

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XV.—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1895.

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



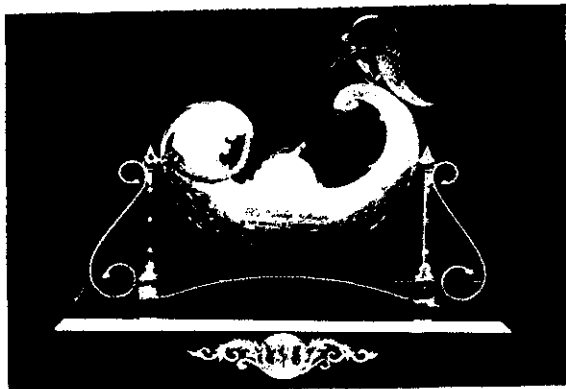
THE DUNEDIN KENNEL.

SEDDON, Master of Hounds (to F—H and E—NSH—W):—'Now if you don't stop that snarling and yelping, you'll not only miss your feed—but get the whip. Look at the good dogs there what they've got.'

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A CRIMINAL Court of Appeal would really seem to be a necessity. Certainly the hands of those in favour of it have been greatly strengthened by the result of the commission which 'sat' on the Dean case in Sydney. Dean has been practically retried and been acquitted, and probably ere this appears in print that extremely injudicious judge, Mr Windeyer, will have been requested to resign. At any rate, it is to be hoped so. The manner in which he charged the jury, and the manner in which he addressed the prisoner in passing sentence were so exceedingly ill-advised that there can be no doubt the position could be filled to greater advantage. The objection to the Court of Criminal Appeal is that every murder case would be tried twice. This need not necessarily follow. The power of deciding whether the prisoner shall be allowed to appeal, like the granting of a reprieve, should be vested in the Crown, the Governor, of course, being advised through the ordinary channels. At the same time it must be remembered that the jury have already the power to grant an appeal by refusing to agree.

IF you should happen to have gained for yourself the honour of a chief magistracy, it should be your prayer that a son might be born to you during your term of office, then, possibly, if you were as popular as Mayor Parks, of Palmerston North, you might have the pleasure and honour of being presented with a silver cradle. The engraving herewith given, which reproduces a photo of the silver cradle presented to the Mayor of Palmerston North, shows what a desirable possession such an article must be. That Mayor Park deserved his good fortune is very amply shown by the unanimous expression of feeling which prompted the presentation. The cradle is a very handsome affair, and is thus inscribed:—'Presented to his Worship the Mayor of the Borough of Palmerston North, William Park, Esq., by the members and officers of his Council on the occasion of the birth of a son during the term of his



SILVER CRADLE, PRESENTED TO MAYOR PARK, OF PALMERSTON NORTH.

Mayoralty, the Council's coat-of-arms, on a shield, being placed below the inscription. The illuminated address was the handiwork of Miss McLeod, and it reflected great credit on that lady's taste and skill.

The gathering at the presentation function appears to have been a most enthusiastic affair. There were bumpers of champagne, pleasant speeches about everyone, and in fact, general cordiality reigned supreme. The address, which accompanied the cradle, read as follows:—'His Worship the Mayor, W. Park, Esq., Palmerston North. Dear Sir,—We the Councillors and the officers of your Council, desire on the occasion of the birth of a son during your term of office, to convey to you our heartfelt congratulations, and at the same time to express our satisfaction at the manner in which you have carried out the duties devolving on you as the elected head of this community, and the kind and firm manner in which you have ruled in the Council during your protracted term of office. We beg that you accept the accompanying gift as a slight token of our admiration of your actions as a citizen, a Councillor and a man. Hoping that Mrs Park and yourself will long live to enjoy the esteem in which you are held by your fellow-townsmen. We beg to subscribe ourselves.' Then, of course, followed the names of the donors.

A public holiday will be doubly appreciated in company with Frossard's Cavour Cigars. All Tobacconists, 8 for 1s 3d. (Adv. 1)

AN excellent story is going the rounds at the expense of the Fire Brigade Salvage Corps at Charlestown. A fire broke out in a building in the town, and according to the local paper, there were in the cellars two or three barrels of ale, the value being, of course, considerably under a tenner. In the upper story lay several bales of hops valued at something over £500. When the fire started that noble band of heroes never hesitated for a moment. They worked like Trojans to roll up the barrels of beer from the cellar and left that paltry five hundred pounds worth of hops burn as it would. 'It is at such moments as this,' says the local scribe, 'that real genius shows up.' It was remarked that an epidemic of swelled heads had broken out in the ranks of the Salvage Corps next day. It is, moreover, not considered safe to ask a Salvage Corp man to 'have a beer' unless you are prepared to risk a breach of the peace.

THE greatest pleasure in life: What is it? I have been reading an article on the subject, and confess to have been enlightened as well as interested. The writer observes truly that 'Thomas Moore, the poet of the minor passions, has asserted in one of his best-known and most popular lyrics that "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," and his dictum has passed current among the sentimental contingent for many years. Nevertheless Moore was mistaken. Love's young dream, which is a mild form of insanity, usually harmless, may commend itself to Corydon and Phyllis, to Jemmy and Jessamy, as the one thing desirable and altogether lovely, especially with its usual accompaniments of blushes, tears and kisses, of moonlight strolls and stolen interviews, of dreams of future bliss and elysian happiness, but to those who have passed the green and sallet age, and who look at pleasure in a more material and reasonable light, there is something much more pleasurable in life than love's young dream.

'WHAT is it? It is the surcease from pain of body or agony of mind, and one is only a correlative of the other. Let anyone be candid with him or herself and the admission must be made that life's greatest pleasure is found in the cessation of pain and agony, bodily or mental, and the return to that normal condition in which mind and body perform their normal functions automatically, and when the human being, the ego, becomes again practically unconscious of its environment, and has no thought or care of what it shall eat or what it shall drink or wherewithal it shall be clothed.

'Such a pleasure as this, great and overpowering as it is, is not momentary or instantaneous, and is, therefore, so much the greater. Convalescence, in proportion as it is continuous, is cumulative, and therefore the joy is heightened and intensified, until the invalid, gaining strength day by day, and acquiring new interest in life with each rising sun, comes to believe that life is worth living and that his past experience of sorrow and suffering may well be forgotten and put aside, as one shakes off the remembrance of some horrible night-mare.

'WHY have we no treatises on the pleasures and delights of convalescence? The literature is full of the cries of anguish of the sick and miserable, the groans of the wounded, the wails of despair of the incurable, and even the plaints and moans of the imaginary invalids and hypochondriacs, but it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to offset this lugubrious collection with the joys of convalescence. We have been familiar since the beginning of the world with those who, following the Scripture, say in the morning, "Would God it were even," and at even, "Would God it were morning," but those who awake each morning with a sense and feeling of returning health and increasing strength, and who lie down at night with a consciousness of having made a day's journey on the upward road, have found no chronicler, either in prose or verse, no historian or essayist to celebrate their victory over sick-

ness and disease and to sing hymns of joy upon their deliverance.'

THE unwisdom of smoking a pipe with one's head over a bucket of gunpowder would, one would have thought, have suggested itself to anyone, even the philosophic wife of a Maori *rangitira*. But apparently the good lady of a well-known North Island chief thought it the most natural thing in the world to stoop to examine a large bucketful of powder with a live pipe sticking out of her mouth. The result was exactly what might have been expected. The unfortunate woman's head was terribly blown about, and she is at this writing still in a somewhat precarious condition. A gentleman who was present writes to tell me that the victim was greatly startled and surprised at the result of dropping the spark into the bucket. That is just the point: people always are surprised at the most obvious effect of the carelessness which breeds accidents. Whenever you read—and that is not very seldom, worse luck—of persons killed by accidental discharge of fire arms, the person responsible is always unfeignedly 'surprised' at the result of their folly, though those results are as certain as that night follows day.

It sounds incredible enough, but the writer once had a friend who insisted on smoking while loading his cartridges one day. It was in vain we remonstrated. 'There was,' he asserted, 'no real danger. It was a million to one against his dropping a spark into a cartridge.' But at last, of course, the inevitable explosion took place, and with it half the imprudent one's eyebrows left hurriedly. Yet the man was undisguisedly disgusted and surprised. 'How could it have happened?' were the first words he used when he could speak.

UNLESS Dame Rumour's tongue tangles the truth up terribly, Queen Victoria's son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, is (according to an American exchange) inclined to forget at times the sage advice of Claudian: *Crede ratem ventis, animum ne crede puellis*. (Trust your barque to the gales, your heart don't trust to the girls). While the Prince was recently visiting Spain he insisted on going to a fair in Seville with the frolicsome Duke of Orleans. In one of the tents two Andalusian belles danced native dances for the benefit of the foreign princes, and the fun grew fast and furious. Finally Prince Henry remarked that to crown his delight he only needed a sight of one of those broncas, or duels with knives, for which fair Seville, or Seville fairs, may be said to be famous. His wish was gratified, but in a way not pleasant to royalty. In the early part of the day the madcap Duke of Orleans had snatched a kiss from one of the flirting rustic beauties frequenting the fair. The girl didn't resent this, but her lover instantly tried to insert a knife between the royal ribs. Orleans was spirited out of the way by the police, but later the angry lover happened to catch a glimpse of him in one of the tents, and began shouting most frightful socialist abuse at him. At first the Andalusian peasant's picturesque flow of profuse profanity was ignored by the noble party, but it became so violent that finally the Marquis de la Mina struck the man with his cane. Instantly a Seville bronca broke forth, and the dukes and princes had a hard time defending themselves against the raging peasants and the Andalusian beauties, till the police came again to their rescue. It is officially announced in Europe that the Duke of Orleans is in bed from a hurt received while out hunting with the Duke d'Alba, etc., and Prince Henry of Battenberg is suffering from a severe official cold. But it is safe to say he has learned one fact on which he will keep discreetly silent when next he entertains his mother-in-law with an account of his travels. That fact has two facets. A Seville bronca is worse than a Mexican broncho and a Spanish beauty is sometimes a snare Andalusian.

Overheard at a Dance at Havelock.—'Arry (running up to the belle of the ball): 'Hanybody got yer?' 'Arriet: 'No.' 'Arry: 'Ave me?' 'Arriet: 'Yes.'

THE young people's social in connection with All Saints' Church, Auckland, went off with *éprit*.

Horses, Sheep and Cattle Ailments

VETERINARY BOOK free with every bottle, containing full instructions for the treatment and cure of various ailments. Based on the latest scientific principles. London, England, are the sole manufacturers, County & Mitchell, Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Speedily Cured by "Condy's Fluid."

THE 'theatre hat' question seems as far off settlement as ever. A lady who takes great interest in its decision sends me some correspondence which has taken place in an American society paper on the subject. 'My appeal, a week or so ago (says the lady editor of that periodical), for any woman who had really a good reason to offer in favour of wearing hats to the play to write it to me, brought me quite a mail. I failed to find any argument contained in any of the effusions, however, that could be considered as being based on a good reason. For instance, "Irene Perry Weber," who insists upon addressing me as "Dear Sir!" believes that women cling to their hats at the play because "women look infinitely better with hats than without." "Because"—she goes on to say—"so few women have nice hair, or know how to arrange it." Then she pooh-poohs my suggestion of the economy their abolition would be, by informing me that "when a woman knows a thing is becoming, she is bound to have it, even if she goes without shoes to get it!" She concludes by reminding me that "girls are pretty nice things and I'd better not try to improve on them!" I would like to observe, *en passant*, that, though I have been a girl quite some little time now, I am convinced there remains much room which could be most happily devoted to their general improvement!

'THINK of what slovenliness the lady accuses her sex of when she admits that because they do not take the time or trouble to be *bien-coiffes* they must hide their deficiencies with a head-covering of one kind or another. I wonder what such women are supposed to do when they go to balls or the opera. Surely "Irene Perry Weber" would not condemn them to eternally wearing hats. If women can make their tresses appear attractive for one occasion, why not for another? Why, indeed, should a woman ever be anything but well groomed? What dreadful untidiness does one confess one's self intimate with when one clings to a hat as a covering for an unattractively-arranged *coiffure*! Then what a horrid idea that—going without shoes, which are not seen, to get something becoming to wear which is seen! What becomes of the well-groomed woman's feelings of *bien-être* under such a régime as "Irene Perry Weber" and her arguments in favour of the theatre hat would establish? No—no. I must have some more conclusive reasoning than such as this, before I relinquish my animosity toward a custom which is selfish, senseless, and extravagant.'

SESSION AND SOCIETY.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

(OUR PARLIAMENTARY FLANEUR.)

THE Wellington Club is proverbially unlucky in the matter of weather. I can scarcely remember a ball there which has not had the elements against it. So it was not surprising that on Tuesday night we should have had a raging southerly gale blowing, with the accompaniments of squally rain and bitter cold. Still, if these things did in any way cut down the number of guests, they were not an unmixed evil, for the throng which filled the hall and rooms of the Club was just about as large as even that spacious building could reasonably contain. There can be no doubt that either Wellington is growing larger, or that people are determined in an extra degree to enjoy themselves this winter, for I have never seen such musters here as at the social functions of the last month. What makes it the more noticeable is that there are not so many strangers here just now. Of course the session has brought its quota, but then most of our politicians are in too deadly earnest to trouble society much. Mr and Mrs Wilfred Lawson, son and daughter-in-law of the great English temperance advocate, are staying here; Miss Russell is down from Napier with Captain Russell; Miss Studholme and Miss Rolleston are up from Canterbury; Judge Kettle has looked in on his way from Wanganui; Government House contributes no less than four aides-de-camp or secretaries—all of them dancing men, and of course the naval officers are in evidence. But nineteen-twentieths of those who make up our social gatherings are Wellingtonians, either native or newly-settled, so one must come to the conclusion that Wellington is growing. One thing is certain, if it goes on at this pace either the houses will have to be enlarged or hospitable people will have to give two dances instead of one, or else begin to attempt the awful process of sifting and selecting amongst those to whom they now send invitations.

To come back to the Club ball, the dancing was spirited, the ladies looked charming, and the guests of the evening—Lord and Lady Glasgow—looked radiant, as well they might, surrounded by so friendly a concourse. Possibly the cable message of the morning

announcing the resignation of the English Liberal Cabinet and the return to power of Lord Salisbury had not exactly depressed His Excellency, who may scarcely be expected quite to weep at the exit of Lord Ripon from the Colonial Office. But the two most striking features of the ball were the good taste of the decorations and the splendour of the supper. The rooms of the Wellington Club are loftier than usual, and without any lavish display the hosts had managed to make them look extremely effective. This is not a season of flowers. Nevertheless, combinations of wattle blossom and camellias mingled with fern and lycopodium softened and brightened walls and corners, and with the help of palms and the usual aids of screens and drapings did wonders. The electric light, too, is a marvellous aid to ball-room decorations, and every one who has an eye for colour ought to thank it. On the whole the ball was pleasant in every way, and may be classed with the birthday ball at Government House among the distinct successes of the winter season.

Dr. and Mrs Grace are not new-comers in Wellington, but quite the reverse. They are so well-known and so hospitable that a change of residence in their case becomes a social event. So I make no apology for chronicling their move from Charlotte-street to Hawkestone-street. In the latter place they are now established in what was Mr Nathan's house. Good as it was, its new owners have made it better, and its drawing-room in particular is now one of the most cheerful and tasteful looking rooms in Wellington, besides being larger than of yore. Its holding capacity was tried to the utmost on Wednesday, when Mrs Grace's afternoon tea became the means of assembling most of the best known society people in Wellington. Mr Prouse, whose fine voice will be all the more prized here now that Mr Gee has said 'good-bye,' helped to make the afternoon pleasant by singing several songs, amongst them 'The River of Years,' which you will permit me to recommend to those of your readers who have not heard it.

Parliament is once more met together—that is to say about half the Upper House and most of the Lower gathered last Thursday and business was started on Friday. I cannot say that the doings of the first day or two were exhilarating—to the mere onlooker at any rate. To me, the House of Representatives without Sir Maurice O'Rorke resembles Washington Irving's spectre horseman, who, as you will remember, was wont to take his midnight rides headless. Mr Guinness is doubtless a most estimable Chairman of Committees, but seated in the Speaker's chair, he is not Sir Maurice. To begin with, he can wear no robes, and a Speaker without robes is like a judge without a wig. Then, too, Sir Maurice was not the only absentee. To say nothing of Sir George Grey (whom some new members have never even seen), Mr Mitchelson, and something like half the Auckland contingent were battling with foul winds off the Taranaki coast, instead of lolling comfortably on the benches of the House. Absent, too, were the Hibernian McGuire, valuable for the delicious richness of his brogue, and Mr Buick, detained at home by the unhappy illness of his wife. The venerable, or, at any rate, aged Hutchison, appeared indeed at the opening, but he has since disappeared, and is understood to be on the sick list. The genial member of the Executive, known to Maoris as Timi Kara, and to the pakeha as the Hon. James Carroll, is also at home reposing after the fatigues of an arduous, albeit bloodless, campaign in the Urewera country. No doubt these vacancies will fill up steadily—nay, some of them have already done so, but for the present the House of Representatives seems a maimed and incomplete body. Whether it be for this reason, or on account of the abominable weather of the last week, certain it is that the strangers' galleries have been but scantily filled, and, worse still, the ladies' gallery has been at times almost empty.

The Speech from the Throne indicated a new Minister. Who is to be the lucky man? Pirani, Pinkerton, Larnach, McGowan Tanner, 'Riccarton' Russell, all are talked of. Many are the speculations, numerous the nods and winks. Most honourable members who are in the running seem to think the addition to the Cabinet likely to be a national benefit. They talk sympathetically of the cruelty of continuing to overload an already overburdened Ministry, and protest against the inhumanity of working willing horses to death. On the other hand, several other honourable members are equally clear and unflinchingly distinct against the proposed change. They declare that if Ministers are overworked, it is because they are for ever doing what they need not do and ought not to do. The sympathies of these incorruptible patriots are bestowed rather upon the overburdened taxpayers, who will be called upon to pay for the new portfolio. I need scarcely tell you that these stern and relentless critics are one and all gentlemen who are scarcely likely to be asked to join the Seddon Ministry. But then, as the wise American observed, 'There is a great deal of human nature in this world.'

HERD'S POINT—TAKAHUE ROAD.
MANGANUIOWAE BRIDGE CONTRACT
 (ONE SPAN OF 60 FEET, ONE OF 25 FEET, AND TWO OF 10 FEET.)
 Tenders will be received at this office till noon of FRIDAY, the 26th July, for the construction of a Bridge over the Manganuiowae River, near the Post-office, Manganuiowae, on the Herd's Point, Takahue Road, according to Plans, Specifications, and Conditions to be seen at the Office of Mr G. S. Mueller, Road Inspector, Hawera, and at this office. Tenders to be addressed to the Chief Surveyor, Auckland, and marked No. 251 Contract. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

GERHARD MUELLER,
 Chief Surveyor.
 Lands and Survey Department,
 Auckland, July 1st, 1895.

District Land and Survey Office,
 Auckland, 25th June, 1895.

IT is hereby notified that the under-mentioned Town and Suburban Lands will be submitted for sale by Public Auction at the Land Office, Auckland, on FRIDAY, the 9th day of August, proximo, at 11 o'clock a.m.—
TOWN OF OPAU (Block XXI).—Section 1, 1r, total upset price £5; 2, 1r, £5; 3, 1r, £5; 4, 1r, £5; 5, 1r, £5; 6, 1r, £5; 7, 1r, £5.
SUBURBS OF WEYMOUTH.—Section 5, 5a 1r 2p, total upset price £10 10s; 7, 6a 2r 3p, £13 10s; 8, 7a 3r 3p, £15 10s 9d; 9, 4a 2r, £12 10s; 2a, 1r 2p, £10 15s; 4a, 3a, £5; 4a, 2r, £5.
VILLAGE OF OPAU.—Lots 8, 15 Section 2, 2r, total upset price £1 10s; 11, 1r, 15s; 17, 1r, 15s; 23, 1r, 15s; 10, 10a, 11, 12, 13, Section 3, 3a 1r 17p, £10 2s 6d; 5, Section 4, 1r, 15s.
SUBURBS OF POKERO.—Lot 9, Section 1, 8a 0r 3p, total upset price, £16 17s 6d, subject to £35 for gas-in-fee.
PART H HAUTAPU (WAIKATO).—Section 15, 24a 2r, total upset price £73 10s, open land on Walkway River, 7 miles below Cambridge.
PIAHIA COUNTY, TAIRUA S.D., Block II, (Suburban Lots at Tairua).—Section 2, 4a, total upset price £8 subject to £25 for house, fencing and cultivation; 3, 3a 2r 2p, £7 17s 6d, subject to £25 for grassing, etc.; 4, 7a 0r 7p, £12 2s; 5, 1a 0r 13p, £8 14s; 6, 2a 2r 2p, £5 5s 6d; section 6, subject to £12 for house and cultivation; section 7, 2a 2r, £5, subject to £61 for house, fencing and clearing; section 8, 1a 2r 3p, £3 8s 9d, subject to £22 for house, stable and grassing; section 9, 1a 3r 10p, £3 12s 6d, subject to £20 for house, fencing and grassing; section 10, 5s, 21s, subject to £27 for house, clearing, fencing and grassing; section 10A, 1r 15p, £2 13s 9d, subject to £15 for house and cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-fifth of the purchase money on the fall of the hammer, and the balance, with Crown Grant fee, within 30 days hereafter.


GERHARD MUELLER,
 Commissioner Crown Lands.

District Land and Survey Office,
 Auckland, June 25th, 1895.

