

The New Zealand Graphic

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ABOUT SILLY-SEASONERS.

THERE are many excellent people who stoutly maintain that the papers only become readable when, as shallow people say, there 'is nothing in them.' For when Parliament is up, and 'politics and all that' are cleared out of the way, there is room at last for something to read. It is a serious opinion, and one of which editors in general take too little account. In the close time of politics they humour it as a kind of diversion from the proper business of life, which will be banished at once when serious things begin to happen. Yet the 'silly-seasoner' is for some of them the one breath of real life, as life is for most men and women, that reaches their columns, and the silly season is, if they knew it, the happiest hunting period for new readers and fresh ideas.

The modern form of 'silly-seasoner' came in when the giant gooseberry and the sea-serpent became exhausted. These ancient stand-bys do, indeed, occasionally turn up, but they are felt to be the crude expedients of a dead past. At the best, they filled a paragraph, and their monotonously American origin, while it saved them from verification, rather spoilt them for the British reader. The modern silly-seasoner starts from the great assumption that hundreds of thousands of men and women nourish a secret ambition to appear in print. It takes this great fact and utilises it for the benefit of readers, editors, and proprietors. Every editor worthy of the name is daily and hourly conscious that he is dealing with a vast number of people who have something worth saying which they would like to say, if he could only set them going. But to the best of editors they are mostly an unexplored and inarticulate country, from which he gets mysterious intimations through letter and rumour and the vagaries of circulation, but of whose dispositions, characters, and likings he is mostly in the dark. They surprise him every day by their likings for this and their coldness toward that; the article or the phrase which was specially intended to catch them touches them not at all, while a chance word, to which the writer never gave a second thought, or an

obscure paragraph thrown in by the foreman printer to fill a space goes the round of the world, and returns after many days from some distant colony. It is said that the most expert of theatrical managers cannot tell with certainty whether a play will take with the public or not. There may be everything in it which experience and common sense may suggest as likely to be popular, and yet for some inscrutable reason it will drop dead flat. The editor who was quite frank would admit that he was in much the same position *vis*

à vis the reading public. He risks less on one throw, he can provide an alternative bill of fare, strike an average. But he knows perfectly well that there is nothing so uncertain in the world as the most sanguine anticipation of a 'boom.' We reveal no secrets when we say that 'the boom' not uncommonly takes the editor completely by surprise.

Now, from the editor's point of view, the silly season is the great opportunity for signalling to this dim, mysterious public of his. He can now set himself deliber-

ately to discover what really does interest them, or will rouse them to the point of emotion which is implied in 'writing to the paper.' It is really a most interesting experiment in human nature, and a mighty difficult one. The first thing required is an entirely open mind on the part of the experimenter. It is perfectly useless for a literary man to sit down and consider what interests him, and what, if he were a reader, would induce him to write a letter. We have heard a distinguished editor say that he thinks very poorly of

his paper unless at least a half of it entirely fails to interest him personally. This need not be taken too literally, but it is perfectly certain that the kind of symposium which would catch the man of letters would not survive a week in the silly season. It is a common belief among suspicious persons who 'know all about it' that the thing is kept going by prodigious industry on the part of the newspaper's staff, and that 'Scrutator,' 'Vindex,' 'Father of a Family,' 'One who has Suffered,' and all the rest, are so many aliases for these clever gentlemen. That is for the most part an entire delusion. A judicious start or a discreet fillip may no doubt be given occasionally from within. When the stream has begun to flow it may be guided in this direction or that, diverted into curious side channels, or led back, when it grows irrelevant, into the main current. But the stream must flow, and cannot be pumped. It is the vainest of vain labours to go on manufacturing letters about a subject which brings no increment to the morning or evening mail. For there lies plain proof that it does not interest, and to pursue it is as futile as to go on playing to an empty house, without the excuse or compulsion which drives the theatrical manager to that melancholy course.

The judicious editor, then, changes his bill quickly when there is no draw and tries another piece. If he is a wise man, he will also discriminate between one kind of draw and another, for his instinct should tell him at once whether he has got hold of the genuine silly-seasoner or is merely drawing the professional letter-writer. There are certain subjects the mere whisper of which will flood his columns with apparently spontaneous communications from all quarters, without evoking a spark of interest in the person known vaguely as 'the general reader.' The most glaring instances of these are, of course, anti-vaccination, vivisection, bi-metalism, and railway rates, but there are numerous others more subtle and difficult to recognise which have precisely the same effect. Such are the skirmishes between literary persons about the profits of authors and publishers, the new criticism, the new art, and the modern drama. There are times and places for these, but they are not silly-

seasoners. The only true and genuine silly-seasoner is that which catches the general reader. For that end it must be of simple and universal interest—one of those plain problems which may be debated a hundred times and yet started with an air of novelty on the hundred and first.

Improved times are evidenced by the large sale of Frossard's Cavour Cigars, mild and fragrant, 8 for 1s 3d. (Advt. 2)



THE SHEIK'S DAUGHTER.

Australian Art Company

TARANAKI REPS.

NO football team in the Australasian Colonies can boast of better physique or a finer set of young fellows than the now famous Rugby representatives of Taranaki. The majority of the team follow the occupation of farmers, and are a hardy and athletic company. The Taranaki footballers were the first team to check the victorious career of the English football team which visited this colony in 1888, Taranaki winning by one point to nil. Last year Taranaki proved themselves the champion team of this colony, for they defeated Auckland, Wellington, and Canterbury, gaining easy victories over each. Although they did not win all their matches this season, Taranaki did not suffer a reverse, but the Wellington and Auckland teams played drawn battles with them. Taranaki defeated Wanganui on August 14th by 29 points to nil; on August 21st, Hawke's Bay were beaten by 27 points to 3; while on August 24th, their match against Wellington was drawn. A heavy northerly gale which raged during the progress of the match, greatly interfered with the play. Taranaki's last match of this season was against Auckland on September 5th, and this, too, resulted in a draw, there being no score. Mr Alf. Bayly, the captain of the Taranaki footballers, is one of the best three-quarter backs in this colony, and captained the New Zealand team last year. He is a most popular player, both off and on the field.

An old-fashioned tobacconist lost his trade through not keeping Frossard's Cavour Cigars, 8 for 1s 3d. (Adv. 2)

ROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.]

HUNTING,' said the Professor, 'has been termed the sport of kings. It may be so. My acquaintance with these gentlemen and their ways is limited, and I have never hunted anything but rats. Who will deny, however, that there is reserved for 'cycling the glorious title rôle of king of sports?'

'Anropos of rat-hunting,' said the frivolous youth, 'its warmest supporters may not style it a sport for kings, but everyone will acknowledge that it is a sport for screams—when there are no chairs or tables near enough to assist beauty in distress.'

'Young man,' quoth the Professor, severely, 'I should feel sorry for beauty in distress did I not know that your gallantry exceeds your wit. Flippancy, amongst any but honourable members in Parliament assembled, is a fish out of water. There, it is the white-bait—or black bait—wherewith shoals of golden flying-hours are lured into shallow waters and lost forever. It is with members a fine art. Ordinary folks can be flippant, with very little sense in their flippancy—they can be flippant with none at all; many of us make jokes with little meaning in them; they can make jokes without any.'

The other lodgers listened to these truths in silence, their mouths too full to speak. The Professor made a pause for effect, unnoticed by all except the cat, who took the opportunity to make an effect with her paws upon his plate. He then returned to his original theme.

The virtues of a pneumatic tire—so-called because of its inability to tire—might be summed up in almost

the identical terms of an Auckland tram-car. The one contributes quiet and ease; the other contributes quiet and breeze.'

'And flee,' said the Frivolous Youth.

So imperfect and deceptive is our English phonetic vocabulary, that the Elderly Maiden Aunt was compelled to leave the table.

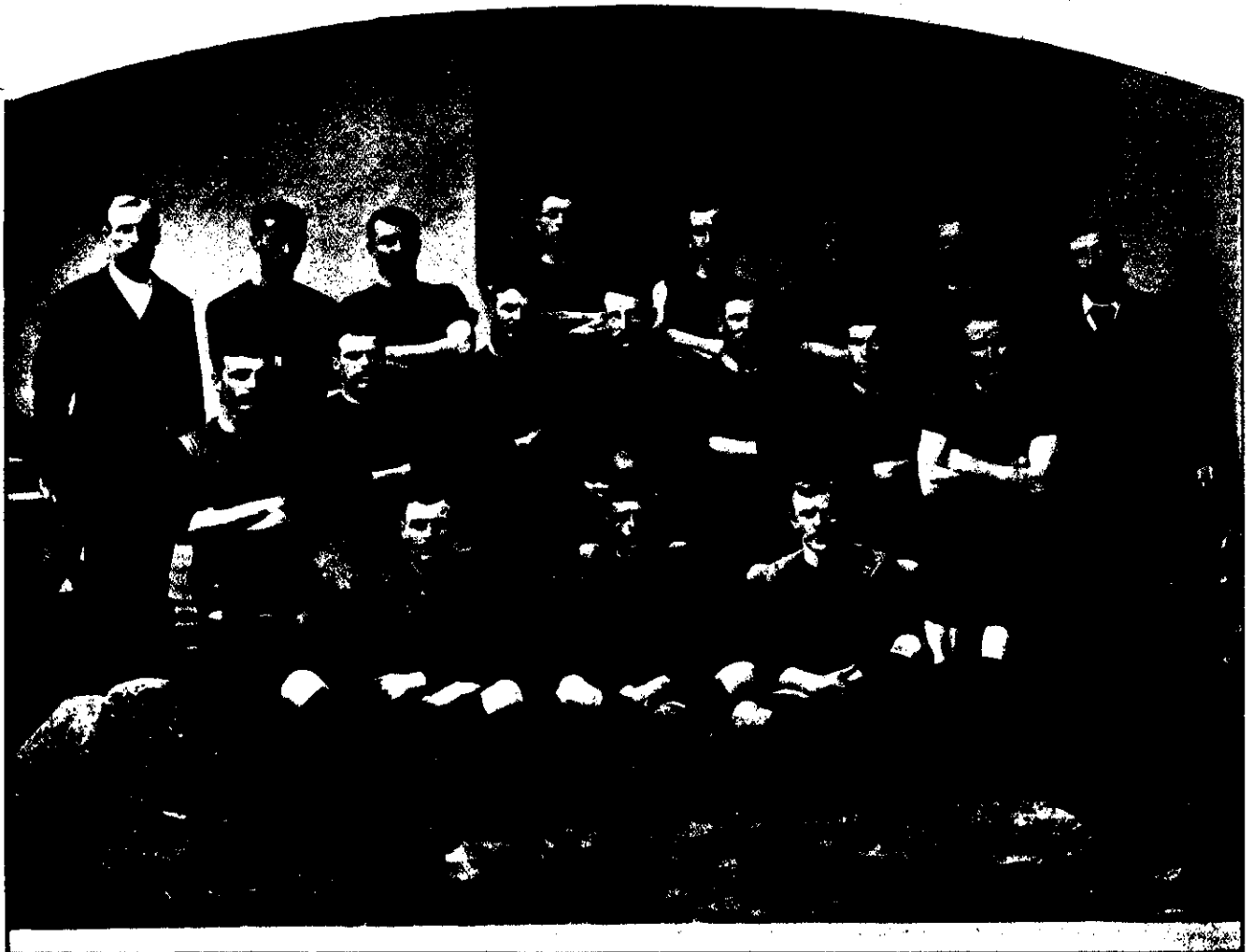
'But everyone knows that Auckland tram-cars don't contribute to quiet and ease,' said the Practical Man.

'For that reason it has been thought expedient by wise and good and conscientious people to post up Scripture texts in the immediate vicinity of these notices, such as 'Thou shalt not lie.' 'Blessed are the merciful.' 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.' Alas! Tramway Company Directors are as unyielding and remorseless as railway refreshment room pie-crust.

Again the Professor paused, not for a breath as might at first be supposed, but for boiled beef-steak pudding, upon which and his subject he renewed attack.

Ten years ago, a swift-gliding, still-moving machine, which could coil and uncoil, and twist and squirm, and dart and dive and double on its tracks, and quiver and slobber and shake, and thump and bump, and wriggle and wobble, and altogether conduct himself in the unpleasant and impolite manner of a boa-constrictor or a small boy in church, which could shoot over precipices with a style and finish calculated to turn the Falls of Niagara green with envy, or flounder into swamps and creeks and ditches and mud-pools with an ease that wouldn't disgrace any young well brought up hippopotamus; or smash into stone walls with a noble disregard of consequences peculiar to itself and politicians; or silently, stealthily, uncanitly steal upon the unwary pedestrian and the unwary pedestrian's toes in the dark watches of the night, moving him to long for a second vocabulary

TARANAKI FOOTBALL REPRESENTATIVES, 1895.



