

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XIV.—NO. VII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895

Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance, 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.

## OUGHT WE TO BE CREMATED?

A CHAT WITH SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

THE head and front of the cremation movement in this country is the distinguished surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson. In 1874, by an article in the *Contemporary Review*, advocating this method of disposing of the dead he pulled a hornet's nest about his ears. This surprised him a bit, as he was conscious of having done no wrong. Eight hundred letters—some friendly, many objecting—were shot by the perspiring postman into his letter-box; and of these, his secretary found only a very small proportion requiring answers from himself.

Three months from the appearance of that article there was formed the Cremation Society of England. Sir Henry was elected president, and this position he has held ever since. Among his duties is the deciding, in every case, whether or not a body sent to the Society to be disposed of shall be cremated. Let it be further added, before introducing Sir Henry to speak for himself, that the process of cremation only is conducted at Woking; that, at this date, 522 bodies have been cremated there—among the latest being those of Mr Edmund Yates and Sir Austen Henry Layard; and that the only other crematorium in this country is at Manchester, where sixty-two bodies have been cremated. The business of the society is conducted chiefly at the London office, No. 8, New Cavendish street, Portman Place; and the Honorary Secretary, who for several years has devoted much valuable time to the Society's interests, and regulates with care all the financial and practical work, is Mr. J. C. Swinburne-Hanham.

Now, in his rapid and precise way, continued Sir Henry, whose preliminary observations to a *Cassell's Saturday Journal* representative are summarised above, 'as it is incidents in connection with cremation you are in quest of, we had better stay where we are, for it is here, if anywhere, that they occur; at Woking you could only see the very perfect system adopted in the operation of reducing the body to ashes. The shell containing the body, which is not touched or exposed in the process, slides instantly into the cremation chamber, and, the door closing, leaves nothing visible externally.

'In an hour and a half, or two hours—according to the size of the body—the operation is completed without escape of smoke or offensive odours, from the perfect combustion ensured. The simple gases which issue from the chimneys are invisible, and are at once absorbed by the trees, the crops, and the flowers, which live and grow on all the products of animal life, thus purifying the air for man's use. Afterwards, the ashes are easily collected to be placed in an urn for preservation. All these details follow like clockwork, and anything in the nature of incident, if it were possible, would be out of place.

'To understand and appreciate the one or two little matters I am going to tell you, you must get rid of the common notion that we are unduly anxious to obtain bodies to cremate. All we desire is to convert people to an intelligent belief that cremation is better than burial. So far are we from being solely anxious for bodies that we not infrequently decline to cremate bodies sent to us for that purpose, unless certain conditions are complied with.

'Some years ago the body of an English marquis, for instance, arrived at Woking to be cremated. It had come from Paris, and no notice of its coming had been received. Medical certificates accompanied it, which would doubtless have insured the prompt burial of the body, but we declined to proceed until it had been examined by an expert, and every possible suspicion of the death having occurred from foul play been removed.

'I have in my drawer here the papers of a recent case where circumstances compelled me to decline unless a proper investigation of the cause of death were made. That was after there had been a coroner's inquest on the body, too. It came to us with the coroner's certificate, attributing death to 'syncope,' and the reason the coroner had set upon it was that it was a sudden death. The man was found dead in bed in the morning, having been apparently well the night before.

'But in this case there was absolutely no evidence whatever as to the cause of death; no medical attendant had seen him for years. It was quite impossible to accept a statement that the death was due to any condition of the heart, nor could a coroner declare, even with the help of twelve honest jurors, that the deceased had not been the victim of poison by his own hand or by that of another!

'The only fact of which they might be certain was, that the man was dead; and yet they made the definite statement in writing above mentioned. I required, in consequence, an autopsy; the true cause—a natural one—was

found, and the cremation took place. A certificate was thus acquired in the place of a most uncomfortable doubt.

'Of course, we have no power to enforce *post mortem* examination; and if the representatives of the deceased object, and we think there ought to be one, we advise them to have the body buried and refuse to cremate it. This shows how erroneous is the popular notion, that we are eager to force cremation on people. We should like the method to be made subject to State regulation; although it is not illegal now. The only thing we desire to see universally enforced are the safe-guards we adopt to discover the occurrence of deaths from foul play.

'I don't know whether you are aware of it, but the ordinary certificates upon which bodies are buried in this country, while in many instances containing all that is necessary, do not furnish the particulars most wanted in other cases where perhaps they are most needed. In rare cases bodies have been buried under false names by design. Identification of the deceased is not required; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is known beyond question. But it should be determined and stated in every case by the medical man who signs.

'There is a well-known illustration, among many others, of a schoolboy who died suddenly—from heart disease, it was certified. Rumours of ill-treatment got about; the body was exhumed, unclothed, and found covered with bruises. A severe flogging proved to have been an exciting cause of the catastrophe. Under a proper system the body must be viewed by the examining doctor. In Paris, for example, where the inquiry is very strict in every case of death, and is made by a special medical officer for the purpose, this is invariably done. Either there, or by the system employed by our Society, the injury would have been discovered at once, and not left to the very slender chance of an early exhumation. For in the grave such traces of ill-treatment soon disappear.

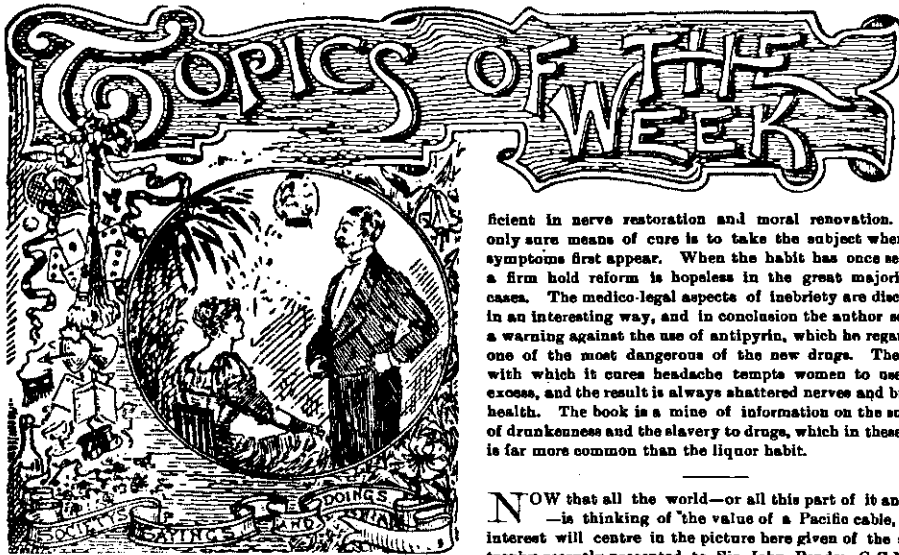
'Well, we, of course, cannot rely on the ordinary certificates, but use a brief schedule of questions, carefully drawn up, which afford important information not obtainable by the others, and the full bearing of which is more than I can tell you in the time at our disposal—and Sir Henry looked suggestively at his watch. 'We also require two doctors to certify independently, instead of one, and even then circumstances arise in two or three cases in every hundred sent us, where we ask for a *post mortem*, or decline to cremate.

'And now I must say good-bye! Come and see me any morning at half-past nine.'



DUNEDIN HOSPITAL STAFF.

FRONT ROW.—Probationers BRACKENSALE, HARRIS and MATHEWSON. Junior Nurses BAGLEY and CURRICH. Probationer BARCLAY. Junior Nurse DRABBLE. Probationer STRONACH.  
 SECOND ROW.—Probationer LOWER. Charge Nurse McANDREW. Night Superintendent JAMES. Charge Nurse WILLIAMSON. Miss FRASER (Matron). Charge Nurses VETICH, WILLIAMS and ELDER. Junior Nurse ALLAN.  
 THIRD ROW.—Probationer GARDEN. Wardman REID. DR. McADAM (Senior House Surgeon). P. MILLAR, Esq. (Chairman of Trustees). A. BURNES (Sec). W. McINNES (Dispenser).  
 DR. ROSS (Junior House Surgeon). Wardman SHEPHERD. Probationer MATHEWSON.  
 DR. GIBSON. Charge Nurse FRASER. Charge Nurse JONES. Junior Nurse SHERIDAN. LITTLE and DERRY.



**G**OOD news indeed was that which arrived last week telling us of the reciprocal treaty between New Zealand and South Australia. South Australian wines are without question the finest produced south of the equator, and many of them are equal to anything produced in the finest and most famous vineyards of the Old World. If Mr Ward's proposed treaty is ratified, as it surely will be, one hopes (despite inevitable disputing and discontent by a minority), these excellent wines will be procurable in New Zealand at prices which will place them within the reach of all. And once the taste for wine—sound and wholesome—is created there will be an instant and noticeable decrease in drunkenness. Presumably the fanatic section of the temperance party will strongly object to the cheapening of even the mildest and best form of alcohol, but the commonsense of the great mass of the people will never be disturbed by the frantic howls of the prohibitionist pulpit-pounder. It is to be hoped that South Australian-New Zealand reciprocity is only the forerunner of similar arrangements with other colonies. Intercolonial free trade would not entirely do away with depression, but it would materially lighten it. An imperial tariff would, of course, be better. A tariff which would allow the importation of British Empire goods and produce free, would very soon secure federation on the very soundest basis. The idea is, of course, an old one, but it cannot be too often brought forward and too frequently discussed.

**T**HE report that Mr Seddon's book describing his tour in the Urewera, which is shortly to be published, will consist mainly of the Premier's speeches to the natives and the native's speeches to Mr Seddon will not, I imagine, boom the publication to any great extent. Mr Seddon is a valuable and on occasion a good speaker, but a book of his speeches to the natives would, one imagines, pall on even the most enthusiastic admirer of the Premier after, say, fifty or sixty pages. Maori speeches, when there is a Minister about are too apt to possess a certain sameness, so to speak. There is generally a good deal of the husk, and what small amount of theme there is is invariably a request for something or other. There are, we are told, to be illustrations. These will probably be interesting, especially should the artist be a bit of a wag, with a keen sense of humour.

**T**O all those in this colony who are interested in the temperance question let me warmly recommend the study of the new edition just out of Dr. Norman Kerr's splendid book, 'Inebriety, or Narcomania; Its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence.' It has been practically rewritten and greatly amplified. Six years ago, when Dr. Kerr first brought out his book, it made a tremendous stir, for the author took the novel ground that drunkenness was a disease and should be treated as such, and that when a man was known to be a confirmed inebriate he should not be permitted to marry and bring forth children. Since then these revolutionary views have been generally adopted. In fact, the English Government is considering the remedial instead of the penal treatment of the inebriates who appear with great regularity in the police court.

The author develops at great length his argument that inebriety is a disease closely allied to insanity, and that the only cure for one who has fallen under the thralldom of drink, or who has inherited the alcoholic habit, is to be taken in early life and trained. He shows clearly that all so-called cures for inebriety are fallacious, as all are de-

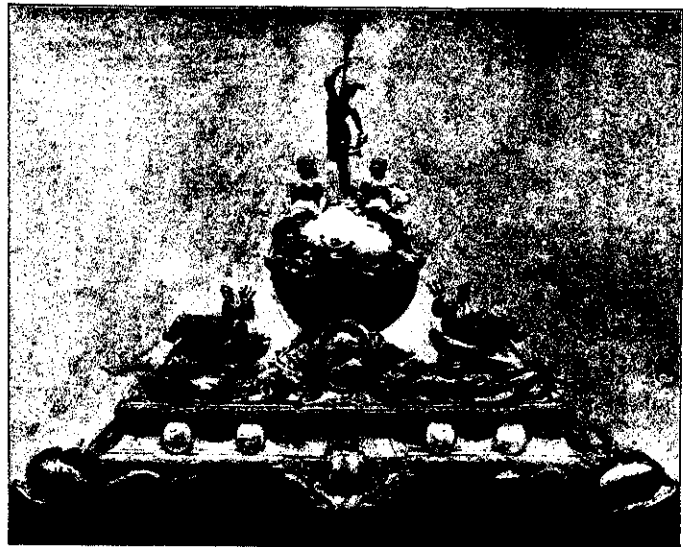
ficient in nerve restoration and moral renovation. The only sure means of cure is to take the subject when the symptoms first appear. When the habit has once secured a firm hold reform is hopeless in the great majority of cases. The medico-legal aspects of inebriety are discussed in an interesting way, and in conclusion the author sounds a warning against the use of antipyrin, which he regards as one of the most dangerous of the new drugs. The ease with which it cures headache tempts women to use it to excess, and the result is always shattered nerves and broken health. The book is a mine of information on the subject of drunkenness and the slavery to drugs, which in these days is far more common than the liquor habit.

**N**OW that all the world—or all this part of it anyway—is thinking of the value of a Pacific cable, some interest will centre in the picture here given of the silver trophy recently presented to Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G., M.P., etc., at a private dinner of the staff of the Submarine Cable Companies over which Sir John presides. The presentation of the trophy was made with a desire to mark the 25th anniversary of cable communication with the far East, and record their admiration of his labours in the cause of submarine telegraphy. The design is purely nautical and symbolical in its character, in view of the nature of the business of the companies in which the staff presenting the testimonial are employed. The chief features are a representation in miniature of the submarine cable, and a carefully executed illustration of the celebrated Great Eastern s.s. in *reposse*. Displayed upon the plinth, borne upon the ocean waves, are four sea horses, guided by

the submarine cable, an opening being made at one end to receive the address. Both trophy and casket were manufactured by Messrs Elkington and Co. (Ltd), 73, Cheapside, E.C.

**W**HEN mesmerism under its modern designation of hypnotism was brought into notice a few years ago by the study and research of Dr. Charcot, it was suggested almost at once that if all that was claimed for the power of hypnotism were true, hypnotic suggestion might become a very terrible and potent auxiliary to crime of every kind. More than this, it was pointed out that the hypnotic subject could not be held guilty even if detected in the very act of crime, for *intent*, which is necessary to constitute a crime, would be as wholly lacking in him as in an idiot or a lunatic. What was foreseen has come to pass, and hypnotic possession and compulsion has succeeded as a defence to the place once held by demonic obsession or witchcraft, and later by emotional insanity, and the various manias, such as kleptomania, pyromania, and the like. One accused of crime and who can make no defence on the facts, asserts that he has been hypnotised, and that whatever he has done he has done under the direction and control of some one who has hypnotised him, and so deprived him of all power over his own will, inclination, and conscience. There have been very recently two notable cases of crime in which the defence foreshadowed is that of hypnotic possession, and which have aroused considerable attention in America. One is the case of Bixt, the murderer of Catherine Ging, who declares, it is understood, that he had been hypnotised by Harry Hayward, one of the accessories to the crime, and the other is that of Samuel C. Seeley, who robbed the National Shoe and Leather Bank of some £70,000, and who now asserts that he was completely under the influence of Baker, his partner in the stealing.

ADMITTING, for the sake of argument, the reality, the possibility of hypnotic suggestion, though of late the possibility has been questioned very seriously, it will be found that students of the subject agree in the main that the suggestion of crime cannot be continuous. In other words the



SILVER TROPHY  
(Presented by the Staff of the Submarine Cable Companies to Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G., M.P.)

Tritons blowing trumpets formed of conch shells, supporting a large terrestrial globe, with the various continents accurately represented thereon, gracefully reclining upon the upper surface of which are four exquisitely modelled and chased figures, emblematical of the four great quarters—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—united by telegraph lines. Basely around the sphere Peck and his attendant Sprites are realising Shakespeare's poetical extravagance:—

'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.'  
'MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.'

A portrait of Sir John Pender, in high relief, is shown in front, whilst—surmounting the whole—Mercury, the God of Commerce, is proclaiming the triumph of Ocean Telegraphy. The trophy was accompanied by a silver parcel gilt casket, containing an address. The casket is of an exceedingly novel and quaint design, being a large model of

most that is claimed is that the hypnotised subject may be made to go to a certain place at a certain time, and then and there perform a certain act, but that if there be any delay or hitch in the programme the suggestion is succeeded by a natural mental condition, and the scheme comes to naught. In addition to this Dr. Charcot is on record as saying that not more than one person in a hundred is so susceptible to hypnotic influence as to be made the innocent instrument of a crime or offence of any kind. In the case of Seeley his wrong doing had extended over a number of years. Is it conceivable that during all that time he was in a hypnotic state, or that Baker or anybody else could have suggested embezzlement and falsification of the books so absolutely that he never knew that he was doing wrong? The idea is absurd and preposterous. If Baker had any influence over Seeley it was the influence which a strong will exercises over a weak one, but that is something very different

from hypnotism. The criminal courts of all countries will (the *Chronicle* truly remarks) shortly be brought face to face with hypnotism as a defence for crime, and it is of vital importance that they approach the question dispassionately and understandingly. They must be satisfied of two things before they can allow the defence of hypnotism to be interposed—first, that there is such a thing as hypnotism, and second, that the defendant is a genuine hypnotic subject. Unless the courts can satisfy themselves in every case on these points, the defence of hypnotism must be rejected as fraudulent and a sham, and, as has been said, the latest scientific writers are inclined to doubt the possibility of hypnotic suggestion and to class the widely heralded experiments of alleged hypnotists as fraud and humbug.

ANY New Zealand hostess who wants to be extremely fashionable according to the latest home standard should, when the oyster season comes in again, make a point of providing dinner or supper guests with *white oysters*. To be sure, they are not so wholesome as the everyday common or garden bivalve, but they are undoubtedly 'the thing,' and that, if you desire to be fashionable, outweighs all consideration as to health. Nobody knows exactly where the craze started unless it took root in the feminine idea that everything that is white is pure, but it is a fact that your smart society hostess nowadays would never dream of providing oysters for a supper or dinner that were not white. For the benefit of those amiable but assuredly not very wise colonials who imitate anything and everything in vogue in England or America, however foolish, one may remark that the white oyster is probably a diseased oyster. But they certainly do look far more delicate and appetising than the regulation oyster. Salt water gives the natural colour. To produce the white colour all the dealers, or for that matter the consumer, has to do is to put the oyster into fresh water. They get very fat, become rapidly white and then very quickly die, the turning white being, one supposes, a sign of approaching dissolution.

PLEASURE craft dependent on neither oars, wind, or steam is somewhat of a novelty, and an invitation to inspect one recently imported from America was eagerly accepted by one of the Auckland staff of this paper. The engine, which is of four horse power, drives the boat at a great speed, and yet there is no boiler, no furnace, nothing, indeed, to suggest whence comes the motive power. In two minutes after the party was aboard the little craft was rushing through the water at something like nine knots, all that the owners had to do being to turn on a tap and press a lever. It sounds almost incredible, and even when seen one finds it hard to believe that the boat may be thus got away at any time without the slightest previous preparation. The cause of

COLLECTORS of stamps will be distressed to hear that the question of an inter-national stamp is likely to be re-opened at an early date, and that there seems considerable prospect that the difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way will be overcome. Germany has quite recently placed a proposition before other Postal Union countries for the adoption of an international series of postage stamps. There is every likelihood that European countries will adopt such a stamp, and hopes are entertained that the United States will also enter into such agreement.

ONE of the principal reasons urged for the innovation is the convenience resulting in communication between merchants in different colonies and countries. Firms in one country have frequent occasion to write to those in other colonies and countries for certain information. They are now obliged to depend on the generosity of co-operative strangers not only for the information desired, but also for payment of postage on the reply, unless, indeed, the questioners have provided themselves with current postage stamps of the country to which the letter is addressed—a matter of considerable difficulty at best, and most frequently an impossibility.

To Consume, too, the international stamp would be a great advantage. They are constantly in receipt of letters of enquiry from the country they represent, and these never contain payment for reply, owing to the improbability, or at any rate the inconvenience of procuring the necessary stamps.

It is also announced that the Minister of Post in Germany has designed suitable stamps and formulated a plan for adoption. It is expected the proposed stamp will mention on its face all countries in which it will be current, also its value in the currency of each. The details are, however, as yet a secret, but it will, of course, be considerably larger than those now generally in use. This will, indeed, be unavoidable if any additional inscriptions are to be made and to appear in legible form. An international stamp will also prove of great convenience to those desiring to remit small amounts to foreign countries. Correspondents will be furnished with an easily available and inexpensive means of exchange. Should this department go into operation it may be the stepping-stone to a system of international coinage.

STAMP-COLLECTORS, however, view the idea askance. They fear it will result in taking away the charm of collecting by confining the varieties of stamps to a very limited number. The fascination of stamp-collecting would then be gone, for it would seem to consist not so much in actual possession as in the pursuit of the object sought for. But as the American contemporary who has furnished us with this subject remarks, the philatelists have an immense field already in existence in the millions of different stamps

that she knew if ever she was left a widow that he would allow her to occupy the room she had used in her girlhood, and that that should be her dower residence. It must be a strange and, one imagines, very disagreeable experience, and one not easily endured by one who for so many years has been so great a personage as the Empress of Russia, to find herself suddenly dependent on either her son or her father for honour and support.

NEW ZEALAND still advances in musical art. Tennyson's beautiful lines, 'Why Should We Weep for Those Who Die,' have been set to music by the late John H. Carroll, the arrangement being by his sister. Mr Carroll was a composer of some eminence, and had held important positions as organist in the Old Country, notably Downpatrick Cathedral. The publication comes from the GRAPHIC and Star litho works in Auckland, and is admirable in regard to printing and general get up. The cover design in crimson and gold is very beautiful, and the whole production shows that New Zealand can produce as good work as anything we import in this line.



NOTICE TO SELECTORS ON DEFERRED PAYMENTS, PERPETUAL LEASE, LEASE IN PERPETUITY, AND OCCUPATION WITH RIGHT OF PURCHASE.

Lands and Survey Department.  
Auckland, February 2, 1895.

By direction of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, I hereby give notice that the Half-yearly Instalments and Payments of Rent on the above, for the period ending June 30, 1895, are now overdue. Selectors are requested to forward the amounts due to the Receiver of Land Revenue, Auckland, by cash bank draft, post office order or cheque. Cheques must be made payable to 'The Receiver of Land Revenue or Order,' and NOT CROSSED. Exchange must be added to all cheques drawn on banks outside Auckland City.

T. M. TAYLOR,  
Receiver of Land Revenue.

WANGANUI GIRLS' COLLEGE.

Parents wishing to enter their daughters as Boarders for next year should make early application, as the vacancies are being filled up.

Full Particulars may be obtained from

A. A. BROWNE,

Secretary.

Wanganui, 19th November, 1894.

S. T. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL FAIR,  
MELBOURNE.

MONSTER ART-UNION.

The DRAWING in connection with the Building Fund of the above has been unavoidably POSTPONED until 2nd MARCH, 1895.

THE PRIZES ARE VALUED AT £2,000.  
The First Prize is £500, or a Work of Art; the Second Prize is £100, the Third £75, and the Fourth £25.

TICKETS—ONE SHILLING EACH.

Blocks of tickets and remittances to be returned not later than 23rd February, 1895, to the Rev. R. P. Collins, St. Patrick's.

The drawing will positively take place on the date named in the Exhibitor Building.

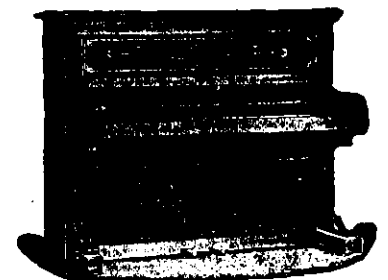
A very liberal commission will be allowed to agents for selling tickets.

W. G. THOMAS,

WHOLESALE and EXPORT PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER

STEAM WORKS: GOSPEL OAK GROVE.

KENTISH TOWN, London, N.W., England



A PIANOFORTE SAME DESIGN AS OUT

FOR

25 GUINEAS, INSECT AND VERMIN PROOF

Packed in zinc-lined case and shipped to any New Zealand Port FREE.

SPECIALY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE COLONIES.

7 OCTAVES, trichord treble, check action, pinned hammers keys made and covered in one piece and screwed. Iron-frame volume sound board and celeste pedal. Hundreds of these perfect Pianos have now been sent to all parts of the World. TERMS—Half cash with order, balance on production of shipping documents.—ILLUSTRATED LISTS OF OTHER MODELS, free by post on application.



GASOLINE ENGINE.  
Pleasure Craft in Auckland Harbour.

the mystery is gasoline. The gasoline engine is a comparatively new invention, and has been only very recently perfected, but it is now certainly the acme of simplicity and convenience combined to utility. The importers, Messrs Ryan and Co., of Auckland, were able to set up the first engine received and set it going after once receiving the printed instructions, and so excessively simple is the mechanism that any person could understand the working of the engine in an hour or so. The engines are made in a variety of sizes and horsepowers, and wherever they have been tried they have apparently given satisfaction. Handier boats for pleasure cruising cannot well be imagined. The launch which our picture represents is 22½ feet long, with 5 feet of beam, and carries a 4-horse power engine. She is owned by W. A. Ryan and Co., and was running at the rate of 10 miles an hour when the photo was taken.

issued since the one penny black of Great Britain became their precursor. And as the same writer points out, while there is scarcely a doubt that sooner or later we shall have an international stamp, there are certain to be countries who will not adopt it until forced by circumstances to do so.

VERILY the independent colonial woman is better off in many ways than even so exalted a personage as the Czarina of Russia. Since the marriage of the new Emperor it has transpired that in Russia there is no provision made for the widows of the Czars and the Grand Dukes, and in consequence all widows of members of the Imperial family are completely at the mercy of the reigning Emperor, who can do as little or as much for them as he pleases. The present widowed Czarina is entirely dependent on her son. On one occasion she told her father, the King of Denmark,



WRITTEN BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. RYAN.