IT is hereby notified that the under-mentioned TOWN and SUBURBAN LANDS will be offered for Sale by Public Auction at the Land Office (Auranga), on WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of July, 1895, at 11 a.m.—
VILLAGE OF APUARUA (Museum Endowment Block).—Lot 1 to 16 inclusive, Block XI., containing 4 acres. Total upset price, £12. Situated at Te Puke.
SUBURBS OF OPOTIKI.—Lot 51a, containing 6a 3r 13p. Total upset price, £11. Situated opposite Opotiki.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-fifth cash on fall of the hammer, and balance within 30 days with Crown grant fee.
 GERHARD MUELLER,
 Commissioner Crown Lands.

W. G. THOMAS,
 WHOLESALE and EXPORT PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER
 STEAM WORKS: GOSPEL OAK GROVE,
 KENTISH TOWN, London, N.W., England



A PIANOFORTE SAME DESIGN AS CUT
 FOR
25 GUINEAS, INSECT AND VERMIN PROOF
 Packed in zinc-lined case and shipped to any New Zealand Port FREE.
 SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE COLONIES.
 7 OCTAVES, trichord treble, check action, pinned hammers keys made and covered in one piece and screwed. Iron-frame volume sound board and celeste pedals. Hundreds of these perfect Pianos have now been sent to all parts of the World. Terms—Half cash with order, balance on production of shipping documents. ILLUSTRATED LISTS OF OTHER MODELS, free by post on application.

CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA.

PICTON 1895.



Kinsey photo.
 J. R. MILLER, No. 3. A. H. BARNETT, Bow. E. J. JACKSON, Coach.
 W. A. WIGGINS, Stroke. C. W. HASELDEN, Cox. R. B. POWNALL, No. 2.

WELLINGTON ROWING CLUB.

WINNERS OF JUNIOR OUTRIGGER FOURS, CHAMPION REGATTA, PICTON, 1895.



A. J. BISHOP, Coach and Trainer. A. FARGEANT No. 2. J. SWINDLEY, rowed for Sargeant.
 J. H. CRAWFORD, Bow. F. WOLFF, No. 3. C. POLL, Stroke.
 F. JAMES, Cox.

Kinsey photo.

TAXES.

The house tax in Greece brings four hundred thousand dollars a year.

Russia raises one million five hundred thousand dollars a year by the sale of passports.

In the time of Queen Anne soap was taxed one hundred and forty dollars a ton.

A tax on dogs was levied in Rome during the reign of Nero.

The rate of taxation has nearly quadrupled in France since 1830.

A hearth tax was formerly assessed in many of the German States.

The soap duty in Holland brings seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to the Government.

Holland is the only country in Europe that admits coffee free from duty.

In Portugal the tobacco tax brings four millions five hundred thousand dollars; the land tax three million five hundred thousand.

Germany pays ten million dollars a year taxes on salt and thirteen million dollars on sugar.

In parts of Peru taxes are paid in cocoa leaves and Peruvian bark.

The Australians pay fifty million dollars in taxes to support their government.

Until about forty years ago the Persian Government levied a tax on cats.

The French people pay over ten million dollars a year taxes on their windows.

The taxes of the people of America equal about ten dollars to each inhabitant.

In the early days of Virginia and Carolina colonies taxes were paid in tobacco.

The capitation or poll tax is believed to have been the earliest form of taxation.

During the fourteenth century in Italy a tax was levied on every one who wore shoes.

Custom duties on imports were collected in England by Ethelred II., as early as 979.

The mention of any sort of taxation in Greek history is a tax levied by Solon, B.C. 540.

THE extraordinary enthusiasm to which a London audience may be worked up is hardly conceivable to anyone who has not been present, say, at a Rubinstein, Sarasate, or a Paderewski recital. The last-named pianist on one occasion caused such excitement by his wonderful playing that he was simply mobbed by a crowd of ladies who invaded the platform. *Punch* took advantage of this incident to produce a highly amusing sketch representing Paderewski seated at the piano, protected from a possible onslaught by four typical English policemen. When Rubinstein gave his last cycle of recitals in London some eight years ago, crowds of people took possession of the steps of St. James' Hall and waited patiently there some four or five hours before the doors were opened.

WELLINGTON ROWING CLUB.

CHAMPION FOURS REPRESENTATIVES, PICTON 1895.



G. N. GOLDIE, Trainer. J. SWINDLEY, Bow.
 G. P. COADY, No. 3. A. G. BUSBY, Stroke. P. GRAHAM, No. 2.
 F. JAMES, Cox.

THE CROWN MINE, KARANGAHAKE.

IN the present revival of mining the great gold district of Karangahake plays an exceedingly important part, and the Crown mine, some pictures of which are here given, plays perhaps the most important part in that district. The GRAPHIC artist who went down to sketch the district specially for this paper, thus briefly describes what is to be seen:—

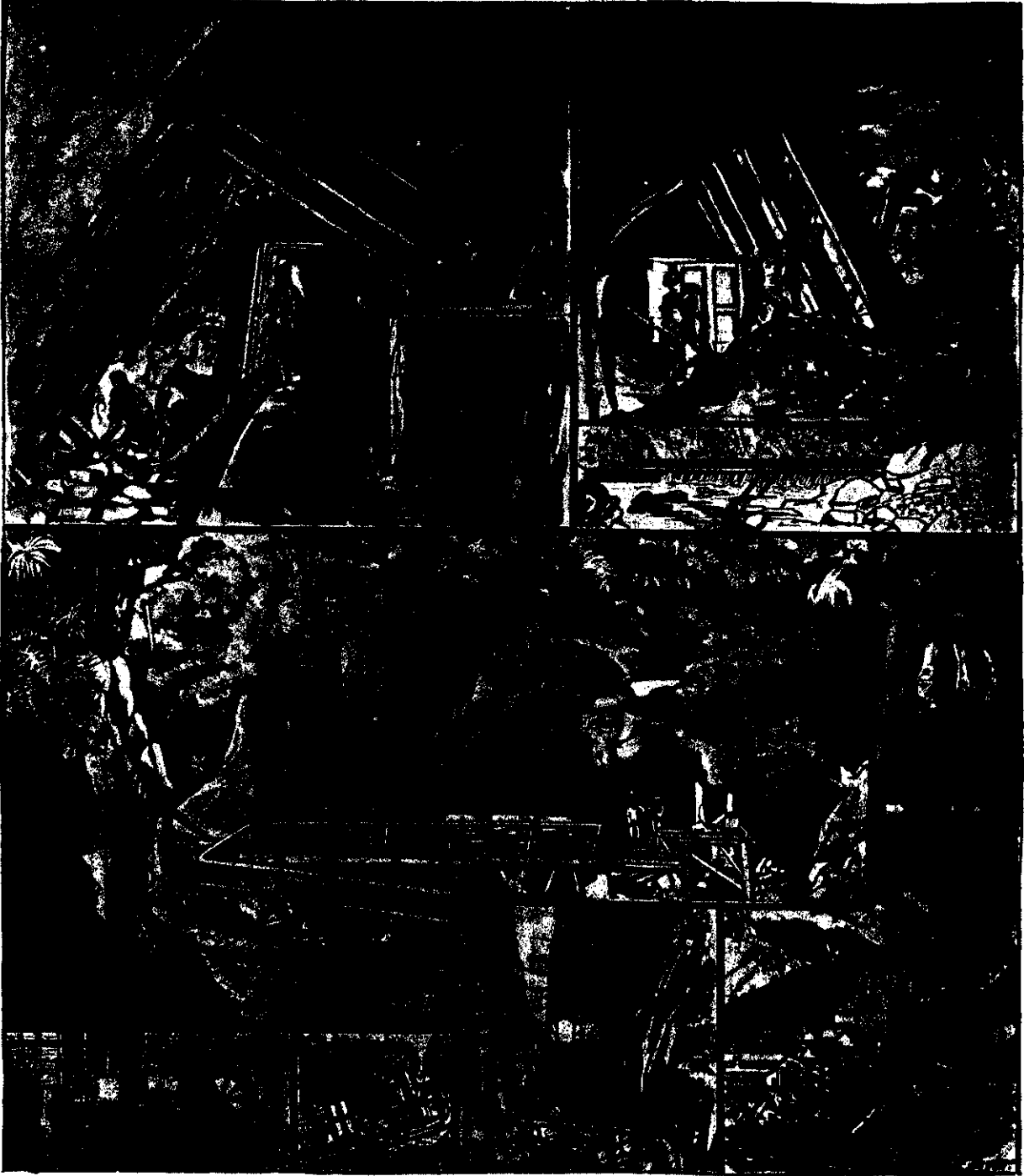
* Crossing the suspension bridge over the river which runs through Karangahake, one comes to a veritable

miniature rapids as the water eddies in and out through the crevices. About half-a-mile from the starting point, passing the Woodstock on the right, is reached the Crown mine. The view depicted in the centre illustration is characteristic of the exterior of the mine. The general impression left on the mind is of solitude. The men are at work in the mine, and the only signs of life are the truckers who emerge from the mine with trucks loaded with ore.

Each truck is run along and added to the train of those waiting, and when a train has the requisite number of

shows how trucking on an incline is managed by means of a brake. A cable truck is shown in number eight, and the last picture is number nine—a view of the battery from the river. This is, by the way, the biggest battery in Karangahake.

RUMOURS persistently fly that Melba and the violinist Adamowski are soon to be wed, says the *New York Morning Journal*. There is no doubt of one thing—Mme. Melba is deeply in love with the violinist, and the principal reason that moved her to sign a contract with Ellis,



labyrinth of trucks and rails. It is a centre or junction which connects with all the mines on one side of the river. There are men turning tables, where the trucks are turned and sent off to their respective batteries, some going one way, some another. I was lucky enough to get a lift on a train of empty trucks which were going up to the Crown mine. The railway to this spot is full of interesting views connected with the different mines. It winds snake-like at the base of a narrow gorge. About twenty feet below the railway is the river, which is very picturesque, as it runs through the gorge, broken here and there by rocks, which form

trucks attached it is despatched to the battery, which is nearly a mile from the town, being the other side of the township.

Our first illustration shows an underhand slope in the main drive, and the second shows the work in progress stripping the reef. Number three is a view on the river near the Crown mine. Number five is a small sketch of the manager, who offered the GRAPHIC artist every facility in the sketching. Number four has been already described as the centre picture. The air-compressor, by which means the rock drill is worked, is shown in number six, and number seven

the Boston manager of the Symphony Society, was the fact that Adamowski urged her to do so, as he is a member of the concern and could thus travel with her. We do not in connection with marriage recall, however, that Melba was ever finally divorced from her previous husband, Mr Armstrong. There was a divorce suit in which the name of the Duke of Orleans was prominently mentioned, but the charges were never finally proven, and if we recollect aright the suit was stopped without any final conclusion. It is possible, however, that a divorce may have been granted since then, and more privately.

THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT THE WOMAN'S PAGE.

THERE are certain incongruities in life which are quite unexplainable.

We are living in an advanced age, when newly-born habits are raised in incubators; when kissing is denounced as a distributor of bacteria and hence a promoter of disease; when the 'new woman' (excuse me; it was quite unavoidable—I had to mention her, claims that what is good for man is also good for woman.

At the same time, in this city of New York, where we pride ourselves that we are always 'up to date,' in the same newspapers wherein woman's interests are declared synonymous with man's interests, flourishes that weird and primitive incongruity known as *The Woman's Page!*

On this remarkable sheet you will find nothing what ever in the shape of news, except an occasional speech



THE EDITOR'S PARTING INJUNCTION: 'DO CHANGE THESE GLOVES FOR ME.'

by Susan B. Anthony, and a flowery report of the last riddle which the 'Corner Woman' of Sorosis asked the rest of the enigma-loving troupe. But who cares for a little thing like riddles, when you may read a dainty little prose poem on 'The Care of Veils,' learn 'How to Buy Three Seven-Course Dinners for a Dollar,' enjoy a religiously morbid poem on 'Life's Denials,' signed by an elegant hyphenated name (such as only poetesses on woman's pages have), absorb some interesting information on face bleaching, get some free tuition on fortune-telling and 'The Management of Hens,' find out how big Queen Victoria's waist is, and the religious convictions of Patti's grand-aunt, develop an appetite over a menu for a small family (which if carried out would be enough for two dozen sldermen), revel in half-a-dozen recipes for vegetables, and obtain the wonderful secret of 'How to Clean Old Kid Gloves.'

All this remarkable range of versatility and information goes to make up an average 'Woman's Page.'

The women who contribute the material for this nineteenth century wonder are, for some occult reason, known as literary women.

In other words, if everything else fails—if shop-tending is too *declassé*, office-work too irksome, and the stage offers too many temptations, and a woman is content to live on about fifteen dollars a week and the satisfaction of seeing her name in capitals—then let her go ahead, and, exerting her vivid powers of imagination and description, write essays on lamp trimming, or millinery, or the arrangement of dinner-tables, and go down to posterity proudly as 'a literary woman.'

In time she may then become the woman editor of a woman's page. This chance is open to every woman of this country, just the same as the chance of becoming President of the United States is open to every man.

I have never been able to grasp the full duties of a woman editor. To see in all reports of functions that



THE LADY WHOSE NAME IS OMITTED.

the list of those present is complete and does not omit any influential woman, seems the first one. Nothing offends the club woman so much as to go to a meeting and not to see her name in next day's report. Some flippant person has suggested that this is what they go for.

Another is, to keep the page nicely balanced: not too much Susan B. Anthony, nor yet too many dead-baby poems, nor again, not too much fashion. She must not gorge her readers either with too many cookery recipes. A badly-balanced woman's page sometimes is all orange

souffe and corn fritters, and makes you feel like you did as a child after a Christmas dinner.



THE WRITER OF FASHION ARTICLES.

Another duty is, apparently, to cut out anything approaching humour.

If there were such a thing as an average woman editor, I should remark that the literary methods of the average woman editor are quaint. But there is no such thing as an average woman editor. They are all 'remarkable women of great attainments and intellect,' as you will find in the magazine articles that they write about each other; but the literary methods allied to those gigantic intellects are quaint all the same.

The feminine blue pencil is rough on jokes. Woe betide any alleged humorous article that falls into the hands of the woman editor. Naturally, she does not O.K. that which she cannot understand. Even the 'New Woman' is not developing a sense of humour.

Sad and morbid poetry about funerals and dead babies' little worn-out shoes and broken rattles, she is more merciful to. She knows that there is a demand for this. Happy and cheerful spinsters write these; and any after-



THE 'CORNER' WOMAN OF SOROSIS.

noon, when you are in the newspaper neighbourhood, you may see these flat-chested poetesses waiting hopefully around the woman's department with their purely imaginary productions.

The woman's page is always apt to betray the individuality of its editor. I have seen it under a change of management alter rapidly from a sheet of advice to mothers, to a so-called strong-minded-woman's daily report. There is an inability in the female mind to keep its own personality out of its choice of matter. Among men, a Democrat can manage a Republican sheet. This will always be impossible to the woman.

The woman editor's life is not all roses. She is often for politic reasons a member of Sorosis. It must be hard for a woman forty years old to have to fritter away the precious hours of a short life over such a problem as, 'How would man acquit himself of woman's duties?—i.e., work for his living, perform domestic duties, and bear the burden of maternity?'

She is responsible for all the hits made by the staff at public people. For instance, if Tessie Toddlekiss writes a story denouncing face bleaching, proving that it is productive of wrinkles, the woman editor may expect to encounter six rabidly fierce face bleachers next day, who will all accuse her of spoiling their business, and who—still worse—will take their advertisements out of the paper.

To restrain her staff 'from hitting the advertisers' is where she has to show real newspaper ability.

The American daily newspaper is acknowledged to be merely an advertising sheet, in which incidentally a few items of news and literary interest occur. That these

items should be pleasing and delectable in the eyes of the advertisers who support it, is of course of the first importance. The kind of literary tact that studies never to offend the advertisers has yet to be learned by the newspaper woman.

A woman editor gives a reporter and assignment in an entirely different way to the stereotyped and business-like manner in which a man editor does.

'Go and get an interview with Parkhurst,' she says, pinning some copy together with a hairpin, 'he's at home around six o'clock; and while you're in that neighbourhood go to Sterne's and change these gloves—sises instead of six-and-a-quarter.

Here she produces from the archives of literature the gloves. The reporter, being a woman, too, says:

'Say, what did you give for them?'

'A dollar fifty—aren't they sweet?' is the answer.

'Well, for my part, I prefer white with black stitching.'

An interesting conversation on gloves, and incidentally blouses, bonnets and sunshades, ensues, and suddenly the reporter starts and says:

'Oh! if I don't hurry I won't catch Parkhurst.'

'That's so, and it's a "must" story for to-morrow; but say, change the gloves first—the store might be closed, you know.'

The earnestness of the woman editor is an example to men of the same profession. You will hear men editors talking lightly about the style of an essay on spiritualism, or joking about bi-metallism and degeneration. I have seen a woman editor gravely return a recipe for 'cleaning brass doorknobs' to a young lady contributor, saying, that she 'regretted to find no literary merit in it.'

Deep study of the female corps of a woman's page has convinced me that women have more fertile imaginations than men. A man does not dare to write a yachting article until he has at least been out in a catboat; he hesitates a little to write a sporting column when his favourite sport is playing checkers with his sister. He even goes to Washington to write a Washington column.

Not so the woman. Most of the cooking recipes are composed by bright, imaginative society girls, whose one trouble is the fear that some day some enterprising and trusting person will try and work out one of the recipes.

The society columns are evolved by meek young women in the retirement of hall-bedrooms of the Y.M.C.A. Articles on the right of women to vote are furnished by the ivy and clinging order of women.

The popular girl bachelor style of stories are smartly turned off by married women.

Young unmarried women give some very remarkable information on the management of infants.

In short, if a woman has once made up her mind to be literary, she will write whatever there is a demand for, whether she knows anything about it or not. Men hesitate for want of knowledge, but women are not going to be deterred by a little thing like that.



THE SERIOUS YOUNG PERSON WHO WRITES ON THE OBLIGATIONS OF MATERNITY.

Industry is another quality in which newspaper women outshine newspaper men.

When they are not writing for newspapers, they are writing eulogistic articles about each other. Thus is established among them peace and unity; and thus they keep before the world names that a careless public might otherwise forget.

A newspaper woman receives about once every month a letter of the following kind:

DEAR MADAM.—Please send me a photograph of yourself with particulars of your life and work. I am publishing an article of Representative Newspaper Women in the *Morning Journal*. Yours, etc.

The enterprising newspaper woman hastens to pick out a flattering photo taken some ten years before, writes a florid description of her achievements and sends it to the address given, always adding that it is against her principles to seek notoriety, but that in this instance she feels that even modesty cannot persuade her to refuse the compliment, etc.

Then she awaits developments.

About a week later a flowery and laudatory article appears, and, reading the descriptions of 'Representative Newspaper Women,' the casual observer wonders how it is the world has not heard more of these intellectual stars. The article is decorated with those harassed-looking and uncompromising libels known as 'cuts.' So that there shall be no ill-feeling, it is stated under

* This question, in different words, was really discussed (in all seriousness) not long ago by this noted club.

each of these distortions of the human physiognomy that 'the above is a young woman of great personal attractions.'

When the article is printed, one of the women thus eulogized hastens to gather together material for another article. And yet there are people who assert that women haven't the advertising instinct!

For some reason which I have not yet been able to find, newspaper women revel in alliterative and kitchy names. It seems an unwritten law among the sisterhood that newspaper women shall write above paper-dolly pseudonyms.

The experienced and discriminating editor glances at the signatures of the copy he receives. If the signature ends in 'ie' he knows it is probably a photographic ac-



NEWSPAPER PORTRAIT OF 'A YOUNG LADY OF GREAT PERSONAL ATTRactions.'

count of how some young woman went and did something that isn't considered exactly respectable, so as to be able to tell about it in print. He hands this to the 'copy reader.' If the signature is hypenated, he knows that it is the work of a minor poetess trying her 'prentice hand on prose. He gives this to the waste basket. If the work is unsigned, he knows that it is not by a woman.

Although the newspaper woman is seldom taken seriously, she is expected to be a person of wide information, infinite tact and finesse, and wide resource.

One young woman who failed to obtain an interview with a well-known celebrity, was asked with surprise why she did not pretend that she was a relation of his suddenly returned from abroad. Here, you see, is one of the advantages of the profession; it prepares one also for the stage!

Another was told to go and interview a man about his race-horses. There are many men who would be 'phased' by this, and the woman was young in the profession and thrown into a violent state of perplexity. All that she knew about horses was that they had 'hocks,' and she didn't know where they were situated. Even in these days of 'freak journalism,' her interview was too remarkable a thing to be printed. The editor keeps it reverently with his first ball programme, his last love letter, and his receipted bills—between the leaves of his Family Bible.

I believe half the fascination in the profession lies in the fact that you never know what is expected of you. For my part, I should never be surprised to get a despatch at midnight (news paper despatches always come at midnight ordering you to go—half-an-hour before you get them—to some far-off and undesirable spot) saying:

Go to Heaven at once; get interview with St. Peter about baseball—two columns—to-night's paper.

CITY EDITOR.

And if I were to say that I didn't know anything about baseball, and that St. Peter had the reputation of not seeing reporters, the city editor would say: 'Well, can't you read up the baseball column as you go there? and say that you want to show him a new and superior kind of key!'

The other half of the fascination in this profession lies in the fact that you never know what your income is—or isn't. People with a settled income are afraid to spend because they know their limit so well. We, with unsettled incomes, are never afraid, because we are always expecting an unexpected windfall. It is true that generally we don't get it, but then we have had the good time that we bought with the money which we oughtn't to have spent. On this principle, you see, we get more good times than the people with settled incomes.