BACK ROW.—G. SYME, forward. D. WATSON, forward. D. HUGHES, forward. W. WELLS, forward. B. O'DOWDA, forward.
 W. STANDISH, forward. H. COUTTS.
 MIDDLE ROW.—W. LAMBIE, forward. J. LANG, wing forward. HUGH GOOD, wing three-quarter. A. BAYLY, five-eighth.
 A. GOOD, wing three-quarter. C. YOUNG, wing forward. F. LIVINGSTON, forward.
 FRONT ROW.—J. ALLEN, centre three-quarter. A. HUMPHREY'S, half-back. J. ROBINSON, full back.

that his tongue might utter the thoughts which arise in him—this triumph of mechanical art, I say, existed ten years ago, only in the dreams of lunatics and geniuses. Now horses are eating their heads off in the large centres at Home and abroad, and 'cycling for men and women has deservedly become the fashion of the day. The aristocracy, we read in the London papers (representing the fashion, if not always the beauty and wealth of the land), takes its morning airings in Battersea Park on bicycles, the feminine portion of it in "bloomers." I don't doubt it; there's no false pride about a "bike." It will be as nice and obliging about running a real live lord into a bramble hedge or a frog-pond as it would the real live Lord's butcher boy. On a democratic two-wheeler—

... The aristocrat who banks with Coutra.
The aristocrat who hunts and shoots.
The aristocrat who cleans the boots—
They all shall equal be!

We are told that a titled lady at Home takes riding tours through the country on a bicycle painted spotlessly white, attended—the lady, not the bicycle—by her footman and maid. Why the machine should be painted spotlessly white (unless from a benevolent desire to assist the farmers in scaring off birds, whether it is as spotlessly white by the time the titled lady has completed her riding tour, and if so, how so; whether the maid and footman run behind, or are slung up in baskets, one on either side of the titled lady, or (for sociable purposes) two on one side, with the paint-pot between them, or follow on a tandem, or on stilts or roller skates (which would be awkward for the paint pot) or in the baker's cart—these are problems that might suggest themselves to the curious, but which the writer wisely leaves to the imagination. The rest of my remarks I must leave to your imagination for the present. I intended to talk about the benefits and pleasures and opportunities and sensibleness of 'cycling for women; I have discoursed on rats and cats and members of Parliament and a few other equally un-sensible subjects. Let my wisdom remain unspoken until our next meal.'

THE PAHIATUA FOOTBALL TEAM.

WITH this issue we give a reproduction of the Pahiatua Football Club's senior team. The Pahiatua Football Club is attached to the Bush District Rugby Union, which also embraces the Woodville, Eketahuna, and Tutaekara Clubs. This is a district in which the national game is followed at a disadvantage. In the cities and more fortunately-situated country districts, expenses and time occupied in travelling to play in inter-club matches are reduced to a minimum; but in the Bush both are very serious barriers to the progress of the game. The iron horse has not yet traversed the district, consequently all the travelling has to be done by road. But that in itself would be a small matter were the players themselves stationed within easy distance of the township. Many of them, however, are 'pioneers of civilization,' and live far back in the Bush and a day's ride from the township. To them each match mean the loss of two or three days, and that fact prevents their attendance at any but the most important club fixtures. With the lack of practice, the want of real combination in the club teams is made very apparent. There is a still greater drawback to the complete success of football in the Bush. The townships are difficult of access in reasonable time for outside clubs (I mean more particularly metropolitan clubs), consequently the Bush players seldom have an opportunity of pitting themselves against experienced opponents, and picking up the latest points of the game. Our climate, too, is decidedly moist, and it is rarely indeed that a fine day is secured for a match.

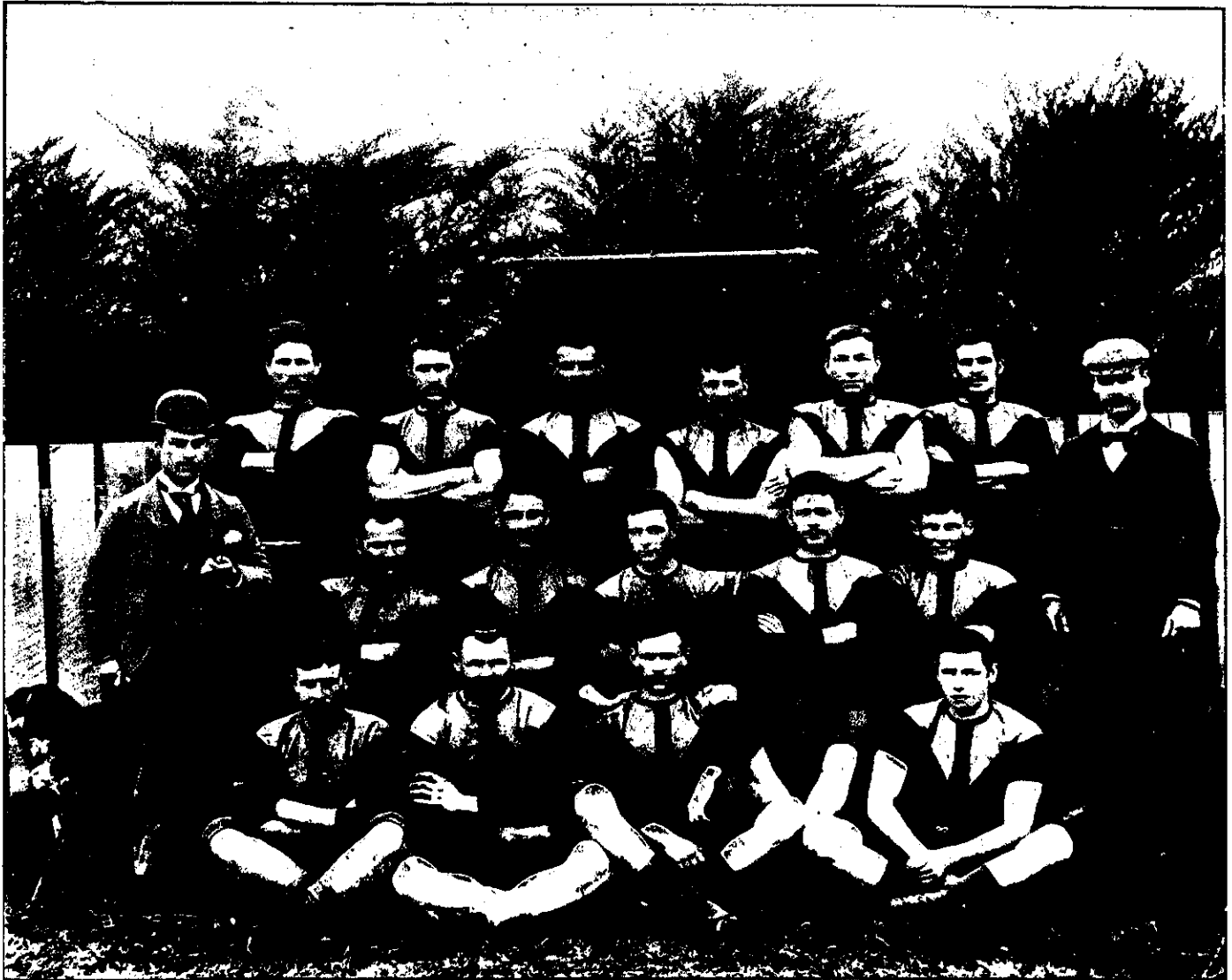
After the men have come in such long distances the idea of postponement is never entertained, and though the rain descends in torrents the match is always played. It would require a very heavy fall to cause the absence of a forty-mile Bush footballer. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks the game has gone ahead and increased in popularity wonderfully. Spectators always attend in good force, and the ladies support and assist the clubs in many ways. The play, too, is of a higher class than one would expect after considering all the disadvantages. The teams are composed, for the most part, of strong, fast men—players who a few years ago were the mainstays of their school and college teams, and who, having now 'gone on the land,' cannot resist the temptation of following the leather. With a very little practice together these Bush teams would lower the colours of many a boastful city combination, and prove themselves worthy opponents of the best clubs. Of course the disabilities are gradually disappearing, and it is only a matter of a year or two when the Bush representatives will be able to pit their strength against that of surrounding unions.

The only representative match played this season was against the Waipawa Union, the Bush winning by 11 points to nil.

The Bush Senior Championship was won this year by the Eketahuna team, whose line was not crossed during the season. Pahiatua met them in the final and suffered a defeat by one try. The latter's record for the season is—matches played 10; won 7, lost 3. Points for, 84; against, 28.

The Junior Cup contest was won by the Pahiatua second fifteen with a record of five wins and one defeat. The Pahiatua Club has a membership of 78.

PAHIATUA FOOTBALL CLUB—FIRST FIFTEEN.



BACK ROW.—F. PIPER E. BRAY O. KNIGHT W. CHAMBERS W. H. HAWKINS F. ZILLWOOD.

MIDDLE ROW.—A. BAILLIE W. KING G. PIPER A. CASHION, capt. F. E. LEWIS H. GREVILLE D. SKINNER

D. Wilson, photo.

FRONT ROW.—G. GREGORY H. VILE M. WOOD E. NAVLOR.

Absent.—P. J. HACKETT.

A CRUISE THROUGH MELANESIA.

(BY LESLIE H. MOSES.)

AUCKLAND certainly presented an exceedingly gloomy and depressing appearance as we weighed anchor off the Queen-street Wharf and steamed slowly down the pretty harbour, of which we are so rightly proud. A miserable drizzling rain was falling, and as the city and Parnell were passed they were almost completely obscured from view.

The vessel on which we were travelling was a barquentine-rigged auxiliary steam yacht of some 200 tons, well-known as the Melanesian Mission yacht 'Southern Cross,' and rounding the North Head all the canvas was set so as to enable her to feel the breeze. Towards sundown the rain ceased, and we could see the fast receding city in the distance, looking beautiful as the setting sun played on the still wet roofs of the buildings. We passed Tiri lighthouse at dusk and it was nearly midnight when Mokohinau light was visible.

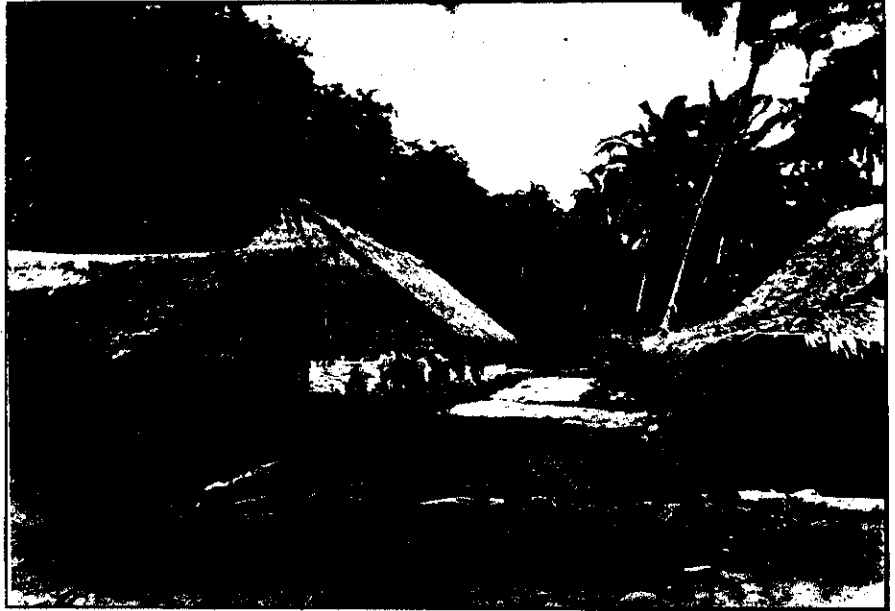
Sunday dawned a beautiful day, and still steaming with all sail set, we left New Zealand away on the quarter soon after midnight. Before dawn half a gale was blowing, the 'Cross' pitched and tossed and threw the water about in a decidedly uncomfortable manner. She, I believe, has always held the reputation of being an uncommonly lively and dirty craft, and certainly she did herself justice that day. We had very little sail set, and although the machinery was idle, she flew along before the wind at a fine pace.

I will not dwell on what a miserable day it was for me, who experienced for the first time the wretched feeling of *mal-de-mer*. Being one of the crew, I was forced, need I say much against my inclination, to stay on deck throughout my watches.

