

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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• • DRESS REFORM. • •

BY THE PHILOSOPHER IN SLIPPERS (J. F. NISBET).

SOMEWHERE in the depths of the woman's movement there is a project for the adoption of a different style of dress for ladies from that now commonly worn. If gossip can be trusted, innovators are engaged at the present moment in contriving 'something in the nature of a dual garment,' other than the divided skirt, which, during all the years it has been before the world—in the mind's eye chiefly—does not appear to have won even that limited amount of approval known as a *succès d'estime*. As I am anxious to help the ladies in rationalising their dress (which has got a little off the plumb of perfect propriety), perhaps they will allow me to present them with a few elementary principles upon which alone, as it seems to me, they can hope to build securely.

FIRST, AS TO THE FAILURE OF THE DIVIDED SKIRT!

There was never a chance for that garment, because its qualities, if it had any, nay, its very existence, were known only to the wearer; and the true theory of costume, I take it, is that it is designed with an eye, much less to the necessities of the person wearing it, than to those of the looker-on. If you doubt this, ladies, try and imagine how little would remain for practical use of the boasted 'creations' of the Rue de la Paix if the human race were suddenly deprived of the single sense of sight.

The fundamental mistake made by the dress-reformers is that they assume considerations of health or comfort to come first in the solution of the problem of costume. Far before these I place the association of ideas in relation to the sexual instinct. In other words, the costume that most flatters and stimulates the idea of sex, or of the difference between the sexes, is that which is the most becoming, and, the vagaries of fashion apart, the most likely to be popular and enduring.

I do not claim any inherent fitness in this or that cut of garment for one sex or the other. Tell me what, for any reason, the ingrained custom or experience of a race has been, and I will tell you how it must feel about dress. Trousers or petticoats—it matters not which sex adopts which! The essential thing is that the dress for both sexes should not be cut to the same pattern. Hence it is that in the Orient, where women show some preference for the trouser-shape (e.g., the Turkish trousers of the princess in pantomime), the male garb tends to run into the petticoat.

In the light of these considerations let us see how the latest project of the Rational Dress Society appears, assuming that the 'something in the nature of a dual garment' is,

PLAINLY SPEAKING, TROUSERS.

I am afraid the ladies who advocate what they are pleased to call rational dress, work from their heads and not from their hearts. They are actuated by some vague hope of placing the sexes upon an equal footing, of giving woman a better chance in the battle of life, in which she is said to be handicapped by her petticoats. They also argue, perhaps, that in such a climate as ours, trousers may be a cleaner article of outdoor wear than a skirt. They may insist further that — But why enumerate the score of reasons why women should act as men, or men as women? Are they not all set forth in the advanced feminine literature of the period?

Plausible as some of the reasons may be, they do not for a moment weigh in the balance with that little principle of mine—the sexual idea and its associations. For good or evil Europe is committed to trousers as the characteristic male garment, the symbol and badge of manhood; and to the petticoat as all that is sweetly and seductively feminine. The positions might have been reversed. They may still be reversed; for if women insist upon wearing the male garment *par excellence*, men in self-defence will be driven to the petticoat.

Now, do the ladies of the Rational Dress Society realize

what a potent charm and attraction they are asking their sex to renounce in

THE FAMILIAR PETTICOAT,

and what sentimental difficulties and drawbacks would be created by an adoption of the proposed dual garment in its place? I cannot think they do realise these things, otherwise this mischievous agitation in favour of men's clothes for women would never have been heard of.

That the race would run any risk of becoming extinct through the carrying out of the scheme, I do not say. If the only woman there was to love insisted upon wearing trousers—well, we should have to love her and make the best of it; and in due time a new set of associations would grow up around this garment—no longer then 'unmentionable,' but a source of inspiration, emulation, and high resolve; and women, to do them justice, with the aesthetic sense of their sex, would, no doubt, slash it, and frill it, and puff it, and embroider it, and make it a very presentable garment indeed, as unlike the original pattern as it could well be. But the change would mean a revolution in sentiment and poetry, which it would take twenty years to effect, and meanwhile a whole generation of women would be jeopardising their chances of the Higher Love. Twenty years do I say? Perhaps fifty!

What, then, is rational dress? I should say that rational dress was that which, without exposing or revealing too much of the female figure, suggested it to the best advantage. Stays there must be; because these now participate to a great extent in the poetic associations of the petticoat. The pointed shoe has almost established itself. I am not sure that the French heel, bad as it is on every common-sense ground, is not getting to be unassailable by dint of its association with pretty feet and well-turned ankles. There are many features of fashionable dress which, in the cold light of reason, are not to be defended, but which hold their own by association. Even the bishop sleeve will have its chance of 'catching on' if it stays long enough.—P. M. B.



VULCAN ISLAND VOLCANO, PACIFIC OCEAN.—SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE paragraphs in last week's issue concerning the value and danger of the new defence in murder cases, that the deed was committed under hypnotic suggestion, has drawn several letters from interested subscribers. They deal mainly with the attempt to shoot an Auckland solicitor, and cannot therefore be published at present. That people may be hypnotised, and when under the influence of hypnotism commit terrible crimes must be admitted, and counsel for the defence of prisoners have not been slow to take advantage of the new opening. One of the letters I have received contains a most ingenious defence of the young man who so nearly pistolled Mr Campbell on Wednesday, and one cannot help regretting not being able to publish it. A Wellington gentleman, however, furnishes the most interesting communication. He points out that a hypnotist can not only compel a man or woman to do murder for him, but can by hypnotic suggestion force an innocent man to confess himself guilty of a crime which he—the hypnotist—has committed. Not only could such a thing happen, but it actually has happened. In proof of this my correspondent sends an article of the greatest interest, but which the exigencies of space have compelled me to cut down.

THE story is, it appears, an old legal one, and concerns two men of the name of Bourne, who were arrested and tried for the murder of one Colvin against whom they had a grudge. Colvin had disappeared and the Bourne were charged with his murder. There was nothing upon which the officers of the law could proceed, because there was absolutely no proof of the *corpus delicti*—the body of the crime. That is to say, the accused could not be tried until there was sufficient evidence at hand to show that a crime had been committed. As it was there was nothing more than suspicion. After some delay, however, it was announced by the Prosecuting Attorney that he was prepared to go to trial; that he had obtained the confession of one if not both of the prisoners. The story of the confession as it came out was that the brothers had been confined in separate cells; that they had become worn out by the importunities of those who urged them to confess, and that finally one of the brothers admitted that he did the deed. When this fact was made known to the other he stoutly insisted that it was he and not his brother who perpetrated the crime.

STEPHEN BOURNE, who was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, confessed, so it was said, that without the knowledge of his brother George he had murdered Colvin and buried his body beneath a heap of stones in a certain field. It was shown on his trial that the bones were found just as he described them and they were presumably produced in court. On the day appointed for the execution of Stephen Bourne, and just as they were about to adjust the noose to his neck, Richard Colvin appeared on the scene, and the hanging proceeded no further. Colvin explained that he had wandered away from home in a fit of mental aberration, but had recovered in time, and hearing by chance of the arrest and conviction of Bourne, he had hastened home to prevent the consummation of a legal crime.

THOSE who have had the most experience in dealing with criminal law and that class of officers who devote their lives to the conviction of criminals, not to say to the discovery of crimes, know how unsafe it is to rely upon the testimony of such officers as to confessions made by prisoners. These considerations led the higher courts of the land to lay down a rule of criminal evidence, which is now universally recognized, under which no conviction can be had without proof of the *corpus delicti* beyond a reasonable doubt, entirely independent and irrespective of the confession of the accused. It may be said that in the Bourne case there was proof of

the *corpus delicti* by the exhibition of the bones which were brought from the stone heap in the field which Stephen Bourne either did or did not describe. But when it is remembered that when Colvin returned and exploded the supposed confession of Stephen Bourne, a further examination of the bones disclosed the fact that they belonged to a diseased mule (this is sober and petrified fact), it will be seen how little the proof of the *corpus delicti* in that case depended upon anything but the alleged confession.

In the literature of criminal trials and transactions there are many cases hardly less remarkable than the one just mentioned. There are some well-remembered instances where accused persons have been tried, convicted and executed for murder where there was no lack of proof of the *corpus delicti*, but where there was no evidence to connect the accused with the crime, except alleged confessions—cases where, after execution, the real criminals were subsequently discovered. In other words, where innocent men have been hung for crimes with which they had nothing to do. Is it not practically certain that some of these 'confessions' were obtained by interested parties by mesmeric influence, the object being, perhaps, to compass the death of the innocent man who confesses.

ONE is getting heartily sick of the woman-equals-man discussion, which has taken a new and vigorous, not to say virulent, lease of life in the Synod at Nelson. The whole question was discussed *ad nauseam* when the Female Franchise Bill was yet unpassed, and when once the women of the colony had been admitted to political equality most of us heaved a sigh of satisfaction in the mistaken belief that the arguments both *pro* and *con* were done with at last. Vain hope. The Church plodding heavily behind has re-opened the discussion, and the latest state of the readers of newspapers is worse than the first. Members of Parliament are long-winded enough and prosy enough in all conscience, and the reports of their sayings are dull and dismal reading indeed; but the synodsmen—so to call the proying parsons—who have wasted so much valuable time at Nelson are infinitely more dull, infinitely more verbose, and the reports of their proceedings a positive terror to the man who groans to find the best columns in the paper absorbed by them. Few, one imagines, read them for pleasure—madness would lie that way—and there is little indeed to reward those unhappy beings whose duty obliges them to read or to listen to the speeches. Still there was a pearl here and there. The GRAPHIC, of course, agrees that women should have a vote in vestry and church matters, but I could not help feeling that Mr — went out of his way to court a smart retort when he alluded to the benefit public bodies would derive from the presence of women, owing to the pacific tendency and 'sweet reasonableness of women.' What about Mrs Yates at Onehunga! Sweet reasonableness!! Ye gods!!!

COLONIAL youth beware! Avoid the moonlight picnic, distrust the custom of sitting out. A new terror threatens the engaged young man, therefore fight shy of all that tends that way. Hitherto the dangers of engagement have been of so old established an order that it would be an impious and sacrilegious hand that should dare to use a pen against them, but when a new terror is added it is time to rebel. The tobacco-pouch of push brodered with the fingers of devotion we have come to look on with equanimity, even with favour. It is fat and clumsy and gaudy to a degree, but no man would dare to hint that it was not a charming present. The splendidly floral braces are, too, a legitimate offering, and one to be accepted by the patient and well-behaved male with outward joy and inward resignation. Slippers, of course, one regards as inevitable, and about a year ago in this colony knitted neckties were added to the list. They were allowed to pass without remark, and this perhaps accounts for the fact that we are to have the new terror. Straw plaiting is the latest craze, and it is the thing for a young woman in smart society to give her fiancé a straw hat—I mean plaited by her own fingers. The Queen herself has given an impetus to the new fad by positively making a hat for 'dear Battenberg.' When the editor of the GRAPHIC read this announcement he trembled for New Zealand's *jeunesse dorée*, for what will not the loyal colonial girl do to imitate royalty. But he still hoped till in a New Zealand paper he read an advertisement announcing that lessons could be given and materials bought from a certain well-known shop not a thousand miles from Cathedral Square, Christchurch. As someone has truly said in lamenting the innovation, the prospect is formidable indeed; braces and pouches can be hidden away, but a straw hat is always obvious, and seems

likely now and then to be embarrassingly so. The imaginative man will have no difficulty in picturing to himself half a dozen forms of home-made hats which will render suicide not only justifiable but inevitable.

A MALEVOLENT and misguided female has, I observe, been advising women to go in for 'house to house' open air photography for a living. As everyone knows, the method of procedure is simple. You take your camera to a suitable place, say a terrace containing twenty or more houses, and secure one or more views of it. Then you send copies to all the householders resident in the said terrace—their names may be procured from the directory—and request that they will send a small sum, say a shilling or eighteen pence, for the photograph you have taken of their residence, adding that further copies can be had if desired. Probably ten or twenty will not respond at all, but if nine of the rest send their shillings, and the tenth orders half-a-dozen copies, you will not get a bad return for your expenditure in the matter of plates, sensitised paper, and postage stamps. This is obviously only an extension of the idea of the people who photograph the 'Hatch, Match, and Dispatch' columns in the daily papers, and send copies to all the people who have had events in their families. But it has evidently 'caught on,' for in certain new neighbourhoods the speculative photographer follows close upon the heels of the speculative builder, whose new villas are often taken by the camera long before they are taken by the tenants.

THE woman who follows the plan in the foregoing paragraph will probably cause 'man, poor man' a vast amount of misery. It was possible to swear at the men who tried this game, but of course one will have to smile a polite 'No thank you, not to day,' to women when they begin. The GRAPHIC would, by the way, suggest that the plan may at slight risk be made very much more remunerative. If all the family are enticed into the verandah while the house is being taken, a handy accomplice—beg pardon, assistant—may profitably employ herself clearing out the plate box and any valuables to be found in the back rooms, entrance being made by the back door, which is almost sure to have been left open. No charge is made for this idea. It is given away with this number.

IT is surprising how year after year the same questions crop up on the same topics. An experienced journalist can almost predict the month when certain familiar yet strange questions will find their way into the query columns. There is, for instance, that time-honoured and really unanswerable demand—what becomes of all the pins? England alone, it appears, turns out some fifty-four millions daily, and Germany and the rest of the world must average about another fifty millions. 100 millions of pins a day! Surely these are not, cannot be all absolutely made away with daily. As has been said by a contemporary on this important matter, it is rather a difficult thing to lose a pin absolutely. Washerwomen manage to lose a good many in the recesses of one's linen, but the wearer finds them every time, and usually has some pungent remarks to make on the discovery. The number arranged by thoughtless nurses in the softer parts of babies' anatomies is doubtless large, but they usually come to light again, the baby, and the equally wakeful father, know the reason why.

PEOPLE are, indeed, most reluctant to let pins be lost. They remember vaguely that a millionaire, when they were children, scribbled his fortune on picking up a pin, and they are always cricking their backs and staring their eyes in endeavour to follow his example. A great number of pins find their way to the dust heap, but the persons who over-rake these unsavoury accumulations doubtless return many of them to civilisation, only, however, to be lost again. The only suggested explanation at all likely to be accurate, says the *Globe*, is this: 'That just as there are absurd people who imagine that by collecting a million used penny stamps they may gain some great privilege, so there are other misguided persons who believe that a million pins have a special market value, and thus absorb the enormous production.'

JUST now when we hear so much of England's desire and intention to establish 'protectorates' in various regions disturbed by the Asiatic war, it is amusing to read of the fate that befell the British steamship *Yarrowdale*, within a few hours' steaming of the port of Suez, over which England exercises a protectorate in the full significance of the word. The *Yarrowdale*, a ship of 2,000 net tonnage ran on a reef known as *Abou Nahas*, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Suez, about one hundred and fifty miles south of the chief port of the great canal. As soon as the news of her wreck reached Suez the local agents sent down the Egyptian steamer *Hodeida*, with pumps and other salvage material, a European diver, and one hundred labourers, to try and get her off; but the *Hodeida* was not powerful enough to tow the *Yarrowdale* off the reef and therefore she returned to Suez. In the meanwhile it seems that after jettisoning about 600 tons of cargo, the vessel, when under steam, was got off the reef;

whereupon the Arabs rushed on board and drove the whole crew aft with their naked daggers and knives, and the Yarrowale drifted side on to the shoal and finally settled down headforemost. They then commenced to pillage her and threatened the officers with their daggers unless they gave up all the valuables about them, which the officers were compelled to do, glad to escape with their lives from the armed horde, which numbered about 350. The third mate, Mr Simmonds, according to an eyewitness, was seized by two Arabs, who threatened to disembowel him with their knives if he did not make over at once a silver watch and chain he was wearing, and on his refusing, they tore the coat, watch, and all off his back. After being stripped of everything, the master and the rest of the ship's company, numbering only twenty-eight hands, succeeded in getting off to Shadwan, whence they were taken on board the steamship Borderer and brought to Suez. This free-and-easy piracy within ready reach of a port where English influence and authority are really dominant, has aroused general European comment on the efficacy of British protectorates. 'It seems almost incredible,' observes one journal, 'that such an act could be committed with impunity, within a few hours' steaming of a crowded port like Suez and in full view of passing vessels, for the spot where the Yarrowdale was wrecked was on the highway between Suez and Adan.' Nothing has yet been done, either, to punish this extraordinarily audacious piracy, and the British community at Suez threatens to write to the London Times unless steps are taken to repress the water rats that have taken to cavorting about the Red Sea within gunshot of the British Residence.

A DISCUSSION is going on in England as to who is the most blameless Duke in the Empire. General opinion seems to accord the distinctive honour to the Duke of Norfolk. One Conservative commentator styles him 'a Duke with a spotless reputation.' His method of dispensing charity favours expenditure rather than mere almsgiving. Like Louis XV., His Grace has 'the mania of building'; nothing delights him so much as to devise a combination of bricks and mortar wherewith to melt money. There is no counting the churches he has built and there is no measuring the magnitude of castles that he has restored. The magnificence and size that Arundel Castle has taken on since the present Duke came to rule the House of Howard reminds one of the story of the Shah's visit to the late Duke of Sutherland at Danrobin. Upon his return to London the ruler of the East hastened to the Prince of Wales and after telling him with every show of agitation of the marvellous display of wealth and power that he had himself just seen on Sutherland's estates, he implored the Prince for the safety of the Royal House to have the Duke of Sutherland immediately arrested and executed!

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, pastor of the London City Temple, not only on a very ridiculous figure but a very contemptible one in his crusade against reporters who 'take down' his sermons and sell them to newspapers. The holy man has gone so far as to denounce the poor devils who have to sit and listen to his cant and hypocrisy as thieves. For what but cant and hypocrisy are the preachings of one who behaves as Parker has done in this instance? 'Is it right,' this precious expounder of the gospel whines, 'is it right to make a living out of another man's brain without compensating him? The preacher earns his livelihood by his sermons, etc.' No one seems to care to answer these questions for the anointed dominie—who doubtless fancies he has been called to preach the Word—but there appears to be little doubt that in claiming copyright for his inspired utterances Parker has utterly disgusted the orthodox as well as the heterodox. Wherever Parker turns his shrewd eyes he sees the finger of scorn pointed at him. It is generally admitted that his usefulness in the pulpit formerly graced by Spurgeon is at an end. He is at this moment the most sincerely despised man in England. If he were capable of self respect, Parker would instantly lay down the high office to which he has evidently appointed himself for gain alone.

THE young women of a certain well-known and justly famous colonial girls' school have a genuine grievance. It was reported to the head master that one of the members of the college had been detected kissing a sweetheart—presumably her own—good-night. This is against the rules, and the master, summoning the forty students, proceeded to lecture them in terms more virulent even than those with which Mary of first-reader fame was rebuked for bringing a lamb to school. The girls were, naturally enough, indignant. Each and every one of the forty set to work to establish a decisive alibi for herself, and when these alibis were finally corroborated by the confession of a pretty little housemaid employed in the college who admitted that it was she who had committed the osculatory infraction of the regulations, the slandered innocents demanded an apology. For some reason not at all clear to gallantry, the master has declined to retract his unwarranted rebuke, and now the forty young women threaten to leave the college. To add to the worriments of the college officials, the pretty little minx who was the primary cause of all the trouble likewise threatens to 'leave her place' unless the

college authorities publicly acknowledge her right to kiss her sweetheart as often and whenever she elects. Altogether, the President of the College is in a most embarrassing position, and it is a safe wager that in future he will hesitate about exaggerating the significance of a little thing like a kiss.

ALL generous men will rejoice to know that none of the private correspondence of the Carlyles that was entrusted to the keeping of the historian Froude will ever reach the public. The lately deceased man-of-letters directed in his last testament that all the unprinted documents relating to the Carlyles which the mighty Thomas had bequeathed to him should be destroyed. Thus the world will be spared a renaissance of the ugly gossip that has so often occupied itself with the bickerings and squabbles of the Carlyle household. No good to any man, cause, or philosophy could come of a closer familiarity with the domestic disturbances of the Chelsea sage, and in ordering the destruction of the compromising letters Froude has done much to atone for some previous indiscretions in the treatment of the Carlyle legacy.

CONSUL,' the West African chimpanzee, whose death has recently saddened Manchester, is said to have been the most remarkable monkey ever brought to Europe. He would sit at dinner with human beings, use the implements of the table correctly, and take his wine with enjoyment. When he was banded a bunch of keys, he would at once select the right one, unlock his cage with it, and let himself out. He delighted in railway travelling, and had a seat to himself against the carriage window. He died before his education was by any means finished, and it would be idle to guess how far he might have gone. He seems, at any rate, to have gone further than mere instinct—to have acquired, at least to some extent, those qualities of reason and conscience that are popularly supposed to distinguish man from the other animals. Perhaps the missing link may yet be discovered.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOME SWIMMING PEOPLE.

TWO pictures are given on page 173 of some well-known swimming folk. One is of the New South Wales representatives who came over here for the Championship Meeting, and the other is of the New Zealand champion water polo team. Christchurch claims the winners. The final game was characteristic of good feeling between both teams, and of neat passing by the Christchurch swimmers. From their play it was evident that the Christchurch team had made a study of the rules, and every man in the team played a fine game, passing to his man in fine style. The Auckland team showed a want of practice and combination, but in time should make a good team.

A picture is also given of the

ASSOCIATION MEDAL.

This was the design adopted at the Fourth Annual Meeting as being most appropriate. The obverse displays as border a life-buoy with four diagonal divisions (separated by bands, each with a star thereon), containing the words 'New Zealand Amateur Swimming Association.' Inside the life-buoy, on a bath sill, are two swimmers, one European, one Maori, supporting a shield on which are quartered the arms of (1st) England, (2nd) Scotland, (3rd) Ireland, (4th) the badge of Wales, divided by a St. Clair's cross, on which appears the constellation of the Southern Cross; the shield being surmounted by an Imperial crown. The design is intended to be in part symbolical. The lifebuoy and motto indicate the humane purpose; the national arms and imperial crown the imperial nature of the pastime; the St. Clair cross is commemorative of the founder of the institution; while the Southern Cross identifies it with the Southern Hemisphere; the water and bath platform the scene of operations; and the supporters the performers. The reverse is left blank for inscribing the name of presentee, also date of and event for which awarded. The clasp does not necessarily accompany the medal, which can be used as an ornament but not as a decoration. The ribbon is of Association colours, black and silver.

NEW BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS—RAROTONGA.

