then they look about on the audience and show off their muscles, while a yell goes up from 5 000 throats. They pound their naked chests with their fists. They slap their brawny thighs. They lift their legs up as high as their shoulders, and they stamp their feet down on the well-packed earth so that the pavilion trembles as though a cyclone were passing it. Now the two giants walk to opposite sides of the ring. They bow to the umpire and judges, and then squat down on their heels and look at each other. They come to the centre of the ring. They bend over and rest their fists on the floor. They poke their great heads to the front, and their big almond eyes almost burst from their buttonhole sockets. How they glare at each other!

They are watching for the signal to close. Now they rest for a moment, picking up the dirt from the ring and rubbing it under their armpits and over their bodies. Then they kneel and glare again. The umpire watches them closely. He waits until they breathe together, and then gives the signal. As he does so, they crouch like tigers and spring into each other's arms. Each tries to grab the belt of the other. They wrap their arms round one another, and you almost hear their ribs crack. The bunches of fat have become mountains of muscle, and both arms and legs look like iron. Their biceps stand out. Their calves quiver. Their paunches shrink in. Now the giant of the west has reached over the straining back of him of the east, and has grasped the band of blue silk which runs round his waist. He lifts that 300 pounds as though it were nothing, and he throws him with a jerk over the rice bags. How the people yell! Some of them tear off their clothes and throw them into the ring, which they will redeem with presents of money at the end of the day. They call out the name of the victor, and some of them hug each other in their delight at the success of their man.

THERE IS NO SIGN OF BOOK-MAKERS,

though I am not sure but that some betting goes on. The defeated gathers himself up and walks away with bowed head. The victor goes on one side of the ring and squats down on his heels while the umpire holds up his hands and proclaims him successful. The prize is awarded and the apron of silk embroidered with gold is shown to the people. The victor receives it, and with his seconds behind him he marches away. Then another couple enter the ring, and the same sort of struggle goes on. Some matches last no more than a minute, and some are so evenly pitted that they strain for a quarter of an hour before one is victorious. The snakes of the Laocoon never gripped their victims more tightly, and ribs are often broken, and men have been killed in these terrible struggles. Some wrestlers throw their opponents from one side of the ring to the other. Now and then one strikes a post and his skull is cracked open. There is no striking or hitting, and the rules are as rigid as those of our prize-fighters. There are forty-eight different falls, and the umpires stop the matches at a single mismovement, and they now and then call a halt in order that their belts might be more tightly tied.

R. E. Walrond, photo., Auckland. A GROUP OF CABBAGE TREES, KINGSLAND AUCKLAND, N.Z

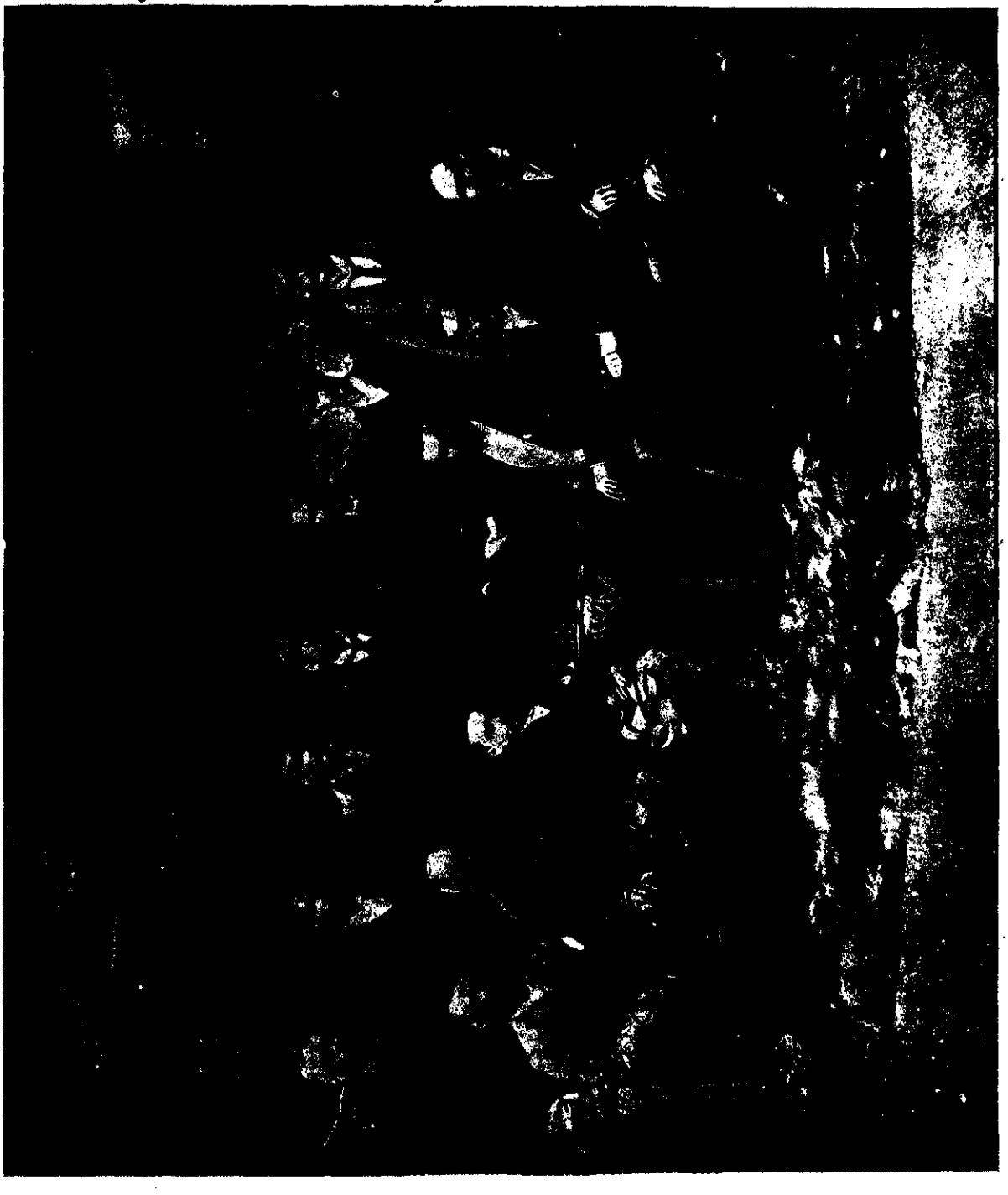
NEW ZEALAND CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP CONGRESS.

THE eighth Chess Congress to decide the championship of New Zealand for the ensuing twelve months was held at Wellington during the recent Christmas and New Year holidays. The following is the full score :—

Competitor	Wins	Losses	Points (Sonneborne system)
Mackay, W.	8	3	8·71
Cocks, H. S.	7½	3½	8·40
Edwards, J.	7	4	7·76
Lelièvre, A. A.	7	4	7·66
Hookham, H.	6½	4½	7·19
Gifford, A.	6½	4½	7·12
Barnes, R. J.	6	5	6·28
Barraud, W. F.	5	6	4·73
Pleasants, O. C.	5	6	4·69
Hatherly, H. R.	3½	7½	2·31
Pearce, G.	2	9	1·32
Wood, J.	2	9	1·03

(trophy value £20) and the Championship, is thirty-one years of age, and a member of the firm of S. and W. Mackay, booksellers, Wellington, which business he started at the early age of eighteen. He was born in Melbourne, and came to New Zealand at the age of fourteen, and learnt the game as a boy in Nelson. In 1884 he joined the Wellington Chess Club, and has ever since been very closely identified with its interests, having conducted the secretaryship for four years. As a player he has risen gradually and surely, each year seeing him take a more responsible board in the interprovincial contests with marked success, his form having also been very consistent in club tourneys. Messrs Bambow and Littlejohn, who are regarded as the strongest Wellington players, were unable to compete for the championship, and other former competitors not being available, it was necessary to fall back on untried men. Mr Mackay was accordingly chosen one of the representatives, and has won championship honours at his maiden attempt, having fully played up to the high standard looked for by his club mates. As a fellow competitor put it, Mr Mackay deserved to win 'being such a glutton for hard work.' His good nature, however, in trying to get through two stiff games in one day to oblige a player who was desirous of curtailing his visit nearly cost him dear, but as things have turned out, will greatly enhance his win, which it should be added, is an exceedingly popular one. In the annual bout between the smokers and non-smokers, Mr Mackay plays for the latter.

Mr H. S. Cocks, the winner of the second prize (trophy value £10), is a son of the late Rev. H. B. Cocks, of Christchurch, and is twenty-nine years of age. He is a B.A. of the New Zealand University, and is a member of the Wellington College Staff. It is many years since he learnt the game, which, however, he only took up actively when joining the Wellington Chess Club some fifteen months ago. He has therefore come to the front very rapidly, so quickly, in fact, that his merits have not hitherto been fully recognised. He was, consequently, not selected to do battle for his club, but exercised the right of private entry by paying an entrance fee. This, it may be mentioned, is provided for by the rules, so as to obviate an undue number of local entries, which would tend to prevent desirable competitors living at a distance from attending the Congress. Mr Cocks is a careful, painstaking player, good at the Stonewall opening, and generally manages to keep the draw in hand, so that he is a capital specimen of the Vienna School, the members of which have been playfully termed 'drawing masters.' And here it may be mentioned that while Mr Cocks is credited with 7½ wins, 3½ losses, he in reality won 5 games, lost only 1, and drew no less than 5.



NEW ZEALAND CHESS CONGRESS.

BACK ROW.—J. Wood, O. Pleasants, H. S. Cocks, J. Edwards (ex-champion), Dr. Hatherly, W. Mackay (champion), H. C. Skeet (hon. secretary).
FRONT ROW.—G. Pearce, H. Hookham, R. J. Barnes, A. Lelièvre, A. Gifford, W. F. Barraud.

Elsom, photo., Wellington.

It will be noticed that Messrs Edwards and Lelièvre tied for third place, which, however, has been awarded to the former, who scored more points under the Sonneborne system. This complicated system of determining the value of the wins is the best known at present, but in the opinion of many chess enthusiasts is by no means perfect. To describe it briefly one is penalised more for losing to a weak player than to a strong one.

Mr Wm. Mackay, who has carried off the first prize

The weakest link in his chain at present is admittedly the end game, but, of course, he has not yet had time to arm himself at all points.

Mr J. EDWARDS, who last year won the Championship as representative for Wellington, carried off the third prize (£5) as a nominee of the Otago Chess Club. He was born in Nelson, is 37 years of age, and learned to play chess in 1884 at the Timaru Chess Club, where he won a silver cup as first prize in a local tourney. He first competed for championship honours at Wellington four years ago, but was unplaced. He has little or no book knowledge, and relies mainly on his own conception of the moves as the game proceeds. His strong feature is the end game, at which stage a pawn is very powerful in his hands. His solving capabilities are here of no mean assistance to him.

Wrigglesworth and Binns, photo., Wellington.

MR W. MACKAY
(Winner Chess Championship).

Mr A. A. LELIEVRE (Hastings) is, as his name implies, of French parentage. He was formerly secretary to the late French Consul at Wellington, but is now engaged in business in Hastings, Hawke's Bay. He is twenty-nine years of age, but has not been resident in the colony for many years. For some time he lived in London, and there met some of the best players when a member of one of the metropolitan clubs. Mr Lelièvre is one of the most brilliant players in the colony, is quick to grasp a position, and plays with a rapidity that often disconcerts his opponents and startles the onlookers. As an instance of the quickness with which he decides on his moves it may be mentioned that he won one of his games in five minutes' play. There is no doubt that had he devoted a little more time to the consideration of the end positions of one or two of his lost games he would have carried off the second if not the first prize.

MR HENRY HOOKHAM (Canterbury Chess Club) was born on October 22nd, 1824, at 15, Old Bond-street, London, where was then carried on, and had been carried on for 60 years, the business known as Hookman's Library. He was educated at a boarding school in a small town called Princes Risborough, in Buckinghamshire. When about 10 years of age he was taught chess, and defeated his schoolmaster in a game at the age of 12. After leaving school in 1839, he resided almost continuously in London until the year 1865. From 1840 to 1850 he was a frequent visitor to Staley's Chess Rooms in Rathbone Place, Oxford-street, then the favourite resort of those distinguished players of a past generation — Zytogorsky, Jansens, Harrwitz, Horwitz, Boden, and Barnes, with some of whom he ofttimes engaged at play, receiving odds. He left England for New Zealand in 1865, and since his arrival in this colony has resided almost entirely in Canterbury. He won the championship of Canterbury as the representative of the Kaiapoi Club, in a match played at Christchurch in 1870 between the representatives of the clubs of Christchurch, Lyttelton, and Kaiapoi. He took the first prize (£50) and championship of the colony at the first New Zealand Chess Congress held in Christchurch in 1879. This chess congress was the first held in Australasia. He lost the championship at the first annual congress tournament held at Christchurch in 1889 but recovered it at the second annual congress held in Dunedin the following year; tied in won games with Mr Siedeberg for second place at the Wellington Congress of 1890; gained second prize in the fifth congress tournament held in Christchurch in 1892; competed in the Adelaide Australian Congress of 1887, defeating Mr Gossip, and drawing with Messrs Charlick and Ealing, but not being a prize-winner. He has been connected with the Canterbury Chess Club (called prior to 1879 the Christchurch Chess Club) for upwards of 20 years, and has been its president since the death of the Hon. John Tancred. Has been chess editor of the *Canterbury Times* from 1883 up to the present date. Mr Hookham has a greater knowledge of the game than any other man in the colony. He is a model tournament player—he takes full advantage of his time limit, and plays a careful, sound, and, when opportunities offer, a brilliant game. He makes fewer mistakes than most other players, and when such do occur on his part they are due to physical fatigue. Mr Hookham is exceedingly popular, not only in chess circles, but with all those with whom he comes in contact. Had he considered his own interests only, he would not have attended the last congress, as he had just recovered from an illness, and at his advanced age the heavy play of a tournament is no joke. As however, nobody else could attend for Canterbury, Mr Hookham decided to compete, and so save the honours of his club.

MR A. GIFFORD, of Bulls, who also exercised the right of private entry, is 33 years of age, and is an M A. of the New Zealand University, having taken first-class honours in Greek and Latin. He is a barrister by profession, but is at present engaged in teaching. He is favourably known in chess circles at Auckland, Napier, and Wanganui. In the last-named place his title of local champion was only shaken when he had Mr Ballance (our late lamented Premier) for an opponent. He plays blindfold chess, and a great future is predicted for him.

MR RICHARD JAMES BARNES (Wellington Working Men's Chess Club), is a Victorian by birth. Was educated in Dunedin; commenced playing chess about twelve years ago, some time after removing to Wellington. Took part in the congress (five entries) held in Dunedin five years ago, and tied with Mr Hookham for first, but losing in the play off had to be content with second honours. In the congress (10 entries) held next year ('90 91) in Wellington he represented the Wellington Chess Club, and secured the first prize and championship. In the Auckland Congress ('91-92) he tied for fourth place out of nine entries. Took part in the congress at Christchurch ('92-93, 10 entries) and won the third prize. In the first and second Dunedin Congress, and at Auckland and Christchurch, he represented, as on the present occasion, the Wellington Working Men's Chess Club. In the congress there were 11 entries, and Mr Barnes just managed to pull off the second prize, which makes his congress record—one first, two seconds, and one third. Mr Barnes is also still a member of the Wellington Chess Club, and has been one of the club's team in telegraph matches, losing his game the first time, drawing on the second occasion, winning the third, and losing on the fourth. Irrespective of congresses, Mr Barnes has in the ordinary tournaments of his club taken five first prizes, three seconds, and one third. Mr Barnes, as shown above, has had great experience in tournament play; has a thorough knowledge of the game; is exceedingly quick in grasping a complicated position; plays a sound and masterly game, and, as the result of his play in the recent Congress shows, is a plucky up-hill player. He is a capital trap layer, and has the knack of quickly seeing through those of his opponent.

Mr W. F. BARRAUD (Wellington) is 44 years of age, and was born in the colony. He was one of the original promoters of the Wellington Chess Club, which was founded in 1875. Chess was not played much in Wellington in those days, but some enthusiasts got up a match, Town v. Civil Service, which was won by the former. A dinner followed the match as a matter of course, and it was there that it was resolved to form a club, and Messrs Barraud and Edward Reeves were deputed to canvass the town for subscriptions. They did so with marked success, the club was formed, and has flourished ever since. Mr Barraud takes a deep interest in chess, and has always had a responsible board at telegraphic and club matches. He is also an amateur painter of no mean order, and is the President of the Camera Club.

Mr OWEN. C. PLEASANTS (Colyton) is twenty-four years of age, and is engaged in farming pursuits in the Rangitikei district. He is a very steady and rising player, has an excellent idea of the game, and will undoubtedly be heard more of in the near future. This is his second attempt for Championship honours, and considering the small chances he has of obtaining sound practice, his score is not to be despised. He has devoted considerable time to the solving of problems, which has been of good service to him in the end games. Mr Pleasants sticks tenaciously to an advantage when gained, and plays a plucky uphill game. His style might be copied with advantage by those of our young players who are given to what is poetically called 'skittles' and 'timber shifting.'

DR. HENRY REGINALD HATHERLY, of Wanganui, learnt chess when he was a child, but took no special interest in the game until he commenced practice in Nottingham, when he joined the Nottingham Chess Club, of which he soon became a prominent member. He was President of Nottingham Chess Club four years consecutively, and played in most of the inter-county matches. In 1888 he undertook the editorship of the chess column of the *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, which position he retained until he left England in June, 1893, for New Zealand. He was a frequent, and is still an occasional contributor to the *British Chess Magazine*. He is the composer of numerous chess problems which have appeared in various English chess columns, and is able to solve most two and three movers readily from the diagram. Dr. Hatherly is a rapid player, and has played as many as seventeen games simultaneously. He has a great dislike to close games, and especially to the Stonewall opening, and in his anxiety to secure an open game often risks too much. He lacks the steadiness which is essential to success in tournament play. He is at present editor of the Chess column which is appearing weekly in *Al*, and takes an enthusiastic interest in all that concerns his favourite game.

MR GILBERT PEARCE (Mansia) is engaged in pastoral pursuits in Taranaki, and is thirty-five years of age. He was born in England, and it was in that country that he learnt at the age of fourteen, to play chess. He has studied the books a good deal, and though he has not played much across the board, has held his own in correspondence games against the Hon. Mr Bryce, the two Saxtons, Judge Rawson, and others of no mean ability. Being the strongest player in his district, he has always to give odds in the local tournaments, but notwithstanding, he has a fair record of wins. The Congress just closed was the first Mr Pearce had competed in, and, it may therefore be attributed to his lack of opportunity for engaging in serious play that he has not shown a better score. He may console himself, however, with the knowledge that he is one of the two players who beat the champion.

MR JOSEPH WOOD, who represented the Wellington Working Men's Club, learnt the game in Canterbury twenty-three years ago, having at different times been a member of the Canterbury, Auckland, Napier, Melbourne, and Wellington Clubs. He has won three prizes in Canterbury, one in Auckland, and two in Napier, besides taking first and second places in Status Tourneys. He is well posted in the various openings, being exceptionally strong in the King's Bishop's gambit. Like his Club mate, Mr Barnes, he was handicapped by severe illness, having in fact to allow some of the games to be scored against him by default. Mr Wood's love of chess did not cause him to neglect athletics, he having been an interprovincial cricketer for some fifteen years.

MR H. C. SKEET, the energetic hon. sec. of the New Zealand Chess Association, is, as might be expected, a warm chess enthusiast. In his brief chess career he has won 2 first and 1 third prize in club tourneys, and with many others we hope to find him competing for championship honours at no distant date. It is to him and to Mr F. K. Kelling, the first secretary of the Association, that we are mainly indebted for the foregoing biographical sketches of the competitors.

A HUMOURIST ON MARRIAGE.

Two loving hearts may be united by marriage, or two goodly estates; the latter union is generally the more productive of happiness. People who have no money are sometimes married for love. Usually they are not married at all. People who have money marry for love, and in this case there is probably a combination of both systems. There is a proverb going the rounds about 'marrying in haste and repenting at leisure,' but as a matter of fact the repentance is often a deal more hurried than the marriage. It is considered wicked to have more than one wife at a time, and that is the cause of many distressing breach of promise actions. A man I knew who wished to make two souls happy was treated with great harshness. He married one woman for love and the other for money, and as one would not give her love without money, and the other her money without love, he was rather embarrassed. The matter was eventually submitted to a judge of arbitration, and the award included free lodgings for my friend. But there is a delicious sense of freedom after that sort of thing, even in goal. It is the fashion nowadays to scoff at matrimony, but I notice that girls are ready to accept any man who promises to supply them with all the comforts of life; and if there was no marriage many a man who is now living in ease and comfort on his wife's father would have to toil hard for his daily bread.

Personal Paragraphs.

THE appointment of Bishop Cowie as Primate of New Zealand will be very popular. Bishop Cowie is a courteous and kindly gentleman, a good churchman, and of great administrative abilities. The news of his preferment has been exceedingly well received.

THE friends of Mr Arthur Motley, of Wellington, will hope he gets that £1,200 damages from the railway company. Mr Motley, it will be remembered, was injured by the fall of a package being hoisted into a cart by which Mr Motley was passing at the time.

MISS] WILLIAMSON, whose portrait is here given, is the eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs H. B. Williamson, of Wanganui, whose many friends in various parts of the

Partington, photo., Wanganui.

MISS WILLIAMSON
(Dux Wanganui Girls' College).

colony will be glad to learn of the young lady's creditable school record. Dux of the College for the year, she carried off first prizes in Latin, French, and German: her sister, Miss Amy Williamson, being also well to the fore in the prize list.

