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And Ladies' Journal.

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HON. W. P. R——s:—"There ain't no lady livin' in the land, as I'd 'swop' for my dear old Dutch!"

THE OTAGO GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

THE Otago Girls' High School has the honour, we believe, of being the first public High School for girls established in the Australasian colonies, if not south of the line. Credit for the first suggestion to establish a High School for girls in Dunedin is due to the *Otago Daily Times*. The Boys' High School was opened on August 3rd, 1863, and a few days later a leader appeared in the *Times* advocating the founding of a similar school for girls. In the Provincial Council, on November 4th, 1864, Major Richardson moved a resolution, of which previous notice had been given by Mr W. H. Reynolds:—(1) 'That it is expedient to give encouragement to the education of girls beyond that afforded by the ordinary district schools; (2) that the Government be requested to submit to the House during the next session some scheme by which this result could be attained. Nothing further, however, was done in the matter until June, 1869, when on the motion of Mr J. L. Gillies it was resolved by the Provincial Council: 'That the Government be requested to appoint an honorary Commission to determine the best scheme and site for a High School, and to consider whether it is expedient that provision should be made in the same building for the teaching of girls as well as boys.' The commission consisted of the following members:—The Rev. Dr. Stuart (chairman), Mr Justice Ward, the Hon. F. D. Bell, and the following members of the provincial Council:—Messrs Reynolds, Turnbull, McIndoe, McLean, Reid, Haggitt, Duncan, Gillies, and Mouat. The committee was assisted in its deliberations by the recommendations of a committee of ladies who took an interest in the matter, of which committee the late Mrs E. B. Cargill was president and Miss Dalrymple secretary. The Commission recommended that the rector's residence at the boarding establishment of the Boys' High School should be removed elsewhere, and that the rooms vacated, together with whatever additional accommodation might be found necessary, should be assigned as a High School and boarding-house for girls.

Accordingly at the end of 1870 the school was opened under the able management of Mrs M. Gordon Burn, who had been appointed to the position of principal. Mrs Burn had already distinguished herself as a teacher, having, before her appointment to the Dunedin High School, occupied the position of Lady Superintendent of the Geelong Girls' College. Mrs Burn continued to manage the school with great ability and success for fifteen years, retaining during that time the entire confidence of the governing body.

The school was opened at the beginning of 1871 with a roll of 78 pupils. By the end of the quarter there were 102 in attendance. At the end of the year there were 130 on the roll, including 16 boarders, and it was found necessary to provide further class-room and boarding-house accommodation.

At first the masters of the Boys' High School gave lessons to the senior classes of the Girls' High School; but in the beginning of 1873 it was found advisable to discontinue this arrangement, and transfer the services of Mr Pope (now Inspector of Native Schools) wholly to the girls' school. In 1874 the attendance had increased to 155, and the Board was obliged to make considerable additions to the building.

In 1876, owing to the large increase in the numbers of the school, Mrs Burn, finding the combined duties of principal of the school and head of the boarding establishment too great a strain upon her strength, asked the Board to relieve her of the boarding house so that she might give all her energies to superintendence of the school. Mrs Burn accordingly ceased to reside on the school premises, and Mrs Martin was put in charge of the boarding school. This arrangement lasted for two years, but in 1878 Mrs Burn resumed her place as the head of the boarding establishment.

In 1877, under the 'High Schools Act,' the two Dunedin High Schools received considerable land endowments and were removed from the control of the Education Board and placed under the charge of a board of governors, consisting of seven members—two nominated annually by the Government, two by the Otago University Council, two by the Education Board, whilst the seventh should be the Mayor of Dunedin for the time being. The Reverend Donald McNaughton Stuart was elected first chairman of the new board, and was reappointed every year till his death early in 1894. Dr. Stuart, who had taken an active part in its inception, was the warmest friend of the school, and never ceased to manifest, even when prostrated by mortal sickness, his warm interest in its welfare. Another consistently kind and helpful friend of the Girls' High School was Mr John Hislop, L.L.D.—first the able Secretary of the Otago Education Board, and subsequently the equally able Secretary of Education in Wellington. Dr. Hislop in his official capacity as secretary of the Board of Education had a considerable part in establishing the school. His connection with the Otago Girls' High School was temporarily severed when the school ceased to be governed by the Education Board, and when Dr. Hislop himself was transferred to a more honourable and onerous position in Wellington; but on his retirement from public life and return to Dunedin he again for some years did the school service as a member of the governing body. Two other names ought also to be honourably mentioned in connection with the government of this school—those of Dr. Macgregor, now Inspector-General of Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums, and of Professor John Shand, L.L.D., Professor of Physics in the Otago University. Both of these gentlemen as members of the governing body were distinguished by their large and liberal views on Secondary Education, and by their enthusiasm in the service of the High Schools. The Hon. W. H. Reynolds and the late Mr James Fulton were also for many years members of the governing body and were active in the interests of the schools.

In 1883 Miss J. J. McKean was appointed at Home as vice-principal and mistress of mathematics to assist Mrs Burn, whose strength was beginning to feel the strain of her weighty and responsible duties, to the performance of which she brought so much capable energy and zeal. Miss McKean continued to occupy this position on the staff of the school till the end of last year, when, to the regret of all concerned with the school, she retired. On receiving her letter of resignation the Board of Governors passed a resolution affirming its recognition of the great value of Miss McKean's services.

In 1884 Mrs Burn found herself obliged, from the state of her health, to resign her position as principal and the Board of Governors invited Mr Alex. Wilson, M.A., to accept the rectorship of the school. Mr Wilson, before becoming rector of the Girls' High School, had been for some years English master in the Boys' High School, and had acted as rector in that school during the temporary absence of Dr. Macdonald in 1884. At the same time Miss K. C. Bathgate was put in charge of the boarding establishment, which position

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 124.)

THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, DUNEDIN.

UPPER SIXTH FORM.

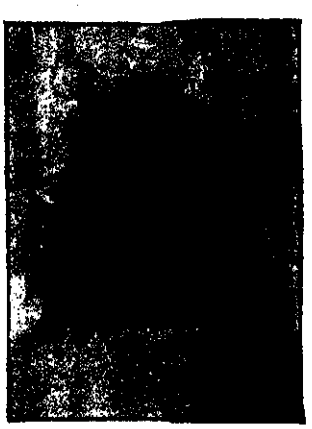
STAFF OF TEACHERS, OTAGO GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Morris, photo., Dunedin.

G. M. THOMSOM, F.L.S.,
Science Master.

MISS H. ALEXANDER, B.A.,
Teacher of English.

MISS F. M. ALLAN, M.A.,
Teacher Latin, French and German.



MISS K. BROWNING (Girton, Cambridge),
Teacher Mathematics.

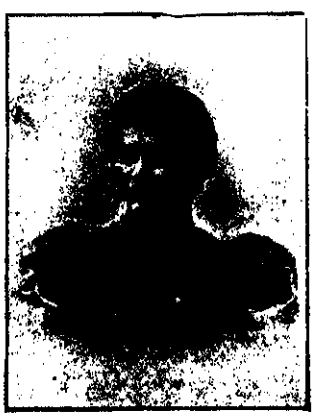
A. WILSON, M.A., RECTOR.

THE VERY REV. DEAN FITCHETT, M.A.,
Chairman of the Board of Governors.

MISS. F. M. WIMPERIS,
Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

MISS J. C. LONGFORD,
Teacher of Music.

MISS E. E. LITTLE.



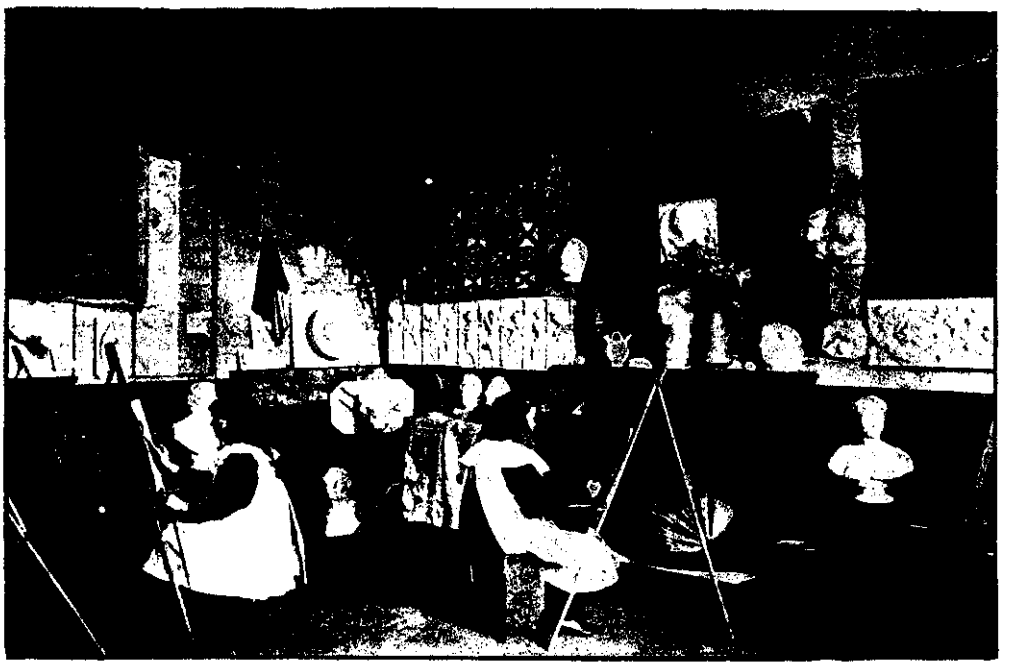
MISS M. ALVES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122).

she occupied till 1890, when, owing to failing health she resigned, and was succeeded by Mrs E. R. Mackay.

On the death of Dr. Stuart in May, 1894, the Rev. A. R. Fitchett (now Dean of Dunedin) was elected chairman of the Board, a position he still occupies. Dean Fitchett has been a member of the Board of Governors continuously since 1885, and has always manifested a warm interest in the condition of both schools. The other members of the Board for the present year are Messrs Geo. Gray Russell, J. R. Sinclair, James Allen (M.H.R.), J. M. Fraser, Henry Clark, and His Worship the Mayor, Mr H. S. Fish. Mr Geo. Gray Russell is the hon. treasurer of the Board, and Mr Colin Macandrew is secretary.

When, in 1885, the Boys' High School was shifted to a new building in Arthur Street, the building in Dowling-street, formerly shared between boys and girls, was given over entirely to the girls. This change not only gave additional class-room accommodation and the advantage of a large hall, but it secured what had formerly been much needed, an open and spacious playground, provided with a good fives court. The ex-pupils, club provided funds for forming two asphalted tennis courts, so that there is now every opportunity for healthful recreation. In addition to this there is at one side of the playground a large and well-equipped gymnasium; and the instruction in gymnastics, under Mr John Hanna, has been for many years a characteristic feature of the school.



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO.

Detached from the main building there is a science room, amply provided with the requisites of a chemical laboratory, and with dissecting microscopes and other apparatus for the teaching of botany. Mr J. M. Thomson, F.L.S., has been science master for many years—his connection with the staff being of longer duration than that of any other teacher in the school.

The art studio is also detached from the main building. It is divided into two rooms, one of which is devoted chiefly to class-teaching, whilst in the other more advanced pupils work at easels. The studio is roomy and well-lighted, and is provided with an exceptionally complete set of casts. The art-teaching of the school is under the charge of Miss F. M. Wimperis.

The following, in addition to the rector, constitute the present teaching staff of the school:—Miss K. Browning (of Girton College), mathematics; Miss F. M. Allan, M.A., Latin, French, and German; Miss H. Alexander, B.A., English; Mr G. M. Thomson, F.L.S., science Miss F. M. Wimperis, drawing; Miss E. E. Little and Miss M. Alves, assistants; Madame Mueller and Miss J. C. Longford, music; Mr J. Hanna, gymnastics.

The total number of pupils enrolled in 1894 was 209—133 in the upper school, 51 in the lower, and 25 attending special classes. For the four quarters the numbers were respectively 193, 196, 193, and 187. The highest quarterly attendance reached was 198 in 1889.

The course of study of this school is arranged so as to enable those who rise from the lower classes to the Sixth Form to proceed to the higher work of the University. Of late years a very large number of girls have proceeded from the school to their degree in the New Zealand University, many of them with great distinction. The yearly honour lists of the Otago University are largely furnished by the names of pupils from the Otago Girls' High School. The school has also obtained its full share of University Junior Scholarships. Credit for the success of the school in various directions is due not only to the efforts of the rector and his staff, but also to the admirable system of scholarships founded by the Otago Education Board. By means of these scholarships deserving children from the country districts are enabled to come into town and participate in the advantages offered by the High Schools. Some of the most distinguished pupils of the Otago Girls' High School have been country girls who have been assisted by the scholarships offered by the Board of Education. In addition to those scholarships offered by the Education Board, a scholarship entitling the holder to free education at the High Schools is offered by the Board of Governors to each candidate for the Education Board scholarship, who, failing to win a scholarship, yet obtains 50 per cent. of the obtainable marks. A great many deserving pupils are enabled by this arrangement to take advantage of High School teaching. It is a very significant fact that the last eighteen duxes of the school, with one exception, have held Education Board scholarships, and the exception held a Board of Governors' scholarship entitling the holder to free eduestion at the school.

The ordinary subjects of instruction besides English, are mathematics (arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, Latin, French, German, natural science (botany, chemistry, and physics), writing, drawing, needle-work cutting-out, and gymnastics. Special classes are organised for cookery and for dancing. Visiting teachers are engaged for instruction in music.

Pupils entering this school from the State schools are classified according to their attainments in English and arithmetic. Arrangements exist by which pupils who, up to the time of entering the school, have confined their attention exclusively to the work of the standards, may begin such secondary subjects as Higher English, Latin, French, mathematics, and science. At the commencement of each session a beginners' class is formed for Latin and for French, and to any pupil who makes exceptional progress an opportunity is given later in the session of joining a more advanced division.

Reports are sent to parents at the end of each quarter to assist them in judging of the progress that has been made by their children during the quarter.

The school is provided with a library containing a large number of works, and open to pupils on payment of a small annual subscription.

Other institutions of the school are the Otago Girls' High School *Magazine*, published at the end of each quarter; the Dorcas Society, the members of which meet weekly to make clothing for poor children; the Dux Society, which provides an annual prize for some subject determined by the Rector; and the Ex-High School Girls' Club. This last is a Club formed by ladies who have had some connection with the school, either as pupils or as teachers. The Club has done much useful work in connection with the school, and, like the Dux Association, provides an annual prize. Mrs Borrows, formerly a member of the teaching staff, is president of the Club.

The school buildings occupy a central and convenient site in Dowling-street, within ten minutes' walk of the railway station. The building, one of the oldest in Dunedin, was originally built as a Boys' High School. It consists of a large central hall with class-rooms branching off on either side. As the school developed, additions were made to the main block, so that the

GROUP OF GYMNASTS (J. HANNA, INSTRUCTOR).

building is not by any means a model of school architecture.

Two full length oil portraits hang in the hall—one the protrait of the late Sir John Richardson, who took a conspicuous part in founding the school, the other of the late Dr. Stuart, first chairman of the Board of Governors.

The photographs from which our reproductions are made, were specially taken for this article by that very well-known Dunedin photographic artist, Mr Morris. They form a very beautiful and complete set of pictures, and reflect the highest credit on the Morris studio in George Street, Dunedin. New Zealand photographers can hold their own against the world.

INTERIOR OF GYMNASIUM.

DREAMALINE.

'WELL, Mr Idiot,' said Mr Pedagogue as the guests gathered about the table, 'how goes the noble art of invention with you? You've been at it for some time now. Do you find that you have succeeded in your self-imposed mission and made the condition of the civilized less unbearable?'

'Frankly, Mr Pedagogue, I have failed,' said the Idiot, sadly. 'Failed egregiously. I cannot find that of all the many schemes I have evolved for the benefit of the human race any single one has been adopted by those who would be benefited. Wherefore, with the exception of Dreamaline, which I have not yet developed to my satisfaction, I shall do no more inventing. What is the use? Even you gentlemen here have tacitly declined to accept my plan for the elimination of irritation on waffle days, a plan at once simple, picturesque, and efficacious. With such discouragement at home what hope have I for better fortune abroad?'

'It is dreadful to be an unappreciated genius!' said the Bibliomaniac, gruffly. 'It's better to be a plain lunatic. A plain lunatic is at least free from the consciousness of failure.'

'Nevertheless, I'd rather be myself than any one else at this board,' rejoined the Idiot. 'Unappreciated though I be, I am at least happy. Consciousness of failure need not necessarily destroy one's happiness. If I do the best I can with the tools I have I needn't weep because I fail, and with his consciousness of failure the unappreciated genius always has the consolation of knowing that it is not he but the world that is wrong. If I am a philanthropist and offer a thousand dollars to a charity, and the charity declines to accept it because I happen to have made it out of my interest in "A Widows' and Orphans' Speculation Company, large losses a surety," it is the charity that loses, not I. So with my plans. Social expansion is not taken up by society—who dies, I or society? Capitalists decline to consider my proposition for a general poetry trust and supply company. Who loses a fine chance, I or the capitalists? I may be a little discouraged for the time being, but what of that? Invention isn't the only occupation in the world for me. I can give up philanthropy and take up misanthropy in a moment, if I want to—and with Dreamaline I can rule the world.'

'Ah, just what is this Dreamaline?' asked Mr Whitechoker, interested.

'That, sir, is the question which I am now trying to answer for myself,' returned the Idiot. 'If I could answer it, as I have said, I could rule the world—everybody could rule the world; that is to say, his own world. It is based on an old idea which has been found by some to be practicable, but it has never been developed to the point which I hope to attain.'

'Wake me up when he gets to the point, will you, kindly?' whispered the Doctor to the Bibliomaniac.

'If you sleep until then you'll never wake,' said the Bibliomaniac. 'To my mind the Idiot never comes to a point.'

'You are a little too mysterious for me,' observed Mr Whitechoker. 'I know no more about Dreamaline now than I did when you began.'

'Which is my case exactly,' said the Idiot. 'It is a vague, shadowy something as yet. It is only a germ lost in my cerebral wrinkles, but I hope by a persistent smoothing out of those wrinkles with what I might call the flat-iron of thought, I may yet lay hold of the microbe and with it electrify the world. Once Dreamaline is discovered and all other discoveries become as nothing; all other inventions for the amelioration of the condition of the civilised will be unnecessary, and even Progressive Waffles will cease to fascinate.'

'Perhaps,' said the Bibliomaniac, 'if you will give us a hint as to the nature of your plan in general we may be able to help you in carrying it out.'

'The Doctor might,' said the Idiot. 'My genial friend, who occasionally imbibes, might—even the Poet, with his taste for Welsh rarebits, might—but from you and Mr Pedagogue and Mr Whitechoker I fear I should receive little assistance. Indeed, I am not sure but that Mr Whitechoker might disapprove of the plan together.'

'Any plan which makes life happier and better is sure to meet with my approval,' said Mr Whitechoker.

'With that encouragement, then,' said the Idiot, 'I will endeavour to lay before you my crowning invention. Dreamaline, as its name may suggest, should be a patent medicine, by taking which man should become oblivious to care.'

'What's the matter with champagne for that?' interrupted the Genial Old Gentleman who occasionally imbibes.

'Champagne has some good points,' said the Idiot. 'But there are two drawbacks—the effects and the price. Both of these drawbacks, so far from making us oblivious to our cares, add to them. The superiority of Dreamaline over champagne, or even over beer, which is comparatively cheap, is that one dose of Dreamaline, costing 1 cent., will do more for the patient than one case of champagne or one keg of beer; it is not intoxicating or ruinous to the purse. Furthermore, it is more potent for good, since under its genial influences man can do that to which he aspires, or what is perhaps better yet, merely imagine that he is doing that to which he aspires, and so avoid the disappointment which I am told always comes with ambition achieved.

'Take, for instance, the literary man. We know of many cases in which the literary man has stimulated his imagination by means of drugs, and while under the influence has penned the most marvellous tales. That man sacrifices himself for the delectation of others. In order to write something for the world to rave over he takes a dose which makes him rave and which ultimately kills him. Dreamaline will make this entirely unnecessary. Instead of writers taking hasheesh the reader takes Dreamaline. Instead of one man having to smoke opium for millions, the millions take Dreamaline for themselves as individuals. I would have the scientists then, the chemists, study the subject carefully, decide what quality it is in hasheesh that makes a writer conceive of these horrible situations; put this into a nostrum and sell it to those who like horrible situations and let them dream their own stories.'

'Very interesting,' said the Bibliomaniac, 'but all readers do not like horrible situations. We are not all morbid.'

'For which we should be devoutly thankful,' said the Idiot. 'But your point is not well taken. On each bottle of what I should call "Literary Dreamaline" to distinguish it from "Art Dreamaline." "Scientific Dreamaline," and so on. I should have printed explicit directions, showing consumers how the dose should be modified to meet the consumer's taste. One man likes a De Maupassant story. Let him take his Dreamaline straight, lie down and dream. He'd get his De Maupassant story with a vengeance. Another likes the modern story in realism, a story in which a prize might be offered to the reader who finds a situation, an incident in the 300 odd pages of the book he reads. This man could take a spoonful of Dreamaline and dilute it to his taste. A drop of Dreamaline, which taken raw would give a man a dream like Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde, put into a hogshead of pure water would enable the man who took a spoonful of it before going to bed to fall asleep and walk through a three-volume novel by Henry James or a Howells farce. Thus every man could get what he wanted at small expense. Dreamaline for readers sold at $1 a quart would give every consumer as big and varied a library as he wished, and would be a great saving to the eyes. People would have more time for other pleasures if, by taking a dose of Dreamaline before retiring, they could get all their literature in their sleeping hours. Then every bottle would pay for itself ten times over, if on awakening the next morning the consumer would write out the story he had dreamed, and publish it for the benefit of those who were afraid to take the medicine.'

'You wouldn't make much money out of it, though,' said the Poet. 'If one bottle sufficed for a library you wouldn't find much of a demand.'

'That could be got around in two ways,' said the Idiot. 'We could copyright every bottle of Dreamaline and require the consumers to pay us a royalty on every book inspired by it, or we could ourselves take what I would call Financial Dreamaline, one dose of which would make a man feel like a millionaire. Life is only feeling after all. If you feel like a millionaire you are as happy as a millionaire—happier, in fact, because in reality you do not have to wear your thumbs out cutting coupons on the first of every month. Then I should have Art Dreamaline. You could have it arranged so that by a certain dose you could have old masters all over your house; by another dose you could get a collection of modern French paintings, and by swallowing a whole bottle you could dream that your walls were lined with mysteries that would drive the Impressionists crazy with envy. In Scientific Dreamaline you would get ideas for invention that would revolutionise the world.'

'How about the poets and humorists?' asked the Poet.

'They'd be easy,' said the Idiot. 'I wouldn't have any hasheesh in the mixture for them. Welsh rarebit would do, and you'd get poems so mysterious and jokes so uproarious that the whole world would soon be filled with wonder and with laughter. In short, Dreamaline would go into every walk of life. Music, letters, art, poetry, finance. Every man according to his bent or his tastes could partake. Every man could make with it his own little world in which he was himself the prime mover, and so harmless would it be that when next morning he awoke he would be as tranquil and as happy as a babe. I hope, gentlemen to see the day when Dreamaline is an established fact, when we cannot enter a household in the land that does not have hanging on its walls, after the manner of these glass fire hand grenades, a wire rack holding bottles labelled Art, Letters, Music, and so on, instead of libraries, picture galleries, music-rooms and laboratories. The rich and the poor alike may have it. The child who loves to have stories told to him will cry for it; the poor wanderer who loves opera and cannot afford even to pass the opera house on a cable car can go into a drug store, and for a cent. begged of a kind-hearted pedestrian on the street, purchase a sufficient quantity to imagine himself a box-holder; the ambitious statesman can through its influence enjoy the sensation of thinking himself President of the United States. Not a man, woman or child lives but would find it a boon and as harmless as a Graham cracker. That, gentlemen, is my crowning invention, and until I see it realised I invent no more. Good-morning.

And in a moment he was gone.

'Well!' said Mr Pedagogue. 'That's the cap to the climax.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Smithers Pedagogue.

'Where do you suppose he got the idea?' asked the Bibliomaniac.

'I don't know,' said the Doctor. 'But I suspect that without knowing it he's had some of the stuff he describes. Most of his schemes indicate it, and Dreamaline, I think, proves it.'

PRUDENT.

'Come un have jesh one more.'

'No (hic), no. Lesh g'ome while we're shober.'

ON A JAPANESE STAGE.

MR VANDERLIP, the husband and manager of Elsie Adair, who has just returned from a trip through the Orient with a theatrical company, was, while in Japan, the guest of Kawakami Otojiro, the leading actor of that country, whose success and dissipations were alike marvellous, and whose death has just been reported.

'While in Japan,' Mr Vanderlip told an interviewer, 'I conceived the idea of appearing before native audiences in Tokio with a company which should play American comedies and farces with not only the American actors, but also native actors in the cast, who should speak their lines in their own language. This idea I carried out. Although the Americans spoke in English, the Japanese were able to take their cues from an arrangement of gestures. The Japanese were given the bulk of the play, so that the native audience easily followed it. My leading comedian was paid a salary of 26 cents per night, and was a very clever man at that.

'The plays were given in the Japanese theatres. Their theatres are arranged in much the same manner as are ours, with gallery, balcony, and orchestra. But the stage is raised only about twelve inches above the orchestra, so that the audience, which sits on mats spread over the floor, is enabled to see easily. The audiences' habit of sitting on the floor gives to a theatre the size of an ordinary one here a capacity of about 5,000. A runway about three feet wide is made through the middle of the orchestra and parquet, on which at certain times, as during stage battles, the actors rush forth and fight in the midst of the audience.

THEY CHECK THEIR SHOES.

'The Japanese remove their shoes on entering the theatre, and check them at the door, as we would our umbrellas and overcoats, paying five cents, for the privilege. The stages are large and roomy, and are made circular in form. By this arrangement one setting can be made during the action in another, and the revolving of the stage presents it to the audience after only a few seconds of delay.

EXTERIOR OF A JAPANESE THEATRE.

'We opened to a tremendous house and did a capital business. There were some things that might be considered a bit extraordinary here. As a matter of fact I nearly lost my life at our first night's performance. It was owing to

THE EXCESSIVE ZEAL OF ONE OF THE JAPANESE ACTORS.

In one of the acts of the comedy which we were producing a cannon was to be fired at me, and I, unarmed and defiant, was seemingly to extract the ball from my stomach and throw it scornfully upon the stage. This, according to my plan, was to be safely accomplished by merely slipping the ball with which the cannon was apparently loaded by the side of the muzzle, instead of into it, keeping it concealed from the audience, while I carried another ball concealed beneath my coat, which a little prestidigitation would produce at the proper moment.

'Unfortunately, the Japanese actor who was to load and fire the cannon had become wildly excited. He neglected to slip the ball behind the cannon. On the contrary, he

LOADED IT IN DEADLY EARNEST.

He fired. There was a roar, a crash! My hat was blown to atoms. The wall above my head revealed a gaping hole. In my amazement and anger I sprang upon the unlucky actor, seized him by the neck, and pitched him into the orchestra. The humour of the event, however, comes in the fact that the whole audience thought it was all in the play, and went nearly crazy with delight. And since that night [illegible] demands have made it necessary for me to leap upon the actor always who fires the fatal shot, and hurl him afar.

THE GREAT JAPANESE STAR.

All the native actors in Tokio called upon us with the greatest courtesy, among the others, of course, Kawakami. All of them gave to us gifts in token of their friendship, Kawakami Otojiro, is, as is well-known, the most famous of modern Japanese actors. He is a young man, about twenty-eight years of age, short, well formed and extremely intelligent. An invitation was extended to us by him to attend his theatre to witness the production of his play "Japan and China," which was then playing to crowded houses. As our performance was in the evening and his began at noon and ended about eight o'clock, we were able to accept his offer.

'On our arrival there we found the building's front one mass of flags, banners, and lanterns, and a brass band of twenty-eight pieces met us at the door. Kawakami's entire company, to the number of more than a hundred, were gathered at the entrance to greet us. A procession was formed with the band in front, and we marched through the theatre to our seats in the tier boxes overhanging the stage. During the whole time of our triumphal progress the band played "Marching Through Georgia."

'The audience was immense, more than seven thousand Japanese being crowded within the house, for Kawakami had made a special advertisement of our expected attendance.

'When the curtain rose on the first act the stage setting was as good as anything we had ever seen in New York city. Kawakami has travelled through Europe studying his profession, and his artist studied for six years in this city with an American firm of scenic artists.

BOMBARDMENT OF PEKIN.

'One scene in particular was wonderfully well done. It was the attack on the Chinese man-of-war by the open boats of the Japanese war ship lying in the distance. Finally the climax came in the blowing up of the Chinese man-of-war, which was done in a manner strikingly realistic. The final scene, too—the bombardment and capture of Pekin—was something from which our American stage managers could gain many points. The pyrotechnic display was amazingly beautiful. Bombs were shot across the stage, exploding as they went, and every effect was similarly exact and effective.

'In this part the acting of Kawakami becomes sublime. He appears in the character of a war correspondent, and as such is captured and brought before the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, who condemns him to death. Then Kawakami utters his defiance. His acting is marvellous. Tears run down his cheeks in streams. The audience rises to its feet in breathless interest. When the last words have passed his lips an attendant strikes him. So wrought up were his hearers by his acting that when we attended he had no sooner received the blow than

THE WHOLE AUDIENCE SURGED FORWARD IN THEIR SYMPATHY,

while four Japanese leaped from their boxes and sprang upon the attendant who had dared strike Kawakami. In the melee which followed, the actor who played the part of the attendant was severely mauled, while the supositious Li Hung Chang fled in terror from the stage.

'Kawakami is known in Japan as a "thirty curtain" acto. It is a custom among rich people there to present a drop curtain to the favourite actor, and of these gifts Kawakami has received thirty, all of silk, richly embroidered. No other actor has received an equal number.'

THE 'SYDNEY BULLETIN' ON AUCKLAND.

HIGH-FLAVOURED COMMENT.

AUCKLAND—a city of saints, largely of Scotch origin, who won't let either trams or 'buses run on the Sawbath. A howling desert of dull monotony set in the midst of lovely scenery—no life, no gaiety, save awful mockeries called 'high-class concerts' where Scotch people pay from 6d to 18d to hear Scotch persons rasp out Scotch 'music.' At 10 p m a funeral gloom settles down upon the streets, deserted save for small bands of childish *nymphes du pavé* ranging from 10 to 15 years; probably the predominating Scotch element among the males has driven the older nymphs to other cities for a living. No restaurant where one can obtain decent meal—not one. No hotels where there is a first-class bar, such as you would meet with even in a N.S.W. country town. Some of us asked for vermouth, and at each place the melancholy-looking barmaid didn't know what it was; in one case the landlord was summoned, and in a raucous Highland accent said, with a stern manner, that there 'was nae ca' for siccan leeker in Aucklan'.' We went to an office to use a telephone; a tall young person in shirt-sleeves and violent red hair seized hold of the handle of a machine like an old-fashioned ship's pump and turned it with furious energy for seven minutes. He told us to come in again and he would 'get on.' We got out. From 3 to 5 Queen-street is filled with women—some of them very pretty, but all dressed badly, very badly, a good many Maori half-caste women among them, often better-looking and healthier than their pakeha sisters who affect to despise them. But, for all its dolefulness, there is not to be seen in Auckland the same grim poverty one sees daily in Sydney—in fact, the only things that go a-begging are fine fish (kawai), three for 6d, and the aforesaid youthful street-walkers.

A BABOON AS SWITCHMAN.

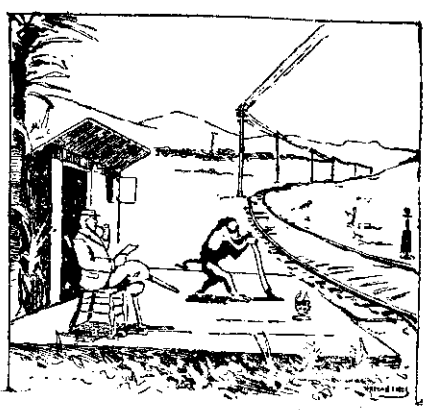
THE only baboon known to be in the railroad business is in the service of the Cape Government Railway Department. Cape Colony, the principal British colony in South Africa, owns the railroads within its borders, and therefore the baboon is one of the great army of officials in the British Empire.

He is stationed at a point on the railroad between Port Elizabeth and Mitenhage. He assists, or perhaps it would be better to say is assisted, by an old switchman, who has lost both his legs. This man is his master, says the *New York World*, and the noble baboon is glad to be able to support him in his misfortune.

The baboon does all the work of a competent switchman, and much more. No one who knows him believes that he will ever be found negligent in his responsible duties. The co-operation of himself and the man is a valuable assurance of safety. The routine part of the work has become so familiar to the baboon that he could not commit an error where the man might do so through mental pre-occupation.

The baboon not only switches the trains, but he flags them. He understands perfectly when told to exhibit a red, a white, or a green signal.

This baboon belongs to the chacma family of South Africa, and consequently has a very high standing for intelligence among apes. The doings of his family, not always admirable, are recorded both in natural history and in novels, and they are very interesting reading.



THE ACCOMPLISHED BABOON OF PORT ELIZABETH, IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHICH DOES ALL THE DUTIES OF SWITCHMAN ON THE LOCAL RAILROAD.

The switchman's baboon pushes a little trolley from his master's little hut to Port Elizabeth for the purpose of fetching tolls, provisions and other things. He cleans his master's house, prepares his food, spreads the table for him and waits on him and generally lightens the burden of his lonely life.

The master was a very faithful and efficient workman, and lost his legs in an accident upon the road.

In consideration of his good service and the fact that he met with disaster on the railroad, he was allowed to take his old place when he got well. At first he struggled about and did his work on two wooden legs, but he felt that he could not stand it long.

Then his pet baboon put an encouraging idea into his head. The animal was always at his side, and displayed the greatest willingness to help. Could he possibly be trained to do the work of his lost legs? The man set to work to train him, and was delighted at the quickness with which the baboon learned his duties.

Shortly after the baboon assumed the active work of the switch station the head of the railroad department came that way on a little tour of inspection. He surprised the baboon on duty, and was naturally surprised himself. He did not discharge him at once, as some would have done, but gave him a little attention. The result was that the baboon demonstrated his efficiency and secured himself in his position.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN is said to be patching up his quarrel with W. S. Gilbert, and another comic opera collaboration may result. Sullivan, who gets a taste of gambling from the Hebrew blood, and likes to be 'in with the swells,' has taken to the turf as a horse-owner, and has dropped his jingling guineas thus far. The other day he had two horses going for a race, sold one of them privately to Blundell Maple and declared to win with the other, whereupon the discarded animal came in first, whilst the esteemed stable companion finished second. Sullivan retired to the saddling-paddock and composed a dirge.

THE NEW SONG OF A BRITISH SINGER.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM WILLIAM WATSON'S LATEST POEM 'HYMN TO THE SEA.'

WILLIAM WATSON, the English poet, has recently completed and has published in that bundle of queer conceits, 'The Yellow Book,' a poem which has seemed good to most of the distinguished critics of verse in London. There is no question about the genius of Watson—the worst his censors have said was that he reminded them of some one else, that

WILLIAM WATSON.

he was an echo. This new poem, the best portions of which follow, will rank with the most ambitious work he has done. One enthusiast has said that for loftiness and breadth of conception, and for true poetic quality, it is one of the finest things in the language. The title of the poem is 'A Hymn to the Sea.'

Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess;
Grant an ethereal alms, out of the wealth of thy soul;
Suffer a tarrying minstrel, who finds and not fashions his numbers,
Who, from the commune of air, cages the volatile song,
Here to capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descant,
Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on the lips of a shell,
Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that hath language,
While, through the veins of the earth, riots the ichor of spring,
While, with throes, with raptures, with loosing of bonds, with unsealings,
Arrowy pangs of delight, piercing the core of the world,
Tremors and coy unfoldings, reluctances, sweet agitations,
Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a wondering rose.

