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And Ladies' Journal.

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MRS. SEDDON AND THE NEW BATCH OF BILLS.

WELL, there are plenty of them this time! But how many of them will be hatched I wonder?

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

NOTHING, so it appears to me, makes human nature so intolerant as dabbling in goldmining, or even worse, goldmining scrip. A crowd of disappointed diggers broke the windows of the newspaper offices in Coolgardie the other day, because a certain 'find' turned out to contain considerably more rumour than reality. The papers, they declared, had for their own gain published unsupported news. But supposing the papers had held off, and supposing the news had turned out to be true, that there had in fact, been a splendid gold find. The public would in this case have been even more virtuous and even more violently indignant. The papers, they would have said, kept back the news till their friends got a good start tor the field. Much the same thing happened in the case of the recent fluctuations in May Queen. Speculators who rushed the shares at thirteen shillings in the sure and certain hope 'they would see a pound' blame everyone save themselves for their loss, and in the fury of disappointed greed do not hesitate to level charges against brokers, the papers, the directors, the managers—in fact, everyone and everything except their own folly, and insensate desire to make a 'hatful' of money 'without working for it.'

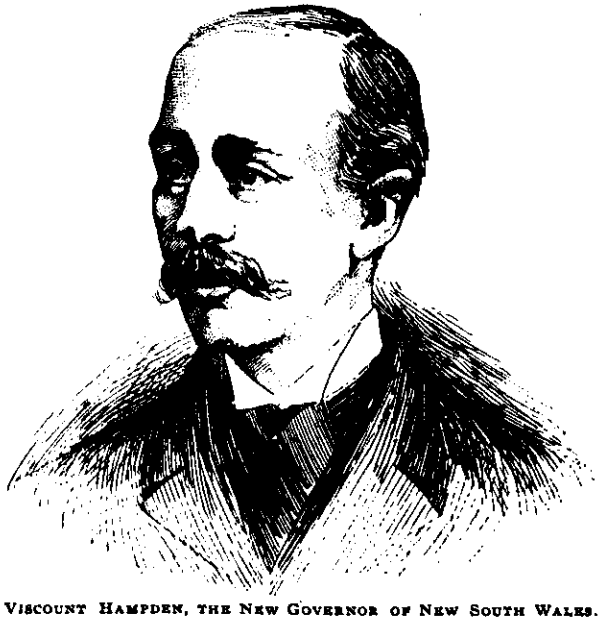
THE evils of too much law-making seem more than likely to be augmented rather than reduced this session. Over legislation and its attendant sorrows is not confined to New Zealand, though certainly this otherwise delightful colony enjoys a well-earned but extremely unsavoury reputation for grandmotherly lawmaking, and initiating rules and regulations. All over the world complaint is being made and with reason, that far too much time is wasted in passing useless and vexatious measures, which are either amended out of knowledge, or abolished at each change of administration. In New Zealand we seem, indeed, inclined to go a step further. The main labour of one Parliament will soon be to repeal or amend the laws made during the previous session. It has been well pointed out in a recent article on the matter that the craze for law-making 'is due chiefly to two causes. The first is the general feeling of discontent with existing conditions, supplemented by the belief that the making of a law or laws will prove a panacea for the ills and evils of the body politic, and the second is the combination of vanity and ignorance which afflicts so many of our legislators, whether in national or state legislatures. The maxim of law that wherever there is a right there is a remedy is construed to mean that wherever there is a wrong there may be a remedy discovered or invented by the adoption of a statute, and from this follows a desire to rush into the legislative halls and attempt to do that which is clearly impossible, make men good and honest and fair-minded by statute.

'THE second matter of difficulty is connected naturally with the first. It is not alone that laws are altered and amended, but that those who undertake the task of law-making are, in too many instances, wholly unfit for the work. They not only do not know what the scope and effect of the existing law is, but they are grossly ignorant of the meaning of words, even in their plain and ordinary sense, and when they try to patch or cobble a statute they make queer work of it, and not only queer but lamentable, since their work, clumsy though it may be, must stand for two years as the law of the State, unless sooner declared void for unconstitutionality.'

IT is suggested by the same writer that the Houses of legislature should only meet once in four years, and as he remarks, some extremists urge that once in ten years would be sufficient. The latter is probably too long a period. The world lives so quickly nowadays that the whole conditions of life may change in ten years. But in all seriousness, there is little doubt that in this colony it would be no bad thing if there were no further laws made for four or five years. As the writer already quoted says, 'The ten years' "rest" might be pushing non-legislation too far, but it is certain that if the law-making power would content itself with remedying such defects in existing laws as are demanded by the general public; and would lay aside its ambition to distinguish itself by exploring expeditions into the domain of new and untried lawmaking, the interests of the people would as a general rule be much better subserved than they are at present and under the existing system.'

CRASS stupidity and fanatical vindictiveness on the part of the Prohibitionist leaders have done much to injure the cause of temperance in this colony, and it now seems not improbable that by a perfect debauch on these, their favourite views, the prohibition faddists will produce so great a revulsion of public feeling on the question of temperance, that all the great and undeniably successful work accomplished by the moderate section of the temperance party will be swept away and rendered useless. The loose manner in which grave charges are made, and the exaggerated statements which prohibition leaders are in the habit of making have long since ceased to create surprise, but these unamiable and unworthy characteristics are rapidly creating such a wholesome disgust and distrust for prohibitionists and prohibition, that that party is rapidly digging for itself its own burial place. The utter uselessness of attempting to legislate in advance of, or in the face of public opinion has lately been made manifest in the reaction which set in directly any attempt was made to enforce Saturday closing. A noisy minority got their own way for a week or two, until loss and inconvenience roused the somewhat somnolent majority to look after itself and its likes and dislikes. Any attempt to enforce prohibition would meet with an even swifter fate, an even more powerful reaction. The average man is abominably lazy in objecting to faddy legislation *until he begins to feel its effects*. Then he usually not only sweeps away the obnoxious measure that annoys him, but in his vexation not infrequently several really useful and necessary reforms and restrictions.

NEW ZEALAND is now possessed of an advanced and in many ways excellent Licensing Act. If the temperance, party really desire progress they will give this a fair trial before proceeding further. To do this they must force the Isitts and Taylors, who do so much damage to a really good cause, to understand that their tactics must be changed, and their tone modified unless the temperance party is to be forthwith wrecked. Such men with their bogey stories, their rash accusations, their worn-out platform platitudes and feeble witticisms, would wreck a stronger and more hopeful cause than that of the moderate templars. With fanatics and mouthing orators out of the way, advance would undoubtedly be made, but so long as the temperance party entrust their hopes to that set of persons who have been prominent during the last week, so long will they be defeated and disappointed.



VISCOUNT HAMPDEN, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.
(From a Portrait in the 'Graphic,' on his election for the Mid (or Stroud) Division of Gloucestershire, in April, 1886).

THE materials for a sensational novel were certainly provided in the case of attempted suicide reported in the Auckland papers the other day. Here was evidently a case of disappointed love. The young man had apparently been paying his attentions to a more than usually 'cruel fair.' For a time, presumably, the maiden was kind, but when the gentleman's attentions were becoming too pronounced, or too embarrassing, she let him understand that she did not want his company any longer. In nine cases out of ten, the young man would have accepted his fate, eaten a trifle less heavy dinner than usual, and taken, perchance, an extra strong 'comforter' as a salve for his lacerated feelings. But this Romeo was of more sentimental stuff. He bought or procured laudnum, and armed with this phial, presented himself at the house of the adored one, literally, either to do or to die. At first he had a determined attempt to 'do.' Having been informed that his inamorata was out, he entered the house and declared he would not go away till he saw her. He waited for a few moments, and then being apparently convinced that the attempt to 'do' had failed, determined to die. In this, happily, it appears likely he will fail too. Having taken the dose, he must needs advertise the fact. 'I have taken it,' he announced (doubtless melodramatically). 'Good-bye.' The timely intervention of a stomach pump is the conclusion of the tragic farce up to date. It would be interesting to know if the lady was touched by the proof that her admirer was as 'true, true till death,' as he could be in an unfeeling age when a love and laudnum sick youth can be stomach-pumped back to life, and if she has therefore relented and named the happy day.

THE dangers of poisoning from eating *tinned* fish make more inexplicable the curt negative sent by the Government to the now famous offer to introduce Irish smoked mackerel to New Zealanders. Apparently there is no objection to the importation of tinned fish in which, despite assertions to the contrary, there every now and then proves to be some danger of poisoning. The latest case was in Wanganui, and the trouble arose from an imported tin of fish, according to the local paper. Thousands of tins of fish are sold in the colony, and it may, of course, be pointed out that it is only very occasionally one hears of poisoning; yet the unpleasant fact remains that one does hear of it. All tinned goods seem liable to the same risk. The details of the last case do not differ much from others one has read about. The fish were newly bought, and appeared to be without blemish. They tasted as usual, nice, but the after effects were serious, and might easily have been fatal. Under the circumstances, the importation of fish, in which even the minimum risk existing where tins are employed is absent, should, one would have thought, have been encouraged. It is, of course, urged that one tin in a million or even more is poisonous, but that millionth tin crops up with a fair amount of regularity all the same.

IN these democratic days when everyone 'loves a lord' with a fervour never before equalled, and when the scramble for titles is brisker than ever, it is refreshing to read of an aristocrat who wishes to remain a commoner. A portrait is here given of Viscount Wolmer, who tried so hard to refuse the peerage which banished him from the House of Commons to the outer darkness of the 'Hereditary Chambers.'

VISCOUNT WOLMER.

SESSION AND SOCIETY.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

(OUR PARLIAMENTARY FLANEUR.)

BEFORE long Wellington Society is to lose Dr. and Mrs Adams, whose hospitable house on the Terrace is to know them no more. Preferring a country life, they mean to shift their quarters to the Wairarapa, and to settle down, I believe, somewhere near Mrs Adams' cousin, Mrs Barton. Their house is to be taken by a gentleman well known to Aucklanders, the genial General Manager of the National Bank, Mr James Coates. Mr Coates has been living in the Wellington Club since he threw in his lot with Wellington, but tired, I suppose, of Club life, he intends to move a few yards up the Terrace to the house in which Dr. and Mrs Adams were wont to welcome their many friends. With Mr Coates, that other popular Aucklander, Mr J. C. Hanna, will take up his quarters, and no doubt the bachelor friends of these two gentlemen will have no reason to regret the arrangement. Mr Butt, the third accession from Auckland, will be a near neighbour to Mr Coates, and Mr Rhind, the New Zealand head of the Bank of New South Wales, is also established with his family on The Terrace a little higher up. A walk of but a few yards further would take you to the enlarged and rejuvenated residence which was that of Mr Travers, and now belongs to the President of the Bank of New Zealand. In fact the banking interest so strongly dominates the Wellington Terrace that wags suggest that its name should be changed into Threadneedle-street. As a set-off to the loss of Dr. and Mrs Adams, we are to regain Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas. Sir Arthur, who has for the last four years been eating the bread of exile in Lyttelton, has now returned from the south to fill the post of Under-secretary of the Department of Defence. Where the Douglases will settle I do not quite know, as their house is in the occupation of Mr and Mrs Travers. Mr Malcolm Macpherson, the newly-arrived manager of the Loan and Mercantile Agency, has enshrined his household gods in the erst-while abode of Mr J. H. Baker, the Commissioner of Lands, and a very pleasant abode it is, as I can testify

The House of Representatives has already begun its annual manufacture of 'bulls.' I send you two of them, though the substance of bulls served up cold in print to newspaper readers must bear an unfortunate resemblance to inferior chilled beef. To Mr Pirani belongs the credit of perpetrating the first bull of the season. In referring to those fearful and wonderful things, the land laws of New Zealand, he waxed indignant over the disabilities that hamper a Crown tenant holding a lease in perpetuity. He explained in sympathetic language how this unfortunate man was prevented from subdividing his holding. 'He cannot, sir,' said Mr Pirani, 'subdivide his land until he has held it for 999 years, and when he has held it for 999 years, he can only subdivide it into two blocks. The tears which came into the eyes of Mr Pirani's hearers were, I fear, brought there by laughter rather than pity. This week the Premier fairly brought down the House. In refusing to grant a financial return desired by an Opposition member, presumably for the purpose of making things warm for the expected treasurer on his arrival, Mr Seddon declared that he would do nothing to unfairly embarrass his colleague. 'I will not, sir, be a party to cutting his throat behind his back,' said the Premier. Needless to say it was some minutes before he got any further with his speech. Mr Ward is an Irishman, or at any rate the son of Irish parents. That is the only possible explanation I can think of as to the practicability of the extraordinary operation tersely described by Mr Seddon.

Lady Augusta Boyle's ankle has been successfully operated upon, and her complete recovery is now only a question of very reasonable time. At present, of course, she cannot move about, so her sister, Lady Alice, had to give away the prizes to the Wellington Volunteer Guards at their ball on Tuesday evening last. But the grateful Guards did not forget the absent Lady Augusta who had presided at their function in previous years. They had prepared a large and handsomely framed photograph of their corps for her acceptance, and in her absence the present was handed to her sister, who gracefully took charge of it.

On the picture they presented to Lady Augusta Boyle the Wellington Guards had engrossed the following gallant motto from the poems of Robert Burns:—

> 'Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
> From every ill defend her;
> Inspire the blushy-favoured youth
> The destinies intend her.'

In addition to the Guards' ball, which was good, we have had this week another dance at Government House, which was better, and a crowded 'At Home' on Monday afternoon at Mrs Walter Johnston's. For those who like not these gaieties there has been the Convention of one hundred and fifty implacable temperance delegates who have come to call to repentance political sinners in general, and Mr Seddon and his colleagues in particular.

Jove sometimes lays aside his lightning, and Sir Robert Stout was this evening engaged for a while in a more peaceful occupation than the usual bating and harrying of the Ministerial party. He opened the Photographic Exhibition of the Camera Club. I will send you more of this very charming artistic display next week. Meantime, it is sufficient to say that both this and last year's Photographic Exhibition here have converted many people, myself included, into admirers of amateur photography for the first time.

Whether it be the fine weather, the cabled rise in wool, or the reflected stimulus of the Auckland mining boom, but certain it is that Wellington this week has been brisker, livelier, and gayer than for a long time past, so no doubt the Camera Club's show will be well patronised.

WELLINGTON JOTTINGS.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

WELLINGTON, July 5.

FOR years past the building trade has not been so brisk in Wellington as at the present time, and the local timber yards and other suppliers of material are being kept very busy. Several large business premises and other structures are being simultaneously erected on the reclaimed land, which bids fair to soon be fairly covered with buildings. Indeed, from one end of the city to the other residences and shops are are going up in all directions, and a large number of local contractors have their hands full for some time to come. And yet there is not any appreciable lowering of rents, which in Wellington constitutes such a heavy charge on both the men in business and the private citizen. Whatever may be said about depression, there are certainly strong evidences on the part of many of confidence in the future of Wellington.

The sale of the Hobson-street (Thorndon) property (about three acres in the block, recently purchased by Mr Ziman, of Johannisberg, as a speculation, and cut up into some twenty-three residence sites) on Wednesday last by Messrs T. Kennedy, Macdonald, and Co., drew together a very large concourse of people, the large sale room being filled to the doors, and much interest evinced in its proceedings. The result, however, must have been disappointing for the vendor, only one section being sold, being 45ft. frontage to Hobson-street at £16 10s per foot; all the other sections offered were eventually passed in, the auctioneers being of opinion they would be able to secure better prices privately. This is the property which was recently offered to the Corporation for the purpose of a public recreation ground at £8,000. The public meeting of ratepayers, however, was adverse to the necessary loan to secure the property. Mr Ziman paid £8,500 for it, and many shrewd men fail to see how it can repay him with all the inevitable expenses, at the price—select a quarter though it be. The sites are beautifully level and the soil good, and the terms of payment exceptionally easy, viz., 20 per cent. deposit, 10 per cent. within six months, and the balance could remain on mortgage if so desired for a number of years at five per cent. interest. Nothing more liberal than that could surely be desired. I hear offers have been made since the sale for a number of the sections already, and once a start is made in the way of erecting houses thereon, others are pretty sure to soon follow. A property commanding a splendid and most comprehensive view on the high ground at the rear of the Roman Catholic Cemetery, overlooking Wellington Terrace, and known as Upland Farm, has just been purchased by a local syndicate, with the intent of subdividing it into residence sites, and offering same for sale at an early date.

In the House the Midland Railway has been the chief topic of discussion, and weighty as are the interests involved, and serious the possible complications and consequences to the colony, still it is not an interesting subject in the general sense, and consequently the attendance of the public in the House has been small. On Wednesday the Premier told the House he was not going to allow members to attack the Colonial Treasurer in his absence. He 'would not allow anyone to *cut his throat behind his back*.' A pronouncement which caused great amusement. In speaking upon the Corrupt Practices Bill, the Premier suggested that in Committee on the Bill each member could give his experiences—a remark that was received with a volley of 'Oh's' and shrugging of shoulders in deprecation.

On Wednesday last the first meeting of the newly-appointed Council of the Middle District University College was held, the following being present: Sir Robert Stout, M.H.R., Dr. Newman, M.H.R., Mr Buick, M.H.R., Bishop of Wellington, Mr A. Warburton, and Dr. Chapple. Sir Robert Stout was nominated as the first President, but declining to stand, Mr J. R. Blair was appointed. It was resolved that the Council should meet on the third Wednesday in each month, the President being empowered to call a special meeting upon giving three days' notice, special meetings to be called on the requisition of five members of the Council. It was decided that the whole Council should interview the Premier and the Minister for Education with reference to the question of endowments. Dr. Chapple produced drawings of what Mount Cook Prison (erected on one of the most commanding sites in Wellington, be it recorded with regret) would be like when fully constructed, being, it was considered, far more extensive than was required for all ordinary purposes. Dr. Chapple was of opinion the Government might well be asked to give it as an endowment. In the discussion that followed Sir Robert Stout said the matter might be brought up when the deputation waited on the Government, and added that in his opinion the present gaol was sufficient for present prison purposes, and could easily be extended if needful. They could not expect to have a full sized college for many years to come, but with the land around the Mount Cook Gaol as an endowment, and a small money grant from the Government, they would be able to get along very well.

During the week delegates from all parts of New Zealand have visited Wellington in connection with the great Temperance Convention, which held its meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, culminating in a public meeting in the Opera House last night. Neither of the local papers look with much favour on the movements of what may be termed the Advanced Temperance party, and do not devote a very large space to reporting the proceedings of the Convention. There can be no denial of the fact, however, the movement is making steady and substantial progress. The meetings were characterised by great unanimity and enthusiasm throughout, and the public meeting in the Opera House last evening drew together an immense audience, the building being filled to its utmost capacity. The meeting lasted from 8 to 10.30 p.m. (the Mayor presiding), and several important resolutions bearing upon the liquor traffic were carried unanimously. Such a large and decidedly sympathetic audience must certainly have been refreshing to those who are in favour of giving a majority of the people the right to decide by their vote at the ballot box whether they will or will not have licensed public houses in their districts. It was asserted most emphatically by the speakers that they did not want and would not have prohibition on any other terms than by the expressed wish of a majority, and only for so long as there was a majority in favour of it. Sir Robert Stout, Mr McNab, M.H.R., Rev. F. W. Isitt, Messrs Adams (Dunedin), T. E. Taylor (Christchurch) were amongst the principal speakers.

The Wellington Golf Club's rinks are to be formally opened by His Excellency the Governor on Saturday, 20th July.

Lovers of the 'gentle art' will read with interest that their interests are being well cared for in this part of the colony. The Curator to the Wellington Acclimatisation Society has so far taken 791,000 ova from river fish this season. Last year he had 412,000 at the same period. The Society has an order for 10,000 brown trout ova and 2,500 rainbow trout for the Bay of Islands.

The Wakitipu arrived here yesterday from Sydney, having on board one hundred and seventeen passengers, of which the large number of eighty-one landed here. Last week Wellington was visited with exceptionally severe weather, reminding one much of an Old Country winter, but this week it is fine and enjoyable again, though cold. Truly, one of the glories of New Zealand is its splendid climate. We have a severe spell sometimes, but it seldom lasts longer than a very few days at a stretch, and as compared with the Home winter climate is decidedly enjoyable.

THE WOODSTOCK MINE.

ON this and the following page appear some sketches of the famous Woodstock Mine made by our special artist at Karangahake. Number one shows the hydraulic tramway for trucks, and the next illustrates getting the fuse ready for blasting. In number three the operation of picking on the stopes is shown, and number five illustrates one of the functions. A wayman, going up the stopes, is illustrated in number five, and hand-drilling in the stopes is represented in number six. Number seven shows work proceeding on the reefs. In number eight is shewn the unloading of one of the ariel cars. The bottom unhinges and the ore falls through into a big trough, whence it runs to the trucks which cart it away to the battery. Number nine gives a really admirable idea of that much-patronised vehicle, the Karangahake coach. The scene represented in number ten is outside the Woodstock mine, where the timber is sawn for the props in the mine, etc.

'TIS true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that almost all great women of letters, Mme. de Stael, Mme. Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs Browning, and Miss Austen, were plain women. The question then arises, is this the fault of nature, whose niggard hand will not deal out simultaneously beauty of feature and power of brain, or is it the fault of women who are content to accept the appendage of beauty as a kingdom and a power in itself, and seek no more so long as there are slaves ready and willing to be attached to their car?

NICKNAMES: ROYAL, POLITICAL, AND NATIONAL.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS.

You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname
God's creatures.—*Shakespeare.*

NICKNAMES are by no means the product of the 19th century. They 'nicknamed God's creatures' long before the 'Bard of Avon' penned the above line. Among the witty Greeks nicknames were common. Doson, which expresses the future of the verb to give, was a name bestowed on a king of Macedonia who was liberal in promises, but sparing in actual gifts. He was the man who will give, maybe, but who really never gives. Among the Arabs we also find some of those names which were given in ridicule. Abu Horeirah, 'Father of the Cat,' was so named by Mohammed in consequence of his excessive fondness for a cat, and in the nickname so universally adopted the man's real name has been wholly lost. And at this day in the streets of Oriental towns the gamins use the same prefix Abu in the composition of the names of ridicule. Dr. Thompson tells us in 'The Land and the Book' that the Syrian boys called him after Abu Tangera, 'Father of a Saucepan,' because they fancied his hat resembled a saucepan. Abu'sh Hamat, 'Father of the Moles,' is given by Lane as an actual Arabic name, and as moles are considered lucky it would be a name of good omen and become popular.

ROYAL NICKNAMES.

From the days when a king first reigned over men, the subjects of a monarch have been fond of attaching to his title some epithet descriptive of his appearance, disposition, and habits, sometimes complimentary, sometimes the reverse. A noble epithet was that bestowed on King Alfred, 'The Truth-teller.' William I. was called 'The Conqueror,' because he defeated the Saxons at the Battle of Hastings, and founded the Norman dynasty in England, while his son, William II., was called Rufus from the florid complexion—rufus being the Latin name for ruddy. Henry I. was called Beauclerk, a good clerk, in recognition of his scholarly attainments, while Edward, on account of his spindle legs, was styled 'Longshanks.' Richard and John are well distinguished as 'Lionheart' and 'Lackland.' Henry VIII. on account of his bluff manners was called 'Bluff King Hal,' but he also received from Pope Leo X., in recognition of a tract he published against the heresy of Luther, the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' but by not a few he was called the 'Royal Blue-Beard.' 'Bloody Mary would perchance never have won such a title had not fate sent her into the world three centuries too late; and 'Good Queen Bess's' virtue is not dazzling when viewed close. Charles I. is called 'The Martyr,' while his son was called 'The Merry Monarch,' which was the favourite gloss of a character that was very worthless, but loveable through all. He was also nicknamed 'Old Rowley,' after a stallion of that name which was one

of his favourite race horses. 'Good Queen Anne' demonstrates the power of genuine amiability unbacked by any sort of mental power. 'Farmer George' is kindly thought of yet among his grand-daughter's subjects, and we fear we have heard an irreverent generation describe his worthy consort as 'Snuffy.' William IV. was called 'The Sailor King' from the circumstance of his having entered the navy as a midshipman, and worked his way upwards until he attained the rank of Lord High Admiral. But of all the many epithets bestowed on Royal personages, it may well be said that none is more thoroughly true of its object than that given by the late Poet Laureate to the Queen's lamented husband—'Albert the Good.'

PARLIAMENTARY NICKNAMES.

No community of schoolboys have every been readier to catch at an appropriate nickname than the British House of Commons, and honourable members of the past and present generations are known by names never heard of at the baptismal font. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was known as 'The Great Commoner,' and also as 'The Bottomless Pitt,' while some irreverently termed him 'Loggerhead of London.' The incident of his having been fired at by a turnpike keeper, at Wimbledon, for riding through the gate without paying, supplied Captain Charles Morris with a subject which he called 'An American Song,' and which closes with the lines—

Solid men of Boston go to bed at sundown
And never lose your head like the Loggerhead of London.

We find Sir Robert Walpole called by his son, Horace, 'The Triumphant Exciseman,' but by his opponents 'The Great Corrupter,' on account of the wholesale bribery practised during the time that he was in power. It was he who said 'Every man has his price.' 'Single-speech Hamilton' was the name bestowed on the Right Hon. William Gerald Hamilton, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, and at one time member for Wilton, in Wilts. On the night of November 13th, 1773, he delivered in the House of Commons the only speech he was ever known to make, but then, to quote Waller, 'he broke out like the Irish rebellion three score thousand strong when nobody was aware or least suspected it.' According to Macaulay, 'the eloquence of that speech threw into the shade every orator except Pitt.' George Greville, who represented Buckingham in Parliament for nearly 30 years, and was at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister, won for himself the designation of the 'Gentle Shepherd' by not taking care to steer sufficiently clear of a popular song of his day. He was not Chancellor at that time, but the Budget speech had just been delivered in the House and had provoked ridicule and signs of opposition. Grenville got up to defend it, and wanted to know whether gentlemen who were not satisfied with it could suggest any better. If they wouldn't have taxes laid on where it was proposed, where would they have them laid on? Let them tell me where?' repeated Grenville in a peevish and monotonous tone. 'I say, sir, let them tell me where—I am entitled to say where!' Unluckily, says Macaulay, Pitt had come down to the House that night and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections which Grenville had been making. He revenged himself by murmuring in a whine resembling Grenville a line of a well-known song, 'Gentle Shepherd, tell me where?' Grenville turned round acrimoniously, but Pitt emphasized his sneer by rising and walking out of the House, and for many a long day George Grenville was familiarly known as 'The Gentle Shepherd.' 'Starvation Dundas' is the curious name bestowed on Henry Dundas, first Lord Melville, who was the first to introduce the word into the English language, doing so in the course of a speech which he delivered in Parliament in 1775. Equally curious are the names of 'Prosperity Robinson' and 'Adversity Hume.' The former sobriquet was given to Frederick Robinson, afterwards Earl of Ripon, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1823, who on bringing forward his budget adduced a greatly increased consumption since 1816 as a proof of the prosperity of the country. The facts were questioned by Mr Joseph Hume, who went to the opposite extreme in predicting ruin and disaster, so William Cobbett nicknamed him 'Adversity Hume' as a set off to that of 'Prosperity Robinson.' Sir Robert Peel's father was called 'Parsley Peel,' and for this reason. When a poor farmer he felt that some source of income must be added to the meagre products of his little farm. He therefore directed his thoughts to calico printing, quietly conducting his experiments in his own home. One day, thoughtfully handling a pewter plate from which one of his children had just dined, he sketched upon its smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with colouring matter he was delighted to find that the impression could be accurately conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. This was the first suggestion towards calico printing from metal rollers, and to this day Sir Robert is called in Lancashire 'Parsley Peel.' His son, the 'Corn Law Repealer,' has also borne the same nickname, and besides he has been called 'Orange Peel'—a name given to him by Daniel O'Connell, who himself rejoiced in the title of 'The Liberator.' Lord John Russell was the 'Lycurgus of the Lower House' on account of his indubitable self reliance and tenacity of self-assertion. Lord John was a very little, insignificant looking man, and when he took a seat on the Treasury Bench—or, as the wits would have it, 'cast into the Treasury,' they dubbed him 'The Widow's Mite.' Later he came to be known as 'Finality John,' because he maintained that the Reform Bill of 1832 was a final measure. 'The Cicero of the Senate' was the complimentary title which the eloquence of George Canning as a debator won for him, while in Disraeli's novel of 'Vivian Grey' he is characterised as 'Charlatan Gas.' 'Pam' was the familiar name given to Lord Palmerston. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, will always be remembered as 'Dizzy,' while his great rival will always be known among English-speaking peoples as 'The Grand Old Man.' The late Right Hon. W. H. Smith was often referred to as 'Old Mortality,' and the late Lord Randolph Churchill was spoken of as 'Randy.' Mr Chamberlain is known as 'Joe,' the Right Hon. James Lowther as 'Jimmy,' and Mr T. P. O'Connor as 'Tay Pay.'

NATIONAL NICKNAMES

are known, though not always their origin. The nickname of the typical Englishman, 'John Bull,' was derived from Dr. Arbuthnot's satire of this title published in 1721. The Irish, as a nation, are universally alluded to as 'Pat' or 'Paddy,' being short for Patrick, their most common Christian name, selected in honour of their patron saint, St. Patrick; the Scots as 'Sandie,' a contraction of their most popular Christian name Alexander; and the Welsh as 'Taffy,' a corruption of Davy, and short for David, the name of their archbishop and saint. 'Brother Jonathan' is the most popular nickname of the United States, and arose out of the person of Jonathan Trumbill, the Governor of Connecticut, whom General Washington never failed to consult in cases of emergency. 'We must refer the matter to Brother Jonathan,' he was won't to exclaim when no other officer could offer any practical suggestion, and true enough Brother Jonathan proved himself in every instance equal to the confidence reposed in him. Another stock name for the United States is 'Uncle Sam.' This originated from a vulgar misconception of the initial letters U.S. (United States) for those of the well-known sobriquet of an official whose business it was to mark them on the Government property. The numerous acquaintances of this person understood that the goods so marked had passed through the hands of Uncle Sam, and the joke becoming popular, it spread far and wide, until in the end it was considered far too good to allow it to drop.

WOODSTOCK.

A General View of the Mine.

A Pass in the Woodstock.

MRS WARD'S PRESENTATION GOWN.

THE dress, which was the work of a fashionable Court dressmaker, consists of an under-dress of rich rose pink satin duchesse; the elegant skirt has fans of chiffon let in at the hem, fastened with bunches of lovely roses; the seams are also outlined with dainty foliage, and trailing rosebuds. The square cut bodice is nearly hidden in clouds of pink chiffon, amongst which glimmer roses, and trails of rosebuds. A fringe of the buds appears on one side, whilst on the other is a long bow of ribbon with ends to the hem of the dress. From the shoulders hung the Court train, which was of rich forget-me-not blue satin, with pink guelder roses, foliage and tinted leaves running as a design upon it. A delightfully novel shot effect was produced by a glimmer of gold colour. The train was lined with serpent green satin of a vivid hue, the trimming consisting of fine *point de gaze* looped with bouquets of roses and pink and blue bows. The head-dress was the orthodox plume and veil, Mrs Ward wearing pearls and diamonds as ornaments, and carrying a lovely bunch of roses. The whole dress is a charming and skilful combination of colour, most harmoniously blended.

Vander Weyde, photo.

MRS WARD, WIFE OF THE COLONIAL TREASURER, IN HER PRESENTATION DRESS.

THE LOST STAR.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

AYE, she flirted, it is true,
For her gentle sidelong glance
Would set all hearts askew,
And would cause a monk to dance.

Hearts were hers—they were her right,
And no one her right denied;
Her very smile gave light
And her whisper deified.

But she loved, and loved too well
That is what all fashion said—
And when her bright star fell
'Twas a poor man that she wed.

WALTER R. WILSON.

THE LOST ART OF LETTER WRITING.

EVERYONE knows, of course, that the actual number of letters passing through the mails of every civilised country is greater, rather than less, year by year. But everyone also feels that these letters are no longer letters, in the true sense, at all. They are amplified telegrams, bald and bare statements of fact; and they have the loose and disjointed and careless phraseology of the telegraphic message. That sense of the fit expression, the graceful concept; that feeling for the lucid and connected exposition of the ideas, for the balance of the parts, of a letter, for its composition in short—the very term is pre-Adamite to the end-of-the-century ear—that used to pre-occupy the best letter-writers of another generation, have gone from our present-day scribblers of hasty notes, as though such musty things had never been. The only people who compose their letters now are cultivated old ladies. Their college-bred granddaughters, intellectually armed and professionally equipped, exhibit productions in that line, of which, for the most part, it might be said, as Henry James remarked of the notes of invitation of the London society woman, that they have nothing in common with the epistolary art but the postage stamp.

It may be held that such an accomplishment is not, after all, of the greatest value. But behind it there is an instinct, deep-seated in the race, that a widespread habit of careless writing affects very distinctly the thinking of a people. And this one cannot but believe to be the case. It takes no intellect to put plain facts into honest, self-respecting phrases. But it takes self-restraint and attentiveness, and these lead in time to a disciplined and coherent way of looking at life.—*Scribner.*

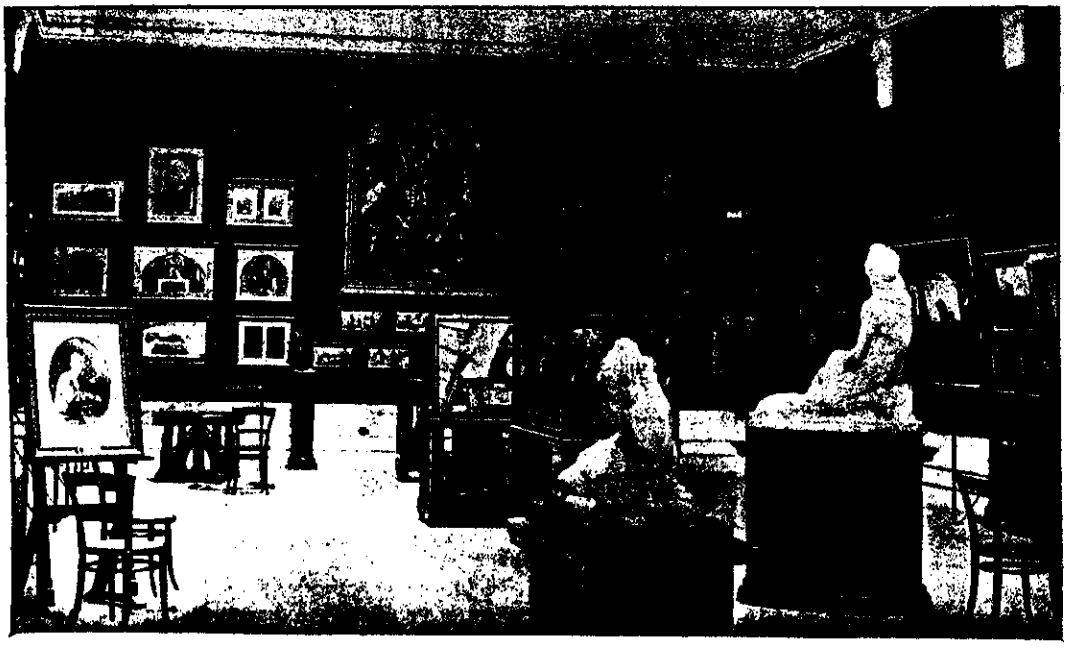
THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM is a city of surprises. Its size can best be expressed by the statement that the journey round about the outside of its walls may be made by an ordinarily rapid walker in the space of an hour. Its houses are small, irregular in shape, squalid, and mean. Its streets, if streets they can be called, are not named nor numbered; they are steep, crooked, narrow, roughly paved, never cleaned, and in many instances they are vaulted over by the buildings on each side of them. Never a pair of wheels traverse them, and rarely is a horse or donkey seen within the walls. The halt, the maimed, and the blind, the leprous and the wretchedly poor form the great bulk of the population of Jerusalem, and, with the single exception of the Hebrews, they are persistent and clamorous beggars. Trade and commerce seem to be confined to the bare necessities of life, and to dealers in beads and crucifixes. There is but one hotel, and that not a good hotel, within its walls; and one Turkish merchant, who displays within his little windowless, doorless shop a small assortment of silver charms, trinkets, bric-a-brac to the gaze of the passer-by, is almost the only vendor of anything like luxuries in the place.