With Tuesday came a fine day, although the sea was still rough, and to skip uninteresting details Philip Island, just near Norfolk Island, was sighted at dusk on Thursday afternoon. It was 10 p.m. when we hove the ship to close under the lee of Philip Island, looking in the sombre darkness a forbidding uncanny mass of rock. For the remainder of the night we lay there, and when I came on deck in the morning we had just dropped the anchor off the famous settlement. The island from seawards looked extremely pretty; it was covered with the pines which bear its name, and presented a very rugged and rocky coastline. The rather rare occurrence of a vessel lying in the offing had had its effect already, and even now little groups of islanders could be seen standing at the boat harbour and round the sheds which served as a covering for their whale-boats. Prominent among the primitive architecture which constituted the village was the gray cold-looking building which was once the harbour of so many desperate criminals. It was built in the Macquarie style, and was pierced in places to allow guns to protrude. On a little green hillock directly behind the boat harbour a flagstaff stood, and the flag which proclaimed an English-speaking people fluttered gaily from the halliards. By this time the crowd had launched their staunch little boats and were already pulling out over the choppy water toward our vessel. When they got

alongside the gangway we saw what a fine, sturdy set of men they were. They seem perfectly contented with their apparently lonely life, and in fact I am sure would not exchange theirs with ours. One of them remarked to me later in the day, with a proud air, that it didn't matter what a man had been, as long as he was prepared to reform and work he was always welcome on their tiny sea-girt isle, and they were always willing to enable him to start. He told me that no liquor was allowed them unless with a doctor's permit, and he attributed their present happiness greatly to its absence. The islanders wore dungaree jumpers and trousers (a variety of patches, but yet very neat and clean), and large rush hats. I must explain that Norfolk Island is a

steamed into Sydney Bay and watched the flagstaff, from whence, as is customary, signals would announce to us whether or not it was safe for us to anchor. None appearing, we steamed outside of Philip Island—a mass of barren rock infested with rabbits and wild sea birds, and on which there was not one patch of vegetation to relieve the monotonous sombreness. In the early morning sunlight it appeared many coloured, but what little beauty it could boast of was counterbalanced when we noticed the rugged rocks round its base, over which, ever and anon, the mighty breakers hissed and roared. We passed a lovely bay which appears to be artificial, so perfectly is it shaped, and soon afterwards Cascade Bay, the only other landing besides the boat harbour in Sydney



J. W. Beattie photo. UNREPARAPARA, NATIVE SCHOOL (Outside the Crater).

regular sailor's horror, there not being one snug anchorage, and the sailing craft having to shift from one bay to another as the wind demanded. We stayed in Sydney Bay all day, and towards evening we proceeded round to Anson Bay for the night. We had just settled down comfortably when, about 9 p.m., we were all summoned on deck. The wind had veered considerably, and great leaden clouds were moving swiftly across the sky. Soon the anchor was catted and fished, sail made, and the 'Cross' was standing straight out to sea. Right through the night it seemed to be one continual 'Bout-ship,' and I can safely say we were all glad when the day dawned with sunny sky and calm sea. We

Bay. Rounding a point we passed Anson Bay again, and then were off the settlement, and had soon anchored in response to the welcome signal which now fluttered from the hillock. As is usual, a good sea was running, and all the morning the cable was as taut as could be. It took us till noon putting the remainder of the stores ashore and getting the native boys' boxes aboard, for each boy belonging to the Mission is given a small chest with his name painted on it, and we were to take some fifty of them home to their different islands. Shortly after noon the cable parted with a tremendous bang, and before we knew where we were or what had gone wrong the ship was drifting off a lee shore. It was but the work of a minute to rush on to the bridge and telegraph to the engine-room. Fortunately the engineer was below, and we soon steamed round the point towards Anson Bay, where we spent the remainder of the afternoon in heaving a spare anchor on to the broken chain.



J. W. Beattie photo. CHIRKE'S HOUSE AT BUGOTU (Isabel).

Early on Sunday morning a large full-rigged ship hove in sight, and all day her courses were visible away on the horizon. In the afternoon a small schooner was seen, but darkness coming on, we lost sight of her. It was not till the next morning when we went round to Cascade Bay that we saw her anchored there. She proved to be the Sydney-owned Oscar Robinson, a small trader, and the only regular mail packet connecting this island with the outside civilised world. Again all day was spent in getting the natives' goods ashore, and about five o'clock they themselves appeared coming towards the rocky land. A very picturesque sight it was—the women with their gay-coloured blouses and skirts, and the men with their blue trousers and shirts. Soon a boatload was embarked, and as it left the shore those still standing there cheered and waved to them as they departed. It was very comical to see them jump aboard and run apparently everywhere at once. They evidently knew the run of the ship, and were just as much at home as if they were ashore on their own islands. Some swarmed and raced up the rigging, others spread themselves out on the jibboom and made a comfortable bed in the jibs, while a few stood on the main and mizzen cross-tees and waved vigorously to their friends ashore. They wore nothing on their heads whatever, but in their massive hair was stuck everything, from a pipe to a bunch of flowers. Altogether fifty were embarked, and then the order 'heave

away for'ard' was given us, and soon Norfolk Island was an indistinct shadow astern.

We had a smart though rather wet passage of four days, and early on Friday afternoon Ambrym and Mallicolo were passed, and afterwards our first place of call, Pentecost, was sighted. At sunrise we were close in-shore, and then, for the first time, I beheld the beauties of the tropical world. Nowhere on the water was there so much as a ripple, and the deep green seemed to vie beautifully with the verdant hills. The land rose sheer from the water, and here and there along the slopes yam gardens could be seen. Soon a lot of dug-out canoes, propelled by the ducky islanders, surrounded the ship. The men wore only a narrow strip of cloth or matting, and on their arms some ornaments of one kind and another. I felt as if I would never get tired, but after some of us had indulged in a swim the anchor was hove up and we steamed across the channel to Aoba. At 2 o'clock we were there, but I had not an opportunity of seeing it distinctly, as just then one of those wretched tropical showers hid the land from view. Waiting only till our boat, which had been sent ashore, returned, we proceeded to cross to Maewo, where we were to spend Sunday. At dusk we dropped the anchor off a large waterfall, which could be heard long before it was seen, and when I came on deck on Sunday I had an opportunity of seeing the island under more advantageous circumstances. It seemed hardly so fresh-coloured and attractive as Pentecost. The foliage was very dense, and with the exception of the bright green of the cocoanut palms, was almost uniformly sombre. The large waterfall before alluded to presented a very welcome relief. We saw no signs of life, and I was very glad when one of the missionaries volunteered to take some of us ashore to a village inland. I wore a pair of shoes, as my feet were rather unused to rough walking, but before I got back to the ship they were completely destroyed. The incessant rain had greatly swollen the falls and loosened the earth, so that we had a tough job to take care of ourselves. We had taken some of the native boys with us to lead the way, and we struck immediately into the bush. The solemn stillness that reigned everywhere was indeed awe-inspiring, and the slightest snap of a dry twig seemed to resound. Although from seawards the foliage looked as I have already described, when we got fairly into it the numerous coloured and shaped plants were lovely. We had hard work getting over the hill, and for the most part had to pull ourselves up by the protruding roots of plants and ferns, but when we at last got over the walking was much easier. Now

crossing over small but rapid rivulets, now trudging across half-submerged yam gardens, and now bending as some creeper blocked our way, it was no wonder that we were properly tired when we reached the little village. The grounds were covered with water, and on the dry patches round the orange and other trees huge pigs were leisurely feeding. Soon some natives came and invited us into the schoolroom, where we sat indulging in delicious oranges which were piled at our feet. The houses were carefully built of bamboo, and it was surprising how watertight they were. We were busily chatting among ourselves about

women. The seats were to us, perhaps, more uncomfortable than otherwise, for they were constructed of long pieces of stout bamboo fixed in two vertical forks. On the bare earth in front of us mats were spread to kneel on, and I am afraid the natives set us an example in devoutness. About three-quarters of an hour had elapsed when the missionary who had brought us ashore (and who was conducting the service) asked us to leave for a while. So out we went into the muddy ground's and 'gorged' ourselves with oranges again. Alongside every orange tree was a very long bamboo pole, used by the natives to knock the fruit down, and it was



J. W. Beattie, photo.

CHIEF OF ROGATU (Isabel).

everything that interested us when a rather cracked bell commenced to toll, and slowly we were ushered from that building to another that served as a church. There was one aisle down the middle, and in one row of seats all the men were seated, while in the other sat the

wonderful how dexterously the little boys handled them. Some time was spent in prying round, and then we were disturbed by the natives coming out of church.

The women of the village went to some trouble in cooking some cakes of native roots for us, but we could not for the life of us eat them. Rather than offend them we promised to take them on board and eat them at our leisure, but we were very glad to dispose of them in any manner we could. Early in the afternoon we started back to the ship. It had been raining heavily, and the ground was even softer than before, and the pleasant, wollop, wollop, made by our feet informed us that our trousers would not be any the cleaner when we did get aboard, which was destined to be later than we anticipated, for the boys who were leading, in trying a short cut, had made a mistake, and they themselves had to own that it was a very long cut indeed. After a couple of hours circumnavigation we luckily struck the waterfall, and soon were safely aboard, not much the worse for our day's sport, but thoroughly tired out, and covered with mud and decayed vegetable matter from head to foot.

All day Monday, assisted by the boys, we were busy watering the ship, and early on Tuesday morning left for Aoba again. All day we stood on and off. About noon a steamer's smoke was seen ascending above a point, and soon the vessel herself rounded and approached us. She was the A. U. S. N. Co.'s trader Croyden, of Brisbane, and by her we had an opportunity of writing home. At dusk our engines were started and the vessel's head turned towards Mera Lava, the nearest of the Bank's Group, and the New Hebrides were left astern. Early in the morning we arrived there, but there being no anchorage whatever, we had to stand on and off. The first thing that strikes you is the unusual sheerness of



J. W. Beattie, photo.

MEK AT SAA, MALANTA SOLOMON GROUP.

this island, which rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to a great height. The island is almost perfectly round, and is quite conical, while all round perpendicular ridges run the whole height of the land. For this reason the appropriate name, 'Star Island,' is more generally given it. After putting some boxes ashore, together with their owners, we left at 10 a.m. for Merei, a small rock inhabited by very few people. At noon we arrived there, and immediately left for Santa Maria, a very large island. It was dusk when we entered the reef, and proceeding round a point, we anchored off a small village at 8 p.m. The steam whistle was blown, and immediately the hills resounded with excited voices trying to mimic it; in fact, wherever we blew that whistle the natives always shrieked in imitation.

Up to 10 o'clock the boats were plying backwards and forwards, and early on the following morning we steamed round Santa Maria and shaped a course for Vanua Lava. It was sundown when we arrived there, and we anchored for the night. Some of the crew indulged in a swim, and then the evening was passed with the accordion until nearly 11 p.m., when we 'turned in.' The next morning we weighed anchor and steamed for Mota, the headquarters of the Melanesian Mission, and left soon after noon for Mota Lava, a very pretty island. In the foreground was the dazzling white beach over which the orange groves threw their welcome shade, and away in the background a great overhanging cliff made a striking contrast. We steamed about outside the reef while the boat went ashore with some boys we were to leave there, and then, at about half past four, we returned to Vanua Lava, reaching there at dusk. Early on the next morning we left for Ureparapara, and anchored inside a snug harbour, which was almost completely land-locked, and surrounded by high and steep hills. This harbour had, we were told, once been the crater of a great volcano, so it was hardly surprising that we took a great interest in this scene, evincing, as it did, the wonderful work of Nature. It being Saturday afternoon, we got everything ship-shape ready for Sunday, during which some of us again went ashore. On Monday morning the anchor was weighed, and getting outside of the cove, the choppy sea began to make itself felt. A course was shaped for the Torres Group, and next day at noon saw us anchored at Ababa. These islands seem to be of entirely coral formation, being very low-lying, and rather scantily wooded. We indulged in a swim to try and get cool, and had some fine fun with the natives, who succeeded in amusing us by jumping from the fore-yard-arm, diving under the ship, and performing various other feats, in consideration of which we in return gave them each a little bit of tobacco, or 'tabak' as they preferred to pronounce it. At 3 p.m. we were again under weigh, and steering a course for the Santa Cruz group, we got there on the following afternoon. We called at a small village, and in about half an hour's time left for another called Neluva. We had hardly anchored there when a rather sudden and terrific squall hid land and every thing else save the ship from view. It was not till it was over and sail made fast that we had a chance to look about us. The foliage of the island was exceedingly luxuriant and riched colourily, and the tiny native huts peeping out from

the middle of the clusters of cocoa-nut trees tended to make the scene more beautiful. Already the water round the vessel was swarming with out-rigger canoes, on the platform extending from canoe to out-rigger being placed curioa innumerable, from native mats and carpets to little tortoise-shell and shell ear ornaments.