The boarding school for boys and girls of the Cook's Group which has been erected by the London Missionary Society was recently opened under very auspicious circumstances. A Rarotonga correspondent sends us the following account:—The weather was favourable. The sky was somewhat cloudy, but in this hot climate we have no objection to occasional cloudy days. There are about 13 acres of good land surrounding the building, which will be brought under cultivation. The school is 121 feet long by 44½ feet broad including the verandahs, and consists of four portions. These are the school room, the dormitory, the teacher's apartments, and the caretaker's room. The building of the foundations was commenced on

the 28th of May, and the whole work was finally completed on the 21st of December. The foundations cost \$1068 66c. The total cost of the building including the foundations was \$10260 20c. The total local contributions, including those of the opening day were \$1672 80c. The cost to the London Missionary Society after deducting the local contributions was \$8587 40c.

In the early morning the people might be seen carrying baskets, or driving carts laden with food towards the place of meeting. At 9 a.m. the scene was quite animated as one looked from the verandah of the school at the scattered groups of gaily dressed people, and at the number of buggies and horses on the ground, which are evidences of a prosperous and a happy people. Soon after 10 a.m. the proceedings of the day commenced. The missionary (Rev. J. J. K. Hutchin) read a programme of the day's proceedings, and stated that the school was intended for the children of natives of the Cook's Group. Queen Makei had been chosen by the Parliament as the head of the Federation, and he had thought it only fit and proper that she should be asked to open the school, which she proceeded to do amidst the discharge of muskets and the applause of the assembled natives.

A public meeting was then held under the presidency of Mr Moss, the British resident, who has manifested much sympathy with the undertaking. Mr Moss, the missionary, Tepono to Rangai, Chief Judge of the Islands, and three Native pastors gave addresses. The boys now in the boarding school went creditably through the varied manœuvring of an action song under the superintendence of Miss Ardill. After the public meeting the inevitable feast took place and there was abundance of food for all the people.

'MA MIE ROSETTE.'

The Comic Opera Company are steadily working their way north. Wellington is now being delighted with the catchy music, costly scenery, and lavish dressing of 'Ma Mie Rosette.' This opera has had a perfectly phenomenal success in the colonies. The Sydney people simply went wild over it, and the good folk of Christchurch, Dunedin, and Wellington have now got the same pretty well by heart. The Company is doing splendid business in Wellington, as it certainly deserves to do. No better opera combination ever visited New Zealand.

VULCAN ISLAND VOLCANO.

A picture is given on our front page of one of the largest volcanoes in the Pacific, or for the matter of that in the whole world. Vulcan volcano is off the coast of New Guinea. Our picture is from a sketch by a German officer on board the Samoa.

WANGANUI GIRLS' COLLEGE.

Parents wishing to enter their daughters as Boarders for this 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.

W. G. THOMAS,

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'CYCLING IN DUNEDIN.

THE OTAGO 'CYCLING CLUB.

OF the three 'cycling clubs in Dunedin the Otago 'Cycling Club has, so far, enjoyed the most successful career—that is, in proportion to the length of time in which it has been in existence. To recapitulate in these columns the various circumstances that led to the establishment of the Club under notice would be an un-



De Maus, photo., Port Chalmers.
A. THOMSON, ESQ., President.

necessary labour. Suffice it to say, that the principal reason was that the arrangements made by the Dunedin 'Cycling Club in respect to a track led to dissatisfaction being expressed at the annual meeting of the last-mentioned



Farrar, photo., Timaru.
H. B. COURTIS, ESQ., Vice-president.

Club by a number of members. Several of the dissatisfied ones, at the instigation of Mr J. M'Donald, a gentleman who has done yeoman's service on behalf of the Otago Club, decided to secede from the ranks of the Dunedin 'Cycling



Frost, photo. Dunedin.
W. A. EMS, ESQ., Vice-president.

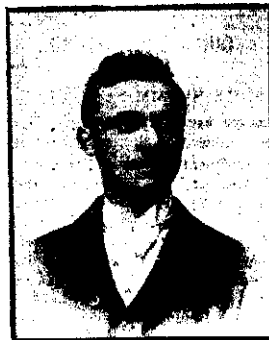
Club and form another club, the result being that in 1892 the Otago 'Cycling Club was formed. Satisfactory arrangements were made with the Caledonian Society of Otago regarding a racing track, and the Club secured the Caledonian ground for its race meetings. Although the club possessed a membership of but 60 or 70 in 1892, such rapid progress has been made, and the interest and sympathy of the public have been enlisted to such an extent, that the present membership exceeds 160.

Of the office-bearers of the club—illustrations of the principal of whom appear elsewhere—it may be said that all work hard for the welfare of the Club, sinking all personal feeling, and always endeavouring to advance the interests of



Eden George & Co., photos., Dunedin.
MR. W. BEGG, Captain.

their Club. In addition to the office-bearers, of whom illustrations are given, we may mention that the committee consists of Messrs J. M'Donald, J. Munro, J. Osborne, J.

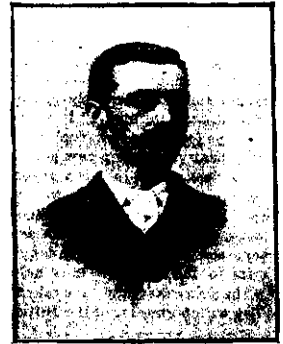


Gill, photo., Dunedin.
MR. R. JAY, Deputy-Captain.

McPhee, F. Hart, L. Barclay, and J. Muir, while the new treasurer, Mr E. Hewison is an indefatigable worker.

At the third annual race meeting of the Club fifty-six com-

petitors were engaged, including such well-known riders as Reynolds (the Auckland crack), Pither, Hayward, Simpson (Christchurch), Whelan, C. Hall (Timaru), Stedman, Emerson, and McKenzie (Dunedin). The clubs represented were Auckland, Pioneer (Christchurch), Palmerston, Oamaru, Rovers, Dunedin Amateur Athletic, Dunedin 'Cycling, Otago, Timaru Tourists, Wellington, Tower Ramblers, and Invercargill 'Cycling Clubs, so it will be seen that the meeting was a thoroughly representative one. The racing was decidedly interesting, and as the weather was propitious, the attendance good, and the arrangements complete, a most successful and enjoyable meeting resulted, a nett profit of £36 being shown.



Marsden, photo., Dunedin.
MR. O. H. MÖLLER, Hon. Secretary.

Of the individual competitors it may be said that Pither, of Christchurch (who annexed the championship event, Hall being second, and Simpson third) showed the best form; while Emerson, of Dunedin (who won the first-class mile handicap, surprised many with his determined riding. Reynolds, of Auckland, was not seen at his best, although at times he came through his men in splendid style. Stedman, the veteran cyclist of Dunedin, received quite an ovation for his riding in the three-mile championship, but although he made the pace a merry one, he has lost his dash, and when the bell rang for the last lap he was left behind by the younger and fresher riders. The meeting was a thorough success, and gives evidence of the fact that the Otago 'Cycling Club is a real live institution anxious to encourage athletics generally, and cycling in particular.

The illustrations are from photographs by Messrs W. Esquillant, A. Marsden, W. R. Frost, H. J. Gill, Eden George Company (Dunedin), D. A. DeMaus (Port Chalmers), and W. Terrier (Timaru).

VANITY OF VANITIES.

He wrote his name
On the sands of fame
And dreamed 'twould perish never;
But time's gray wave
These shores did lave,
And the name was gone forever

With tender smile
She bound awhile
Young love in a fetter of flowers;
But 'e'en as she dreamed
He was true as he seemed,
He had flown to rosier bowers.

Now youth and maid,
In the churchyard laid,
Know neither of love nor glory;
But many a youth
And maid, in sooth,
Tell over and over the story.

TO MY BEEF TEA.

WHEN the doctor's stern decree
Rings the knell of liberty,
And dismises from my sight
All the dishes that delight;
When my temperature is high,
When to pastry and to pie
Duty bids me say farewell,
Then I hail thy fragrant smell!

When the doctor shakes his head,
Banning wine, or white or red,
And at all my well-loved joints
Disapproving finger points;
When my poultry, too, he stops,
Then, reduced to taking slops,
I, for solace and relief,
Fly to thee, O Tea of Beef!

But, if simple truth I tell,
I can brook these none too well;
Thy delights, O Bovine Tea,
Have no special charms for me!
Though thou sourest piping hot,
Oh, believe, I love thee not!
Weary of thy gentle reign,
Give me oysters and champagne!



MR. E. R. STEDMAN (O.C.C.), Dunedin's Veteran 'Cyclist.

F.W.C.

AN GEE YUNG'S TRICK.

HOW A COBONER WAS POOLED BY A CHINESE MURDERER.

There is an incident in the history of Fresno County, California, which has never yet been published, but which deserves to be put in print, for it shows how the cunning of Chinese outwitted the most vigilant watchfulness of law officers, and saved from the gallows a condemned criminal. The story reads like a romance, but its truthfulness can be vouched for by many persons. The facts were not known to a white man till very recently, when a Chinese detective divulged them to a lawyer and a reporter.

On the morning of November 27th, 1893, a brutal murder was committed in the Chinese quarter of Fresno. The victim was a Chinese woman. The murderer, Ah Gee Yung, was caught red-handed and covered with the blood of the dead woman. The knife was still in his hand, and, after he had made the first dash to escape, when the officers appeared, he resisted no more and did not deny that he had committed the deed. His only excuse was that the woman had deserted him. The case was plain, the jury found him guilty, and the penalty of death was pronounced. The usual appeals to the Supreme Court were taken, but they availed nothing. Powerful Chinese companies had stood by Ah Gee Yung through all his troubles, and they showed no intention of deserting him as long as there was any hope, and with them, so long as there was life there was hope. First Ah Gee Yung attempted to escape. By what means he secured the keys or where he concealed them from the frequent search of the gaoler is not stated. Yet one day he unlocked his cell door and was passing across the corridor when he was discovered and taken back.

A few days afterwards at dusk, while the gaoler's back was turned for a moment, Ah Gee Yung unbolted two doors and escaped from the gaol. Although he had not thirty seconds the start of the gaoler, yet he had successfully disappeared, and for some time nothing was heard of him. But at length he was discovered in a closet near the gaol, clinging like a bat to the wall back of the door. He was returned to his cell. A search more rigid than ever was made for the key with which he unlocked the doors of the gaol. The wardens and the officers about the building assisted, and not a space within the cell as large as a grain of wheat was left unsearched. His clothes were taken off and his queue was unbraided, but nothing at all was discovered.

The second attempt to escape by unlocking the prison doors was on October 22, 1890. The day of execution was near at hand. The death watch, John Dennis, was placed over him, just outside the door, where every movement could be seen at once. The condemned man lay on his bed and seemed to fall asleep. About 11.30 that night the death watch observed a prolonged silence in the cell, and becoming suspicious, unlocked the door and went in. Ah Gee Yung was apparently dead. The froth on his mouth showed that he had taken poison. Dennis, the guard, shook him, but the Chinaman gave no sign of life. The guard called on the prison officials, and a messenger was sent for Dr. Lewis Leach, the prison physician.

Dr. Leach soon arrived and, with the assistance of Sheriff Hensley, Janitor Smart, John Dennis, the death watch, and Charles Bond, he tried to revive the Chinaman, for the doctor said that life was not extinct. It was pronounced a case of opium poisoning, and as a further proof of this a horn vial was found between the blankets of the bed. It would contain an ounce of opium, but was empty when found. The odour showed that it had contained that drug. All the known antidotes for opium poisoning were used. Three times the doctors pumped the Chinaman's stomach full of water and pumped it empty again. Coffee was given also. At 3 o'clock in the morning life was not extinct and the doctors left him, and thought it possible that the poison had been overcome and that his life would be saved for the gallows. But in an hour the Chinaman was pronounced dead.

Soon after daylight that morning the body was put in a box and sent to the coroner's office. The Chinese were early at the gaol with offers to bury the body as soon as it should be turned over to them. As the burial would be an expense to the county if done by the undertaker, and as the Chinese offered to do it for nothing, there was no objection, and they were told the body would be turned over to them as soon as a coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of the cause of death.

The inquest was held that morning. Dr. Leach said that

death was due to opium poisoning. The jury viewed the body and signed a verdict that Ah Gee Yung came to his death from opium administered by himself. This done, the body was placed in a rough box and turned over to the Chinese, who were waiting at the door. The box was placed in a waggon, and the long procession of the Chinese funeral moved out of town to the Mongolian graveyard, two miles distant. No white man accompanied the funeral, for no one had any interest in the dead murderer. The graveyard was reached, a box was buried, the ceremonies and usual exercises were gone through with, food and papers were left at the grave, as is the custom, and that evening the delega-

were said about it as if it had contained the last remains of the murderer. The waggon containing the body of Ah Gee Yung was driven to a Chinese vegetable garden a few miles in the country and was there opened. In course of time the man whom the physicians and the coroner's jury had pronounced dead was revived, and was none the worse for his narcotic sleep except that he was sick for a day or two, for the experience had been a strain on his nervous system.

He was kept in concealment a few days and was then disguised and put on board the cars for the north. Ah Gee Yung reached Portland, Ore., and there took passage for China, and landed safely in the Flowery Kingdom.



NEW SOUTH WALES REPRESENTATIVE.—See 'Our Illustrations.

- J. H. Helliings.
- G. E. Farmer.
- A. Holmes.
- W. Gumbleton.
- W. J. Gormly.
- J. J. Moloney.
- A. B. Pyke.
- T. Meadham.
- J. Toohar.
- C. Helliings.
- E. Toohar.

tion of tramps who had heard of the burial wandered out to the yard to eat the food left there, and that was the end of Ah Gee Yung, the murderer, it was thought. But it was not so. Fifty people can be found in Fresno who will take an oath that they saw Ah Gee Yung alive after the coroner's jury pronounced him dead.

Finding that the last hope was gone, a Chinese druggist prepared a potion which would stupefy and in a measure suspend life. This was placed in the possession of Ah Gee Yung, to be used as a last resort. After his second failure to escape he drank the drug, and to still further simulate death he blotted his skin with a paint prepared for the purpose, so as to give his face and neck a dark purple, like that observed in a dead person from the blood settling near the surface. As a still further deception an artificial froth was prepared for the mouth like that produced by poison. All worked perfectly according to design.

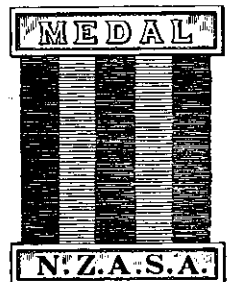
The rough and poorly joined box in which the Chinaman was hauled to the grave admitted enough air to keep him from smothering. No time was lost in reaching the graveyard. No white people followed, but in case they had followed a trick was prepared for the emergency. In the long funeral train there was concealed a second box in general appearance like the first. It was hidden in the bottom of a waggon resembling the waggon in which Ah Gee Yung was carried. In the march to the grave the waggon with the empty box was driven to the front and the other was kept in the background, well concealed beneath drapery. The empty box was buried, and the ceremonies

THE PHONAUTOGRAPH.

A REMARKABLE MACHINE INVENTED BY A CALIFORNIA GENIUS.

A SAN FRANCISCO man has invented a machine which will do away with typewriters, both instruments and operators, if he succeeds in perfecting his invention.

The new machine combines the phonograph and the typewriter, and in looks bears considerable resemblance to a cash register. On the front of the machine are small electric buttons which you press before talking into the mouthpiece projecting from the upper part. This mouthpiece is connected with a revolving cylinder which receives impressions



in a way similar to the Edison phonograph. A travelling needle regulates the position of the impressions on the cylinder according to the size of the paper they are to be reproduced on.

The filled cylinder is placed on rollers in the lower part of the machine. Above the rollers is a supply of paper for receiving the written characters.

There are several mysteries about the working of the new invention. No ink is used, the written characters being produced in a bold, round hand by chemical action. It spells entirely by sound and is unable as yet to cope with the diphthong, the silent letter, the capital, the semi-colon, or figure, but it will receive the sounds of the human voice in any language except Chinese and reproduce them in plain English cigraphy.



CHRISTCHURCH CHAMPION POLO TEAM.—See 'Our Illustrations.

Personal Paragraphs.

A LARGE portrait of the Bishop of Auckland, the newly-elected Primate of New Zealand, appears with considerable appropriateness amongst our personal paragraphs this week. The Primate is the second son of Mr Alexander Cowie, Auchterless, Aberdeen. He was born in London in 1831, and educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, of which college he was a scholar in 1852. In 1852-4 he took the Latin and English Essay prizes, and graduated First Class in Law 1854, being admitted to the B.A. in 1855, to M.A. in 1865, and having the degree of D.D. conferred upon him in 1869. Bishop Cowie was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1855 by the Bishop of Ely. In 1854 he was curate of St. Clement's, Cambridge, of Moulton, Suffolk, 1855-7, and was chaplain to Lord Clyde's army at Lucknow in 1858, and to Sir Neville Chamberlain's column against the Afghans in 1863-4. He has the medal and clasps for Lucknow, and for the frontier campaign in 1863. In 1863 he was appointed chaplain to the Viceroy of India, and in 1864 to the Bishop (Cotton) of Calcutta. In 1865 he was chaplain of Cashmere, and in 1867 was appointed rector of Stafford. In 1869 he was consecrated Bishop of Auckland in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop (Tait) of Canterbury and Bishops (Selwyn) of Lichfield and (Browne) of Ely. Bishop Cowie is a governor of St. John's College, Auckland, and on the Senate of the New Zealand University (1880). He is the author of 'Notes on the Temples of Cashmere,' 'A Visit to Norfolk Island,' and 'Our Last Year in New Zealand,' published in 1888.

The golden wedding of one of the oldest settlers in the colony, Mr George Morley, was celebrated with great *éclat* at Nelson last week. Mr and Mrs George Morley welcomed about forty relations at the gathering given in honour of the event. A stronger or heartier couple it would be hard to find, yet Mr Morley is in his seventy-fifth year, and his partner is only one or two years his junior. Both Mr and Mrs Morley must have an eventful life to look back upon. New Zealand was indeed a *terra incognita* when they arrived in 1842, before the terrible Wairau massacre. Anxious years with numberless troubles and endless vicissitudes of fortune were theirs in the early days, but both are descended from a good hard fighting stock not used to being

beaten. Mrs Morley comes from the County of Kent, but is descended from a Norman French family, her grandfather being a captain in the cavalry of the Great Napoleon, who was killed in action. Mr Morley, who hails from Sussex, was in the Royal Navy in the days when the 'wooden walls of England' had not yet been relinquished for the iron tanks of modern naval science. This was sixty good years ago, and of Mr Morley's friends and councillors was the late Admiral Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, one of the greatest naval heroes. Mr and Mrs Morley are both in the most excellent health, and will doubtless pass many pleasant years in the land they, and others like them, have helped to make so fair and prosperous.

SIR W. WASTENEYS advertises money to lend in a certain Hawke's Bay paper with the title boldly displayed in a nice big type. In the same paper in which the Knight's title and business are advertised there appeared last week the following decidedly amusing letter:—

(EDITOR OF THE 'EVENING NEWS')

SIR,—I notice in your advertising column that a Sir Blank Blank is advertising. This is as it should be. Many people are against titles. I believe in them, and honour a Knight. I reverence a Baronet, adore an Earl, positively worship a Duke. The one drop of bitterness in my cup is that in the case of Sir Blank I don't know what the 'Sir' means. Is he a Knight of the Garter, or a real Baronet, out of Debreit or is it a Canadian title, or did he simply like the sound of it and take it? I myself am so fond of the harmless pageantry of Hingland that I shall indulge for once (I always do it up here, but haven't done so in print yet) and sign myself

W. F. HOWLETT.
Duke of Makareta, Viscount Waipawa, Baron Tuki Tuki and Ruahine, P.C.
P.S.—God Save the Queen!

There must surely be another knight advertising whom this refers to. Nobody would be so rude to a man—a nobleman—with money to lend.

ANOTHER triumph for women! Each day some fresh advance is announced; every week brings news of a further ascent. This time it is literally so. Mrs Groggs and Mrs Lily are the first ladies to scale the highest point in the Remarkables. Messrs C. Shore and F. Brown were guides. Are these colonial dames or globe-trotting Amazons? One hopes, for their pluck and endurance sake, that they are New Zealanders.

MANLY and straightforward was the apology offered by Mr M'Lachlan to his Ashburton constituents for appearing at a public meeting in a state of intoxication. Speaking at

a recent banquet in Ashburton the penitent member said:—'I am pleased to be amongst you this evening by invitation. I am glad because it gives me an opportunity of saying something about the unfortunate error or indiscretion that I committed on a recent occasion. I have to admit that I did on that occasion cast a slur upon the Ashburton constituency, but I can assure you that never again will I be guilty of the same error, and I hope you will all give me an opportunity of regaining your confidence, and recovering not only my political status but my social standing.' So frank a confession, and so evident a desire to regain confidence, cannot fail to elicit a proper response from any generous-spirited, or indeed rightly-minded man or woman. It is easy to be sternly intolerant. Those who have least reason to be so are generally most severe on the errors of others. Your hypocrite and your whitened sepulchre are those who will never forgive sin or indiscretion in others.

MR H. R. MORTON, who has arrived in Napier to take up his duties at the Bank of New South Wales, will be a decided gain to Hawke's Bay society. In Amberley, where he was some time bank-teller, Mr Morton was a universal favourite. He has a perfect genius for getting up and carrying to a successful termination entertainments and social functions of all sorts and kinds.

SIR BRUCE BROMSIDE, arbitrator for the Midland Railway Company, will, it is expected, have arrived in New Zealand by the time the GRAPHIC is in the reader's hands.

THEY have apparently a pleasant custom in the railway department. When a man is moved from one section to another his friends always appear to give him a gold Albert. Several of these presentations have been announced in previous issues of the GRAPHIC. This week it must be recorded that Mr Pilcher, late secretary to the commissioners, has been presented with a gold Albert by his fellow officers, and again, that a similar souvenir—a handsome gold chain—was given, also by brother officers, to Mr Walter Norrell, of the railway service at Danevirke.

WHILE on the subject of gifts of gold chains it should be set down that one day last week Mr Jacobi, now of Wellington, was met by the employees of Messrs H. Williams and Sons, who presented him with a gold Albert as a token of the regard in which he was held.