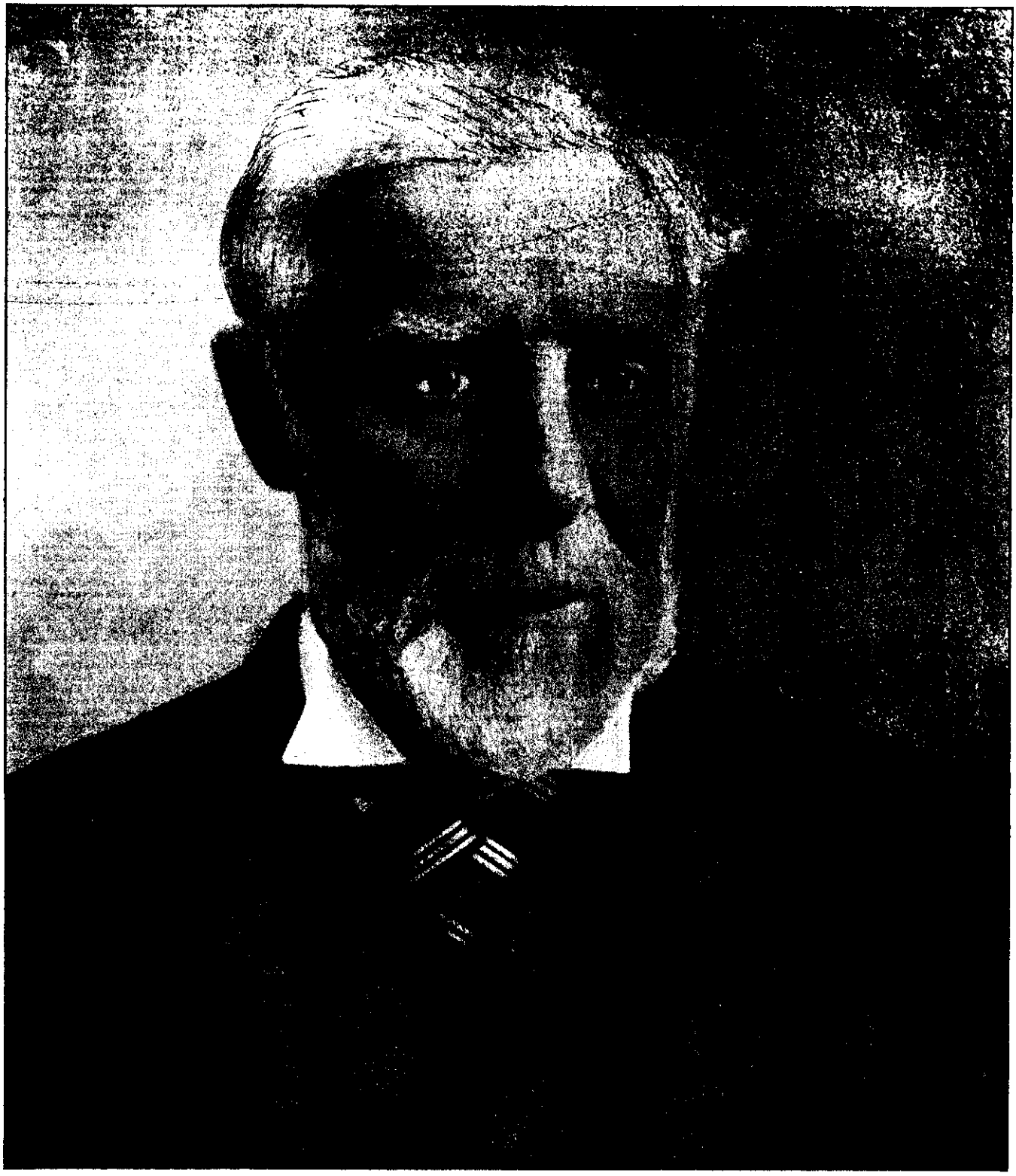
The Jews, it is said, form almost two-thirds of the population of the city. They occupy a section which covers the greater part of the eastward slope of Zion, and the Jewish quarter is the most wretched in the whole wretched town. Its inhabitants are quiet and subdued in bearing; they make no claims to their hereditary rights in the Royal City of their kings, they simply and silently and patiently wait. The Wailing Wall of the Jews, so wonderfully painted by Verestchagin, is perhaps, the most realistic sight in Jerusalem to-day. In a small, paved, oblong, unroofed enclosure; some seventy-five by twenty feet in extent, and in a most inaccessible portion of the town, is the mass of ancient masonry which is generally accepted as having been a portion of the outside of the actual wall of the Temple itself. Against these rough stones every day of the week, but especially Friday, and at all times of the day, are seen Hebrews of all countries and of all ages, of both sexes, rich and poor alike, weeping and bewailing the desolation which has come upon them, and upon the city of their former glory. They read the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the mournful words of Isaiah; they wail for the days that are gone, and they pray to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob that they may get their own again.

PROVISIONING OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

SHORTAGE of provisions rarely occurs on ocean going passenger ships while at sea. Foreign government regulations provide for keeping an abundant store of food and water on all such vessels. The London Board of Trade has supervision over the British merchant marine. Regulations have been adopted by that body which compel steamships to carry a thirty-seven days' store in winter and a thirty-two days' store in summer on all vessels which cross to America in seven days or more. Belgium insists that passenger steamships shall carry food sufficient to maintain the passengers for at least seven weeks. Germany's regulations call for a two months' stock, while France demands food for three months. These regulations are always enforced by the steamship companies, and in nearly all cases the vessels carry a supply double that required by the country whose flag they fly. Vessels sailing from Germany for New York carry a four months' supply of everything, even fresh meat, eggs and milk. The reason of the double supply is that the owners of vessels buy in their native countries and have enough for the round trip. The stores are in charge of the chief steward, who sees they are profusely placed on board. They are arranged so that they can be reached at a moment's notice, and yet so snugly that there is not an inch of space lost. Before the steamship sails the steward estimates the number of passengers he will carry, and then makes a requisition for the supplies needed. The requisition is gone over by the port steward of the line, who looks after provisioning of all the steamers, and if he finds it correct the steamship steward gets what he asks for. No risks are taken. In the way of eggs, about 40 per cent. more than will be required are carried. That is to provide against possible breakage. Each egg is packed separately, and the crates are so stored that there is no concussion, no matter whether the ship goes on her beam ends or not. The ship's bakers, who are obliged to work quite steadily during the voyage, furnish all the bread and pastry required by the passengers—perhaps twelve hundred in number. A French *chef* is in charge of the cooking department of all the first-class companies. He makes the soups, entrees, sauces, and does the garnishing. While he has a general supervision of the preparation of all other dishes, his two assistants look after them. There is generally an Englishman to look after the baking and broiling of meats.



VIEW IN AUCKLAND ART GALLERY—MACKELVIE ANNEXE.



Hanna, photo., Auckland.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B., PRIVY COUNCILLOR

(Whose resignation has been received by the New Zealand Parliament).

POETRY AND ROMANCE IN NEW ZEALAND.

(BY THE WARRIGAL.)

I SAW quite recently a portion of a poem by Mary Colborne Veel quoted in the *Review of Reviews*. It was part of 'A Colonial Poet's Lament,' which is to be found in the volume lately published by this talented young authoress. The quotation begins:—

'Woe is me for a poet forlorn
In this loveless new land to be born
Ere the flowerets of fancy have blown
I shall perish in silence unknown.'

In these words Miss Veel voices the lament of the colonial poet, and I am sure that the poet who mourns because he is born in this 'loveless' (?) new land must be a lamentable object.

This lamenter has evidently sent some of his poems to some old-world singers and has asked them for an opinion. He gets it—

'Then they who sit crowned with the crown
Of deathless accomplished renown,
The great with compassion to heed
Their very young brethren's need,'

say definitely, and perhaps cruelly, 'O, faint-hearted scribbler, no more.' Many other lamenting poets have received the same advice; but unfortunately they have rarely acted on it. But this is not the main point. The Colonial poet, the lamenting one, says—

'On colonial inglorious ground
No theme for romance can be found,'

And this is the statement to which I wish to object. Miss Veil objects to it, for she says, 'There is *life*, there is *love*, there is *death*,' and she bids the lamenting poet—

'Unlock with your magical keys
The meaning that sanctifies those,
And the Old World and New shall proclaim
Your right to the coveted fame.'

Miss Veil's advice is good. If any poet, colonial or British, can find anything good and new to say on these three subjects he need not 'perish in silence unknown.' There is *life*, there is *love*, there is *death* in New Zealand with all their tragedy, with strange backgrounds and new features. But that statement, 'On colonial inglorious ground no theme for romance can be found,' rouses me as a lover of this grand new country to contradiction. '*On colonial inglorious ground no theme for romance can be found!*' I do not care who makes this statement, it is *wrong*, WRONG, WRONG. This land is rich in romance, a veritable treasure-house of poetry. I remember Miss Veel writing some very pretty lines which told of 'whispering reeds,' etc. Now there is poetry and character even in reeds. The colonial poet need not lament if he can give the mystery of the raupo thickets that fringe Waikato lakes; the wilderness of stately fronds waving above the desolate shores, their music, their weird beauty under crimson sunsets. Reeds! Who has shown us anything of our kakahoa—the flowering reed of the toi-toi waving its feathery crest by our clear swift streams? And bigger subjects for poets—the grandeur of our mountain gorges, the strength of the great snow rivers, the mystery of our untrodden mountains, the solitude of our dense forests, the wonders of forest vegetation, the fierceness of nor'-west storms—the thousands of subjects.

The poet, colonial or English, may declare that there is no 'romance' in these things. There is poetry, at any rate; beauty wondrously new. But romance! Do you see no romance in this country, O faint-hearted scribblers? If not, then take the advice in Miss Veel's poem and 'no more' scribble, no more, but *lament* the more, for you are a poor blind creature unfit to be heard. There is romance in this country, splendid romance, fit for any poet to sing. I say little of the riches of Maori lore; the deeds of great warriors; the loves and hates of chieftains; of tribal hates and blood feuds; of wars, invasions, conquests, midnight attacks, desperate rallies—material almost as rich as Homer built with—nor do I urge the legends and superstitions of the same people. 'Faint-hearted scribblers' might say these Maoris were but savage people, forgetting that some of the grandest poems are of a people as savage.

But there is *colonial* romance, the romance of wandering and adventure, the poetry of the virgin wilderness, the battle of man with nature. John Grigg's subjection of the Longbeach swamp holds material romantic as an ancient battle; the work of the old pioneers—their daring, their endurance; the search of settlement, the growth of civilization, the birth of a new nation—romance enough, but where is the poet to sing? There is romance in the traction-engine drawing a load of wool from an up country station; romance in the sowing of grass where forests once stood; romance in the shepherd's life way back in the mountains; in the gum-digger's life, whether he digs among trunks of ancient trees lying deep in swamps, spears on the manuka-clad hills by lovely harbours, or climbs the stately kauris in deep forests.

Romance! English people love the romance of the sea. Is there no romance in New Zealand seas? Who shall sing for us the glories of the Southern fiords—fathomless depths shadowed by measureless heights; thunderous waterfalls, mighty cliffs, gloomy pools, mountains, crags, and bowers of dainty graceful ferns. The history of those fiords—have they no histories, 'O scribbler?' Can you not see daring old Cook, tired with long voyaging in search of a mystic southern continent, entering Dusky Sound, and the ships which came after him, the Britannia leaving John Luth and his party in that awful solitude to months of toil and hardship? Why, their building of a ship, every plank cut out of a single tree, is a poem. The coming of the Endeavour and the Frances, the latter the first vessel built of New Zealand woods, another subject for a poem; the discovery of other fiords.

And then the romance of the seas to the southward. What poems there! The hunting of whales—fit sport for Vikings; Homeric combats with the greatest of earth's creatures, the stormy Antarctic for an ampitheatre; life on desolate islands; wrecks on the Aucklands; famine, noble endurance, noble enterprise; isolation on the spray-swept Solanders; months of exposure on the rocky Bounties; wreck on the Antipodes only months ago; a wondrous story. A thousand subjects for romance. Material for a thousand poems with scenery and conditions such as have never been used by poets. 'O, faint-hearted scribblers, no more,' if you cannot see romance in such things and hear music in the roar of south-west gales and the crash of black waves. And in the North, seas lovelier than the Adriatic sleeping under skies of perpetual summer; harbours, beautiful as paradise; inland seas, island studded; golden beaches; beaches of jet black sand; sunsets seen through clouds of West Coast spray; musical winds making organ pipes of carved cliffs; the rippling of warm waves on beaches of shells; castles and crags of limestone.

Who will sing us of our seas when they dash in mad fury against our mountain shores, when they thrash against banks of hissing shingle, where they sleep through long balmy days?' 'O, faint hearted scribbler,' can you not see there romance and poetry?

There is romance in gold digging in that wild West Coast; the invasion of the mountainous country; the breaking through trackless forests; the discovery of wondrous riches; the mad excitement the turns of fortune; the wild deeds, the tragic deaths; the awfulness of grand gorges; the sombre beauty of hanging forests; the icy peaks of a world of mountains. Who can know this country without feeling the romance and poetry of it

The growth of new thought here, the freedom, the breadth of life. 'O, faint-hearted scribbler, no more' if you cannot sing such subjects as these Send your meandering verses to Europe where the measurement of metre is of more importance than the sense of your subject and lament, O lament, for you are very blind.

But this statement,

'On colonial inglorious ground
No theme for romance can be found.'

is frequently made, widely believed. Have you no pride of country, you young New Zealanders? You sons of pioneers, of nation-builders? Will you not rise and object to this statement? You are learned in Grecian poetry, Roman warfare, English history. Do you know nothing care nothing for the poetry and welfare and history of your own country? If you see nothing of romance in New Zealand be silent for shame's sake. If you see its romance show what you see for love of country.

BOHEMIAN UPS AND DOWNS.

'WAY up in a garret high
Just a few feet from the sky,
Dwell I in Bohemia.
What care I for aught below?
There have I nor friend nor foe!
Pity I the struggling throng
While I live my life of song
Up here in Bohemia.

'Tween my teeth my briar-root—
Best of friends, since always mute—
Rare thing in Bohemia;
Upward as the thick smoke curls
What care I for simp'ring girls?
Love is weak; my pipe is strong;
Why for love, then, be the song
Sung here in Bohemia?

Oft my little songs fall flat,
Hungry? What care I for that,
Fasting in Bohemia?
Put my only coat in pawn,
Live on that and still sing on;
Puff my pipe and think I've dined—
Barmecidal feasts I find
Often in Bohemia.

Haply then my rhymelets take,
With a check my fast to break,
Feast we in Bohemia,
'Round the corner of the block,
Sign o'erhead a crowing cock,
Mug of beer and sandwich fine;
What care we how nabobs dine,
Feasting in Bohemia?

Friends have I, some three or four—
Quite enough, for who has more
In or out Bohemia?
With them joy is always young,
Grief is but a song that's sung;
Live we, laugh we debonair,
Skies are bright and winds are fair
Always in Bohemia!

SOME STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.

IN some foreign climes superstition resolves itself into peculiar forms and phases. In Hawaii, for example, the natives devoutly believe that if they cross the threshold of the palace with the left foot first, disaster is sure to come to them either in their health or business.

To witness a foreign warship anchor in the harbour is to the Hawaiin native a sure precursor of bad luck.

The Emperors of Japan have a deep grotto far under the earth in which they take refuge during the violent storms which visit their country. The roof and walls of the grotto are covered with strong reservoirs full of water, which is intended to ward off the lightning The French believe that to break a looking-glass over a portrait is a sure omen of speedy death to some party concerned. Napoleon happened to encounter this supposed disaster while in Italy with the portrait of his beloved Josephine, and he immediately despatched a message inquiring as to her welfare, and betrayed keen anxiety until he heard that all was well with her.

The Germans have a superstitution to the effect that the executioner's sword will move in its scabbard if approached by a person who has committed murder. They affirm that on one occasion, during a very heavy storm, a young nobleman sought refuge in the castle where this sword is kept. During his passage past the fatal sword the weapon rattled loudly in its sheath. On hearing this terrible sound the young man fled precipitately from the castle. A week later he openly confessed to the crime of murder, and was duly tried and put to death.

'The 'Flying Dutchman' is the name given to a spectral ship which is supposed to cruise in storms off the Cape of Good Hope, and the sight of which is regarded by mariners as an omen of the most serious portent. The vessel is distinguished from all others by carrying a press of sail when no other ship may dare, for stress of weather, bear an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is thus explained:—A Dutch captain, bound home from the Indies, met with long-continued headwinds and heavy weather off the Cape of Good Hope, and refused to put back, as he was advised to do, but solemnly swore that he would beat round the Cape if he had to keep at it till the day of Judgment. He is supposed to have been taken at his word, and doomed to beat against headwinds all his days. His sails are said to have become thin and sere, his ship-sides white with age, and himself and his crew reduced almost to shadows. He cannot heave to or lower a boat, but sometimes hails vessels through his trumpet and requests them to take letters home for him. This superstition has its origin, probably, in the 'sea mirage,' or apparent suspension in the air of some ship out of sight—a phenomenon sometimes witnessed at sea, and caused by unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

Another quaint superstition which receives wide recognition and credence in many parts of England and also in the United States, is that a horse-shoe nailed over the door of a dwelling is a sure guarantee of good fortune to the inmates, and likewise a protection from evil spirits. In the mythology of England the horse-shoe has always been invested with the charm of being a certain creator of good luck. Popular superstition has for ages endowed iron with miraculous powers.

The Romans are known to have driven iron nails into the doors and walls of their houses as a protection from the plague. The Arab who is met and overwhelmed by the dreaded Simoon—or desert sandstorm—endeavours to appease his offended deity by prostrating himself and crying 'Iron! Iron!'

The 'iron' superstition is generally believed in by the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and has been observed as far east as Hindoostan.

'BETSY AND I ARE OUT'; OR 'MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE.' *From Bulletin.*

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.

How 'The Ebb Tide' Was Written.

By far the most interesting thing I have read for some considerable time is a portion of the diary of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. I got my information from *To Day*, Mr Jerome's clever paper, and that gentleman was, I understand, indebted to a 'Frisco paper.

Writing on May 14th, 1893, he says:—'We call it "The Ebb Tide; a Trio and Quartet," but that secondary name you may strike out if it seems dull to you. The book, however, falls in two halves, when the fourth character appears. I am on p. 82, if you want to know, and expect to finish on, I suppose, 110 or so; but it goes slowly, as you may judge from the fact that this three weeks past I have only struggled from p. 58 to p. 82: twenty-four pages, *et encore* sure to be re-written in twenty-one days. This is no prize-taker; not much Waverley Novels about this!'

Writing on May 29th, when evidently in indifferent health, he says:—'The deuce fly away with literature, for the basest sport in creation,' and on June 2nd there is a certain gaiety of sadness in the entry: 'I am nearly dead with dyspepsia over smoking and unremunerated overwork. Last night I went to bed by seven; woke up again about ten for a minute to find myself lightheaded and altogether off my legs; went to sleep again and woke this morning fairly fit. I have crippled on to page 101, but I haven't read it yet, so do not boast. What kills me is the frame of mind of one of the characters; I cannot get it through.

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The Work Done.

A month later he finishes the work and writes:—'Well, it's done. Those tragic 16 pp. are at last finished, and have put away thirty-two pages of chips, and have spent thirteen days about as nearly in hell as a man could expect to live through. It's done, and of course, it ain't worth while, and who cares? There it is, and about as grim a tale as was ever written, and as grimy and as hateful.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

J. G. HUISH,

Born 1856, at Hackney, London. Accidentally killed on this Island 10th September, 1889. He was lovely and pleasant in his life, and of death he was not disappointed.'

The correspondence dated August 23rd is specially interesting, because more than one critic has suggested that Stevenson merely put his name to the book to aid Mr Lloyd Osborne. 'I propose,' he says, 'if it be not too late, to delete Lloyd's name. He has nothing to do with the last half. The first we wrote together as the beginning of a long yarn. The second is entirely mine; and I think it rather unfair on the young man to couple his name with so infamous a work. Above all, as you had not read the two last chapters, which seemed to me the most ugly and cynical of all.'

The reply of his friend, Mr Colvin, to this letter, induces him to alter his views, and he next writes:—'Since you rather revise your views of "The Ebb Tide" I think Lloyd's name might stick, but I leave it to you. I'll tell you just how it stands: Up to the discovery of the champagne the tale was all planneed betwen us, and drafted by Lloyd. From that moment he has had nothing to do with it except talking it over, for we changed our plan, gave up the projected Monte Christo, and cut it down for a short story. My impression—I beg your pardon, this is a local joke; a firm here had on its beer labels, "Sole Importers"—is that it will never be popular, but might make a little *success de scandale*. However, I'm done with it now, and not sorry, and the crowd may rave and mumble its bones for what I care.'

Stevenson's Own Opinion of His Work.

His final opinion of this work, and his reference to Mr Crockett, form an interesting conclusion:—'Did you see a man who wrote "The Stickit Minister," and dedicated it to me in words that brought tears to my eyes every time that I looked at them? *He* remembers now. Ah, by God, it does! Singular that I should fulfil the Scot's destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile and have my head filled with the blessed beastly place all the time. Hi! Stop! You say "The Ebb Tide" is the "working out of an artistic problem of a kind." Well, I should just bet it was. You don't like Atwater; says he's "done from the outside." Very likely. But look at my three rogues; they're all there, I'll go bail. Three types of the bad man, the weak man, and strong man with a weakness, that are gone through and lived out.'

There is a sadness in the part of his diary, written in 1892, and headed 'After I am dead':—'It came over me the other day suddenly that this diary of mine to you (Mr Colvin) would make good picking after I am dead and a man could make some kind of a book out of it without much trouble. So, for God's sake, don't lose them, and they will prove a piece of provision for my poor family, as Simlé calls it.'

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A Notable Bookman.

Alphonse Daudet, the great French novelist, has been prominently before the British public lately in consequence of his visit to London, where he appears to have found much to admire and little to condemn. Alphonse Daudet is certainly one of the foremost men of letters of the day. Intellectually he towers over all his own countrymen of the literary profession, and there are few

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

men of letters living in England, in Europe one might say, who can be placed on the same high level that he occupies. Some of his works are not intended for family reading, but he is never coarse and brutish as Zola is too often, nor is he given to the flippant immorality generally supposed to be a characteristic of French novels. As a journalist and essayist Monsieur Daudet has a world wide and well-deserved reputation. As will be seen by our portrait, Daudet is an extremely handsome man, with a massively intellectual and artistic face.

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'Scribner's Magazine' for May.

The fact that Mrs Humphrey Ward commences a story in the May number of *Scribner*, and that Mr Meredith still continues his serial, 'The Amazing Marriage,' is of itself enough to draw the attention of bookmen to this magazine. But even were the authoress of 'Robert Elsmere' and 'Marcella' unrepresented, and had Mr Meredith's name been absent from the contributors' list, the May *Scribner* would still have attracted attention. So admirable a specimen of the fine art of wood engraving as 'The Red Pope,' which forms the frontispiece, would alone have made the number one of note to any man or woman of culture. Mr Howland's article on 'Golf' is alluded to at length elsewhere, and is assuredly an attractive feature. Very clever is the 'Short Study in Evolution,' one of a series of stories of girls' college life. The writer is decidedly clever and interesting, and has been admirably 'aided and abetted' by the illustrator. Other articles of more than ordinary interest and merit are those on 'Posters' and 'Wood-engraving.' 'The Occupation—A Portion of the Art of Living,' is dealt with a trifle lengthily. In conclusion, there is some very excellent verse. The poem which follows appears to me the best thing in magazine poetry that I have seen for a very considerable time. It throbs with ideas:

PLAYTHINGS.

'Back to your playthings, child,' my Father says;
'I cannot tell you now.'
This when I come to him on long dull days,
To ask him 'Why?' and 'How?'
And other things that surely I should know—
'What brought me here?' and 'Must I some day go?'
Whither, and why?' They all perplex me so!

Ah, precious playthings, who shall hold you light?
You keep my eyes from tears.
My empty hands from trembling; this my kite,
That windward wheels and veers—
Fortune I call it, and this merry ball
Is pleasure, and the dearest of them all,
This idol—broken; once I let it fall.

Then comes some careless hand and sweeps away
My toys, and while I weep,
An ache is in my heart that such as they
Had never stilled to sleep—
Its clamorous questionings, that will not bow
To His denial, nor my silence-vow;
'I have no toys. Ah, tell me, tell me now!'

LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

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*** 'Gallia.'**

Gallia is an unpleasant and somewhat dull record of a few erotic passages in the lives of two or three women and as many men. The heroine of the story is thus described:

As a child Gallia had never had a doll; had never played at keeping house, teaching school, having callers, as most other children do. If there was a baby about she hid shivered and left the room. Nothing terrified her like the society of young married woman. The least mention of these imprurient subjects so many women, and even the best-bred women, habitually discuss, sent her from the scene.

In view of her recorded utterances this last statement must be pronounced nothing less than amazing. So far as I have followed her conversation through 336 pages of the novel, she speaks and thinks of nothing else. A child who has 'never had a doll,' or 'never played at keeping house,' is an unnatural child to begin with. Either she was densely stupid, or the victim of a morbid and unhealthy precocity. Yet we are told 'there are a great many Gallias in the world nowadays, and they are for the most part very unhappy people.'

Gallia proposes marriage to a 'dark, tall, thin, young man with a very handsome face,' who rejects her rather brutally. 'I wish I had asked him to kiss me once!' she reflects subsequently. 'Surely he would not have minded kissing me just once! A woman always grants as much as that.' Query. The 'dark, tall, thin, young man' is a tremendous prig—so priggish that none but a woman would venture to make him the hero of a novel. Gallia is occasionally somewhat priggish herself, so that the match would not have been entirely unsuitable. The following remarkably tasteful observations fall from her lips:—

'I pardon your astonishment at discovering my parentage,' she said lightly, 'but you may consider me a sport. We can't all take after our parents, and clever people may have stupid children.'

Gallia ends up by engaging herself to a man she does not love, and the dark, tall, thin, young man confesses to heart disease. The scene in which this engagement occurs is the most degrading I ever remember to have read. With the successful lover the reader will probably feel disposed to cry:—

'For God's sake don't, don't, don't.' Without knowing why, Merk knew that he could not bear this. He could bear the rest, but this he simply *could not bear*. It was the agony of knives to him.

Gallia is said to be a 'clever and powerful production.' So it is. The cleverness is obvious; it is on the surface, and the power is outraged conventionality under another name. It is true the two main ideas of the book are physiologically and socially truths, but they are neither of them new, and have been infinitely better and more fitly expressed elsewhere. Novels of this type serve a definite, and it might even be alleged, useful purpose, but to the lover of pure literature the introduction of a pathological or social problem into the sacred temple of art is a desecration to be resented and fought against.

HE is a wise individual who talketh not concerning that of which he knows nothing.

Footlight Flashes.

By the Prompter.

The Gourlay and Stokes Company open in 'Revels' at the Auckland Opera House on Monday, July 15th, and judging by the Wellington correspondent's letter they should draw good houses during their stay in the Northern capital. The Company has been greatly strengthened lately, and 'Revels,' as the big posters say, 'is enough to make a dog laugh.' Comedy burlesque has become all the rage in London and America, and gives clever artistes special opportunities for the display of their abilities, and Mr Stokes has left no stone unturned in engaging the best possible talent to give the patrons of the Opera House a really first-class performance. Crowded houses may be expected during the Company's season in Auckland.

A picture of Irving in 'Don Quixote' appears on this page. It is from the *London Graphic*. I propose to give from time to time portraits of great European authors and actresses, as well as of those with whom we are more intimately acquainted.

The Francis Ross Dramatic Company are working their way north steadily and fairly successfully. At latest advices they were in Christchurch, where 'Caste,' 'The Player,' and other standard comedies were staged, preceded usually by a Shakespearean scene, in which Miss Ross starred. In the critique on 'Caste,' the gentleman who does the notices for the *Lyttelton Times* calls Eccles *a thankless part*. I always imagined Eccles was admittedly *the* best part in Robertson's comedy.

The six-night season of 'Maritana' by Auckland amateurs terminated on Saturday. The performances varied so extensively in merit and character, owing to the fact that there were two or more castes of principals, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to venture opinion on the season's production as a whole. Yet even if space permitted of detailed criticism of each caste in these columns, the task is not one I should care to undertake. The first night's performance drew from the morning paper a storm of ridicule and somewhat cheap wit. Unquestionably that evening 'Maritana' was not a success as grand opera. The caste—the male caste—was weak in voice, and absolutely no attention had been devoted to stage management. The result was certainly somewhat appalling, and a rowdy pit made confusion worse confounded. Subjected to a merciless fire of rough comment and rude wit, the performers struggled on with commendable bravery, and the opera was carried through to a termination. On each succeeding evening the performance was greatly improved, and at the end of the season the opera was more than creditable from a musical point of view. The want of a good stage manager appeared, however, to the end. The material was excellent, but it was entirely untrained. The chorus knew neither how to come on, or to get off the stage, and committed all the thousand and one faults which can only be corrected by a good stage manager. If the precaution is taken to procure one before the next production, I feel assured the promoters of 'Maritana' will score a bigsuccess next time.

Henry Irving as 'Don Quixote.'

Scene in 'Don Quixote.'

The Wellington Dramatic Students made a great hit on Tuesday evening with their performance of Pinero's comedy, 'The School Mistress,' in aid of the Benevolent Institution. As this was the first production of the piece in New Zealand, the performers had had no opportunity of seeing it staged by a professional company, but amongst the little band of amateurs were some clever and experienced actors and actresses, and the fun was kept up with a dash from start to finish. Mr Morris Fox, as the Hon. Vere Queckett, and Mr Nicholls, as the grumpy old Admiral, would have been a credit to any company. Miss Newton and her sister, Miss Jessie Newton, both had difficult parts to play, and played them excellently. It would be unfair to individually criticise any of the performers, as the success of the piece rests on its combination, and I think the Dramatic Students are to be thoroughly congratulated on the success their of work.

Irving (writes a *Bulletin* correspondent) made a capital chairman at the Savage Club annual dinner at Holborn restaurant. He closed the Lyceum for the night to be free. He made a really capital, witty speech, and was unanimously elected a life member. Certainly his chairmanship at this particular juncture will give a great fillip to the old Club. Amongst those present were Poet Sladen, Gov. Billrobinson, and Phil May. It must have cost Irving at least £350 to close the Lyceum that evening.

'The Fatal Card' appears to be doing the trick for Bland Holt at the Melbourne Royal. A well-written story which opens with a roaring night in a bar-room, and is finally blown up by an infernal machine, could hardly fail to attract attention, apart from its first-class murder, the incident of a desperado's escape from Judge

Lynch on the boiler of a passing locomotive, and a naked comedian paying his addresses to a young lady with his fishing-rod. Gentle Jim continues to earn strong marks of disapproval from his companions in crime, whereas Miss Hilda Spong grows in favour, and her latest burst of distress on Walter Baker's account is regarded as the best specimen of emotion that his sufferings have ever wrung from her. Miss Spong has in former times shared a lot of Baker's grief without seeming much upset.

The drama is a strong one,
With many a thrilling scene,
But O! the villain of the piece
Is wondrous crushed and mean.
In language loud and stormy,
By comrades stern and grim,
That person mild is much reviled—
They call him Gentle Jim.

Way out at Colorado
The villain first is found;
A lawless mate upbraids him for
A selfish, crawling hound;
But with his bold abettors
He's always in the swim,
And when there's dirty work to do
They send for Gentle Jim.

In London he is willing
To sneak, at duty's call,
A pile of bonds from Baker's dad,
Or like a burglar fall.
And, whilst he getting ready,
It is the captain's whim
To signify contempt and scorn
For catspaw Gentle Jim.

He slaughter's Baker's parent,
He lays the old 'un flat;
The haughty captain of the gang
Gets on to him for that.
And when the spoil's divided
Within a cottage dim,
His comrades three they all agree
In loathing Gentle Jim.

Poor villain of the drama!
His lot is truly hard—
The other men are leading trumps,
But he's 'The Fatal Card.'
And when the game is over
We sympathise with him,
Despised and cursed on every hand—
Unhappy Gentle Jim.

SINGERS have curious whims. The late Vi. Varley was very ambitious to sing in Melbourne Town Hall, where, she was convinced, her voice would be heard to better advantage than in a theatre. To gratify her, a concert was to have been held prior to her trip to England at the end of the year.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

A NOBLE RASCAL.

I HAVE met and been thrown into intimacy with many scamps in my time, but I think the worst case of depravity, short of downright criminality, I ever ran across, was a certain young fellow who called himself Lord ——, and whose hunting grounds, at the particular time to which I refer, was a bush town called Tambo, somewhere about the more central part of Queensland. That this young man belonged to the family to which he claimed to belong, was beyond all doubt, though there was much question whether he had any right to the title he assumed.

He had been sent to Australia under exceedingly good auspices, to be tamed of his wild habits, for his original occupation on arrival there was attache to the Governor of New South Wales. He had a liberal allowance, and his position socially was all that could be wished, though I daresay, it may not have been as brilliant as that in which his exploits were performed at home. At any rate, his position, if he had any desire at all to reform, was infinitely better than that of a lot more of us, who had been sent adrift with a couple of letters of introduction at the most, and those none too cordially expressed, a limited allowance, and the advice, by no means equivocably given, to change our ways, or never show our faces at homeagain.

Some fellows never know when they are well off—and Lord —— was one of these. For the Governor of New South Wales 'though doubtless, in the first place, weighty influence had been brought to bear to get Lord —— his appointment), soon tired of his pranks, and sent him to the right about.

He turned up in Brisbane, where he in no way added to his good name, and later on he made his way to Augathella, a little bush town on the Nive River, where he was employed as a 'jackaroo' on a sheep station. There were ladies, however, in the squatter's family, so needless to say his stay on the station was an exceedingly short one.

As it happened, it was shearing time on the several Nive stations, and what with horse-racing and card-playing and hard drinking he soon became quite a hero with the shearers and other more questionable characters that at these busy times, as well in Australia as elsewhere, always find their way to where money is more or less freely spent.

When Lord —— left Augathella he went to Tambo, and there made desperate love to a barmaid, all of whose ready cash he borrowed. He bought a buckboard and a fine team of horses for £100—on credit—and levanted.

Just about this time, to his ill-luck, certain checks of his began to return from a round trip they had taken to Brisbane, and my lord was anxiously inquired after by the many people whose champagne he had drunk on the strength of them. Among the more pertinacious in their inquiries was one Harry Goffage—who had sold him the buckboard and team of horses on credit. He was so perseveringly solicitious about Lord ——'s whereabouts that at last he got on his track and had him (with the buckboard and horses) brought back to Tambo.

Lord ——'s nonchalance was refreshing.

'I'm awfully glad you sent for me, Harry,' he said to Goffage. 'It's all a mistake, of course; but if it hadn't been for you, dear boy, I might never have known it, and, by Jove, a man's name can't stand returned cheques! I tell you, old man, I'm infinitely obliged to you!'

The man's talk was so assured, and apparently he was so innocent of guile, that before long he, and a lot of the very people who, a short while before, were the most anxious to lay hands upon him, were sitting in the hotel bar and drinking champagne together (always, of course, on credit) as if nothing had happened and they were the best friends in the world.

I tell all this to show what the man was, and to lead up to his crowning meanness—a meanness so very mean that one can hardly credit a human being capable of it. And yet I swear the story is true.

Lord —— had been in the habit of receiving his allowance quarterly through a solicitor in Brisbane. Forging this solicitor's name, he cabled to his mother (who was a widow), that he, Lord ——, was dead, and requesting a remittance of £500 to cover the expenses of embalming his own body and sending it home.