* * * * * * *

Man that, rejoicing in conflict, like thee when precipitate tempest,
Charge after thundering charge, clangs on thy resonant mail,
Seemeth so easy to shatter, and proveth so hard to be cloven;
Man whom the gods, in his pain, curse with a soul that endures,
Man whose deeds, to the doer, come back as thine own exhalations
Into thy bosom return, weepings of mountain and vale;
Man with the cosmic fortunes and starry vicissitudes tangled,
Chained to the wheel of the world, blind with the dust of its speed,
Even as thou, O giant, whom trailed in the wake of her conquests
Night's sweet despot draws, bound to her ivory car;
Man with inviolate caverns, impregnable holds in his nature,
Depths no storm can pierce, pierced with a shaft of the sun;

* * * * * * *

Man whom Fate, his victor, magnanimous, clement in triumph,
Holds as a captive king, mewed in a palace divine,
Wide its leagues of plaisance, and ample of purview its windows;
Airily falls in its courts, laughter of fountains at play,
Nought, when the harpers are harping, untimely reminds him of durance;
None, as he sits at the feast, whisper Captivity's name;
But, would he parley with Silence, withdraw for a while unattended,
Forth to the beckoning world 'scape for an hour and be free,
Lo, his adventurous fancy coercing at once and provoking,
Rise the unscalable walls, built with a word at the prime;
Lo, immobile as statues, with pitiless faces of iron,
Armed at each obstinate gate, stand the impassable guards.
Miser whose coffered recesses the spoils of eternity cumber,
Spendthrift foaming thy soul wild in fury away,
We, self-armorous mortals, our own multitudinous image
Seeking in all we behold, seek it and find it in thee;

* * * * * * *

When the aerial armies engage amid orgies of music,
Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds;
When, at his banquet, the Summer is purple and drowsed with repletion;
When, to his anchorite board, taciturn Winter repairs;
When by the tempest are scattered magnificent ashes of Autumn;
When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring;
When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a bacchante upleaping,
Spills, on the tresses of Night, vintages golden and red;

* * * * * * *

When, invincibly rushing, in luminous palpitant deluge,
Hot from the summits of Life, poured is the lava of noon;
When as yonder, thy mistress, at height of her mutable glories,
Wise from the magical East, comes like a sorceress pale.
Ah, she comes, she arises — impassive, emotionless, bloodless,
Wasted and ashen of cheek, zoning her ruins with pearl.
Once she was warm, she was joyous, desire in her pulses abounding;
Surely thou lovedst her well, then, in her conquering youth,
Surely not all unimpassioned, at sound of thy rough serenading,
She, from the balconied night, unto her melodist leaned,
Leaned unto thee, her bondsman, who keepest to-day her commandments,
All for the sake of old love, dead at thy heart though it lie.
Yea, it is we, light perverts, that waver, and shift our allegiance;
We, whom insurgence of blood dooms to be barren and waste;
We, unto Nature imputing our frailties, our fever and tumult,
We, that with dust of our strife sully the hue of her peace.
Thou, with punctual service, fulfillest thy task, being constant;
Thine but to ponder the law, labour and greatly obey;
Wherefore, with leapings of spirit, thou chantest the chant of the faithful,
Chantest aloud at thy toil, cleansing the earth of her stain;
Leagued in antiphonal chorus with stars and the populous systems,
Following these as their feet dance to the rhyme of the suns;
Thou thyself but a billow, a ripple, a drop of that ocean,
Which, labyrinthine of arm, folding us meshed in its coil,
Shall, as now, with elations, august exultations and ardours,
Pour in unfaltering tide, all its unanimous waves,
When, from this threshold of being, these steps of the Presence, this precinct,
Into the matrix of Life darkly divinely resumed,
Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and canceled,
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God.

THEIR FAVOURITE BOOKS.

COWPER read only his Bible and his prayer-book.

Hallam said that Livy was the model historian.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

Auber hated reading, and never read save under compulsion.

Cæsar Borgia had a library of works relating mostly to art.

Titian read his prayer book and the Matamorphoses of Ovid.

Voltaire's favourite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

Rossini, for nearly thirty years, read nothing but French novels.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Paul Veronese thought there was no book equal to the 'Æneid.'

Lord Clive said that Robinson Crusoe beat any book he ever read.

Franklin read all he could find relating to political economy and finance.

Michael Angelo was fondest of the books of Moses and the Psalms of David.

Beethoven was not a great reader, but occasionally found pleasure in a novel.

Bach was no great reader, but much enjoyed books of jokes and funny stories.

Hogarth was fond of joke books and farces, and enjoyed them immoderately.

Cherubini was a lover of botany, and made collections of works on the subject.

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

George III., for many years of his life, read nothing but his Bible and Prayer-book.

'Papa' Haydn liked stories, and he said 'The more love there is in them the better.'

Saint John Chrysostom never tired of reading or of praising the works of the Apostle John.

Da Vinci read Pindar and thought him the noblest poet who ever wrote in any language.

Swift made a special study of the Latin Satirists, and imitated their style and language.

Heine seldom read anything but poetry, but he read that with the most scrupulous attention.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

HUSBAND: 'I got an interesting letter from your father to-day.'

Wife: 'Oh, where is it?'

Husband: 'In my pocket somewhere. Let me see—isn't it wonderful what a wad of letters will accumulate in a fellow's pocket in a few days? It is somewhere among these. Oh! (He shuffles a letter out of the way and slips it into his pocket).

Wife: 'What letter was that?'

Husband: 'What letter was what?'

Wife: 'You know well enough! The one you shuffled out of the way and put into your pocket.'

Husband: 'Ah, here is your father's letter.'

Wife: 'Give me that other letter.'

Husband: 'What other letter? It was your father's I was looking for.'

Wife: 'Yes, I know; but I want to see the one you slipped into your pocket.'

Husband: 'Which pocket?'

Wife: 'Don't be provoking! The side pocket of your coat.'

Husband: 'This pocket?'

Wife: 'Yes.'

Husband: 'Oh, you don't want to see that letter.'

Wife: 'Yes, I do. Show it to me!'

Husband: 'I really can't, my dear.'

Wife: 'Why not?'

Husband: 'I don't want you to see it.'

Wife: 'Why not?'

Husband: 'Come, dear, don't tease! Here is your father's letter.'

Wife: 'Whom is that letter from?'

Husband: 'From a very respectable person, I assure you.'

Wife: 'A woman?'

Husband: 'Um—m—m—'

Wife: 'Now, I must see it!'

Husband: 'Please don't insist on getting it.'

Wife: 'Why not? Does it contain anything you would be ashamed to have me know?'

Husband: 'No, indeed!'

Wife: 'Anything I have no right to know?'

Husband: 'Oh, no!'

Wife: 'But it contains something you don't want me to know.'

Husband: 'No, it doesn't. Please read your father's letter.'

Wife: 'Does the woman who wrote that letter say anything about me?'

Husband: 'No—yes—I don't know.'

Wife: 'There is something about that letter you are ashamed of.'

Husband: 'Um—er—no—er—why don't you read your father's letter.'

Wife: 'I'll never forgive you if you don't show me that letter.'

Husband: 'You will never forgive me if I do.'

Wife: 'John, didn't we promise when we were married that we wouldn't have any secrets from each other?'

Husband: 'But this is no secret.'

Wife: 'Then why don't you show it to me. I never thought you would treat me like this.' (Gets out her handkerchief.)

Husband: 'My dear, it is so as not to hurt your feelings that I don't show it to you.'

Wife (sobbing): 'You are very tender of my feelings I must say. From another woman! And you won't show it to me!' (Sobs violently.)

Husband: 'I tell you it is not from another woman.'

Wife: 'I never thought you would stoop to tell me an untruth. You said a moment ago it was from another woman.'

Husband: 'Pardon me. I said from a woman.'

Wife: 'Well, how can it be from a woman and not from another woman? Such evasions are unworthy of you!' (Begins sobbing again.)

Husband (defiantly): 'Well, if you must see it you must. Here it is.' (Throws it on the table near her.)

Wife (still sobbing): 'I won't look at it now! You might have shown it at first!' (Sobs for a few moments, then steals a look at the letter. Then she takes it in her hand.) 'Why, it has not been opened. Well, if I ever! The letter I gave you to post last Tuesday. Oh! Oh!' (Springs to her feet and faces him. He still looks defiant.)

Tableau

A FAMILY MATTER.

'You mayn't believe me sir, but I'm as proud of that dog's pedigree as I am of my own.' *Pick-Me-Up.*

FOOLS AND JESTERS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE class of fools, buffoons, and jesters, which reached its culminating point of influence during the middle ages, appears to have existed in one form or another in all times and in all countries. Not only have there always been individuals naturally inclined and endowed to amuse others; there has been besides in most communities a definite class, the members of which have used their powers or weaknesses in this direction as a means of getting a livelihood.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY JESTER.

Savage jugglers, medicine men, and even priests have certainly much in common with the jester by profession. There existed in ancient Greece a distinct class of professed fools, whose habits were not essentially different from those of the jesters of the middle ages. Of the behaviour of one of these, named Philip, Zenephon has given a picturesque account in *The Banquet*. Philip of Macedon is said to have possessed a Court fool, and certainly these—as well as Court philosophers, with whom they have been not unreasonably confounded—were common in a number of the petty courts at the era of civilization. *Scuviæ* and *morioles* were the women counterparts of the mediæval witty fools, and during the empire the manufacture of human monstrosities was a regular practice, slaves of this kind being much in request to relieve the languid hours.

The jester, again, has from time immemorial existed at Eastern Courts. Witty stories are told of Vahalul, the jester of Haroun Al Rashid, which have long had a place in Western fiction. On the conquest of Mexico, court fools and deformed human creatures of all kinds were found at the Court of Montezuma. But that monarch, no doubt, hit upon one great cause of the favour of monarchs for this class when he said that 'more instruction was to be gathered from them than from wiser men, for they dared to tell the truth.'

A NINETEENTH CENTURY FOOL.

Mr Douce, in his essay on the 'Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare,' has made a ninefold division of English fools according to quality and place of employment, as the domestic fool, the city or corporation fool, the tavern fool, the fool of the mysteries and moralties. The last was generally called the 'vice,' and is the original of the stage clowns so common among the dramatists of the time of Elizabeth, and who embody so much of the wit of Shakespeare.

The dress of the regular court fool of the Middle Ages was not altogether a rigid uniform. To judge from the prints and illuminations which are the sources of our knowledge on this matter, it seems to have changed considerably from time to time. The head was shaved, the coat was motley and the breeches tight, with generally one leg different in colour to the other. The fool's business was to amuse his master, to excite him to laughter by sharp contrast, to prevent the over-repression of state affairs, and, in harmony with a well-known physiological precept, by his liveliness at meals to assist his lord's digestion. The names and witticisms of many of the official jesters at the Courts of Europe have been preserved by popular or state records.

In the court of James I. were three fools of note: Tom Derry, whose name was given to a gallery in Somerset House; Stone, mentioned in Selden's Table Talk; and the celebrated Archibald Armstrong, a native of Arthuret, Cumberland. From an early age Archie Armstrong was attached to the king's household, and was a buffoon as well as jester, often appearing in court with a gay set of fiddlers, of whom Sir George Goring was master.

Archie was often ill-treated by the young prince and his friends, one of their favourite pranks being to toss the poor jester in a blanket. But he accompanied Prince Charlie on his expedition to Spain in 1623, and was in great favour at the court.

After the death of his king Archie remained at court to serve Charles I., who provided for him with great generosity. He held the post of jester until 1637, when he was deposed, owing to his irreverent jokes on the religious dissensions of the period and his discourtesy to the prelates. His gravest offence was in poking fun at Archbishop Laud. One day, when his eminence and several noblemen were dining with the king, Archie begged the privilege of saying grace. This granted, he

A FOOL OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

folded his hands and pronounced these words in solemn tones: 'Great praise be given to God and little Laud to the devil,' which made the Archbishop wild with rage.

Another time, when meeting the Archbishop on his way to the council, and quite aware that he was the cause of the religious trouble, Archie planted himself in front of the prelate and asked: 'Wha's fool noo? Doth not your Grace hear the news from Striveling about the liturgy?'

The jester was taken at once before the star chamber, where the king sat in council, and though he pleaded his cause with wit, all was in vain; he was discharged from the king's service and banished from the court. Exasperated and chagrined, he exclaimed: 'If neither fool nor wise man may escape the council, I will be neither.'

Archie now procured a suit of sables and attached himself to the tombs of the dead sovereigns. It was probably his last appeal to the living king. 'I met Archie at the abbey,' says an old writer, 'all in black. Alas! poor fool, thought I; he mourns for his country! I asked him about his fool's coat, "Oh," quoth he, "my lord of Canterbury hath taken it for me, because either he or some of the Scots' bishops may have use of it themselves. But he hath given me a black coat for it; and now I may speak what I please, so it be not against the prelates, for this coat hath a greater privilege than the other had."'

Archie amassed considerable wealth while he held the office of royal fool, and purchased land in his native place, where he spent the rest of his life. He died in 1646, and strange to say, was buried on April 1—'All Fools' Day.'

In order to make a large sale for the fifth edition of a little book entitled 'A Banquet of Jeasts' (1636), Archie's name was prefixed, and under it these lines were printed:

> 'Archee, by kinge and princes grac'd of la'e,
> Jested himself into a fair estate:
> And in this book doth to his friends commend
> His jeeres, taunts, tales, which no man can offend.

All that is known of Archie's successor, Muckle John, are the following entries in the account books, which give some idea of his costumes: 'A long coat and suit of scarlet-colour serge, for Muckle John £10 10s 6d. One pair of crimson silk hose and one pair of garters and roses for Muckle John, 61s. For a pair of silk and silver garters and roses and gloves suitable for Muckle John, 10s. For a hat covered with scarlet, and a band suitable, and for two rich feathers, one red, the other white, for Muckle John, 50s. Stag's-leather gloves, fringed with gold and silver. A hatband for Muckle John. One pair of perfumed gloves, lined with sables, 5s.

Another character that should be mentioned here is Henrietta Maria's dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, who, though not a jester, frequently entertained the court by his merriment. His first advent at court was peculiar for he was presented to the qeeen in a pie at a banquet, as the gift of a courtier.

Muckle John is supposed to have been the last of the official court fools of England, for the cold, hard temper of Puritanism drove merry-hearted Folly from the court. Some authorities claim that Charles II. brought back the official jester in the person of Thomas Killigrew, Master of the Revels, Groom of the Bedchamber, and

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

the privileged companion of the king. But the chain had been broken, and the jester was not the same as of old. An instance of Killigrew's familiar banter with Charles II. is told in the following story: Once he stood before the king in cockled hat and shoon. 'Whither away?' asks Charles. 'I'm going,' replies the jester, 'to hell, to ask the devil to send back Oliver Cromwell to take charge of the affairs of England; for, as to his successor, he is always employed in other business.'

Pepys calls him 'a merry droll and gentleman of great esteem with the king,' but another writer says that his wit was 'poor and frothy discourse.' However, he managed the masks and revels at court, introduced the Italian opera into England, and gave many practical hints in times of national perplexity.

The days of fools and jesters are over, but are there not a few witty fools and foolish wits remaining amongst us? Are there not some bright spirits left who, like Touchstone, can give the 'retort courteous,' the 'quip modest,' the 'reply churlish,' the 'reproof valiant,' the 'countercheck quarrelsome,' the 'lie with circumstance,' and 'the lie direct?'

After all, we may exclaim with the melancholy Jaques, 'Motley's the only wear,' for laughter is better than a frown, a jest ofter wiser than a sermon.

THE TAINUI AND SOME OF THE OFFICERS.

WE give this week some pictures of one of the most magnificent of the great ocean steamships plying direct betwixt this colony and England, and some portraits of the genial commander and his equally genial and popular officers.

A few words may here be interpolated regarding the gigantic vessel, which for nearly six weeks was our 'home on the ocean-wave.' The Tainui was built in 1884 by the world-renowned firm of Denny Brothers of Dumbarton, and is a magnificent four-masted steamer of 5,200 tons register, and 5,000 horse power, built throughout of steel. Her length is 440 feet, and her beam 46 feet. Her engines are of the most modern triple-expansion type, with a cylinder pressure of 160lbs to the square inch. The Tainui has twenty-six furnaces, employs 35 firemen and 9 engineers, and attains an average speed of 13¼ knots an hour, on a consumption of 55 tons of coal a day; with *carte blanche* of fuel she is capable of steaming 15¼ knots an hour. Her saloon is situated amidships, is citadel built, and is fitted up in a most elaborate and sumptuous style. The state-rooms are large, airy, and supplied with every convenience. The advantages to passengers of having the saloon and state-rooms amidships are at once apparent; a minimum of motion is experienced; the disagreeable noises and smells from the engine-room are avoided; and what is perhaps of most importance to those predisposed to seasickness, the ceaseless vibration communicated by the propeller is absent. Nothing can be more harassing to the traveller at sea than the vibration produced by the screw during the pitching movement of the vessel, when the propeller is lifted out of the water, and in seafaring *parlance* is said to be 'racing.' Lastly, the Tainui is provided with excellent machinery and accommodation for the frozen meat trade, and is fitted up from stem to stern with the electric light, the advantages of which can hardly be over-estimated.

Kinsey, photo

CAPT. EDGAR J. EVANS, s.s. 'Tainui.'

SHAW, SAVILL AND ALBION CO.'S S.S. 'TAINUI.'

Kinsey, photo.

MR WALKER, Chief Officer, s.s. 'Tainui.'

As for the commander, what shall be said that shall sufficiently praise without seeming toilsome or gushing? Captain Edgar J. Evans is one of the most popular men in the service, a seaman of experience, a commander respected alike by officers and men, a courteous, tactful gentleman, bluff, hearty, and good natured—one of those men, in short, to whom England and her colonies owe their splendid reputation for their merchant service, which is admittedly the finest in the world. And only those who have sailed in the Tainui with the chief officer Mr Walker know how excellently the commander is backed up in seamanly and social qualities by his first mate, as it used to be the fashion to call the chief, and it is so right through the officers' list. A nicer, better-natured set of men never sailed out of English and colonial ports.

Mr W. H. Pickett, the purser, is always wrapped up in considering the comfort of the passengers, and is a good fellow in every way.

Our pictures of the officers are from photos very kindly supplied by Kinsey, of Lambton Quay, Wellington.

SOME REMARKABLE DUELS.

AN extraordinary duel has recently taken place between two Germans in a village not far from Berlin. They are young men, and it appears that both had taken a fancy to a certain young lady, who, after considerable hesitation, accepted one of them. The rejected lover challenged his rival to combat, and made the singular proposal that each should be supplied with a stout piece of rope, and that they should thrash each other as long as they could stand. This was mutually agreed upon, and a terrific contest ensued, which, however, was stopped by the police, but not until both combatants had been severely punished. Report has it that the challenger got the worst of this remarkable duel.

A duel on a tight rope may be fairly classed amongst the most extraordinary and unique of this form of encounter. A Frenchman named Perate and an Italian named Sarfuico quarrelled over their respective merits as performers on the tight rope. Eventually they both agreed to perform upon the same rope in a 'dance of friendship.' Dressed in wigs and ruffles, and wearing rapiers, they mounted the tight rope and commenced their performances. The Italian's foot slipped, upon which his colleague made a remark which roused the Italian's anger. He drew his rapier, and before the audience could comprehend the meaning of the act the dancers were engaged in mortal combat. Both were excellent swordsmen, and the battle waged hotly for some moments without any serious issue. Presently the Italian made a desperate lunge at his antagonist, and, losing his balance, fell from the rope. Throwing away his sword, he caught the rope with his hands. The shock also dislodged his assailant, and he fell to the ground.

A duel between vacqueras was fought in Mexico about a year ago, in which the weapons were lariats. Each endeavoured to lasso the other. After an hour's hard work, one of the combatants was secured by the flying noose, and the victor dragged him off his horse and shot him dead. A duel of a most unique type was fought under water. The combatants were divers who in the year 1792 were sent down to examine the wreck of the Royal George.

France, the land of duels, is responsible for no less than 4,000 of these absurd contests every year. The majority of them are the outcome of senseless foibles and petty spites, and rarely have a fatal ending. Some French duellists have, however, exhibited a distinct sense of originality and humour in ther operations. The once celebrated Marquise Merle Sainte Marie, a famous Royalist, who had a passion for duelling, on one occasion insisted that an 'affair of honour' between himself and a certain fiery Bonapartist should be settled by each climbing a tree at fifty paces, and firing upon his opponent from its branches. This unusual arrangement was actually carried out. The duel was fought in a grove of chestnut trees, and the Marquise succeeded bringing his man to the ground by a wound in the leg, 'like a ripe chestnut,' as he grimly remarked at the close.

Another French duel, fought in 1808, was contested from balloons, 1,000 feet above the Tuilleries. The duellists—M. Grandprée and M. de Pisque—had furiously quarrelled concerning the charms of a celebrated actress. Each of them carried a loaded rifle, and fired 700 yards. Pisque missed, but Grandprée sent a bullet through his adversary's balloon, the result being that Pisque and his second were dashed upon a building below, and killed immediately.

Texas is often the scene of a curious form of duelling, unknown, perhaps, in any other country, save Mexico. When a difference in opinion is to be seriously decided by the cow boys of Texas, the two leading belligerents resort to the open prairies, riding mules, and armed with long leathern lassoes. They gallop round in a circle, eyeing each other fixedly, and warily watching for the first opportunity to 'spring the cord.' When the critical moment arrives, the lasso is hurled with unerring accuracy, and the rest is settled by main force. One or other of the combatants is fated to come to earth, and be mercilessly dragged along for some distance over the rough hillocks, to the obvious detriment of limb, and sometimes of life, for these affairs occasionally have a fatal ending.

The last example we shall place on record serves to illustrate, more forcibly, perhaps, than any of the foregoing the utterly unreasonable grounds upon which certain duels are conceived and fought. A certain Neapolitan nobleman fought a score of duels during his lifetime to defend his constant assertion that Dante was a superior writer to Ariosto. In his old age he took humerous pride in saying that he had never perused a line of either of the writers named.

MASCAGNI recently sent to a charity fair at Rome, to be disposed of at lottery, a fan, on each stick of which he had written a bar or two from 'Radcliffe' and 'Sultana Silvano.'

FABULOUS FEES.

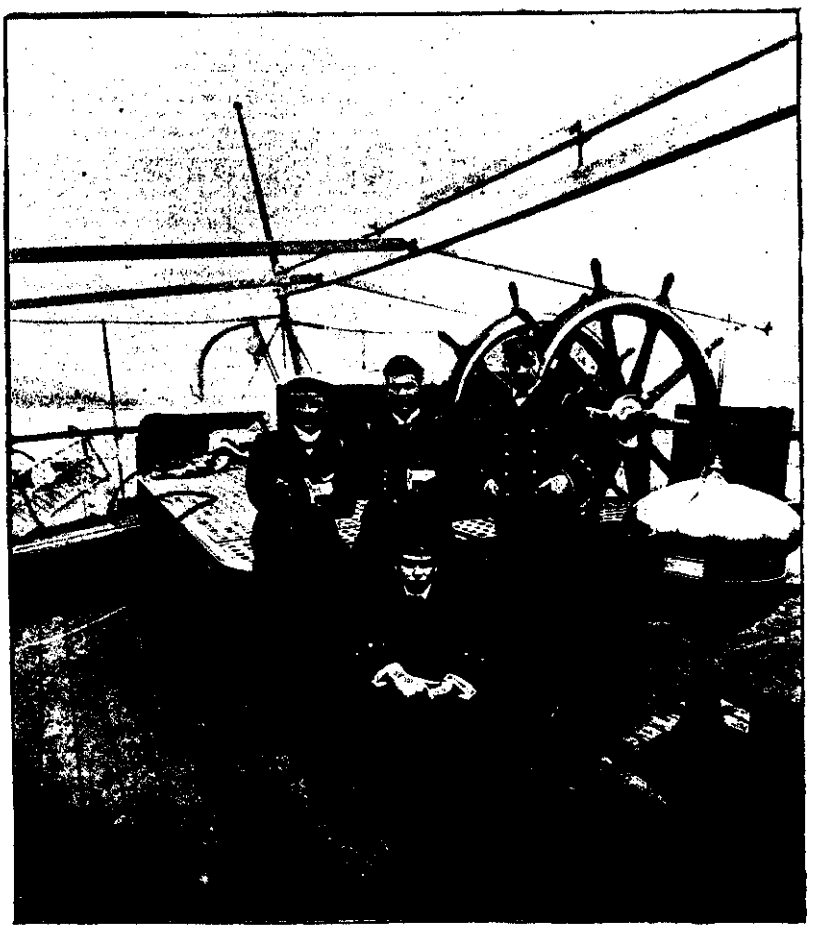
It is stated on excellent authority that the late Sergeant Ballantine received £1,000 a day for going out to India to defend the late Gaekwar of Baroda, who was charged with attempting to poison Sir Robert Phayre, the then resident at the Gaekwar's Court. This enormous sum was in addition to counsel's expenses. Fabulous fees are reported to have been received by certain prominent American lawyers. Eight years ago one of them sent in a bill to the New York and Hudson River Railway Company for £20,000 for six weeks of legal service rendered. The bill was settled. The Bishop of London, a few months after he was appointed to his high position, became dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace at Fulham, and sent for an eminent architect to advise him as to the alterations that might be effected. The great man came, listened to all the prelate had to say, personally inspected the entire building, and gave his estimate of the probable cost of the renovation required. The figure mentioned was far higher than the Bishop had anticipated, and he resolved, therefore, to abandon the project. But before the architect retired his lordship said to him :—'Perhaps you will be good enough to inform me now for how much I shall write out a cheque to repay you for the trouble you have taken?' 'I thank your lordship—a hundred guineas,' was the unexpected and disconcerting reply. 'A hundred guineas, sir?' 'Yes, my lord, that is my fee.' 'But, sir, many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's services.' 'That may be very true, my lord; but you will remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession.' The cheque was at once written and handed to the architect-bishop, who bowed courteously and took his leave.

Medical fees usually range high, especially when it happens that both physician and patient occupy a high position, as the following examples prove. Millionaires, as a rule, are so generous with their physicians that a doctor might manage to rub along if he only had half-a-dozen such patients under his care. A well-known millionaire recently paid his physician the munificent sum of £15,000 for attending his daughter for a period of two months, in addition to which the doctor had a splendid suite of apartments placed at his disposal, and special servants to attend to his needs. Another millionaire paid his physician £12,000 to accompany him on a yachting excursion of six months' duration, while a third fortunate doctor was awarded a fee of £500 for performing the operation of intubation, which occupied him about five minutes. A hundred pounds a minute is not such bad pay! Sir Andrew Clarke attended H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Sandringham during an attack of typhoid fever, and received for his services during the four weeks he attended the sum of £10,000. The same illustrious physician once attended Mr Gladstone at Liverpool, and for one day's services received £1,000. The celebrated physician, Sir William Gull, once pocketed a thousand pounds for a special visit to a wealthy country patient. Some months ago Mr W. K. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, requested his physician to accompany him upon a sea voyage for six weeks. The doctor hesitated, and remarked that his practice was worth to him £200 a week. The man of money said, 'I will pay you £3,000 for the six weeks, and meet all other expenses.' The offer was promptly accepted.

It would seem as though the profession of dentist in some parts of India, especially in Hyderabad, is not wholly unremunerative. A year ago the Nizam of that province sent for a surgeon-dentist, who drew a couple of his offending molars, and then drew the respectable sum of eight thousand Government rupees as his reward. Perhaps the highest fee ever tendered for the smallest modicum of legal service was received by a United States lawyer about two years ago. He was about to enter his carriage to attend a concert one evening, when a well-dressed young man detained him by the arm, and enquired, in breathless tones: 'In which of the States is it lawful for cousins to marry?' 'Kansas,' shouted the legal luminary, rather more curtly than courteously, and drove off. He had well-nigh forgotten the incident when he afterwards received a letter containing a cheque for two hundred dollars for 'legal advice,' signed 'Kansas.' This was at the rare rate of one hundred dollars per syllable or more than thirty-three dollars a letter.

When Edison was consulted by the company organised to bore the Niagara Tunnel, a few years since, he received the sum of eight thousand pounds as a fee in return for the indispensable service he rendered as a reliable expert in the science of electricity.

OFFICERS S.S. 'TAINUI.'



MR H. L. WORTH. MR D. D. PLUNKETT. MR WALKER.
MR DURKIN.

Kinsey, photo.

MR W. H. PICKETT, Purser S.S. 'Tainui.'

THE SOCIAL HALL, S.S. 'TAINUI.'

PORTION OF SALOON HALL, S.S. 'TAINUI.'

MY GODDAUGHTER.

. . . . . (By GUSTAV KOBBE.) . . . . .

Illustrations by Oliver Herford.

I.

AM a man of plain name—John Jones! Could any name be plainer? Hardly. I am grateful for it. It has saved me from being brilliant. No man named John Jones could possibly be brilliant. I am a mediocre man. Hence I have been successful. For only the brilliant fail.

Perhaps I may better describe myself by saying that I am an average man. I am a good average church-goer, and a good average sinner. I am also a good average business man in a good average business, which pays good average profits. I manufacture buttons, and am proud of it. Why shouldn't I be? My buttons are the best on the market. I design them myself. I never boasted of being a decorative artist, but my buttons are a go. My designs are unique, but not obtrusive. A button, you will agree, should not detract attention from the garment to which it is attached. It should not be bizarre. (I have found that a telling term in selling buttons—so few people know what it means.) My buttons harmonize. I don't know much about music, but I appreciate harmony in buttons. In fact—take me on buttons—and I'm your man!

I do my designing in summer. This season I always spend at the sea-shore—not because I want to steal designs from the seaweed, the stunted cedars, or the flowers that bloom in the salt meadows (though I am fond of these in my own average way, and a starfish once suggested one of my most popular centre designs), but because I like to sit on a piazza and look out on the ocean until some idea for a design strikes me, when I withdraw to what, if I wished to put on airs, I might call my studio, and put the idea on paper.

Though I am a plain man there is one thing about me which is not plain—my goddaughter. She is beautiful, and her beauty is simply the reflection of her disposition. I am even prouder of her than of my buttons; and if you knew me you'd know what that means.

I have spent some twenty-five summers at the sea-shore, and nearly always in the same place on the Jersey coast. It is a delightful spot—a strip of land with the ocean on one side and a bay on the other, so that no matter from what direction the wind blows it comes across salt water and is cool. I enjoy the varying moods of the sea—its ripples and its breakers, its murmurs and its roars. Its moods change so often that it never seems to me to know its own mind. I always know my own mind, so that it always tickles me to watch this mighty thing that doesn't. If it were a kitten it wouldn't give me any pleasure. But a thing that reaches clear across to Spain, and from the South to the North Pole, besides rounding Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope is a pretty big affair, and it always pleases me to look at it and think that, big as it is, it hasn't the stability, let alone the business head, of plain John Jones.

I have thought it well to explain this for fear you might think that possibly my love of the sea was a yearning for the esthetic. I couldn't be esthetic if I tried ever so hard. I am not willowy enough. After all, being esthetic is simply a matter of anatomy. Given a backbone supple enough to enable you to be willowy, and your reputation as an esthete is assured.

Twenty years ago my partner, who had been a friend of mine for many years, and between whom and myself not a disagreeable word had passed in all our business relations, died. He was a widower, with one child, a daughter, eight years old at the time of his death. When he knew that the malady from which he suffered would prove fatal, he asked me if he could place his daughter in my charge. It was a request from a friend to a friend, and I answered at once that I would not only take her, but care for her as if she were not only my goddaughter, but actually my own daughter.

He had an older sister, a Mrs Malvinia Owen, but he did not wish her to have the care of the girl. Mrs Owen was married, rejoiced in children of her own, and, as might perhaps be judged by her name, had very decided views on their management, with some of which he did not agree. Moreover, with the unerring instinct of a loving father, he knew his daughter would feel a difference between herself and his sister's children as she grew older. Somehow he didn't seem to think John Jones would ever marry. Nor were these his only reasons for not wishing her to live with his sister. Marianne had a peculiar trait that might easily expose her to ridicule among children, and with his kind, far-seeing, fatherly eyes, he could see her crying under the taunts of various cousins, male and female. He seemed to take it for granted that under my roof she would never have a rival.

I suppose he assumed that a man named John Jones, who manufactured buttons, could never get up enough romance over womankind to think of marriage; but he forgot, when he put me down for a confirmed old bachelor, that he himself, who rejoiced in the name of James Smith, and also manufactured buttons, had succumbed. Seriously, however, I think the deep interest which he saw I took in little Marianne first suggested to him the idea that I would be the best person to care for her. I regarded it as the greatest tribute he could pay to a friend. I am a man of few words, and when I say he and I were friends that seems to me all that need be said of our affection for one another. I have often heard people say of friends that they loved each other like brothers. I can say a good deal more for ourselves—we loved each other like friends.

He spent the last summer of his life in a cottage beside mine at the seashore, reaching the place a few days before I did. I arrived there of a Saturday night. By the time I went to his cottage Marianne was asleep, but as we were sitting there on the piazza he asked me during a lull in our talk about the button market, if I would like to go upstairs and take a peep at her. Curiously enough, I had not seen her since the year of her christening. His wife before she died had been abroad a good deal seeking to recover her health, and had taken Marianne with her; and since his wife's death he had lived in the country. My partner was a large heavy man, and carried himself with an air of authority. When he entered our factory in the morning his presence seemed to pervade the whole building; everyone in it seemed to know that the junior partner had arrived. The senior partner's arrival made less of an impression. He was 'on the road' so much that the factory had not become as sensitive to his personality as to that of the junior partner.

When, therefore, after a warning gesture intended for the benefit of my poor, uninitiated self, my partner began ascending the stairs on tip-toe like a burglar in the night, one hand on the bannister, the other still held warningly back towards me—when I contrasted him at this moment with the magnificent figure whose magnetism pervaded a whole button factory, I could not suppress a titter. He turned quickly with a frown. This struck me as so funny that I missed a step and slipped. In doing so some noise was unavoidable. Smith bounded up the balance of the stairs, and when I reached the head of the flight he was standing at an open door, a finger on his lips. I joined him and looked in. A little figure in snowy linen was sitting up in a crib, and a sleepy little voice said: 'Have you come, mamma?'

Then the small figure fell back and nothing but the light, regular breathing of the little sleeper came from the crib. My partner put a hand on my shoulder and

A LITTLE FIGURE IN SNOWY LINEN.

bowed his head. Sorrow in a large man always seems double sorrow to me. I knew his feelings, for I knew what memories his daughter's words had awakened. A friend knows when sympathy is best expressed by silence; and so, after a while, we went softly downstairs and parted for the night.

The next morning, while I was sitting on my piazza, a girlish figure darted out of my partner's cottage on to the plank walk along the low sand bluff upon which the cottages stood. The child was not near enough for me to see her features distinctly; but I could notice the golden brown gleam of her hair in the sunlight (I am up in tints, having to study them in dress fabrics in connection with my business), and saw that she was extremely graceful. Indeed, I had never observed any one so light afoot as she was. I had often heard the expression 'treading on air' without realizing its exact meaning. I realized it now, for that was precisely what she appeared to be doing. She seemed the incarnation of graceful vivaciousness, and quite fascinated me. She would throw out her right arm with a graceful sweep, then bring both hands together in front of her, and then dance about with glee. This performance she repeated again and again, occasionally, however, varying it by running off a little way and apparently picking up something from the sand. At times she ran down the little bluff, and it was a perfect joy to see her bound up again.

As I watched her, there seemed, too, some method in what she was doing; and by carefully noting her actions I discovered that she was apparently throwing a

SHE WAS APPARENTLY PLAYING WITH A BALL.

ball against the front of the cottage and catching it on the rebound, or, when it eluded her, running after it and picking it up. But there was no ball. Yet she was enjoying the sport just as much as if there had been. This would have seemed witless—alarmingly so, perhaps—had not her actions been so enchantingly graceful; for one's sense of the ludicrous was quite lost in admiration of the lithe, active figure.

Suddenly she broke off from her play, and running to the side of the house, called:

'Here Rover! Rover!' at the same time holding out her hand and patting her knee as people do when calling a dog. But the burly Newfoundlandler (as I judged him to be from his name) did not appear. Then she darted behind the house, and I could hear her alternately coaxing and scolding—all apparently to no avail. Soon she reappeared, and turning, shook her finger at the obstinate dog, striking an attitude so charming that had there been a kodak about it would certainly have snapped automatically. She then resumed her curious ball play without a ball.

I don't know how long I would have continued to watch her graceful motions, for they quite fascinated me; but, what I may term a business matter diverted my attention. In fumbling with my fingers about one of the buttons of my coat I discovered that it had slightly torn the buttonhole. As a matter of personal comfort I should prefer having my own buttons on my clothes, but as a matter of business I always wear the buttons of other manufacturers, so that I may discover, by practically testing them their defects, and avoid these in the buttons of my own manufacture. You see I adopt every means that will enable me to turn out the best button in the market.

While I was examining the particular button in question, with a view of discovering the defect that had caused the fatal tear, I heard a pleasant voice say: 'Good morning!' and looking up saw my little friend standing in front of me. I had never before paid much attention to children, but I had been attracted strangely to the little white figure of the night before. Her pathetic question had touched me as much as her grace on this morning had charmed me.

Now I saw before me a picture of childish loveliness. Her hair, as I have already said, was golden bronze; her eyes were a deep, clear brown; her cheeks rosy with health and roguishly dimpled. She was dressed in a loose white gown that fitted her airy grace, and there was in her whole appearance that ineffable something which we call attractive, and which really means so much more than mere beauty.

'Good-morning,' I replied. 'Rover doesn't appear to mind very well.'

'He's lazy,' she said. 'But I'll bring him around if you want to see him.'

'Is he a Newfoundland?' I asked.

'Oh, no!' she cried; 'better than that! He's a St. Bernard—a real St. Bernard!'

My curiosity was quite roused by this announcement, and so I told her.

'Then I'll make him come over here right away!' she exclaimed. 'He likes to show off. He's as proud as a peacock.' And away she darted. I heard her coaxing and scolding again, and finally say: 'There, come along now like a good fellow.'

Soon she re-appeared. She was a little inclined to the right, held her right arm slightly away from her side, while her hand was closed as if it were holding something, and at the same time she walked as if some large object beside her impeded her progress. She might have been leading a large dog by the collar—but

ISN'T HE A BIG FELLOW?

there was no dog. When she reached my piazza steps she relaxed her hold upon the imaginary dog-collar, drew herself up, threw her head back, and with a sweeping gesture, said:

'There! Isn't he a beauty?'

'Yes, indeed!' I answered.

'He's a trick dog, too.'

'You don't say so!' I exclaimed.

'Oh, yes. I'll put him through some of his tricks for you. Here Rover!'

She stooped as if to pick up a piece of driftwood and threw it from her.

'Oo oo-oo-oo!' she crooned. 'See him retrieve! Doesn't he look proud coming back with it? Here, Rover! Good Rover! That's a good old fellow!' and she stroked his back.

'Up on your hind legs now!' she commanded, raising a hand as if motioning him to rise. 'Look at him! Isn't he a big fellow? Now down! Give me a paw!' She held out her hand and gave the big paw a hearty shake.