All these things we noticed before we thought of looking at the islanders themselves, and when we did look we were rather surprised. A more ugly lot of people I am sure never existed. They were well-made and healthy-looking, but their mouths, reddened with the constant chewing of the betel-nut, were simply awful. To be short, they resembled a huge slit in a red pumpkin. In the greater majority of cases their hair was dyed more or less with lime, the consequence being that the shades varied considerably and unnaturally. Through their noses most of them wore a large tortoise-shell ring, which hung over their mouths and rendered it a necessity to raise the ornament before eating. Then through their ears was pierced a hole which, without exaggerating in the least, was dragged down till it reached their shoulders. In this aperture immense bundles of shells, charms, etc., were worn. One man especially amused me, for in one ear he wore, besides many other heavy trinkets, a very large machine cotton reel, about four inches long, while in the other he carried his pipe and tobacco. Another man had a fancy vinegar bottle dangling from his neck, and another even an empty meat tin. Nearly all of them had a fancy kit suspended round their necks, and in this kit they kept all their smaller wares and deposited what payment they received. The natives were very business-like and sharp, and once they named a price it was very difficult to beat them down, unless opposition offered itself, then you could bring them down to almost nothing. At these islands the best trading mediums were calico, turkey red, blue beads, and tobacco. To show how sharp they are, I had no calico, and wanted very much a fine bow I saw. Having no other alternative (tobacco my friend would not take), I got some art muslin which had been used as a drape, and confident of being successful, I went on deck and showed it to the dusky tradesman; but no—he held it up and gazed intently at it, and then handed it back to me. I asked him as well as I was able what was wrong with it, and pointed to the gorgeous flowery pattern. He put it over his face and pointed his finger at me, as much as to say he could see me through it, and that therefore it was too thin to be of any use, so, after all, I did not get the coveted curio.

The Solomon Islanders we had on board were very jealous of their sharper cousins, and took every opportunity of telling us when a Santa Cruzian asked too much for an article, much to the anger and disgust of the latter. In the morning we steamed further along the coast to another village, and here we did some more trading. On the beach I noticed some huge mounds, and asking what they were, was informed that they were large canoes in which the Cruxians sail to distant islands. They were evidently valued, for they were covered with leaves and mats to protect them from the sun. About eleven o'clock we set sail for the Solomon Group, and in two days' time—on a Saturday morning—we arrived at Ulana. The island was not as hilly as some we had visited, but the vegetation was very rich. In the New Hebrides the cocoanut palms were scattered here and there, but in this group they were clustered round the villages. The greater number of these islands, too, possess nice sandy beaches, while it is very rarely one sees them in the other group. Hardly had we anchored when we saw the natives launching their canoes, and soon they surrounded the ship. Contrary to my expectations, they appeared to be exceedingly quiet, and indeed at Malanta—the most savage island of a savage group—the men seemed to be very effeminate-looking. They were, as a rule, about the average height, and were very lithe and supple. On their arms most of them wore China rings of European manufacture. Their canoes were very pretty little models, being without out-riggers, and made of thin boards glued together with a natural gum. We did a little trading there, and in the evening left for San Christoval—a very large island, where we arrived towards midnight. We lay there all Sunday, and during the afternoon a few of us were taken ashore to a village, where we enjoyed ourselves watching these strange people's customs. On the following morning we left for Malanta, and during the afternoon reached there. The natives who inhabit this island are still as savage as they can be, and are quite nude. While we were there we saw no sign of canoes, and we learned that the coastal tribes were away fighting the bush tribes, who are bitter enemies to their adversaries. This great animosity is due to the coastal tribes informing men-of-war at sundry times of some murderer among

the bushmen. The village we lay off was called Saa, and is one of the few missionary stations on the island. At dusk we left this inhospitable though beautiful island, and steamed along the coast all night. Passing the furthest point the vessel steamed for Florida—a very appropriate name for it, for it was exceedingly beautiful, and by far the most lovely island we had seen. As we neared it we passed numerous tiny islands, some of them mere rocks, and yet every one of them was wooded thickly and luxuriantly. We called at several villages during the day, and in the afternoon proceeded further along the coast. I cannot describe the scenery and beautiful harbours of the island; suffice it to say everything was perfect. As we passed through narrow straits we seemed to be almost directly underneath picturesque little huts, perched away up on the tops of the cliffs. About 6 p.m. we dropped anchor in a pretty bay within coo ee of a village. The younger members of the community were amusing themselves by jumping off a peculiar triangular structure built in the shallow water. On the beach we could distinguish a sort of panoply erected, and we learned that a chief had died and was being buried. All through the night we could hear the dreary incantations of the mourners, and we were not a little glad when morning broke. When we came on deck we saw against the horizon the masts of two small vessels. They proved to be Sydney traders lying off Mr Nelson's (the only white man near the island) station. The anchor was weighed, and we steamed round the coast for a time, and then the ship's head was turned directly towards the shore, and we soon entered a passage, the entrance to which was almost completely obscured by the thick foliage which lined it. There were great hills all round, looking so solemn, for it seemed as if it were the first time a propeller had churned those waters. On some rocks near a point some crocodiles were basking, and the report of the sporting rifles which were discharged at them awoke echo till for miles around the whole place seemed alive, flocks of cockatoos and other wild birds rising screeching into the air. At one part of the passage the jibboom almost scraped the trees as we turned a point, so narrow and deep was it, and when we got to the other end we passed a village so close that one might easily have jumped alongside the eager groups of natives that stood knee-keep in the water watching us glide by. Soon afterwards we anchored on the other side of the island. We had passed through some of the most luxuriant scenery one could ever hope to see. In the afternoon we called at several other villages and anchored in a splendid harbour for the night. The water was so clear that we could distinguish our cable dwindling in and out among the coral several fathoms below, looking like a tiny wave thread. In the morning we sailed for Isabel, the first of the Gernau possessions in the group, and arrived at the village of Bugotu shortly after noon. It was by far the most dreary looking island we had visited. We got very little fruit there, but could have got numerous cockatoos, so plentiful were they. For three days we were pent up in a stifling lagoon, where we never once got a breath of wind, and worst of all had to take quinine night and morning on account of the malaria, which we could see rising in steamy mists from the adjacent swamps. During the time we were there we were engaged in getting water and wood for the ship, and we were glad when, on the following Monday morning, we hove the anchor and steered towards the south. We called at Florida, Torres, Mera Lava, Mota, Maewo, Pentecost, and Norfolk Islands, and in a little over three and a half weeks arrived at Auckland, having been absent some two and a-half months.

Messrs Nodine and Co., high class tailors and importers, of Wellington, insert a new advertisement in this issue. Since commencing business in the Empire City this well known firm have established a very large connection and fully sustained their reputation for both fit and finish. Ladies' riding habits and tailor-made gowns are a speciality in which they have long excelled. In both ladies' and gentlemen's goods Messrs Nodine and Co. hold a really choice and wide selection, which are being continually added to by direct shipments to their order.

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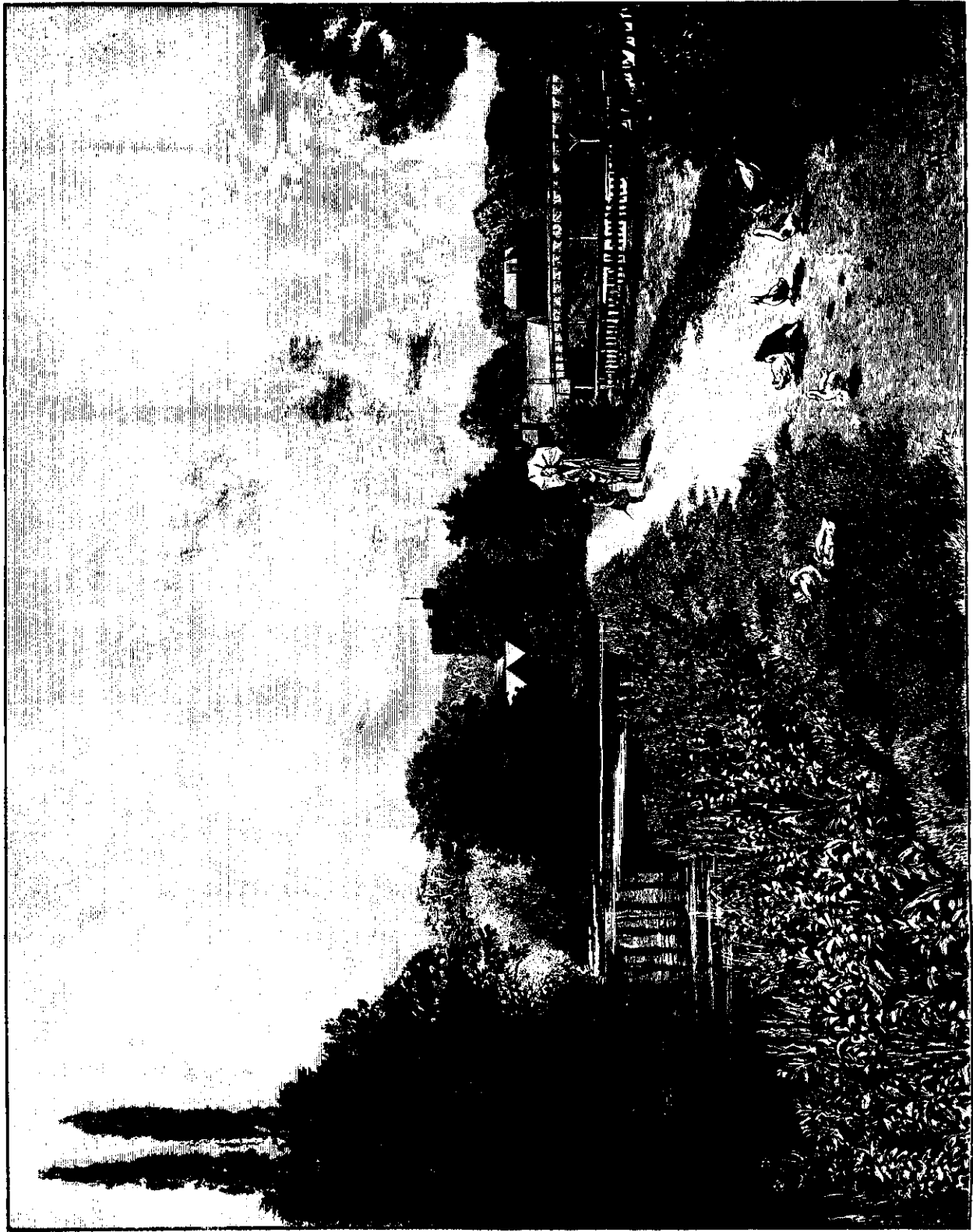
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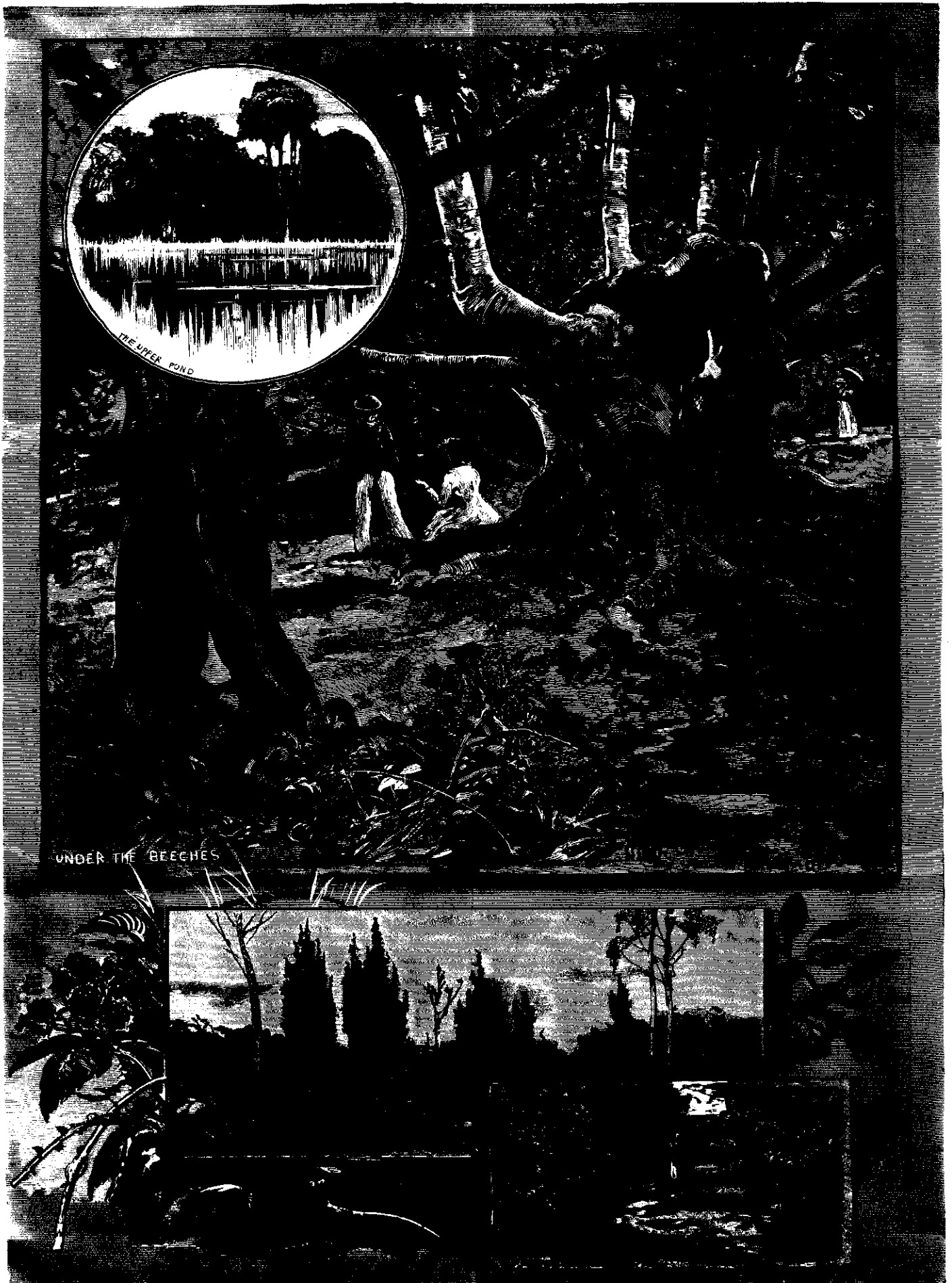
GROUP OF SANTA CRUZIANS.