**T**ERRIBLE indeed would be this life of ours with all its strange problems and its struggles were it not that most of us have been endowed with that thrice happy faculty which enables us to look forward to the future, in which we usually see a gleam of brightness, or back on those days of the past when our paths lay in pleasant places. And it is a thousand pities that more people do not realise what a splendid investment is obtainable in healthy enjoyment when opportunity offers. Take, for example, a summer's holiday. Not only does it afford endless pleasure in anticipation, but after it is over how many of our pleasantest hours are spent in fighting our battles o'er again, especially if our pleasures have been taken in the open air in the pursuit of some favourite sport—shooting, cycling—or best, far best of all, yachting.

The pleasures of cruising in a staunch little yacht, stiff and handy, have been sung before, and by far abler writers than he who now takes up the song, but certainly by no greater enthusiast. And this excuse—that he is an enthusiast—must be that offered by the writer for the telling of the very simple story of a brief holiday cruise in a centre-board yacht in the beautiful waters of the Hauraki Gulf. If it induces one reader to join the ranks of yachtmen it will not have been written in vain, for that man will probably leave a trifle in his will to the amateur scribbler whose random article first led him to try and to enjoy the greatest of human pleasures.

And now let me up anchor, so to speak, and get on with my yarn. Long before the holidays came we had decided, I and my pals, that our 'week off' should be spent cruising round the Hauraki Gulf in the little four tonner Waitangi, a worthy little namesake of the Wellington crack both in stiffness and in possessing a fine turn of speed. The weather had been so consistently easterly this season that we determined to run down to the Great Barrier by way of a starb. The splendid scenic and fishing attractions which would in any case have inclined us thither were supplemented by a certain amount of curiosity to see what was left of the poor Wairarapa at the foot of Miner's Head.

On the Saturday before Christmas, then, we were on the yacht as soon as ever we could get away from our offices.

There was little stowing to be done, but it was getting on for five before everything was right and tight—not ourselves, of course—and we could get away. A strong N.E. wind was blowing, this being, of course, dead ahead for us if we stuck to our programme, and this we decided to do. Come fair or foul, to the Barrier we would go, and we dropped our moorings determined to beat out the whole 50 miles to windward—not a bad undertaking for a four-ton half-decked centre-board all things considered. The last of the ebb tide was nearly done as we slipped the moorings and stood well down the harbour past Bean rock lighthouse and then down Rangitoto Channel. We made a couple of short boards, and about six o'clock passed close to the Beacon. The Viking, also bound for the Barrier, was now in our company, and a fine picture she made with her noble spread of snowy canvas, and her magnificently shaped hull, threshing through the water like a proud sea queen, the sea roaring away past her bows in baffled anger. Over to the Wade shore we both stood putting round on the port side in due course, so as to weather the Noises' rocks.

Thence we stood away for Cape Colville, a nice open course. There was now a fine wholesail breeze prevailing, so the good little yacht moved through the water at a very fair pace despite the heavy ocean swell against her. And now we began to feel that we were fairly away on our cruise. Our spirits were high and our hearts glad, as those of all good yachtmen must ever be when the fresh wind blows boisterously round, driving away blue devils, cares and worries as if they had never existed, and when each dash of salt spray seems like the welcome of an old friend—as indeed it is. As the dark came down on the sea we were just able to see the Viking at about half a mile to windward. She was plunging away heavily, making more of the weather than we were. We did not see anything more of her all night till day-

light, when we met her again off the Watchman, where we kept in company for a short time. As she was going to Fitzroy Harbour she bore away from us on the starboard tack whilst we kept on beating to windward to make Blind Bay. Shortly after the Viking parted company with us we got a good breeze. We eventually reached Blind Bay at 9.45 a.m. on the 22nd after a rattling good sail to windward, doing the sixty miles in 16 hours, not a bad performance by any means.

On our arrival in Blind Bay, we were met by Messrs J. and T. Ryan, and with true colonial hospitality did these gentlemen entertain us during our stay. They never allowed us to have a meal aboard scarcely, and in every way laid themselves out to make our stay an enjoyable one.

In the afternoon we went shark hunting—thoroughly equipped for the fray with harpoons, swivel hooks, and all the paraphernalia for hooking monsters. It was probably this that caused the brutes to disappear when we came on the scene, for not one did we catch or even see, though before we arrived there were any number of them about. We could see their fins in plenty above the water.

Monday morning saw us early astir, as we were going to visit the scene of the wreck of the Wairarapa at the other end of the island at Miner's Head. We got off at 6 a.m., and a nice light easterly breeze prevailed, so we soon skipped past the lovely Wangaparapara Harbour, and through the picturesque islands outside Port Fitzroy, where some marvels of nature can be seen. We passed between the high-wooded Nelson Island and Wellington Island, and soon were across Port Abercrombie, where we saw the Viking coming out of Maori Bay. The breeze now began to freshen, and we got some stiff puffs of the high land round Miner's Head. As there was a good breeze and ocean roll in at the wreck, we decided to go into Coppermine Bay with the yacht and leave her at anchor there, because there would be no anchorage near the wreck. We left the yacht snug at anchor and went round Miner's Head in the dingy to the wreck, about three-quarters of a mile away. The wreck was in just the same position as when she sank, but all the hurricane deck was carried away, so that she appeared to be deeper in the water. There was a great quantity of wreckage floating about, and we secured some relics of the ill-fated vessel. After taking some photos we left the wreck, and had a rough trip back in the dingy to the yacht; in fact, we nearly got swamped with two heavy seas which came over us.

When at last we got safely back to Coppermine Bay we went ashore to see the deserted copper workings. Busy indeed must the scene have been here when the fifty houses of the settlement were full of miners, and when there was the clank of the heavy machinery round the mine mouth. There is nothing left now. Ti-tree and scrub once more reign supreme, and the only sign of life left was the numberless herds of wild goats. All round this coast it is literally lined with them. We had some very good sport stalking them whilst in Mine Bay, and got several.

After having a good meal we got underway again for Maori Bay, where we went on shore and visited the lovely cemetery where so many of the Wairarapa passengers are laid to rest. A more beautiful spot could hardly have been chosen on all the Barrier for a cemetery. After chatting with the Maoris on shore for a time we got underway again for Port Fitzroy. The wind was now very light, so progress was slow. When we reached Port Abercrombie it died away to a dead calm, so we started to tow the yacht to Rarohara Bay, which we reached at 9 p.m., very tired after a very good day's outing. We anchored off Mr Warren's residence. He soon came off and invited us ashore for the



OFF THE WATCHMAN.

evening, but as it was late, and we rather 'done,' we reluctantly had to refuse till the morning, when we went to breakfast with him. It was Christmas morning, and we had a good time—plenty of music and singing till our departure at 11 a.m., when we got underway for Mr Flinn's at Wairahi. A nice breeze was blowing, so taking Mr Warren, junr., with us, we soon glided across the lake-like harbour of Port Fitzroy and anchored off Mr Flinn's residence. He was on the beach to meet us, and greeted us with the compliments of the season, telling us we were all invited on shore to Christmas dinner with his family. We

as the wind dropped almost to a calm. In the evening we went to the local post-office to send letters away, as the mail was going to Auckland next day.

We were routed up early next morning to meet the Argyle steamer from Auckland. She was bringing down excursionists to the Barrier. A good number were on board to see the sights of the island. After the steamer left us we had a consultation as to our starting home again, as the barometer was falling and weather very threatening. We did not relish the idea of having to beat back to Auckland

but not to be done, we opened a tin of corned beef and used some of it by tying it on the hooks with cotton. Incredible as it may seem, it succeeded well, as we caught seven large schnapper in a short time. Cutting a schnapper in half we baited the shark lines, and soon got a tremendous tug. The excitement was intense. For a moment one would think he was gone, and then another tremendous tug made us sure that the monster was still there. And now came one of those splendid tug-of-war which master shark can furnish when he likes. The



ENTRANCE TO BLIND BAY, GREAT BARRIER.

clewed up sails and were soon ashore renewing old acquaintances with Mr Flinn's family, who were now all congregated at his residence.

We had a very jolly stay on shore, rambling through the orchard and grounds. As time was getting on we had to make a start again, leaving Mr Flinn's at 4 p.m., bound now for Blind Bay. On leaving we promised to be back again next day if the weather was favourable. We still had the easterly wind, and were soon gliding down the harbour bound through Man-o'-War Passage, which is one of the entrances to Port Fitzroy, only 40 yards wide, and 11 fathoms of water in it. There can be no question as regards the exquisite beauty of Port Fitzroy, for a lovelier harbour does not exist in New Zealand. Once outside Man-o'-War Passage we again began threading our way through the lovely islands, a most pleasing experience, for we saw on either side rocks of most fantastic shapes, and scenery of the grandest description. When we got to Flat Island we had a dead beat up to Blind Bay. To hurry up and ease the yacht a little two went in the dingy and pulled along the shore, getting into the bay sometime before the yacht,



HARPOONING PORPOISES.

in a stiff sou' wester. To mend matters a slight drizzling shower came on, which soon decided us to leave, and get under the mainland at Cape Colville if the wind came westerly. Getting our waterbutt full we got on board again and ready to start. There was now a nice E.N.E. breeze blowing, so we were soon waving adieux bowling past the bluff head of Blind Bay bound for Te Koumu, near Coromandel. A pleasant run of two hours brought us to the Watchman, where we dropped anchor in 20 fathoms to do some fishing. Unfortunately we forgot to get some bait;

monster was at last got to the surface, and then there was a fine pow-wow, the water round the yacht being churned into foam by the wild lashing of the creature's tail. A second's pause in the struggle, and the harpoon was firmly driven home, and after one or two wild plunges the huge fish gave up the ghost, his blood dying the water all round crimson. The lines were parted again, and another heavy tug followed, this time not quite so furious. To our surprise it was a very large hapuka, about 70lbs. Soon afterwards another smaller one was caught. We would have liked to have stopped longer fishing, but the wind was increasing every moment, and the yacht rolling very heavily. We got our anchor up, therefore, and stood up over to Cape Colville with a slashing breeze, which we carried till off Cabbage Bay, when it suddenly dropped to a dead calm. We lay like 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean' for an hour or more, when a good breeze came up, causing us to bowl along past the islands of the Coromandel coast. Here we had some more good fishing, for a school of porpoises kept chasing us, so getting the harpoon ready we made fast to a big one. After a terrible struggle we got him alongside, having to heave the yacht to so as to haul him up. Off Gannet Island we discharged a couple of barrels to frighten the birds. An enormous cloud of them rose up, almost darkening the sky, such was the multitude of birds. We soon got amongst porpoises again and made fast to another, but he got away after a good struggle, the harpoon drawing out. The wind was now dropping fast, but lasted till we got inside Te Koumu Harbour, where we dropped anchor at 8 p.m. for the night.

Next morning broke very dirty and threatening. We had intended to go to the Thames, but as the E. wind kept increasing after breakfast, we decided to run across to Ruth's Island. We started away with full mainsail and spanking breeze, which freshened very much as we got off the land, so much so that we had to lay to to put in a single reef. On resuming our course the wind kept increasing in fury with a mountainous sea, which caused us to drop down



BLIND BAY, GREAT BARRIER.

our peak and acid before what was now a howling gale with high confused sea. In spite of our shortened sail we ran from Te Kouma to Ruth's Island in one and three-quarter hours, glad to get out of such a rough bit of water. We made all snug and went on shore to see Captain Ruth and family, who were all well. They have made considerable alterations since last year for the accommodation of visitors. And of all the lovely spots around the gulf none can compare with Ruth's Island for a quiet holiday. Plenty of lovely beaches for bathing, whilst roaming round the rocks lovely bits of coast scenery meet the eye on every hand, and from the summit of the island the panoramic view cannot be excelled. On the outside beach we indulged in some splendid surf bathing, as the breakers from the easterly gale came tumbling on the sandy bays in grand style. After dark a splendid musical evening was spent at Captain Ruth's residence.

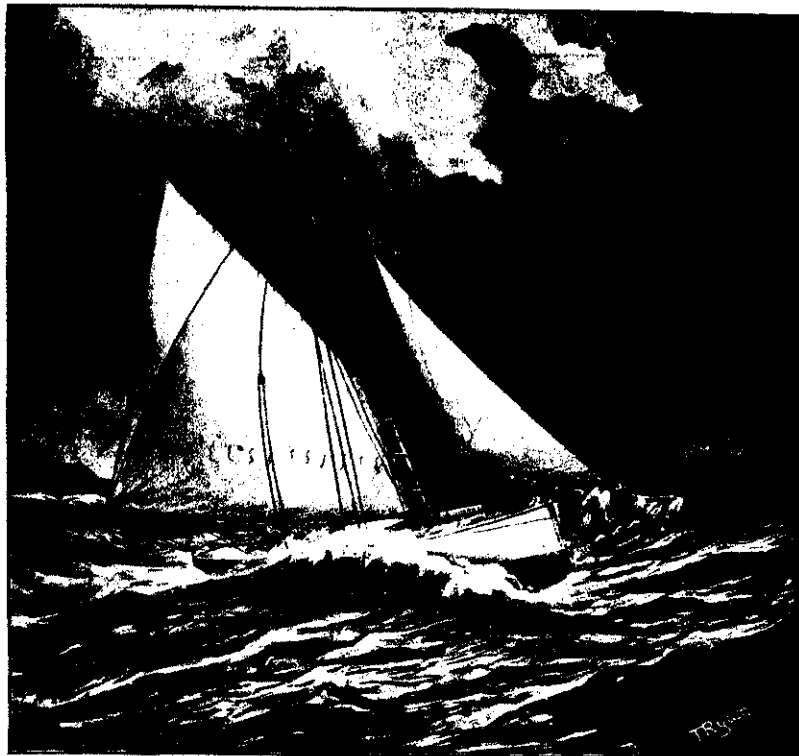
Next morning (Friday) the gale was still blowing, so after a good time at surf-bathing we were on board again under-way for Auckland, as our provisions began to run short and we needed replenishing. We put in a couple of reefs with storm jib and made tracks for town before the gale, which was now blowing its hardest, and very squally. The run to town was a splendid one, doing the distance, twenty-three miles in five minutes under three hours. Part of the time we ran with peak eased right down in the squalls.

On Saturday morning, getting stores aboard, the wind took off a bit, so we continued our journey, going from town to Waiwera with the wind about N.E. We had a dead beat out to Whangaparaoa, and then a free sheet to Waiwera, where we lay for the night. After tea we went on shore for a stroll and bath in the hot springs there. Whilst on shore the wind came up again, blowing a strong breeze, causing a nasty swell and surf to come in the bay, which made us uneasy about staying there, but we decided, as the yacht was rolling heavily, to go on board, to put out both anchors with thirty fathoms line on each, and leave her there till morning, as we intended to sleep ashore at the hotel, not caring to sleep on board in such a rolling sea. It was a difficult matter to get off to the yacht through the surf in the small dingy, so only one was able to go off in safety. Both anchors getting a firm grip, we went up to the hotel and had a fine musical evening in the social hall. The wind was howling wild during the night, causing us to be up at daybreak to see if the yacht was safe. We were all glad to see she was riding safely like a seagull on the waves. As it had the appearance of a very wild day, we decided there and then to clear out from Waiwera, and the neat intricate work was how to get aboard through the surf, which was now breaking heavily on the beach. It was decided for two only to go in the dingy and make the attempt, but the first time a huge wave came aboard swamping the dingy and ducking both. Getting on shore with the dingy, it was emptied and another attempt was made, which was successful, the breakers being negotiated in grand style and the yacht safely reached. All being on board, a start was made to cook breakfast — not an easy

matter the way the yacht was rolling. Anyhow a good substantial meal was put away and a start made to clear out, as the wind was unmistakably increasing. Putting two reefs in the mainsail with storm jib set, we decided to go to Waiheke Island, so had a long leg out to Whangaparaoa Point, where it necessitated a short tack to weather the dangerous reefs off the point. On the tack from Waiwera to the point we got a severe doing owing to

Rakino Island we had the whole mainsail on again. We passed between Rakino and Motutapu Islands, and when in the passage we dropped anchor to fish awhile, getting several, then bore away for Patiki Bay at Waiheke, where we anchored for the night.

Monday was spent roaming round the bays near at hand, when an adjournment was made to the yacht to clear up things a bit in readiness for our return to town. The rough



CAUGHT IN AN EASTERLY GALE, WAIWERA.

the high confused sea, accompanied by a big northerly roll. The decks were awash the whole time, and an occasional sea broke clean over us, so that we had a very wet trip to the point, and right glad were we to square away to Waiheke after rounding the reefs. After passing Tiritiri Island the sea and wind got more moderate, so much so that off

trip from Waiwera had made things below a bit wet, so we aired all the rugs, etc., then went off the bay fishing, catching about sixty sechnapper in a short time. In the afternoon we left for our moorings with a lovely E. breeze, carrying all sail with big balloon jib set. A smart run home was made and the moorings picked up after a very enjoyable week spent round the Gulf. The few stiff blows we had rather lent an additional interest to the trip. It was grand to see how well our craft could behave in a big sea-way. One and all thoroughly enjoyed the cruise, and only hope for many more such trips round a coast which is second to none in the world for yachting and sport.

## POISON THEIR WEAPON.

A DESPERATE DUEL WHICH CAME OFF IN ARIZONA.

'I WAS once the master of ceremonies at the most sensational duel ever fought,' said L. R. Frenison. 'In fact, had I not been present I could not have believed that it could take place in the way it did. I was in Tombstone, A. T., when a young Englishman, who was prospecting through the country, quarrelled with a high spirited Frenchman. I have now forgotten in what way the trouble arose, but that night I was sitting in the Englishman's room when he received a challenge from the offended party. As coolly as if accepting an invitation to dinner, he said, "Tell your principal that I believe him to be a coward. If he is not, he will not object to my method of settling this affair. As the challenged party I have the right to choose my weapons. I choose a deck of cards, a game of seven up and a dose of strychnine, the loser to kill himself in the presence of the others; the time, to-night at midnight." The Frenchman was game and appeared at the appointed time with his second. We could not interfere, and the game was started, a white powder lying on the table. It was for seven points, and each dealt with as much composure as though it was a mere friendly pastime. At first the Englishman led, and had five points when his antagonist had but two. Three points for the latter made them even and the Frenchman's deal. The Englishman begged and was given one, and then showed the Jack and four for high low, with an excellent running hand had the cards been run. The Frenchman showed the queen and tray, and without a word the Englishman swallowed the poison. It was more than any of us could stand. Even the Frenchman relented, and all of us went to work to save the man's life, with the assistance of a doctor who boarded in the house. Fortunately an overdose had been taken, and in a few days he was out of bed, but looking very pale from the ordeal through which he had passed. The two duellists afterwards became good friends, and were partners in the cattle business up to a few months ago.'



RUNNING BEFORE AN EASTERLY GALE.

HORACE COMPRESSED.\*

BY MR GLADSTONE.

WE have already expressed our astonishment, which will be that of all men, at Mr Gladstone's having brought out a translation of Horace at all, at his age. It remains to consider his translation critically; and in this task the critic is helped to some extent by the fact that Mr Gladstone has already, in his preface, provided a sort of apology for his book. He lays stress on what he considers to be the fundamental merit and object of his translation, justifying the addition of one more to the many English versions of Horace; and that is its 'compression'—

'Without compression, in my opinion, a translation from Horace, whatever its other merits may be, ceases to be Horatian; ceases, that is, to represent the original. It also ceases to represent the author, who, more perhaps than any writer among the ancients, has revealed his personality in his works—a personality highly interesting, and yet more signally instructive.'

There can be no dispute about this attitude. Mr Gladstone definitely says that an English Horace must be 'compressed' in order to be Horatian, and that nothing else much matters. But he gives these further rules for the right translator—

'He should largely abridge the syllabic length of his Latin text; should carry compression to the farthest practical point, should severely limit his use of licentious and imperfect rhymes; should avoid those irregularities in the use of the English genitive which are so fatal to euphony; even though he find any of them supported by the authority of Shakespeare (for example in the line—'Come, Cæsius sword, and find Titinius' heart'); he should endeavour with whatever changes of mere form, to preserve in all cases the sense and point of his author, and should sparingly allow beauty but seductive doctrines of free translation. At the same time he must respect the genius of the English tongue, and aim at the easy flow of his numbers.'

Here the canon seems to be somewhat qualified; and Mr Gladstone's refusal to adopt a form of English genitive approved by Shakespeare and exemplified in a line which is so far from lacking euphony as to seem to derive additional beauty from its grammatical structure, seems strangely inconsistent and self-sacrificing. But the principle remains firmly laid down that compression must be carried 'to the farthest practical point,' and that the actual number of syllables in the Latin line must be 'largely abridged.'

It is impossible to admit this principle. The English tongue, which is analytic and not inflectional like the Latin, bars the way; and Mr Gladstone, in any case, ought to be the last man to try leaving out all possible redundancies of syllable or expression. Mr George Meredith might characteristically have attempted the task, but only at the cost of not respecting the genius of the English tongue; he might have succeeded, but only with the same success which makes so much of his best work a failure. But Mr Gladstone! The very idea is absurd. Nor can we allow that the leaving out of definite or indefinite articles (the Latin, of course, has none), or the clumsy construction of the following verses, for instance, are a 'compression' which makes Mr Gladstone's translation 'Horatian'—'whatever its other merits may be'—

Than from one, his hostess pale,  
Couched in subtle tone  
Tempte his ear a crafty tale:  
'Chloe sighs, and Chloe dies,  
Dies for these stone.'

Tells how high, through guilty dame  
Silly Proctor won  
Cruel plot of blood (he fame),  
Slender's breath had done to death  
Chaeste Bellerophon.

Tells of Pelene, how he fled  
From Hippolyte,  
Nearly numbered with the dead:  
All that leads to passion's deeds,  
Many an artful plea.

Deafar than Icarian seas,  
He doth nothing care.  
Thaw, lest rotine Egeus please,  
Pleasee too much, so near to touch  
And to view, beware.

The result is mere fog, and this is but a single instance. Nor is the 'compression' very clearly advantageous or particularly 'Horatian,' which causes the omission altogether of the line—*miseri quibus instant nites*—from Od. I. 5, of the reiterated 'Postume' in the famous 'Eheu Fugaces,' or the following verse with its footnotes in I. 6—

Diomed, by Pallas taught to thrust  
At gods, or Merion black with dust  
Of Troy, or Mars in coat of mail,  
To sing aright what birds avail!

(Footnote.—In this stanza, which was very difficult to compress, I abridge Meriones after the manner of Diomed, and see both disyllabically.)

Without the footnote one would simply look on it as a clumsy and wooden verse; but the deliberate purpose indicated in the note about the spirit in which the thing is done, 'Diomed by Pallas,' six syllables, being counted as four, and 'Merion,' three as two. A step further, and on this canon a poet might leave his verse to look after itself, and put his rancour and his rhymes, and even his sense, into an appendix.

Nevertheless, when one looks at other aspects of Mr Gladstone's translation than that on which he particularly prides himself, it is not unworthy of a brilliant Oxford scholar of the old school who has kept himself moving with the times. The translations, though frequently pedestrian, are always scholarly, and interesting to follow with the original; and the versification will often give points to any Liberal bard whom we can think of, including a certain expectant, or lately expectant, Laureate. Here, for instance, is a spirited version of Od. IV., 13—

I've! me the gods have heard,  
Made thee beldam at my word,  
Still a beauty, thou dost think,  
Saucy still for sport and drink.

Though with creaking voice thou woo,  
Cupid lags: hath word to do  
With young Chia's blooming cheeks,  
And her mouth that music speaks.

Obtains he passes by  
Oaks dried up: he shuns thee; why?  
For he cannot wrinkles bear,  
Blackening teeth and whitening hair.

Coan purple, gems that blaze,  
Will not bring thee back the days  
Write in annals known but past,  
Of the time that fled so fast.

Beauty, colour, gesture's grace,  
All are gone. Not this the face,  
Not the passion-breast nor the  
Once that stole myself from me.

After Clovia, thou wert great,  
Form and charm. But Cinara, Fate  
Quickly took, and left thee  
Grey and worn facimile.

Old as a decrepit crow,  
That warm youths might see the  
Scourging thee with laughter's lash,  
Once a flambeau; now an ash.

It is difficult to believe that this could be the work of an octogenarian. Yet with the exception of one translation, published in 1859, this book is understood to be really new work. The critic is compelled to finish as he began on a note of wonder.

ANOTHER WAY. †

Much more amusing than Mr Gladstone's 'Horace,' and in reality not less scholarly, is the charming *jeu d'esprit* which Mr Charles L. Graves calls 'The Hawarden Horace,' and which Messrs Smith, Elder, and Co. have just published, or rather republished from the *Spectator*. Mr Graves's versions of the odes are delightful—alike from the excellence of their satire and from the extraordinary ingenuity with which the original is adapted to the incidents and circumstances of Mr Gladstone's life. What can be better than this?—

AD PUERUM.

Perfices odii, puer, apparatus,  
Displacet nexæ phylira coronæ;  
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur.

AD CYRILLUM FLOSCULUM.

Oriental flowers, my Cyril,  
(Save of language) I detest;  
Cull for me no costly orchid,  
To adorn my blameless breast.  
Nor essay to dye my raiment  
With the blushing English rose,  
For its brutal Saxon colour  
Aggravates my Scottish nose.

And this, again, is a clever reminiscence of 'Laudabant illi clarum Rhodon aut Mytilenæ':—

AD MORIUMUM.

Some say 'twas in Midlothian, and some there be who swear  
I first beheld the moonlight in the wilds of county Clare.  
Some say 'twas Tory Island, and some have little doubt  
'Twas either Tara famed for song, or Dublin famed for stout.  
Some back the modern Athens, whose architecture's grace  
In all its 'virgin purity' in memory I retraces.