She allowed me a little more time in which to admire the noble brute, and then led him back again out of sight behind my partner's house.

'Down, Rover! Down!' I heard her cry. Then she ran, singing gaily, into the house. She acted so naturally that it was some time before I realised that there had been no dog—no more than there had been a ball. I began to wonder if I were really awake or only dreaming. But, as I let my hand slip down my coat, there was the torn buttonhole and the faulty button—made by one of my biggest competitors, too.

Marianne did not remain long in the house. When she reappeared she began running about swiftly, yet so gracefully that it was a joy to watch her. She would

dash along, then suddenly swerve, turn and speed away in another direction, laughing and looking over her shoulder as if at some pursuer. Then she would slow down and allow herself to be caught, only to dash after her playmate, who was not swift enough to elude her for any considerable time. I could not say how long this continued; but at last, having been chased around the house, she dropped gracefully down on the steps, and protested, as she seemed to gently push her playmate away from her, that she was too tired to run any longer.

'Now, don't go off in a sulk, Tom!' she called, looking down the plank walk, as if Tom had gone that way.

When she rested she came over again to where I sat.

'Tom's a funny boy, isn't he?' she asked. Just because I'm tired running about he goes off mad. But he'll soon be back again. He'd rather play with me than with any of his boy friends—even if I'm only his sister.'

She said this in an old-wise way that was simply captivating. I remembered that my partner had lost a boy a few years before—but here he was still romping with Marianne.

'Are you going in bathing to-day?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,' she said. 'But I hope no one will untie Rover. When he sees me in the water he just dashes in, catches my bathing-suit between his teeth, and tries to drag me ashore. You see, he thinks I'm drowning and tries to save me. It's very nice of him, I'm sure, but it spoils my bath.'

'I suppose your father's very fond of him,' I said, by way of experiment.

'Yes, indeed!' she exclaimed. 'But then he ought to be. Rover saved Tom's life once.'

'How was that?' I asked, deeply interested, in spite of the fact that Rover had not materialized, and I doubted if he ever would.

'It was up in the mountains three summers ago. Tom was fishing from a little wharf. The first we knew, Rover dashed into the house with Tom's hat, dropped it

'"HERE, ROVER"!'

at papa's feet and ran toward the door, looking back at papa. We knew something had happened to Tom from the way Rover acted. We followed the dog down the slope and found Tom lying on the bank only just coming to. He told us he'd lost his ballance and fallen off the wharf—and that's all he remembered. Papa said Rover must have seen Tom fall in and have dashed down from the piazza (where we knew he'd been lying), pulled Tom out, and, when he saw the boy didn't move, have brought his hat up to the house to let us know something had happened.

She looked suddenly away, as if listening. 'There's mamma calling! I suppose it's the bathing hour—yes, mamma, I'm coming,' and off she ran.

I strolled along the plank walk past my partner's house. By the further side I saw a large dog-kennel, with a bed of clean straw, and a bright tin with water. The only thing missing to make the picture complete was the dog.

That evening I went over to my partner's for supper. As he and Marianne were not in, I sat on the piazza and watched for their coming. In a little while I saw them on the beach. The child was dancing along the edge of the surf, ahead of her father, laughing and shouting as she leaped over the little tongues of white that glided out from the frothy line. There was that captivating grace in every motion which I had noticed in the morning. She was simply fascinating—without the slightest effort on her part to be so. Her steps were so light, her gait so airy that she seemed like a bird skimming over the beach—or more, perhaps, like a fluff of foam ricochetting over the wet sand.

As her father turned toward the plank walk she joined him, but I observed that she did not walk close beside him, but left a space between him and herself as if for some one else who was with them.

That evening, as we were smoking our cigars after supper, my partner asked:

'Well, what do you think of her?'

'Fascinating. I am proud to be her godfather. I tell you, Smith, if we could strike the colour of her eyes in vegetable ivory or celluloid, we could run out a button that would simply take the market by storm.'

'I believe you dream about buttons,' he said, none too enthusiastically, I thought, considering I had paid her such a great compliment. 'She has a wonderful imagination' he continued, giving me a significant look, which I returned, to show that I understood what he referred to. 'Her last words to me at night are: "I'm sorry mamma isn't well enough to hear me say my prayers. Be sure you don't forget to hear Tom say his, papa. He's lying awake for you." And she never walks close beside me, but leaves a space between us—for Tom.'

We never referred to the matter again—not even when he committed her into my hands. Between us it wasn't necessary. He knew I understood her.

II.

CURIOUSLY enough, I who had never had an unkind word with my partner, nor an unkind thought of him during his life, began, after his death, to feel a little jealous of him. It was Marianne who came between us. I expected her, of course, to always cherish her father's memory. Had she not, I, who had loved him so much, would have been the first to resent this neglect. But, as I was to take the place of a father in bringing her up, I naturally thought I too should have a corner in her heart. Being very fond of her, I delighted in making presents to her, usually deferring in selecting these to the excellent judgment of an admirable nurse—a woman who already had been with Marianne when the latter was a mere infant, and who combined in a remarkable degree intelligence and devotion. As she thoroughly understood her charge, she was invaluable to me.

One evening when Marianne was playing with a large doll which I had bought for her—one of those models of mechanical good behaviour, which unlike children, show off to order, closing or opening their eyes according to the position in which you lay them, and saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma' according to which string you pull, I asked her if she knew who had given it to her, expecting her of course, to give me one of her roguish glances, possibly following it up with a kiss.

She simply looked and said: 'Papa.' At first I thought she had pulled the 'Papa' string and that the doll had answered; and I must own I was somewhat piqued to discover upon further questioning that the array of presents which I had taken so much pleasure in giving her was credited to her father. Still I consoled myself that Jim himself would pardon a touch of jealousy, which was caused entirely by my affection for his child.

I could, however, note with satisfaction that as Marianne grew older her imagination ran less riot. My partner had not allowed her to play with other children, fearing that her peculiar trait would expose her to ridicule. I pursued the opposite policy. I sent her to school—having duly initiated her teachers and exacted promises from them that they would observe her carefully and check any tendency toward undue imaginative exuberance that might make her a laughing stock to her class; and I encouraged her to mingle with others, though she always remained under her nurse's eyes. In this way she gradually came to look more and more on things as her companions did. While she still worshipped her father's memory,—and I would not have had it otherwise,—I could now give her presents without having dear old Jim get all the credit for them. Occasionally, however, her peculiar trait would crop out, and I must confess that as she was growing older, each succeeding manifestation made me more solicitous. What had been charming—I had almost said natural—in a child, awakened my apprehension when it showed itself—however rarely—in a grown-up girl.

The following incident will serve to show why I should have been apprehensive. Soon after she was sixteen she spoke of being invited to the coming out reception of some schoolmate, with whom she was to receive. She had a handsome dress made for the occasion, and the matter was a topic of conversation with her. Fortunately her old nurse—now her maid—heard one of Marianne's friends express surprise that she should be able to carry out a joke so well, and learned by cautious questioning that it was all a freak of her fertile imagination.

It was sometimes only by the merest chance that we prevented others from discovering this strange trait; but somehow we succeeded. Even her aunt, Mrs Malvinia Owen, knew nothing of it. Mrs Owen took a most kindly interest in her niece, visiting us occasionally in order to be with her from time to time. She was a prim, thin, somewhat sallow woman who sat up as straight as a ramrod, and kept her lips pressed tightly together as if she had a whole fusillade of commands ready to discharge at a regiment of children. But she never in any way interfered with my management of my charge. She really appeared to love Marianne. Nor do I see how she could have failed to do so. For Marianne grew up to fulfil the promise of her childhood. She had exquisite features and a slender figure buoyant with the airy grace which had captivated me when I first saw her dancing over the sand after an imaginary ball. Then,

'SHE SAT DOWN ON A STOOL BESIDE ME.'

too, she was so frankly affectionate with me, her love seeming to grow deeper from year to year, until she became so great a joy in my life that I could not seem to recall the time when my house had been without her.

Of course, as she grew older, I observed a slight change in the manner in which she showed her affection. As a child, she would romp up to me, spring on to my lap, throw her arms around my neck and simply cling to me. But when she budded into maidenhood, a natural and charming reserve showed itself. It was so charming because her modesty imposed it upon her in spite of her manifest desire to be just as impulsive in her love for me as formerly. But she realised the difference between a godfather and a father. We were just as warmly attached to each other as ever, and delighted I was to observe that she rather fretted for her old time childish lack of restraint.

One evening, as I glanced up from my paper, I saw she was looking at me. When she found I had discovered her she blushed—and I must own I never saw her look so pretty. I called her over to me and she sat down on a stool beside me, and looking up at me with her large, frank eyes, said: 'I was just thinking how lovely it would be if I could just run up to you as I used to when I was only a little girl!'

After that her nature seemed to change somewhat. She grew absorbed and dreamy; 'a young girl's fancies,' I thought to myself. But I was rather glad when in the spring she expressed a desire to spend the summer at one of the gayer resorts. A number of her friends were going there, and she thought she would enjoy being with them. It was a natural wish, and though it involved more expense than usual, I readily consented. This was just before I was about to leave on my spring trade trip.

When I returned from the factory the evening before my departure on this trip, I found Mrs Owen sitting in the parlour with Marianne. Adelaide—that was the maid's name—had opened the front door and followed me into the room, remaining there as if waiting for orders. She often did this so as to observe Marianne when the late was with any visitor. Mrs Owen had never greeted me so warmly as she did this evening.

'Marianne wrote to me,' she exclaimed, 'how happy you intended to make her. It will be the climax of your kindness to her.'

I was rather pleased to have her entertain so large a view of my summer arrangements for Marianne, for I did not object to having the latter duly impressed with them. I was glad for another reason that Aunt Malvinia had arrived; for I thought Marianne might be diverted from her absorbed and somewhat morbid condition by preparations for the summer, in which Mrs Owen could aid her. So I said:

'I hope you will help her as much as you can.'

'Yes, indeed. That was one reason I came on.'

'That was very good of you. Don't hesitate at any reasonable expense—especially in the matter of dress.' Then, as white was very becoming to Marianne, I added: 'If you want a white silk or satin go to——. They're importers, and friends of mine. You can see a great variety there, and they'll only charge you trade rates.'

I turned to give some directions to Adelaide, but found she had left the room. She had probably feared that Marianne's plans for the summer were more imaginative than real, but what I had said had reassured her.

III.

I WAS showing on my trip this spring, the largest and finest line of buttons that had ever been seen in the United States, everything from real shell to celluloid, and from horn to vegetable ivory; and, as for colours, they ranged from the iris of mother-of-pearl to white. When I opened out my sample-book on the table you'd have thought I was laying out a yard of rainbow. I tell you there's art in showing samples. I've sold right over the heads of some fellows—bright ones, too—who showed nearly as good stuff as I did, only they didn't show them so well. Harmony and contrast are as important in buttons as in a Messenger—or whatever that French painter's name is.

Still, my success on this trip was a surprise even to myself. It began after I'd been on the road a little over a week, and strangest of all it began with old Isidor Cohnfeld, who always 'flew light.' Isidor was a Jew, and he never made any attempt to disguise that fact.

'Mr Chones,' he said to me once, 'I likes to p'y from you, because you're a Grisdian. I likes to p'y from Grisdians and I likes to sell to Grisdians—for den I makes money at both ends.' Nevertheless, I always left him wishing he'd 'p'y' more, for, as before stated, he 'flew light.' Five gross was the most he'd ever go, so imagine my surprise when on this trip he slapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Mr Chones, I dakes ten gross.' Then he added, with a wink, 'Choost to help you shtard house-keebing.'

I didn't have the slightest idea what he meant; but when a man who buys ten gross winks when he says something, I know that he thinks he's cracked a joke, so, like a good business man, I laugh whether I understand it or not. And so I laughed at old Isidor Cohnfeld's occult utterances.

But Isidor seemed to have simply started the ball rolling. Wherever I called, sales were much larger than I had expected. Was I a genius without knowing it? No I was not a genius. For, somehow, I didn't seem to catch on to the jokes that my customers cracked amid many winks, any more than I had caught on to Isidor's. For instance, one man would say, after buying an unusually large bill of goods: 'How's that, bridegroom?' Another would exclaim, after giving me a significant smile: 'Now, tell us something about the bride elect?' I would answer with my business-like cackle: 'The loveliest creature you ever set eyes on,' and he would roar and declare I was as spoony as if I was only just of age. Of course, I didn't understand what he was driving at, but for all he could tell I was right in with him.

I got around to Philadelphia on the 25th of May, and glad I was to be only two hours from New York, for, while pretty well set up with my success with my buttons, I was sort of puzzled. There was no possible explanation for all the quizzing I had been made the object of, except that a preconcerted arrangement to run me had been made by all the customers I had sold goods to during my last two weeks on the road. But this was, obviously, impossible.

Philadelphia was a pleasant place for me to wind up with. One large house had the exclusive agency for our goods there; so my business required me to make but one call and one sale. It was a large account, and the partners were good fellows. I usually reached Philadelphia in the morning, had my bill of goods sold by noon, lunched with the firm at the Merchants' Club, and took

the 2 p.m. flyer for New York. I had planned to do the same this trip.

The first person I encountered when I entered our agents' store was the head salesman. He looked at me as much as to say: 'Well, where the devil did you come from?' But he didn't express his thoughts verbally. He was only a subordinate. He told me I'd find the partners in the private offices. 'Aha,' I thought to myself, 'this thing has reached here, has it? Well, so long as it leads to good sales I can stand a little more guying.' And so I entered the senior partner's room.

Well, if he'd seen a ghost he couldn't have been more startled. He simply wheeled about in his chair and stared at me.

'John Jones!' he exclaimed at last, 'Is it you or your spirit?'

I felt my arms, I passed one hand down my chest, I pinched my legs to make sure that I really was myself, for I was beginning to have doubts on the subject, before I answered:

'Yes. I'm John Jones himself.'

'Ned!' he called to his partner, 'come in here.' In came Ned, and a more amazed man you never saw.

'John Jones!' he cried. 'You here only five hours before you're to be married, and two hours by the fastest train from the city you're to be married in, and all the chances of a mishap besides!'

'See, here,' I said and I suppose I spoke a bit savagely, and looked downright angry, 'I'm getting tired of this nonsense. No doubt this is the very place it started from. Now, what's all this talk about a wedding I've had to endure ever since I started east from Peoria?'

'A natural wonder!' exclaimed Ned. 'A bluff—a human bluff. Why, John Jones, you've missed your vocation. You're great on buttons, but you should have been an actor. Now, I suppose you will deny that this is an invitation to your wedding?' and he held up an envelop.

I have always been proud of what I did at this moment. Something in the air of these men told me that they were not guying me, but thought I was joking them. So, resuming my natural manner, I said with a laugh:

'I haven't seen the invitations. They were sent out after I left New York. I've no doubt one was mailed to me, but I changed my route a little, and it's probably gone back to New York. Let me see yours, Ned.'

Ned handed it to me, and opening it I read:

Mrs Malvinia Owen

requests the honour of your company at the marriage of her niece,

Marianne Smith,

to

Mr John Jones,

at

St. Joseph's P. E. Church,

Wednesday afternoon, May 25th, 1893, at five o'clock.

I suppose a brilliant man would have had a nervous collapse at this unexpected discovery that he was within five hours to enter the bonds of matrimony, or else he would have cried fraud, and exposed the girl mentioned in the invitation to ridicule. I, being only a mediocre—an average—man, maintained as composed an appearance as if I were standing on the floor of my factory glancing at a shipping order. I read over the invitation a second time to make sure I wasn't dreaming. I understood it all. It was the work of Marianne's imagination. Now, the meaning of Mrs Owen's coming to New York, her warm words of thanks, which had struck me as rather exaggerated at the time, and her eagerness to assist Marianne became clear to me. Marianne had written to her that she was to be married to me, the kind soul had come on to help with the arrangements, and, curiously enough, our conversation had tallied with all that Marianne had written.

'Well,' I remarked, 'all I can say is that my aunt that is to be has done this up in pretty good style—she seems to keep up with the procession. And now that I've received my invitation I think I shall honour the occasion with my presence.'

'But to think,' exclaimed Ned, and there was a ring of admiration in his voice, 'that you're here on your wedding day to sell us a bill of goods. John Jones, you're business through and through. You're a corker!'

Did I sell them a bill of goods? Well, I should say so—large enough to run the factory on for two months; and they set up a lunch at the Merchants' Club that surpassed all their previous efforts in that line.

Two o'clock found me comfortably seated in a parlour car on the 'Flyer.' Notwithstanding my calm exterior a good deal was passing through my mind; nothing, however, to make me change it. I am accustomed through my business habits to think and act quickly; and when I read through the invitation to my own marriage, to take place only five hours later and in another city, I decided that for Marianne's sake it must take place. From the fact that my customers had received invitations, I judged that these had been sent to my whole list of acquaintances, and there were the Smith-Owen friends and connections besides. Imagine the gossip or worse that Marianne would be exposed to if I failed to appear. What was my predicament—that of a bachelor of forty-nine, who never having given the subject of marriage a thought, is suddenly confronted with an invitation to his own wedding—compared with what Marianne's would be if the wedding did not take place as announced? In my average way I argued that I was a man and that it was my duty to protect a woman. Then, there was the question of loyalty to my dead friend; and she was my goddaughter. In fact, I felt as if I could congratulate myself that my duty was so clear that it admitted of no doubt.

But as I lay back in my seat other thoughts passed through my mind. I had never seriously considered the idea of Marianne's marrying. But suddenly the thought occurred to me: 'What if she had proposed to marry some one else?' I felt myself growing alternately hot and cold, and suddenly aspired to punch somebody on the head—that somebody being no other person than the fellow she might have married. For the first time in my life I found myself losing my composure, and did not regain it again till I hauled the invitation I had taken from Ned out of my pocket and assured myself by reading it that I was really the lucky chap. This was all so strange that I retired to the smoking compartment, lit a Merchants' Club cigar, and watched the blue wreaths float lightly upward. When I felt like punching that imaginary other fellow's head I knew I had made a discovery, and I was now enjoying my reward as a discoverer. Lucky dog! I had loved a woman without knowing it, and I had won her without even having undergone the nervous strain of a possible refusal.

I did not worry over the chance of my not arriving at the church at the hour set for the happy event—so happy for me now that I saw everything so clearly—for I could drive directly to St. Joseph's from the ferry. It was only necessary for me to send the porter forward for my valise, engage a compartment, and assume the funeral raiment which society has decreed shall be the outward and visible manifestation of the bridegroom's inward and invisible feelings—and I was ready for the ceremony. I should perhaps remark that I had taken the precaution to order a best man and ushers by telegraph, and that at Trenton their replies saying all would be O.K. were delivered to me aboard the train.

I did chafe, however, at a long delay on the Jersey meadows—they never seemed so dreary—caused by a hot box, a delay which brought us into New York twenty-five minutes behind time, leaving me only thirty-five in which to reach the church. But I promised the cabby an extra if he got me there in time, and away we rattled.

I judged from the carriages at the main entrance of the church, as we drove up to the vestry door, that the bride was just arriving; and when my best man saw me enter the vestry-room his feeling of relief was visibly depicted on his countenance.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'What chances you do take!'

I pulled out my watch and held it up for him to see that it was five o'clock to the minute. Indeed, some moments elapsed before the organist struck up the bridal chorus from Lohengrin. There was a very audible rustle in the congregation, and a moment later I was looking down the aisle awaiting my bride. When she appeared at the lower end of the aisle she was a vision of loveliness. Her eyes fixed upon the ground, she walked slowly toward me. I regarded her so closely that I saw what perhaps no other did—a half startled, half frightened look as she slightly lifted her head and saw the wall of faces which lined the aisle. But—and by this time she had advanced to just beyond the front pews—when she raised her eyes and they met mine, a look of relief, as if a great doubt had been removed from from her soul, came into them, and then an expression of ineffable bliss which I shall never forget spread over her features, and she grasped my hand as if she wanted to assure herself beyond all peradventure that it was not a vision, but myself in flesh and blood who had met her at the altar.

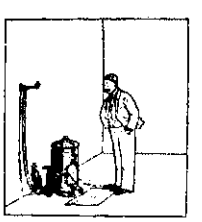
And that is the way an average man like myself became the husband of the loveliest of women. I would have nothing more to add were it not that I desire to state that since our marriage Marianne's imagination has not manifested any extraordinary activity. That momemt when she looked up while on her way to the altar she must have realised that she had been proceeding entirely upon imaginative lines, and have experienced a great shock which might have prostrated her entirely had she had time to speculate on the probable outcome before she raised her eyes and saw me waiting for her.

Here at last was something imaginary in its premises which had a real conclusion. There I stood in my average, solid way. There was nothing imaginary about me. One of her hallucinations had materialized, and that seems to have put an end to them all. Besides, the care of children is a wonderful check to the imagination.

THE WEDDING PARTY LEAVING ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

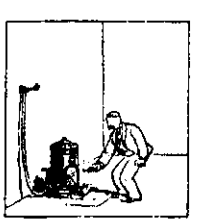
LAPSE OF MEMORY.—Some instances of peculiar lapse of memory, or, as he calls them, 'Curiosities of Thinking,' are given by Professor M. Allen Starr, M.D. One case which came under his notice was that of a man who had lost the power of recognising the letters d, g, q, x, and y, and had, moreover, great difficulty in reading, having to spell out the words. He could write all the letters but the five just mentioned; the numbers 6, 7, and 8 were also lost to him. For a week after the ailment attacked him he was unable to recognise his familiar surroundings, and after coming from a walk did not know the house in which he lived.

THE GAS STOVE. A TRAGEDY.



They are so little trouble.

You turn the tap.



Light a match, and——

There you are!

WELLINGTON CAMERA CLUB'S EXHIBITION.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

THERE was opened at the Art Gallery on Friday evening, 5th inst., the second annual Exhibition of the Wellington Camera Club, Sir Robert Stout declaring the Exhibition open in a very happy speech. Taking the exhibition as a whole, I should say it is an advance on last year. There are few things distinctly bad, and many quite excellent. I notice, however, with regret the absence of many well-known names.

The greatest fault is the overcrowding of pictures. I consider it would be a decided advantage to limit each exhibitor to, say, eight frames, such work to be hung together us much as possible. At the same time the Committee should have the power of rejecting any work which does not come up to a certain standard. A number of pictures are spoilt by bad mounting, bad toning, etc., and considerable carelessness is shown by some exhibitors in the selection of subject and technique. It is only by putting into force some stringent rule in this direction that any great strides can be made in the class of work shown. A higher average of merit would then be attained, much to the advantage of visitors to the Exhibition, as each artist would only send in his best work.

There is a great lack of genre and figure subjects, the eternal landscape predominating. One of the most notable features this year is the large increase in the number of bromides. It is to be hoped that next year everything will not be so sacrificed. The cold grey of bromides, though suitable for some subjects, must give way to silver prints, and Whatman papers in most cases. It is to be regretted that so much prominence has been given to the larger frames, to the detriment of smaller works of art, many of which are hung so high or so low as to be missed by the chance visitor.

WELLINGTON SECTION.

The Wellington Club must be congratulated on the advances made since last year, though there are far too many bromides, which make this collection rather monotonous. The first place must be given to Mr W. C. Marchant for his No. 8 'Portrait.' The pose and lighting are all that could be desired, and if Mr Marchant continues to produce such good work we shall look forward with great interest to his exhibits in the future. Among some excellent landscape work his No 9 'Kaiwarra Stream' is by far the best.

Mr T. M. Hardy is to be congratulated on his fine contributions, No. 2, 'The Meeting of the Waters,' being admirable. No. 1, 'Eventide,' possibly one of his most popular pictures, is faulty in composition, there being too many parallel lines. The sky is lacking in atmosphere, giving it the appearance of being out of tone with the picture. A little judicious cutting would vastly improve it.

A frame, No. 16, 'Early Spring on the Avon,' by Mr Arch. D. Stewart, contains three delightful views, and No. 14, 'Ramblings with My Camera,' show that Mr Stewart's work is well worthy of attention.

Mr George Crichton makes a brave show. In his No. 22, 'Marine Study,' there is not enough movement in the waves, and the rocks are much too black—a fault which is noticeable in all his bromides. Of No. 23 and No. 28, 'Maori Bend,' No. 28, is by far the most satisfactory. With the exception No. 29, 'Manawatu Gorge, looking West,' which has good distance, the others need not be specially referred to.

Mr H. E. Taylor's No. 40, 'Study of Drapery,' is artistic, reminding one of Hollyer's reproductions of Albert Moore. No. 111, 'Where Tasselled Willows,' etc., is a fine subject, but the picture is too flat. To No. 110, 'A Cattle Study,' the same objection can be taken. No 37 'Getting Under Weigh,' is all that can be desired.

Mr Keyworth exhibits six half plates, Nos. 57 and 58, 'Views in and around Wellington,' which contain some very charming pictures; in fact, some of the best of the kind in the exhibition.

In the subject pictures Mr F. Denton carried off the palm with his No. 65, 'Shearing,' which is in every way excellent, but I cannot by any means congratulate him on No. 64, 'Caught in the Act,' the composition of which is very poor. No. 192, 'Preparing for Lunch,' is very much better, and No. 190, 'Landscape, Upper Hutt,' is also deserving of notice.

Mr Harcourt's, No. 42, 'Cloud Effect,' though not a satisfactory picture as a whole, being too forced, is one of the best cloud pictures in the exhibition.

Mr W. F. Barraud's work this year is not so striking as last, though all his work is very careful. I should say that Nos. 82, 'Brick Gorge, Wakatipu, and 77, 'Drifting out to Win,' are his most noticeable exhibits.

Of the seven frames shown by Mr T. Pringer, I prefer No. 72, 'Breaking Waves,' a fine grey-day effect. No. 71, 'Moonlight Effect,' and No. 73, 'Shipping Wet Day,' are also good. No. 69, 'Five Prints of Canterbury Cathedral,' are worthy of attention, being the only prints on opal in the Exhibition.

Mr E. Cooke-Daniels' No. 61, 'Portrait Study,' is spoiled by the very amateurish-looking background.

In interior work Mr R. J. Hardie Shaw is seen to the greatest advantage, his Nos. 94, 95, 96, and 97, 'Views of New Zealand Government Life Insurance Offices,' being in every way excellent. No. 102, 'Eight Prints Athletic Sports,' and No. 103, 'Three Prints, Polo,' are fine examples of shutter work; but No. 99, 'Jack and I,' is not worthy of him.

There is a nice feeling about No. 139, 'Outward Bound,' by Mr I. W. McLean, but the smoke from the tug is so very strong that the harmony is quite spoiled.

Mr Snodgrass' work I do not consider interesting from a pictorial point of view except No. 127, 'Cosmea.'

Messrs L. T. Herbert and F. A. Vaughan are both prolific exhibitors. The former's work is unframed and badly hung, but No. 158, 'On the Road to Nelson,' is a good example of his work. No. 180, 'On the Beach,' shews Mr Vaughan at his best.

Mr E. W. Daniels has a number of marine subjects, also an example of what not to do in No. 152, 'Only a Kiss.'

But for a tendency to blackness there is great merit in Mr W. C. Stephens' work, No. 154, 'Tokomaru Stream,' being one of his best.

Mr D. McNicoll's 'Chummie' is well executed, but we should like to see Mr McNicoll display his evident talent in a better direction.

Messrs I. B. Muir and E. H. Freeman represent the professional element. Mr Muir is very much in evidence contributing the largest frames in the Exhibition, Nos. 91 and 92 being life size portraits. From a professional point of view they are doubtless excellent, but I am of the opinion that in No. 92 especially there appears to be a decided waste of material, the head alone forming a sufficient subject. No. 84, 'Lunch on Rona Island,' and 87, 'Lyra,' a portrait, are very much better from an artistic point of view. Mr E. H. Freeman has now done himself justice in his frames, Nos. 59 and 60.

CHRISTCHURCH SECTION.

The selection sent by the Philo Institute, Christchurch, number 71 exhibits, and contains the best figure and genre pictures in the exhibition. Mr Walter Burke is entitled to the highest praise for his 'Swagger Studies.' After so much landscape work they come as a distinct relief. There is nothing forced in them, and the posing is excellent.

Mr F. S. Malcolm contributes some delightful work, notably, No. 68, 'My Barrow's Mended,' a charming study of child life; No. 61, 'Mr Percy Jones,' which is spoiled by the frame; and No. 70, 'Meditation.' The head is rather large, but the lighting and softness is all that can be desired, reminding one of Mr Cameron's exquisite portraits.

Messrs E. Beardsley and L. Jacobson, whose work is similar, have each chosen their subjects with taste, and have in nearly all cases succeeded in making pictures. Mr Beardsley's Nos. 5, 'In the Meadow,' and 45, 'Beside the Rippling Stream,' and Mr Jacobson's Nos. 26, 'Landscape,' 47, 'Little River,' 48, 'Western Valley,' are each gems in their way.

Mr G. Cunningham's Nos. 32, 'At the Foot of the Hill,' and 33, 'Raupo Swamp,' are decidedly above the average, and in the case of Mr J. D'Anson, it is to be regretted that he is only represented by a single picture, No. 62, 'The Old Mill.'

NELSON CAMERA CLUB.

There are 36 exhibits from the Nelson Camera Club, with which I am rather disappointed on the whole, as the Nelson Club has a reputation for its work. One misses the work of Messrs Fell and Pitt. Mr A. H. Patterson certainly has made a good attempt to uphold the club's reputation. One feels in Mr Patterson's work that the camera is only a means to an end, note the unphotographic look of Nos. 20, 'The Day is Done,' etc., and 22, 'A Frosty Morning.' They are two of the most artistic pictures in the Exhibition. One must not overlook Nos 25, 'Three Chums,' and 18, 'Le Roi est Mort.'

A quantity of work is contributed by Mr A. J. Glasgow, but it does not call for special mention. Possibly Nos. 12, 'Happy Valley River,' and 22, 'Four Prints,' are the best.

Mr Thorp's No. 7, 'On the Motueka River,' is about the best sample of this artist's work.

For Typographical views Mr Moorhouse deserves a word of praise for his No. 77, 'Three Views of Picton.' They are admirable.

HOKITIKA BRANCH.

Mr James Park is the principal exhibitor; in fact, one wall is taken up with his work, which is, no doubt, very good photographs of the several localities. They are, however, much too black and heavy. Nos. 14 and 20 stand out prominently, being so much better than the rest.

Mrs Cleary's work suffers from an apparent want of knowledge of composition, No 44, 'View of Kanieri River,' is her best example. It is very pretty. Mrs Roberts has in No. 45, 'Chrysanthemums,' contributed one of the best flower pieces in the Exhibition.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY.

The contribution sent by the Auckland Club is very small, being represented by the exhibits of Messrs Walrond, Boulton, Trenwith, and Hill. The first named sends three pictures, No. 10, 'Up for Repairs,' being one of the finest pictures in the room, and it is to be regretted that we could not have had more of the same quality of work. No. 11, 'Dawn,' and 12, 'A Track Through the Bush,' not being nearly so good. Mr Trenwith sent the frame containing six pictures for which he received a prize at Sydney Technical Exhibition, and very good they are. No. 25, 'Surprised,' if more care had been exercised in composition, would have been very good. 'Bush' Track is the best of Mr J. R. Boulton's Exhibits.

WANGANUI CAMERA CLUB.

The Wanganui Club is represented by seven members only, but Messrs Babbage and Elliott certainly do their best to make up in the number of exhibits shewn by them. Mr Babbage, who has no less than 20 prints, has not contributed anything striking from a pictorial point of view. I should say that No. 41, 'Reaper and Binder,' is about the best of a somewhat dull collection. Mr A. Elliott has nineteen exhibits and in the majority of cases he has been most successful. No. 3 'Wanganui from Sedgebrook Estate,' No. 16 'Summer Evening on the Matai,' and No. 18, 'Being Towed Out,' are deserving of notice.

Mr D. Meldrum's No. 35, 'Near Koriniti,' is somewhat spoiled by the boat in the foreground. The rest of the picture is capital.

Mr W. H. Partington's bromides, Nos. 26, 'Mangonui-o-te-au,' and 28, 'Tieke,' have good qualities.

The work in Mr Huddlestone's two frames of 18 views, Nos. 31 and 32 is very unequal.

With the

GREYMOUTH BRANCH

we bring our tour of the Gallery to a close. Mr J. W. Richmond's work gives quite an air of importance to this collection. His most successful exhibits are Nos. 1, 'Coal Creek,' 14, 'Between the Showers' (excellent sky), and 16, 'Yacht Mahina.'

Mr Easson's 'Logging' is spoiled by the overcrowding of figures on the log, and he has not made the most of No. 8, 'Canoeing,' a capital subject.

The cow study, No. 3, of Mr Bell, is very fair.

NOTE.—Reproductions of some of the work from the Exhibition, will appear in early issues of the GRAPHIC.

A LONDON correspondent writes:—'One of the principal advantages following upon the issue of Sir Augustus' new lease of Drury Lane is that smoking is now permitted in the saloon. The old lease was drawn up in terms that had come down from the time when smoking was considered something more than immoral, and the entr'acte cigarette was not allowed to bring its soothing influences further into the house than the outer lobby, the cave of the draughts. The comfortable and handsome saloon is a much better place for smoking in.'

SHE: 'Why do you wear a riding suit when you don't ride?'

HE: 'H'm! Why do you wear a swimming costume when you can't swim?'

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.

* 'Eve's Ransom.' It is unlikely that we shall ever get an entirely cheerful book from Mr George Gissing. The painful closeness to nature demanded by his artistic temperament is entirely against the supposition. The most to be expected of him is to found in the termination of *Eve's Ransom* where everyone is left perfectly comfortable except the reader. Mr Gissing is not concerned to make the reader comfortable; he never sets out to achieve a satisfaction which life persistently denies. If over and above the production of a truthfully rounded work of art he drives another nail in the coffin of content, he probably does all he set out to accomplish.

Eve's Ransom is slighter in construction than the generality of this author's work, the characters are fewer, the incidents and the plot less numerous, and less complex, but it is characterized by the same artistic strength, the same ideal-shattering, uncompromising truth to Nature which animated his previous works. The characters of Hilliard and Eve are the two faces of one coin; their differences are probably all incidental to the difference of sex. Eve is in no sense a 'new woman'; she is, on the contrary, as old as her namesake, and as charming—and must it be said?—as little to be trusted. She is drawn with a consummate life-likeness as harrowing to the reader's feelings as her flesh and blood embodiment would prove to her lover. There is no fault in her save her humanness, and that also is her whole attraction.

The book does not lend itself to quotation in brief. The one or two dramatic moments fizzle out into common place in the disheartening way peculiar to real life, and with the exception of a fine autumn scene in the penultimate paragraph, there is little descriptive writing. Now and then there is a grim touch like the following, which gives us the author of 'New Grub Street' in his most despondent mood:—

> Crouched by the entrance to the churchyard was a beggar in filthy rags, his face hideously bandaged, before him on the pavement a little heap of match-boxes. This creature kept muttering a meaningless sing-song, either idiot jabber, or calculated to excite attention and pity. It sounded something like 'A-pah-paliky; pah-paliky; pah; repeated a score of times, and resumed after a pause. Hilliard gazed and listened, then placed a copper in the wretch's extended palm and turned away muttering, 'what a cursed world!'

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Mr Stead's Penny Poets—

* 'The Lays of Ancient Rome.' From the *Review of Reviews* office comes the first volume of the masterpiece library—'The Penny Poets.' This represents the first step in Mr Stead's latest literary venture, and must be regarded not only as one of the notable events of the year, as it undoubtedly is, but also as a decidedly worthy object which all book lovers should do their utmost to encourage. It is quite impossible to agree with many of Mr Stead's opinions, social and political, or to take some of his 'notions' seriously, but in inaugurating the Penny Poets he will have the warm sympathy of every thoughtful member of the community. Indeed, this sympathy is effectively manifested in the first volume, where appear portraits and autograph letters from the most prominent men of the day. The letters all praise both the present volume and the venture generally. *The Lays of Ancient Rome* have always been exceedingly popular, and Mr Stead showed his customary editorial genius in selecting them for the initial volume of the Masterpiece Library.

Neatly bound in imitation leather paper, and well printed, the first number of the Masterpiece Library is a simply astounding penn'orth. Even those who are fortunate possessors of expensive editions will do well to possess them.

The Novelist Knight. A very excellent pen and ink portrait of Sir Walter Besant, who was so recently knighted, is herewith given. There have been titled novelists in plenty, but they were mostly possessed of their titles before they began to write, and did not gain them for novel writing.