Apart from her profession, the newspaper woman is the ideal woman companion. In time, she is bound to be in touch with the world and its doings. She is broad-minded, extremely charitable in her estimate of other women, generous with her money, and she is seldom a snob. She is not troubled with the petty things of life. She will eat a banana and wipe a pen on her hair, while other women require dinners and penwipers! Once get her outside of the newspaper office, and the very training that she has received there makes her a 'right down good sort.' I recommend it as a capital profession in which to draw deductions from human nature, and an unsteady income.

JESSIE M. WOOD.

BILLY CAFFYN, the once famous Surrey cricketer, who had for pupils Murdoch and Bannerman, and who, with Stevenson, took the first team of English cricketers to Australia has been discovered at Hertford, where the old man, who is now seventy, earns a precarious living by shaving chins at three-halfpence a time. It would be a gracious act on his part if Mr Stoddart, returning full of golden honours from the colonies which Caffyn opened up for English cricket, were to organise a benefit for 'Terrible Billy,' as the old man was once called.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

BROCKWELL ON CRICKET.

IN the current number of the *Windsor Magazine* there appears an extremely interesting article entitled 'Cricket, Hints and Recollections,' written by Brockwell. The illustrations with which the article is accompanied are profuse, and most instructive and interesting. Young cricketers should, indeed, make a point of reading what Mr Brockwell has to say. A few of the pictures are here reproduced, but more cannot be taken, and those who wish to see the rest must obtain the *Magazine*.

'So many men well qualified to give advice to young cricketers have (says the author) written upon the game that it is now difficult to say anything both new and true.



HIGH DELIVERY (RICHARDSON).

There are many well settled rules, stated upon indisputable authority, all of which must be followed before success can be attained. But there is one thing needful for these rules to be of any service, one essential preliminary qualification, if the best advice is not to be useless. The beginner must have a love, an enthusiasm for the game.

'It is pleasant to see that this enthusiasm for cricket is very general and widespread, but I do not remember to have seen a more striking instance than one in the fall of 1889, when I had an engagement in South Africa. A match had been arranged for Douglas and Hopetown against Barkley West; the players had driven many miles from outlying districts to the Electric Ground at Kimberley; Miles and I were to be the umpires.

'Unluckily the weather was most unkind. The match had no sooner started than down came the rain. But



CUTTING (DR. W. G. GRACE).

no one thought of stopping, and apparently no one wanted to stop, save the umpires. The players were soon wet to the skin, but they played on. The ball was so wet that the bowlers could not get a grip of it, and to aid their efforts they repeatedly wiped it against their shirts, staining them red till they seemed drenched with gore. Even then they kept bowling no-balls, for the puddles round the wicket drove them outside the return crease. It was only when the players had been inveigled into the pavilion by the suggestion that they should take off and wring their shirts that they recognised the impossibility of proceeding.'

So much for recollections. Here is a specimen of the 'hints':—'In driving the great thing is to keep the ball

down. To do this it must be met at the pitch, and the hit be made well on top of the ball. Indeed, one should never attempt a drive unless one is certain of meeting the ball at the pitch or half-volley. It is a great advantage to be able to score all round the wicket, a weakness to have only one or two favourite strokes. Mr Stoddart has as many strokes as anyone now playing first-class cricket, and is especially good in front of the stumps.



BACK PLAY (SHREWSBURY).

'One caution may be added. The batsman should above all things avoid making up his mind to attempt a particular stroke before the ball is delivered. When it is delivered, quickness of perception and decision are essential. Indeed the art of judging or "timing" the ball is the secret of effective as well as pretty play; but to determine on the stroke before one sees the length and pace of the ball, and what it is likely to do, is to give oneself a voluntary victim to the bowler.'

NOTICE TO READERS.

THE GRAPHIC will next week be enlarged by eight pages. The additional space will be devoted mainly to the publication of a good serial novel. The main objection that many people have to a serial is that the instalments are too short to carry on the interest. This will be overcome in the GRAPHIC by the publication of really long substantial instalments. At the request of many southern subscribers interested in the mining revival a market list of shares and stocks will be hereafter published in the GRAPHIC. It is to be hoped that the additions now being made will still further increase the growing estimation in which the GRAPHIC is held all over the colony.

R E V. H. R. H A W E I S

At the

CITY HALL,
17TH AND 18TH JULY.

NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.

WELLINGTON BRANCH OFFICE

of the

'NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC,'
'AUCKLAND STAR,'
'NEW ZEALAND FARMER,'

13, CUSTOM-HOUSE QUAY, Near G.P.O.

Where Files can be referred to, Copies obtained, and where Advertisements, Subscriptions and Accounts will be received by

M R J. I L O T T,
Managing Agent for North Island.

A U C K L A N D G O L D M I N E S.

NOW READY,
LITHOGRAPHIC PLANS

Showing the
LICENSED HOLDINGS

In the
K A U R I B L O C K, C O R O M A N D E L.

PRICE 2s 6d. ON SALE AT
WELLINGTON BRANCH OFFICE

'NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC,'
13, CUSTOM-HOUSE QUAY, near G.P.O.

IN THE CYPRESS VIEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(BY OPIE READ.)

[Opie Read is perhaps the best known of western writers, at least of western novelists. A giant in stature—he is six feet and three or four inches in height—he has become, in a measure, something of the same sort of figure in western literature. He first became generally known to the world by founding the *Arkansas Traveller*, and later won a more thinking constituency by his novels. Of these 'A Kentucky Colonel' is, perhaps, best known, its sales having reached nearly 100,000 copies. Mr Read is very close to nature and his human heart, and he knows the West and South. Since the removal of the *Arkansas Traveller* to Chicago, he has withdrawn from the publication, and has paid more attention to the pulse of city life, and his forthcoming novel, 'The Colossus,' will, it is said, be the western metropolis, what his previous works have been to the great belt of Americanism just south of Mason and Dixon's line. He lives the life of the great Mississippi valley, and is telling its story well.]



HE rusty piece of iron that hung in the hallway, above a deer's head, was, Tal Martin declared, the fragment of an ancient breast-plate; but anyone less romantic, and therefore of a soberer judgment, might have seen that it was the mould-board of a plough. Tal Martin was the recognised leader in the political, and consequently the social, arena of Cypress View. He was a tall man, with an arrogation of stateliness in his bearing; a natural product of the soil, and with a temperament drawn from social conditions. His education was shallow, and was therefore showy. As he was the son of an extensive slave-owner, circumstances had made him a conspicuous child; and, reared in the feeble reflex of a fading though pretentious aristocracy, he felt, in after years, the right to domineer. His library consisted mainly of Walter Scott, and a train of puerile imitators, and his house was surmounted with crenellations, castle-like, but cut in thin pine. He had learned, with more or less grace, the lesson taught by the war, and was strong enough—yea, noble enough, to swear that nothing could weaken his intense Americanism; and this, let it be known, covers a multitude of foibles.

Politics may have granted this man the frail tenure of an evanescent name, but his community was not strong enough to swing the congressional district. He did go to the state legislature; yes, and it took him three years to recover his former standing.

In the neighbourhood of Cypress View lived a negro named Sam Buck; and among his people he was a leader—a powerful fellow physically, and, as more than one man had direct cause to believe, as fearless as a wolverine. Tal Martin and Sam Buck had known each other from a time which to them was a dateless anti-

with the purple bloom of the iron-weed stuck in their hats; played years ago, when the bass drum measured its boom-bam-bam to the life's startling scream of the Bonnie Blue Flag. The fathers went away while the boys were still playing, the white man as a colonel with Hindman, and the negro with his arms outstretched toward that vague something known to him as freedom, fed north and drove a team for Rosecranz. Both men returned to witness a painful attempt at re-adjustment, and, in time, stood as opposing protagonists in the treacherous play of politics.

Last autumn it was felt that trouble of a serious nature was gathering in the Cypress View community. The blacks, weary of waiting and sick of blindly following an alien leader, demanded their ballot-box rights; the white men swore that the affairs of the county should be administered by the tax-payers. An election was approaching.

One afternoon, Tal Martin, riding horseback toward the county-seat, met Sam Buck walking in the road. The negro carried an army gun. They were about to pass, without taking particular notice of each other, when Tal's horse shied and began to prance.

'Look like he wantin' fling you,' Mr Martin, said Sam, stopping.

'Yes, the scoundrel has been shut up in the stable until he doesn't know how to behave himself. Whoa, here!'

The horse snorted and then stood still. The negro spoke: 'It's de way, sah, wid animals ez well ez it is wid folks. Da doan like ter be pinched up and denied de rights whut da thinks 'longs ter 'em.'

'What're you trying to get at now, Sam? Trying to make the horse a pretext for the airing of your own fancied ills?'

'I ain't said nuthin' 'bout my ills, Mr Martin, but it 'pear like da wuz on yo' min.' But dar ain't no use in tryin' ter hide de fact,' he added, shoving back his hat.

'Who's trying to hide any facts, and what facts are there to hide?' Tal asked.

The negro jolted himself with a grunting laugh. 'Ez fur who's tryin' ter hide facts,' said he, 'let dat be understood; but ez fur whut facts dar is ter hide, let me say dis, an' say it, too, in ricollection o' de truth dat dar ain't no man dat I likes an' honours mo' den I does you. Understan', now, dat I doan' want no pusson' quar'l wid you; dat'

'Go ahead, Sam. There's no need of so much explanation.'

'All right sah.' He grounded his gun, and for a time leaned on it, as if in meditation; then, looking up and shoving his hat still further back on his head, he thus delivered himself:

'Whut is de use in a man callin' hisse'f free, when de main p'int o' freedom is hil' back frum him? Whut's de use in votin', when you knows dat de man whut you vote fur ain't got no chance? Now, I knows Mr Martin, an' you knows, too, dat dar is mo' 'publican votes in dis county den dar is democrats, eben not countin' de po' niggers dat you kin buy; but has de 'publicans—de niggers, ef you please—got anything ter show for all deze votes? No, sah! All de officers is democrats, an' has been ever sense de reconstruction; an' now I want ter ax you, an' ax it p'intedly: is dat right? Now—wait er minit'—Tal had made a sign of impatience—'now, I

'Kin you see dat fur, sah?'

'Yes; for I can see my side of this question, and can also see yours.'

'I didn't know dat dar wuz but one side ter er question o' right.'

'There's not, to an absolute question of right; but to the question now before us there are two sides—a black and a white side. But I haven't time to argue the case now. Come over to my house.'

'Ternight?'

'Yes, you may come to-night.'

The white man pursued his course toward the county-seat, and the negro, shaking his head, as though yielding to the counter-currents of troubled thought, strode in the direction of his home.

The sun had set when Martin left the village. Far away, and high above the cypress trees, where the gold-blush of twilight still lingered, a night-hawk screamed; and down on the sandy roadside, where the dew gathered on a poisonous weed, the bayou snake seized the helpless toad. The hip-shot cow, gaunt with a promise of early death from under-feeding and over-milking, rang her sad thought-suggesting bell, as she wobbled in advance of the negro boy who had come to drive her home.

Martin carried a new Winchester rifle across the pommel of his saddle.

II.

THE white man was sitting in his pretence of a library, when he heard a heavy footfall on the verandah. He stepped to the door, which was open, and, looking out, said: 'Come in, Sam.'

The negro, whose powerful tread shook the house, entered the room, and stood for a moment, as if awaiting further instructions.

'Sit down.'

He 'wadded up' his cotton hat, dropped it on the floor, and sat down. The lamp-light fell upon him, and proclaimed him a monster.

'Have a cigar?'

'I thankee, sah.' He took a cigar, and lighted it with a match which the white man struck and held out to him.

'What've you been doing to-day?'

'Oh, not much o' nuthin', sah; piddlin' round er little.'

'Cotton turning out pretty well?'

'Wall, sah, not ez well ez I hoped fur, but still I kain't complain. Hurrah grass got afoul o' it, in one ur two places, an' come mighty nigh chokin' de life outen it, I tell you.'

'Do you remember the origin of the Hurrah grass, Sam?'

'De whut, sah?'

'The—do you know how it came here?'

'Wall, no, sah; I kain't say I does.'

'You've heard of Congressman Flack, haven't you?'

'Who? dat befo'-de-war Flack?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, I knowed him; owes me er dime ter dis day. Uster tote water ter his law-office, an' he neber did squar up de account.'

'Well, he's the man that introduced Hurrah grass. He sent the seed from Washington, along with a letter saying that the grass would grow on any sort of land.'



'HE GROUNDED HIS GUN, AND FOR A TIME LEANED ON IT.'



'HOW HARD DAT WHITE MAN COULD HIT.'

quity. Sam had belonged to Tal's uncle; and in that close intimacy which existed between the proud white boy and the slave—an intimacy encouraged by the aristocracy, in that it shut out the presuming white trash from any recognition whatever—they had played and wrestled with each other, and sometimes had so far loosened the clamps of caste as to fight. In the later years, when the old conditions, which were thought to be built of stone, but which really were built of straw, were blown away by a regathering of those mighty forces that swept Charles the First into eternity, Tal and Sam stood opposed to each other as democrat and republican. But in the lull-season, when there were no candidates to be defunded, and no shrewd political tricks in contemplation, the two men often met, not, indeed to exchange social civilities, for that was now far removed from consideration, but to talk of the buoyant days of youth, the hallowed long ago. On a sandy knoll, the cemetery of the neighbourhood, were buried two boys—a son of the white man and a son of the negro. These boys had played together—played soldiers,

knows dat at heart you is er good man; I knows dat befo' I got back home atter de war you kep' my wife frum starvin'; an' I knows dat you is er brave man; an' so I wanter ax you: is dis 'dition o' erairs right? De niggers is human bein's—you must grant dat fact; you 'knowledged dat when you uster stan' up fur us ergin de white trash; but now you counts de votes o' de white trash, but you doan' count mine. An' now, ergain, Mr Martin, let me ax you; is dat right?'

Tal was picking a fragment of bark from the tangled mane of his horse.

'I axes you ef it is right, Mr Martin.'

'Sam—'

'Yas, sah,' the negro said, with eagerness.

'Froun one point of view you are right, but, fortunately—I say fortunately, for, of course, I must speak in the interest of the white man—there is another point from which this question is to be viewed.'

'I doan' see how dar ken be, sah.'

'I presume not; it requires a strong stretch of vision for a man to see beyond his own prejudices.'

'An' he tole de truth fur once, 'caze dat grass is strong ernuff ter kill off ever'thing dat gits in its road. Who planted it fust?'

'It was tried first on the old Preston place—'

'What we uster go atter hoss-apples, when we wuz boys,' the negro broke in.

'Yes, that's a fact; and do you recollect when we got into a row with the Pryor boys?'

'Does I ricollect it? Jes' like it wuz yistid'y—dat's how I ricollects it. An', say, doan' you 'member dat Gabe, de long legged one, wid de sorter ashy look, got you down, an' I snatched er rail off'n de fence an' hit him in de head wid it?'

'Yes,' the white man laughed, 'and do you remember Ruf, the one that was trying to stab you?—'

'When you suspeded dat ole single-bar'l self-cocker in his face I Lawd bless yo' life, I reckon I does.'

He threw back his head and laughed, with a roar that echoed throughout the house. The lamp-light fell upon him, and proclaimed him not a monster, but the genial remembrancer of a mellow past. The wonted strength

of purpose, the grim adherence to preconceived notions, which a moment ago were emphasized by his heavy features and lowering sullenness of countenance, were gone now, as a darkness that had faded at the approach of light.

'Laws er massy (holding one hand near his face and swaying his body with measured slowness), Laws er massy, dem ole days! An' lemme tell you,' he added, turning about and straightening up, 'things doan' taste now like da did den. Huh! uster ter climb up in er cherry-tree, an' fill myself up, an' fall out, an' hit de ground, and bounce like er ball; but I'd git up an' walk on off like nuthin' done happened er all. You kain't start out now an' find no sich hoss-apples ez dem wuz—now, hoi' on, Tal; I know you gwine say dat de age o' er pason makes er good deal o' diffluence, an' dat he ain't got de same appetite dat he uster hab; but I knows better, 'caze I see got er appetite fur dem ole Preston place hoss-apples right dis minit. Laws er massy! Ricollec dat time when me an' you an' ole Unk Laz's boy Tom—de one de steers run in de creek wid an' drowned—wuz in er swimmin', and Job Walker an' dem triflin' Bradley boys come er long? An' doan' you ricollec—er-haw-haw!—ricollec dat, ever' time you'd come out, old Job would grab up er han'ful o' mud an' dab it on you, ter make you go in an' wash off ergin, so you could put on yo' close; an' doan' you know dat one time he waited till you dun put on yo' shirt, an' den he flung mud at you, an' you ducked yo' head, an' it bit you wid er spat on de back o' de naik? Ricollec all dat, Tal?'

'Do I? Well, I couldn't forget it if I tried; and don't you remember, that, shortly afterwards, we came on him in swimming, and I tied a knot in the sleeve of his shirt, and rubbed mud on it, so he couldn't, or rather wouldn't, untie it with his teeth?'

'Laws er massy yas; an' he fit you, too, he did—fit you so hard dat I 'lowed he gwine whup you; but you got de turn on him atter 'while, an' bless my life ef I didn't think you gwine kill him right dar. I wuz thinkin' in yist'd'y 'bout de time when—oh, I doan' know how long 'go it has been—when we went ter er baptizin', an' come home, an' catch er ole rooster, an' tuck him down on de branch an' played baptizin' wid him.'

'And we got whipped for it, too. Don't you recollect that Uncle John whaled both of us?'

'Ain't forgot dat, I tells you. 'Members dat de fust thing he come across wuz er plough-line, an'—uh! hnh!—how hard dat white man could hit! Laws er massy, dem ole days!'

The white man threw his cigar into the fire place. The scenery of the negro's countenance was shifted, and he threw his cigar into the fire-place—into the ashes of the past.

'Sam!'
'Mr Martin.'
'You remember our conversation to-day?'

'I does; an' dat's de reason I see yere, sah.'
A silence followed, and then the white man spoke:
'I acknowledged, that, from one point of view, you were right, but that from another point you were wrong. Now, I don't want to engage into a long discussion; but



DE SHERIFF O' DIS COUNTY HAS BRAGGED.

let me say this to you: the Anglo-Saxon is a dominant race, and always will be. The white people of this neighbourhood—and of every neighbourhood in the South, for that matter—have been brought up with one principle predominating all others; the principle of local self-government; and now, if we should suffer our affairs to be administered by your people, where would that principle be? The negro, you must understand, is not a creature of self-government, but is generally the creature of some rascally white man. Of course, the negro does not realize this; if he did, he would correct it. We own the land, and we pay the taxes. We select men made capable by experience or by present adaptability, to manage our affairs; your party, whose seat of

general interest is far removed from here, would foist upon us men of no experience and of no principle, we fear. To your people, office-holding is a new thing; and you should know that it takes a financier to handle the funds of a county. And you have no such timber to offer. There may come a time—'

'Hol' on right dar, Mr Martin.' The negro stood up. 'How is er man ter learn widout de opportunity? Er man may hab er thousand books, yit he never kin read 'less somebody shows him how. What's de use in waitin', when we doan' git no closer den we wuz befo'? You say dat we is ruled by bad white men. Dat has been de case; but er nigger is at de head o' de present up-risin', sah—er nigger dat ain't erficed ter say whut his rights is, an' ter stan' by 'em. "Dar may come er time" is de tune de cow died on. An' aldo' it has been sung time an' time ergin ter de niggers o' dis neighbourhood—sung till da's sick o' it—I'm gwine ter make it my biz'ness ter see dat da doan' die on it. Whut you say erbout our ignuance is true; but dis gubernerment, de constertution, sah, whut doan' take no notice o' er pussion's ignuance, has granted us er sartin right, an' now we gwine take it. De sheriff o' dis county has bragged, when he wuz drunk—an' dat's de sort o' f'nanecer you's talkin' erbout—dat he had hil' office ten year an' never wuz erficed er single time. You nec'n ter say dat he didn't brag erbout dis, fur I yered him myself. Now, whut hope has we got, in de face o' sich a sack ez dis? De hope o' dat atter 'while you spoke erbout? No, sah! We's got de hope o' de present, an' we ain't gwine ter wait no longer on er atter 'while. We is stronger den de white folks, an' we gwine ter hab our rights; an' I want ter tell you right now, dat unless you asho' me, in writin', dat de men whut gits de mos' votes shall hab de offices, dar's gwine ter be trouble—an' red trouble, at dat. De niggers is waitin' fur de word from me; da's got guns. Whut must I tell 'em?'

'I think you'd better tell them that the white people are going to rule this country.'

'Anything else, sah?'

'Yes—you might tell them that one white man can whip three negroes.'

'Dat must be true, sah; but dis time he'll ha' ter whip five. Anything else?'

'Nothing else.'

The negro stepped toward the door, softening his monstrous tread, but turned, stood for a moment, and then asked:

'Ain't you sorry dat dis bad state o' erfairs has come erbout? Ain't you sorry dat men who lib so close tergedder, an' who's got putty much de same intrusts at stake, ha' ter rise up ergin one 'nudder?'

'Yes, I am sorry; but there doesn't seem to be any way to avoid it. Our manhood would be lowered by yielding to your demand.'

'Ah, an' den we ain't got no freedom ert all!'

'Argument is useless. That's all. Good-night!'

'One word mo', Mr Martin, so you kain't say we tuck de vantage o' you. We's gwine ter take charge o' dem polls. Good-night!'