This money the infernal rascal in some way got his hands upon, and paying what he was absolutely *forced* to pay, disappeared.

G.H.

SONNETS.

I.

THE luck of Tantalus has mocked my thirst,
When, parched and fevered, I have yearned to drink,
The vessel from my hand has seemed to shrink,
Or the elixir has, in mist, dispersed
The hope that in my fervid youth I nursed,
Outlived its fruiting-time: but, on the brink
Of fateful change, I still can hope and think
Life's recent years, perchance, may prove its worst.

Still to feel thirst and yearning for relief
May be my fate; yet, not of hope forlorn;
Though hope be mantled with the shade of grief,
I may, each eve, expect a richer morn;
Like a tired gleaner, who his scanty sheaf
Binds near the unreaped ranks of golden corn.

II.

This lot do I desire: ere I depart
And leave to earth this perishable frame,
And be to friends a memory and a name;
To the last hour, when Death shall launch his dart,
Be mine all treasures of the human heart
That I can give or I from others claim,
In all the depth and strength that highest aim
Has symbolised and sealed in realms of Art.

Vainly will ills cast shade and tempests beat
On him that daily breathes ambrosial air,
And walks his tangled path with winged feet:
And though the love-charmd heart has many a care
Unknown to baser kinds, life will be sweet.
By love kept pure and fenced by constant prayer.

H. L. TWISLETON.

THE BIRTH OF THE COCOANUT.

A SAMOAN LEGEND.

(BY J. H. GIBBONS, U.S.N.)

ON the shores of the mountain-shielded bay of Pago Pago, there lived, long before the Papalagi (which is the Samoan for people-that-burst-through-the-clouds) had set foot on the South Sea Islands, the noble chief Asi. His family consisted of several sons — tall, lithe, and bronze-skinned: lazy in time of peace, but brave in time of war—and one daughter, Fanua, the *taipu* of the village.

Now, to be a *taipu* carried with it all the honours of barbaric royalty. Fanua moved about with a train of attendant maidens, whose duty it was to anticipate her every wish. No Cleopatra could have been more despotic. Yet the honour had been won by real merit; for among all the maidens scattered through the numerous villages of the tribe living on the narrow shores of Pago Pago, not one could be found that handled a canoe with such fearless skill as Fanua. Indeed, it was a favourite story among the old warriors that on the occasion of a certain memorable storm she had been carried in her canoe far out to sea, where for three days she had battled against wind and wave, and, when the gale abated, had brought her canoe safely into the bay, much to surprise and joy of her despairing family. The adventure is still preserved in the songs of the *siva*. And in this same *siva* or native dance, there was no one that could equal Fanua in ease of movement and grace of gesture. When the tribe made a pilgrimage to Apia, where the great Malietoa often called them to a *fono* or general council, Fanua always led the march from the beach to the royal hut, and no leader of the Amazons could have had a more martial tread or wielded a spear with more dexterity. In short, the daughters of Samoa were judged no less by the rough standard of courage and endurance than by the more gentle gifts of grace and beauty. In all of these Fanua was without a rival.

In time of peace and plenty the *taipu's* lot was that of a perpetual queen of the May; and had it not been for a feud that broke out between the islands of Aunu and Tutuila, Fanua's reign might have gone on like that of the fairy Titania. This feud soon ripened into a war. Spears were sharpened and clubs were brandished in all the villages of Pago Pago. The great war-canoes were lashed together; bands of shouting men sailed away, singing their battle songs and swearing vengeance. The old chief Asi watched his departing comrades with tears in his eyes; he could not go with them for he was feeble and ailing. Fanua remained with her father, and from day to day brought him the news of the neighbouring camps. Villages were burned; fields were plundered; women were carried off; hundreds of men were killed. For nearly a year the savage warfare reigned; then both parties began to think of peace. The men from Aunu returned to their island, and the men of Tutuila proclaimed the war ended. Joy reigned in Pago Pago.

The cloud was lifted only for a time, however. Upon the heels of war came gaunt-eyed famine. The bread-fruit trees had been stripped; the plantains shrivelled away into dry husks; not even a patch of yams or taro was left. Three of his sons had been killed in the wars; the two that had been spared claimed that their recent hardships entitled them to a long rest. So it fell to Fanua's lot to keep the family in food, for her brothers did nothing but sit around and talk about their battles. Every day she would tramp through the bush, looking for roots and berries, or paddle off in her canoe to spear fish. Then, when night came, she would steal behind the *tapa* that screened off her sleeping-place, always tired out and sometimes very hungry. Poor Fanua! the world was so full of toil and trouble now, and the old glad days seemed so far, far away.

One afternoon Fanua had returned early from her labours. Finding her father asleep she launched her canoe and set out for Fagatoga, a point of land that separated Pago Pago from the sea. This was a favourite haunt of Fanua's when she felt weary and depressed. There was a narrow strip of white sandy beach, walled in by high rocks, and the tiniest thread of a stream that came trickling down the mountain side. The sea had washed out a long, narrow ledge at the root of the cliff, and here Fanua, after hauling up her canoe, sat down to dangle her feet in the cool waters of the brook. Round the point came the sound of the breakers; the air was filled with the smell of seaweed; brilliant winged insects floated in the sunlight, and the waters of the bay danced and sparkled as the trade-wind swept lightly over them.

Fanua, her head thrown back and her eyes closed, was just falling into a delightful reverie, when she was startled by hearing a low deep voice call out her name. She sprang to her feet. Who could have followed her? The voice was unfamiliar; she must be dreaming. Thus would she have dismissed her fears with a laugh; but the smile that trembled on her lips turned into an exclamation of fright, when, almost within reach of her hand, and slowly wriggling toward her, she saw a hideous sea-monster. Its head seemed to tower above the boulders on the shore; its tawny mane, tangled with weeds and kelp, fell over a pair of large green eyes that rolled and glittered; its flaming red nostrils distended with each breath, and its open mouth showed immense fangs that could easily have snapped a war-canoe in twain. Slowly waving its head the dreadful thing drew nearer and nearer.

There was a narrow path leading along the course of the brook, and up this Fanua clambered, never looking behind her until she had reached the bank above. Here she paused for breath. A low, deep, appealing voice was calling, 'Stay Fanua; stay!' More frightened than ever at this mysterious summons—for there was no human being in sight—she sped away through the thicket, believing herself to be pursued by a demon, and never stopped running until she had reached the outskirts of her own village.

Asi lay on his mat groaning and complaining, when Fanua, who had tarried outside long enough to regain her wits, came into the hut. Her two brothers were sitting around a *kava* bowl, in company with some friends, still talking of their battles, and from time to time bidding the old man drink. Asi shook his head, and with a guesture of despair cried, 'Give me food, not drink.' Fanua did what she could to comfort him, but only in a half-hearted way, for her recent adventure was preying on her mind. Perhaps, after all—thus her thoughts ran on—she might be mistaken about the voice, but the sea-monster was a reality, and there was her canoe to be rescued. If she were to tell her brothers of her experience, they would probably laugh at her. So Fanua kept her own counsel; but at the same time she was more and more determined to rescue her canoe before her brothers should find out her loss.

Sunrise next day found her creeping along the edge of the bank that overhung the spot where she had been so rudely disturbed. To her joy she found that her canoe was still safe. She was going over in her mind the best and safest way to reach it, when there was a great commotion in the water below her. A pair of green eyes surmounted by a tawny mane rose slowly out of the sea. Again a voice called 'Fanua!' There was no mistaking it this time; the voice came from the sea-monster. She was not at all frightened now, for she was in a position of safety; but she was sorely puzzled. At last she plucked up courage enough to cry out, 'Who is it calling?'

'Kolkol calls,' replied the voice. 'Kolkol, the guardian of the sea-caves. Look, he brings you food.' And surely enough the sea monster wriggled up on the beach with a large fish between his paws.

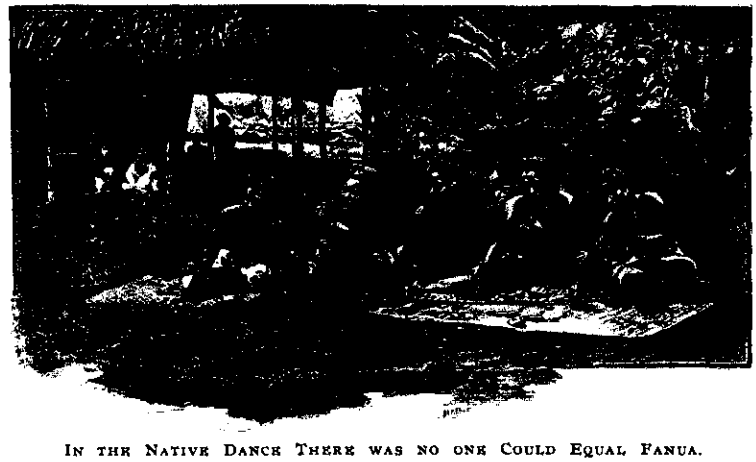
Fanua had been taught by her father that the spirit of Alii, the great progenitor of all Samoans, often showed itself in the islands; that the fury of the hurricane was his quickening breath, the roar of the breakers his sullen muttering. She knew, too, that some of the older women could turn the cooing of the *lupi* or wood-pigeon into a love-song and that young girls often held conch-shells to their ears in order to hear the whispers of absent sweethearts. In these simple stories fishes were always mute, and sea-monsters unknown. The voice that was calling to her now was not harsh and terrifying but deep and clear like that of the *tulafale* or talking-man at the *fono* when he leaned upon his staff and pleaded for his people. Fanua felt that if spirit this was, it was surely a good spirit, despite its hideous form.

'I thank you for the fish,' she said demurely, and then added quickly, 'but I should like very much to get my canoe.

'Fanua need not fear Kolkol,' replied the voice. 'Your people are hungry; Kolkol brings them food. When the waters have crept to their highest mark on the beach, meet him here each day, and he will bring you such humble gifts as his poor haunts afford. Come, take your canoe. What, you still fear Kolkol? Good-bye, then, until to-morrow. Remember to-morrow when the waters have risen.'

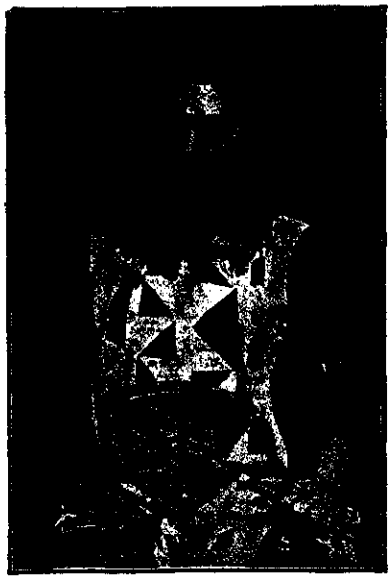
The monster slid back into the sea and sank out of sight. The voice was gone, and Fanua, although she could not tell why, had complete confidence in its promise. She ran down to the beach, hastily launched her canoe, and after picking up the fish, paddled toward

THE MOUNTAIN SHIELDED BAY.



IN THE NATIVE DANCE THERE WAS NO ONE COULD EQUAL FANUA.

home. Occasionally she looked back, but there was not a ripple on the bay, save where the canoe left its eddying wake. The women of the village were astir when she returned. Many of them were bringing water from the springs. To some that questioned her, Fanua simply replied by showing the fish. 'Asi has a kind daughter,' croaked one old dame, 'but his sons are a lazy lot.' Every day, at the turn of the tide, Fanua stole away to Fagatoga, where the sea-monster was always waiting with his gift. Sometimes he brought *palolo*—queer little wriggling things that the Samoans considered a great delicacy, because there was only one



FANUA.

day in the year that they rose to the surface of the sea. She listened to strange stories that the voice told her about the vast regions beneath the reefs, where the mermaid *taipus* wove anemones for stars in their crowns, and wove their *lava-lavas* out of sea-grasses.

'So they dance the *siva*, these mermaid *taipus?*' she asked him one day.

'No; you are still queen,' replied the voice; and Fanua blushed at the compliment. 'You must dance for me on the beach some day.'

'To-morrow, if you like,' said she, gaily. 'Since the famine we have had no dancing. I will bedeck myself for the festival of the fishes, just as I used to on *palolo* day. It will be twilight when the tide is high. Come, then; you shall see me.'

The sea-monster crawled up to the water's edge next day, just as the crimson glow of the setting sun was fading away, and a silver path marked the course of the slowly rising morn. Fanua was standing on a ledge, impatiently waiting for him. She wore a towering head-dress, made of long white woody fibres, in which were stuck curiously-carved combs and bunches of red hybiscus. Around her throat was a necklace of whales' teeth; amulets of cowrie shells gleamed on her wrists and ankles. Her *lava-lava*, or kirtle, was of the finest *tapu*—a fabric made from the mulberry plant and stained with brilliant colours. Carefully spreading a finely-woven mat on the ledge, and seating herself cross-legged, Fanua, at the bidding of the voice, began the *siva*. First she described, in a low chant, the famine in the land, and ended by bending forward until her forehead touched the mat. Then she began patting with her hands, slowly at first, then faster and faster, nerved by the spirit of the song she was singing—a battle song describing the victories of the men of Tutuila. Her arms waved gracefully, her body swayed rhythmically to and fro, her head swung in a circle, her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

So taken up was Fanua with the pleasures of the dance—if dance it may be called—that she did not notice a band of men peering around the corner of the cliff. Suddenly a shower of spears came flying through the air, piercing the sea monster and pinning him to the earth. The men rushed forth with clubs, and beat him until he lay a writhing and bleeding mass. Fanua recognised her brothers among the leaders, and cried to them to stop; but they did not heed her, and the blows fell faster and more furiously.

'Fools!' cried a voice from the sea. The men heard it and sprang back affrighted, dropping their clubs and spears. The voice was harsh and terrible now. 'Fools!' the voice went on, gathering fury from its scorn, 'you can bruise this ugly body, but the spirit you can not destroy. Kolkol and Ali are one. Were it not for Fanua, I should come to you again in a form that would make even the horrors of famine seem light. But Fanua is a dutiful daughter—a friend to man and beast.'

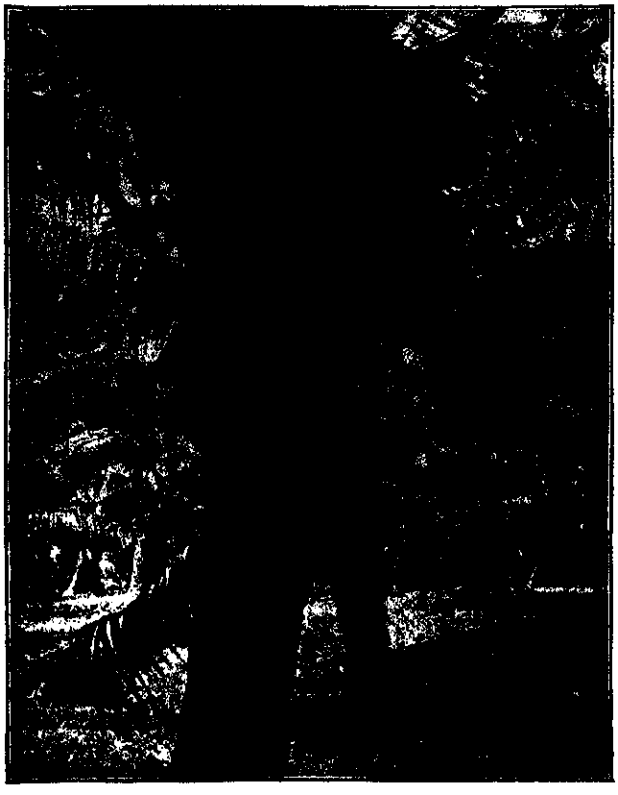
The men turned and looked at Fanua, who stood sobbing her face buried in her hands.

'Do not weep, Fanua,' said the voice; 'for you shall be the means of saving your people from another famine. See, where my blood was spilled, already a tree is springing up Gather its fruit, my children. First it will yield you milk, then meat. Its fibres will make you the strongest cords; its shell will furnish you a loving cup.'

The sea monster vanished, and behold, in its place stood a tall tree, whose smooth trunk, rising like a silver shaft, was crowned with long, feathery leaves and bore clusters of tempting fruit. The men gave a cry of surprise and delight. One of them, a small, agile fellow, quickly climbed to the top of the tree, and began throwing the fruit to those below.

Again the voice drifted in from the sea, but this time it was only Fanua that heard it. 'When you drink, our lips will meet,' it said, 'when you drink, your eyes will look into mine.'

The men were bringing the fruit to her. They stripped it of its green covering, and there, on the hard yellow surface were seared two eyes. 'The eyes of the sea monster!' they cried. Fanua took the shell and pressed it to her lips; her eyes met those of Kolkol; the shell opened, and she took a long, deep draught of the refreshing milk.



COCOANUT PALMS.

From that day to this, according to the Samoan chroniclers, the Kolkol nut, which we call the coacoanut, has had two eyes; and these, the Samoans assure you, as they offer you a drink of cocoanut milk, belong to the watchful Alii, who has promised that famine shall never again visit their fair land.

A DREAM.

Oh, it was but a dream I had
While the musician played—
And here the sky, and here the glad
Old ocean kissed the glade,
And here the laughing ripples ran,
And here the roses grew
That threw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds
Drooped in the breathless breeze
As o'er a field of marigolds.
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;
While here the eddies lisped and purred
Around the island's rim,
And up from out the underworld
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day
And midnight—for the moon
On silver rounds across the bay
Had climbed the skies of June—
And here the glowing, glorious king
Of day ruled o'er his realm,
With stars of midnight glittering
About his diadem.

The sea gull reeled on languid wing
In circles round the mast;
We heard the songs that sirens sing
As we went sailing past;
And up and down the golden sands
A thousand fairy throngs
Flung at us from their flashing hands
The echoes of their songs.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE THREE WAYS

UPON the journey of my life I came upon a place where the road branched out into three ways, and I knew not which to choose.

Before me stretched a fair, broad path whereon were many wayfarers, and I asked of one that was about to tread it, 'What path is this?'

He answered with kindling eyes, 'It is the path of Art.'

'And what lieth at the end thereof for guerdon?'

He answered 'Fame.'

Then all my soul was hot within me to follow, but I bethought me of the other paths, and I delayed my choice yet a little while. I turned my eyes upon the road that lay unto the right; and behold it was shaded upon either side with fair green branches. It seemed, in sooth, a goodly road to follow, and many were they that traversed it. I asked of a wayfarer, 'What road is this?'

And he answered me, 'It is Love's road.'

'And what. I pray thee, lieth at the end of it?' I questioned him.

He answered, 'Pain.'

Nevertheless did this road seem unto my enchanted eyes yet more alluring than the first road, and I had already put my foot upon it to follow it, when I remembered me of that other path; and I delayed a moment longer.

Upon this road, the one that lay to the left of me, I cast my eyes. It was a dim and narrow path leading into the far distance. It was but sparsely travelled; and even of those that set foot upon it, but few kept on their way. For the most part they turned again, and choosing one of the other roads, put the thought of the way that they had tried to follow out of their minds forever. And of those that did not turn there were some that dropped by the wayside.

I met a traveller fleeing with his eyes upon the way of Love, and I asked of him, 'What road is this?'

And he answered shudderingly, 'It is the path of Duty.'

Then I said unto him, 'What lieth at the end thereof as guerdon?'

And he answered, 'The unknown. It is a cold, dim, desert path, and there is no end unto it, save only death.'

Then did I turn my back upon the path of Art and the path of Love, and set my face unto the way of Duty; and why I have chosen thus I do not know, but in the watches of the night, when all false values fade away, and good and evil stand forth clearly revealed, my soul approves my choice.

HE INVESTED ONLY 7S 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 anaconda 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. 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 civilised 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 pen 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 2d, 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.

DUNEDIN NOTES.

(BY 'SPECTATOR.')

THE WEATHER.

THE gentleman who has the contract for the supply of weather has apparently had an increase in his rate of pay since I last wrote you. Anyhow, there has been a marked increase in the supply, which is now considerably in excess of requirements. Snow,

hail, frost and Scotch mist have comprised this week's programme. We have had them singly, and in the choicest blends; and yet, strange to say, no one is satisfied.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

The fund for assisting the unemployed now amounts to £1,200, which, with the Government subsidy added, will reach the respectable figure of £2,640. This should go a long way towards carrying them comfortably over the present winter. It is a point worthy of note that the employees of the different firms in town have been very liberal in their contributions towards the assistance of their less fortunate fellowmen. The men are being paid at the rate of 4s 6d per day, and the fact that many of them are willing and thankful to receive employment at this rate, proves that they are genuine cases, and men how are only too anxious to earn an honest livelihood. Those who decline the employment at this rate (if any) may safely be classed among the permanent unemployed, and are undeserving of either sympathy or assistance.

THAT BENEVOLENT COUNCILLOR.

It appears that the inspector to the Benevolent trustees was not altogether correct in his assertion that one of the Councillors of the Borough of South Dunedin had lent a poor widow a sum of money at 20 per cent., interest on the security of the title deeds of a house and section, as reported by me in my last notes. The Mayor of South Dunedin now explains that the Council had nothing to do with the loan, but that he, in his private capacity, had performed the said act of benevolence, and that he had not taken the title deeds as security for the money—in fact, no security whatever had been required, in proof of which it was only necessary to state that the *title deeds had been in his possession for months prior to the transaction, and were still in his safe!*

PRIVATE LOANS.

By the way, speaking of loans, many people who are in need of temporary assistance, obtain loans from money-lenders, because they wish to keep the fact that they are in rather deep water strictly private. Some little time ago I happened to hear a conversation on this point, the repetition of which may serve to enlighten these individuals. The first speaker was urging that the professional money-lenders were the best people to borrow from, as they knew how to keep their own counsel, and did not let the matter become public. This statement was flatly contradicted by speaker number two, who based his authority on the fact that at one time he had been a clerk in the employment of one of the fraternity. 'Our best customers,' he said, 'were not, as you would expect, from among the poorer classes, but of the more stylish order. The people brought title deeds, life policies, etc., as security. In exchange for these a cheque was given to them, a duplicate of which, *together with the security*, was sent at once to the Bank, and, of course, the bank people (who, most likely, were the very last people the borrower would wish to know of the transaction) were made, straightway, fully cognisant of the state of affairs.' So much for the privacy of the loan offices, who invariably advertise that the utmost secrecy is observed.

MR EDMUND SMITH,

General Treasurer of the Presbyterian Church of Otago and Southland, church factor of the Presbyterian Church Board of Property, and manager of the Dunedin Savings Bank, died on June 13th. He had been suffering for many months from congestion of the lungs, weakness of the heart, and finally dropsy. Mr Smith was a highly respected citizen, but being of a retiring disposition, he never assumed the role of a public man. He, however, took great interest in church matters, and was an elder in Knox Church for many years. The funeral was attended by most of the leading business men of the city. Mr Frederick Smith, son of the deceased, has been appointed manager of the Dunedin Savings Bank, and as he has practically filled the position for some time past and given general satisfaction, there can be no doubt the trustees have made a wise appointment. Captain E. R. Smith, of the City Guards, chairman of the Pelichet Bay Range Committee, and ex-champion rifleman of New Zealand, is another son of the deceased gentleman.

MR EDMUND SMITH.

GOVERNMENT LOANS.

In addition to the money borrowed from Home, the Government is obtaining loans from the public by means of its issue of 'legal tender' postal notes. During the quarter ending 31st March last £10,000 worth of £1 postal notes were circulated, and now a new issue of £5 notes is in circulation. This issue of paper money is no doubt a very good thing if not carried too far, but if reasonable limits are exceeded the State will find itself in a rather awkward position, and the result will be that it will have to pass a law making its paper money inconvertible. The unlucky holders will then realize that paper currency is not by a very long way such a safe medium of exchange as gold and silver. It should be borne in mind that notes are simply 'promises to pay,' and if the State issues too large a quantity, only a disastrous result can be expected.

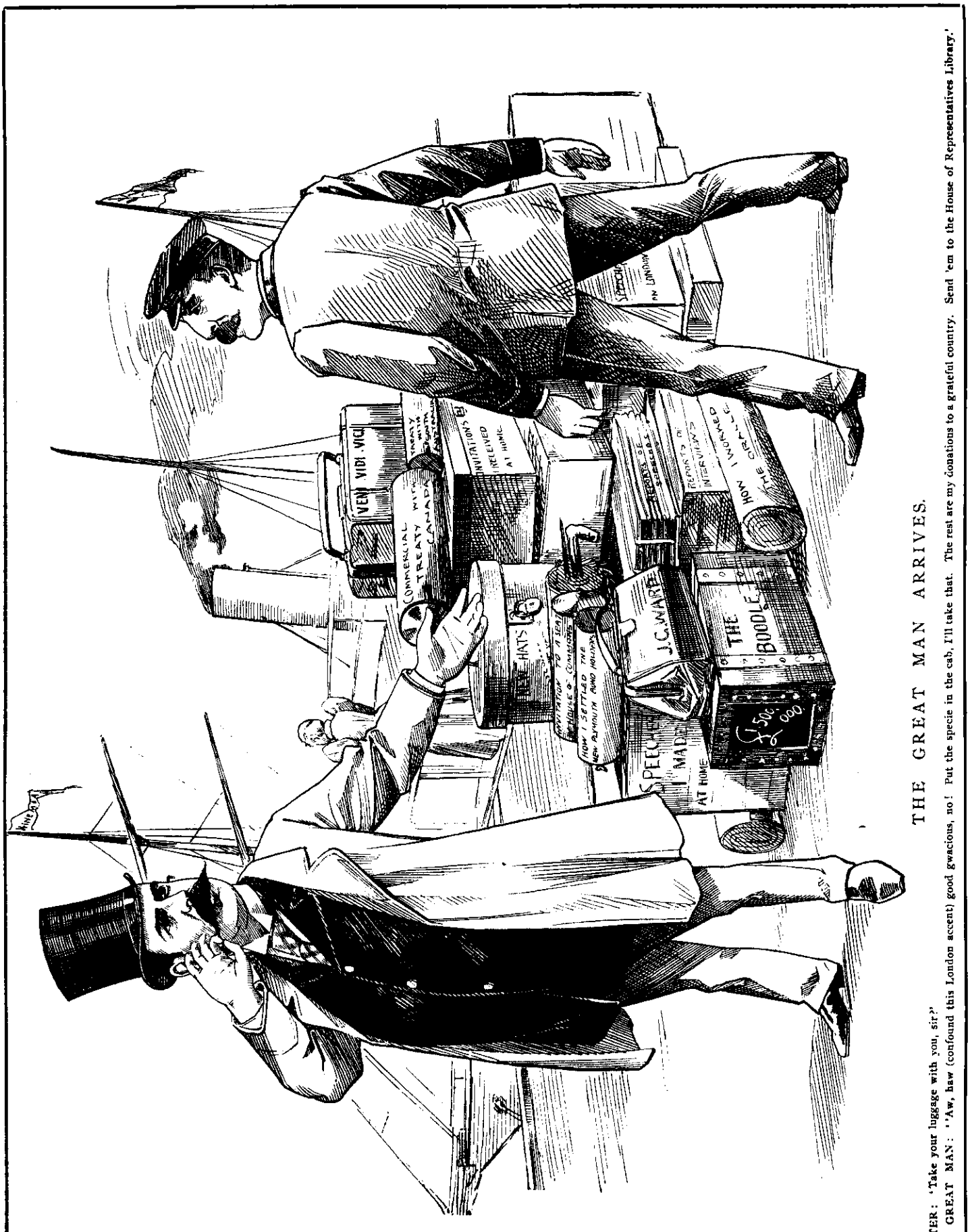
"FRATRES SUMUS OMNES"

LES DEUX BAISERS.

THE harvest moon shone clear
Through raindrops softly falling";
And from the woodland near,
The drowsy birds were calling,
When joined were mutual eyes
To mine in shy surprise,
And deep my longing soul drank bliss
At that first perfect all-absorbing kiss.

Pale flickering tapers shone
Amid the white flowers gleaming
Around the couch of one
That lay as only dreaming—
Yet eye, nor lip, nor brow
To love may waken now;
And died for ever hopes of bliss
In that last, saddest self-forgetting kiss.

J. ATHELEY.



THE GREAT MAN ARRIVES.

PORTER: 'Take your luggage with you, sir?'
THE GREAT MAN: ''Aw, haw (confound this London accent) good gwacious, no! Put the specie in the cab, I'll take that. The rest are my donations to a grateful country. Send 'em to the House of Representatives Library.'

A CAPITAL GOLF ARTICLE.

As remarked elsewhere in this issue, the Australian edition of *Scribner's Magazine* for May is a notable one, and of special interest to a large number of people in this colony—enthusiastic golfers—is Mr Howland's article on golf. Not merely is the article the very best on the subject we have read, but the twenty or thirty illustrations in half-tone and line engravings, are of altogether exceptional merit. Four or five of them we reproduce to give some idea of the style of those in line. The others in half-tone are, however, even more interesting.

GOLF.

'The origin of the royal and ancient game of golf is lost in obscurity. Whether it was an evolution from the kindred games of kolf, hockey, or jeu de mail, whether developed in Scotland or carried thither from Holland, may never be definitely ascertained. Its record is woven into Scottish history, legislation, and literature from the

ENTHUSIASM.

beginning of recorded time. More than four hundred years ago it was a popular game in Scotland, and archery, the necessary training for the soldier, so languished in competition with it that, by the stern ordinance of Parliament and royal decree, it was proclaimed "that fut ball and golf be utterly cryit doun and nocht usit." But although forbidden to the people, it was a favourite royal pastime. King James played it with Bothwell in 1553, and the royal accounts show that he had money on the game; Queen Mary played it after the death of Darnley, perhaps as a solace in her widowhood; James VI., an early protectionist, laid a heavy tariff on golf balls from Holland, and gave a monoply of ball-making at four shillings each ball to a favourite. The great Marquis of Montrose played at St. Andrews and Leith Links, and was lavish in his expenditure for golf-balls, clubs, and caddies. The news of the Irish Rebellion came to Charles I. while playing a match at Leith. James II., when Duke of York, won a foursome, with an Edinburgh shoemaker as a partner, against two Englishmen; the shoemaker built a house in the Canongate with his share of the stakes, and, in order to commemorate the origin of his fortunes, placed on its walls as escutcheon a hand dexter grasping a club, with the

STYMIE OR NOT STYMIE.

motto, 'Far and Sure.' John Porteous, of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who turned the tide of Prince Charlie's fortunes in 1745, were adepts at the game, and Covenanters in their sermons, poets, philosophers, and novelists have paid their tribute to the royal sport.

'With lingering feet it crossed the Grampian Hills in the wake of his somewhat sportive Majesty James VI. of Scotland, and made its home at Blackheath, where it maintained a precarious existence under the care of Scottish Londoners, until the establishment of the famous clubs of Banbury, Westward Ho, Wimbledon, and Hoylake, when, with a suddenness unexplainable, and an unparalleled popular favour, it extended all over England; since then it has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth.'

The author then proceeds to describe some American golf clubs. Futher on, speaking of golf and golfers generally, Mr Howland remarks:—

'The true golfer is critical of lucky strokes or flukes;

TOPPED.

in his estimation they are as discreditable as bad ones; certainty and precision is his standard, and his comment in broad Scotch, the real golf language, after a bad shot by a good player, calculated to draw applause from ignorant bystanders, would probably be "My, but yon was a lucky yin, bad play—didna desairve it." George Glennie, a famous player whose purism was proverbial, once in a "foursome" drove his ball into a burn; his partner wading in with boots and stockings, took the ball on the wing with his niblic, as it floated down, and laid it dead at the hole. "Well, what about that stroke?" said his partner to the sage, who had preserved unyielding silence. "No golf at a'"—then, in a soliloquy, as he advanced to the teeing-ground, "just monkey's tricks."

UNCERTAIN ARITHMETIC.

'The game can be played in company or alone. Robinson Crusoe, on his island, with his man Friday as a caddie, could have realised the golfer's dream of perfect happiness - a fine day, a good course, and a clear green; if Henry VIII. had cultivated the more delicate emotions by taking to the links of the Knuckle Club, he might have saved his body from the gout and his name from the contempt of posterity; he might have dismissed the sittings of the Divorce Court and gone to play a fursome with Cromwell, Wolsey, and the papal legate; and all the abbey lands which fell to the nobles

TEMPER.

would have been converted into golfing greens by the fiat of the royal golfer. He might with Francis have established a record on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Such a game would have cemented their friendship, for the man with a keen love of golfing in his heart is more than a devotee of an idle sport, he is a man of spiritual perceptions and keen sympathies. As a teacher of self-discipline the game is invaluable. The player is always trying to get the better of the game, and, as Allen Robertson said, "The game is aye fechtin' against ye."'

. . . . . .

'Golfers as a rule are an exceptionally honest race of men, but uncertain arithmetic is occasionally encountered on the green. "I aim to tell the truth,' said one! 'Well, you are a very bad shot," was the reply, and there is often an area of low veracity about a bunker. Accuracy is a cardinal virtue in the game, and a kindly judgment may attribute such errors to forgetfulness; but as the chief pleasure is to beat your own record for your own satisfaction, and as this form of deception makes real progress continually more difficult, for the discount is always in your path, the man of treacherous memory gets small comfort out of his duplicity.'

As may be guessed from these extracts, the article is brilliant, and is worth perusal by every golfer. The May number of *Scribner* is now indeed a necessary addition to the golfers' library.

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

THE DOCTOR RELATES THE REMARKABLE STORY OF A TRAGEDY.

'I HEARD a strange story to-day,' said the doctor to me, as we sat in his office late one night, 'which on your solemn promise not to divulge, I'll tell you, for I just can't keep it to myself.'

Readily enough, I promised, and I violate no confidence in this telling, for no names are mentioned, correctly at least, and in any event the doctor was not pledged to secrecy after the expiration of a year, and it has been two years since he told me.

'You remember,' he said, 'when Frank Broter was found in the hall of my office with a bullet through his brain and a pistol by his side?'

I nodded in affirmation of my remembrance.

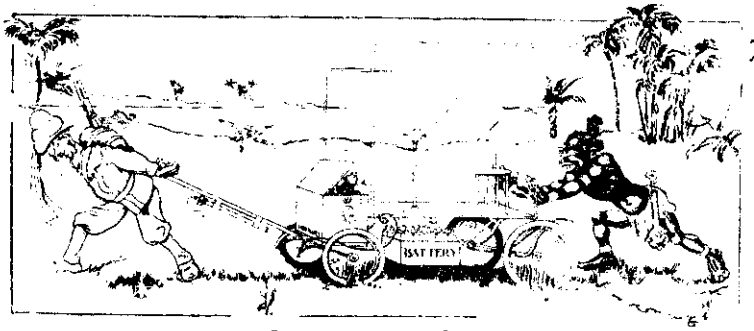
'You know,' he continued, 'that everybody thought it was suicide, for Frank was then under treatment with me for a nervous affection that made him wild at times. I thought he had taken his own life, as everyone else did, and he was buried under that impression. The coroner's verdict was to the same effect also. Well, to-day his sister died, and before she crossed the dark river, she asked to see me alone, and now I know that we were all mistaken about poor Frank.