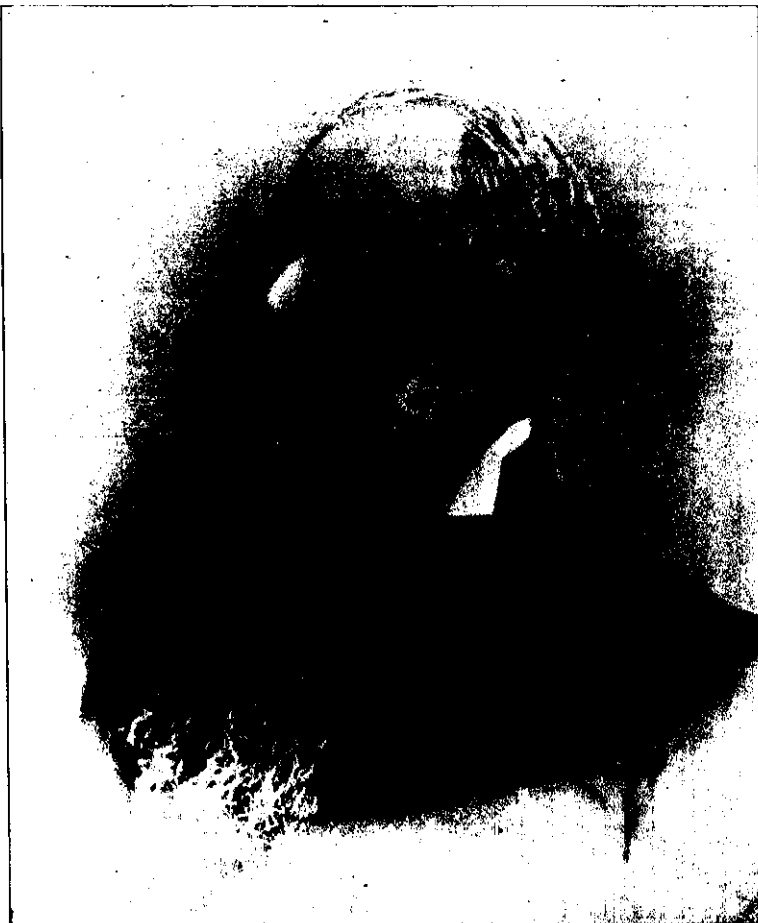
THE news of the death of Mr J. Valentine Smith, father of Mr S. H. Smith, of Pahiatua, will be received with regret by the many old colonials who knew and respected him. The late Mr Valentine Smith lived at one time for some years in Masterton on an estate now known as Landdown. The news of his death was received with feeling in Masterton.

DISTINGUISHED visitors to New Zealand invariably pay Nelson a call, as the *Nelson Mail* says complacently and truthfully. The latest arrival is the Mayor of Melbourne, Mr Snowden and wife, sister, and niece, who arrived overland from Canterbury. Mr Snowden put up at the Masonic hotel. He was driven out by Mr Trask, the Mayor of Nelson, who also took the party out to the waterworks one morning, and drove them to Appleby in the afternoon. The visitors were delighted with Nelson. The Mayor of Melbourne is touring the colony, and visits Rotorua and Auckland.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, of Salisbury, has left for Australia.

THE APPLE CURE.

WHOEVER is fortunate enough to have a connection, near or remote, with an orchard has probably heard of the fame of the apple cure. For the benefit of the outer heathen, it may be stated that the cure consists mainly in going to an attic—a rainy day is preferable for the purpose—where there is a barrel of apples, and spending the afternoon there, either singly, with a book for company, or in a party, but, in any case, giving close attention to the apples. This process, repeated at short intervals, will cause bodily ills to vanish and existence to reveal fresh pleasures. The wonderful properties of the apple have recently been celebrated by the London *Hospital*, which, in a scientific way, takes it apart, analyses it, holds it up to admiration, and concludes by saying: 'Eat an apple going to bed, the doctor then will beg his bread.' The apple has more phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable which repairs the burts of the brain and spinal cord. Scandinavian tradition represents the apple as the food of the gods, with which they renewed their strength. The apple is of inestimable value to body and brain of men of sedentary habits. Apple ponics is a remedy for weak, rheumatic or inflamed eyes. The wisdom of our ancestors was shown in the habit they inaugurated, of serving apple sauce with roast pig, as the malic acid of the apple neutralizes the excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. The apple, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminishes acidity in the stomach rather than provokes it. These are only some of the virtues of the apple. Unhappily, good apples are rare and far between just now.



Hansa photo.

THE PRIMATE OF NEW ZEALAND—ELECTED FEB., 1895.
THE MOST REV. WILLIAM GARDEN COWIE, D.D., BISHOP OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES' VISITING CARDS—100 best Ivory Cards with copper plate, 10s. or 50 for 7s. 6d. Can be supplied same day.—GRAPHIC Office, Shortland-street, Auckland.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

MANY HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT IN VAIN.

FROM the beginning of civilisation, when people commenced to find that they had a past and to sift their legendary lore and decipher the crude records of their barbaric forefathers, nothing has taken so strong a hold upon the human race as the tales of hidden treasure that have been handed down from generation to generation. Doubtless the old Egyptians searched for the tombs and records of forgotten peoples with as keen a zeal as modern explorers, under the cloak of science, pierce the Pyramids and open the sarcophagi of the Upper Nile; and there is little doubt that the races which come after us will be possessed of an arduous no less vigorous in defining the boundaries of our ruined cities and despoiling our tombs.

RICH IN TALES OF BURIED TREASURE.

but they are mostly of a vague and unsatisfactory sort, which will not stand investigation, and can usually be traced to the bar-room utterances of some dissipated miner or to the shameless fabrications of some unscrupulous citizen. It seems to be left for Santa Barbara, which already has the best of everything in the way of climate, scenery, products and people, to lay just claim to several of the most enticing and authentic tales of hidden treasure that one often hears.

I came across the first of these while exploring a canyon some ten miles out from town, variously known as Gatos (wildcat) and Lewis Canyon, and which contains, several miles from the point where the wagon road terminates, some interesting prehistoric traces in the shape of Indian paintings on the faces of two sheer cliffs, through which the tiny stream, moving with gigantic force during the winter torrents, has slowly through the ages carved its way. There is a cave high up on the face of one of these cliffs, and this cave, no less than the strange inscriptions, was one of the objective points of our party.

Perhaps you'll find the old priest's lost treasure,' was the quickening remark of a rancher who was gravely contributing directions for our guidance, and who evidently had little respect for people who were led by no more dignified motives than a desire to unravel the lost history of a prehistoric race. 'They say it's hidden in a cave somewhere along this range,' he added, tentatively.

This led to queries and explanations. His knowledge was vague but beguiling. Some time during the early occupation of the mission there had been a great treasure concealed, for the purpose of safety, in a cave in the mountains, and the secret of its hiding-place had been lost.

We reached the cliffs, but not the cave, which was thirty-five feet up in the air, in the face of a straight rock, having no ladder and no means of constructing any save from timbers too heavy for our exploring party to handle. If the treasure is there it still awaits the discovery of some enterprising individual who has the courage to follow the windings of Lewis Creek nearly to the crest of the range, with the aid of ropes, scaling several falls and slippery ledges high in the air, and who then has sufficient courage and enterprise reserved to fell a couple of sycamores and construct a ladder that will lift him to this opening.

Again and again, sometimes from old Mexicans, whose scant knowledge of English and my own scant store of Spanish made conversation difficult; sometimes from prosaic ranchmen, who regarded all energy as misapplied that is directed outside of a barley field or a kitchen, vague references to this fascinating tale again came to us. It was not until I came across a German, who has his home in San Roque Canyon, that the story was spread before me, full and complete, to the last detail.

'Very early in this century,' my German acquaintance began, 'about the year 1808, the Santa Barbara Mission, at that time very wealthy, and with

GREAT STORES OF GOLD AND PRECIOUS JEWELS,

as well as church ornaments worth a pile, was endangered by pirates, who at that time threatened the port. The priests decided to move these treasures to a place of safe-keeping. Now you can see for yourself that if they had merely sent them off in somebody's keeping they would have been easily traced. So they determined to make believe they had another purpose when they carried off the jewels. They put up an adobe building here in the canyon, where

there were many Indians. I will show you the foundation of this chapel by and bye. But they pretended it was a dairy they were building, and they brought along all their cattle and pastured them here. If the pirates had guessed that they had the treasure here it was a good place to defend it, you bet!

We had been walking slowly up the canyon, and my informant turned and with a significant wave of his hand bade me take in the situation. He evidently was an authority upon military matters, as well as upon all other subjects. The place seemed fitted by nature for an impregnable fortress, with its narrow, rocky walls and its slight eminence, commanding the only approach from the valley. He showed me the half-obliterated foundation of the old chapel, or dairy as he would have me believe, which was easily traced, indicating the former existence of a quadrangular building, probably some sixty feet in width and perhaps 150 feet in length.

'Here they had the treasure safely housed,' he went on. 'But one night one of the very young fathers—not one of the old ones, as some people say—one Father Pedro, he got sick and they didn't know it. You see, it was one of those kind of fevers that come on with a little twist in the brain. And he got to worrying over the treasure, and fearing that the pirates might find it there. And one night he got up when the others were asleep and he gathered it all together, and he went out in the night somewhere up in the hills and he hid it away, and the next morning he was very sick, and the very next night he died; died without telling one of them where he had put the treasure.'

There was an impressive pause. The story, told in that solitary place, amid the wild hills with their tangle of chaparral, their stately oaks and their maze of rocky fastnesses, carried conviction with it.

'They hunted for it a long time.'

OF COURSE THEY HUNTED FOR IT.

It was the wealth of the mission. Without it they were poor,' the Dutchman went on. 'They went all over and over the hills. They dug up the ground in all directions. They hunted in the rocks and caves. They hunted for fifty years. They never found it.'

'I—wouldn't say. Sometimes on moonlight nights I see people with spades on their shoulders,' in a voice of mystery. 'But you speak of it to the priests at the mission and not one word will they say about it to admit or deny. If you want to hear about it you go to the old Greasers—half-Indians. They know all about it. I learn much from my mother-in-law. She is half Mexican, half Indian. She is old, and she remembers the talk about it when she was a child and everybody knew about it. There is scarcely a Spanish man in this town who has not dug for it. And Americans—they come, too, all the time. I tell them, "Go ahead." You find any treasure you are welcome to it. You can see the holes about here where they have been digging.'

There were certainly a great many holes bearing the marks of a spade or a shovel. Some of them, in our immediate vicinity, looked as if they might have been opened that morning. Yet the canyon was deserted, and in all the times we have visited it we had never so far encountered a soul besides the Dutchman. A sudden suspicion awoke.

'And you? Why don't you try and find it yourself when you have a little time to spare?' It would be a fine thing to come across such wealth these hard times.

This sympathetic enquiry encouraged him.

'Oh, me—I have dug a hole now and then, when I had nothing else to do,' he said, with affected indifference. 'And what is your theory? Do you think the treasure is hidden in the ground, or in a cave, or in a tree?'

'In the rocks,' he said firmly and notwithstanding the evidence of the freshly-turned sod. 'You see it stands to reason,' he went on with warmth, 'that the sick priest could not have dug a hole deep enough to hide the treasure that night. And if he had, the chances are they would have found the place as soon as they found that the treasure was gone. He couldn't have gone very far, and he couldn't have done much work. If he had gone all the way on the ground they could have followed his steps. I believe he put it in the rocks.'

In this arm of the San Roque, which is locally known as Tebbett's Canyon, named after an old newspaper man who once had his residence there, the rocks and boulders and ledges belong for the most part to what might be called a cave formation, and which is traceable in every gulch and canyon of the Santa Ynez range. It is a soft sandstone, which seems to have been interspersed in its formation by

nature with soft nodules, which wear away, leaving frequent hollows and cells. Sometimes whole ledges are honeycombed in this peculiar fashion, and where the soft spots are exposed to the weather or the wash of water caverns from eight to thirty feet result. Aside from this ledges in this vicinity have enormous fissures.

CAVES WHERE THE TREASURE MAY BE.

There were probably a thousand caves and fissures in which a man or band of men might have found shelter, within a quarter of a mile of the foundations of the old mission building. There are a hundred thousand where a small treasure might be securely hidden from sight. Some of these holes and caverns are in places inaccessible, unless a man chose to risk his life in the climb and descent; yet there is a possibility that one in the delirium of fever might have reached them and found his way down again without injury.

But my informant's confidence was at full tide, and had reached a momentum where not all his prudent resolves of secrecy could interrupt it.

'Do you think that treasure was ever hidden without some sign to find it again?' he demanded, earnestly. 'I tell you, wherever that was hidden, there are marks to find it by. I've been hunting for those marks. They may be on trees or on rocks. Come with me and I will show you what I found!'

He led the way a hundred yards or more up the beautiful canyon, twice crossing a crystal brook as it came tumbling down from the heights above. He finally stopped in a glade of live oaks, under a noble tree.

'Look there!' he said. Deeply marked in the gnarled trunk at a height of some six feet was a large cross with a square base, the whole some four feet high and three or more feet across.

'And look here, again!'

On a tree some twenty feet away was

THE RUDE OUTLINE OF A TOMAHAWK,

almost obliterated by time and growth.

'Now, it may be,' said the Dutchman, 'that if one would dig beneath these trees in a direct line between them he would come upon that treasure. I dug a little, as you see, but maybe I didn't dig deep enough. And, perhaps, if one should cut down the tree,' indicating the tree with the cross, 'they'd find it was hollow at one time, but the bark closed around the hole, and something may be inside of it; or perhaps it is high up, where the big limb joined the trunk. What I think is this: Somewhere else there was a third sign; perhaps it is on a rock, and it washed, so it doesn't show plain after all these years; perhaps it was on another tree, that was burned down when fires swept this gulch. If anybody can find that third sign, and draws a line between the three, the place where those lines intersect they may dig, and they will find the treasure.'

He said this with great conviction, and one could not but wonder how many weary hours or days he had spent in hunting for this third sign. But there was that about the cross on the tree that made it well worth regarding; so deep had it been cut in the gnarled trunk, so many years had the bark grown and striven to cover the ugly wound.

'One might think it had been

PUT OUR GUIDE, EYING THE TREE WITH COOL INTEREST, said our guide, eyeing the tree with cool interest. 'I myself can scarcely see how it had time to grow so much since 1808. I am only a tenant here, and I can't cut down a tree unless it is dead. If I could cut that down we could count the layers of bark and tell to a year just when that was made.'

He said this with an air of triumph in his scientific lore and a little impatience that it should be necessary to take such a painstaking step to perfect his stores of exact knowledge. But more important thought was taking shape in another mind. Was it possible that this man, in his search for a treasure of gold and jewels, had stumbled across another and much more important discovery? The scar, as he had rightly said, bore the evidence of centuries of growth above it. Can it be that here, in a Santa Barbara canyon, we have a new and indisputable evidence of the existence of the prehistoric cross, antedating the introduction of the Christian religion, which discovered in Mexico half a century ago, caused such a wrangle among theologians?

THE OBJECT IS CERTAINLY WELL WORTH INVESTIGATION. Before another fire, such as has raged all around it the past summer, shall have swept this ancient landmark from the face of the earth, this tree should certainly be felled, and a cross-section made through the deeply grooved cross, with a view to ascertaining the exact number of layers of bark above it. That it has been made by the hand of man, its exact lines and elaborate delineation place beyond a question of a doubt.

In this same canyon, not many rods away, there is another arboreal curiosity that may well claim the consideration of thoughtful minds. This is a great oak which has one enormous limb, apparently of a different species, growing out of it at a height of some ten feet from the ground, and which has plainly been grafted by artificial means, the line of the cutting and the swell beyond it being distinctly visible. This, too, would seem, by its prodigious growth, to have been the work of a century or more ago. What could be the object of such elaborate task, performed on this hardwood tree in this lonely and uninhabited canyon?

FLOIA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

TOMATOES PICKLED.

In choosing green tomatoes for pickling, reject all which have a tinge of ripeness, as they soften too easily in the cooking. Slice them very thin and as even as possible. To half a bushel of tomatoes take a dozen large onions, also sliced very thin. As they are cut, place in jars, and strew over them two small teacups of salt. Let them stand over night. Then drain well and cook until tender in one gallon of weak vinegar. Drain well again, and pack them loosely in the jars or bottles in which they are to be kept. Seal now six quarts of fresh vinegar and add two pounds of brown sugar, two ounces each of ground cinnamon and allspice, one ounce of ground cloves, quarter ounce of white mustard seed, two ounces of ground mustard, and a tablespoonful each of cayenne and celery seed. Tie the ground spices loosely in a bag, add the celery seed and ground mustard to the scalding vinegar. A little horse-radish cut up fine helps to keep the vinegar. Pour the vinegar hot over the pickles, and at once cover closely.



Cramer, photo. Haratonga.

NEW BOARDING SCHOOL FOR HARATONGA—OPENED JAN., 1895.
See 'Our Illustrations.'

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The bright side is not always the right side.

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.—SPANISH PROVERB

One class of men must have their faith hammered in, like a nail, by authority. Another class must have it worked in, like a screw, by argument.—HOLMES.

The experience of humanity in life is very like men in a crowd. Some elbow their way to the front, others are pushed to the front, and others again are forced to the rear.

Every human being is individualised by a new arrangement of elements. His mind is a safe with a lock to which only certain letters are the key. His ideas follow in an order of their own.—EMERSON.

The habit of committing our thoughts to writing is a powerful means of expanding the mind and producing a logical and systematic arrangement of our views and opinions. It is this which gives the writer a vast superiority as to the accuracy and extent of his conceptions over the mere talker. No one can ever hope to know the principles of any art or science thoroughly who does not write as well as read upon the subject.—BLAKEY.

A DIVING CAT.—An extraordinary cat story reaches us from Birmingham (says the *Stock keeper*). According to an evening contemporary of that city, a gentleman living there possesses a cat which frequently accompanies him on a short walk. The other Sunday, whilst strolling along the banks of the river, the cat followed him, and was ordered home, but instead of obeying the order, as it usually did, it raced along the river bank, sniffing the whole way. The owner watched it with considerable interest, and saw it suddenly dive right under the water, and return with a rat in its mouth. It is the first instance we know of, a cat diving under water to fetch out a rat.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.—That carnivorous plants exist is a very well-known fact. Insects which alight on these plants are immediately caught in a net of sticky tentacles, and are soon reduced to a pulp and digested. Yes; digested is the exact expression, although it sounds peculiar. There is some reason for this. It is the plant's way of procuring a supply of nitrogen. But a learned botanist tells us that in Canada he has found a certain kind of aclepias, or swallow-wort, which kills insects not for food, but apparently out of sheer cruelty. It is a climbing plant, which people train over arbours and similar places. It begins to bloom in August, and its perfume attracts crowds of insects of the most varied species. No sooner have they plunged their proboscis into the sweet-scented corolla than they are seized by the hard-toothed stamens of the plant, and held in a vice-like grip until they are dead. A few of the larger insects manage to escape in a somewhat mutilated condition, but the more feeble insects invariably succumb. There is apparently no reason for this conduct. Evolutionists tell us that the scent of flowers is generally to attract insects in order to insure fertilisation, and this makes the plant's action all the more difficult of explanation.

VALUE OF ROYAL CROWNS.—One of the most costly crowns in existence is that of the King of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at £1,600,000. The crown which the Czar of Russia wears on special occasions is also one of the most precious in the world. The cross which surmounts the crown is composed of five magnificent diamonds resting on a large uncut but polished ruby. The small crown of the Czarina contains, according to authorities, the finest stones ever strung. The crown of the Queen of England, which is valued at £36,000, contains a great ruby, a large sapphire, sixteen small sapphires, eight emeralds, four small rubies, 1,360 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pear-formed pearls, and 269 of other shapes. In his state clothes, including the crown, the Sultan of Johore wears diamonds worth £2,400,000. His collar, his epanlets, his girdle, and his cuffs sparkle with the precious stones. His bracelets are of massive gold, and his fingers are covered with rings which are almost priceless. The handle and the blade of his sword are covered with precious stones. The most costly in India of princely dignity, however, are those of the Sultan of Maharajah of Baroda, in India. The chief ornament is a necklace of five strings containing 500 diamonds, some of which are as large as hazel nuts. The upper and lower rows consist of emeralds of the same size.

MOSLEM PECULIARITIES AT THE TABLE.—The Moslem customs of eating are entirely different from those of Western life. A white cloth is spread upon the floor, whereon the dishes are placed. Before beginning the meal the guests are invited to wash their hands, mouth, and nose. The host then raises his hand and supplicates the blessing of the Almighty by saying—'Bismillah' ('in the name of God'). The guests then dip their fingers into the same dish with the host, but they must not eat with more than three fingers, nor open their mouths wide, nor take large mouthfuls, nor swallow hastily. If the guest has occasion to drink in the course of the meal he must do so softly. When the repast is over, the host again raises his hands, and exclaims—'Frais be to God.' The staple dish of all Mahometan dinners is a plain meat cooked in a large quantity of rice. The dish is usually placed in the centre, and curries, preserved fruits, and other toothsome flavours are added at discretion. In the economy of the household it is very necessary that the Moslem wife should be able to cook, for she is held responsible for the entertainment of the guests. Where there is more than one wife the cooking is taken by turns, one week at a time. Although among the poorer classes the women are not veiled it is usual for those of good family to go forth covered with what is called in Asia a burka, or in Egypt a habarah. The concealment of the face of a woman was strictly ordered by the prophet, and Mahomet must be held responsible for the exceedingly ugly covering which is used by the Moslem women who travel abroad. In Moslem households the mother and not the wife is the head of the harem, and she is looked up to with respect by the wives. In the event of her death the mother of the eldest son claims the rule of the household. It is not Mahomet whom we must blame for the degradation of women in the East, for it would not be difficult to show that his ideas about women were somewhat in advance of his contemporaries. He used to say, 'Woman was made from crooked rib, and if you try to bend it straight it will break; therefore, treat your wives kindly.'

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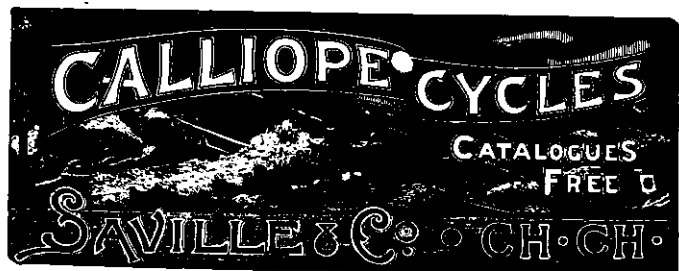
The axiom which tells us that 'great events from little causes spring' rarely received a more striking exemplification than in the case of the invention of the phonograph, which resulted from the accidental pricking of a finger. True, the finger pricked belonged to Edison.—'I discovered the principle by the merest accident,' states Mr Edison. 'I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words "Hallo! Hallo!" into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint "Hallo! Hallo!" in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger.'