Sir Walter Besant was born at Portsmouth, in 1838, and educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in high mathematical honours. He was intended for the Church, but abandoned this career. He was then appointed Senior Professor in the Royal College of Mauritius, but was compelled by ill-health to resign, and returned to England, where he has since resided. In 1868 he produced his first work, 'Studies in Early French Poetry.' In 1873 he brought out 'The French Humourists;' in 1877, 'Rabelais,' for the 'Ancient and Foreign Classics;' and, in 1882, 'Readings from Rabelais;' in 1879, 'Coligny;' and in 1881, 'Whittington' (Chatto and Windus). Sir Walter acted for many years as Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, in which capacity he wrote, in 1871, a 'History of Jerusalem,' with the late Professor Palmer; and was editor of the great work entitled, 'The Survey of Western Palestine.' He has contributed to most of the magazines. In 1871 he entered into the partnership with the late Mr James Rice, which produced the series of novels that bear their joint names. Sir Walter has also written under his own name, 'The Revolt of Man,' 'The Captain's Rooms,' 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' 1182, which led to the establishment of the People's Palace in the East End of London; 'All in a Garden Fair,' 1883; 'Dorothy Foster,' 1884; 'Uncle Jack,' 1885; 'Children of Gibeon,' 1886; 'The World Went Very Well Then,' 1887; 'For Faith and Freedom,' 1888; 'The Bell of St. Paul's,' 1889; 'Armorel of Lyonnesse,' 1890; 'St. Katharine's by the Tower,' 1891; 'The Ivory Gate,' 1892; 'The Rebel Queen,' 1893, and two or three volumes of short stories. He also, with Mr Rice, put on the stage two plays, one performed at the Royal Court, a dramatic version of 'Ready Money Mortiboy;' and the other, 'Such a Good Man,' the play from which their story bearing the same title was written. He wrote a book on the people of London, 1892 (Chatto and Windus), and a small book on the history of London, 1893 (Longman). Sir Walter has also written a biography of the late Professor Palmer, 1883, and 'The Eulogy of Richard Jeffries,' 1888. On the establishment of the 'Incorporated Society of Authors,' he was elected the First Chairman of the Executive Committee, and, in succession to the late Sir Frederick Pollock, he was re-elected to the same office, which he held for four years. He is editor of *The Author*, a monthly paper devoted to the interests of literary men and literary beginners.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

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* 'Vain Fortune.' As a writer of carefully-considered and brilliantly-polished critical essays and reviews, Mr George Moore holds, and holds deservedly, a high place amongst modern writers. Regarded as a novelist—the only capacity in which the majority know him—he has, however, never seemed to me a satisfying success. Professedly a realist, his novels, with one notable exception, invariably impress and depress me with a sense of intense artificiality. The labour is too apparent. The very intensity of care displayed in making the figures life-like renders it impossible to forget they are merely the waxworks of literature. Wonderfully clever imitations, but palpable imitations every one, even to the old gentleman examining the figures, who so nearly deceived us into thinking him real. In *Vain Fortune* there is the same terribly earnest and utterly abortive effort to make us believe the figures are real, and sometimes we might be persuaded, save for the fact that the hand of the modeller seems fated to appear at that inopportune moment when we had almost forgotten to admire the cleverness of the illusion in the completeness of our deception.

In the author's own opinion the book is not the best nor the worst he has written, and though uncharacteristic modesty makes Mr Moore remark that his own opinion on his own work is valueless, most people will agree that his verdict in this instance is correct. *Vain Fortune* is a morbid study in character. The unsuccessful playwright with a ruinous mania for rewriting—a mania or disease to which Mr Moore confesses we owe *Vain Fortune* in its present form—is fairly drawn out. Emily, the heroine, seems to me absolutely the most unreal person I have met with in fiction during the last twelve months or more. The hero is the not unfamiliar figure who, having starved at literature, suddenly comes into a fortune. He also goes through the not uncommon experience, in fiction, of being fatuously and furiously adored by a woman whom he pities, but rather dislikes, and the new thing in the book is his doubt whether he is in love with the woman whom at some pains he has persuaded to run away with and marry him. Frankly the characters are bores. Here and there there are touches of Mr Moore at his best, and he never reaches the level of his worst books, but one is not sorry to get to the end, though a more exasperating and foolishly inartistic end can scarcely be found in an English novel.

Mr Grundy, who has looked with no favourable eye on Mr Moore's works, may, however, read *Vain Fortune* without fear of being shocked. Everything is most strictly proper, and no unconventional personages are introduced to the reader. Moreover, the five illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen are beyond all praise—excellent. The one of the auditorium of the theatre on the first night of the hero's play is quite of unusual merit even in these days of perfect book illustration. An admirable little sketch of one of the pavement artists who make a living by drawing on flagstones in London seems to me the best thing in the book. Herbert, the hero of the book, meets him in a coffee-house.

> He came in about nine, took a cup of coffee from the counter, and settled himself for a snooze. The boys knew this, and it was their amusement to keep him awake by pelting him with eggshells and other missiles. Hubert noticed that he had always with him a red handkerchief full of some sort of loose rubbish, which the boys gathered when it fell about the floor, or purloined from the handkerchief when they judged that the owner was sufficiently fast asleep. Hubert now saw that the handkerchief was filled with bits of coloured chalk, and guessed that the man must be a pavement artist.
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> 'A dirty, higgnominious lot, them boys is,' said the artist, fixing his pale, melancholy eyes on Hubert; 'bad manners, no eddication, and above all, no respect.'
>
> 'They are an unmannerly lot—that Jew boy especially. I don't think there's a vice he hasn't got.'

The artist stared at Hubert a long time in silence. A thought seemed to be stirring in his mind.

'I'm speaking, I can see, to a man of eddication. I'm a fust-rate judge of character, though I be but a pavement artist; but a picture's none the less a picture, no matter where it is drawn. That's true, ain't it?'

'Quite true. A horse is a horse, and an ass is an ass, no matter what stable you put them into.'

The artist laughed a guttural laugh, and fixing his pale blue porcelain eyes on Hubert, he said—

'Yes: see I made no bloomin' error when I said you was a man of eddication. A literary gent, I should think. In the reporting line, most like. Down in the luck like myself. What was it—drink? Got the chuck?'

'No,' says Hubert, 'never touch it. Out of work.'

'No offence, master, we're all mortal, we is all weak, and in misfortune we goes to it. It was them boys that drove me to it.'

'How was that?'

'They was always round my show; no getting rid of them, and their remarks created a disturbance; the perlice said he wouldn't ave it, and when the perlice won't 'ave it what's a poor man to do. They are that hignorant. But what's the use of talking of it, it only rises me.' The blue-eyed man lay back in his seat, and his head sank on his chest. He looked as if he were going to sleep again, but on Hubert's asking him to explain his troubles, he leaned across the table.

'Well, I'll tell yer. Yer be an eddicated man, and I likes to talk to them that 'as 'ad an eddication. Yer says, and wery truly, just now, that changing the stable don't change an 'orse into a hass, or a hass into an 'orse. That is werry true, most true, none but a eddicated man could 'ave made that 'ere hobservation. I likes yer for it. Give us yer 'and. The public just thinks too much of the stable, and not enough of what's inside. Leastways that's my experience of the public, and I 've been a'catering for the public ever since I was a growing lad—sides of bacon, ships on fire, good old ships on fire. . . . I knows the public. Yer don't follow me?'

'Not quite.'

'A moment, and I'll explain. You'll admit there's no bl'ooming reason except the public's blooming hignorance why a man shouldn't do as good a picture on the pavement as on a piece of canvas, provided he 'ave the blooming genius. There is no doubt that with them 'ere chalks and a nice smooth stone that Raphael—I 'ave been to the National Gallery and 'ave studied 'is work, and werry fine some of it is, although I don't altogether hold—but that's another matter. What was I a-saying of? I remember,—that with them 'ere chalks, and a nice smooth stone there's no reason why a masterpiece shouldn't be done. That's right, ain't it? I ask you, as a man of eddication, to say if that ain't right; as a representative of the Press, I asks you to say.' Hubert nodded, and the pale-eyed man continued. 'Well, that's what the public won't see, can't see. Raphael, says I, could 'ave done a masterpiece with them 'ere chalks and a nice smooth stone. But do yer think 'e 'd ave been allowed? Do yer think the perlice would 'ave stood it? Do yer think the public would have stood him doing masterpieces on the pavements? I'd give 'im just one afternoon. Them boys would 'ave got 'im into trouble, just as they did me. Raphael would 'ave been told to wipe them out just as I was.'

The conversation paused; and, half amused, half frightened, Hubert considered the pale vague face, and he was struck by the scattered look of aspiration that wandered in the pale blue eyes.

'I'll tell you,' said the man, growing more excited, and leaning further across the table; 'I'll tell you, because I knows you for an eddicated man, and won't blab. S'pose yer thinks, like the rest of the world, that the chaps wot smears, for it ain't drawing, the pavement with bits of bacon, a ship on fire, and the regulation oysters, does them out of their own 'eads?' Hubert nodded. 'I'm not surprised that you do, all the world do, and the public chucks down its coppers to the poor hartist; but 'e ain't no hartist, no more than is them 'ere boys that did for my show.' Leaning still further forward, he lowered his voice to a whisper. 'They learns it all by 'art; there is schools for the teaching of it down in Whitechapel. They can just do what they learns by 'art, not one of them could draw that 'ere chair or table from natur; but I could. I 'ave an original talent. It was a long time afore I found out it was there,' he said, tapping his forehead; 'but it i there,' he said, fixing his eyes on Hubert, 'and when it i the, e. they can't take it away — I mean my mates — though they do laugh at my ideas. They call me "the genius," for they don't believe in me, but I believe in myself, and they laughs best that laughs last. . . . I don't know,' he said, looking round him, his eyes full of reverie, 'that the public liked my fancy landscapes better than the ship on fire, but I said the public will come to them in time, and I continued my fancy landscapes. But one day in Trafalgar Square it came on to rain very 'eavy, and I went for shelter into the National Gallery. It was my fust visit, and I was struck all of a 'eap, and ever since I can 'ardly bring myself to go on with the drudgery of the piece of bacon, and the piece of cheese, with the mouse nibbling at it. And ever since my 'ead 'as been filled with other things, though for a long time I could not make exactly out what. I 'ave 'eard that that is always the case with men that 'as an idea—daresay you 'ave found it so yourself. So in my spare time I goes to the National to think it out, and in studying the pictures there I got wery interested in a chap called Hel'p, and I do paint the female form divine, I said to myself. Why not go in for lovely woman? the public may not care for fancy landscapes, but the public allus likes a lovely woman, and, as well as being popular, lovely women is 'igh 'art. So after dinner hour, I sets to work, and sketches in a blue sea with three bathers, and two boxes, with the orse's head looking out from behind one of the boxes. For a fust attempt at the nude, I assure you—it ain't my way to blow my own trumpet, but I can say that the crowd that 'ere picture did draw was bigger than anythat 'ad assembled about the bits o' bacon, and ships-a-fire of all the other cores. 'Ad I been let alone, I should 'ave made my fortune, but the crowd was so big and the curiosity so great that it took the perlice all their time to keep the pavement from being blocked. It wasn't that the public didn't like it well enough, it was that the public liked it too much, that was the reason of my misfortune.'

'What you mean?' said Hubert.

'Well, yer see them boys was a-hawking their cheap toys in the neighbourhood, and when they got wind of my success they comes round to see, and they remains on account of the crowd. Pockets was picked, I don't say they wasn't, and the perlice turned rusty, and then a pious old gent comes along, and 'earing the remarks of them boys, which I admit wasn't nice, complains to the hauthorities, and I was put down! Now, what I WANTS to know is why my art should be made to suffer for the beastly-mindedness of them 'ere boys.'

Hubert admitted that there seemed to be an injustice somewhere, and asked the artist if he had never tried again.

'Try again? Should think I did. When once a man 'as tasted of 'igh art, he can't keep his blooming fingers out of it. It was impossible after the success of my bathers to go back to the bacon, so I thought I would circumvent the hauthorities. I goes to the National Gallery, makes a sketch, 'ere it is,' and after some fumbling in his breast pocket he produced a greasy piece of paper which he handed to Hubert. 'S'pose yer know the picture?' Hubert admitted that he did not. 'Well, that is a drawing from Gainsborough's celebrated picture of Medora a-washing of her feet. . . . But the perlice wouldn't 'ave it any more than my original, 'e said it was worse than the bathers at Margaret, and when I told the hignorant brute wot it was, 'e said he wanted no hargument, that 'e wouldn't 'ave it.'

Footlight Flashes.

BY THE PROMPTER.

'THE Captain's Story,' a ballad, words and music by George M. Vickers, is given as a supplement with this week's GRAPHIC, and will, I venture to think, exceed in popularity all the other songs and music distributed with the GRAPHIC during the last month or two. The ballad is a particularly taking one, and is the best song for a tenor or baritone that we have heard for a long time. It can, of course, be sung equally well by a soprano or mezzo. It is a pretty song and a touching refrain, and the chorus is one that attracts at once—one of those choruses you must join in even if you kill somebody in the attempt.

MISS JANET ACHURCH, who created so favourable an impression when she appeared in New Zealand some years ago, has made her *debut* in 'Frisco. Many people will be interested to hear what the Californians think of the lady. The criticism appended is from the leading 'Frisco paper. It is written in a queer, staccato style, but is very favourable:—'And so we have seen Miss Janet Achurch! An excellently trained actress this, with a low, musical voice, a mobile face, and a fine appreciation of what is true and natural in dramatic art. She does not sway wildly about in moments of emotion, nor does she throw her optics upward till nothing remains visible but the white of her eyes. We all know this style, which, to tell the truth, has become a trifle tiresome. Miss Achurch evidently has as hearty a contempt for this hysterical school as she has for fine clothes. Never, never have I seen an actress who seemed to care so little for fine feathers. If as Stephanie de Morivart she appeared as a dowdy what is one to say of the costume she wore as Nora? Not that it was out of keeping with the character. Quite the contrary. It was even picturesque. But it would not remain with the actress. It seemed, indeed, at one time as if the whole sartorial structure would drop to pieces; and the number of pins that Nora Helmers was obliged to use during those three acts, to preserve the conventions of the stage, is simply awful to contemplate. However, all actresses wear fine dresses nowadays, and so it was positively refreshing to encounter one who cared not a rap about the hang or the cut of her skirts. Miss Achurch cares more for what she says than what she wears. Her diction is delightful. Without the slightest exertion you catch every word, though spoken ever so softly, that the actress has to speak. This is a rare blessing. And what a variety of expression and accents this actress has at her command! Really, it is impossible to speak more naturally than she did in the first and third acts of 'A Doll's House.' And the same qualities were observable in her 'Stephanie de Morivart.' But what an awful nuisance this play of 'Forget-me-not' has gotten to be. To think that any one should ever have admired a drama as theatrical, as absurd as this. Miss Achurch's talents alone made it tolerable.'

THE most prosaic thing in this world is a policeman. In England, a little while ago, a professional diver gained a big advt. by jumping from the roof of a railway-carriage as it crossed a bridge, and doing a dive of 150ft or so into the river beneath. And when he got out of the water amid tremendous applause, an absolutely unmoved constable ran him in for 'leaving a carriage while it was in motion.'

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Sunday parties are among the more special features of the London season, and rank with the exclusive entertainments given three or four times a year by Mr Alfred Rothschild. A wonderful programme was gone through by a most varied assortment of singers, a few nights before the last mail left, at Sir Arthur's beautiful flat in Victoria-street. All society, in its most exclusive and smart phase was present, headed by the Prince of Wales.

MISS DAISY MADDEN, the Victorian Acting-Governor's eldest daughter, is the next Australian to be presented to Queen Victoria. She is going to Paris for training under Marchesi. She was a pupil of Madame Steinhauer's, the Danish singer.

PADEREWSKI has nearly finished his four-act opera. The book is built on a modern subject, and the scene is located in the Carpathian Mountains, on the border line of Hungary and Galicia. Sir Augustus Harris is to produce the work at Covent Garden. It will be sung in French, but at Buda-Pesth it will be given in Hungarian, and at Dresden in German. Abbey and Grau own the American rights.

FOR Colman's celebrated play of 'The Iron Chest,' as produced under unfavourable auspices at Drury Lane on the 12th March, 1796, Capon had supplied two very remarkable scenes, reckoned the finest that had ever been painted. The one presented an ancient baronial hall, with a correct music gallery and screen, of the times of Edward IV. and Henry VI.: the other, the library of Sir Edward Mortimer, composed from the choicest specimens of the Gothic then extant. In this the vaultins of the groined ceiling was taken from a portion of the beautiful cloister of the monks of St. Stephen, Westminster; the bookcases from another antique source; and the painted glass from the windows of a time-honoured church in Kent. That these scenes were not painted on the conventionally shaped and situated flats and wings is apparent from the allusion to them in Colman's well-known vituperative preface to the play. After railing at Kemble, he goes on to say: 'My doubts, too, of this boasted care were not a little increased by a note which I received from the prompter, written by the manager's orders three hours only before the first representation of the play, wherein at this late period my consent was abruptly requested to a transposition of two of the most material scenes in the second act; and the reason given for this proposal was that the present stage of Drury—where the architect and machinist, with the judgment and ingenuity of a politician and a wit to assist them, had combined to outdo all former theatrical outdoings—was so bunglingly constructed that there was not time for the carpenters to place the lumbering framework on which an abbey was painted behind the representation of a library without having a chasm of ten minutes in the action of the play, and that in the middle of an act.'

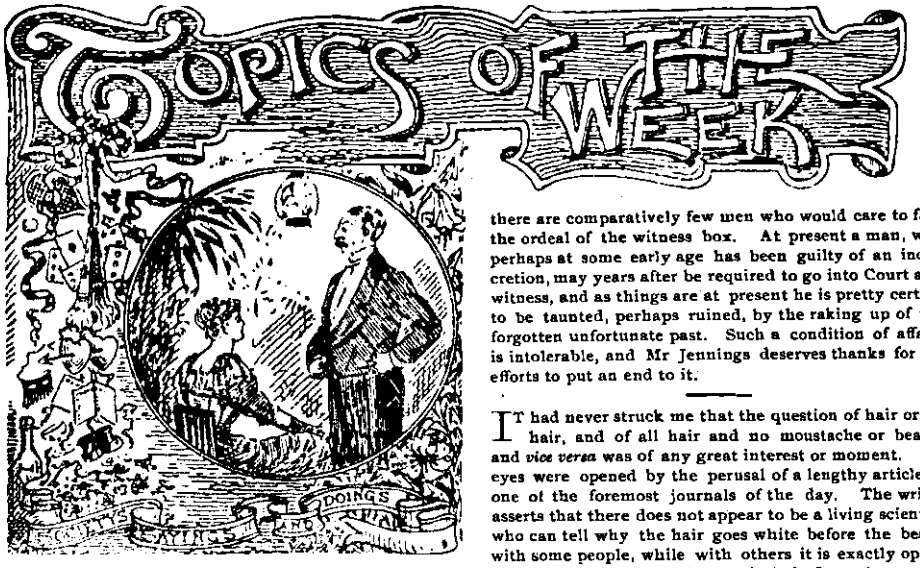
A SUCCESS of an ignoble sort is 'McSorley's Courtship,' a farce by William H. McSort, with a pugilistic role for John L. Sullivan.

A COMIC opera to be given at the Savoy, in London, is to be called 'Jeanie Deans,' and will, of course, be Scotch. Strange and Edwards are writing an Irish comic opera.

TITHERADGE'S break-down at Melbourne Princess's, the other night, was a serious business for a few minutes (says the *Bulletin*). Dr. Adams, who hurried down to the stage from the circle as soon as he saw the curtain drop, found Titheradge in an icy perspiration clinging to Boucicault for support. His heart had struck work, and it was not until the doctor straightened him out that Titheradge's vital organ began to make healthful music again. An abscess at the root of a tooth originated this little drama. Titheradge, a very nervous man, required chloroforming by Dr. Neild before being operated upon by dentist Oldfield; and the combined effects of chloroform and abscess knocked him out. There hadn't been a long enough lapse of time between Titheradge's afternoon and evening performances. He was still cold and tottery when he went on for the first act of 'Sowing the Wind,' and by about 8.30 he felt so disposed to die that Australia nearly lost its old favourite. This was Titheradge's first experience of his heart suspending operations—a terrible shock for a novice. One can get hardened to heart-stoppages, however, just as one can cultivate indifference to bank failures.

'A MILLION OF MONEY' is a fine massive success at Melbourne Royal (says a local critic in *the* weekly of Australasia). The start for the Epsom Derby is now, for the first time on any stage, a machine-made spectacle, and White Stocking has improved a good 14lb in appearance since the first night. Also, the victory of the favourite excites wilder enthusiasm than ever, yet there is still one thing wanting to complete the moral lesson of Bland Holt's Derby. He has forgotten to interpolate a 'tote' into which the multitude might pour their sovereigns with the knowledge that they were getting fair odds, less 8 per cent. A subsequent tableau, moonlight on the downs, might show a heap of bookmakers lying dead upon the course, with revolvers clutched in their right hands and despair written on their rigid countenances. These would show the tote's value as a turf-purifier, and the Victorian Legislative Council would pass the forthcoming Bill by an overwhelming majority. 'A Million of Money' is certain to run another week or two, so there will be time to adopt this suggestion.

JEROME K. JEROME'S new play is called 'The Prude's Progress.'



IN another column of this paper is reprinted an extract from the *Sydney Bulletin*, in which the writer gives his opinions on Auckland. Taken as a whole those remarks are decidedly uncomplimentary to the Northern Capital, and will therefore probably be read with some enjoyment in Wellington. The antagonism between Auckland and Wellington is, by the way, one of the things I have never been able to understand. Liverpool and Manchester in the Old Country are, to be sure, on the same jealous sort of terms, but in their case not unnaturally, since Manchester has made a big bid for a large section of the shipping trade which makes Liverpool great. But even though Wellington has succeeded in annexing several head offices, these, and even the transference of the seat of Government to the Empire City, scarcely seem to sufficiently account for the spirit of antagonism to each other which appears so frequently in each city. It was quite inevitable Wellington must be the head quarters of not only the Government, but of the larger colonial banks and mercantile houses.

HOWEVER, to get back to the *Bulletin* correspondent's opinion of Auckland, where on earth did he go to meet all those Scotch people he talks about? There are in Auckland but a sprinkling of Scotch citizens compared with the legions which swarm in the southermost towns of the colony. Then, as to the charge that the only amusements are mockeries called 'high-class concerts,' where people pay 6d to 18d to hear Scotch persons rasp out Scotch music, where in the name of wonder did the correspondent hear that concert, and when? Scotch concerts by Scotch artists, attended by Scotch audiences, would be an almost petrifying novelty in Auckland. The charge about the restaurants is absolutely and completely true. There are some excellent eating-houses in Auckland where one may enjoy a certain amount of rough and ready plain fare, of good quality, at an extremely moderate figure, but there is not in Auckland a restaurant where it is possible to 'dine' or to ask a friend to dine. Aucklanders presumably believe in plain living and high thinking, but if properly started, a really good restaurant where it is possible to dine rather than merely to 'feed' would probably pay all the same, and this remark applies with equal force to Wellington, where there is also not one single absolutely first-class restaurant. As to bars, the *Bulletin* correspondent must have been taken round Auckland by someone who didn't know the 'ropes.' The writer is not particularly well acquainted with the bar-land of the city of Auckland, but he has distinct recollections of several bars infinitely superior to the average Sydney or Melbourne affair. The telephone service is just about as efficient as that of Sydney, which is not saying over much, and as regards morality, or rather lack of it, Auckland cannot compete with Sydney or Melbourne. In short, the writer of the paragraph must have been bilious when he visited the Hauraki Gulf.

EVERYONE will be glad to hear that the common practice of asking witnesses and others questions in Court is to be put a stop to, for that, I take it, will be the result of the Hon. Mr Jennings' motion in the Council last week. The fear of facing a bullying, grossly impertinent, and often insulting lawyer has kept many a heartless fraud out of court, and has prevented many hardly-used persons from seeking legal satisfaction for their wrongs. This has been specially the case with women, but where the lawyer is unscrupulous and brutal there are comparatively few men who would care to face the ordeal of the witness box. At present a man, who perhaps at some early age has been guilty of an indiscretion, may years after be required to go into Court as a witness, and as things are at present he is pretty certain to be taunted, perhaps ruined, by the raking up of the forgotten unfortunate past. Such a condition of affairs is intolerable, and Mr Jennings deserves thanks for his efforts to put an end to it.

IT had never struck me that the question of hair or no hair, and of all hair and no moustache or beard, and *vice versa* was of any great interest or moment. My eyes were opened by the perusal of a lengthy article in one of the foremost journals of the day. The writer asserts that there does not appear to be a living scientist who can tell why the hair goes white before the beard with some people, while with others it is exactly opposite. It is pointed out that sandy-haired people go grey all at once—that is to say, the hair and moustache and beard whiten simultaneously, but with dark men it is an 'even money chance' which goes first. Very frequently one meets an old gentleman with silvery locks and raven black or iron grey moustache. 'Dye,' say the sapient, sententiously, and, of course, occasionally it is artificial, but as a rule it is just one of the quaint fashions which Nature—true woman—loves to be ever changing. 'But science,' says one writer with some asperity, 'ought to be able to afford some explanation of the phenomena. The theory once advanced, for the earlier whitening of the beard, that the greybeard has used his jaws more than his brains, is more nearly witty than scientific. Bearing in mind the theory of muscular exercise and development, the dictum might have a scientific basis, but it is generally agreed that the hair on the human body is rather of parasitic than of inevitable and natural growth, and that a soft and mellowed soil might be better suited to its development.

'BUT jesting aside, there must be some scientific reason for three or four things which we cannot have failed to notice. What causes baldness? Why does the hair turn gray or white sooner in one place than another? Why does one man's head turn silver white, while another's remains only grizzled? Why are there so many more bald-headed men than women? Why, of two brothers, should one be equipped with a full, strong, permanent head of hair, and the other become bald almost before reaching years of manhood? These questions may not be vital to the human family, but they are certainly of interest, and they should be capable of scientific answer and solution. A head of hair is a crown of glory, whether to man or woman, and there ought to be formulated definite scientific rules under which the hair may be preserved in its natural state. To make hair grow on a bald head is deemed practically impossible, but to preserve the hair in a healthy scalp or on healthy cheeks and chin and to make it retain the most of its natural colour should not be impossible. We have specialists in every other department, why not encourage the education and development of specialists in the department of crinosity? There should at least be money in the business of hair preservation.'

AN enterprising parson in the Old Country has set the world talking on electrical possibilities by having his church connected with the hospitals and gaol of Birmingham, in which grimy city his parish is situated. Almost everyone will remember that when telephones were first introduced to the public the comic papers burlesqued the invention by supposing all sorts of what were then looked upon as impossible improvements and developments of the invention, and one of these was that of having one's private house connected with the concert hall, the theatre, and on Sunday the church. Now, as it is not altogether unusual, the thing that was jokingly suggested as an almost absurd impossibility has become a solid fact, and people and papers are discussing the advisability and practicability of having telephone connection with all places likely to prove pleasant or interesting. It has been suggested more than once that the phonograph should be used instead of Hansard reporters for the recording of parliamentary debates. Now it is urged that rooms should be filled with loud-speaking telephones connected with the House, and that on paying a certain fee one might sit in an arm-chair in such a room and listen to the impassioned eloquence of a Seddon, a Russell, a Hee Hem, or an Earnshaw. One fears that so far as New Zealanders are concerned the fee would have to be moderate, extremely moderate. The rooms would probably become the haunt of persons suffering from insomnia, for whom no doubt they would be regarded as a specific. One extremely happy suggestion with regard to the perfected telephone system is that churches should get their singing and music on tap, so to phrase it. It is pointed out that one central church choir might be subscribed for by a syndicate of say forty or fifty churches, or even four or five. On the number of the syndicate and its wealth would, of course, depend the amount 'turned on,' but certainly each individual church would have better singing. What there was of it would be equal to the best. At election times, too—from which may we be delivered for a month or so—the candidate would be able to address his constituents in twenty halls simultaneously. Probably in a year or so the kintoscope will likewise be so greatly improved that not only will one be able to sit in the arm chair and turn the music of the opera on, but see the action as well.

IT seems quite natural that a startling case of somnambulism should be reported from Sleepy Hollow. Writing from Nelson, a correspondent states that a prominent resident of that beautiful township was nearly scared out of his life the other morning. He was returning home at four o'clock, after a dance—a Masonic function or some other festivity. He was absolutely, and even painfully sober, for the morning air would assuredly have been more tempered to a man with a fair share of whisky as cargo. As it was the citizen felt desperately cold, and decided to warm himself by running home. He was just preparing to start, when coming towards him he saw the figure of a woman clothed in white and waving a torch. 'Distilled almost to jelly by the act of fear,' and with every inclination to run but no power, the Nelsonian waited with gasping breath and knees which smote together. When the figure passed, however, he saw it was not as he had naturally imagined, a ghost, but a somnambulist. Being frightened to wake her up, he followed her for a considerable distance, when she suddenly and quite unaccountably disappeared. Such is the story as told by my correspondent. I should have thought it a hoax save that something very like its skeleton appears in the local paper. I fear my Nelson scribbler's note contains what Pooh Bah called corroborative detail, but since there is nothing offensive in it, it may perhaps be allowed to pass.

THE general public will probably view with considerable satisfaction the move being made by Christchurch hotelkeepers to render it illegal for hotels to be bound to brewers. Tied houses are the curse of the liquor trade, and if instead of attempting to legislate ahead of public wants or desires the prohibitionists would lend their assistance to the obtaining of a law which would set the hotelkeeper free from the brewer, they would be doing really good service to the cause of temperance. As affairs now stand the hotels throughout New Zealand, with scarce as many exceptions as one could count on one's fingers, belong to great brewers and wine merchants. This means that the hotelkeeper is forced to keep only those brands and classes of liquor which give his employer—for that is what it comes to—the largest revenue. Of course in the towns, or those portions of the towns where there is brisk competition, the public protects itself to some extent, for if it is dissatisfied with one place it goes to another. But in the country, or in certain portions of the city, there may be no convenient opposition. It is probably merely a choice as to the relative badness of the liquor sold. Of course the extreme section of the temperance party refuse to see why the law should protect a man from bad liquor. 'All liquor is bad,' they say, 'and to make laws which would guarantee the quality would not only be absurd in our idea, since the best is bad, but would be worse than absurd in that if the liquor were better the temptation to drink oftener and more would be greater.' This is not bad reasoning looked at from their point of view, but it is really unsound. If liquor were good there would be less vice and drunkenness and misery, and this is after all the ultimate desire of the temperance party. Prohibition is only the means to the end, though this fact has been somewhat overlooked in late years.

SESSION AND SOCIETY.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY FLANEUR.)

FROM Shakespeare down to Robert Louis Stevenson and the author of 'The Honour of Savelli,' English masters of romance have loved to depict the daring heroine who seeks adventure dressed in man's clothes. That such a character is not a mere baseless figment of the imagination the annals of real life sometimes prove. Women have worked as sailors and served as soldiers, and have fought and bled for their country. A woman dressed in male attire has captained a merchant vessel ere now—an occupation about the most unfeminine that one could readily imagine. It has been left to Wellington, however, to unearth this week a female bricklayer. The labour is not romantic, nor would one fancy it to be attractive to even the most distressed and destitute dame or damsel. Nevertheless, a woman has been found working as a bricklayer in man's clothes, and what is more, making a living thereat. Stranger still to relate, she is young, modest, and by no means ill-favoured. Indeed, she might well pass for a nice-looking lad not yet out of his teens. Unpoetic as the handling of bricks is, the series of events which led up to this heroine taking to brick-laying was by no means without a flavour of romance, or at any rate tragedy. Her story is that she was deceived by a plausible rascal into entering into a marriage with him, which was bigamous on his part, and that she lived as his wife for a while in Auckland. Deserted and destitute, she took to the above extreme method of gaining a livelihood. Her rescue therefrom last week was the work of the Salvation Army. I wonder how many strange stories the agents of this energetic organization could tell, if they cared to translate their experiences into narrative form!

Wellington, like the rest of the world, has gone mad over golf. I say 'mad' advisedly, for the insanity leads people to trudge miles out to Miramar, or journey to the Hutt. Though last Saturday was a ghastly day, such as only Wellington can produce in perfection, with cold blustering squalls from the South every hour, the Governor was dragged from his warm fireside to open the new links at Miramar. All the golf-mad folk assembled to see the deed done in the driving rain and bitter wind. Then they proceeded to enjoy themselves immensely by playing sundry games of golf in the morass which had just been declared by the vice-regal lips to be 'links.' Everyone appeared to be vastly satisfied with the day's amusement, and declared that when there shall be a dry winter, the said links will be extremely good. The Hutt folk, possessors of rival links be it remembered, shake their heads over these prophecies, and say that, first, that there never will be a dry winter, and, second, that if there were, Miramar (which I may define as a place between the city and Cook's Strait), is too far out to be of any use.

One Professor Loisette has been spending a few days amongst us practising the art of improving the memory. One or two pupils of his whom I met spoke well of the result of his lessons. I did not myself take advantage of the Professor's instructions. Personally, I find that my chief trouble in life is not in the inability to remember, but the inability to forget. I have often envied in other men the magnificent capacity to forget uncomfortable incidents, to say nothing of emphatic promises and assurances. In the same way when Mr Edison devotes his marvellous genius to inventing and improving machines that enable us to hear the human voice at immense distances, it has often struck me that a far more valuable invention would be a handy instrument for enabling us not to hear what we would rather be deaf to. Believe me, deaf people with short memories are not so greatly to be pitied as some of us imagine. During session time at Wellington especially, it has often struck me that the politician who is obliged to listen and cannot forget must be a depressed and harassed man. Possibly he envies one Thomas Taylor, just now an inmate of a destitute asylum in New South Wales, who, I see, gives out that he has entirely lost his memory and can remember nothing except that he formerly lived in New Zealand. Once or twice in the course of my life, I have met extraordinary examples of genuine lapses of memory due to physical causes. I once travelled on the box seat of a coach through one of the most beautiful mountain passes to be found on the surface of the globe. A fellow traveller astonished me by telling me that he had been through the pass before, and had absolutely not the faintest recollection of any of its features. The explanation of this was that at the farther end of the journey he had been involved in a bad coach accident, had been stunned, and suffered from concussion of the brain. The result was that his mind was an absolute blank to every incident of his life for weeks previous to the accident. He lived in hopes of this dark spot on his memory's page being lighted up, but when I last heard of him the illumination had not taken place.

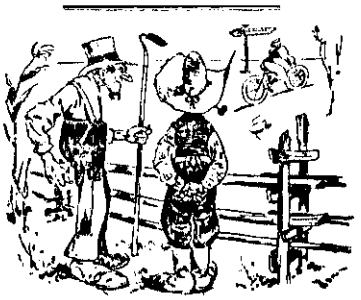
Though the political air has been pretty warm in Wellington for the last fortnight, it seems to have been much more electrically charged both in New South Wales and in England. I have been taking some especial interest in the Reid-Parkes duel in Sydney, because in other days and when across the sea, I had the pleasure of knowing both these noted politicians. To me, it seems a mistake that two prominent leading men should be pitted against one another in a combat which must result in the exclusion of one or the other from public life, and though I do not say that Sir Henry Parkes' recent political aberrations entitled him to much sympathy, one regrets to see a famous octogenarian humiliated and beaten in the evening of his life. Especially must his defeat be crushing to him, coming as it does within a few days of the death of his kind-hearted and devoted wife. In appearance, no two men could be much more more unlike than the conquering Reid and the broken Parkes. Sir Henry is tall and gaunt; the Premier short and rotund. Sir Henry's bushy hair is snowy white; what hair Mr Reid has is of the rufus order. But these two totally dissimilar men have one peculiarity in common. Both have high-pitched, piping, falsetto voices, which interfere very much with the effect of their oratory, at any rate until one grows accustomed to them.

To pass from New South Wales to England, I see that Mr Jeoffrey Drage, the Secretary of the English Labour Commission, beat no less an antagonist than Sir William Harcourt at Derby. Mr Drage is known to some people as the author of a novel called 'Cyril,' which I conscientiously refrain from recommending to your readers. Those who met Mr Drage when he was travelling through New Zealand and studying the labour question here some five or six years ago, must admit that he was not nearly so stupid as his book. He still takes an interest in New Zealand, I believe. An amusing incident of the English elections has reminded me of one of the best of our New Zealand political stories. The English episode to which I refer is the exhibition offered by Lord Kimberley's son, Lord Wodehouse, in hauling a Unionist chairman off his seat and offering to fight him for £50. On one occasion in New Zealand in Otago the conditions were reversed. The chairman of a local Council had, it was alleged, certified improperly to certain public accounts. At the next meeting of the Council he was taken to task, and one of the councillors moved that he resign. The accused chairman quietly beckoned his chief assailant to step up to the chair, and the unsuspecting councillor complying with the invitation, the chairman promptly rose and floored him with a terrific right and lefter. Glaring at the astounded and horrified circle round the official table, the irate president then demanded whether any gentleman would second the motion. He was much the biggest man present, and naturally no one did second it. Then said the Chairman: 'As the motion is not seconded it lapses. We will now proceed to the business on the order paper.'

Most habitues of Parliament say they are glad Auckland is sending Mr Thomas Thompson back to the House. For my part I am unfeignedly sorry that we are not to have another chance of hearing and seeing the galvanic oratory and far-reaching, arm-sweeping, paper-brandishing action of Mr Monk. The arousing Monkish harangues used to be to many gallery-sitters a source of whole-souled and genuine delight. We used to watch him

'When head, and arms and coat-tails were brought w 11y into play
As the metaphoric torrent swept him bodily away.'

Mr Thompson may be shrewd, and industrious, and experienced, and all that, but who ever saw him in the transports of eloquence wave one arm above his head, while with the other he unconsciously swept away a glass of water from the desk in front of him, and sent its contents flying around among his fellow members? I once saw Mr Monk do that. Alas! I am not to see him do it again.



REUBEN: Say, Silas, guess you'll hafter git th' ole woman one o' them bicycles. All th' gals has 'em.

SILAS: No, indeed. I've been wearing th' pants in this family too long ter give 'em up now.

A NEWSPAPER OFFICE BESIEGED.

A RESOLUTE EDITOR.