SEE OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SKETCHES ON THE THAMES; COONHAM.

NEW ZEALANDER IN EUROPE.



THE UPPER POND

UNDER THE BEECHES

NEW ZEALANDER IN EUROPE—BURNHAM BEECHES.

SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.'

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

IT is perhaps needless to point out here that the GRAPHIC of this week undergoes a development of considerable importance. A very large proportion of the space previously devoted to literary articles of miscellaneous character is now devoted to mining news. The reasons for the change are set forth at large in the commencement of the introductory article. I have no wish to repeat what has there been so ably said by my colleague. I have here only to hope that the efforts made in the GRAPHIC to supply its readers with full and complete mining news and notes will be appreciated. The gentleman who has been given charge of this branch of our work is probably the most experienced and trustworthy mining journalist in the colony. Absolute reliability and scrupulous exactness are the characteristics which have gained for his mining notes the widespread respect and popularity in which they are held. He will at all times give prompt attention to queries by correspondence on any subject in connection with the mines *except* advice as to buying and selling of shares. This, for sufficiently obvious reasons, he declines to do.

MOST of us have, I fancy, accepted Pope's celebrated dictum, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' as a remarkably wise and truthful epigram. Lately, however, I came across a writer who thought otherwise, and really there is not a little to be said in favour of his argument. The writer asserts that the saying is neither wise nor brilliant, and that whether the dictum be regarded subjectively or objectively; whether the danger of having a little learning be attributed to its possessor or to those for whose benefit it is displayed, the assertion is equally silly and nonsensical. It assumes that everyone must be a complete master of all branches of knowledge, and that a partial or cursory acquaintance with the infinite variety of subjects which we class under the head of learning is 'a dangerous thing.' The experience of the world is, the writer goes on, and lately contradicts Pope's statement. The Latin poet who declared that no man can be wise under all conditions was a better philosopher than the recluse of Twickenham, and when Shakespeare is credited with small Latin and less Greek, and Sir Isaac Newton declares that all he knew was no more than a child picking up a few pebbles from the ocean shore, it is not hard to see that Pope was more interested in the grace of his versification and in the epigrammatic structure of his couplet than in its verity.

'It is true,' continues our dogmatic friend, 'that the tendency of the age, especially in the learned professions, is in the direction of specialization. We have doctors who confine themselves to a single branch of their profession, lawyers who refuse to go into court except upon special cases, writers who devote themselves to the discussion of a limited range of topics, and even preachers who, instead of preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified, deem it their duty to feed their flock with dissertations upon sociology and kindred topics. But we cannot all be doctors, lawyers, writers or preachers, and Alexander Pope's apothegm was meant for mankind in general and not for specialists in any particular profession.'

'How easy, then, is it to see how grossly he was mistaken. If we accept his dictum as a basis of education, the whole fabric of the common school system goes to pieces at once. We could not teach a child to read and spell and write English without insisting upon his studying Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Maeso-Gothic and a dozen other known or partially known languages. His study of the multiplication table would involve a knowledge of the higher mathematics, until he could calculate eclipses and the orbits of comets and resolve the most intricate mathematical functions into their original and component factors'

'EVERYDAY observation and experience furnish a complete answer to the poet's couplet. The man who is best liked, who succeeds the best in business, and who gets the most out of life, is the man who knows a little of a great many things—the man who has not drunk deep, but has tasted, the Perian spring—and who has the moral courage and the good sense to say "I don't know," when he does not know. The man who knows it all is usually either a humbug or is self-deceived, mistaking crude and general impressions for actual knowledge. Of course, if one wants information on a particular subject he goes to an expert and picks his brains, but there is this to be observed, that the wisest men in specialized fields make no pretence to universal knowledge and learning. The most of us may be well satisfied with a little learning, and need not think

for a moment that there is any danger in such learning either to ourselves or anybody else, unless we pretend to more learning than we possess, in which case we may expect a shock to our vanity, which, while not mortal, will be found decidedly mortifying and uncomfortable. Let us adhere to and cultivate our little learning, if it be the best we can do, for it is incomparably and infinitely superior to no learning at all.

A COUPLE of travellers from New Zealand have been enjoying themselves largely at the expense of certain trustful Londoners. They arrived in London at the beginning of the present season and took a furnished house in Kensington, and another at Maidenhead on the Thames. They announced that they had come Home in connection with important business negotiations, presumably mining. They lived in very smart style—six servants, a carriage and pair, a dog cart, a steam launch, and a tandem bicycle. They entertained on a lavish scale, and for a considerable time 'all went merry as a marriage bell.' Then one fine morning the lady and gentleman went off on the tandem bicycle before breakfast and never returned to that or any other meal. When the tradespeople compared notes they found that the colonial millionaires, as they had called themselves owed the butcher £114, the baker £37, the grocer £63, the milkman £18, the fruiterer £42, and the wine merchant £252; while there were a number of small bills for flowers and smaller table luxuries. What the London dressmakers' bills were had not transpired when the mail left, but my correspondent opines that from the reports of one or two tailors, etc., to whom he has spoken, they will foot up to four or five hundred pounds. The strange part of the story is that the whole swindle was worked on a capital of about £150. Credit was gained by paying the first fortnight's bills with ostentatious promptitude. The servants were all 'had'; not one of them received a penny wages, save the lady's maid, who disappeared with her master and mistress. It appears this worthy was the sister of the missus. To her much of the success of the swindle was without doubt due. She talked of places in Canterbury, of sheepruns in Napier, and of the lovely times the family had in Wellington, where they had a house for three months of the year. It is supposed, says my correspondent, that the trio are now on their way back to New Zealand, for all efforts to trace them here have proved futile. They have, it is said, worked the same game several times before, posing alternately as Americans, Australians, etc.

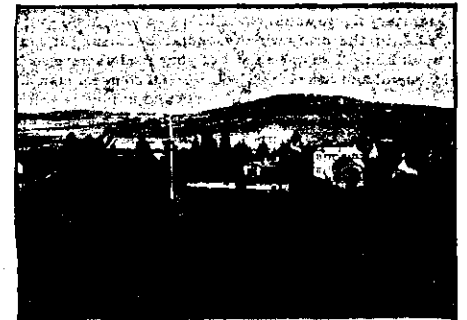
WE colonials have much to be grateful for. Residence in New Zealand means that one must do without a certain number of advantages and pleasures obtainable at Home, but on the other hand there are disagreeables which we avoid. One of these is that peculiarly offensive type of effeminate masher who appears to be increasing so alarmingly at Home just at present. An Auckland visitor London writes me that no colonial can possibly imagine the lengths to which some of the young men about town go in the matter of effeminate luxuries. They sleep in silk, bath in tepid perfumed water, and are dressed three or four times a day by their valets. 'Of course,' he says, 'the majority of young chaps one meets are not like this, but there are an alarming number of them, and I have met one or two wherever I have been as yet. The latest thing is a small mirror, which is carried about everywhere and consulted in the most public places. A new glove has indeed been brought out which has a mirror about the size of half a crown let into the palm. The device has, so says a paper here, 'he writes, 'achieved an enormous success. I myself have seen heaps of the gloves exposed for sale. Isn't it sickening? I think even masher C— would have stuck at this, don't you?' All readers will, I am sure, agree with my correspondent that it is sickening. Masher C., who is, by the way, a capital fellow, an excellent shot, a capital boxer, and a good rider, was at one time an Auckland notability, owing to his fondness for new clothes, but he was never effeminate. His collars were and are (he manages a bank now) marvels, 'poems in starch,' as someone once called them, but he would never have carried a mirror, and was quite free from such outrageous effeminacy in any shape or form.

ON the first page of this issue there appears an article on silly seasons which we extracted from the *Spectator*. The silly season this year seems altogether unusually silly, but there is one subject being discussed which has, I venture to think, some interest for colonials. It concerns bathing—should men and women bathe together? Personally I think yes, and have always wished to see the American an Continental system introduced into this colony. Bathing parties on a hot summer afternoon are a most delightful form of innocent amusement, and I feel certain that if the custom of mixed bathing were once introduced it would at once be-

come enormously popular. And as has been pointed out by Labby (speaking on this subject in *Truth*), if some people like to bathe solely with their own sex, and some with the opposite sex why cannot the authorities at watering places meet this by having three divisions, one for men, one for women, and one for men and women? This would meet all tastes. Some correspondents protest against the sea being converted into parade grounds, and they urge that bathing should be conducted in a healthy fashion, and for a legitimate purpose. But why not make a parade ground, if people like to pass a considerable time dabbling about in water and not out of their depth? Others protest against women with nude limbs being in close proximity to men. But legs and arms are both equally limbs. If a woman shows her arms, why not her legs? Who thinks it indecent for a peasant woman to walk along a road with short petticoats and no shoes or stockings? All this is conventional. A Turkish woman, who would be horrified at the idea of showing her face, thinks nothing of pulling back her wide trousers to scratch one of her legs. If bathing with legs bare up to the knees were to become the habit, no one would think more of it than of bare arms at an evening party. Those who concealed them would be supposed to have some reason for doing so apart from modesty.

EXACTLY so. The foregoing entirely expresses my own ideas. Sea-bathing is a very healthy pastime, but owing to the conventionalities at present in existence it is one which can only be enjoyed at certain hours of the day. If a reasonable number of people could only break through these conventionalities afternoon bathing parties would soon rival tennis and other summer pastimes.

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SESSION AND SOCIETY.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY FLANKER.)

ONE more old colonist gone—this time a venerable and interesting figure. Mr Moir was for many years the best-known Presbyterian minister, and though for the last eighteen years he has been on the shelf, his vigorous intellect and cultivated tastes have always saved him from the reproach of senility. Mr Moir was eighty-seven years of age at his death. His arrival in Wellington forty-two years ago was at the end of a voyage from England seventeen weeks' long. Think of that, ye impatient correspondents, who grumble if the 'Frisco mail takes thirty-five days in reaching us from London. Mr Moir was one of the good old-fashioned parsons who knew their classics. Like Sydney Smith's bishop, he was 'a grave man full of Greek.' Only last year he read through the Septuagint in the original—not a bad bit of reading for one in his eighty-seventh year. By such studies did he beguile old age. The story is told of him that hearing a brother divine bewailing the labour and sorrow of the latter years of man's life, he offered to send him Cicero's essay on old age, to show him how pleasant that time of life might become if wisely and philosophically used.

General Booth is amongst us and is taking Wellington by storm. Sir Robert Stout is his host; the Premier is proud to act as his chairman; and the leader of the Opposition makes one of the General's audience. Whether we shall see these and other notables figuring in Salvation Army uniform and doing good work on the instruments of the band I cannot say. My own opinion is that Mr Seddon would be a capital hand with the drum, while Sir Robert on the cornet ought to attract universal attention. The leader of the Opposition is, of course, a captain already, and his erect and military figure would cause him to adorn and dignify any rank in the army which General Booth might confer upon him. I suppose most of your readers have seen the General and heard him lecture. Of course a man of his brains, magnetic force, history, and unique position cannot help being interesting. As he stands with his hands behind his back, his spare form bent slightly forward, and his keen, nervous features occasionally twitching General Booth seizes upon the feelings of his audience mainly by virtue of his own obvious and intense earnestness. Of course he is fluent, and despite his north of England accent, a not unpleasant speaker. But I am bound to say that a careful attention to his exposition of the way to solve the social problem and banish worklessness and poverty from our midst leaves me still amongst the doubters. He is a great philanthropist, and has done and will do much to abate human crime and misery, but will philanthropy, however earnest, do more than somewhat reduce these horrors?

