



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 40s. 3d; not exceeding 40s. 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

PRIZES will be given for short stories on the following conditions:—

- For the best story written by any cousin of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC under 17 years of age 10 0
- For the best story by any cousin under 14 ... 5 0
- For the best story by any cousin under 10 ... 2 6

RULES.

- The stories must be written on one side of the paper only, must be entirely original, suitable for Christmas time, and must not exceed five hundred words in length.
 - The stories must be addressed to the Lady Editor, Graphic Office, Auckland, and must bear the words, commercial papers only, story competition, in the top left corner of the envelope or wrapper. For postage see usual notice to cousin.
 - All stories must reach the GRAPHIC Office by Monday, October 14th, and must be signed by teacher or parent to certify that they are really the writer's own work.
 - The age of the cousin must be clearly written at the end of each story.
- Anyone who likes can now become a cousin and try for the competition, but only cousins are eligible, and it is hoped that ALL will try for the prizes, which will be withheld in the event of no story being of sufficient merit. M.S.S. can be sent in as soon as the cousins like.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I wish to tell you about my little brother Gandin. He is eighteen months old, and so amusing you would think he was two years. My sister put him in trousers the other day, and he made us all laugh the way he toddled along, and when he tumbled over he took about five minutes to get up. I send a few conundrums for my fellow cousins.—COUSIN ERNEST.

[Thank you for the riddles. Will you please, Ernest, put them another time on a separate piece of paper, and the answers on another piece. What a little darling Gandin must be! I was playing this afternoon with a baby of about fifteen months, and he tried to drink out of a gallon tin dipper, and got his head in it, of course, as it was so large. We all laughed, and he got his head out, and laughed too, and ran off with the dipper. I hope you and all the cousins will try for the prize story. There is plenty of time for me to answer any questions about it.—COUSIN KATE.]

CHILDREN'S PUZZLE COLUMN.

- Why is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire? (2) What is that which resembles a cat's tail? (3) When is a soldier like a baby? (4) When is a man not a man?—COUSIN DOT. Blenheim.
- Why is the moon like a lump of beeswax? (2) Why is the moon like the carpet?—COUSIN ERNIE.
- Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? (2) When is a man not a man? (3) Why is a steam engine like a flea?—COUSIN ERNEST.

If 120 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt? If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong? If five and a half yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk? If three miles will make a league, how many will make a confederacy? If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?—COUSIN KATE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

For the future I am going to put the puzzles in one week,

and the answers the next, otherwise they are forgotten before guessed by all.—COUSIN KATE.

Answer to Cousin Lillie's puzzle: Because it has a head one side and a tail the other.—COUSIN DOT.

Answers to Cousin Ethel's riddles: (1) An umbrella. (2) Because its red. (3) Sand.

Answers to Cousin Lina's riddles: (1) A green cabbage. (2) A thimble. (3) Because no other animal can stand so long on one leg.

MITT'S TROUBLE.

MITT sat in a corner of the old lounge with one hand thrust hard into her little pocket, and with such a woebegone expression on her spare face that her doggie, Spitzky, noticing her silence, came and sat down before her, watching her with a longing to help her out of her trouble, seemingly.

She was indeed a picture of forlornness and dejection. Her hair had escaped its band and fallen over her face, her mouth had a pathetic droop, and now and then a tear stole down in little runs over her cheek.

By and by grandmamma, bustling in from the kitchen, noticed her, too. 'Why, child, what ails you? Are you sick?'

'N-no, grandmamma,' faltered Mitt, pushing her hand down harder and swinging her foot nervously against the lounge.

'Toothache, then?' queried grandmamma. 'Better let me pull out the naughty thing!'

'Oh no, no, grandmamma! I've lost my p-pen knife!' wailed Mitt, with a dry little sob in her throat, as she took up her skirt and displayed to grandmamma her small pocket with her brown finger run through a hole in one corner at the bottom.

'Dear! dear! That is too bad!' sympathized grandmamma.

'It fell through when I was going up the hill this morning. I 'spect' sighed Mitt, looking at the hole ruefully. 'An' I've hunted an' hunted every inch of the way!'

Of Mitt's treasures—and they were not many—the little penknife, with a button hook at one end, was the dearest. Every morning for a long time Mitt, kind, sympathetic little girl that she is, had gone up the hill, through storms and frost, to comb Ma'am Littlehale's hair; for Ma'am Littlehale had broken her arm, and couldn't do it for herself; and there were many little children to take care of, and the invalid grandfather, and oh! I don't know what else to do! And Mitt pitied her. This morning a light snow was falling, concealing entirely the half-bare, frozen road; and through it the little girl had groped and wandered about in her fruitless search alone; for, to tell the truth, she was ashamed to let anybody, especially grandmamma, know that she had lost the knife through the very hole that the dear old lady had cautioned her to mend only the day before.

