

lineate. I will keep your note, and will describe your character if you comply with the conditions.—MARCELLA.

'Lilly' (Nelson).—The above remarks apply to you also. Please read them.—MARCELLA.



Friend—It's wealthy, and I can't see any earthly reason why you object to him.
Dissuade.—But he drinks whisky.
Father.—Drink whisky? Of course he does. Do you think he'd eat it with a fork?

THE PEER'S SON AND THE ACTRESS.

SOCIETY in London has been much interested of late in the love troubles of the Hon. Dudley Churchill Marjoribanks, son of Lord Tweedmouth, the ex-Liberal whip and late Lord Privy Seal. For some time past (says *Morning*) this young gentleman has been paying marked attention to Miss Annie Louise Watkins, better known to the public as Miss Sutherland, of the chorus at the Gaiety Theatre. There the Hon. Mr Marjoribanks was well-known, as was also his acquaintance with Miss Sutherland. Many of the intimate friends of that lady have even gone so far as to declare that the young people were engaged to be married, but on this point nothing definite could be ascertained from either of the parties directly concerned. But it was known that the parents of the young gentleman were strongly opposed to his ambition, and much pressure was put upon him to terminate the acquaintance. It would now seem that in this they have been successful. We learn that a writ has just been issued against the Hon. Mr Marjoribanks for breach of promise of marriage. No specific sum is claimed as damages. Sir George Lewis will render professional assistance to the defendant.

Referring to the case, the *Sunday Sun* says: 'It will, if it comes into court, prove to be the most sensational thing of the kind we have had since Miss Sutherland won £10,000 from Lord Garmyle. Miss Sutherland is the divinely tall and divinely fair young lady who stands at the extreme right (from the audience) or "prompt" side of the stage in "The Shop Girl," at the Gaiety. She is really a very handsome girl, and is nearly six feet tall. She first met the Hon. Dudley Churchill Marjoribanks at the Prince of Wales' Club. If not exactly a case of love at first sight, it was very like it. Anyhow, the young gentleman proposed to Miss Sutherland, and was accepted. This is not disputed. When his parents learned of the affair they were, not unnaturally, very disturbed. However, when it was discovered that Miss Sutherland was a young lady of unimpeachable character, Lord Tweedmouth, it is alleged, said that if the young couple would consent not to see each other for a twelve-month, and if, after the expiration of that time, they were both of the same mind, he would place no obstacle in the way of their marriage. But Mr Marjoribanks, it is said, 'haunted' the Gaiety, and one night his father went down and found him there, and persuaded him to leave. They drove away together. The services of Sir George Lewis were called in as mediator, but without availing—parental remonstrances were likewise useless. Lord Tweedmouth, it is stated, offered to send Miss Sutherland on the Continent to study music under the best masters, but she refused the proposal. Then Mr Marjoribanks went to Canada with Lady Tweedmouth, on a visit to their near relative (the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen). He did not return with his mother, and remains in the Dominion, and the matter was broken off. Miss Sutherland has placed her case in the hands of the well-known theatrical lawyer, Mr Willie Stark, of 6 Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn, and he has retained on her behalf Sir Edward Clark, Q.C., M.P., Mr C. F. Gill, Mr Willis, and Mr Hermann Cohen.

have to endure the pangs of the former, and would only feel the shadow of the coming and purely conventional humiliation pass over their minds in the latter case, they would think nothing of the real pain of the former in comparison with the imaginative pain of the latter experience. Ignominy which you only anticipate as likely to be attached by others to the last appearance of your body in this world, is far more dreaded than even pain which you yourself must shrink under before you leave his world.

WHAT IS THE REASON, OR RATHER, IS THERE ANY REASON, FOR THIS FEELING?

Why are we so sensitive to a sort of conventional public opinion which will affect us only so far as it affects the memory of us in the minds of others, and that not for more than a few hours or a few minutes in a crowd of very languid impressions, and are yet so comparatively indifferent to troubles which we must go through ourselves, and which no one will give us credit for our courage in confronting and ignoring? We suppose the answer must be that if it were not so, if 'the bubble reputation' had not in thousands and thousands of cases far more fascination for us than even the endurance of real and keen pangs could outweigh, human society could hardly be the solid fabric that it is. Is not half the so-called courage which men display really due to the fear of shame? Is not half the willingness of women to be thought more timid than they really are, due to the pleasure of being considered feminine, and exciting by that impression a kind of gentle sympathy which is half-misplaced? Without the strong wish to conform ourselves to outward effect at least, to a purely conventional standard of what we ought to be, it would be almost impossible for men to form any correct estimate of what to expect in the conduct of their fellow-creatures. There is