MR JOSEPH W. BRADLEY, for nine years on the literary staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, has been presented by his fellow workers with a set of Thomas Carlyle's books. Mr L. J. Brient, in making the presentation, spoke in terms of warm approval of Mr Bradley's long and creditable connection with the paper, and on behalf of the staff wished him success in his new career. Mr Bradley has entered the service of the New Zealand Press Association.

MR DOUGLAS, the popular northern land agent, has the sincere sympathy of his fellow Aucklanders and many friends in other parts of the colony in the severe bereavement he has suffered in the loss of his wife. Mrs Douglas, who died last week, was an exceedingly kindly gentlewoman, and her loss will be severely felt, especially in Mount Eden district, where she resided.

MR R. THOMSON, M.H.R., is in Auckland again, having arrived from Whangarei on Wednesday last.

THAT famous Alpine climber, Mr A. M. Ross, has been on a visit to Auckland during the past week.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THOMAS MCDONNELL is suffering somewhat severely from an old wound received while in pursuit of Te Kooti at Taupapa in 1870. A Maori bullet splintered a dead tree near which Colonel McDonnell was standing, and the splinters inflicted an ugly wound on the head of the gallant officer. This old wound, after the fashion of such things, has now re-opened, and is giving its owner considerable pain.

COLONEL TALBOT CROSBIE, of the 60th Rifles, arrived by the Ruapehu the other day, and will make a long and exhaustive tour of this colony.

THE editor of the *Triad*, which has become so great a success in Wellington and Dunedin, is at present in Auckland, where he intends remaining until arrangements are completed for the publication of an Auckland edition of the *Triad*. If the venture does not succeed in Auckland as well as it has done in the South, it will certainly not be the fault of the editor, Mr Baeyertz.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ATALANTA 'CYCLING CLUB, CHRISTCHURCH.

(BY F. E.)

THE first lady who subdued a bicycle, like the first person who ate an oyster, deserves honour and gratitude. One introduced a new pleasure to the palate of his fellows, the other introduced one of the pleasantest and most useful forms of exercise that her sex could know. Blessed be the woman who first mastered the subtle eccentricities, the determined sinuosities of the low-wheeled bicycle! She opened for her sex an independence almost as glorious as the franchise; she annihilated for them distances hitherto unapproachable; she brought to the dweller in towns all the delights of the country, and to the dweller in the country all the excitements of the town, because she gave to her sex a steed that needeth no groom nor cavalier, no train or railway ticket, no food, no costly dwelling and contemptuous attendant—only a little oil—when, like the steeds in Netherby Hall, always saddled, it awaited the pleasure of its mistress night and day. Blessed be the woman who subdued it to the use of her sex, and in no part of the world should this woman be more honoured or praised than in Christchurch, for in no other part of the southern world, at least, have bicycles proved such a boon to woman or have become as frequently used by her. To Christchurch belongs the honour of claiming the first Ladies' 'Cycling Club formed in Australasia. 'The Atalanta 'Cycling Club'—the members of which appear in our illustrations—is the pioneer club of the colonies. It was inaugurated in August, 1892, and has grown steadily in power and popularity since then. It has all the machinery of clubs—captain, secretary, and committee, which organise for its members excursions and runs after the fashion of masculine clubs. During the winter months the Club held some delightful 'At Homes' in the Club rooms.

Yes, 'cycling is fashionable in Christchurch. The lady 'cyclist meets no longer the vulgar comment. She is as much at home on her wiry steed as her brother riders. The Hon. Secretary of the Atalanta 'Cycling Club, Miss A. E. Barker, says: "At first a considerable amount of prejudice existed against the introduction of this form of exercise ('cycling) for the fair sex, and many who had not the courage of their convictions were slow to enter the ranks of "wheelists," but now the lady 'cyclist is such an accustomed sight in that paradise of 'cyclists, "The City of the Plains," that the most timid may mount the wiry steed without fear of adverse criticism. The medical profession look most favourably on the practice of 'cycling, and recommend the "wheel" as a tonic to many of their fair clients.

The lady 'cyclists are enthusiastic in their admiration for their new pleasure. They declare it exhilarating, delightful, health-giving. They are critical in the matter of tyres and springs, have a new source of conversation in comparing 'pneumatics' with 'cushions,' and more than this, they have hosts of pleasant reminiscences connected with rides in a pleasant country, smart runs against time, friendly excursions to upland plains and glorious mountains, a new joy in nature, a wider acquaintance with their country.

A SPLENDID COLLEGE FOR GIRLS'

A WANGANUI ESTABLISHMENT.

THOSE who have best right to pronounce an authoritative opinion on the matter have said that in the matter of educational establishments New Zealand compares favourably with any other English colony. The Girls' College at Wanganui has already formed the subject of an interesting illustrated article in the GRAPHIC, but the photographs now given will no doubt be of special interest to those whose friends are just gone, or are just going to the College. The views which are now given give glimpses of the splendid gymnasium and dining-hall. A photo is also given of Mr John Notman, Chairman of the Board of Governors, and in our personal column will be found a picture of the dux of the College, Miss Williamson, whose splendid record, high character, and intellectual gifts have won for her the most flattering and well deserved emeomiums.

Concerning the merits of the Wanganui Girls' College as a high-class educational establishment there can be no two opinions. There are few better girls' schools in the world—none in New Zealand. The reports gained by the school from the Board's examiner most emphatically substantiate the excellent accounts given by all who have had any acquaintance with the school. As a training place for the wives and mothers of the future it is doing a vast amount of good, and as such it cannot be too highly commended or recommended.

A MONSTER TROUT.

On another page appears an excellent reproduction of the monster trout recently caught in the Waingongoro River, Taranaki, and which was presented to the Governor. The letter of acknowledgment from Major Elliot may fittingly accompany and explain the picture. He says:—'The big trout arrived here all safe this morning, and His Excellency bids me write and thank you most cordially for the very handsome present. It is quite the finest trout I have ever seen, and shows what strides they are making in your district. His Excellency and Lady Glasgow are both so pleased with it that they are going to have it stuffed and set up for their own museum, and it will doubtless be preserved and handed down to future generations as a very fine specimen of a New Zealand trout.'

CONTACION THROUGH HAIR BRUSHES.

A HAIR brush can communicate diphtheria, measles, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera. It can also communicate scald head, tetter, and many matological troubles, and under conditions of abrasion and contact convey blood poisoning.

This is startling but a truth that should be remembered by those careless in allowing the use of their brush and comb, and also by frequenters of hair-dressing establishments.

Brush and comb matter, even with its component part of oil which would tend to preserve it, is putrescible and fermentable. Everyone is aware of this theory, but they do not seem alive to the other incontrovertible fact that both these toilet articles are deadly disease carriers. One brushing on the head of a diseased person, or one who has been in a contagious atmosphere, will transmit as many as 1,000 germs to the brush from the hair; some of these in turn, to be conveyed to a second and third person and so on, until the disease is broadcast.

The exterior of the human head, as all know, is a fine field for bacterial life, and a person who touches or breathes the air of contagion, would find, if she had her hair chemically analyzed, that it was alive with germs—as much so as her clothes. This is especially dangerous in women for reason of their very long hair. She disinfects her garments but not her head. How can the woman who goes to have her hair shampooed or built up, know but what the very brush that is used in the work may have seen service on the head of a woman who was nursing a sick child or just come from the hospital? There is no way to prove that the brush has been antiseptized which is probably never the case.

A physician who has carefully examined brush and comb matter gives these statistics regarding it.

Water	10·5
Oil	20·1
Nitrogenous matter	40·0
Hydrocarbus (other than oil)	24·3
Tuorganic matter, dust, dirt	5·1

All this matter is fine food for the little animals, technically termed bacteria and baoilli, and consequently they thrive there.

Many physicians, who are given to laboratory work and know the vast amount of contagious matter carried about in brushes wonder why health authorities who are doing such good work in closing the chinks and apertures through which contagion enters, ignore this deadly method of transmission. Take the large shops with their one set of toilet articles where two or three hundred women arrange their hair, as a place equally as dangerous as the hair-dressing resorts. These women should be compelled to use an individual brush. It is an unwritten law of etiquette of course, to use only one's own toilet articles in polite society, but all humanity are not registered in this book, and while contagion from this source is acknowledged by all physicians, a law should be enforced.

A woman should constantly look to it that these two articles should be carefully cleansed and washed with a mild solution of carbolic acid. She never knows what germs that were floating through the air (and to believe the medical scientists, no altitude is too high or depth too low for their floating existence) may have alighted on her hair and been whisked off into the hairs of her brush. If she is cleanly she has her hair regularly shampooed, but her brush and comb should be equal in importance for cleanliness, in this is her salvation.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TOP HAT.

THE evolution of costume during the Victorian era was, on the whole, in the direction of simplicity. Gentlemen's Court dress retained the cocked hat and knee breeches of the eighteenth century, but the lace cravats, and diamond shoe buckles disappeared, and for variously coloured silk coats was substituted, about 1845, a dark brown cloth or black velvet. With regard to morning wear, the traditions of the Regency were preserved, at the beginning of the reign, in the dark blue or green frock coat, the high and voluminous neckcloth, the gorgeous waistcoat, and the Hessian boots. Another style of dress was a military coat, frogged with braid and velvet. Of an evening, coloured coats and trousers, the former with velvet collars, and the tails faced with silk, though going out of fashion, were still worn. This magnificence, was, however, a survival; and before the 'fifties' had waned black cloth became the rule both by night and day. An essential feature of modern costume appeared about 1840, when the tall silk hat invaded England from France, and promptly replaced the beaver. This unbecoming and inconvenient head-gear, though its shape varied from time to time, continued to exercise a relentless despotism. In most respects the business man of 1647 looked much like his successor of forty years later, though the more elderly clung to the stock instead of the silk tie, worn first in a bow, and afterwards in a sailor's knot, and gloves were invariably black, not tan-coloured. The details of the orthodox suit underwent, of course, numerous modifications; the coat was worn now double and now single breasted, waistcoats were cut now high and now low, trousers varied from loose to tight. The unofficial dress became altered in the direction of comfort. The Prince Consort popularised the ugly but useful felt hat or 'billy-cock;' coloured cloth suits were to be seen in country towns, even on market days, though the City and Bond Street knew them not, and the round tailless coat was no longer confined to boyhood.

THE TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

THE ancients seem to have had greater faith in the ruling care of Providence than we can profess to. They left full scope for the intervention of the 'divinity that shapes our ends,' even in the proceedings of their law courts. The old trial by ordeal, predecessor of the trial by jury, sprang from an idea that Providence would not allow an innocent person to suffer. Such ordeals were often insisted on by the Grecian oracles, these oracles being frequently constituted the judges between man and man. The water ordeal at Ephesus was specially employed for women. The accused having given her oath of innocence was placed in the water with this oath inscribed on a tablet that hung round her neck. If innocent the water remained still, if guilty it rose till the tablet floated. Coming to Roman times, we meet the story of Tucco, the vestal, whose innocence was proved by her carrying water in a sieve—a story which may easily be paralleled by turning to Romish legends of the saints.

But the Romans generally adhered to more modern principles of jurisdiction. If a crime was not clearly proved the accused went free, without the intervention of supernatural interference. With the early German tribes it was different. Menzel tells us that when 'the truth could not be discovered by ordinary means the decision was left to God. Besides the ordeal by single combat, customary between free-born men, there were also those by fire and water, to which women and slaves were subjected; the hand or the foot being held upon red-hot iron or in boiling water.' Similar methods long prevailed in France, but the Germans were especially tenacious of them, and clung to them after other nations had turned to other means of justice. Strange to say, our own trial by jury, is in itself a kind of survival of the trial by ordeal. The accused, in early Saxon times, instead of submitting to any other ordeal, offered to give his cause to the first dozen men that might be chosen, for them to judge it. By degrees, this form of ordeal, by its manifest superiority, ousted all the other old cruel and superstitious proceedings. Decidedly it is preferable to walking blindfold over a row of heated ploughshares, with the faint hope that Providence might keep the feet from contact with the red-hot iron. Trial by single combat, would also seem barbarous to us now, if suggested by puzzled lawyers; and as for the ordeal by touching the murdered body, even its picturesqueness cannot make us regard it as a satisfactory method of discovering the murderer.

When the witchcraft scare troubled the minds of clergy and people, many were the ordeals resorted to for the discovery of guilt. Most of these were excellent means for discovering guilt where there was none. One curious instance took place at Aylesbury, in England, when Susan Haynokes was weighed in the balance against a Bible; this took place in 1759. It does not appear what the judgment was to be; but unless the Bible was exceedingly ponderous and the woman exceedingly light, poor Susannah must surely have outweighed Holy Scripture. In America numberless instances of blind perversion of justice abounded, when the pilgrim fathers instituted a persecution more cruel and unreasoning than any that they had themselves fled from. But it must not be supposed that trial by ordeal is a European growth alone; for, setting aside its recognition in Scripture, it has been extensively practised from countless generations in India, Japan and other parts of Asia. The Hindu law of Manu enjoined that an accused man should 'take hold of fire,' or dive under water, or touch the heads of his wife and sons one by one. The man whom fire burns not, and water forces not up, and who suffers no harm, must be instantly held innocent of perjury.' What may be signified by touching the heads of wife and children, hardly appears. In Japan certain characters are written on a piece of paper; this is rolled up and swallowed by the accused. If guilty, it is supposed to cause him such inward disquiet that at last he confesses. The disquiet, one might imagine, would depend upon the size and quality of the paper. In cases of theft in India every member of the suspected household has to swallow a spoonful of rice, the thief being sometimes discovered by his nervous discomfort in swallowing. This seems to be very similar to that ordeal of the morsel of bread, much practised in Saxon times, which his monkish enemies aver to have caused the death of Godwin. In libel both accused and accuser are subjected to the same ordeal, which must make the libellers chary of lodging accusations. A poison is given to the suspected in Madagascar; if his stomach rejects it, he is guiltless: if not, it would seem that the proof and punishment go hand-in-hand. African modes of justice are very similar, and depend rather on the physical constitution of the accused than anything else. It is not surprising that untaught savages should adopt such methods; but that Europe should have adhered to them so long may well astonish us. England, happily, abolished these ordeals, with the exception of single combat, more early than some continental nations. The duel survived as a kind of private ordeal. Early in the 15th Century ordeals were forbidden by edict. The superstitions connected with them of course long survived; but trials and convictions were influenced by other and juster principles. Justice may still miscarry at times; but its miscarriage is now, happily, the exception.

BARRILLI AND THE POPE.

BARRILLI, the singer, was on his way through Lyons at the time Pope Leo XII. was exiled by Napoleon. It was very cold, and he had put on a red cap that came down over his ears. Arrived at the hotel, he asked them what time they served supper. 'Monsigneur, at any time you wish,' said the host. 'It shall be served to you in your own room.' 'But this will be too expensive for me. I will dine at the *table d'hôte*.' 'We know that anyone who is forced to quit his country has often to put up with a great deal, but here we are only too happy to receive you. Do not trouble about expense.' They brought him an exquisite supper much beyond his means, and he again tried to explain—'I am not what you think. I am only a singer.' 'We know all about that; exiled, proscribed, it is natural that you should not reveal yourself. Be assured of our discretion'. Barrilli resigned himself and stayed there some days. At his departure, he found the whole household drawn up, begging for his blessing. 'You refuse my money, said he, 'it would be ingratitude to refuse you my blessing.' And he gave it them, and drove off quickly. They had take him for the Pope.

THE MADNESS OF LORD BYRAM.

BY HENRY RICHARDSON RAE.

CHAPTER I.

MARGARET.

IT is a long time ago now since this thing occurred. The years, somehow, seem to roll away faster and faster as one grows older; and the twilight of the early colonial days grows fainter and fainter, as time and black night creep on!

I remember well enough all the circumstances; and I can almost feel at this moment, the glare of that lurid, scorching Australian summer's day, eighteen hundred and something, when they brought Lord Byram to modern Bedlam. I stood by, in fact, when the waggon arrived. There he lay—mad, pallid, clammy, dust-covered, and exhausted, on a pallet at the bottom of the conveyance. All the way, for two hundred miles, or more, he had struggled to be free, and kept on calling for Margaret. But now he was weak, and helpless as a child; the delirium had passed away. With it, also, went suddenly, after a sleep which was stupor, the very remembrance of Margaret—he never once I think mentioned her name again. All recollection in that respect (as in others) seemed to have been utterly blotted out after raging fever of the brain had passed over. Then there was a knocking at Modern Bedlam door (reminding one of the knocking at the gate in Macbeth), and mysterious mutterings and whispers, and official papers to account for what was self-evident—and so the arrival was explained.

No time was lost in unbinding the cords that held the patient down, and Lord Byram was speedily conveyed past the given portals. He was, in fact, shot inside, as a bag of coals might be shot down a coal hole: the creaking gate was instantly closed, after official delivery had been taken of the human parcel. Exactly the same thing happens every day almost—even at mansions—when the baker hands in his loaf. And I have known something like it occur when an upstart Yahoo answered the bell which had been ever so gently touched by the hand of a gentleman.

There is no such thing as good manners to be found in Bedlam—nor yet in the habitations (be they ever so grand and gaudy) of many a mushroom *parvenu*. The door was shut, the gates were locked—and a crack of the whip told the jaded horses that they could trot away up-country wards. It is in this cold blooded, inevitable way that pregnant chapters in people's lives open, and fatal chapters close. Then the end comes; the word 'Finis' is written in fantastic characters by the hand of time—and the man is not yet born who can say positively what that word means.

It would take an abler pen than mine to deal fully with the three very incomprehensible elements of this little narrative. For myself, I had nothing to do with the bringing of them together. They fall into their peculiar places, simply because the story happens to be true—and it is the true thing that is always the strangest. Bedlam is a very incomprehensible house; the insane man is a very incomprehensible man; a girl—be her name Margaret or any other—is incomprehensible to most men, and probably to herself—although, maybe, most women understand her, perfectly. Perhaps the better way will be to take the girl first, and so get her out of the way as it were, before one comes to speak of things far more disagreeable and by no means so nice?

And it is rather fortunate that I really have little to say about her, for much about her I do not know. Her name appears to have been Margaret. Lord Byram raved and raved over the name, and caused it to be borne—on the wings of the hot wind—through the lonely and long Beechworth road, for 200 miles. I am aware that her name was Margaret from other circumstances. There was a curl of yellow hair in a volume of miscellaneous poems, in Lord Byram's tent at the Ovens, and a bunch of withered and dry violets in the same book, on the fly leaf of which was written 'from Margaret.' There was, in the same tent, a very gaudy and brilliant piece of feminine workmanship, which, I understand, was called a 'comforter' (it looked exceedingly out of place, on a peg in a tent, on a January day, at the Ovens diggings), but Lord Byram thought nothing on all the field so appropriate and handsome. It was, he said, knitted by Margaret. Furthermore there was a photo. There always is, somehow, a photo. Aboard ship, up in the lonely interior, on stations; on any corner of this earth where civilized man is—there is a photo—the photo of a woman. This one had the name 'Margaret' written on the back of it. It wasn't the photo, exactly, of a very pretty girl, but it was the picture of an attractive and interesting girl, with eyes dazzling and speaking a language of their own, which I don't profess to thoroughly understand. Lord Byram thought he knew that language thoroughly—yet he didn't, not he.

For now in as few words as may be it is to be stated that our interesting Margaret of the dazzling eyes was at the bottom, and indeed the sole cause, of Lord Byram's present trouble. She was far away in Sussex, and perhaps was not greatly concerned in what might occur 13,000 miles away. She was the pledged sweetheart of the man who now called himself Lord Byram; and it was for her he worked and struggled on the Ovens; worked on hopefully and even joyously for months and months. But, one day there came an English mail and a letter. Margaret herself wrote it—she wrote to say she had married another. This is a thing that girls constantly do, and often without logical explanation. It doesn't hurt them, I suppose, to marry 'another,' or even trouble them in the smallest, although sometimes the consequences are so serious to him whose misfortune it may be that he isn't 'another.' The thing happens every day on this remarkable globe, and probably will take place until the 21st Century, about which period, I think, marriage will be altogether superseded by some simpler and altogether more rational climax to courtship. However, we haven't got rid of the 19th century and its somewhat conventional methods yet; and there are men now living who cannot stand a jilting at all. There are, of course, philosophers, who take the thing as a matter of course, and put the best possible face on it and assume an unwonted cheerfulness under the distressing blow. But the number of philosophers is very small: so small is it that even in our House of Representatives, with its seventy odd giant intellects, there are but three philosophers. I won't name them—you probably can pick them out. The men who are not philosophers have a really bad time after the perfidious Margarets have done with them, and thrown them over. They invariably take to something or other—and the something doesn't somehow appear a good thing for a bad condition of affairs. Some take to laudanum, or the rushing river or the moaning sea. We cannot say what country lies beyond that wide and dark ocean. Some take to drink—and thus vulgarize a very tender and melancholy romance. Some take to eternal celibacy—and this, it may be, is a very sensible thing to take to. But I am hardly sure, never having tried it. Lastly some take to downright madness. This is what Lord Byram took to, not immediately, but within a reasonable time after reading Margaret's letter.

At first he could not believe it to be true. There are countless true things which the very sanest man refuses to credit when he first hears them. When Lord Byram found there was no getting away from the awful fact that confronted him in the little Sussex note, he was struck dumb and motionless for a period, after which, as the days crept on, he grew more and more 'strange,' and then came the maniac. The frantic fever passed on—and for ever after there was quite a simple and a harmless, nay, even an innocent man, rational, in a way, on nearly all subjects; but firmly rooted to a fixed delusion, which never for an instant left him. He believed himself to be Lord Byron—and he called Lord Byron 'Lord Byram.'