'There was another brother, if you remember, named George, and he was the black sheep of the flock. A bad boy from the beginning, he grew worse when his widowed mother died, and for five years before Frank's death, he and his sister, who worked, as you know, in the central office of the Telephone Company, supported him. They boarded him in the same house with themselves, and, as far as appearances went, he had quite as much of the world's goods as either of them. He drank and gambled and was in trouble all the time, and often threatened them if they did not give him more money. This they did, but the more he received from them the more he asked, and finally he made such a demand upon Frank that he refused to do anything for him except to board and clothe him. The sister joined with Frank in this resolve, and George threatened to kill them both. No one knew of this except the brothers and sister, for the girl was sensitive and shrank from telling her troubles to her friends. On the day of his death Frank came to my office to see me, and there was no one about. I had been called away suddenly, and had taken my assistant and my door boy with me, as I expected to return shortly. I did come back, and when I did I found Frank lying in the hall with the pistol by his side. It was his own pistol, and you know the rest—up to to-day. To-day the sister told me that George had killed Frank. As far as she could determine, George had followed him there and had quarrelled with him in the hall. To satisfy himself that George was telling him the truth, he had gone to my telephone and called up his sister at the central office. Evidently, the two brothers were near the instrument, for as Frank called she heard the voice of George ordering him away from the 'phone. He refused, and then she heard George curse him and drag him away. She could hear the struggle, as it continued in the hall, and then suddenly came the crack of a pistol, and Frank screamed: "Oh, George, George, brother, you have killed me!" That was all she could remember, except the slamming of a door as George hurried out of the hall, for she fainted. When she was restored to consciousness, the sister asserted itself first, and she felt that before she told her dreadful story she must first know what had happened. She was not a strong girl, and the fainting spell excited little or no alarm, so that no one thought of connecting the fainting with the tragedy. In fact I had never heard of it until she told me herself. When she learned that Frank had committed suicide and she alone could bear testimony to the contrary, she closed her lips for the sake of her brother, and she has never spoken of it until to-day, and only now because George is dead, and she told me that she owed it to Frank's memory to let some one know he had not taken his own life.'

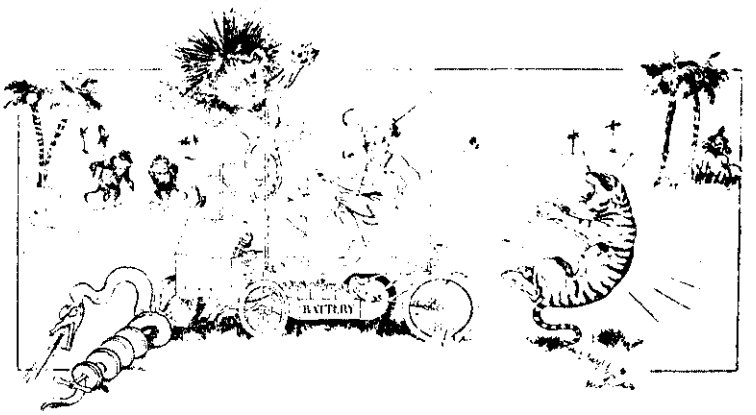
'That's what killed her,' I said horrified at the story.

'I'm sure of it,' replied the doctor. 'She has gradually declined since Frank's death, and nothing I could do for her appeared to have any effect.

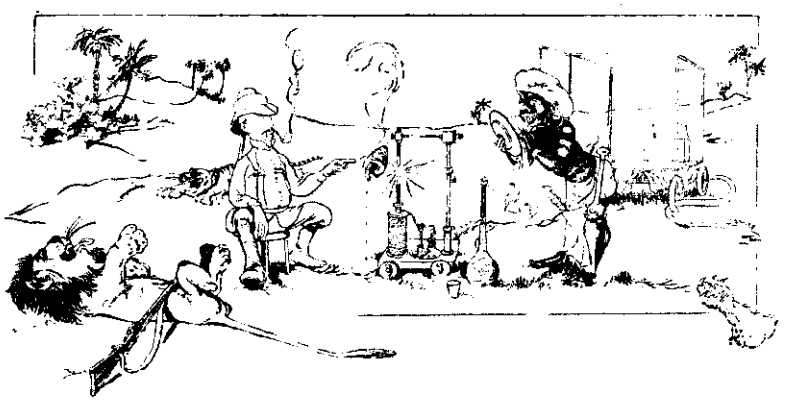
'And yet,' he concluded, 'if George had been living she would have taken her secret to the grave with her.'



1.—Science in the Desert.



2.—Oh! What a Surprise.



3.—The Fruits of Victory—Lion's Heart for Dinner.

Act 1. Act 2. Act 3.

The Absent-Minded Merchant and Blind Beggar in 3 Acts.

PREACHING.

'What! Hit anyone smaller than yourself, you young coward.'

PRACTICE.

'I've a mind (cuff, cuff, cuff) to bounce (cuff, cuff) your cowardly little head off.'

Mrs Rafferty (to Lady Missionary, who has been admonishing her for the use of strong language): 'Well, Mum, I curse and swear, and you preach and pray, but divil a one of us makes much by it!'

SKETCHES FROM OUR ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

BY A. D. HALL.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

It was high noon; one of those rare and perfect days in May, when all nature seems to smile, and the human being most harassed by the buffets of fortune feels that after all, there are some moments in life that are well worth the living.

The field and meadows of the village of Sainte Roche, refreshed by the showers of the evening before, lay green and fair beneath the cloudless sky; the little river rippled and sparkled between its grassy banks, a stream of liquid diamonds; the air was heavy with the odour of the blossoming fruit trees lining the white, little frequented roads that wound in graceful curves before the cottages and the few dwellings of more pretensions that the hamlet could boast, and whose margins of turf were sprinkled with wild flowers, blue, white, and yellow; and the sun poured its radiance over all, flashing upon the large gilded cross of the church and covering the white walls of the sacred edifice with a shimmering network of shadows, as its light sifted through the trembling leaves of the aspens.

In the open space before the church, which could scarcely be dignified by the name of square, were gathered together all the idle population of the village, not such a crowd after all: perhaps thirty or forty people at the most. Half a dozen carriages waited before the portals, the most conspicuous being a handsome coupe, with white rosettes adorning the horses' heads and long streamers of the same spotless hue attached to the shoulders of the coachman. The latter functionary sat bolt upright upon his box, motionless, save for an occasional whisk of the whip, to drive the flies from the backs of the horses, and, like a servant of good family, apparently entirely impervious to the familiar, and not altogether complimentary, comments of the ubiquitous small boy.

The ceremony that was being celebrated within was long, and the patience of the expectant villagers was beginning to be exhausted, when at last the battants were flung open by the old verger, and the newly married couple appeared upon the threshold.

If the old familiar adage, 'Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,' be true, then the Baroness Chevrial, recently Mademoiselle Armande d'Ambleuse ought to have been doubly blessed. But the face beneath the bands of hair of the colour of ripe wheat, crowned with the white bonnet, beautiful as it was, and calm and composed, did not wear that expression of blushing rapture which is usually to be seen upon the face of the girl who has just been united to the man of her choice. The bridegroom, however, was smiling enough, a man of perhaps forty-five, who, in the strong sunlight looked a little more, in spite of the clever work of his valet, who had once been in the service of a famous actor, and who was an artist in concealing the ravages of time and dissipation beneath a clever make up. With a step which was a trifle too elaborately springy in its affectation of youth, Baron Chevrial led his bride down the carpeted steps, aided her to enter the coupe, carefully protecting her snowy draperies from contact with the wheels, and then, following her, seated himself by her side.

The coachman touched up his horses, and amid the shouts of the bystanders, the carriage started off at a rapid pace. The other carriages were soon filled with the gayly-dressed wedding party, and the crowd, the spectacle over, gradually dispersed, leaving the place deserted, save for two gentlemen, in frock coats, light trousers, high hats, and with a flower in their button-holes, who still lingered upon the steps. One was young, twenty-three or four years old, with a slender, well-knit figure, and whose features, while not regularly handsome, wore a bright, frank expression, which is perhaps more attractive than mere beauty. The other was much older, with a heavy grey moustache and hair whitened upon the temples. Doctor Chesnel had passed many years in ministering to the ailments of the body, but, nevertheless, or rather perhaps for that very reason, his interest in the troubles of heart and mind of his fellow-beings was keen, his sympathy unfailing, and his charity boundless. His one fault was an occasional bitterness of tongue; his appreciation and dislike of any weakness were so strong and his powers of sarcasm so great that he was sometimes led into saying more than he had intended; this fault, however, no one was more fully aware of or regretted more deeply than the good doctor himself.

'Well,' said Chesnel, laying his hand on his young companion's shoulder, 'the two loving hearts are made one, the sacrifice is accomplished I mean, the ceremony is completed, and there is no use in lingering here any longer. What are your plans for the rest of the day, De Targy?'

'I thought I would go for a walk thi afternoon.'

'The very thing. You know I am taking a complete holiday to-day, and if you will not be bored by an old fellow like myself, I believe I'll join you.

The young man hesitated a moment, a hesitation so slight, however, as to be scarcely perceptible, and then he answered, cordially:

'By all means, my dear doctor. I shall be delighted to have your company.'

The two men descended the steps and were soon sauntering along the smooth highway. The sun was too hot at that time of day to admit of any very brisk exercise, and besides, fast walking is not so conducive to conversation as a more leisurely pace.

'Mademoiselle d' Ambleuse, I beg her pardon, the Baroness Chevrial,' remarked the doctor, 'is a very beautiful woman, and her beauty has drawn a prize in the matrimonial market.'

His companion gave him a quick glance as he replied:

'Do you really think so?'

'Why not? She will have everything that wealth and position can give her. What more can a woman want?'

'I don't know, but, if Madame Chevrial is what she promised to be when a girl of fourteen, she will require more to make her happy than mere matrimonial comforts.'

The doctor laughed good-naturedly, as he whisked the head off a daisy with his cane.

'Love, eh?' he said. 'Ah! youth, especially the male youth, is ever romantic. My dear fellow, Cupid has long ago been dethroned by Plutus.'

'I hope she will be happy,' said De Targy, thoughtfully.

'Happy! How can we tell when one is happy? Do we know when we are so ourselves? Happiness is everywhere and nowhere, and its proper definition has yet to be found.'

De Targy was silent for a moment, then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he said, abruptly:

'Doctor, tell me something about the baron. You know I have been away so long from France, that, although Armande d'Ambleuse was one of my childhood's playmates, and her father was my father's intimate friend, I know very little of what her life has been the last few years, and, until two days ago, I had never laid eyes on the man she has married. What is he like?'

'He has been fairly good-looking, and is so still, thanks to the resources of art. He is an admirable painting upon a worn out canvas.'

'Pshaw! I don't mean his personal appearance. What is he like in mind and heart?'

The doctor's face changed, and his manner, which had been half-bantering, became very serious.

'The baron,' he said, gravely, 'is a strange man, a product of our nineteenth century. He has plenty of intelligence, is well educated, and not a boor. His manners, if he chooses, can be perfect, although, perhaps, he is a gentleman by effort rather than by instinct. He inherited a comfortable fortune, which he has increased enormously by skilful speculations on the Bourse, and is now one of the first bankers in Paris. Of his qualities of heart, I cannot speak so highly. When his own interests are at stake he is merciless, and has no care for those he casts down and tramples upon in his own rise. He is self-indulgent to the last degree, and his own well being is the one thought of his existence. Take him, all in all,' concluded the doctor, in a lighter tone, 'he is one of the most respected men in all Paris.'

'What!' exclaimed De Targy, in amazement. 'How can people like such a selfish brute as you paint him to be?'

'Pardon me, my dear boy,' rejoined the doctor, quietly, with a twinkle in his eye which belied the apparent cynicism of his words: 'I said respected, not liked. We like a man for the good he does; we respect him for his power to do evil.'

De Targy knew the doctor well enough to take this speech for what it was worth, so he laughed and said:

'You are a living exemplification, doctor, of the assertion that words were given us to conceal our thoughts; you so rarely say what you mean. To hear you, a stranger would take you for a misanthrope.'

'Heaven forbid!' retorted Chesnel, grimly. 'Misanthropy is a terrible malady; it makes one see things as they really are.'

'I won't attempt to discuss that question with you, my dear doctor. I am no match for you in an argument. But, seriously, I am greatly interested for his wife's sake, in what you tell me of Chevrial. If he is as selfish as you say, what induces him to marry Mademoiselle d' Ambleuse? She was entirely dependent upon relatives for support, and brought him no dowry whatever. Is he in love with her?'

'Hm-m-m! If passion be love, I suppose he is. He coveted her beauty, and knew the only way to possess it was through the blessing of a priest. I told you he has never known how to deny himself anything, and it was so in this case. Besides, he is rich enough to overlook the lack of money, other things being equal. Then, too, you must remember, the baron is no longer so young as he once was, and when a man has reached a certain age, there is nothing like marriage to rejuvenate him.'

'And so he has taken Mademoiselle d' Ambleuse as he would a dose of medicine,' exclaimed De Targy, half-angrily, 'a sort of draught from Ponce de Leon's fountain.'

'Something of that sort,' replied the doctor, laughing. 'I remember meeting him at the races of Longchamp about a year ago. "Well, baron," I greeted him, "still young and victorious in the lists of love?" "No, doctor," he replied, "I am afraid I am growing old, so, at the first touch of gout, when I am obliged to stay by the fireside, I shall give myself the luxury of a real wife" (those were his words): "if I can find some one really attractive, I shall take her."'

'A charming prospect for my old playmate. Do you know the baron well, doctor?'

'Yes, I am his physician, and so have had many opportunities of studying him closely. I am in his confidence.'

'You abuse it a little,' said De Targy, with a smile.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

'Bah!' he said. 'He is no friend of mine. He is simply a subject of observation. I study the workings of his mind and the vagaries of his moral nature as I would dissect a cadaver at the hospital. But let us talk of something pleasanter.'

For the next half-hour, the two men strolled on together, the doctor chatting gaily on all sorts of subjects from 'Shakespeare to the musical glasses,' touching them lightly, but yet in a way which showed that he was a man of vast reading and information. His companion was much less talkative, answering chiefly in monosyllables, but this mattered little to Chesnel, who loved a good listener; moreover he was very fond of the lad, whom he had known from boyhood, and was always glad to be in his company.

At last they came to a cross-road, about four miles from Sainte Roche, and the doctor began to think of the walk back, and concluded that he had come about far enough.

'I say, my boy,' stopping and leaning against the milestone, 'How far do you propose to go? Isn't it about time to think of retracing our steps?'

De Targy blushed a little.

'I had intended to go as far as Limon,' he stammered. 'To tell you the truth, doctor, I have a call to make there.'

The doctor stared.

'The devil you say!' he growled. 'Why didn't you tell me that before? But, never mind, Henri,' he added, kindly, pitying the young man's evident embarrassment. 'I shall get back by myself very well.'

'I am sorry,' began De Targy, 'and—'

'Oh, that's all right, my boy. 'Don't say anything more about it.'

'If you are sure you don't mind, I would like to keep my engagement.'

'Why, of course, of course. I shall see you before I go back to Paris, I suppose?'

'Oh, yes.'

With a wave of the hand, Chesnel turned and was soon lost to sight in a turn of the road. De Targy watched his retreating figure a moment, and then, vaulting over the low rail fence, struck across the fields at a more rapid gait, whistling softly to himself the refrain of a Spanish love song he had heard sung at Seville to the accompaniment of a mandolin.

The country is like a beautiful woman, devoid of coquetry; you must know her well to love her, but when once you have felt her charm, she attaches you to her forever. De Targy, in his travels, had always avoided cities as much as possible, and he was fully alive to all the charms of field and woodland. On this exquisite day, he rejoiced in the clear sky, the pure air, the springy turf, the song of the birds, and the thousand indications that winter had released the land from its chill embrace and fair summer was close at hand. He crossed the field with a step as light as his heart, and plunging into the cool shades of a little wood, was soon on the borders of the pretty town of Limon. Five minutes' walk now brought him to a quaint, old-fashioned inn, with queer gables and odd mullioned windows. It had formerly been a manor-house, and still retained much of its ancient dignity. In fact, almost the only token that it was now a place of entertainment for man and beast was a tall post bearing a picture of a lion rampant, and beneath the words 'Le Lion d' Or.' Beside the house descended a lane, and in a few moments stopped at a wooden gate, which led into the garden behind the hostelry. A pretty garden it was, cool and shady, surrounded by a high bridge, filled with ancestral trees and planted with old-fashioned flowers, hollyhocks, pinks, and marigolds, and with its sanded walks primly outlined in box. The picture that met De Targy's eyes as he stood just without the gate was lovely enough to more than repay him for his long tramp. Beneath a branching oak, in a low wicker chair, reclined the while-robed form of a young girl. Her simple gown, which fell in graceful folds about her *svelte* figure, was belted in at the waist by a broad blue ribbon, and a knot of the same azure hue confined her bright chestnut hair, which grew in low ripples over her broad, white brow, as in the bust of Clytie. One delicate hand supported her head, and the other held a dainty little volume, upon which the long-lashed eyes were fixed. She was so absorbed that De Targy's quiet approach had passed unnoticed. For a moment or two, the young man stood in rapt contemplation of the exquisite vision before him, and then, feeling very much as if he were interrupting the devotions of some fair saint, he said, in a low voice:

'May a mere mortal be allowed to intrude upon your domains, Titania?'

The girl started, the book fell from her hand, and as her eyes met those which were bent upon her with a look of unmistakable admiration, a bright flush suffused the delicate oval of her cheeks, and she murmured, rising to her feet:

'Oh, is it you, Monsieur de Targy?'

'Yes,' opening the gate and advancing to her side, 'were you expecting me?'

'I thought perhaps you might come,' she answered, demurely, lowering her eyes.

The momentary colour had died away, and she was rapidly recovering her self-possession. As she became calmer, it was the man's turn to evince embarrassment. He stood twirling his hat, and not knowing exactly what to do next.

'Won't you sit down?' she asked, resuming her seat and raising the book from where it had fallen.

De Targy drew up a chair and accepted the invitation, resting his arm upon an old sun-dial, which, overgrown with ivy, worm eaten and weather stained, looked as if it had been there from time immemorial.

'How pretty this garden is!' he remarked, a trifle awkwardly.

'Is it not?' she replied, brightly. 'I love it. I have passed so many happy hours here. I have always been so grateful to the English lady who told Aunt Reine about this charming place. I feel so completely isolated from the world and all its troubles.'

'Is madam visible, by the way?'

'No, she is suffering to-day from one of her bad headaches. Perhaps I should ask you into the house, but it is so much pleasanter here that I have not the heart to do so.'

'Did you miss me yesterday?' asked De Targy, somewhat inconsequentially.

'A little. Why did you not come?'

'I was afraid I had been coming he too often.'

'That is unkind. You could not do that.'

'Really?'

'Really.'

De Targy's heart bounded. Did she mean it? Was it possible that she cared a little for him? He longed to put his faith to the touch, but the words would not come to his lips. Perhaps she realised something of what was passing in his mind, for, as she glanced furtively at him beneath her long lashes, a bewitching smile played about her lips. For a few moments neither spoke, and then, she said, holding up the book she had been reading: 'You see, I think of you, even during your absence, truant. I have been reading your poems over again.

'Yes!'

'Yes. Aren't you pleased?'

'I am pleased to think that my poor efforts have helped you to kill time.'

'Don't speak of killing time. Who is it that says killing time is a sort of suicide? The days are not half long enough for me. Besides, I will not allow you to call these poems poor. They are lovely.'

'You don't know how happy it makes me to have you say so.'

'Indeed! Then what will you say when I tell you that I have committed one of them to memory, and, more than that, set it to music.'

'You have! Oh! do sing it to me.'

'You must bring me my guitar, then.'

'Where is it.'

'On the sofa, in the parlour. Ask one of the maids for it.'

As he strode rapidly across the lawn Marcelle Rigaud followed his straight, manly figure with her eyes, a tender look in their brown depths. A month ago she was unaware of his very existence, and now —and now she scarcely dared to confess even to herself how much his presence or absence meant to her.

'It is a Provencal air,' she said, as he returned with the instrument, 'that I found in an old music book of Anna Reine's, and it seemed to me that the melody was peculiarly fitted to the words of your poem.'

De Targy threw himself down on th grass beside her, and with his eyes fixed with a hungry look upon the flower-like face above him, waited for her to begin.

Marcelle passed the blue ribbon of the guitar about her neck, and, after sweeping the strings once or twice with her fingers, sang, in a low, rich voice, the following serenade:

Cool tranquil shadows fill the silent woods;
We are alone, far from the noisy world.
A boundless ecstasy above us broods,
And life's rude care fades like a cloud unfurled.

Hark, my belov'd, a flute, far, far away,
Breathed faintly forth a plaintive strain of love;
Borne on the fitful breeze of waning day.
No other sound is heard in all the grove.

Oh, ecstasy of love! Oh, joy of life!
Oh, passing dream which I have made mine own!
Divine delight with which my soul is rife.
Filled like a sea shell with the billows' moan!

Sleep, oh, my love, close thy great, calm eyes.
Thy weary eyes, thy eyes so true and dear;
And leaning o'er thee, I will drink thy sighs,
The perfume of thy beauty blooming near.

Not content with endowing Marcelle Rigaud with more than ordinary beauty, the gods had added the gift of a really wonderful voice, deep, clear, and silvery as a bell. With a little cultivation it would have created a *furore* among the *dilletante* of even Paris, the most cultured city in the world. It can easily be imagined, then, what was the effect upon her single auditor, the man who adored her, and who now listened to his own words, sung in a manner that gave them a meaning he had never fancied until now they possessed.

As the last low, sweet notes died away, there was perfect silence. For some moments neither spoke, but the unuttered words were perhaps more eloquent than any speech could have been. De Targy's eyes still rested upon the young girl, eagerly drinking in her beauty, and she, although apparently unconscious, instinctively felt that a crisis in her life was approaching.

De Targy was the first to speak.

'No words,' he said slowly, 'can tell you the happiness it gives me to hear words of my composition sung by you. I—'

He stopped short. A sort of despair took possession of him as, in his modest estimation of himself, he thought that his longing to have this girl for his very own was as hopeless of fulfilment as the child's desire for the moon.

A woman's wits are always quicker than a man's, especially in matters of the tender passion. Marcelle was as well acquainted with the state of his heart as she was with that of her own, and, feeling sure of the happy outcome of it all, she could afford to indulge in a little malicious enjoyment of his confusion. As a cat with a mouse, a woman delights to tease and torment her lover, before putting him out of his misery. So, Marcelle, looking down with a mischievous smile upon the poor fellow, who lay both literally and figuratively at her feet, said:

'Monsieur de Targy, who was the inspiration of that poem, an Andalusian with dark hair and liquid eyes? or was it a blonde Gretchen of some German town?'

Gathering all his courage, determining to put a end now, once and for all, to his miserable suspense, De Targy replied, in a voice which shook a little in spite of himself:

'Neither, Marcelle.'

This was the first time that he had ever addressed her by her Christian name, and the girl flushed crimson as she heard it.

'Neither, Marcelle. I have had in my life, as has every young man, passing fancies. I have lived much away from my family, and I felt the need of affection. But I knew always that it was not real love, the love which satisfies, the love which comforts. If you have read all the poems in that book you will know from them that I am speaking the truth.'

He had risen to his feet and was standing close beside her. All his nervousness had vanished. He was very pale, but his voice was steady and his bearing composed.

'What have you found in them except the melancholy inseparable from the feeling that everything in one's life is incomplete and ephemeral? The verses you have just sung, it is true, are full of satisfied happiness, but while they are as sincere as the others they are less real. Do you understand me? They did not come from my brain by an effort of the will; they came from my heart and I have felt what they express; but they were addressed to a fancied ideal rather than to any living woman. She had no name, no form.'

'You will doubtless some day find your ideal.'

'I have found it already,' he cried, his voice quivering with passionate longing. 'Oh! Marcelle! Marcelle! don't you see? don't you understand? I love you! Put me out of my suspense, send me away from you now, and I will never trouble you again —but—I love you!'

With lips half parted, and the warm colour coming and going on her lovely face, she raised her eyes to his, eyes in which glowed the light that never was on land or sea. Then, with a little motion for him to follow her, she crossed to the old sun-dial and pointing to a long black pencil mark upon its face, she said, softly:

'See! Tuesday, when you went away, I marked the place where the shadow fell. And so, if you should leave me forever, a black shadow would fall across my life.'

His cause was won, and, mingled with all the rapture that welled up in his heart, was the feeling almost akin to awe, which every honourable man experiences, when in his hands is placed the life of a pure young girl, for weal or woe, to make or to mar it at his pleasure.

Gently he drew the unresisting form toward him, and very tenderly, very reverently, he laid his lips upon hers, in love's sweet seal.

Oh, ecstasy of love! Oh, joy of life.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.

HENRI DE TARGY was an only son. His father, a man of considerable property, whom Henri resembled in neither appearance nor disposition, in fact no father and son could be more unlike, was cold, reserved and self-contained; he frowned upon all emotion and looked upon enthusiasm as something abnormal and disagreeable; with his son's sensitiveness and impulsiveness, he had absolutely no sympathy; from his earliest childhood, it had been Henri's object to be as little as possible in his father's presence, and even now, when he had arrived at man's estate his paternal relative invariably inspired him with a mingled feeling of fear and repulsion. Madame de Targy, a woman of more than ordinary beauty and attainments, chilled and disappointed, from the earliest days of her married life, by her husband's frigidity, had poured forth all the wealth of her affection upon her son, an affection which was fully reciprocated, for Henri adored his mother.

The boy's early education was obtained at the very best schools and lyceums of Paris, and at twenty, he set out for a lengthened tour in foreign lands. Monsieur de Targy, the elder, was by no means averse to his son's leaving home; so litte, sympathy and congeniality existed between them, that it was a relief rather than other wise to have him away.

Perhaps, too, he was a trifle jealous of his wife's affection, but if this were so, he never betrayed it by word or deed. He gave his son a liberal allowance, for he was by no means avaricious; it may be that he considered any money discussion beneath his dignity and an interference with his comfort. He asked no questions of Henri in regard to his plans and gave him no advice, nor did he expect or desire any confidence from him.

The first year Henri spent in Germany, chiefly in Dresden. He lived in one of the little pavilions of the Grosser Garten, as a pupil of Doctor Paschle, the famous professor in the Korner College. His life was as regular and monotonous as possible, the greater part of each day being devoted to study and learned discussions with the Herr Doctor on the abstruse doctrines of German philosophy. The only variety was an occasional visit to the theatre, the open-air concerts on the Brubleche Terrase, the wonders of the Green Vaults or the superb picture-gallery, the finest in all Europe. He then spent a year in Italy and another in Spain, years not quite so full of rigorous application as the German one, but still far from being wasted in mere pleasure seeking.

Of course a man of De Targy's age and temperament had not been without many a passing flirtation with the dark-eyed senoritas of Spain and the azure orbed German madchens, but they had been merely flirtations and nothing more, *pour passe le tempe*, that was all. As to the damsels of the half world, his nature was too refined and his ideals too high for him to find much pleasure in their company. Deep down in his heart, moreover, was a picture of some fair maiden, the adorable she who was to round out all his existence, and he was determined to have nothing to regret and wish undone when he should at last meet his fate. Such men are rare in this age of materialism, but, to the credit of human nature, they do exist.

So it was with a heart whole and nothing in his record to prevent his looking his mother in the face, that Henri de Targy

returned to his native land after three years' wanderings.

His mother, whose life had been forlorn enough without her idol, and whose only consolation had been his frequent letters, was overjoyed to have her boy once more with her.

His father he found greatly changed; he seemed to have aged in many ways, without any of that softening that years sometimes brings to such harsh natures as his. He had become very irritable, the least trifle would bring on an outburst of passion, and Henri found his relations with him more impossible and unpleasant than ever.

It was early in April when he returned, and his family were established at their country-house at Sainte Roche, where it was their habit to pass eight months of the year, the other four being devoted to Paris.

If it had not been for his unfeigned delight at being once more with his mother, Henri would have found life in the little village intolerably dull. There were but two or three families of his own rank in life there, and of these the Ambleuses with whom he had been most intimate in days gone by, were at present in Paris, for the purpose of purchasing the *trousseau* of their niece, Armande, who was shortly to become Baroness Chevrial.

Fortunately, Henri was fond of field sports, and the meadows about Sainte Roche abounded in snipe and plover. One afternoon, as he was returning after a successful day among the birds, he was walking briskly through the little wood between Limon and Sainte Roche, when, at a turn in the path, he was suddenly startled to see a young girl sitting at the foot of a tree. Raising his hat with a word or two of inarticulate apology for his intrusion, he was about to pass on, when he was arrested by a plaintive exclamation of 'Monsieur!'

He turned quickly and met a pair of brown eyes uplifted to his with an expression of pitiful supplication.

'Pardon me, mademoiselle,' he said. 'Did you call me?'

The girl laughed now, but a laugh which died away in a sort of sob.

'It is too absurd,' she said, 'but, if I had let you go by, I am afraid I should have been obliged to stay here all night. In attempting to reach some flowers which grew within those bushes there, I turned my ankle and I simply cannot step upon it.'

Again the dark eyes were raised to his, and, Henri felt his heart give a sort of leap within his breast. 'By Jove! but she's a beauty!' he thought, and then said aloud:

'I am very fortunate, then, to have been passing at just this time. Is it very bad?'

'I am afraid so. It pains me badly whenever I move.'

'Try, if you cannot rise.'

The girl took his proffered hand, and managed gradually to rise to her feet, but at the first step she attempted to take, an expression of pain contracted her features and she clutched Henri's arm in an effort to steady herself.

'It is no use,' she said. 'I cannot bear my weight upon it.'

'Do you live far from here?' asked Henri, drawing the little hand close within his arm. 'Don't be afraid to lean upon me.'

'Not far. Do you know where the Lion d'Or is, just the other side of the woods?'

'Oh! yes, very well.'

'I am staying there.'

It was not far, as she said, but it might as well have been miles, so far as her powers of locomotion went.

'It is a pretty serious matter,' said Henri, half laughing, 'but I think we can manage it. I shall have to carry you, that's all.'

The girl flushed and shrank a little from him, but a twinge from the injured ankle forced her to keep his arm.

'You need have no fear,' he continued, gently, 'I can carry you easily, and there is really nothing else to be done.'

She glanced up at him half-shyly, half-confidently.

'I am not afraid of you,' she said, and then she smiled.

'You will trust me, then?'

'Needs must, I suppose.'

Instructing her to put one arm about his neck and rest her weight upon him, Henri stooped, and in another moment had raised her in his arms as easily and gently as if she had been a child.

With her soft arm about his neck and her perfumed breath fanning his cheek, the way seemed all too short. When the inn was reached, Henri deposited his fair burden on the sofa in the parlour, and turned to explain the situation to a stout, rosy-cheeked lady who came hurrying in, in alarm, and whom the girl addressed as Aunt Reine.

After ascertaining that the accident to the ankle was nothing serious, he took his leave, overwhelmed by the thanks of the aunt, which, however, he at once ungratefully forgot after the half-whispered *au revoir* of the girl herself and the slight pressure of the hand, which sent the blood pulsing through his veins.

Although it was rapidly growing dark, and he was certain to be late to dinner, he lingered for a full half-hour in the public room of the inn, chatting with the buxom landlady, and deftly extracting from the good woman all the information she was in possession of regarding her guests. It seemed that Madame Charteris, with her niece, Mademoiselle Marcelle Rigaud, had arrived there about two weeks before, and had taken rooms for the summer. The landlady was loud in their praises, but she seemed to know little of them, beyond the fact that they seemed to be comfortably off, although not rich.

The next day Henri called, as in duty bound, to inquire for the young lady, and this call led to another, until scarcely a day passed without his walking over to Limon and appearing at the Lion d'Or. It would have been difficult for him to explain the extraordinary fascination which Mademoiselle Rigaud exercised over him. Lovely as she undoubtedly was, he had seen many women quite as beautiful, many who were far more brilliant, but this girl with the brown eyes and the russet hair, drew him toward her as the magnet draws the needle. For the first time in his life Henri de Targy was irrevocably, hopelessly in love, and he knew it. He knew that all his hopes of happiness were dependent on her lips, but, with the modesty which was a conspicuous characteristic of his nature, he was filled with racking fears as to the result. To any looker on, possessed of the slightest shrewdness, however, there would have been no doubt as to Marcelle's feelings. Brought up in the utmost seclusion by her aunt, who was her only near relative, and but recently emancipated from the convent where she had received her education, this was the first time in which she had ever been thrown into intimacy with a young man, and Henri, with all the advantages which foreign travel had given him, appeared to her a very Admirable Crichton. His poems, which were the outcome of a rather pretty talent with here and there a more or less original thought, were as beautiful to her as the most exquisite creations of Victor Hugo or Alfred de Musset. Taking all circumstances into consideration, it is not strange, then, that her heart should, Psyche-like, have burst its chrysalis and unfolded its wings.

It is not to be supposed that Aunt Reine, who with all her good humour was a person of considerable hard common sense, had been blind to the increasing intimacy between the young people and its probable results. She had instituted careful inquiries as to De Targy's character and his prospects in life, and being satisfied on both points, she had allowed things to take their course. She realised that with Marcelle's slender fortune, and the meagre social advantages which she herself could offer her, it was more than doubtful if the girl would again meet with so desirable a *parti*. Perhaps, too, there was a little selfishness mingled with her resolve not to interfere; fond as Madame Charteris undoubtedly was of her young niece, she was fonder still of her own comfort, and she was far-sighted enough to perceive that she could obtain much more enjoyment out of life if unhampered by the wearisome and expensive chaperonage of a pretty girl. So the course of love for once flowed smoothly, until, as we have seen, it reached a happy harbour.

It was with winged feet Henri de Targy returned home through the woods and meadows on the evening of the Chevrial Ambleuse nuptials, his soul singing a veritable paean of thanksgiving for the blessing which had been vouchsafed him. He could scarcely believe as yet his good fortune; the one woman he had ever loved, the one woman he should always love until death, the one woman who was the materialisation of all his dreams, had accepted him and confessed that his love was returned; and her aunt had graciously signified her consent, provided, of course, that the young man's parents on their side made no objection. As far as this proviso was concerned, Henri had no fears; his mother would naturally feel badly at the thought of being no longer first in her boy's heart, but he knew that she loved him too dearly to throw any obstacle in the way of his happiness; then, with the blind confidence of all lovers since the world began, who are never able to see any spot upon the shining brightness of their idol, he felt that Marcelle's perfection would soon win his mother and reconcile her to the proposed change. What his father's opinions might be troubled him still less. As long as Monsieur de Targy was not annoyed with any of the details, he would probably, if past experience was any criterion, do the proper thing in regard to money matters, and interest himself no further in the whole affair, thankful that his son's future had been arranged with so little trouble to himself. There had never existed any sympathy between the father and son, and there was not likely to be any now in this important crisis of the young man's life.

So it was with roseate dreams of an unclouded future, and with a heart overflowing with the joy of his new-found happiness, that Henri turned into the avenue which led to his father's house, a large, square, old-fashioned mansion with white walls and green blinds, the apotheosis of well-to-do bourgeoisie.

As he ran up the stone steps and before he could ring, the massive door was thrown open by a respectable-looking man, in a sober livery, whose face wore an expression of the utmost seriousness.

Without noticing him, Henri threw his hat down upon the table, and asked, cheerily:

'Where is my mother, Francois?'

The man hesitated a moment.

'Pardon me, Monsieur Henri,' he said, 'but Doctor Chesnel wishes to see you at once in Monsieur's study.'

Something in the man's voice made Henri turn and glance hurriedly in his face. What he saw there was not reassuring.

'What is it, Francois?' he asked, quickly, his bright face clouding. 'Has anything happened?'

'The doctor will tell you, Monsieur Henri,' was the solemn reply.

Without waiting to question the man further, oppressed with a nameless dread, Henri turned and mounted the stairs two steps at a time.

As he entered his father's study, which was a large room in the front of the house, connected by a narrow passage with the bedroom occupied by Monsieur de Targy, the doctor rose from a chair beside the table and advanced to meet him with the grave manner of one who has ill-tidings to disclose.

'What has happened, doctor?'

'My dear boy, I have very bad news for you.'

Henri turned white as chalk.

'My mother!' he gasped.

'No, no,' returned the doctor, quickly. 'Your mother is safe and well. Be calm. Sit down here and I will tell you all about it.'

And putting his arm through that of the now trembling young man, he led him to a chair and forced him into it. Then, seating himself near him, he said:

'It is your father. He has been taken suddenly ill.'

A sigh, possibly one of relief, escaped from Henri's lips.

'On his return from the wedding he fainted, and when I reached the house, after leaving you, I found them vainly endeavouring to restore him to consciousness. It was fortunate that I arrived when I did.'

'Is it serious, doctor?'