In fact, Mr Graves's is one of the neatest of scholarly jokes, and one of the best collections of easy light verse, which we have seen for some time.

\* The Odes of Horace. Translated into English. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. (London: John Murray.)

† The Hawarden Horace. By Charles L. Graves. (London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1894.)

PRECIOUS STONES.

WHENCE COME THE BEST—SIGNIFICANCE OF JEWELS.

THE difference between the United States and Africa in the production of precious stones last year was the difference between three hundred thousand dollars and twenty million dollars. In Africa fully twenty-five thousand diamond diggers find employment in search after crystals of pure carbon. Once a pure blood-red diamond was found—the only one of its kind.

The sapphire and the ruby are the same stone, only differing in colour. Sapphires are the more common, and yet the more valuable. A fine blue sapphire will cost as much as a diamond of the same size. The colour of a ruby varies from rose to crimson. The most popular, and therefore the most valuable, is known as 'pigeon's blood,' and ranks next below the diamond in value. A ruby which comes from Brazil is called a topaz, while one brought from the cape is a garnet. The true ruby will scratch either of these stones. Saxony and Siberia also produce the topaz in yellow and white, and while the red garnet is the most common, the stone is found also in violet, green and white.

A turquoise is less costly than a ruby, but its popularity as a ring-stone never wanes. The American turquoise is the best; it does not fade like the Persian stone.

Each of the principal jewels is supposed to have some special virtue of its own and some occult connection with a particular month of the year. The stone for January is the garnet, signifying constancy; for February, the amethyst, meaning sincerity; for March, the blood-stone, carrying courage with it; for April, the diamond, signifying innocence; May and the emerald mean success in love; June, the stone is the agate, which brings health and long life; for July there is the carnelian, signifying contentment; August and the sardonyx are supposed to bring matrimonial felicity; in September, the chrysolite wards off madness; for October, the opal signifies hope; November and the topaz mean fidelity, while the turquoise belongs to December, and promises prosperity.

Opals are considered by many the most unlucky of stones in spite of their signification. Possibly this is because they are so easily broken. Recently an auctioneer was holding up an opal on which a number of bids had been made. Some one asked to look at the stone. In passing it from hand to hand, the opal fell to the floor and the auctioneer had three stones to sell instead of one. He sold no more opals that day. The best opals are brought from Hungary.

Pearls are worth nearly three times as much as they were twelve years ago. Black pearls are always the most valuable, and white ones worth the least. Pink and yellow pearls come in between the other two.

It seems to be well known that the largest diamonds in the world are called Rajah of Borneo, Russian Czar, Austrian Kaiser, Regent of France, Star of Bressle, and the Kohinoor, weighing respectively, 367, 193, 139, 356, 125, and 103 carats.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: AN APPRECIATION.

BY EDMUND GOOSE.

THE blow which we have so long been awaiting has fallen at last, and has found us unprepared. The most gracious, the most romantic, figure in the recent history of English literature is with the beautiful figures of the past; he is with Montaigne, with Goldsmith, with Charles Lamb. His long exile in a tropical land whence his utterances came spasmodically, and whither reply to them was vague and uncertain, has broken the shock to us in some measure. Ramos seemed like an antechamber to the unknown region into which he at last has vanished. Yet, and to the vast public surely in particular, this picturesque and inaccessible remoteness only added to the sense of his greatness—only added a fortunate mystery to his unquestioned supremacy. He seemed to loom enormous from those odorous highlands under the Equator. He brought them within the circle of civilised intelligence. He departs, like Moses, buried unseen at the top of a high mountain, and the Pacific Islands fade again out of our interest. He is no longer Tautala, the teller of tales to a clan of feathered chieftains; he is brought back to English literature, to the noble and immortal generations of the local dead, who speak to us still in our own tongue, and among whom his clear voice will be heard so long as our English race endures.

It is natural to ask, at this first moment, why it is that the writer of a few unambitious romances, of a few short essays, of some brief studies in poetry and in biography, should to-day be mourned throughout the Anglo-Saxon world as perhaps no Englishman of letters, cut off before old age, has been mourned since Dickens died? The question seems to find its answer in the fact that consummate style is still, even in this confused and burdened age of ours, the key to universal sympathy. In the course of the ages there have been in every nation and language a few to whom the gift has been given, in extraordinary fulness, of expressing a human nature of peculiar sweetness and tenderness in language so appropriate and exact, so delicate and fresh, that all that is best in the imperfect lives of others has recognized in it an ideal and has hung upon its utterances. This, surely, is the extremity of literary charm; and if this charm has ever been possessed by a writer, it was possessed by Stevenson. In him, more than in anyone his contemporary, style, in this truest sense, was predominant; for, in every page that he wrote at his best, his own individuality stands revealed, pure, simple, impassioned, and tremulous with awe and pity.

No character in the public arena of to-day could bear that scrutiny which is now so inevitable better than Stevenson. Those who have known him longest and most intimately are best aware how exquisite his personal conduct has been. Whatever leaps to light, we have to dread nothing which will lessen his good name. He has been the very Galahad of letters. When he was struggling and unknown, as some of us remember him, he was always modest, gay and loyal, always respectful to accomplished merit, always merry under defeat, always pathetically grateful for each crumb of success. When celebrity came upon him, his modesty knew no abatement; he never 'took himself seriously,' never adopted pontifical airs, never lapsed into the fatuous egotism of the ordinary popular favourite. In the old happy times, when we knew him first, he was always to be discovered in any company, with hand gallantly on hip, his smiling oval face contentedly bended, entertaining and drawing out the least attractive or the shyest person present. As in private obscurity, so in the blaze of adulation and publicity, he never seemed conscious that he was any one, but always displayed a strenuous wish to please; and I suppose more dull and foolish persons have been charmed by him than by any genius now living.

What the morals of literature have missed and now finally lose in the removal of Stevenson cannot easily be computed. He was so jovial and so mercurial that no one could think him a prig, his playfulness that no one could regard him as a preacher, yet all his nature was founded on a faith in the reasonable virtues. In judgment he may often have seemed in error, but it was never the result of violent prejudices or of angry acrimony. He was interpenetrated with sympathy—he was doubtless without a rival in the wholesome fulness of this quality—and he tested men and things from the sympathetic point of view. Hence resulted some of the little *volte faces* which sometimes annoyed us, the tendency to be judge one moment and prisoner's counsel the next; he judged because a tide of righteous wrath swept through him, he repented because he realised the prisoner's standpoint. The conflict between, as the preachers say, his hatred of the sin and his love of the sinner led sometimes to comical vagaries. The whole business of the 'Father Damien' pamphlet was an instance which is almost public already.

It is impossible at this crisis, in our estimation of him, to look steadily at the body of work which he has left behind him. By a pathetic and almost sinister accident, the first volume of a completed edition appeared but a week or two ago. It was the crowning distinction of his life, and it is sad to know that the beautiful book in which began his academic immortality, as one may put it, cannot have been in time to reach his hands. It put forth his claims to our admiration in the most handsome terms, for it exhibited him to us in the dress which, in all probability, is that in which he himself will know his best. The 'greyday' English novelist, the newspapers were calling him 'the greyday'; but he was scarcely that. In the true sense, of course, he never published a novel. A writer of tales for boys he used to call himself, and we must not forget that an element of the ephemeral inevitably clings to the most rousing and the most effective stories of mere adventure. Especially was this true when, as in 'Catrious,' he was obliged by the exigencies of the form he adopted to speak through the mouth of another. We followed him always with delight; but we grudged the imitative voice, the absence of the direct Stevensonian statement. But the first volume of the collected edition—and, as it happens, most felicitously—reveals him in his best character, as an essayist. The vain superlative is much to be deprecated; but if Stevenson is not the most exquisite of the English essayists, we know not to whom that praise is due. He has, indeed, one rival, not of our race or speech. By instinct the name of Montaigne flies to our lips; and here, indeed, a richer personality seems expressed with greater suppleness, variety, and independence. A more Pyrrhonian temperament, no doubt, was precisely what Stevenson's Parian nature needed most. But, after Montaigne, who is there to be named who has expressed in more exquisite abandonment a nature more ingenuous and more human?

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

OPPOSITION is opportunity.—EMERSON.

Ughly tempers are unhappy tempers.—JOHN WESLEY.

HOW TO SELECT LODGINGS.—A doctor gives the following account of his own course of procedure in selecting lodgings: 'In the first place, I carefully note the appearance of the servant who opens the door. Is she healthy and bright, or pallid, and either languid or cross? Next, I similarly note the condition of the landlady and of her children, if any. Then I inquire into, and, if necessary, personally inspect the three essential elements of a healthy house—dryness, drainage, and water supply. But, from long experience, I can pretty accurately infer the state of the drains from the aspect and manners of the inmates, and where either pale faces or vixenish manners exist I do not go.'

A RED SEA PHENOMENON.—A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red Sea at a place called Nakous, where the intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost 300 feet. This reach is 80 feet wide and resembles an amphitheatre, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking, somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which at the end of five minutes becomes so strong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling of gas or vapours underground.

THE DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.—In future times, perhaps, the baneful girl of the period will come forward herself as a 'candidate for marriage,' but, at present, in flat contradiction of the French proverb, man no longer proposes. Many and varied are the reasons given for his remissness. The subject has been frequently ventilated, and 'Why men don't marry' has more than once formed the theme of a copious newspaper correspondence. Some attribute it to the selfishness and luxury of the 'skulking' male creature; others to his shilly-shally and want of pluck; others again, lay the theme on those odious clubs. One brutal person of my acquaintance says it is all the fault of the modern girl, who has such expensive and luxurious habits; but then I do not hesitate to characterise him as a 'man of the moment' of the worst possible description! Mr Grant Allen in his 'Post Prandial Philosophy' disagrees with them all. He thinks that in most things the modern young man is an improvement on his progenitors, but he nevertheless discerns in him a distinct and disastrous weakening of the matrimonial impulse. He attributes the present crisis in the English marriage market to the cumulative effect of nervous over-excitement, consequent upon the wear and tear of modern existence. *Tot homines quot sententia:* no two people can agree as to the cause; only the distressing fact remains, patent to all mothers of marriageable girls. The decline of marriage is, in fact, a new social phenomenon that has to be reckoned with and, if possible, explained.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

EFFECT OF FEAR.—A man connected with a travelling menagerie was sleeping on some blankets on the door of a tent, when something crawling over his breast roused him. Springing up he threw off the creature, which proved to be a huge rattlesnake. As he struck it he felt the prick of its fangs in his arm, and, with a howl of pain and terror, bounded from the tent and shouted for help, whisky, a doctor or some medicine. There chanced to be nothing available within reach, and his fellows stood around with scared faces waiting for him to die, which he appeared likely to do in a very short time. The arm began to swell, and the poor victim was soon gasping for breath and groaning with almost intolerable pain. At last, just as the breath seemed to leave his body, someone among the waggoners shouted that one of the pet snakes had escaped. It was an enormous rattler, but harmless, as the fangs had been removed. The reptile was found dead under one side of the tent, where the man had flung it. The bite proved to be the prick from a sharp tack in the canvas of the tent. In an hour the man was as well as ever save for weakness caused by the nervous excitement. It was the opinion of all who witnessed the incident that but for the timely disabuse of the man's mind he would have been dead within a few minutes, the victim of nervous dread and terror.

NUMBER THREE.—There is a superstitious regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus, an article may twice be lost and recovered, but the third time that it is lost it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through some great danger in safety, but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity; thus, we might mention the trident of Neptune, the three-forked lightning of Jove, and the three-headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions. In mythology, also, we find three Fates, three Furies, and three Graces; and, coming nearer to our own times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with 'Three Cups,' 'Three Jolly Sailors,' 'Three Bells,' 'Three Tuns,' 'Three Feathers,' in fact the number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown, and if we look back to the days of our childhood most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham who took a sea voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes and induces doctors to order their medicines to be taken thrice daily. It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three. But, although they may have no words to express higher numbers, perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.

The "Illustrated London News" in reference to pure literature, speaks of "the 'Family Herald,' that joy to tens of thousands of innocent English households."

FAMILY HERALD PART. Now Ready, Price 6d. FAMILY HERALD, Part 612. Price Sixpence. Containing Serial and Complete Stories, Essays, Answers to Correspondents, Cookery, Miscellanies, Riddles, Charades, Riddles, &c. Now ready, in a coloured wrapper, price 3d., the MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF FICTION (No. 116), consisting of A COMPLETE NOVEL, Entitled, FOR GABRIEL. By a New Author. W. STEVENS (LTD), London, and all Booksellers.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

KILLING GRASS BY ELECTRICITY.

It is said that an American Railway Company has in successful operation a device for killing out the vegetation from its tracks by the use of electricity. It has always been a problem how to keep down grass and weeds that grow along lines of railroads, and its extermination costs annually a large sum of money. The railroads have always been on the lookout for a device that would do the work effectually and cheaply, and it looks as though this had been at last found. An electric generator, with a small engine to operate it is mounted on a flat car. The generator is connected with a brush made of fine copper wire, which reaches clear across the track to the ends of the ties, and comes within an inch or so of the ground. The car is pushed over the track to be cleared at the rate of about five miles an hour, and the electric current passing through the brush kills every weed and blade of grass that it touches.

WOMAN'S HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

- A woman of five feet should weigh 110 pounds. A woman of five feet one inch should weigh 115 pounds. A woman of five feet two inches should weigh 120 pounds. A woman of five feet three inches should weigh 127 pounds. A woman of five feet four inches should weigh 134 pounds. A woman of five feet five inches should weigh 142 pounds. A woman of five feet six inches should weigh 146 pounds. A woman of five feet seven inches should weigh 152 pounds. A woman of five feet eight inches should weigh 160 pounds.

MAKING HAIRPINS.

For years the English and French controlled the manufacture of hairpins, and it is only within the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in America to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which the pins are sold necessitate the cheapest and most rapid progress, which can only be procured by automatic machinery. The wire is made expressly for the purpose, and put up in large coils, which are placed in a clamp, which carries it to the machine while straightening it. From there it runs into another machine, which cuts, bends, and by a delicate and instantaneous process sharpens the points. Running at full speed these machines will turn out 120 hairpins every minute. To economise it is necessary to keep them running day and night. The difficult part of the work is in the enamelling, which is done by dipping the pins in a preparation and baking in an oven. Here is where the most careful and constant attention is required, as the pins must be perfectly smooth and the enamel have a perfect polish. The slightest particle of dust causes imperfections and roughness, which is objectionable.

THE POWER OF ALUMINIUM.

The power of aluminium to resist the corrosive action of water is one of its most valuable features. Experiments recently made with it in this connection at the Physical Institute of Berlin, were, it is reported, attended with the following results:—A tube of aluminium was taken, found on analysis to contain .58 per cent. of silicon and .32 per cent. of iron, without a trace of lead or copper, also an aluminium plate containing .72 per cent. of silicon, .60 per cent. of iron, and .25 per cent. of copper. The experiments showed that aluminium, after immersion for 120 hours in water of varied composition, was corroded, this corrosion being strongest with hot water obtained from the town supply and least with cold distilled water. The corrosion extended uniformly with the interior of the metal. But although these trials show that the use of aluminium, from a chemical point of view, should only be resorted to under exceptional circumstances, they do not detract from its proved merits under ordinary conditions.

DOUBLE STREAM HAMMERS.

These are entirely independent of each other in their working; one can strike quick light blows whilst the other is striking slowly and heavily, or one can work alone whilst the other remains at rest. They are evidently constructed with a view to economy, the baseplate, anvil block, and central standard being common to both hammers. It is often convenient to prepare a forging under one hammer, and pass it on rapidly at the same heat to the dies in which it is to be finished, and in such cases, it is claimed, these tools offer decided advantages, since the plain pallets or preparatory dies can be fixed in one hammer and the finishing dies in the other, thus avoiding all loss of time between the processes. The hammers are of the 20wt. size, but other sizes are constructed on the same principle, with self-acting or hand-worked valve gear, and with or without foot levers, the latter not being usually fitted to the larger sizes. Three, or even more, hammers can be put together in the manner described, when desired.

PIANOS. ORGANS. THE LONDON AND BERLIN PIANO CO., SHORTLAND ST., AUCKLAND (OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE)

W. H. WEBBE ... MANAGER. PIANOS AND ORGANS CAN BE PURCHASED

ON OUR 20 OR 30 MONTHS' HIRE SYSTEM. PIANOS ... from 20s per Month. ORGANS ... from 10s per Month.

Price Lists and Illustrated Catalogues Free. PIANO AND ORGAN LESSONS. Mr W. H. WEBBE receives pupils as hitherto.

PIANO & ORGAN BOOK FREE. Our new Catalogue is a grand portfolio of all The Latest and Best Styles of Organs and Pianos. It illustrates, describes, and gives manufacturers' prices on Organs from \$25.00 up and Pianos from \$150.00. It shows how to buy at wholesale direct from the manufacturers, and SAVE over 50 per cent. THE CORNISH ORGANS AND PIANOS, Guaranteed for 25 years, have been played and praised for nearly 30 years; to-day they are the most popular instruments made. Secure our SPECIAL TERMS of Credit, framed to suit the times. Remember this grand book is sent FREE. Write for it at once. CORNISH & Co., Washington, N.J. (Established nearly 30 years.)

CALLIOPE CYCLES SAVILLE & CO. CH. CH. CATALOGUES FREE





*A Shareholder's  
Dream*

**A BANK OF N.Z. SHAREHOLDER'S DREAM.**

SCENE.—The deepest cellars of the demon Rhino. Attendant sprites bind shareholder to the guillotine and the demon takes his place at the controlling rope.  
 DEMON—"Ho! W(h)AT'S ON now? my plans shall not be thwarted. The law is clear; calls *must* be paid, though shareholders be slaughtered."  
 FAIRY—"I'll WARD th'occasion off!!! I fly at once to Europe, and, pending my return, avault; and pull not your rope!"  
 Demon Avaults and shareholder is reprieved.

NOTE.—The Hon. Mr. Ward has cabled to London that no further call is contemplated.—Vide Cablegram, Daily Press.



'WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MEANS BY THIS?'  
INQUIRED MR SUMMERS, HANDING ME AN OPEN LETTER.

## REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY HERBERT KNEB.  
AN ABORTIVE PLOT.



**A** CURIOUS episode happened while I was acting as managing clerk to Mr Summers, who used to carry on business in Southampton-street, Bloomsbury. He was an old-fashioned solicitor who, in his palmy days, had enjoyed a very fine practice, but his health had begun to fail for some years before I went to him; he had no son or successor for whom he desired to keep up his connection; and he possessed ample private means. The circumstances combined had impaired his natural energy to such an extent that he hardly took the trouble to conceal from clients his indifference to his professional occupations, and the result was that the business had become stagnant and moribund. If he would only have taken a young and energetic partner he could have retained it all, for he was personally much esteemed and respected; but he always said that he preferred that his practice should die with him, the truth being that he was growing too old and indolent to tolerate any innovation.

Nevertheless, with the inconsistency of mankind in general, he was always a little annoyed when a client deserted him; and those were the only occasions when I ever saw him out of temper. He was a most amiable old gentleman, with snow-white hair, aristocratic features, and a fine presence, in spite of his seventy-five years; his intellect was perfectly clear, and when he chose to exert himself, he proved that he was still a capable man of business.

One morning he arrived at the office rather late, and on my presenting myself in his room to receive instructions about the day's correspondence, he said, irritably—

'Has Mr Cuthbert Chadwell called yet?'  
'No, sir.'  
'What do you suppose he means by this?' inquired Mr Summers, handing me an open letter.

While he turned, with transparent pretence at indifference to his other correspondence, I read as follows:—

Thexford Park,  
Northamptonshire.

Dear Sir.—I regret to inform you of the death of my father. I believe his will, of which I am sole executor, is in your possession. I am coming up to town to-morrow morning, and if you will kindly have the will looked out for me, I shall be obliged, as I propose to take it away.

Yours truly,  
CUTHBERT P. CHADWELL.

'I suppose you have the will, sir,' I remarked, perceiving the cause of my principal's irritation.

'Yes, I believe it is in the strong room; it must be ten years ago since the testator made it, and I have never seen him since. At one time he used to be a good client,' said Mr Summers, with a sigh. 'I suppose the son intends to go to somebody else.'

'He says that he wishes to take the will away,' I observed, with diffidence.

'Well, he is welcome to it,' said Mr Summers, sharply; 'his father was a decent fellow, though a self-made man. Began life as a shoemaker, I have heard. But I have only seen the son once, and I wasn't favourably impressed. I hear he is a skinflint.'

'Not much good as clients, that sort, sir,' I said, to soothe him.

'No. Still, it would have been more decent to— However, I don't want his business. Fetch up the will, Millicent, and make out a receipt.'

I could see that Mr Summers was annoyed at not being asked to prove the will and to wind up his late client's estate, though I knew very well that when his momentary

irritation had passed, my principal would be rather relieved than otherwise at having been spared the trouble. I descended to the strong room, and when I returned to the clerks' office, I found that during my brief absence, Mr Cuthbert Chadwell had arrived, and was already closeted with Mr Summers. I therefore wrote out a receipt for the will, and entered Mr Summers' room with the document in my hand.

I perceived at a glance that the interview between Mr Summers and his late client's heir had not been of a particularly cordial description. Mr Summers' annoyance was manifested by his punctilious politeness, while Mr Cuthbert Chadwell looked sulky and ill at ease. My principal seemed relieved when I appeared, and held out his hand for the will, with an impatient gesture.

'With your permission, Mr Chadwell, I will open the envelope,' said Mr Summers, gravely. 'I have no doubts that you are sole executor, as you say, but I cannot trust my memory.'

Mr Chadwell, by a surly grunt, signified a grudging assent to this precaution, and I had leisure to observe him while Mr Summers was glancing at the will. He was a bald-headed, corpulent, middle-aged man, with coarse, bloated face, a hang-dog look, and a very shifty expression about the eyes. He was evidently ill at ease, and when he happened to meet my gaze he appeared covered with confusion.

'Here is the will,' said Mr Summers, replacing the document in its envelope, and handing it across the table to Mr Chadwell. 'I will ask you to sign this receipt, which my clerk has prepared.'

The executor took possession of the will with evident eagerness, and stowed it quickly away in his pocket. He then affixed his signature to the receipt with a very shaky hand, and rose to take his departure.

'Good day, Mr Chadwell,' said Mr Summers, offering his hand; 'I hope you will live many years to enjoy your inheritance.'

'All right,' said the other, shortly, as he put on his hat and made for the door. 'If I can ever put a job in your way, Mr Summers, I'll bear you in mind.'

'Thank you. At my time of life, however, I do not expect new clients,' said Mr Summers, with quiet irony.

Mr Chadwell shuffled out of the room in rather a shame-faced way, and hurried from the building. Mr Summers glanced up at him through the wire blind as he passed the window in the street outside.

'Not a prepossessing person, eh, Millicent?' said Mr Summers, with a smile.

'Sole executor, too?' I remarked, answering the thought which was evidently in his mind.

'His father trusted him, apparently,' said Mr Summers, shrugging his shoulders. 'Besides, he practically takes everything himself.'

'Did he mention who his lawyer is?' I inquired, as I turned to leave the room.

'He does not employ a lawyer,' answered Mr Summers, smiling. 'He said when he came in this morning that he considers us useless and wasteful. He is going to prove the will himself at the local registry at Northampton.'

I guessed from this that Mr Chadwell had put Mr Summers' back up by his manner of announcing his intentions, which accounted for the coolness I had remarked. I must say that in this instance I did not consider that the business had been deprived of a valuable client.

With this reflection I dismissed the matter from my mind and I do not suppose that either Mr Summers or I would ever have given another thought to Mr Chadwell and his affairs or heard anything more about him, but for one of those singular accidents which are sometimes dignified with the name of coincidences.

There was a Chancery suit going on in the office at the time, in connection with which a series of advertisements had been inserted by order of the Court in various London and provincial newspapers. About a week after Mr Chadwell's visit, one of my fellow-clerks handed me a Northamptonshire paper, saying that he could not find the advertisement in that issue, and asking me to see whether he had overlooked it. I made an unsuccessful search, and was

folded up the paper to return it to him, when my eye alighted upon a brief paragraph containing an obituary notice of the late Mr Chadwell, of Thexford. It stated, among other details, that he had died of a paralytic stroke on the 18th instant previous.

Now Mr Chadwell had called upon us on the 16th, two days earlier; and as he had then informed us that his father had died the day before, it followed that the date of the death was the 15th. The discrepancy was apparently due to a printer's error in the paper; still, when I recalled to mind Mr Cuthbert Chadwell's peculiar manner on the occasion of his visit to the office, I began to have a vague suspicion that there might be something wrong, and I, therefore showed Mr Summers the newspaper paragraph.

'Oh! It is a mistake, of course,' said Mr Summers, when I pointed out the date of death. 'What does it matter whether the poor fellow died on the 15th or on the 18th?'

'Only that if he didn't die till the 18th, Cuthbert Chadwell was not entitled to have the will,' I replied.

'Why?' said Mr Summers, sharply.

'Because his father was alive.'

'Pooh! It is all nonsense,' said Mr Summers, getting up from his chair with a troubled expression. 'I—I must admit that I thought the son's manner was odd,' he added, after a pause. 'Anyhow, we may as well set doubts at rest; send a wire to the newspaper people drawing attention to the mistake and see what they say.'

Accordingly, after some deliberation, I drew out and despatched the following message to the Editor of the *Thexford Gazette*:

'Re Matthew Chadwell deceased.—Your issue 23rd gives date death 18th. Is not this an error? Reply paid—important—confidential.'