It will be my purpose in succeeding papers to tell you something about this man, and to attempt to describe the queer institution at which he was lodged when this desultory narrative opened. Margaret—I think you may go. There is really no more to be said about you. You are probably a mother now, and not at all comely. Those bright eyes, that dazzled so in 1869—was it 1869?—are dull now, and covered with spectacles. Your violets are dust, and their sweet scent is gone for ever. I hope you are happy—happy as wives and mothers go. Their share of happiness isn't a great one; and I am afraid 'another' generally turns out a rank fraud. Anyhow, there was no mistake about your old sweetheart, who was sane enough to go clean mad on your account, at the Ovens diggings in the sixties? Of course you meant no harm, and did what you did for the best: or rather, didn't think much about it, one way or another, at all. But I at all events heard your name called and called on the Beechworth road, on the broiling summer's day above referred to; and I know for a fact that towards the end of the journey your name and all recollection of you were utterly blotted out from the memory of the man, who up to then, adored you! But you did not treat him well now did you?

CHAPTER II.—MODERN BEDLAM.

WHAT happened to Lord Byram when the doors were closed and the waggons drove away I really don't know. It depended, of course, a good deal on himself. After all, our treatment in the world—even in the insane world—rests very much on our own conduct. If Lord Byram fell in with his curious surroundings and acted like a well-behaved, rational, and reasonable madman, I haven't the least doubt that he could wander up and down the long ward in which he was confined in a perfectly vacant, idiotic, and wild sort of way, entirely unmolested by anybody. If, on the contrary, he was troublesome or pugnacious, they had a way in Modern Bedlam of crunching, or I might say breaking in, all such patients. Lord Byram, of course, thought everybody he saw

SEVERAL MILLIONAIRES TALKING ALL DAY LONG OF GOLD, HEAPS OF GOLD, WANDERED UP AND DOWN.

around him was mad; but then everybody thought the same thing of every other body in the community, which, to be sure, was a mad one. There were kings and queens very numerous in the Asylum: Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, was there, eating a filthy looking mess of minced meat out of a dilapidated pannikin; the Empress Eugenie was on the other side of the premises sailing about in a brown winsey dress stamped in various places with a broad arrow. Several millionaires talking all day long of gold, gold, heaps of gold, wandered up and down—their pockets stuffed with rags, stones, and bits of old newspapers. These people I notice generally have softening of the brain and go off in a fit; the brain of the real millionaire is hard as nails—yet he too goes off when his time comes, generally in a fit—and no wonder! A million of money is sufficient of itself to give any man apoplexy or paralysis. Some of the people believed themselves to be dead; believed themselves to be transformed; believed themselves to be as soft as butter—or else so brittle that they sat down with extreme caution, afraid of breaking themselves. Others of them thought they were lost, and looked for themselves in various places—looked for themselves under the bed—and couldn't find themselves there or anywhere else. There is no place in this world where the intense selfishness of mankind is more apparent than in an insane hospital. Every man there, every woman, is wrapt up in self. In Bedlam, ancient or modern, there were or are no friendships. I have seen poverty, in a Kerry workhouse, relieved and graced by the affection of two people who clung to each other through the storm of adversity and penury; I have seen the delightful friendship of little children in orphan asylums; I have known High School girls correspond with each other for a decade. I have witnessed that sort of impulse which we call honour among thieves, and which is the result of friendship; but such a thing as love or affection for each other is never found amongst the insane. Every being there stands alone. And this is rather an advantage, if the establishment be a well-ordered, honest, and well-regulated one. There can be no combination or conspiracy, or anything of that kind, to injure the management. If the management be bad the disadvantage is just as great—one finds it absolutely impossible to get at the naked truth; for no two insane people will agree on one story: and one can't get the exact truth from officials who are themselves implicated.

Now, it so happened that about the time that Lord Byram was brought to Modern Bedlam, there was a great hub-bub about that eccentric institution, and people outside didn't very well know what to make of it. If one judged by entries in official visitors' books, and reports of inspectors, and, above all by statistics, it was an admirably conducted hospital. Nay, even if one went through it and saw just those people, places, and things that the public at large might look at, there seemed to be every reason for commendation. On the other hand, the *Melbourne Argus* kept hammering away at the place; saying in leader after leader, that it was a disgrace to the era: that deceit, dishonesty, and gross cruelty governed it, and that all the reports, entries, and statistics merely recorded outward show, and sham, while within everything was about as bad as an egg laid six months ago. There was a large farm attached to the Modern Bedlam grounds worked by lunatic labour; but the *Argus* said these poor creatures were driven like dumb cattle, and haven't a bit better lives—moreover what became of the produce: the insane people it was absolutely certain never saw so much as an egg! The cures, when analysed by the *Argus*, didn't look creditable at all. And the number of deaths were out of all proportion to what they should be. It was remarkable also—the *Argus* kept on saying—how many of these dead people were found with broken ribs; those horrid and incredulous editors simply scoffed at stories of falls from window-sills! This state of things went on—puffs of Modern Bedlam in one paper, severe censure in the other—until at last the Government were obliged to take notice of it. The truth must be elicited somehow—if at all possible. It was an immense concern costing an enormous sum of public money, and nearly one thousand human beings—some of them, many of them, the pioneers of the country—were incarcerated within those walls: prisoners but not criminals. For lunacy is a disease; it is as much a disease as phthisis is; and it is a strange thing that even those persons who ought to be quite aware and sure of this, are not always aware and sure of it. I had a book once by Dr. Forbes Winslow called 'The Confessions of the Insane.' Now the very title of the book is illogical and inappropriate. 'Confession' implies guilt; but there is no more guilt in a man supposing and believing himself to be Napoleon III. than there is guilt in the red rash of scarletina. Anyhow, the Government said to the keeper of Modern Bedlam that he must either take an action for libel against the *Argus* or retire from the Lunacy Department. And he did take the action. What that memorable trial cost, I don't now remember; but it lasted nine days, and was, in several respects, the most extraordinary investigation in Oceana, in modern times. Witness after witness came forward to declare that what the *Argus* said and persistently repeated wasn't true. They described the institution as a sort of nineteenth century paragon of madhouse. They said there wasn't any cruelty perpetrated there at all; no robbery; no plunder of Government property and produce; no organised system of jesuitical deceit: no concealment of ugly sights; no brutality; no restraint worth mentioning. But the *Argus* had witnesses also—very few—and these told a quite different story. There were some of the best medical and scientific men of Melbourne amongst them; the jury believed these men; so did the Chief Justice who tried the case; and a rotten, corrupt management fell to pieces. From that time henceforward I lose all faith in special visitors' reports, and if I find them exceedingly fulsome and lavish in praise—I know exactly how the lunatic cat jumps.

Although I am not aware of the particular treatment accorded to Lord Byram immediately on his admission to Modern Bedlam, I have a perfect knowledge of that very surprising and erratic institution as it was at that time, and subsequently. The place where his lordship was taken to, when the doors were shut upon him—so far as the outer world was concerned—was a long gallery or corridor, built of stone, with cells or rooms on each side to the number of, I think, fifty. It had all the appearance of a prison. Some of these rooms or cells were wide open; others were locked; and from these latter howls, execrations, and mournful snatches of rhyme variously proceeded. There was one room occupied by a man who was a shipwrecked sailor—quite a young and good-looking fellow he was. He kept pacing up and down his cell day and night—no one ever knew of his getting any sleep. He kept pacing up and down heaving an imaginary lead and singing out, 'Eight fathom! Six fathom! Five fathom!' for weeks and weeks. Another man was sitting in a corner of his cell intently bent on tearing all his clothes and bed clothes into pieces about an inch square. Another man was decked out with tin and tinsel like a warrior; and another was crouched in a corner with a pair of black eyes and several broken bones. A great many were walking up and down the corridor in that listless way which lunatics have always—with wild eyes, mutterings, occasional bursts of laughter which were far more melancholy than the strains of an Æolian harp. Generally there was an air of disorder and confusion about the whole surroundings of the place, and a good deal of discordant noise. But in a month after the jury had given in their verdict in the Ayers case the whole thing was changed. A new management was at once appointed. All those locked cells were immediately thrown open, and the incarcerated creatures therein had henceforth some degree of liberty. They could roam about at will—and did; nor did anybody suffer in consequence. The old managers said these men were 'dangerous'—that was the sole and simple explanation of their treatment. But they were dangerous because they were made so by improper treatment. One of the great delusions of sane men is that insane persons are necessarily 'dangerous.' There are, of course, dangerous lunatics; there are, here and there, raving maniacs—just as in the sane world there are, here and there, poisoners and cut-throats. But, as a rule, insane people very much resemble children, and can be managed rather more easily. The uproar, and clamour, and turmoil at Modern Bedlam ceased, anyhow; and presently there was not one single being in confinement in that building. It was Dr. Conolly who first discovered or adopted this humane and rational system of treating mentally afflicted persons. Judge Conolly, of Auckland, is, I think, his son. There was a man once whom Dr Conolly released in this way, and who, soon afterwards was set to work in a wood, chopping trees, Dr. Conolly happened to go to see the man at work. Instead of recognising the man as his benefactor, however, the man raised his axe with both hands over his head—in an instant it would have smote the great and philanthropic reformer. But Dr. Conolly never wavered an instant: he took out his watch, looked at it, looked at the man, and again at the watch—and the insane woodchopper turned away, lowered his axe and went on with his work. So that, you see that nerve and resource and presence of mind will do very much, even in those cases where insane people are really dangerous—and these cases are not at all numerous.

HE KEPT PACING UP AND DOWN HEAVING AN IMAGINARY LEAD AND SINGING OUT, 'EIGHT FATHOM! SIX FATHOM! FIVE FATHOM!'

I could tell you some queer things about Modern Bedlam if I chose; and, indeed, I never think of that place without being awfully and deeply impressed with the utter vanity of human affairs. There was De Courcey, of De Courcey Hall, Galway. He died in Modern Bedlam; he is buried in the insane cemetery, and there isn't so much as a + to mark the place where his bones are. Yet at one time he

had his hounds and his racehorses, and his open house; —his hospitable house; open to all comers. Hospitality and Irish extravagance ruined the family of De Courcey. The Landed Estates Court sold them up, and left them with just enough to take them to Australia. What could De Courcey do in Australia? Shoot snipe, grease, ride to hounds, be first over a break-neck fence, and sport scarlet? The man with his family landed in Port Philip; looked for work when he could do nothing worth doing in this world, and presently grew silly. He grew to be imbecile: then they took him away to Modern Bedlam —and in that institution the gay Galway spark, the crack shot, the squire of the district, the leading Freemason and foremost J.P. idiotically came to his end. I daresay there is a clump of earth covered with yellow grass just over him at the present moment. Then there was that famous barrister —the greatest wit and genius who ever left England. I saw him in Modern Bedlam—oh God! what a sight! what a wreck! He also was a man of infinitely large heart—his head and intellect were quite as gigantic as his heart was. But poor De Courcey hadn't an ounce of brains.

But I am losing sight of Lord Byram altogether. In the next chapter we must remember that there is—or was—such a person.

CHAPTER III.—MORE ABOUT MODERN BEDLAM.

MODERN BEDLAM was, and is, so curious a place that once in it, or about it, one can't very well get away from it. I must say something more about this queer institution, which I happen to know thoroughly. There are many people who dread even to go inside the walls of the building. I knew an Archbishop who ordered out his carriage to drive out in order to go round 'the establishment.' But when he got as far as the gates, his ecclesiastical courage failed him, and he directed his coachman to—drive back to the Palace again. Another man—a barrister before mentioned in this story—said to himself, 'I must see Modern Bedlam.' Well, he did see it, sure enough—but he was mad at the time. When he went to the place of his own accord, and when he was sane, he just looked at the outer walls: Heaven only knows what his thoughts were—but he turned back without knocking. And yet there isn't and wasn't, anything to be afraid of; but there was and is a very great deal to give one food for reflection, and to think over. Talk about the tricks of the poor heathen Chinee: talk about the abominable deceit of some women, and many Jesuits—what are these things compared to the artifices and deceptions in this hospital for the insane? It was an admirable show place for visitors, and nothing was more amusing than to hear the exclamations of these people—they were quite delighted always with what they saw. A large day room was kept scrupulously clean for their sole inspection: it was scrubbed out every morning at 6 a.m. by the poor creatures who, after breakfast, had to go and do a long day's work in the bush like the convicts in the mines of Siberia. Tables were covered with nice cloths, and flowers were brought in—but a patient never so much as got a glimpse of these refinements. There were show dormitories also—awful places at night, with dozens of human beings huddled anyhow on the floor; but at daybreak all the ruck and muck were cleared away: beautifully white quilts were put on the beds and the stock of these articles, which I dare say cost £70 or more, was used for the exclusive purpose of deceiving the public. Where else in this world were bed-clothes put on beds in the day time to be removed at night? And not a single person ever saw his own white counterpane! Not a solitary being except visitors ever looked at these beautiful clean beds. The poor devils scrubbed away in the morning—fixed up the dormitories and day rooms—and were then driven out to work, after a breakfast lasting for ten minutes. I have seen them chained to trucks, like cattle, covered with perspiration and mud (two very bad things—I always avoid both myself) and this work, and the scrubbing and cleaning, and three meals, and sleep—this constituted their whole insane lives. A dozen or two of the people were treated differently for various reasons. First of all they had friends, and some influential friends. It is a very good thing, even when one is mad, and fancies himself the King of the Cannibal Islands, to have influential friends. I have friends myself, and am about as rational as Solomon, but it will take my friends all their time to see that I am not ill-used, if, unfortunately, I should one day be taken to Modern Bedlam. The dozen or two fortunate but demented persons just referred to were 'show' patients too; they had tweed suits and were supposed to enjoy various privileges. They went, for instance, in a gang to race meetings. Right under the Grand-stand, where everybody of any consequence could see them, seats were erected—and there the unfortunate beings were paraded race meeting after race meeting, although the course had many other spots far more fitted for that privacy and retirement which is best fitted for well regulated lunacy. There was a reading-room in Modern Bedlam also—delightfully clean and not a speck of dust or dirt anywhere. A good many papers were filed there, the day after the officials had quite done with them. But the strange thing about this reading-room was—that nobody ever read anything in it. It was kept up simply for show, and the patients kept it clean for visitors to look at—that was all. I saw a poor fellow once wandering in there, in an idiotic, vacant sort of way; he didn't want to read—he wandered in there by accident. He was instantly caught by the collar and thrown out on the gravel. Also there was a billiard-room. The cannons of the gasaliers of this room were kept well-polished; every day they were looked after and burnished up—but what was gas laid on there at all for? For the gas never once was lighted. On wet days the patients were crowded into this room—that was the only time they saw it. Covered with muck and mud and drenching wet, they were brought in from the bush, and it was a spectacle to see some few of them knocking the balls about, while some forty or fifty others stood around huddled together like a flock of sheep.

To go through this place in daytime, and to see it, as it really was, at night (or at any other time), were two totally different things. It was crowded, to be sure—and that was the excuse for many things, although no excuse at all, when one looked into matters properly! For instance, dozens of inmates slept anyhow (or didn't sleep at all) on dirty straw mattresses thrown on the floor. The explanation of this circumstance was that the accommodation was insufficient to berth the people properly. Now at this very time the keeper (whose name, strange to say, was Cobbler, although he never did mend the worn out soul of mortal) had an excellent house, suitable, in fact, for anybody to live in. But it wasn't at all grand enough for him. With material purchased by the Government, and with the labour of insane

AND HE PASSED AWAY PALLID AND COLD, WITH THE NAME MARGARET ON HIS LIPS, AND HER MEMORY RESTORED TO HIS POOR WANDERING BRAIN.

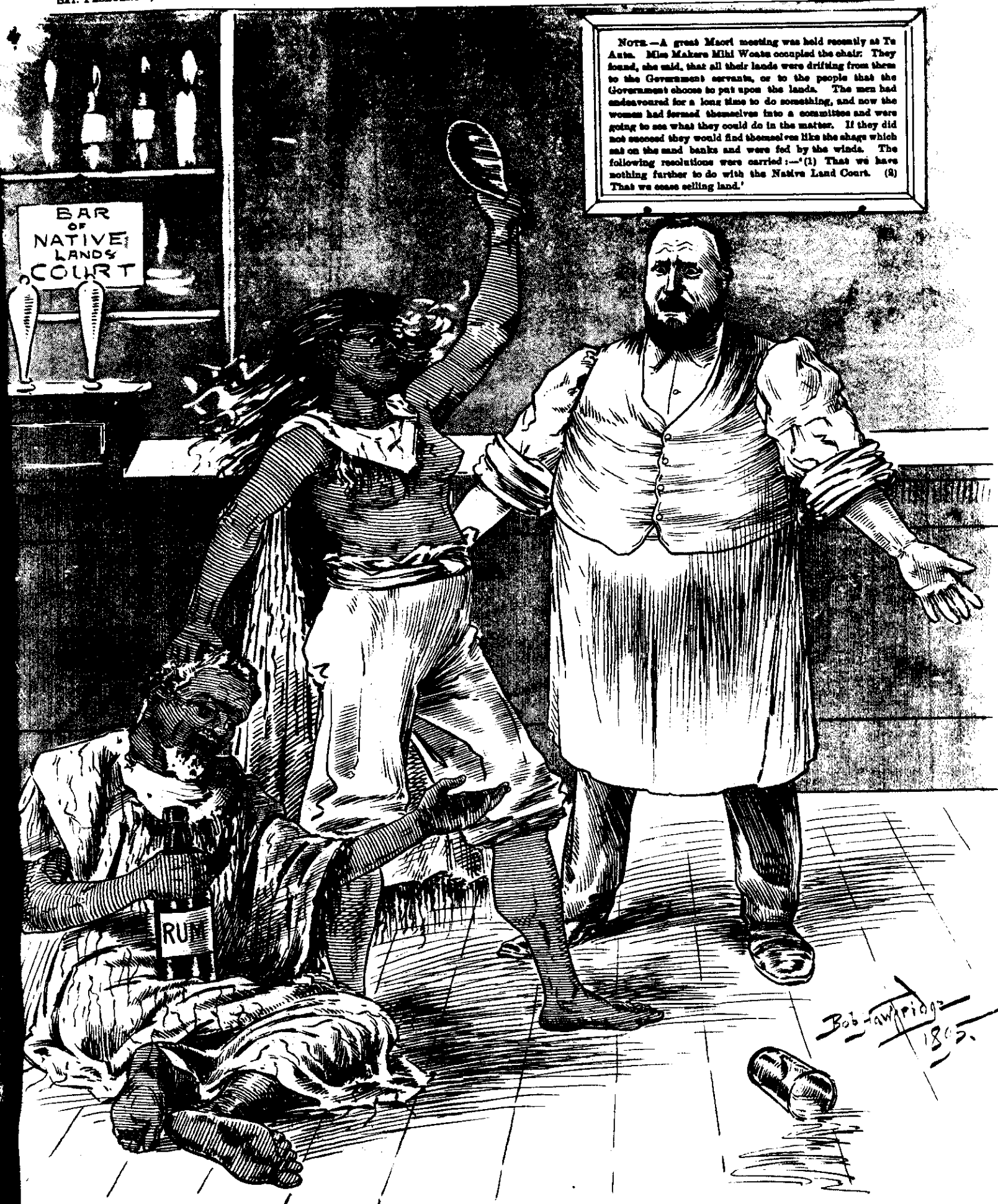
and other persons, a splendid residence was built on a section of the keeper's own, for his own especial use. This new abode was called 'Modern Bedlam Lodge'—and the unfortunate and helpless imbeciles had to continue to sleep on the floor nevertheless. And all the while there were the Inspectors and visitors, praising the management of Modern Bedlam, and deploring the supineness of the Government for not providing more buildings for the mentally afflicted! This is the sort of thing that has ruled the world for centuries, but isn't going to rule it for twenty years more. People are getting too enlightened now to tolerate humbug of this kind, and they won't do so.

But perhaps you may think I ought to say less about Modern Bedlam and more about Lord *Byram*, the hero of this story; and you may perhaps wonder where or how or why I learned so much—and I could tell you far more than I have done—about a mad house. For it is quite certain that this Idler (eccentric certainly he is) was never taken to Modern Bedlam by anybody living? In fact, he is too sane a man, even for a church. Neither did he go there as a spy, as a writer for the Melbourne *Argus* once did. I would not accept any such position. But I have a knowledge of Modern Bedlam, all the same; and if you want a full and complete history of the institution you can get it, if you ask for it with becoming politeness.

CHAPTER IV.—LORD BYRAM.