People are still giving afternoon teas. I wonder they are not tired of giving, and even more that the other people are not tired of accepting. Bishop and Mrs Wallis gave a large tea last Tuesday. In their case it was unavoidable on account of the Synod. A Synod expects to be asked to afternoon tea. It has rather a gloomy effect taken en masse, but it thoroughly enjoys a little dissipation. Then it appears that the only way to entertain General Booth is by means of a tea, so all Wellington is bidden to meet the General at Sir Robert Stout's on Friday. The combination of Sir Robert Stout and General Booth is a little piquant, and much relished by those who stand midway between the extremes.

Labour Day can hardly be called a social event, but to the great majority of Wellington people, perhaps it has been the event of the year. I grieve to relate that a nor'wester of more than usual spitefulness and violence tore its way through the ranks of the procession, drowned the speeches, and oppressed the sports. A sad little sight was to be seen from the surrounding heights of the town in the shape of steam-launch laden with pleasure-seekers and wallowing in a heavy sea on its way round the harbour. Notwithstanding this discouragement the young men in the tobacconist's told me this morning that it had been a 'grand' day, so it is to be supposed that the demonstration was a great success in the eyes of those most concerned.

Government House being empty while His Excellency and Lady Glasgow visit Hawke's Bay, Wellington is given over to Synod, Session, and Salvation Army for this week. When these three amusements fail us we shall all go to sleep. Now that Dean has confessed the newspapers fail to excite us.

A wonderful recreation ground is being created out of an inaccessible mountain top at the back of the town. Odds and ends of humanity are employed in great numbers cutting off the summit and throwing it into the gully, behind which, it is surmised, they mean eventually to fill up. They will thus form a great plateau, which will be laid down in grass, and will command the most heavenly view in Wellington. A cricket match played there would be ideal. The only doubt is whether a big hit might not carry the ball, in a favouring wind, over the edge of the plateau into space, or into the harbour, or at any rate plump into the city in the middle of Lambton Quay.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW ZEALANDER IN EUROPE.

ON THE THAMES AT COOKHAM, BURNHAM BEECHES.

OF all places in England, of all places in Europe, none are so likely to delight the New Zealander as the two exquisite resorts now illustrated. Both are so close to London that the excursions are easily made. All colonials know Burnham Beeches by name, but somehow the number of Home-going colonials who make acquaintance with its charms is not so great as it should be.

The Burnham Beeches are all pollards. One tradition assigns their decapitation to Oliver Cromwell, probably, however, with no better ground than a belief in the great Protector's taste for that process. Other versions assign a more distant date. At any rate, the trees are of very great age. They are, we believe, without a single exception, quite hollow. An old inhabitant who lately died, had it from his mother that she had played inside their trunks when she was a little girl. Something like a century of decay is thus reached. Perhaps, however, the best evidence of the time during which the trees have been mere shells is afforded by the growth of a good-sized oak from out of the midst of one of the Beech stems. The trees have, however, abated nothing of their vigour in branch and leaf by the decay of their trunks. Huge limbs, the size of an ordinary tree, spread in every direction, and support a leafy canopy over the soft and green sward beneath. The Beeches give a signal proof of the truth that a tree may be most beautiful long after it has ceased to be of any commercial value. With regard to the age of Burnham Beeches Mr Vernon Heath writes to the *Times* as follows:—

In the poet Gray's letter to Horace Walpole, dated September, 1737, he speaks of these trees as 'most venerable beeches that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their stories to the winds':—

"As if they bow their weary tops relate
In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate,
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each life, and swarm on every bough."

Clearly Gray is here using the word 'venerable' to describe not the boles merely, but the limbs and boughs. Now, let us take some date of the Cromwellian period, say, that of the battle of Worcester, 1650, and it will be seen that between this and Gray's letter there are only eighty-seven years, a period insufficient for the pollarded trees to have grown 'venerable' limbs.

Gray's letter, it will be observed, was written one hundred and forty-six years ago. I myself have known Burnham Beeches forty-six years, and during this time, in my belief, the boles of the great trees have scarcely in any way changed; at all events there is no perceptible change, for they were just as much mere shells when I first knew them as they are now. At the time, too, of my early acquaintance with them, I remarked within the hollows some formations and characteristics, that have to this day in no way altered. Beyond this I used to find out all the very old people of the district, and learnt that within their knowledge of them these trees appeared in no way changed; that they were hollow when they were young, and more than that, their fathers described and spoke of them as hollow trees when they were children.

Of course it may be said that this is traditional, but as my own forty-six years of watching and observation is not, I think the evidence of the old people I actually saw and talked to may be allowed; and say that one of these was eighty years of age. Then eighty and forty-six together would bring us to within twenty years of the

date of Gray's letter. From this I evolve the theory that the boles were in his days much as they are now; and this being so, I argue that the pollarding occurred long prior to Gray's or Cromwell's period, and, I believe that whenever it was done the trees were full grown. Such being the case, the age that has been accorded to them in the various articles that have lately been written—viz., 400 or 500 years, is obviously a great deal too little. It would not surprise me should it be discovered that those veritable giants of land of old were trees at the time of the Norman Conquest. It is at least a curious fact that the well-defined remains of a moat within the district of the beeches, which by the people in the neighbourhood is called 'Harlequin's Moat,' is in the old records written Hardicanute; and is, no doubt, one of the places of defence the Danish king made, when, on the death of his brother, the first Harold, he was on his way to seize the crown of England.

COOKHAM.

Supposing a visitor to London were limited to time and could make but one excursion up the Royal River, the reach he should unquestionably explore should be that from Henley to Maidenhead. The train can be taken to the former place, and on the trip 'down with the current' will be found perhaps the most beautiful and most pre-eminently English scenery in all Great Britain. The engraving on page 479 gives a very good idea of a 'bit' just above Cookham. The ivy-mantled tower of Cookham shows in the distance as this, one of the loveliest spots on the Thames, is approached. If it is summer time there will be ample evidence that this opinion is shared by many. There is no lack of boats on the river, but of all crowded lochs, Cookham on a fine day is the most crowded. Below Cookham bridge, a light iron structure, the river broadens out before it spurts up into channels rather perplexing to newcomers. In the neighbourhood of Cookham it is often difficult to say whether the foreground or the distance is the more beautiful. Here the ancient fabric of the church with its ivy-clad tower rises from the trim churchyard surrounded by aged trees, some of them little more than huge trunks, which still retain sufficient vitality to support a short but thick output of branches. Here, too, is an attractive hotel by the waterside. Let the thirsty colonial go ashore and ask for a pint of shandy gaff. Such shandy gaff, ye gods! nectar for the gods, not a vile mixture of bad beer and worse aerated water, but strong ale and ginger pop out of the old-fashioned stone bottles. Cookham church, which has been mentioned, and the tower of which appears, is an interesting building. Henry III.'s cook lies buried here, and there is a fine monument by Flaxman. The architecture is of the Early English period.

AN INTERESTING TEST.

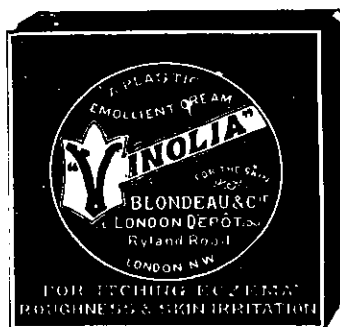
THE question had come up amongst the passengers of the steamship as to whether the gulls which appeared around the ship each morning were the same birds as had been with the ship on the day previous. To test the matter a line and fish hook were procured, and with a bait of salt pork the fishing for a sea gull was commenced. The first cast of the line was successful, a big gray bird swooping down on the bait. He was hauled aboard and found to be uninjured, the hook having caught in one of the glands of the beak, from which it was readily loosened. After detaching the hook a strip of red flannel was brought and carefully tied around the gull's left leg by one of the seamen, the bird being then turned loose. It soon disappeared in the direction of the coast line, and it was generally allowed that each day brought a new contingent of gulls to follow the steamer and pick up the waste scraps from the table; but on coming on deck after breakfast the next morning there was the flannel-bedecked gull to be seen, the most clamorous of all the birds. To test the gull's reasoning power, if it had any, the same line and bait were drifted astern, the gull caught the day before being one of the first to strike for it.

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THE BOOKMAN, Graphic Office, Auckland.

* By Order of This 'Story of Russian Intrigue' will doubtless be warmly welcomed by the Brotherhood, a large class of novel readers who prefer sensationalism to style, and who hold that the novelist's first duty is not merely to tell a story, but to load that story with exciting and ever varying incidents. The author of *By Order of the Brotherhood* has several aunts, but lack of imagination is assuredly not one of them. The novel under review simply bristles with incident. One is hurried from one series of strange occurrences to another with a rapidity that is almost bewildering, which miraculous coincidences are plentiful as blackberries. The central idea is not new. The young man who is unsuspectingly drawn into the toils of a secret brotherhood, and whose redemption is only completed in the last chapter, has been dealt with effectively by more than one modern novelist since Mr Black's 'Sunrise' delighted the world. But though more than one of these writers have exceeded the author of *By Order of the Brotherhood* in very similitude, not one has succeeded, or indeed attempted so stupendous a number of what theatrical posters call 'new and original effects.'

The story is put into the mouth of an old family solicitor, who leaves his practice to endeavour to trace the hero of the story, Edward Chartron, who has prepared one for his disappearance by making the said solicitor sign a deed promising to go in search of him in the event of his suddenly vanishing from amongst his friends. This event occurs at the highly inopportune moment when his father, with whom he had quarrelled violently, has been found shot dead, murdered in his own dining-room. Very naturally it is supposed that Edward Chartron is the culprit, but, perhaps as naturally, his lawyer refuses to believe him guilty, and sets out to find him, assisted by one of those acute retired detectives, who are becoming so alarmingly prevalent in novels nowadays. The manner in which fortune plays into the hands of the lawyer and the detective is, to say the least of it, extraordinary, and would have certainly stood modification. The author may observe 'But if there had been no such run of unusual events there would have been no excuse for the story.' It is, however, always well not to overstrain the imaginative power of the reader. Novel manufacture of this style is a game of make-believe, and if the originator—the author, that is—is sufficiently skilful, the reader can enter into the spirit of the game and enjoy it with as much belief in its reality as the author himself. But unless the former is possessed of that rare quality of genius which enables certain writers to captivate imagination, and play with it as they like, care must be exercised. Imagination is not a shy bird. Once caught, it is docile, tractable, and extremely difficult to frighten. If, however, you overstep reasonable bounds and do scare it away, there will be no chance of catching it again till the place of operation has been changed, and the trap skillfully barbed and set. In this book the imagination is frequently strained to a dangerously extreme point: with some readers I cannot help thinking the breaking point will be reached.

The fault lies in the fact that no attempt is made to give the extraordinary events and coincidences with which the book is crammed an air of likelihood. The lover of sensational literature will, however, be less likely to carp at the author's shortcomings in this respect than I am. I can perfectly imagine that the book may prove irresistible to a large class of readers. *Le Voleur* such is the name the author writes under—is a person of many ideas, and in future work will probably scatter them with less reckless and unnatural prodigality. The power of discrimination which *Le Voleur* lacks is one of the secrets of the art of authorship which is seldom bestowed; it has to be gained, often somewhat slowly, and there are hundreds and hundreds of fiction manufacturers who never attain it at all.

* Recent New Zealand Verse. Mr Twisleton's Poems reveal the grace and facility of much practice in the poetic art, and differ widely from the rugged verses which from time to time appear under the head of Original Poetry in this colony. His metrical skill may be best shown by the quotation of such a piece as

MORNING SONG.

Awake, O heart! a joyous song
To greet the dawn of day;
For fugitive darkness hurries his throng
Through shadowy woods away,
Through shadowy woods away he flees,
And the conquering sun appears,
And over the mountains, and over the seas,
He slopes his golden spear.

The drops on the grass to emerald pass,
Or to varying tints of pearl;
And the wind in the sky on the tree-tops high
Makes the green leaves rustle and twirl.
And ho! for the red that flames from the bed,
From which the bold sun cloth uprising;
It bars the bright stream with a shadowy gleam,
Where the wild reeds quiver and sing.