'It is useless for me to conceal from you what it is. It is heart failure, and I have feared an attack of this sort for some time. At his request I made an examination some months ago, and discovered then very serious organic trouble.'

'Is he conscious now?'

'Yes, your mother is with him.'

Henri rose and turned toward the door which led to the bedroom, but the doctor motioned him back.

'No,' he said, 'you must not go in. The attack came, as I understand, during some discussion that he was having with your mother, and, as soon as he fully regained his consciousness, he insisted upon being left alone with her. Frankly, Henri, my skill is powerless here, the end is not far off, and I considered it best to allow him to have his way.'

'Do you mean, doctor, that my father is in immediate danger?' exclaimed Henri.

'Yes. It is a question of hours.'

The shock to Henri was great. Although he had cared but little for his father, it was impossible to hear of his being thus suddenly stricken down with no apparent warning, without a feeling of awe.

There was but little conversation between the two men after this. They sat there in the dimly lighted study, each absorbed by his own thoughts, silently awaiting they knew not what.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of the opening of a door, and in another moment Madame de Targy stood before them. She still wore the superb reception dress of grey silk and purple velvet she had appeared in at the wedding, but she had removed her jewels. Her snow white hair had become unloosened and hung in elf locks about her pallid face; the lines about her mouth were drawn, and her eyes, in their hollow sockets, had that vacant stare seen in somnambulists.

With an exclamation of horror Henri started to his feet. His mother had aged ten years since the morning. Without a word he stretched out his arms to her, but with an imperious gesture she waved him back:

'Do not come near me! Do not touch me! Leave me to myself,' she said in a voice which sounded far away, it was so low and hollow.

Poor Henri was completely unnerved at the spectacle of his mother, who was usually so calm and self possessed, in this state of physical and mental *bouleversement*.

'Mother! Mother!' he cried, in an agonised tone of entreaty.

The voice that she had so loved seemed to rouse her; her eyes, as they rested upon the beloved face of her only child, lost something of their stony look.

'Oh, Henri,' she murmured 'my boy! my boy! What will become of you? What will become of you?'

The doctor, who had not moved from his seat, was lost in amazement. Was it possible that after all this woman had loved

the man who lay dying just beyond the partition, and who, during their whole married life, had never shown her any affection, but who, on the contrary, had treated her with a coldness that amounted at times almost to brutality?

'Mother! Mother!' cried Henri again, advancing and shaking her hand. 'While there's life there's hope.'

'Hope!' she repeated. 'Hope? There is no such thing as hope for us. Heaven knows that it is not of myself, but of you that I think. How will you, who have been brought up as you have, bear—'

Suddenly she stopped, and, snatching away her hand, which had rested passively in Henri's clasp, she burst into a horrible mirthless laugh, which made both her listeners shiver.

'There, there!' she said. 'I don't know what I am saying. It is so sudden, Henri, you know—so sudden—so sudden.

As she spoke, she caught up her heavy train in one hand, and waving the other vacantly, she tottered, rather than walked, from the study, and in another moment, the door of her own apartment, across the hall, was heard to close.

'Poor woman! Poor woman!' said the doctor, 'she is completely unstrung. There is no cause for anxiety, my boy; it is but natural that it should be so. The shock has proved too much for her.'

All that evening, as Henri sat by the bedside of his father, who had again lapsed into unconsciousness, his brain was like a kaleidoscope, in the constant shifting of his thoughts from one thing to another. His love for Marcelle, her acceptance of that love, Madame Charteris' consent, the Baron Chevrial and his newly made bride, his father's sudden seizure, all these things crossed and recrossed each other in a sort of fantastical dance through his wearied head; but the thing that troubled him the most and to which he returned again and again, without obtaining any satisfactory solution, was his mother's strange behaviour. It was impossible that his father's sudden seizure could be the cause of it; she had long ceased to feel any affection for him, and, although, as the doctor had said, it was undoubtedly a great shock to her, that would not in itself account for her extraordinary emotion.

Worn out with vain speculation, Henri at last threw himself down on the sofa, leaving the doctor and Francois to watch beside the sick bed, and soon, overcome by the varied emotions of the day, fell into a deep slumber.

About three o'clock in the morning he was roused by the doctor. A decided change for the worse had taken place. Madame de Targy, looking much more composed, stood near the head of the bed. Henri went to her side, and together they awaited the approach of the mysterious angel.

Monsieur de Targy never recovered consciousness, but, as the first rays of the rising sun gilded the waking world, he breathed his last, dying, as he had lived, unloving and unloved. If it be true that a man's place in this world is measured by the void he leaves behind him, it would be difficult to discover the benefit of this man's life.

CHAPTER III.

THE DE TARGY'S BALL.

THE apartment, *au premier*, No. 67 Avenue de l' Alma, near the Arc de Triomphe, was ablaze with light; carriage after carriage load of ladies in wonderfully concocted masses of satin, tulle, and lace, with their attendant cavaliers in black coats and white cravats, was deposited beneath the red and white striped awning stretched across the sidewalk; bursts of music floated now and then down from the windows, and all was gayety and laughter. For, tonight, Monsieur and Madame Henri de Targy were giving a grand ball to celebrate their return to the world, after two years of mourning.

The event was one of more than usual interest, moreover, as it was young Madame de Targy's *debut* in Parisian society. Since her marriage, which had been solemnised very quietly about six months after the death of her husband's father, she had lived in the country, seeing no society beyond the few families in the neighbourhood, and Dr. Chesnel, an old friend of the De Targys. At last, however, the period of mourning was terminated, and, at the special request of Madame de Targy the elder, the family had returned to Paris, and the young wife was to assume the place in society to which her husband's wealth and position entitled her.

Rumours of her exceeding beauty had reached the metropolis, in spite of her seclusion at Sainte Roche, and it was whispered that Juliani, the famous tenor of the Italians, had declared her voice to be phenomenal. All this was sufficient to cause considerable curiosity to see her, and there were very few regrets to the invitations to the ball.

In one of the antechambers leading from the grand salon were gathered together two or three of the *jeunesse doree* of the gay capital, irreproachably attired from the tips of their patent-leather shoes to the crown of their carefully brushed heads. One, a young fellow of not more than two-and-twenty, but with the *blase* look, real or affected, of a man of fifty who had completely exhausted life, reclined with half-closed eyes in a low arm-chair, while his companions applauded with cries of 'Brava! Brava!' a duo, which had just been sung in the next room, by the mistress of the house and her teacher, Signor Juliani.

'That was really admirable,' said one, as the applause died away. 'Very good, quite remarkable. The little woman has much talent, has she not, Tirandel?'

The one addressed as Tirandel opened his eyes, stared for a moment at the speaker, and then, as if the effort to speak was really too much for him, made a feeble motion of the head in token of assent.

'Tirandel!' indignantly ejaculated his friend, whose name was Laubanere, and who was a successful young broker on the Bourse. 'How can you be so apathetic when such music is going on? Have you no soul?'

'Soul?' drawled Tirandel, without moving a muscle or in the slightest degree altering his comfortable position. 'Don't know. Have a body.'

Laubanere laughed.

'Well, at all events, your body is in a very bad attitude for a ball, you know.'

'Tired!' and the tone of his voice was in accordance with his words.

'But, tell me,' said Laubanere, approaching and leaning over the back of his chair, 'how happens it that you once more shed the light of your countenance upon society?'

'Must go somewhere.'

'You have the club.'

'Bores me. Stopped smoking.'

'Poor fellow! But I say, Tirandel.'

Tirandel moved slightly, and then said, with as much impatience as his laziness, real or assumed, would allow him to exhibit:

'Don't yell! Nerves.'

'But, my dear fellow, you don't know what you are missing. The rooms are full of pretty women, I assure you.'

'All the same to me.'

'Hear him, Vaumartin,' laughed Laubanere, turning to a third young man, who had approached to listen to the colloquy. 'Did you ever see such a fellow?'

Vaumartin was evidently not a man to have much sympathy with Tirandel's lackadaisical aire, if aire they were. He was one of those men, by no means infrequent in society, who have sprung from no one knows where and who by push and wire-pulling have managed to obtain a foothold and keep it.

'What is the matter with you, Tirandel?' he asked, in a voice as rasping as a saw.

'*Blase!* Worn out!' murmured Tirandel, softly.

'The devil! Don't you do anything for it?'

'Trying water cure.'

'Has it done you any good?'

Tirandel shrugged his shoulders, or rather made a weak movement that was meant to be a shrug.

'Not much, evidently,' said Vaumartin.

'Think I'm a little better.'

Both his companions roared.

'Great heaven!' exclaimed Laubanere. 'What must you have been before you tried it.'

'How are you, Laubanere?' said a voice from the door-way. 'Good-evening, Monsieur Vaumartin.'

Laubanere started, and turning, bowed obsequiously.

'Good-evening, baron,' he replied, in response to the salutation of the newcomer.

We have already caught a glimpse of Baron Chevrial at the church door in Sainte Roche, but in the last two years, he has altered somewhat and not for the better. His face is thinner, and the cheeks, in spite of their rather too brilliant colouring, look sunken. The little eyes, beneath the carefully pencilled brows, are dull and fishy, and below them are puffed ridges which no art can conceal. His hair, however, is quite as thick and black as ever. It has long been a matter of hot discussion in club and boudoir whether the baron's chevelure is due to nature or a very skilful wig-maker, but the question has never yet been satisfactorily solved.

The baron advanced into the room, dangling in one hand a monocle, attached by a thin gold chain to the lapel of his vest, and stroking with the other his slender moustache which was waxed into two stiff points and turned straight up from the corners of his mouth—a mouth, by the way, which would not have met with favour from physiognomists, the upper lip being thin and bloodless, and the lower heavy, protruding, and of a deep purplish hue.

Every detail of his dress was perfection. The cut of his evening coat, with its single gardenia in the button-hole, was a model, and the set of the white expanse of his shirt front, Beau Brummel or the Count d' Orsay, had those worthies lived in these days, would have envied.

'How are you, dear boy?' said the baron, addressing young Tirandel with a familiar pat on the shoulder, as if the young man had been one of his own contemporaries.

'You are late, baron,' observed Laubanere, deferentially.

Baron Chevrial was one of the kings of the Bourse, and it behoved the young broker to court his favour.

'Yes, yes. I was detained at the opera; behind the scenes, *bien entendu*,' with a sly wink and an unctuous chuckle. 'But what has been going on here? Whom were they applauding as I came up the stairs?'

'The mistress of the house, Madame de Targy,' replied Laubanere, 'who has been singing with Juliani.'

'With Juliani, the tenor?'

'Yes.'

'Ah!' was the baron's answer, but there was a world of disagreeable innuendo in the long drawn out monosyllable.

Laubanere and Vaumartin laughed as in duty bound. The old relations of patron and client still exist in these modern days, though perhaps less openly than in antiquity.

As for Tirandel, for the first time during the evening, he showed some signs of intelligence. An expression of disgust at the baron's implication swept over his handsome face, and he said in a way which showed that beneath all his laziness and indifference, there lurked the instincts of a gentleman.

'Madame de Targy bears a spotless reputation. Juliani has been giving her lessons.'

'Oh!' retorted Chevrial, with a half-sneer. 'Behold our friend, Tirandel, in a new character, that of knight-errant. Well, all I can say is, that I envy Monsieur Juliani.'

'I must tell you, my dear baron,' interrupted Laubanere, quickly, 'that Madame Chevrial accompanied them charmingly.'

'My wife?' remarked Chevrial, indifferently. 'That does not astonish me; she is a very fine pianist, my wife. She possesses all accomplishments. But, tell me,' with more animation, 'Has Madame de Targy any talent? I have never heard her.'

'Yes, much talent.'

'Of the first order, my dear baron, of the first order!' declared Vaumartin. 'A superb voice! That young woman has a hundred thousand francs in her throat.

This opinion was announced in the tone of a priest of Apollo, delivering an oracle, which there is no gainsaying. Monsieur Vaumartin believed that if you only speak loudly and authoritatively enough, the majority of people will listen to you and accept what you say as truth, and he carried this belief into all the actions of his life.

But he found now, as he had on more than one previous occasion, the baron an exception to the majority.

'A hundred thousand francs in the throat — bah!' was Chevrial's comprehensive comment.

'I assure you, baron, that she sings very well,' replied Vaumartin. 'She is a great artist.'

The baron smiled in pitying disdain.

'Yes, in a drawing-room,' he said, sweetly. 'I have no doubt of it. It is like society amateurs playing a comedy; in private, it is charming, but, on the stage of a theatre, it would be something quite different.'

'Yes, indeed, baron, that is true,' remarked Laubenere, who was always only too ready to agree with the man of success.

But Vaumartin was too self opinionated to relinquish the point, and, besides, he rarely had dealings on the Bourse.

'I beg to differ with you, gentlemen,' he persisted. 'You can believe me or not, as you like, but, no later than night before last I heard, in a parlour, some society people play one of De Musset's pieces, and I assure you that those ladies and gentlemen, simple amateurs as they were, would not have been out of place———'

At the Theatre - Francais, I suppose, dear boy,' interrupted the baron. 'Is that what you were going to say?'

Vaumartin hesitated a moment.

'Well, yes, he said, boldly, determined not to abate an inch of his position, 'certainly, at the Theatre-Francais.'

Even Tirandel laughed at this.

'Well,' said the baron, 'whether she has a voice for the stage or a voice for the parlor, the little woman is devilish pretty. She has a figure which would tempt an anchorite.'

And adjusting his monocle, with a hand which a close observer would have perceived was just the least little bit tremulous, the baron cast upon the lady under discussion, who was standing just beyond the arched door-way, such a look as a Satyr might have bent upon a nymph he had discovered bathing in some woodland stream.

'Really, it is incredible,' he murmured, 'how she appeals to my imagination.'

The young mistress of the house, accompanied by half-a dozen of her guests, among whom were her aunt, Madame Charteris, and our old friend, Doctor Chesnel, entered the room.

Very lovely was Marcelle in a Worth gown of silver tissue and a white satin train embroidered with golden lillies. Upon her arm and neck, as polished as marble, gleamed diamonds and sapphires, and above the rippling masses of her bronze-hued hair was poised an exquisite, jewelled butterfly.

The excitement had flushed her delicately moulded cheeks, and lent an additonal brightness to her dark brown eyes.

After acknowledging the salutes of the four gentlemen, whose conversation we have been listening to, she turned to her aunt, and said, smilingly, evidently in reply to some remark just made:

'Then you really think that I have made progress?'

'Prodigious, my dear, prodigious,' replied Madame Charteris, whose more than plump figure was tightly compressed in a gorgeous costume of scarlet and black, and whose good-humoured face beamed with pleasure at the success of her niece. 'Your voice is now simply perfection.'

'You really made me shed tears,' observed Madame de Luce, a pretty young woman, whose elderly husband had considerately died a few years before and left her in possession of an ample income.

'You have the golden voice of Patti,' said Vaumartin, in his loud voice.

'With a suggestion of Nilsson, besides,' added the baron, bowing low with his most fascinating air.

Marcelle smiled and blushed with gratified vanity.

'Oh, gentlemen,' she said, 'you are really too good.'

Baron Chevrial raised his little eyes to her fresh, flower-like face with a look of undisguised admiration, which had in it something indescribably repulsive.

With an involuntary movement, Dr. Chesnel, who caught the look, stepped between them, hiding Marcelle from the roue's baneful gaze, and said, almost affectionately:

'My dear little lady, you have given your old friend great pleasure, and made him very proud of you.'

'My dear doctor,' said Marcelle, smiling innocently up at him, 'I saw your good, kind face before me, and that gave me confidence. It is the first time, you know, that I have sung in public.' 'But,' she continued, turning to a tall, handsome Italian, who had entered the room with her and still stood by her side, 'you, Signor Juliani, to whom I owe all, say nothing.'

'Ah, madam,' replied the Italian, in a rich, melodious voice, 'I am under the spell, like everyone else.'

'But,' proceeded Marcelle, 'it is really to you that all these delightful compliments should be addressed, to you, who have done me the extreme honor to give me lessons.'

'Oh, the honor,' answered Signor Juliani, with a laugh, and a graceful, deprecating wave of the hand.

'Is it really true, Signor Juliani,' asked Vaumartin, 'that you intend to leave Paris as they say.

'Oh! no!' exclaimed Madame Charteris and Madame de Luce in concert. 'Oh! no! no! Signor Juliani.'

'I regret to say, ladies,' replied the tenor, 'that such is my ultimate intention.'

'But that is too bad, quite too bad,' pouted Madame de Luce.

'It is frightful, frightful,' said Madame Charteris, 'You are a horrid man, Monsieur Vaumartin!' Then, as that gentleman did not seem to hear her, 'Monsieur Vaumartin!' she repeated, 'will you give me your arm to the supper-room?'

Not overdelighted, Vaumartin started to obey her request, and, as he passed the baron, he whispered in disguet:

'This is the fifteenth woman I have taken into supper this evening.'

'You are so amiable and so handsome,' murmured the baron, hypocritically.

At this moment the strains of a waltz floated in from the salon, and Marcelle said to Tirandel, who had been standing a little apart from the rest, gloomy and silent.

'Don't you dance, Monsieur Tirandel?'

The youth of two-and-twenty, who was

convinced that he had exhausted all the world had to offer, replied sadly:

'No, madam.'

'And you, Monsieur Chevrial. Oh! by the way,' with a charming smile, 'I must thank you for having come this evening, you, who go so little into society. It is a miracle to see you, and a miracle for which I am deeply grateful.'

The baron approached close to her side with that peculiarly insinuating manner, which it was his habit to assume towards women and which he believed to be irresistible.

'You do not know, madam,' he said, in low, smooth tones, 'what an irresistible attraction you exercise over my weak heart.'

Marcelle started, and instinctively drawing a little away from him, replied constrainedly:

'Indeed! Well, in return, I adore your wife. She came to see me several times, you know, when we were at Sainte Roche, and I am sure, now that I have come to Paris, we shall be great friends. You have no idea how well she played my accompaniment to-night.'

'Would that I could play your accompaniment!' exclaimed the baron, with a leering smile, which was intended to be fascinating.

'But you can't, you know,' returned Marcelle, laughing, and gathering up her train, with its golden embroideries, to return to the salon.

'May I not even be your partner in a waltz?' asked the baron, pleadingly.

Marcelle would gladly have refused. She did not like the man; there was something about him that shocked and repelled her. But still it would not do to be rude to him in her own house, so she was forced to accept his proffered arm, inwardly resolving, however, to cut the waltz as short as possible.

CHAPTER IV.

BARON CHEVRIAL'S OPINIONS.

It was no great pleasure for Henri de Targy to come to Paris and plunge into the giddy whirl of society. He had been thoroughly happy in the country with his adored Marcelle, but he did not consider it right to immure her in the house at Sainte Roche, and so had determined to give her a season in Paris.

As he stood half hidden behind the curtains of a deep bay-window, and looked out at the gayly decorated rooms, the flashing lights and the medley of magnificent toilets he could not help a feeling of regret for his quiet home in the country with Marcelle sitting opposite him at the fireside. Nevertheless, his heart swelled with pride as he saw her coming toward him, by all odds the most beautiful woman in that assemblage of beautiful women.

As she caught sight of him standing alone in the shadowy window, she dropped the arm of the doctor with whom she was walking, and saying, 'There is Henri, moping all by himself. I must speak to him,' slipped in beside him.

'Why are you here all alone?' she asked, laying her hand on his arm, caressingly. 'Aren't you enjoying it?'

'I enjoy your pleasure,' was the tender reply.

'Oh, you bad boy, but I want you to enjoy it yourself.'

'Are you sure you are not getting too tired?'

'No. Oh, Henri, I never was so happy in my life!' And she impulsively threw both arms about his neck and kissed him.

'My dear!' he exclaimed, glancing quickly out into the salon, with a man's nervous dread of being ridiculous. 'How could you?'

The bright face clouded over in an instant and the pretty lip trembled. As Henri saw this a pang smote him to think that any thoughtless word of his should cause her pain, and drawing her further within the curtained window, he put his arm about her, saying soothingly:

'Forgive me, dear! Kiss me, wherever you like, in the ball-room, in the street, in the theatre, in church—'

She looked up at him, a delicious smile upon her lips.

'I did, once,' she said, demurely.

'You did, my darling!' he murmured, passionately, straining her closer to him. 'May I never forget it.'

For a moment she remained nestled close to the heart of her lover husband, and then, gently disengaging herself from his embrace she said, laughingly:

'How absurd of us! Come back with me at once to our guests.'

De Targy was not the only one to whom the ball was not a source of unmitigated delight. Baron Chevrial, though for vastly different reasons, was bored and disgusted. His waltz with Marcelle had not been so pleasant as he had imagined it would be. The fair mistress of the house either did not or would not understand the honeyed speeches he poured into her ear, and, as he had come to the ball for the express purpose of winning her good graces, he felt himself a highly abused man and was inclined to rail at fate.

After the dinner, he returned to the anteroom, where he found Vaumartin, who had managed to escape from the clutches of hungry Madame Charteris, and Tirandel, who had resumed his lazy attitude in the most comfortable arm chair.

'What!' exclaimed Vaumartin. 'Is your waltz already over?'

The baron was somewhat out of temper, and thoroughly out of breath.

'Yes,' he said, breathing heavily. 'I only made two turns of the room. The weather is so damp to-day, that I have no strength in my legs. Confound that little woman! It is astonishing how she appeals to my imagination.'

Vaumartin smiled.

'All women appeal to your imagination, Chevrial.'

The baron's little eyes half closed, with a sly look, as he nodded assent.

'More or less, more or less, my boy, but, this one positively drives me wild.

'And Rosa Guerin?' murmured Tirandel, lazily.

'Oh! Rosa Guerin is quite another sort.'

'And the—the—what you may call it—of the—the circus?'

'You are losing your memory, Tirandel,' retorted Chevrial. 'The—what you may call it of the circus is another sort still. All species of women have their charm. By the way,' he added, with a faint click of the tongue, and a sort of smacking of the lips, 'did you notice the little maid-servant in the dressing room, the one that took charge of the wraps?'

'Oh!' said Tirandel, with a slight, a very slight, upraising of the eyebrows, 'the maid-servant now.'

'Exactly,' laughed Vaumartin.

'Very pretty, very pretty, upon my word,' pursued Chevrial, taking no notice of his companions' remarks. 'A figure by Watteau. But to return to her mistress; she is really a superb bit of female flesh, highly superior, a mixture of delicacy and strength, health without coarseness. She will probably become intimate with my wife. I am delighted with the idea—yes, delighted,' he added, with a nod of the head and a slow smile.

Vaumartin grinned, and Tirandel really deigned to open his eyes wide.

'Look here, baron,' he said, with as near an approach to spirit as he ever permitted himself to indulge in. ''Ware hawk! No chance there.'

The baron surveyed him sneeringly from head to foot.

'Why no chance?' he asked contemptuously.

'Because,' replied Tirandel, resuming his languid drawl, 'this is an ideal match. They adore each other. They embrace in every corner.'

The baron's features relaxed in a smile of conscious power.

'My dear fellow,' he said, pityingly, 'you don't know what you are talking about. There is one established rule which never fails.'

'Really?'

'Really. In matters of love, with time and money, nothing is impossible. Look at Jupiter in ancient times, and scores of modern instances.'

'But,' said Vaumartin, 'your rule would probably fail here. These De Targys are very rich. They have at least a hundred thousand francs a year.'

The baron snapped his fingers.

'Well, a hundred thousand francs a year. What of it? In Paris a fashionable young woman can easily spend half of that in dress. Besides, have they as much as that? I have heard it said that De Targys father lost considerable money before he died.'

'Ah!'

'And certainly the son's marriage did not better things; his wife had nothing. She had been comfortably enough brought up by her aunt, but she had no fortune of her own, an insignificant dowry. It was a love match, the least likely to last of all! And, then,' lowering his voice, 'there are mysteries in the house, you know.'

Vaumartin looked surprised.

'No,' he answered, 'I did not know. You forget that I have been in St. Petersburg for the last three years. Come, tell me all about it,' he added, throwing himself into a chair beside Tirandel, whose eyes were closed, and who was evidently already in a doze.

'Well, here goes, then,' said the baron, following his friend's example. 'About two years ago, not long before his son's marriage—by the way, it happened on that most auspicious occasion, my own wedding day — the elder De Targy died suddenly, and there were, in connection with his death, certain singular circumstances; there were even rumours of suicide. What is positive, however, is, that since that time Madame de Targy, the dowager I mean, has fallen into a very strange condition.'

'A little crazy, isn't she?'

'No, not exactly crazy, but extraordinary, odd, peculiar. She used to be quite a pleasant sort of woman. I have seen her when she was very agreeable, very agreeable indeed. But she suddenly aged enormously, and she never shows herself now. She does not even go out, I believe. She passes all her days, and even all her nights, they say, in pacing like a spectre up and down her apartments, above here-and—in short, there is a mystery, a something——'

'Skeleton!' muttered Tirandel.

Chevrial started nervously.

'What do you say?' he asked, querulously. 'I thought you were asleep.'

'Was!' was the yawning reply. 'Heard you say mystery! Suggested skeleton.'

'Well, don't be so abrupt in your suggestions. It is the weather, I suppose. I am shaky to-night. You happen to be right, however. There is a skeleton in some closet here, and one that should, perhaps, be ferreted out.'

'It is very likely all mere idle gossip,' said Vaumartin, rising. 'At all events, these young people certainly know how to entertain; their ball has been a success.'

'It is the first time they have received since the death of the father,' rejoined Chevrial, 'and they have naturally made all the display possible.'

'The devil!' exclaimed Vaumartin, as he raised the portiere, which had been drawn across the arch leading into the salon. 'The rooms are nearly deserted. Almost everyone has gone.'

'So late! Let us go, too, then. Come, Tirandel,' giving him a shake. 'You can't sleep there all night.'

Tirandel opened his eyes, yawned, and rose slowly to his feet.

'Confound it!' he drawled. 'One can't be comfortable anywhere!'

And he sauntered after the others, who had already disappeared.

Vaumartin had spoken the truth. There was no one in the room save the host and hostess, Madame Charteris, and a very beautiful woman with golden hair and deep blue eyes, the Baroness Chevrial. 'My wife!' muttered the baron to himself, as he caught sight of her. 'Humph! I had forgotten all about her.'

'My dear Marcelle,' Aunt Reine was saying gushingly, 'everything has been delightful—ah! Monsieur Vaumartin, you are always on hand when I want you. You can take me to my carriage.'

'Charmed, I'm sure,' but his looks belied his words.

However, he submitted to the inevitable and the good woman sailed off on his arm, followed slowly by Tirandel, who had murmured some unintelligible farewell to his hostess, which might have been expressive of his enjoyment of the ball or the reverse.

'Your wife has been so kind, baron,' said Marcelle, brightly. 'She promised me to remain till the end of my first ball, and, you see, she has kept her word.'

The baroness smiled sweetly, as she took the hand of the pretty young matron, flushed with her first social triumphs.

'I have stayed,' she said, 'because I always like to be in your house. It is such a pleasure to witness the happiness of you and your good husband,' with a little nod to Henri, who stood close beside his wife.

At these words, the baron's eyes contracted. 'That is meant for me,' he thought, but in this he did the baroness an injustice, for her remarks had been without any *arriere-pensive* whatever.

'Pardon me, is not this monsieur's?'

Chevrial turned and saw standing just behind him, carrying an overcoat and a hat, the pretty maid he had noticed in the dressing-room.

The baron's expression changed.

'Exactly,' he said, with a bold stare of admiration. 'A little help, please.'

As the girl finished helping him into his overcoat, he slipped a piece of silver into her hand, and whispered, with his back turned to the others:

'You have the hands of a duchess, my dear.'

The girl drew back offended and half alarmed, and the baron calmly advanced to take farewell of Marcelle.

'Once more, baron, thank you for coming.'

'Ah! madam, I love the world, I love lights, music, handsome toilets and beauti-

ful women. I have had a most delightful evening, and it is for me to thank you,' and he bowed low over her hand.

'Good night, dear madam,' said his wife.

'We shall be friends, shall we not?' exclaimed Marcelle, impulsively.

'We are so, already,' was the earnest response.

'Maria,' said Marcelle, a few moments later.

'Madam?'

'You can tell the servants they can retire. It is too late to put things to rights to-night.'

'Very well, madam.'

'And I shall not want you again to-night; you must be fatigued.'

'Oh! no, madam. I was so interested in looking at the dresses.'

Maria had been Madam De Targy's maid since her marriage; she was a good girl, and Marcelle allowed her a certain familiarity.

'There were some pretty dresses, were there not?'

'Oh! yes, madam. Madam de Chevrial's was beautiful.'

'Yes, she looked very handsome.'

'Yes, madam, and she is a very kind lady; it is a shame that she should have such a queer man for her husband.'

'What?'

'Ah, madam, he always says such horrid things to you and puts his face so close to you. I never saw such a monkey.'

Henri, who had thrown himself down upon a divan, laughed aloud, and even Marcelle could not restrain a smile, although she said severely enough:

'That will do, Maria. Good-night.'

When the girl had left the room, she came over to her husband, and bending down to kiss his forehead, said tenderly:

'Good-morning.'

'My darling!' and he drew her down beside him, the love light as strong in his eyes as it had been in the little garden of the Lion d' Or.

'Did you love me this evening?' she asked, coquettishly.

'I always love you'

'But this evening in particular?'

He smiled affectionately.

'Ah! you want compliments. Well, this evening in particular, I not only loved you, I was proud of you.'

'Go on,' she said, nestling close to him, regardless of the crumpling of her superb embroidered draperies.

'Yes, I was proud of you. You were in your element, in the midst of all this social elegance, which you love and which suits you, charming your guests and charmed yourself, dancing like a fairy, singing like a bird, happy and triumphant as a young queen. I was proud of you and I adored you.'

'It is very sweet to hear you say this,' she murmured.

'You really sang superbly to-night.'

'Do you know what Signor Juliani said to me to-night?'

'What?'

'He said it was a shame I did not sing in opera.'

'Indeed!'

'And that an engagement was open to me whenever I wanted it. Oh!' she continued, with sparkling eyes, 'how I would like that—that is, if you were willing. Would you give your consent?'

'No,' replied Henri, laughingly, but firmly.

Marcelle laughed, too.

'I expected that reply,' she said.

'No, no, my dear, your proper surroundings are such scenes as to-night. Do you know, luxury, dress, laces, diamonds, become you so well that really, my darling, I cannot imagine you poor.'

'Nor can I. And yet I should be poor, if it were not for you.'

'Not at all. If you had not met me, you would have continued to live with your aunt.'

'Aunt Reine was certainly very good to me; she spoiled me, in fact But once out of her house, once married, I must have been poor. Where could I have found another man as good and generous as you, with an unselfish heart like yours, to choose me in spite of my small fortune? For I had nothing, had I? Almost nothing?'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' he said, quickly. 'You had a very—a very respectable dowry.'

Marcelle was silent for a moment, and then she said, thoughtfully, playing with the magnificent jewels upon her white fingers:

'Would you believe it? I never knew exactly how much my dowry was. I was such a child. My education had been so unpractical that I knew absolutely nothing of business matters. I thought it quite natural that you should take me for my pretty face, with a flower for my only ornament. Tell me, how much was my dowry?'

Henri hesitated.

'I do not remember,' he said, 'exactly.'

'No,' she insisted, with a pretty *moue*, 'tell me—please.'

'Well—eighty thousand francs.'

'Income?'

'Oh, no,' he laughed.

Marcelle's face grew grave.

'Poor fellow!' she said, tenderly. 'But,' imploringly, 'you are happy?'

He drew her close into his arms.

'So happy, my darling, so happy, that the very excess of my happiness almost frightens me.'

'Ah! how I love you!' she murmured.

CHAPTER V.

SKELETONS.

From the night of her ball young Madame de Targy was a pronounced success. Her toilets, her beauty, her voice were the theme of every tongue, and Marcelle's cup of joy was brimming over. She revelled in luxury and all the power that money and position give; not that she was frivolous or heartless, far from it; she loved her husband with her whole heart, and his will was her law; she loved him, and she was grateful to him for all the beauty and sunshine he had poured into her life. Perhaps she was a little intoxicated by all the adulation she received, but she had a staunch friend and wise adviser in Madame Chevrial, to guide her steps amid the shoals and pitfalls that lie beneath the brilliant, fascinating exterior of Parisian society.

Armande Chevrial was a woman of far more than ordinary strength of character. Her marriage had been one purely of convenience, arranged by her relatives and in which she had been but little consulted. In a worldly point of view, it was certainly a great match for a penniless girl, and as is too often the case in such circumstances, uncle and aunt had refused to look beneath the dazzling glitter of the baron's gold. Knowing but little of life, as is the rule with most French girls, she had acquiesced in the decision of her family, and accepted Chevrial's hand. Her awakening came only too soon. The baron's resolve at reformation, made, it must be confessed for purely selfish reasons, was short-lived, and Armande had not been married six months before she knew that her husband was a selfish, unprincipled *roue*, entirely abandoned to the gratification of his own passions, and utterly regardless of the feelings of others so long as his own ends were gained. There was one terrible scene between them, of bitter upbraiding and hopeless pleading on her part, and sneering sarcasm and cynical bravado on his, but it was the last. From that time she went her way and he his. Whatever she may have suffered in silence, the world never knew it. Her manner to him was perfect; she indulged in no further reproaches and she respected his wishes. On his part, he was well satisfied with an arrangement which permitted him to follow his own sweet will without restraint or annoyance. The passing fancy which Armande's beauty had inspired in him, had long ago dwindled to nothing. So long as she did honour to his name and wealth, dressed magnificently and entertained perfectly, that was all he demanded of her. He knew that she despised him, but that, in general, was a matter of supreme indifference to him.

It was not strange, therefore, that Armande, in her loveliness, should have been strongly attracted to Marcelle de Targy. Henri had been her friend from childhood, and, moreover, Marcelle's clinging, sensitive nature appealed powerfully to her own more self-reliant one. Her happiest moments were those spent in the peace and sunshine of the De Targy household.

Sunshine? Yes, but—and unfortunately there is always a but—there was one cloud upon the otherwise clear horizon.

Since the sudden death of her husband, the dowager Madame de Targy, as we have already heard Chevrial relate, had become a changed woman. Formerly devoted in her piety and strict in the observance of her religion, she now never entered a church. Her melancholy increased more and more, reaching at times what seemed absolute despair. Although she wished and indeed insisted that Henri and Marcelle should join in all the pleasures that the world could give them, she resolutely eschewed all society herself and saw no one outside

of her own family, save Doctor Chesnel and occasionally Madame Chevrial.

When Henri had asked her permission to marry Mademoiselle Rigaud, she had at once given her consent and had even urged that the marriage take place at once. She seemed fond of Marcelle, but her usual condition was one of apathetic indifference.

If Henry had not been so madly in love with his wife, a love which was so great that it completely absorbed him, his mother's condition would have been a terrible thing to him, and, as it was, it could not fail to worry him at times.

Doctor Chesnel, with whom he had many a long talk on the subject, declared that his science was powerless against a mental affection. Madame de Targy's physical health was perfect, but she seemed to be besieged by some one fixed idea which poisoned her whole existence. Henri, at the doctor's instigation, had once attempted to obtain her confidence, but with no effect save to throw his mother into a state of terrible nervous agitation which lasted several days.

It was altogether inexplicable; and it was the one little drop of gall in the young couple's ever-flowing beaker of happiness.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES.

The curtain had just fallen upon the second act of 'La Juive.' The magnificent auditorium of the opera house was crowded with all that was conspicuous in fashion or art, and the sweep of the horse-shoe was like a *parterre* of beautiful faces, superb toilets and blazing jewels.

It was the first appearance in Paris of the great tenor, Juliani, as Eleazar, in a gorgeous revival of Halevy's opera, and a representative audience had gathered together to do him honour.

When, in addition to Juliani in a new role, it was announced that Krauss would sing Rachel, and that Mademoiselle Rosa Guerin, the favourite danseuse, with the grace of a Taglioni and the figure of a Cerito, would dance, it was not strange that all Paris should desire to be present the first night, and that single orchestra seats should have brought an enormous premium.