LOYD BYRAM was a tall, slim, gentlemanly looking young fellow: he much reminded me, in appearance, of Colonel Hughes Hallett, the superfinely Conservative member for Rochester. He—Lord Byram—knew very little about Lord Byron, although he thought he was that poetic lord. When a change took place in the management of Modern Bedlam it was seen that Lord Byram was a perfectly simple, good-natured, harmless, and, in many respects, trustworthy man, and he was allowed almost perfect liberty. The officials employed him often as a messenger to the adjacent town, and he invariably did what he had to do reliably. In this way he earned a little money, and was able to dress himself in suitable clothing. This attire was, of course, *à la* Byron—he wore a loose sackcloth, turn down collar, and even pretended to be a little lame on one foot. I mentioned the name of Margaret to him on several occasions, but it never appeared to excite in him even a glimmer of a recollection. All the past appeared to be an utter and complete blank in his memory. He could speak quite rationally on a great many subjects, but he invariably shunned the society of women—a fact which shows that he was either very mad or too sane, I am not sure which. At Modern Bedlam the officials occasionally gave dances and balls for the amusement of their friends, and to these a proportion of the inmates were admitted. Poor things, they danced a jig or two like automatons at these entertainments. On one of these occasions the Queen of Spain (a rather fat person about 40 years of age) seeing Lord Byram standing in a melancholy mood and attitude *solus*, walked up to him and asked him to do her the favour of 'dancing this jig' with her. This was a reversal of the usual procedure in such cases—but in Bedlam things are generally somewhat upside down. At all events Lord Byram wasn't at all pleased or complimented. He said to the Queen of Spain: 'Young woman! Keep your distance! I want none of your freedoms! I'd have you to know that I'm a respectable married man, and my name is Lord Byram!' This latter statement shows that Lord Byram didn't really know very much about Lord Byron, who couldn't very well be called a 'respectable' married man. The Queen of Spain retired—as other Queens of Spain have done before now.

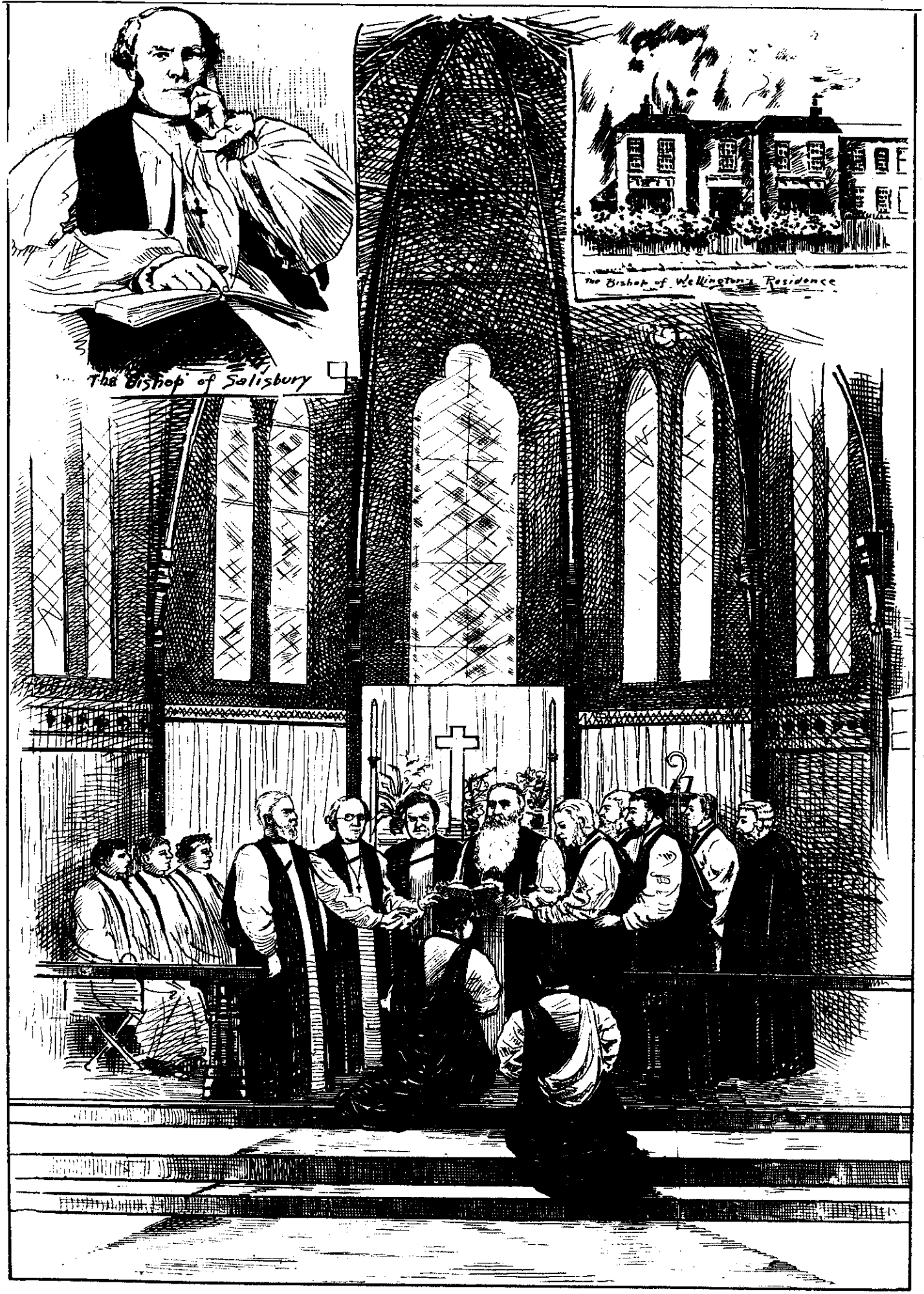
When the Galatea anchored in Port Philip Bay Lord Byram took it into his head that he would go and see His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Accordingly, one afternoon he hired a boat, and got alongside that neat little vessel. On deck he rather startled the officers by an announcement that he wished H.R.H. the Dook to be immediately informed that 'Lord Byram was aboard wishing to see His Royal Highness.' The officers didn't very well know what to make of the incident, or what to think of the man; but anyhow some one of them went to the Duke of Edinburgh's cabin and told him what had taken place on deck. The Duke appears to have seen through the thing in a moment. He gave directions for his lordship to be shown down to him. And there the two had cigars and wine, and chatted pleasantly for an hour or two—the Duke being extremely amused with some of the remarks of his strange guest. Lord Byram wanted, above all things, to be taken permanently, on the Galatea, and the Duke was apparently quite willing to do so; but presently a boat came under the bows, and Lord Byram was carried forcibly back to Modern Bedlam. There, for a time, he was in disgrace; and put under lock and key once more. But he was so amiable, so entirely harmless, that, shortly, he was allowed his full measure of freedom again. Some years afterwards, he was seized with typhoid fever. He raged and raved for days and nights. Then came calm and quietude, and serene peace. For an hour, back again came to him, all memory, so long lost: he lived his youth over again; he saw the green lanes of the home country — he heard the voice once more of Margaret! And he passed away pallid and cold, with the name of Margaret on his lips, and her memory restored to his poor wandering brain.



NOTE.—A great Maori meeting was held recently at Te Aute. Miss Makere Mihi Woate occupied the chair. They found, she said, that all their lands were drifting from them to the Government servants, or to the people that the Government choose to put upon the lands. The men had endeavoured for a long time to do something, and now the women had formed themselves into a committee and were going to see what they could do in the matter. If they did not succeed they would find themselves like the shags which sat on the sand banks and were fed by the winds. The following resolutions were carried:—'(1) That we have nothing further to do with the Native Land Court. (2) That we cease selling land.'

"THE LATEST NEW WOMAN."

MINISTER OF LANDS.—"But, my good woman, if we don't buy your husband's lands how will you live?"
NEW WOMAN (native product) "That's our affair."



THE CONSECRATION OF DR. WALLIS, BISHOP OF WELLINGTON.

ST PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL.

THE NEW BISHOP OF WELLINGTON.

CONSECRATION AND INSTALLATION CEREMONIES.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

ALL'S well that ends well—and after much and long unpleasantness, and some bitterness and ill feeling, Wellington has secured a Bishop who, one can now scarcely doubt, will become exceedingly popular. Bishop Wallis is quite a young man. He speaks with clear distinctness and has a pleasant voice and good delivery. The same cannot invariably be said of all bishops. He is not a

REV. DR. WALLIS, BISHOP OF WELLINGTON.
Consecrated January 25, 1895.

very fluent speaker. His young wife will, perhaps, be the most universally liked of the two. She is quite an affable, pleasant, ladylike and good sort of Christian.

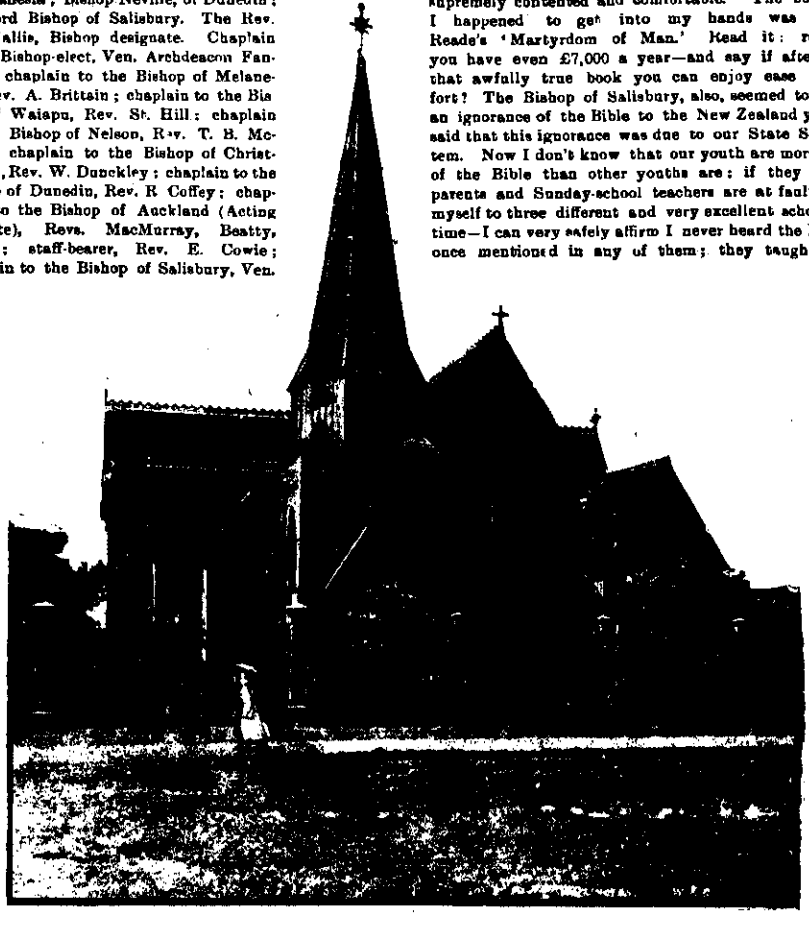
The consecration service was held in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Thorndon, on Friday forenoon. This is a large and unfinished structure containing many very excellent stained glass windows, and seating, I should say 1,100 persons. The admission was by ticket, and I know hundreds of people who were unable to secure orders. At 10.30 a.m., the building was packed, not an available seat being observable. One could not but notice that the majority of the vast congregation were ladies. Ladies, somehow, love bishops almost as much as they love the 'Milingtary.' But there were also many of our leading citizens present, and, strange to say, not a few working men, who quite surprised me by the evident and deep interest they took in the proceedings. These lasted until nearly one o'clock.

Although by no means so imposing a ceremony as the enthronement of a bishop in the Roman Catholic church is, the service was, on the whole, impressive, although, perhaps, it might have been shorter. There was a printed programme for the occasion, and the church officials had made such admirable arrangements that one could almost hear a pin fall, as the people took their respective places. Lady Glasgow and family and Mrs Wallis, attended by Major Elliott, were present in one of the front pews. There was also a contingent of Melanesians from the mission vessel, Southern Cross—some twenty, I should think, who were accommodated with seats close to the pulpit. The choir entered the edifice shortly before 10.30. It consisted of St. Paul's choir, with the addition of a quartet from each of the other Wellington Anglican choirs, the musical arrangements being under the direction of Mr Robert Parker, the Cathedral organist. Mr Parker had arranged the following musical service:—Introit, Psalm 68, sung to the eighth Gregorian tone: Communion service, Stainer in F throughout; Litany, Barnby's arrangement (sung by the Rev. Mr Sprott and the choir); Anthem (after sermon) 'How lovely are the Messengers' from Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul;' Anthem (while the Bishop retired to robe), 'The Lord be a Lamp unto Thy Feet,' from Benedict's 'St. Peter.' The 'Veni Creator' was sung to an old church melody, plain song. The choir sang admirably.

The Rev. Joshua Jones led the procession, acting as Master of Ceremonies. Deacons—The Revs. Fitzgerald and Harrison, Tere and Jenkins, Booth and De Castro, Young and Tisdall. Visiting Priests—the Revs. Windsor and Fitzgerald, MacMurray and Webb, St Hill and Parchas. Diocesan Priests—the Revs. Harper and Russell, Chapman and Davenish, Cameron and Erners, Pineaha and Arana, Davis and Yorke, Hermon and Aitken, Harvey and Innes Jones, Kay and McLean, Waters and Williams, Ballachey and McWilliams, Coffey and Dasent, Archdeacons Stock, Dudley, Govett, and S Williams. Chancellor—Mr W. H. Quick. Bishops—Bishop Cowie (Acting Primate), of Auckland; Bishop Mules, of Nelson; Bishop Williams, of Waiapu; Bishop Julius, of Christchurch; Bishop Wilson,

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN WORDSWORTH
(The Bishop of Salisbury).

of Melanesia; Bishop Neville, of Dunedin; the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. The Rev. Dr. Wallis, Bishop designate. Chaplain to the Bishop-elect, Ven. Archdeacon Fancourt; chaplain to the Bishop of Melanesia, Rev. A. Brittain; chaplain to the Bishop of Waiapu, Rev. St. Hill; chaplain to the Bishop of Nelson, Rev. T. B. McLean; chaplain to the Bishop of Christchurch, Rev. W. Dunckley; chaplain to the Bishop of Dunedin, Rev. R Coffey; chaplains to the Bishop of Auckland (Acting Primate), Revs. MacMurray, Beatty, Sprott; staff-bearer, Rev. E. Cowie; chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury, Ven. Archdeacon Towgood. Then came Psalm lxvii, the Communion service, and the sermon by the Bishop of Salisbury. This was a written discourse principally instituting a comparison between St. Paul and St. John. The most intellectual man of the two was, undoubtedly, St. Paul—St. John was the more human, and therefore the more loveable. There was a good deal of thought and erudition in the Bishop of Salisbury's lecture, but one cannot say that he is at all an eloquent preacher. And some of the things which he said may very reasonably be questioned. He spoke of the love of our generation, and especially in New Zealand, for ease and comfort. I dare say we would all like ease and comfort—if these were obtainable. Even the savage has inclinations that way. But ease and comfort can't be obtained without money, and other contingencies not always, nor often, to hand. The rich even (who are so few) can't get very much of ease and comfort, after all! They have their troubles, and even their embarrassment of wealth prevents them from being altogether comfortably happy. On the other hand the teeming multitude haven't anything like ease and comfort: never will have: never can have. The competition in trade, and in labour, and in all sorts of businesses and professions grows keener and more relentless every day—and where can ease and comfort be, under such circumstances? It seems to me that in these days, men, instead of having ease, are altogether ill at ease. The prevailing feeling isn't one of repose, but of unrest: and even supposing that all was well with us in this life, the unrest does not disappear, even then? The last time I had an hour to spend in an armchair, in solitude and quietness, I took a book, and resolved to be supremely contented and comfortable. The book which I happened to get into my hands was Wynyard Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' Read it: read it if you have even £7,000 a year—and say if after reading that awfully true book you can enjoy ease and comfort? The Bishop of Salisbury, also, seemed to attribute an ignorance of the Bible to the New Zealand youth, and said that this ignorance was due to our State School system. Now I don't know that our youth are more ignorant of the Bible than other youths are: if they are, their parents and Sunday-school teachers are at fault. I went myself to three different and very excellent schools in my time—I can very safely affirm I never heard the Bible even once mentioned in any of them; they taught classics,



Wrigglesworth and Binns, photo., Wellington.

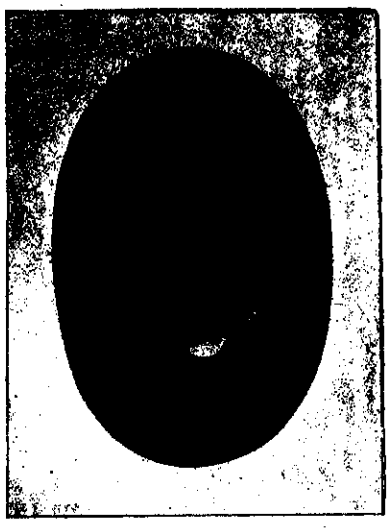
ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL, THORNDON, WELLINGTON.

nothing else! There is a good deal of arrant nonsense about this Bible in State School business. His Lordship concluded his sermon by a feeling reference to the early missionaries and Church of England pioneers of New Zealand, some of whom (for instance, Bishop Selwyn) have attained a wide world celebrity. 'To have taken in hand,' he said, 'one after another of the self controlled Christian lads of the Melanesian mission, and to have trodden the decks and entered the cabins of the mission vessel, Southern Cross, as he had done yesterday, would alone have been worth the journey to this land. Whatever might be the fate of the Maori and Island races, whether they were to die out or to survive, at least they would have the edification of the example of individuals of the race, and of what the early missionaries had accomplished for them.' In an admirable peroration, his Lordship commended to the people the new Bishop, who was about to take up his charge among them.

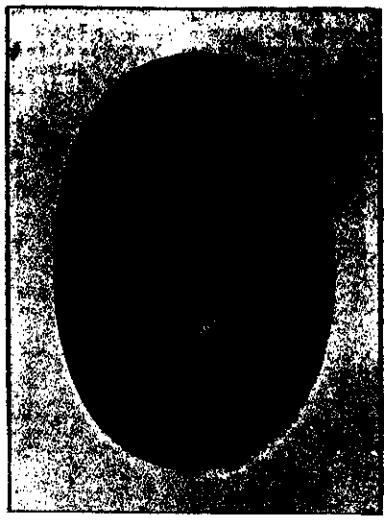
Herrman, photo., Wellington.

ARCHDEACON FANCOURT, WELLINGTON

(Bishop Commissary and Administrator of the Diocese during the vacancy in the See).



BISHOP MULES, OF NELSON.



BISHOP WILSON, OF MELANESIA.

Very good. But although New Zealand is a land flowing with milk and honey, I am afraid even a bishop will find it rather impossible to do a great deal for the poor, and for those strangers and desolate people 'requiring help.' They are innumerable—and this, I always say, should not be so, in such bountiful islands as ours are, and with so few people in them. I did not wait for the communion service. I am not at all good enough for that holy sacrament. I wish I was—I can say no more. At close on one o'clock everybody went home and had a lunch, not unmingled with thoughts on theology. And I dare say, on the whole, the ceremony had done them good, and softened their hearts and judgments to some extent.

There was quite as great a crowd at St. Paul's at 8 p.m. the same evening, when Bishop Wallis was installed. At the hour named, the choir entered the church and took their seats, followed shortly after, during the singing of hymn 393, 'Rejoice ye pure of heart, by the clergy and bishops. The Chancellor (Mr W. H. Quick) read the deed of consecration, after which the newly-consecrated Bishop made the declaration, in which he promised 'to respect, maintain and defend, as far as in me lies, the rights, privileges and liberties of this church and diocese,' and to 'rule over the diocese with justness and charity, showing myself in all things an example to the flock committed to my charge.'

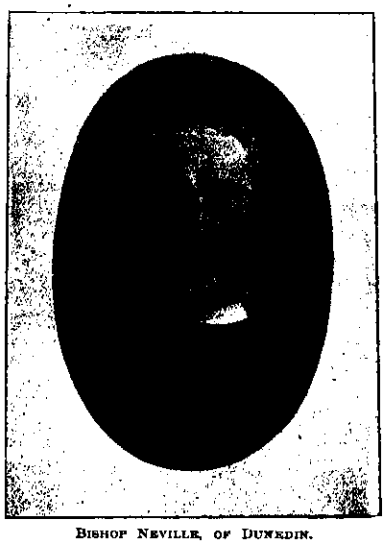
The incumbent of St. Paul's the (Rev. Mr Sprott) afterwards intoned the evening service. The Ven. Archdeacon Fancourt read the first lesson, and Mr Coffey, of St. Mark's, the second. The Psalms were the 84th, 123rd, and 150th, the praises and responses were by Tallis, the canticles by Trimnell in F, and the anthem, 'The Earth is the Lord's,' was also by Trimnell. The soloists were Messrs W. Warren and J. Prouse. The musical portion of the service was under the direction of Mr R. Parker, and Mr T. Tallis Trimnell presided at the organ. For an offertory he played an andante by Henry Smart.

Everybody was anxious to hear the new Bishop's discourse, which followed. It was delivered in a clear and distinct voice, which, I understand, was heard perfectly well in the most remote parts of the building. There was no quaintness, no originality about the address of the Bishop of Salisbury, neither was there either about the utterances of Bishop Wallis. I have an idea that Bishop Julius is the only bishop at present in Oceana who occasionally says things that startle one, or provoke a smile. But Bishop Wallis' address was very argumentative and learned. It was the sermon of a thinking man. You would not care, I suppose, to publish even a bishop's whole sermon in the GRAPHIC, but here is an extract which will convey very well an idea of the style and manner of the man:—'Dare we gird our loins to scale this awful height? Nay, have we a desire to make the ascent? Earth is very dear to us; we cling tightly to old friendships, old interests, old occupations; they do not, we know they cannot, satisfy our needs, but they have become parts of ourselves, we may not part with them. For we are but men, not angels; we earthbound sinners are not strong enough to climb so high, to spend all our days in the snow-white purity of our Maker's holiness. So men have cried, so men must always cry, until they have learned the blessed lesson that before earth is bidden to rise to heaven, heaven has come down to earth. Jesus Christ has translated the nature of God into a language which men could understand, and understanding it, have longed to hear again. The glory of God has been seen in the face of Jesus Christ, and we have loved the vision He has lived a man amongst men, entering fully into human life, and exalting, not destroying it. With human hands he has wrought among us "in loveliness of perfect deeds," and every deed has manifested the Father. A life perfectly divine, yet perfectly human; a life which men and women can love, and long to copy. "He be made man," it was written centuries ago, "that we might become God," that we might become, as St. Peter has said, "partakers of the Divine Nature," transfigured, yet not losing our old selves; not unclothed, but clothed upon; human beings still, each with his personality unaltered, yet one with God, because one with Christ.'