Although I was beginning to feel almost excited at the discovery I had made, I cannot say that I entertained any serious suspicion, and I quite expected that the reply to my telegram would be of a reassuring nature. But to my surprise, and to Mr Summers' consternation, the answer which arrived in due course was as follows:—

'18th correct date. Informant doctor—have seen certificates.'

'Good gracious, Millicent, this is most grave!' exclaimed Mr Summers, on seeing the telegram. 'It is obvious that Cuthbert Chadwell lied to me. What could his object have been in getting hold of the will in his father's lifetime?'

'Perhaps he persuaded his father to destroy it,' I said.

'He was residuary legatee, and—h'm!—his true share were some annuities and one or two big legacies,' said Mr Summers, thoughtfully.

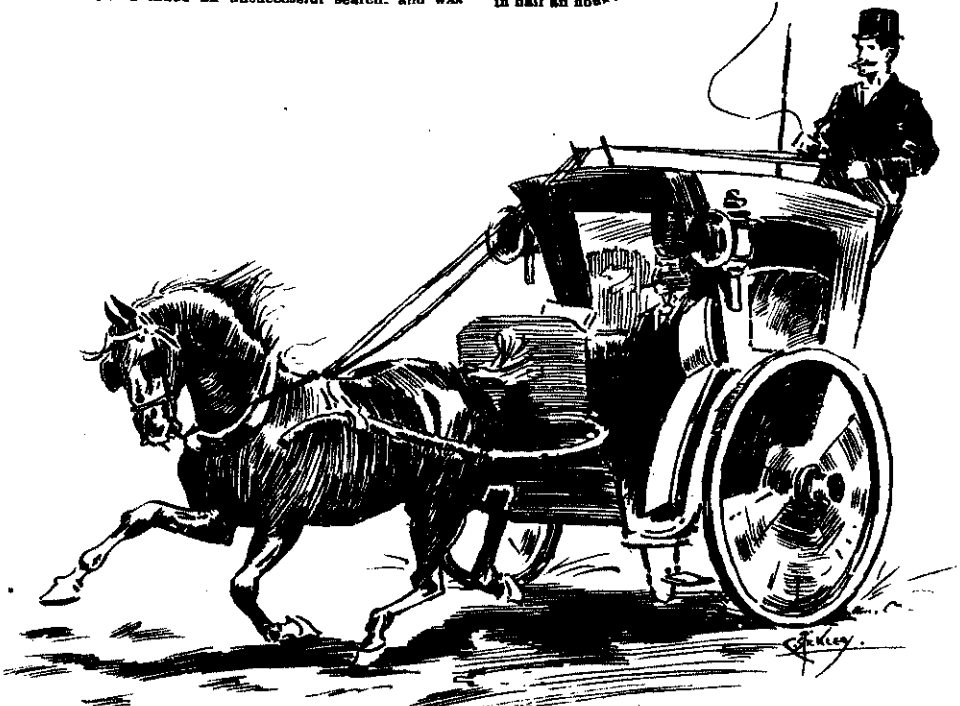
'He was an only child, wasn't he?' I inquired. 'If so, everything would come to him in the event of an intestacy.'

'We mustn't jump hastily at conclusions, Millicent,' said Mr Summers, evidently greatly disturbed; 'the point must be cleared up. If there is anything wrong, I shall feel in a measure personally responsible. I don't know what to do exactly, but I will think it over, and we will talk about it to-morrow.'

It was then Mr Summers' usual hour for leaving, and he went home in a state of considerable agitation. For my part I began to think it quite possible that Cuthbert Chadwell meditated some fraud, and I had the curiosity to look up the draft of his father's will. Assuming that Cuthbert Chadwell was grasping and unscrupulous, the amount of the legacies and annuities seemed to offer quite sufficient incentive to him to suppress it, or at least to induce him to endeavour to get it revoked. He had certainly not acted straightforwardly in obtaining possession of the will by means of a subterfuge, and this made me doubt the honesty of his intentions.

The next day Mr Summers arrived at the office earlier than usual, looking pale and determined, and after glancing through the letters, he took out his watch and said to me:—

'Millicent, I have decided to go down to Thexford, and I think you had better accompany me, as you were present when Mr Chadwell called the other day. We must start in half an hour.'



WE HIRED A FLY AT THE INN, AND DROVE TO THE PARK, WHICH WE REACHED AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

'You propose to call upon Mr Chadwell, sir?' I inquired.  
'Yes, I shall insist upon an explanation. Mind, I don't suppose there is anything wrong. To destroy a will is a felony, and I have no reason to suspect Mr Chadwell of anything so bad as that. But I must be satisfied that the will still exists, or has been properly revoked.'

In spite of his disclaimer, I could see that the result of my principal's deliberations had been to arouse his gravest suspicions, but he maintained a discreet reticence, and neither then, nor during our journey to Thorford, did he offer to discuss the matter further. At Thorford station we hired a fly at the inn, and drove to the Park, which we reached about two o'clock in the afternoon.

It was a fine place, I remember, though the surrounding country was flat and uninteresting, and much disfigured by workings for ironstone, an extensive industry in those parts. The house was a big, ugly square brick building, more like a hotel than a mansion, and looked very much dilapidated and neglected. As the fly drove up to the entrance door Mr Cuthbert Chadwell was just strolling out, and he, therefore, came face to face with Mr Summers, who alighted with the agility of a young man and confronted him. My doubts of Mr Cuthbert Chadwell's integrity were at once confirmed by his look of consternation when he recognised my principal. For a moment he seemed literally thunder-struck, and stood staring at us open mouthed, while his colour changed from red to white. Pale to the lips he at length made an effort to recover himself, and addressed Mr Summers with an evil scowl.

'What do you want here?' he exclaimed.  
'A few words, only, Mr Chadwell,' replied Mr Summers, with admirable calmness. 'I think indoors would be best.'  
Cuthbert Chadwell took the hint with some perturbation, as he realised that the flyman was an observant spectator of the scene, and ushered us into the hall. Here for the first time he seemed to become conscious of the brusqueness of his greeting, for he murmured something about being pleased to see Mr Summers, and led the way into a sitting-room, which was evidently the library.

'Close the door, Mr Millicent,' said Mr Summers, as we entered. 'I have brought my clerk, Mr Chadwick, because he was present the other day when you said your father was then already dead.'

'And now you have found out he wasn't, I suppose,' said Mr Chadwell, standing with his back to the fireplace, and speaking in a would-be jocular manner.  
'He did not die till the 13th,' replied Mr Summers, gravely.

'That is quite true. He wanted his will; he wasn't well enough to write me an authority; I knew you lawyers are fond of raising difficulties, so I adopted this plan to avoid them,' said Mr Chadwell, with effrontery.

'Why not have told the truth?' remarked Mr Summers, sternly. 'I would have accompanied you, and brought the will myself.'

'That was just what I didn't want,' said Mr Chadwell, with an insulting laugh.  
'Possibly,' observed Mr Summers, drily.

'I mean my father was too ill to be bothered with lawyers,' added Mr Chadwell, changing his tone rather quickly. 'I have no wish to offend you,' he added, in a cringing tone.

'It is not a question of anybody's feelings,' said Mr Summers quietly. 'Under the circumstances it is my duty to find out what happened about the will.'  
'My father destroyed it,' said Mr Chadwell, sullenly.

'Destroyed it!' exclaimed Mr Summers, raising his eyebrows.  
'What else should he want it for?' said Mr Chadwell insolently.

'Did he destroy it himself?' asked Mr Summers keeping his eyes mercilessly fixed upon his host.  
'It was all in order if that is what you mean,' said Mr Chadwell, beginning to display increased signs of uneasiness.

'Who was present?'  
'I was.'  
'Who else?'  
'The nurse and—the doctor,' answered Mr Chadwell, with manifest hesitation.

'Is the nurse in the house?'  
'No. She has left.'  
'Well, I must call and see the doctor,' said Mr Summers, taking up his hat. 'He lives in the village, I suppose. What is his name?'

'Look here, Mr Summers, what is the meaning of this intrusion? What the deuce has all this to do with you?' cried Mr Chadwell, endeavouring to hide his evident consternation by a bullying manner. 'My father chose to destroy his will. That is enough for you isn't it? And a devilish deal more than you need to be told,' he added, with another coarse laugh.

'I can easily ascertain who the doctor was,' answered Mr Summers, coolly. 'As for your question, my duty is obvious. I must communicate the facts to the Court of Probate, certainly—possibly to the police.'

'Why?' asked Mr Chadwell, with a muttered oath.  
'The destruction of a will is a serious matter. In some cases it may amount to a criminal offence,' said Mr Summers, significantly. 'For the present, I have ascertained all I want to know, and I wish you good-day.'

With a stiff bow, Mr Summers, turned on his heel and left the room, while I followed him silently. But before I had closed the door behind me, Mr Chadwell called after us in a startled voice, and joined us in the hall.

'Mr Summers,' he said, in a more conciliatory tone, 'I don't want my affairs talked about all over the place. I don't wish to interfere with your doing what you think your duty, but let us come to my lawyer's. He, no doubt, will be able to satisfy you.'

'Who is your lawyer?' inquired Mr Summers, coolly.  
'Mr Brown, of Stanford,' answered Mr Chadwell, seizing his hat from the hall table. 'Stanford is only three miles off, and your fly can take us there.'

'It would be satisfactory to know exactly what happened,' said Mr Summers, after a moment's reflection.  
'Come along, then,' said Mr Chadwell, eagerly. 'I will leave everything to my lawyer.'

He led the way to the entrance door, and we all three entered the fly. Mr Summers and Mr Chadwell sat on the front seat while I, facing them, had an opportunity of observing both. I fancied that my principal seemed a little embarrassed by this manoeuvre of our companion, and I could well imagine the kind-hearted old gentleman beginning to reproach himself with having been too hasty. But from my position I could also contemplate Mr Chadwell's sinister expression, and I perceived very clearly that his suggestion of a visit to his lawyer had been made out of desperation. Probably, on the spur of the moment, he had

been able to think of no other expedient for preventing Mr Summers from seeking an interview with the doctor, and I had a shrewd suspicion that the intelligence we brought would be news to Mr Brown. Rightly or wrongly, I had arrived at the conclusion that Mr Chadwell had destroyed his father's will himself, unknown to the testator; his manner at the recent interview had left no doubt whatever in my mind upon this point; and I looked forward with considerable curiosity to what would transpire at Mr Brown's office.

It seemed to me, did Mr Chadwell, though in his case there was far less curiosity than apprehension. He never addressed a single word to Mr Summers during the drive, but sat fidgeting about in his corner, biting his lips, and staring blankly out of the window. It was not a comfortable journey for any of us, and Mr Summers and I, at all events, were greatly relieved when the fly rattled through the narrow streets of Stanford.

We had had business with Messrs Brown, Potter, and Co., of Stanford, and knew them to be a highly respectable firm. It was this fact which evidently puzzled Mr Summers, for they were not the kind of people to lend themselves to any shady transaction. As I had anticipated, however, as soon as we reached their office, Mr Chadwell rushed up the steps, saying that he wished to speak to Mr Brown before we saw him. Mr Summers and I followed leisurely, and were ushered into the waiting-room. When we were alone my principal turned to me anxiously—

'What do you think of it all, Millicent?' he inquired.  
'Mr Chadwell destroyed the will himself, and he is now, for the first time, giving Mr Brown his own version of the occurrence,' I said, with conviction.

'Well, well, I hope he will be quick about it,' said Mr Summers, glancing at his watch. 'I don't know whether

doggedly.  
'No, Mr Summers, no harm was done,' said Mr Brown, ignoring his client with cool contempt, and addressing my principal.

'You said you could prove to Mr Summers that my father intended to revoke the will?' continued Mr Chadwell, evidently puzzled by his solicitor's manner.

'When I last saw him a few months ago, he said he was going to write to you for it,' said Mr Brown, still addressing Mr Summers.

'But he did not,' observed my principal.  
'No, he did not—foolishly. Therefore, Mr Cuthbert Chadwell was most unwise in acting on his own responsibility. In fact, I have told our friend here that he has narrowly escaped most unpleasant consequences.'

'It's all right now, isn't it, Mr Brown? You are going to act for me, and—'

'No, sir,' interrupted Mr Brown, sharply. 'I did not say I would act for you. All I said was that I could convince Mr Summers that he need not concern himself about the destruction of the will. The fact is,' he added, slowly inhaling another pinch of snuff, and looking in our direction with a twinkle in his eye, 'the testator himself revoked that will in his lifetime.'

'I think I understand,' said Mr Summers, quietly.  
'Yes,' continued Mr Brown, addressing Mr Cuthbert, with ill-disguised sardony, 'the will being waste paper, it doesn't matter whether it was destroyed rightly or wrongly. The late Mr Chadwell's will gentlemen, is in my possession. It revokes all former wills, appoints me and my partner, Mr Potter, to be executors and trustees, and disposes of his property—ahem!—rather differently to what his original intentions were.'



FOR AN INSTANT MR CHADWELL STOOD STILL, WITH HIS HAND ON THE DOOR HANDLE, LITERALLY GLARING AT MR BROWN, WITH AN EXPRESSION THAT WAS ABSOLUTELY MURDEROUS.

you are beginning to realise that we have not lunched, Millicent, but I am.'

I was indeed unpleasantly conscious of the fact, but we were fortunately not detained very long. After an interval of about five or ten minutes a clerk appeared, and conducted us into Mr Brown's room. There we found Mr Chadwell seated in a corner, looking very red and sulky, as though his solicitor had been speaking to him pretty plainly. The latter, a little bald old gentleman, with bright eyes, and a ruddy, clean-shaven face came forward to greet Mr Summers, and shook him warmly by the hand.

'Delighted to meet you, Mr Summers. We have known one another through the post for the past forty years.'  
Mr Summers murmured his acknowledgments, while Mr Brown, after courteously placing chairs for us, resumed his seat at the desk.

'I have been away fishing in Norway for a month, and only returned home a few hours ago,' remarked Mr Brown.  
'That is why I postponed my visit till to-day,' interposed Mr Chadwell, eagerly.

'Consequently, I have only just heard the news of the death of my late client, Mr Matthew Chadwell,' said Mr Brown, ignoring the interruption. 'Mr Cuthbert Chadwell has been good enough to say that he wishes me to act for him in the administration of his father's estate.'

'He died intestate,' murmured Mr Chadwell, staring defiantly at Mr Summers.  
'That is the question,' said Mr Summers, addressing Mr Brown. 'I don't know whether your client has told you what brings us here?'

'Yes, he has,' replied Mr Brown, taking a silver snuff-box from a drawer, and helping himself from it with grave deliberation. 'I informed Mr Cuthbert that it was your obvious duty to ascertain the circumstances connected with the destruction of the will. I also informed him that I should not attempt to defend his conduct,' he added, looking very straight at his client.

'How was I to know anything about legal formalities?' said the latter, scowling, and dropping his eyes. 'All I know is, that I destroyed the will by my father's wishes.'

'In the presence of the nurse and the doctor?' I interposed, quickly.  
'We need not go into that,' said Mr Brown, with a significant glance at me. 'Fortunately, the question of the legality of the transaction will not arise. I say emphatically—fortunately for you, Mr Chadwell.'

'I don't see that I did any harm,' said Mr Chadwell,

'It's a lie!' cried Mr Cuthbert Chadwell, jumping to his feet in a sudden passion. 'My father made no later will.'

'Recollect what happened two years ago, sir,' said Mr Brown, starting up, and speaking in a very meaning tone. 'You thought you had coaxed your father into telling nobody, but he told me, and this will was the result.'

'I shall dispute it,' exclaimed Mr Chadwell, furiously, though evidently startled by the lawyer's words.

'You can do as you like about that, but if you do the facts about the destruction of the old will must be dealt with, and I should be sorry to stand in your shoes, Mr Cuthbert, in that case,' said Mr Brown sternly.

'I— I shall obtain independent advice,' cried Mr Chadwell, taking up his hat, and rushing to the door in indignant consternation. 'You shall hear from me, Mr Brown, through my solicitor.'

'Meanwhile my partner and I will proceed to prove the will, and administer the estate,' said the lawyer, calmly.

For an instant Mr Chadwell stood still, with his hand on the door handle, literally glaring at Mr Brown, with an expression that was absolutely murderous. He was trembling with fury, and I believe he was not even present, he would have assaulted the little lawyer. But he had just sense enough to control himself, and with a sort of snarl, he suddenly rushed out of the room and vanished.

'That man, my dear sir,' said Mr Brown to Mr Summers, giving way to momentary excitement when we were alone, 'is to all intents and purposes a murderer. His poor father lived in terror of his life, and two years ago—well, well, he added, checking himself, 'I mustn't reveal a professional secret. You will understand from what I have hinted that the poor old father, from sheer fright, let him continue under the delusion that the will you made remained valid. Even that, however, didn't satisfy the scoundrel. He must needs try to suppress it.'

'He must be mad,' exclaimed Mr Summers.  
'It is charitable to suppose so. Drink, however, has a good deal to do with his condition. My partner and I, I assure you, have a very unenviable task before us. He may shoot us if he likes, but he shall never get hold of this will,' said Mr Brown, with calm determination.

'I suppose the new will contains disagreeable surprises for him?' inquired Mr Summers, as he rose to take leave.

'He gets more than he deserves, but the bulk of the property goes to charities,' said Mr Brown, with a grim laugh.



Our own cockatoo does not know "as 'ow it matters as long as they don't make it Saturday, or else the missus 'll 'ave a lot to say."



The Prohibitionist shopkeeper objects strongly to be compelled to close and leave the field entirely at the mercy of the publican.



To find the real cause of the cry for Saturday among shop assistants "il faut chercher la femme." "Why can't you have your holiday on the same day as other people, Tom dear? we can never go anywhere with anyone."



Mrs. Tiptopper remarks to Mr. Bigshop that she "really does not know why Saturday afternoon can not be universal; no lady could think of shopping on Saturday afternoon or evening!"

What may be expected in towns where the holiday, not being Saturday afternoon, becomes a mere class affair. The preponderance of lady assistants is very marked.



"Well," says the loafer, "that's a lick! why them lazy beggars does nothing at all to need a 'arf 'oliday. They don't know what work is, they don't."



"THE SHOP ASSISTANTS' HALF HOLIDAY."

## CAN LOVE COME AFTER MARRIAGE?

RESULT OF A PRIZE COMPETITION.

The following is the question which had to be answered. 'What prospect has a girl who marries because she is loved and not because she loves, of falling in love with her husband after marriage?' A few hundred competitors have been good enough to express their views, and we are sorry that we cannot devote, say, half a dozen columns to extracts from many excellent papers. But we must make the best we can of our limited space, and hope that the many whose views were well worth quoting will believe how much we regret probably apparent but certainly not actual want of appreciation.

The two sides are represented with equal ability, so that we have divided the prize between the two competitors who have best represented the views of the two parties. Mrs Hagarhan thinks that:—

'Considering the unity of interests and close companionship of married love, also the necessity of love to the average woman's nature, the chances are strongly in favour of the girl, presumably fancy free, learning to love her husband if he is worthy of respect, and treats her with tact and delicacy.'

Nearly all the best points in the best affirmative papers are summed up in the above. Coming to the other side of the question 'Kathleen,' who is married, says:—

'None; the married state is not conducive to the awakening of love. Love is ideal; married love is intensely prosaic. Where love has not been the actuating impulse that directs before marriage, circumstances do not tend to develop it. Respect, esteem, affection, and that feeling of essentialness which the intimacy of married life gives, may grow and increase. Wise is the woman who accepts these as substitutes, and gives them generously in return for her husband's love.'

'Cérisse,' once again well to the front, writes:—

'That "love begets love" is an accepted aphorism, and in my opinion a girl has every prospect of falling in love with her husband after marriage if (1) her heart is free and her love still hers to give; (2) she starts married life with no feeling of dislike or distaste for her husband, but merely with an indifference; and (3) if the man himself is love-worthy, self-restrained, unselfish, tactful, and endowed with ideas, tastes and a temperament similar to hers.'

We beg leave to differ with 'Cérisse' only on one point, namely, the necessity of a similar temperament. These go a long way in the right direction, but how often one sees real love where there are quite dissimilar temperaments. Many others argue like 'Cérisse' that 'love begets love.'

Quite one of the best papers is that in which 'Rustica,' an appreciated and appreciative friend of *Woman*, says:—

'Marriage is, I consider, so awful a thing, that it is justified only by deepest love on both sides. A girl who marries only because she is loved is hazarding a most

dangerous experiment. For marriage, with all that it entails, will often produce in a woman a feeling of revolt and aversion towards the husband whom she does not love, and a feeling of intolerable humiliation as regards herself, and this, together with the absence of all illusion and romance, so well-nigh impossible in married life, makes the prospect of her falling in love with her husband improbable indeed.'

'Cassandra' will, we are sure, forgive us for remarking that she errs only in saying too much—more than was necessary to answer the question. The following extract from her paper is admirably to the point:—

'Every prospect; provided her husband is unselfishly devoted to her, and she is not in love with any other man. But unselfish devotion must be shown in firmness and in self-control. The great mistake made by men and women alike is in *over-loving*; that is, in boring the loved one with over-demonstrative affection.'

On the other side comes the hard, matter-of-fact, but not to be despised opinion of 'Flora':—

'The prospect a woman has of falling in love with her own husband is a sorry one. Respect, admiration, and even a life's devotion may be given, but love into which women fall is in its first growth in no way dependent on the man's affection; it is a thing spontaneous, without reason, and never can occur when relations have become prosaic.'

On the other side, Miss Helen Cheston has discovered a strong point here:—

'The girl possessing no love for her husband at marriage has not that dreadful experience of finding that the man she once considered perfection (as all girls who are truly in love do) is after all not faultless.'

And a lady who, writing from the Midlands, asks us not to mention her name but forgets to give a pseudonym, adopts somewhat the same argument.

'Nell' is terribly and emphatically pessimistic. She says, 'None whatever. Marriage is of necessity such a shock to most girls that only a great love can overcome the horror.' 'Experientia Doct' says:—'The average man seldom improves in his conduct to his wife after marriage. Except in novels, I fear few men are "heroes to their valets"—or their wives.' 'The familiarity of married life is a very severe test of love and not a producer of the article,' is Mrs James Turner's view, and Miss M. Hamilton Willis writes: 'Even the deepest love on both sides cannot always stand the test of that "long, long life together, stripped of all romance and distance," but she who starts with mere liking and respect, invariably ends with dislike and contempt.'

Turning to the more cheering side of the question, we find Miss Isabel May believes that: 'The growth of such a girl's love might be slow but its ultimate strength would be greater than had it sprung from passion.' 'A Flock Master's Wife' sums up a good affirmative in: 'Every prospect, if the girl is high principled and possesses a strong sense of the responsibilities which marriage entails and the

man is worthy of her.' 'There is a great deal in the thought of "me" and "ours" which appeals to most women,' says 'Tatters' apropos of the influence of home and common interests. And Mrs Mabel Watson says, 'Provided that her husband is not absolutely repugnant to her, the delicate compliments of a man's devoted love may win the heart of any true woman.' Mrs Kees-Phillips is almost the only competitor who has thought of one important condition, namely, that 'no compulsion should have been used to force the parties into a loveless marriage.' Mrs Bray, replying decidedly in the affirmative, says that if the husband prove worthy of the wife's love and respect, and contribute to her happiness, the feeling of gratitude will engender 'that wifely love which gathers unto itself all that is best in the human affections.'

'Olivia' thus describes the probable result of conditions which have already been quoted from other papers:—

'A little absence, illness, or neglect on his part, a "little rift" within the lute," and her slumbering passion will probably take root—she will awaken, as from a trance, so wonder how she could ever have felt coldly towards him—and to believe she has really loved him all along.'

Of course a number of competitors refer to the silent influence of children in engendering love. But we cannot find that it has occurred to any of those who argue that if love has not come during the process of wooing, it cannot come afterwards, that there are such things as short engagements preceding *mariages de convenance*, during which the girl may not have time to make up her mind; in such cases the wooing has barely begun when the marriage takes place. This is merely a suggestion humbly offered. It is worth noting that they are mostly married women who do not believe in love coming after marriage; the maidens are, as a rule, more sanguine. We must leave our readers to decide between the two parties after reading the opinions we have published.—*Woman*.

## THE COMING MAN.

(A RESULT OF THE NEW WOMAN.)

VERY humble, very meek,  
Mind and body rather weak;  
Never smoke, and never shoots,  
Lights the fires and cleans the boots;  
Never at the paper looks,  
Washes up, and scrub, and cooks;  
Pussy feeds, the cradle rocks,  
House keeps, shops, and darns the socks;  
Takes wife's cards and pays the calls,  
Fetches her from music halls;  
Is in fact a model man—  
Built on quite another plan.

# Pears' Soap

## A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS

*Specially prepared for the delicate Skin of Ladies and Children.*

Imparts and maintains a soft, velvety condition of the Skin, and prevents Redness, Roughness, and Chapping.

Professor SIR ERASMUS WILSON,  
(Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.)

"The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and Pears' Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable balms for the skin."

*The independent testimony of Scientific Experts and the most eminent Skin Specialists award it the first place among Toilet Soaps.*



THE ACTOR'S DOUBLE.

WE were talking about spirit manifestations at the Thirty-nine Club, and retelling the usual second or third-hand accounts of deceased ladies and gentlemen showing themselves to their sorrowing relatives.

"It is strange the tricks which our brains will sometimes play us," said Doctor Macpherson. "I remember once seeing a ghost myself, and it can tell you that the sensation is a very curious one. It was a good many years ago in my examination days, and I had been sitting until the early hours 'cramming.' Everybody in the house had long since gone to bed, where I ought to have been myself, so I was rather surprised when I glanced up from my book to see somebody sitting at the table where I myself had been a few moments before writing. I felt quite startled for an instant, until I recognised the intruder. He was a little hazy, but I could see plainly enough who it was."