Among all the beautiful women gathered together that night, there were probably none more beautiful than the two who sat in the Baron Chevrial's box, the financier's wife and young Madame de Targy. Lorgnettes from all parts of the house were levelled at the contrasting types, the one severe and classical in the purity of its outlines, and the other bright and *riante* in its brilliancy of colouring.

Henri de Targy, as he stood in the back of the box and watched his wife's smiling face as she chatted gayly with the young *elegantes*, who had crowded in during the *entr' acte*, rejoiced in her enjoyment; but if troubles destroy happiness, it is equally true that pleasures disturb it; and he could not restrain a slight feeling of regret for the old, quiet days at Sainte Roche, when every moment of Marcelle's time had belonged to him and to him alone. With her it was far different. She adored Paris, and everything in its glitter and splendour was novel and delightful to her. She was like a young bird just trying its wings and conscious of its power, and she had not yet learned the truth of that saying of Christine of Sweden, 'The one who seeks too eagerly for amusement ends by obtaining naught but *ennui*.'

'Juliani is surpassing himself to-night,' said Vaumartin, who with Tirandel, looking as sleepy and handsome as ever, had entered the box.

'Yes,' said Madame Chevrial, his voice is particularly well suited to the music. I have never seen him when he was so fine.'

'He has given up his projected tour, I understand.'

'Ask Madame de Targy,' said the baron, who from a point of vantage behind Marcelle's chair had been ogling the house. 'She is an intimate friend of his.'

'Hardly that,' said Marcelle, blushing slightly, 'but I am very proud to be a pupil of his. No, he has not abandoned his tour to South America, but he has postponed it, I believe, for six months.'

'Does he go alone?'

'No, he will take with him an opera troupe, and be his own *impresario*. He finds great advantage in that, he says.'

'It is a pity his most promising pupil cannot be the leader of the troup,' said Vaumartin, with a flattering bow.

'Ah! I am not my own mistress, and my husband would not hear of it,' and she lifted her eyes to De Targy with a smile full of affection. She had not yet learned to disguise her feelings, and it was patent to even the most careless observer that Marcelle de Targy was that anomaly in Parisian society, a wife in love with her husband.

Baron Chevrial bent over her chair, until his mustache almost touched her fair, white neck.

'How I envy Monsieur de Targy,' he said, in low, silky tones. 'What would I not give for a smile like that.'

Marcelle made no reply, but she shivered slightly, and drew her opera cloak over her shoulders.

Armande Chevrial caught the half-whispered words and a look of contempt swept across her face. She knew her husband only too well, and she registered a vow that, if she could help it, the purity of Marcelle's mind should not be sullied by attentions and speeches which were little less than an insult. Marcelle herself had led too retired a life to have any just appreciation of a man of the baron's type, but, without knowing exactly why, he never addressed her that she did not feel repelled. She would have avoided him on every possible occasion, had it not been for the sincere affection she felt for his wife.

The appearance of the musicians was the signal that the curtain was about to rise, and the young men who had been visiting their friends in the boxes, gradually drifted back to their seats on the floor of the house.

The third act is devoted to the *fetes* in honour of the emperor, and almost entirely taken up with the gorgeous ballet of 'The Enchanted Tower.' After some preliminary and rather uninteresting evolutions by coryphees, in gauze skirts and low-cut bodices of all the colours of the rainbow, amid a crash of music the doors of the pavilion, erected in the centre of the stage, flew open, and within, at the head of the broad flight of steps, appeared the bright, particular star of the ballet, Rosa Guerin. At sight of its favourite, the vast audience broke into a roar of applause, quite equal to that with which it had welcomed Juliani himself.

The dancer was dressed in clouds of pale-grey tulle, garlanded with crimson roses, and a single half-opened bud nestled in the masses of her dark hair. Her exquisitely modelled neck and her arms as beautifully proportioned as we imagine the lost arms of the Venus of Milo to have been, were unmarred by any jewel or ornament whatever. Her figure was simply perfection, as lithe and proudly poised as that of a young goddess. Her face was not what could be called handsome, the forehead was too high and the grey eyes were set too closely together, and it was a face that first interested and finally fascinated.

Her dancing was grace itself and possessed, moreover, a distinct stamp of individuality. She danced not only with her feet, but with her brains. There were none of those senseless gyrations, those meaningless smirks, those *tours de force*, indulged in by most ballet dances, but her every action was the result of thought and her whole performance was full of delicate suggestion. It was little wonder that the Parisians, who, frothy and laughter loving as they are, are unrivalled critics in the world of art, had without a dissenting voice, pronounced her queen of her profession.

Baron Chevrial had but slight appreciation of music, but in the beauties of the female form he was a connoisseur, and all the time that Mademoiselle Guerin was upon the stage, he kept his opera-glass fixed upon her. His applause at the close of her *pas seul* was enthusiastic, possibly a little too much so.

'Considering that he is with his wife,' observed Vaumartin to Tirandel, who sat beside him in the stalls, 'our friend the baron's appreciation of Rosa is a trifle too marked to be entirely in good taste.'

'Beast!' ejaculated Tirandel, laconically.

More than one man in the house shared this opinion of the king of finance, but had the baron been aware of all the uncomplimentary things said of him, he would have cared but little. Like Bismarck, he had no need of the liking of his fellow-beings, and was passably indifferent to criticism.

In the next intermission, Chevrial excused himself to the ladies and wandered out into the lobby, crowded with men, young and old, all in the regulation black coat and white cravat, the unbecoming livery of modern society. As he strolled up and down, smoking a cigarette, he was met everywhere with smiling nods and more than once button-holed by some speculator on the Bourse. Although his personal character was well known and the strict honesty of his dealings more than suspected, he was too much of a power in the financial world to be treated with anything but courtesy and a semblance of respect. Men, as a rule, overlook much more easily the faults of a rascal who has it in his power to benefit them, than those of an honest man from whom they can derive no advantage.

The baron was far too clever not to realise the motive of the fawning adulation he received. His opinion of mankind was anything but a lofty one. He had once been heard to remark that if one had enough money to purchase all the consciences that were for sale, bought them at what they were worth and sold them at the price their owners estimated them, no more payable business could be imagined. He could undoubtedly have cited many examples to prove the truth of this opinion, but, had he attempted to base all his transactions upon it, he would probably have eventually met with shipwreck.

His cigarette finished, he left the brilliantly lighted lobby, with its gilding and frescoes, and mounting the stairs, entered a long, narrow passage to the left of the boxes on the second tier. A few steps in front of him, proceeding in the same direction, was a broad-shouldered figure, which he recognised as that of Doctor Chesnel.

'Doctor!' he called, quickening his steps a little. 'Doctor!'

The doctor turned, not too well pleased at the encounter.

'Good-evening, baron,' he said, politely enough.

The baron laughed.

'Caught, eh, dear fellow,' he said, with a knowing wink. 'Bound on the same errand as myself.'

'Bound in the same direction, but hardly on the same errand.'

'Bah! Why did you seek the appointment of physician to the opera. To flirt with the damsels of the ballet, my dear doctor, to flirt with the damsels of the ballet.'

'I can afford to,' was the dry response.

'You cannot.'

'Disagreeable, as usual.'

'Disagreeable? No, sensible. You are looking badly, baron. Your nerves are in a worse condition than ever. See, how your hands tremble, and your voice is unsteady.'

'Great heaven, doctor,' replied the baron, paling a little beneath his rouge. 'I must have a little amusement. You would deprive me of everything.'

'Be advised in time,' was the brief response.

'I will. I will. I am taking care of myself. I may be permitted a few minutes chat with Rosa, I suppose?'

'You are wasting your time, there.'

The baron smiled with the air of a conqueror.

'Ah, no. I have a plan there which cannot fail of success. In matters of that sort, the opportunity is sure to come. Chance fails man less often than man fails chance. And I flatter myself that I know how to take advantage of the proper moment.'

The doctor made no reply. They had reached a small door at the end of the passage, with a little slide in the panel.

Doctor Chesnel knocked twice in a peculiar manner, the slide shot back, and the upper part of a man's face appeared in the opening. In another moment, the door swung back, and the two gentlemen passed through to the regions behind the scenes.

Threading the mazes of ropes and scenery in the midst of hurrying carpenters and stage hands, they finally reached their destination—the Foyer de la Danse.

It was a long, low room, full of ballet girls in abbreviated skirts, and with their necks and arms covered with cloaks and shawls as a protection against the draught. Some of them, grasping a brass rod which ran along one side of the room about four feet from the floor, were practicing exercises to render the muscles more flexible, others were chatting among themselves, or bantering young fellows in full dress, who, by some means had obtained admittance to the sacred precincts. Seated on low benches were a lot of old women, the mothers, real or hired for the sake of respectability, of the young ladies of the corps de ballet. Their hands were busy with knitting work and their tongues were clicking in unison over the last scandal of the *coulisses*.

At one end of the room, wrapped in a magnificent fur-lined mantel which covered her from neck to foot and completely hid her ballet costume, stood Rosa Guerin, talking to a distinguished-looking man with white hair and moustache, who looked like a cabinet minister, but who was really a reporter for the 'Figaro.'

'Ah! the good doctor!' she exclaimed, as the two gentlemen approached, with a charming smile which displayed two rows of faultless teeth, the chief beauty of her face. 'And you, *mon vieux*,' she added, turning to the baron. 'You have quite deserted me lately.'

The baron bent and touched his lips to the hand extended to him, a hand rather large, perhaps, but white and well-formed.

'It is your heartlessness that has driven me from your side,' he murmured.

'My heartlessness!' she retorted, with a merry laugh. 'Hear him, doctor! One would think he was a beardless boy sighing for his first flame. My dear baron, that part of your anatomy that has done you service for a heart must be quite riddled by the shafts of the little love god.'

The doctor joined in her merry laughter. Rosa Guerin was a prime favourite with him. He liked her frankness and good humour, and he respected her because, surrounded as she was by temptation, she had managed thus far to preserve a spotless reputation.

The baron, not a whit abashed by her raillery, said, with a look which he meant to be fascinating, but which was really ridiculous in its languishing servility:

'Will you ever be obdurate?'

'There is but one way to win me, baron. The blessing of the church upon our union. But for the present, charming as your society is, I must tear myself away. I have my costume to change. Good-night, doctor.'

'Good-night, my dear. You do not look as if you needed my services.',

'No, thank Heaven for that. I am disgustingly healthy!'

'It is cruel to tear yourself away,' murmured the baron, his little eyes gloating upon the splendid specimen of womanhood before him.

'When my duty calls, *mon cher*, pleasure must give way. Oh! by the way, I am worried about those investments.'

The baron's face assumed an expression of keen interest.

'Indeed,' he asked. 'Why?'

'Not time to tell you now. I will call upon you to-morrow, perhaps. Your advice is invaluable to me.'

'Would that my love was also.'

Her clear grey eyes swept over his face, haggard with dissipation, and his attenuated form, with a look of amusement.

'Keep those sweet speeches for those who believe them,' she retorted. '*Au revoir*!' and she moved away with the broad, free grace, peculiar to herself.

'That woman always reminds me of Diana,' said the doctor.

'Confound her!' replied the baron, nervously gnawing his lip. 'She's cold enough for Diana, in all conscience.'

At present, Rosa was certainly Chevrial's reigning divinity. Her indifference piqued him, and the more impossible it seemed to catch the charming bird, the more eager he became in her pursuit.

The doctor stopped to inquire for one of the company who was ill, and his questions answered, he turned to look for his companion. He found him playing the agreeable to two girls, rather pretty in a somewhat coarse way, who seemed only too flattered at his attentions.

'Well, are you going back for the fourth act?'

'No, no,' said the baron, with a vacuous grin. 'It is much pleasanter here than listening to the squalling inside.'

'As you please,' replied the doctor, coldly.

'What a mockery of fate,' he thought, as he returned to the auditorium, 'that a man like that should have won such a wife as he has. Ah! marriage is indeed a lottery, and a lottery where fools and knaves win the prizes.'

(To be Continued.)

MAGIC ON A PYRAMID.

The late Sir W. Siemens relates an amusing anecdote in the course of his autobiography. An Arab called his attention to the fact that when at the top of the Pyramid of Cheops, when he raised his hand with fingers outspread an acute singing note was heard, the sound ceasing as soon as he let his hand fall. 'I found his assertion,' he writes, 'to be true. As soon as I raised one of my own fingers above my head, I felt a prickling in the fingers. That this could only be caused by an electrical phenomenon was proved by the slight electric shock felt on trying to drink out of a wine-bottle. So I wrapped a full bottle of wine that I had with me in damp paper, and thus converted it into a Leyden bottle, which was soon strongly charged with electricity by the simple device of holding it high above my head. The Arabs had already become distrustful on seeing small lightnings, as it were, issue from the wine-bottles held up by myself and companions, and now held a brief consultation. Suddenly, at a given signal, each of my companions was seized by the guide who had led him up, who now tried to force him to go down again. I myself was standing at the very top of the pyramid, when the Sheikh of the Arabs came to me and told me, through my interpreter, that the Arabs had determined that we were at once to leave the pyramid, because we were practising magic, and it might damage their chance of earning a living. On my refusing to obey orders, the Sheikh caught hold of my left hand. I had awaited this moment, and held my right hand with the bottle in the attitude of a magician, afterwards lowering it slowly towards the point of the Sheikh's nose. When quite close to that feature I felt a violent shock run through the bottle to my own arm, and was certain that the Sheikh must have received the equivalent. At any rate, he fell speechless on the stones, and a few anxious moments passed before he rose suddenly with a loud cry, and sprang down the gigantic steps of the pyramid with long strides. The Arabs seeing this, and excited by the Sheikh's constant cries of "Magic, magic!" released my companions and followed their leader, leaving us complete masters of the pyramid.'

Maud: I always have a hard time keeping my face when Dick calls. —Marie: Why? Is he so funny?—Maud: No, it's not that so much, but he's always pulling my head round to kiss me.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

UNQUESTIONABLY the man of the hour in New Zealand, our Colonial Treasurer, who has just returned to us, may also be justly described as one of the world's 'men of the hour.' Great London financiers have spoken in the highest terms of his abilities, and indeed those abilities could scarcely have failed to attract the most favourable notice in view of the notable financial feat which they brought about. Mr Ward returns to us laden with honours, and promises to bear those honours gracefully, well, and quietly; but he has already said, and rightly, that to disparage the success of the floating of the three per cent. loan is not only small-minded, but foolish and unpatriotic. Without doubt Mr Ward's visit to London has placed New Zealand's credit in an unassailable and most enviable position. Men of all shades of political opinion should recognise this, and not for purposes of party warfare attempt to belittle the good services done by Mr Ward not merely to this colony, but to the Australian colonies in general. Mr Ward's social experiences must have been extremely pleasant, for he seems to have made himself exceedingly popular, and when a colonial magnate is popular at Home he is given a particularly good time.

On another page there is a picture of Mrs Ward in her presentation gown. Mrs Ward had also her successes, besides sharing in those of her husband. The Treasurer made an excellent and modest speech in Auckland, and will by the time this appears in print have been received in Wellington, where the banquet and other festivities in his honour will take place.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, JULY 8.

I must begin with the popular howl against the weather. It is almost impossible to get out to anything, but I have braved the storms sufficiently to collect you a few items of news.

Mrs Masefield gave a

LARGE AFTERNOON TEA

last week at her picturesque residence, 'Ellerton,' Ponsonby, as a farewell to her sister, Mrs Broughton, who returns shortly to Whangarei. 'Ellerton' is beautifully situated on the cliffs at the end of a piece of land jutting far out into Home Bay. The large reception room was handsomely decorated with yellow acacia flowers. The blinds were all drawn down and the gas lit, which gave an appearance of evening. Tea and coffee were served in another room, which was lighted in the same manner. The table was very prettily decorated, flowers intermingling with the light refreshments, which consisted of trifles, jellies, etc. Our hostess wore a stylish paon foncé green cashmere, with yoke, bodice, and revers of coleus brocaded silk; Mrs Broughton, havanne brown tweed skirt, with absinthe green velvet blouse; Mrs Dufaur, marron brown skirt with a piece of green let in at the side of the skirt, absinthe green velvet blouse; Miss Gladius Masefield looked pretty in Gobelin blue cashmere; Miss Masefield ('Akaroa'), brown skirt, white blouse; Mrs Dacre, black silk; Mrs Peacock, bronze moyen green gown, black cape, bonnet; Miss Peacocke, navy cashmere with navy velvet sleeves, and trimmings on her hat to correspond; Miss Rita Tole, dark green trimmed with velvet; Miss Rathbone, grey cashmere with black velvet; Miss Tucker, black skirt, bright pink blouse; Mrs Wylde-Brown, black silk; Miss Wylde-Brown, dark green gown with balloon sleeves; Mrs Brigham, black silk trimmed with black velvet, black jet bonnet; Mrs Cotter, a very striking gown of green cashmere trimmed with velvet, green velvet bonnet with butterfly bows; Miss Cotter looked exceedingly well in mode grey costume with brown velvet trimmings, black hat relieved with blue bows; Miss Dunnett, good-fitting fawn tailor-made gown, brown hat with feathers; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, navy serge, fawn golf cape, toque with blue bow; Miss Perceval, grey silk with pink bodice and sleeves, black triple cape, black felt hat; Miss Edith Percival, dark gown; Miss Philips, slate grey tailor-made gown; Miss Ada Dixon, navy and yellow striped gown with felt beafeater hat; Mrs Nichol, slate grey tailor-made gown; Mrs Kilgour, cardinal cashmere with fox fur, bonnet to match; Miss M. Kerr-Taylor, a combination of navy and cream; white fur toque; Miss Kilgour, warm coat flecked with violet; Miss Williamson, celery green velvet with gold braid; Mrs Bedford, black silk; Miss Kerr-Taylor, navy gown, fawn cape, black velvet toque; Mrs Stewart, black silk; Mrs Crawford, black, and her daughter wore grey; Mrs Kirker, brown silk, and many others whom I did not know. Musical items were rendered during the whole afternoon by various visitors. Mrs Kilgour and Miss Tole both sang with their usual excellent taste.

The third

PONSONBY 'AT HOME'

eventuated last Friday evening and was highly successful. Adams' string band, as usual, supplied excellent music. The night was delightfully cool, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a large gathering. Amongst the pretty gowns worn, I noted Mrs Devore, who looked remarkably well in pink shade of heliotrope silk, veiled with black lace; Mrs J. J. Holland, heliotrope and black lace; Mrs P. R. Hanna, handsome black satin trimmed with jet, sash of pompadour silk; Mrs Morrin, black satin; Mrs Douglas, also black satin with cardinal corded silk sleeves; Mrs E. Burton, black lace trimmed with jet; Mrs Ralph, pink veiled with black lace; Mrs Oxley, pink; Miss Devore looked charming in black lace gown, panel of moonlight beads, with effective poppy-coloured satin ribbon bows, poppies in hair, fan to match; Miss Holland, stylish yellow silk gown, black lace flounce; Miss Peacock, shimmering pompadour satin, pale blue Liberty silk sleeves, corsage trimmed with vandykes of guipure lace; Miss M. Peacock, yellow silk; Miss Leslie (Sydney), handsome violet moiré, bodice finished with lemon coloured chiffon; Miss — Leslie wore black lace gown with posies of violets; Miss Dacre, sweetly pretty shell-pink crepon, with same shade satin sleeves, skirt finished with large satin butterfly bow, roses in hair; Miss Lodder (Sydney) pretty white crepon trimmed with crystal beads and Venetian lace, cluster of crimson flowers on the shoulder; Miss B. Devore look d dainty in rose pink silk; Miss M. Macindoe effective white gown with buttercup sleeves edged with pearls; Miss Maude looked well in white; Miss Morrin, ethereal frock of primrose gauze trimmed with bébe ribbon; Miss Hughes, pretty white silk with lovely Honiton lace, bouquet of snowdrops and ferns; Miss B. Gittos, becoming dress of heliotrope silk, with violet velvet sleeves and epaulettes; Miss Brett, ivory Liberty silk gown, panel and sleeves of dark green miroir velvet; Miss Leighton, pretty cream crepon gown, watered ribbons; Miss Vaile, pure white; Miss Kennedy, pale pink crepon and pink chiffon; Miss Percival looked pretty in an accordion pleated net skirt, coral pink velvet sleeves dotted with sequins; Miss Caldwell, sapphire blue bengaline; Miss Tucker looked dainty in white silk, bodice trimmed with white swansdown; Miss Holland, white with crushed strawberry silk trimming; Miss M. Holland, white crepon and lace; Miss F. Langsford, salmon pink crepon with wreath of snowdrops round square-cut bodice; Miss Butters looked pretty in heliotrope gown, purple velvet sleeves, square bodice with bands of same; Miss Cousins, white; and many others whom I cannot recall at the moment. The next dance comes off on August 2nd.

The second dance of the season in connection with the

REMUERA SOCIAL UNION

took place last Thursday evening. Though the weather was cold and showery, the hall was crowded. There were about one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy people present. The ladies were rather in the majority, but that state of things is usual in Auckland lately, as so many of our best dancing men have been removed to Southern cities by the transference of the head-quarters of business firms. The interior of the building was tastefully decorated with long branches of bamboo, holly in full bearing, arum lilies, yellow acacia flowers, and finished with flags. The supper table was prettily draped with absinthe green Liberty silk, and was heavily laden with refreshments of a *recherché* order. To the secretary (Mr Henry Johnson) much praise is due, for he was untiring in his efforts to add to the pleasure of his visitors. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Johnstone (Parnell), handsome black silk, white opera cape finished with fur; Mr and Mrs Cotter, the lady wearing a very stylish gown of black silk finished with mauve sleeves; Miss Cotter looked striking in rose corail pink silk finished with white; Mr and Mrs Finlayson, the latter gowned in black silk relieved with white. The most striking gown in the hall was that of Mrs H. Tewesley *eau de nil* moire finished with bead drapery of fawn tinted lace, handsome emerald green plush cloak with edgings of white fur; Mr and Mrs Holmes, the lady gowned in black velvet with white silk sleeves, slate grey brocade cape; Miss Holmes looked pretty in a silver grey relieved with white; Mrs Henry Johnstone, elegant black silk; Mrs Bassett, rich black silk finished with lace; Mrs Thorne George, tomato red satin finished with white; Miss Ida Thorne George, beautiful white silk finished with chiffon; Miss Churton, lovely grey gown finished with canary chiffon; and her sister wore a Tuscan mirror silk; Miss Ida Worsp, very handsome black silk with beads; Miss Shirley Baker, flame-coloured silk; Miss Ella Baker, white silk, with satin bodice and trimmings; Miss Noakes was very much admired in rose vieux silk with white balloon sleeves and trimmings; Miss Louie Taylor, black lace costume with lilac bows and flowers; Miss Rookes, buttercup coloured silk with chiffon finishings; Mrs Otway, black silk; and her daughter was much admired in white silk finished with tulle; Miss Little, pale pink with white lace insertion; Misses W. and M. Kerr-Taylor were similiarly attired in white grenadines with ribbons; Miss Percival, white moire with sky blue edgings; Mrs Dennison was looking as juvenile as ever in white silk with tulle, white bow in her hair; Miss Kate Hay was looking *distingué* in white silk relieved with tulle; Miss Claire Smith, dainty white *débutante* silk; Mrs Greenway, Tuscan coloured silk with lace; Miss Thorpe, coral pink Liberty silk relieved with white lace; Miss M. Buckland, lovely pink mirror silk; Miss (Frank) Buckland, black lace relieved with pink; Mrs Haigh Smith was gowned in black silk with old gold flowers and ribbons; Mrs Foster, grey silk; Mrs Norton wore a lovely pink merveilleux, relieved with soft white lace, white opera cape; Miss Ethel Bull looked well in white surah; Miss Lennox, orange silk, which suited her admirably; Miss Stevenson, rose pink silk; and her sister was gowned in nil green; Miss Stevenson (Ponsonby), simple white silk with lace and ribbons; Miss Aickin, pale green; Miss Fairchild was very much admired in Gobelin blue with fawn lace; Miss Whewell, black skirt, Gobelin blue velvet blouse; Miss Davy, cream China silk trimmed with yellow; Mrs Hesketh, black silk, violet velvet opera cape; Miss Emily Hesketh, very striking sky blue poplin finished with pink roses, and was very much admired; Miss Alice Hesketh, lovely white merveilleux, which suited the wearer superbly; Miss Bush, canary-coloured silk finished with white lace, and her sister a very pretty gown of white striped silk with wreaths of violets and finished with white ribbons; Miss Torrance, white *débutante* silk; Miss Firth looked stately in black velvet; Miss Eva Firth, white silk skirt and peacock blue blouse; Miss Dowd, heliotrope silk; Mrs Goodwin, handsome black silk; Miss Goodwin looked *chic* in a nil green surah; Miss Bleazzard, handsome slate grey silk finished with white lace; Mrs Thompson, handsome trained black silk, black butterfly bow in the hair; Miss A. Buddle, black velvet relieved with canary silk; Miss W. Buddle, lizzard green velvet with yellow tulle edgings; Miss Baller, becoming gown of pink and green Liberty silk; Mrs Gorrie, black silk; Miss Gorrie, royal blue velvet; and her sister was looking well in white silk; Miss Laishley, elegant gown of white tulle with silk; Miss Hull, green velvet; Messrs Simpson, Makgill, Johnstone (two), Noakes (two), Jackson, Paton, Norton, Hanna, McCallum, H. Bloomfield, Staggers, Otway, Sealy, Leckie, Smith, Whewell, Rose, Thomas, Bruce, and many others whom I cannot recall.

The second

MOUNT ALBERT SOCIAL

took place last Friday. Although the weather was unpleasant, there was a large attendance. Refreshments were provided, as usual, by the ladies of the district. Dancing was kept up with great zest until the early hours of Saturday morning. Amongst those present were Mrs Sellers, Mrs Woodroffe, Mrs Kerr-Taylor, Mrs C. Taylor, Mrs Wright, Mrs Wilding, Misses Wilks, Martin, Shaw, Ledingham, Tanner, Wright, Sellers, Pierce, Dixon, Priestley, M. Kerr-Taylor, Cecil Taylor, Dawson, Maier, Millar (two), Chambers-Taylor, Messrs Martin (two), Motion (two), Williamson, Sloman, Thomson, Kerr-Taylor, Dawson (two), Wright (two), Millar, Sellers, Bush, Ridings, Bruce, Priestley, Dixon, Lewis, and many others.

THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Saturday at Mount Albert. The weather was atrocious, raining continually during the whole day. About two dozen of our most enthusiastic hunters braved the elements of hail, thunder, etc. A drag was laid round the mountain in a semicircle, starting across the railway lines, and finishing near the mission swamp, about two miles in length. The hounds ran beautifully and at such a pace that it required a good steed to keep up with them. The jumps were mainly stone walls of rather a stiff character. The going was literally girth deep in water. Nevertheless, I hear that Messrs Gorrie, Crowe, Martin (two), Motion (two), Laurie, Phillips (two), Varnum, Comins followed, and one venturesome lady, Miss Kerr-Taylor! Falls were numerous. Many a rider landed neatly on mother earth, and I am only surprised that some serious accidents were not reported to me.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE JULY 5.

There was a most enjoyable

DANCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

on Thursday night. The rooms and corridors were, as usual, beautifully decorated with flowers, palms, and pot plants. Lady Glasgow wore a handsome pink and oyster green coloured brocade trimmed with lace and tiny ribbon rosettes; Lady Augusta Boyle, pretty soft white silk and lace; Lady Alice wore white surah silk trimmed with deep white lace and roses; Mrs Goring (Auckland), black silk with panels of white silk, and trimmed with black lace; Miss Crace, pretty white striped silk trimmed with lace; Miss Holroyde, white and black; Mrs (Colonel) Fox, pale blue brocade trimmed with old rose velvet; Mrs A. Pearce, handsome pale mauve spotted brocade trimmed with lovely white lace; Mrs Cooke-Daniells, black satin trimmed with heliotrope silk and black lace; Mrs (Dr.) Purdy, handsome black silk trimmed with velvet and lace; Mrs Barker, white corded silk, trained, and trimmed with lace; Mrs T. C. Williams, grey brocade, white lace; Miss Williams, grey silk with pink chiffon bodice; Miss E. Williams, cream satin; Miss Millar, pretty pale blue silk trimmed with deep chiffon frills; Miss Rolleston, pale pink with chiffon frills; Miss McLean (Dunedin), white silk with loose chiffon sleeves; Miss Buller, coral pink silk with bébé bodice of chiffon; Miss Richardson, black silk, with black chiffon sleeves; Miss Studholm (Christchurch), pretty white satin trimmed with heliotrope and lace; Mrs Baldwin, pale pink silk brocaded with flowers going round the skirt; the bodice was trimmed with lace; Mrs G. Hutchinson, pale pink silk trimmed with chiffon; Miss Grace, white moiré with clusters of pink roses; Mrs W. Lawson, black silk with bertha of old lace; Miss Cooper, lemon-coloured silk with bows of black ribbon velvet; Miss I. Cooper, white silk with sleeves of white gauze; Mrs H. D. Crawford, pretty white silk gown trimmed with chiffon and ruby velvet bows; Miss Isaacs (Auckland), white satin trimmed with beetles' wings and pearl embroidery; Mrs H. D. Bell, pale green brocade with rosettes of darker velvet and bead fringe; Mrs C. Izard, pale green silk; Miss Friend, pink silk trimmed with violets; Miss Tuckey, pale green gown with bodice of pink, and trimmed with streamers of pink ribbon; Miss Fairchild, white silk; Miss Elliott, black silk and lace; Miss I. Elliott, pale yellow silk; Miss Kennedy, black velvet trimmed with white silk; Miss Stowe, white silk trimmed with swansdown; Miss M. Stowe, pink; Miss Arkwright, white satin; Miss Medley, white silk and lace; Miss Douglas, white silk trimmed with pearls; Miss Barclay also wore white silk; Miss E. Barclay, pale blue silk. Among the gentlemen present were Mr G. Hutchinson, Mr Wilfred Lawson, Mr H. D. Crawford, the Hon. Mr Rutler, Dr. Purdy, Mr W. N. Werry, the Messrs Pearce (two), Turner, Turnbull, Gore (two), A. Pearce, Studholm, Minett, Higginson, Rolleston, Richmond, Duncan, Grace, Izard, Baldwin, Wratt, Fitzgerald, Wilford, Kebbell, Loughnan, Millar, Tolhurst, Barker, Cooper, Tuckey, Kennedy, Anson, Skerrett, Branfill, Barclay, and others.

On Friday last Lady Glasgow gave a

SMALL DINNER PARTY AND DANCE

for the Captain and officers of H.M.S. Pylades and Ringarooma. Lady Glasgow wore a yellow satin gown handsomely trimmed with ruby velvet; Lady Augusta Boyle, soft white silk and lace; Lady Alice, black silk trimmed with pale blue velvet; Lady Dorothy, pretty white muslin; Miss Holroyde, black silk; Mrs Goring (Auckland), black and red silk trimmed with lace; Miss Crace (Australia), pale pink silk; Mrs (Colonel) Fox, very handsome peacock blue watered velvet trimmed with fur; Mrs Beard, white silk and lace. Other guests present were the Misses Richmond, Williams, Grace, Gore, Buller, Studholm, Cooper, and the Messrs Turner, Grace, Studholm, Gore, Cooper, Turnbull, Duncan, Higson, and Major Goring.

Mrs Firth, wife of the Head-master of the Wellington College, gave

A VERY ENJOYABLE ENTERTAINMENT

for the boys on Saturday night. Several *tableaux* were successfully performed. One boy, whose name I did not know, danced a hornpipe really splendidly, and Miss Tuckey danced a skirt dance very gracefully. She wore a pretty full white flowing gown trimmed with sparkling jewels. Mrs Firth wore black velvet trimmed with blue chiffon. Among those present were Mrs Ward, who wore mauve crepon; Mrs H. Hadfield, the Misses Tripe, Bell (two), Brandon (two), Simpson, Atkinson, Hislop, and others. This enjoyable little party ended up with a dance.

Mrs Walter Johnston gave a

LARGE AFTERNOON AT HOME

on Tuesday last. Mrs Johnston received her guests in a handsome black and white silk trimmed with chiffon and jet; Miss Johnston wore a black crepon with piping of jet, and front of coloured silk; Miss S. Johnston, black crepe skirt, pretty blouse of yellow silk and chiffon; Miss E. Johnston, black crepon trimmed with jet and pink silk front. Among the guests I noticed Miss Pearce, who wore a black costume, fur boa, and black bonnet trimmed with fur tails; Mrs H. D. Crawford, seal brown costume with front of maize coloured silk, small brown hat hat to match; Mrs Alec Crawford, light brown jacket and skirt, pale green waistcoat, small black straw hat with blue and red rosettes; Mrs G. Hutchinson, fawn covert coating costume, brown straw beef-eater hat with brown feathers; Mrs Pynsent, black silk gown and mantle, small jet bonnet with lilac flowers; Lady Stout, black trimmed with black silk, jet bonnet; Mrs H. D. Bell, brown tailor made costume, black and majenta bonnet; Mrs Duncan, black silk, small black bonnet trimmed with mauve flowers; Mrs Williams, handsome black silk gown, heavy velvet mantle trimmed with feathers, black bonnet trimmed with majenta roses; Miss Hilda Williams, brown tailor-made costume, brown felt hat; Miss Duncan, brown costume, small black bonnet trimmed with jet and violets; Mrs Friend, black gown, black hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Friend, brown costume, black velvet hat bound with jet and trimmed with tips; Mrs Rose, black; the Misses Rose, wore dark green costumes, with velvet yokes bound with gimp, and hats to match; Mrs A. Pearce, black tailor-made jacket and skirt, fawn waistcoat, black velvet hat with black tips; Miss Bennett (Bulls), black crepe trimmed with black and white striped silk, small black velvet toque relieved with bunches of violets; Mrs Grace, black gown, small ecru lace bonnet; Miss Grace, black costume, large open-work hat with ecru lace wings, and large pale blue ribbon; Miss Buller, light brown jacket and skirt, large black velvet hat trimmed with black feathers; Miss Cooper, grey tweed costume, small black straw hat trimmed with rosettes and violets; Miss I. Cooper, dark blue jacket and skirt, shot silk blouse, black velvet hat with tips; Mrs Fox, becoming gown of peacock blue and white, small bonnet to match; Miss Russell (Hawke's Bay) wore a black crepon gown trimmed with lace insertion; Mrs Izard, black silk gown and mantle, black bonnet with violets; Miss Izard, fawn costume, brown hat with feathers; Miss Lillian Izard, black crêpon, small black hat trimmed with jetted tips and violets; Mrs Travers, black costume, fur boa, large black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Coleridge, dark brown gown relieved with pale blue, brown hat trimmed with blue velvet and brown feathers; Miss Rolleston (Christchurch), brown gown with front of pale blue silk, large brown hat with brown feathers; Mrs Cooke-Daniells, dark brown costume; Mrs Rhind, brown gown, sealskin jacket, majenta bonnet with beaver; Mrs Watson, light brown jacket and skirt, fawn waistcoat, black and red velvet bonnet. Others present were Mrs J. Barker (Hawke's Bay), Mrs Butt, Miss Isaacs (Auckland), Mrs and the Misses Menzies, Miss Turnbull, Mrs W. Barton, Miss Studholm, Mrs and Miss Millar, and others, the Messrs Daniells, Turner, Butler, Pearce, Rolleston, Duncan, Higginson, Cooper, Anson, Turnbull, Tripp, Jackson, and others.