Truth office (Sydney) has, at time of writing (says last week's *Bulletin*, which arrived on Thursday), been ineffectually besieged for a fortnight by bailiffs, armed with legal process for the execution of Mr. Seymour Allan's recent £1,000 libel-verdict. The premises, iron-barred throughout, and only approachable by a narrow laneway, are most favourably situated for withstanding investment by the sheriff—who, though he may lift the latch of any door or enter by any open skylight, is legally forbidden to break in. It is a cold time for the poor bailiff, and the July westerly blows the clippings through his whiskers and agitates the fringe at the feet of his pants. The staff is sealed up inside, and makes its entrances and exits under midnight difficulties (chiefly connected with hoisting gear), and with an elaborate strategy which would do credit to an autumn manœuvre. But the paper comes out, and the great heart of the proprietary is still in the right place, despite its many troubles. The other day a well-known Sydney pressman came round with a subscription-list on behalf of a distressed brother of the guild, and the beleaguered management, having heard his tale from an upper window, promptly lowered a donation in a pannikin on the end of a string. Editor Taylor would probably stand for Parliament at the present election if it were not that so much of his time is occupied in getting out and in that there is very little left for politics. If the *modus vivendi* could be arranged with the plaintiff, the lengthy and talented journalist might yet be able to come forward and save his bleeding country. The *Bulletin* urges the plaintiff to consider this matter. It seems calamitous irony that so bright an intellect should be lost through a mere sordid difficulty with a bailiff. The latter person, too, is rapidly deteriorating through exposure in the lane, and may presently become useless through rheumatiz. This paper would, therefore, suggest, as the basis for a better understanding, that he should be withdrawn on condition that editor Taylor stands for Parliament, that gentleman pledging himself to admit the minion of the law if he is returned. If he isn't returned, then the siege can be resumed at the end of this month under less inclement conditions. The present mode of carrying on hostilities is an act of boweless cruelty to the bailiff, an innocent third party, who may, for all that is known to the coutrary, be a widower with a large family. During the siege there have been in the office one fire and two epileptic fits; also, editor Taylor, the other day, sang out to the bailiffs: 'Hey, there! Is there anyone in your crowd named Buckley?' (A. G. Taylor had heard there was). 'Yes,' cried one of the baffled bailiffs, hopefully, thinking the question a sign of surrender; 'yes, why?' 'Well, you've got "Buckley's chance" of getting in here, if you hang around for a century.' Then there was grinding of teeth. A full supply of groceries has been hoisted to the upper windows; likewise seven bedsteads have been passed in piecemeal through the iron-bars (bailiffs can't legally seize anything which is being passed into a beleagured building), and the top skylight has been secured with barbed wire. The object of the defence, it may be stated, is to retain possession of the plant (leased months ago by the conductors of *Truth* from libel-defendant Willis) until the Supreme Court shall have decided an interpleader-action. And, finally, it is 40 to 1 that the plant, when finally seized and auctioned, won't fetch enough to pay the costs of the siege, to say nothing of the original libel-verdict and costs.

SOME RACY REJOINDERS.

SOME few months ago, in connection with a smoking concert held in a hotel in Glasgow, a room was specially set apart as a cloak-room, and was placed under the care of a particularly canny Scot. One of the visitors, from the city of St. Mungo, prior to his departure at the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, handed in his voucher to the caretaker, and thinking to have a joke at his expense, received his headgear with the query: 'Are you sure this is my hat?' He was met with the ready and unexpected response: 'Well, ye ken that best yersel. I'm nae sure whether its your hat or nae, but at ony rate it's the one ye gaed me.'

Curran, the celebrated Irish orator, was a man of diminutive stature, and on one occasion a brother barrister, somewhat irritated by Curran's good humoured banter, said to him: 'If you don't cease that incessant cackle, I'll just pick you up and put you in my pocket.' 'Faith, sir,' replied Curran, as sharp as possible, 'then you will have more wit and wisdom in your pocket than you ever had in your head.'

Counsellor Missing was once cross-examining a witness who appeared on a trial for donkey-stealing. Amongst other questions he asked her: 'Why could you not see the donkey?' 'Simply because the ass was *missing*,' she naively replied.

The venerable Charles Wesley was once rudely confronted on a very narrow pathway by an arrogant clerical opponent who accosted him with the words, 'I never make way for a fool.' Wesley at once stepped aside, and remarked, as he passed on with a courteous bow, 'I *always* do!'

A society bore once told Charles Lamb that he considered Shakspere unworthy of the almost universal commendation bestowed upon him. 'Had I the mind to do it,' said the fop, 'I could produce plays quite equal to those of Shakspere. 'Exactly so,' responded Lamb, 'of course it is only the *mind* that is lacking.'

The following racy retort, made by a brilliant literary woman at a recent West End dinner, was as smart as it was well deserved. An indiscreet guest of the male persuasion ventured to remark that 'woman's chief mission in life was to make fools of men.' 'Admitting the statement,' responded the lady in question, 'how tantalising it is to discover that, in many instances, Nature has forestalled us.'

The witty Bishop of Oxford was once waited on by a clergyman who came to lodge a querulous complaint against a local brother of the cloth, whom he accused of ritualistic practices. 'For instance,' said the aggrieved cleric, 'does your lordshipconsider it right for a priest to kiss a stole?' 'Well,' said Dr. Stubbs, with a characteristic twinkle in his eye, 'I think there would be better ground for complaint if he stole a kiss.'

A bragging freethinker once found himself involved in a theological controversy with a Quaker, and, feeling that he was getting worsted in the argument, sought to terminate it by saying: 'I refuse to believe in the existence of anything that I have never seen.' 'Gently, friend,' quoth the Quaker, 'hast thou ever seen thy brains?' 'Certainly not.' 'Have thy friends ever seen them?' 'No, of course not.' 'Dost thou think thou hast any?'

The celebrated Fontenelle, when ninety years of age, happened to pass his friend, the beautiful Madame Helvetius, in the public street without perceiving her. 'Ah!' exclaimed the lady, 'this is your gallantry, then! To pass before me without even looking at me!' 'If I had looked at you, madame,' replied Fontenelle, 'I could never have passed you at all.'

A strictly orthodox parish priest, whose worldly-minded daughter had recently offended him by fresh acts of misconduct, greeted her with the words: 'Good-morning, child of the evil one!' In reply to which came the unconscious, but crushing response: 'Good-morning, father!'

A certain gilded fop, greatly smitten by the charm and grace of a demure-looking country damsel, ventured to remark: 'How I wish that you would give me that ring upon your finger, for it exactly resembles my love to you—it has no end.' 'Excuse me, sir,' responded the fair one, promptly, 'I think I would rather keep the ring, for it is also emblematic of my love to you—it has no beginning.'

NOTABLE NOVELISTS AT WORK.

MR WALTER BESANT is probably one of the most persistent toilers in the literary world. He works with almost superhuman energy and mathematical precision, and gets through a prodigious amount of writing daily. As a novelist he is most painstaking and conscientious. Every manuscript undergoes at least three searching and scrupulous revisions before being committed to the printer. Previous to the writing of any important work he devotes six or seven weeks to framing the general design of the story and building the characters. Mr Besant takes nearly all his characters from life; hence the naturalness and power of his dramatical productions. He likes the early part of each day for writing, and invariably puts in five or six hours of honest pen-work before his noon-day meal.

Rudyard Kipling is a spasmodic writer, but can produce an immense quantity of brilliant literary matter in a short time when he settles down to it. He is a great student of character, and very observant wherever he goes. He is for ever jotting down his impressions of people and places, and loves to catch and record any rich bit of dialect or spicy repartee that may come under his notice, and the material he is constantly gathering in this fashion is duly worked into his novels as occasion may demand. He employs a skilful amanuensis, and keeps his typist almost continually at work, for when he thoroughly sets his mind upon any important work, he thinks nothing of writing for ten hours a day.

Mr Rider Haggard does most of his novel writing at his country house in Norfolk. He spends the morning upon his farm, but, after a frugal lunch, he retires to his study, and there, in the company of his pet rat, 'Jack,' the creator of 'She' works hard with fertile brain and swift-moving pen, turning out the MSS. of his marvellous romances at the rate of 1,000 words every two hours. He writes a rather illegible hand. His plots are most carfully elaborated in his mind before he places them on paper, and his final corrections are but few. He reckons to produce an important work in about six months, but in addition to this he frequently dispatches weighty parcels of MSS. to certain literary syndicates.

Mr B. L. Farjeon is a breezy, genial, painstaking author, who only writes when he has really something to say. Each of his charming stories is based upon some event or chain of events with which either he or his friends have sustained some intimate connection. He says his best thoughts and ideas come to him while he is in bed, and are at once recorded in the manuscript note-book he always keeps by his side. His clever plots are mostly the outcome of much thought, but cost him scarcely more consideration than the strikingly original titles he invents for his novels. He is a rapid composer, finds the type-writer a useful friend, and works it himself with uncommon skill.

Mr G. R. Sims, of literary and dramatic fame, is one of the most prolific writers of the day. He is at once the wonder and despair of his brethren of the pen, for few can even approach him in the matter of rapid and versatile production. His immense popularity costs him dearly, for tremendous demands are unceasingly made upon his pen. Considering the manifold variety of the work he turns out, it is really surprising that he is so invariably fresh and brilliant in all he has to say. His days are long and busy. He riser at eight, and attends to his voluminous correspondence, personally answering each letter. Then he turns to his literary work, hits off the charming short stories for which he is so famous, writes pithy, up-to-date articles for half-a-dozen journals, or produces those spicy, epigramatic paragraphs, so well known to the readers of his own paper. He writes very rapidly, and makes but few revisions, except in his dramatic work, upon which he bestows much conscientious care. Sometimes, when work presses heavily, he toils half through the night. He has tables and writing materials in every room of his house, so that he might record his ideas whenever they come to him. He is a great smoker while writing, and believes it aids him in thinking.

GRAPHIC STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

THE following is the result of the GRAPHIC Story Competition, which closed in June last.

FIRST PRIZE, £5.

Mrs MACLEAN, Taupiri, Waikato.

SECOND PRIZE, £3.

Mr C. WHITE, Ponsonby, Auckland.

THIRD PRIZE, £2,

Mr C. F. SALMOND, M.A., Rockyside, Caversham, Dunedin.

HIGHLY COMMENDED,

Mr CHAS. BROWN, Raukokore, Opotiki.

In no previous competition have the judges experienced greater difficulty in deciding on their verdict.

Each one of the first three stories possesses separate and distinctive merits, and each is on one point or another superior to the others. After very careful reading and re-reading, and conscientious deliberation, the awards were made as above, but so close are the prize stories together that out of a possible 100 not ten marks separate the first and third. After the prize takers there is a considerable drop, but Mr Brown's story is so immeasurably superior to those which came after it that it was decided to give it honourable mention.

The majority of the stories received are almost incredibly bad. Not only is the lack of originality and general incapacity of the writers painfully apparent, but many of the stories bristle with grammatical errors of the most glaring description, while in others there is a slipshod carelessness which under the circumstances approaches impudence. The authors of these have dashed off so many pages of MSS. at lightning speed, under the evident impression that it was unnecessary to take trouble. It should be borne in mind that

GOOD STORIES CANNOT BE 'DASHED OFF.'

The foremost writers of the day confess that they expend more time on rewriting and polishing than on any other portion of their work. Mr Walter Besant and Mr James Payn, who are so frequently applied to for advice by authors, have again and again counselled that unlimited care and pains should be taken in polishing a MSS. before it is sent out into the world.

A HINT.

A prize competition will be held next year, closing about the 1st of June. It is not improbable the first prize will be a very generous one, considerably larger than that just awarded Mrs Maclean. No definite announcement can yet be made, but persons thinking of competing in 1896 are earnestly advised not to leave the matter till the last moment. Write when the idea is fresh and the mood is upon you. Put the story away, after an interval read it over, touching up, polishing, and re-writing where necessary. It is quite surprising how many chances for improvement will appear. Finally a fair, well-written, clean copy should be forwarded.

UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

One of the rules of the recently closed competition gave the proprietor of the GRAPHIC the right to retain and publish any story sent in for competition. Unsuccessful competitors are notified that they may now apply for the return of their MSS, and those not required for publication will be forwarded to applicants if stamps are enclosed. Stories remaining unclaimed after November 1st, 1895, will be destroyed.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, JULY 29.

I have a good deal to tell you this week, so will plunge *in medias res* at once.

THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Saturday at Green Mount, East Tamaki, sixteen miles from Auckland. The day was fine and quite warm Many of the hunters sent their horses on before while they drove out, but plucky ones managed to survive the long ride, and were able to follow the hounds as well as any of the rest. There were two kills, the first pussy giving a decidedly long run over some very stiff wall country. Afterwards a very long drag was laid about five miles in length over rocky scoria land, but very few followed the whole time. There was a large field out. Amongst them I noticed Mrs Bilborough, Mrs W. Bloomfield, Mrs Tonks Mrs Markham, Misses Dunnett, Percival, McLaughlin, Thomas, Bull, Gorrie, Kerr-Taylor, Rookes, A. Taylor, Tribley, Messrs O'Rorke, Bloomfield, McLaughlin, Byers, Gilmore, Boulcott Wooster, Rees, Crowe, Martin, Gorrie, Tonks, Wyvyard. Driving in various vehicles were Mrs Greenaway and Miss Wilkins, Colonel and Mrs Dawson, Miss Elliot, Mrs Mahoney, Misses Bush, Little, etc.

A LARGE EVENING PARTY

was given by Mrs Carr, Remuera, to meet the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Between fifty and sixty guests were present. The rooms were tastefully decorated, rose and crimson camellias being the principal feature. A most amusing address from the guest of the evening, with vocal and singing, caused the time to pass most agreeably. Refreshments were served and appreciated, the table arrangements being much admired for their chaste simplicity in the floral line. Yellow and white jonquils and foliage showed up well, being free from all extraneous paper or ribbon additions. Mrs Carr made a charming hostess, gowned in black with a handsome cream lace flounce; the Misses Horne, low black satin, jet ornaments; Mrs Dignan, black; Mrs Devereux, black; Miss Devereux, white; Mrs James Russell, pink gauze with floral sprays; Mrs (Professor) Thomas, pink; Mrs Browning, senior, Mrs Barstow, and Miss Barstow, Miss Rook and Mr Gillies, Mr and Mrs Beatty, the lady in black and white; Mrs Barton Ireland, Miss Ireland cream silk; Mrs Stevenson, Mrs Matthew Clark, Mr and Mrs H. E. Morton, Mr and Mrs Peacocke, Mrs and Miss Alexander (Parnell), the latter in blue covered with spotted net, etc., etc.

The Misses Horne had an

AFTERNOON TEA

inviting a few friends also to meet the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Amongst the guests were two ladies from Dunedin, the principal of the Girton College, Miss Freeman, and Mademoiselle Fodore. Both ladies gave charming recitations, whilst Dr. Haweis delighted everyone by his exquisite violin performance. Monsieur Chessie (late Governor of Tahiti) with his two *attaches*, friends of Mr Haweis, were also present. An excellent French recitation by Professor de Montalk was much liked, and a most enjoyable time was spent, as can well be imagined, and we were all sorry when such an exceptionally agreeable afternoon came to a close. The refreshments were very nice, and no one could believe, except from the shortness of the invitation, that the affair was altogether an impromptu one suggested by that entertaining Mr Haweis.

The third of the series of

MOUNT ALBERT SOCIALS

took place on Friday in the hall, and it was one of the best held yet the hall being full of gay dancers, and the sexes were nearly equal. There were no wallflowers, as the girls that were sitting out danced with each other. The supper, which was a light one, consisting of coffee, sandwiches and cakes, was provided by the ladies. Mrs Sellers wore a very handsome black silk relieved with lace; Mrs Wright, black; Mrs Woodroffe, dark skirt, electric satin blouse veiled in black lace; the Rev. F. Larkins; Miss Larkins, stylish dark dress trimmed with blue silk veiled in black lace; Miss Garlic, dark skirt, orange coloured silk blouse finished with black velvet; Miss Loddingham, navy skirt, cardinal silk blouse; Miss Maud Martin, black skirt, electric blue velvet blouse; Miss Louie Taylor, simply gowned in black; Miss W. Chambers-Taylor, dark skirt, Gobelin blue velvet blouse; Miss M. Chambers-Taylor, brown gown; Miss G. Kempthorne, black; Miss A. Dixon, brown striped costume; Miss E. Dixon, dark skirt, white nun's veiling blouse; Miss F. Dixon, dark skirt, sailor blouse; Miss Shaw, dark skirt, terra blouse; Miss Amy (Cecil) Taylor wore dark skirt, red blouse; Miss Edith Taylor, dark skirt, pretty pink blouse finished with cream lace; Miss Merta Taylor, grey tailor-made gown; Miss Edith Tanner was much admired in dark skirt, coral pink blouse finished with deep cream lace; Miss Mary Wright, navy skirt, azure blue muslin blouse; Miss May Sellers looked remarkably well in white nun's veiling; her sister, Miss Maud, was similarly attired; Miss Florrie Sellers, dark gown; Miss May Dawson, brown gown with velvet blouse; Miss Muriel Dawson, navy serge; Miss Harper looked pretty in grey finished with brown, and her sister, dark skirt, white blouse; Misses Kerr-Taylor, scarlet silks relieved with white lace; Miss Miller, dark skirt, red blouse; Miss Wilks, dark skirt, with pretty cream blouse with blue ribbons; Miss Leila Wilks, grey, and her sister, Miss Marjorie Wilks, grey with black velvet; Messrs Martin (three), Dawson (two), Cruickshank, Kerr-Taylor, Sloman, Pollan, Miller, Brody, James, Dixon, MacCormick, Shaw, Duffus, Sellers, etc., were amongst the gentlemen.

Mrs Sowerby has had

A NEW HALL

erected next to St. Andrew's College in Symonds-street for the purpose of holding her dancing classes for juveniles and adults. The floor is second to none in Auckland, while every other point for dancing has been carefully studied. The hall is handsomely decorated with large mirrors. The stage, which is of the ordinary size, affords ample room for spectators. There are several rooms in the lower part of the hall, which are used for dressing and refreshment rooms. Mrs Sowerby gives monthly socials in this charming hall, which are greatly appreciated.

THE REMUERA LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB

have decided to start the club without further delay, as the four tennis courts of 'The Towers' have been placed at their disposal free of charge. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Major K. Peel; Vice-presidents, Messrs A. Clark, J. M. Dargaville and M. Clark; treasurer, Mr Ware; secretary, Mr Arthur Peel; general committee of management, Mesdames G. MacFarlane, A. Clark, Ware, Arthur Peel, Miss Hay, Messrs D. Cierke, W. Ridings, F. J. Dargaville, J. Jackson, Hanson.

HITHER AND THITHER.

Mr and Mrs Markham intend leaving Auckland for Australia.

Miss Gertrude Kempthorne is going to Shanghai, China, to join her brother, Mr Ernest Kempthorne. She will leave Auckland in about three weeks.

Miss Heywood is at present on a visit down South.

Mr and Mrs Moss Davis have returned from their short visit to the Empire City.

Miss Kate Isaacs is staying in Wellington, where Mrs Haines has gone to join her.

Mrs Bilborough has returned from Sydney.

Mrs T. Lawry and her little girl leave for Sydney in about a fortnight.

Mr and Mrs P. A. Edmiston entertained a number of friends at

AN ENJOYABLE PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY

when about eight tables were kept going merrily until eleven o'clock, when an adjournment was made for supper, which proved to be of the most tempting description. Mr and Mrs Edmiston make a charming host and hostess, and the evening went all too quickly. Among those present I noticed Mrs Tewsely in a gown of cream ondine silk; Mrs (Dr.) Windsay, cream, corsage trimmed with chiffon; Mrs A. Taylor, white; Mrs Brown, cream chene silk gown; Mrs Donald, coral pink; Mrs Owers, heliotrope silk; Mrs Hinton, handsome black satin gown; Miss Whitson looked well in ruby velvet; Miss Horne, turquoise blue gown; Miss Macdonald, green velvet; Mrs Edmiston received her guests in a lovely green brocade; Messrs Edmiston, Tewesly, Taylor, Dr. Owen and many others.

A EUCHRE PARTY

given by Mrs Wingfield at her residence, Hepburn-street, was very much enjoyed. Quite a large number took part in the game, play going on at about half-a-dozen tables. Mrs (Dr.) Bedford carried off the first prize, and Mrs Cousins the lobby prize. Mrs Wingfield wore a handsome black gown; Mrs Kenderdine, brown velvet with pink chiffon ruffles; Mrs (Dr.) Bedford looked remarkably well in pale pink blouse, black skirt; Mrs Saunders (Dunedin), black; Mrs C. Campbell, black; Miss Colley, pretty white crepon; Miss Owen, handsome black velvet gown; Miss Ada Owen, sweetly pretty shot silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Johnston, green tweed; Miss L. Johnson, grey; Miss McLachlan, pale pink blouse, black skirt. After a most delicious supper a little music was indulged in, and this brought a most charming evening to a close.

Mr and Mrs H. Kinder, of the Savings Bank, Newmarket, gave

A MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE.

The drawing-room was used for dancing. The hall and staircase were beautifully decorated with palms and other greenery. The supper table looked lovely with fairy-lights, and white and green lycopodiums. Mrs Kinder received her guests in a handsome black gown, with blue silk sleeves; Mrs Clarke looked pretty in coral pink silk; Mrs Pulman, black lace trimmed with jet; Miss Lodder (Sydney), pretty white cashmere, with cream roses; Miss Von Sturmer looked charming in heliotrope veiled with net and finished with yellow bows; Miss L. Von Sturmer, turquoise blue; Miss Jones, handsome black lace; Miss Wylde-Brown, pale pink, black velvet sleeves and trimmings; Miss Connelly, cream satin; Miss Kennedy, crushed strawberry crepon; Miss Clarke, pretty cream frock. Messrs Baume, Hursthouse, St. John Clarke, Peacock, Connelly, Herrold, Hay, Tovey, Kinder, and others whose names I have forgotten.

The second of the

PARNELL PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION DANCES

took place last Tuesday evening in the Bonaventure Hall. There was a large attendance. Miss Horne brought her distinguished cousin, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the great lecturer, and there were also present two French gentlemen who could not speak a word of English, so that their partners had to stir up their rusty French. Several officers from H.M.S. Hungaroona were present, who added greatly to the brilliance of the ball with their gold lace. Both music and floor were perfection. The ladies and gentlemen were about equal in numbers, though sad to relate, there were plenty of wallflowers. Was it from lack of introduction? The platform was draped with red and finished with flags and greenery. The supper-table was very prettily decorated with rose-coloured crepon paper, white jonquils, and snowdrops in vases, while on the table amongst the paper lay dark pink camellias. The supper was all that a *gourmet* could desire—oysters, trifles, jellies, claret cup, sweets, etc. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Ruck, in a handsome black silk, coquelicot red opera cape; Mrs H. C. Tewsley, very stylish gown of pink silk trimmed with net *en suite*; Miss Mowbray was looking remarkably well in a striking fawn lace gown finished with Nihiliste red mirror ribbon streamers and bows; Miss Ida Thorne George was simply gowned in a lovely white silk finished with chiffon; Mr and Mrs Colbeck, the lady gowned in a handsome white silk (her bridal gown) finished with lace; Mrs W. R. Holmes, very striking rose corail satin relieved with black lace; Miss Holmes, silver grey creponette trimmed with white tulle; Mr and Mrs J. F. Ward, the lady wearing a myrtle green silk relieved with pink sleeves veiled in black lace; Mr and Mrs C. R. Pollen, the latter gowned in a lovely galois grey striped popin finished with fawn lace; Mrs J. L. R. Blomfield, shot red and brown silk, cardinal red opera cape; Miss Thomas, white lace with orange satin sleeves and ribbons; Mr and Mrs T. F. Cuffill, the lady gowned in black lace finished with cream chiffon; Mr and Mrs Ward, the latter in black lace, the bodice and sleeves being finished with old gold; Miss Horne, black lace with grey silk sleeves and vest; Mr and Mrs Lyons, the lady in a *recherche* costume of lilas brocaded silk finished with net *en suite*; Miss Aubrey, short white net gown with silver belt and pink velvet sleeves and trimmings veiled in silver gauze; Miss Rookes was much admired in a Tuscan-coloured creponette finished with tulle *en suite*; Mrs Goodwin, black lace; and her daughter looked pretty in a white silk gown profusely trimmed with white chiffon and pink rosebuds and sprays (this was a very effective costume); Mr and Mrs J. Preston Stevenson, the lady in a handsome terra-cotta merveilleux finished with white lace; Miss Kempthorne, silver grey silk relieved with white tulle; and Miss Gertrude Kempthorne, purple white gown; Mrs Barton Ireland, black silk finished with lace; Miss Ireland, stylish white silk relieved with lace; Miss Edith Isaacs looked *piquante* in a heliotrope silk finished with chiffon; Miss Wilkins, white bebe silk with overall of white tulle; Miss Maud Wilkins, ardoise grey silk profusely trimmed with grey tulle; Mrs Chatfield, black lace; Miss Chatfield lovely white *delicate* silk; Mrs Arthur Taylor looked well in a white crepon*ette* finished with silk and ribbons; Miss Thomson, mexique blue lace over pink velvet; Miss Kissling, peacock blue velvet finished with lace; and her sister, white silk; Miss Barstow, black silk, *en traine*, handsomely trimmed with pink; Mrs McCormick, dome blue veiled in black lace; Mrs Nichols, black lace with grey finishings; Miss Nicholson, Tuscan-coloured Liberty silk finished with tulle; Mrs Kilgour, cardinal velvet trimmed with silk, white opera cloak edged with white fur; Miss Kilgour, Mexique blue merveilleux finished with fawn lace; Miss Lily Ireland looked *chic* in white trained silk with bows of black velvet; Miss Analey, white flowered Indian muslin with red silk ribbons; Miss Cave, pale pink nun's veiling; and her sister, white silk; Miss Churton, dainty grey costume; Miss M. Churton, buttercup coloured satin; Miss Bidmead, black velvet; Miss White, pale pink nun's veiling; Miss Davy, rose pink; Miss Freeman, steel grey merveilleux; Miss Lusk, nil green Liberty silk with white lace trimmings; a young lady from Dunedin looked pretty in grey; Miss Hull, white silk with pink velvet edgings; Miss Hankhardt, black lace; Miss Buchanan, black gown relieved with yellow, Mr and Mrs Dutbie, the lady looking elegant in black velvet trimmed with jet; Miss Howard, white silk; Miss Brown, white grenadine; and many other ladies whom I did not know. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Kissling, R. G. Thomas, W. P. Goodhue, Clarke, H. Bloomfield, Watkis, Todd, Fairburn, W. H. Churton, Harold Churton, McNeill, Forde, Sealy, Gilbert, McCallum, Lecky, Ridings, Dr Sharman, etc.

PROFESSOR CARROLLO'S CARNIVAL.

The gallery of the Choral Hall was crowded with visitors on Saturday night, when a gymnastic display was given by Professor Carrollo's lady pupils—about one hundred in number. Some of the items, such as the Indian club squad and maze (with music), high jumping, swing hand-rings, etc., were faultlessly gone through. It was an exceedingly pretty sight, and reflected the greatest credit on both the young ladies and the Professor who trained them. During the evening His Worship the Mayor presented on behalf of the pupils in the Saturday morning class a handsomely-framed photograph of themselves. Amongst the ladies present were Miss Holland, brown velvet, stylish hat with fancy straw crown; Mrs Tibbs, black; Miss Tibbs, grey; Mrs (Dr.) Lewis, stylish fawn tweed (tailor-made), black velvet toque; Mrs Dacre, black, bonnet with feathers and aigrette; Miss Hamilton, dark tweed, beaver cape; Mrs Graham, brocaded velvet costume; Mrs Haslett, black; Mrs J. Reid, dark tweed, black hat; Miss Macdonald, green; Miss B. Whitelaw, tabac brown, cape trimmed with fur; Miss M. Whitelaw, also brown, very stylish picture hat; Miss N. Rees, navy, becoming black velvet hat; Mrs Robison, black; Mrs Myers, grey, with brocaded silk sleeves; Miss B. Gittos, petunia serge; Miss Oxley, black; Miss Langsford, navy, black chip hat; Mrs R. M. Watt, petunia costume with fur trimmings, toque *en suite*; Mrs Hesketh, black, and many others whom I cannot remember.

I hope next week to give you the Ponsonby 'At Home,' which takes place on Friday next.

SOME SMART STREET GOWNS

I have noticed during this spell of fine weather. Mrs Chambers, black gown, black silk cape, black bonnet with red edging and trimmed with black beads; Miss Fisher, navy serge tailor-made gown with fur collar, white shirt-front; Mrs. May Chambers, fawn tailor-made gown, blue vest, small green boat-shaped hat trimmed with ribbons and wings; Miss Thomas, mode grey tailor gown, black hat with white wings; Miss McLaughlin, slate grey tweed, cape *en suite*, black hat with black ostrich feathers; Miss Whistler, fawn gown, Empire silk sash, fawn hat with red roses; Mrs Seymour, black gown, fawn hat; Miss Fanny Johnston, navy serge, brown fur cape, black velvet toque with violets; Mrs Lyons, black gown with white panels veiled in black lace, hat with heliotrope flowers; Miss Aubrey, short black gown trimmed with petunia, hat with heliotrope flowers.

I have a few pretty frocks worn at the previous Saturday's football match, which late arrival compelled me to omit. Miss Sinclair, a stylish costume of fawn tweed, pretty hat to match; Miss Goodwin, pretty stylish tweed dress, gem hat; Miss Montrose (Sydney), heliotrope cloth frock with fawn heaver trimming, large hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Coffey, distinguished costume of navy blue hop cloth, pretty gem hat; Miss — Coffey, stylish fawn costume, handsome boa, fawn chip hat; Miss Buddie was attired in navy blue; Miss Ella Howard, a handsome costume of navy blue, gem hat with pale blue band; Mrs (Dr.) Whitmore (England), an elegant combination of green and canary tweed, muff and boa to match, stylish bonnet.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, JULY 27.

THE STAR BOATING CLUB BALL

held on Friday night in Thomas' Hall was a very successful affair. The decorations were most artistic, consisting of sculls placed round the walls, photographs of the several crews, relieved with palms, flags, etc. A splendid sit-down supper was served upstairs, and altogether the affair was most excellently done. The alterations to the hall are a great improvement, giving more room. At nine o'clock the Earl and Countess of Glasgow were met by Mr Pearce (President), Mr Field (Captain), Miss Pearce and Mrs Field, and were escorted to the stage. In the first set were Lady Glasgow and Mr Pearce, Lord Glasgow and Miss Pearce, Lady Alice Boyle and Mr Field, Mrs Field and Captain Preston. Lady Glasgow wore a handsome pink satin with panels of pink and blue brocade, the front of the skirt was edged with fur; she wore her diamond tiara, and carried a beautiful bouquet of daffodils; Lady Alice Boyle was lovely in pink gauze; Mrs Field, red velvet trimmed with jet; Miss Grace, black silk, rose velvet revers; Lady Stout, black silk and jet; Mrs H. D. Bell, pale green silk, white chiffon frills; Mrs Bliss, pale pink silk and gauze; Mrs H. D. Crawford, cream silk, white chiffon frills, scarlet velvet bow; Mrs A. Crawford, yellow brocade; Mrs A. Russell (Palmerston), grey silk trimmed with grey velvet and lace; Miss Boyle, white silk, red roses; Mrs Kohn, cream satin and lovely lace; Mrs Goring, pink silk; Mrs S. Hutchison, black silk and lace; Mrs Hislop, black velvet trimmed with white silk; Mrs Firth, white silk, long chiffon sleeves, yellow velvet trimmings; Mrs Bowling, black silk and scarlet velvet; Mrs Ward, white brocade with lace frills; Mrs Haines (Auckland), black silk, velvet bows; Mrs Hindall, black silk; Mrs Samuels; Mrs C. Richardson, cream brocade; Miss Elliott, black silk trimmed with jet; Mrs Gibson, grey satin and ruby velvet; Mrs Rose, black silk with pale blue velvet and jet; Mrs Adean (Hawke's Bay), black silk; Mrs Fitzherbert, ruby velvet; Miss Pearce, pale blue brocade and white lace; Miss Williams (Hawke's Bay) was gowned in cream satin trimmed with black velvet and flowers; Miss Studdiford (Dunedin), white silk with revers of mauve velvet; Miss Bennett (Bulls), black silk, black and white striped sleeves; Miss Cooper, pink silk and white lace; Miss I. Cooper, white brocade; Miss Simpson, black velvet with front of white silk veiled with black lace; Miss Gore, yellow satin with ecru lace and beaver; Miss A. Gore, pale blue satin and white lace; Miss Izard, b ack silk, white lace epaulettes; Miss Izard, pink silk, pale blue Mervell, white silk with revers of mauve velvet; Miss Bennett (Bulls), black silk, black and white striped sleeves; Miss Cooper, pink silk and white lace; Miss I. Cooper, white brocade; Miss Simpson, black velvet with front of white silk veiled with black lace; Miss Gore, yellow satin with ecru lace and beaver; Miss A. Gore, pale blue satin and white lace; Miss Izard, b ack silk, white lace epaulettes; Miss Izard, pink silk, pale blue Mervell, white silk; A. Dean (Hawke's Bay), black silk with yellow velvet bodice; her sister, black silk trimmed with white lace; Miss Johnston, pale green gauze and jewelled embroidery; Miss S. Johnston the same; Miss E. Johnston, white silk, lace flounces; Miss Millar, black silk veiled in pale blue chiffon; Miss McLean (Dunedin), pretty white brocade, chiffon sleeves; her sister, pale blue silk; Miss Fraser (Dunedin), black silk and tulle; Miss Bendall, blue satin; Miss Barnett, black satin and lace sleeves; Miss Chatfield, pink silk, white chiffon frills; her sister wore pale blue silk; Miss Dyer, white brocade trimmed with pearls; Miss Elliott, pale green silk and lace; Miss Fitzherbert, cream silk; Miss Heywood, yellow silk with shoulder strings of violets; Miss Harding, white silk with mauve velvet bows; Miss H. Harding, yellow silk and white lace; Miss Hislop, pale grey trimmed with yellow roses and white frills; Miss Isaacs (Auckland), beetle green satin, half of the skirt of pompadour silk, the other half of beetles' wings embroidery; Miss Koch, soft white silk and lace; Miss Mee, pretty white silk and lilies of the valley; Miss Mowbray, pale pink silk; Miss Newton, grey velvet; Miss Palmerston, white silk trimmed with yellow velvet; Miss Pownall, white silk with clusters of white flowers; Miss Reynolds (Dunedin), white silk; her sister, heliotrope silk and chiffon; the Misses Rose, soft white crepon gowns; Miss Richardson, black silk with chiffon sleeves; Miss Rose, crushed strawberry silk and embroidered chiffon; Miss J. Richardson, white silk; Miss Stewart, green silk and white lace; Miss Simpson, white silk trimmed with lace and lilies of the valley; Miss Steed, white silk, black velvet trimmings; Miss Tuckey, pink crepon with yellow silk bodice, long ribbon streamers; Miss Trimnell, sage green silk with accordion frills; Miss Welford, pale blue silk and white lace frills; Miss McGregor, white pompadour silk brocaded with red flowers and trimmed with scarlet velvet; Miss W. Reeves, yellow satin and swansdown; Miss McGregor, soft white silk and lace; the Misses Arkwright (Bulls), white silk and lace; Miss Young, white brocade; Miss Izard (Christchurch), white silk and lace; Miss Butterworth, white silk trimmed with chiffon; Miss Reid, pink silk trimmed with green velvet; Miss Fairchild,

cream brocade; her sister wore pale blue silk and white chiffon; Miss Loyde Williams, cream satin and lace; Miss Gibson, bright red velvet; Miss Blundell, cream crepon trimmed with lace; Mrs Montgomery (Wanganui), white silk; Miss Griffiths, blue silk; her sister wore a pretty dress. Amongst the gentleman were Messrs Gore, Higginson, Tripe, Hanna, Adean, Evans (Hawke's Bay), G. Pharazyn, Cooper, Reid, Butterworth, Turnbull, Studholme, Smith, Worbridge, Hume, officers of 'Pylades,' and many others. The music was not as good as usual, as it was not supplied by Kings's excellent band. The extras were played by Mrs Richards and Mrs Stewart.