J. Martin, photo., Auckland.

REV. T. H. SPROTT, M.A.

(Incumbent of St. Paul's, Wellington, and Acting Chaplain for the Consecration).



BISHOP NEVILLE, OF DUNEDIN.

BISHOP JULIUS, OF CHRISTCHURCH.

After the sermon there was still a long ceremony to get through. The anthem 'How Lovely are the Messengers,' was splendidly sung, and then the new bishop was presented to the Primate, the authority for the consecration being read by Dr. Quick, the Chancellor, and then the Bishop made the declaration of obedience, after which followed the Litany and some hymns, with the anthem 'The Lord be a Lamp unto Thy Feet' and 'Veni Creator,' when 'the laying on of hands' was duly performed. The 'questioning' of the new bishop had taken place some time before—it was a quite satisfactory examination. He said he was ready to strive and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine—a big undertaking in these times! And when asked if he would show himself gentle and charitable and merciful to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help, he said he would do so by God's help.

After this sermon—which occupied an hour in delivery—the benediction was pronounced, and the immense assemblage dispersed.

The writer of these lines is perhaps too much of a Britisher. 'Rule Britannia' stirs emotions within him. When 'God Save the Queen' is played he rises quite proudly, and thinks of that wonderfully clever and good Royal lady, whose real merit will only be fully known after she is gone from amongst us. As for the Church of England service—he knows every line of it off by heart. But for years he has been driven by want of faith out of all Christian latitude and longitude, and at this moment is in the strange country of Erewhon. Yet, when his time comes to go hence—as come it must—he would be glad that some Church of England minister was by, when the horrid thud of earth fell on the coffin, and would repeat the words of Job: 'Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.' Even a bishop can tell us no more than this—or can give us any more consolation than we can get from those terribly true words!

THE PROSPECTOR'S FATE.

A MYSTERY OF THE DESERT.

COLONEL WHITEHEAD is a story teller from way back and has a reputation as a raconteur that spreads over a dozen Western States and territories, and from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. He has had innumerable thrilling adventures, both in war and in peace, and when in the proper humour he will spin yarns of the most absorbing interest by the hour.

One story that he related as we were jogging along behind the mules on a recent trip to the undoubted gateway of Sheol (*i.e.*, the sulphur banks of Kern County) is so uncanny and strange that I will venture to repeat it.

Some three years ago, said the colonel, I was engaged in making a survey from Rogers, on the Mojave Desert, to Antioch. We had made rapid progress toward Fort Tejon Pass, and it became necessary to check up the line, measuring distances from Government corners, that the road might be accurately located upon the filing map. This work was assigned to an odd genius whom I will call 'Buck,' a man past 65, tough as a knot and as wicked as a pirate. Frequently he would set his ricketty old transit with the lens wrong end to, and after trying to locate the flag for fifteen or twenty minutes he would discover his error and then such swearing as he indulged in is rarely heard outside the forecastle of a man-of-war. I sometimes think the strange manifestations which I am about to relate to you might have been due to Buck's profanity. Certainly, if man can have power to summon spirits, evil or good, from the nether world, Buck ought to have had that power in no small measure.

I began the inspection of the survey preparatory to the right-of-way work. Starting at Rogers, a desolate station on the A. and P. road, on the borders of an immense dry lake, we made our first camp some fifteen miles west of that point. The regular survey camp was at this time near Gorman's station, under the shadows of Mount Frazier. Our camp was a rude settler's cabin, and near it was a shack barn with a little hay stored in it. A well of fairly good water close by made a comfortable camp a possibility. It was late in October, and the water had risen near the

Wrigglesworth and Sinne, photo., Wellington.

JOHN NOTMAN, ESQ.

(Chairman Board of Governors, Wanganui Girls' College).

surface in the bed of the dry lake. We had eaten our supper the first night out, and were having a quiet smoke, looking out over the desolate expanse of desert toward Lancaster, a station on the Southern Pacific road some twenty-five or thirty miles to the southwest. Buck had been entertaining us with yarns about ghosts that he insisted haunted an old mining camp near Owens Lake, and was inclined to feel hurt because I laughed at his tales.

When darkness came on and only the outlines of the gaunt mountains across the desert were discernible in the starlight, Buck of a sudden said, 'Colonel, I never thought an engine headlight could be seen so plainly at Lancaster.'

'Nor did I,' was my reply, as I saw close to the ground at a distance difficult to estimate a round, strange-coloured light or ball of fire, very like a locomotive headlight. A moment's watching, however, soon convinced me that the light was erratic in its movements and was nothing more or less than a grand display of the 'ignis fatuus' or will o' the wisp, something I had seen many times at the ends of the spars or mastheads of a ship at sea, but never on land or in such magnitude. I said to Buck: 'It's no headlight. It's one of your ghosts come to convince me of the truth of your stories.' He turned white as a sheet and grasped me by the arm, saying, 'It's coming dead for us, sure as we live.'

And so it was; dancing up and down it came nearer and nearer. I must confess it made even me a trifle nervous, while as for Buck he evidently took my joke about the ghosts in dead earnest and was completely panic-stricken. 'For God's sake!' he cried, 'Let us get out of this,' and was on the point of jumping up and running off into the desert, when all of a sudden the light disappeared and was seen no more that night.

Buck finally quieted down, though I could see by his nervousness and frequent quick glances in the direction in which the light had appeared that he was still in dread of its reappearance.

I discussed the matter with him for hours, trying to explain the real nature of the phenomenon and that no possible harm could come of it. But he would not have it that way, and all that I could say did not influence his superstitious dread of the strange appearance.

'Colonel,' he said, 'it's a hoodoo. This railroad scheme and its promoters will die suddenly. Sure!'

I laughed at his fears and we laid down to rather a restless night. The work in this section was not completed next day in time to return to the main camp, and half a dozen times in the course of the work Buck spoke about the 'ghost,' as he persisted in calling the phenomenon, and he was even more muddled than usual in his manipulation of the transit. Finally, his slowness caused night to come on before our task was completed, and we therefore returned at dusk to the same camping place as the night before.

After we had eaten supper Buck said, 'Colonel, I never want to see that infernal light again. Ghosts or no ghosts, it's no good and no luck will come of it.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, apparently not more than a hundred yards away, the huge ball of fire appeared like a flash, dancing up and down and seemingly coming toward us. Now Buck became almost beside himself with terror. 'Let's go, and the quicker the better,' shouted my now thoroughly alarmed companion; but suddenly, as on the previous night, the light vanished. Buck then recovered some portion of his equanimity, and though he was still anxious to return to camp I finally persuaded him that there was danger that we would lose our way if we ventured out on the desert after dark, while if we remained there was nothing to be afraid of. Neither of us slept much, however, for I must confess that I had a sort of 'creepy' sensation myself, and we were up early next morning, completed our work and got an early start back to camp.

A. Martin, photo., Wanganui.

DINING HALL, GIRLS' COLLEGE, WANGANUI.—See 'Our Illustrations.

While we were on the road Buck said, 'Colonel, I don't want to discourage you, but the people who are at the head of this scheme to build a competing railroad will die suddenly and this work will stop. In fact, I wouldn't wonder if you and I both went over the range with them to keep them company. But they are going, sure!'

'How little you know,' I replied, and I could say no more, as my backers were then unknown.

Now let me tell you the strange sequel. The very same week that Buck made his prediction the Barings failed. Early in November Henry D. Minot, the leading spirit and financial head of the enterprise, was killed in a railroad accident while returning from Washington, D.C., where he had concluded the purchase of General Beale's ranches in every detail, save the passing of the papers and paying the money, the intention having been to subdivide that immense estate of 264,000 acres.

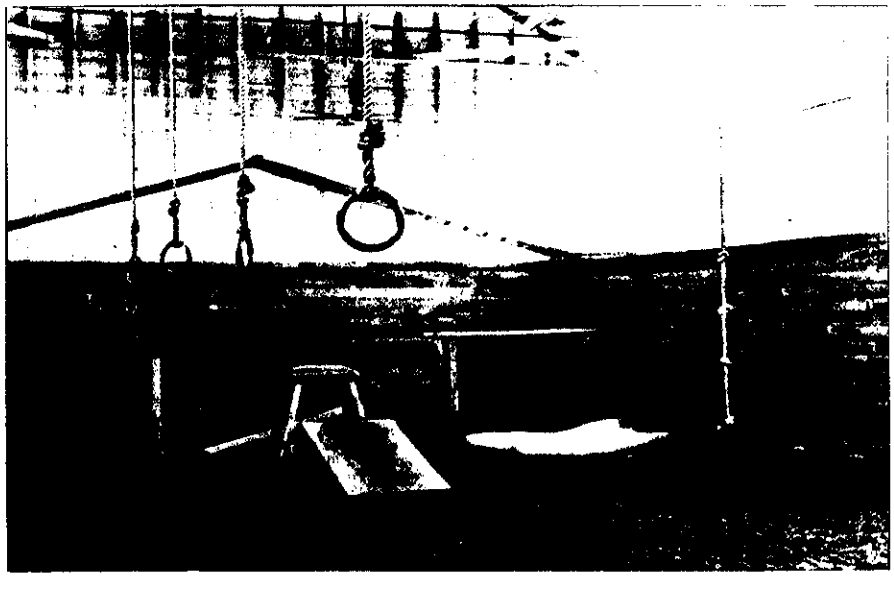
On Thanksgiving day of the same month came orders to close the work, discharge everybody, and break camp. The following year Allan Manvel, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, died after a brief illness, he having been the second backer of this great enterprise, and soon followed the death of Mr Magoun of the great banking house of Baring, Magoun and Co., the third and last of the promoters of a rival railroad to the Southern Pacific system.'

'What became of Buck?' I asked as the colonel paused.

'Buck? Just read that clipping,' and the colonel took from his pocket-book a worn bit of newspaper and handed it to me. It read as follows:—

'Bagdad, Colorado Desert, January 15th, 1889.—An old prospector and surveyor known as 'Buck' Pomeroy disappeared mysteriously from his camp at this place three days ago, and no trace of him has been found. He was in company with two friends, and was apparently in good health and spirits. They all retired as customary early in the evening, but in the morning Buck was missing, and diligent search has failed to find him.'

I folded up the clipping and returned it to the colonel. He put it back in his pocket-book without a word.—G.F.W



A. Martin, photo., Wanganui. GYMNASIUM, GIRLS' COLLEGE, WANGANUI.—See 'Our Illustrations.

STRANGE CAPTURE.

STORY OF BURMAH.

IT was a lovely moonlight night as we sat, some half-a-dozen of us, smoking a last pipe on the deck of the good ship 'Assam,' homeward bound from the sunny East. Our conversation had turned upon thieves and their ways, and as we had most of us lived for many years amongst a people noted for their disregard of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, and a wonderful facility for carrying out their designs, some strange experiences were related. Among the stories told was one of so strange a character as to be worth retelling in the narrator's own words.

It is some years ago, said he, that after many disappointments I succeeded in obtaining a Sub-Inspectorship in the Burmah Police, a semi-military force maintained by the British Government in a country where such an organisation is indispensable for the proper maintenance of order.

An old friend of my father had assisted me in obtaining my commission, and I think that it was listening to his stirring yarns of adventures and hunting in that strange land that filled me with a desire to visit it, but many a day subsequently did I wish myself anywhere but in that fever-stricken and malarial place.

On reaching Rangoon I reported myself to my Chief, who, after welcoming me cordially, gave me instructions as to what I was next to do. The most important of these was to master the language, as until I could speak it my usefulness did not begin. I was to be stationed in Rangoon for awhile to get into the routine of police life, after which I should be sent into the wilds somewhere, and there, unless I spoke Burmese, I should be utterly lost.

Accordingly I devoted all my energies to my task and, under the instruction of a *poonji*, made rapid progress. After six months' patient study I was able to write a report first-hand and converse with moderate fluency with my subordinates.

About this time I received orders to proceed to Tavoy, a town upon the coast, some 200 miles distant, and there to relieve the sub-inspector, Smith, who was down with jungle fever. Three days later I arrived there by the steamer 'Avajee,' and took over charge. As Tavoy is the centre of a large district, a strong force is maintained there, and the process of taking over the arms, ammunition and other supplies, in the state of poor Smith's health occupied some time. It was thus a couple of days before he was ready to start on his return to Rangoon, and in the evenings we spent together I obtained from him much valuable information as to the district and the people within it, knowing it would be of immense use to me thereafter.

On the eve of his departure he told me that there was one thing that I should know and that was what he called the mystery of the haunted well, which he said he had never been able to clear up. Upon my laughing somewhat incredulously, he shook his head and said that although he did not believe in ghosts any more than I did, there was, nevertheless, something here that he should leave to me as a legacy, the solution of which he would be one day glad to hear.

About ten miles from Tavoy, said Smith, was a village called Oakshi-chong, beside which was a small open plain. In this plain was a mound upon which a tomb had been built some time before, and on either side of it were a well and a banyan-tree. The poor villagers had for some time past been living in a state of terror, from a monstrous form, a spirit they called it, that would at times emerge from the well and roam around the village. Such was their fear that not one would venture forth after dark for fear of meeting it. Following their usual custom, they had sought to propitiate it with offerings of food, fruit, and rice, and they maintained that when this was neglected that some article or another would disappear from their gardens in revenge, sometimes their pumpkin vines being stripped and growing plants utterly destroyed. Smith had heard of this state of affairs and had endeavoured to get to the bottom of it; and as the offerings of food were nightly made by the people and as regularly removed during the night, he naturally thought that there was some human agency at work. Accordingly, one night he hid in the banyan tree, whose dense foliage afforded him perfect cover, and he declared that before he had been there long he had seen a form arise from out of the well, hover around for a while, and then disappear within it when he fired at it with his revolver. He had examined the well, but beyond its being of considerable depth there was nothing peculiar about it. The water rose to within a few feet of the ground, and the sides were curbed up with well-fitted masonry, and quite incapable of affording concealment for the smallest animal, let alone a man. Quite at a loss what to think of it, and attributing it to the hallucinations of his fevered brain, he went home, saying nothing of his adventure. Since then, however, other reports had reached him which made him tell me the story, as he thought steps should be taken to get to the bottom of the mystery.

The next day Smith left and I entered upon my new duties, making a tour of my district. I found everything quiet except for certain strange robberies that were taking place, in many instances accompanied by murder, and when so by strangulation. The thief did not restrict himself to one place, but seemed to travel over a wide extent of country, and invariably confined himself to abstracting jewellery and other small articles of value. But so cunning was he that no trace could be found of his movements, and the police were in a great state of excitement about it. My visit put them, moreover, on their mettle, and I felt sure that we should hear something about him before long.

In the course of my rounds I arrived at the village of Oakshi-chong, and the sight of the mound with the well and the banyan-tree naturally brought back to me the story I had been told.

After the duties of the day were over, in the cool of the evening, the sergeant came over to see me and to indulge his Oriental longing for chat with his superior officer, and from him I heard much that was going on in the neighbourhood. Naturally the subject of the haunted well came up, and he bewailed the losses of the village and the state of terrorism which prevailed. Only the night previous, he added, he had lost the pick of his poultry-yard, a cock that was invincible, for the Burmese are as fond of cock-fighting as ever our forefathers were. Had not one of his neighbours purloined it? I suggested. Impossible, was the reply; what! steal from the sergeant of the police? No; it was the spirit of the well. But what could a spirit want with a cock? I asked. But here he had me, for the natives throughout southern Asia sacrifice a cock invariably in the course of their ceremonies, and the selection in the present case was not inappropriate.

On the following day I strolled over to the temple, which was not far distant, and was invited by the priest to come in and rest myself; which invitation I accepted. After partaking of some fruit, and finishing a drinking-cocoa-nut, I led the conversation up to the mysterious well, and in a hushed and solemn voice the priest gave me the following account of what he believed was the cause of all the trouble.

Some four years ago the then chief priest of the temple, who was a man well advanced in years, conceived the idea of building a tomb for himself, and accordingly selected a site on the summit of the mound near the well. After some trouble, for the natives have a superstitious horror of carrying out such a work, a Mussulman, named Abdul, a notorious rascal, undertook for good wages to do the work. Accordingly he excavated the space necessary for a chamber ten feet square, with a passage leading into it some eight or ten feet long, the idea being to brick up the chamber after the depositing of the body, leaving the passage-way, which again should be closed at the entrance. The work was accordingly carried out, but when called upon to finish the roof in the dome-like form usually affected, Abdul struck for higher wages, and refused to go on.

The priests, who considered Abdul's request extortionate and moreover savouring of sacrilege, took advantage of his being one day within the tomb to fasten the entrance, and told him that there he should stay until he agreed to complete the work. The old chief priest was rapidly declining and it was important that the work should be pushed on without delay, and they thought to bring the mason to his senses. Day after day he was kept in this horrible prison, fed with a little rice, which was pushed through an opening; but he was obdurate, actually raising his demand for the completion of the tomb. At length one morning the poor old priest was found dead on his mat, his throat cut from ear to ear: he had been foully murdered. Suspicion was of course directed to Abdul, and though they could not understand how he got out, the people clamoured for his blood. The tomb was searched, and although the passage was blocked up as the priests had left it, there was no Abdul there: he had got out somehow, though when and by what means no one could tell. After the excitement subsided the funeral took place, and the old man's body was laid in the resting-place he had designed for it.

Time went on and the incident was forgotten, when suddenly people began to say that the well by the tomb was haunted, and naturally assumed that it was the spirit of the murdered man and did their best to conciliate it with offerings of food. The terror of these poor villagers was extreme, for to see it was death. One man rushed into his hut saying he had met it face to face; the next night he was discovered in his bed, dead, with a thin blue line round his neck, the starting eyes and protruding tongue indicating that he had been strangled. A child one day ran to its mother saying that it had seen the spirit at the well. The next evening the poor little body was found murdered like the other. Several similar incidents satisfied the people that it was the old priest demanding vengeance on his murderer, and they believed that anyone interfering would surely die.

From what I heard I made up my mind that some rogue was at work, and connected the murders and robberies in the district with this so called spirit, and was determined to capture it. Accordingly I resolved to see it for myself first of all, and fearing to alarm anyone with my actions, I announced that I was going to ride over to a neighbouring post, but after darkness had set in I cautiously returned by another route, and tying my pony up in a clump of trees a quarter of a mile off I reached the banyan-tree and hid myself in its branches. From where I sat I could see the well with the little saucers of rice left there by the priests. The time passed very slowly. Never did the hours drag as they did then, and I was beginning to get horribly sleepy, when a jackal commenced howling not far from where I was. I was just wondering how it was that nature had endowed it with so unmelodious a voice when it suddenly stopped, and in the dead silence that ensued so abruptly my attention was attracted to an extraordinary sound that came from the well. First I heard a splash of water and then a long, deep drawn sigh! Ye gods! What was it? The sound at such an hour and under such conditions startled me most horribly, and I was conscious of a decidedly creepy feeling along my backbone, culminating in the stiffening of the hair of my head, and I felt as Smith told me he had felt himself, in a blue funk. Acting upon my first impulse I had drawn my revolver, but not wishing to repeat Smith's failure, I restrained my inclination to use it, and watched quietly to see what would happen.

In a few moments a shadowy form arose from the well and appeared to stand on the low wall that surrounded it. In the dim light I could make out that it was something resembling a gigantic man, but with some sort of head-dress resembling horns.

For some minutes it stood there without moving, as if making a survey of the surroundings; then, apparently satisfied that there was no one around, the ghostly form squatted down on the wall, and I saw it was a man. Putting up its arms it removed its headdress, which had given it the appearance of so great a height, and which was evidently assumed to deceive any villager who might happen to come that way. Reaching forth to the plates of food, it emptied them into a bag produced from under his garments.

The dawn was now breaking and I could distinguish the features of this strange visitor. Undoubtedly it was the Mussulman Abdul, as his features were not those of a Burman, and his head had been shaved not long since, after the manner of his sect. He was a villainous-looking specimen, with a great bull neck and a pair of shoulders that would have done credit to a prize fighter.

My first idea was to descend and capture him, but I realized that the chances were all against me and that once alarmed he could reach his mysterious retreat and possibly escape. Just then from the neighbouring clump my pony neighed, and like a flash, gathering up his headdress and bag of food, he was gone; he had dived back into the well. I at once slipped from my perch and rushed to the edge of the well, but there was nothing to be seen beyond that the water was somewhat disturbed.

I was quite at a loss to know what to do. That I had seen a man I had not the least doubt, but how or why he retreated into the well I could not understand. I lighted a pipe and had a thoughtful smoke. I was fairly puzzled, when suddenly a thought struck me, and turning round I measured the distance from the edge of the well to the tomb; it was twenty feet. Allowing eight feet for the thickness of the wall, about thirty feet would separate me from the inner chamber. Could there be any means of communication? Looking about, I soon found a long bamboo, which I cautiously put down the well, feeling along the side of the stonework. Lower and lower I went, when suddenly, sure enough, the resistance of the wall ceased and I could detect an opening, evidently a passage, and quite big enough to admit a man, as it felt to be about three feet square.

The mystery was solved. The man lived in the tomb, and issued forth disguised as a spirit, frightening the villagers from coming out at night, and under cover of the darkness he committed the unexplained robberies and murders I had heard of throughout the district.