SHARK OIL.

Shark oil is exported in large quantities from Iceland to Germany. It is of a fine color, never becomes thick, and is said to possess similar medicinal virtues to cod liver oil; and no doubt it is often sold in the name of the latter product. A fleet of 100 boats is engaged in the industry every year, from January to August. They are schooners of from thirty to fifty tons, with a crew of from eight to ten men. The sharks are captured about twenty miles from the coast in winter, and in the summer about a hundred miles away, in deeper water. Every two or three weeks the boats return to port, with from 100 to 120 barrels of liver, which is boiled in dirty and evil-smelling hovels. The sharks captured by the Icelanders reach 20 feet in length and 5 feet in thickness. A liver yields up to five gallons of oil. The neighborhood of a shark-oil refinery is not to be mistaken, as the odor arising therefrom is far from pleasant. The fisherman earns about 35s per month, with a premium of 6d on each barrel of liver. The captain gets 2s 3d per barrel for the first hundred, and 3s 4d per barrel for all in excess. Sickness seems to be very rare among sharks, judging from the small quantity of healthy livers, belonging to a healthy fish, compared with the greenish ones from the fish suffering from disease, and the red livers from the thin, ill-conditioned fish. The Icelanders only take the livers from the fish, and neglect the fin, skin, and teeth; but that is not so in the Tasmanian fisheries, as in Sydney fins fetch £28 per ton. They are also saved in the Hawaiian, the Arabian Gulf, and the China fisheries; in fact, in China the fins of sharks are considered a delicacy. The Iceland shark is not such a difficult fish to tackle as the tiger shark, the terrible 'bluepointer' of Australian waters, which, although smaller, is swifter, more voracious, and furnished with a more massive jaw than his congeners; however, a large number of fishermen fall victims to his voracity and violence. One of the chief sites of the shark-liver industry is Slamsund, but when the oil leaves there it is not fit for use, but is sent on to Christiania, where it is refined and freed from sanguineous globules and stearin, filtered through paper, and packed ready for the market.—*Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter.*

GOLD IN THE SEA.

In seeking to account for the origin of gold Professor Lobbly, in *Knowledge*, observes:—"Since the sea is the great receptacle for all solutions it was safe to conclude that it contained the soluble salts of gold, but the fact is not now a matter of mere deduction, but of actual knowledge. Sonstadt found, from careful experiments on the sea water of Ramsay Bay, Isle of Man, that sea water contains a little under a grain of gold per ton. Estimating the whole of the gold production of the world to the present time at £8,500,000,000 sterling, and taking the weight of the sea water of the globe at 560,000,000,000,000 tons, as was estimated by Professor Wartz, of New York, we find that the present sea of the globe contain upwards of 5,000,000 times as much gold as has ever been extracted from the rocks; and consequently we must conclude that the seas of the globe in the past have been fully able to stock its mineral deposits with all the gold they contain. From these considerations it seems probable that gold was originally dissolved in the waters of the ocean, from which it was deposited, as the result of the decomposition of soluble salts of gold, by the action of organic matter, and that it was then eliminated from sedimentary rocks by segregation to other metallic matter, with which it remained associated until thermal conditions—caused by deep-seated position or not far distant igneous action—induced a chemical reaction, and likewise heated sufficiently to a chemical reaction of the rocks to make it an effective solvent of the auriferous compound. So the gold of the massive rocks was carried with silica by percolating water into the accumulating "vein stuff" of rock fissures, where on cooler conditions supervening the auriferous compound was deposited in a solid condition, and the gold itself subsequently separated, by the segregation of the silica to the vein quartz, and left disseminated through the vein stuff as metallic gold in the forms in which it is now found."





THE RECIPROCAL TREATY.

Mrs. ADELAIDE-KINGSTON.—"You knock off them spikes and I'll knock off these bottles, and us two will be neighbourly."

- AT THE -

CZAR'S * REQUEST.

Eschricht's Novel, 'Parson Strocinius,' Recently Suppressed by Emperor William at the Behest of Alexander III.

Translated from the German and condensed by Countess Cora Slocumb di Brassa-Savorgnan.



HE sky, with the dunes and chalk cliffs of the Island of Oesel, had been washed by a violent thunderstorm. Sunlit raindrops sparkled on every spray of heather and lissle, gurgling streams ran from among their roots seaward. In other countries it was already evening, but here, so near the Arctic zone, the sun still stood high in the heavens, the sand birds twittered and the swallows sang.

Parson Strocinius felt as peaceful as the world around him. Dark, mysterious currents swept through the Baltic past his island parish and rendered its approach dangerous, just as the fateful streams of destiny surround the lives of men, driving them whither they will not. He, too, had battled with them when young. An epidemic had devastated his large German parish and swept away his wife, his only child and all that were most dear, leaving him stranded with two little orphan nieces as sole survivors of his family. He would have at once abandoned the desolate scene of his wrecked happiness had not duty compelled him to remain and earn the wherewithal to provide for his helpless wards until a fresh field offered; and it was with intense relief that he accepted a call to the insignificant Protestant community on Oesel. Here, time and new associations softened his sorrow, years of faithful service caused him to be respected by the orthodox Russians and beloved by his parishioners, and his benignity enabled him to eschew all political and religious friction, so that the future seemed to stretch before him serene as the expanse of blue waters that girdled the horizon.

How powerful he still looked as he strode across the dunes, pausing from time to time to add a blossom to the delicate heath flowers he never failed to cull on his rambles for his pretty niece, Carloecha, who managed the parsonage and its dependencies like an experienced matron, and assisted him in his work among the sick and destitute, so that she had no time to wander afield. Julinka was more often his companion. She had developed into an artist, brilliant in mind and in person, the very spirit of joy, with all the graces of her playmates.

'How the girls love this portion of the island,' he thought, as he approached a strip of yellow beach, bounded at either end by chalk cliffs. Suddenly he stopped. His eye had been caught by a large, dark object amid the heather and jessam that strewed the shore. He recognized in it the body of a drowned man, and dragged it to where the sand was driest. Taking off his coat he worked with the dexterity born of long experience, until a spark of consciousness came into the dark eyes, and a sigh escaped the thin lips that sounded like 'Isabel, Isabel.' Again the stranger swooned, but encouraged by this evidence that life was not extinct, Strocinius felt that he should transport him to the parsonage, where the proper restoratives could be administered.

As though responding to his thought, a faint sound of calling came to him across the dunes in the unmistakable voice of Jappe Tokki. This man was by birth a Finn and wrecker, by profession a horse breeder and dealer, overfret in the use of the branding-iron which had gotten him into trouble more than once. His every action was inspired by self-interest or low cunning, and his thoughts had left their stamp upon his features.

No love was lost between him and the parson, for Strocinius had many a time saved a poor parishioner from his unscrupulous clutches. Tokki was out with his grooms in pursuit of some stray colts, and after a parley consented to lend the parson a horse on which, with the assistance of its groom, he succeeded in binding the inanimate form and carrying it safely across the dunes to the parsonage.

The foundling was put to bed in a thoroughly heated room and under the action of powerful restoratives presently opened his eyes and moved his head from side to side, observing the strange surroundings and unfamiliar faces with the uncertainty of dawning consciousness, murmuring the while, 'Isabel, Isabel.'

At last, with an effort he aroused himself and seemed to grasp the situation. Striving to rise, he cried: 'My God, my God! Where am I? Who are you? Where is Isabel? We sprang into the water together!'

At a sign from their uncle, the girls, who had been assisting him, left the room, and the youth then told the parson his story.

By name Axel Wendland, he had been a theological student in a city of Poland, where he had fallen in love with a young girl of the aristocracy. He said her parents had had nothing against him, save that he was poor, and he had studied long and faithfully in the hope of obtaining his degree and their approval. The time of waiting seemed endless to both, and one day the girl had come for him and together they had fled to the coast and sailed in a little sloop for Gotland, where they had proposed to be married by a pastor who was Isabel's relative. A storm struck them and drove them from their course. Isabel had been overcome by fear, and they had decided to jump together from the boat ere it was demolished. He had sunk with her in his arms. Where was she?

The parson answered with a considerate reserve which, however, indicated his fears of a fatal eventuality; and the sick man abandoned himself to grief, vowing that he would not live unless his lost love were restored to him, and weeping pitifully because he was not strong enough to rise and search for her himself.

When the calm of exhaustion superseded the violent outburst in the sick room, the parson started in pursuit of Isabel. On the beach, not far from where he had found Wendland, the girl and the boat had been washed ashore; but all his efforts to reanimate her proved futile. He hid the body, therefore, among the drifts, beneath a light covering of sand; it was richly clothed, and if Jappe Tokki or his men passed that way they would be tempted to steal the garments while he was away fetching Julinka and a cart.



'SHE DEFTLY PORTRAYED THE GIRL'S FACE.'

When the parson and his niece reached the fateful strand they saw that Tokki had in truth been there. The boat and all that it contained was gone, but the hiding place of the beautiful corpse was undisturbed. They disposed it reverently amid the green heather, and Julinka seating herself near, portrayed the girl's sweet, tender face as it lay apparently asleep upon the dune. She had often executed similar work for the parson, that the relatives who sought never before had she been so deeply moved.

The task accomplished, they laid Isabel on the cart and bore her to the church, whither all the islanders were summoned. No one could identify the remains; the parson read the service for the dead, and they were consigned to the earth in the strangers' corner of the graveyard.

Axel Wendland slowly improved, how slowly only those know who have nursed one possessed by a devil to die.

Julinka was almost as attentive to his needs as Carloecha. She had long planned a flight into the world; life on the tiny island, with its tiny aims, oppressed her. 'Uncle,' she said one day, 'it is time for me to go. That stranger is an enchantment. Little Carloecha, the wise, is half in love with him already, and Julinka, the foolish, must fly away or she will be ensnared by his sad eyes and dark curls. He is fascinating despite his lack of animation. I must go to the great cities where women who have talent are appreciated. I will soon send you lots of money, and meanwhile you must give me the wherewithal to start in life.' The old man shook his head. 'I know, I know! You never have anything, but Carloecha, the thrifty, has savings hidden in every corner of the house. Bid her bring them and empty them into my pockets.'

It was always thus: Carloecha did the work and Julinka enjoyed the results. While the preparations proceeded, the parson found an advertisement in a newspaper referring to Isabel, and as the Polish address given would not be far off the route to St. Petersburg, he considered it best that Julinka should herself carry the picture to the lost girl's home.

Isabel's family lived in a princely castle surrounded by the homes of rich relatives. Julinka told them of the storm, the boat and the corpse. She did not find occasion to mention Wendland's part in the tragedy, and a romantic and totally unreal tale presently grew out of the meagre information she had vouchsafed the parents.

Isabel was dead. Julinka had saved her features from oblivion, and, in gratitude Julinka should be treated as her substitute. The hospitable Poles would not hear of her leaving them until they should themselves take her to St. Petersburg; and meanwhile they loaded her with presents, invitations, and, best of all, orders for portraits.

Axel Wendland was well at last, and the time had come for him to leave the island. The evening before his departure he walked with Carloecha across the dunes to the spot where he had been washed ashore, and seating himself upon the sand his memory carried him back to the loss of his love, while hot tears rolled down his cheeks. Carloecha laid her hand upon his shoulder. Sweet, pretty Carloecha, who had nursed him so faithfully! As she looked at him what a tenderness was in her soft eyes!

With a sensation of intense triumph he jumped up and caught her in his arms, kissing her passionately. A strange glow rushed through the girl's veins at his touch. She threw herself upon his breast and clasped her arms about his neck. Was it possible? An instant before he was crying for another! How beautiful the other face had been! She remembered it as it lay in the chapel. The Polish girl had clung around his neck with her warm, loving arms, too, as they sank into the waves—the waves in which she had died for love of him!

Carloecha opened her eyes and looking seaward saw the same face with an expression of menace upon its white features rise slowly above the water and float towards her! Too late, Isabel! Back into thy grave, Isabel! Thou hast been conquered by the living!

Sweet were the moments that followed. Much was said and many lovers' vows exchanged, so that the hour was

late even for Oesel when Wendland took Carloecha in his arms for the last time and pleaded: 'Promise me one thing. Tell no one, not even the parson, of our vows. After my sad mishap let me this time earn enough to support my wife ere I claim her. To-morrow we part, let our sweet secret remain between us.'

'It makes no difference. I have you, and that is the best.' The weight of the great happiness which had come to Carloecha had made her thoughtless for once, but Wendland had hardly left the island when her conscience told her that it would be dishonourable to keep her engagement secret from her fatherly guardian. The news perturbed him; he had no confidence in the character of the man he had saved. 'Carloecha,' he said, 'my Carloecha, the dear, true child! God give it that thou has promised thy hand to a good man, to a man who will know thee at thy full worth, else later thou wilt have unhappiness. And God give him strength to work as a true servant of His, else thou wilt hope and wait in vain.'

She answered vehemently, 'I will love him. No matter how destiny tries me it will find me strong and true, for I have his love in my heart. He has given me boundless happiness! Now my misfortunes come!' And it came—came as though she had called for it.

Jappe Tokki knocked at the door and entered with a sly grin, intended for a genial smile. Years before he had been found guilty of fraud and horse-stealing and condemned to banishment in Siberia; but for some unaccountable reason he had been excupiated. Many said it was because he and his family had joined the Greek Church, the Government religion; but as it all occurred on the mainland, nothing positive was known save that for a time after his return he had avoided alike his neighbours and the places of worship of the rival religions.

With much cordiality and many details he explained to the parson that the object of his visit was to prepare for the marriage of his eldest son and a rich Protestant from Abrensburg, who with her relatives would soon arrive at the Tokki farm.



'SHE THREW HERSELF UPON HIS BREAST AND CLASPED HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK.'

Stroecius grew grave, although the papers that the Finn handed him seemed right enough. Tolki's eldest son was a small official in St. Petersburg, who owed the Government wheels in the interests of the inhabitants of Ahrensburg, whither he was frequently called on business. It was years since he had visited the island; many ascertained that he was a zealous proselyte of the Greek Church. And even if this were mere gossip why did Tolki ask Stroecius to solemnize the marriage when his second son was a Protestant divine and it would be only natural that he should officiate at his brother's wedding? The bride's family was one of the best in Ahrensburg. Tolki was fond of display, and it was preposterous that he should prefer the little church meeting on the island to an imposing ceremony and feast in the city. Tolki plausibly explained away every objection, and it only remained for the parson to publish the banns and trust that some objecting voice would be raised or some incriminating evidence reach him from the mainland, if all was not as it should be. The Greek Pope, with whom he consulted, shared his doubts and they sent for the religious records of the Tolki family; but ere these reached Oesel the bridal party came to the parsonage begging Stroecius to perform the ceremony, as old Tolki was desperately ill and nothing would procure him comfort save the knowledge that his son's marriage had been happily consummated. As, apparently, every regulation had been complied with and the wedding had been fixed for the morrow, Stroecius performs consented.

The following day was Sunday, and the bride, her husband, and their respective families attended the Lutheran Church accompanied by old Tolki, who had been miraculously restored to health—a few hours after blessing the union. The parson had prepared a sermon from the text, 'Give to Caesar the things that are Caesar's,' with the object of awakening the patriotism of the islanders, who were loudly grumbling over a fresh tax. He explained at length how Christ had taught cheerful obedience, and how he had especially bidden the Jews who came to him agitated by what was an enormous impost, to be submissive to the will of their superiors. Protection of life and property and many other good things came from the Government in return for the money it required, and he had finished by saying: 'How much more are these words applicable to you, as you have on the tax money the picture of your own Emperor?'

The people had seemed deeply moved by his eloquent words, so that while changing his robes in the sacristy, the good man felt consoled—almost forgot the news he had received on entering the old church that had caused his anger to rise as he observed Tolki in the congregation. He found the wedding party waiting for him in the porch, and Tolki greeted him with an invitation to the banquet. The parson declined sharply and then exclaimed: 'How darest thou appear here before God?—thou who hast lied to Him in the person of His priest! I asked thee, Jappe Tolki, in my official capacity, hadst thou become of the Emperor's faith *exram puolestis*? and thou didst swear. Doubly hast thou lied, perjured thyself and sinned against thy God in Heaven! Away from me, and may thy unclean foot never cross this threshold again!'

Rage formed the face of the Finn as the parson explained to the bride's family how he had just received proofs that the old man, his wife, and the bridegroom had been for years Greek Catholics. The strict Protestant father was heart-broken at the cruel deception which had been practised to steal his daughter, from him and secretly registered a vow to punish the Finn and save the parson from the persecution to which he had unwittingly exposed himself by blessing a mixed union. At present, however, there was nothing to be done but leave for home. So he begged his daughter to leave her husband and join him and her relatives. But the girl refused; she had been fascinated by the clever man; and Tolki's sneer, 'A wedding is a wedding,' expressed her views.

Jappe Tolki was not of the kind to brook interference with his plans. All the village had witnessed the scene at the church door and he determined to doubly punish Stroecius for the scandal his words had awakened. He had long wished to see his second son, Parson Tolki, established on the island; and his first move caused the summoning of Stroecius by the Synod, to answer for the mixed marriage, and the sending of this young clergyman to fill the vacant rectory.

Carloescha could not help associating the estimable young divine with his crafty father; he concluded that he had had a hand in her uncle's undoing, whereas in reality he had welcomed the call as a summons to protect her during the elder parson's absence. He had secretly loved her for years, and hoped that some day he could earn her affection. He had thoughtfully arranged that his bright young sister Thilo should accompany him to the parsonage, trusting that her companionship would relieve the anxiety of Carloescha; but to her his presence was a desecration of her uncle's parish which she would not condone. She left the parsonage for the isolated cottage of a devoted old German shepherd, which was little more than a hovel; and neither the pleading of her friend Thilo, nor the offer of parson Tolki to leave the island, would induce her to return to her former home.

Nobody on the island but sly old Tolki knew that the worthy clergyman would never return, for he lay already in one of the noisome dungeons of an impregnable fortress prison, having been arrested in Ahrensburg, spirited away and locked up without a trial, on the grave charge of having called the Czar, his benefactor, an infidel, in a sermon preached to the islanders already dispersed by the new taxes. This was more than enough to condemn the righteous man to perpetual imprisonment and death by inches, and Tolki had known it when he had travelled to the mainland and in conjunction with a bought confederate brought accusation against the worthy divine.

The winter advanced and no news came to Carloescha either from her uncle or her sister Julinka. Just before her uncle's summons to the Synod, Julinka had written and announced the arrival of Axel Wendland at the Polish castle, saying that he was studying again at the theological seminary in the neighbourhood and was a constant and welcome guest in the house, from which he and Julinka knew that he had robbed the greatest ornament. Carloescha, as well as her uncle, had been shocked at the news; neither could understand how those they loved could participate in such a breach of hospitality, and for weeks her sole consolation came from the fact that Julinka and the Poles had started for St. Petersburg and left Wendland alone to pursue his studies.

Mail seldom arrived at icebound Oesel in winter, but at last a courier came on Government business and brought with him a letter from Julinka to Carloescha and one for Parson

Tolki announcing the secret incarceration of Stroecius. The young man immediately rode over to the cottage and broke the bad news to Carloescha, telling her some enemy of her uncle had been at work and he intended to leave the island at once, seek out the good man's friends in Ahrensburg, and arrange, if possible, for his escape. Flight, they knew, was the only road to freedom left, for no cry could pierce the fortress walls or rise from their humble homes to that quarter from which alone an honorable liberation could come.

Julinka's letter to Carloescha was full of her joyful life in St. Petersburg. She wrote that she was sought after by the highest in the land, money poured in, and success crowned her every effort. She filled pages with news of Axel. He had followed her to St. Petersburg; and she confessed that weak, miserable, and vacillating as she knew him to be, she loved him with her whole heart.

Poor Carloescha knew, too, that Axel was weak, and realized that he could not long resist the charms of her brilliant sister. She seized the opportunity of the returning courier and wrote telling him of her misfortune, and that, worst of all, Julinka loved him. She begged that he would explain to her about their betrothal, and help the poor sister to quell this unfortunate passion. Then followed tender expressions of unalterable devotion, passionate love and longing, the outpouring of which brought her in some sort of solace.

Alas, Julinka's letter had been long in reaching Carloescha, and ere the answer was written, her influence had secured for Axel Wendland an honorable and remunerative Government position, and their approaching marriage had been publicly announced.

The cry from the lonely girl's heart reached Wendland on the morning of his wedding-day. He found it on his break-

ere he was carried to the island, whence Parson Tolki hoped he could arrange for his escape across the frontier.

Stroecius at once wrote a letter to Julinka, telling her of Axel's engagement to Carloescha. He had been made anxious ere his departure for the Synod by the arid's letter about Axel's constant visits to the family he had wronged, and he determined to write her of his secret engagements to her sister; but the sudden incarceration had effectually silenced him.

It was the evening after the wedding. Julinka lay upon her sofa in the bright lamplight dreaming listly of her own happiness and planning for the relief of her dear ones. The bell rang and a letter was brought in. She seized it with an exclamation of joy; she had recognized her uncle's handwriting, and this meant that he was free. She began to read with avidity, but horror froze her blood when she reached the part about Axel and Carloescha. She was forced to go over the lines several times ere she could grasp their portent. Terrible pictures of the future unrolled themselves before her. There was not an instant to lose. She rose, rang, and ordered a carriage. She dressed hurriedly for travelling, while a maid packed a trunk. She enclosed her uncle's letter in a fresh envelope it, sealed it, addressed it to her husband and laid it where he would observe it on his return. She had not added one word. Why should she? It explained everything.

Secured by her remorse at having wronged her sister, though unwittingly, Julinka travelled night and day to reach the island. The telegram could not be stopped, but in the winter news was often delayed for weeks. She might arrive before it, and in any case she would be there to share Carloescha's agony and help her nurse their uncle.

Fate was not so kind. A Government sledge started from the mainland just as the dispatch arrived and bore it to the



'SHE SANK DOWN UPON THE BEACH.'

fast tray. 'How horrible! he mused; 'how cruel at this time of all others! He was about to burn it, unopened, then decided to read it. As he did so he grew livid. He could not stand the upbraidings of his own conscience. He must confess all. Two or three times he started towards the door, then turned to walk up and down the room, groaning as one in pain. Presently his features became calm; he had for once arrived at a decision. His smile returned as he lit a candle and watched the flames slowly consume the letter until nothing was left but a little grey ash which he indifferently blew off the sleeve of his immaculate wedding garment.