THE ART EXHIBITION

was opened on Saturday afternoon by Lord Glasgow, accompanied by Lady Glasgow, the Hon. Allan Boyle, and Captain Clayton, His Excellency, as usual, made a very nice speech. Tea and cakes were handed round in the afternoon. Lady Glasgow wore a black crepon gown, handsome dark blue velvet mantle trimmed with fur and jet, blue bonnet with pale blue rosettes and beetles' wingsstanding up; Lady Stout, black silk gown, and mantle with feather trimming, jet bonnet; Mrs (Judge) Richmond, black silk mantle, velvet and jetted bonnet; Miss E. Richmond, grey jacket and skirt, burnt straw hat with large ribbon bows; Mrs Hesketh, black gown, stamped velvet cloak, black bonnet with red aigrette; Mrs Duncan, black silk gown and cape, pretty jet and feathered bonnet; Mrs Levin, black dress, handsome mantle trimmed with jet and fur, black and white bonnet; Mrs Whitehead, speckled tweed gown trimmed with green velvet, black bonnet with tips; Mrs Rhind, dark blue gown, sealskin jacket, majenta and beaver bonnet; Mrs Goring, brown costume, small majenta and violet toque; Mrs Coker, fawn black costume, fur cape, jet and tipped bonnet; Mrs Grace, black costume, fur boa, ecru lace bonnet with tips; Mrs Barron, slate grey costume, feather boa, ecru lace bonnet; another lady wore black; brocade, black velvet and jet cape, moss green and black bonnet; Mrs Adams, green costume, black jet bonnet with majenta roses; Miss Ferguson, green costume; Mrs J. Allen, (Dunedin), blue serge, check waistcoat, black velvet toque; Mrs C. Richards, brown costume trimmed with beaver, brown hat to match; Mrs Hutchison, fawn jacket and skirt, brown hat with tips; Mrs Rose, black costume; Miss Collson, black tailor-made costume, hat to match; Miss Richardson, dark blue gown and cape, black velvet hat with feathers; Miss Pearce, black costume, fur boa, black velvet and fur bonnet; Miss Bennett (Bulls), pale grey gown with pink silk, sealskin jacket, small black hat with green flowers; Miss Williams, Paisley pattern cloth gown, brown straw hat with tips; Miss H. Williams, light brown costume, felt hat with wings; Miss Renolds (Dunedin), black costume, brocaded blouse, pink and black beaver hat with black feathers; her sister, dark green costume trimmed with beaver, brown straw hat with feathers; Miss Cooper, dark blue gown, small black hat with violets; Miss Izard, black gown, black sailor hat; Miss Russell (Hawke's Bay), fawn gown trimmed with green velvet, black hat with green rosettes; Miss Gore, brown costume, black hat with pink chiffon and aigrette; Miss Rolleston, black costume, black and red blouse, large black hat with feathers; Miss Williams (Hawke's Bay), black costume, black velvet hat with tips; Miss Acland (Christchurch), black costume, black hat with black and white ribbon; Miss Studholme, fawn costume, brown hat with beaver; Miss Blackett, fawn gown, black velvet sleeves, fawn hat to match; her sister, grey cloth and velvet gown, velvet and jet bonnet; Miss Barron, green gown, and toque to match; Miss E. Barron, fawn costume; Miss Newton, brown velvet gown, and toque; Miss Hill, blue serge, open work lace hat; Miss Holmes, black silk gown, black feathered hat; Miss Gwen Davie, fawn costume; Miss B. Cowlan, black hat; Miss Turnbull, red gown trimmed with black velvet and jet, black hat with black and white ribbon; Misses Brandon, Wilson, Quick, Seed, Tuckey, Fairchild, and many others were present.

Mrs Cooke Daniels gave a

VERY ENJOYABLE LITTLE DANCE

last Friday night. The whole house was most artistically decorated with flowers, ferns, etc. The night was an extremely cold one, so that the warmth the of fires and cosiness of the rooms was very much appreciated. Mrs Daniels received her guests in a very handsome white duchesse satin trimmed with silver spangles and lovely cream lace; she carried a lovely bouquet of violets and ferns. Among those present were the Countess d'Abbans, who wore cream silk and lace; Mrs C. Johnston, very pretty white pompadour silk brocaded with scarlet rosebuds and trimmed with rosettes and bows of scarlet velvet; Mrs G. Hutchison, grey velvet gown with sleeves of brocaded silk and trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Grace, black velvet, fichu of white chiffon; Mrs H. D. Bell, pale green silk with white chiffon frills; Mrs W. Johnston, handsome black and white brocaded gown trimmed with jet; Mrs B. Goring, pink silk trimmed with briar roses; Mrs H. D. Crawford, yellow silk with sleeves of maroon velvet; Mrs A. Pearce, lemon-coloured silk gown trimmed with accordion frills of the same shade; Mrs T. Wilford, white brocade and pearl embroidery; Mrs Baldwin, lovely cream satin trimmed with pearls; Lady Alice Boyle, black silk with clusters of forget-me-nots; Miss Crace, white silk trimmed with lace and insertion; Miss Pearce, black accordion gown trimmed with white lace frills; Miss Studholme (Christchurch), white silk trimmed with net and pearls; Miss Grace, white striped silk very much trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Williams, cream coral pink silk with bébe bodice of chiffon; Miss Williams, cream brocade with mauve velvet trimmings; Miss E. Williams, pale blue silk and white lace; Miss Gore, yellow satin trimmed with brown fur and ecru lace; Miss A. Gore, pale blue satin trimmed with violets and lace; Miss Izard, black silk with frills of white lace; Miss L. Izard, white brocade; Miss Duncan, white silk brocaded with blue flowers and trimmed with chiffon; Miss Johnston, fawn satin trimmed with chiffon of the same colour; Miss S. Johnston, black silk with sleeves of white brocade; Miss E. Johnston, black satin; Miss Bennett (Bulls), pale grey brocade with chiffon bodice, and trimmed with velvet of a darker shade; Miss Cooper, white gauze trimmed with violets; Miss I. Cooper, white silk. Mr G. Hutchison, Captain Russell, Hon. Mr Butler, Captain Preston, Messrs Gathorne-Hardy, Tripp, Cooper, Pearce, Gore, Williams, Duncan, Izard, Minnett, and others.

In spite of the very bad weather on Saturday the

WELLINGTON GOLF CLUB

was opened by His Excellency the Governor, who was accompanied by Lady Augusta Boyle, Miss Crace, and Captain Preston. Mr Wardrop (captain) made a short speech, and Lord Glasgow, after a few words, made the first hit off. Delicious tea and cakes were provided by Mrs Bell (captain), and as the weather was so cold and wet were very much appreciated. Most of the ladies wore cloaks or capes There were a number of the Hutt Golf Club members present. Among those who had the courage to attend were Mesdames Bell, A. Pearce, H. D. Crawford, A. Crawford, Purdy, Whitby, Riddiford, Treadwell, Lord Glasgow, the Misses Johnston, Wilford, Duncan, Grace, Burnett, Hutchison, Bell, Brandon, Friend, Rose, Fitzherbert, and the Messrs Wardrop, Tripp, Roberts, Crawford, Pearce, Turner, Daniels, Duncan, Higginson, etc.

Mrs Hislop gave an

AFTERNOON TEA

on Tuesday. Mrs Hislop wore a black and white silk gown; the Misses Hislop wore pretty black velvet gowns. Among the guests were Lady Stout, Mrs Dowling, Mrs Pearce, Mrs Whitehead, Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mis and Miss Rose, Mrs and Miss Friend, Mrs (Dr.) Henry, the Misses Cooper, Harding, Lingard, Tucky, Mrs and Miss Reynolds (Dunedin), Mrs Stafford, Mrs Firth, Mrs Butt, and others.

On Monday afternoon a

LARGE 'AT HOME'

was given by Mrs Maxwell, who received her guests in black silk trimmed with lace and jet. Music was played by King's String band, which was most effective. Among those present were Lady Stout, who wore a black crepon gown trimmed with silk, jet bonnet; Mrs Dowling, black crepon trimmed with black chiffon and mauve silk; Mrs T. Johnston, black silk trimmed with fur and jet, cape to match, black and pink bonnet; the Misses Johnston wore tweed costumes; Mrs Izard, black silk, handsome mantle, black and gold bonnet; Mrs W. Moorehouse, brown gown, torcador hat to match; Mrs Whitehead, tweed gown trimmed with green velvet, velvet and jet bonnet; Miss Moorehouse, brown gown with brocaded silk sleeves brown hat with feathers. Others present were Mrs and the Misses T. O. Williams, the Misses Williams (Hawke's Bay), Mrs C. Johnston, the Misses Izard, Mrs Rhodes, Miss Pearce, Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mrs W. R. G. Brown, Mrs Pynsent, Mrs Goring, the Misses Cooper, Johnston, Grace, Buller, and others.

I have yet

ANOTHER 'AT HOME'

to tell you about. It was given by Mrs John Duncan on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs Duncan wore a black silk gown trimmed with heliotrope; Miss Duncan wore a black and white silk blouse, and dark silk skirt; Lady Stout wore a black crepon gown with black watered silk sleeves, jet bonnet with tips; Mrs Richmond, black silk gown and mantle, black bonnet trimmed with pink roses; Miss E. Richmond, black costume, feather boa, large black hat with feathers and pink roses; Mrs (Dr.) Haines (Auckland), black silk, small violet and velvet bonnet; Mrs G. Hutchison, brown gown, sealskin jacket, brown straw hat with brown tips; Mrs Medley, black; Miss Medley, black crepon gown with vest of blue silk, black felt hat trimmed with velvet; Mrs T. Wilford, silk brown costume, fur boa, brown felt hat trimmed with petunia velvet; Mrs Baker wore a handsome black silk and jetted gown, grey cloak edged with fur, small black bonnet; Mrs Hislop wore a brown costume; Miss Hislop, black gown and cape trimmed with electric blue silk, small hat with black tips; Mrs Butt, black jacket and skirt, black bonnet trimmed with violets; Miss Isaacs (Auckland), dark costume, brocade waistcoat, green velvet hat with pink roses; Miss Blair, black costume, small black velvet bonnet; Miss Burns, fawn costume, burnt straw hat trimmed with violets; Mrs Simpson; Miss Simpson, black gown trimmed with violet velvet, small hat to match; Mrs Whitehead, tweed gown, small jet bonnet with osprey; Miss Brandon, black costume, toreador hat trimmed with red velvet; Miss Morrah, dark green gown, black hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs H. Hadfield, black gown, black velvet and jet bonnet with black tips; Miss Tucker, brown costume; Mrs Rhind, dark blue gown, sealskin jacket, majenta and black bonnet; Mrs Watson, brown costume, fur boa, scarlet velvet and jet bonnet; Miss Johnston, fawn tweed costume, black toreador hat; Mrs and the Misses Harding, Mrs and Miss Stewart, Mrs and Miss Edwin, and others.

JOTTINGS.

Invitations have been issued for a dance on the 1st of August at Government House.

Mrs G. Hutchison is giving a dance on the 5th.

Mrs H. D. Bell is having a large 'at home' next week, so also is Mrs Stuart Menteath.

The Misses Williams (Hawke's Bay) are in town, and are now at Miss Malcolm's.

Mrs Williams has returned from her trip to the Bay of Islands.

Mr Guy Williams returned with her.

Mrs and the Misses Reynolds (Dunedin) are here for the session.

Mrs (Dr.) Haines (Auckland) is staying with Mrs Butt.

Miss B. McLean (Dunedin) is now staying with Mrs A. Pearce.

Mrs G. Pearce (Hutt), who has been on a visit to Australia, has returned.

Mrs Harding has issued invitations for a dance to take place shortly.

Miss Fraser (Dunedin) is staying with Mrs H. D. Bell.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, JULY 25.

On Thursday evening a very large audience assembled in the Tuam-street Theatre to hear the

CONCERT

given by the Musical Union, which by all was pronounced a great success. The first part was composed of some glees (unaccompanied), most charmingly sung, two with orchestral accompaniments, and songs. The second, 'The Sleeping Beauty,' was exceedingly well given, the orchestra in this instance accompanying the chorus, not overpowering, as usual. The soloists —Mrs E. T. Robinson, Miss Davie, Messrs Lovell, and W. A. Day—were very successful in their respective parts, the particular style of music suiting some better than others. Mrs Robinson looked well in twine-coloured silk and lace with green velvet puff sleeves; Miss Davie wore a lovely gown of yellow corded silk, the bodice trimmed with beaver, yellow aigrette in her hair. The audience was too much cloaked to see very much of the gowns worn. Mrs Dalgety was in cream; Mrs H. Meares, smart scarlet opera cape with black fur: Mrs Denniston, black with large butterfly bow of heliotrope fastened with jet butterflies; Miss Morton (Dunedin), who is the guest of Mrs Bourne, black velvet and yellow; Miss Turton, white opera cloak; Mrs Westmacott, crimson cloak edged with black; Mrs I. Gibbs, black silk and jet; Miss Bullock, pretty white cloak with pale blue feather trimming; Mr and Mrs H. Wood, the Bishop, Mrs and Misses Julius, Mr and Mrs Tendal, Mrs F. M. Wallace, Mrs Wilding, Mr and Mrs Donald, Mr and Mrs Ollivier, Mrs Knibling, Professor and Mrs Cook, Mrs Humphries, Misses Wynn-Williams, Mr and Mrs Roper, the latter wearing a lovely cream silk with lace.

One of the

ASSEMBLY DANCES

took place the same night in Hobbs' Buildings, and a good many wended their way there after the concert. Miss Davie was there, and Miss Graham, who looked very nice in black with pale blue silk berthe and large puff sleeves. I hear Mrs (Dr.) R. Anderson looked charming in her lovely wedding gown; Miss Garrick, Miss Cunningham, Miss Cholmondeley, and many others.

On Friday evening Mrs Ross, Montreal-street, gave a small but very

ENJOYABLE MUSICAL EVENING,

when chat and music passed an hour or two rapidly. Some good music was given by Misses Malet, Henry, Guy, and Irving.

On the same evening a very pleasant

EUCHRE PARTY

was given by the Fendalton Dramatic Club. The schoolroom hired for the occasion was tastefully arranged and lighted, and the whole affair was a great success. Mrs H. Sims, who won the following, was bearing a graceful blue blouse; Mrs Denniston wore black with a crimson blouse trimmed with jet; Miss Turton, black, her blouse trimmed with dainty stripes and rosettes of scarlet ribbons; Mrs Bishop, black silk; her daughter in green velvet and fur; Miss Rowley (Southland), who is the guest of Mrs Mathias at present, looked well in brown silk and cream lace; Miss Stack wore a soft dark line with tiny frills of chiffon; Miss Tolhurst, pretty pink silk blouse; Miss Leach looked well in pale blue silk and cream lace.

On Friday evening at Avonside an excellent

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

of a varied nature took place, Messrs Ballantyne and Raphael causing great fun with their drum sketch. A very pretty tableau followed, 'Tit for Tat,' when Miss Watson and Mr Seymour displayed some very appropriate attitudes. 'A Happy Pair' was well given by Miss Cholmondeley and Mr Garland, then a merry little dance brought the pleasant evening to a close. Misses Cowlishaw, Nalder, Hardy-Johnston, Turrell and Saunders were among those present.

Mr Wells' Motott Society gave

A GOOD CONCERT

on Monday evening in St. Michael's schoolroom. The programme comprised, besides other items of interest, solos by Mrs Jennings, Misses Hewson and Shanks, and some excellent concerted music by Messrs Bowman, Webley, Bunz and Wells. Mr Bowman also played a violin solo very well indeed. Among the audience I noticed Mr and Mrs Burns, Mr and Mrs Wilding, Dr and Mrs Symes, Dr. and Mrs Murray-Aynsley, Misses Moorhouse, Ainger, Cotterill, Lingard, etc.

On Tuesday the

FIRST FINE TENNIS DAY

for some considerable time, there were quite a number of players at Cranmer Square courts. Miss Henderson gave tea, and Misses Garrick Maling, Black, Harley, Hay (Temuka), Meeson, Thomas, and Russell were among the many there.

I regret to hear Mrs Lyon met with a very nasty accident at the meet at Kirwee on Tuesday. Her horse came down at a fence very early in the run and threw her some distance, by which she was rendered unconscious for some considerable time. The ground was in a very bad condition, and many ladies were advised not to follow on that account.

OUR PEOPLE.

Miss Maggie Hay (Temuka) is the guest of Mrs Harley, Opawa, and looks well in a smart long buff coat with large revers of sable and big buttons.

Mrs Kenner has returned from her trip to Dunedin, and is wearing a becoming brown cloth cape with rows of narrow fur.

Mrs Bruges wears a neat grey golf cape with the hood of pepper and salt check. She is soon to leave us on a visit to Geelong, Victoria.

Miss Garrick wears a smart black cape of rough cloth with soft fur edgings on several over capes.

Mr Dawes, son of Sir Edward Dawes (Chairman N.S.S. Co.), London, has been spending a few days with Mr and Mrs J. Gibbs, Merivale. He is touring New Zealand, and sailed north on Tuesday.

Miss Rose (Wellington) is on a visit to friends in Christchurch, and at present is staying with Miss Kinsey.

Every one regrets to hear Mr W. D. Wood is still confined to the house, not being able to shake off his last illness, the weather is so trying.

DOLLY VALE.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, JULY 22

The young ladies of this town seem to be unfortunate in the matter of

LOSING PORTMANTEAUX

whilst visiting their friends. You will probably remember my telling you of Miss Heath having to appear in court in Sydney over the theft of her travelling trunk and contents. This week Miss Browning, who was the guest of Miss Hughes at the Bank of New Zealand, had a small valise containing goods to the value of £15 stolen and disposed of to a second-hand dealer. The police chanced to fall on the guilty man, who has paid the penalty. Miss Browning returns to Dunedin this week to resume duties.

THE NAPIER DRAMATIC CLUB

intend staging Pinero's charming drama 'Sweet Lavender.' The cast is as follows:—Geoffrey Wedderburn, Mr W. Davidson; Horace Bream, Mr Kennedy; Dick Phenyl, Mr George Swan; Clement Hale; Mr Maginnity; Dr. Delaney, Mr Morton; Bulger, Mr Albert Besant; Mr Maw, Mr H. Swan; Mrs Gilfillan, Miss Ringwood; Minnie, Miss Heath; Rush Rost, Miss Hitchings; Sweet Lavender, Miss Una Hitchings.

JOTTINGS.

Mr H. G. Spackman, who for many years filled the post of organist and choirmaster at St. John's Cathedral was married last week to Miss Parnell, of Gisborne.

The second of Subscription Dances takes place on Wednesday, and large numbers intend presenting themselves.

Mr J. W. Carlisle has been prostrated by sickness, and his many friends hope to see himjin his usual health soon again.

The Hospital grounds presented a lovely appearance on Wednesday afternoon on the occasion of the

OPENING OF THE NURSES' HOME,

a two-storied building which has been built without encroaching upon the regular funds. The Mayoress, Mrs Swan, in a brief speech declared the building open. The matron, Miss Tuke, dispensed afternoon tea in the dining-room of the Hospital, and the assistant nurses were indefatigable in their efforts to supply all with the cup that cheers. Many useful nicknacks have been presented to the 'Home' by friends, and the new building will prove a boon to the nurses. A 'housewarming' took place in the evening, which was greatly enjoyed.

HITHER AND THITHER.

Miss Robertson has been staying with Mrs Ormond for a fortnight. With her sisters a few years ago she arrived from England and spent twelve months in our little town, and she has received a warm welcome from the many friends then made.

Mrs W. Parker is visiting Gisborne.

Mr and Miss Watkis have arrived in Napier, and have taken 'Inverallan' for their residence.

Mr Hartman, of the Bank of Australasia, is moved to Waipawa.

GLADYS.

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, JULY 23.

Last Thursday Mr and Mrs Greenfield gave a most enjoyable and successful

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY

as a farewell to Mr and Mrs Jack Mowat, who leave Picton today for Lyttelton to join the 'Ionic' on their way to the Falkland Isles. Our hostess received in a most becoming black satin and jet gown with long full sleeves and bib of heliotrope watered silk; Mrs Jack Mowat looked pretty in a most becoming pink spotted silk blouse, and black lace skirt; Mrs John Conolly wore a pretty cream silk blouse with lace, black lace skirt; Miss Conolly (Auckland), a pretty shade of heliotrope silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Griffiths, black satin and jet; Mrs Snodgrass, pretty pale green gown with gold sequin trimming; Mrs McIntosh, pale blue silk blouse, black velveteen skirt; Mrs A. Farmar, red silk smocked blouse, tweed skirt; Miss William, red; Miss F. Williams, black velveteen; Mrs F. Horton, pretty coral pink blouse, dark skirt; Miss Ferguson, black striped velvet blouse, dark red satin skirt; the Misses Waddy, black. Others present were Mr and Mrs C. Earp, Dr. Stack, Misses Maud and Emma Carey, Messrs J. Mowat, Griffiths (two), Connolly (two), Snodgrass, McIntosh, A. Farmar, J. Black, E. Pasley, S. Hodson, Wytchell, Shortland, W. Carey, and A. Waddy. Messdames Snodgrass and A. Farmar tied for the 1st prize, and Mrs Snodgrass won a pretty book for registering 'At Home' days. Messrs Griffiths and A. Farmar tied for the gentleman's prize—a handsome silk handkerchief won by Mr Griffiths. Mrs McIntosh won the booby, a swan pincushion, and Mr W. Carey got the most amusing mechanical 'pair' with their dog. After a delicious supper and some music we all said 'goodbye' to Mr and Mrs Jack Mowat, and a delightful evening came to a end.

On Friday evening Mrs Waddy held the third of her

CINDERELLA DANCES,

which was largely attended, and although the fair sex were in the majority, it went off very well. The supper table was very pretty with vases of yellow mimosa and soft art green silk, each vase being encircled with a frill of coral pink crinkled paper. Mrs Cloustan was the belle of the white silk with much admired. Miss Munro very much in pale blue silk with black lace; Miss Ferguson looked very well in pink, and so did Miss Maud Carey in red, and Miss Lilian Horne in red; Miss Mary Seymour wore a becoming yellow silk frock with Maltese lace; Miss Conolly, a pretty pale yellow crepon and silk; Mrs Conolly looked very nice in a black lace over coral pink silk. Others present were Mrs and Miss Snodgrass, Mr and Mrs Park, Mrs Ferguson, Mrs McIntosh, Mr and Mrs C. Earp, Mr G. Seymour, and Mrs Richardson. Mr and Mrs Thompson, Mr D'Arcy Chaytor, and the Misses Chaytor (two), Mr and Miss Barnett, Mrs Hiley, Misses Waddy (three), Rees, Beauchamp, Redwood (two), Cloustin, A. Horton, Messrs Conolly, Black, Sharp, C. Teschmaker, L. Redwood, Shortland, G. Waddy, Wynn-Williams, E. Pasley, Dunn, L. Griffiths, and Dr. Stack. The floor was perfect, and dancing was kept up with great spirit.

Mrs Jack Mowat left by Friday afternoon's train, and there were quite a crowd of her friends at the station to wish her 'God speed' Mr Jack Mowatt left this morning. They will be much missed here, where they have been universally liked, but we all wish them success and health and happiness in their new home in the Falkland Isles.

SINCERITY.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, JULY 23.

On Thursday last Mr and Mrs H. C. Seymour gave a most delightful

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY

at 'Cam House.' The first prizes, a box of fancy note paper and envelopes, and a photo frame, were won by Miss Greensill and Mr Rutherford, and the boobies by Miss Gard and Mr A. Scott. Mrs Seymour was wearing black merveilleux; Miss Mary Seymour, black lace skirt and pale blue blouse trimmed with jet; Miss K. Seymour, striped red silk; Miss Isabel Seymour, dark skirt, cardinal blouse; Miss Ethel Seymour, fawn frock; Miss Gard, dark skirt and such a pretty pink silk blouse; Miss (A. P.) Seymour, navy blue velvet; Miss Mildred Fell, dark skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss Nora Allen, fawn tweed trimmed with green velvet; Miss Nellie Allen, cream veiling and lace; Miss Ethel Carey (Blenheim), dark skirt and bright blue blouse; Miss Greensill, pretty green costume; Miss Beede Greensill, black; Miss Ethel Greensill, red frock trimmed with black; Miss Speed, dark skirt and cardinal plush bodice; Miss Philpotts, dark skirt and yellow silk blouse trimmed with black lace; Miss Nora Kenny, dark skirt and pale flowered delaine blouse; Miss M. Philpotts, dark skirt, and cream blouse; Miss Millington, red frock; Miss M. Linton, dark skirt and red blouse; Mrs Seely looked nice in black, with fancy collarette; Mrs Allen and Mrs Scott were in black; Mrs McNab, in black with soft silk blouse; Miss Hay, dark skirt and shot silk blouse; Mrs Rutherford, dark skirt and scarlet blouse. The gentlemen were Messrs H. C. Seymour, Rutherford, Wynn-Williams, Riddell, Scott, Anderson, Western, Seale, Greensill, Philpotts, Baillie (two). Numbers were counted at 11.30, and supper was handed round, and then music came on the *tapis*, and an impromptu Christy Minstrel band formed with piano, triangle, banjo, and several whistles, with some chorus songs, made matters lively for a time. Miss May Seymour and Mr Riddell sang some solos very well.

ODDMENTS.

Miss Mary Seymour went to Blenheim on Friday to stay for a week with Mrs Greenfield on Maxwell Road.

Mrs John Mowat and her children arrived by train on Friday to spend the rest of their limited stay in Marlborough with their people—Mr and Mrs Gard—at Rougemont. Mr and Mrs Mowat and family leave here to-night for Lyttelton *en route* for the Falkland Islands. All their old Picton friends wish them *bon voyage* and a safe return.

THE GWEN-DAVIS COMPANY

played here on Wednesday to a very poor house, hardly enough to pay expenses. Some of the musical items and Miss Gwen Davis' mimicry was much appreciated by those present.

Miss Daisy Conolly (Auckland) is here to visit some friends. At present she is staying with the Misses Greensill at Brooklyn.

Mrs J. Conolly (Blenheim) is here, staying with her people at Rougemont.

The latest victims of the influenza fiend are the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick and Mr Allen, S.M., both of whom were confined to the house for a time. Captain and Mr E. Harris also entertained the unwelcome visitor. Mr Fell has recovered from a sharp attack.

Very welcome letters are received from our absent ones. Miss Nettie Speed is delighted with Perth, and has met several old New Zealanders there, and Mr and Mrs Andrews are heartily enjoying their visit to the Old Country.

Miss Nora Kenny (the Rocks) is in Picton just now, staying with Mrs Speed.

JEAN.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

THAT the Gisborne followers of Madame Blavatsky and people of that cult were rather put out by the exposure of spiritualistic deceptions by Professor Davis.

That Nelson shiveringly boasts of having experienced the coldest weather up to date of any town in New Zealand, and freezingly asserts that it is, therefore, the most healthy.

That visitors to Wanganui are warmly praising the genial climate, as it is exceptionally hot for the winter season.

That England is capitally interested in New Zealand just now.

That the Pictonians much appreciated the wonderful drummer in the Australian Guards Band, and passed him on to the Empire City with regret.

That the Wellingtonians are, as usual, treating the officers of H.M.S. 'Pylades' extremely well, dances, 'At Homes,' and all sorts of society troubles being showered upon them.

That it is very plucky of Miss Agnes Maunsell, daughter of the late Archbishop Maunsell, of Auckland, to venture to far Haapai to fulfil her engagement. Congratulations on her marriage to Mr Richard Karl Gustaf, a resident of that place, are wafted to her over the sea.

That most of the men, and many sensible women, denounced the trained frocks worn at the recent Parnell dance as an 'awful nuisance.' Trains are very stylish when sweeping gracefully across an almost empty drawing-room, but are fearfully out of place in a crowded ball-room, unless, indeed, the wearer has exceptionally pretty shoes on, and wishes to display them by holding up her gown.

That it is now quite the correct thing for girls to dance with each other when there is either a scarcity of men or manners.

That Mrs Heath (Napier) had a delightful euchre party the other evening in her house, given by the Misses Binney (Auckland), Lingard (Wellington), and Ringwood (Napier).

That an important decision was given in the Appellate Court, Napier, in favour of Mrs G. P. Donelly and her people to the right of succession to the late 'Renata Kawlpo's' possessions.

That the three degrees of comparison in mining speculation are:—Mine, miner, minus!

That the Hon. W. Walker, deplored the change in habits of the youths in our large cities. There was very little home life after dark. He believed churches were much to blame in this respect, as they brought away youths from their homes to attend all sorts of meetings nearly every night in the week.

THE engagement is announced in Christchurch of Miss Winifred Haslam, daughter of Professor Haslam, and Mr Maclanerty, who is at present the guest of Mrs Neave, Okeover.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR GEORGE SELLWOOD TO MISS CAROLINE WEBSTER.

A QUIET little wedding was celebrated last week at St. Luke's, Mount Albert, between Mr George Sellwood, son of Mr Sellwood, and Miss Caroline Webster, daughter of Mr Richard Webster, Howick.

THE ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. Gooddine Boler, Vicar of Howick, assisted by the Rev. F. Larkins, Vicar of Mount Albert.

THE bride looked very sweet in a beautifully-fitting wedding gown of a silky texture, the skirt plain, finished at foot by a large butterfly bow.

OF the bridesmaids, Miss May Webster (sister of the bride) was frocked in pink and cream lace, and Miss Maud, in blue with white lace—a happy contrast. Each carried a basket of lovely flowers.

AFTER the service the wedding party adjourned to the residence of Mr Hartley Webster (uncle of the bride), where Mrs Hartley Webster had provided an elegant and much-appreciated luncheon. The table, and, in fact, the whole house was decorated with beautiful flowers, rare at this season of the year. The best wishes of all were given to the handsome couple.

THERE were present Mr and Mrs H. Webster, the latter in black velvet with a dainty lace cap relieved with heliotrope, the Rev. R. G. Boler, the Rev. F. and Miss Larkins, Mr and Mrs Sellwood (senior), Mr Sellwood (brother of groom) and Mrs Sellwood, Mr and Mrs Sexton (sister of bride), Miss Sellwood, and little Miss Webster, a dainty mite of four.

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

ANY reader of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC can have his or her character sketched by sending a specimen of handwriting with signature in full to

MADAME MARCELLA,

'GRAPHIC' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

The coupon appearing on the last page of cover of the GRAPHIC and twenty-four penny stamps must accompany each letter.

Madame Marcella has been singularly successful in her delineations of character, and has thoroughly studied the subject for years.

The delineations will be published in the columns of the GRAPHIC under the initials only of the person described.

SPECIMEN OF DELINEATION.

C.F.—You have an earnest, active nature, great enthusiasm, are filled with an eager desire for larger possibilities in your life, and possess that 'divine discontent' without which there is no progress. You have much originality, are keenly observant, have both intuition and criticism strongly developed. You are somewhat impulsive, but caution will also guide the impulse, as it is very perceptible. You have excellent deductive judgment, good reasoning powers, not much pride nor ambition through a little depreciation of your own abilities. A slight disposition to look on the dark side of things, although possessing plenty of courage to face difficulties. You are warm-hearted, truthful, and straightforward.

Tatooing is said to be the latest unaccountable fad amongst society women. One must wander far, and we think unsuccessfully, to find where the fascination of this fancy lies. It is a painful operation to begin with, and a disfigurement which lasts a lifetime.

THE QUEEN'S REPORTER.

IN the private library of the Queen in Buckingham Palace which has been, since her accession to the throne in 1837, the abode of her Majesty when in town—there are several shelves of volumes, which stand out prominently from the other books in the collection by reason of the uniformity of their substantial and yet tasteful bindings. The gilt lettering on the broad volumes show that they are devoted to the subject of Parliament.

A closer inspection of the volumes would show that they are composed, not of printed matter, but of manuscripts. They are, in fact, descriptions of scenes and incidents in the House of Commons during the long reign of the Queen—from 1837 to 1894—written by the various eminent statesmen who have been Leaders of the House within that period.

It is not generally known that when Parliament is sitting the Queen receives, morning after morning, a special account of the proceedings of the House of Commons the night before from the Leader of the House. This report must not be confounded with the brief summary of the proceedings which is sent by the Vice-Chamberlain of the Household (a minor member of the Government), by telegraph, every three hours during the sitting of the House, to Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral, whichever of the palaces Her Majesty may be occupying at the time. The report is always written by the Leader of the House; so that the writers of these volumes in the library of Buckingham Palace are Viscount Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr Disraeli, Mr Gladstone, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr W. H. Smith, Mr Arthur Balfour, and Sir William Harcourt, all of whom have in turn filled the post of 'Queen's Reporter.'

What splendid newspaper 'copy' there is in these volumes! What would not the leading daily journals give for descriptions of some of the events of the last Parliament and of this Parliament from the pens of Mr Arthur Balfour, Mr Gladstone, and Sir William Harcourt. When these reports are published, as no doubt they will be in years to come, they will make most interesting reading, while their value and importance as contributions to the parliamentary and political history of the Victorian era can hardly be exaggerated.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

BY A. D. HALL.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

'How stupid of you, Rosa, exclaimed Gillette, to offer champagne to that unhappy man.'

'I know it! Of course I was stupid, but I was carried away by my sympathy for the poor fellow. He is charming. You say he is in your employ, Chevrial?'

'Yes, he is my secretary.'

'Oh, your secretary?' with a mischievous *moue*. 'Then I pity Madame Chevrial less.

An involuntary smile went round the table.

'Really, Rosa,' said Chevrial, querulously, 'after all the pains I have taken for you today, you might have spared me that taunt. For, without boasting, I have accomplished miracles.'

'Yes, resented Rosa, nonchalantly sipping her wine, 'you have really been very kind.'

'By the way, Chevrial,' said Laubanere, 'finish that story of the villa.'

'Oh, yes,' laughed Rosa, 'he is dying to tell it.'

'Oh, it won't take long,' said Chevrial. 'This morning at eleven o'clock the subject had not been broached. I happened to know that the Count Salvini had returned to Naples, and that his villa was for sale. I learned that Mademoiselle Rosa desired to purchase it; I offered her my humble services in the negotiations, and before sunset the title-deeds were in her possession. That is all.'

'Bravo, dear boy,' cried Tirandel.

'Upon my word, baron,' said Vaumartin, 'one would say that you were in possession of Aladdin's wonderful lamp.

Rosa looked up with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

'Or that he was one of the forty thieves,' she added, quickly.

'Or that I am one of the forty thieves,' repeated the baron, testily, in the midst of the laughter provoked by this sally. Oh, exactly. However, I am perfectly indifferent to it. It is the fashion to sneer at money and millionaires, but as a matter of fact, you all adore them both. Now, tell me, why have I the honour and pleasure of your society this evening. Because you like me. And why do you like me. I ask you that. Am I handsome?'

'No!' was the laughing rejoiner, shouted in chorus.

'Have I talent? Have I genius?'

'No.'

'Am I a man remarkable in any way?'

'No.'

'Am I a good fellow!'

'No.'

'No. I am not even a good fellow. And yet,' he continued, with a sarcastic smile, 'I am courted, idolised by the elite of both sexes, which you here represent so worthily.'

'Bravo,' cried Rosa. 'He speaks well. You ought to become a deputy.'

'I am thinking of it,' Chevrial responded, dryly, as he motioned them to fill their glasses. 'Here is a toast to the god who gives us all pleasures, to the god Money, so much calumniated by the envious. To Money.'

'To Money.'

'Fill up again, and I will offer you a second toast. To my charming neighbour, in my opinion, one of the most exquisite incarnations of divine matter. To Rosa.'

'To Rosa.'

'Thanks,' said Rosa, demurely.

'Pardon me,' said Vaumartin, who was beginning to show a little the effects of the frequent libations. I join with all my soul in that toast, and I wish to proclaim also the charming lady the queen of hearts as she is the queen of flowers.'

'Good. Good.'

'I wish to protest, however,' continued Vaumartin, with a silly grin, 'against the mat—materialistic character of our friend's toast. I personally am an idealist—I——'

'Oh, pshaw,' cried Rosa, laughing. 'Don't let us have any discussions. Listen to that divine waltz. Can you resist it?'

'Yes, yes, a waltz,' cried Laubanere, seizing Gillette about the waist, and whirling her out into the middle of the room.

His example was quickly followed by Vaumartin with Mademoiselle Bertoldi, and Tirandel with Mademoiselle Lombard.

'Come, baron. With me,' exclaimed Rosa, taking him by the hand.

Round and round whirled the four couples to the inspiring strains of Strauss, the silk incased limbs and gauzy skirts of the ladies forming an odd contrast to the black dress suits of their partners.

Suddenly the baron stopped, and releasing Rosa, staggered toward the table. His face was flushed a deep purple hue, his heavy lower lip hung pendulously down, and his breath came in short, quick gasps.

Rosa threw herself down in her chair at the head of the table, and unfurled a large black fan which she wore attached to her girdle by a silver chain.

One after another the other couples returned gayly to their places, laughing and out of breath.

The baron, slowly, and with apparent difficulty, filled a glass to the brim with champagne, and raising it in the air, he said, with a glance around the circle of his guests that had something of vacancy in it:

'I offer you another toast, and the last.'

'No. No; not the last,' exclaimed Rosa.

'Yes, the last. To Matter. The fruitful source of all things, and, in particular, of the delightful things we are enjoying at this present moment. To Matter, which sparkles in our glasses like a distilled essence of precious stones, and fills our veins with youth and pleasure.'

The baron paused a moment and seemed trying to collect his thoughts.

'Bravo,' cried Vaumartin.

'Bravo,' echoed the rest.

'To Matter,' continued Chevrial, his voice sounding a little thicker and huskier than before. To Matter, that shines forth from the white shoulders of our young friends—'

'Bravo. Go on.'

'To Matter, which—united to money—gives products—no—the most astonishing *fetes*, and—and—Trimalcyon, for example—but—but—that was among the ancients. The ancients did not know everything n—o—not everything.'

What he was saying was now scarcely audible, and the words were mumbled incoherently. The purple of his face had deepened and his eyes seemed starting out of their swollen sockets. With one hand he leaned heavily on the table. The other, which still held aloft the glass, trembled as if struck with palsy, and the yellow liquid was dashed over the brim in a shower of golden drops.

'No—no—not everything,' he rambled on, amid the silence of his guests who looked at one another in astonishment and alarm, 'not gas—stock at thirty-eight. I—the gas effects—the heat—ill—I—l——'

His head sank heavily upon his breast, his up lifted hand fell to his side, and with a crash, the champagne glass was shivered into a thousand pieces.

In an instant all were on their feet.

'What is the matter, baron?' exclaimed Rosa.

'Are you ill?' asked Laubanere, putting his arm about the shaking form.

'Give him air,' said Tirandel, in a low voice.

'Will you go out on the balcony with me where you can get the air?' asked Rosa, coming close to Chevrial's side and taking his hand.

The baron started, shuddered, and raised his head a little.

'Yes, yes,' he murmured faintly, 'you—you understand me.'

'Very well then, said Rosa, drawing his arm through here. 'Lean upon me. It is nothing. You will soon be better. Come.'

Slowly the baron turned, and with faltering steps allowed himself to be led out upon the balcony.