All work was abandoned. The cross-roads stores were closed, and no song came from the fields now white with cotton. A large body of negroes had gathered at the church on the bayou—simple-minded people to take their trouble to their place of worship—and squads of mounted white men galloped through the woods. A tremulous quiet had settled everywhere; there seemed to be an eager listening to catch the report of the first gun—the keynote of a red recital—and each side, it was known, was loth to take upon itself this grave responsibility.

'Don't any of you boys shoot first,' Tal Martin had said. 'They'll try to taunt you into it, but hold off. They'll shoot after a while. The longer a negro holds a gun the bigger fool he is. Remember that the highest tribunal in the land may pass upon this business. We'll camp over yonder in the cypress woods to-night. We don't want to go armed to the polls, for that would hurt us at the next presidential election. The negroes will march early to-morrow morning, and when we see that they are about to take possession of the polls, we'll open the ball.'

The two forces were encamped within half-a-mile of each other. The weather was hot and no fires were kindled.

'In the morning we'll fight,' said an old fellow who had followed Lee. 'Seems sorter natural, boys, to be wallerin' around this way.'

'Do you reckon those fellows will fight much?' asked a young fellow, whose only military service had been seen when, sashed and beglittered, he had taken a silent and stiff-kneed part at the unveiling of a monument.

'Do I reckon so?'—the old fellow was biting off a mouthful of long-green tobacco—'Well, yes, I do reckon so. They fought during the war; I'll tell you that.'

'Can they shoot pretty well?'

'Look here, young feller, where were you raised? Haven't you seen niggers shoot squirrels out of the tops of trees? Let me tell you one thing; anybody that can pull a trigger is devilish dangerous with a gun; it don't make much difference whether he knows how to aim it or not, for if he don't hit one man he's mighty apt to hit another, and it's just as bad for the man that's hit as if he had been aimed at.'

Tal Martin rarely spoke; he was suppressed with sadness and not silent with fear. Sadness is often a complexion of bravery, while levity is sometimes the plume of the coward.

'To-morrow morning and we have it,' the leader of the white men mused. 'I'm sorry, but it can't be helped.'

He dozed off to sleep, and when he awoke, a whip-poor-will, in a tree near by, was trying the tone of his melancholy pipe. It was still dark; a warm wind was blowing, and the tops of the cypress trees were moaning. Tal got up and looked about him. The men were asleep; he could hear them snore. Lee's old soldier was muttering in his slumber, and Tal caught these words: 'Reckon my boy is about grown by this time. Soon be five years since I seen him.' The boy had been dead twenty years. The old soldier, asleep on the

ground, was back again in the Wilderness, following a ragged flag. The light footsteps of the sentinels could be heard. The whole affair was a serious play at soldiering. The old graveyard was on a hill to the right, not far away; and the white man felt a strong yearning to stand once more on the sacred spot. He passed the sentinels without attracting attention and carefully picked his way toward the hill. He stood amidst the tombstones of his people; he sat down on an old grave, and the mellow years came floating back; and he saw two boys playing, with the purple bloom of the iron-weed stuck in their hats. The night was slowly passing away from the hill and was frowning darker down in the woods. A sudden noise startled the musing man, and looking up, he saw some one standing near.

'Who's there?' Martin cried, catching up a rifle that lay beside him.

'Me, sah,' a voice answered.

'What, you, Sam?'

'Yas, sah.'

'What are you doing over here?'

'I mout ax de same o' you, sah.'

'I have come,' said the white man, 'to visit my people.'

'An' I has come ter visit my boy whut de white folks let me bury yere.'

'Yes, he is buried here,' the white man replied, getting up and slowly approaching the negro.

'Yas, sah, an' right dar is whar yo' boy lies. Da played tergedder years er go, an' da's er sleep tergedder now.'

'And their fathers are here ready to kill each other,' the white man replied.

'I wouldn't kill you, Mr Martin.'

'And I wouldn't kill you, Sam; but there'll be killing enough here to-day. It's almost daylight now and I must get back. Good-bye, Sam.'

The negro, not replying, dropped on his knees beside the grave of his boy; the white man turned quickly and knelt beside the stone that marked the eternal bed of his son. And then, with one impulse the two men reached over and shook hands. The negro spoke:

'Tal, kain't we fix up dis trouble?'

'I hope so, Sam. Suppose we make a just division of the offices, making it as nearly equal as we can; let honesty count first and then capability. What did you say, Sam?'

'I said, thank God.'

'And so do I. Come, old friend, it is time to go. You call off your men and I'll call off mine.'

'Tal, we's played tergedder yere an' we may sleep tergedder yere, an' blessed be de name o' de Lawd.'

THE WEATHER, SUDDEN CHANGES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, WANT OF EXERCISE, etc., frequently produce biliousness, headache, etc. A gentleman writes:—'I have used ENO'S FRUIT SALT for six years, and I willingly endorse it as a statement that ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its use many kinds of food will agree which otherwise would produce wretchedness. Caution—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. 15

.. THE RIGHT BLENDS ..

WE do a large business. We have achieved phenomenal success. Three distinct factors have ensured it:—

1. A thorough knowledge and ample means for purchasing to the best advantage in the Tea Markets.
2. An accurate and scientific intimacy with all the principles connected with the delicate operation of Blending.
3. An accurate knowledge of local taste and requirements, by which we are enabled to place

.. THE RIGHT BLENDS ..

is in the hands of the retailers, who in turn hand them to the consumer,

AND SATISFACTION

.... REIGNS SUPREME

Don't forget the brands, and see that our Registered Trade Mark, 'EMPIRE TEA CO.', is on every package.

DRAGON	3/-
HOUDAH	3/-
KANGRA VALLEY	2/10
ELEPHANT	2/3
CRESCENT	2/6
RUFFALO	2/4
EMPIRE	2/3
MIKADO	2/-
CEYLON, in lead (red and gold label)	2/-

Empire Tea Company.
W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.
PROPRIETORS,
WELLINGTON.

JABEZ BALFOUR'S TARDY RETURN.

It was through the publication of the photograph of Mr Jabez Spencer Balfour in *The Penny Illustrated Paper* that Mr Ronald Bridgett, Her Majesty's Consul at Buenos Ayres, was enabled to identify and to arrest the fugitive in far-away Salta. This is how *Punch* good-naturedly comments on the signal triumph on the part of English journalism—

SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF 'GREAT EXPECTATIONS.'—When Jabez S. Balfour arrives no doubt his first visit will be to the editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, in which paper appeared the portrait of him as 'Mayor of Croydon,' wearing his chain of office—alas, the 'chain'—that led directly to his identification and arrest. The photograph was taken first and Jabez was taken afterwards. Will Jabez S. Balfour call in at the office of the *P.I.P.*, and say with Joe Gargery, 'Ever the best of friends, sin't us, *P.I.P.*?' Not quite likely.—*Punch*, May 4.

No—'not quite likely!' Mr *Punch*. So the paper sent one of its ubiquitous artists to board the fine new steamship of the 'Prince' line, the *Tartar Prince*, whose gallant captain and smart officers courteously gave him the special information which enabled him to sketch the cabin of Jabez and Balfour's descent down the gangway to the runway launch that gave the *Press* tender the slip in Southampton Water. The Editor also dispatched another lightning limner of his staff to Sir John Bridge's Extradition Court at Bow-street to portray Mr Jabez Balfour in the dock.

BALFOUR'S VOYAGE HOME.

Once safely on board the *Tartar Prince* at Buenos Ayres, in custody of Inspector Froest, Jabez found an unflinching, firm, but urbane custodian in the able commander of this brand-new 'Prince' Liner, to the proprietor of which, Mr James Knott, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, as well as to the London agents of which we are much obliged for their courtesy. It will be remembered that before the *Tartar Prince* could leave Buenos Ayres the criminal judge at Salta made a final attempt to keep Balfour in the Argentine Republic. Two of his agents on April 8th went on Board the *Tartar Prince* with a written order to take Balfour back with them. Captain Hesketh, however, refused to surrender him, and at once communicated with the Hon. F. Pakenham, the British Minister, whereupon the Minister for Foreign Affairs gave orders that a detachment of soldiers should be sent to render, if necessary, any assistance the captain of the *Tartar Prince* might require to prevent Balfour from being again landed. So Captain Hesketh put to sea with his prisoner on April 10th.

BALFOUR'S CABIN.

Mr Jabez Balfour was confined in a two-berthed cabin amidships on the main deck belonging to the third

officer. Peep-holes were cut between this and Inspector Froest's cabin next door and the gangway, where a watchman was always stationed. The door was secured by a heavy iron bar and padlock. Balfour took his meals alone, but was never allowed a knife, fork, or even a corkscrew. In fact, every precaution was taken to prevent an attempt at suicide. Balfour, who is very fond of chess, amused himself by playing a good deal with the passengers during the voyage. Whenever he was allowed on deck he was closely followed by Inspector Froest and another person specially detailed for the work. Balfour appeared quite cheerful up to Las Palmas, but on one occasion completely broke down and wept. The *P.I.P.* artist saw a whisky bottle in his cabin. Before leaving the *Tartar Prince* Mr Balfour wrote a warm letter of thanks to Captain Hesketh for his marked courtesy, and added a postscript in recognition of the kindness of Mr Evans, the first officer.

THE LANDING OF BALFOUR

at Southampton only last Monday morning was conducted with totally unnecessary secrecy and mystery by the police officials—and with a discourtesy to the representatives of the Press which was the more inexplicable as Mr Ronald Bridgett has testified it was directly through a London newspaper that Jabez came to be identified and captured. An artist, however, had special facilities kindly granted to him, and is thus enabled to present us with a drawing of Balfour's descent from the *Tartar Prince* to the Customs launch Solent, which eluded the 'Press' tender, and put the prisoner ashore at an unseen point, whence he was taken by an early London and South-Western train to Vauxhall, and therefrom in a cab to Bow-street.

BALFOUR LOOKED OLDER

when placed in the dock at Bow-street on Monday. But his appearance is sufficiently indicated in our sketch portrait. His beard was short and white. Inspector Froest stated that on April 3rd last he saw the prisoner at Salta. He informed the prisoner who he was, and said he should arrest him on charges of fraud and conspiracy. He made no reply. The witness then conveyed Balfour to Buenos Ayres. On the *Tartar Prince* he also read certified copies of the warrants issued at Bow-street, but the prisoner still made no reply.

The witness conveyed him to Bow-street, where the charges were read over to him, but he still made no answer.

Mr John O'Connor, who appeared to defend Mr Balfour, submitted that the warrants were insufficient under the Extradition Act, and that there was nothing to show they tallied with the charges made in Salta. But Sir John Bridge remanded the prisoner all the same.

The information on which the warrants were granted was then read by the clerk. From this it appeared it was alleged against the prisoner that he applied to his own use the sums of £3,000 and £2,645, and other sums, amounting to £20,000, from the House and Land Investment Trust. It was alleged that Balfour had conspired with Henry Granville Wright, James William Hobbs, and with other persons, to cheat and defraud in this way. The prisoner was also charged with obtaining sums amounting to £30,000 and applying them to his own use. He was taken to Holloway Prison.

A VERY plump and prominent Adelaide society dame (says an Australian paper) is just now wishing she had never been born. She went to 'In Town,' and her dress, which was of bottle-green crepon with cream guipure and puffed sleeves, or something like that, was the envy of the circle. All went well until some one made an extra funny gag. The lady leaned forward and laughed comsedly, and just there the bottle-green dress split down the front and—exit.



In his leisure moments, when not contriving for the public benefit, Mr Jabez Balfour generally retreated to his residence at Croydon. Especially was this the case when he was occupying the Mayor's office of that flourishing town. But when requiring complete rest from his arduous duties, he made trips to his house in the country, beautifully situated near Abingdon. The 'skipper' was always fond of comfort and the best of everything, and both the choice and fittings of these houses, which in themselves are fine, well-built residences, reflected credit on his taste and judgment. A smaller and less sumptuously furnished apartment is occupying his attention now at Holloway Castle.

AT CROYDON.

NEAR ABINGDON.

MR JABEZ BALFOUR'S FORMER RESIDENCES.



JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR IN THE DOCK AT BOW STREET. From 'English Graphic.'

From 'P.I.P.'

BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

BOOKS marked thus (*) have arrived in the colony, and could at the time of writing be purchased in the principal colonial bookshops, and borrowed at the libraries.

For the convenience of country cousins who find difficulty in procuring the latest books and new editions, the 'BOOKMAN' will send to any New Zealand address any book which can be obtained. No notice will, of course, be taken of requests unaccompanied by remittance to cover postage as well as published price of book.

It is requested, that only those who find it impossible to procure books through the ordinary channels, should take advantage of this offer.

The labour involved will be heavy and entirely unremunerative, no fees or commission being taken.

Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited.

All Communications and Commissions must be addressed

'THE BOOKMAN,' Graphic Office, Auckland.

* 'The Jewel of Ynys Galon.'

A spirited tale of hidden treasure, of hair-breadth escapes, of fearful fights, of blood-thirsty pirates, of stirring deeds by land and sea, *The Jewel of Ynys Galon* will delight all lovers of the literature of adventure, amongst whom I am proud to subscribe myself. There are, I believe, some people who regard 'The Treasure Island,' 'King Solomon's Mine,' and other famous books of the same class as unworthy of the attention of grown men and women. These good people will not appreciate *The Jewel of Ynys Galon*, or enthuse over its author, Owen Rhoscomyl, but that greater section of fiction readers—that vast majority, who enjoy such books as those mentioned as much as do the younger generation for whom they were written, these will extend a warm welcome to both book and author.

The name of the author is not as yet a familiar one to



colonial book-buyers, but unless I am much mistaken, it will be so ere long. *The Jewel of Ynys Galon* is by no means an epoch-making book. I doubt if it would be described as a book of the week, or even of the day, but one thing it assuredly is—and that is mightily exciting. Told in crisp, nervous, if occasionally somewhat loose English, the book, despite occasional faults, is an eminently enjoyable, and it is perhaps well to add, a perfectly wholesome one. Few of us perhaps desire to fight nowadays, and if we did we shouldn't be able to do so, but the old fighting spirit, the delight of combat, lives somewhere in most of us and betrays itself in the keenness with which we enjoy tales of fighting and bloodshed.

And, in *The Jewel of Ynys Galon* we have plenty of both. The hero tells his own story, and from the first chapter to the last page either he himself, or his foster brother is engaged in fighting the piratical rivals for Ynys Galon. To give an outline of the plot would not merely be an extremely lengthy business, but would rob the story of much of its interest. It must suffice to say that the ownership of a certain Island, a certain jewel and a certain treasure is debated between the hero's foster-brother and one Meyric Ddu Ap Morgan (cousin of the said foster-brother.)

There is a prodigious amount of fighting and bloodshed over the affair, which is, however, finally settled by a duel, which is finely described in the closing pages.

Better books of the class I have read. Mr Owen Rhoscomyl has still much to learn from Stevenson, whose disciple he manifestly is. There are many points which show how strong has been the Stevensonian influence, the influence of the 'Treasure Island' more especially, but as a whole the author is strikingly original, and as I believe I have already said, gives promise of even better things in the future. From a book of this sort no very satisfactory extract can be taken, but the following gives some idea of the story the author tells, and of the style in which he tells it. It describes one of the earliest brushes with the pirates, in which the hero, Ivor, is engaged.

Behind that point of rock, and not two hundred yards away, the pirate boat must be lying. My fingers itched upon the trigger.

And now we were abreast of it and old Morris shifted the tiller once more, keeping so close under that I could certainly have touched the cliffs with a boat-hook had I tried. Then another slight shift and we were bearing straight for the flapping sail of the boat which yawed and washed before us. Its crew did not notice us at first, and we had time to note them well. There was no mistaking the figure amidsthips; it was the loser of the Jewel, and with him fifteen or twenty of the most hard-bitten ruffians that ever dried in chains.

Several of them were busy with the brass gun forward, the captain directing, and it was one of these who, straightening up to mop his brow, first saw us and yelled to the rest.

'Steady! steady, Ivor,' spoke old Morris coolly. 'Stand by with the musket, but don't lift it till we are well in range. Then aim at, and I'll give the word.'

We were by this time within fifty yards, and could see plainly the uproar amongst them. One or two hastily seized and put out oars. The helmsman, standing, gesticulated wildly. One flew to the sheets. Some snatched up muskets and hurriedly blazed away at us. Zip! zip! hummed the balls, too wildly aimed to hit us—and still the skiff rushed on, straight as death. In answer to that grim old sea-wolf at her helm. Then I lifted the musket to my shoulder and heard the deep growl of old Lsa.

'Now!' Glancing along the sights as coolly as ever I did, all my fears forgotten. I took deliberate aim, and fired full into where they clustered on the after-thwarts. That double charge told home, and never shall I forget the roar of howls and curses which burst forth at the flash. The boat yawed off again, the steerman's arm going round like a windmill where it was broken close up, and there was a writhing knot of maddened pirates falling all over him. I saw their captain coolly leap over them and seize the helm, and at the same moment my companion put the skiff round

and we stood over as if for Trwynhir, while in a fog-horn of a voice he roared:

'Lay back your main tops'le,
And your foresheet let go,
For the plank and the plunge
To the sharks down below.'

Above the horrible words of that song, however, I could hear still more horrible curses from the other boat, and, louder yet, the voice of their captain to those with the oars.

'Round with her! Round with her! Bring her round for the gun to bear.'

I was hurriedly ramming home a ball into my musket, and though we were hauling away as swift as a swallow, yet I determined to try a long shot at the gunner as he laid his gun. There was short time for aim, and therefore my pride got a shock, for I missed my mark. But perhaps I did better, for I hit the fellow standing beside him with the port fire, breaking his wrist and causing him to drop his light overboard.

That was another half a minute gained, precious indeed, for the tangle of blood and blasphemy had now straightened itself out, and their sails were drawing like ox ropes. Then the dreadful song broke off in the middle of a word: my companion shut his jaws like a steel trap, as he brought the skiff up and laid a new course, broadside on to that grinning brass muzzle. We could see their captain squint along the gun as he bent to lay a spunk of fire to it.

'Lie low, Ivor,' snapped old Lsa, shifting his helm, and instantly as I obeyed I could yet discern the flash, while at the same time I felt the skiff whirl round stern on to it, and heard the whizz and splash as the shot struck a full length away upon the starboard bow.

'A rare gunner, that captain,' muttered old Morris. 'I'll lay he's captured many a ship with a Long Tom alone. We've got to look slippery if we get clean off.'

It was a wonder to us both to note how well and smartly the pirate boat sailed, in spite of her seeming clumsiness. Though the skiff was rushing along like a gull, yet our lead increased but slowly. They were busy reloading their gun, and I could see that old Morris was grimly anxious about the next shot. 'If only they miss with this next I'll put them high and dry, and do it so ship-shape it'll maze them to think of it,' said he.

I didn't fully appreciate his last words just then; I was busy wondering if we should be looped or what. I saw their terrible captain lean forward once more with his sparkle of light. I caught the flash and my heart stopped suddenly beating as I realised that the smoke made the background to a picture of the ball striking the water half a dozen lengths in rear, but in a dead line for our stern. I was acutely conscious of a hissing rush, I felt a shower of spray in my face, and then that same old chorus burst out afresh in triumph. Half-way through, however, it stopped old Lsa to explain to me:

'The shot took the side of a little wave and glanced off to port. 'Twas close enough, though, to have smashed our oars had we been rowing. But what of that! a miss is a miss and makes no odds anyway.

'For the plank and the plunge
To the sharks down below.'

Aroo! Ivor, but that chap is a rare gunner—I should like to sail along with him once for a treat.'

Of how this fight ended, and the fate of the pirate boat, space forbids me here to tell. My advice is buy the book. It is a good book, and one which can be left about. Those who feel an interest in the question must buy or borrow the book. The illustrations, eight in number, are of quite exceptional excellence, as may be seen from the one now reproduced. The volume is indeed one of the best yet secured by Longman's for their colonial library.

'The Windsor Magazine' for May.

From every point of view the May number of the *Windsor Magazine* must be regarded as a distinct success. The article on Windsor Castle and Home is admirably illustrated by Herbert Railton, and is very readable into the bargain. It may, moreover, be relied upon as being absolutely correct, the proofs having (so we are told) been revised by the Queen's librarian. Perhaps the most interesting article is one by Cricketer Brockwell on 'Cricketing Hints and Recollections.' This has been dealt with elsewhere in this issue. But I should like it understood that only one or two of the many illustrations re-appear in the GRAPHIC. The article is well worth reading in *extenso*, and all the pictures are worth prolonged study. That prince of hunters, Percy Selous, the Allan Quartermain of real life, contributes an absorbingly interesting article, 'My Bay of Lions.' It is illustrated by Will Aldin, who has a reputation for this class of work. 'How Shell Fish Are Caught' is an instructive paper, and the veritable sheaf of illustrations which accompany it are pretty and suggestive of the author's meaning—a combination somewhat more rare than many people think. Martin Hewitt continues the delight of his admirers, and the serials by Guy Boothby and Seton Merriman are, if anything, increasing in interest. Amongst half-a-dozen other excellent illustrated articles there is one concerning 'Common Mistakes About Babies,' by a barrister-at-law. I read it with considerable interest, and marvelled that a man of law should know so much of babies, but it appears the author is a doctor as well as a barrister. I did not know much about babies before I read that paper. My knowledge on the point was, in fact, nil. Now, however, I shall feel justified in committing matrimony if the fit so seizes me. Whatever the consequences are I shall not be ignorant of how to meet them.