At the

DRAMATIC STUDENTS'

representation of 'The Schoolmistress' Lord and Lady Glasgow, Mrs Goring, Miss Holroyde, accompanied by Major Elliott, Captain Clayton, and Mr Gathorne-Hardy were present. Lady Glasgow wore a black silk gown trimmed with black lace, grey silk cloak bound with grey fur; Mrs Goring (Auckland), black silk trimmed with lace, long mauve cloak; Miss Holroyde also wore black; Lady Stout wore a handsome black silk gown, black velvet cloak trimmed with black feather trimming; Mrs W. Barton (Featherston), long pale blue silk cloak trimmed with white feathers; Mrs W. Johnston, black silk, brown brocaded silk and velvet cloak; Mrs T. Wilford, black silk skirt, pretty yellow silk blouse; Miss Holmes, dark green watered silk, bluish grey cloak trimmed with brown fur; Mrs Turnbull, black silk; Miss Turnbull, black skirt, pink chiffon accordion blouse trimmed with jet; Mrs A. Pearce, black velvet, white cloak bound with fur; Mrs (Dr.) Whitehead, pale blue trimmed with black velvet; Miss L. Izard, white gown pretty grey cloak trimmed with white fur; Miss H. Williams, long white cloak trimmed with white feathers; Miss Menzies, dark blue velvet with cream lace; Miss W. Menzies, blue silk veiled with black net, cream silk cape with lace frills; Miss Millar, white gown and cloak; Mrs Rose, Miss Rose, pale pink, brown cloak trimmed with beaver; her sister wore a white gown and similar cloak; Miss Gore, black velvet, cream cloak bound with brown ferthers; Mrs Goring, pretty pink cloak lined with pale blue, and trimmed with bébe ribbon; Miss I. Cooper, black velvet with white chiffon fichu; Mrs Levin, black silk, black cloak trimmed with black and white feather trimming; Mrs Duncan, black silk and jet gown, long grey silk cloak trimmed with grey fur; Mrs Firth, black velvet gown, black cloak; Mrs Rhind, black silk gown with pink sleeves; Mrs Field, black and red gown, white cloak trimmed with fur; Mrs (Dr.) Adams, black brocade; Mrs W. Ferguson wore black silk; Mrs Newman, brown silk gown, grey cloak lined with pale blue and trimmed with fur; Mrs Hudson, black silk, white cloak. Others I noticed were Mrs and the Misses N. Reid, Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mrs and Miss J. Ross, Miss Dyer, Mrs Fulton, Miss Luckie, Mrs Robertson, etc.

THE WELLINGTON GUARDS' BALL

was held in Thomas' Hall on the same night, when Lady Alice Boyle presented the prizes. She was accompanied by Captain Preston. Captain Paterson presented Lady Alice Boyle with a solid silver miniature hand grenade for her kindness in presenting the prizes. Last year the prizes were presented by Lady Augusta Boyle, and for their appreciation of her kindness the members presented her with a photograph group of the corps handsomely framed. Lady Alice Boyle wore a pale green silk gown trimmed with white lace; Miss Duthie, cream silk trimmed with mauve; Mrs S. Hutchison, black satin trimmed with lace and jet; Mrs H. D. Bell, pompadour silk, black lace; Miss Grace, deep cream silk; Miss Johnston, cream satin with chiffon sleeves; Miss S. Johnston, black silk with white brocade sleeves; Miss E. Johnston, white; Miss Buller, black silk trimmed with old lace; Mrs Paterson, black silk; Miss Moorhouse, cream silk and lace; and others

JOTTINGS.

On nursday night Bishop and Mrs Wallis were entertained at a social gathering at the Lower Hutt, which was held in the Oddfellows' Hall.

The Rev. Mr and Mrs Sprott left for Australia on Friday last. They intend staying the remainder of the winter for the benefit of Mrs Sprott's health, which has been poorly lately. Mr and Mrs Sprott were presented with a purse of sovereigns before leaving.

The Wellington Golf Club is to be formally opened by His Excellency Lord Glasgow on the 20th of this month.

The Gwen Davis Company have been here for the last week, and are particularly good. Miss Davis and Mr Marcus sang a duet called, 'Children Pray This Love to Cherish,' from Spohr's 'God Thou Art Great,' at St. Paul's pro Cathedral on Sunday evening very well. They are to have a concert on Wednesday next at the Opera House under the patronage of Lord Glasgow.

Lady Glasgow has issued invitations for a reception on the 11th, which I hope to tell you of later on.

Miss Pearce is having a dance on the 16th of July.

Mr and Mrs P. Baldwin, who have been in the country for a few days, have returned to town.

Miss Isaacs (Auckland) is staying with Mrs Butt.

Miss Ella Williams has returned to Wellington after a long visit to relatives and friends in Hawke's Bay.

Miss McLean (Dunedin) is staying with her aunt, Miss Holmes.

The Misses Hutchison (Dunedin) are the guests of Mrs G. Hutchison.

Mrs Dowling (Dunedin) is paying a visit to Lady Stout.

H.M.S. Ringarooma and Pylades left for Auckland on Monday. I think that the officers had rather a gay time, as there were so many entertainments going on. I believe many of them were disappointed about the Club ball. The weather was so bad that they couldn't bring the boats in.

Mr and Mrs Cooke-Daniells and Mr Turner leave for America shortly.

The Gourlay and Stokes Company did a splendid week's buisness at the Opera House in spite of the bad weather. 'Revels' is the funniest piece I ever saw, and the house was in roars of laughter from start to finish. It could have run another week easily had the Opera House been vacant. The second scene was extremely pretty, and the picturesque grouping of the guests quite a feature. At the opening night His Excellency the Governor, Lady Glasgow, the A.D.C.'s, and a large party from Government House were present, also Col. Fox, Captain Johnson, and the officers of H.M.S. Ringarooma, Commander Adams, and the officers of H.M.S. Pylades, the Premier and Mrs Seddon, and a host of well known faces filled the Dress Circle. Miss Amy Gourlay is a great favourite wherever she appears. Her vivacious

acting, and her songs and dances 'fetch' her audiences immensely. Her brother, Mr William Gourlay, is as clever a comedian as his elder brother 'Johnny,' and a marvellously agile dancer. The rest of the Company are really capable artists, and back up their principals right well. If you want to have an evening's hearty laughter go and see 'Revels,' which I notice is due at the Opera House, Auckland, on Monday, July 15th.

OPHELIA.

DEAR BEE, JULY 5.

This week we can certainly not complain of dullness. The whole town has simply been alive with various small entertainments. I think there has been a dinner party nearly every night, several dances, and 'evenings' innumerable in all parts of the town. On Tuesday evening, which perhaps takes the palm from its fellows for its attractions, the hearts of the youthful and gay were torn between the two rival entertainments, 'The School Mistress' by the Dramatic Students at the Opera House, and the Guards' Ball at Thomas' Hall. After the opera the people adjourned in large numbers to the Trocadera, and there partook of most delightful little suppers. Among those who thus extended their evening's outing I noticed Mr and Mrs George McLean, Miss Holmes, Mr and Mrs Tom Wilford, the Misses McLean, Mr and Mrs Pearce, Misses Izard and Rose, Mr and Mrs B. Goring, Miss Williams, Mrs Rose, Mr and Miss Turnbull, Misses Menzies, Miller, Wilkes, and Messrs Miller, Bethune, Anson, Pearce, Inman, Haig, etc. The entertainment was got up in aid of the funds of the Benevolent Institution, and I believe the takings have amounted to over £130, which must be most gratifying to both the Company and the trustees of the Benevolent.

Miss Tuckey's

FORTNIGHTLY DANCE

was held in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, an unusually large number being present. Certainly the young people of Wellington have no excuse for indifferent dancing, as there is no lack of opportunity for practice. Miss Tuckey's dances are always most enjoyable, and as they usually break up early, no one need feel any after effects of weariness, which generally follow close on the heels of a dance. Miss Tuckey wore a very pretty pink crepon dress with lace on the bodice, and a ribbon belt finished off with a bunch of short bows; Miss Laishley was in white spotted muslin; Miss McGregor, a soft yellow silk with deep frills of lace; Mrs McKenzie, yellow Liberty silk with frills of the same and lace; her sister, Miss Walker, cream muslin made in a very pretty soft style; Miss Lee, a becoming white silk dress with a broad yellow sash; Miss Dudley, pale blue crepon; Miss Moore, white, with trimmings of satin ribbon, and broad folded waistband of the same ribbon; Mrs C. Richardson, a black velvet skirt with a yellow silk blouse edged with jet; Miss Pownall, a white dress with narrow lace insertion; Miss Koch, mauve; her sister wore black and yellow; Miss Johnston, white crepon with green silk sleeves and ruchings; Miss Ledger, a pretty dress of brown, the bodice of white chiffon and touches of yellow; Miss Dyer, black velvet with yellow silk bodice; Mrs Hadfield looked very well in a black velvet skirt with bodice of blue chiffon with bands of velvet; Miss Hamerton, a pretty dress of yellow nun's veiling; Mrs Gavin, black with cream lace bertha and sleeve frills; Miss Ronald, yellow edged with black jet; Miss Seed, black with silver corded braid; her sister, white spotted muslin with a yellow silk sash and bows; Miss Brandon, a green Liberty silk gown with tiny spots and trimmed with lace. The gentlemen included Messrs Pearce, Smith-Barlow, Tuckey, Inman, Mowat, McRae, Tripe, Young, Turton, Derry, Menzies, and many others.

It is with much regret that we hear the rumour of Mr and Miss Pearce's departure for the Old Country. They intend to leave in the spring, about the end of the session. There are few people whose absence will be so much felt, as Mr Pearce is noted for his generous hospitality on all occasions, and Miss Pearce has become a genuinely universal favourite during her visit to our town.

The Misses Izard are to be congratulated on having been the first to introduce a pleasant novelty in the monotonous round of teas, dinners and suppers, by giving a

GIRLS' LUNCH

on Wednesday. The young hostesses received their guests in the drawing-room, then, still hatted and booted, they took each other into lunch, which was of a most *recherché* description. The table was very artistically decorated with the fluffy yellow mimosa, arranged in tall clear glasses with loops of heliotrope ribbon joining vase to vase, the absence of any silk drapery or paper frills giving a character quite distinct from the gas-lit, much-trimmed dinner-table. The menu cards were held in taper fingers by dainty litt china dolls dressed in fairy fashion, and added much to the general grace of the table. About fourteen sat down, including Misses Grace, Russell, Welford, Miller, Johnston, Williams, Stowe, Duncan, Cooper, Turnbull, and Acland. This will probably set a fleeting phase of fashion in the direction of girls' entertainments, though I doubt if anything but a luncheon would adapt itself so pleasantly to the exclusion of the male sex.

Last Saturday the

GOLF LINKS AT THE HUTT

presented a very lively aspect, the competition for the St. Andrew's cross acting as a special attraction for onlookers as well as players. The prize was carried off by Mr Treadwell. A great number of people came out from town, and appeared to enter into the game with as much eagerness as the usual local member. Tea was provided on the ground by the Misses Mowbray, and proved a most welcome and appreciated addition to the day's pleasure. Among those on the field were Mesdames Howden, Jackson, Scales, Purdy, Gilbert, Treadwell, Climie, Fitzherbert, Misses Wilford, Hector, Johnston, Burnett, Baker, Fitzherbert, Messrs Izard, Pryde, Caldwell, Howden, Nathan, Kemp, Jack Watkins, Mowat, Drs. Purdy and Whitehead, and Capt. Johnson, of the Ringarooma. The Hutt Club certainly scores one over that of Miramar in that its bright colour (scarlet) shows up so gayly and warmly in the guise of universal blouses for the lady players, whereas the colours of the new club yellow and white, are not at all generally displayed by the members, and even if they were, are too dull and sombre to add materially to the general effect of the scene, and we feel grateful to those members who rise superior to Club colours, and don something of a more cheerful shade. There were a goodly number of players at Miramar also on Saturday, who had the advantage of being quite close to the trail of the drag hunt. Towards the end of the day there was a general adjournment to Mrs Crawford's for tea, of golfers and hunters *en masse*, including Mesdames Bell, Hutchison, Pearce, Johnston, Misses Rose, Duncan, Grace, Johnston, Dransfield, Morrah, Messrs Hodson, Webster, Hadfield, Haig, Studholm, Jackson, Pearce, Tripp, etc. I hear there is to be a

LADIES' COMPETITION

about the second week in August, the prize to be a golf club, and I've no doubt most of the members will show themselves eager to test their own accomplishments against their neighbours', while by that time the links will doubtless be in better order for play, and the shed up for tea.

Mrs Barry Goring gave a large afternoon tea on Saturday, which was much enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be invited. Miss Medley played several selections on the piano, and there were also other musical items.

Mrs Travers also gave a large tea party as a farewell to her sister, Miss Connie Barclay, who is to be married next week to Mr Armstrong, of Palmerston North. I believe the wedding is to take place next Thursday morning.

The invitations are out for an afternoon tea at Mrs Gore's on Monday.

Among the expected visitors to Wellington are Mrs Baillie (Picton), Miss Fraser (Dunedin), Mr and Mrs Arkwright (Rangitikei), Mrs Allen (Dunedin), Mrs Russell (Hawke's Bay), Mrs J. G. Wilson (Rangitikei), and Mrs Buick. The latter, I am glad to hear, has quite recovered from the illness which prostrated her some time ago, and hopes to join her husband for part of the session. Mrs Pirani has not accompanied Mr Pirani this year. We may see her later on, as it is probable the session this year will be a long one.

Happening to stroll into St. Paul's on Wednesday afternoon, I witnessed

AN INTERESTING LITTLE CEREMONY—

the christening of Mr and Mrs Cook Daniels' little daughter. The Bishop of Wellington performed the ceremony, and Lady Glasgow and Mrs Newman undertook the duties of godmothers. Mrs Daniels looked well in dark green tailor-made gown; Lady Glasgow was in steel grey silk trimmed with black satin bows, black velvet cape and jet bonnet; Mrs Newman wore an electric blue serge costume; Lady Alice Boyle, brown relieved with green velvet and fur; Lady Dorothy Boyle, golden brown dress with darker velvet trimmings, with a white osprey in her hat; Miss Buller, brown checked tweed costume, brown hat; Mrs Williams, long velvet cloak; and Miss Crace (Australia), in a black and white tweed costume, black hat with violets. Mr Daniels, Mr Turner, and the Hons. Jack and Allan Boyle appeared to be the only gentlemen interested in such things. I caught a glimpse of the baby's lovely Maltese lace robe, and think Miss Dorothea Elizabeth Daniels is a very fortunate young lady to have such beautiful clothes. The guests afterwards drove back to Mr Daniels' house, and I have no doubt enjoyed afternoon tea and drank the lucky infant's health.

Mr and Mrs Cooke Daniels do not intend to extend their visit to New Zealand, and will probably leave for their home in America in a month or six weeks' time. It is gratifying to hear that Mr and Mrs Daniels have been very favourably impressed with our colony, and will carry away with them most pleasant and friendly recollections of Wellington and its inhabitants.

There was a

SOCIAL GATHERING

in St. Peter's Schoolroom on Tuesday, which passed off very spiritedly. The chief attraction was the performance of 'Sunset,' one of Jerome K. Jerome's well-known little comediettas. Miss Ross, as stage manager, deserves the highest praise for the complete and able manner in which she fulfilled the various vexing duties, for anyone who has ever had anything to do with such things will know the thousand and one difficulties which have to be overcome, and the many petty vexations to be met and defeated at every turn of affairs. Miss McGregor, Miss Williams, and Messrs Duthie, Hume, and Reid, who also took part in the piece, showed themselves to be both capable and artistic in their conceptions, and altogether the performance well deserved the hearty applause accorded it. Several speeches followed, then the usual refreshments, and the evening was concluded with a hearty thrice-ringing cheer for the Bishop and Mrs Wallis, who were present.

In the political world things are rather dull—at least from a woman's point of view they are decidedly so. The Ladies' Galleries have not been well patronised this year so far, in spite of a good example set by Mrs Seddon and her daughters, and Mrs Reeves, who are very frequent visitors to the Speaker's Private Ladies' Gallery. Mesdames Collins, Tanner, C. H. Mills, Menteath, Chapple, Leslie, and Miss Ingles are the most constant visitors to the General Gallery, but as a rule I think the ladies are waiting for the return of the Colonial Treasurer, when some excitement is anticipated, and warm argument and fiercely denied accusations will become the usual condition of political discussion.

MEYE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, JULY 4.

We have had a week of intensely cold and very broken weather, having a damping, nipping effect on everything and everybody. On Thursday for the

LIEDERTAFEL 'LADIES' NIGHT'

the rain ceased and the moon shone out, but with a very cold look. The Tuam-street hall was beautifully decorated, but I never remember seeing a 'Gemischter Abend' so poorly attended. It was only in the interval, when all rushed for a cup of hot tea or coffee, that one felt there was anything approaching a crowd. The part-singing was splendidly done, and of the soloists Messrs Barkas, W. A. Day, and Lovell were particularly successful. We missed the ever welcome violin solo from Mr F. M. Wallace. Mr H. H. Loughnan with his 'cello and Mr L. Watkins (piano) gave a very pleasing rendition of one of Mendelssohn's sonatas in his stead. Among those present were Mrs Embling, in black silk skirt and velvet blouse; the Misses Julius, two in pink frocks trimmed with lace and the other in pale blue; Mrs Wilding wore dark velvet gown and pretty terra cotta cloak embroidered in gold; Mrs Denniston, black silk and pale terra cotta cloak, with soft black fur; Mrs W. D. Meares and daughters; the Misses Henry, all black; Mrs W. B. Common, black dress, and her pretty grey cloak with feather trimming; Mr and Mrs Morton Ollivier, Mr and Mrs John Anderson, Miss Armstrong and Miss Kinsey, Mrs E. Deacon, Mrs F. M. Wallace, Mrs W. Stringer, Mrs Lake, Misses Hewlings, Wood, Robinson, Mr and Miss Raphael, Mrs Symes; Miss E. Davie, who looked exceedingly well in pale pink silk with black velvet revers on the low bodice; Miss I. Gibbs, Mrs C. J. Merton, Mr and Mrs H. D. Carter, Miss Nathan (England), Misses Kirton, Mrs H. H. Murray-Aynsley, Mr and Mrs Graham Greenwood, and Mrs C. W. Hill, Judge Denniston, Messrs R. A. Josephs, Common, L. Buckeridge and others.

Thursday was also one of the musical evenings at the

PALETTE CLUB EXHIBITION

in aid of the Winter Work Fund, and a similar one on Saturday, when the Misses Vartha, Henry, Meeson, Hewson, and Messrs M. Gardner, Day, Woodhouse, Millar and others took part. The Exhibition, though purely devoted to sketches, was very good, some excellent work being shown by Messrs Madden and Gibb, Misses Hill and Richardson (Wellington). Among the visitors at various times were Mr and Mrs Wynn-Williams, Misses Gardner, Mr and Miss Cotterill, Misses Ronalds and Moorhouse, Mr and Miss Davy, Mr and Mrs Graham Greenwood, Mrs R. D. Thomas, Mrs and Miss Cowlishaw, Mesdames Burns, Westmacott, etc.

TENNIS AND GOLF.

Tennis seems to have been finally damped. On Tuesday, though the weather was bright and fine, only a few of those interested in the matches turned up at Cranmer Square Courts, regardless of delicious tea provided by the Misses Van Asch; but at golf on Monday, in spite of the damp, the Park was gay all day with colours. Mrs Denniston, Lady Douglas, Mrs Alan Scott, Mrs Lomax-Smith, Mrs J. D. Hall, Misses Ainger, Nedwill, Cowlishaw, Palmer, Aynsley, were only a few of the enthusiasts present.

On Tuesday afternoon the second

'AT HOME' OF THE LIEDERKRANZCHEN

took place at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms, when an unusually large number of subscribers and their friends met, and spent a delightful afternoon. The part-singing of the girls was charming, and some excellent solos from Misses Allen and L. Wood were much appreciated, as was also a violin solo by Miss Freda Marsden. The usual happy interval was spent discussing hot tea and coffee, etc., with a great amount of chatter. Mesdames Julius, Embling, Cook, Mathias, Marsden, Robison, Gardner, Aiken, Anderson, Misses M. Gardner, Bett (Dunedin), Cuff, Hargreaves, and numbers more were present.

On Tuesday evening at 'Orwell,' Papanui Road, Mrs Garrick gave a small dance, which passed off very successfully. Miss Garrick looked well in a pretty white silk. The guests were all young people, and dancing was kept up with spirit till a very late hour.

Next week

TWO GOOD CONCERTS

take place, one for the Masons, and a cricket concert. In the latter the comedy of the 'Snowball' will be repeated, when all those who were prevented by the weather before from witnessing it would do well to make the effort this time, as it is really excellently done by Mrs Alan Scott and the other members of the caste.

A concert at Papanui on Tuesday night for church funds was a great success. The Spanish Band composed of young ladies in costume gave some appropriate selections, some of our best amateurs contributing solos and duets, among them the Hon. Mrs Parker, Mesdames Burns, Westmacott, Miss C. Lingard, Mr I. Gibbs, and others. Mrs Alan Scott and Mr Guise Brittan repeated the farce, 'Theory and Practice,' being again excellently done.

The numerous friends of Mrs J. Lee and also of Mr and Mrs Joseph Palmer will be grieved to see by cable of the death in London of Mrs Lee. She was known to be seriously ill, and this was causing much anxiety to her friends here, and I believe her sister, Mrs G. Lee, with her husband intended going to England at once. The deep sympathy of all their friends is extended to them in their great sorrow.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, JULY 5.

A very large

MUSICAL 'AT HOME'

was given by Mrs Reynolds (Montecillo), for Mrs Donald (Riversdale) on Monday afternoon. Songs were sung by Mrs Reynolds, Mrs Theomin, Miss R. Reynolds, Miss Graham, and others; piano solos were played by Mrs E. Reynolds, Miss Mendelson (Timaru), Miss Rayse, and Miss Roberts. Miss Gross (Melbourne) gave a very witty recitation in her usual charming manner. The table was very tastefully decorated with yellow and red chrysanthemums, and crinkled paper to match. Prettily shaded lamps greatly added to the effect. Those present were Mesdames Reynolds, Eardley Reynolds, Rattray, Woodhouse, Sargood, Jack Wright, MacLean, Denniston, Macassey, Bartleman, Ogston, Melland, Campbell (Christchurch), Jeffcoat, Sise, Donald, A. Ferguson, and Misses Reynolds, R. Reynolds, M. Reynolds, V. Reynolds, F. Denniston, Greenwood, A. Greenwood, Uniac (Sydney), Roberts, MacLean, Webster, S. Webster, G. Webster, Graham, S. Graham, Farquhar, E. Farquhar, V. Farquhar, Macassey, E. Ulrich, Shand, Rayse, Sise, M. Sise, Mills, Rattray, G. Rattray, Roberts, Busck, Gether, Mendelson, Cutten, Tolmie, Nichols, MacLaren, Scott, H. Driver, Gross (Melbourne), R. Neill, E. Neill, Bartleman, Gilkison, and many others. I do not describe any of the costumes as the day was too wet and dark for any pretty ones to be worn.

On Monday evening the usual meeting of the

LADIES' SAVAGE CLUB

was held at Mrs Woodhouse (Kaituna). The chairwoman for the evening was Mrs Stilling, and the programme was painted by Miss Kenyon. The gem of the evening was a clog dance in costume by Miss Elsie Napier Bell. The next meeting of the Club will be held at Mrs Macassey's in Heriot Row.

On Wednesday Mrs Shand (University Buildings) gave

A SMALL AFTERNOON TEA

for Mrs Captain Fraser.

On the evening of the same day Mr Phil Wright (Bishop's Court) gave a

SMALL DANCE

and charade entitled, 'For Cyril's Sake,' for Miss Uniac (Sydney), who is at present staying with Mrs Jack Wright. The table was prettily decorated with white chrysanthemums and white Christmas lilies. Mesdames Greenwood and Jack Wright acted as chaperones. A few present were Misses Greenwood, A. Greenwood, Uniac (Sydney), Webster, Sise, Maclaren, E. Maclaren, Bachelor, Bartleman, Graham, S. Graham, Macassey, Stephenson, Reynolds, and Messrs Wright, P. Wright, Roberts, Webster, Morris, Hodgkins, Stewart, Graham, Macassey, Kettle, Sievwright, Sise, and Stevenson.

On Thursday evening Mrs Farquhar (*nee* Eric) gave a

SMALL DANCE

for Miss Mona Thompson (Auckland). The table decorations were yellow and white chrysanthemums and yellow Liberty silk. Mrs Farquhar received her guests in the drawing-room, being handsomely gowned in black silk and dainty lace cap; Miss Farquhar wore pale green Liberty silk, large Bishop's sleeves, square collarette; Miss Edith Farquhar, cream flowered silk trimmed with heavy lace; Miss Violet Farquhar, pink nun's veiling with fichu of pink chiffon; Miss Norah Farquhar, white muslin, large blue silk sash; Miss Ruby Farquhar, nun's veiling. Some pretty dresses were worn by the following:—Miss Roberts, pink silk, tucked bodice, cream lace; Miss Sise, green and cream, large white satin sleeves; Miss Rattray, yellow silk; Miss G. Rattray, blue silk; Miss L. Rattray, pink nun's veiling; Miss L. Webster, heliotrope crepon trimmed with green ribbon; Miss Royse, white satin, the bodice spangled with gold sequins; Miss Shank, green surah silk, swathe bodice edged with passementerie; Miss McLean, white silk; Miss Ulrich, heliotrope crepon trimmed with plum-coloured velvet; Miss Greenwood, white Liberty silk, large sleeves with trimmings of bright red silk; Miss Ramsay, coral pink crepon, the bodice lavishly trimmed with black; Miss Graham, black satin, black passementerie; Miss S. Graham, pale pink silk trimmed with pink and blue chiffon; Miss Thomson, sky blue satin, ruche of blue chiffon round the neck; Miss Michaelis (England), yellow corded silk, heavy white lace trimmings; Miss Reynolds, white silk trimmed with yellow silk lace; Miss Vida Reynolds, electric blue velveteen, frill of heavy lace round the neck; Miss Neal, white crepon trimmed with lace and ribbon; Miss E. Neal, white satin, green passementerie trimmings; Miss A. Coughrey (*debutante*) was becomingly gowned in white nun's veiling, the bodice pleated and edged with white daisies; Miss E. Gilkison, yellow crepon, full sleeves of yellow silk; Miss L. Mackerras, black crepon trimmed with jet, bunch of pink roses on the shoulder; Miss L. Mitchell, blue corded silk; Messrs Henry, Reynolds, Roberts, Turton, Gully, Webster, Patulo Mitchell, Cheeseman, Oldham, Stewart, Morris, Hughes, Broad, Tapley, Mitchell, Graham, Hawkins, Boddington, Champion (Melbourne), and Hallenstein were there.

On Friday Mrs B. C. Haggitt gave a large

MUSICAL 'AT HOME'

at Anderson's Bay. The spacious ballroom was made into a reception room, and looked extremely pretty and comfortable with Turkish rugs, lounges, and numerous pot plants. The many lamps which were suspended from the ceiling and placed about on little tables with red shades produced a very pretty effect. Space will not permit my mentioning those present.

The same night Mrs Martin (Octagon) gave a large euchre party.

AILEEN.

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, JULY 1.

THE MASONIC BALL

given by the Killarney Lodge in Ewart's Hall was a decided success, and quite the dance of the season so far. The hall, which was most effectively and appropriately decorated with flags and Masonic emblems, was crowded with dancers, who all seemed to be enjoying the evening. The music, under Mr Vannini, was excellent, and the delicious supper was done full justice to, and the table being one of the prettiest ever seen in Blenheim, deserves description. In the centre was a large mirror with vases standing upon and around it festooned with pale blue ribbons, while sprays of foliage lay on the mirror, and fairy lights in different colours and candles with pretty shades lit up the whole. Plants and palms rose from pretty arrangements of crinkled paper, and the front of the tablecloth was draped with pale blue (the Masonic colours), while serviettes bearing the Masonic arms were placed in glasses at intervals. During the evening a set of Masonic Lancers was danced, the ladies wearing their partners' regalia. As to the belle, opinions differed to such an extent that honours were divided.' Mrs Tom Watson was much admired in heliotrope silk with jewelled net, and so was Mrs Cleghorn, in black and white; Mrs Francis Richmond was very handsome in black velvet; and so was Mrs Clouston, in black velvet relieved with pink; Mrs John Conolly pretty black lace over pink silk, and pink ribbons; Mrs Richardson, becoming cream satin with pearl embroidery; Mrs McIntire, handsome black silk; Mrs Thompson, black satin, with jet and velvet; Mrs Ryan, black with jet; Mrs Fuller, black and blue; Mrs Jack Mowat, black and yellow; Mrs H. V. Browne, pale green with ostrich feathers, opera cloak to match; Mrs Illey, black and white silk; Mrs George Robinson, orange silk and lace; Mrs Penny, black and blue; Mrs Park, red and black; Mrs Ferguson, black; Mrs Tait, black velveteen, Maltese lace; Mrs Powell, black; Mrs Orr, black velvet; Mrs A. Rayner, black and silver; Mrs Ballard, black silk; Mrs Salmon, black net and cardinal; Mrs Pritchard, black and cream; Mrs Stratford, black silk, and becoming cap; Mrs Clarkson, black and blue; Mrs McIntosh, black velveteen and jet; Mrs Gillespie, Mrs Bonndy, Mrs Snodgrass, sea green silk with olive green velvet; Mrs Fred Dodson looked well in white; Mrs Elbeck, black and pink; Mrs Hillman, cream; Mrs Fisk (Picton), Mrs Oxley (Picton), black; Mrs Sheridan, pink and fawn; Mrs Dick, becoming black silk and jet; Mrs C. Earp, dark red; Mrs Hell (Waitiopali), etc., etc. Among the young ladies Miss Mildred Fell (Picton) looked well in heliotrope silk and net; Miss Cawte was pretty in cream silk and fur, and so were Miss Mabel Macey and

Miss Lily Macey in pink; Miss Ferguson was admired in a pretty shade of pink; Miss Mai Burnes (Wellington) was charming in pink with turquoise and diamond ornaments; Miss Maud Carey looked well in red with black moiré ribbons; Miss Lilian Horne wore a pretty bright red frock with chiffon frills; Miss Pike (Nelson), wore the prettiest dress in the room—lovely cream silk beautifully made; Miss Seymour was *distingué* in pale pink silk; Miss Fairmar, black and *ecru de nil* ribbons; Miss Bertha Farmar, a pretty pale pink silk frock; Miss Conolly (Auckland), a lovely pale yellow frock with brocade sleeves; Miss Girling, pretty black velveteen gown with beaded net, cream opera cloak; Miss Dick was pretty in white embroidered muslin and pale blue ribbons; Miss Bell, black with lovely white chrysanthemums; Miss Bartlett, pea green and maroon velvet; Miss Chaytor, white broché; Miss E. Chaytor, pretty pink frock; Miss Jane Chaytor, white; Miss E. Carey, white; Miss Gordon, sapphire blue velveteen and pink silk sleeves; Miss L. Stratford, white; Miss Dickens, cream; Miss Muir, black and gold. If I gave the names of half the nice present I should fill up your valuable paper, so must leave them out. Extras were played by Mrs Park and Misses Ferguson and White, and Mr Corrie, and the Killarney Masonic ball will long be remembered as a red letter dance in Blenheim.

Last Monday we got a terrible scare, for there was a big fire in town, Claremont House being gutted, and a portion of the Criterion Hotel caught fire, and had it not been for the strenuous efforts of the Blenheim Fire Brigade, under Captain Snodgrass, aided by some plucky volunteers, the whole of the fine building must have been burnt, and if that had gone half the town might have gone too. The brigade are to be congratulated upon the rapidity with which they got up steam and got the water on, but we sadly need a Salvage Corps here, for more harm was done to furniture and effects last Monday night by rough handling than by fire or water! Albeit, these rescuers had the best intentions possible.

The first Catholic social of the series was held in Ewart's Hall last Wednesday, and was an unqualified success. There must have been more than two hundred present, and from start to finish all went off well, and everyone seemed to be having a good time, especially a whole army of small boys, who made a raid upon the supper table, and devoured and pocketed wholesale. The supper table was laden with good things, and was prettily set out with vases and pots of flowers in red and green crinkled paper. Miss Leahy was much admired in a pretty pale blue gown, and so was Miss Gordon in black lace over amber; Miss Mai Burnes wore a stylish cream crepon and moiré with black lace; Miss Macartney looked very well in black and gold; Miss Dick was pretty in black and amber; Miss Kate Leahy, pretty pink frock; Miss Mabel Macey was very pretty in pink veiling, and so was Miss Lily Macey in pink crepon; Mrs H. V. Browne, a pretty shade of pink veiling; Mrs Ryan, cream blouse and black skirt; Mrs P. Meighan, shot silk gown; Mrs Thompson, black silk velvet and jet; Miss Bartlett, green and ruby velvet; Miss M. Nolan, pink and black; Miss J. Cameron, pink; Miss Davis, black and cream; Mesdames C. Redwood, C. Earp, L. Dodson, Fuller, Penny, and Misses Nolan, Dodson, Horton, Ewart (two), Simson, Chittenden (two), Morison, Sullivan, Murphy, O'Dwyer, Whittom, Clayson, Penny, the Rev. Fathers Macnamara, and Dougherty, Messrs H. V. Browne, Chittenden, P. Meighan, O'Leary, Holdsworth (2 do) Macey, Thompson, Pasley, S. Hodson, E. Conolly, L. Dodson, Nolan, Little, Simson, H. Smith, G. Horton, C. Clark, O'Leary, Green, Macalister etc., etc., etc. The music was supplied by the Hibernian band, led by Mr Vannini.

His many friends in Marlborough and the public generally will be grieved to hear of the very serious illness of Mr Charles Watts, of Lansdowne.

SINCERITY.

DEAR BEE, JULY 1.

The first of this year's

CATHOLIC SOCIALS

was held in Ewart's Hall on Wednesday last, and as usual was a decided success. The arrangements were all perfect, especially the supper, which was under the supervision of Mesdames C. Redwood, Browne, Fuller, Dick, Meehan, and McMonagle. To please the rising generation, the 'powers that be' allowed waltzing on this occasion, and that entrancing mode of whirling around the room was greatly enjoyed.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

are doing a good work among us. Their new rooms in High-street are very attractive. Games of all sorts, illustrated papers and books are some of the inducements held out to those who frequent the streets and bars of public-houses, and lately the Union have started free bi-weekly concerts, which so far have proved very successful. On Saturday evening the items rendered consisted of readings, recitations, instrumental and vocal selections, those assisting being Mrs Kerr, Misses Rose, Girling, Parker, Brewster, the Rev. Mr Tee and Mr Crump.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

is departing for fresh fields, having closed a most successful season on Saturday last. Some folk growl at the amount of money taken out of the place by these peripatetic philosophers, but they do not think of the humdrum of life in an inland town, the doctors' bills and patent tonics required when we have nothing to amuse us. We hope the merry-go-round will visit us again.

One of our citizens, Mr Hax, has just broken the world's record in club-swinging in Wellington. He and his daughter have been giving exhibitions of the 'art' in various places of late.

Still another departure from our midst. Mr and Mrs Booth, who have resided here for twenty-one years, left by the Waihi on Friday for Christchurch, whither Mr Booth has been transferred. Mr and Mrs Booth have been zealous church and choir workers, and will be much missed in many respects.