A LANCASHIRE STORY

of an old woman who on her death-bed was listening to her sons' deliberations as to the conduct of the funeral, and who in a weak and trembling voice put in a wish of her own as to the order to be observed, whereupon she was firmly rebuked by one of her children in the words, 'Thee leave all that to us, thee mind thee dying.' Could there be a clear illustration of the conventional character of these emotions? It might be natural and right for a dying person who had no one else to take care of the arrangements for the funeral, to be concerned about them, but where that was not the case, where the living were taking due interest in the decent preparations for a final notification of what had happened to the world, the proper course for the departing spirit was to occupy itself in studying the attitude in which her farewell of this world should be taken. It seemed to the sons almost an unworthy reflection on their solicitude for the decencies of death, that their mother should be distracted from playing her proper part in the affair, by over-anxiety as to the earthly part of the ceremony. Without universal respect for the conventional expectations as to the proper part to be taken by the living and the dying in the last great pageant of life, we should certainly not have such elaborate funeral rites as are to be found amongst all races, savage as well as civilised; and we should also lose that valuable moulding power of conventional custom, which compels us, throughout life, more or less to feel whatever it is necessary for the well-being and convenience of our fellow-creatures that we should feel. We cannot throw off at the last moment,—indeed, it is far more difficult to throw off at the last moment than at any more vigorous moment of life,—that respect for the conventional expectations of others which has, in great measure, moulded our life from beginning to end. If we are ever to rebel successfully against the authority of conventional standards, it must be when the individual life flows strongly in our veins, and not when it is just ebbing away in the feebleness of an expiring pulse.

SECRET DRAWERS.

'Most of the ingenious contrivances in furniture came into fashion during the latter part of the eighteenth century,' said the dealer. 'Those were the days of secret drawers, which answered the purpose of the modern safe. We sometimes find them in old desks and cabinets. There is one in this bureau. You might have the thing in your possession a lifetime and never suspect it. Take out this little drawer. Now put your hand inside and see if you feel anything. No? There is nothing unusual to be felt. But just press hard against the back. Click! A strip of wood flew forward, and disclosed an opening in a part of the bureau that had previously appeared to be quite solid. It was so ingeniously and accurately put together that one would never have detected it with the eye. This cabinet has also its secret drawer. It is operated by a pin which, when thrust into an almost invisible hole, presses against a spring, and the drawer flies open. Sometimes the secret compartments are concealed with so much ingenuity that we cannot find them. One in a small cupboard completely baffled us; we had to break it open, find out how it was worked, and then restore it to its original condition.' 'Have you ever had any treasure-trove?' 'Some years ago my father, who conducted this business before me, had a curious case. He bought a bureau from a gentleman, in whose family it had been for a long period, and sent it straight to an outside cabinet-maker to fix up. The fellow found a secret drawer, and in it about £50 in English banknotes and a paper. He kept the lot, and said nothing about it! but one night, when intoxicated, he told the whole story, and my father chanced to hear it. Soon after the gentleman who had sold the bureau came into the shop on other business, and my father told him exactly what he had heard. The gentleman became very much excited, and said he hadn't a doubt that the paper was his late father's missing will. What they did in the end was this. They told the cabinet-maker that he could keep the money if he produced the will, which he did; and it turned out to be just what the gentleman expected.'

FUNERAL FORMALITIES.

AMONG the many quaint characteristics of the human mind, none at first seems to be quaint than the exaggerated importance it attaches to decent, and in some sense honorific, funerals. Everyone who knows anything of the poor, knows how they will toil and even shorten their days by pinching themselves of proper food and clothing to avoid the ignominy of a pauper's funeral. A great scandal has just taken place at Cardiff, in consequence of some undertaker's having contracted with the Poor-Law Guardians, to bury the poor dying in the workhouse at the rate of 17s 6d 'a case'—as the event of death was tersely and rudely described—the only hearse provided being a spring-cart—although a competitor in undertaking had been in the field who was willing to have performed the same operation for the Guardians at 16s or 15 6d less, with a proper hearse 'thrown in,'—the Guardians having preferred the higher and less decent offer from some motive attributed to favouritism; and it seems likely that the indignation felt at this want of respect for the decencies of funeral rites, will bring down condign punishment on the local authorities responsible for the scandal. Public feeling evidently condemns sharply THE SUBSTITUTION OF A SPRING CART FOR A HEARSE with its black plumes,—to say nothing of the cheaper rate at which the more solemn vehicle could have been hired,—and the question is why this feeling should be so strong in almost every class of society as it is. Why, again, should the poor scrape and put themselves to very severe sacrifices, in order that when they are no longer in this life at all, it should be rumoured among their friends and acquaintances that they themselves paid for the last rites, and did not suffer the 'parish' to defray the expense of arranging for their interment? Yet nothing is more certain than that they do this in hundreds and hundreds of cases. There is no exercise of imagination in which even the neediest of the needy take more delight, than that of projecting their minds into the future and anticipating the arrangements for their own decent interment. The author of 'Tales of Mean Streets,' which we recently reviewed in these columns, gives very pathetic instances of this *passion* of the imagination. We have, indeed, no doubt that if most men had to choose between providing against a spasm of superfluous suffering in the death-agony, and the necessity for a pauper funeral, the great majority of the English people would prefer the additional suffering, of which they would be fully conscious, to the ignominy of which, except in their forecasting imagination, they would not in all probability be conscious at all. Indeed, though they themselves would

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