'He is breaking up,' said Tirandel, in a low voice, and with an ominous shake of the head.

'What is the matter with him?' asked Gillette.

'Oh, it is nothing,' replied Laubanere. 'I have seen him almost as bad once or twice before. Ah, here is the doctor.'

'Good evening, gentlemen,' exclaimed Doctor Chesnel, who had just entered, advancing to the group, hat in hand, and overcoat thrown over his arm. Ladies, your most obedient.'

'You are just in time, doctor,' said Tirandel, shaking his hand; our friend has been taken ill.'

'Whom do you mean?' asked the doctor. 'Who has been taken ill?'

'The baron.'

'The baron. Where is he?'

'Out there, on the balcony.'

The doctor threw down his hat and coat on a chair, but before he could make a step toward the window he was startled by a low cry of horror, and Rosa hurried through the window. In another moment, outlined against the clear, starry sky, the baron was seen to sway and then fall heavily to the ground.

The doctor hurried out to the balcony and bent over the prostrate form.

Rosa had sunk down near the window, with her face buried in her hands, as if to shut out some awful sight. The others stood as if turned into marble, all eyes fixed upon the balcony. Through the room floated the sensuous melody of 'Wine, Women, and Song,' which the band was playing out of sight, in the curtained recess.

Then, suddenly the doctor straightened himself up, turned and faced the frightened company. Raising his hand with a commanding gesture:

'Stop that music,' he said, in grave, solemn tones. 'The baron is dead.'

CHAPTER XIV.

ILLUSIVE HOPES.

Doctor Chesnel was right when he said that he could not understand why it was that people laughed whenever Asnieres was mentioned. A prejudice does exist against the town among Parisians, but upon what this prejudice is based, it is difficult to say. Certainly it is not a fashionable place, but situated as it is on the banks of the Soine, and within easy distance of the metropolis, it offers many attractions as a place of residence.

No more charming place of retreat from from the bustle and turmoil of the city could be imagined than the villa which the doctor had purchased, just outside of the town on the banks of the river. The house itself was of medium size, painted white, and over-run with clematis; the rooms were bright and sunny, and furnished with all sorts of queer odds and ends of furniture and bric-a-brac which Chesnel had picked up from time to time. The chief beauty of the place, however, was the garden, with its parterres of brilliant old-fashioned flowers, and its magnificent old trees, through the branches of which could be caught glimpses of the placid river and the meadows beyond.

In this garden, one afternoon early in October, sat, in a low reclining chair, Madame de Targy, who, with her son, had come to Asnieres a few days before to pay her good friend, the doctor, a long promised visit. Her book had slipped from her hands and, with half closed eyes, she was enjoying to the full the luxury of absolute idleness.

After all the trouble that had come to her during the last year, it was unspeakable comfort to be able to rest in this quiet, peaceful spot. The first few weeks after Marcelle's flight had been terrible ones. The first outbreak of shame and anguish passed, Henri had absolutely forbidden all mention of his wife's name. Then had come the news of the shipwreck of the Fulton. At that time, Madame de Targy, in spite of her son's prohibition, had attempted some words of consolation, but she had been tenderly, but firmly silenced.

'Mother,' he said, 'leave me to bear my burden alone. Some day I may be able to talk with you, but not now.'

Uncomplainingly, but pale and silent, he went about his work as usual, and the mother's heart had ached, as she had felt how powerless she was to comfort him. Of late, however, he had seemed a little more cheerful, and Madame de Targy was beginning to feel that there might be happy days in store for them still.

To-day, Henri, who had received a fortnight's vacation from the bank, where he still retained his position under the new management, had gone on a fishing excursion, and the doctor was in Paris, attending to his professional duties; so Madame de Targy was alone.

As she lay under the trees, half-lulled to sleep by the soft, balmy air, she was roused by a light step coming over the grass, and looking up, she saw a black-robed figure advancing toward her.

'Armande! Armande Chevrial! Can it be possible?' she exclaimed, rising to her feet, and holding out both hands.

Madame Chevrial stooped and kissed the old lady on both cheeks, and then, making her resume her seat, sat down beside her upon a rustic bench.

Very becoming were the sombre garments to the blue eyes and golden hair of the baroness, and, upon her fair face was a look of peaceful contentment that had not been there during the baron's life.

'My dear child,' said Madame de Targy, affectionately, 'what a pleasure it is to see you. And so unexpected, too. I thought you intended to remain at Dieppe until the middle of November.'

'I did intend to,' replied Armande, 'but I was recalled to Paris by a matter of business. I will tell you about it presently. Almost as soon as I arrived yesterday, I went to the Rue de Rome, but I found no one there.'

'No. We have been here for three or four days now. A long time ago I promised our good doctor to make him a visit, but I wished to wait until my son could come with me.'

'And how is your son?'

'A little more cheerful. The country does him good, it seems to me. He is beginning to smile again, poor boy. But tell me of yourself. Are you to be in Paris this winter?'

'I do not know,' answered Armande, with a slight hesitation. 'I think so.'

Madame de Targy cast an admiring glance at the grave, sweet face of the young widow.

'My dear,' she said, with a frankness justified by their old friendship, 'you are more beautiful than ever.'

Armande smiled sadly.

'Ah,' she said, 'if you knew how little I cared for that.'

'But you should care. Beauty is a great gift, a power for good or evil. It all depends on the use made of it. And you, my dear, we all know would never abuse it.'

It was an unspeakable pleasure to Armande, who, in spite of her wealth, was so lonely, to hear words of praise and affection from this old lady she had always been so fond of. Before the baron's death, her horror of his shameless life and the deep feeling of disgust that overwhelmed her at the thought that she was bound to this monster, had made her exceedingly cold and reserved, and she had made but few friends. To Madame de Targy, however, who had known her from a child, she was able to open her heart to a certain extent, and in her she had always found a staunch and loyal friend.

Still, from a certain feeling of delicacy, she hesitated to broach the subject which had brought her to Asnieres to-day.

'What a pretty place this is,' she said, absently gazing across the river to where the towers and roofs of Paris were visible beyond the meadows.

'Yes,' said Madame de Targy, 'it is delightful here. I will show you the house by and by. It is full of quaint things. But, you said some matter of business had brought you to Paris. Nothing unpleasant, I hope.'

'No,' said Armande, with a slightly embarrassed air. 'It was something—a matter that interests you a little, and cannot be brought to a successful result without your aid.'

'Oh, you know that in all respects you can count upon me, dear Armande,' replied Madame de Targy, heartily. 'But what is it?'

'Why, this. My lawyer wrote me confidentially that there was a seat on the Bourse for sale. I asked him, when I went away, to let me know if this should happen.'

'Well?' asked Madame de Targy, totally at a loss to understand what this preamble could mean.

'Because,' faltered Armande, with a pleading look in her dark blue eyes, 'I thought that perhaps it might suit your son.'

Madame de Targy looked up quickly.

'My son?'

'Yes. Why not? He has now acquired an excellent knowledge of business. They tell me so at the bank.'

'Where, thanks to you, my dear, he has been able to retain his position.'

Armande gave a half-impatient shrug of her shoulders.

'They are delighted with his intelligence and aptitude,' she continued. 'If, instead of remaining a simple clerk, he were to go into business, he would undoubtedly succeed, and how much that would be for both of you.

'Possibly. But, my dear Armande, a seat on the Bourse costs a large sum of money.'

Armande leaned forward and took her old friend's delicate hand in both of her own.

'My dear Madame de Targy,' she said, with the greatest earnestness, and her voice trembling a little with emotion, 'I would like, as much as possible, to avoid allusions to the past, which holds for us both, for me as well as for you, so many painful memories. But I must recall to you that I was, wholly against my will, Heaven knows! the cause of all the disasters that have overwhelmed you and your son. Monsieur de Targy atoned for an error that was not his own with the happiness of his life. As soon as I was a widow and the mistress of my own actions, one of my first

thoughts was to repair, as much as possible, so crying an injustice. But how could I do it? I would have been only too happy to return him that fortune which he considered it his duty to place in my hands; but knowing your son as well as I did, I feared not only to be refused, but that my offer would offend him.'

'You were right, my dear,' said Madame de Targy, softly.

'Then I tried to think of some way in which I could be useful to him, without hurting his feelings, and I believe that I have found it. You must induce him, dear madam, to purchase this seat, and accept from me as a loan, the necessary sum to pay for it. It is the simplest thing in the world; he can repay me from his profits. Does not my proposition seem to you a very reasonable one.'

Madame de Targy's eyes were full of tears, as they rested upon the fair face of the young widow, so full of generous enthusiasm.

'Such an offer, my dear Armande,' she said, 'is what might have been expected from your kind heart, and I acknowledge that, as far as I am concerned, I would be willing to accept your loan. But, with Henri it is a different matter. I don't know what he would say.'

'But why should he not accept?' exclaimed the baroness, persistently. 'What reason can he offer for not doing so. 'Ah!' with a shade of sadness, 'perhaps he would be unwilling to accept any service from me personally.'

'From you, personally?' cried Madame de Targy. 'What nonsense! How could you think such a thing as that?'

Armande flushed as she replied with some embarrassement:

'He treats me, it seems to me, in a very singular manner. One would say, that in spite of himself he feels still a little rancour against me as the cause of his troubles, and, especially, since my mourning. During the settlement of the affairs at the bank, to which he applied himself with so much zeal, you have no idea how cold his attitude toward me was. I do not mean that he was not always courteous and devoted to my interests, but it seems to me as if it were painful for him to meet me.'

As Madame de Targy listened to these words, a new idea suddenly entered her brain, a hope that made her heart beat faster. Perhaps, after all, there was a new and brighter future for that son she so dearly loved.

'My dear,' she said affectionately, 'you are certainly mistaken. I know that he has every sympathy and respect for you in the world.'

Armande smiled sadly.

'I wish I could believe it,' she said, 'but at all events, I beseech you, use all your influence to induce him to accept what I propose, and I shall be very happy.'

Madame de Targy drew the lovely girl, for she was scarcely more than that, toward her, and kissed her on the forehead.

'You are one of the dearest girls I know,' she murmured.

'Please tell him,' continued Armande, 'that, in permitting me to render him this little service, he does not inconvenience me in the least. He knows that, he knows my fortune. And, moreover, tell him, in order to remove any lingering scruple that he may have, that the wealth of this earth, for which I have never cared much, is of less consequence to me than ever. I intend to abandon the world.'

Madame de Targy started.

'What do you mean?' she asked, in bewilderment. 'You, surely, are not contemplating entering a convent.'

'Not exactly that,' replied Armande, with a faraway look in her sapphire eyes, 'that is, I do not intend to take the black veil, but I have almost resolved to become a sister of charity. Why is it not the best fate for me? I have no children, no near relatives. What better future can I have than to make a family of all those who suffer?'

'But,' exclaimed Madame de Targy, both alarmed and pained, 'you are so young. No one can tell what the future may have in store for you. You can still begin life all over again.'

'Life has been one long disappointment to me,' replied Armande, with a sigh. 'I renounce it.'

Madame de Targy regarded her fixedly, as if endeavouring to read her inmost heart.

'So, my dear child,' she said, slowly, 'there is nothing, and no one attaches you to this world, no one whom you may regret having abandoned?'

Armande shook her head, sorrowfully.

'Are you very sure?' persisted Madame de Targy.

'What is the use of hopeless attachments?' returned the young widow, a look of sorrow and mortification contracting her brow.

Madame de Targy laughed softly. The ambiguous words told her much, and her fears were set at rest.

'You do not mean me,' she said, slyly, 'when you say that, for you know how dearly I love you.'

Armande was silent for a moment as if fearful to betray too much, and then she said, timidly:

'Oh, no, I am sure of your affection.'

'Are there others that you mean, then, my dear?' asked Madame de Targy, with the gentleness and tenderness a mother might have used in interrogating her daughter.

Armande was evidently greatly troubled. Her cheeks were crimson, her lips trembled and there was just a suspicion of tears about her lashes.

'I am afraid so,' she murmured, in a scarcely audible voice. 'We women are rarely mistaken, you know, in matters of that sort.'

Madame de Targy was satisfied. She thought she understood the whole affair, now; and her maternal heart swelled with pride and joy.

'Sometimes, we are, however,' she said, meaningly, 'when we are too modest. I think I know whom you mean, and you are mistaken.' Here, the good woman allowed her desires to get the better of her judgment. 'How could any one remain long insensible to the charming qualities of mind and person that you possess.'

Armande knew that her secret was suspected, if not discovered; but it was a comfort to her sad heart to have a confidante.

'The one of whom we speak,' she said, with downcast eyes and fluttering heart, 'does not look upon me, I am afraid, with the same indulgence that you do, his heart is faithful to his first love, and—'

'But,' interrupted Madame de Targy, eagerly, 'that is but a memory that must eventually be effaced, especially since it is a memory with so much bitterness connected with it.'

Armande rose, as if half fearful to prolong the conversation.

'It is time for me to go,' she said. 'Good bye, dear, dear Madame de Targy.'

'But, why not remain to dinner? The doctor will be delighted to see you, I am sure.'

Armande hesitated a moment.

'Unfortunately, it is impossible,' she said. 'I have an engagement in town to-night, and I must return by the next train.'

Madame de Targy thought it prudent not to insist, and, it was with a radiant face that she watched the graceful, black-robed figure of the young widow, until it had disappeared amid the foliage in a turning of the walk. The good woman's heart was lighter than it had been for many a day. Through a rift in the clouds, she saw a ray of the sunlight of hope. Poor Henri! Surely he had suffered enough. Why should not happiness come to him, at last, in the love of this noble woman. Surely, he could not long be indifferent to her beauty, intelligence, and goodness.

Full of the project, that night, while the doctor was smoking his cigar in the garden, she found an opportunity to say to Henri, in an indifferent manner:

'By the way, I had a very interesting caller to-day.'

'Ah, who was that?'

'Armande Chevrial.'

'Indeed! Has she returned from Dieppe?'

'Yes,' said Madame de Targy, watching him narrowly out of the corner of her eye. 'She returned yesterday, and she passed the afternoon with me to-day. And in the course of our conversation she told me that there was a seat on the Bourse for sale.'

'Yes?' said Henri interrogatively, as his mother paused, apparently for a reply.

'What do you think of it?'

'Think of it?' retorted Henri. 'Why, my dear mother, how can it concern me? You might as well tell me that the chateau of Versailles was for sale.'

'Would you not like to have a seat on the Bourse?'

'What a question! Of course I would. I would naturally prefer to make a hundred thousand francs a year to drawing a salary of five thousand. But for me to think of a seat on the Bourse is very much like a child longing for the moon.'

'Not necessarily,' said Madame de Targy, slowly. 'Armande offers it to you. She proposes to lend you the necessary sum to purchase the seat. You will pay her back; of course that is clearly understood.'

Henri was silent for a moment.

'Did she come for that express purpose?' he asked at last.

'Yes. What do you think of the proposition?'

It was twilight, and the lights had not yet been brought in, so it was too dark for her to see his expression clearly.

'What do you think of it, mother?' he asked, quietly.

'I do not think you would do wrong to accept it.'

'No, certainly I should not do wrong, but, it seems to me, that it would not be a very nice thing to do, all the same. As a rule, and they are right, men do not like to accept favours from women. It is a reversal of relations that is unnatural, not to say repulsive; and it is apt to give rise to evil suspicions. On your account, my dear mother, I am sorry to refuse this chance to

achieve fortune, but—I have suffered much, and I have lost all except my honour; and I wish to keep that intact, without even the shadow of a stain. I am sure, mother, that you approve of my resolution.'

'Most assuredly, my dear boy. I think your scruples are most honourable, but pardon me if I say that I think you carry them too far. It is possible to exaggerate anything, even a point of honour.'

'What, mother,' said Henri, smiling faintly, and coming over and sitting beside her in the gathering dusk, 'you, who are so scrupulously delicate in all your thoughts and actions, say that to me?'

'My dear boy,' she replied, half-jestingly, half-seriously, 'when have you seen a mother too scrupulously delicate, as you call it, when her children were in question? Never in the world. But still, in this case, really you exaggerate; you are wrong; without sufficient reason, you will cruelly hurt and mortify Madame Chevrial. Now, be honest about it. If an offer were to come from any one else, would you refuse it? No. And you will not accept it from her, because, for one reason or another you do not like her; because you cannot forget that she is the origin of all your misfortunes; because your heart is full of rancour and dislike toward her. That is the truth.'

Madame de Targy did not believe all this in the slightest degree, but, in pursuit of her project, she was exercising diplomacy to draw from Henri an expression of his real feelings. Her words certainly had the effect of thoroughly astonishing the young man.

'What are you saying, mother?' he exclaimed. 'On the contrary, I feel for her the warmest admiration and friendship, and have done so for a long time.'

'Ah!' ejaculated Madame de Targy, as if not wholly convinced.

'For I have not told you all, dear mother,' continued Henri. 'When I allowed you to believe that I was happy and well treated in the employment our sudden ruin forced me to accept under Baron Chevrial, I deceived you. Never was there a slavery harsher, more bitter than that I was forced to submit to. The man is no more. His end was almost tragical, and I must force myself to forget and forgive, but it is difficult to do so. Beneath his outside courtesy was a constant sneer. He was a brute and a tyrant. No; despite the horrible necessity to which I was reduced to gain my daily bread in his employ, I would a thousand times have cast his pretended charity in his face, if I had not been helped to bear my lot by the sympathy and pity of that angel, whose sufferings from the same hand were greater than mine. And yet you say that I do not like her.'

Madame de Targy listened with a happy smile which the darkness hid. Surely this was encouraging for her little plot, and she was emboldened to speak more clearly.

'Then why do you treat her in such an icy fashion? Why not let her suspect the sentiments of gratitude you feel for her? She might be glad to know them.'

'Why? Cannot you guess? Because I might be misunderstood; because she has influence, naturally, with the heads of the bank, and she might suspect me of an attempt to curry favour.'

Madame de Targy was silent for a moment, and then she said, with sudden resolution.

'There is no need for you to curry favour with her. She knows you, respects and trusts you. Her life as well as yours has been a sad one, but it is not too late for you both to find happiness. Oh! Henri, my son, if that should come about, how overjoyed I should be. Do not let a foolish pride stand in the way.'

As he heard these words from his mother's lips, De Targy was filled with a horrified astonishment. Was it possible that she so little understood him that she could conceive for a moment of his contemplating a second marriage. Painful as it was for him to speak on the subject, such an idea must be destoyed at once and forever.

'Mother,' he said, in low, tense tones that struck a chill to his listener's heart, 'hear me, and once and for all understand me. Such a thing as you hint at is beyond the range of possibilities. Leaving Armande Chevrial out of the question, who, I am sure, has no other feeling for me than that of friendship, I—I have loved once and shall never love again. The day—the day Marcelle left me my heart died. If you love me, never speak of this again.'

And, as if unable to trust himself further, he turned hurriedly and left the room.

Poor Madame de Targy. The tears welled up in her eyes as she thought of her charming castles in the air thus scattered in ruins.

CHAPTER XV.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

Armande Chevrial returned to Dieppe, her generous mission a failure, and her heart heavy within her. With all the good motives in the world, and the means to carry out one's plans, it is not always possible to help those who suffer, and do good to those we love; and it is especially difficult in the case of a woman who desires to hold out a helping hand to a man. De Targy's objections to accept the baroness' offer were well founded. Rightly or wrongly the so-called stronger sex revolts from receiving aid from the weaker, and—the world is censorious.

Henri had been to see Madame Chevrial before her departure, and had said to her, very frankly:

'My dear madam, my mother has told me of your kind thoughts for me. I am more deeply grateful than I can say, but it is really impossible for me to accept, even from you, so considerable a loan.'

'I am very sorry,' replied Armande, simply.

She made no attempt to urge the point, as she realised that to do so would be useless, and a source of pain to them both.

Her whole heart had gone out to Henri de Targy, whose honour and truth she knew so well. Had things been different he might and probably would have learned to love this woman, who was so worthy of him in every way. But circumstances, destiny, fate, call it what you will, had been unpropitious, and the chance for happiness was missed, as, alas! is too often the case in a world which strikes us all at times as if it were misgoverned.

'Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—it might have been.'

* * * * *

One afternoon, three or four days after Armande's visit, Madame de Targy was in the conservatory, busy with scissors nipping off the dead leaves of plants. Doctor Chesnel was an enthusiastic lover of flowers, and would go miles and spend fabulous amounts to obtain some rare orchid or exotic plant. To this lonely old bachelor, his flowers were like children, and he lavished on them his tenderest care.

The conservatory extended all one side of the drawing-room, and was famous for its wonderful collection. It was a proof of the doctor's affection for and trust in Madame de Targy, that he allowed her to care for his darlings.

As she worked, stopping now and then to inhale the odour of some marvellous rose or stately lily, Madame de Targy sang softly to herself snatches of songs that had been popular in her youth.

Suddenly she became conscious of the presence of some one near her, and looking up, she saw the master of the house standing in one of the curtained arches that opened into the drawing-room.

'You are home early,' she said, with a smile.

'Yes,' was the response, 'I wish to speak to you.'

There was something grave in the doctor's manner and tone that arrested her attention, and it was with a vague presentiment of evil that she lay down her shears, drew off her gardening gloves, and followed him into the room beyond.

'What is it?' she asked, anxiously.

The doctor did not answer for a moment. He seemed troubled, and at a loss how to begin.

'My poor friend,' he murmured at last, in a tone full of commiseration.

Madame de Targy, now really alarmed, caught him by the arm.

'What has happened?' she exclaimed.

'Summon up all your courage!' replied the doctor, laying his hand upon hers with a firm grasp. 'By some fatality, I seem to be always the messenger to bring you bad news.'

'Bad news!' echoed Madame de Targy, with a quickening of the breath. 'But what is it? Tell me quickly. It is not Henri? No, he was here but a moment ago. What is it? See! I am calm. Speak!'

'Marcelle,' began the doctor; but no sooner was the name uttered than he was interrupted by a low cry from the horrified woman beside him.

'Ah!' she gasped. 'Marcelle is alive!'

'Yes,' said the doctor, in a low voice.

'But this is terrible! What does it mean? When did you hear it?'

'About an hour ago. This letter was

brought to me at my office in Paris.'

As he spoke he drew an envelope from his pocket and extended it to her. Madame de Targy opened the letter with a trembling hand.

'My God! My God!' she faltered, raising to the doctor a face convulsed with varied emotions. 'Is it possible? Is it possible? Here take it; read it. I cannot! I cannot!'

And she sank down upon a chair, completely overcome, and suddenly as weak as a child.

The doctor, adjusting his eye-glasses, read slowly and with much feeling, as follows:

'My Dear Doctor,—It is a despairing woman who now appeals to your old friendship, to your charity. Have pity, and make them have pity, too. I have been wrong, oh, so wrong! but I have been punished, too, and I return so broken, so repentant. If you but knew how many times I have regretted that I did not perish in the flames, as was reported, with all those poor unfortunates. Their anguish was nothing to what I have suffered, to what I suffer still. If you cannot obtain pardon for me, do not come, do not answer; I shall understand. And I swear to you that I shall find the courage which has hitherto failed me. To-morrow, those whom I have so sorely wronged, and yet so deeply loved, will be forever delivered from poor 'Marcelle.'

As the doctor read these words Madame de Targy's expression, instead of softening, grew harder, sterner and colder. When he had finished, she exclaimed, almost savagely:

'If she carried out her threat, she would do well, but she will not do it.'

'Can you afford to run the risk?' asked the doctor, quietly.

But Madame de Targy would not listen. All she could think of was what her son had suffered already, and what this unexpected resurrection would make him suffer in the future.

'She will not kill herself,' she reiterated, doggedly. 'You need give yourself no uneasiness on that account. As for receiving her and imposing upon my son the shame and agony of her presence—Never! Never! Never!'

'Your son, perhaps, may not agree with you.'

'My son,' exclaimed Madame de Targy, vehemently. 'Do you think that I propose to tell him of this? How can you imagine such a thing? Poor boy, he has suffered too much already; and by my fault. Once, already, I had the weakness and cowardice to tell him a secret, which was killing me, to be sure, but I had better have died than have ruined him by the disclosure. But this time, I keep my secret, and if it is a crime to do so I accept the consequences.'

'That is for you to decide,' replied the doctor, very gravely, 'but do you think that I can keep silence?'

Madame de Targy started; then, rising hastily from her chair, she seized the doctor's hand, and cried in eager, terrified tones:

'Ah, my friend, I implore you, I beseech you—do not speak. If you do not wish to make me forget all your goodness, if you do not wish to make me curse your friendship which has been so dear to me, let me have my way in this; leave me free to act as I please. I will answer for all. I will take all upon myself, I tell you. Besides, she will not kill herself, and you know it well.'

It was very difficult for the doctor to resist the pleading of this woman whom he had loved in his youth, and whom, perhaps, after all these years, he loved still. But his duty seemed clear to him, and he answered, gently but firmly:

'If she does not, her fate will be even a worse one; you condemn her to sink to the level of the lowest of women.'

Madame de Targy dropped his hands.

'Is she not so already?' she exclaimed, bitterly.

'Do we know? And, then, there are degrees. Will you be the one to push her on her downward course? What will your conscience say to you?'

'My conscience! It will tell me that I have saved my son.'

'And God? since you believe in him.'

Beside herself with anger and misery, she retorted with stinging emphasis:

'What is that to you, since you do not believe in Him?'

The doctor shook his head compassionately, and said in low, distinct tones, with all the tenderness one would use in chiding a well-beloved child:

'Is this the way to make me do so?'

She stared at him with wide-opened, frightened eyes, and then, turning abruptly, she walked away to the window, and stood gazing out upon the garden below.

The doctor waited quietly; he felt that his point had been won. Minute after minute passed, and no sound was heard in the room save the droning of the bees, as they darted in and out among the honeysuckles that framed in the windows.

Finally, the woman, in whose heart a terrible struggle had been raging, came slowly back to where the doctor stood. Her face was pale, but calm and composed.

'You are right,' she said. 'Pardon me, and thank you. It was the mother who rebelled, but the Christian has been recalled to her duty. Where is she? Where must I go? I am ready.'

'Ah, I find my old friend again!' exclaimed the doctor, warmly, an expression of relief passing over his countenance. 'She is close by, in my carriage at the end of the avenue, awaiting her fate.'

'Bring her to me,' said Madame de Targy, briefly.

In five minutes — a five minutes that seemed an eternity to Madame de Targy, Doctor Chesnel returned, leading a slender, dark-robed figure —Marcelle, but how changed from the brilliant young beauty who, only a few years before, had taken all Paris captive! Pale, wan, and haggard, with great brown eyes gazing out from her white face as if in a dream of hopeless misery, she advanced into the room to where Madame de Targy stood, motionless and with averted face. Then, releasing herself from the doctor's supporting arm, she sank on her knees at the feet of the woman to whom she had been the cause of so much unhappiness.

'Ah, madam, I have suffered so much!' she murmured, in a voice suffocated with emotion.

Without turning her head, Madame de Targy slowly let her hand fall until it rested upon the head of the kneeling woman. With a sob, Marcelle seized it, and covered it with kisses.

'Ah, madam!' she said, with the tears streaming down her cheeks. 'How good you are. How I thank you for consenting to see me.'

'Rise!' said Madame de Targy, with an evident effort.

'No, not yet! not before I have told you how wicked I have been, madam, but so repentant, so humble, so unhappy. Ah, madam, if you could have seen me, after my eyes were opened to my folly, alone, poverty-stricken, ill, at the other end of the world, you would have had pity. Ah, in those terrible hours, if you could know with what an agony of longing my heart turned to that little apartment I had so weakly, so shamefully, abandoned, and, how it seemed to me that if I could return there for just one day near you and—and him, not as his wife, not as your daughter, but as the servant of you both, how it seemed to me that that would be Paradise.'

She stopped, her sobs choking her so that she could not proceed. Deeply moved, Madame de Targy hesitated a moment, and then, with a sudden impulse, she stooped, raised the unhappy girl, and clasped her to her breast.

'My daughter!'

'Mother!' and with a glad cry, she clung convulsively to the noble woman, whose religion taught her to forgive.

The doctor cleared his throat, and, with a suspicious moisture in his kindly eyes, walked away to the window.

'There, there, my child,' whispered Madame de Targy, soothingly. 'Be calm, you must not waste your strength. All is not over, yet.'

Marcelle raised her head with a shudder.

'No. I know it! I know it!' she faltered. 'And I am so afraid of him. So afraid that he will repulse me, that he will not even see me. Oh! madam, implore him to listen to me. His harshness would kill me. I know—I know that it would be better for every one, if I were to die, but I cannot, I cannot without being forgiven.

'Poor child!'

The doctor turned suddenly from the window with a warning gesture.

'Be careful,' he said, quickly. 'Henri is coming up the path from the river.'

Marcelle started from her mother-in-law's embrace, and gave a quick glance around, like a hunted animal seeking shelter.

'Great Heaven!' exclaimed Madame de Targy. 'He must not see her thus without preparation. He must not.'

'No,' said the doctor, taking Marcelle,

who seemed paralysed with fear, by the arm. 'Into the conservatory. Quick.'

She was scarcely hidden behind a plant, thick with foliage, when the door was thrown open and Henri entered the room.

'Mother,' he said, 'come down to the river bank. It is beautiful there this afternoon. Why, doctor,' perceiving Chesnel, 'you are back early to day.'

The doctor looked at Madame de Targy, and Madame de Targy looked at the doctor, but neither of them spoke. Each appeared to be waiting for the other.

Henri noticed their embarrassment, and at once realised that something unusual had occurred.

'What is it, mother?' he said. 'What has happened, doctor? What is the matter with you both?'

'Your mother will tell you,' replied the doctor, pulling vigorously at his grey moustache, to hide his agitation.

Thus forced to make the revelation she so dreaded, Madame de Targy summoned up all her courage, and began, with her eyes fixed steadily on Henri:

'My son, since you left me an hour ago, an event has happened which will once more disturb the current of our lives—a very grave event, one which we were far from expecting and which imposes upon us a great and painful duty. Marcelle— —'

She paused. In mute amazement Henri gazed alternately at the doctor and his mother. Then, a ghastly pallor overspread his face, and through his white lips came the scarcely audible question:

'Marcelle is alive?'

'Yes,' said the doctor, extending the letter he had read to Madame de Targy.

Henri mechanically took the paper, and then, with a visible effort to control his emotion, he read it slowly through from beginning to end.

'Pity,' he said, with an accent of bitterness, crushing the letter in his hands. 'Well, yes. Go to see her, mother. Doctor, will you be good enough to accompany my mother? I—I cannot.'

The doctor laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

'I brought her with me,' he said. 'She is here.'

'She! Here! Already! In this house?'

'Yes,' said Madame de Targy. 'Will you see her now? I beg you to do so.'

'No, no!' exclaimed Henri, with a passionate gesture. 'Not now—later. To-morrow, perhaps. I must have time to collect myself. To-morrow.'

He was evidently suffering terribly. The thought that the wife he had so dearly loved, loved still, Heaven help him! was alive, alive and beneath the same roof as himself, and yet that there was between them a gulf as well nigh impassable as that of Death itself—that thought wrung his heart as in a vice. He could not see her yet—it was impossible. Nor could she ever be to him what she had been once. He might pardon but he could not forget. That must be clearly understood

'Doctor,' he continued, steadying his voice, 'see to it that she does not misunderstand the feeling that dictates my conduct toward her. She does not imagine, I suppose, that she can resume with my mother and myself the place she once occupied. Tell her that she can never be anything in my house except a stranger.'

'My dear boy,' said the doctor, sadly, 'when you see her, you will be convinced of the sincerity of her repentance. When you see how frail she is, how she has suffered from sorrow and poverty, you will be as touched as we have been.'

'Do not expect it!' replied Henri, his brow contracted into a sombre frown.

Madame de Targy, as she heard these words, thought with a pang of the poor girl hidden behind the foliage, and to whom each word of the conversation must be distinctly audible.

'My son,' she said, imploringly, 'do not be generous by halves. Listen to your heart, which has loved her so much, and listen only to it.'

'My heart, mother! It is because I have loved her so much that the thought of her fault, the memory of her crime, seems to harden my heart to stone. I consent to receive her beneath my roof because humanity, charity, duty commands me to do so. I receive her to save her from another crime, or to remove her from the lowest degradation of poverty. But, ask no more of me. To do more would be outrage, madness!'

And he threw himself down in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

Madame de Targy approached Doctor Chesnel, who stood leaning against the mantel-piece, moodily regarding the unhappy young man, and feeling that this was a complication which he was powerless to straighten out.

'What shall I do?' whispered Madame de Targy, grasping his arm. 'What shall I do? And I pity her so much.'

Doctor Chesnel sighed deeply.

'I do not know,' he admitted. 'I understand Henri's feelings. Perhaps it would be better not to receive her at all. It would be an impossible life for you all.'

'Nevertheless, I shall make one more effort.'

And she moved toward the place where Henri sat motionless, with bowed head.

'Henri,' she said, and the young man raised his face, all drawn with suffering. 'Henri, it is not for me to blame you. I have not the right to do so; for my first thought, when I heard just now of the return of this unhappy girl, was one of hatred, savage, criminal hatred. One is not always master of one's first impulses. But it is our duty to stifle these first cries of passion and selfishness, and to appeal to higher inspirations to govern our conduct. You know this as well as I, my boy, you who have already sacrificed all that you had in the world to the demands of justice. But there is, Henri, something higher than even justice, there is a duty, a virtue more worthy still a soul like yours—I mean, forgiveness. Forgive her.'

Henri rose to his feet. There was evidently a violent struggle going on within him.

'No,' he said, at last. 'No, I cannot. There is a spectre between us, that tenor. I am not a saint. I am a man. And I cannot, I will not, receive as my wife Juliani's mistress!'

For a second, after these words, there was silence; and then, a low cry made them all turn. Erect, beneath one of the arches of the conservatory, stood Marcelle. She had cast aside her hat, her hair had become unloosened, and streamed down her back a mass of golden bronze. Her face was ashen, her lips trembling, and her gaze was fixed upon Henri, her whole soul burning in her great dark eyes.

Henri struggled against the emotion that seized hold of him. Pale as death at the apparition of the woman he had adored, he stood like a statue, moved to the very depths of his being.

She advanced until she was within a few steps of him, and then, in a low voice, every accent of which was distinctly audible throughout the room, she said:

'Juliani's mistress! No. No, not that. I was weak, foolish, vain, ungrateful, all that and more, but there is one crime I have not been guilty of. I have been faithful to you. I swear it!'

It was the truth, and not one of the three who listened to these words doubted them. Instinctively, they felt that in one respect at least they had wronged her. A great weight seemed lifted from Henri's heart.

'Marcelle!' he cried, passionately. 'Is this true?'

'On my soul! I have loved only you.'

With a gesture of unutterable love and longing he opened wide his arms. She looked at him with staring, terrified eyes, as if she did not understand, as if she could not believe that she was really forgiven.

'Marcelle!' he said, softly. 'Come.'

As by magic, her torpor vanished, and with a glad, thrilling cry, she sprang forward and was strained to his breast, his burning lips seeking her icy ones.

The husband and wife, after months of torture, anguish, and despair, were united at last, never to be separated again.

* * * * * * *

In the villa at Asnieres, with Doctor Chesnel and the dowager Madame de Targy live Henri and Marcelle. The doctor insisted on it, declaring that he was lonely and his life would be miserable if they did not do as he wished. 'Needs must, I suppose, when a certain gentleman drives,' laughed Henri; and so it was settled. After their stormy past, they are happy. Henri will probably never be rich, but he is making a comfortable living, and the quiet, domestic life he lives just suits him. Marcelle loves her generous husband, with a love she never felt even in the days of their prosperity. All her longings for social triumphs have vanished, and she is content, caring little be she rich or poor, provided she shares the fortunes of her husband.

The doctor is as kind of heart and sarcastic of tongue as ever. Madame de Targy, free from all cares and troubles, is happy in the happiness of those she loves. Will the romance which these two good people missed in their youth, return to them in the autumn of their lives? Has the curtain fallen for them, or is the play only just beginning? Who knows?

In the poorest quarters of Paris, where vice, poverty, and misery abound, can be seen day after day, ministering to the unfortunate, a slender, sweet faced woman in the dark robes of a sister of charity. In a life of self-abnegation, of devotion to others, Sister Genevieve, known to the world as the Baroness Chevrial, has found, if not happiness, at least peace.

THE END.

The Chinese send three invitations to the guests that they desire to see at their repasts. The first is despatched two days before the feast. The second on the day itself, in order to remind their expected guests of their engagement; and the third just before the hour has struck, so as to show how impatient they are to see their friends arrive.

THE ARABS' DRESS.

No people in the world have changed less during the last fifteen hundred years than the Arabs of the desert. In their method of living, their contempt for people who reside in cities, and their customs and costumes they are the same now as they were centuries ago. Colonel T. A. Dodge, of the United States Army, in an interesting article on 'Riders in Tunis' describes the Arab costume. He says:—

'They all dress alike—Arabs, Berbers, Moors, and the rest. Item: One "biled rag"—not the biled rag of the wild and woolly West, but a piece of cotton cloth actually sewed up bag-fashion, with holes cut in it for head and arms, now and then affording the luxury of short sleeves; and which under no circumstances whatever is "biled" until age has withered and custom staled it into actual rags. Item: If well-to-do, a sleeveless buttoned vest. Item: Real "bags," to adopt our young hunting swell's term, for trousers. Sartorially speaking, these are made of cotton, and are literally like a bag, whose depth is equal to a little more than the distance from waist to knee, and whose width equals thrice the distance a man can stretch out his legs. Cut out the two corners of the bottom of the bag, step through the holes, and gather up the mouth round the waist, and there you are. There is thus left pendent between the Arab's legs a bag big enough to hide himself in. The origin or utility of this leggear it were vain to inquire. Item: One scarf to go a number of times around the waist. Item: If cold, an additional shirt-like garment of woollen goods coming down below the knees. Item: One burnoose of white or in Tunis blue woollen goods, with a very roomy hood, exceeding loose so as to wrap about one and throw over the shoulder. Item: One fez, with some cotton cloth twisted, rope fashion, to wrap round it in the guise of a turban. Item: One pair of shoes, from woven rushes to Morocco leather. In this dress, or so much of it as he can afford, the native lives day and night, from early manhood to old age. When he dies he is buried in it, or the dress goes to his son and heir.'