Well satisfied with my night's work, I made my way to my pony and cantered off to complete my pretended journey. I had now to devise some means of getting hold of this human water rat without asking that the tomb of the priest be opened, a proceeding which I knew would be regarded with distrust by his late congregation.

That evening, having hit upon a plan, I retired to rest as usual, and about midnight stole quietly forth knowing full well that I should not run across any villager. I had on a long overcoat, in the pockets of which I had a pair of handcuffs, some strong fishing-twine, and a hunting knife. Underneath I wore nothing but a native cloth around my loins, as I intended to penetrate the retreat of the spirit.

I reached my station in safety, unobserved, and then commenced my solitary watch. Before, however, I concealed myself, I carefully removed the platters of rice so that the Mussulman, not finding them, should depart for the village, leaving the well to my attention. I was now ready for action, my knife belted round my waist, with the handcuffs and fishing-line fastened to me so as not to impede my movements under water.

I had not been waiting very long when again I heard the sound of splashing followed by the long-drawn sigh, and then, as before, the figure appeared on the edge of the well. After waiting a little while it moved off in quest of the platters of food, and when he failed to find them a good round oath in Hindoostanee convinced me that my scheme had not improved his temper.

Without wasting any time, he moved off towards the village, and as soon as he was out of sight I came from my hiding-place ready for action. Taking off my coat and contenting myself with the minimum of clothing, I prepared for my voyage of discovery. It was unpleasant to think of, as I knew not what obstacles I might not meet in that dark, subterranean passage, but I had determined upon carrying out my scheme, so, muttering a brief prayer, in I dived.

I had no difficulty in finding the opening, and after exploring it for a few yards came back for a final breath and then went down for good. There was no room in the passage for a stroke with my arms, so I kept them stretched out in front of me to feel my way and protect my head, contenting myself with using my legs as a means of progression. At length, after what seemed to me a very long time, my hands struck a flat surface, and groping around I found it was clear overhead. I shot up then and found myself in a small chamber, evidently Abdul's den.

In one corner was a mat with some clothing, and on a niche an oil-lamp burned, shedding a sufficiently bright light around. Scattered here and there were cooking utensils and a little fireplace, and hung on the walls were a couple of murderous-looking *dahs*—native knives. Beside them was something from which I recoiled in horror; a piece of twisted gut a couple of feet long with a loop at one end, evidently the strangling apparatus used by this villain in disposing of his victims.

Carefully putting the *dahs* out of sight, I proceeded to arrange my plans for the coming struggle. The man would come up as I did in the well-like opening, and would have to crawl into the room through an aperture in the wall. This was where my attack should be made. The water was a couple of feet below the level on which I stood, and showed a surface about three feet square, and I decided to knock him on the head and if possible stun him, as I did not desire to risk a struggle with so desperate a character under such circumstances.

Suddenly the water was disturbed, and I had only time to dart across the floor for a *dah* and return when there was a gurgling and swishing of water and a dead fowl was flung into the room. Almost instantly a dark form appeared at the aperture, and without giving him time to rise I brought the back of the heavy *dah* down upon his head. He rolled over like a log, and I half regretted not having given him a chance to fight. However, the recollection of the murdered child, so vividly brought home to me by the sight of the strangling-cord, hardened my heart, and in a moment I had the brute handcuffed behind his back and his ankles lashed together.

In a few minutes he came to, and never shall I forget the look of astonishment succeeded by rage which came over him. His struggles were tremendous, and it was well for me that I had neglected no precaution for my own safety. His mind was set upon getting at the *dahs* which I had removed, and his eyes were turned from one place to another seeking them. After some minutes, finding his efforts ineffective, he lay still, panting for breath, occasionally letting off steam in horrible oaths in Hindoostanee and Burmese.

I now informed him that, although in undress uniform, I was a police officer, and arrested him for robbery and murder, and detailed to him one or two of his atrocities. His threats were now turned to prayers and supplications, and he offered me untold wealth if I would but let him off. This put a new idea into my head, and upon searching I found various necklaces, bracelets, and packages of precious stones, the spoils of his chase, which he had made no attempt to conceal, believing himself to be absolutely secure in his retreat.

'Keep them,' he urged, 'keep them! You will be a rich man and I shall be free, and no one will be the wiser,' and then he renewed his entreaties. His Oriental mind could not understand that I was not to be bribed, and he then fell into a sulky silence, evidently meditating escape.

It now remained for me to return the way I came, and I think I never less liked any undertaking than I did that dive back into the well. However, I got back to the fresh air somewhat scratched and out of breath, and resuming my greatcoat walked back to the bungalow, where I speedily got into clean clothes.

The next morning I summoned the village headman, the priests, and other men in authority to the police station, and there recounted what had passed. The excitement was intense and spread like wild-fire, and after some consultation it was agreed that the tomb should be opened and the prisoner removed. Accordingly the bricked-up passage was torn down and we rushed into the tomb, but as soon as I entered it I recognised that it was not the room I had been in. There was evidently another chamber, and with heavy sticks we sounded the walls, and, sure enough, on the side next the well, detected a hollow sound. Quickly prying out one or two stones, we made an opening, which disclosed the retreat with my captive lying as I had left him.

Entering with the sergeant, the headman, and one of the priests, we examined the chamber and gathered up all the wealth that had been so dearly bought. The prisoner was then dragged into the daylight and at once recognised as the redoubtable Abdul.

It required all my authority and the assistance of the sergeant and constables to prevent the excited crowd from taking summary vengeance on our captive. At the first news of his arrest the relatives of the murdered victims gathered round and raised such an outcry that we considered it advisable to remove him at once to a place of safety, so, securing a bullock-cart we took him off to Tavoy.

Here he made a clean breast of it, confessing to the murder of the priest and some half-a-dozen others, as well as the mysterious robberies. The secret chamber he had discovered quite by accident. When he had been shut into the tomb he commenced, having his tools with him, to dig his way out, and suddenly found himself in it. It was evidently of ancient origin having doubtless been a tomb once in ages past or a retreat of some sort. The exit by the well he found out, as one or two mud-turtles were in the chamber and he knew that they must have access to the open air; so after some search he came across the inner well and courageously dived down, and following the passage arose in the daylight.

Being struck with the security of this chamber as a retreat, he returned after stealing some provisions and a lamp, when he built up the opening from the tomb. Through the roof he made an opening for air and then commenced his depredations, and by assuming the disguise of a spirit or devil and playing upon the terrors of these simple villagers, he enjoyed perfect immunity. He acknowledged that he had now got together sufficient in gold and jewellery and was about to leave the country. He had one other robbery in view—the treasures of the temple itself—and in a couple of days he would have been gone.

Abdul was taken to Rangoon, tried, and duly hanged.

I have run across some strange characters in Burmah since then, and have had some exciting adventures, but none made so great an impression on me as did the circumstances attending my first capture.

HOW TO TALK TO MEN.

A SOCIALLY SUCCESSFUL WOMAN ADVISES CERTAIN CONVERSATIONAL METHODS AS SAFE TO PLEASE THE OPPOSITE SEX.

THERE is a Turkish legend that gives a good index to this part of social ethics. A mendicant was dying. He called his son to his bedside and said, 'My boy, you must go through life trusting to yourself now. I can leave you no money but much wisdom and this mirror. Carry it always with the back to your own face; presenting the mirrored surface to the world.'

Years passed on and the boy mendicant became a rich merchant. Gold had poured into his coffers as he walked through the world, his shining shield reflecting all he met.

Contentment came with these riches, then curiosity. Why, he thought, am I so loved? What do I that men should call me fair and agreeable? What occult magnetism do I possess to so easily compel this flow of riches? And he turned the mirror for the first time toward his own face. He was charmed. It gave back his features beautified and glorified. He saw himself in its shimmering surface a creature fair to behold, agreeable to be with—a laughing, enchanting picture! Lost in rapture and love for himself he passed in his way thereafter gazing into the exquisite depths of his father's gift.

Gold there was none left. People passed him by unsmiling. He wondered, when not absorbed with self, why this condition was and he died, poor and forgotten.

The legend is to society as the laws of the Pundit to the Brahmins. It explains all. Go through life reflecting people, not as they are, but as they wish to be, and the good things of the world are yours.

Why present to any man an ugly image of himself when his faults can be ignored and his virtues pleasingly presented without seeming ostentation or flattery?

Some veritist may exclaim that such an attitude is not a fair one—but not prove his theory.

THERE NEED BE NO 'TOADYING,' NO CRINGING,

no 'playing for favours,' but the brighter side of each man's life suggested to him by conversation.

Another claim to remembrance is this. Said a society woman known for her tact, and quantity of friends, whom I queried as to her social tactics, 'I have a plan—possibly not original but certainly successful—of ignoring the especially pleasant thing a man necessarily knows about himself. Each one has a particular accomplishment that this world invariably "tacks" to his name. He is pleased, of course, to possess this one accomplishment, but rest assured he secretly wonders if it can be the sum total of his attraction. So I try to discover some other quality. I find if he has the virtue of dressing well—then

I ALSO DISCOVER SOME IMMENSELY CLEVER REMARK OF HIS.

I make a point of mentioning it to him.

'If on the other hand he is clever, then I particularly admire a certain suit of clothes, or the fashion in his ties. If he dances well, then I find that he has made some good business deals. Be perfectly sure he will think you vastly more appreciative than any other woman, and the undefined gratitude he feels at the bright side of himself you have reflected back, brings you many a delightful attention.' And she concluded, 'this is not hypocrisy in me, nor silly vanity in him. I love to be treated after that manner myself, and my gratitude is equal to the man's.'

A THIRD POINT IS TO REMEMBER,

if possible, what a man talked most interestingly or earnestly to you about the last time you met. It shows interest in a most subtle way. Naturally this is no easy task, if the lapses between visits are long and you meet a goodly number of men. But if it is possible to remember the result will prove its wisdom. 'As you once said' has a penetrating charm for the listener, be it man or woman. It is useless to deny that for human nature the first person singular is the most agreeable conjugation in grammar. And this brings up a final bit of advice which is one of the well-known arts of conversation—paradoxical as it may seem—be a patient sympathetic listener. For it is essentially true that he who proves you a clever talker by his attention, will impress you more with his cleverness than had he talked.

ADELE McALLISTER.

SOLANUM TUBEROSUM.

Sol a-num Tu-ber-o-sum fell in a boiling pot,
And split his jacket down the back, the weather was so hot;
But as he couldn't use his eyes, he really wasn't able
To take it off; so Bridget helped, and sent him to the table.
'*What a very fine potato!*' said Billy Boy—and then
So-la-num Tu-ber-o-sum was never seen again.

ANNA M. PRATT.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 4.

We had perfect weather for our annual regatta, and the sight of all the varied crafts was a very pretty one. Amongst the gowns worn

ON THE FLAG-SHIP

I noticed Mrs C. Grosvenor, wife of the indefatigable secretary, in fawn costume trimmed with red shot silk, black lace hat with white flowers; Mrs Grosvenor (senr.), black mourning costume; Miss Grosvenor, navy serge skirt, blue blouse; and her sister, brown skirt, white blouse, hat trimmed with brown; Miss Holland, black skirt, white blouse; and her sister was similarly attired; Mrs Waymouth, grey striped gown, hat with ostrich feathers and navy gossamer veil; Miss McLachlan, stylish dome blue spotted muslin, white hat with ostrich feathers, white gossamer veil; Miss Lewis, navy skirt, heliotrope blouse; and her sister, a navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Thomas, navy skirt, sky blue check blouse; Mrs Shirley Baker, black silk, bonnet to match; Miss Ella Baker, navy skirt, pink blouse; Miss L. Baker, grey skirt, pink blouse; Miss Claude, grey skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Turner (Mount Eden), cream delaine spotted with red, black butterfly bonnet; Miss Buddle, very striking costume of black trimmed with gold, and her sister, navy skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Bull, black silk with lace; Miss B. Bull, brown holland, pink blouse; Miss Eva Leighton, heliotrope striped gown; Miss Mary Wright, pink zephyr; Mrs Wilks, grey check, brown hat trimmed with black; Mrs Charles James, blue check trimmed with blue; Miss Maxwell, fawn crinkley crepon, and her sister, Gobelin blue cashmere; Mrs Horace Walker, neat fitting black costume; Mrs Chatfield, mode grey cashmere; Miss McCormick looked well in white muslin; Mrs George, black; and her daughters, white muslins; Mrs Atkinson, black delaine spotted with yellow, black bonnet; Mrs Moss Davis, navy gown with bodice veiled with Mechlin lace, yellow rose bonnet; Miss Ching, cream delaine with white lace; Miss Ireland, black skirt, light coloured blouse; Miss Clelia Firth, navy skirt, pale blue blouse; Miss Thomson (Rocklands), navy skirt, pink blouse; and her sister grey skirt, light blouse; Miss Finch, dark skirt, pink blouse; Misses Kerr-Taylor were similarly attired in white; Miss Annesley, pale pink zephyr.

TENNIS.

The match between Miss Spiers (Mount Eden Lawn), and Miss Nicholson (Auckland Lawn) was held last Friday on the Parnell Lawn. It ended in a win for Miss Nicholson. Miss Spiers was dressed in navy skirt, white blouse, black lace hat, white girth belt; Miss Nicholson was simply and appropriately gowned in a short white frock, white sailor hat. Amongst the numerous spectators I noticed Mrs Jewsley, handsome black silk finished with peacock blue silk, charming bonnet to match; Mrs Youngbusband, navy skirt, blue blouse; Miss Mowbray, stylish fawn holland trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Haines, striking pink cambric, bouton d'or vest; Miss Nathan (Wellington), navy gown, white vest; Mrs Robison, white gown flowered in blue; Miss Paton, black spotted delaine; and her sister, black cashmere; Mrs Beale, pretty white spotted muslin; Miss Moss-Davis and her sister were similarly attired in black skirts, pink blouses with revers of black; Miss Laisbley, white drill with heliotrope vest; and her sister, white drill, pink vest; Miss (Barton) Ireland, very pretty pink cambric finished with white; Mrs Makgill, biege costume with white vest; Mrs Blair, white drill; Miss Von Sturmer, canary coloured drill; Miss L. Von Sturmer, pretty pink costume; Mrs Ledingham, black; Miss Ledingham, effective toilette of grey trimmed with silver passementerie; Miss Chambers looked exceedingly well in cream, hat *en suite*; Mrs Bloomfield, white; Mrs A. E. Gilmore, navy and white check; Miss Hesketh, lilac zephyr with revers and trimmings of white, charming white hat; and her sister wore cream gown striped in red; and another sister, cream striped with blue and trimmed with blue silk bows, becoming white lace hat; Mrs Goodhue, black flowered delaine, black lace hat with yellow flowers; Miss Gorrie, white drill; Miss May Gorrie, grey gown; Mrs Edmiston, light costume; Miss N. Horne, navy skirt, blue blouse, and her sister light pink striped zephyr; Miss Davy, navy cambric, and her sister cream; Miss Atkinson, white flowered muslin, and her sister a striking absinthe green skirt, pink bodice veiled in ecru lace; Miss Wylie, réseda green; Mrs (Dr.) Hooper, black, and her daughters were attired in navy and white, respectively; Mrs Pollan looked *distingnee* in a serpent green finished with bands of black velvet, becoming pink flowered bonnet; Mrs Harrison, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Eva Rich, light mode gown; Miss O'Neill, pinkey grey cashmere; Miss Thompson, navy serge skirt, white blouse; Mrs E. Clifton, pink Liberty silk trimmed with cream ecru lace; Mrs Jackson (Wellington), lilac striped costume; Miss Birch, navy skirt, white blouse; Mrs Keesing, grey cashmere trimmed with brown silk; the Misses Frost (two) were similarly attired in navy serge skirts, white blouses. There were many others whom I cannot remember.

On the Parnell Lawn last Wednesday the

MATCH BETWEEN MISS MOWBRAY AND MISS HORNE

attracted a great many spectators. Tea and dainty cakes were provided by the members of the Club for the refreshment of the visitors. Mrs Ruck wore a neat-fitting grey tailor-made costume; Mrs Blair was daintily gowned in white drill; Mrs Tewsley was much admired in a white drill; Mrs Kempthorne, black silk with lace, bonnet to correspond; Miss Kempthorne, fawn holland; Miss G. Kempthorne, pretty pink gown trimmed profusely with fawn ecru lace; Misses Laisbley (two) wore *chic* costumes of white drill, white canvas shoes; Mrs Heathbone, blue drill; Miss Clarke, grey cashmere skirt, white blouse; Mrs Snell, fawn skirt, white blouse; Miss Brown, brown holland skirt, white blouse; Mrs W. Bloomfield, dainty white costume, sailor hat with veil; Mrs R. Walker, white drill, dainty white floral bonnet; Mrs Goodhue, black flowered delaine; Mrs Pollan, dark brown holland; Miss Von Sturmer, white muslin spotted with red; Miss L. Von Sturmer, pink cambric; Mrs Harrison, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Davy and her sister were similarly attired in white cambric; Miss Mowbray, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Horne, white skirt, striped blouse; Mrs Chapman, navy skirt, light blouse; Miss Atkinson, navy skirt, heliotrope blouse; Miss Eva Rich, blue delaine skirt, white blouse; Miss Bankhardt, black spotted gown; Miss M. Hesketh, white serge; and her sister, tweed skirt, canary-coloured blouse; Miss Paton, black cashmere; Mrs (Dr.) Hooper, black gown relieved with white; Miss Hooper, Gobelin blue finished with bands of white lace; Miss Birch, white embroidery gown; Miss Nicholson, navy skirt, pink blouse; Miss Gorrie, white drill, pink vest; Mrs Robison, white drill; Miss O'Neill, fawn cashmere.

A pleasant

SOCIAL EVENING

was enjoyed by several of the young people of Ponsonby on Thursday night, at Mrs G. W. Owen's residence, Shelly Beach Road. Euchre, table-croquet, and music were among the attractions of the evening. Mrs Owen received her visitors in a handsome gown of black silk; her daughter, Mrs Jones, also wore black; the Misses Frances and Muriel George looked well in blouses of soft white muslin and lace, with black serge skirts; Dr. and Mrs Knight were present, the latter wearing a dark brown dress with velvet to match; Miss Murray (Kaukapakapa), white blouse and black skirt; Miss Campbell, black cashmere relieved with a knot of Maltese lace; Miss G. Whitelaw, pale yellow blouse, black skirt; Mrs Silk; her daughter, Mrs Jones, also wore black; the Misses Frances and Muriel George looked well in blouses of soft white muslin and lace, with black serge skirts; Dr. and Mrs Knight were present, the latter wearing a dark brown dress with velvet to match; Miss Murray (Kaukapakapa), white blouse and black skirt; Miss Campbell, black cashmere relieved with a knot of Maltese lace; Miss G. Whitelaw, pale yellow blouse, black skirt; Mrs Silk; her daughter, pretty fawn cashmere trimmed with ruby velvet. Some of the gentlemen present were Messrs C. Owen, H. and N. Baker, H. Gittos, Geo, Whitelaw, J. Peacock, etc., etc.

I saw some rather pretty dresses at Madame Edwardes-Moores' lectures. Miss Johnston, handsome black satin trimmed with black lace, a black straw hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs Fernie, a black silk, very pretty jet bonnet trimmed with maize chiffon and violets; Mrs Drury, black flowered dress and black lace bonnet. I noted also some very pretty costumes: One black cashmere with steel grey bonnet; a black silk with cream tulle bonnet; also a brown holland costume with pale blue front; a navy blue costume, hat to match; the lecturer wore a very dark grey poplin with rich brocaded front and black Maltese lace.

Many of our Auckland people have been away for the holidays. Amongst the visitors at Waiwera Hotel I noticed Professor and Mrs Seagar. Mr and Miss Sinclair, Mr and Mrs Wright (Adelaide), Mrs Martin, Mr A. Martin, Mrs Morrin and three children, Mr. Mrs. and Master Marley (England), Messrs Grierson (two), who all seemed to have a pleasant time.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 2.

During the week Mrs Roberts (wife of Dr. Roberts, Moray Place) gave

TWO SMALL AFTERNOON TEAS

for her sister, Miss Ziele, who has just returned from Sydney, after a visit of some months' duration. Amongst those present whom I recollect at this moment were Mesdames Ziele, Carew, Cantrell, Kennedy, Person, Fenwick, Jowitt, Barned, Wilson, Ogston, Misses Russell (Sydney), Stephenson, Tui Stephenson, Prosser, Lily Prosser (Sydney), Roberts, A. Roberts, Macassey, Scott, Shand, Edith Shand, Webster, Rattray, Miller (Oamaru), Haggitt, Farquhar, B. Farquhar, Graham, Henry (Wellington), Mackerras, Roberts, Carew, Gilkison, and many others. Music was indulged in on both afternoons. Miss Ziele sang in a most charming manner a very pretty song, entitled 'Forget and Forgive.' Both afternoons passed off very successfully.