Julinka, too, was depressed on the nuptial morning. She had received a letter from Carloescha telling of her anxiety over her uncle's protracted absence, and the Lutheran clergyman she had summoned to perform the ceremony had sent in news of the parson's incarceration for treason, so that anxiety oppressed her. How could she rejoice when her dear ones were suffering?—her uncle in a vile dungeon and her sister in a solitary shepherd's hut!

'What happiness! Axel and I have a home to offer Carloescha! What consolation there was in the thought that she had influence now, much influence, and would be able to help her uncle. Meantime her poor little sister was suffering privation; she must join them at once, and Julinka sent off to her a telegram announcing her marriage to Wendland and begging Carloescha to come to St. Petersburg.'

Stroecius' existence in the fortress was one of extreme misery. He was exposed to no actual physical torture, but his cold and dark cell was alive with vermin, his food contained maggots, and the foul water which was sparingly doled out to him emitted a stench. His only consolation was his righteous conscience and the fellowship of an estimable officer who had been in prison for years without knowing why, whose philosophical, cheerful disposition and acquaintance with the possibilities and impossibilities of Russian justice proved of invaluable assistance to the simple-minded man. It was he who acted as interpreter of the signs of liberation, and it was he who guided the wreck of the once vigorous clergyman when, on a certain winter's night, they found the doors of their prison open and creeping out of the fortress entered a sleigh which stood waiting in the road. Young Tolki was the driver and carried them swiftly to the distant home of a friendly parson, where the poor man sought in vain to recuperate from his terrible ordeal

village. Thilo Tolki did not delay an instant, but mounted and carried it on a fall gallop to the hut. She was in her brother's confidence and was sure it contained news of the old parson's escape.

Carloescha tore open the envelope in brightest anticipation, while Thilo and the shepherd were caring for the horse, and when she had read it she stepped back into the hut. As they entered they found her sitting before the open door of the stove gazing stolidly at the flames; and in answer to their inquiries she explained in a low, hoarse voice that the telegram contained only a greeting from Julinka, in which she expressed the hope of being able to aid their uncle.

The others concluded that the deferring of her hopes had unstrung Carloescha, already weakened and broken by the long months of anxiety and privation; so Thilo penitently excused herself and rode home, as dejected as if her friend's disappointment had been due to her.

The shepherd pressed Carloescha to eat something and she struggled to swallow a cup of tea before retiring to her room. Here she listened until the stillness of the cottage told her that the old man had laid himself to rest upon the stove, as is the custom of the humble in Russia. She rose, opened her window noiselessly and stood looking out into the darkness, her hand caressing its rough frame. How deliciously cool the night air felt upon her aching brow! It tempted her forth. She slambled through the little casement and started across the moors in the direction of the sea. It was snowing hard, and the farther she went the more difficult the way became. After what seemed an eternity she reached the dunes. She felt them beneath her feet. The snow in places was so deep she could barely struggle through, and in others the ground was firm and hard where the wind had swept it clean. She stumbled and fell often, but dragged herself up again and still pressed forward.

'Oh, it must be near! Yes, here it was! At last! and with a little cry from her breaking heart she sank down upon the ice-bound beach between the chalk cliffs.

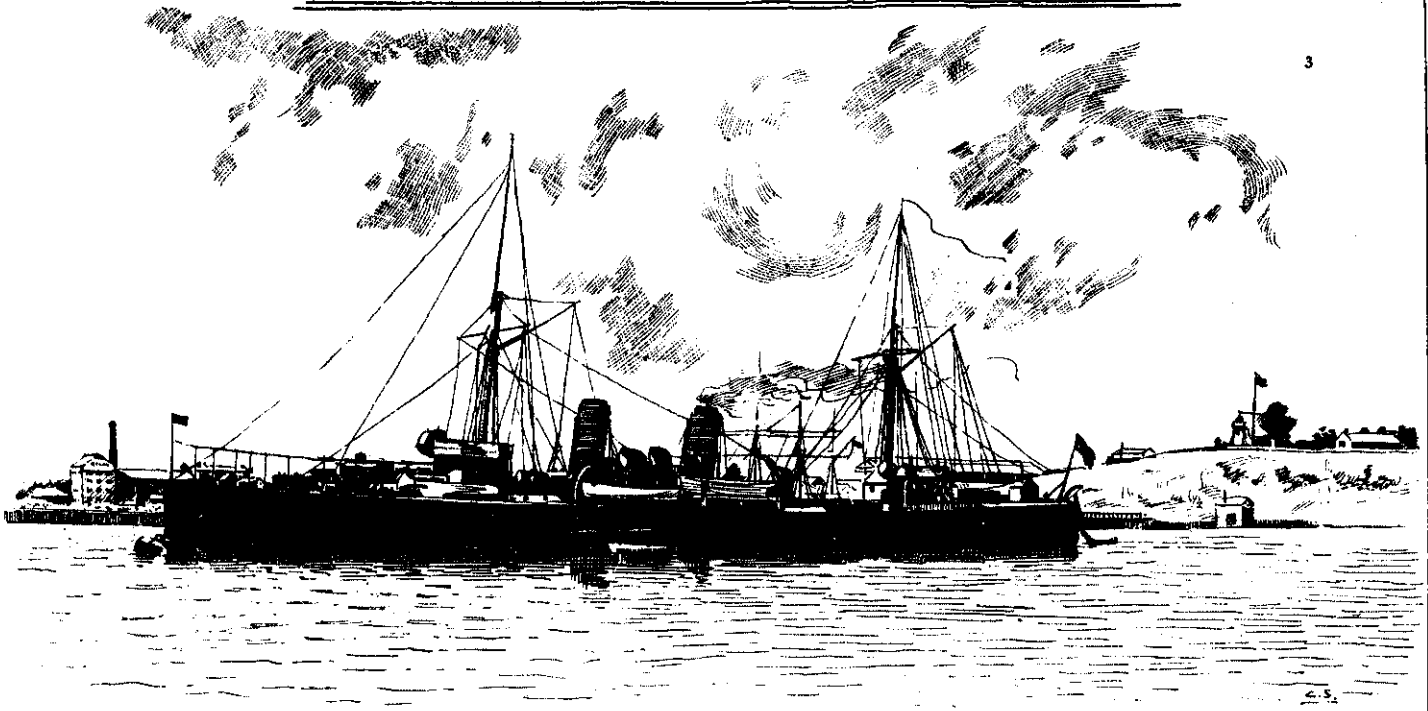
It was a soft, low cry, and yet it rang into the heart of eternity and reached the throne of the Most High. On black wings the angel of Death flew downwards. He divided the hurrying snowflakes and carried in his unspotted hands her pure soul to God, where it was soon to be joined by that of her martyred uncle.



2.



3.



SKETCHES IN TIMARU HARBOUR.

1. The Norman McLeod being towed out. 2. The Railway Station. 3. "H.M.S. Ringarooma."

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

THEY MAY BE DETERMINED BY THE LAW OF PROBABILITIES.

A GREAT deal of sophistry has been wasted in vain attempts to prove that there is no such thing as luck, good or bad; that nothing happens by chance, all results coming from some definite cause. Even though the latter sentiment could be proved or should be admitted, it would not preclude the existence of luck to the individual.

That which occurs, favourable or unfavourable to him, from any cause beyond his control, is good luck or bad luck so far as he is concerned, and there is no doubt that luck plays some part in the history of everyone, but it is of much less importance than the idle or indifferent suppose. The individual may or may not take advantage of the fortuitous circumstances or luck which he meets. That depends on himself, his abilities, his industry, his boldness, his character—a thousand qualities of mind or person. Moreover, as one cannot control luck, the important thing in life is to prepare one's self to meet it and turn it to some account. Those who lay too much stress upon luck seldom deserve good fortune. They are indolent, without enterprise or zeal, and spend their time in complaining of their own hard luck or in envious consideration of the good luck of others.

Lowell in one of his essays says that 'Luck may and often does have some share in ephemeral successes as in a gambler's winnings spent as soon as got, but not in any lasting triumph over time. It is, of course, conceivable that an ephemeral success, arising from luck, might lay the foundation for lasting success due to hard labour and deserving, but the rule is that unearned advantages cannot be held; the winner is not fitted by training and habits to hold fast to that which he has gained. Cobden pictures the subject truly, so far as young men are concerned, when he says that 'Luck is always waiting for something to turn up. Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.' The last sentence is one of great significance to the young.

Much that is called luck is not really such, but follows deserving. Real luck is a mere matter of chance upon which we can no more depend for a living or for advancement than upon the turn of a card. He who would command good fortune must depend upon his own industry and character. He may meet with hard fortune, it is true, but industry, zeal, honesty, will surely lift him out of it in the long run, and, if not, his fortune cannot be altogether bad when he retains to the end his honour and independence. The young may properly recognize that there is such a thing as luck, but they should place no dependence on it, but think only of fitting themselves to make good use of it if it should

come their way. The chances which may come to everyone, and which are wholly beyond one's control, are innumerable, but he who speculates upon them will lose as surely as the gambler, or, when he wins, show a gambler's recklessness in getting rid of his winnings.

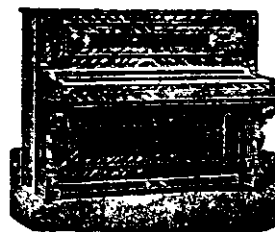
There is a German proverb that 'luck seeks those who flee and flees those who seek it.' The wise man will, therefore, not seek it, but moving through the world as though no such thing as luck existed, will depend upon his own intelligence, his own industry, his own good purposes to command fortune. Thus, self-reliant, he will be ready on the instant to take advantage of any fortuitous circumstances to further his designs, or be equally ready to avoid or overcome the 'hard luck' that would overwhelm one who was not thus fortified.

DE PROFUNDIS.

ONE word to the East from the West,
As a gull flies over the sea;
One word to the woman that I love best,
That shall tell the soul of me.
Weakness and doubt and wrong,
And this was the soul of a man.
Sin, and sorrow, and song,
And hopes that died and began,
For they died and began and died.
As a star flickers out in the night
And shines again—so he tried,
And now light, and darkness, and light.
Then a woman came—a wind that blows
When the weedy boat lies still,
A wind that blows till the dark sea flows,
And the dark sails flap and fill.
Then a woman came—a sun that shines,
When the old world dotes half dead,
A sun that shines, till the gray snows divine,
And the gold flowers riot instead.
She came, this woman—the man knelt down
With his face in her knees and said:
'The grass that was green in youth went brown,
And hopes that were high went dead.
You came and a star shone out of the night
To the shepherd that watched—you came.
And the wind blew out of God's mouth; a light
Made the darkness reel with flame;
And a dove flew out of the glowing air
To a blasted tree; and the dove
Sang, as the wind to the trees that are bare—
Sang love, and hope, and love.'
She came—and together the twain of them trod,
And hand in hand the world was well,
For she was a woman who came from God,
And he was a man from hell.

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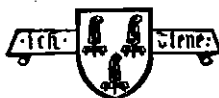
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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
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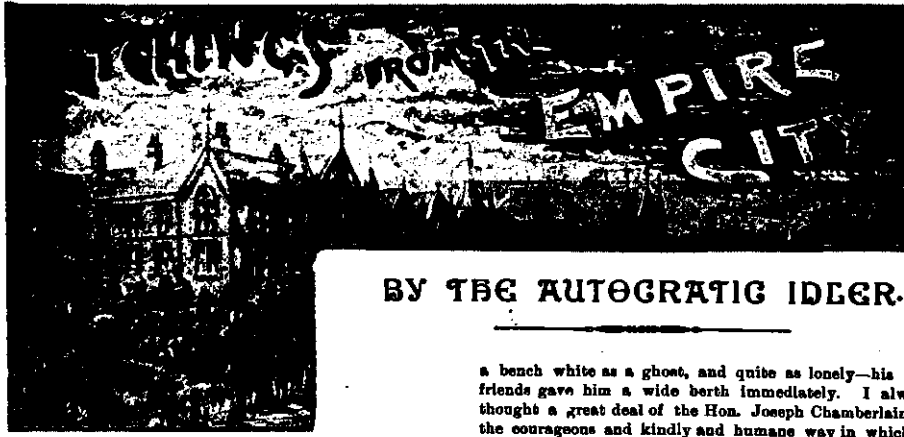
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BY THE AUTOGRAPHIC IDLER.

The recent revelations of how theatrical companies are conducted have, unfortunately for the profession, attracted considerable attention. It is useless for men to attempt to raise the standard of the stage by stirring lectures and eloquent speeches when all the world is made aware of the laxity of morals in business matters. Mr Bentley has many friends, and the reports of the trials were almost as unpleasant reading for them as they must have been for Mr Bentley himself. And this is saying a good deal, for the actor has announced his intention of giving up the stage and devoting himself entirely to lecturing. And in this Mr Bentley is certainly very successful. His monologue on 'Our Best Friends' is really as good as anything of Charles Clark's. As a lecturer he indeed ought—if he can secure a good manager—to rival Charles Clark.

But our best friends, who are they really? Shakespeare and Milton, Robert Burns, even the *New Zealand Times* are all well enough in their way, but none of these will stand firmly by a man in the hour of trouble and adversity—and that is precisely the hour during which man wants the warm grasp of the hand of a fellow-creature. If one is in good position, in prosperous circumstances, and has plenty of money, it will take him some time to enumerate all the friends he has, or can have. But he only finds out who 'the best' of these are when some shipwreck strands him on the desolate beach of this world, and when he looks round for these friends *then*, he may perhaps find one or two of them; the probability is that he won't see a solitary soul about him except, maybe, his wife, who doesn't at all count—being part of himself; and perhaps some little children, who don't know, and can't understand, what calamity is. In the course of some thirty years of colonial life I have more than once looked round for my 'best friend,' but I couldn't discover him nobow. Shakespeare wasn't a penn'orth of use when one hadn't half-a-crown in one's pocket, and was 600 miles in the interior of Australia. The best friend, and the most reliable in the time of need, is one's purse—if there be anything in it. If there be little or nothing in it, the case is often a very hopeless one. Still it is not always so; and I can think with warm emotion of countless kindnesses which I have known extended to people who were bent down like a sapling in a storm, under wreckage of fortune, or under scandal (which is worse than any wreckage), or under grief of various kinds—of which there is plenty in the world. And isn't it a somewhat curious thing that our 'best friends' in such cases, often turn out to be persons in no way allied to us in kinship—in no way related to us at all? I remember a Rev. James Taylor, minister of the Baptist Church in Collins-street, Melbourne. He was a most eloquent man; quite sixty years of age and grey—and yet neither his cloth, nor his eloquence, nor his years, prevented him from getting into some trouble about a woman. I forget now, exactly, the facts—if I remembered them I would not state them. But there was, of course, an awful howl: the scandal mills of Melbourne were set grinding; and they ground the Rev. James Taylor and the lady, until nothing of either, not a shred worth picking up was left! The lady died—probably that was about the wisest thing she could have done. But the Reverend gentleman didn't die. He grew from grey to white—and shrank up and turned yellow like a withered leaf. Often and often have I seen him, doubled up; sitting in a corner of a scantily furnished room—his eloquence was quite gone now; he hadn't a word to throw to a dog! What he felt most of all was the desertion from him, in his trouble, of his 'best friends.' One or two men, but not a single woman, remained of all those countless people who for decades of Sundays had hung upon his words! Sir Charles Dilke was another prominent man who got into trouble—also about a woman: it seems to me that there isn't any trouble worth calling trouble at all, unless a woman is in it. Well, there was Sir Charles Dilke in the House of Commons: He sat on

a bench white as a ghost, and quite as lonely—his best friends gave him a wide berth immediately. I always thought a great deal of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain for the courageous and kindly and humane way in which he walked up to Dilke, sat down beside him, and carried on a friendly conversation with him for half an hour in the face of the whole House of Commons. There was true bravery in that generous action—and Chamberlain didn't in the smallest way identify himself with wrong, or at all compromise himself by sticking to his friend, just at the moment when he ought to stick by him. Women, however, fare even worse than men do, when they get into scrapes. They haven't got any best friends, they haven't got any friends at all, then. The most merciless critics women have are women; the best friends men have, when disaster overtakes them, are generally women.

A Pleasant Public Service Picnic. A number of Civil servants chartered the a.s. Duco on Saturday for a Lowry Bay picnic. The vessel was crowded with a very nice lot of people. I don't remember enjoying a picnic so much for a long time; and this

perhaps was because I had an idea that it was almost hopeless to expect the Civil servant—who always, almost, is at freezing point—to thaw. I went to the picnic as a matter of social duty; and fully expected rigidity and frigidity. However, there wasn't either the one or the other. Everybody was quite affable and agreeable; and as the day was also delightful, and the vessel a smart and a swift one, with a most obliging captain and crew, we spent a very pleasant afternoon. There were people aboard from quite distant places. I had myself some Sydney children with me: there were ladies from Napier, from Auckland, from the South Island, and Civil servants from every flat of the huge edifice known as the Government Buildings. Lowry Bay is an exceedingly pretty spot; we had the use of the grounds surrounding the house of Mr H. D. Bell, M.H.R., and close by is the residence which some of the Government's family at present occupy. The trip home in the moonlight was especially enjoyable. One could sincerely wish that these reunions, and reunions such as these, were more frequent. There are gentlemen in the Government Buildings, who, I believe, have been going up and down the same staircases together for ten and even twenty years. And yet they hardly know each other—don't often speak to each other. A trip or two in the Duco, and a picnic now and then, would make all these people better known to each other; and I think the better and the more people are really known, the more we think of them—and justly so. Human nature isn't a bad sort of thing on the whole, at all, even when it gets tied up with red tape; and there is no reason at all why a man who is always calling himself 'your most obedient servant' should, on that account, either give himself airs, or suppose he was 'some poor insignificant being.'

Wellington City. A good many Wellington citizens do not like Wellington. Some of the main streets are narrow, and, in wet weather muddy—so muddy that one wonders where the great quantity of mud comes from. The residences, in many cases, are difficult of access; I myself climb about 150 steep steps, sometimes ten times a day to reach my abode. Rents are high, and the city itself has some other disadvantages. But the harbour is pretty and the harbour arrangements of the Harbour Board are really excellent; while the country round about Wellington is often picturesque and generally pleasant. The climate is healthy but disagreeable. Wind, dust, and

rain are frequent troubles, and fine weather for a whole consecutive week is an infrequent occurrence. Despite all disadvantages and some disadvantage, the Empire City can hold its own with any other New Zealand town, and is, on the whole, more prosperous than any one other of them. The people are orderly; there is very little larrikinism, and almost an entire absence of rudeness or coarseness at large public assemblies, such as theatres and election meetings. If it be right to speak of a place as one finds it, then it is right to say that Wellington isn't a bad place at all to reside in.

Wellington People. To speak of a man as one finds him is an old injunction—but this isn't so simple a motto as it looks on the face of it—highly proper although it may be. For a man isn't always the same man. Reverse of fortune, drink, and a variety of other calamities alter men's natures totally—and this, frequently, in a very short space of time. A community also, as well as a place, changes its nature utterly in the course, even, of a few years. At one time the best people perhaps on the face of this globe were to be found at Ballarat. They aren't there now. Somewhere in the year 1872 I was at Bendigo. Going home from (newspaper) work at midnight I happened to meet a poor woman coming into the city with a string of ragged children after her. She and they had tramped many long miles without a shilling. I forgot her exact story now; but at all events it was so pitiful, or so desperate, that I went back to the office and drew attention to her case—stating where the people were to be found—in a short paragraph. Next morning there was a regular procession of Bendigo ladies carrying baskets with ample supplies for the destitute family; at that time no one would tolerate poverty, even one case of poverty in Bendigo. I am afraid there are many poor and very poor Bendigoians now! The very pick of the population of these islands, I think, was to be found on the West Coast some years ago. Bad times, changes in circumstances for the worse, have completely altered the character of many and many a good West Coast man since! Who can be open-hearted and generous when the world seems determined to go against one, and even to ruin one? And just as there are Wellington citizens who do not like Wellington, so there are Wellington citizens who do not like Wellington people. They say they are unsocial—and this is, to some extent, true. But the unsociability is simply a habit, and does not rise from any moroseness or want of kindness. If one were to speak of the Wellington people as one found them, there could really—speaking generally, of course—be little said except in their favour. In the musical world of Wellington there may be two or three cads—there are such cads in all the musical firmaments. But the citizens are really kind people; and I know of no place in which the public institutions, the charitable institutions especially, are so numerous and so well managed.

AID TO THE DROWNING.

HOW TO EFFECT A RESCUE WITHOUT DANGER TO EITHER PARTY.

How is it possible to rescue a drowning man without danger to either party concerned? It is essential that the man in the water should be reached as speedily as possible. Therefore a rapid plunge into the water nearest him would be the proper thing to do. It is better to run along the shore of a river to a point above where the man is in order to have the assistance of the current in rescuing him, thus saving your strength, which will be needed later. Be sure to approach him from behind, grabbing him in such a manner that your left hand, which passes under his left arm, may grasp his right wrist firmly, and press him firmly toward you. Then swim toward the shore upon your back, being careful to make use of the current all you can. The right hand is kept entirely free and can be used in swimming. Only the faces of the two will be visible above the water, and both bodies will be carried more by the water (according to the specific weight) the rescuer having the task of moving forward. The rescuer cannot be grasped by the one rescued, as the latter cannot turn to the right, because his wrist is firmly held, nor can he turn to the left, because then the rescuer would pull the left shoulder closer to his own. If the first attempt to catch the drowning man be not successful, try it again. The objection that if a drowning man grasp you it is impossible to shake him off, is groundless. The man drowning will always try to keep his head above water. Therefore all the rescuer has to do is to dive under the water, and the man will immediately let go. The method is advocated by the leading swimming societies everywhere, and it has been stated that, except in extraordinary circumstances, one cannot drown so long as he retains his presence of mind and is occupied with one person only. Let everybody remember to save a fellow being from drowning depends in every case not so much on the rescuer's skill as a swimmer as on his cool-headedness and quickness of action.

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SKETCHES AT THE OPERA 'MA MIE ROSETTE.'

Drawn by Bob Hawcridge.

PLAYED BY THE ROYAL COMIC OPERA COMPANY, NOW TOURING NEW ZEALAND.

[See 'Our Illustrations.']

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF AMERICA.

THE SIN OF FALSE CHIVALRY.