MABEL.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE. JULY 3

One of the

MOST ENJOYABLE LITTLE DANCES

we have been to for a long time was given by Mrs Glasgow on Tuesday at 'Brooklands.' The floor was perfect. One could have gone on dancing for hours without feeling tired, so that it is not to be wondered at that every one had a good time, and especially our sex, as wonderful to say, there were quite half a dozen more gentleman than members of the fair sex present. The wide verandah was enclosed and carpeted, and made a snug retreat after the dances. Mrs Glasgow received her guests in the drawing-room, and wore a rich black velvet, trained, and dainty cap; Mrs A. Glasgow wore a most becoming blouse of pale shade of silk with pretty striped gauze over it, and black silk skirt; Miss Glasgow looked extremely well in a pretty gown of gold coloured brocho trimmed with lovely lace; Miss R. Glasgow, her *débutante's* gown of pretty soft silk; Miss Tomlinson *élégante*, simple and girlish gown of white net over silk, the net being edged with rows of bebe ribbon; Miss Sealy, becoming black silk and lace; Miss Edwards, pretty gown of pale pink silk; Miss Ledger looked handsome in black velvet; Miss Pitt, creamy gown, long silk sash; Miss Meltan, cream crepon with gold bands; Miss Mackay dark green velvet with pale blue silk corsage; Miss Fell (Picton), pretty soft white silk trimmed simply with gold insertion; Miss Broad, pale pink satin with green velvet sleeves; Miss J. Macdonald, soft white crepon; Miss Lightfoot, black skirt, pale pink evening blouse, and long sash; Miss Fell wore a bright red gown, the corsage being strikingly trimmed with bebe jet bands; Miss K. Fell wore a very pretty gown of soft grey silk relieved with silver braid; Miss Heaps, white broché; Miss Jones, black lace and silk, the corsage being trimmed with jet; Miss Curtis, pretty white crepon with satin sleeves; Miss Hubbard, cream crepon; Miss Wright, pale blue crepon and silk; Miss L. Gibbs, white gown relieved with blue; Messrs Glasgow (three), Levien (three), Robinson, Lane, Ellis, Green, Low, Washbourne, Marshall, Preshaw, Saxton, Dunn, Mackay, Broad (three), Tomlinson, Macdonald, Corrigan, Hamilton (two), etc.

Miss Broad's

THIRD ASSEMBLY

eventuated on Wednesday, July 3rd, and notwithstanding the fact of having danced until late the night (or morning) before it, every one was most energetic. Some of those present were Mrs and Miss Broad, Mrs and Miss Tomlinson, Misses Sealy, Miss Hubbard, Miss Glasgow, Miss R. Glasgow, Miss Gannaway, Miss Heape, Miss Curtis, Miss Mackay, Miss Wright, Messrs Green, Low, Glasgow, Lane, Broad, Duncan, Corrigan, Wither, Levien, Preshaw, Washbourne, Tomlinson, etc.

PHYLLIS.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

THAT very cordial congratulations are tendered throughout the colony to Lady Augusta Boyle on her recovering the use of her ankle once more.

That there is an epidemic of hoops in Picton, a correspondent averring that every child in the place has invested in one. Processions are formed, and the fun is fast and furious—especially for nervous old gentleman, and daintily frocked ladies. Hoop-la!

That a Chinese Missionary is visiting the Chinese residents of Picton. The Maoris call him a 'Rangatira Wi-wi!'

That the Government objected to the proposal of some Auckland educational enthusiasts to provide an excursion train at low rates to Kaipara, in order to give the Board school children an object lesson on the twenty-seven dead and odorous whales now being vigorously dissected on the beach.

That as the Christchurch huntsmen and hounds are not trained to aquatics, there was no meet last week; the country much resembling a huge swamp.

That Mrs Macdonald's 'At Home' in Christchurch was very successful, professional musicians being engaged.

That Mrs Cutten (Anderson's Bay, Dunedin) had very tasteful table decorations at her luncheon party on Thursday, some lovely hot-house plants being a feature of the decoration.

That the *beau* of the Masonic ball, Blenheim, was Mr Cyril Gregory, whose regalia was universally pronounced 'most becoming.'

That there is intensely cold weather in Christchurch; heavy snow in Otago; gales in Wellington; and continuous showers in Auckland.

That at the Ladies' Savage Club in Dunedin the originally painted programmes are real works of art.

That all over the colony a return to the fur-skin clothing of pre-historic man is proposed.

That a visitor remarks on the improved style in hairdressing visible amongst the New Zealand ladies, especially at the Wellington Club ball, when some really pretty coiffures were visible. He hopes the fair ones will now pay attention to a 'woman's crown of glory.'

That the Wellington Hunt Club Steeplechase, which takes place on Saturday, 13th July, will doubtless drawa large number of spectators.

ENGAGEMENTS.

MISS ISABEL PORTER, of Ponsonby, to Mr Audley Jones, of the Auckland Postal Department.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR WALTER A. HAWKINS TO MISS MAY S. BRACE.

ON the 27th June at the Church of the Nativity, Blenheim, Mr Walter Arnold Hawkins, clerk of the Court at Wellington (recently of Blenheim), was married to Miss May Sara Brace, of Blenheim. The ceremony was performed by the Venerable Archdeacon Grace, and was witnessed by a very large number of interested onlookers, both bride and bridegroom being well liked in Blenheim.

THE bride was given away by her uncle, Mr Marshall (Nelson), and was attended by two bridesmaids—Miss Horton and Miss Bessie Smith, Mr E. Pasley acting as best man.

THE bride was much admired in a handsome cream corded silk gown with train, long tulle veil and orange blossoms, and she carried a pretty shower bouquet of white flowers and foliage.

THE bridesmaids looked very well in a becoming shade of pink veiling nicely made, white sailor hats with pink ribbon bands and rosettes, and white tulle veils.

MRS BRACE, the mother of the bride, looked well in handsome black silk with jet, and jet bonnet, and was accompanied by her two sons. Mr and Mrs W. A. Hawkins left for Wellington, the bride wearing a becoming tweed travelling dress and pretty toque.

THE happy pair were the recipients of a number of nice wedding presents, and the wedding, though quiet and simple, was very pretty. Mr Royers officiated at the organ, the several voluntaries, (which made the time we had to wait before the bride appeared pass all too quickly) and the grand 'Wedding March' at the close were beautifully played by a lady visitor.

MR LANE TO MISS HUTTON.

ON Thursday afternoon, a pretty, though very quiet wedding took place at St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, when Miss Hutton, daughter of Professor Hutton, was married to Mr Lancelot Lane, of Eastcote, Waikari.

THE REV. CANON HARPER performed the ceremony, and the bride, who wore her travelling dress—a very pretty brown costume with electric blue vest and hat to match—was given away by her father, and attended by one small bridesmaid—Miss Nettie Wells, who looked very dainty in pretty velvet frock and picture hat of sage green.

MRS HUTTON, mother of the bride, wore black brocade, with touches of geranium in a black bonnet; Mrs Lane, handsome long mantle with brown bear trimming; Miss Grigg wore a neat tweed costume; Mesdames Maitland, Rich, and Vernon were also present, but the guests were confined to the immediate circle of the bride and bridegroom's friends.

CAPTAIN AND MRS HUTTON received the wedding party at their home, Armagh-street, and shortly afterwards the happy pair left for Little River, *en route* for Akaroa, by the 4 p.m. train.

MR MANSON TO MISS BRAITHWAITE.

ON Tuesday, July 2nd, a very pretty wedding was celebrated at the Cathedral, Dunedin, between Mr J. M. Manson and Miss Mabel Braithwaite, eldest daughter of Mr Joseph Braithwaite. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Neville. The church was decorated very prettily with white chrysanthemums and white satin ribbon; graceful pot plants bound round with white crepon papers lined the chancel.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, looked exceedingly pretty in a becoming gown of grey bengaline silk, the bodice almost entirely covered with pearl passementerie, a handsome embroidered veil with wreath of orange blossoms was on her hair.

THE first bridesmaid was Miss Bellit, who wore grey with white trimmings to match the bridal dress. Two little boys and two little girls dressed in white and yellow costumes, with large white felt hats, followed her. Mr Bellit acted as best man.

The bride's mother wore a very handsome dress of black corded silk trimmed with passementerie, quaint bonnet of yellow straw with yellow flowers.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

WHILST at the present moment, there is much diversity of arrangements, hairdressing may well be classed among the fine arts, as upon it depends the style of beauty developed. The 'Poudre' always give a *distingué* appearance, and is well adapted to Court costumes. The 'Coiffure 1830' lends that sweet simplicity to the face which characterised that of our youthful Queen; in the latest Parisian various charms are united, and in the 'Present Day' coiffure the 'New Woman' as well as the 'lady' will find something to her advantage. Jewelled ornaments, dainty bows, and tiny shepherdess hats are worn, which are equally becoming when appropriately placed, and here is the point where the taste and skill of the *artiste en cheveux* comes in, and fortunately many such are to be found, though they hail from foreign lands. A pretty style is shown under the hat in my first sketch. The

chapeau is from Paris, and is made in black velvet, with cream guipure on the full crown. It is trimmed with black tips, black satin rosettes, and with clusters of violets under the brim at each side.

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Now's the time for looking over one's *lingerie* and general wardrobe. Being no longer in the giddy whirl of the season we have leisure to reflect; and especially on rainy days, when the sea looks in a sorry mood, and even the charms of the continent seem temporally to have vanished. The dozens or half dozens of underclothes we possess should always be well kept up. That is to say, when one or more garments are past redemption (what looks more poverty-stricken than patched *lingerie?*) we should immediately have others made in their stead. The newest shape in chemises is batiste with a deep Valenciennе berthe and mauve ribbon shoulder straps tied in a dainty bow. The 'sheath' skirts of two seasons ago already look antediluvian. But what is to be done with the two-year-old silk jupes, perhaps only slightly soiled? My second sketch shows how one of these 'white-elephants' can be utilized. A

AN EVENING BLOUSE FOR ORDINARY WEAR.

lemon-coloured bengaline skirt has been picked to pieces to form the lining of a very useful square cut evening blouse. This foundation is veiled with citron chiffon, embroidered with black silk spots, the pointed band, collar and cuffs being composed of black jet. I am glad to note that these bodices, veiling the bosom and shoulders of the wearer, are once again *de mode*. They are a blessing to thin girls, and form so delightful a compromise between the out and out décolleté and the regulation high corsage.

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A pretty design for a low bodice trimming is given in my third sketch. It consists of berthe and braces in white lace, spangled and outlined with gold thread. Shoulder knots,

LOW BODICE PARURE.

clusters of loops and ends, and cabbage bows in striped moiré ribbon hang down from either side of the square neck opening and of the waist.

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The decision is made! Faced and satin cloths are to hold the day for the next few months, in the making of walking-gowns, and besides rich blues, grey is to take a considerable position on the list of colours. Here is the example of something new and extremely smart in the way of afternoon outdoor gowns. As a visiting dress this confection seems perfect. A steel grey gibeline, otherwise satin cloth, is embroidered with narrow black silk cable cording, made up à la Princesse fastening behind. The skirt portion, following

A SMART ROBE DE VISITE.

the lines of all the best up-to-date *jupes*, is quite seven yards in width round the hem, and has at the back large organ-pleats made to stand out by means of inserted horse-hair. Crowning this perfectly-cut robe is a kind of Russian vest, in steel grey mirror velvet, trimmed with Corsican fox. Lined with cream satin it may be taken off at the wearer's pleasure. Further additions are made in the way of a fur edging round the cuffs and throat, and a large knot of grey satin ribbon to hide the fastenings of the vests. A grey mirror velvet hat, trimmed with ostrich plumes to match, and pearl kid gloves stitched with black, complete a delightful toilette.

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Nowadays, when Mrs Grundy is unceremoniously relegated to a back seat, and Mrs General with her prunes and prism is set at nought, we can scarcely fairly estimate the daring strength of mind Mrs Amelia Bloomer—who has recently died—displayed in suggesting and wearing a dual garment for ladies' everyday costume, between forty and fifty years ago, when both those shining lights of feminine propriety were rampant. The 'Bloomer' costume flickered feebly then, but may be considered the seed from which our present decidedly advanced and 'new' knicker suit has sprung. In addition to cycling, golfing, and shooting, these suits have been used for skating during the recent frosts, and have apparently been considered a success.

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Extravagance in fur seems to have reached its limit. Besides the lavish employment of ermine as pipings to dark skins, and as linings to cloaks, there is a tremendous demand for sable, blue fox, and the coat of another specie *renard*, who hails from Corsica, and whose fur is nearly as grey and as fluffy as that of his more expensive *confrère*. A wag, who has seen and inwardly digested the Parisian frocks, made entirely of some first-rate fur, dyed in some cases dark blue or crimson, declares that we are returning to the days when the world was still young, and men and women walked about *faute de mieux* in wild beasts' skins, stained according to the primitive fancy of the wearer. A couple of martins, with the heads suppressed, that are joined together to form a boa, the tails and paws constituting an excellent finish, are one of the latest cosy additions to our winter toilettes.

HELOISE.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

RECIPES.

ATTELETS DE MOUTON EN KARI A LA HOOSEINE.—Put 3oz of butter in a frying-pan, slice into it an onion and an apple, fry together till brown, then stir in a heaped dessert-spoonful of curry powder, a little tomato sauce, and as much good stock as will make a nice thickness, let all boil up, strain into another stewpan, and let it cool. Take as many skewers (about 5in. long) as there are diners, from a raw neck of mutton cut thin slices of meat the size of a florin, put them on the skewers with thin slices of carrot, onion, and fat in between, till the skewers are full, put them in the curry and simmer gently for four hours. Serve on the skewers, arranging them neatly in a dish and pouring the sauce over and round them. Serve with rice in a separate dish.

SOUFFLE.—In a medium-sized round bottomed saucepan, melt 1oz. of butter, add 1oz of flour, and a quarter of a pint of milk, 3oz of grated Parmesan, salt, cayenne or pepper to taste, and boil well. Then stir in the yolks of two or three eggs, and beat the mixture thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Whip the whites of three or four eggs to the stiffest froth, and stir very lightly, but thoroughly into the saucepan. Bake immediately in a very hot oven for twenty minutes, and serve at once in the dish in which it is cooked. The mixture can also be steamed for the same time or rather longer, or it can be baked for five minutes in paper case. If it is baked as a whole I strongly recommend the use of earthenware made thoroughly hot before the souffle is put in. Pretty red pans can be bought quite suitable to send to table, and as the great difficulty with souffles is to get them to table before they cool and sink, it is very advantageous to have some pan that retains heat longer than the tin commonly used. The pan or tin must be well greased. Fresh-grated Parmesan is the best cheese for the purpose, or sometimes Gruyere, for a change, but any dry, well-flavoured cheese can be used.

PRINCESS CAKE.—Beat four large or six small eggs till perfectly light, then stir into them 8oz or 9oz of raw sugar (rolling it to get it nice and fine), the same quantity of flour, 4oz to 5oz of butter beaten to a cream, a grain or so of salt, a small teaspoonful of finely grated lemon peel, and not quite 1oz of powdered ginger. These ingredients must be carefully and thoroughly mixed, beating in each little by little, and keeping up the beating the whole time (it is on this the lightness of the cake depends). Have ready a well buttered cake tin, and just as everything is ready stir in a small quantity of carbonate of soda, and bake at once in not too hot an oven. It will take rather more than an hour. Let it cool before turning it out of the tin, then set it on the pastry rack till cold.

OATMEAL GRUEL FOR INVALIDS.—One tablespoonful of fine oatmeal mixed with water to a smooth paste. Pour into a pint of boiling water and boil twenty or thirty minutes, stirring often; salt, and add spice and wine if allowed. Another recipe for gruel:—One quart of boiling water, one-half cup of oatmeal. Salt to taste, and, if you like, sugar and nutmeg. Wet the oatmeal, and stir into the boiling water. Boil slowly half an hour, stirring well. Thin with milk, and strain if desired. Always look over oatmeal to get out the black specks, and rinse in cold water.

KITCHEN HINTS.

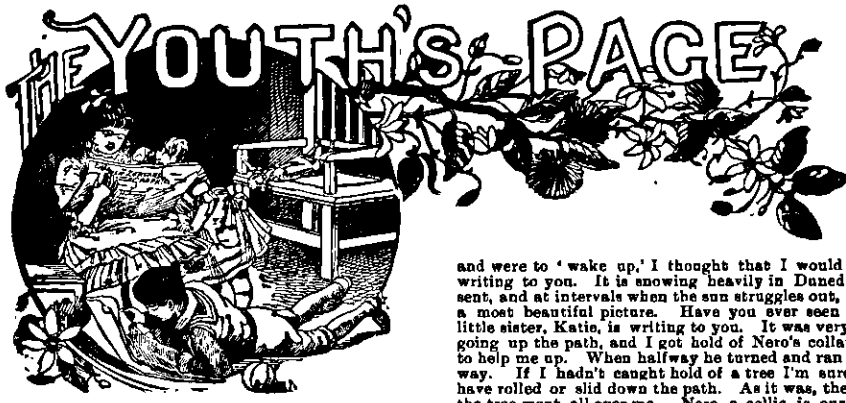
WHAT a mainspring of the house the kitchen is! If matters do not go smoothly there you may be perfectly certain that they will go worse everywhere else. The cook, as a rule, has a curious hypnotic power of imbuing all and everything with her moods of the moment. The chief requisites are, of course, space and light, and it is terrible to think that many kitchens are without either; not, of course, in the country, but it is so in many important towns. Not that the space is always so much greater, but there is usually a sufficiency of light. What we lack in town kitchens is surrounding space for the overflow of work. We have to be literally within our own gates for the area is practically useless beyond the fact that it leads to the coal cellar. I think mistresses of households do not always consider how many breakages may be put down to a lack of a sufficiency of cupboards wherein breakables can be kept stored and sorted. This is the great secret of avoiding demolition of our pottery; from the time of Æsop to now the china pot and the iron have not been good social companions. Cooks' cupboards are occasionally a topic which gives rise to friction between the mistress and herself; generally speaking, she has a marked predilection for a quantity of half broken bottles filled with various sauces and flavourings, the actual names of which are only known to herself. I have reason to bear personal witness to the truth of this statement, owing to the fact that in the absence of my cook the parlour maid made our coffee of ground allspice, thereby mystifying the family circle as to the precise nature of the poison which had been administered. You may supply their cupboards with jars distinctly labelled, if you will, but as far as my experience goes, sooner or later the contents and the label will not agree. Now, these are really not very important details, and, if the housewife is wise, and the lucky possessor of a really good cook, she will not insist on the letter of the law too much, keeping a strict eye, however, over the cleanliness and general arrangements. Cupboards in which groceries are to be kept should not only be not too near the fire, which is a fact evident to most people, but no hot water pipes should be allowed to pass through them, in linen cupboards they may be considered an excellent addition, and their effect negative as far as glass and china is concerned, but sugar, and such-like necessaries, ought to be kept in a cupboard as cool as possible. I was led to dwell on kitchen matters by being shown a new double roasting pan, fitted with a grid that is made double, the space between the two being filled with water, this protects the gravy from burning, and being stamped out of one piece of metal, there is no likelihood of leakage. Another special advantage are curves at the bottom of the pan, which facilitates the gravy running into the well, without these it is a little apt to stand off all round because the stamping of the metal makes a little ridge round the edge of the well. There is one bit of 'kitchen' advice I should like to give those about to marry, which is that lists of household utensils supplied by shops are apt to be somewhat misleading, and result in a bride being provided with half a dozen where one would have lasted her a life time, and one of something which, if she knew better, she would ordinarily purchase by the dozen. There is no object in laying in too large a store of any of these things; people seem to lay in stock preparatory to matrimony as if they intended taking up their abode in a desert where their shopping would be regulated according to the passing of caravans, instead of being easily augmented from the corner shop. Nearly every good cook has her fads regarding kitchen utensils, and it is just as well to consider them as far as possible.

A NEW ROASTING PAN.

ON CHOOSING A WIFE.

A CYNIC says: 'Blessed are they that expect nothing, and they shall not be disappointed.' This is, perhaps, going too far, but it is ridiculous for a man to expect perfection in a wife, any more than to suppose that she will find him a model of all the virtue and graces. He has no right to ask a girl to be his wife, and demand, of her a pure record when his own past life will not bear scrutiny. If he likes to tell her of his past follies—or merely says that there have been grave lapses and mistakes in his life—and she elects to believe his promises of amendment and agrees to become a true helpmeet in his new career of domestic goodness, so be it, but let the girl choose with her eyes open. Why should men expect, nay, demand, in women what they are not prepared to offer in return?

A writer on courtship has the following:—'It is necessary to note that mutuality of taste is far from being a guarantee of happiness. A Jack Spratt like difference of opinion on matters, whether relating to food, art, character, people, or things, is often much more conducive to comfort than duplicated tendencies, which, though at first equal and well balanced, often develop into sources of rivalry and oppression. The happiest couples and the best assorted are those where the talker and the listener, the accompanist and the singer, the writer and the secretary, the bread-winner and the bread-maker, are allied. The man with the highest opinion of himself is generally the most fortunate in selection of a mate; he demands no transcendent qualities, forms no absurd and disappointing valuations, but looks upon the object of his choice as a durable and appropriate setting for the jewel of his love. All he has to do is to look for solid ore, however plain, and avoid pinchbeck, and then his gem will shine brightly to the last—provided, at least, the stone itself be a real one, and not a spurious imitation, which his vanity has refused to submit to recognised tests.'



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'COUSIN KATE, *care of the Lady Editor,* GRAPHIC *Office, Auckland.'*

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post-office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz, ½d; not exceeding 4oz, 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, ½d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only'

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I suppose you think I have forgotten you, as I have not written to you for such a long time. I will ask you please to send me a badge, and I will enclose stamps. I think the badges must be very pretty by the description you gave of them. How much would it cost to have the pin on it, as you told one of the cousins last week? I think it would be very nice, don't you? I think I can answer Cousin Dot's puzzles, and I hope they are right. Yesterday we heard that our dog 'Sailor' was dead; he is up the country with my brother. We are all very sorry for he was a great pet. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must say good-bye, so with love to yourself and all the cousins, I remain your loving cousin, MURIEL THOMPSON, Auckland.

[I am so glad to find that the cousins are remembering me and each other. About the pin for the badge, I think you can get one with initials for 1s 6d, but am not quite sure. I have sent you one like the others. You could take the safety-pin out, and sew the ribbon round the brooch, if you liked. I think as you have the opportunity, you would rather choose your own pin, would you not? I fancy along Karangahape Road you would be sure to see just what you would fancy. I am sorry about 'Sailor'; it is very hard to lose one's pets. I have not the answers to Cousin Dot's puzzles, so must ask her to send them up. As a rule, I do not put in riddles until I have the answers.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I was very pleased to see my letter printed in the GRAPHIC this week. I do not ride. I am such a coward, I am frightened to get on the horse's back, and another thing, I do not think it would carry a lady. Referring to the riddles I sent, you may use them as you like. I am sending you a few more riddles, and you may put them with the others. The weather was frightfully cold here a few days ago. The ice in some places was more than a quarter of an inch thick. We have a little canary. It is *of* a bright yellow colour with not another coloured speck on it. It does not sing much, but it is always chirruping. Whenever any one of us talks to it it answers us back again. I will relate to you a little anecdote which happened the other day. My brother has a pair of pigeons, and one of them mysteriously disappeared. We missed it for several hours, and came to the conclusion it had been trapped. A curious sound like fluttering was heard several times in one of the bedroom chimneys, we little thought it was the missing pigeon. On entering the bedroom shortly afterwards, to my astonishment I found the pigeon perched on the iron rail of the bedstead. There was a screen in front of the fireplace, which after going down the chimney, it must have had a difficulty in getting past. But it was very tame, so I opened the window and it flew out. Hoping this letter is not too long, I remain, COUSIN JESSIE NO. 3. Masterton.

[Thank you for the riddles; I will keep them. Try for the story competition, which will come off directly, I hope. We have no ice, only one morning we discovered a thin piece about as thick as a sheet of paper. We were quite pleased with it. What is your canary's name? I am glad you got back your pigeon; it would have been a pity had it died of starvation in that chimney. Your letter is not at all too long, and I hope to hear from you again, and from all the cousins.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am seven years old. I go to school, and am in Class II. The snow is very deep, and I put some crumbs on the window sill for the poor little birds. When the man came with the letters we threw snowballs at him. Goodbye.—From KATIE. Dunedin.

[I am very pleased, dear little Cousin Katie, to put your name on my list, especially as it is the same as mine. How nicely you write for your age! Be sure you always throw out plenty of crumbs for the poor little birds this cold weather. They must find it very difficult to get food. How did the postman like your snowballs? I don't suppose he had time to stop and throw any back.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is a long time since I last wrote to the GRAPHIC, but when I saw that we wrote so seldom and were to 'wake up,' I thought that I would start by writing to you. It is snowing heavily in Dunedin at present, and at intervals when the sun struggles out, it makes a most beautiful picture. Have you ever seen it? My little sister, Katie, is writing to you. It was very slippery going up the path, and I got hold of Nero's collar for him to help me up. When halfway he turned and ran the other way. If I hadn't caught hold of a tree I'm sure I would have rolled or slid down the path. As it was, the snow off the tree went all over me. Nero, a collie, is our dog. I think his name has appeared in the GRAPHIC before. I think the riding gallery that Cousin Maude mentioned is the same that was in Dunedin a little while ago. I had a great many rides on it. I am sending you stamps for a badge, if you will kindly send me one. I am also sending a few puzzles.—With love from COUSIN LESA. Dunedin.

P.S.—I vote for the 'Puzzle Competition.'

[Yes, Nero is quite an old GRAPHIC friend, and I am glad his mistress thought of writing again and mentioning him. He is not very reliable as an ice-friend, is he? Rather too slippery himself, I fancy. Yes, I have very often seen snow, though I have only been in Dunedin in the autumn or summer. We used to call the riding gallery a merry-go-round. I think it was here, too. I have posted your badge, and I hope you will like it. The puzzles I will keep. The voting was largely in favour of the story competition. —COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I received the badge, and think it is very pretty with the gold letters on the red ribbon. I have not got any pets of my own, but I live with my grandmamma and aunty. My uncle had a nice dog. It is what is called a water spaniel. When my uncle was in his room reading the *Star* the dog used to lie at his feet, and when he had finished, the dog took the paper upstairs in his mouth to the dining-room, and aunt gave him a biscuit, but he would never eat it till he got downstairs again to his master. My only companion is my doll's house. It has four rooms, a kitchen, bedroom, dining-room, and drawing-room. The dolls are all ready to work, but I think they are very lazy, for they do not get on very fast with their work. I go to school, and like it very much. I shall be having my holidays at the end of August. I sometimes go away, but I do not think I will this time as it is too wet. I have not got any more to say just now. Good-bye.—your affectionate cousin, AGNES.

I am so glad you are pleased with the badge. What a clever dog that was! Is he still with you? And has he a name? Dolls are really excellent companions, though one sometimes wishes they would make a remark about something—even the weather! But they sit and stare, and never even wink as if they understood what you are saying to them. Now, a dog gets quite excited if you talk to him about things he understands, a bone, or rats, or cats! and if he doesn't understand he tries to look as if he did! Write again when you have something more to say.—COUSIN KATE.]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

(1) Why is a retired milkman like a whale that swallowed Jonah? (2) Why is the earth like a blackboard? (3) Why is a flirt like a hollow India-rubber ball?—COUSIN MURIEL THOMPSON.

ANSWERS.

Answers to Cousin Dot's puzzles: (1) When the bull-rushed are out. (2) A pair of stays. (3) A sponge.—COUSIN MURIEL.

Answer to Senex's riddle: The whale that swallowed Jonah.

CHARGED BY A BUFFALO.

EVERY farmer's boy has seen two angry rams rush at each other, with heads almost down to the ground. It is thus that a mad African buffalo charges upon the object of his rage, be it man or lion. Such a charge is described by Mr Herbert Ward in *Scribner's Magazine.*

While his comrade, Mr E. J. Glave, was stalking a large herd of buffaloes, he fired at a bull, but only wounded it in the shoulder. The herd stampeded, but the wounded bull trotted into a neighbouring patch of scrub, whence, as Glave approached, he rushed into the open, and for an instant stood there dazed.

Recovering himself, the infuriated animal extended his neck, stuck back his ears, stamped with his foot, sniffed the air, and with an ominous twitch of his tail, charged straight for the man, who stood waiting him, fifty yards off.

Glave saw from the place of the charging buffalo that his life depended upon the one shot. He waited, therefore, until the brute, with head close to the ground and bellowing with rage, was within a few feet. Then he fired and shot it through the heart. So sudden was the shock and so great the impulse, that the brute turned a somersault, and Glave had only time to jump aside to avoid being crushed.

While stalking the herd Glave had given a native his helmet to carry. When the man saw the infuriated buffalo about to charge he climbed up a high tree. So scared was he that even after the buffalo had been killed, he could not be persuaded to come down with the helmet, and another native had to go up and get it.

The exposure of the hunter's head to the sun gave him a severe fever, and that night he was so delirious as to require several men to control him.

AID TO MEMORY.

'TOD' Walters is a ten-year-old boy in whom the spirit of mischief and the spirit of investigation are developed to an unusual degree; at least, his suffering grandparents entertain that opinion. Tod made them a short visit a few months ago, and although they are fond and proud of their grandson, it cannot be denied that their principal feeling when they said good-bye to him was one of relief.

Neither of the old people had very sharp eyesight, and they seldom used their spectacles except for reading, so it was not surprising they failed to discover some peculiar indentations which marked the top rail of the polished balusters on the first morning after Tod's arrival, and which grew deeper with each succeeding morning.

To all appearance Tod did not notice them either, until the last day of his visit. Then he announced in confidence to his grandmother:

'I'm *afraid*, grandma, that I've made some marks on the baluster-rails with my Waterbury, but you see I've always run down so fast that I never noticed them till this morning!'

'With your Waterbury, Tod!' echoed his grandmother in amazement.

'Why, yes. I've wound it by pressing the winder on the rail, you know, every morning since I came. It was such a splendid place, and saved such a lot of time, because I could do it as I ran down to breakfast. And always doing it that way kept me from forgetting to wind it, you see!'

ELLEN'S FEAR.

LITTLE ELLEN'S mother has a 'muley' cow, and Ellen is delighted because the cow they had before had such a dreadful pair of sharp horns that she was the terror of her life. Little Ellen's mother also has a brother who is a mighty hunter, and one day not long ago he brought from the chase a very handsome pair of deer horns, and the family gathered around to admire them. Little Ellen looked on with delight, till she saw them held up, then she said with sudden terror, 'What are you going to do with them, uncle? Put them on the cow?'

WHAT HE WAS AFRAID OF.

'I WANT to go home,' whimpered Tommy at the seaside, when he saw how brown the sun was making him. 'If I don't go soon, I'll turn into a little Maori.'

WHEN HE WOULD REPEAT IT.

HARRY, who is five years old, when in bathing in a mountain lake with his father the other day for the first time. He didn't seem to like it very much, but when his mother asked him if he had enjoyed it, he replied, 'Oh, ever so much. Maybe some day when I'm a man I'll go in again.'

A new method of punishing bad boys was invented by a Kentucky judge the other day. Eight negro lads from eight to fourteen years of age were caught breaking into a house, and the judge who tried them and found them guilty told the mothers of the boys that if they would whip them publicly in the court-room, the little fellows would not be sent to the penitentiary. So at an appointed time a space was cleared in front of the judge's desk in the court-room, and the mothers of the eight culprits, armed with rawhides, began the punishment. The blows fell thick and fast, and in more than one instance the punishment was so severe that blood was drawn. Once the judge thought it his duty to interfere and prevent the whipping from becoming too brutal. The mothers evidently were determined to do their whole duty, for the beating continued until the judge stopped the affair, and the bowling little darkies were led down the street towards their homes. Whether the whipping was continued in the privacy of the negro cabins the account does not relate. A large crowd witnessed the punishment in the court-room.

WHY HE LEFT.

THERE was firmness, when he entered,
In his manner and his strut;
Satisfaction lodged and centered
In his manly bosom—but—

When his sweetheart's little sister
Seemed to talk to him inclined,
He was left when he had kissed her,
Nearly destitute of mind.

'You are nicer than the other,'
Said this interesting child;
And he hoped she meant her brother,
Though he felt that hope waswild.

'Yes, I saw him kissing Molly,
And I heard her call him dear;'
Which was rather melancholy
And unnerving news to hear.

Then he told the little traitor,
As he gave the door a slam,
That 'when Molly came down
Say I just had a telegram.'

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

'JAMES,' said Mrs Blink to her ten-year old son, 'what were you saying about the new moon to-night?'

'Saw it over my left shoulder, so I guess I'm going to have bad luck, ma,' answered Master James, promptly.

'My son,' said Mrs Blink, kindly but firmly, 'I am both surprised and grieved to find you a believer in idle and foolish superstitions. I cannot imagine where you get such silly ideas! There never was a particle of superstition in my nature. G-o-o-d-n-e-s-s, g-r-a-c-i-o-u-s! child, what is that awful noise?'

'That ain't nothin', ma, but a dog a-howlin'.'

'Oh, mercy, child, go and see who is sick in the block! Somebody is going to die. I never knew it to fail when a dog howled. Run and drive him away, James. I hope it isn't meant for any of us!'

And James is still wondering at the difference betwixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

DRAWING-ROOM DIALOGUES.

MAUD: 'What sort of a fellow is Jack?'
Ethel: 'Not bad.'
Maud: 'How interesting he must be.'

QUITE ANOTHER COLOUR.

MAHL STYCK (of Bohemia): 'You poets make a great mistake in writing about the grey dawn.'
The Long-haired One: 'How?'
Mahl Styck: 'I've been out all night many a time, and I've found nothing but blues in early morning.'

MIND-READING.

MRS SNIFFWELL: 'Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions!'
Bridget: 'Sure, mum, you're a moind-reader.'

AN IMPORTANT PROVISION.

GENT: 'Does a watch run as well when it is hung up as when it is lying down?'
Jeweller: 'Yes, sir, if your uncle doesn't forget to wind it.'

FALSE HOPES.

FLANNIGAN: 'Say, Moike, this won't do. Paple say you are shwate on Mrs Flaherty—and she a married woman.'
Moike: 'Phwist! Not a wurrd. That's only so Oi can go on borryin' terbaccy av old Flaherty. He's in hopes Ol'll elope wid 'er.'

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

LITTLE GIRL: 'Mrs Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs? She wants to put 'em under a hen.'
Neighbour: 'So you've got a hen sitting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.'
Little Girl: 'No, ma'am, we don't; but Mrs Smith's going to lend us a hen that's going to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.'

A SMALL YOUTH'S RETORT.

THE pompous schoolmaster sometimes finds himself in a position which is not entirely to his taste. A great English wit, Mark Lemon, once wrote a book, in which he told of a chubby-faced little urchin who passed his conceited instructor upon the street without bowing. The schoolmaster stopped and frowned.

'What has become of your manners, sir?' he roared. 'It seems to me that you are better fed than taught.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the little boy; 'that's because you teaches me; but I feeds myself, sir.'

VERY PARTICULAR.

SHOPPER: 'Have you any toys a child can play with on Sunday?'
Salesman: 'Yes; here's a box of soldiers.'
Shopper: 'Play with soldiers on the Sabbath!'
Salesman: 'But these belong to the Salvation Army.'

NOT A DIPLOMIST.

MISS PASSER (giving a dinner): 'This wine is over forty years old.'
Pilot (thoughtfully): 'Bottle it yourself?'

MUCH WORSE.

JINKS: 'How's your wife?'
Binks: 'Her head troubles her a good deal.'
Jinks: 'Neuralgia?'
Binks: 'No, she wants a new hat.'

TWO SIDES TO THE MEDAL.

EVERYBODY knows the woman who says society is such a bore. Few of us know her intimately, for, in point of fact, she does not go about much. I ran across her at a friend's house the other day and remarked her languid air. The hostess was indiscreet enough to refer to it, and even the teacups shuddered with horror at the woman's reply.

'Yes,' said she, 'paying calls is so tiresome.'

'Oh,' responded the hostess, 'but think how much more tiresome it is to receive them.'

And the teacups scored one for the hostess.

THE ENCAGED COUPLE.

ETHEL: 'I kissed your photo yesterday because it was so much like you.'
George: 'Did it kiss you back?'
Ethel: 'No.'
George: 'Then it wasn't much like me!'

IN THE PROVINCES.

STAGE MANAGER (to Super): 'Now, understand, you've only to say, "My lord, we have wounded Buckingham."'

Super: 'My lord, we have killed Buckingham.'
Tragedian: 'Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you. Then you've been and busted the whole bloomin' show, you 'ave.'

A MODERN ESTIMATE.

'ARE you sure the girl to whom you are engaged will be able to make you happy?'
'Positive,' the young man replied.
'Has she common sense?'
'She has more than that. She has the uncommon dollar.'

A CONVENTION of POLITICIANS

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