The lark is aloft with melody soft,
And the wild flowers open their eyes;
For monarch and clown in the music flung down,
And earth's sweetest odours arise,
O child of the sod! lift praise to God
For glories that lie at thy feet;
O monarch rejoice at the melodist's voice;
And say, is thy state half so sweet?

Then give, O heart, to glorious morn
A bold, melodious strain
For jubilant hope in delight re-born,
For bliss undimmed by pain,
Undimmed by pain may moments glide,
Like the flower-watched streams, away;
Till the flush and the calm of the eventide
Breathe the peace o'er dying day.

But there is more than metrical skill to be found in Mr Twisleton's slender volume. His pieces reveal a mind of a highly contemplative order. With him the pressure of a mood or a refinement of thought finds outlet in verse as readily as or more readily than the pleasure he feels in the contemplation of a beautiful object. Thus he is never content to sing of a thing for its own sake, but must ever be seeking in it some more or less subtle analogy to the facts of existence. His poetry thus fulfills Matthew Arnold's condition of a 'criticism of life.' He is a poet of the study rather than the field, and where he tells us of nature he evidently does so second hand. There is an echo of Wordsworth about the following:—

UNFULFILLED.

Much that I have my boyhood days had not,
And yet I seem
Far poorer now than when, in some loose spot,
I loved to dream
Of what might be when manhood's ripened powers
With all that life could give should store the hours.

When winter into spring and autumn breaks,
And grips the bloom,
A meagre fruit the unkindly season makes;
And so, in summer
Hope bows its head, a living, stunted thing,
A summer starveling, pinched while yet 'twas spring.

The seasons fall us—in their wayward grasp
We helpless stand
And life deceives us when we seek to clasp
The prize at hand.
The happiness we seek to gain in Time
Can flourish only in a fairer clime.

And of Longfellow about this:—

BY THE SEA-BEACH.

The sea from the land has retreated,
The beach is nearly dry;
And only a pool in a hollow
Reflects the dappled sky.

But long ere the starlight, returning,
The waves shall wash again,
With quivers of low, quiet music,
This stretch of shell-strewn plain.

And no all the yearnings and longings,
Once sweet as vernal air,
That ebbed in the heart's weakest season,
And left it dry and bare,

Shall come more with music flow backward,
As back to land the sea,
As returns to the east the daylight,
Or bloom to orchard tree.

Yet the pieces lose none of their excellence by this suggestion of their origin.

Properly speaking Mr Twisleton's poetry makes no claim to come under the heading of New Zealand verse. He sings—in a pensive and minor key—the song of the exile. Though now and then there is a more or less express allusion to the land of his adoption, as in 'The Whare,' where, by-the-way, he makes a false quantity with the word *manuka*, yet his heart is evidently elsewhere, and the charm of the new land has for him but an evanescent existence. Of the rata he speaks more than once, but 'the musk, the rose, and the woodbine' are the flowers that hold his affections—the rose particularly, for of this flower he sings on every other page. Indeed, the author's main weakness is that he derives too much from books and too little from nature. 'The musk, the rose, and the woodbine' are among the catchwords of poetry; as sensuous images they are effete, and save under the revivifying stroke of genius arouse no longer impressions of beauty, but merely of the commonplace.

Had Mr Twisleton devoted his fine talent to a portrayal of the new land instead of repining for the old, it is possible he would have given us a book for which the colony would have reason to be grateful. So much can-

not be said for 'Poems,' which, though published here, belongs rather to England than to its antipodes.

'*Thalia*' has had but fragmentary worship in this colony. Louisa Blake, however, sets out to woo the Comic Muse in real earnest. Her *Supper Flies* contains some fifty pages of very excellent fooling, from which if the reader derive but a tithe of our own enjoyment, he will have cause to bless the author. She is probably at her best in the Chinese vein; indeed, we should not be surprised to discover that the name on the title page covers the identity of a cultured and poetical Chinaman.

Because no longer names of sinitis we rol
On lettered days or grave on parchment scroll,
Do they cease live!

The author asks in exquisite pigeoness. And again in the 'Story of a Cloak,' which only lack of space prevents us quoting in full:—

And as he drew it round him, facing blast,
His courage rose, his feet
Were planted firm to conquer this rough cast,
Rain and the piercing sleet.

Soon from roadside, another joined the track
Poorer from want of cloak,
And poorer, too, of gait, of courage lack;
Silence a time unbroke.

They walked apart: he of the sturdy gait,
Was just a little proud,
Reflecting that this stranger was no mate;
One of the common crowd.

A garment, too, the richer than the tramp,
(He better every way); etc.

This sample will also serve to show our author's mastery of language, a mastery so complete that neither grammar nor prosody can stand up against it. Her facility in rhyme is amazing—

He had not long began
When against the brush he ran.

When moonlight falls on such a scene as here,
One could imagine fairy-land of old;
But in these factful days our minds are clear,
We own no spell, nor tale so fancy bold.

What a humorous touch is that 'so fancy hold,' and how essential to the rounding of the stanza! But it is in her more reflective moods that the author touches the high water mark of the comic. How true it is that

In sorrow friends will better mourn with thee,
And dole thy wreck, and make thee sadder be;
But when thou lookest that thy joy bright their eye,
They turn away, not bearing see thee high.

Here is the moral to 'Supper Flies'—

I wish my story chances might save
Some merry little lad;
Prevent his chasing thistle drive
On winds that blow so mad.

Our satisfaction in this praiseworthy sentiment is only marred by the reflection that if it inculcate in the 'merry lad' no greater regard for grammar than inspires its expression, it will be as well for him to continue chasing thistle, no matter how it is 'drive.'

If, however, we have to find fault, it will not be with matters so trivial; we should rather deplore that the delightful insanity of 'Supper Flies' is marred by such a passage as—

To-day: we hold it in our hands,
As child folds fast
Some wee wild bird;
When hands in sleep we careless fling,
Devouring night on day will spring.

It only remains to say that the book is nicely printed, and that the binder has entered into the spirit of the joke by misprinting the author's name on the cover.

'By Order of the Brotherhood': Macmillan and Co. 2s 6d paper; 3s 6d cloth. Postage, 4d.
'Poems.—' H.L. Twisleton, 1895': Whitcombe and Tombs, 1s, postage 2d.
'Supper Flies': Louisa Blake. 1s, postage 2d.

An unknown man—one who has tried Frossard's Cavour Cigars at 8 for 1s 3d, and is not satisfied. (Advt. 2)

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Prospectuses to be had of the Secretary.

A. A. BROWNE,
Secretary.

Wanganui, September 17th, 1895.

GENTLEMEN'S VISITING CARDS.—100 best Ivory Cards with copper plate for 10s, or 5s for 7s 6d.—GRAPHIC Office, Shortland-street, Auckland.



HERE was something so peculiarly unprofessional about the painting and wording of John Scantleberry's sign that a passer-by would usually carry away some remembrance of it. It was so because John

Scantleberry was a tailor, not a painter. He had elaborated the wording and arrangement of his sign with much thought, and when he produced his conception the result was unusual and quaint. Ignoring the existing literature of sign writers, the legend which he chose to describe his employment embodied in an obscure way the peculiar cast of his personality. This would not be evident until a close observation had been rewarded by some glimpse of his character, and therefore to the majority of persons this secret in the wording would remain forever hidden.

John Scantleberry, working merchant tailor, a great speciality of pantaloons.' As if to emphasize this declaration there hung from the upper edge of the square of tin, upon which the letters were painted, a dwarf pair of the pantaloons. They were of careful workmanship, and might have been a perfect fit for some pigny of fashionable tastes and graceful figure.

The tailor had, perhaps, spent more time on the sign than he had on the pantaloons,—cutting the letters out of posters on the walls, trimming them finely with his shears, pencilling their outline on the tin, which had first received a coat of white, and then filling in the letters with black paint. That was done some years before the incident happened, which might have made him famous; but although he had moved and removed his quarters, living in all parts of the city and in every conceivable sort of apartment; and, although the diminutive pair of trousers had been many times renewed, yet the sign remained the same. Every morning, rain or shine, wherever he happened to be the first act of his renewed life was to hang out his tin sign, and when the labours of his day were ended he returned it to its place on the bed-post. I daresay that many an imp, with designs on the dreams of some innocent sleeper, was happened on the couch where he lay stretched, with his name and title hung at his feet, like no common mortal; and I doubt not that the intruder has read the same, and trying on the pair of trousers, which would fit him to a nicety, has envied the race which wore such garments, and has left its benefactor with untroubled visions.

To say John Scantleberry was an uncommon mortal is perhaps not quite so near the truth as to say that he was an uncommon tailor. It is not the custom of those workmen to set up each his separate shop, and to carry on his business with such a show of independence. It is not their habit to change their place of abode as often as the fit seizes them, without regard to the interests of their trade or the convenience of their customers, and it is certainly not their prevalent characteristic to refuse to enlarge the circle of their patrons. But all these peculiarities centred in John Scantleberry; he moved his shop with an irregularity and unreasonableness, which surprised his landlords, and he often refused to deal with a stranger, for whom he happened to conceive a sudden suspicious dislike.

If John Scantleberry could have narrated the story of his past life, it might have been possible to account for his oddities, for his ignorant independence, for his shyness and reticence, for his blind hatred of restraint; but he had no memory, and all the incidents of his childhood and youth were as darkness to him. His mental scenery had no vistas, no distances ending in glamour and haze; he walked from one room of life into the next, and knew only the four walls and the floor; he never looked up to the ceiling. He did not even remember to whom he owed the knowledge of his trade, and he went from one of his lodgings to the other, as an Indian moves his camp. Although he could read he took no comfort from it, and only used his knowledge in perusing some old newspaper, which had wrapped a bundle, or sometimes a torn scrap, blown by the wind within reach of his hand. Of friends he had not one. If he ever felt the need of companionship he was warned by the distress of his mind that some past experience had been disastrous, and he would allow the feeling to lapse.

That dim recollection of his may be sharpened to give some idea of the suspicious shyness of his mind. At a time when his wanderings had led him down into the outskirts of the city, he was established in an upstairs chamber of a certain house there. It suited him well; he had no view from the window, and no great noise to disturb him, only the ringing and tapping of a tinsmith's shop underneath. Occasionally in the evenings he would go down and walk along the shaly platform, in front of the house in his bare feet. The tinsmith was a bachelor, like himself, and extremely chary of speech. Scantleberry may have been attracted by this, and he in turn may have expected something from the tailor's look of innocent intelligence. However it was, they occasionally might have been seen sitting some distance apart in

his accounts, and accompanied the same with music. The first Saturday he had contented himself with humming, and although John Scantleberry had felt uneasy on his chair and had glanced furtively under the desk at the tinsmith's legs, as if he thought he might somehow be making the noise with them against the stool, he did not actively resent the gentle humming. The next Saturday night he was not there, and the solitary tinsmith roared over his additions and multiplications, and had all the tin pans vibrating like so many cymbals. This indulgence made him forgetful, and the next Saturday night, as Scantleberry was unsuspectingly below him, he burst into a flood of sacred song. John looked up sideways, his face expressing incredulity and protest. The smith in the flush of his multiplication had forgotten him, the lamp glared in his face, he had drawn down his bushy eyebrows with immense earnestness, and was shooting out his lips with the vigour of his song.

*'Remember sinful youth
(Two tins for two pence four-pence)
That you must die,
(Two pans for a yokker)
That you must die.'*

'One watering-can for Philemon Thomson; that'll never be paid for; God have mercy on his soul.'

Then with renewed vigour and volume,

*'Remember sinful youth
That you must die.'*

Disturbed in his ecstasy by some movement of rising, the alarmed tinsmith looked down obliquely with an expression of inquiry and shamefacedness. John Scantleberry had passed through all the stages from surprise to personal application. He resented that he should be asked to remember that he was a sinful youth and must die. His rising had disturbed the flow of song and calculation, and he drifted out upon the shaly sidewalk amid a silence so perfect that the tinsmith, whose hearing became abnormally acute, could distinguish the dying vibration of his own pans. The next moment the tailor was gone.

Sooner or later as it seemed, for one reason or another, he would leave every room where he set his foot. Wayfarers who, on Monday morning, saw him stretched on his board asleep, curling his toes when the flies walked up and down his bare soles, might not see him there on Saturday night.