AMERICA is the land where women demand and receive more from men and give less in exchange than anywhere else on the planet. They first turn the bulk of the male population into money-slaves for their especial benefit and then despise them for being slaves. Generations of men with strangely perverted ideas of chivalry have been at great pains to teach the women here that their proper rôle is to stand on pedestals and smilingly receive men's homage; and it must be admitted that the women have learned the lesson well. European women study to be pleasing; American women only try to shine. In Europe a bride is proud to bring her husband as dower a substantial sum that enables him to bear the added burden and gives him material aid at the time in his career when he most needs it. In America a husband is content to take his life partner with no adornment save her personal charms, and take her, too, despite a trio of defects so common as to be almost national characteristics. These are:

1. Her inability or unwillingness to help her husband.
2. Her sense of superiority over her husband.
3. Her general discontent with existing conditions.

It should be said that the above is mainly true of women who live in cities; the choicest flowers of American womanhood being hidden away in the country towns.

worried and worn, harassed by the killing strain to 'keep up appearances,' and although it is largely to satisfy his wife's desires and ambitions that he goes this pace, it never occurs either to him or to her to take counsel together touching his prospects or perplexities. It is not even thought fitting she should have any precise ideas or knowledge about his daily toil. She knows he is a doctor, a writer, or a bishop; that he trades in stocks, flour, or ribbons; she can tell you the location of his office and whether his typewriter is pretty, and that is all she cares to know about the mystery of his down-town life.

What a contrast here with the attitude of European women toward their husbands! Nothing is more common among middle-class people in Paris than for the wife, be-



THE WIFE ORDERS HER LITTLE LUNCHES AT SOME SWELL CAFE.

side attending to her home and children, not only to advise with her husband in every detail of his business, often showing herself the guiding spirit, but to go daily to the shop when he goes, to stand at the counter or desk as he stands, and to share hour by hour the work he does. American women are fully content to share the profits! It is fair to say that American men, through these same false ideas of chivalry and social pride, would, however hard pressed, be the first to protest against their wives assisting them in any such practical way, and are for the most part distinctly averse to them engaging in teaching, type-writing, dressmaking, or any honourable employment. It might, forsooth, give sneering neighbours a chance to whisper: 'Mrs So-and-So has to work.' And what of it, I say? Why, in the name of common sense, should Mrs So-and-So not work? Sooner, however, than have that happen, the average American husband would fall in business—or do worse!

'I don't mind working in single harness, but I won't work in double—not for any man living.' That was a remark I heard a young lady make who holds a position in a New York office, where she has shown herself possessed of fine business abilities. As long as she remains unmarried she will do as much work every day as the average man and show herself none the worse for it. But as soon as she becomes the wife of some devoted American, then her hands will drop listlessly at her sides and he must take the oars for both and row away as best he can. Poor fellow, he may break his back, but he will never murmur! Thousands of unmarried American women have this idea and regard their daily tasks as an unpleasant necessity which must bridge over the time until they shall have found a husband to work for them. If American men were as clever as is said, they would utilize in their own schemes some of the fine business brain lying idle in their wives' heads!



PHYSICAL SUPERIORITY OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN TO THE AMERICAN MAN.

First, I maintain, there is a lamentable lack of disposition among American city women to make good helpmates for their husbands. It is not that they are unwilling to exert themselves or that they lack capacity, for both in body and mind they are the most richly endowed women in the world; but their whole early training has been wrong. It has been impressed upon them from childhood that a husband is a glorious institution created solely for loving, honouring and protecting them, it being well understood that the little word 'to obey' has long since become obsolete in the marriage ceremony. As young ladies they have been told so often that they are clever, pretty, vivacious, tactful, accomplished, coquettish or 'cunning,' told this year after year by well-meaning but misguided men, that they have finally come to regard man's normal and natural position in relation to themselves as one of suppliant posture and adoration. And the men, victims of their own unwisdom, do nothing to disabuse the women's minds of these unwholesome notions until some fine day the marital ship runs hard on one of the inevitable rocks or quicksands, and then, alas, there comes a rude awakening!

To be perfectly honest now, ladies, what do you do to help your husbands in the struggle for existence that is at all proportionate to what they do for you? Remember, I am speaking of the women who live in cities, their number forming probably one-half of our entire population. There are thousands and thousands of you who live comfortably in boarding houses, at least quite as comfortably as your husbands, and do practically nothing toward lifting the common burden beyond occasional repairs in clothing. In the main you lead idle lives, don't you? There are many other thousands of you who live in flats or private houses, where your cares are limited to 'overseeing' things and mangling the servants. Your husbands every day do twice as much as this before their lunch! I do not forget the children and the care in their bringing up that devolves upon the mother, but modern educational science has done much to lessen this responsibility, so that to-day there are thousands of city homes where the children are brought up, one may say, almost without mothers, the real hard work being done by bottles, nurses, kindergartens, governesses, schools, and colleges. You know perfectly well that this is so, and your husbands who pay the bills know it also! Even were the wife's duties as arduous as her husband's their burdens would still be unequal, since he must be familiar with all that transpires in her sphere, from the baby's new tooth up to the discharging of the cook, while she remains in darkest Africa as regards the cook, while she never heard of an American city woman being informed about her husband's business except as to the approximate number of dollars it brings in annually? The husband slaves six days a week at his office, comes home

plectic lot. No wonder the women hold their heads high as they weep past proudly!

Nor are the American women of the upper and upper middle classes less superior to the men in refinement and polite accomplishments than in physical perfection. The finest modern advantages have been showered upon them, and they have been 'polished' and 'educated' far beyond the poor attainments of the masculines, who read only the newspapers, know nothing but the dry details of their business, have no ideals beyond the making of money, are absolutely deficient in the arts of conversation, have no esprit save what they get from smoking car 'drummers' or comic journals; in short, are absolutely unfitted to be the companions of these goddess women, whom they nevertheless marry. And that is the worst of it! That is the chief reason why American women are so widely discontented! They look down upon their husbands; they are the victims of too much culture; they have been given lofty and beautiful ideals which they cannot realize; they are like the poor South Sea Islanders, who, having heard the praises of Demonicos dinner, sung until their mouths water, are left to fill their stomachs with raw turtle.

In this painful comparison the raw turtle stands for the hustling, money-grubbing, woman-ridden American husband! It also stands for many other illusions tenderly nourished in the American maiden's breast only to be dispelled with advancing years. It is no kindness, but sheer cruelty to give our girls a keen appreciation of the beautiful, artistic, and then make them live in selfish and unlovely surroundings. Why tell them that American women are created to stand on pedestals when it is false? Why fill their minds with visions of soulful, high-minded men, when they are fated to pass their lives with money-grubbers? This is false chivalry, unworthy of American men! Pity the unfortunate daughters who come back from study abroad, having breathed deeply the glorious artless atmosphere of Paris and Rome, only to 'settle down' in a mean little Harlem flat, whose walls are decorated with newspaper chromos. Pity the women in whom have been developed spiritual and poetic natures stranded suddenly, starving in the midst of a desert of commonplace surroundings, with no hope or chance of satisfying the yearnings that consume them! Almost better never to have emancipated them from the condition where they were happy chewing gum in Chicago and on state occasions singing: 'Oh, Fair Doves! Oh, Fair Doves!'

What wonder, then, if American women are discontented, for to them come frequently such sad contrasts between the pictures of life drawn to them as girls, and the pitiful realization known by them as women. What wonder if they often grow embittered, resentful, reckless, or if some fiercer natures, feeling they have not had their deserts, burst into warring discontent and let ambition drive them on with no heed to the means.

It is this restless, dissatisfied spirit that is driving American women to-day to usurp men's functions in all lines, from running the government down to the wearing of starched shirts. And this they do rather from restlessness and fretfulness than for any real desire for further 'rights.' Do they not know in their hearts that they have long ago secured from men all their rights and more, taking with shrewd discrimination the privileges and pleasures of their husbands' or fathers' stations in life while shirking the responsibilities? Why are women all over the country cultivating a taste for that most unwomanly game of poker, except to show the men that they, too, can play the bluff. Why are women in our nice restaurants calling daily for cocktails and whiskeys, served in tongs, if you please, and in quantities to shame their grandmothers? Surely they do not like the stuff! Why are they betting on the races, professing deep interest in sports they never understand, affecting a slangy style of talk, smoking cigarettes, strutting about in mannish clothes, and pushing themselves forward in such unbecoming pursuits as newspaper work and reforming the alums? They are doing these things as fads, because they have nothing else to do, and because they know there are sound reasons against their doing them. I know a wealthy girl who, almost alone in a crowd of men, followed the lectures and quizzes at the law school and finally took her degree simply because someone told her she couldn't understand so dry a subject.

'I'll show you if I can't,' she said, and that reply voices the end-of-the-century attitude of numberless women in American cities.

'Please take me through Chinatown,' said a lovely woman of my acquaintance.

I explained to her that Chinatown was a vile place, with nothing to recommend it but commonplace vice and un-common odours.

'I don't care,' she persisted, 'I want to see Chinatown, and if you don't take me, I'll go anyhow.'

I said she was a lovely woman, so it ended in my taking her, and she made brave pretence of enjoying it, as she fished slimy mysteries out of a bowl with chopsticks and swallowed them, and then sat in a reeking room with black bugs crawling over the board walls and watched a poor white girl named Annie smoking herself to death with opium. Annie was the wife of a bloated Chinaman.

What but sheer perversity, growing out of this widespread discontent, can tempt women when travelling to insist on entering the smoking car? Yes, and smoking there, for I have it on the authority of a New York Central conductor that this is not an unheard-of occurrence on their most respectable line.

'The other day,' he said, 'a well-dressed, nice-looking girl went forward to the smoker and proceeded to light a cigarette. I asked her to leave the car—she refused. What could I do? Nothing; and the girl had her way, while the men stared. Another case, not very long before, was that of an elderly woman who also claimed her right to sit in the smoking car and puff away at a pipe. But the most remarkable case in my experience happened on the midnight train coming down from Albany, when a young woman on being remonstrated with by a gentleman for smoking, rose to her feet, threw down her cigarette, and squaring one in the attitude of a boxer, landed a good left-hander on the side of the gentleman's head. This she followed—give you my word of honour she did—by lifting her skirt very slightly and shooting out a rapid kick that caught the man squarely in the stomach and sent him sprawling. Having asserted herself thus, the lady took out her cigarette case, lighted a second cigarette and was left unmolested, you may be sure, for the rest of her journey.'

I admit that there are extreme cases, but a few years ago they would have been impossible cases. These smoking



WHILE THE HUSBAND GORBLES A BUFFET LUNCH.

My second point is that a wide tendency exists among American women to consider themselves superior to the men, this being especially true in the better middle class. And the humiliating part of it is that in a large number of instances this opinion is justified—they are the men's superiors! Take New York women, for instance; look at them streaming along Twenty-third street in the shopping hours or strolling on Fifth Avenue. Are they not splendid creatures physically—clear-eyed, strong-limbed, well-groomed? True, one remarks an extra development of the bust, and an undue widening of the hips; but that is largely their own fault, being the result of idleness and over-feeding. Compared with them, American men make a poor showing indeed, being for the most part round-shouldered, big-waisted, sharp featured, prematurely bent and bald, slovenly in dress and bearing, plainly a dyspeptic and apo-

car women are marching in the vanguard of the female army of discontent!

This discontent among city women taints all classes, from the lowest to the highest. In the absence of consecrated social leaders such as Europe possesses, each woman here considers herself as good as each other woman, and feels that fate has been unjust in giving to others more than she has received. The whole servant girl problem grows out of this inherent dissatisfaction. The girls who find themselves doing what is called "menial" labour are leaders of the women whom they serve. See how quick they are, once the day's work is finished, to leave the house of servitude and flout themselves about the city in gowns and cloaks, in ribbons and jewellery, which, if lacking in the real quality of those worn by their mistresses, are at least the very best imitations their scant means can procure. There is a similar struggle going on in the breasts of type-writers, shop-girls, chorus girls, and all who earn their daily bread. They are generally discontented!

What is thus true of city women in the working classes is true of those most highly placed. It is true of all who come between. In this country there is no respect for classes, our glorious republican principles making every woman feel herself a potential Mrs Vanderbilt. The social history of our cities is so full of sudden changes, where people have jumped from nothing to everything, that there is no woman so poor but feels that she may some day have her palace on Fifth avenue. Mrs Maloney, reflecting on all this in her parlour in Sbantytown, realizes vaguely that it is incumbent upon her in her present lowly surroundings to prepare herself for possible glory to come. She looks longingly through her parlour windows, sees the coats chewing the leaves of the geraniums and never moves, for it is not fitting that a prospective lady should be seen rushing out of the house in a calico wrapper to drive a goat off the front piazza. Perish a thousand geraniums rather than let Mrs Maloney violate a rule of etiquette!

As already hinted, one of the most serious effects of this general discontent on the part of women is their frequent attitude of condescension towards their husbands. The men of America worship the women, which is a fatal mistake, and are in return not infrequently despised by the women, which is manifestly unjust. Let us suppose that a woman of culture has married a man without culture for the sake of the money he can bring her. To begin with,

dence of the divorce courts, as blazoned forth day after day in our unclean newspapers, leaves no doubt on this point. The testimony of that sewer of iniquity, the personal column in the *New York Herald*, shows a condition of wide demoralization.

I myself, on one occasion, as an experiment growing out of a wager, inserted a personal in this curious column, stating in accordance with the prescribed formula that 'a prosperous bachelor of thirty desired to make the acquaintance of a charming lady a few years younger—object matrimony.' I received within three days no less than fifty answers to this modest request, many of them, as I took pains to verify, coming from women who have every right to call themselves respectable, and are so considered. Of the fifty there were certainly ten of this class, in this number being included two young ladies living in good homes, three married women, one school teacher, one widow, one literary woman and, strangest of all, a mother and her daughter, who both answered the advertisement each without the knowledge of the other. Having eliminated the forty applicants whose motives were apparent and who therefore became uninteresting, I spent some time in studying the respectable ten, trying to discover what had led them into so strange an indiscretion. In every case there was the same story—an idle life, a discontented mind and a longing after something away from the commonplace, something having in it a dash of romance and idealism. And these unfortunate women could find no better way of pursuing their chimeras than by risking their good names in the hands of an entire stranger.

This craving for admiration among women, this deep conviction that man's homage is their just due, this superficial culture and feeling of superiority is making it more and more difficult every year for young men to marry city girls. Such girls are too exacting, too indifferent to the value of money, too little disposed to content themselves with simple pleasures. A European girl of the middle class will be as happy as a child if her sweetheart sends her a little bunch of violets for which he spent perhaps a franc. It is the kind thought she thinks of, not the price. Here a girl of the same class, if she has flowers at all, must have the best—roses at several dollars a dozen, something that gives plain evidence of having cost money. When an American girl accepts an invitation for the evening she expects to be taken to the theatre, to have the

My tastes are extravagant, far beyond what I could earn; and yet without lovely things about me I should rather die. So what can I do? How can I decide? I am miserable with worrying, I am discontented, unhappy. Marriage seems impossible, home life is impossible, honest work is impossible, and what is there left?

An everyday example of the craving for admiration engendered in our city women by the pedestal habit is to be found in their loud and extravagant dress on the street. One cannot walk through the fashionable thoroughfares of a pleasant afternoon without seeing numbers of women apparelled in such a flaunting of colours and unseemly display of silks and velvets as would make a European gentleman doubt their being respectable women, which they nevertheless are. Hundreds of them may be seen any day



GOOD TASTE BY THE PARISIENNE.

on Twenty-third Street wearing white gloves, diamond earrings, a load of ribbons and feathers on the hats showing three or four glaring colours, with cloaks and skirts of rich brocades or velvets which should never be seen outside the carriage or the drawing-room, and in general presenting themselves in such garish costumes as European ladies would scarcely dare to wear in the evening and certainly never in broad daylight.

The great reason why French women are infinitely better dressed than women of America is because each one makes it her business to study her own advantages and defects and dresses with a view to bringing out the one and concealing the other. She knows what is becoming to her individually and adopts it regardless of prevailing fashions, which American women follow slavishly. On the street the French woman dresses quietly, simply, with few colours and those of deep tints, the only women in Paris who appear in the streets as American ladies do being the fashionable *eccentriques* or *demi-mondaines*. This is not complimentary to New York women, but it is the plain truth. The fashions imported from Paris by New York women are not fashions of French women of the *bonne il faut* class, but exaggerations of these, garish creations for the foreign market.

The rampant spirit of discontent also leads American city women into extravagant habits. This is seen in the way they let their handsome gowns trail along the sidewalks, although the habit is ruinous to their skirts as well as most uncleanly. They do not care; when the bottoms are frayed they will send them to the dressmaker and their husbands will pay the bills. The same spirit is discovered when one watches them luncheon in swarms at expensive restaurants,



THE LADIES WHO DRINK COCKTAILS IN CUPS.

she should despise herself for having been a party to such a sordid bargain. Furthermore, if the man hates Wagner and medieval cathedrals and likes 'My Posal' is a Bowery Girl, the fault is largely hers. For it must be borne in mind that if American men are lacking in culture, it is because they have no time or strength for acquiring it, their lives and energies being exhausted in procuring culture for their wives and daughters. The courses in art, the trips abroad, the aesthetic homes, the music, the languages, the whole modish combination of unpractical things that tend to make our best women shine at the expense of the men—who furnish these? who slave to pay for these? who but the unenlightened husbands and brothers? By what principle of justice do the women of a land thus presume to taro the men into pack horses? Even if false ideas of chivalry make the men content to play such servile rôles, do not the women themselves see that this disparity in the attainments of the two sexes can result in nothing but mutual untebtedness? The husbands are outclassed in culture by their wives, the wives are too good for their husbands, and what then? Shall marriage be abolished, and if not, how bridge the breach that is thus widening in many households?

These causes are producing untold evil in our national life. They are inducing hundreds of wealthy women to show their discontent by abandoning their country entirely and living abroad, where men cultivate the arts and graces and see something else worth while in life than the piling of gold upon gold. They are responsible for that strange and unpatriotic tendency so widely noted now in this land, and never noted in any other, which drives not a few American women to prefer foreigners for husbands rather than men of their own country. They are leading large numbers of discontented wives yearning after some shadowy ideal—women who are idle in their lives, over-fed and bored to death—into carrying their reckless pursuit of the unattainable even to the point of indulging in chance flirtations or worse. The revolting evil-

most expensive seats, and afterwards to be offered a supper served in good style at a place of maximum charges. There is no romancing about this, but sober, serious reality, as hundreds of hard-working young men have learned to their cost. The girls do not care so much for the things themselves, as for the evidence of devotion which, in their minds, must be accompanied by the spending of money. How different in Paris, where an evening's pleasure is within reach of the most slender purse. A stroll along the boulevards, an hour in front of a café watching the throng, some *bocks* to drink, some little cakes at a *patisserie*, a ride in a carriage for two francs—and the girl is so grateful, so free from that odious pedestal posing!

And the young women themselves of our cities, from the very training they have received and their knowledge of the world, are in many instances left undecided what course they shall pursue in regard to marriage. They know from the experience of others and from their own observation that without money their married lives will be full of aggravation and disappointment. On the other hand, their womanly instincts bid them heed the voice of real disinterested love. They would fain have love and have money also; but the combination is a difficult one to make. A most beautiful and accomplished young woman from the West, whom I know intimately, made frank confessions to me once of her embarrassments in this matter.

'I love a young artist,' she said, 'with all my heart, and he loves me. But he has no money. An old broker down town, worth two or three millions, is infatuated with me, but I abominate him. Both men want me to marry them. If I marry the broker I shall be wretched because I despise him; if I marry the artist I shall be wretched because I despise being poor; so as far as I can see I am sure to be wretched either way. On the other hand, I cannot go back to the humdrum life of my family, for that would kill me with its monotony. I crave the free existence of a great city, and yet staying here I must find some way to live.



BAD TASTE IN STREET COSTUME OF SOME AMERICAN LADIES.

where they spend a dollar and a half or two dollars of their husbands' money for a comfortable meal, while these same husbands meantime are perched on some high stool down town bolting a piece of pie and a glass of milk which cost perhaps a quarter.

One may sum up the whole question by saying that American women ought to be the finest women in the world, for they have the choicest natural endowment and the most splendid opportunities. But they have suffered sorely through this unfortunate determination of the men to glorify them, and been harmed by the sin of false

TENNIS COURTS

are in full swing just now, as the weather is getting cooler...

OUR PEOPLE

Miss Lucy Williams (Hawke's Bay) is on a visit to Mrs T. O. Williams...

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

Amongst the

AUDIENCE AT THE OPERA HOUSE

during the week were Mesdames W. D. Crawford, A. Crawford, Mantell, Friend, W. Holland...

OPHELIA.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE

One of the most exciting

FEBRUARY 12.

CRICKET MATCHES

ever played in Picton was played on Saturday between Picton and the redoubtable Koromiko Club...

PERSONAL

Miss Clayton and her brother, cousins of Mrs A. P. Seymour, have just arrived from England...

JEAN.

DUNEDIN.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

DEAR BEE,

This (Friday) afternoon, a small, but very

FEBRUARY 15.

ENJOYABLE GARDEN PARTY

was given by Mrs Fisher (St. Clair). Being a warm afternoon, the tea tables were arranged on the lawn...

A SMALL LUNCHEON PARTY

for Mrs Graham. The table was prettily decorated with red geraniums which contrasted well with the white china...

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN PARTY

was given by Mr and Mrs Sargood (Romanoff), in honour of Mrs Miss Alexander (England). The Engineers' Band played several selections...

was most delightful to dance to. Mrs Sargood, who received her guests on the lawn looked charming in pale heliotrope...

AILEEN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 14.

As I write this the date it occurs to me what day it is, and I wonder in the position as regards my work...

We thought the sign of the times was not felt during the Opera season, but in the opinion of our friends here there is very little being done...

On Wednesday Mrs C. Clark gave a

GARDEN PARTY AT 'THORNINGTON.'

their charming home in Colombo-street South, when everything, as usual, was most thoughtfully and beautifully arranged...

AFTERNOON TEA

given by Mrs Studholme on Monday afternoon was only very small in comparison to some of the large functions there...

DEPARTURES.

Mr and Mrs Chynoweth and children leave for England by the next Frisco mail, and during their stay of five years in the colony...

MENIVALE PARISH GATHERING

this year took the form of a garden party in the lovely garden and grounds at Elmwood, permission being kindly given by Mr H. H. Hedges...

THE CRICKET MATCH.

Christchurch versus Fiji, was very poorly attended, the advertised native costume not being so great an attraction...

The 'New Boy' arrives this week, and he must be very good indeed to take Miss Nash's and Lauri's place...

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 13.

A very enjoyable time was spent last Saturday afternoon at

'THE CLIFFS.'

when Mrs Richmond and Mr and Mrs Scandlers entertained their friends and the numerous visitors who are here for the Synod...