"A dead relative?" asked Major Dennett, who was a firm believer in the good old fashioned ghost.

Macpherson answered in his peculiarly quiet way. "No, it was myself. The experience of seeing one's own ghost is not altogether unusual, I believe."

"Now, I do not think your experience was half so remarkable as one of mine," said Gilbert Dane, the well-known actor and manager of the Howard Theatre, who happened to be there that night. Dane is not a member of the Thirty-nine, but had come with Macpherson. Most of the brain specialist's friends are in the profession, a fact which is perhaps due to the year which he himself spent on the stage as a young man.

"My story begins provisionally," said the actor, when he begged to hear it. "I lost the latch-key with which I let myself into the theatre, and took somebody else's to the locksmith's to have a duplicate made. I agreed to call for it the following morning as I was going up to town for rehearsal. I was living at Patney then, and we were actively preparing a play which deserved a better fate than it received, if thought and preparation go for anything, for I came near making myself ill over it. I was feeling out of sorts on the morning that I called for the latch-key, and when the locksmith swore positively that he had given me the thing already—that less than ten minutes previously I had come in for the key, paid for it, and taken it away with me, I will confess that I lost my temper, and stormed as the fellow; but I could not get him to budge a line from his story. He seemed to have an idea that I was playing a practical joke, and the only result of my talking was that I nearly lost my train to Waterloo. It was moving when I reached the platform, and I had to run for the only compartment of which the door was open, near the end of the train.

"The compartment contained two other passengers, but if I glanced at them at all, I noticed nothing except that each was pretty well hidden behind a daily paper. I had fortunately bought my own paper before calling at the locksmith's, and I speedily followed their example. So far the story is painfully commonplace. Now comes the truly remarkable experience which has stamped the doings of that day indelibly on my memory."

The actor paused to strike a match and relight his cheroot, which he had allowed to go out, and we all watched him in silence, wondering what was coming. Macpherson only had the air of a man who had heard the story before.

"I had become rather interested in my paper," Dane went on, when the cigar was alight again, "and did not notice my companions talking, until one of them started telling an anecdote. Then it gradually dawned upon me that the story he was telling was one that I consider my own particular property, and when I listened, it struck me that the story was being told, not only in my exact words, but also in my own voice. They say that a man does not recognise his own voice—when he hears it in the phonograph, for instance; but that is possibly the fault of the phonograph, and, at any rate, I know that I recognised mine instantly. The story and the voice startled me, but it is difficult to describe my feelings when I put down my paper to glance at the narrator."

"It was yourself?" asked Major Dennett, excitedly, as the actor paused; and Dane nodded.

"Yes, gentlemen, I saw seated at the other end of the compartment by the window, opposite his companion, a figure that was an exact fac simile of the reflection which I see in my glass every day when I have dressed for the part of a respectable citizen. It was myself complete in every detail of face and attire."

"An optical delusion, I suppose?" I suggested; and the actor shook his head.

"No; that was the first idea that occurred to me—that I had been working and worrying too much over the new play, and my brain had played me a trick. The unconcerned way in which the third man glanced at me encouraged me in the belief, for the likeness, unless I was imagining it, was enough to attract instant attention. I wondered whether there was actually a man sitting and talking where I had seen and heard my facsimile; for the third man, an ordinary, everyday individual, had not spoken a word to him, and might from his expression have been listening to his anecdote or simply thinking. I was relieved when he laughed at the point when 'my double' as I began to call his companion, turned to the joke of the story, but when he opened his mouth it was only to increase the mystery of the affair, for it showed me that 'my double' possessed my name, as well as my voice, my dress, my face and figure."

"I began to wonder then, not whether the man at the window was a reality, but whether I was reality myself, and it really would not have surprised me if I had looked in a mirror at that moment and found it reflect back a face that was strange to me. It is strange how quickly a single phenomenon will sometimes change all one's fixed opinions on the subject of the supernatural. I felt that I must speak to the men if only to prove whether I was awake or dreaming, and I seized the opportunity of introducing myself offered by hearing 'my double' called by my name."

"Excuse me," I said, addressing him, "but I heard your friend just now call you 'Mr Dane.' I wonder whether we are related at all, for that happens to be my name, and we seem to bear a striking similarity to one another."

"My double" turned and surveyed me through his single eyeglass in exactly the same manner as that with which I should have surveyed a stranger who addressed me in the train.

"I really do not know whether we are related," he said,

in the voice I use when I wish to be slightly patronising. "I am Gilbert Dane, of the Howard Theatre," and he actually handed me one of my own cards.

"There was something in the substantial nature of the familiar bit of pasteboard that brought back a little of my commonsense, and relieved me from the state of stupefaction into which the phenomenon had driven me."

"Come, this is a very clever trick," I said, with a smile which, I am afraid, was rather feebly. "You have certainly succeeded in startling me. Now I should like your own card, so that I may know whom to congratulate on a very clever performance."

"And what did the Mystery do?" I inquired with interest when the actor paused.

"He did exactly what I should have done, if a stranger addressed me in the same manner. He became angry, and asked me what I meant, and who I called myself."

"Well! until to day I have been in the habit of calling myself Gilbert Dane, of the Howard Theatre—" I was beginning, keeping as cool as I could, when "my double" interrupted me in a tone which I still recognised perfectly as my own:

"Well! you had better not do so any more," he said, sharply, "or you will find yourself in the hands of the police. I see that you have been imitating my dress, too, which I cannot help, but the use of my name is another thing."

"We had just reached Vauxhall, our first stopping-place, as he spoke, and a ticket collector who knows me by sight came to the door. "My double" caught his eye first.

"I wish you would tell this gentleman who I am," he said, and the man answered promptly:

"Certainly, sir, you are Mr Dane, the actor."

"He looked startled when I asked him the same question. "I should call you a very good imitation," he said, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"This was becoming decidedly uncomfortable, and I began to wonder how I could prove to anybody that I was not a very good imitation of myself. The ticket-collector's ready acceptance of my double as the real Mr Dane showed me how helpless I should be in an appeal to anyone who did not know me well. But I felt that it would not do for two Gilbert Danes to remain at large; the question which one was to surrender the title must be settled at once. It struck me that the easiest way to do it would be to go together to the theatre, and submit the question to the company assembled for the rehearsal. I suggested this course to my facsimile, and he surprised me by accepting it readily.

"I warn you that I shall detain you when it is settled, and send for the police," he said in my hightest voice.

"It was what I was intending to do with him."

The actor paused to light another cheroot.

"And did you both go back?" somebody asked. Dane nodded.

"Yes, together. The third man left us at Waterloo," he said. "You may not believe it, but I felt rather uneasy as I approached the stage door, and the fact that I had no latch-key to open it for myself seemed a calamity. My double calmly produced his, and marched me into my own theatre with the air of a proprietor. Then he closed the door behind him, and changing his voice and manner, suddenly turned towards me and said quietly: "And now, Mr Dane, I will puzzle you no more, but apologise for giving you so much trouble, which I hope you will think repaid by the enjoyment of a unique sensation. The fact is that I am very anxious to go on the stage under your auspices, and I thought that this would be the best way to obtain an introduction to you, and at the same time, show you a specimen of my acting in the part of your understudy. You will admit at least that I understand the art of making up. Now, are you going to give me an engagement—or to send for the police?"

"And you gave him the engagement, I suppose?" I asked.

"Yes; I have always regretted that he threw it up before the year was up, and returned to his former profession, that of a medical man."

"It was he, of course, who called for the latch-key in the morning?"

"Yes; he had been in the shop when I ordered it, and the fact finally determined him to carry out the affair, which he had been pondering some time."

"But he must have haunted you like a shadow beforehand," put in Major Dennett, "to learn all your gestures and that. I should hardly think the result was worth the trouble."

Macpherson, who had been sitting quietly in the background, surprised us by replying for his friend.

"Excuse me, Major," he said, in his usual quiet way, "but you make a mistake there. Any man would have been glad to give a hundred pounds down for the engagement which Dane offered me straight away. It cost me less than ten pounds for clothes, and about a month of study; and my time was not worth ninety pounds a month then, or I should not have thought of giving up medicine and taking to the stage."

HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

THE BEGGING LETTER-WRITER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the old histories of literature there is very little said about those persons on the last rung of the ladder—the literary begging letter-writer. The Post Office arrangements did not give them the facilities they enjoy at present, or the popular author was not so successful or well paid as to make him worth their attention. For these importunate gentry, forgetful of the proverb that "Hawks do not peck out hawks' eyes," almost exclusively confine their attentions to members of that craft to which they themselves pretend to belong. Perhaps they shrewdly suspect that the world at large is not much interested in the affairs of Grub Street, whereas the literary man, being above all things what his contemporaries call 'shoppy,' is easily moved by a tale of non success in his own line. Men of letters are generally open handed, and almost universally averse to trouble, and, like the unjust judge, are far too weak to resist importunity. They may have a strong suspicion that they are being done, but the bother of investigation is too much for them. A member of the Charity Organisation Society once told me that authors encouraged imposture more than all the other professions put together. The Society's last report does not say this, but if any literary person should give himself the pains,

which is doubtful, to read it, he will certainly recognise the portraits of some old friends. Where these have found their greatest advantage over him is in his neglect to send back something they have forwarded to him as a guarantee of good faith—a paragraph from some obscure newspaper—the only copy, as it turns out, of the man's supreme literary effort; or a very filthy pawn-ticket, to show how poor he is; or a medical certificate, the very appearance of which suggests infection. The literary person averse to disagreeable spectacles often throws these things into the fire directly he sets eyes on them, the result of which is that he has a pensioner for life. Where is a man to look for help after these precious documents have been destroyed if not to the person to whose carelessness their irrevocable loss is owing? But if he has not this solid ground for compensation, the begging-letter writer has many particular claims upon his literary victim. He had once the happiness of belonging to a printing establishment when one of the author's 'delightful works' was passing through the press, and trusts that the humble finger he has had in the pie of his success will plead for him, or he has been an artist who has assisted to produce the coloured pictures which flame on the cheap editions of the author's works upon the bookstalls; or whether his appeal is listened to or not, he shall never forget the amusement and instruction he has derived from Mr Jones's genius—and I am not sure that this does not 'fetch' Mr Jones more than all his other arguments.

Nevertheless, as a past master among the victims of the begging-letter writer, I venture to suggest a few alterations and improvements in the method of application. The very carelessness of the persons from whom they get their living, and on which they mainly count for it, should teach them a little prudence and forethought: they need not keep their books by double entry, but they might make notes on their shirt-cuffs (when they have any) of the dates on which their applications have been made. It is impossible that they can have had an addition to their family on November 4th and then again on December 4th. A reasonable time should be allowed, not, indeed, for the operations of nature, for those may be disregarded, but for the circumstances in question to have escaped the memory of the proposed victim. Again, I cannot but think it a mistake after having obtained the exact sum (half a guinea) requisite 'to restate me in my proper position,' to write by return of post for thirty 'shillings' more, on account of a miscalculation of my finances. A third and very common plan that I think might be dispensed with is the application for a loan when that for a gift has been a considerable and continuous success. Even a literary person who has bled freely is irritated at this new method of depletion, which, in addition to its other advantages, establishes a link with the very person he yearns to get rid of. It is said that the best way to shake off a disagreeable acquaintance is to lend him money, but this only grapples you to the begging-letter writer with hooks of steel.



District Land and Survey Office. Auckland, 20th December, 1894.

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED that the undermentioned Suburban and Rural Lands will be submitted for sale by public auction at this office on FRIDAY, the 22nd day of March, 1895, at 11 o'clock a.m.

TOWN OF HAMILTON WEST—Lot 56, 1 road 13 poles; upset price, £5 12s 6d. WELMOUTH SUBURBS (Manukau County)—Lot 39, 2 acres 3 rods 8 poles; upset price, £19 12s. Lots 43 and 44, each 5 acres; upset price per lot, £10.

PAPAROA PARISH (Otamatea County)—Section, north-east part, 75, 103 acres; upset price, £7 17s 6d. Open land, about 6 miles from Pahi, and intersected by the main road.

RUSSELL, S.D. (Bay of Islands County)—Section 7, Block 1, 7 acres; upset price, £7. Open land, with Swampy Gully, near Russell, and lying between the Recreation Reserve and Cemetery.

MANUKAKARAMEA PARISH (Whangarei County)—Section 136, 4 acres; upset price, £24. Situated near Manukakaramea Wharf, and weighted with £588 10s for Improvements Effected.

CONDITIONS OF SALE. One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the fall of the hammer, and the balance, with Crown grant fee £1, within 30 days thereafter, otherwise the one-fifth paid by way of deposit shall be forfeited and the contract for the sale of the land be Null and Void.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.



District Land and Survey Office. Auckland, Nov. 8, 1894.

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED that the undermentioned SUBURBAN AND RURAL LANDS will be offered for sale by public auction at this office on FRIDAY, the 22nd day of March, at 11 o'clock a.m.

PAKIHU NGAROTO.—Section 400, 66, upset price per section £6; 401, 5a 1r, £5 2s; 402, 4a 1r, 2 1/2a; 403, 2a 1r 10p, £2; 404, 4s 2r, £45 10s; 405, 2 1/2a 2r, £21 10s.—Open and grass land, fertile soil, situated at Te Rore, and adjoining the bridge.

MANUKAU COUNTY.

SUBURBS OF MANUKAU.—Section 17, 8a 1r 17p, upset price per section £100 5s 6d; 18, 1a, £36. Situated at Mangera, opposite Ouehanga wharf.

WAIPA COUNTY.

PARISH OF PUKETE.—Section 75A, 4a, upset price per section £3. Open land near Hamilton. Subject to £16 for draining, fencing and grassing.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the fall of the hammer, together with full amount of valuation for improvements (if any), and the balance, with Crown grant fee, within 30 days thereafter. Plans may be inspected at the office, Customs-street West.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.



# PAUL JONES



SKETCHES AT THE OPERA 'PAUL JONES.'  
 PLAYED BY THE ROYAL COMIC OPERA COMPANY, NOW TOURING NEW ZEALAND.

Drawn by Bob Hamerley.

[See 'Our Illustrations.']

THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHED.

A PARABLE OF THE MOMENT.

HE had laughed at everything since her babyhood, not so much from a strong sense of humour as from a lack of a sense of responsibility.

There was not one among her circle of friends who would have had her otherwise. They had sick wives at home, or drunken husbands—politely drunken husbands (nothing was squalid among their woes), but to such torture-ridden men and women her smiles were opium and her laughter the wisest tonic in the world.

But I shall have to marry some day,' she said, 'and grow fat and old and lazy. How tiresome that will be. What do you say to marriage, Charles? I am contemplating it just now.'

He was her chief confidant and friend. A fair man, who had mislaid his future, and spent his money feverishly. A man society admired and applauded, because his talents being wasted, were at its service for evermore.

'Dear thing,' he said gravely. 'Why bother about marrying at all? You are charming as you are.'

'Old!' He smiled. 'Well, I shall be old some day. We all owe a debt to time, which we spend our lives in paying off; and it won't take an I O U, will it? No, I must make up my mind to marriage.'

'Exactly—in future years. Why trouble "what is" with the business of "to be"? Besides—he moved uneasily in his chair—"you could never be faithful for more than three weeks at a time, could you, Poppy?'

'N—no,' she admitted, 'but I should like to try.' He laughed. 'How characteristic. Still your husband might not relish the experiment.'

'Then I shouldn't marry him. I should settle first of all that you and Charlie joined us on our honeymoon, or Charlie and her husband; you would spoil my acting.'

'Yes, you would; your sense of humour is too strong. You turn everything sacred into an immoral epigram, and everything poetical into a music-hall ditty. "Romance freezes in your presence, and imagination dries up and is parched. I am the only person your wit does not paralyze; and if I were going downhill to the devil to-morrow, the drag you put on would only make me take the bit in my mouth and run away. You are a horror.'

'You,' he said, 'are a darling.' She laughed. 'You idiot. That is your latest pose. So many of your friends fancy themselves in love with me that you have tried to convert your Platonism into passion. Do you think I can't see through it?'

The man rose and went to the window. 'It's a beautiful day, Pop,' he said. She went to the mirror over the mantelpiece and patted her hair.

'You are the only man I know who has never proposed to me. You should do so, Charlie, just to be in the fashion.' He spoke abruptly: 'What did you say just now?' he asked.

'I pulled the longest curl in her fringe down towards the top of her nose. 'I went to Douglas's, and they cut my hair too short,' she answered.

'His reply was not audible. 'Did you swear, Charlie?' she continued. 'I felt inclined to swear at them myself; but it was too late. I never waste a bad word when its use has gone. It has two uses, to intimate or to shock. Now I.'

'I wasn't talking about swearing. What was your last remark about marriage?'

'Oh, I said you had never proposed to me. You don't intend to deny that?'

'You expect me to begin?'

'It would be amusing, just for fun. We should both know the result beforehand—a feeling which I never experienced before. The men I have met have always been conceited, and their vanity has led them to a knowledge of my feelings which was fictitious. I alone was certain of the result. Now in this case we should both be in the secret. I never kept you out of a secret yet, Charlie.'

'If you were less of a baby,' he began. 'And you less of a man'—she retorted. He finished for her. 'The plan might answer.'

But the mood, and the witchery of the sunshine, and the warm still afternoon were on her. She moved towards him, and laid her hand on his arm.

'Charlie, to give me pleasure—please begin.' He looked down at her then, and his face worked strangely. The light fell full on her lifted throat, her red lips, her beautiful long-fringed eyes.

'A poor man,' he said gravely, 'poor in your extravagant ideas, wants to marry you. A young man who might have done better, and has revolved instead. A man who bets, on occasion gets rich, on occasion starves on champagne and good cigars when he is down on his luck.'

'Charming, Charlie, charming!'

'A man who has known you a long time, who has loved your tears and your laughter, who has basked in your sunshine and shuddered in your shadows. An old friend who is young in wisdom and who loves you. Who loves you, Poppy, loves you. Who finds you with your laughter, the one serious thing in his life, who would give all else for it—and is ashamed to own all this—even to you.'

She drew back scared. 'Oh, Charlie!' she said, with a bitter little laugh, 'how stupid! You are in earnest.'

'In earnest,' he repeated—'yes. No longer your friend who had sworn that, to be chic nowadays, one must never feel, merely live to give sensations to others. That is the mask we all wear, to make us appear charming: I am sick of acting to you.'

She protested. 'You never acted to me. We were both frauds, and I still glory in that. We meant to be a social success, and we have our ambition. Nature aided us by her birthday presents of faces not too plain and wits not too dull, manners not too vulgar. You are forswearing your creed.'

'Cloths it in any words you like,' he answered; 'I'm in earnest now.'

She walked across the room, and spoke quickly. 'It is tiresome of you, but it can't be helped. Have a cigarette, and we will talk this over. Dissect yourself; how do you feel?'

He did not look round until he faced the stary eyes smiling through a cloud of smoke. Even then they made him feel that she had not one jot of sympathy with his new rôle, whether real or feigned.

He laughed loudly. 'A d—d fool,' he said. 'Sh! no bad words. But bravo, Charlie! I all the same.'

'You are a little devil.' 'I always was.' 'I took you in.' 'You didn't.'

'It was a splendid joke.' 'You act badly.'

He crossed to the mantelpiece, and lit a cigarette, but his lips twitched. She glanced at him with curiosity. 'I never saw you like this before.'

He flung himself into an armchair. 'No, and you won't again.'

'Wise boy. You—you really meant it?'

'For a second.'

She jumped up, and looked down at his handsome face silently. Presently he glanced up—and his gaze disconcerted her.

'You—you were serious for one moment?' she stammered. 'Yes; and you?'

'I should like to be serious with you; but it can't be done, Charlie. Forgive me.'

He turned his head away. 'All right.'

She resumed her seat and her cigarette. They were both silent for a long while; then a maid entered with a small registered packet. Poppy withdrew a glittering circle of diamonds, glanced at it with a flushed face, and then threw it across to him.

'Catch!' she cried; 'it's my engagement ring—Lord Sands—three places in the country—good set—town house. You know.'

He went white to the lips; but he echoed her laughter. 'Catch again,' he said.

They tossed it from one to the other, and played ball with it till the dressing-bell rang for dinner, and the sun had set.

The days to come were full of gaieties and amusements. She would have enjoyed them more, perhaps, if Charles had been out of London, and his stern face had not given her an inkling of something which she missed. She would not admit that she had missed it, but she felt the void.

She felt it most when she and her future husband were alone, and the future seemed possible and seemed near.

He was an old *roué*, rich and therefore respected. A man of the world, which loved him. A sayer of spicy things. She laughed at him, as she laughed at everything; but there was terror in that laughter, for she would gladly have realized and expressed her disgust. She had a child's heedless curiosity, and it led her on to the end. She smiled at the wedding preparations and ridiculed the marriage service. The latter bears ridicule ill; it is an old institution which needs faith to make it respectable.

Lord Sands, however, had chosen her for her youth and her beauty, and her laughter, and these things pleased him well.

Charles went to the church, and the after-reception but she didn't appear to notice him, and she never wore his wedding gift—a handsome diamond bracelet. She looked so young and girlish on her marriage-day that the women who had envied her pitied her instead. Charles caught sight of her eyes when the old scented bridegroom bent his wizened face close to hers and kissed her in the vestry. She shrank back nervously at first, and then lifted her cheek as if to receive a blow. For one moment he triumphed; but the feeling gave way to one of intense pain.

Two weeks later, by a curious coincidence, he crossed to Paris on the same steamer. She had met some other friends on board, and he joined the group which formed a little court round her.

She looked beautiful, and she talked incessantly; but somehow he knew at once, and knew instinctively, that she had changed. The old laugh rippled in the music of the past, and as often, but it rang false; more than that, she knew it herself, and strove to hide it. He grieved over the fact as only the girl's mother could have done—he sorrowed for the lost childlikeness which had been the root of her happiness and the secret of her charm.

'Charles, did you think me a pretty bride?' she was saying, 'everyone else said pretty things to me that day but you. Oh, you needn't begin them now. It's too late.'

He answered pityingly. 'Yes, it's too late.'

She looked at him earnestly, and then turned away. Just as they landed he went to take leave of her, and for a second they stood together, apart from the rest.

'Well, Poppy,' he said, 'how goes the world?'

She struggled, and meant to lie to him, but the truth came instead. 'I'm a mistake,' she said, and intended to add more, but her teeth were obliged to take her upper lip prisoner lest it should tremble too much.

He waited, his eyes looking his sympathy. 'You were serious for one moment, do you remember,

Charlie?' She smiled at the recollection through tears. 'And for that one moment's sake, I—I shall be serious all my life. It taught me what I have lost—and that means you.' Her husband was seen approaching; she drew back with a strange kind of shuddering horror. 'And I,' Charles said hurriedly; 'what of my suffering?'

'Oh, you're all right. You're not married,' and she laughed as she gave him her hand. C.S.C.

A SINGULAR GUEST.



MR HENRY APPS, of Hoxton, completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Halseigh Court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room, and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

'A trip in time,' said Mr Apps, 'saves time.'

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort it caught the projecting nail. 'Once on board the lugger,' quoted Mr Apps facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "'and the girl is mine.'"

He opened the window very gently and let himself in the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

'Well, I'm jiggered!' exclaimed Mr Apps. He loosened the daps of his fur cap and mopped his brow with the back of his hand. 'Well, I'm jiggered! If they've been and left the key in for me. I might have sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd a knowed.'

Mr Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music downstairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving (as Mr Apps very well knew) a dance, a fancy-dress dance, on her return from the Continent, after her term of widowhood.

'I'll just see, first of all,' he said, 'that the coat is absolutely clear, and then—then for a bagful.'

Mr Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched, with his jenny sticking out of his capacious side-pocket, a few steps towards the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure barned the corner.

'Grammity!' cried Mr Apps. 'Why how do you do,' said the young lady, stepping forward. She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. 'This is really delightful. Do you know I recognized you at once, in spite of the costume.'

She held the hand of Mr Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids. 'Just bring me a pencil and a card,' she said. 'I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come.'

'I can walk,' remarked Mr Apps, with restored self-possession. 'I won't hear of it. When shall we say, now?'

'Say in an hour's time,' said Mr Apps. 'I can go upstairs again alone, choyngie, and do all I want to.'

'And you can't stay longer?'

She gave the card to the maid and ordered it to be despatched at once.

'I've got a busy night before me,' urged Mr Apps encouragingly. He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn, and feared it might give an inopportune bark. Besides, the safe was still open and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

'You were always an active man, Captain.'

'Always a doing something,' agreed Mr Apps. 'If it isn't one thing it's another.' He shook his head reflectively. 'I often wonder I don't write a book about it all.'

'I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman,' she said, as they walked downstairs; 'but I couldn't help sending you a card seeing how friendly we were on the Pasha-war. Do you remember those evenings on deck in the Red Sea?'

She was really a very fine young woman, and in her costume she looked extremely well.

'Do I not?' said Mr Apps with much fervour. 'Shall I ever forget 'em?'

'And then the journey from Brindisi, you know, and that funny little German—you remember him?'

'He was a knock-out that German was.'

'And the girl who played the banjo and the —'

'It was great,' agreed Mr Apps—'great.'

The large hall-room was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people flew towards the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room, and a broad-shouldered Gondolier shook hands with her and took up her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

'I thought I had left the key in the —, excuse me.' The young hostess took back her card from the Gondolier. 'I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me.'

'Pleased to meet you,' said Mr Henry Apps. 'Ow's the world using you?'

'That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman,' remarked the Gondolier. 'I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daintily real before.'