A swindle to one's own pockets is not to try a packet of Cavour Cigars, 8 for 1s 3d. (Advt. 1)

THE NEW YOST TYPEWRITER.



THE WORLD'S FAVOURITE.

THE PIONEER OF NEW IDEAS. The Botherome Shift Keys, the Fool and Expensive Ink Ribbon, the Vexatious Double Index, and the Crazy Alignment—ALL DONE AWAY WITH. For Simplicity, Durability, Strength, Beauty of Work, and all that makes a Machine Valuable, it is PERKLESS. Call upon or write.

GEO. M. YENCK, National Mutual Buildings, Wellington JOHN CHAMBERLAND & SONS, Auckland. J. M. HAYWOOD and Co., The Square, Christchurch J. WILKIE and Co. Dunedin.

TO WHAT END?

The heat of the day and the hurry are o'er;
 The labour is finished, the hands let go;
 The thing we have done, we may do no more,
 To-morrow, forever; incapable, slow,
 Inert and enfeebled, we halt to a seat
 In the warmth of the sun, there to moulder and prate,
 Re-repeating old tales; unashamed of defeat,
 Quite content with mere food and mere warmth;—
 though the weight
 Of the grasshopper wears; we drowse and we nod,
 Sinking slow to the depths of our graves. Mighty God!
 Just for this—from beginningless safety, the bliss
 Of deep peace, hast Thou hailed us and held us—for this?

Shall we slip from our holdings unhurt, when the flesh,
 Ill entreated, abandoned, forlorn shall return,
 Unattended, to dust? Shall we break through the mesh
 Of our follies and fears? Shall we learn to unlearn
 Our old lessons of error, when, clear as the glow
 Of high noon in fair skies, comes the knowledge that
 Life
 Liveth, loveth, rejoiceth, abideth? And oh!
 Shall the silence be stirred, shall the wide air be rife
 With the music of welcomes, old songs that shall move
 Us to tears and to laughter? Thou infinite love!
 Up to this—out of loss and the dreary abyss
 Of the grave, dost thou lift us and lead us—to this?

VERONA COE HOLMES.

THE SENSATION OF DROWNING.

A WOMAN, who was among those saved in the accident in Morecambe Bay, is reported in the papers to have said that she remembered sinking twice, and thinking she had 'only to go down once more and all would be over.'

There are several similar records of such experiences. One of the most interesting is that of Admiral Beaufort, as described by himself in a letter to Dr. Wollaston. When a youngster he fell overboard in Portsmouth Harbour, and before relief reached him had sunk below the surface. All hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and he felt that he was drowning. Two minutes did not elapse before he was hauled up, and he found the return to life much less pleasant than drowning. Admiral Beaufort adds that he had heard from two or three persons who had a similar experience, that their sensations had closely resembled his own.

Sir Benjamin Brodie relates the case of a sailor who had been snatched from the waves and laid for some time on the deck of his ship insensible, who on his recovery

declared that he had been in heaven, and complained of his restoration to life as a hardship.

In a well-known passage of the 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater,' De Quincy relates that he was once told by a near relative that 'having in her childhood (aged nine) fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she saw in a moment her whole life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously, and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part.'

An American gentleman, Mr C. A. Hartley, has recently given an interesting account of his sensations when drowning. He lay at the bottom of a river in a state of semi-consciousness, in which he saw his relatives and friends all about him with their eyes full of tears. All the events of his life from infancy upward, passed slowly before his mental vision; he felt that he was drowning, and he remembers thinking that it was not painful to drown.

SEA SICKNESS CATERING.

CATERING for and during sea sickness is of the utmost moment to all who travel by water, it being much more desirable to be able to coax oneself back to normal activity without having to rely on the attention of stewards or stewardesses, friends or acquaintances, each with his own special advice and experience. Arrowroot biscuits, dry toast, and oatmeal porridge are the diets most easily retained or capable of being taken in the smallest possible quantities on a tender and empty stomach. Hard boiled eggs and tea will straighten out the limp sufferer on top of these, and carry him on deck to get accustomed to sea surroundings.

In drinkables, ship surgeons and captains recommend champagne, or ginger ale or ginger beer for more moderate purses. For short passages undoubtedly it is possible to ride out a tempestuous voyage with complacency by getting half-seas over on champagne while effervescing drinks are currently regarded as good things to take at the commencement of a long trip.

In extreme cases, where the doctor has to be called in, the first restorative applied is usually chopped ice. Dr. Chapman, of London, strongly advocates wearing or lying upon an india-rubber bag filled with ice. Brandy and water is also given to brace the patient up to a food-eating pitch of resolution. Cocaine tablets, one-sixth of a grain, are sometimes ordered, but should not be tried on one's own account. Other medical remedies, which, according to the Societe de Biologie, Paris, have at one time or other been given as specifics are morphia, nitrite of amyl, ingluvin, pilocarpine, stychinine, atropine,

cafein, capsicum, bismuth, chloroform, chloral, and the bromides of sodium, potassium, and ammonia.

A curious *mal der mer* fact is quoted by Darwin in his autobiography, raisins being the solitary nourishment his stomach would accept when sick.—'W.J.W.' in *The Hoel*.



'ANOTHER' LORD HAS CHOSEN A WIFE FROM THE STAGE.—*Vide Press.*

'ARRIET: 'My! ain't she nice?'
 'LIZZIE: 'Yes, and they s'y she's an earl's daughter who's tyken to the boards to see if she can't catch a lord or a dook.'—*Sketch.*

Eczema, Sunburn, all Skin Affections,
 Stiff Joints, Twinges in the Back, Toothache, Lumbago, Strained Muscles,
 Rheumatism of years standing can be got rid of at once with



HOMOCEA

The thing that cures. WHY?
 It Instantly touches
 the **SPOT** afflicted.

Homocea—as a pain-relieving curative lubricant—has no rival in the world of healing remedies for Piles, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, &c. It will stop a severe Influenza Cold like magic.

TESTIMONIAL FROM BISHOP TAYLOR.

HIGH BARNET,
 My dear old friend,—I distributed a variety of your remedies among afflicted natives, and among missionaries in Sierra Leone, Liberia, Coast of Guinea, Congo Country, and Angola, South of Congo. I have used HOMOCEA, and have proved its healing virtue both for severe bruises and flesh wounds, and also to kill the virus of mosquitoes and chiggers (Guinea).—Yours very truly,
 (Bishop) WM. TAYLOR,
 American Methodist Episcopal Mission.



"HOMOCEA" CURES EVERYTHING.

LORD CARRICK says HOMOCEA cured him of bleeding piles, when all else failed; that he gave some to a labourer, who was lamed by a stone falling upon him, whom it cured. A woman had a pain in the elbow and could not bend it for a year, and it cured her, and another used it for scurvy on her leg, and it was doing her good.—one letter closes from him with the words, "It is the most wonderful stuff that I ever came across."

LADY VINCENT, 8, Ebury Street, London, says: "Homocea is such an incomparable application for Rheumatic Neuralgia, that she wishes to have two more tins sent."

LORD COMBERMERE says HOMOCEA did him more good than any embrocation he had ever used for rheumatism.

TESTIMONIAL FROM H. M. STANLEY.

WHITEHALL, LONDON.
 "Dear Sir,—Your ointment, called HOMOCEA, was found to be the most soothing and efficacious ointment that I could possibly have for my fractured limb, as it seems to remain longer than any other, that obnoxiousness so requisite for perfect and efficient massage. The fault of embrocations generally is that they harden and require warmth, whereas yours, besides being particularly aromatic, is as soft as oil, and almost instantly mollifying in the case of severe inflammation."
 "Yours faithfully, HENRY M. STANLEY."



HIPPACEA,
 THE VETERINARY PREPARATION OF
 HOMOCEA.
 USED IN THE ROYAL KENNELS.

For Stable, Kennel or Farm. Endorsed by many Leading English and Continental Trainers and the Leading Veterinary authorities.
 This soothing Ointment is Non-Irritant, never Blisters, Checks Inflammation, and induces Rapid Growth of Hair on injured parts.
Wounds dressed with HIPPACEA leave no Scar.
 SOLD IN TINS.

Homocea is a remedy that should always be in the house. People will get burnt, bruised, and hurt in various ways; a cold in the head will come on without warning. HOMOCEA used as a snuff will check it. Remember! HOMOCEA allays irritation, and subdues inflammation at once.
 SOLD BY ALL STOREKEEPERS, GENERAL DEALERS, AND CHEMISTS.
 Wholesale Agents for New Zealand: **Kempthorne, Prosser & Co.; The New Zealand Drug Co.,** Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin.

A NEW ZEALAND CIVIL SERVANT—'JACK OF OURS.'

WELL, Jack, this is serious. What are you going to do about it?
 'Nothing.'

'Why?'
 'What can I do? I am clean bust. No coin, no credit, and the money lenders know me too well.'

'Well, it's all your own fault,' said the first speaker to Jack Shiftwind, of the Rum and Tum Department. 'You have been in the service close on sixteen years, and your 'screw' to-day, I see by the estimates, is £200 per annum, and in sixteen years you should have a little to go and come on—not much, I admit, but a little, you know.'

'Yes, but I don't know. Anyhow, what can you know about the expenditure of a town life? You have only just come down from the country to fill in a winter at 10s a day, like Fird de Morgan is doing in the Codlin Moth Department. When you have been in the service for sixteen years, beginning as I had to do at £50 per annum, and at the end of two years my 'screw' amounted to £80, and my debt to £50, perhaps then you can imagine what I would owe at the end of sixteen years. If you cannot imagine it, send it down to our only actuary and he will work it out for you, for I'm blowed if I know what I owe. You talk about saving, and well you might. A pair of boots and mole-skins is about all you want when in the country, but mark you, it's quite another thing if you have to live in town. Why, bless me, it would take more than two sheets of O.P.S.O. foolscap to put down the various items required for town life, and then your paper would not contain half of them. Just as well, too, for if you should have to go bung as I will, your anxious creditors would know which were the expensive items on which their money went; so you see it would be just as well to cut them out of the little list.'

'Well, talking is no good, Jack. What are you going to do about it?'

'Call a private meeting of your creditors, Jack, and offer them something—a trifle, don't you know, in the pound.'

'No go, Billy. They are clean off C.S. private meetings. Why, if you were in this wooden box long enough, you would have remembered when Fred Longsleeve went bung. They (the creditors) are still waiting for Fred's little trifle, as you call it, and Fred himself is boots in a pub in Canada. Pat show for me with that before them—and, by the way, Remnent was one of his largest creditors too. I never thought of that, No, no, Billy, it's too thin, and they would soon tell me so if I had a 'private' and offered them a trifle.'

Knock at the door.
 'Come in,' said Billy, without thinking it might be a creditor.

In stepped Remnent the tailor. 'Is Mr Shiftwind in?' Billy looked round out of the corner of one eye and could only see the heels of Jack's tanned boots sticking out from under his table.

'Well, you can see for yourself, Remnent,' this with a smile and a wave of his hand.

'Well, Mr Hardup, I don't mind tellin' you that I'm about sick o' this year job of 'untin' that their Shiftwind. Why, sir, if you believes me, it's a matter of thirty quid 's into me fur. But I'm sick of it, I tells yer, and after his a-promisin' and a-promisin' for a matter of two year now that he'd pay to-day and then to-morrow, and so on, and so on. I only gave him credit the last time on the strength of a copy o' somebody's ole will as 'e showed me. I will place this 'ere matter in the hands o' Mr Pluck, the bailiff, and we will see what a pretty figure that young "toff" will cut when he is afore Mr Martingale in the morning. You may tell him from me that Pluck will hand him his blue ribbon—paper I mean—in the morning,' saying this Remnent slammed the office door after him and left.

'What in the name of thunder did you ask the fellow in for, you juggins?' said Jack, as he crawled from under the table. 'Did you want 'Figures,' the chief, to hear him going for me?'

With a laugh at the indignant look on Jack's face, Billy said that he should have remembered what kind of visitors Jack usually had calling upon him.

'I say, Jack, it has just struck me by the way your friends are swarming in on the stairs outside, that you are going to have as bad a time of it as a bob-tailed bull in fly time.'

'Yes, and just as annoying too, Billy, I can assure you.'

'Come along. The fellows are all waiting in No. 12, and it's ten past five now.'

'It's no good, Billy. The fellows are all "bricks," and it's very kind of them to see if they can help me out. However, you can do this for me. I would do it myself, only it would look rather bad. You go down and take the copy of the "old girl's" will with you. You will see by this letter that she cannot last much longer, as she will be eighty-nine next month. Just listen to this bit, "And, dearest John" (that's me, Billy), "the family doctor assures me that I cannot get through this winter. I know, my dear boy, how sorry you will be to hear this." You will take the will down to No. 12, chuck them "tracts" into the basket—tracts are about all she ever sent me, and what good are they to fellows like Remnent? By that will I am to get something like £3,000. Who knows, Billy, she may be dead by this time? You need not look astonished. I never saw her, and she is the cause of all my misfortunes, for if she had not sent letter after letter telling me that all she had was to be mine some day I might have been able to live upon my "screw."'

'All right, Jack. You remain where you are and I will come back and let you know the result.'

Billy Hardup took his departure for No 12, and a few

moments after another rap came to the door. Jack was behind the green baize screen in one noiseless bound. The rap was repeated. No answer! yet another rap. This time the nob of the door was rattling, and a voice from the outside of the door said, 'I think all the gentlemen is gone, miss, but I'll see.' With that the door opened, and in walked the speaker, Matt Cashup, the messenger. Matt's appearance brought relief to Jack, who promptly stepped from his hiding place.

'Well, what is it Matt? The books are all put away in the safe? What do you want?'

Without answering Matt stepped once more into the lobby, and the gap left by the open door was suddenly filled by the slender form of a rather pretty girl.

'That's the gentleman himself, miss,' said Matt, as he beat the door behind him.

'What in the name of red paint brought you up here, "Trixy?" I thought I was to see you at five o'clock.'

'Yes, Jack, but you see it's half-past, and—and—' 'Well, I have been told all about your trouble. Never mind how, or who told me or anything of that kind. If you will but let me I can help you. I suppose you did not know that I could help you, did you?'

By this time Jack was looking open-mouthed at the girl he was engaged to, but whom he had as much chance of marrying—well—as a hack in the Paste and Calico Department would have. He was struggling with himself to say something or other in reply to her query when Billy rushed in with a telegram in his hand.

'This is for you, Jack, and the fellows want you to come down at once. They think they can fix you up.'

'Oh, how-do-you-do, Miss Boodle? I did not see you.' Jack took no notice as Billy rattled on, but as he glanced over the wire his face brightened up, and with a yell that made Miss Boodle jump, he said in a breath, 'She's gone, Bill. The "old girl's" pegged out at last. You wait here a minute, Trix. Come on Billy to No. 12.'

'It's all right, you fellows. The dear old lady is gone' (this in a sad tone of voice). 'Here is a cable from Parchment and Redinker, her solicitors, stating that I have got the blooming lot; also a box of "tracts."'

Frank Dodger started to whistle 'The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,' but was promptly shut up.

'I thank all you fellows for what you have done for me, but as I have a very pressing engagement on just at this moment, I will leave my affairs in the hands of good old Billy here and Dick Paywell to settle while I raise enough on this security to get square with the gentlemen outside.'

Upstairs he ran and lifted 'Trixy' in his arms as he said—The door was shut then, but it can easily be imagined what the result was. 'Trixy' and Jack were made one (not under the Factories Act), Billy being best man. The fellows are sure that they will be happy, for Jack backs no more 'stiffus,' and only plays the new game of cards called 'Tongs,' at which he cannot win much.

Wellington.

'Fly.'



Just there
Please!

FOR

LUMBAGO

AND

ALL PAINS

USE

ALCOCK'S PLASTERS.

BE SURE you get ALCOCK'S

ALCOCK'S PLASTERS

STOP ACHES and PAINS, and CURE SPRAINS and STRAINS, Lumbago, Solatia, Rheumatism, Ruptures, Bronchitis, Asthma, all Affections of the Throat and Lungs. Acting directly on the Tissues. Dilating the Pores of the Skin, giving instant relief.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR NEW ZEALAND—
 KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & CO.; THE NEW ZEALAND
 DRUG COMPANY,
 Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin.

Footlight Flashes.

BY THE PROMPTER.

THE Auckland Orchestral Union announce their second concert of the season for Thursday, July 11th. This Association does not appear to be quite sufficiently appreciated in Auckland. It should be remembered by the citizens that the concerts hitherto given by the Union have been of exceptional excellence, giving opportunities of realising what the glory of that highest reach of musical aspiration—the great orchestra—really is. A pianoforte concerto by the poetic Mendelssohn, interpreted by such an accomplished artist as Mr Towsey, and with full orchestral accompaniment, can only rarely be heard in these latitudes, and patrons are to have in addition several most notable items by Keler Bela, Svendsen and others, besides some delightful *manner genange* by the Auckland Liedertafel, an association which has arrived at extraordinary efficiency under Mr Towsey's guidance. The Orchestral Union has proved itself well worthy of the heartiest encouragement of the Auckland people.

THE portraits which appear in this issue are of three of the principals in the amateur performances of 'Maritana' taking place during this week at the Auckland Opera House. Critical notice of the opera is deferred to next week, when the two distinct casts of principals taking part can be dealt with together.



Burton Bros., photo., Dunedin.

MR. V. RICHARDSON, 'DON JOSE.'



Burton Bros., photo., Dunedin.

MISS BEATRICE RICHARDSON, 'MARITANA.'

GEORGE DARRKILL, with 'The Double Event' and 'Hearts of Oak,' has done a good week in Dunedin. By the way, George told an interviewer that stage managers never swore at rehearsal nowadays. Ahem! Pass the salt please.

THE second of Mr Maughan Barnett's second series of chamber concerts was eminently successful. Mr Hill's and Mr Barnett's performances were thoroughly good, and the concert throughout of the high standard of excellence which Mr Barnett has taught Wellington to expect from him.

THE number of concerts and recitals which musical Londoners have the opportunity of attending during the season is simply astounding. In addition to well-established series, such as the Philharmonic, the Richter, the Crystal Palace, and the Monday and Saturday 'pops,' there are the numerous piano or violin recitals, given both by virtuosi, who have already become celebrities, and also by a perfect crowd of 'new aspirants to fame.' Of these latter, only a very few have any great success. The majority, after making one or two public appearances, and getting severely handled by the critics, generally return to the places from which they came, sadder, wiser, and probably poorer men. The artist, however, who can create a sensation, is certainly to be envied, for he can earn by a single performance what many a man would consider a good year's income, and, in addition, he becomes the rage for the time being, and commands in Society as much homage and attention as would fall to the lot of many a 'Royalty.'

THE Gurlay-Stokes people with 'Revels,' 'That Awful Girl,' 'Turn Him Out,' etc., were in Wanganui by last advices.

THE two men who lately have aroused most interest in the London musical world are Emil Sauer, the pianist, and Willy Burmeister, the violinist. From what may be gathered from the latest musical papers, it was, with each of these players, as far as the audiences were concerned, a matter of 'I came, I played, I conquered!' With regard to Emil Sauer, the critics are not unanimous in their opinions, but all unite in acknowledging that Burmeister is the possessor of a most marvellous technique and the finest player of Paganini's music who has appeared since the death of the 'Wizard of the Violin.'

JENNIE LEE and her company are drawing big houses at the Queen's Theatre, Kimberley.

MR A. H. GEE had the largest audience ever seen in the City Hall, Auckland, for his farewell concert. So great was the crush and the enthusiasm that a second farewell was decided upon, and took place on Monday, before another packed audience. Ere this appears in print Mr Gee will have sailed from Auckland. Unless I am very much mistaken Gee will make a really great success in England; that is, provided he takes care of himself. At his benefit concert Mr Gee acted as his own usher, piano mover, and general rouseabout. The consequence was he was dead tired before the concert commenced, and the fact betrayed itself in his voice. For a singer of Mr Gee's class to abuse his voice by doing work usually entrusted to a business manager and 'hall hands' at 5s a night is absolutely suicidal. No voice in the world will stand such treatment, and the fact that Mr Gee's will not was amply proved on this occasion. Mr Gee will have a good rest on the voyage, and if he puts himself into the hands of a good man when he arrives, and attends solely and absolutely to his voice, we shall without doubt hear big things of him, but if he insists on being his own manager, advance agent, and bottle washer, he will materially lessen his chances.

PADEREWSKI, during his last English provincial tour, was advertised to play at Torquay. On arriving there, he found that the local agent had charged only five shillings for reserved seats instead of the half-guinea which had been the price in all the other towns visited. Paderewski refused to play, despite the fact that a large crowd had braved the elements, which on that occasion had taken the form of a terrific snowstorm. A certain composer contributed to the *Musical Times* the following lines *apropos* of the incident:—

The people of Torquay,
Oh my goodness! do you see
Paderewski's shortly coming down from town
With his pianistic feats,
And the prices of the seats
Seem just like the great performer, coming down.

MADAME SAPIO, who last year toured New Zealand with Camilla Urso, is now in England, and has been singing at many of the very best concerts given in London, including, amongst others, the Philharmonic, the Crystal Palace, the Henschel, and the popular concerts.

GENIAL Frank Fillis and his excellent circus are doing record business at Durban, Natal. He has met with great success where he has gone, for he is a big favourite in South Africa.