'Why don't you get Arty to help you look?' suggested grandmamma, without a word of reproof. 'His eyes are keen's a hawk's!'

The trouble was out now, so Mitt started up with new courage, and with broom and rake the children began the search from the kitchen door.

'Rake! Rake!' went Arty slowly with his wide blue eyes fixed intently on the ground.

'Whisk! Whisk!' Mitt's impatient broom made the snow fly up in little clouds.

On they went, around the house, past the reddish-brown bank of primrose bushes, standing stiff and bare beside the wall in the sitting snow, along the flat and on up the first hill.

'What are the children up to?' cried grandpapa, coming in from the back with some hens' eggs. 'Here I've been waitin' an' waitin' for snow, an' scrapin' over bare ground till my teeth' (grandpapa didn't have but one), 'are all on edge, an' now them children's sweepin' it all out of the road! I never did see such crazy work in my life! They must be stopped!' and before grandmamma could explain he had shuttled off of the kitchen.

But just then Arty waved his cap to grandmamma watching them from the back window, and the next moment he came tearing down the hill, shouting and brandishing the rake, with Mitt racing along behind, her broom over her shoulder, her hood in her hand, and the snow falling on her yellow head. They almost ran over grandpapa at the corner of the house in their eagerness to tell the good news.

The precious penknife was found, and Mitt sat right down and sewed a little patch on her pocket before she stopped to brush the snow out of her hair.

Grandpapa thought she found it again, because she lost it while doing so much good. But Arty thought that patience and sharp eyes had something to do with it.

A school-teacher pointed to a triangle, and asked what it was. 'I know,' said a bright little four-year-old. 'It is a chicken-scoop.'

She's dressing for the ball to-day, Waa g! as well as fair; For she's allowed herself four hours To crimp and curl her hair.

HE SPOILED HIS CASE.

AN American lawyer who was cross-questioning some witnesses, and who had done everything in his power to confuse them, brusquely asked them, when other methods failed, to 'Speak up louder.' The last man, a burly countryman, decided that he would take the lawyer at his word; so, in response to the first question, what his name was, he replied in a voice that reverberated through the building, 'John Brown, sir-r-r-r!'

'I guess you've been drinking this morning,' said the irate lawyer, sternly.

'Yes, sir-r-r-r!' replied the witness, as though calling to a neighbour two miles distant.

'I thought so,' said the lawyer, triumphantly. 'What did you take?'

'Coffee, sir-r-r-r!' shouted the witness.

A burst of laughter from the courtroom disconcerted the lawyer for a time, but, when the merriment had subsided, he asked, nothing daunted, 'I guess you had a little something else in your coffee, didn't you?'

'Yes, sir-r-r-r!' still came the reply.

'Ah, now we're coming to it!' said the lawyer, rubbing his hands and winking to the jury. 'Now, my good man, don't be afraid, but speak right out and tell the jury just what you had in your coffee.'

The witness tilted his lunge for a tremendous effort and thundered, 'A s-p-o-o-n, sir-r-r-r!'

The courtroom, bench, and bar were convulsed with laughter, and the badgering lawyer lost his case.

HIGGINBOTTOM'S BURGLAR.

IT was darker than four kinds of Egyptian-in-the-time-of-Pharaoh, when Mrs Higginbottom had shaken the sleeping Mr Higginbottom until he opened his eyes and felt the darkness thrust upon him.

'Who—what—what is it, my dear?' he asked with an effort that would have been visible if the light had been turned on.

'Oh, Hiram,' she whispered in a tremour, 'there's a burglar in the house.'

'How do you know?'

'I heard him.'

'Probably it's the cat.'

'I couldn't hear a cat walk upstairs,' she snapped.

'Did it walk upstairs?' he inquired sleepily.

'No; I said I heard the burglar, upstairs.'

'How do you suppose he got up?'

'He didn't get up,' she whispered angrily.

'But didn't you say you heard him upstairs?' he asked gently.

'No; I said I heard him downstairs.'

'When you were downstairs, my dear?' he asked with an awakening interest.

'I wasn't downstairs, Hiram,' she retorted. 'I was upstairs and heard the burglar downstairs. Can't you hear?' and she gave him a vigorous shake.

'Hear what, my dear? I don't hear anything.'

Mrs Higginbottom was provoked almost to the battle-point.

'Well, Hiram Higginbottom,' she said in a firm tone, 'if you don't care whether burglars come in and murder us in our beds, I guess I don't either.' And evidently Mr Higginbottom didn't, for long before she had recovered from her nervous fit, he was snoring at a pitch that would have driven a burglar to a boiler shop for relief.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

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

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

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

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UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

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

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