Advertisement for 'Horses, Sheep and Cattle Ailments' featuring 'Condy's Fluid' as a 'Speedily Cured' remedy. Includes text: 'VETERINARY BUNK free with every bottle, containing full instructions for the treatment and cure of all ailments...' and 'Condy's Fluid is made by our Condors.'



End talk. I like it. Do you think you can manage to do so?

'Ra-thor!' said Mr Apps. 'And it is a capital make-up, Captain Norman,' she went on. 'Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar.'

'Fancy that now!' said Mr Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. 'There's nothing like doing the thing in a proper stridentforward way.'

'And,' said Lady Staplehurst with her fan on his arm as they walked across the room, 'you have got the East End accent capitally.'

'Taint so dusty, is it?' She beckoned to the Gondolier. 'Captain Norman and I are great friends,' she said in an explanatory way.

'Not a blessed soul,' echoed Mr Apps. 'You must let me show you round a bit, Captain Norman,' said the Gondolier with determined geniality.

'What for?' demanded Mr Apps suspiciously. 'Why, to dine! Say Thursday.'

'Gaud knows where I shall be on Friday,' said Mr Apps. 'You must consider me at your disposal if you require any introductions. I know a good lot of people and any friend of Lady Staplehurst's—'

'Oh, come off the roof,' said Mr Apps with much discontent; 'wot's the use of talking.'

'Isn't it capital?' asked Lady Staplehurst of the Gondolier delightedly. 'How much more interesting it would be if everyone would only talk to me in their character.'

Lady Staplehurst rose with something of a hurry in her manner and spoke to Henry the Eighth. 'What regiment do you belong to, Captain Norman?' asked the Gondolier.

'Find out,' said Mr Apps. 'Am I too curious? I know very little of the army, I'm afraid.' The Gondolier was resolved to be agreeable to Lady Staplehurst's friend.

'I know as many as I want to know,' said Mr Apps evasively. 'A man in my position of life has to be a bit careful who he mixes up with.'

The hostess returned from Henry the Eighth. 'I can make nothing of this man,' whispered the Gondolier to her as he rose. 'I think he's silly.'

'If you knew his qualities you wouldn't speak of him like that.' She resumed her seat by the side of Mr Henry Apps.

'Well, blow me,' said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the Cockney's accent, 'blow me if this ain't a fair take—I mean like dshn.' She laughed. 'It's of no use, Captain Norman. I can't talk as you can.'

'It's a gift,' said Mr Apps, 'that's what it is.' 'You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?' 'Not me.' 'You have heard of—'

She pointed in the direction of the Gondolier. 'All I want to.' 'He's really making a big name in the House, you know. I watch his career with great interest.'

'Well, I've got a kind of a idea,' said Mr Apps. 'Look here, You put this end in and—'

Mr Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanations that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered.

'He don't look 'appy, that chap,' said Mr Apps. 'Will you excuse me for one moment?' 'Wot are you going up to, miss?' he said apprehensively.

'Oh! (with relief) I don't mind that.' Whillet Lady Staplehurst was making the Gondolier resume his ordinary expression, Mr Apps thought and thought.

'It's the rummiest show you was ever in, 'Enery,' said Mr Apps; 'you're a 'aving 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be glad to get upstairs agen. You want them diamonds, that's wot you want. Time means money to you, 'Enery.'

Lady Staplehurst hurried towards the doorway. A murmur of amnusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable, accompanied by a man in plain clothes.

'What, Apps, again!' exclaimed the man. 'Yus,' said the burglar discontentedly; 'yus, it is Apps agine, Mr Walker. And vurry glad you are to see him, I've no daht.'

'Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you,' said Mr Walker cheerfully, as he conducted him to the doorway. 'I've wanted to run up against you before.'

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

'But, loveliest girl,' said the Gondolier confidentially to Lady Staplehurst, 'ain't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective.'

'I know,' said Loveliet Girl, trembling now a little. 'That's a real burglar, too.' 'A real—'

WHIST.

The origins of whist are vulgar and obscure. It was evolved, probably, out of Triumph, or Trump, a game referred to by Latimer in a Christmaside sermon of 1529.

In 1526 the game was familiar in Italy among peasants. It is referred to in 'Gammer Garton's Needle,' but the nature of the sport remains obscure.

Shakespeare alludes to it, in a series of puns, in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' as Dunces first observed. Whisk or whist is described by Cotton Walton's 'son' in 1674.

It is not disagreeable to learn that the Duke of Cumberland once held a wonderfully good hand, yet lost £20,000 on the game.

Short whist came in by a mere bit-section of long whist, to which Lord Peterborough gave his revenge in a hurry. The old reckoning of the honours was allowed to stand, hence the actual game has a greater element of chance, which we do not think matter for regret.

The game, even as it stands, is a game of fatiguing application. The player must observe, remember, forecast, and calculate. Yet some persons (usually men of entire leisure) call it a 'relaxation.'

The late Emperor of France and the novelist Lord Lytton were busy in their different ways, but both played whist. The Emperor was a vacillating, Lord Lytton an absent-minded player. It was difficult to say *a priori*, what class of mind will make a whist player.

Politicians like Talleyrand have often been players; literary men are usually no more skilled than was the late Mr Pater. Mr James Payn is a familiar example of a novelist who occasionally does not disdain to take a hand, and, for a classical scholar, the late Professor Sellar was by no means proficient.

But, as a rule, letters and cards do not assort well together, and probably the intellect of Mr John Stuart Mill soared above Blue Peter. It is difficult to guess why many active and acute minds are paralyzed by a pack of cards, and have to announce that no inference is to be drawn from whatever they may chance to lead.

Advertisement for 'HOMOCEA' ointment. The ad features a decorative border of figures holding their heads in pain. The central text reads: 'IT TOUCHES THE SPOT.'—Aye, that is what 'Homocea' does. And does it quickly too—whether it's a toothache or neuralgia, with all their shooting pains, or eczema, with its painful and distressing irritation. Rheumatism in the joints or muscles has been cured, even of years' standing—while for cuts, burns, and bruises it is far ahead of any ointment that has ever been before the public. LORD CARRICK says 'Homocea' cured him of Hemorrhoids, when all else failed; that he gave some to a labourer who was rendered quite lame by a stone falling upon him, and it cured him in four days. A woman had a pain in the elbow and could not bend it for a year, and it cured her, and another used it for a bad leg, and it was doing her good. One letter closes from him with the words, "It is the most wonderful stuff I ever came across." LORD COMBERMERE says that he found "Homocea" did him more good than any other embrocation he had ever used for rheumatism. Remember that "Homocea" subdues inflammation and allays irritation almost as soon as applied. All Storekeepers and Chemists stock "Homocea." Wholesale Agents for New Zealand—Kempthorne, Prosser & Co.; The New Zealand Drug Co., AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH and DUNEDIN.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS' for JANUARY. 'Why I Proposed the Undesirable Immigrants Exclusion Bill. by W. P. Reeves, Minister of Education, New Zealand; History of the Month, Within and Beyond the Colonies (illustrated); Character Sketch, Signor Crispi, Anton Rubinstein. All book-sellers, price 6d.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DUNEDIN HOSPITAL STAFF.

ON the first page of this week's issue there appears a reproduction of an excellent photo of a group of the nurses and resident medical staff of the Dunedin Hospital. The photo which supplied the picture is very clear, and all the faces are quite sharp. The staff is an eminently good-looking one, especially the nurses and probationers. The Dunedin Hospital is, too, a perfect model of good management.

PAUL JONES.

Tuneful, bright, dressy, and gay, 'Paul Jones' is one of the best and most popular comic operas of recent years. Our sketches by the GRAPHIC special will gratify those who have already seen the Royal Comic Opera Company, and will tell further what the appetite of those whose pleasure is yet to come. There is a vast amount of genuine fun in 'Paul Jones,' and Miss Stewart and the other members of the Company make the most of it.



ENGAGEMENTS

A RECENT (Canterbury) engagement is that of Miss A. Grigg, daughter of Mr John Grigg, Longbeach, to Mr Deardon, of Ashburton.

THE wedding of Mr Frank Kennedy, now of Gisborne, to Miss Adair, is fixed for February.

FROM Dunedin comes the news of two engagements. Miss Dale (Northumberland) is to be married to Mr Herpath (Argentine Republic). Miss Gertie Neill, eldest daughter of Mr P. C. Neill, is engaged to Mr C. W. Rattray, son of Mr James Rattray, of Dunedin.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

HADFIELD-TUCKEY.

THE wedding of Miss Beatie Tuckey, second daughter of the Rev. H. E. Tuckey, of Wellington, to Mr Henry Hadfield, eldest son of Bishop Hadfield, late of Wellington, took place on Thursday morning last at eleven o'clock, and a very pretty wedding it was.

THE bride, who is fair and tall, looked very sweet in her wedding gown of soft white silk trimmed with rich old lace, and of course the usual veil and orange blossoms, and she carried a huge white shower bouquet.

THE chief bridesmaids were Miss Mary Tuckey (sister to the bride) and Miss Amy Hadfield (sister of the bridegroom). They each wore pretty gowns of coral pink crepon stylishly trimmed with vandyke butter coloured lace, becoming French black hats with lace and pink roses. Little Miss Werry and Master Earl Williams also attended the bride, the former looking sweetly quaint in her pretty frock of cream satin and lace, the latter in a black velvet suit with a red sash tied at the side, and white lace collar.

THE bride's mother wore a rich black silk gown, shoulder cape of cream and black lace frills, and cream and black bonnet with a pink rose in front. Bishop and Mrs Hadfield were present, the latter wearing a black satin gown trimmed with jet, small black bonnet trimmed with white and jet. Miss Hadfield wore a pretty deep cream and fawn gown, black floral hat. Mrs T. C. Williams (bridegroom's aunt) was handsomely dressed in black, pretty jet and lace bonnet with white tips; the Misses Williams (two) wore pale cream muslin gowns with insertion and lace frills, lace hats trimmed with roses and ribbons; Mrs W. N. Werry wore a dark blue gown lightened with lace, pretty cream bonnet. Others present were Mr and Mrs Wardrop, the latter wearing a becoming gown of pale blue and black; the Misses Brandon, Mr H. D. Crawford, Mr Alec Crawford, Mr and Mrs Sprout, Mr, Mrs and Miss Fancourt, etc.

THE marriage ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Nelson, with the assistance of Archdeacon Williams (Te Aute, Hawke's Bay), and the Rev. T. H. Sprout.

A LIGHT luncheon was given by Mr and Mrs Tuckey at their residence in Wesley Road, after which the happy couple left by the one o'clock train for their future home at Otahanga. The travelling gown was of pale blue and fawn check, and the hat of white chip straw with ribbon bows.

COLONEL FOX TO MISS CARA RUSSELL.

THE very pretty decorations in St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, on the occasion of the marriage of Colonel Fox to Miss Cara, second daughter of the Hon. Captain Russell, M.H.R. (Hawke's Bay), reflected lasting honour on the ladies who carried them out.

THE service was choral, and was performed by the Rev. Canon St. Hill, assisted by the Rev. John Hobbs. The bridegroom's brother, Mr W. B. Fox, acted as best man.

SHARP at 1.30 the bride, who was given away by her father, headed the procession of nine bridesmaids, relatives and guests up the aisle. Another novelty in this marriage was the signing of the register in the church at a small table placed in the chancel instead of, as usual, in the vestry.

THE bride looked extremely well in a rich gown of white satin, the bodice being stylishly trimmed with orange-blossoms nestling in chiffon folds. The long tulle veil was fastened with the bridegroom's gift—a diamond ornament. The bouquet was a lovely white one.

THE bridesmaids—three sisters of the bride, Miss Russell, Miss Violet and Miss Marjorie, two cousins, Miss Ida Russell and Miss Barbara Deuniston, Miss Dorothy Bainbow and Miss Margaret Miller—were artistically dressed in cream silk crepon with trimmings of green gauze ribbon, deep cream straw hats with green ribbon and white Mercury-like wings.

THERE was quite a large concourse of vehicles of all descriptions outside the church, and the procession of carriages to Flaxmere was a really imposing sight. The numerous guests were well entertained by outdoor and indoor festivities and refreshments.

Some of the dresses worn were very handsome, amongst the many being that of Mrs Russell in striking black and buttercup brocade, the jet and lace bonnet being also touched up with yellow to match; Mrs Arthur Russell wore white silk delicately intermingled with black trimmings; Mrs Deuniston, a rich black silk relieved with white silk revers and lapels and lace; Mrs Tanner's dress was black, but rich and stylish; Mrs J. Nelson Williams was chic in pancy brocade with trimmings and chapeau en suite; Mrs Frank Nelson was tastefully gowned in black brightened by fern gurgure lace; the Misses Williams, white muslin; Miss Grace, ivory chiffon; etc., etc.

ELLIOTT-GORDON.

MR GEORGE ELLIOTT was married quietly at St. Augustine's Church, Napier, last week to Miss Lilias Gordon. The happy couple spent their honeymoon in Wellington.



Te Aro House, WELLINGTON

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS MADE WITH COUNTRY AND RESIDENT PUPILS.

AT TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON

there is now being opened up the most charming variety of SPRING AND SUMMER

DRESS \* MATERIALS.

These comprise the LATEST NOVELTIES and NEWEST SHADES in both Woolen and Cotton Goods, all imported directly from the LONDON and PARIS MARKETS, and the selection is not to be equalled throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand.

THE DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT is now entirely under the direction of MADAME DE VERNEY

the well-known ARTISTE from Worth's, of Paris. MADAME DE VERNEY'S reputation as a designer of artistic and fashionable costumes is not confined to the colony, and the Proprietor of TE ARO HOUSE has every confidence in recommending her services to ladies desiring a

Stylish and Perfectly Fitting Dress.

PATTERNS OF ALL MATERIALS FORWARDED (post free) ON APPLICATION.

Charts for Self-Measurement sent to any Address. Orders from any part of New Zealand executed with the utmost promptitude and exactness at—

TE ARO HOUSE, Wellington.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 11.

The weather during the past week has been so uncertain that it has rather damped our outdoor amusements. During the

TENNIS MATCHES

on the various lawns the spectators have been very few. On the Mount Eden and Epoum Lawns, where most of the matches have been played, I have noticed Misses Park (two), in black and grey, respectively; Miss Hesketh, dark skirt, white blouse; and her sister in navy; and another in navy skirt, canary-coloured blouse; Miss Spiers, white; Miss Ellis, Miss Brown; Miss Mabel Frost, navy serge, white vest; Miss Batger, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Claudin Hardie, navy skirt, sky blue blouse. We are anxiously looking forward to the tennis match between Miss Mowbray (Farnell) and Miss Nicholson (Auckland), which takes place next Wednesday on the Mount Eden lawn, which will be the finale of the ladies' singles. Misses Batger and C. Hardie gave an afternoon tea on the Mount Eden and Epoum lawn last Saturday.

POLO.

The weather last Saturday for polo was very fitful and ended in a steady downpour which kept many away. Amongst the players I noticed Dr. Sharman, Dr. Pugh, Mr O'Rourke, Mr Wynyard, Missed de Paches, Mr Bloomfield, Miss Hanna, Mr Colegrove, etc. Mrs O'Rourke provided and charmingly presided over the afternoon tea. She was handsomely gowned in black with triple cascade, black jet bonnet; Miss Shepherd, stylish fawn tweed trimmed with black, becoming buff-coloured vest; Miss Williams, pink velvet with black ribbon; Miss Nicholson, brown tweed sailor cambric finished with black ribbon; Misses Batger, Mrs G. Bloomfield, Mrs G. Bloomfield, grey tailor-made costume; Miss Nicholson (Melbourne), black gown, lavender vest; Miss Power, navy skirt, pink blouse; Captain and Mrs Wren, the latter in black silk; Mrs Jackson (Wellington), fawn tweed sailor made gown; Mrs Greenaway, grey skirt, pink blouse; Miss Firth, navy; Mr and Mrs Harry Touka, the lady gowned in black and red; Mrs Fred Pugh, navy serge; Dr. Haines, Mr Ware, and many others. Amongst the riders were Mrs Gilmore, Misses Hesketh, Hull, etc.

SMART STREET GOWNS.

Mrs E. Buchanan, chic costume of black and white check trimmed with black braid, bonnet to correspond; Mrs Cooper, white drill, black lace hat; Mrs Seigner, black gown finished with white; Miss Whistler, serpent green nun's veiling; Mrs Waymouth, well fitting buff-coloured costume; Miss Whewell, grey check finished with black, broad black straw hat with effective bows; Miss Buddle (North Shore), navy serge skirt, striped blouse, navy gem with flying veil; Mrs McMillan, handsome black silk finished with black; Mrs McMillan, pretty canary-coloured frock; and her sister, chic costume of white with Empire sash of eucalypt red, becoming sailor hat with band of red to match; Mrs McArthur, very striking dress of lilac check with panels of violet velvet; Mrs Dunneil, pretty grey check; Miss Colbeck, very becoming pink cambric, broad black straw hat with blue, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Gould, beige cashmere; Miss Thorne-George, pale blue gingham with bands of white lace; Miss Davy, navy skirt, white blouse, hat with flying navy gossamer; Miss Maud Wilks, navy skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Arthur Taylor, brown holland finished with white, black lace hat with floral decorations; Mrs Bell, black silk; Mrs Street, black silk; Miss Ruske, grey tailor gown, white vest; Mrs Knight, abeintne green relieved with black applique lace; black lace bonnet.

During the past week many of our society people have been spending their time at Waikarewarewa and Okoroire. Amongst those who were Mr and Mrs Alfred Nathan, Miss Sybil Davis, Mr and Mrs O'Rourke, Mr and Mrs Clarke, the latter is Mrs O'Rourke's sister, Mrs and Miss Ida Thorne-George.

I noticed the two Misses Greenwood (Agatha and Ruby) are visiting Auckland. The first looked lovely in a stylishly made blue striped cotton costume, sailor hat (now black). Miss Ruby was also simply gowned, with a similar hat.

On Wednesday evening Mrs Arthur H. Taylor, 'The Oaks,' Farnell, gave a very

ENJOYABLE MUSICAL EVENING.

Our charming hostess looked well in black and amber. Amongst the ladies and gentlemen present were Miss Thompson, (Green Lane) looking charming in white; Miss Ireland looked very picturesque in black with cream silk blouse; Misses Ireland, very stylish in black with delicate white chiffon fichu; Miss Linden (Sydney), pretty soft grey silk; Miss Lillie Von Sturmer was artistically gowned in pale blue crepon, wide yellow sash and sunflower; Mrs and Mrs Macfarlane, Mrs and Mrs Birch looked sweet in cream silk; Miss Thompson (Farnell), pink and black; and many others whom I cannot remember. Some of the gentlemen present were Messrs Sealey, Birch, Goodhue, Outhwaite, C. Taylor, Walker, Von Sturmer, Lomas, Birch, etc. Amongst those who contributed to the musical portion of the evening were Misses Thompson, Ireland (two), Macfarlane, Thomson, Von Sturmer, and Messrs Taylor, Birch, Outhwaite, Walker, and others. Mrs Taylor sang two songs in her own style. The drawing-room was tastefully arranged with fairy lights and ferns forming nooks and crannies which the young people seemed to enjoy.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 7.

The opera season and a race meeting have made us feel QUITE GAY AGAIN.

The former is simply delightful, only if the company remained too long in any one place, the community would grow premonitory of over-lauging, they are so good all round. The special humour, however, generally comes from Mr Laurit, aided and abetted by Miss Nash. Miss Nellie Stewart is charming and wonderfully clever, making all her roles so different, and her dresses are magnificent. Mr Brownlow is a great favourite, and has had stage presence. Immense audiences have greeted them this week. Amongst the many I have noticed Mr and Mrs Stead, Mrs Carden, Mrs and Mrs Macfarlane, Mrs P. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs Guthrie, Miss Fairbairn, Mrs Towson (Auckland), Mr and Mrs Rhoad, Mr and Mrs Gibbs, Mr and Miss Kinsey and Miss Ingham (Melbourne), Mrs Macrae, Mr and Mrs W. C. Hill, Mr and Mrs Waymouth, Mrs and Miss Greenwood, Mrs Hummel, Misses Wynn-Williams, Miss Richardson, Mr and Mrs G. Harris, Miss Secretan, Misses Way, Mrs Stansfield (Wellington), Miss Mowbray (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Singer, Misses Kiver, Miss Harcourt, Captain Anderson, Misses Anderson and Smith, Mrs and Misses Cunningham, Mr P. Cunningham (Juncr.), Mr and Mrs H. Nelson, and many more.

THE SUMMER RACE MEETING

On the Riccarton course was a very pleasant little gathering of friends, not at all like the crowded, excited throng of Show week. The dresses, too, most of them, were old friends, and one felt quite at home in them with no fears as to how they were to be worn. It was worth a long walk to make white and light costumes enjoyable. Mrs G. Stead had a white serge with gold braid on the skirt, the wide sailor collar and cuffs trimmed the same, small floral bonnet; Mrs Cunningham, violet rose and sage green patterned material, revers on the bodice of violet rose silk, small bonnet to match; the Misses Cunningham, pretty gowns of grey and pink, hats to match; the Hon. Mrs Parker, light sage green costume lined with pale pink silk, large cream hat; Miss Baldwin, navy blue Mrs Stevens, Captain Anderson, Misses Anderson and Smith, Mrs and Misses Cunningham, Mr P. Cunningham (Juncr.), Mr and Mrs H. Nelson, and many more.

NAPIER.

pure lace trimming, black picture hat: Mrs Rhind, fawn corded silk trimmed with bands of green and gold satin embroidery: Mrs G. Roberts, white silk with white crepe and white lace: covered with insertion: Mrs Fisher, black gown with petunia velvet sleeves: Mrs W. P. Reeves, in terra cotta: Mrs R. Macdonald, electric blue gown with black moire revers: Mrs Ogilvie, fawn crepon with magenta crepe trimming and cream lace: black hat: Mrs Harley, grey brocade, black lace mantle: Mrs Lascelles, a becoming grey gown with bands of white and black insertion, black and white hat: Mrs H. Wood, pretty fancy mauve gown with green and gold trimmings: Mrs G. Russell, gold passementerie: Mrs Bullock (Timaru), all black costume: Mrs Buchanan, black silk and gold: Mrs Otterson, Miss Palmer, Miss Tabart, Miss Roberts: Miss Nellie Stewart looked charming in green checked silk and black ribbon falling to the feet, the bodice trimmed with beautiful cream lace, large black picture hat: Miss Nash was in a very pretty pale grey.

On Tuesday Mrs Buller, Papanui, gave a SMALL LUNCHEON PARTY for Mrs Burke, who at present is her guest. Among those present were Mrs W. D. Meares, Mrs Common, Mrs Gibbs, Mrs W. C. Hill, Mrs Graham Greenwood and one or two others. Miss Ollivier has just been spending a month with Mrs Buller, and has now returned to Nelson. Mrs Aroli Scott had an

AFTERNOON TEA on Wednesday, when a very pleasant time was spent. Some of the guests were Mrs Cleghorn and Miss Cook, Mrs G. Anderson, Mrs E. M. Carter and Mr. Fisher. Mrs Helmore was very unfortunate, the day fixed for her

TENNIS PARTY being showery and boisterous, though both tennis and croquet were played by some of the more enthusiastic. Tea and other refreshments were served indoors, and it was a great disappointment not to be able to take full advantage of the very pretty grounds. Miss Helmore abstained from mother, and looked lovely in a fawn coat and black and yellow silk vest; Mrs Arthur Reeves, dark green cashmere trimmed with black silk; Miss Eva Helmore in black, prettily trimmed with cream lace. Among the guests were Mrs R. Macdonald, Mrs Otterson, Miss Helmore, Mrs Campbell (two), Wyn-Williams (two), Potts, Bowen, Moorhouse, Messrs Beswick, Cowlishaw, Reeves, Perry, Wyn-Williams, etc.

OUR PEOPLE. Mr and Mrs Greenwood and their daughters are leaving shortly to reside in Idyllic in a shaft. At the bottom lighted candles were given to us, and, preceded by our guide, the popular manager of King Solomon's mines, Mr Wearne, we proceeded to explore the 'drifts,' which is now some 750 feet in length. The drifts lie nearly all under the river bed, and the water is run down into the tunnel, so the nikies, etc., are worn continually by the men, and the pump, which is worked by a water-wheel, is kept going. The tunnel resounded with merriment and laughter, and the girls I forgot to tell that our mother and I fought shy of the dark shaft, and remained up above—sang chants and choruses, intermixed with bursts of laughter as a monster drop of water would extinguish the candles as they marched along. The men were delighted to see us, and glad to rest under the shade of ever entertained 'down below.' Mr Wearne and his men went to no end of trouble to show us everything and explain all the different processes of obtaining gold. The procession up the ladder was the funniest and most hilarious I ever got into, and the shade was never like this, when they reached the top, where they were greeted by those of the immaculate cuffs and collars with ironical laughter. We gave three hearty cheers for Mr Wearne and King Solomon's Mines, and returned to the top, where they were warmly praised us for our pluck, and laughed too at our dragged condition, amused as we were with the mud out of the mine. At dusk we returned to the boats and pulled back to Pictou, after tea for Mr and Mrs Greenwood and their daughters. To say that we had had enough when we reached home at 11 p.m. is to say very little. The Grove is eight miles from Pictou, and Cullensville is six miles from the Grove, not to mention the descent and ascent. We were as tired as the men, and the men, notwithstanding which we missed some gentlemen friends who came out to help us pull home. They proceeded to the Grove, where they spent the night and we got safely home. On Friday afternoon some more

ROWING CLUB RACES were pulled off, Messrs Fox, Western, Soale, and Nixon being the victors.

The same afternoon the children attending Holy Trinity Sunday-school marched in procession with banners and flags in Eason's Valley, where the annual fête was held. The affair was an immense success, which it was bound to be under the management of Mr R. Sedgwick.