On Wednesday evening Mrs Royse (Leith House) gave a very

ENJOYABLE EVENING

for her cousins, Messrs R. and H. Hornabrooke (Adelaide). During the first part of the evening several musical items were given, and afterwards dancing was enjoyed up to a very late hour. The supper-table was chastely decorated with large white shell poppies, small yellow Iceland poppies and grass. Amongst the ladies and gentlemen present were Mrs Royse, who wore a handsome black brocade; Mrs Brinson, grey shot silk; Miss Royse, pale pink corded silk with blue trimming; Miss Kate Royse, white muslin blouse, with skirt and Swiss bodice of black velvet; Miss Ulrich, cashmere all blouse trimmed with dark green velvet, black velvet skirt; Miss E. Ulrich, pale green muslin veiling, white muslin fichu; Miss Scott, black silk lavishly trimmed with black lace; Miss Gurr (Adelaide), white merveilleux with frills of white lace; Miss MacKerras, sage green silk, banded with black bebe ribbon; Miss Dunne (Melbourne), white china silk trimmed with cream silk insertion; Miss Macassey, strawberry pink veiling; Miss E. Scott, cream rose silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Cresswell (Invercargill), white honey comb cloth; Miss G. Webster, sparrow's egg blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Shand, heliotrope silk, covered with black net, large sleeves of black watered silk; Miss Edith Shand, pink crepon banded with green velvet; also Messrs Fasco, Vansenden (Melbourne), Hornabrook (Adelaide), Maulden (Adelaide), Robinson, Baumbach (Germany), Henry, Broad, Richardson, Harris, Tapley, and others.

One or two small evenings were also given during the week. On Saturday, 2nd February,

A TREMENDOUS PICNIC

was given by Mr Thomas Brydone for Mr and Mrs George Roberts (Scotland). The drags left the Grand Hotel between eleven and twelve o'clock *en route* for Blueskin. I hope to give you full particulars in my next letter. I am sorry I cannot give a good account this time, but the picnic party returned too late to town for me to send you any news.

AILEEN.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 1.

The opening of the

NAPIER ROWING CLUB'S NEW AND CAPACIOUS SHED

was witnessed by a large concourse of people, the fair sex predominating. His Worship the Mayor declared the building open, and during the afternoon delicious tea and tempting cakes and fruit was dispensed to one and all by Mrs JARD and the Misses Hughes and Hitchings. The position of the new building is within the reach of town—rather different from the old shed situated on the banks of the river, necessitating an hour's walk to reach it. Amongst the visitors I noticed Mrs Logan in blue blouse black skirt; Miss Newman, tussore silk prettily trimmed with insertion; Miss O'Reilly, white muslin; Miss Locke, blue blouse, black skirt; Mrs Hope, black; Miss Hobbs, soft spotted muslin, black hat with roses; Miss B. Williams, stylish mourning gown; Mrs Hamlin, electric blue jacket and skirt; Miss White, dark skirt, blue bodice; Mrs Mountifort, black silk; Miss Mountifort, holland gown and red tie; Miss Cornford, blue; the Misses Hitchings, black and white striped blouses, dark skirts; Miss Samson, cream veiling and lace; Mrs Forster, grey with black lace; Mrs H. Tylee, navy blue; Miss Ryan, cream; Miss Ringwood, stylish sea-green delaine.

There was never such a

CROWDED CONGREGATION AT ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL

as at last Sunday services when Archdeacon Leonard Williams was consecrated a Bishop. The number of visiting Bishops and clergy was great, and all newcomers were more than astonished at the beautiful edifice which Napier can boast of.

PERSONAL.

Mr and Mrs Turnbull and family have returned from a holiday visit to Nelson. Mr Stanford who relieved Mr Turnbull of his a.m. duties returned to Palmerston yesterday.

Mrs and Mrs and Miss Garston have been removed to the Picton Blenheim section of railway, and Mr Pilcher, of Wellington, is taking the former's duties.

Bishops Cowie, Julius (Christchurch), and Wilson of Melanesia, have left for Wellington to take part in the consecration of the newly elected Bishop. Whilst in Napier Bishop Julius was the guest of Mr and Mrs J. H. Coleman.

Mrs Samson had returned from a visit to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Hartley are paying a visit to Dunedin and Christchurch.

Miss Ruth Foster has gone to Invercargill for a trip.

Mr and Mrs Maughan Barnett and children have taken up their residence in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs R. C. Lesk have returned from a pleasant holiday visit to Dunedin.

GLADYS.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 29.

Mr and Mrs Rutherford and party have returned from Lochmara, where they have been

CAMPING OUT.

They enjoyed splendid weather, and altogether had a very jolly time of it. They were within comfortable distance of Picton for visitors and supplies, Lochmara being across the Sound opposite Picton, and close to Captain Kenny's place, the Rocks.

A jolly little party went to Shakespeare Bay on Wednesday, and, strange to say, nothing untoward happened. They found a late arrival from Home—Mr Riddel—beginning his apprenticeship to colonial life in a lonely tent, rigged up with all the appliances and comforts obtainable in a town. Mr Riddel seemed much struck with the independence of the colonial female element. The male protectors had an important regatta meeting on, and left early, leaving the ladies to manage the boat and pull home, and Mr Riddel, like Micawber, waiting for something to turn up.

On Thursday evening Mrs Western gave a

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY

at 'The Lindens,' Mount Pleasant. The party was for Mr Fox, who is still prolonging the agony of departure amongst us, as Mr Garstin, who succeeds him in office, has to attend a case in Napier previous to taking up his duties permanently in Picton. The fates were adverse to Mr Fox's presence at any more euchre parties; an Inspector turned up inopportunely, and Mr Fox was *non est* at the party. The rest enjoyed themselves, Mrs Western and family setting a worthy example. The Misses McBeth and Linton carried off the prizes. Those playing were Mrs Western, Mrs Fenwick, Mrs Kirk (Wellington), the Misses Western (two), Caughtry, White, Philpotts, Linton, Millington, Robinson (England), Scott, Allen (two), Duncan, Seymour (three), McBeth, and Messrs Western (two), T. Baillie (Para), W. Baillie, Perry, Fenwick, etc. The visitors walked home to Picton in the early hours, beguiling the time with merry choruses by the way.

On Friday afternoon most of the townsfolk were in the vicinity of the wharf to witness

THE ROWING TOURNAMENT

which is to be a monthly fixture during the season. The races were most exciting, several of them being almost neck and neck. Among the spectators the ladies were as much excited as the gentlemen, and cheered on their favourites to victory. The prizes were tennis shoes. A party on the Spit had high tea in honour of the occasion, among them being Mesdames H. C. Seymour, Allen, Kirk, Western, Philpotts, Welford, the Misses Allen (three), Greensill, Seymour (three), Scott, McBeth, (A. P.) Seymour, Western, Philpotts, etc., etc., and Messrs Fox, Seale, Western, Greensill, etc., etc. The winners of the tennis shoes were Messrs K. Jeffries and Stevens; Messrs Fox and H. Western; Messrs Seale and Nixon; Messrs G. Smith and C. Peek.

Another amusing

CRICKET MATCH

between the crew of the Highland Forest and wharf lumpers against the Picton Club came off on Saturday afternoon, and resulted in a win for the visitors. Mr W. Baillie, a Picton cricketer, helped to save appearances, and stuck to his wickets all the afternoon. The bowler played high and low, right handed and left, swift balls and slow, but Will Baillie dodged, blocked and slogged them all, and was carried off the field by the sailors, after winning the victory for his side.

PERSONAL MEMOS.

Miss Ethel Greensill has gone to Wanganui for three months with her sister, Mrs H. Howard. The school holidays being at an end there is a general post of teachers coming and going, among them Mr H. Howard.

Deep regret is felt here for the untimely death of Mr Peake, of Tua Marina, who died in Auckland from an overdose of chlorodyne. Mr Peake's abilities as a teacher were well known in the district. Children from Picton and other parts were sent to his school. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs Peake, who was spending her holidays in Nelson at the time.

The Borough schools were opened yesterday (Monday) by the Chairman of the school committee (Mr Philpotts), and the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick was installed as head master *pro tem*, neither the head master nor the head mistress having returned from their holiday trip. Miss Thompson and the pupil teachers, under Mr Sedgwick, conducted the school. A 'breeze' is likely to arise in consequence of the absence of the principal teachers.

JEAN.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MANNERING—LEAN.

[A letter which has been holiday-making has just turned up at this office, and in it is given an account of the wedding of Miss Lean and Mr Mannering. It is unfortunate that this letter should have miscarried and gone a-wandering, as the wedding was an important and interesting one. However, better late than never.]

A VERY pretty wedding was celebrated at 2.30 on Saturday afternoon at St. Luke's Church, Christchurch, when Mr G. E. Mannering, only son of Mr Mannering, of Greta Peaks, was married to Miss Lucy Lean, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Lean. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Lingard, Miss C. Lingard playing the 'Wedding March' at the close.

THE church was prettily decorated with evergreens and white flowers, principally daisies, it being called a 'daisy wedding.'

THE bride looked charming in a lovely white satin brocaded with clusters of daisies. It was simply made, but a wreath of orange-blossoms in her hair and some lovely stephanotis on the bodice was sufficient ornament under the handsome embroidered veil she wore. She carried an exquisite bouquet and a very unique one, being of mountain lilies, daisies, and maiden hair fern,

THE bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Dr. Prins, and attended by six little bridesmaids—the Misses Ella, Ina, Agnes, and Isabel Prins, Leila Barker (nieces of the bride), and Doris Brown. They wore cream serge frocks with Honiton lace collars, and wreaths of daisies on their heads, and safety pin brooches with 1894, the gift of the bridegroom. Messrs W. A. Ridings and Merewether acted as groomsmen.

AFTER the ceremony the wedding party, which consisted only of relations and very old friends, drove to Dr. Prins' house, where the cake and other refreshments were partaken of. The house was decorated with mistletoe. The drawing-room and dining-room being thrown into one for the occasion gave ample room. The table decorations were lovely—of yellow silk, daisies, and ferns. The bride and bridegroom stood under a true lovers' knot to cut the cake, which was of three tiers, decorated with mountain lilies and daisies.

Mrs Prins wore a lovely grey costume, and small bonnet to match; Mrs Barker, a pretty grey gown with white vest, hat with white roses; Miss Lean, a very pretty cream crêpon with heliotrope stripe and ribbons to match, black lace hat with spray of lilac, spray bouquet of daisies tied with white streamers; Miss Lily Lean, an Irish lawn, black hat and feathers with spray of white flowers, daisy bouquet; Miss C. Lean looked well in cream crêpon with silk stripe trimmed with insertion and rosettes, large black lace hat with jet trimming and daisies, and daisy bouquet; Mrs Mannering, a handsome black costume trimmed with lace; Mrs Brown looked very nice in green with cream spotted muslin over it and green trimming, tiny bonnet to match; Mrs Inglis, a cream spotted muslin with brown velvet trimming; Mrs Slater, a lovely silver grey corded silk with dark brown yoke of velvet with lace, tiny bonnet to match; Miss Slator, cream dress, large cream hat with feathers; Mrs Lingard, in black; Miss Lingard, cream gown, small hat with roses; Miss Fox, in white with black lace trimming; Mrs M. Ollivier, a handsome black costume, jet bonnet.

THE bride's travelling dress was dark blue serge coat and skirt with waistcoat, sailor hat with wings and rosettes. Just before leaving a photograph was taken by Standish and Preece, and the bride planted a tree. The honeymoon is to be spent in the neighbourhood of Mount Cook, where Mr Mannering will soon feel almost as much at home as in the streets of Christchurch, his mountaineering fame being well known.

Amongst the handsome and numerous presents were:—A machine, Honiton lace handkerchief, silver salver, silver revolving dish, cake basket, silver tea service, silver gong, silver butter dish and knife, silver hot water can, silver fish servers, silver entree dishes, silver jam spoons, silver bread fork, tea table, cabinet, chess table of New Zealand woods, bamboo table, fancy stool, afternoon brass tea kettle, six cushions, worked quilt, door curtain, cutlery, carriage clock, four chairs, cheque, fire screen, six pictures, Japanese jar, bowl, handbag, vases (three pairs), brass candlesticks, pitcher, sugar and cream stand, toilet set, cream jugs, honey jar, afternoon tea cloths (eight), purse, card case, Australian bear rug, Doulton tea service (forty pieces), card bowl bathslippers, carver's square, Dartong egg, d'oyleys, jar, water jug, book cover Burmese box, gold bracelet, white shawl, side-board cloth, afternoon tea tray, bracket, photo rack, magazine, dressing jacket, wedding toilet, Doulton cake plate, picture, silver ladles, Burns' poems, chair, silver basket, glass jug and tumblers, carvers, pillow shams and night-dress bag, trays and dorics, Venetian vases, picture, silver butter cooler, purse and card case combined, bread platter and knife, carvers (horn), umbrella stand, stool, gold links, four table vases, card tray, silver jar, glass jar, Alpine stock (silver top), pincushion, silver table napkin rings, Doulton jugs, jam dish, ink stand, jug, fan, jam spoons (four), butter knife, salt cellars, silver fruit stand, gold bracelet, book of poems, cruets, etc.

GOODSON—KILGOUR.

FASHIONABLE weddings are rife this year. One of the most stylish of the season took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, Auckland, on Thursday afternoon. The ceremony was originally fixed for Wednesday, but owing to the church and clergyman being engaged that afternoon for another bride, Miss Kilgour gracefully and kindly agreed to change the day to suit their convenience. The officiating clergy (owing to the absence of Canon MacMurray) were Canon Calder (All Saints') and the Rev. L. Fitzgerald (St. Matthew's), and they united Miss Nellie Kilgour, second daughter of Dr. Kilgour, of Parnell, to Mr Alfred Goodson, of Hawera.

THE large number of guests and the concourse of interested spectators completely filled the sacred edifice. Mr Arthur Towsey played the organ, the service commencing with a wedding hymn.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty and dainty in a lovely gown of shimmering, trailing satin richly finished with real lace, and surmounted and covered by a *chic* wreath of orange-blossoms and a veil.

THE four bridesmaids were Misses Kilgour and Goodson, sisters, respectively, of bride and bridegroom, Miss Rookes, daughter of Colonel Rookes, and Miss Kenrick, a daughter of the late R.M. at the Thames. They were tastefully dressed in a soft shade of green relieved with white watered silk, very handsome wide sashes and Gainsborough hats to match.

Two fascinating little pages waited on the bride, clad in green velvet Charles II. suits, with large white plumed hats.

THE brother of the groom, with Messrs Bayly (Hawera), Harry Kilgour, A. Walker, and Cunningham (Hawera) acted as groomsmen.

THE happy pair left the cathedral in a carriage drawn by four smart greys, and drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a very large 'At Home' was given. A band was stationed in the grounde, and a large marquee and *récherché* refreshments and wedding cake added to the enjoyment of the guests.

THE health of Mr and Mrs Goodson was drunk in champagne, and the bridegroom made a felicitous speech in return, acknowledging the many handsome and valuable presents they had received, but adding that the one given by Dr. and Mrs Kilgour to himself that day was the most handsome and valuable of all.

THE newly-wedded pair have gone per Arawa to Sydney *en route* for England, where they propose to travel for a year.

MEN'S DUTIES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

MEN have a much greater responsibility in home-making than they are usually willing to admit. It is very much easier to shift such obligations upon the women and children of the family than to undertake what is really an arduous task.

Vanity, conceit, an exaggerated idea of his own importance, and a notion, fostered by partial and injudicious friends, that a boy is of much greater account in the world than a girl, have gone far towards developing in the minds of men the belief that home and the wife and family are somewhat of the nature of soothing elements, and should be always ready and waiting his return or demand, in the same way as he looks for his easy-chair or his dinner.

The smile, the kind word, the cheerful rooms, the dainty and relishable dinner, the artistically spread table, the orderly children with clean faces and carefully arranged toilets, the wife and mother faultlessly dressed and environed with the atmosphere of temporal and spiritual peace which is by far the most important factor in a well regulated home—these have become so much a matter of course that many men take them for granted, and seldom realise at what cost of time, trouble and discipline they are secured.

Many a mistress of a household has complications and vexations to contend with that are far more intricate and taxing than the most arduous duties of office or counting-room. Indeed, the two can scarcely be compared in the amount of nervous force and mental and physical wear and tear necessary in their management. When the balance sheet is all right and every column and item tallies exactly, there is a long sigh of relief. That work is done for the present and is put away with the certainty that it will be found all right when called for. The cash deposits are made, the invoices are examined and figures are verified, and the mind is free to indulge in speculations and projects, and visions of extended financial operations in the near future. The details of business, once properly arranged, may be made almost mechanical, as most things can be which live and move and have their being on strictly mathematical principles.

But in the family there is no regularity. Nothing is or can be systematic save the impossibility of applying systematic principles to the daily work in hand. Arrangements are made for a dinner or a house-cleaning. A child is taken ill or meets with an accident, and the mother's entire time and attention may be demanded for days and nights, almost without opportunity for sleep, food or rest, and the dinner is abandoned, of course. Preliminary steps are taken toward some very necessary house-cleaning, when a note announces the arrival of guests, which brings everything up with a round turn. A drive or an excursion is planned, when the housemaid strikes or the cook is found in a state of maudlin unconsciousness in the midst of her pots and pans.

The successful housekeeper must possess executive ability of a high order, and must, of all qualities, be mistress of the faculty of being able to turn sharp corners, and meet, at least without visible perturbation, the most startling emergencies.

If the average man would for a little time study this complex phase of life which he seems to consider of so little account, he could not fail to see that housekeeping and housewives deserve more consideration than they ordinarily receive, and that making home happy is not as easy a task as it appears to the careless observer to be.

The husband and father, and the son and brother as well, have their duties and responsibilities, and to shift them upon the housemother is not only unkind but cruel. The man who has never tried it will find a most interesting revelation in a generous, thoughtful attempt to share some of the burdens of daily life, and to exert himself to make things as agreeable and comfortable as possible. Even though his motive be an entirely selfish one, he will find such attentions profitable in the additions he will realize to his own ease and comfort.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

'I WONDER why men are created now-a-days?' asked a man of a particularly independent sort of woman. 'There seems to be no special place for them in the world, and they are of little use and of scarcely any necessity to the fair sex since the new ideas of independence came in vogue. Why are not men abolished? Why do they continue to be born and to live and to move in the same old likeness and yet so little of the old usefulness? Can you tell me why men continue to exist?'

'Why-why why, because they are needed in the world, I suppose,' replied the independent fair one to whom the volley of questions were addressed. 'I am sure I don't want them abolished, for me. I like them too much for that. Why, men are perfectly charming. They are lovely to look at, they are pleasant to have around, they are useful when you want shopping done and haven't time to go yourself, and when it comes to sending you flowers and candy there is really nothing like them in the world. Talk about abolishing men because the women had no need of them! Why, it is all nonsense. Women may be independent and firm-minded, but they are just as fond of the men as they ever were—only they are fond of them in a different way.'

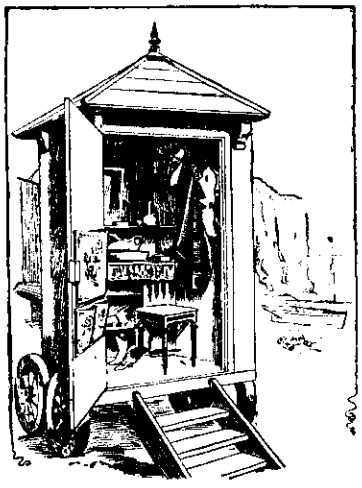
And all this is really true. Not only because the pretty little reformer said it, but it is also true because it is borne out by facts. Women don't want a man nowadays to lean upon. They want him for a companion. They don't want a man to tell them where they are going, nor how to get there; but if a man chooses to trot along and buy the car tickets and look after the baggage he is welcome to do so. If he makes himself agreeable on the trip his mission is fulfilled. If he does it because he thinks he ought to do it, he is making a grand mistake, and he might as well stay at home and do anything that pleases him best, for the woman will soon find out that he is looking after her simply as a matter of duty, and will snub him most unmercifully, for she has learned how to take care of herself.

DRESS FOR LADY 'CYCLISTS.

A PRACTICAL 'cyclist in England remarks: 'Much has been said on the subject of what is called the rational dress for lady 'cyclists. Some women uphold it as the only reasonable costume in which to ride a bicycle, whilst others denounce it as unwomanly, and advocate the ordinary walking skirt. May I be allowed, as a practical 'cyclist, to suggest a middle course, which combines the advantages of both styles of dress, without in any way outraging good taste? My costume consists of tweed knickerbockers, over which I wear a short skirt of the same material, reaching about to the ankles. With this a blouse, over which can be worn a light jacket of the same material as the skirt. For hot weather a blouse is indispensable, as is likewise the light jacket to protect against chills after a hot ride. These are advantages which the rational dress does not possess, and of which every practical 'cyclist must feel the necessity. The short skirt is never in the way whilst riding, and the wearer will find that she can walk about, unaccompanied by her machine, without calling forth any objectionable remarks. If those lady 'cyclists who wear the rational dress from ignorance of a better costume will try the short skirt over knickerbockers, I think they will feel more than satisfied with the result.'

A BATHING MACHINE.

PERHAPS some of my readers would like to see what the interior of a French bathing machine is like, and one would like to be sanguine enough to hope that some of the proprietors of English bathing machines would go and do likewise. The boards of the interior are enamelled white, the ceiling and side are draped with the green sail cloth so frequently used for sunblinds, which gives a deliciously cool effect, and moreover stands wear and tear remarkably well; the dressing table is represented by a fairly wide shelf underneath the looking glass, and below this comes a washstand, and below again shelves for boots and shoes. At one side are pegs for hats, skirts, and other clothing, while



AN IDEAL BATHING MACHINE.

opposite are wide rails for towels and bath sheets, on the door itself are big pockets made of macintosh sheeting, into which the bathing dress can be popped out of the way, also the shoes, etc. The floor is completely covered with cork carpet and a small rug of thick Turkish towelling which can be easily taken up and dried. Of course abroad these machines are not pushed far into the sea, indeed, for the most part remaining in the security of dry land, but I think most of us would put up with this inconvenience for the sake of a few of the luxuries with which such a comfortable dressing-room would supply us.

JERSEY WORK.