CHOROIDITIS.

THE retina, the fine network of nerves on which vision depends, lines about one-third of the interior surface of the eye. The necessary access of light to the retina may be more or less fully cut off by a cataract that destroys the transparency of the crystalline lens; by a clouding of the vitreous humor, that fills the globe behind the crystalline lens; by the enlargement and hardening of the globe, destroying by pressure the sensibility of the retina and optic nerve; and by the many serious affections to which the iris and the cornea are exposed.

Behind the retina, between it and the tough, white membrane that covers the eye outwardly—the 'white of the eye'—is the choroid membrane. This secretes a black pigment, which is both a background for the absorption of excessive light, and a source of supply of 'visual purple,' somehow essential to the act of vision. This membrane is liable to inflammation. Hence the term choroid-*itis*—the termination 'itis' always denotes inflammation of that to which it is applied.

There are many different forms of this disease; the most common is 'diffused' choroiditis. It is essentially chronic. What the ophthalmoscope reveals is either small, round, white spots, or larger, irregular ones scattered over more or less of the membrane, generally with accumulated masses of pigment elsewhere, the whole resembling the skin of a leopard.

These spots may be confined to the outer portion of the eye, and have little conscious effect on vision.

If they are near the centre, as they are most apt to be, they affect the vision seriously, even if they are quite small; for the 'visual purple' is no longer secreted, and the nerves of the retina over the spots are wasted or destroyed.

The disease may often be arrested in time to save a large portion of the eye. It may continue for months with intervals of improvement and relapse. It should be remembered that there is always danger of its extending to the sound eye. Says Sir Erasmus Wilson:

'Cobalt blue or neutral-tinted glasses should be worn when the eye is exposed to strong light. The eyes must be used but sparingly, and such physical exertion as might increase the ocular congestion should also be avoided. The digestive functions must be kept in good condition.'

An oculist should be consulted.

Unkind.—Stranger: Is it possible that people ever sleep on the streets here? Londoner: Oh, yes; hundreds of them. We have a large police force.

The Pleasures of Life—He: Well, how are you enjoying yourself, dear? She: Awfully much. I'm nearly crushed to death.

RURAL COUPLES AT THE ALTAR.

BY A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

ONLY those who have experienced the difficulty of getting an answer from the rustic bridegroom to the question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' can have any idea of the state of his feelings on the occasion. He very often manages to get on the wrong side of his bride; occasionally away from her altogether. He is quite indifferent, in fact, where he stands; so much so that if he were told to remain, during the ceremony, by himself at the bottom of the church, he would, in all probability, raise no objection. This state of mind on the part of the bridegroom has frequently led to embarrassing results. On one occasion it nearly resulted in the 'best man' being married to the bride, that important functionary standing quite calmly in the bridegroom's place, and the obliging principal himself striking a most self satisfied and contemplative attitude a little way off. The officiating clergyman had never seen the couple before, and could not, of course, detect the mistake. He was, therefore, proceeding with the service when fortunately the clerk saw what was about to take place; the accommodating 'best man' was shoved with no gentle hand out of the position he had usurped, and the bridegroom was as abruptly pulled into it. A peculiarly liberal-minded 'groom' was once heard to endow his bride with 'all his hurdle goods' without the slightest hesitation; while more than one bride has apparently found the plighting of her troth a serious obstacle to her marriage. One fair and determined one absolutely refused to repeat the words 'honour and obey,' to the perplexity of the officiating clergyman, and the astonishment of the confiding bridegroom.

There is not unfrequently some little difficulty about the 'giving away.' Such is the rustic bridegroom's state of mind that if allowed he would be quite ready to give his bride away himself; while the person upon whom this duty devolves has generally a very hazy idea indeed of what is required of him; so far indeed does this obliging relative carry his acquiscence that there is little doubt that if asked to give away any one of the bridesmaids instead of the bride he would do so with the greatest alacrity.

The giving of the ring is a dreadful ordeal. After a trembling hunt for the talismanic circle on the part of the bridegroom, it is at length tremblingly produced; then, directed by the clergyman, a clumsy attempt is made to place it on the third finger of the bride's left hand. More often than not it sticks at the second joint, which obstacle calls forth all the bridegroom's energies, and he screws at the obstinate ring in a most determined manner. On one occasion the ring, a very cheap one, was so sharp, and the bride's finger was so thick, that by the time it was got into its place the unhappy member which it encircled was covered with blood, which exhibition, however, both bride and bridegroom and their respective supporters viewed with the most total unconcern.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS

THE 'halo' or 'cart-wheel' hat which has become the curse of the enthusiastic theatre-goer, but the joy of the girl of uncertain age—who with this aureole at the back of her head has ten years knocked off her appearance—is fast becoming extinct. The best people have already abjured anything very *outré* in the way of huge *chapeaux*; and tilt their headgear neither to the left nor to the right, nor *en arriere*, but observe a just mean, and put on their millinery quite straight. Here is an unaffected round shape in soft black felt guiltless of either twists, bends or riotous curves, the principal feature of it being the happy arrangement of the large black ostrich plumes that spread out wing-like on either side of a handsome paste buckle. Stiff loops of strong sapphire blue satin stand well out from the soft plumage and enliven this eminently ladylike hat which is to be worn by a 'swell' dame at a large spring wedding.

FOR SMART FUNCTIONS.

As the spring advances, there will, no doubt, be a hankering after brims rather bent down on either side, but it is to be hoped this mode will not develop into the Salvation Army style of bonnet. Fuchsia, too, bids fair to be a favourite blossom when the birds begin to sing and mademoiselle puts on her lighter raiment.

* * * * * *

If one may judge from the frocks noted at Church Parade, Monte Carlo, the fashionable rinks and smart alliances, ribbed silk is, and will be for some time, very, very much *de mode*. There's a certain richness about it not attainable in ordinary glacé, bengaline, or *gros grain*, and withal it looks juvenile as well as suitable for ladies of mature years. I give the model of a charming little gown in this material, of a fawn shade. Heading a species of corselet is a cream

A DAINTY MODEL IN THE NEW RIBBED SILK.

lace yoke with silver threads intermingled in the rather thick *dentelle*. This blending of thin metal cordings with guipure is now voted smart by capricious Lady Modus. To complete this toilette are deep cuffs, matching the *empiecement*, and organ flutted epaulettes of the new bronze green velvet. The corsage is strapped with braces and encircled by a belt and streamers of the velvet. There is still a great demand for the trucked collar, so vastly more flattering than any ordinary stiff one.

* * * * * *

In *la gaie capitale* morning caps are just now quite the rage, and no material is considered too dainty for their confection; real laces of great value, tinted ribbons of the most delicate and becoming shades, are all requisitioned into service now that the young wife has taken to that article of headgear, which formerly was only adopted when one wished to enter the room with the precautionary remark—oh! don't mind me. I'm only an old lady. A pretty cap for morning wear is the following combination:—A box pleated frill of pink moiré ribbon covers the frame which forms the foundation of the cap. Cream lace, seven inches deep, gathered to cover the ribbon frill with the net heading arranged in a jabot along the sides, a fan pleating falling between. A jaunty knot of ribbon is placed on the side.

* * * * * *

Some recent smart Parisian frocks intended for spring wear are worth noting. One of these is made of a dark blue material closely woven, partaking somewhat of the nature of a crepon, somewhat of the nature of a canvas. The skirt of this has at each front seam—and there are three of these—an insertion of pale yellow cloth, upon which is machine stitched a stripe of orange coloured cloth. The bodice, which overhangs the waist in a slight degree, has three large buttons on either side, and opens in the front to display a large box pleat of cream coloured piqué fastened with enamel buttons, while at the neck and wrists the piqué forms a most effective finish.

* * * * * *

This is the model of an early spring dress, and I doubt not but that in the coming season its prototype will appear with signal success as a boating costume. But sufficient for the moment shall be its immediate attractions, which are great. All the skirts—now I beg you to observe this—are extremely full, boast innumerable seams, and mostly possess a bone or steel round the hem. The circumference of the skirt ordinary is some eight yards; and a charming gown which I interviewed was made of a chestnut brown grenadine—a firm make of grenadine—mounted over pervenche silk, with each seam of the skirt boasting a tiny gathered frill of pervenche silk and grenadine together, while the bodice carried out the same idea, with here and there a touch of lace, and a lace stripe decorating the back from neck to waist. Lace plays its part bravely on all the new gowns, and a novelty is a dust coloured muslin, with an appliqué of lace upon it. Sometimes this is plain; again you may see it traced with jet. Traced with jet, by the way, it looks particularly lovely, forming a bodice to a gown of purple and green silk, the skirt of which boasts round the hem a piece of embroidery in graduated scallops, the extreme centre of the front being quite narrow, while at the sides the points reach up some inches. A tea jacket is made of dahlia coloured velvet, with the revers turned back with pale blue satin, a drapery of lace forming pleats at either corner, while the lace is also joined together—and it is a fine kind of lace—to make a shirt front. The sleeves are transparent from elbow to wrist, and made of the lace, and the back of the basque set in pleats. Small mantles in the cape form, or in the jacket form are *de rigueur*; quite short these are made for the most part in velvet embroidered in jet, while the lace ruffle and the chiffon frill are permitted the privilege of decorating them, and their detail is varied, delightfully varied; but that, indeed, may be said of all fashion at Fenwick's.

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The lace yoke illustrated in this column is a very stylish finish to a velvet bodice. It is, of course, appliqué white

LACE YOKE.

satin outlined in black and white net with jet beading to keep it in place. It also looks well in écru lace made this shape.

* * * * * *

Little maidens are quite as interested in their frocks as are their elders. Indeed, I know a girl of some eight summers who, when asked what birthday treat she desired, promptly replied an accordion pleated frock, and was as promptly taken to the city and presented with her heart's desire. Being intimate with that little girl, I accompanied her on that memorable occasion, and obtained a sketch of that memorable frock, which was a pretty example of its kind, made of a thin silk gauze in a light azure blue, with the pleats possessing an infinite amount of material in them, a virtue, let me remark by the way, not possessed of all accordion pleated frocks, and these hung from a yoke made of puffings of the blue gauze, while the sleeves were short, and the under petticoat was made of a pale blue batiste flounced with Valenciennes lace. There were many other pretty frocks; one of pale pink silk trimmed with ribbons and lace, and another white, in the Empire style; but nothing could tempt my little companion from her devotion at the shrine of accordion pleating. As Wordsworth has it: 'But still the little maid would have her will,' and

EVENING COSTUMES FOR BOY AND GIRL.

so she did, and naught else stirred her admiration save a boy's suit, also effective for festive occasions, made of black velveteen, with the waistcoat of white piqué, fastened snugly up to the neck, with a cutaway coat trimmed with Irish crotchet at the neck and the sleeves, and the breeches buttoned tightly at the knee.

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.

BEEF'S HEART.—Wash the heart well and cut into squares half an inch long. Stew them for ten minutes in enough water to cover them. Salt the water slightly to draw out the blood, and throw it away as it rises in scum to the top. Take out the meat, strain the liquor, and return the chopped heart to it, with a sliced onion, a great spoonful of catsup, some parsley, a head of celery chopped fine, and cayenne pepper with a large lump of butter. Stew until the meat is very tender, when add a tablespoonful of browned flour to thicken. Boil up once, and serve.

TO ROAST WILD FOWL.—Put an onion, salt and hot water into a pan, and baste for 10 or 15 minutes; change the pan; put in a slice of salt pork and baste with butter and pork drippings very often; just before serving dredge lightly with flour and baste. Ducks take about 25 to 35 minutes to roast, and woodcock and snipe 15 to 25. Do not draw or take off the heads of either. Garnish with fried or toasted bread, lemon, parsley, and currant jelly.

APRICOT CREAM.—1 tin preserved apricots, ½ pint cream, ½ pint milk, ½ oz gelatine, ½ pint calves' foot jelly, a little almond essence, and 4 ozs castor sugar. Melt the jelly, add a little apricot juice to flavour it, and pour into the top of a mould to set; soak the gelatine in the milk for two hours, then stir over the fire till melted; when it is a little cool whisk it till it is quite thick; whisk the cream to a stiff froth, adding a few drops almond essence and sugar; add to the gelatine and milk, stir thoroughly, add pieces of apricot cut in dice, stir lightly, and pour into a mould.

TEA A LA RUSSE.—Pare and slice fresh, juicy lemons; lay a piece in the bottom of each cup, sprinkle with white sugar, and pour hot strong tea over. Or the lemon may be sent around in slices with the peel on. No cream is used.

QUEEN'S DROP BISCUITS.—½lb butter, ½lb sugar, 4 eggs, ½lb flour, ½ lb currants, a small pinch of volatile salts, a few drops essence of lemon. Cream the butter, add the sugar and eggs, and lightly stir in the flour, currants, and volatile salts; mix well, then add the lemon essence, and drop on to a floured baking tin; bake till of a pale brown.

JUDGE'S BISCUITS.—Six eggs, ½lb. castor sugar, a dessert spoonful of carraway seeds, ½lb. flour. Whisk the eggs for five minutes, then add the sugar and beat again for ten minutes, add the carraway seeds and flour and mix well; drop a dessert spoonful of the mixture on paper, let it be high in the middle; sift the sugar over, and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOFT SOAP.

ONE box concentrated lye, 4lbs. good fat, otherwise 5lbs., ½ potful water, boil two hours. Put in a barrel and throw a bucketful of boiling water over it. There should be 5gals. altogether.

HE LET IT ALONE.

SOME one has been receiving a temperance lecture in a liquor saloon, a lecture, too, from the proprietor himself. It is worth passing along, for the benefit of those who have been, or who may be, tempted into such places. The proprietor quietly remarked, 'I know the taste of the stuff, but I have not touched a glass of liquor for five years.'

I looked at the speaker in astonishment. He is proprietor of two large saloons, and I could have sworn that I had seen him drink many times with his customers—more than once, I am ashamed to say, with myself. If you asked him to drink, he would reach for a bottle and pour himself out a generous portion.

I could not understand what he meant, therefore, by his present statement, but he was in a genial mood, and I felt sure that he would explain the mystery.

'When I was in Ireland—God bless her!' said he, 'I used to drink my drop along with the rest of the boys. But when I came to this country and went to keeping bar, I looked about me a bit; and says I to myself, "Pat, if you're going to succeed at this business, or indade at any other, you must let your own poison alone." And I made a pledge which I have always kept.'

'But I have seen you drink lots of times,' said I.

'Oh, you have, have you?' he answered, laughing softly. 'Well, have a drop with me.'

He pulled out a bottle which looked as if it contained any ordinary liquor. It was the one he always drank from.

I poured out a finger or so and drank it. Whew! Molasses and water! Nothing else. Regular stage liquor, as harmless as milk.

I thought the man would die of laughter, and I laughed with him.

'Don't give me away,' he said.

'No,' said I. But after I left his saloon it occurred to me that the liquor dealer had been preaching a pretty strong temperance sermon.

And yet there are hundreds of men in the same business who 'never drink their own poison,' as he pleasantly put it.

HOW TO WORD INVITATIONS.

A NOVEL invitation to an evening party in honour of the coming of age of the daughter of a well known lady of society recently, was worded as follows:—'Wanted by a mother for her daughter, just about to attain her majority, several young ladies and gentlemen, including yourself, to act as companions for one evening only. They must be good tempered and of a lively disposition, as the young lady requires cheering. Salary nominal. Board, but no residence. Please apply at nine o'clock on the evening of Tuesday——.' The applicants found the entertainment thoroughly enjoyable, and the lady, Mrs Arthur Levy, certainly scored in introducing a little novelty on the cut and dried form of invitation, as well as in the amusements following for those who accepted it.

HINTS FOR AFTERNOON TEAS.

AFTERNOON teas are becoming quite a *cult*, and much competition ensues between hostesses as to whose 'tea' can be spoken of as being the least ordinary and the smartest. There are all sorts of little details to which one must pay attention if the 'tea' is to be a success. A solid slice of cake is a terror to the either assumed or really jaded appetite, which seems, however, able to get through an amazing amount of odds and ends. Sandwiches find special favour; to begin with, they can be more easily held by gloved hands than any other species of food, unless it be the uninviting dry biscuit, and between the thinnest of bread and butter, cut into tri-cornered shapes, cucumber, tomatoes, bananas, preserves of all description, *pate de fois gras*, anchovy paste, and chopped olives, all find themselves represented. One of the newest receptacles for holding these tasty little morsels is a kind of shamrock-shaped tray of Japanese lacquer in each of which a small plate can rest, and yet all be handed at the same time. Of course everyone is familiar with the three-storeyed bamboo trays which stand on legs and are, in fact, a table in themselves, and

here I give an illustration of an idea which can be carried out by anyone who desires to have a plate with a handle which certainly adds to the ease with which it may be passed to visitors. In the first place a twisted wire handle in the shape of the one that is sketched must be made, and from this runs a round of wire in which the plate rests; ribbons of two colours are then twisted round and round the handle, and finished off with a bow at the top; clusters of ribbon ornament either side, and little pompons to match being sewn to the ends of the ribbon. Two colours are sometimes twisted in and out together, but if one side is entirely of one colour and the opposite a contrast, such as blue and amber, a still better effect is produced. In addition to being a great convenience these little handles give a sort of festive appearance to the table, and might easily be carried out for children's tea parties in the schoolroom as well as for afternoon tea.

The highest price the late M. Worth ever received for a dress was £5,000, and it was mainly composed of valuable lace.

The custom of throwing bouquets to leading actresses has all but departed in England; but at Hamburgh and Mayence it has recently been positively forbidden, on account of the extraordinary things it has become there a practice of enclosing in these huge floral tributes. A large bouquet thrown but lately to a *prima donna* contained a small terrier dog, which sprang out to the alarmed surprise of the lady in question.

CHINESE CHESS.

As on the English board, there are sixty-four squares and sixteen pieces on each side, but there is a spirit and even a picturesqueness about the Chinese game which we do not see elsewhere. Through the middle of the Chinese board a river is running, and the two fighting armies stand on each side of this river, arranged in military line and position. As difficult as is the English game, that of the Chinese is perhaps a little more so. The general, his two secretaries, elephants, horses, chariots and soldiers, are the names of the pieces; nor are the pieces carved so as to represent what they stand for, but are recognized only by the name which is cut into the wood. The carved ivory chessmen which are made by Chinese ivory-workers are designed for the foreign market alone, as the expert chess player in China disdains to use them. They have a game which they call 'blockade chess,' and still another called 'three-handed chess.' No queen ever appears on a Chinese chess-board, as that would be giving a dignity to woman which the Chinaman could not endure.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

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

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Kindly explain what the story competition is, and what it is for? We call our canary Dicky. I am sorry to say that we have lost both pigeons for over a fortnight, and I think they have been trapped this time. We received a young parraquet to-day, but we have got no name for it yet. We are going to teach it to talk. I think my sister Nellie is writing to you. I am sending the cousins a recipe for 'Mrs Cook's cakes.' They are so nice, although they have such a peculiar name. I have no pets of my own except a hen. It is very old and tame. It will eat out of my hand. I have a small garden with a few flowers in it. Among them is a rose tree, which bears pretty cream roses, which have such a sweet scent. I have also bulbs, fuchsia, geraniums and primroses. I have also a lovely lilac tree of which I am very proud. It grows by the gate, and is very handy to people passing by as they can help themselves when no one is looking. We are having severe frosts just now. The ground is white, and it is fearfully cold. I must now say goodbye, with best love to you and all the cousins,—From COUSIN JESSIE No. 3 Masterton.

Recipe: Take ¼lb butter, ½ cup of sugar, and beat to a cream. Add one cup of flour, ½ teaspoonful of soda, ½ teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 2 eggs, with essence of lemon or lemon-peel. Bake in greased patty tins in a pretty quick oven.

[Your cakes sound nice. I shall try them Thank you for them, Cousin Jessie. What a pity about your pigeons. Poor old hen, has she a name? You seem to have some pretty things in your garden. I have just planted out some choice chrysanthemums, and I am so afraid the frost will injure them. Lilac is rare in New Zealand. We used to make chains and tiny wreaths of the flowers, and press them. Have you red roses, too? I have had some new nasturtiums given me to try and grow from cuttings, not seeds.—COUSIN KATE]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I see that my sister has become a cousin, so I thought I would like to become a cousin too. I go to school, and am in the Sixth Standard. I am twelve years old. My brother has a dog named Jack. He is a good sheep dog, and knows every word we say to him. He always minds the house of a night, and sometimes frightens people by barking furiously at them. Sometimes when the pools here are frozen they do not melt until late in the evening. The other morning when we were going to skim the milk we found the cream on it all frozen. Hoping to see my letter printed in the GRAPHIC,—I remain, your loving cousin, NELLIE. Masterton.

[I have no Cousin Nellie, so you are the only one of that name, and I am very pleased to put you on my list. It is very cold here—so cold that I can hardly hold my pen. I think sheep dogs are always nice, they are so intelligent. Will you join our Humane Society? Did you like your ice cream? If you had known it was going to freeze, and had put some jam in the cream, it would have been (n)ice, would it not? Several times we have tried this, but one night the cat ate the cream and jam which we put outside to freeze; the other nights there was no frost at all.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It seems such a long time since I wrote to you last. I received my badge with many thanks. I think it is a very pretty little thing. When will the results of the voting competition be known? I vote for the puzzle competition. I am learning music from Mr Parker now. Mr Ward arrived from England last Wednesday morning. There was a large procession. We are having such cold weather in Wellington now. I wish it would snow here. Is it very cold in Auckland, Cousin Kate? We have moved into another house. It has a large grass tennis lawn at the back of it. I think I will write to you regularly once a fortnight. I must now close with love from COUSIN LAURA. Wellington.

[Yes, it is a long time since you wrote, and I am very glad to hear from you again, Cousin Laura. Do keep to your determination to write every fortnight; I think it an excellent idea. You will find your grass lawn very acceptable in summer, I expect. They say golf is driving out tennis, but I do not think it will for some time yet. Wellington is too near the sea for much snow, so is Auckland, but if it could manage it would snow to-day, it is so dark and cold. We have had some lovely warm days lately, and frosty nights. You must be getting on well with music to learn from so good a teacher. I have put results of voting competition in several times. The stories had most votes. —COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is a long time since I wrote to you. My father has made a flower garden in front of our house. My brothers and myself look after it. My father gave us a portion each. I have lilies and primroses, and several other pretty kinds. We have got a fresh school teacher. We are just having our midwinter holidays. As I was writing this letter there fell a terrible hail storm, and I ran out and caught a pailful of such big hailstones. They were the largest ever seen in Opunake. It has been raining on and off for more than a fortnight. There are not so many letters, I notice, now as there used to be. The puzzle column is looking pretty bare. I vote for the puzzle competition. To-day is such a terribly cold day. It is the coldest we have had this winter. The people here are all complaining of the cold. I am sending puzzles for the cousins to guess. I must conclude by sending love to you and the cousins.—LINA MCSWEENEY. Opunake.

[I am glad you have written again, Cousin Lina. I suppose you will soon be gathering some of your primroses. There are such pretty spring flowers peeping through now—snowdrops, jonquils, white azaleas, etc, etc. How large were the hailstones? What a noise they must have made on the roof of your house. Did they break any glass? I hope some more of my old friends and cousins will follow your good example. It is never too late to write to COUSIN KATE]

P.S.—I have sent your badge, which I hope has arrived safely.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am asking you if I may become one of your cousins? I have for five or six weeks taken a great interest in the letters sent to the GRAPHIC by the cousins. If I can become one I will promise that I will write frequently. I am going to give you a short account of a little boy named 'Jack.' He is only two years and three months old, and he is beginning to talk quite distinctly. He amuses you so much when you take him down town. He call horses 'Thomas,' and cats 'Pussies.' I am going to enclose a few riddles, hoping the cousins can answer them. I will now say good-bye, hoping to see my letter published, also hoping it is not too long.—I am your loving cousin, ETHEL. Wellington.

P.S.—We are having very cold weather here.

[Thank you, my dear new cousin, for the riddles. I am very pleased to welcome you to our cousinhood, and am glad to know you will write frequently. Will you also join our GRAPHIC Humane Society? The only rule is that you promise to be kind to animals yourself, and try to induce other people to be kind too. I hope Cousin Basil will read this and join too. We have a badge which I will post on receipt of sixpence. It is neat and pretty. We have had some lovely weather lately, but I think the winter has been unusually cold throughout the colony. Have you any brothers or sisters?—COUSIN KATE.]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

(1) Hector Per Tector was dressed all in green,
Hector Per Tector was sent to the Queen,
The Queen did not like him, neither the King,
So Hector Per Tector was sent back again.

(2) Riddleme, ri idleme I suppose,
One hundred eyes and never a nose.

(3) Why are geese like opera dancers?—COUSIN LINA.

(1) What goes up when rain comes down? (2) Why is an apple like a book? (3) What letter is like a county in England?—COUSIN ETHEL.

WHAT THE SUN-DIAL SAID.

THE ancient sun-dial, which is seldom seen now, except in old-fashioned gardens abroad, told the time by means of a style, or pin, that cast a shadow on a certain spot; but even this important part of its anatomy was not more indispensable to its proper completion than the motto cut beneath it. This motto must be appropriate, and one to set people thinking, and few answered these requirements so fully as the well known *Tempus fugit.*

Variety, however, is desirable even in such matters, and whenever a new dial was erected the great point was a suitable motto.

An old building in London, known as the Middle Temple, and occupied by the Honorable Society of Benchers, or lawyers, was to have a fine sun dial made for it that should be 'worthy the society and the place,' and everything went well until it came to the motto, which seemed quite as necessary as the tail of a kite.

The maker of the timepiece was requested to wait upon the Honorable Benchers, whose gift it was, at a certain time to learn their wishes on this important subject. But when the day came the manufacturer was unable to go, and sent his foreman instead. This worthy mechanic was a plain matter-of-fact person, and when he reached the Temple on so important an errand it was rather bewildering to find that the Benchers, with one exception, had disappeared, having forgotten both the appointment and the motto.

The learned member who remained was in a bad humour, for some recent provocation, and his reception of the messenger was not encouraging. The foreman's wits were leaving him, and all he could say was that his master had sent him for the motto.

The member's eyes looked dangerous at such frivolity, and he denied all knowledge of any motto.

The embarrassed foreman ventured to add that it was the motto for the sun-dial, which their Honors had promised to have ready.

'I told you,' replied the "Honor" then present, in a still greater rage, 'that I know nothing about any motto, or sun-dial either. I cannot be delayed by you any longer. *Begone about your business.*

The foreman returned to his master in a very unhappy state of mind. No, he hadn't seen any Benchers, except a very queer gentleman, who was in a great hurry to get away, and told him to begone about his business.

'Did he really say *that?*' asked the sun-dial maker. '*Begone about your business?* Why, it's capital! No one need want a better motto than that.'

The foreman could not help wondering if his master had lost his wits, but he appeared sane enough on other points. The motto, 'Begone About Your Business,' was actually cut on the handsome new sun-dial, and every passer by stopped to admire one and read the other. The advice was excellent, suggesting, as it did, that 'there is a time for everything under the sun,' and that to fit each duty into its allotted space it is necessary to begone about one's business when the particular moment for it comes.

A conscienceless tenant and a tramp with a ragged coat are very much alike—they are each oblivious of the back rent.

MOLLIE'S PROBLEMS.

THERE'S lots of things I cannot understand,
It really makes no matter how I try.
One's why the brown comes on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.

I never understood why birds eat worms
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums.
I can't see why a baby always squirms,
Or why big boys are 'fraid of little mums.

I cannot understand why doggies bark
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don't shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.

I wonder what it is makes children grow,
And why they have no wings like little flies;
But puzzlingest of all the things I know
Is why grandma wears windows on her eyes.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A SHATTERED IDOL.

ONE of the greatest sorrows of famous personages is that it is impossible to live up to the ideal opinion which the people whom they meet in the ordinary affairs of life have formed of them.

It is recorded that a certain literary man of high reputation had occasion to remark to a waiter in the restaurant where he sometimes lunches:

'Waiter, this beefsteak is very tough.'

The waiter looked at him with a sorrowful expression, and sighed deeply.

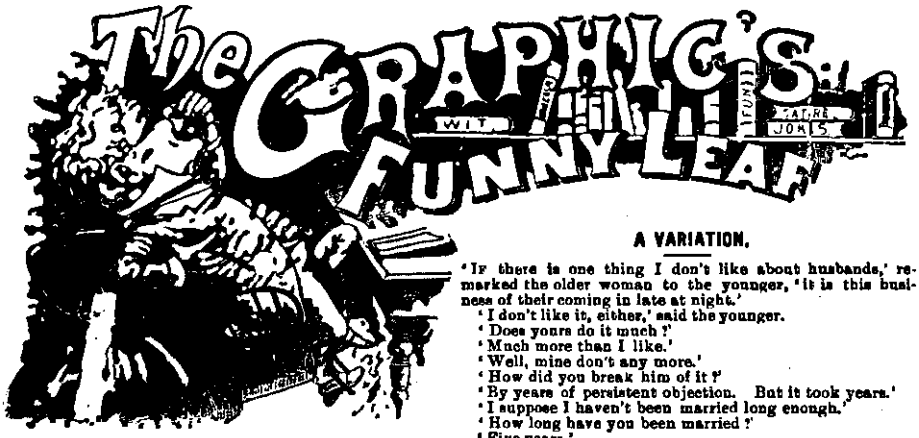
'Perhaps you will tell me,' said the literary man, 'why you sigh in that fashion.'

'Ah, sir,' said the waiter, 'I took you for a man who always said original things; and here you come and say just the same thing that all the rest of them do!'

INHERITED SMARTNESS.

TEACHER: 'Thomas, how is it that James can say his a'phabet so much better than you can; he never misses a letter?'

Thomas: 'He oughtn't to, 'cause his father's a postman.'



THE POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

ONE afternoon but a short time ago two prominent police officers stepped from the door of the police station, and, after remarking on the quietude of the street, started for the courthouse. They were strolling along and chatting, as the afternoon was one of those early summer days when one feels he must get all the good possible out of the bright sunshine. One of the officers was remarking on the stagnation in police business, and had just called attention to the fact that there had been no murder committed for several months, when crack sounded the report of what seemed to be a pistol.

Both men turned quickly, but not seeing anyone but a lone bicycler leaning over his wheel, both gasped at the same time:

'What was that?'

'It was a pistol shot,' said one, as he started on a run for an alley a hundred yards away.

'It wasn't in that direction,' called the other; 'it was this way,' and he started on a run east and up a side street.

It was but a short time until both officers appeared again at the station house, out of breath and without prisoners. For a moment they considered what was best to do, when they again spied the wheelman still examining his bicycle. He was the only person in sight, and to him they went for information.

'Did you hear that pistol shot a few minutes ago?' asked one of the officers.

'No; I didn't hear no pistol shot,' answered the boy, who seemed worried about something.

'Come now, you heard that loud report. Now what do you know about it?' said the officer with some severity, for he thought the boy knew more than he cared to tell.

'Oh. Is that loud noise what you thought was a pistol shot? Why, that was this here blamed bicycle tire busted,' but the officers were gone, and the boy was left to enjoy his discomfort alone.

A COMPLEX QUESTION.

SON: 'And the missionary was eaten up by the cannibal! Will the missionary go to heaven?'

Father: 'Oh, yes!'

Son: 'Will the cannibal?'

Father: 'No.'

Son: 'He'll not! Why, how can the missionary go to heaven if the cannibal doesn't, when the missionary is inside of the cannibal?'

DEFERRING TO HER IDEAS.

MISS BUDD: 'But you must not expect a girl to accept the very first offer she gets, Mr Gaskett.'

Mr Gaskett: 'Well, Miss Budd, I'll offer myself every day for a week if you'll promise to accept me at the end of that time.'

ONLY ONE OF THE CROWD.

WIFE: 'Here I have to talk three hours before you will give me a sovereign.'

The Brute: 'Well, isn't that pretty good pay for doing what you delight in? You would talk even if you didn't get a penny.'

A VARIATION.

'IF there is one thing I don't like about husbands,' remarked the older woman to the younger, 'it is this business of their coming in late at night.'

'I don't like it, either,' said the younger.

'Does yours do it much?'

'Much more than I like.'

'Well, mine don't any more.'

'How did you break him of it?'

'By years of persistent objection. But it took years.'

'I suppose I haven't been married long enough.'

'How long have you been married?'

'Five years.'

'And I've been married twenty-five. Does he come in late often?'

'Oh, yes, very often.'

'Well, I just wouldn't have it, broke forth the older woman. 'A man has no right to come in always late at night, and the woman owes it to herself and to the whole family of human kind to oppose it to the utmost limit.'

'But he doesn't always come in late at night,' protested the younger woman, after the fashion of women to defend the erring.

'No? I thought you said he did?' and the older woman sniffed the air in defiance.

'Oh, no,' hesitated the younger, 'sometimes he comes in early in the morning.'

This time the older woman lost her patience utterly.

LEFT AT HOME.

'WHY didn't you bring your husband?' three or four people said to the Emancipation Woman when she appeared alone at a whist party.

'The poor fellow is continually asking what is trumps,' she explained.

A NERVOUS SHOCK.

IRATE CITIZEN: 'Get out of here or there'll be bloodshed.'

Tramp: 'What?'

'Get out of here or there'll be bloodshed.'

'Oh, how you scared me, I thought you said something about a woolshed.'

A BORN DIPLOMAT.

MRS DE NEAT: 'It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity, you have a very red nose.'

Moldy Mike: 'Yes, mum; the cheap soaps that us poor people has to use is very hard on the complexion, mum.'

LIFE'S PARADOXES.

STRANGE! The man who works the hardest never makes a pile of pelf,
And the flirt who flirts most madly sometimes falls in love herself;
And the wight who wades in wickedness feels not the direst woes,
And the man who drinks the deepest doesn't have the reddest nose.

TOO MUCH SYSTEM.

'THERE is too much system in this school business,' growled Tommy. 'Just because I snickered a little the monitor turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to paw.'

'Was that all?'

'No. Paw turned me over his knee.'

MAY COVER MANY SIMILAR CASES.

'HERE is one faulty passage in your story,' said the editor: "'Ha! villain! I have found you out, have I!' he hissed." Now, how could he "hiss" those words?'

'He might have had a harelip, sir,' replied the gifted young author, rising to the emergency.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

[Mrs Crawford (the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*) contributes an article on 'The Ideal Husband' to the *Young Woman* for June. 'Ideals of husbands are,' she says, 'less often borrowed from novels than they used to be in our grandmothers' and mothers' days. Let us hope to see the day when most women will think it better to go with a Livingstone into the wilderness than to share the throne of the greatest emperor. If we have not the backbone of a strong moral nature, and do not possess his soul in patience, he is well-nigh sure to prove a broken reed.']

SEVEN maids o'er mid-day meal
Discussed in various moods and tenses
The sort of husband that's ideal
In a game of 'Consequences.'
Each wrote on paper white as snow,
Then burned the MS with a taper;
If you should wonder how I know,
I read them on their blotting-paper.

MAY:—

His name must first of all be Jack,
His height be tall, his moustache curly,
His hair be as the raven, black,
His feet be small, his teeth be pearly.
He need not be too nobly born,
He may be in a bank—or beer;
He may stop out till early morn,
But must have quite two thou. a year.

ALICE:—

Of all men's names, I fancy Dick,
Short, stout, nice looking, and good humoured,
Who's fond of plays, who loves music,
And knows the rights of all that's rumoured.
He need not be too circumspect,
And should forgive me when I blundered;
For I, of course, should not suspect
So long as he could find five hundred.

MABEL:—

Tom's the name I love the best,
He should be fond of me and horses,
And like to see his wife well dressed;
His dinner of some dozen courses.
A little house in Curzon-street,
A shooting box and hunting stables,
He need not have a country seat,
But just enough to buy me sables.

JANET:—

Jim sounds jolly for a name,
But names are nothing without handles,
I like a man who plays the game,
The game is always worth the candles;
So long as he is fond of fun,
In others too,—and not too vicious
'Tis poverty that spoils the run,
And makes the mare go—well—suspicious.

LOUISE:—

Harry is the name for me,
He should be learned if not witty;
Such men's wives get asked out to tea
And balls and dinners and called pretty.
And if your husband loves his books,
A wife's entitled to a Tabby,
I do not care so much for looks,
But could not love a man who's shabby.

PRUDENCE:—

Any man would do to call
A husband who respects the Sunday;
A curate may acquire a stall,
A canon be, or bishop one day.
And even if he do not rise,
The post of Vicar to a living
Is not the thing we should despise
When tithes were good, and he for—giving.

GIORGIE:—

I hate a man who is too old
And far too good to live, and clever,
Who hoards his miserable gold,
And looks as if he'd live for ever.
I like them young, but not too fresh;
I could not manage more than twenty.
One man's a thorn in woman's flesh—
I'd be a widow left with plenty.

LE PASSANT.

HIS GUIDE.

TOMPKINS: 'Here policeman, just help me home, you know where I live?'

Policeman: 'No, sir, I don't recollect exactly, but what's the name of your cook?'