On Friday evening there was a CONCERT AND DANCE under the auspices of the Rowing Club. The hall was well filled by a good humoured audience, who seemed quite to appreciate the efforts of the performers. The first part was miscellaneous items contributed by Miss Mary Seymour, Miss Philpotts, and Messrs Philpotts, Davis, Riddle, Giehris, Jones, and Dr. Wright. The second part was more contributed by the officers and crew of the Highland Forest, assisted by a little local talent. Mr J. Fisk as Mr Johnson was immense, and that the audience appreciated the good nature of our nautical visitors was shown by the bouquets which they were presented with. The audience were Messdames Scott, Seely, Rutherford, Allen, Oxley, Wolford, Barr, Godfrey, etc., and the Messrs Speed, Millington, Stock, Linton, Allen, Seymour, Divens, Smith, Philpotts, Hay, Thompson, McBeth, etc., etc.

VARIOUS ITEMS. Dr. Scott has been re-appointed surgeon for the Pictou Hospital, with Mr and Mrs Howland as his assistants. The old order of things is still existent in a matter for congratulation to Pictou folk.

Mrs H. C. Seymour has gone to Westport to visit her cousin, Mrs Moynihan, who has lately been visited by accident. Mrs Moynihan is an old Pictou girl, and all our sympathies are extended to her in her trouble.

With another change in the Railway Department. Mr White, the traffic manager, is to be transferred to Temuka. Mr Gardin is to undertake Mr White's work as well as Mr Fox's.

JEAN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 5.

On Wednesday at the Recreation Ground, on occasions like these we wish our ground for sports and cricket, etc., was bigger. The seating accommodation is inadequate, but the enclosure itself is too small. Plaids and tartans of all descriptions abounded, and the Scotch element was very strong. The Highland dancing was a great feature of the day.

At the CALEDONIAN SPORTS on Saturday Mrs Mueller looked out in white lawn, large grey felt hat: Mrs Logan, tweed: Mrs Jago, grey: Mrs McVay, grey: Miss Hingwood, Mrs Dewes, brown holland: Mrs I. Cato, holland: Miss Bennett, well-cut tweed: Miss Dinwiddie, fawn costume: Mrs Edman, white muslin: Miss Kate Hitchings, white drill, and Leghorn hat.

PERSONAL. Dr. Jarvis and Dr. Milne Thompson have entered into partnership. Mrs Moore is visiting friends in Wellington. Mrs Cairns Russell's wedding on a holiday to Auckland. Miss Cairns Russell's wedding on the 6th will be a brilliant affair. Over three hundred invitations have been issued, and I believe Lord and Lady Glasgow will be among the guests. Dean and Mrs Howell are away in Nelson for a fortnight attending the Diocesan Synod. Mrs (Dr.) Allen is staying with her sister, Mrs Jarvis.

GLADYS. The prizes being very handsome. The top prize consisted for the ladies of cut glass bottles and with soap, and for the gentlemen a tiny clock. The gentleman who won the prize was a live black kitten in a basket. The prizes were won by Miss Aggie Roberts and Mr Harvey, and Miss Prosser and Mr Roberts. Among those present were Mrs Carey, the Misses Carey, Roberts (two), Lulu Russell (Sydney), Stephenson, Macassey, Prosser (Sydney), Haggitt, Bartleman, Lily Roberts, Wright, Shanks, Scott, Reynolds, Hodgkins, Maclean, Mackerras, Mrs Nell, Maggie Gilkinson, Miss Reid (Sydney), and Messrs Fisher, Harris, Hegg, Haggitt, Henry, Gully, Harvey, Slyethson, Wright, Hodgkins, Williams, Haggitt, Richardson, Black, Park, Reynolds, Roddington, Morgan, and others.

On Thursday Mrs Williams had her USUAL 'AT HOME.'

Tennis and croquet were indulged in. I noticed Messdames Hall, Batchelor, Bathgate, Woodhouse, Nell, Ratray, Linda Ferguson, the Misses Gibbon, Grierson, Bell, Reid, Hetherington, Miss, Maude Sise, Ethel Nell, Ratray, Henry, Gully, Harvey, Slyethson, Graham, K. Graham, Henry, G. Henry (Wellington), and many gentlemen.

On Friday Mrs Perston gave AN ENJOYABLE MUSICAL.

Many nice items were given by various ladies and gentlemen, and the evening passed off most successfully.

On Saturday a SMALL TENNIS PARTY was given by Mrs Darcy Haggitt (Roslyn).

A riding party went to Mr Slewright's (St. Leonards) on the same afternoon.

AILEEN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 8.

The last week has been nothing but a CLOUD OF SMOKE from bush fires, and at one time houses in close proximity were in great danger. On Wednesday night a strong gale set in, and Messdames Hunter's and McDonald's large residences had to be watched all night. Our newly-formed fire brigade turned out in full force and rendered valuable assistance. At times the bush fires look like a grand display of fireworks, and at others magnificent and weird, like the witches' scene in 'Macbeth.'

On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs E. Robertson gave a very ENJOYABLE EUCHERE PARTY.

The players were Mr and Mrs Robertson, Mr and Mrs Hamford, Mr and Mrs Lansley, Mr and Mrs Bramaid, Mr and Mrs Clayton, Mrs Hraunting (of Clive), Mrs Walker, Miss Guy, Miss Scunter, Mr Paul and Mr F. Knight. In the first prizes were won by Mrs J. F. Walker and Mr Bramaid, and the boobies by Miss Hunter and Mr F. Knight. Needless to say these parties are always greatly enjoyed, and I think if there were more such and more parties during the summer months, time would pass more pleasantly.

JOTTINGS. We are to have the pleasure of hearing our newly-ordained Bishop of Wairarapa here on the 20th inst.

The Caledonian annual concert and sports are to be held on 20th inst., of which I will give an account in my next.

PERSONAL. Mr Webster, Presbyterian minister, left here a fortnight ago for Sydney en route for the Chinese Mission. He had only been a short time in Danerivke, and was quite a favourite. A social was held on the eve of his departure, the Town Hall being crowded with friends to bid him farewell and God speed. He left next day by train. About 150 people were on the platform to say the last good-bye, the members of his church singing 'God be With You.' Mr West, late of Christchurch, has taken up his duties here as Mr Webster's successor.

BRITANNIA.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 5. In my last letter I said that I would give you a good description of Mr Brydson's TREMENDOUS PICNIC.

The picnic was given for Mr and Mrs George Roberts, and Mr and Mrs Drysdale (Scotland), Mr Brydson, Miss Busck and Miss Amy Roberts occupied the box seat of the first drag. So many drags drawn up in front of the Grand Hotel caused a great deal of excitement. Numbers of people, who had been invited to the hotel and quite blocked the traffic. The start was made punctually at half-past eleven, and the picnickers arrived at Blueskin between one and two o'clock. Just a few steps from where the picnic took place, a number of people were sent on before, were laid out. The meal, which everybody thoroughly enjoyed, was a most sumptuous repast, champagne being the principal beverage. Games of all sorts had been got ready for the occasion, such as 'Am Sully,' 'Numbered' and 'Arboreen' were played out. About half-past four, Mr James Smith, on behalf of the ladies and gentlemen present, thanked Mr Brydson for the delightful entertainment, which had been so thoroughly appreciated by everybody. Mr Brydson then made a few remarks in a few well-chosen words. After this everybody joined heartily in the song, 'For He is a Jolly Good Fellow.' The drags arrived back in town about a quarter to eight. Those I remember being there were Messdames Roberts, George Roberts, Drysdale, Bartleman, Fisher, Stephenson, Macassey, Fulton, Bell, Sinclair Thompson, Nell, Hocking, Denniston, Johnston, and the Misses Roberts (four), Drysdale, Busck, Stephenson (three), Prosser (two), (Sydney), Scott, Macassey, Bartleman (three), Webster (three), Reynolds (two), Nell, Ratray (two), Gilkinson (two), Menlove, (two) (Camary), Bell, Wright, and the Messrs Brydson, Roberts, George Roberts, Drysdale, James, Smith, Stanley, Bartleman, Bird, Denniston, Passco, Green, Selveright, (two) (Sydney), Bell, Stephens, Haggitt, Payne (England), Hamilton (Timaru), Tapley, Menlove, Reynolds, G. Neill, and others.

On Monday Mrs John Stephenson (Conisborough) gave A DANCE for the coming of age of her son George. The house was artistically decorated with greenery, and bunches of red geranium.

The supper-table looked pretty with high vases of yellow flowers. The songs were sung. Mr Burnes Walker sang 'Ma Mio Rosette,' which everyone enjoyed immensely. Those present were Mrs Stephenson, in black brocade and diamonds; Mrs Green, in black and acacia flowers; Miss Stephenson, in black, bellotrose satin; Miss Kate Stephenson, yellow silk trimmed with Brussels lace; Miss Tui Stephenson, pale blue satin; Miss Prosser (Sydney), bright pink crepon, large sleeves of emerald green velvet; Miss Macassey, black tulle-trimmed; Mrs Scott, white and yellow silk; Miss Drysdale, bellotrose sarah silk; Miss Roberts, shot green silk; Miss Lulu Roberts, yellow silk trimmed with bellotrose; Miss Russell (Sydney), yellow mervellettix trimmed with plain coloured velvet; Miss Hetherington, blue, Williams, pink silk; Miss Gibbon, apricot silk, large sleeves of pale blue silk; Miss Edmonds, black crepon; Miss Farouhar, stylish pink brocade; Miss E. Farouhar, white silk; Miss Butler, pink silk; Miss Macassey, black tulle-trimmed; Miss Scott, white nun's veiling trimmed with white satin; Miss Batchelor, white silk; Miss Mills, yellow sarah trimmed with white lace; Miss Grierson, white watered silk; Miss E. Gilkinson, bright pink Liberty silk; Miss Zelle, yellow silk, trimmed with white velvet; Miss Roberts, yellow Liberty silk, trimmings of yellow net; Miss Maude Reynolds, pink sarah trimmed with

darker shade of velvet; and the Messrs Stephenson, Mitchell, Siewright, Kettle, Williams, Broad, Black, Robinson, Read, Isaac, Henry, White, Brent, North, St. John, Tapley, Hetherington (Africa), Williams, Reynolds, Stewart, Zelle, Roddington, Haggitt, Rutterworth, Roberts, Harris, Wright, Maitland, Macassey, Webster, Richardson, and many others.

(By Telegraph) FEBRUARY 9. We have been quite alternately this week.

TWO SMART DINNER PARTIES having taken place. They were both given as farewells to Mr and Mrs George Roberts. Mrs B. C. Haggitt successfully and pleasantly entertained on the 4th, and Mrs John Roberts the following evening. At the latter dinner, the table was beautifully decorated with different coloured gladioli and carnations. The lamps and candles were softened with bright pink shades, etc., was black brocade, lavishly trimmed with jet, and lace: Mrs George Roberts also wore handsome black brocade; Mrs Graham, black satin with white satin trimmings and jet; Mrs Maclean, rich purple silk and lovely red lace: Mrs Ritchie, handsome yellow brocade trimmed with lace: Mrs Macassey, black silk: Mrs Morris, black satin, lace and jet; Miss Busck, neat black crepon; Miss Roberts, green and red shot silk with a deep fall of coffee blue neck; Miss Lulu Roberts, smart black brocade and yellow silk; Miss Aggie Roberts, pale green silk with white insertion. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs John Roberts, George Roberts, Murray, Sanderson, Graham, Ritchie, McLean, Brydson, and others.

On Thursday Mrs Finkers gave a EUCHERE PARTY,

the prizes being very handsome. The top prize consisted for the ladies of cut glass bottles and with soap, and for the gentlemen a tiny clock. The gentleman who won the prize was a live black kitten in a basket. The prizes were won by Miss Aggie Roberts and Mr Harvey, and Miss Prosser and Mr Roberts. Among those present were Mrs Carey, the Misses Carey, Roberts (two), Lulu Russell (Sydney), Stephenson, Macassey, Prosser (Sydney), Haggitt, Bartleman, Lily Roberts, Wright, Shanks, Scott, Reynolds, Hodgkins, Maclean, Mackerras, Mrs Nell, Maggie Gilkinson, Miss Reid (Sydney), and Messrs Fisher, Harris, Hegg, Haggitt, Henry, Gully, Harvey, Slyethson, Wright, Hodgkins, Williams, Haggitt, Richardson, Black, Park, Reynolds, Roddington, Morgan, and others.

On Thursday Mrs Williams had her USUAL 'AT HOME.'

Tennis and croquet were indulged in. I noticed Messdames Hall, Batchelor, Bathgate, Woodhouse, Nell, Ratray, Linda Ferguson, the Misses Gibbon, Grierson, Bell, Reid, Hetherington, Miss, Maude Sise, Ethel Nell, Ratray, Henry, Gully, Harvey, Slyethson, Graham, K. Graham, Henry, G. Henry (Wellington), and many gentlemen.

On Friday Mrs Perston gave AN ENJOYABLE MUSICAL.

Many nice items were given by various ladies and gentlemen, and the evening passed off most successfully.

On Saturday a SMALL TENNIS PARTY was given by Mrs Darcy Haggitt (Roslyn).

A riding party went to Mr Slewright's (St. Leonards) on the same afternoon.

AILEEN.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

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

'HONEYBUCKLE,' New Plymouth.—I feel quite sorry for your trouble with the wax. Before you wash any more, try putting white blotting-paper over the embroidery where the wax seems likely to show, and press a hot iron on it, moving the blotting-paper as the grease comes through. This might succeed after washing, but I fear not. Benzine or ammonia are the two best agents for removing grease marks. I will quote your letter, and perhaps some of my clever readers may be able to suggest some really efficient way of helping you:—

I am preparing my trousseau, and am doing have marked lines through using crevel patterns for outlining sprays of embroidery on white pillow-cases, and in some cases the wax has spread and shown through. Could you kindly suggest anything that would take the wax mark out, as once washed and a good rub at that, have not done so. My mother takes the GRAPHIC every week, and it is eagerly looked forward to by all of us, and I have seen many valuable little hints, so thought you might be able to help me in this. [Yes, I do like the real name but not for publication, and even the sending it to me is optional.]

CURIOSITIES IN PEARLS.

The value of pearls has been in all ages commensurate with their beauty. In the East, especially, they have been greatly admired, and enormous sums of money have been paid for them. Pliny observes that pearls are the most valuable and excellent of all precious stones; and from our Saviour's comparing the kingdom of heaven to a pearl, it is evident they must have been held in very high estimation at that time. It is said that Julius Caesar gave a pearl to the mother of Marcus Brutus that was valued at £28,417 10s of our present money; and Cleopatra dissolved one worth £250,000 in vinegar, which she drank at the supper with Marc Antony.

From time immemorial there have been fisheries of pearl in the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and in the bays of Ceylon, and when Columbus arrived in the Gulf of Paria on his first voyage to America he was astonished to find the precious gems abounding there in unparalleled quantities. His men landed, and saw the Indian women adorned with splendid pearls round their arms, as well as round their necks; but their possessors seem to have been perfectly ignorant of the true value of the gems, as it recorded that an Indian woman gave one of the sailors four rows of pearls merely in exchange for a broken earthenware plate.

The Spanish king forbade anyone to go within fifty leagues of the place where such riches were found without royal permission, and took possession of the fisheries for himself; but so cruelly did the Spaniards behave to the natives, making them perform dive for them, and brutally ill-treating them when they were unsuccessful in pearl fishing, that 'one morning at dawn the Indians assailed the Spaniards, made a sanguinary slaughter of them, and, with dancing and leaping, ate them, both monks and laymen.'



**LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.**



OME pretty autumn specimens of millinery include a round, Torador-shaped hat with a cleverly-arranged crown of white cloth, which slightly overhangs a twist of golden brown velvet, some loops of ribbon and an osprey. Another is something after this style. The crown of puffed magenta velvet is an insignificant detail compared with the wide brim of black velvet, which is ornamented at regular intervals with the quaintest and most original arrangement of black wings set up as if flying, and in a slightly diagonal direction, and when these cease at the left side, the space is filled in with a blackbird and a handsome osprey. Nor is this all, for on turning the hat round to the back, a couple of smaller black wings, planted Mercury-fashion, together with two damask roses, are found nestling beneath the brim on the hair.

I am very sorry birds are again being worn, and would earnestly beg all Christian ladies to avoid them. Some of



PICTURE HAT IN BLACK NUTMEG STRAW.

the imitations are quite as good as the real thing, and ostrich tips or coque feathers are every bit as pretty. My first sketch is a very pretty hat which is quite free from any objectionable features. It is a picture hat in black nutmeg straw, trimmed with shaded roses and bows of apricot velvet, and is most becoming to the wearer.

One emphatic intention of the New Woman (of whom we are all growing heartily sick) appears to be discarding the



THE LATEST SHOOTING COSTUME.

skirt and sporting the dual garment whenever there is a possible loophole for so doing. A rig-out of knickerbockers,

coat, and waistcoat, has ceased to create any sensation when worn by lady cyclists already, and will very soon be taken as a matter of course. Shortened skirts were, till the last year or so, considered sufficient departure for fanning, shooting, etc. These, however, are now put aside for knickerbockers. Shooting birds appears to us one of the least desirable amusements for women; but so many actually shoot now who formerly were content with guns only that a shooting suit is an item in most society women's wardrobe. Fig. 2 shows the latest idea in shooting costumes. It is of brown heather tweed, the 'bockers being worn over brown heather gaiters.

In boating costumes there are some novelties at a stylish London tailor's. One of the greatest successes is the University costume. This patent skirt is so arranged as to permit of club ribbons being threaded through the skirt and jacket by means of slits in the material, buttoned round. A stylish coat has a Charles I. front of either brocade or moire, and a large gauntlet cuff. Lace ruffles, a Charles I. hat, and the Louis Quinze cravat complete this elegant riding costume. Nautical women will appreciate the fine old silver medals, stamped with ships, which this artist in ladies' tailoring is using for his serge gowns. A turquoise blue Venetian cloth has a vest of paler blue moire, and a tan vicuña one of white flannel, embroidered in gold. This coat has a Cavalier cuff of the same material as the vest. A still more dressy model is of white twill, lined with shot gold and rose silk, having revers and cuffs of white bengaline, edged with gold cord, and large buttons, either of gold or smoked pearl.

For boating purposes he is making some striped and twilled flannel costumes, which have perfectly plain skirts, the seams being strapped and the coat bodies finished with either plain or moiré white silk. For rougher wear there are some dark twilled vicuñas in green, brown, chestnut, and navy. Navy blue serge still holds its own, and a *richeché* costume of a peculiarly coarse make of serge has the skirt draped to show a panel of white twill, which is repeated in the bodice. The revers and cuffs are edged with a narrow band of black satin, and round the waist there is a ribbon of the same. The newest addition to a navy serge yachting gown is the white rudder line; this trims the edge of the skirt, and forms a finish to the short bodice, tying in a knot at one side and falling to the feet.

The tea jacket ought to share a measure of my attention with the tea gown, although I confess it is not worthy of an equal place in our regard; it is more difficult to adjust, and it has need to be more elaborate in detail, facts which induce some of its misguided wearers to imagine that it is suitable for theatre wear. It is only the invalid who should grant unto herself the licence of appearing in public in a dress with the least suggestion of the *negligé*. The theatre jacket is an invention of modern days which should be at once cast into the limbo of oblivion. It fills no want, and it supplies a pretext for the tactless and the tasteless to commit a social solecism, while they write themselves down in the latest fashion.

The most exquisite brocades are to-day used to make the tea jacket, while old lace plays its decorative part, and paste buckles are adopted with enthusiasm. A white satin brocade jacket I know well boasts an accordion-pleated pink chiffon shirt fastened with diamond studs; this is a veritable *édition de luxe* of its kind, and a tea jacket no less magnificent is made of one of the new chiné silks in white striped with black, the surface strewn with pink rosebuds, and this displays a vest and frills of green chiffon with an applique of very fine lace set in transparently.

The tea jacket which appears as my third sketch is of shot moiré silk, with a vest and sleeves of accordion-pleated cream spotted net.

The dressing gown must not be wholly disregarded in



MOIRÉ TEA JACKET.

these days, when Fate has ordained that influenza and neuralgia are two complaints without which no fashionable woman is unhappily complete. Let it be written and remembered that the colour of the dressing gown should always be selected in harmony with the bedroom of the wearer. I really once suffered torments whilst talking to an invalid in a pale pink bedroom who had elected to adorn

herself in a scarlet wrapper. I recollect perfectly well that it was an excellent wrapper in its way, with white voile sleeves and collar and shirt front, but its effect in that pink room, lying on a sofa amid pale pink cushions, was truly detestable. If it had only been pale yellow, or pale pink, or a pale shade of turquoise-blue, what a delight would it have been to the eye. A very charming dressing gown which I saw lately was made of petunia cashmere, with a cream silk front, finished at the neck with a large torn-down collar of cream-coloured silk, with an inch-wide fall; and the full sleeves were turned back with cuffs to match this collar, while round the waist was knotted a girdle of cream coloured silken cords. The Watteau shaped back is the most popular for a dressing gown, but, in truth, it is not the most comfortable, the plants having an unpleasant habit of pressing themselves into your back when you lie down; and the plain, straight seam is to be advised in preference. Face-cloth, flannel, and cashmere are the materials for the dressing gown, on which, it should always be remembered, the sleeves should be loose and large at the wrist, the collar open at the neck, and the fastening simple and straight down the front, buttoned, and not booked, and every detail studied with an idea of hurried adjustment over a nightgown.

My last sketch is a *chic* visiting costume in glacé silk with tiny check, giving a shot green effect. The skirt has full pleats at the back, with a Chartreuse green bow and steel



buckle on each side. Bodice of Chartreuse satin covered with cream guipure, full basque, cut steel buttons, Chartreuse folded sash; vest and cravat of cream silk orpée, revers of the glacé silk.

HELOISE.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s bottles. Made in London—(ADVT.)

"KEATING'S POWDER."  
"KEATING'S POWDER."  
"KEATING'S POWDER."  
"KEATING'S POWDER."

This Powder, so celebrated, is utterly unrivalled in destroying BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all insects (whilst perfectly harmless to all animal life). All woollens and furs should be well sprinkled with the Powder before placing away. It is invaluable to take to the Seaside. To avoid disappointment insist upon having "Keating's Powder." No other powder is effectual.

KILLS BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES,

Unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS in FUR, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs. The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that every package of the genuine powder bears the autograph of THOMAS KEATING. Without this any article offered is a fraud. Sold in Tins only.

"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."  
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."  
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTENSIVE or THREAD WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is specially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists.

Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

**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.**

**FISH PIE FOR BREAKFAST.**—Take the skin, bones, etc., from any cold fish (except herring or mackerel); take it into neat little pieces, and of this weigh out ½ lb. Now mix together 4oz freshly made breadcrumbs with a pinch of salt, a dash of cayenne, and if liked, a little nutmeg grated. Lightly butter a pie-dish, sprinkle it with some of the seasoned breadcrumbs, then lay in the fish, mixed with two good tablespoonfuls of sauce (oyster or shrimp sauce is a great addition to this dish), seasoning it with salt (unless you are using salt fish), white pepper, and cayenne to taste; cover it all pretty thickly with the rest of the crumbs, pour over it 2oz dissolved butter, and bake in a sharp oven for fifteen minutes. If liked, floury potatoes mashed with a little butter can be used for this instead of breadcrumbs. I always consider a little finely minced parsley and chives, together with a mushroom or two, if at hand, an improvement to this dish.

**BAKED PEACHES.**—One pint of milk, two and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, peaches as required. Beat the eggs until light. Add milk, salt and flour. Beat thoroughly. Add the melted butter and baking powder. Grease some custard cups. Half fill with the batter. Put into each cup a half peach. Cover with batter. Dust with powdered sugar. Stand the cups in a baking pan half filled with boiling water. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Serve with sweetened cream.

**PEACH PIE.**—Line a pie-plate with good pastry, and fill with peaches peeled and halved. Sprinkle the fruit with half a cup of sugar, and sift over one tablespoonful of flour. If the fruit is not juicy, use less flour and a few bits of butter. Bake until the peaches are done.

**SNOWBALLS.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, three eggs. Flavour with lemon. Put one tablespoonful in a buttered cup and steam twenty minutes. Roll in white sugar while hot.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

**TO KEEP THE COLOUR IN COTTON MATERIALS.**

THERE are all manner of precautions to take in order to preserve the colour in cotton materials. As a rule, if the coloured pattern goes right through the stuff, there is little doubt that it will wash, unless the fabric be very badly treated by the laundress. By making experiments at home, it is possible to retain the most delicate colours. Care—and of course, in some cases the proper preventives—will insure success almost without exception. Generally speaking, a good infusion is made from about three gills of common salt in four quarts of boiling water. The material must be put into this mixture whilst it is still hot, and left in it until the water has become cold. This will render the colours permanent, and they will not fade with subsequent careful washing. Vinegar boiled in the water that is subsequently to be used for washing will retain pale red, or pink, and green. If it is added to the last rinsing water, it will give brilliancy to deep red. Soda in moderate quantity is good for a purple-red and grey-blue, whereas potash is beneficial to black, but especially in woollen stuffs. If coloured cottons are washed carefully in lukewarm water without soda, and rinsed in salted water, there is, however, rarely any need to resort to any of the stronger and more tiresome methods.

**SIMPLE REMEDIES.**

IN all climates it is best to always keep on hand some simple, harmless remedy for colds. The old-time plan, bathing the feet in hot water before retiring at night, is good, and to this I would add, if there is any soreness of the breast or lungs, apply some good liniment on a flannel cloth, heated until as hot as can be borne. The best liniment I have ever found for this purpose is the following mixture:—One ounce of chloroform, two ounces of camphor gum, and one quart of coal oil. This is good for various aches, but is always to be applied externally.