I WONDER if any of you happen to know what Jersey work is? It is not absolutely new, but still it is not common, and is very effective. To begin operations you must first obtain a red patterned cotton handkerchief, which you can buy at any draper's for about sixpence, but a little discretion should be exercised in the matter of choice as the design is of some importance, preference being given to one with a fairly deep or pointed scalloped border, this border must be cut off, but not too closely, and then joined, leaving out the corners and be very careful that the pattern meets exactly, line it with strong linen tacked on the back, and now we are able to set to work. This consists in covering the whole pattern with different coloured washing filoselle silks, every imaginable shade and tint that it is possible to procure being used, at least I think this looks best, for the effect is then extremely rich and oriental. The schemes where there are only two or three colours can also be used, and the effect is very pretty, but hardly so artistic as the other. Feather stitch, chain stitch, satin stitch, French knots, and so on can all be woven in, but the top and bottom must be buttonholed, and it should be finished off with a little gold thread. When this embroidery is completely finished, cut it carefully round the edge, and sew it on to a silk frill, which has been first mounted on to a band of buckram, a slight beading of the same frill appearing above the embroidery, it is then ready for any kind of border that can be desired, used either as a bracket or as a border to a table and in countless other ways, as a cushion border it is also particularly effective. Thus made it should always prove a great draw at bazaars where novelty is the cry.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

OME of the confections of the new milliners are, *chères* Mesdames, not to be despised. I wandered amongst their elegant designs and sketched one or two for your benefit. The one I send you this week is truly Parisian in tone. It is called a toque or bonnet, and is built with gold and green tinsel crown and wings in front, trimmed with Malmaison carnations and black osprey in front, and bows of black tulle at the back. The Merveilleuse hair frame, which has almost become a necessity to every woman who wishes to dress her hair well,

TOQUE OR BONNET.

has been improved by being made with two holes at the top, and more oblong than round in shape. By this frame the hair can be divided into two strands and coiled together, forming a highly ornamental twist. The new demi-Pompadour fringe is charmingly natural, and is slightly

raised in front. There are also some little curled tufts of hair, set on to long loops of wire. The curls rest on the forehead, the loop of wire being caught with a small hairpin at the back of the head. The frizette is then fixed on the top of the head, the front hair being turned back over it. Tortoise shell combs for keeping the hair in place at the side are much *à la mode* in Paris.

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Of the new gowns, a delightful model at Worth's is made in black and white striped silk, with the front seams of the skirt outlined with a yellow-tinged lace resting upon a band of black satin ribbon and a band of white satin ribbon. The bodice of this boasts an ideal collar falling round the shoulders, cut up into a quaint shape, made of white moiré outlined with the yellow lace, while at the neck and at the waist appear draped bands of cerise-tinted miroir velvet. Such a pretty dress for a young girl there is made of pavement-grey crêpon, trimmed with black velvet, with the bodice made in bouillonnés of rose-hued shot glacé silk, the skirt draped at one side to show a petticoat striped with black velvet, suggestive somewhat of the Marguerite style.

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For my second fashion sketch, I illustrate an elegant visiting gown in broché Watteau, a sort of dull rose canvas woven double over a réséda silk back, the réséda silk appearing in a pattern something like crocodile crêpon. The skirt is gracefully caught up on the left hip with a paste buckle, to show a petticoat of réséda Bengaline edged with cream guipure. The bodice has basques of the two materials, and a narrow waistcoat and folded bertha of réséda silk, the bertha caught together with paste buckle. Chemisette of beautiful oriental embroidery, which is also introduced in a slash in the sleeve on the inside seam, which is piped with the réséda.

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It is time, as cooler weather approaches, to think of out-door garments in the shape of jackets or capes. One of the prettiest styles is that shown in my third sketch, a sort of half-and half cape, a *demi-saison* affair, useful and elegant. It is made of the new black watered silk interwoven with a coloured satin lining, which, though outwardly so grave and sombre, betrays at every movement of the wearer, the most fascinating shades of colour underneath. V-shaped bands of the silk, finished with a bow back and front, define the cape, whilst ornaments of a superior straw-coloured embroidery mark the puffs, and the centre of the back. To my mind, it is quite smart enough without these appendages.

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For children, there are now some taking costumes. Very charming was a little Roman satin coat of réséda green, with an embroidered collar and gauntlet cuffs, the lining being of pale pink nun's veiling. The back of the coat was

WATERED SILK CAPE.

a 'sacque,' the fronts simulating the double-breasted garment of older modes. A blue-faced cloth coat for a girl of ten was finished with a cape of the same, edged with guipure lace. The smocks of white silk, linen, cotton, and crêpon were numerous and dainty. One of mignonette washing silk had a round smocked yoke edged with lace. A luxurious little model had embroidered zouave cuffs and collar of pink crêpon, embroidered with silk of a deeper shade. Even the tiny shirts of white silk or cambric were smocked with thick white silk and trimmed with lace. Pinafores of white cambric were hand-embroidered with coloured threads, some in white and blue, others in blue and red, or indigo. Pinafores of coarse holland were also embroidered in colours. The hats for little maidens were most pretty. A soft cream Leghorn had a simple wreath of pink and white daisies and bows of white brocaded ribbon.

Chatelaines are worn again, hung with all sorts of bibelots and Louis XVI. flasks and seals, and there is a rage for fancy dog collars fastened with quaint clasps and bars.

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Time cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the muslin dressing gown; every year it reappears in some different form or other, and every year may it be most cordially welcomed, for it is ever one of the most becoming garments instinct with feminine graciousness. You may see it in a dozen and one different forms—of plain muslin, of tucked muslin, of spotted muslin, of flowered muslin, and of muslin so plentifully decked with lace that it becomes at once a veritable garment of luxury as well as of elegance.

The other model sketched is a tea jacket made of one of the new muslins in a tan shade with a white embroidered spot; the insertions of lace on the sleeves are of pale coffee

TEA JACKET.

colour, and round the waist and at the wrists are pink satin ribbons, while a pink lining glimmers softly through the transparency of the material. How worthily this would grace an afternoon tea table!

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.

GREEN SAUCE.—Pound together to a paste or pulp a small handful of parsley, tarragon, chervil, marjoram, and borage respectively; add the yolks of eight or ten hard-boiled eggs; stir well and press through a sieve. Put this purée into a sauce boat, work it with a wooden spoon, and add gradually some oil, vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper, stirring all the time.

POTTED MEAT.—Catering is not easy in hot weather, appetites are so variable it is almost impossible to gauge the quantity of food that will be required, and it is difficult to keep food sweet. Potted meat is invaluable as an adjunct to the breakfast, luncheon, and supper-table; or to use for sandwiches for impromptu picnics. The following is an excellent recipe:—Remove all skin and gristle from a pound and a half of fresh lean beef, cut it in small pieces, put it in a little earthenware stew jar with three or more boned anchovies, pepper and salt; slice two ounces of butter over the top, put on the lid, and leave the jar in a moderate oven, one-and-a-half to two hours (neither water nor stock to be used). When cooked, put the pieces of meat through the mincing machine, then pound it thoroughly in the mortar (a wooden bowl and the end of the rolling-pin are not to be despised as substitutes for mortar and pestle) adding the liquid which will be found in the jar by degrees, pound till perfectly smooth, then spread it on a plate, and be sure to leave it in a cool place for some hours—or all night—to set. The meat is then ready to be pressed into pots and covered with liquid butter.

ECLAIRS.—The proper way to make eclairs of any kind is this: Melt 1oz of fresh butter in half a pint of cold water over the fire, and let it boil up; the moment it does so lift it off the fire, and stir into it gradually as much flour as will make a stiff paste—*i.e.*, about 4 to 5 ounces. Replace it on the fire, and stir it sharply all the time till it is perfectly smooth and leaves the sides of the pan. This will take a few minutes. Now turn it into a basin, and when it is perfectly cool not to say cold, break into it one egg, and mix this thoroughly into the paste; then break in another, treating it, and also a third, in the same way as the first, by which time the paste should be a lithe workable dough, firm enough to lift easily from the pan, and coming away clear from the spoon and the sides of the pan with a slow, elastic motion. Now flour a pasteboard and drop the paste on it in finger lengths (the best way is to use a plain pipe and a pastry bag, and force out the paste in a plain roll in 2 or 3 inch lengths. Lay these on a buttered tin, brush them over with yolk of egg; let them stand for quarter of an hour, then place them in the oven, which must be a 'slow' one, and, when they are a pretty golden colour, sprinkle them with castor sugar, and replace them in the oven for this to ice over. Of course this is not necessary if the éclairs are to be iced with coffee icing. I have purposely given no flavourings, as éclairs are used both for sweets and savouries. If for the former, add 1 oz of sugar and a grate of lemon peel, or a few drops of any flavouring essence you choose, to the tiny pinch of salt which will, as a matter of course, be put with the butter and water at the initial melting. If for savoury use, season with cayenne and more salt, and, if liked, grated Parmesan cheese. To fill these éclairs, make a small incision in the under side, and, if properly made, they will be hollow enough to hold a fair quantity of any custard, cream, etc., you may wish to use. This paste is the same as that used for petits choux, profiterolles, beignets soufflés (for these, however, you add the stiffly whipped white of an egg to the paste just at the last, etc.). The great secret of all these fancy pastes lies in the working. Unless the paste is got to the right consistency at first, it is sure to be a failure; and, unfortunately, it is not easy to describe the precise consistency the paste should arrive at. It must be perfectly workable, but not the least bit sticky; in fact, the best way I can describe it is to say it should feel at last as if you were kneading a lump of caoutchouc.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MOUNTING SEAWEED.

The mounting of seaweed is not difficult, but requires care in order to arrange the pieces artistically. No preparation is required to make the seaweed adhere to the cards. Float the specimen in water, pass the card beneath it, raise it gradually, allowing the seaweed to assume its natural form upon the card as far as possible, and, where necessary, assisting it to take any desired position by means of a long pin. After the card is once lifted out of the water do not attempt to touch or rearrange the specimen, but if it is not satisfactory float it off and try again. The specimens must be thoroughly dried and pressed.

POLISH FOR WOODWORK

To one pint of linseed oil take the same quantity of cold strong tea, the whites of two eggs, and 2oz. of spirits of salt. Mix all well together, then pour into a bottle, which must be well shaken before the polish is used. Make a pad of soft linen, pour a few drops of the polish on to it, and rub the article to be polished well with it, finishing off with an old silk handkerchief. The above is a Japanese recipe, and in Japan fine paper is used instead of the linen and silk.

TWO RECIPES FOR WASHING COLOURED SOCKS.

1. It is unusual for the colour to run if the socks, etc., are washed in the right way. A lukewarm lather should be used; the articles should not be soaped, but thoroughly well shaken in the lather, rinsed at once in cold water, and dried quickly. The socks, etc., washed according to these instructions, should not show any signs of running; but if, in spite of all precautions, the colour should run, try a little sugar of lead (poison) in the lather, and rinse as above, or wash in nearly cold water with oxgall soap. This always prevents running, but is needs very careful and economical handling, as it melts away rather quickly, and servants are apt to use it very extravagantly. Of course some colours are very poor, and even care and attention would be of no avail when the material is bad; but any of the above methods are infallible given good material to work upon. The great thing is to rinse and dry at once. Rain water is always to be recommended for coloured articles. 2. Shake the socks, to rid them from dust, etc. To every two gallons of lukewarm water allow a tablespoonful of brown vinegar, and a handful of salt. Use boiled soap and wash quickly. Rinse in lukewarm water, wring them thoroughly, and dry in the open air. When quite dry fold carefully, keeping the seam straight, and iron with a cool iron.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

SOMEHOW one cannot help longing to contribute a little variety by ringing some changes in the shape of our tables. The oblong, the conventional oval, the round, and the square; so the list ends, to begin again with the same monotony. Of course, it is difficult to say what shape the novelty should assume, but it certainly would be a matter for congratulation if some inventive mind could suggest a deviation from the general rule, just by way of excitement. Surely many hostesses, to whom neither space nor expense is a consideration, would be glad to inaugurate a novel 'board' to which to bid their guests. The traditional horseshoe table properly rounded (not squared as they often are at supper parties), is most effective when suitably decorated, and is very appropriate to dinners served *à la russe*; the narrow space between two *vis à vis* would also allow the conversation to be rather more evenly distributed among the guests, and the style might well be adopted for dinners, as it has often been for suppers, etc. This same narrow kind of table, contrived with a few curves, suggests some delightfully graceful decorations, and the possibility of decidedly novel and refreshing arrangements.

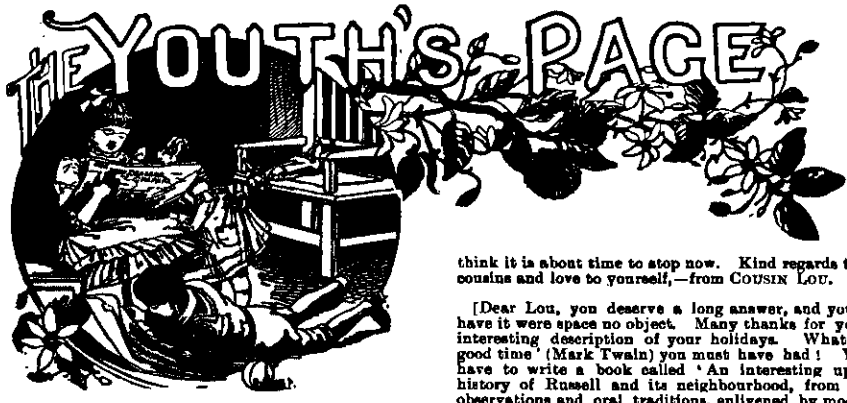
But to come to our more immediate purpose. Chrysanthemums, and hardly anything but chrysanthemums, are the order of the day; still there are such variety of kinds, in such gorgeous shades, that one wonders, every time they come into season again, how one has done without them during the remainder of the floral year. These, together with the warm autumn tints of foliage plants of all kinds, make a most lovely show.

Excellent designs can be carried out at this time of year with a variety of coloured foliage standing on a bed of pure white flowers; this can be arranged by amateurs with taste for such matters, and could easily be obtainable in the country; brown foliage interspersed with crimson berries would also work well together, and produce a warm and cheerful effect.

For rooms, besides the foliage plants, of which the variety is nothing less than 'legion,' there are numbers of the tall slim vases, than which nothing is more graceful. These can be filled with branches of hedge berries, which are to be had even in town, especially the hips and haws, and they are more beautiful and plentiful than ever this autumn. Mixed with natural white pampas, and with old man's beard falling around the edge of the glass, they make a delightful combination, and last for several weeks. By the way, it is a mistake to mix ivy with these autumn shades, as it spoils the general effect. The decoration of the tall vases is being enhanced by the addition of two shades of ribbon to match the contents: these, falling from the top of the glass, are tied round the base in a large unconventional bow, and look very pretty.

TO A DAUGHTER.

EMERSON'S advice to a daughter is excellent for all daughters: Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and wise living it is advisable to remember you have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day, for all that, is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on yesterday.



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.

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.'

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 Wahapu, and I became *so* sunburnt, but now my face has become as brown as a Maori's. On January the third we rowed to Paihia, 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 flagstaff to admire the beautiful view. There is really some magnificent scenery off Russell town. Longbeach is a lovely shore 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 Kororareka (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! Talk 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 pippying' 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, Motorua, Waikare 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 know not the pleasures of pippying in New Zealand. We called them cockles 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 Blenheim 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 rode up the side of the river once or twice, but do not remember it.—Cousin Kate.]

CHILDREN'S PUZZLE COLUMN.

(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) Why 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 immoveable clock on the stairs absent from its place?—Cousin Jack.

ANAGRAM.

Driving my . . . . afield, 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.

Cousin Jack.

ANSWERS.

SEPARATED WORDS.

(1) 1. Rest-Less. 2. Up-On. 3. Son-Net. 4. Kin-Dred. 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 lenient I renew* my *charity* and write once more. *The linden-trees, the* redolent, *a bit* harmed by *the stern*, late frost, are in bloom. *A delineation* 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 raptrarously.

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 is 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 *Charlotten*berg. My brother *Joseph is* every case wishes to do what we like. Dear *Jo! an* ideal brother, he.

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 kurage—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 complicatted as the old forfeit 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 minutiæ are nothing to those of tea-drinking or *cha-no-yon*, 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 *sosho*, or master of the polite arte, 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."'

LOVE'S QUESTIONINGS.

MAIDEN, tell, and tell me truly,
Can you make a pigeon pie?
Can you deal with bacon duly,
Slice it thin, and watch it fry?

Can you, filled with plaintive sadness,
Make a dainty mayonnaise;
Compassing its ordered madness
Still by new and subtle ways?

Can you with ambitious fingers
Salads tenderly contrive,
Such that while their mem'ry lingers
It is good to be alive.

Sweet, I would not seem to doubt you;
More than all for you I care;
But I still must live without you
If you cannot jug a hare.

Do you e'er with rapture quiver
Crimping salmon newly caught?
Can you deal with fried pig's liver
As a skilful artist ought?

Gentle maiden, blue-eyed maiden,
If such deeds your hands can do,
Lo! my heart with love is laden,
And I'm fain to marry you.

THE GOURMET.

AT THE SEASIDE.

CHARLOTTE: 'Oh, how slippery these rocks are. Take a good hold of my arm, John, and if I slip hold on like grim death; but if you slip, for goodness sake let go!'

TO BE EXPECTED.

JOHNNY: 'Yaas, we missed each other in the crowd.'
Penelope: 'That's just like her. She's always losing things.'

AT THE RACES.

DICK: 'Been to the races to-day?'
Tom: 'Yes, and had great luck.'
Dick: 'What on?'
Tom: 'On the way home. I didn't have to walk.'

POOR TOMMY.

BELLE: 'Why doesn't Tommy get married?'
Nell (contemptuously): 'Can't afford it.'
Belle: 'Well, he and his wife could live on "bread and cheese and kisses," couldn't they?'
Nell: 'Yes, they might; but Tommy hasn't been able to find any girl who could provide the necessary bread and cheese, as yet.'

GIVING HIM ENCOURAGEMENT.

ARTIST: 'It is the best thing I ever did.'
Dealer (sympathetically): 'Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you.'

PLENTY LIKE HIM.

MRS PARVENOO: 'And what does your husband do?'
Mrs Heavyplate: 'He chases silver.'
Mrs Parvenoo: 'So does mine, but he never seems to be able to catch it.'

PROCRASTINATION.

ALGY: 'You now scorn my advances? Why it is only a short time ago I consented to wait until you should know me better!'
Phyllis: 'Just so. That's where you blundered.'

SAD BUT TRUE.

FATHER: 'Why is it that you have no money the day after you receive your salary?'
Son: 'It is not my fault, daddy—it is all owing to other people.'

HER OWN FAULT.

ADA: 'You are a flat, Freddie—nothing more!'
Freddie. 'What else could you expect? You sit on me at every possible opportunity.'

SOCIETY.

I entertain.	We break.
You dine.	Ye chatter.
She dances.	They 'cut.'

SLANDER.

I talk.	We forget.
You repeat	Ye spread.
She adds.	They believe.

A SCANDAL.

I love.	We marry.
You love.	Ye dally.
She selects.	They gossip.

THE ORIGIN OF REPUTATION.

I offend (unintentionally).	We separate.
You dislike.	Ye calumniate.
She detests.	They perpetuate.

LIFE.

I live.	We die.
You lie.	Ye die.
She lies.	They live (the lies).

HOW SHE DID IT.

THE older married woman thought she would have some fun with the newly-married one, so she went to see her and turned loose a lot of household questions on her.

'By the way,' asked the visitor after some sparring, 'how do you wash your fine china?'

'Usually with water,' responded the young one demurely, and the catechism closed for that day.

UNCONGENIAL.

JASPER: 'They say, "The fool and his money are soon parted."'
Jumpeppe: 'That's all right. What beats me is why the deuce they should be together to begin with.'

EQUALLY TO BE CONSIDERED.

MISTRESS (exasperatingly): 'Don't prevaricate. You know that nothing injures my health so much as being contradicted.'
Maid: 'Indeed, marm, an' it's just the same wid me.'

TO MAKE YOU SMILE.

ENGAGED YOUNG LADY (at birdstore): 'Has this parrot any accomplishments?'
Proprietor: 'He can speak a little, but he's too old to learn anything new.'
Engaged Young Lady (hesitatingly): Would he imitate any sounds he might hear, such as a sneeze or a cough, or anything of that kind?'
Proprietor: 'No. The girls were trying the other day to teach him to imitate the sound of a kiss, but he wouldn't do it.'
Engaged Young Lady: 'I'll take him.'

SATIETY.

WHEN artful Cupid was their guide,
Before their banns were celebrated,
They cleaved unto each other's side,
And never could be separated;
But, as the circling years whirled round,
In matrimony's yoking tether
Although inseparably bound,
They never could be seen together!

TIT FOR TAT.

MR YOUNGER (meeting Miss Winters in the street): 'Why, how do you do?'
Miss Winters (trying to cut him): 'You have evidently made a mistake, sir!'
Mr Younger: 'I beg a thousand pardons, I mistook you for your mother.'

A CURIOSITY.

WIDOW: 'Well, Mr Brief, have you read the will?'
Mr Brief: 'Yes; but I can't make anything out of it.'
Heirs: 'Let's have it patented. A will that a lawyer can't make anything out of is a blessing.'

HE WAS INSURED.

THE WIFE: 'Why don't you play football, John?'
The Husband: 'Why, my dear, I might get maimed for life.'
The Wife: 'Yes, darling, but you might get killed.'

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

WIFE: 'How the people did stare at my new dress. No doubt they thought it came from Paris.'
Husband: 'More likely they wonder if I have been robbing a bank.'