AT a recent performance of 'La Mascotte' in America there was a decidedly amusing but unrehearsed incident. In the first act of the opera La Mascotte is, as everyone remembers, pursued by Rocco's farm hands, who are bent on kissing her, and that she evades them to the best of her ability. The *prima donna* on this occasion was Miss Randall, a pretty and very popular American soprano. Miss Randall did not like the way the scene alluded to went off. She thought the men did not put enough activity into it. They did not try hard enough to kiss her. They were mostly 'Supers' and chorus men who had the kissing parts, and she called them together one day and told them that when men wanted to kiss a pretty girl like her they went at it with a rush. 'You men run out as if you were hunting a bill collector,' she said. 'You want to come out like a cyclone and rush up to me as if you intended to kiss me or die. Now I want this scene done better, and I'll give every man who kisses me a shilling for every time he kisses me. Now try it to-night.' The result was one of the finest pieces of stage realism that has ever been on the Atlanta stage. When the kissing scene came on the 'supers' swarmed on like madmen. They rushed at Miss Randall with the fury of a football team. One big fellow, who wore glasses, headed the mob. He was first to reach her, and turning, she made several desperate dabs with her fingers. She struck his glasses and sent them spinning across the stage. Not a bit deterred he rushed at her again and gave her a sounding smack. The story goes that he kissed her about £1 10s worth in about thirty-two seconds. Furious with the result of the scene, she rushed into the wings. A bucket of water was in its usual place close at hand, and gathering it up she poured the entire contents upon the luckless chorus man, streams of it flooding the stage. 'There,' she said, 'take that for your impudence.' The audience applauded wildly what they thought was the finest bit of acting seen during the entire season.



Dumas, photo., Dunedin.

J. BLINKINSOPP, 'DON CAESAR.'

MISS ELIZABETH STIRLING, who died recently at the age of 76, was perhaps the most distinguished lady organist of her day. It is said that she was one of the first, if not absolutely the first, to introduce Buch's pedal fugues to the metropolis. She was a pupil of Edward Holmes, and in the first year of the Queen's reign her great ability was recognised by George Cooper of St. Paul's. She was for nineteen years organist of All Saints', Poplar, and her celebrity in the East End was at that time very great. She was afterward for twenty-two years organist of St. Andrew-under-Shaft, in Leadenhall-street, only retiring from the post in 1880, owing to the approach of old age. As recently as last year she gave a private recital before a party of friends, and it is said her execution was almost as good as ever. Miss Stirling was probably the first lady who passed for the degree of doctor of music of Oxford. Her exercise was approved by the university authorities, but she, of course, never took the degree—which was denied to women.

YOUNG DORRINGTON, who comes to New Zealand shortly with Brough and Boucicault, ought, says the *Bulletin*, to have talent for the stage—son of the Kendals, and nephew of Tom Robertson. His appearance and mannerisms are reminiscent of his handsome father, so his brains probably come from the maternal side.

THE famous French actress, Rejane, commands a higher price for her talents than even a famous *prima donna*. According to excellent Paris authority she receives £350 for every performance, and in addition her manager pays her expenses, and provides her with a maid and dressmaker. Rejane plays about four times a week for ten months in the year.

CHARLIE SAUNDERS, the finest tenor I ever heard in New Zealand, was at latest advices doing great business at Maritzburg, South Africa.

WIRTH'S Circus is also at Maritzburg.

Misleading the public with Frossard's Cavour Cigars is impossible; they are sold in original packets, 8 for 3s 3d. (Advt. 1)

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB.

'CYRIL'S SUCCESS.'

I AM not quite sure that in selecting 'Cyril's Success' for their second performance at the Opera House the Auckland University College Dramatic Club showed the best possible judgment, and this not on account of any defects in the play itself, but by reason of certain probable shortcomings in the audience. I do not think it can be alleged against the people of Auckland that they are a literary community, and probably to the greater portion of those present at the performances of 'Cyril's Success' much of the dialogue which relates to the inwardness of things literary and dramatic was either incomprehensible or too remote from their experience to prove interesting. The play is not without its defects. The plot is weak, and is only saved from

tumbling to pieces by the intervention of a *deus ex machina* in the shape of the Club smoking-room scene. Artistically, of course, this is all wrong, but on the other hand the interpolated scene is one of the most admirable in the play.

When these faults have been found there remains nothing to do but to praise the comedy, which for wit and sustained brilliancy compares favourably with the best of modern drama. Alas, poor Byron! Puns with him had become very nearly a mental condition. He desired to show the world he was not merely a punster, and at the most serious moment of the play in which he makes the effort, his reformed villain rejoices that, having lost the use of his right arm, he has come to the possession of his right senses.

The University students are to be congratulated on a very creditable performance. The play was probably new to all of them, and none knows so well as the amateur the difference between taking a part from the lips of an experienced actor, and forming it anew from his own conceptions. As the heroine, Miss Blanche Peacocke looked the part to perfection. Her acting was in the main excellent, and had her voice been more subtly modulated to the sense of her words, she would have left little to be desired. Miss Gerkins as Miss Grannett, the elderly school mistress, in spite of a tendency to snip off the ends of her speeches, and to speak too rapidly, did remarkably well; her acting throughout was spirited and appreciative. Miss Hil'a Keane as Mrs Singleton Bliss gave an effective rendering of her part. She was particularly good in the last scene when tearfully protesting her ignorance of the identity of the 'gentleman in the dressing-gown.' Two minor female parts were capably taken by Miss Claire Smith and Miss Olivia Lusk. The part of Cyril Cuthbert was entrusted to Mr G. B. Wither, who, despite a tendency to lapse into melodrama, acquitted himself successfully. He was at his best in the smoking-room scene, where, half intoxicated and wholly miserable he calls for brandy and soda and drifts into a quarrel with Major Treherne. Mr E. S. Wither, as the conventional military villain in a frock-coat, gave an admirable rendering of the part, especially in the scene after the opera with Mrs Cuthbert, where his tone and manner left nothing to be desired. His acting, however, was somewhat marred by fast speaking. By the way, why must a villain wear a frock coat? It is hard on a large number of excellent potential villains, the state of whose finances compel them to go about in short jackets. The Hon. Frederick Titeboy (Mr W. A. Prowse) was one of the successes of the performance. Barring occasional exaggeration, which his book no doubt made it difficult for him to avoid, his was the most consistent piece of acting on the cast. Matthew Pincher (Mr F. E. Baume) and Jonas Grimley (Mr P. A. Harron) were both extremely well rendered. Mr Baume was a little

uneven, especially on the second night, but at his best, and making all allowance for the 'fatness' of his part, his playing suggested possibilities rather beyond the reach of the ordinary amateur. Mr S. Mays made a stiff and amusing butler, and Mr E. W. G. Rathbone, whose leisurely speaking might have been imitated by some of the more important characters, did Viscount Glycerine. Mr Bagnall as Fitz-Pelham needed more life. Mr W. R. C. Walker looked a good Colonel Rawker, but he spoke in such a rancorous voice that it was impossible to hear what he said.

On the whole, the University students have every reason to congratulate themselves on the merits of their performance. Much of the acting was excellent; none could be called absolutely bad. The chief fault was a tendency on the part of a few to speak too swiftly, and a general tendency on the part of all the characters to run on from speech to speech without those occasional reflective or dramatic pauses which give effectiveness by suggesting reality.

As this is the second appearance of the University Dramatic Club, probably it is intended to make the affair an annual one. I should like, therefore to offer a suggestion as to the future choice of plays. The position of the amateur actor I take to be this: He is, or should be, the medium through which the public becomes acquainted with plays which otherwise it would be very unlikely to see. If this view be accepted, the amateur is at once raised to a status of importance which he can never attain so long as he enters into competition with the professional actor. It is unnecessary to point out to the University Club the fact that our literature is a perfect treasury of dramatic jewels, ninety per cent. of them unset; that these dramas of all sorts, tragedies, comedies, burlesques, are most of them gems of absolute genius as brilliant to-day as when they were first wrought. I should suggest, therefore, that in future the Club select its play from the extinct dramas (extinct in the sense that they are no longer acted) of the great English dramatists—Shakespeare, Marlowe, Ford, Congreve, Farquhar, Wycherly, etc. Owing to a difference in public taste, many of these could not be presented entirely, but that is an objection a judicious use of a pair of scissors would easily overcome, while as for scenery and costumes, they are difficulties which a little well-directed enthusiasm would soon surmount. For my part there are many old plays I would cheerfully travel a hundred miles to see performed, if it were only for the pleasure of noting the astonishment of the audience when it discovered that a comic idea four hundred years old might still be excruciatingly funny, and that the lapse of centuries only showed human nature in *status quo*.

S.C.W.

PEARS

Soap Makers



By Special Appointment

TO
HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

Mr. John L. Milton

Senior Surgeon
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"From time to time I have tried very many different soaps and after five-and-twenty years careful observation in many thousands of cases, both in hospital and private practice, have no hesitation in stating that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEARS' SOAP. Time and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion which I first expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase my confidence in this admirable preparation."

**PROFESSOR
Sir Erasmus Wilson**

Late President
Royal College of Surgeons, England.

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

CHILDERLAND SKETCHES.

'Are children dying out?' is a question which is being asked.

Surely no. There are full as many children in the world as there ever were. They are everywhere; they are even in the high schools. The thought of a person in a short frock, who learns Euclid and algebra, and Latin and German, is a little alarming. One fancies that she can scarcely be a child; but this is a mistake. A high-school child, the other day, was asked to tell a story and told one of a queen. Now, it is only a child who, when a story is called for, at once tells one of a queen. In the course of the story she said, 'Then the queen went into the garden behind her palace.' This was a child of London. The palace of her queen had a hall door on the street.

There are children even in London, and most quaint fancies some of them have.

Children dying out, indeed; not they. Let no one imagine, either, that they are growing too learned. One of them writes on the chapter of nouns:

'Nouns are of two kinds, proper and improper.' As long as a child retains this sort of idea, and records it for men and angels to smile at, let no one croak. Another defines prose fiction as 'newspapers'—a thing, this, which one ponders in one's heart. They are studying Shakespeare in the high schools. With what result? With this in the case of one child. It being required of her to 'write what is known of Shakespeare,' she sends in a large foolscap page in the centre of which is penned the epigram:

'Shakespeare was a poet, who wrote plays for the stage.'

Particularly neat that, in a century in which so many poets have written plays for the boudoir. It is more than neat, it is brilliant—none the less so that it is unconscious. And so it would appear that even the brilliant child has not become a thing of the past, in spite of a system of education which is said to suppress originality. The dear blockhead has likewise not ceased to be. She writes in 1890: 'The feminine of dog is cat.' The female of monk is monkey. 'The plural of potato is cabbage.' True, those dreadful beings, precocious little children also exist, children who seem to have no touch of nature in them, who like their tea without sugar, prefer plain bread and butter to cake, who think evening parties 'fishy,' and life a burden, and themselves misunderstood. They exist; but they have always existed.

INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WHERE THE MEMBERS SIT.

ON the opposite page there appears a very interesting plan of the interior of the House of Representatives. The object of the drawing is to shew the places occupied by the various members. These may be picked out from the following table of members. The numbers at the left hand side correspond with those on the plan.

Table listing members of the House of Representatives and their constituencies. Includes names like Allen, Bell, Buchanan, Budd, Buick, Button, Cadman, Carncross, Carnell, Carroll, Collins, Crowther, Duncan, Duthie, Earnshaw, Flatman, Fraser, Graham, Green, Grey, Guinness, Hall, Jones, Harris, Heke, Hogg, Houston, Hutchison, Joyce, Kelly, Lang, Larnach, Lawry, Mackenzie, Mackintosh, Maslin, Bruce, City of Wellington, Waipara, Kaipoi, Waikato, Tairā, Napier, Wairoa, City of Christchurch, City of Auckland, Oamaru, City of Wellington, City of Dunedin, Pareora, Wakatipu, City of Nelson, Waikouaiti, City of Auckland, Grey, Waipawa, Timaru, Franklin, Northern Maori, Masterton, Bay of Islands, Patea, City of Dunedin, Lyttelton, Invercargill, Bay of Plenty, Waipa, Tairāpaki, Parnell, Clutha, Wallace, Rangitikei.

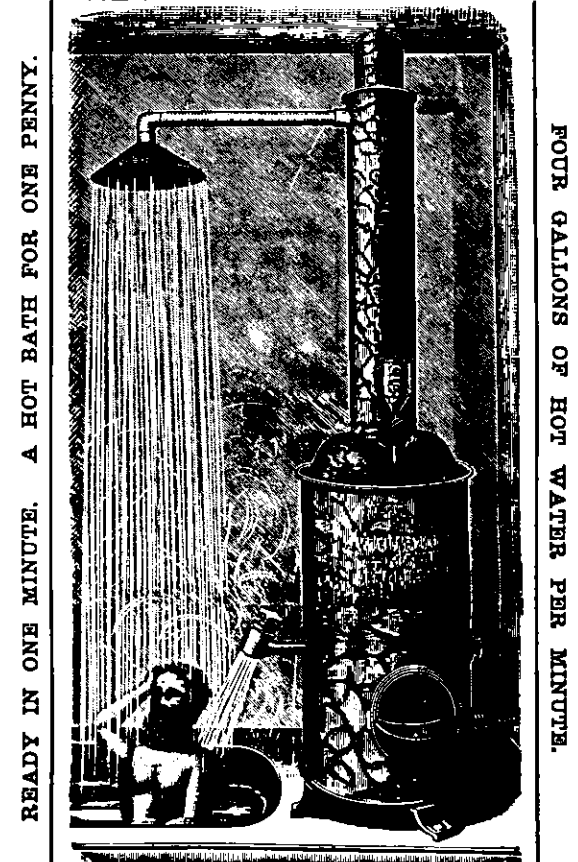
Table listing members of the House of Representatives and their constituencies. Includes names like Massey, McGowan, McGuire, McKenzie, McLenzie, McLachlan, McNab, Meredith, Miller, Mills, Mitchellson, Montgomery, Morrison, Newman, O'Regan, O'Rourke, Parata, Perre, Pinkerton, Pirani, Reeves, Russell, Saunders, Seddon, Smith, Stevens, Steward, Stout, Tanner, Te Ao, Thompson, Ward, Willis, Wilson, Waitemata, Thames, Egmont, Waikato, Buller, Ashburton, Mairā, Ashley, Chalmers, Waimea Bounded, Eden, Eltonere, Caversham, Wellington Suburbs, Inangahua, Manakau, Southern Maori, Eastern Maori, City of Dunedin, Palmerston, City of Christchurch, Riccarton, Hawke's Bay, Belwyn, Westland, New Plymouth, City of Christchurch, Hangitikei, Waitaki, City of Wellington, Avon, Western Maori, Mairā, Awarua, Wanganui, Otaki.

SAPHO-SMITH reports that Miss 'Heather Waltz' Fitz-Stubbs has arrived Home after an agreeable trip in the Ophir. Miss Fitz-Stubbs was, of course, elected final authority of the musical programme for the voyage, and arranged several tip-top concerts, also minstrel shows, with victorious cricketer Stoddart as bones and Brockwell as tambourine. On arrival at Tilbury Docks a purse of sovereigns was presented to Miss Fitz-Stubbs in token of the gratitude of the passengers for being so entertained en route, and the voyage, I am glad to say, generally wound up with three cheers for the clever Australian composer.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

... ROTORUA ...

Patent Kerosene Bath and Water Heater



READY IN ONE MINUTE. A HOT BATH FOR ONE PENNY.

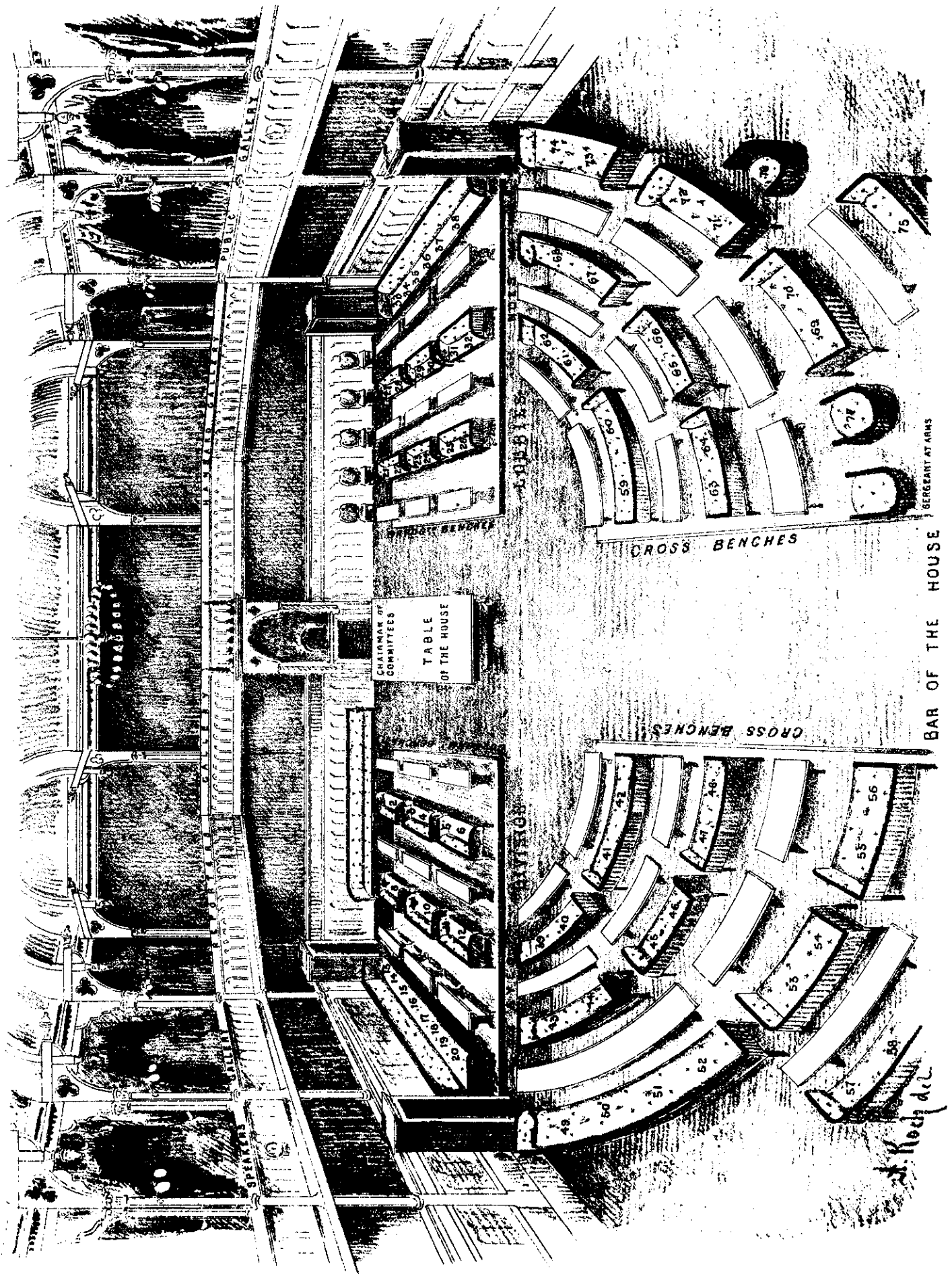
FOUR GALLONS OF HOT WATER PER MINUTE.

WALKER & CO., Sole Agents, Queen Street, AUCKLAND.

Use Silkstone Soap.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral advertisement featuring an illustration of a man sitting in a chair, coughing, and text describing the product's benefits for colds, coughs, influenza, and sore throat.

Vinolia Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a soap box and text describing it as a refined soap that keeps the complexion fresh and clear, and is used for itchy spots and sunburn.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

PLAN OF THE INTERIOR FROM THE LADIES' GALLERY.

Sale, and the Misses Rattray, Ford (Pinnar), Hagrict, Nicholls, Tolmie, Smith (Balcutha), Macrae (Otaoua), Webster, Farquhar, Ioyonida, Ulrich, Ilikon, Cargill, Blac, MacLaren, Roberts, Graham, Hathgate, Stanford, De Salinas, and others.

On Friday afternoon Mrs Jas. Allen (Arawa) gave a

LARGE MUSICAL

at her home. The weather was simply dreadful, but nevertheless about one hundred guests turned up. The house looked exceedingly cosy with large fires in every room, and decorations of palms and maidenhair ferns scattered everywhere, brightened by very pretty draperies of Indian sashes. Programmes were also placed everywhere with the musical items on them, which was an excellent idea. The table adornments consisted of crinkled paper and pink sashes extended from corner to corner, with sprays of ivy trailing elegantly all over, it produced a very artistic effect. There were delicious sweets of all kinds on every available spot. Altogether the affair proved a great success.

MUSICAL PARTY

for Messrs Taylor and Mackenzie, who are at present staying with her. Some of the musical items were contributed by the Misses Dunlop and Maclean, Messrs Hogg, Pinnar, Hackin, Sisco, Poole, Whitwate, Molland, Branson, Fenwick, Chapman, Scott, Jeffcoat, Ferguson, etc. Some of those who contributed the musical items were Mesdames Ferguson, Sargood, and the Misses Dunlop, Roberts, Lucas, Shand, S. Shand (who sang a song), the Misses Allen and Martin, pianoforte solos. Miss Lucas, who has a rich contralto voice accompanied herself very tastefully on the guitar.

AIKEN.

Engagements. The engagement is announced of Miss Burcell, of Parnell, Auckland, to Mr Vernon Coney, son of Mr Coney, much esteemed Postmaster of the Thames.

MISS WOODS, of Remuera, to Mr George Rudd, of the local Postal Department, late of Christchurch.

WHEN MABEL SMILES.

WHEN Mabel smiles my heart beats high, A softer azure tints the sky, And zephyrs sweet flit laughing by, With strains unheard before.