At the first sign of croup I grease a cotton cloth with tallow, saturate with the liniment and apply to the throat and breast of the sufferer. It always works like a charm. In severe cases use flannel, and heat before applying. Horsehold candy is good for coughs, and children eat it willingly.

There are many remedies given for burns, but I have never seen these in print. Rub and over a piece of cotton batting and bind around or over the burn. One lady told me she always mixed lard and flour, made a plaster and used it. I have used soda, too, when the skin was not broken. Sprinkle thickly, wrap with a cloth, and wet in cold water. The white of an egg is cooling to a burn, and often will afford relief.

A pinch of black pepper covered with cotton and wet in

camphor is good for earache. Warm saltwater is good for tired or weak eyes. A bit of raw cotton placed on a corn and kept there night and day for a week will remove it, says grandmamma. A plaster made of equal parts of tallow and soap will draw the soreness from a bunion, and reduce the swelling. Peach leaves, well beaten, are excellent to draw a rising or boil. Try an injection of warm water for headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, constipation, etc.—E.J.M.

**PAPER LAMP SHADE.**

MODERN paper lamp shades are perfectly delicious to look at we know, but alas, the wear and tear of everyday existence does not pass lightly over their easily crushed substance. We may invest in their ephemeral beauty for the drawing-room, but for schoolroom and study probably many prefer something of a more lasting though equally inexpensive nature. For making the paper lamp shade given in my illustration, take four sheets of paper 14½ inches wide, divide each piece lengthwise into twenty divisions or pleats one inch wide, allowing slight margins for the gumming of the four parts together. Sealtop top and lower edges, turn back these two portions which are separated



on the diagrams from the centre by dotted horizontal lines describing vandykes, whilst the straight rows of dashes indicate the outside ridge of each crease. Now fold like a fan each section with doubled edges to make the creases run in different directions; press well, unfold gently, first turn up the top, and then spread out the flounce at the opposite side. Insert carefully a paper knife into the projecting vandykes to give them the proper inflation. When finished, put the shade over the wire frame, and add round the top a silk cord knotted in the centre, and your lamp shade is complete.

**TO DARKEN GREY HAIR**

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(ADVT.)

**I GUARANTEE TO CURE THE NERVES AND THE BLOOD**

Says **HERR RASSMUSSEN,**

THE CELEBRATED DANISH HERBALIST

AND Parisian Gold Medalist of 57 GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY, and 91 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, N.Z.; and no greater truth has ever been uttered, judging from the THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS sent to him by grateful, cured BLOOD and NERVE SUFFERERS, whom his world-renowned HERBAL ALFALINE VITALITY REMEDIES have restored to PERMANENT HEALTH.

For example, his Celebrated ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS are a CERTAIN CURE for WAKE NERVES, DEPRESSED SPIRITS, DEBILITY, and WEAKNESS OF THE SPINE, BRAIN, AND NERVES. Special Powerful Course, 4s 6d; Ordinary Course, 2s 6d; Smaller Boxes, 12s and 6s, posted.

His PURELY HERBAL ALFALINE BLOOD PILLS are unsurpassed as a BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD TONIC, and will not permit a particle of any Blood Disease to remain in the system. Price, same as Vitality Pills.

His ALFALINE UNIVERSAL PILLS are unequalled as a permanent cure for COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO LADIES. Price, same as Vitality Pills.

His Liver and Kidney Pills, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Pile Powders, Flesh-Producing Powders, Gargle Powders, Varicocele Powder, Fat-Reducing Powders, Hair Restorers, and Complexion Beautifiers are simply wonderful, and are well worth giving a trial.

Call on him or send to him at Wellington for his valuable FREE BOOK, which contains valuable hints, all particulars, and numerous testimonials. ALL CORRESPONDENCE PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. Write without delay, and address—

**HERR RASSMUSSEN,**  
91 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

**ANNOUNCEMENT!**

**NODINE & CO.,**

**TAILORS & IMPORTERS** (FROM COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE).

Have COMMENCED BUSINESS

—AT—  
**163, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.**

CHOICE GOODS AND STYLES.

HUNT'S RIDING MATERIALS.

REAL HARRIS TWEEDS.

EVENING AND WEDDING SUITS A SPECIALITY.

**We make a Speciality . . .**

Of Finely Engraved



**CARDS, CRESTS, . . .**  
**MONOGRAMS and**  
**WEDDING INVITATIONS**

*N. BRETT, Graphic Office, Shortland Street, Auckland.*

**LADIES! LADIES! LADIES!**  
**DR. FRIKART, M.D.**  
FOUNDER OF THE FRIKART MEDICAL ALLIANCE.  
**14, BRANDON STREET, WELLINGTON.**

Ladies can now obtain Post Free the following CELEBRATED SPECIFICS bearing her name.

**FRIKART FEMALE CORRECTIVE PILL**

Guaranteed to remove all irregularities, no matter from what cause arising. LARGE BOX, 2s.; SMALL BOX, 1s. 6d.

**GYNOTINE.**—For restoring the Natural Functions to their normal tone. 10s. 6d. and 21s. Invaluable for delicate women.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.**—Hair permanently removed from any part of the face, neck, hands or arms, by an entirely new process, without personal inconvenience or the slightest discoloration of the skin. LARGE BOX, 2s.; SMALL BOX, 1s. 6d.

**FRIKART MEDICAL ALLIANCE,**  
**14, BRANDON STREET, WELLINGTON.**

**FROM lip to lip it spreads.**

- Everybody has heard it.
- Men in the trade have known it for years.
- Men out of the trade—
- Well,
- Our friends knew!
- Others were incredulous.
- Others didn't enquire.
- Others didn't care to know.
- But now

**EVERYBODY KNOWS**

THAT THE

**EMPIRE TEA COMPANY**

BEATS THE WORLD!

The facts are these:

- We sent for "SAMPLES" from the
- Two largest, wealthiest, and
- Most Skillful Tea Blending Firms in London
- To compare with our own.
- And the Result is

**EMPIRE TEAS**

Actually show Better Value to  
The consumer.

Our opinion is therefore confirmed  
That

**WE DO THE TEA TRADE**

As well as it can be done anyhow, by anyone, anywhere  
in the world.

**Empire Tea Company.**

**W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.**

PROPRIETORS,

**WELLINGTON.**

**ANNOUNCEMENT!**

**NODINE & CO.,**

**TAILORS & IMPORTERS** (FROM COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE).

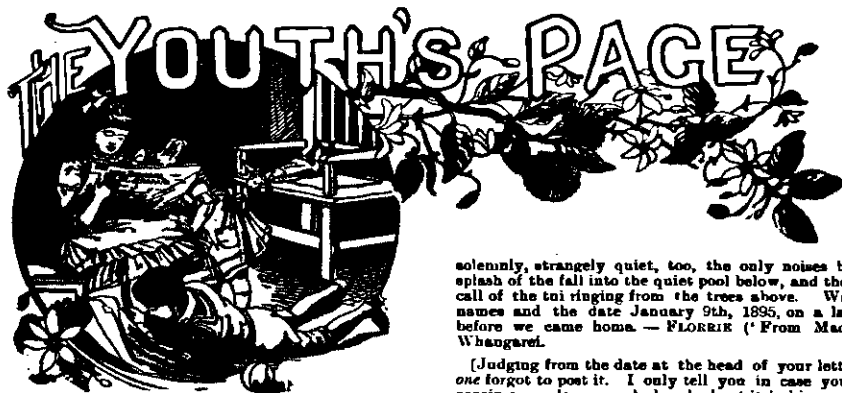
Have SPECIAL GOODS

AND  
**MEN'S & LADIES' HABITS & LADIES' GARMENTS.**

HABIT FRONTS, HATS, and LONDON HAND-MADE RIDING  
BOOTS KEPT IN STOCK.

Mr Nodine has held the LEADING PORTION in Australia for  
many years.

**SPECIALITY IN LADIES' WAISTCOATS**



**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 4oz. 4d.; not exceeding 8oz. 1d.; for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I, with two friends, am spending my Christmas holidays at Raunanga, about two miles from Whangarei. The weather for the first few days of our visit was disagreeable in the extreme, rain falling incessantly and everything outside wearing its dreariest and most uninviting aspect; but it soon cleared up, and we have since enjoyed some really beautiful weather. Last Saturday we arranged to scale Parahaki, a high mountain near Whangarei, which is to that town almost what Rangitoto is to Auckland. We all set out together, but while my aunt and Florrie went straight to the wharf, Hilda and I went through the town to get some lollies. We, carrying the lollies in two bags, then proceeded to the wharf, where Florrie met us with the announcement that we were to hurry up because 'such a nice Maori boat offered to row us across in his boat.' We soon reached the bank of the river, where crowds of small boats were anchored, and there beheld the Maori who had so kindly offered his boat as a means of transit. Remembering Hilda's lollies, I suggested that she should give him some, and she opened both bags and ran after him calling, 'Have some lollies! Have some lollies!' The Maori turned and contemplated the proffered bags half doubtfully, then Hilda, generously urging him to 'go on,' he calmly appropriated the larger of the two bags. Having transferred it to his pocket, he was about to possess himself of the other also, when Hilda hastily put it behind her and turned to us, her face a veritable study as she announced, 'He's taken the bag!' We consoled ourselves with the thought that one bag was left to us, and then got into the boat, and after a short row were landed on the lower slopes of Parahaki. We had a very rough climb, in some parts clinging to the short bit tree and bracken and crawling along on our knees, but the view from the top was ample reward for our exertions. We had a splendid view of the harbour and the town, and the scene to the right was uninterrupted as far as the Kaori Mountain. We rested and admired the lovely panorama, then with a last look to where

'The crystal expanse of the bay,  
Like a shield of pure metal lay shining  
'Twixt headlands of purple and grey.'

we began the descent, and an hour later were wending our way through the town of Whangarei. Last week we went to visit some wonderful rocks in the bush near here. They were formerly used as a Maori cemetery, and we found five skulls, while Hilda and Dancan, not content with these, went digging with a walking stick, and returned to us in triumph with a number of bones, which they were promptly sent to deposit where they had found them. The rock on which we were is over forty feet in height. I am afraid my letter is already too long, so I will keep the rest of my news for next time.—LILLA, Raunanga, Whangarei.

[I am so glad that so many of our young New Zealanders can write such capital letters. Tell Hilda that if she had only remembered how bad lollies are for the teeth, she could have been quite glad that the obliging Maori saved her and you all from having so many to eat. What a great deal more of Whangarei you have contrived to see than I did. We walked to the falls and back one day—I think Boxing Day, and enjoyed ourselves, also we drank the soda water 'growing wild' as someone described it. Have you tasted it?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am writing as I promised from Raunanga, where I am spending a few weeks. We are enjoying ourselves very well in spite of the fact that the weather has been wet all the time we have been here. It was fine enough, however, to allow us to go into Whangarei twice, and once to the waterfall, not the large Whangarei falls, but a smaller and prettier one in the creek near Raunanga. Hilda, Lilla, and I went on Wednesday morning, and followed the creek for a long way, and just above the point where the Maunū creek joins the creek, we caught the first glimpse of the fall—a mass of sparkling foam through the trees. Hurrying on, we at last reached it, and sitting down on the rocks we looked up at the water dashing, tumbling down the rock wall. Everything was so

solemnly, strangely quiet, too, the only noises being the splash of the fall into the quiet pool below, and the musical call of the tui ringing from the trees above. We cut our names and the date January 9th, 1895, on a large rock before we came home.—FLORRIE ('From Maoriland'), Whangarei.

[Judging from the date at the head of your letter, someone forgot to post it. I only tell you in case you have a cousin or uncle or somebody who kept it in his pocket for a fortnight or so. But I am very glad to hear from you. By this time all the rain is over, and you will be really enjoying your holidays. Your description of the waterfall is good. I must not write much, as I want to save my ideas for a school treat this afternoon, when I am usually expected to tell a story 'out of my own head' to amuse the children whilst they wait for tea.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am staying at Raunanga (Whangarei) with two friends, who, already being cousins, are anxious that I too should write to you. We went into the township the other day, and as it is rather a long walk, we gladly accepted Lilla's offer to take us home by a short cut. Going through a gate, and down a very muddy road, we reached a creek, expecting to find a plank on which to cross. To our dismay we found that it had been washed away, and the only thing to do was to wade across. As I had lately suffered from neuralgia Lilla and Florrie volunteered to carry me, and after some discussion as to which was the narrowest part, they landed me on an island in the middle. Then they discovered that it was impossible to go any further, so they tried to take me back to the starting place, but when half-way there dropped me into two feet of water. Fortunately, only my shoes and stockings were wet, but I had to take those off and proceed barefooted. After wandering dismally up and down we had to cross right under the bridge at the entrance to the town, and scrambling through some briar-bushes and barbed-wire fence, we came on to the public road, having taken three-quarters of an hour to reach the other side of a bridge which we could have crossed in two minutes. Florrie and I were weak enough to yield to Lilla's persuasions to go by still another short cut, and crossing another creek, we found ourselves in a large paddock. Regardless of the fact that this was private property, we tramped on, Lilla encouraging us with the information that wild balls were sometimes kept in this paddock. At this point we heard a roar, and behold! right ahead was one of the said bulls, watching us with anything but friendly interest. Dashing into the tree, we crept quietly along by the creek, till a second roar warned us that our foe was near. We hastily tied our shoes and stockings together, and threw them, with a packet of lollies and the GRAPHIC (which, by the way, was the cause of our going to Whangarei) to the opposite bank. We made several unsuccessful attempts to get over, and were about to give up in despair and take to trees, when a man appeared on the scene. He advised us to go back, but, remembering our property, we told him that we could not, so he made a bridge of trunks, on which we crossed. Calling our thanks to him, we collected our belongings, which we found had been thrown into a pool of water. Even then our trials were not over, for we had to walk nearly a mile along the road, barefooted, and reached home long after tea time. We had taken three hours instead of the usual one, so perhaps you will not wonder at our firmly resolving never again to come home by a 'short cut.'—HILDA, Raunanga, Whangarei.

[I must confess to a weakness for 'short cuts,' though, your sad experience ought to be sufficient warning to any one not to wander from the straight and narrow known path. How could the GRAPHIC be the cause of your going to Whangarei? you have quite roused my curiosity. I am very glad you wrote, and hope you will keep up the practice. For your neuralgia do try bicarbonate (I think it's bi.) of iron. Get sixpennyworth from the chemist (it is a red powder) and put as much as will lie on a threepence between a bit of bread and butter at breakfast and tea. I took a larger dose. It did me good.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I must acknowledge I have been lazy not to let you know how I spent Christmas. Some of my schoolmates and I went in the bush next week, so I will have more news to tell you in my next letter. I must now say good-bye until I come home again.—COUSIN LILLY.

[I hope you will enjoy your holiday, and have plenty to tell about it.—COUSIN KATE.]

**PUZZLE COLUMN.**

**CHARADE.**

A COMMON verb you'll find my first,  
Which beautifully expresses  
What tides may do  
And windmills, too,  
And women (to old dresses).

My last a tyrant is, accused  
By those who see most clearly,  
Though woman kind,  
Can men of mind,  
May sometimes love him dearly.

My whole the place from the very first  
Frequented met at the Fair,  
I was no nice place to be,  
There was nothing to see,  
But you saw me each day you were there.

From A to H: Bonafid. From I to Z: Splitting. Base: A check; a commotion; fluent; benedictions.

**ANSWERS.**

Answers to Cousin Maude's riddles: (1) Because they go too, too, too (two and two and two.) (2) A good appetite. (3) Because it is read (red.) (4) When he is a board. (5) Because having eyes they see not and ears they hear not. (6) Because it is a tanner.

Answer to Cousin Jack's conundrum: When its run down.

Answer to anagram: Team, tame, mate, mate.

**ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.**

HE was a very small boy, and he very much admired his tall, beautiful cousin Emily. He was too shy to tell her he loved her, but he thought he might send her a valentine. He had no money just then—at eight years old, money goes very rapidly—so he set to work to make one. He secured some rather sticky silver paper, which had once contained chocolate, and this he pasted on to a somewhat shabby-looking piece of pink paper. But Bobby thought it exquisite. With a great deal of care he wrote, in his best school hand, letting the words wander about between the bits of silver paper:—'Dearest Lady. If you'll be my Valentine I'll be yours for ever nadever amen so be it.' The spelling was rather peculiar, and the words a little mixed up, but Bobby was quite sure that never had fair lady received such a lovely letter from her true knight on Valentine's Day. He did not know her address, and was uncertain about the spelling of her surname. After some puzzling he wrote:—'This letter is for Miss Righte. Wellington, so please postman take it to her. But the young lady never received it.'

**EASY CLUE.**

TOYS and dolls will break. Here is some glue, easy to make and strong. From the druggist get half an ounce of gum-acacia and dissolve it in half a cup of boiling water. Add plaster of Paris until a thick paste is formed and then apply it with a brush to the crippled pieces of the toys. Hold firmly till dry.

**EXPLAINING IT.**

A LITTLE girl of this city recently gave a forcible though unconscious illustration of what foreigners find a perplexing peculiarity of our language. Her younger brother inquired:

'Do cows give beef and ham?'  
'Of course they don't,' was the scornful reply. 'You ought to know better than that. Cows lay milk.'

**SALT-RHEUM,**  
or any other  
**SKIN DISEASE**

Will quickly leave its victim, when the remedy taken is

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

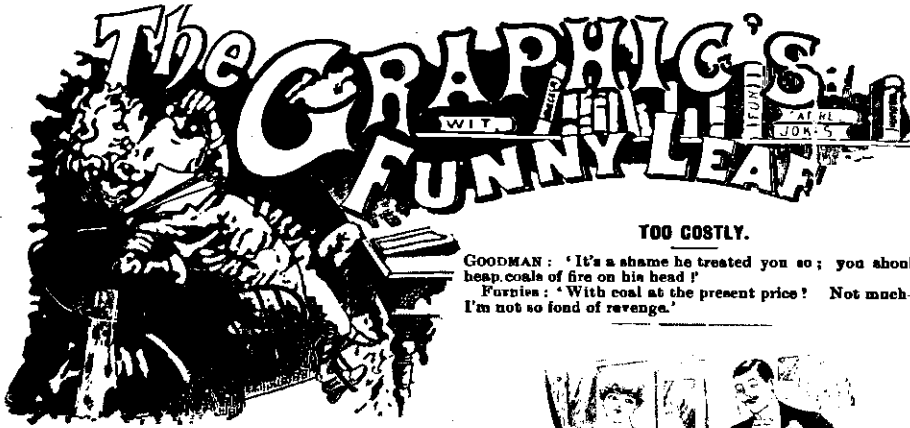
R. H. STABLE, of Des Moines, Ia., U. S. A., says: "My little daughter was, for several years, afflicted with salt-rheum, none of the many remedies prescribed by the physi-



cian doing her any good. When we had about given up all hope of curing her, my wife suggested the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. We tried it, and before one bottle had been taken, a great change for the better was noticeable. We continued the treatment, and a thorough cure was the result."

**Ayer's The Sarsaparilla**  
Admitted at the World's Fair.  
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

LADIES VISITING CARDS—100 best Ivory Cards with copper plate, 10s. or 5s for 7s 6d. Can be supplied same day—GRAPHIC Office, Shortland-street, Auckland.



**RATHER OUT OF SEASON.**

SHE had come up to town for the Cattle Show week, Not to gaze at the cattle, but pleasure to seek; And she was not afraid Of the men, though a maid, For she'd worn off the first blush of youth, so to speak; And a sharpness of visage and redness of beak Nicely suited a voice that was mostly a squeak; And her teeth and her hair Were a bit out of wear, So that really of beauty she hadn't a streak; And although not so ancient as Latin and Greek, It is certain she bordered upon the antique. She was not this season's goods.

She arrived at the station at noon by the clocks, And she carried no trunk, no portmanteau, or box; But she had, all the same, A huge hamper of game, Where she'd hidden her cash, and her very best frocks. And, when she observed citizens passing in flocks, She said, 'Oh!' like the girls viewing fireworks from Brock's; But she saw, by good luck, A young man with a truck, His apparel had suffered from many hard knocks: And his boots, being stranded, and right on the rocks, Gave the office away that he didn't wear socks. They were not this season's goods.

On his truck he'd some hampers, a rather odd set, But our heroine noticed a space there to let; And she thought she would grab At the chance, as a cab Seemed a sheer waste of coin, as she'd only to get To the opposite station—the one on the 'Met'; And economy ne'er rained anyone yet. So she signalled his nibs By a dig in the ribs: And, convinced he could do with the price of a wet, She attracted the fish safely home to her net With a threepenny piece—and, you'll learn with regret, It was not this season's goods.

Still, a loaf that is snide's better biz than no bread, Was the notion that entered the gentleman's head: So the hamper was thrown On the trucks with his own, And he carted it over, but she was misled; For, when he had departed, she noticed with dread That he'd changed it for one of his own lot instead; And she breathed a sad sigh, When she found by-and bye, That it held half a brick, an assortment of lead, And a cat which, although only recently dead, Seemed to wink its off eye in a manner that said, 'I am not this season's goods!' DOSS CHIDERDOSS.

**AT THE OPERA.**

SHE: 'That couple in front of us—do you think they are married?' He: 'Yes: I am sure they are. They have been married a long time too.' She: 'Why, how do you know?' He: 'Haven't you noticed that when a pretty girl comes on the stage she always hands him the opera-glasses right away?'



THE WIFE: 'John, you don't love me. You promised to stop smoking if I'd marry you.' The Husband: 'Then I must have loved you, my dear, or I wouldn't have lied to get you.'

**TOO COSTLY.**

GOODMAN: 'It's a shame he treated you so; you should heap coals of fire on his head!' FURNIA: 'With coal at the present price? Not much—I'm not so fond of revenge.'



**MORE FEMINE AMENITIES.**

'WHAT'S the trouble between Maud and Lily?' 'Why, you see, Maud asked Lily to tell her just what she thought of her.' 'Yes.' 'Lily told her.'

**M-X O'R--LL AGAIN.**

He was a popular lecturer, and he was describing to Jacky and Cholly how he simply appeared on the platform, lectured for an hour, and made hundreds of thousands of pounds by doing so. 'You and I couldn't get thousands of pounds by simply appearing in our dress clothes,' said Jacky to Cholly. 'No,' said Cholly to Jacky, 'but we don't look as funny in dress clothes as he does.' The lecturer says that he doesn't like the youth of the present day.



COUNTRYMAN (to dentist): 'I wouldn't pay nothin' extra fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt.' Dentist: 'You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth.' Countryman: 'Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.'

**HER GREAT SACRIFICE.**

CLARENCE, dear,' said the sweetly-loving wife, 'I do not see how our little one can go any longer without a new pair of pantaloon. The only ones he has have been patched until he can wear them no longer.' With a deep sigh the husband laid down his paper. 'I don't know what I can do, Phyllis,' he said, 'I can't afford to buy him new ones just at present.' 'Then, my darling,' replied his better half, with a despairing gesture, 'the worst has come. I shall have to have my bicycle trousers cut down for him.'

**SHE MADE HAY, ETC.**

He was obviously desperate. 'Do you love me?' he suddenly demanded. 'Yes,' she answered at once, although it was the first time the subject had been broached. He shifted uneasily in his chair. 'Your frankness,' he faltered, 'is—' 'Enraging,' she suggested, with a sweet smile, which gradually faded when she remembered that she had no witnesses.



**AMBIGUOUS.**

YOUNG GAYBOY: 'I can't make out this letter at all!' Old Gayboy: 'Oh! any donkey can read it.' (And he was annoyed because the youth smiled.)

**THE PARADOX OF TIME.**

Time goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas, Time stays, we go; Or else, were this not so, What need to chain the hours, For Youth were always ours? Time goes, you say!—ah, no! Ours is the eyes' deceit, Of men whose flying feet Lead through some landscape low; We pass, and think we see The earth's fixed surface flee!— Alas, time stays—we go! Once in the days of old, Your locks were curling gold, And mine had shamed the crow. Now, in the self-same stage, We've reached the silver age; Time goes, you say!—ah, no! Once, when my voice was strong, I filled the woods with song. To praise your 'rose' and 'snow'; My bird, that song, is dead; Where are your roses fled? Alas, Time stays—we go!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

**SHE WANTED PARTICULARS.**

YOUNG TUTTER: 'I've just bought a new horse, Miss Clara, and I would like to take you out for a drive.' Miss Pinkerly: 'I hope he is not too spirited. You know, Mr Tutter, I am dreadfully timid.' Young Tutter: 'Oh, no. I assure you he isn't. He gives me no trouble at all.' Miss Pinkerly (anxiously): 'Is he so gentle that you can drive him with one hand?'

**KNEW BETTER.**

The rich old suitor assured her that she was mistaken. 'Why,' he impetuously exclaimed, 'I would die for you.' The sweet young thing, who was just budding to womanhood on £1 a week, with four younger sisters, sighed and shook her head. 'You promise that now,' she faltered, 'but after we are married you would forget all about it.'

**CAUTIOUS MAN.**

MRS WORRY (awaking her lord): 'Charles, get up. I think baby has the croup.' Mr Worry: 'Hadn't I better wait till you're sure?'

CHINA offers a reward of two hundred taels for the head of a Jap officer, and one hundred for the head of a private. It's a case of heads they lose, tails the other fellows win.



**L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.**

FLOSSIE: 'Tell me, grandma, how did you like being in the ark with Noah?' Grandma: 'But I was not in the ark, my child.' Flossie: 'Weren't you; then how was it you weren't drowned?'