GENERAL SYNOD.

by all the fair sex in Nelson lately. The subject under discussion has been Women's Franchise...

NELSON V. FIJI.

A cricket match which has excited a great deal of interest was played in the Park yesterday and to-day between...

OUR PEOPLE.

Mr and Mrs Burnes leave to-day for Dunedin for a three weeks' trip. Miss Meddings returns to Christchurch to-day...

A cricket match which has excited a great deal of interest was played in the Park yesterday and to-day between...

PHYLIS.

ENGAGEMENTS THE engagement is announced of Miss Kate Clarke, daughter of Mr T. P. Clarke, Onehunga and Heia, to Mr Percy Thompson, of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, Auckland.

Miss Kemp, eldest daughter of Dr. Kemp (who for many years had a large practice in Wellington, but is now residing near London), is engaged to Professor MacPherson...

A Christchurch engagement just announced is that of Miss Hutton and Mr Lance Lane.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR A. E. KIGHT TO MISS EDITH BROWN.

THE wedding of Miss Edith Brown, daughter of Mr W. R. E. Brown, of Wellington, to Mr A. E. Kight, followed closely upon the announcement of their engagement...

THE bride was dressed in a bluish grey gown with cream brodered waistcoat, cream tie, and hat with upstanding bows...

A SMALL reception from 8 to 10 p.m. was held as a farewell to the bride, whose health was proposed by Count d'Albans (French consul), at supper.

Delayed Letters.

(The following letters were too late to appear in our last issue.)

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEB, FEBRUARY 6.

Sad to relate, I have very little news for you this week. This seems to be the general outcry just now—the dullness of times. I suppose at this time of the year we can hardly expect any gaiety.

Williamson and Musgrove's Comic Opera Company open their season here on Monday night, so that will help to liven up a little.

It is really a pleasure to see the interest Lady Glasgow takes in any society she has to do with.

THE MOTHERS' UNION

especially, of which she was the originator, and the members of which have now increased to nearly four hundred in Wellington alone. Lady Glasgow was pleased to invite all the members of the Union to an entertainment which took place at Government House last Tuesday afternoon, and which was a great success, fully three hundred mothers being present. The first part of the afternoon was spent in the garden, where refreshments were to be had in a large tent on the lawn. Afterwards an adjournment was made to the ballroom, which was fitted with chairs. Lady Glasgow then gave a short address. The Bishop of Salisbury also spoke, after which a very excellent little programme of music was gone through, those taking part in it being the Ladies Boyle, who played an instrumental trio, Madame Metz, Miss Williams, and Mr W. A. Day, and a recitation was cleverly given by Mrs A. S. Patterson.

LADY GLASGOW AND PARTY

left by the early train on Saturday for their trip up North. Times will be duller than ever now they have gone for Lady Glasgow was always very good in entertaining in a small way as well as on a larger scale. The Government House party will be quite missed from the Polaris ground on Saturday now, we have got so used to seeing them there taking a great interest in the game.

One of the cottages at Lowry Bay has been taken for the Hon. Jack and Allen Boyle and their servants.

Mrs Godfrey Brown, etc. During the afternoon the ladies from Dunedin. They intend taking up their residence here. Lady Stout has many friends who will be glad to welcome her back again.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

DEAR BEB, FEBRUARY 6.

The chief item of this week is the delightful

GARDEN PARTY

given by the Bishop of Nelson and Mrs Mules, at Blisbopdale, last Saturday afternoon. Being one of our real Nelson summer days, every one who could do so, went there, and the party was a most successful one, and by four o'clock a pretty and brilliant scene was to be noted on the wide terrace and about the grounds. A great number of smart gowns were worn, and every one seemed to be having an enjoyable time. Mrs Mules, with all the power to entertain their guests, and were ably assisted by Miss and Master Mules. Appetising little tea tables were laid in different parts of the garden, and were presided over by the Misses Fell (two), Oldham, Cressey, Mules, Hunter-Brown, etc. During the afternoon the ladies from the Melanesian yacht sang some choruses. Some of the more energetic of the guests played tennis. Those present were the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis, the latter wearing a becoming gown of blue flowered silk and straw hat; Bishop Salisbury, the Bishops of Dunedin, Waitapu, Christchurch, and Auckland, besides numerous clergymen. Amongst the ladies were Mrs Glasgow, in a handsome black silk gown, stylish bonnet; Mrs Bell, black silk, with blue and green bonnet; Mrs Robinson, black silk grenadine, jet bonnet; Mrs Pitt, steel grey satin, jet bonnet; Mrs Percy Adams, pretty grey and black striped silk, large black hat; Mrs H. Kingston, green gown, pink waistcoat, jet bonnet; Mrs L. Adams, white costume, large white picture hat; Mrs Fell, grey surah with passementerie trimming, chic little bonnet; Mrs Richmond, rich grey surah, grey and pink bonnet; Mrs Littlejohn, a becoming gown of tweed, made plainly, and trimmed with black moire and jet; Mrs Broad, pretty black and white tweed trimmed with black moire, black bonnet with touch of yellow; Mrs Seafie, black gown with yoke of heliotrope veiled with large black hat; Mrs Cook, pretty pretty flowered delaine, forget-me-not bonnet; Miss Cressey, checked tweed gown, white hat; Misses Fell (two), in becoming blue crepon gowns with white insertion trimming, forget-me-not bonnet; Miss Browning, white and black costume and skirt, rose pink waistcoat, large black hat; Miss Heaps, pale yellow crepon coat and skirt, white blouse, pretty white hat; Miss D. Atkinson, yellow crepon with brown waistcoat, brown hat; Miss L. Atkinson, white and black tweed, trimmed with electric blue silk, pretty black hat; Miss A. Bell, stylish gown of palest grey crepon, with black moire and jet, chic little hat with row of rosettes under the brim; Miss F. Kinsling (Auckland) chic, exceedingly well in pale blue and white, with white surah full sleeves and underskirt, burnt straw hat; Miss Hunter-Brown, bright pink crepon, large hat; Miss W. Hunter-Brown, fawn tweed, large black hat; Miss Marsden, tweed gown, gold bonnet; Miss Gibson looked charming in butter muslin trimmed with black moire, black hat; Miss McCulloch looked pretty in white spotted muslin, large white hat; Miss Jones, black skirt, heliotrope silk bonnet, large black hat; Miss Huddleston, black and white muslin, black hat; Miss Canley, fawn drid costume, sailor hat; Miss Ledger, grey and black gown, pretty boat-shaped hat; her sister wore a pretty black and white muslin; Miss G. Pitt, soft white silk, becoming hat, trimmed with hattercock; Miss Glasch, grey, soft black and white silk, pretty and stylish hat; Miss Davidson, bright yellow crepon trimmed with black insertion; Miss McEae (Richmond), checked tweed gown, white hat; Miss H. Saxton (Belfast), chic crepon, white and black, with white surah, were white silk, red sash, and a white hat. Mrs Mules received her guests on the terrace, and wore a black flowered gown, lace mantle, and jet bonnet.

On Sunday, our distinguished visitor

DR. WORDSWORTH.

Bishop of Salisbury, preached an eloquent sermon to a crowded congregation in the Cathedral in the morning, and in the evening the Bishop of Christchurch again filled the Cathedral.

THE THEATRE

is occupied for three nights by the Pollard Lilliputian Opera Company. They have had very fair houses so far, but the General Synod which will meet here now, somewhat interferes with the attendance at the theatre.

OUR PEOPLE.

All the wanderers are home again once more. Miss Gibson, Miss Gilbert, and Miss... of this week, and all seem to have thoroughly enjoyed their holidays. Mr Gibson, the new assistant master at the boys' College, has also arrived, and already seems to be very popular with the boys. Mrs Watta returns from her trip to the States. Her son, Mr O. Watta, came with her, and is staying at 'Molrose.'

The Bishop of Nelson and Mrs Mules entertained the members of the General Synod at a garden party last Saturday, and Mrs Richmond and Mr and Mrs Melanesians entertain them in a like manner next Saturday at the 'Cliffs,' and we hear rumours of a third garden party for the week after next, so we are quite gay.

PHYLIS.

HINTS ON HAIR.

FALLING OF THE HAIR is one of the most common troubles. The hair comes out sometimes in spots, but usually there is a general thinning out all over the head, the hair becoming dry and brittle, breaking off and splitting at the end. This annoying ailment is almost always indicative of one or two things: either a lack of nourishment or else a hot, feverish condition of the scalp. The treatment then must depend on the general condition of your health. If you are in a weak, debilitated state, or if you are suffering from long-continued or severe nervous mental strain you must overcome these conditions before you can expect any improvement in your hair. Or, on the other hand, if you are in a plethoric state, full blooded, with feverish symptoms, and a sensation of heat in the head, dry, hot skin, etc., you must likewise correct this tendency before you can have healthy growing hair. In either case tone the system by tonics, good food and plenty of rest and sleep; avoid hair restoratives, hair tonics, etc., and take flowers of sulphur in small doses (say a quarter of a teaspoonful twice a day in a little milk). Stimulate the roots of the hair by frequent and long-continued use of a soft brush; clip off the split ends, and keep the scalp clean. There is nothing better for washing the head than tepid water and Castile soap, to which has been added a tablespoonful of alcohol, cologne or bay rum.

In nearly every instance, thorough brushing will keep the hair soft, tractable and glossy, but if it is very stubborn and you think you must have a dressing I advise the use of either of the following as safe—the last one especially is clean and cool, and free from greasiness, being really a fluid neutral soap. It is the very best dressing for children's hair that can be used. Remember that any hair dressing should be used sparingly and well brushed in. Take of castor oil four fluid ounces, alcohol two fluid ounces, add any perfume you like and shake well; or bay rum eight fluid ounces, glycerine two fluid ounces; or pure sweet oil six fluid ounces and lime-water two fluid ounces. Shake well every time it is used.

FRUIT STAINS.

SOME THAT WILL COME OUT AND OTHERS THAT CANNOT BE REMOVED.

As the fruit season waxes it becomes burdensome to keep napery spotless. Who has not beheld with dismay one's favourite damask hopelessly discoloured with peach, cherry and berry stains? Some suggestions may be of assistance in remedying the mishap. In the first place do not wash the linen before applying other remedies. To do so sets the stain almost indelibly, and it then has to pass through all stages until time and the laundry leave but a pale yellow reminder, which consumption does not follow usually until the fabric is threadbare. For berry stains have some one hold the cloth so that it sags a little and pour absolutely boiling water through the spot; rub well. If this fails, light a bit of sulphur and hold under the wet spot—a lighted match will answer; and the sulphurous gas usually does the work, the stain gradually disappearing. But there are some that will not 'out'—peach stains, for example. Then you must have recourse to salts of lemon, which is good, but apt to leave a hole in lieu of the stain. By extreme carelessness in its use, however, it will not do such dire damage. Take a sunny day for the task; first moisten the spot and then rub on a very little of the salts of lemon; lay the linen in the sun for two or three minutes and then wash thoroughly with soap and warm water. Success nearly always follows. Other stains, like iron rust, are more easily removed. After washing the article squeeze lemon juice on the spots and then cover thickly with salt. Lay in the sun all day, wash, and if the rust is not entirely removed repeat the application. This is equally good for ink stains.

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

A WONDERFUL child is at present on view in Berlin; though scarcely two years old this mite can read fluently, not merely printed matter, but manuscript, and that whether the Gothic or the Latin character be employed. This small prodigy began to exhibit a taste for literature towards the end of his first year, without being in the least pushed or incited thereto by his parents, who are ordinary illiterate folk. He commenced by asking the meaning of the inscriptions beneath pictures, and proceeded thence to the titles of books exposed in shop windows. When a number of movable letters are given him he arranges them into words, and even sentences, and will then pronounce the result in a tone of voice in no way differing from that of any other infant of the same age, a circumstance which adds immensely to the quaint effect produced by the spectacle of such immature erudition.

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A soothing, healing, and emollient mix for the face and hands, and is most cooling and refreshing to the skin in hot climates; it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, roughness and redness of the skin, pimples, cutaneous eruptions, &c., soothes and heals prickly heat, stings of insects, eczema, burns, and all cutaneous irritation more effectually than any other preparation, and produces soft fair skin, and a lovely delicate complexion; it is warranted harmless, and free from any lead or poisonous ingredients. Bottles, 2/3 and 4/6.

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is a pure, fragrant, non-gritty tooth powder, and warranted free from acids or other ingredients which destroy the enamel; it whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Sold by Druggists and Chemists

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Ayer's Hair Vigor

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IMPORTANT CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for Rowland's Macassar Oil, Kalydor, and Odoto, of Messrs. Garton, London, and see that each article bears their signature in red ink; all others are worthless and poisonous imitations; 100 years prove that Rowland's are the best and only genuine.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



ODES for the autumn season are still occupying all our attention. There are some novelties in details, but fashions are still the same as regards the general cut of corsage and skirt. Again the crinoline topic is *sur le tapis*, and some of the Parisian dress-makers who have already been obliged to make their fair clients wear either many befouled starched nainsook petticoats, or three narrow steels inserted in the foundation of their draped skirts predict that in the winter a kind of modified crinoline, with all the artistic improvements of which Dame Fashion is capable, will be *de mode* among the Parisiennes. If our anti-crinolinists do not gain the day, we shall probably take to the crinoline about springtime.

Large shapes, twisted in very becoming curves, and trimmed modestly either with ruddy berries, reasonable wild flowers, not to mention the large gauze ribbon bows that in some light glacé shades remind us of dragonfly's wings have been generally affected at the recent southern race meetings. Not half so flattering to the *mignon* faces thus crowned, but very dainty in their way, were some of the 'doll's plate' toques worn at Lewes. Round the tiny plateau which fully deserves its nickname, were flowers or shells in profusion, virtually making the hat. To return to our larger and more artistic *chapeaux*. This 'holiday' hat could be sported equally as well at provincial races, the seaside, along the



THE MOREL HAT.

river, or at cricket matches, where a large shape is essentially welcome, when the *Roi Soleil* is in full splendour. Corn-coloured Panama straw manipulated into a form decidedly complimentary to the wearer's features, be they either of the 'Marguerite' or 'Carmen' cast, is ornamented with crimson velvet ribbon and ripe berries intermixed with their own rich green foliage. Falling from under the brim is an additional bunch of fruit resting on the hair. In some hats I have seen these pendants droop over each ear. They are very French, and give a certain style to a large coiffure. Among favourite flowers we may count the various coloured convolvuli, that with their trailing grace are even displacing clover.

One ordinary three-quarter open coat, that especially in drills and serges, is now monopolized by 'igh life down-



A NEW AUTUMN COAT.

stairs,' will, in the eyes of foreigners, soon be as Britishly proverbial as the plain trousers and straw hat, associated

with the regulation 'John Bull.' We can just tolerate the 'Eton' and 'Bolero,' but are thankful when we come across a coat constructed on entirely novel lines. (Quite as smart and newer than any double-breasted garment, is to-day's suggestion for an appropriate early autumn jacket. White cloth and military blue serge are the fabrics brought into service, and very well they took, the dark material forming the principal portion of the coat, while the light-coloured tissue constitutes the very originally-planned revers and sailor collar. Round the throat, at the pockets, and on the cuffs, the white cloth is further employed in the shape of broad piping. Blue bone buttons, matching the shade of the serge, are introduced on the lapels that invisibly hook together in the centre.

The pretty evening frock sketch for my third illustration is in pale blue China silk with fancy silver braid edgings round the frilled sleeves and collar. The becoming arrangement of the neck for a young girl who is not fully developed



YOUNG LADY'S EVENING DRESS.

should be noted. A tiny silver thread runs round the sash ends and skirt. This looks well in muslin worn over a washed last year's white silk dress.

Fur and velvet are much worn this winter, the former being introduced on white satin bridal gowns.

I noted some charming toilettes worn during the Canterbury cricketing week. A popular Kent beauty, who had a brother in the native team, was greatly admired in an *cau-de-Ni* sunsh blouse, with a cream serge skirt. But 'blouse' seems far too work-a-day a term for the beautifully-draped



A SMART CANTEBURY GOWN.

corsage with its cream *point d'esprit* collar and lichen velvet shoulder rosettes with narrow ends meeting to form a V at the throat. The drapery of the jupe and upper portion of the sleeves, carried out as nearly as possible the folds of the bodice. I also noted a good many grey doe-skin shoes and jet corselets built in graduated peaks.

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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.

IN A PARIS HAIRDRESSER'S SALOON.

MADAME THE HAIRDRESSER INTERVIEWED.

'AND the parting in the hair, madame, will it continue in favour?'

'Yes; to attain a good white parting one should comb the hair from the crown of the head down over the eyes. The comb should be levelled from the tip of the nose straight up through the hair. This insures a straight parting. Then, with a finer comb, each hair should be carefully picked out to either side, for what an amateur considers a straight parting an expert finds faulty.'

'A little tonic rubbed on the parting once a day and then the hair rapidly and vigorously brushed away from it on either side produces gloss that is becoming.'

I noticed that all the women in the room were having their hair arranged with the fashionable parting in the centre. Undoubtedly no coiffure for summer will be considered correct unless that white line shows somewhere above the forehead.

Women with slender faces, so my informant went on to say, should never allow the parting to be too pronounced. A short, soft fluff of hair should be worn across the eyebrows to relieve the severity. This should be especially observed with high foreheads. If the forehead is low and the face slender, then the fluff in front may be omitted, but the hair coming from the sides of the parting should be cut short and curled that it may hang about the temples. These locks should be slightly confined by invisible hairpins, for nothing is untidier than half-curled hair dangling about the face; only the most youthful face can stand it.

Madame told me that some women, who make a fad of this parting, have one or two lines of hair pulled out from either side to produce a broader space, and that each day the parting is thoroughly rubbed with a weak solution of peroxide of hydrogen and warm water by a stiff nail-brush. This removes any dust that may settle there.

The result of the 'side bangs,' worn some three years ago, is a parting that is most objectionable. It curves around the head from ear to ear. It is the despair of two-thirds of the women, for these same 'side bangs' have not grown enough to cover it.

A cure, says madame, is not to crimp so tightly. Wear the bangs straight as often as possible, brushed back and pinned to the other hair. When they must be curled, slightly wave them over a large iron and be careful to catch them back to the former hair. The hairpins may not be artistic in the side of the hair, but of the two evils they are the lesser. Again, the hair grows back quickly with this treatment.

WHY WOMEN GROW OLD.

THERE are follies and follies in this world, but among the most senseless of these is the idea that because a woman has seen a certain number of years she must be relegated to some cosy corner and fill the position of the old lady of the family, leaving the gaieties and pleasures of life to the youngsters. This is much less common in this country than in England.

There is much to be said in favour of the idea that people are no older than they feel. There are individuals, indeed we all know them, who are far in advance of the calendar, and at thirty or thirty-five are older than many others at double their years. It is not at all worth while to grow old faster than one's health and labour demand. Once parted with, youth never comes back again. Any effort to return to its pleasures is looked upon with the utmost disfavour by society. One can stay young and is all right, but having given up youthful enthusiasm, the world seems to frown on any effort to revive it, and the criticisms indulged in by friends and relatives are frequently so cutting that the first attempt is the last one.

There is a proper and becoming enjoyment of the good things of this world that should never be allowed to die out on account of the years or circumstances of the individual.

There are so many interesting things in life, and one can be so companionable and necessary in one's circle that it is the sheerest folly to give up and grow until actual feebleness makes it imperative. Even then, one may retain much of the brightness of youth and acceptably fill one's place in the world and society.

People grow old more frequently from inertness than for any other reason. It is hard work to stay young, and those who find it too much trouble to do so, drop very rapidly into the limp and careless condition of old age. Human nature has to be kept up as much as any of our other possessions, and when one is satisfied to let it go hap-hazard and fall into slipshod ways, age takes advantage of the circumstance to increase his inroads and put his seal upon us.

Of all things in the world keep young and bright and cheerful and up to date. For, of all forlorn things, the most forlorn is the person who is spoken of and looked upon as 'a back number.'

NECESSARY REST FOR WOMEN.

WOMEN nowadays find it no easy matter to take that rest which they should have, which, after all, is one of the most frequent causes of indigestion, consequent headaches, and general irritability, the latter ailment usually being described in the family as common or garden bad temper. The ordinary woman does not sit down and realise these matters, she goes on day by day gradually losing her sweetness of disposition and lessening her physical strength. A thoroughly selfish woman goes off to the doctor, and after trying tonics and nerve stimulants lapses, nine times out of ten, into a state of semi-invalidism which, if not trying to herself, is infinitely fatiguing to all who have to answer her more or less fanciful demands. Now, if the necessity for rest had been properly realised, a great deal of this state of affairs might be prevented. Busy women say that they cannot afford it, and others with a ridiculous sense of superiority exclaim, 'I never lie down unless I am in bed.' What a busy woman might manage occasionally is this—after a fatiguing day even twenty minutes' absolute rest taken in a horizontal position will enable her to eat a better dinner, and, what is of still greater importance, digest it. The effect of sitting down to meals when overtired is that our digestive organs cannot deal with nourishment as they should, even supposing that exhaustion produces a kind of fitful hunger. Then there is another point where the individual will come into the matter. Do not fret over small matters. I am quite aware that nine people out of ten will tell you that you cannot help it if it is natural. I beg leave to differ; it is nothing in the world but a matter of habit, which you find grows upon you in proportion to your cultivation of it. One more word of advice, and I have done with this matter for the moment, and that is, take more of your sleep during the first part of the night than is usually the case. There is no doubt in my mind that sleep taken then is infinitely more reviving in every sense of the word, hence I suppose it used to be called 'beauty sleep.'

SICK HEADACHE.

THE best physicians agree that treatment between the attacks is most likely to cut short their number and lessen their intensity. The cause should be discovered if possible, the overwork stopped, the mental anxiety or distress removed, the errors in diet corrected, or the late hours exchanged for early ones. Then a simple laxative may be needed to prepare the system to benefit by a tonic; cod-liver oil, iron, gentian, quassia, or whatever the doctor recommends as best suited to the particular case. The diet should be abundant and nourishing, avoiding rich made dishes, pastry, or anything liable to disorder the digestion. Exercise in the open air, stopped before there is any feeling of fatigue, is important. When the first unpleasant symptoms are felt lie down with the head low, and take a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a little water. If there is chilliness put a hot water bag to the feet and cover warmly with a blanket. If there is nervousness and depression take half a teaspoonful of tincture of valerianate of ammonia instead of the aromatic spirits of ammonia, and repeat the dose in fifteen minutes. Have the room darkened, keep perfectly quiet and endeavour to sleep.