A MILLIONAIRE'S WATCH DOGS.

JAMES DOBSON, the millionaire carpet manufacturer, is a lover of fine dogs, and has probably a dozen prowling about his mansion overlooking the great plant operated by the Dobsons at the Falls of Schuykill.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR W. COLBECK TO MISS GEORGE.

ON Wednesday last at St. Mary's Church, Parnell, Miss Julia Thorne-George, daughter of Mr Seymour Thorne-George, of Parnell, and niece of Sir George Grey, was married to Mr Wilfrid Colbeck, youngest son of Captain Colbeck, of Epsom.

AFTER steady rain for three weeks Miss George was gifted with a most lovely day—surely a good omen. St. Mary's Church was crowded to excess with spectators, chiefly comprised of ladies, as is usual at weddings.

THE bride arrived punctually at half-past two, accompanied by her father, who gave her away, and by three bridesmaids—her younger sister, Miss Zoe George, Miss Ida George, and Miss Ada Colbeck (sister of the bridegroom). The bride's dress was an exceedingly handsome one, being of pure white silk.

THE first bridesmaid was Miss Zoe George, who looked most lovely in white silk with a fichu of accordion pleated chiffon, large white felt hat with feathers and chiffon, white mittens, and white silk shoes and stockings.

MRS GEORGE, the mother of the bride, wore a very striking dress of black silk shot with blue, charming bonnet of blue and black, large shower bouquet of yellow; Mrs Colbeck wore black; Mrs Hay (sister of the bridegroom), wore dark green, and a black bonnet; her little daughter, white and heliotrope.

Mrs Sargood wore black silk; Miss Rooke, fawn and black, large shower bouquet; Mrs Blair, handsome dress of dark green cloth trimmed with fur, bonnet to match; Mrs J. L. R. Bloomfield, dull green cloth trimmed with black, large velvet hat; Mrs James Macfarlane, dark green merveilles, handsomely trimmed with velvet and jet, small black bonnet; Mrs MacMillan, black satin; Mrs A. Coates, dark green tweed; Mrs D. W. Duthie, looked charming in a beautiful shade of soft green bengaline silk trimmed with pink silk and beaver, bonnet of pink and green, pink shower bouquet; Mrs Leatham looked very handsome in black crepon trimmed with slate-colored chiffon and jet, black bonnet, and shower bouquet of pink and white flowers; Mrs Thomson, black merveilles with bodies of figured petunia silk; Mrs Ware, black and crimson; Mrs Haines, handsome dress of black silk striped with green and gold, green silk sleeves veiled in black chiffon, black bonnet; Mrs Robinson, black crepon, black and pink bonnet; Mrs Hull, black; Miss Nora Hull looked very pretty in fawn tweed trimmed with blue; Miss Lalshey, petunia cloth, large black velvet hat with feathers; Miss Elaine Lalshey, blue cloth; Mrs James Macfarlane, dark green merveilles, black merveilles with large picture hat; Miss Charlton, brown cloth with green velvet, large brown hat with violet flowers; Miss Mabel Churton, becoming blue cloth trimmed with fur, large black velvet hat with feathers; Mrs Neeson, full black veil; Mrs Ruok, dark blue cloth, black jet bonnet; Mrs Fairburn, black silk; Mrs Seegner, dark red cloth, seal skin jacket; Mrs Schwartz, Kissling, black silk; her daughter, stylish blue and black cloth, large black hat, shower bouquet; Mrs Brown, blue and black; Mrs Ruggie, handsome tweed costume. Amongst the gentlemen we noticed Messrs Morrin, MacMillan, Blair, Bloomfield, Horton, Denniston, and Duthie.

THE best man was Mr C. E. S. Gillies, partner of the bridegroom; the other groomsman was Mr Edward Anderson. The Rev. Mr MacMurray was the officiating clergyman, assisted by the Rev. W. Beatty.

AFTER the ceremony Mrs George held a reception at her residence in St. Stephen's Avenue. The presents were both numerous and costly, amongst them being several handsome cheques. Mrs George presented her daughter with a charming house in St. Stephen's Avenue. Amongst others were a charming pearl bangle, several pictures, set of fish knives, a diamond ring, silver candlesticks, clock, silver cream jug and sugar basin, etc.

SHORTLY before four o'clock Mr and Mrs Colbeck left for the Waikato amidst showers of rose leaves. The bride's travelling dress was of dark blue serge with revers of white cloth embroidered in blue, black velvet toque to match.

Each watches his respective district during the day time, and when one dog trespasses upon the territory of the other a bitter struggle, sometimes accompanied by bloodshed is sure to occur. But as soon as darkness sets in the two dogs hob-nob together in the most friendly manner, travelling over the premises at will. The cause of the day-time enmity and the after-dark friendship cannot be accounted for by their owner.



SOCIETY + ON + DITS.

THAT the three Napier debutantes, Misses Whyte, Balfour, and K. Williams, were much admired at the subscription dance.

That the delicious supper at the Auckland Polo Ball was very much due to Mrs O'Rorke's excellent cook.

That the fourth of July will be celebrated in Wellington by a dance at Government House.

That all through the colony the free sermons of the Rev. R. H. Haws were far better attended than his paid lectures.

That there have never been so many tea-consuming parties in Invercargill as this winter.

That Miss George's wedding cake was one of the largest ever seen in Auckland, and was made by the bride herself.

That very much sympathy is felt for the popular lady member of the Pakaranga Hunt Club who met with an accident at the meet on Saturday.

That in Dunedin it is very cold, the snow lying thickly on the surrounding hills.

That great sympathy is felt in Danevirke for the young widow and little child of Mr Emil Weisert, whose death (from typhoid fever) is much deplored.

That when Mr and Mrs Hamer return to Christchurch, their address will be 5, Cranmer Square. At present they are visiting in Dunedin.

That the extra exhibition of the Christchurch Palette Club in aid of the winter work fund, was not very well attended, owing to the heavy rain.

That the same cause operated considerably against the success of Miss Gwen Davies, the fascinating mimetic sketcher.

That Miss Mary Davies, the well-known London ballad singer, is a sister of the Miss Gwen Davies now in this colony.

A new union—mildness, quality, cheapness combined. In Frossard's Cavour Cigars, 8 for 1s 3d. (Adv. 1)

HYPNOTIC SINGING.

THE MOST DISPUTED INCIDENT OF 'TRIBLY' SUPPORTED BY FACT.

AMONG the many items apropos of Du Maurier's masterpiece not the least interesting is the closeness with which he has stuck to the facts. One's first impression upon reading how Svengali taught Tribly to sing—how he hypnotized her and commanded her to imitate the sounds he made on his flexible flageolet—was, no doubt, that this, at least, was a flight of poetic license. It seems, however, to be well within the possibilities.

A case which in all essentials covers it was reported as long ago as 1850 by James Braid, the first of the successors of Mesmer to approach the hypnotic sleep from the side of science rather than of charlatanism. After speaking of the heightened sense of hearing under mesmerism and of the increase of muscular precision, they make, he truly, 'feats of phonic imitation' possible which are truly astounding.

Many patients will thus repeat accurately what is spoken in any language, and they may be also able to sing correctly and simultaneously both words and music of songs in any language which they had never heard before—i.e. they catch the words as well as music so instantaneously as to accompany the other singer as if both had been previously equally familiar with both words and music. In this manner a patient of mine who, when awake, knew not even the grammar of even her own language, and who had very little knowledge of music, was enabled to follow Miss Jenny Lind correctly in songs in different languages, giving both words and music so correctly and so simultaneously with Jenny Lind that two parties in the room could not for some time imagine that there were two voices, so perfectly did they accord, both in musical tone and vocal pronunciation of Swiss, German and Italian songs. She was equally successful in accompanying Miss Lind in one of her extemporaneous effusions, which was long and extremely difficult, elaborate chromatic exercises, which the celebrated cantatrice tried by way of taxing the powers of the somnabulist to the utmost. When awake the girl durst not even attempt to do anything of the sort; and after all, wonderful as it was, it was only phonic imitation, for she did not understand the meaning of a single word of the foreign language which she had uttered so correctly.

This is exactly Tribly's case (only more so), except that there is nothing to indicate in the report that 'the patient' remembered Jenny Lind's songs and could reproduce them afterwards, but the formation of a trace-state memory is a sufficiently frequent phenomenon.

We make a Specialty . . .

Of Finely Engraved CARDS, CRESTS, MONOGRAMS and WEDDING INVITATIONS. H. BRETT, Graphic Office, Shortland Street, Auckland.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DRESSES AT A RECENT LONDON WEDDING.



THE smartest, or one of the smartest, late weddings in London revealed such pretty ideas in frocks that I am sending you sketches thereof.

The first sketch is a bonnet worn by a distinguished guest. Many of the *espôtes* on this occasion were trimmed with a particularly delightful mirror velvet, shading from crimson to sapphires blue, a blend highly becoming to the majority of faces. This

bonnet—a daintily draped arrangement—is made of this especial shade of velours, edged and intermixed with jet motives. A narrow velvet ribbon is tied under the chin, and finishes off on one side with a sweet little rosette. For



LA CAPOTE.

the most part the latest bonnets have bows at the back, the six-looped front coques being generally confined to hats.

The spacious and handsome building was filled with spectators, no one being admitted without invitation or ticket. The arches of the chancel screen were outlined with white flowers, chiefly lilies, lilac, and chrysanthemums, intermixed with delicate foliage, and the choir stalls and Communion table were adorned with white exotics, a number of tall flowering bamboos also being arranged about the chancel. The seats between the transepts and the chancel were reserved for the bridal party, who began to assemble at half-past one o'clock. The church bells rang for some time before the ceremony, and while awaiting the bride's coming a beautiful anthem was sung, the solo being taken by a clear soprano voice. The bride's dress was of rich white satin, with a trail of orange blossoms and myrtle round the hem, a girle and chataigne of the same flowers, and collar of antique *point de gaze*; the bodice was full, and had a folded sash, and the sleeves were long; a full wreath of orange blossoms was covered by a tulle veil, and her only ornament was the necklace of two rows of pearls.

The bridesmaids' dresses were of white satin, trimmed

with *parma violets*. They wore hats of violet velvets, with ostrich feathers of the colour, and violets, and carried enormous bouquets of the same flowers. The pages, who looked most picturesque, wore costumes of white satin, slashed with mauve satin, and trimmed with silver bullion, with white satin cloaks lined with mauve, and white felt hats and feathers.



TRAVELLING DRESS.

The bride's mother wore a lovely dress of green silk trimmed with applique green velvet on white satin, edged



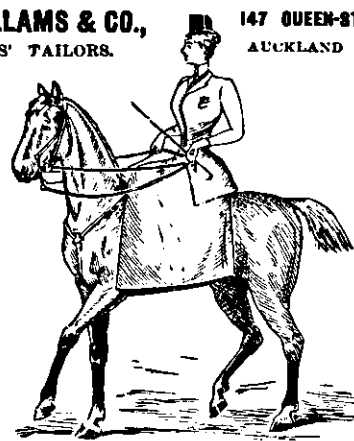
DRESS WORN BY BRIDE'S MOTHER

with beaver, toque and muff with panotes to match. The bride's travelling dress was blue faced cloth with blue velvet and silver fox fur trimmings, muff and hat to match.

HELOISE.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO., 147 QUEEN-ST. AUCKLAND

LADIES' TAILORS.
Tailor Gowns, Jackets, Costumes, Cover Coats, etc.
Latest London Tailor Styles. RIDING HABITS (see per design), from £2. 5s.; perfect fit guaranteed.



IMPORT YOUR BULBS DIRECT.

We, PETER VAN VELSEN AND SONS, Bulbgrowers Haarlem, Holland, beg to intimate that Illustrated Catalogues can be had on application, post free, from our agents,

MESSRS A. MILLAR AND CO., Auckland.

Milwards' Needles
BUY MILWARDS ONLY.



Te Aro House WELLINGTON

FOR THE WINTER SEASON

there has been received a BEAUTIFUL SELECTION of **Evening & Dress & Materials**

These lovely FABRICS have been marked at exceedingly Low Prices, and an additional advantage is offered to **CUSTOMERS AT A DISTANCE** in that any length will be sent FREE BY POST, if the order is accompanied by cash for the amount.

AMONG THE MATERIALS ARE—

- EVENING CREPONS, 42 inches wide, in MAIZE, CORAL, CHARTREUSE, SKY, BLACK, GAS GREEN, etc., at 1s. 3d. and 1s. 11d. per yd. Any length post free.
- MOIRE SILKS, 22 inches wide, in CREAM, BLACK, CARDINAL, LEMON, OLD ROSE, etc., at from 2s. 6d. per yd. Any length post free.
- NEW BROCHE SILKS, 20 inches wide, in SEA FOAM, EAU DE NIL, CREAM, MAIZE, SKY, etc., at 2s. 11d. per yd. Any length post free.
- NEW SHADED SILKS, 23 inches wide, in CARDINAL, LEMON, SKY, VIOLET ROSE, HELIOTROPE, etc., at 3s. 11d. per yd. Any length post free.
- NEW SPOT SILKS, 25 inches wide, in CHARTREUSE, GOLD, CORAL, BLACK, PRIMROSE, etc., at 3s. 6d. per yd. Any length post free.

PATTERNS

of any of the above materials will be sent, post free, on application to—

JAMES SMITH
TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

BRIDESMAIDS' DRESS.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

RECIPES.

A GOOD SOUP.—It is called *potée à la soubis*, and is made thus: Peel three good-sized onions and mince them roughly; put 2oz of good clarified dripping into a stewpan, and when it is quite melted throw in the onion, cover the pan closely, and let the onions cook steadily for an hour. Then lay in with the onion any pieces of bread you may have by you (this bread must be cut in small, slanting slices, or it will not succeed), and pour on to it all about a quart of boiling weak or second stock, season to taste with pepper and salt, add a few rinds of bacon (cut from the morning's rashers), cover the pot again, and let it all simmer together for a full hour, then rub it through a sieve, crushing it all with a wooden spoon; then if too thin let it boil fast for a few minutes to reduce it; if too thick, thin it with a little milk, and serve with fried croûtons handed round. This makes a most delicious soup, and few persons could tell you off hand of what it was made. There are two other forms of this, both excellent. The first is *potée à la soubis blanche*, and is made in exactly the same way except that two-thirds milk and one-third white stock (or even milk alone) is used instead of the brown stock; butter is substituted for the dripping, only the crumb and one of the crust of the bread is used, and the onions are not allowed to colour. The third way is to make it by the first recipe exactly, only using the hot water in which you have boiled a cauliflower or French beans (of course premising that no soda has been used by your cook 'to improve the colour' of the vegetable), and adding no salt, as the liquor will be already sufficiently salted. If made properly, clear soup is neither difficult nor troublesome to make, and for 'company' purposes is at present far more used than thick soup.

AN ENTREE.—*Ris de Veau à la Béchamel* is sweetbread blanched and boiled till tender, then cut in slices and served with Béchamel sauce over. For the sauce, melt one ounce of butter over the fire, add a tiny onion, a blade of mace, a little pepper, salt and grated nutmeg, stir in a tablespoonful of fine flour, then add gradually, still stirring, about a quarter of a pint of veal stock; when smooth and thick, remove the onion and mace and add off the fire a tablespoonful of cream.

BREAD MADE WITH YEAST, AND WITH POTATOES.—Dilute very carefully and thoroughly 1oz. of German yeast in about a quart of lukewarm milk or milk and water, being careful to get it quite smooth, or the dough will not be even, but full of large hollows; mix the whole mass firmly together, and knead it up at once, then let it rise for about an hour; again knead it well and let it rise once more for three-quarters of an hour this time, then divide it, work it up into loaves and bake at once. The proportion of flour for this amount of yeast would be a quarter. For potato bread, steam or boil very dry 1lb. of good mealy potatoes, then rub them while quite hot through a coarse sieve into 2lb. of flour, and mix it all well together. Stir in the yeast directly after mixing in the potatoes. This bread will keep moist much longer than wheaten bread, and if 1oz. of butter, an egg, and a little new milk are added to it, it makes delicious breakfast rolls.

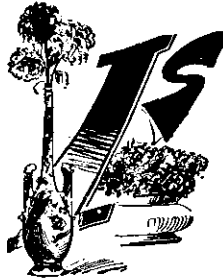
PLAIN LUNCH CAKE.—Rub 2ozs of butter or clarified dripping into 1lb of flour, then mix into it thoroughly 1oz of castor sugar and allspice (mixed), 4ozs castor sugar, and 1lb of well washed and dried currants. Make half a pint of milk rather more than lukewarm, and stir into it about one and a half tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast. Now mix the flour, etc., into a light dough with this liquid, knead it well together, and, after lining the cake tin with strips of buttered paper (which should project quite six inches above the top of the tin), put in the dough. Let it stand in a warm place to rise for half an hour, then bake in a well-heated oven for one and a-half hours to two hours.

FIJI DRINKS.

The national beverage in Fiji is *yagona* or *kava*. This is a small tree (*Macropiper methysticum*), the root of which is chewed, and then dissolved in water, after a little straining, to remove the root dregs, the mixture is fit for drinking. It is an intoxicant, and if the root happen to be old, it has a powerful effect. The effect of a *yagona* 'drink' is most peculiar. While the head of the subject remains clear enough to discuss the toughest political question, the legs totally refuse to do their accustomed work. A drunken man is literally compelled 'to hold on to the grass' for support. The young girls are invariably employed in the work of 'grog-chewing' when a company sits down to drink. But when you see a young woman chewing grog single-handed for a solitary young man, you know that that couple are making it right to 'hitch.' It is one of the best signs that a young woman will make a suitable wife for a youth when she can chew his grog to the proper strength. There are, of course, many differences of taste—some like it 'over-proof,' and others prefer it 'under.' Like the men, the Fijian women comb their hair straight upwards. It stands up stiff like the top of a well-trimmed

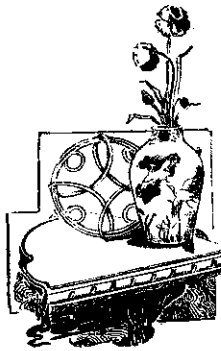
hedge, and when flowers are to hand they are profusely planted on top-making the woman to appear as if she carried a miniature flower garden on the top of her head. A lock of hair on the right temple is preserved, however, for a downward course, and this is carefully plaited and allowed to hang down the side of the cheek. When the girl is married this lock is shorn and never allowed to appear again. Hence the experienced eye can quickly discern the married from the single when a village is entered.

FLOWER VASES.



but in process of time they will, like most other things, and their own level. For a considerable time the flower arrangements of a certain friend of mine were at once a mystery and cause of envy, how they stuck up there and held themselves in such graceful and dignified attitudes I could never find out. My friend was of that species of woman who, having found out a superior way of doing anything, inevitably keeps the prescription to herself, and poses as if the result were entirely due to her skilful arrangements. However, one day, when her baby cried, and she ran out to the aid of her offspring, I rose slowly with the stern purpose of finding out to what my friend's flowers owed their exceeding rectitude. It was quite simple, and not being prone to keep good things to myself, I give here a sketch of the wire arrangements through which the flowers were thrust. It really consists of a little circle of wire with other pieces stretched across it after the fashion here indicated; this is put over the neck of the vase and enables the flowers to stand out separately, instead of crowding together and crushing each other.

There anything more exasperating than to buy long-stemmed flowers and have them sink into the insignificance of a short-stemmed bunch, which, as we all know, can be purchased for at least one-third less than their more stately sisters. We may prop them up as we will, we may half fill the pot with moss which will smell disgustingly in a day, we may fondly imagine we have succeeded in lodging the end of the stalks against the side of the jar, when her baby cried, and she ran out to the aid of her offspring, I rose slowly with the stern purpose of finding out to what my friend's flowers owed their exceeding rectitude. It was quite simple, and not being prone to keep good things to myself, I give here a sketch of the wire arrangements through which the flowers were thrust. It really consists of a little circle of wire with other pieces stretched across it after the fashion here indicated; this is put over the neck of the vase and enables the flowers to stand out separately, instead of crowding together and crushing each other.



HE INVESTED ONLY 75 6D.

There is a man who has spent the past twenty-five years of his life exploring for gold and other minerals in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and New Zealand. He has no doubt picked up some money, yet he says that the investment of 7s 6d brought him in bigger returns than any other he ever made.

Yet, hold on a minute. Don't let us jump to the conclusion that we can all get rich out of the proceeds of 7s 6d till we hear further from this financier. He has a humorous way of putting a serious thing, for which we should like him all the more. Some folk have no idea that sound sense and genuine fun are twin brothers, but they are all the same.

Our friend's name is William Bromfield Peck, and he lives at Russell, New Zealand, a long way off. He says it is a lovely country and intends to stay in it the balance of his days. As he landed in Australia, from England, in 1866, he has been there long enough to know what he is talking about. He advises persons of limited means who would like to become small landholders to emigrate to New Zealand.

Still, he reminds us that in the end we must pay for what we get. 'The calling of a prospector, for instance,' said Mr Peck, 'is full of hard work. Besides, it entails rough living, such as salt junk, soddened damper, with tea in bucketfuls. One must have the digestive capacity of an ostrich or an anacoonda to stand that diet for long. It must therefore be taken as proof of the good machinery inside of my system, when I mention that I actually stood it for nearly twenty-five years.'

'My punishment was delayed, you see, but it didn't fail.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

NODINE & CO.,

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

COMMENCED BUSINESS

163, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

CHOICE GOODS AND STYLES.

HUNT'S RIDING MATERIALS.

REAL HARRIS TWEEDS.