Should these remedies not avert the attack, and the pain and nausea begin to manifest themselves, take a tablespoonful of strong tea or coffee, without milk if possible, very hot, or very cold, and repeat every fifteen minutes for four doses. If the nausea continues the sufferer usually imagines that it will be relieved by the act of vomiting and is anxious to have an emetic. This may be the case if the headache has come on immediately after eating, when the stomach contains a mass of undigested food, otherwise it is better to try to soothe the gastric disturbance and check the desire to vomit. Effervescent citrate of magnesia, iceed vichy or soda water will often produce this result.

When the pain is severe a piece of linen may be dipped in alcohol and water, and a single fold bound on the forehead, wetting it as soon as it becomes dry. Sometimes a flannel wrung out of boiling water and applied as hot as it can be borne will give more relief.

If the feet are cold they can be immersed in hot water containing one or two tablespoonfuls of mustard. This is not impossible even if the sufferer cannot sit up. Lying on the back with the knees bent the feet can be put in a foot-bath of water placed on the bed with little or no disturbance.

After the nausea has disappeared some easily-digested food should be given.

There is no royal road to the cure of sick headache nor any specific that will always relieve it. The cause must be sought for, and, if possible, removed, and the earliest symptoms of an attack watched for, and, if possible, combated.

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.)

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NODINE & CO.,

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

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This Powder, so celebrated, is utterly unrivalled in destroying BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all insects (while 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 FURS, 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 INTESTINAL 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.

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 Skilful 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

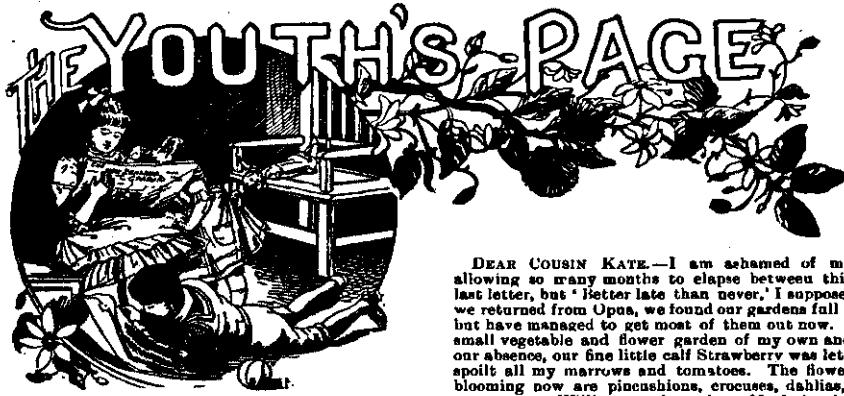
As well as it can be done anyhow, by anyone, anywhere in the world.

Empire Tea Company.

W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.

PROPRIETORS,

WELLINGTON.



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 30s, 3d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I was awfully interested in this week's GRAPHIC about cousin Lon's trip to Russell, as I myself was there about four years ago and know some of the places shementioned. I stayed there six weeks so had plenty of time to see all its beauties, and was wondering whether she went to a lovely little place down the harbour called Tiki-Tiki (Oara). It is not quite so far as Opua, and you approach it by a tidal river. It is rather a hard place to get at, as you have to wait for high tide, and then paddle your boat up between tall mango trees. Tiki-Tiki Oara is a mountain, and is far higher than Flagstaff Hill (Russell), and there is a most lovely view from it. Travellers from all over the world say that it is one of the most glorious sights they have ever seen, there being dozens of little islands dotted all over the blue sea. We stayed there the whole afternoon, and had afternoon tea, and when we came down from the mountain we had to hurry very much because we thought the tide had turned, and in that case we would have had to stay there all the night, but it had not, so we packed up the remains of our picnic, and sailed home at dusk. There is also a very small island at Russell, called Mill Island, and from this island we got the largest oysters I have ever seen. The old church at Russell is one of the most historical in New Zealand, as the Europeans took refuge from the Maoris in it, and all its sides are marked with bullet holes. In the graveyard there is a splendid monument erected by our Queen to the memory of that grand old chief Tamata Walker Nene, who fought so bravely for the Europeans. As this is my first letter to you, I am sure you will think it is quite a long enough one. Hoping you will have no objection to my becoming a cousin—I remain, your affectionate cousin, CLOVER. Auckland.

P.S.—I went by your receipt for cream candy, but after boiling it for a whole hour it was no thicker than when I commenced. Can you tell me why?

[I am so sorry your candy was not a success. I must make some with careful measurements and see where you could have come to grief. I have several others, especially one for chocolate creams, which all read as if they would be excellent eating, but I must try them, and then I will put them in. To tell the truth, I did not personally try the candy recipe, but I was certain I could rely on my authority for it. Did you use crystallised sugar, and did you let a little bit drop into water to see if it was cooked? All my other recipes say, 'Do not stir after the sugar has melted.' Did you stir yours? Your letter is a very interesting one. Have you a sketch or photograph of that quaint old Russell Church? I feel quite proud of my cousin's correspondence. What do you think of the puzzle column prize suggestion. If the cousins like the idea, I will offer a prize as Cousin Laura suggests.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is a good while since I last wrote to you. I made a mistake when I last wrote. I mean I should like to see all of the cousins. Thank you for the badge; I received it safely. No; I have never tried to make jam, but my mother makes very good jam, and it is so nice. I am very glad that school has started again, are you? Do you go to school, Cousin Kate? I do. How old are you, Cousin Kate, if you do not mind telling me? I have written small this time. We had our Sunday-school picnic on the 29th of January, and it was so nice, and I enjoyed myself very much. Do you have to always wear the badge?—Your loving cousin, JESSIE. Taunaka.

[No, you need only wear the badge when you like, but whether you have it on or not, I hope you and all the cousins are kind to submit always. One of the cousins asks me how many members of the Humane Society there are? Not nearly so many as I want to have. In order to get the badges done as cheaply as possible so as to be able to sell them at 5d—postage 1d—I had to get one hundred, and there are not more than a quarter taken up yet. However, I am hoping that when the cousins have recovered from the Christmas presents they will all buy badges. My lessons are all done at home and in the GRAPHIC Office now, Jessie. They are not quite the same as yours.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am ashamed of myself for allowing so many months to elapse between this and my last letter, but 'Better late than never,' I suppose. When we returned from Opua, we found our gardens full of weeds, but have managed to get most of them out now. I have a small vegetable and flower garden of my own and, during our absence, our fine little calf Strawberry was let in. She spoilt all my marrows and tomatoes. The flowers I have blooming now are pinushions, crocuses, dahlias, German asters, sweet Williams, and pansies. My father bought me a little saddle about Christmas time, and my little brother always rides on it too. Lou's pony is fat now and I can never catch her. The Kawa Kawa races were held yesterday, and there were such crowds of Maoris about. Such beautiful horses were raced, and only one jockey was thrown, but escaped uninjured. Isn't the fruit ripening quickly now? We have received such quantities of peaches, though we have none growing ourselves, but our grapes will be ripe in March, I expect. Hoping it is not too late to wish you a Happy New Year, goodbye for the present.—STANLEY.

[Is it not strange that weeds grow so much faster than flowers? I think it is a good year for peaches. (Quite young trees of ours had some. You are more fortunate than I in the way of flowers. I have none just now, except two great trees of white flowers. How nice for you to have a saddle. You all seem to have a very fair time in this world! A Happy New Year to you.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Thanks very much for putting my letter in the GRAPHIC. I am glad you think I wrote a good letter. Will you kindly allow me to join the 'New Zealand Graphic Humane Society'? I am sending six stamps for a badge and also my address. In my last letter I said I was going to write a story for the Evening Post Christmas Competition. Well! I did and I got second prize, which was five shillings. Are you going to have any more competitions, Cousin Kate? It would be a grand plan to have a doll competition and see who could dress a doll the best. Don't you think it would. I would like to make another suggestion if you won't mind. It would be nice if you could give first, second, and third prizes to the cousins who answered the most puzzles at the end of each quarter. You could make a rule that all puzzles sent in must be original, and that all competitors must give their real names, ages, and addresses, so they can be printed at the end of the quarter in case they won a prize. You would have to name a certain day that the answers to the puzzles must be in by, and if they arrived later than the appointed day the competitors would not be credited with answers. I went to an opera called 'The Forty Thieves' last Saturday. The wardrobe and scenery were very pretty, but the singing was not very good. I also went to hear Cyril Tyler. I don't think very much of his singing. He can scream and that is all. Mrs Oldham's singing is simply lovely. The Maritana lost in the yacht races that I told you about. It was only through an accident too. The boatstay broke when they were off Some's Island. I dressed a doll to give to a little friend of mine for a Christmas box. Father gave me a pound and two books called 'Atalanta' and 'A Sweet Girl Graduate' for a Christmas box. On Christmas and Boxing Days I went to see the cricket match between the Christchurch and Wellington Midland Clubs, which was held in the Basin Reserve. I did not like it very much, it was too slow. I think it resulted in a draw. It rained all New Year's Day and two days after. I have got such a lot of books to read now. The names are: 'To Right the Wrong,' 'Moonshine,' 'Dead Man's Rock,' 'Nellie's Memories,' 'Lover or Friend,' 'Three Featherers,' 'White Heather' and about ten others. How many cousins have joined the 'New Zealand Graphic Humane Society' Cousin Kate? I am enclosing a few puzzles. In the Lady's Pictorial they have a children's page, and if the contributors like, they can send their photos to the editor, and be printed one every week. I forgot to say that perhaps the cousins would like to subscribe towards the puzzle column prize fund. They could send you, say sixpence each. Jill has got two puppies. One is fawn like herself, and the other black and tan. I hope you enjoyed yourself out camping. The regatta is to take place on 22nd of January, and yachts from Christchurch, Napier, and Auckland are going to take part in the races. I must now close my letter, as I will be taking up too much of your valuable space. Do you or any of the cousins know of any place in England where you can send old N.Z. stamps and get foreign ones in exchange. I collect stamps and have got 139. I remain, your affectionate cousin, LAURA.

[The stamps did not arrive. Are you sure you enclosed them. I hope all the cousins will fasten one corner of them to their letters in future. I would have sent you your badge, but you forgot to give me your surname. You gave me your address and Christian name, but I am afraid to send the badge without a surname. Your puzzle suggestion is a good one; I will think it over. I have not read this week for the puzzle and story, but will put them in next time with thanks.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have come home from Onehunga. I enjoyed myself very much. I left here in the midday train last Thursday fortnight and arrived at my aunt's place about 4 p.m. The first night I was there Mr Pegler (senr.) and myself went halibut for oala, but we only caught one, and as that was a big one it was quite enough for our dinner next day. The next night we took it into our heads to go after flat-fish, so I got the blacksmith to make me a spear, while Mr Pegler made a lantern. About 7 p.m. we started on our way towards the place, where we saw the lanterns of some other people lit up the night before. It was a long

tramp, but we soon got there and put on our shoes. When we went out into the water we sank almost to our knees in the mud, so we had to get out of it as fast as we could, and walk along the beach till we came to a place where the ground was more firm. After walking quietly about in the water for a long time without even seeing one flat fish, Mr Pegler said we had better give it up and go home and go to bed, but just then I happened to see two, which I speared, and then we turned for home. The next day I noticed that the boys would run after the 'bus and catch hold of the handle of the door and stand on the steps, and so have a cheap ride for nothing to the place they wanted to go. That same day I was going to fish on the wharf, so getting my lines and my bag strapped over my shoulder, I waited for the next 'bus. I had not long to wait, however, for the 'bus soon came rattling along, and just as it got opposite me I ran out and sprang on to the steps where another boy was standing, and had a fine ride nearly down to where it stopped, so letting go the handle I tried to jump, but my foot slipped, and I fell to the ground face downwards. I was soon up again, for I did not want anyone to see me. When I got to the wharf I found the Takapnna was just about going to leave there. There were a lot of passengers on board. But I passed on and went to the end of the wharf, where I pulled out my lines, but then I found I had no bait, so I had to go nearly all the way back to get some, and with that I caught five schnappers. The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon I went to the park, and to church in the evening. I did not go to the iron works, because it was not being worked while I was there. I had a lesson on photography from my uncle, Mr Pegler, the reproductions of whose photos often appear in the GRAPHIC. I suppose you read an account of the fire at Onehunga, Cousin Kate. If not, I will tell you all about it, for I was one of the onlookers. It was the first fire I had ever seen. We had all gone to bed and were fast asleep when I was awakened by hearing a strange sound. I looked towards the door and saw my uncle going out of his room in a great hurry and then ran downstairs and say something about going out at the front door. I then thought there was a burglar in the house. In the room that I slept in there was no window in the wall, but one on the roof. My eyes happened to move towards it, and then I knew there was a fire. I seemed to think it was our house on fire, so I sprang to the floor and slipped on my clothes, and ran into my aunt's room. Aunt was getting dressed. I went to the window and looked down on the street and saw crowds of people, who seemed to be looking in the direction of our house, but they were looking at something a little higher up the street. We then went downstairs and opened the front door and went across the other side of the street. There were three houses on fire, and there were only two houses between ours and the fire. It was a pretty sight to see the firemen in their uniforms, working away as hard as they could, and the flames bursting out of the windows of Mr Robb's house. I stopped till it was all over. On the Saturday following I came home after enjoying myself very much. I am now going to school, which is about 1 1/2 miles from home. I hope my letter will not be too long, Cousin Kate. I could say a lot more, but I must leave it till another time. I hope to see my letter in the GRAPHIC soon.—FROM WILLIE OLDHAM. Taunaka.

P.S.—Please excuse my mistakes.

[I hope you will never get on a 'bus step again. It is really very dangerous. I used to travel eight miles by 'bus every day nearly, now I do not come into town so frequently. The small boys often jump on the steps, and the drivers whip them off for fear of accidents. I have seen several boys get very severe falls. I am glad you so much enjoyed your visit, though on the whole you do not seem to have caught many fish, though you had all the fun of fishing for them. I hope you will like your school and get on very well there.—COUSIN KATE.]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

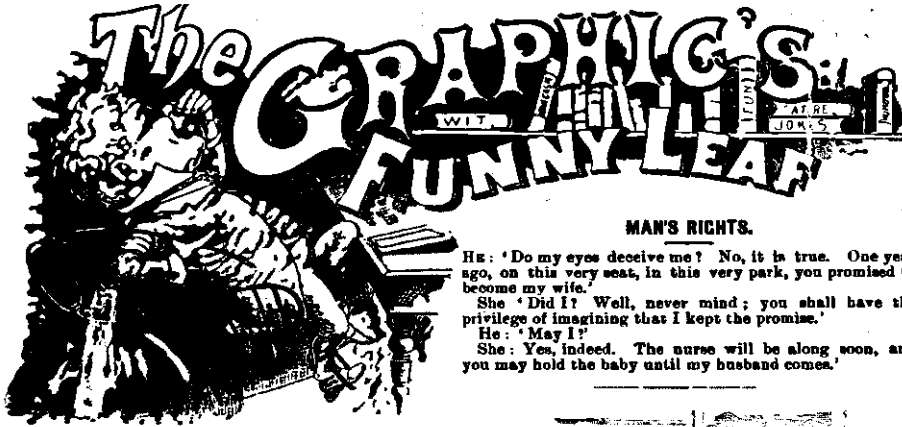
- ENIGMA. (1) The first and the chiefest in riches I'm seen, Although I'm in poverty always have been; And although I'm in rage I am yet on a throne, And without me a monarch could ne'er own a crown. (2) The beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, The beginning of every end, and the end of every place. CHARADE. (3) My first advancing, oversteps the plain, And brings my gloomy season in her train, But of my total—readers—ah! beware! For deadly poison is the fruit I bear.—LAURA.

ANSWERS.

- (1) Charade: Turnstile. (2) Cross. R I F T I N G O S H E T T I N G H I S T O R Y N O T I C I E S W O L F I N T H E R I E S H I R L I N E S.

POINTS ABOUT PINS.

THORNS were originally used in fastening garments together. Pins did not immediately succeed thorns as fasteners, but different appliances were used, such as hooks, buckles and laces. It was the latter half of the fifteenth century before pins were used in Great Britain. When first manufactured in England the iron wire, of the proper length, was filed to a point, and the other extremity twisted into a head. This was a slow process, and four or five hundred pins was a good day's work for an expert hand. The United States has the credit of inventing the first machine for making pins. This was in 1824. The inventor was one Lenuel Wellman Wright. Many remarkable improvements have followed, and the machines of the present day send off, as if by magic, whole streams of pins, and these fall so nicely adjusted for the papers pricked for them that two small girls can put up several thousand papers in a day.



'THE WOMAN WITH A PAST.'

NOT a 'par' appeared, not a single note,
To reveal where the lady was banished,
Not a Prude has gloated a single gloat
To confirm that she really has vanished.

We look for her vainly, 'tis true, by night,
Our opera glasses turning,
As we scan the puppets from left to right
And the footlights dimly burning.

Long, so long, were the parts she would spout,
And she harrowed our souls with sorrow,
But the playwright will mourn her if really played on,
And he'll bitterly think of the morrow.

He'll think as he lies in his wakeful bed,
And worries his bump of invention,
That a different type must be boomed in her stead
To capture the public attention.

Scarcely they'll think of the lady that's gone—
The changeable slaves to sensation—
But little she'll reck, if they let her go on
In the way she has done since Creation.

Slowly and sadly the 'Fourth Estate,'
When their intimate discourse is 'shoppy,'
Will come to admit that she's quite out of date,
And they'll leave her alone in their 'copy.'

D.M.

A SMART ANSWER.

A CERTAIN worthy colonial bishop, who shall be nameless,
once had a confab with a rabid Baptist pulpit-pounder, who
insisted that there were several places in the Bible where
immersion was unquestionably referred to.
'Yes,' replied the bishop, 'I recall two such instances,
where there can be no doubt as to the mode: one is where
Pharaoh and his host got lost, and the other where the
Gadarene pigs tried to learn swimming!'

STERN NECESSITY.

'We should be thankful for small mercies,' said the board-
ing house mistress.
'We have to be,' replied the star-boarder, as he gazed at
the diminutive turkey.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

THERE had been a meeting of the Synod or something, and
the platform of the railway station was afterwards thronged
with persons who were returning to their vicarages.
'And some on 'em used very bad language, too,' observed
a porter to a poor curate, who had to travel by a later train.
'No, no, my good man,' replied the curate, 'you must be
mistaken, what you heard was probably some expression in
Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, that you did not understand.'
'Well,' said the porter, 'all I can say is I don't under-
stand no Latin; I don't understand no Hebrew; and I don't
understand no Greek; but he couldn't open the door of the
carriage, and what he said was "damn," and I understand
that.'



DEAR FRIENDS.

ETHEL: 'I wonder if he loves me as he says? He has
known me only a week.'
CHARISSA: 'He may, if that's all the time he has known
you.'

MAN'S RIGHTS.

HE: 'Do my eyes deceive me? No, it is true. One year
ago, on this very seat, in this very park, you promised to
become my wife.'
SHE: 'Did I? Well, never mind; you shall have the
privilege of imagining that I kept the promise.'
HE: 'May I?'
SHE: 'Yes, indeed. The nurse will be along soon, and
you may hold the baby until my husband comes.'



A NEAR APPROACH.

MAMMA: 'My darling child, did you ever dream of being
in heaven?'
LITTLE MAUDE: 'No; not exactly; but I dreamt once
that I was right in the middle of a big apple dumpling.'

FRIENDSHIP.

'YOU horrid, mean, detestable old thing,' said a young
woman in brown, stepping up behind a young woman in
grey, who was enjoying a solitary ice cream at a confec-
tioner's. 'You're a perfect pig.'
The young woman in grey turned an astonished face to-
wards the speaker, and the speaker was covered with con-
fusion and blushes.
'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I beg your pardon! I thought you
were a friend of mine!'
'Of course, I knew you did, from the way you spoke.'
Which is commentary on friendship.



TAKEN LITERALLY.

HE: 'As to modes, I think modern dress reveals the vanity
of the human heart.'
SHE: 'Oh, I never saw one cut so low as that!'

COMING EVENTS.

Now all the college boys bestow
Upon their hair and muscle
Consummate care, because they know
In football they must hustle.

AN EPITAPH.

'THAT man Ardop,' said the man in the mackintosh, 'was
as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived, but he was always in
debt and always hounded by creditors. Poor fellow! he
deserves a better epitaph than an unfeeling posterity will
engrave on his tombstone.'
'Well, damned, good and faithful servant,' suggested the
man who had his feet on the table; and a deep silence fell
upon the group.

ONE WORD TOO MANY.

OLD GENT (proposing health of happy pair at the wedding
breakfast): 'And as for the bridegroom, I can speak with
still more confidence of him, for I was present at his
christening. I was present at the banquet given in honour
of his coming of age, I am present here to-day, and I trust I
may be spared to be present at his funeral!' (Sensation).



HER FATHER'S SAY.

HE: 'What do you think your father would say if we
were to run away and get married?'
SHE: 'Really, I don't know; but I imagine he would say
I was a bigger fool than he thought I was.'

A GREAT COMPLIMENT.

SHE had rejected him and it made him sore, and he was
kicking.
'Why,' she said, 'you couldn't have paid me a higher
compliment than by asking me to marry you.'
He picked up his hat to go.
'And you could not have done me a greater favour than
to refuse me,' he replied with scorn.
Three months later they were married.

A PESSIMIST.

'I WONDER why Jones is so grievous a pessimist!'
'Well, he was married to the girl of his choice about
three years ago—'
'Yes.'
'They had been married only two days—'
'And she died!'
'No; but he got the influenza, and it lasted right
through the honeymoon. Do you wonder that he feels as
if he had been robbed, and has a grudge against the
universe?'

EMOTIONAL PERSEVERANCE.

THEY tell us we can love but once;
Perhaps they're right; but then,
How many who have tried it once,
Will never try again!

GOOD REASON.

COUNTRY RECTOR: 'There was a stranger in church this
morning.'
WIFE: 'What did he look like?'
RECTOR: 'I did not see him.'
WIFE: 'Then how did you know there was a stranger in
the congregation?'
RECTOR: 'I found a five-pound note in the collection.'

READY FOR THE FRAY.

'So you are going to meet that charming Miss Dashleigh.'
'I expect to have that pleasure.'
'Suppose she should strike your fancy?'
'I shall strike back again.'

HE who loves and loves in vain
Thinks he will not love again;
Rails at woman and her wiles
And loves the next time woman smiles



SHE (to one who has been making love in the most approved
fashion): 'But, really, Harry, are you serious?'
HE: 'Serious? You don't suppose I'm doing this thing
for the fun of it, do you?'