EVENING AND WEDDING SUITS A SPECIALTY.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

NODINE & CO.,

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

SPECIAL GOODS

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

HABIT FRONT, HATS, AND LONDON HAND-MADE RIDING BOOTS KEPT IN STOCK.

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

SPECIALITY IN LADIES' WAISTCOATS

At last the climax came, and I was prostrated with agonising pain in the stomach, and all the other symptoms of a profound derangement of all the digestive organs. I had to knock off work and cease all exertion. I was imbued with disgust with all things mundane. I believe that *dyspepsia is responsible for a large portion of the world's suicides!*

Mr Peck's conjecture is exactly parallel with the fact as set forth in the official statistics of all civilized countries. No other disease so demoralises and depresses human nature. It attacks the secret strongholds of the reason and drives people insane; it stupefies the sensibilities; it turns men and women into selfish, useless, nuisances; it impels them to commit crime. All this in addition to their own desolation and suffering. Yes, Mr Peck is quite right.

But to get back to what he says about himself. 'At the advice of a friend—Mr W. Williams of this place—I began to take the far-famed Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. What result did it have? I'll tell you: 'It has transformed me from a prematurely old man into one quite regenerated.'

I am a rapid eater and can't break myself of the bad habit. Hence I make it a point to keep a bottle by me always and an occasional dose when necessary to set me right.

I can safely assert that the investment of 7s 6d in Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was the best I ever made in all my chequered career. You may depend that I prescribe this medicine to all and sundry people I come in contact with. Prior to using it I spent pounds at different times, but only got partial relief. The Syrup seems to make straight for the seat of the trouble. I put these lines just to show other sufferers the way out. There are any number of respectable persons here who can attest the truth of what I have written.—Respectfully (Signed) WM. BROMFIELD PECK, Russell, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, July 2nd, 1892.'

We don't call for witnesses. Mr Peck's tale is frankness and truth itself. We hold out our hand in greeting across the sea. Dyspepsia is a living death, and Mother Seigel gives new life. Millions sing that chorus. But he had better eat slower. Write again and tell us you are doing so, Friend Peck.

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.)

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Purest Dentifrice one can use; it whitens the teeth, prevents decay, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

A soothing, healing and emollient milk for beautifying the skin; removes freckles, tan, sunburn, redness, roughness, etc., and is warranted harmless.

ROWLANDS' ESSENCE OF TYRE

Dyes the hair a natural and permanent Brown or Black. Ask Druggists and Stores for ROWLANDS' articles of 20, Hatton Garden, London, England, and avoid cheap poisonous imitations.

I GUARANTEE TO CURE

THE NERVES AND THE BLOOD

Says HERR RASMUSSEN,

THE CELEBRATED DANISH HERBALIST.

AND Parisian Gold Medalist of 57 GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY, and 81 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, N.Z.; and no greater truth has ever been uttered. Judging from the THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS sent to him by grateful cured BLOOD AND NERVE SUFFERERS, whom his world-renowned HERBAL ALFALINE VITALITY REMEDIES have restored to PERMANENT HEALTH. For example, his Celebrated ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS are a CERTAIN CURE for WEAK NERVES, DEPRESSED SPIRITS, DEBILITY, and WEAKNESS OF THE SPINE, BRAIN, AND NERVES. Special Powerful Course, 43s 6d; Ordinary Course, 23s 6d; Smaller Boxes, 12s and 6s; posted.

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

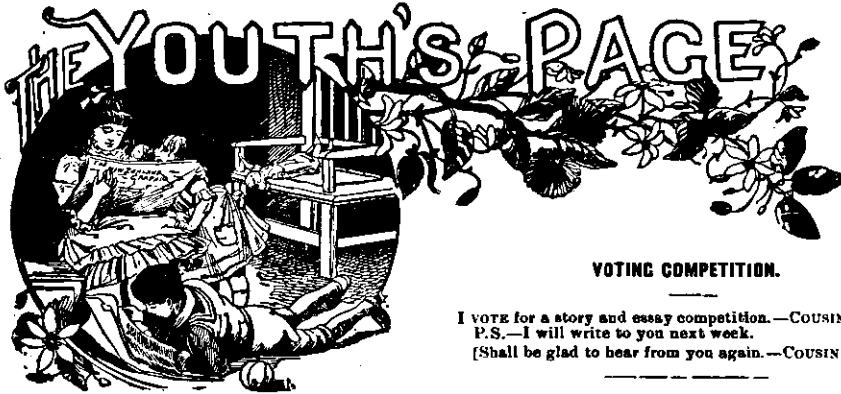
His ALFALINE UNIVERSAL PILLS are unequalled as a permanent cure for COMPLAINTS PECULIAR to LADIES. Price, same as Vitality Pills.

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

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

HERR RASMUSSEN,

81 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.



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 am going to let you know how I am getting on. It has been raining off and on for about a week. I am sending some puzzles for the cousins to answer. There are not so many letters now as there were. The puzzle column is pretty bare generally. I hope the cousins will rally around the GRAPHIC and send more letters than ever they did before. I will try to write once a fortnight in future. I saw that the last time I wrote you asked me which competition I liked best. I vote for a wood-carving competition. I go to the Free Library in my dinner-hour, and read such books as 'Grimm's Fairy Tales,' 'Esop's Fables,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' etc. I will now close, *con amore*.—COUSIN CHARLIE. Newton.

P.S.—Excuse poor writing and mistakes.

[I am very glad to hear from you again, and like your idea of writing once a fortnight. Well, yes, the puzzle column has been rather bare lately. But if you have read my answers to many of the cousins, you will see that I am keeping some of the best puzzles for the puzzle competition, which will come off after the story competition is decided. I hope you will try for the latter. There are some excellent books at the Free Library, are there not? I think it has been raining 'on and off' for a month! Can you swim?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am very glad to see that the cousins are again stirring up and beginning to write. I have just finished a map of the German Empire, and as I never know how long it will be before I have a little spare time, I take the opportunity of writing to you. You must think yourself very lucky when you receive this letter, because after finishing my home lessons, I was strongly tempted to go on reading the interesting book which I left off reading before I started my home lessons. However, I overcame the temptation, and when this letter appears in the GRAPHIC, I am sure that I will feel glad that I did so. To-day is the coldest day we have had this winter, and everyone has been complaining of the cold. A great deal of snow has fallen on the mountains and hills surrounding Nelson, and to-day, after the mists had removed from them, they looked perfectly beautiful. I do wish you could see them, Cousin Kate, in the morning, just when the sun is beginning to rise, because they look a pale, delicate pink, and when the sun rises high they look just as beautiful, glistening and shining, and presenting a sight worth seeing. Have you ever seen snow close enough to examine and touch it, Cousin Kate? I have not, but people in Nelson are able to get it by going up the Dun Mountain or Fringe Hills when it is cold, because snow does fall there. A little while ago I went to some waxworks that were here, and took my little brother. He did not like it at all, as some of the wax figures were rather ugly, so I had to take him out. After that we went to the Botanical Reserve to see the volunteers inspected by Colonel Fox. I do not think the rain came too late here, as the grass is most beautifully green, and I have heard no complaints about food for the cattle by the farmers here. I think it is time I brought this letter to an end, so I will say good-bye, with love to the cousins and yourself.—COUSIN MAUDE. Nelson.

[I fully appreciate and thank you for your self-denial in writing to me instead of reading a nice story book, for I am very fond of reading too. Yes, Cousin Maude, I have touched snow, and had lumps of snow put down my back too, where they melted of course, and were horribly uncomfortable. I made a big snow man one winter, as tall as myself. Everyone who came to the door thought my brothers had made it, but they were too lazy or too cold, I forgot which. I can quite imagine your brother thinking Colonel Fox and our brave defenders better worth looking at than waxworks, though the latter are very amusing if well done, and volunteers are never amusing, only intensely interesting!—COUSIN KATE.]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

(1) Why are conundrums like monkeys? (2) When is an umbrella like a suit? (3) Why does a donkey prefer thistles to corn? (4) Why do young ladies prefer tall to short men?—COUSIN CHARLIE. Newton.

VOTING COMPETITION.

I VOTE for a story and essay competition.—COUSIN HENRY. P.S.—I will write to you next week. [Shall be glad to hear from you again.—COUSIN KATE.]

SQUARING WORDS.

You have doubtless all spent many happy moments over the word-squares found in the puzzle-boxes of your magazines; but did you ever think to square words as a game? This is how it can be done: Cut out as many squares of pasteboard as there are letters in our alphabet, and either paint or paste on these the letters. It will be necessary to make several sets of these letters. Or if this takes too much time you can simply cut the letters from newspapers, choosing the largest type you can find. To square a word, spell it across by placing your bits of pasteboard in their proper order. Then, using the same initial letter, spell the same word down, forming a right angle. Now choose a word commencing with the second letter of your word, and so on until the letters have all become the initial of some word. Here is a word square:

P
E
A
T
A
T
E

SNOW INDOORS.

THE same causes which produce a fall of snow in the open air—namely, a subjection of a moist atmosphere to a temperature cold enough to crystallise the drops of moisture which are formed—may, of course, take place under artificial conditions.

La Nature, a French journal of science, relates that a gentleman who was walking rapidly along the street on a cold, fair day, and had, by violent exercise, brought himself into a condition of profuse perspiration, took off his tall hat in saluting a friend.

As he did so, he was astonished to feel what was apparently a slight fall of snow upon his head. Upon passing his hand over his head, he found several unmistakable flakes of snow there.

It is supposed that the freezing outer air condensed the moist warm air within the gentleman's tall hat so suddenly that a veritable snowstorm, of miniature proportions, was produced upon his head.

A similar incident is related by the same journal. During the past winter, on a very cold, clear night, an evening party was given in a *salon* in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered together in a single room, and it became so warm, in the course of the evening, that several ladies complained of feeling ill.

An attempt was then made to raise a window, but the sashes had been frozen in their place, and it was impossible to move them.

In this situation, as it was absolutely necessary that air should be admitted, a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold current at once rushed in, and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room.

The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere which was saturated with moisture had produced a snow-fall indoors.

SOME STRANGE TRUE STORIES ABOUT BIRDS.

A GREAT many years ago there was blown down, in a severe storm in England, an elm-tree that had stood on one side of an avenue leading up to an old house. In the fall of the elm several young jackdaws that had been nesting in the hollow of the tree were killed, one only of the small brood escaping. This feathered babe was at once adopted and cared for by the children living in the house, and became in time very much attached to them. The bird as it grew older learned to do a great many things, but it seemed to be particularly interested in the habit of the owner of the house of riding out daily. After the master's departure, the jackdaw would perch himself upon the gate of the stable-yard, from which he could get a good view down the avenue, and there he would wait for the rider's return. At the moment he caught sight of him coming up the road he would fly off in search of the groom, and by means of the extraordinary noise he would make, inform him of his master's approach. If the groom appeared indifferent, and failed immediately to attend to his cries, the bird would peck at the man's legs, and nip his stockings, and pull with all his might until he started to meet the returning master of the house. With all his intelligence, the ill-fated daw had not the sense to avoid fire, for his biographer states that, like most pets, he came to an untimely end, alighting amongst some hot ashes, and being burned to death.

A resident of Cornwall living on the north coast threw out a piece of bread one morning to a sea gull that had strayed in to the shore, which the bird devoured in short order, and flew away. The next morning the gull appeared again upon the scene, was fed, and departed. After this he returned daily for a period of eighteen years, appearing punctually every morning at breakfast hour, stalking up and down until fed, and then, like the well-ordered industrious bird that he was, going about his business.

LUCY'S DISCOVERY.

LUCY: 'Mamma, the kettle just boiled over and put the kitchen fire out.
Mamma: 'Well, what of that?'
Lucy: 'Why, I never knew that hot water would put a fire out before.'

A LITTLE MIXED.

'GOODNESS me, Wallace,' cried his uncle, 'you are getting to be a big fellow. Nearly eight now, aren't you?'
'Guess so,' said Wallace; 'papa says I'm worse than a dozen.'

CURIOSITY.

It is a very excellent thing to be friendly and sympathetic, but unwise to be obtrusively and impertinently so. A lady, getting upon a train early one morning, took a seat near a woman who began to eye her curiously.

The first lady was naturally very pale in complexion, and had sometimes been annoyed by sympathetic interest in this peculiarity.

Presently the second lady addressed her, 'Poor creature! she exclaimed. 'How pale you be.' The lady simply raised her eyelids a trifle.

'Now there must be something the matter with you,' the other went on. 'Do tell me what you've been a-doing.'

'I have been totally unconscious for eight hours,' the first lady remarked.

'Gracious! How did that happen?'

'I was asleep.'

Gained in Strength

READ WHAT

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

did cure the Invalid Daughter of a Prominent Lowell Tradesman.

'My daughter had for a long time been troubled with violent headaches and sleeplessness. She was pale, had no appetite, and was losing flesh rapidly. She took various remedies for her trouble, but received no benefit until she commenced using



Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking half a bottle she began to feel better. By a continued use of this medicine her appetite returned, her cheeks began to fill out and show color, she gained in strength, her headaches disappeared, she slept better, and now says she feels like a new person.—F. P. CONNOR, No. 111, 6 Lyon St., Lowell.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Has Cured Others, Will Cure You
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

A TERRIBLE COUGH. A TERRIBLE COUGH. A TERRIBLE COUGH.

94 Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.
"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your Lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY. A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

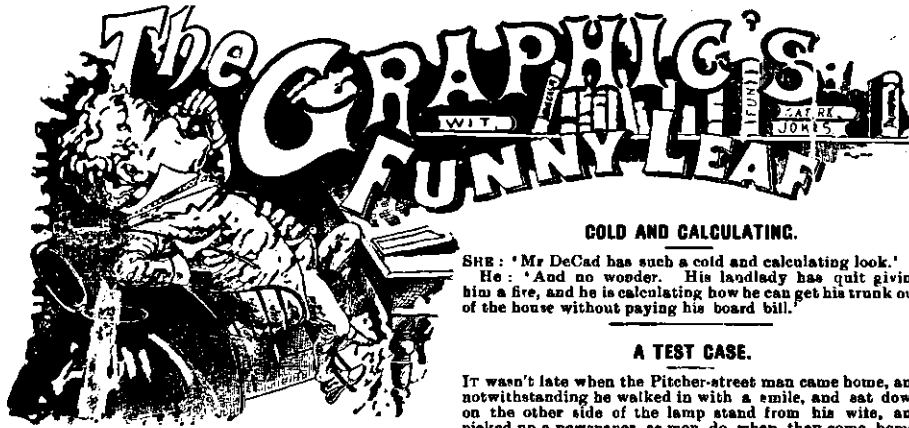
Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1893.
"I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of 'Cough Lozenges,' and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly, A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.S., and L.M. Edinburgh, L.R.C.P., and L.M. Edinburgh.

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

"It is 75 YEARS AGO" since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in Time by all Chemists.



IN PRAISE OF KNICKERS.

'Julia's tempestuous petticoat' appeared to the exquisite sparkling nurse of a Herrick, and was found worthy of a place in his fairland of roses and violets, dew and ambryria. But where is the modern Herrick bold enough to sing of Julia's display of knickerbocker!—WOMAN.

HERE am I bound with my heart and my hand
To do my sweet lady the service
Of filling each corner of sea and of land
With praise of her virtue or her vice.
What matters it what are the garments we praise,
So our love be according to Cocker;
I could rhyme of her boots, and her stockings, and stays—
Why not of her tweed knickerbocker?

Bob Herrick has sung of her white petticoat,
And found 'wantounness,' too, in her shoe-tie,
And every old part has fitted his note
To the praise of each feature of beauty.
Ashby Sterry has chanted the frilled pantalette,
And stockings were lauded by Locker;
To me it has fallen in verses to set
The praise of her tweed knickerbocker.

Each thing that she does, each thing that she says,
All things that she wears well become her;
There is beauty in youth, in the fineness of days,
There is beauty in winter and summer.
The hand rules the nation by rocking the eut,
But what of the feet on the rocker?
If there's beauty in shapely-turned ankles, why not
When displayed in the tweed knickerbocker?

My lady has lips that are rounded and red,
My lady has eyes of the bluest,
And delicate hands, and a small golden head,
And a heart that is truer than truest;
And my lady's white arms are unshrouded in bags,
Yet nobody therefore does mock her,
Then why should she furnish a subject for wags,
When clad in her tweed knickerbocker?

Her feet they are smaller and whiter than mine,
Her instep is arched like a Spaniard,
Her open-work stockings are silken and fine,
Her shoes are the pride of the tan-yard;
Her ankles are fine as a thoroughbred fawn,
Her calves are quite up to the knocker,
And she would delight even Cardinal Vaughan,
When dressed in her tweed knickerbocker.

So when she rides forth on her bike let us rise,
And with glasses in hand let us hock her!
The new Lady Godiva is lovely and wise
When she puts on her tweed knickerbocker.

Le Passant.

DIFFERENT.

I HEAR you're engaged. Congratulate you, old chap!
'Oh, didn't you know, I'm married.'
'Then, excuse me, my boy.'



NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT.

'WELL, Penbeck, how's your little boy, is he strong and healthy?'
'Strong, I should think he was; he raises the whole house, lodgers and all.'

GOLD AND CALCULATING.

SHE: 'Mr DeCad has such a cold and calculating look.'
He: 'And no wonder. His landlady has quit giving him a fire, and he is calculating how he can get his trunk out of the house without paying his board bill.'

A TEST CASE.

It wasn't late when the Pitcher-street man came home, and notwithstanding he walked in with a smile, and sat down on the other side of the lamp stand from his wife, and picked up a newspaper, as men do when they come home, she, for some unaccountable reason, suspected him. She looked up over her work at him two or three times, and finally spoke:—

'By the way, John,' she said, 'will you do me a favour?'
'Certainly, my dear; what is it?' said John.
'I want you to say this for me: "Gaze on the gay gray brigade."
'Gaze on the gray gay bigrade,' replied John, triumphantly.

'Lovely,' she exclaimed. 'Now try this one: "Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip."
'Give James (Jim's) gig jilt whip,' responded John, as glibly as you please.

'Excellent, excellent,' she cried. 'Now this one: "Sarah in a shawl soveled soft snow softly."
He shivered a little, but never let it on.
'Sarah in a sawl soveled soft snow softly,' he said, with oratorical effect.

'Oh, you dear old thing,' she laughed. 'Now one more, and then I won't trouble you again.'

'No trouble, I assure you, my dear,' said John. '(Go ahead.)

'Well, say this: "Say, should such a shapely sash such shabby stitches show."
John gave a great gulp to his Adam's apple, which oscillated in his throat.

'My dear,' he said, slowly. 'I begin to shuspect that you shuspicion me; but you are mistaken—entirely mistaken, and I positively decline to pose further as a pronouncing dictionary. You have observed that I have made a shuchness as far as I have gone, but there is a limit, and the next thing I know you will be asking me to say "The scene was truly rural," a thing I never could say without getting my twopnce tied, and you will think your shuspicious are well grounded, when you ought to know they're not,' and John buried himself in his newspaper, and utterly refused to hear any further appeals from the other side of the table.



AMBIGUOUS.

'I'VE come to see the tank, mum?'
'The tank — oh — well it's gone out and won't come home till three in the morning.'

FISHING TACKLE.

THE daughter was going over her father's fishing tackle, straightening it up for him to be ready for the spring campaign, when she came across a corkscrow.
'Why, mamma,' she exclaimed, 'what's this for?'
'Um,' sniffed mamma, 'I guess that's a hook to catch bait with.'

STARTLING INFORMATION.

DAISY: 'According to this French paper, Parisian ladies are not going to wear dresses any longer.'
Mrs Parsons: 'Great Heavens, why not?'
Daisy: 'Because they are long enough already.'

TWO KINDS OF WIVES.

DIGGS (whose wife assists him in his store): 'My wife puts in about two-thirds of her time in my store, and I don't like her to do it.'
Higgs: 'You ought to be thankful that she stays in one place. My wife puts in about three-fourths of her time in all the stores in town.'

COMPARISONS.

'Oh, yer, of course she's pretty, but she knows it so well.'
'Well, that's better than being ugly and not knowing it, you know.'

SWEET EIGHTEEN—STONE.

How fat she was no one did know;
Till one unlucky day
She stepped upon the slot machine,
And gave herself a weigh.



THAT DID IT.

SHE: 'It was quite a surprise to me that the book sold at all, it was so bad.'
He: 'Yes, but what a delightful cover.'

HE HAD TRIED THEM.

'WILL you be mine?' he faltered.
She looked upon him with disdain,
'I thought you knew better,' she sneered.
His head sank upon his breast.
'I do,' he answered, in a hollow voice, 'but they have all refused me.'

LUCKY JIM.

JIM was my friend, till one unlucky day,
The usual cause, a pretty girl came in our way,
And though I tried each art and winning wile,
'Twas not to me she gave her sweetest smile.
Until, to my despair, one day she married Jim
Ah, lucky Jim
How I envied him.

Three years had passed, long years they seemed to me,
And then Jim died: once more then she was free.
Before me rose the fond hope of the past,
I wooed, I sued, I married her at last;
And when I think of Jim, though underground,
Enjoying peace and quiet most profound,
Ah, lucky Jim,
How I envy him!

TRIMMINGS.

WOMAN Who Wants to Vote: 'I don't see why we shouldn't get along in politics.'
Man Who Sneers: 'Who ever heard of millinery in politics?'
She (promptly): 'I have. Nearly every politician I know of has a partisan bias and a ruffled temper.'



AFTER THE BALL.

SQUEFFEY: 'Confound this cigar! Why won't it light?'