But at last it seemed as if, after all his experiments, he had found a spot to his liking, and his astonished customers returned once and twice to find his sign on the same doorway. For a whole year he had remained the sole occupant of the topmost flat of the 'Globe Building,' in Newth-street, which is given over to second-rate officers and obscure brokers' dens. The region was so unpopular that the offices never passed the second story. Once a broken down lawyer was forced up into the third, but this was only caused by a temporary pressure, which was soon relieved by a bailiff's seizure of the effects of one of the second floorers. In fact, a comparison might be made between the building and a spider's web full of unfortunate flies, with a bailiff spider dropping in every now and then to seize a new victim. But as these melancholy visitations never occurred above the second flat, John Scantleberry remained unaffected by them. He was the sole possessor of a whole empty flat, with another empty flat below him, and in the large back room, where there was no noise, no great light, and no stretch of view to alarm him, he was contented to stay. Moreover, he could drop in at the office and pay his rent to the clerk, who asked no questions, and who was neither friendly nor solicitous.

As it was in this room that he passed through the great crisis of his life it might be well to describe it. It was not quite square, as one of the partitions ran obliquely to allow for a passage; there was one window to the north, which admitted no sunshine; the floor was irregular and full of holes, where the knots had dropped through; there were also holes where the rats had gnawed the subbase, which were mostly plugged up with round stones. The walls had been covered with paper, exhibiting repetitions of a mountain, with a loaded donkey and two Spaniards in short cloaks coming down the slope, but it was mostly shredded away when John Scantleberry took possession, and he carefully removed every trace of it. His furniture was scanty; his board, a coal oil stove on which to heat his irons and warm food, his bed, his trunk, and a set of shelves with a web or two of cloth. Here John Scantleberry made his last great stand for happiness, fighting his few enemies with what desperation and cunning he could muster, and conquering after a fashion with the aid of fate.

It was only necessary for John to have tasted the approximate happiness his high chauber had brought him, to rebel against those troubles which he was before content to endure. Among his customers was one old man, by name, J. B. Dagon. Regularly, twice a year, this old man presented himself before the tailor and demanded a suit of clothes, and no money ever passed be-

tween them, but only great talk on old Dagon's part about interest and principal, of which John did not understand a single word. The tailor was the soul of honour; in all his countless fittings he never left a landlord to mourn his departure. Upon one unfortunate occasion, driven to desperation by some unbearable annoyance, he had rushed into the clutches of Old Dagon, borrowed money of him, paid the rent and departed. And ever since then he had been in bondage to the money-lender, loaded with the chains of interest, which grew heavier and heavier every year. When he was constantly in trouble from other causes the apparition of his master demanding clothes for interest did not give him any great distress. But so soon as these conditions were removed, and he was so favourably settled, he began to chafe under his own infiction.

To return to the former simile, caught in the top strands of the web, he was visited by his own particular spider, who refused to eat him, but only drew a little blood each time. He commenced to reflect, so far as his limited power would allow, that there was no reason why this thing should not continue forever,—why Mr. J. B. Dagon might not come into his room, year after year, and extract his suits of clothes. He had no imagination, and it was the labour of weeks for his mind to advance from the standpoint of vague distrust to the fixed conclusion that he was unalterably in the power of the object of his hatred. When he had mastered his thought it possessed him with a perfect tyranny, and sometimes filled his mind with such terrible and unusual distinctness, that he would give a little moan of surprise and wipe his wet forehead.

Old Mr. Dagon was a short man, with a stoutish figure; he had rather a benevolent face, perfectly smooth, with a bland satisfied expression. His fleshiness gave one an impression of unwholeness; there was something puffy and unsubstantial about it; although his face was round and full, it was not firm, and had a disagreeable sallowness, like greasy ivory. His eyes were light blue and watery.

This was the figure that presented itself, panting and exuding moisture, before the horrified tailor. 'God bless my soul,' he cried, in a loose phlegmy voice, 'God bless my soul and body, where next! Up in the attic, down in the cellar, up stairs and down stairs, and in the ladie's chamber. Scantleberry, you're a sly dog, a deep dog, with your dodgings and your doublings. It's as much as I can do to keep track of you, but I do—I do keep track of you; if you're a sly dog I'm a long-winded one, don't you see, Scantleberry, and here we are again.' Puffing as if he was a very short-winded dog indeed, old Dagon gathered the moisture off his face with a handkerchief. 'Blast your stairs,' he broke out again after a pause, 'why don't you get an elevator? I'm perfectly used up and done for.' But, he continued, with malicious slowness, dropping into a gurgling distinctness, 'if you think you're going to get rid of me and my lawful rights by dodging into the eavetroughs you're mistaken; I know you, Scantleberry, I know you for a deep, slippery, dodging rascal, but I have the whip hand of you.'

John looked up at him with that look of mild intelligence and listened to his discourse, measured him, and heard him go softly downstairs. But when he was gone something strange happened; he went into a sort of paroxysm, and fell, reeling over toward his bed, clutching the air, and flinging down heavily, where he lay, making a feeble meaningless moan. After about an hour of uneasy drowsing, he recovered and went on with his work, dazed and troubled.

The next week, when he had already cut out Mr. Dagon's coat, and was putting it together, he was suddenly alarmed by hearing a soft foot on the stairs and the familiar wheezing. He dropped his needle and listened; there were voices on the landing, and he felt relieved to hear a more positive step; when they moved along the hall, he shuffled over to the door and listened. He did not notice how his knees trembled, or how numb his hands were. It was the janitor showing someone the rooms; he could hear him say: 'Nobody up here but a cracked tailor.' A voice replied, 'lots of room to fling round in,' and they both went downstairs.

John had held himself at a terrible tension, and when he tried to turn away from the door he struggled to keep his footing, reached toward his bed, caught at his collar, reeled and plunged down against his board, carrying the stand and the coal oil stove with him. When he recovered he sat up amid the confusion his fall had caused. The coal oil-stove had gone out; a goose had fallen on his shears, breaking one blade, and had rested against his leg, burning his trousers and blistering his flesh. He got up as well as he could and lay down on his bed, where he slept the night through. In the morning, as he set things to rights, he noticed that Mr. Dagon's coat was pinned firmly to the floor with the unbroken blade of the shears. He pulled it out and blind-stitched the rent, but something in the look of the steel in the cloth haunted him, and he put the blade aside.

Mr. Dagon came and got his clothes, and the new lodger came and took possession of one of the vacant rooms. He was the driver of an express-waggon, and came in late at night and went out early in the morning. He caused John no uneasiness until Sunday, when he banged about a good deal, and smoked.

But in the meantime, from that obscure memory of the steel through the cloth into the floor, John Scantleberry had filled in a picture of old Mr. Dagon inside the coat and of the blade through the cloth—into what? From such a seed sown in the darkness of his mind, this was unnatural plant had sprung, and was growing up, spreading its bloodless and terrible shoot to the light. As yet his own figure was not in the picture, and it was only after he had once struck manfully for himself that he drew it in.

Sunday the driver had been very noisy, and, toward evening, the liquor that he had been drinking all day got through control of him. He threw his door open and sitting, doubled up on the floor, his back against one post, his toes against the other, he spul down the well of the stairs and roared one line, of a song over and over. John stood it as long as he could and then, setting his door ajar, he seized a cocoanut shell, in

which he kept water standing to wet his seams, and advanced into the hall. It was dark, but, judging by the glimmer from the driver's door, he flung the shell with all his force. It was set into a lead foot to keep it steady, and flew through the air with great force and struck the expressman on the head. He jumped up with an oath and felt around through the darkness. The tailor, frightened out of his life, skipped up the step-ladder that led to the roof. As the infuriated driver struck the ladder he thought he was discovered, and putting forth all his strength he raised the trap-door and stepped out upon the roof. The oaths were silent on an instant; looking up suddenly John Scantleberry saw, stretched limitless above him, the profound depths of night trembling with innumerable stars. He drew his breath in sharply through his teeth, as if the sight pained him. He dropped his head and pinched his eyes tight shut, asking himself the question, 'Where have I seen this before?' And now his memory achieved one miracle and struck fast out of the dimness of his mind this perfect impression: on a road at night, dry coolness, white dust, someone crying the words, 'dear little boy'; then, as he threw his face up in the cool air, the limitless heavens and the flashing stars. That was all; a vision of some moment in childhood passed and was gone forever. He shivered slightly, and then looking up again he said softly to himself, 'It's like a cushion full of pins.' He was the working merchant tailor once more, but even as he subsided his mind threw off the only smile that ever occurred to it. When he went down the driver was quiet, and the next day he took himself off bag and baggage.

John Scantleberry had struck a bold stroke with his cocoon bowl, and slowly he sketched himself into the picture, slowly and carefully, until so distinct did his figure become that he took the long shear-blade out of his trunk and went up on the roof. There, night after night, he wore it against the rough stones of the chimney, making it sharp and dagger-like. To such a fearful thing had the plant grown in the darkness of his mind, stretching up, striving to bear its terrible fruit.

But as if his quiet was never to be left quite undisturbed, a new and more unbearable noise arose from the court,—the intermittent screaming of a child. Looking down into this court or yard he could see it partitioned by fences into irregular divisions; in one of these the earth, deprived of the sun, had broken out into a green eruption,—one was piled high with boxes, and another was the outlet to the kitchen of a new restaurant, which had opened on the next street. From this yard, or from the adjoining lane, the wailing arose, sometimes in fretful whinnings, sometimes in frantic shrieks of rage or pain. For long spaces the little girl who tormented him would be happy, and would leave him happy, for her innocent prattle to her rag dog, or her confidences with the sticks she gathered and played with, did not reach his window. He thought she must go away in these intervals of peace, but on looking out he discovered her picking the squeezed lemons out of a tub of refuse and arranging them in little piles. He could not bear her animated conversation with the empty skuis, he only heard her mournful wail, as an elderly woman in a striped jacket, snatched her out of the lane.

sign said, 'by Calixe Bellemare; meals at all hours of the day and night; try our fried oysters by Madame Bellemare; omelette belgique, by Maddle. Bellemare; steaks and chops by the chief,' and so on, exactly like a play-bill. He was too timid to approach the enemy from that quarter, but the next time he thrust his head out of the window, to learn the cause of the clamour which had disturbed him, he knocked an empty spoon off the windowledge, and it fell in front of the unfortunate child. She stopped crying, attracted by the bright red object, picked it up and fell to playing with it.

In a few days John had formed a plan of action, and one evening, when his work was done, he went out and bought a small basket and some sugar-candy. When he returned to his room he fastened a long piece of cord to the handle. When, on the following day, the familiar cries arose, John put a stick of barley-sugar into the basket and lowered it to the ground. It ratted in front of the child, she saw the candy, picked it out, broke a bit off, stopped crying, and looked away up to heaven, where she was sure it came from. John dodged in, but the child had caught a glimpse of him. Thus he commenced to play angel, and, as he had before triumphed by force over the driver, he now secured himself by a dull cunning.

Little by little a curious feeling of interest sprang up in John Scantleberry's heart for the little mortal for whom he played angel. Lowering away his sweets, day after day, he began to draw up in return pebbles, bits of coloured glass, lemon skins, a door knob, the label of a ginger ale bottle, scraps of newspapers, and whatever else the busy thankful little girl could gather. He fell to thinking what would come up next, and one morning, as he saw the child unwrap the half of a stale tart, saved from her scanty supper, place it in the basket, and watch him draw it up with her hands clasped in wonder at the greatness of her own sacrifice, John Scantleberry's eyes were moistened for the first time in years, and something stirred warmly at his heart. So, strangely enough, a sweet human feeling had taken root there, and was striving for life; while in the gloom of his mind he was nourishing that noxious pallid plant. Night after night, as he sat rubbing his callous ankles, he would trim it and water it until, behold! what terrible fruit was coming to maturity, for his shear-blade was as keen and eager as a dagger, and he had wrapped the thumb-hole with cloth for a firmer hold.

And as the days go by interest is heaping up, and at last brings Mr J. B. Dagon, the particular spider, to the top strands of the web, ready for the feast. 'Here we are again, Scantleberry, steady as a clock, about run down though with your beastly stairs; my wind pinches my throat and I wheeze as if I was floundered. You'll be going up a smoke-stack next, but you don't catch me—up I go in a balloon, and if you go into a coal mine down I go in the basket.' He burst into a perspiration instead of laughing at his own joke. John looked confidently at him with his sober, innocent expression. He might have been a new convert, receiving a call from his class-leader, so wishful was he, so benevolent was Mr Dagon.

He did not speak for a moment, then he said: 'Mr Dagon, have you come for a suit?'

work to live; I have to give you two whole suits every year.'

'Give me—listen to the man—Give me,' cried Mr Dagon, 'when you don't pay me a cent, of principal or interest; I rate you with them, you dog, every one. Come, show up some of your shoddy.'

Scantleberry rose and took down his cloth.

'What colour will I have this time?'

'Black, I think,' said John.

'Black, why black?'

'Because it is more suitable.'

'More suitable, you think I'm going to die? Well by ginger, you think death is going to cut in and close up the transaction?' He caught his breath, and nervously rolled his handkerchief in a ball. 'My God, Scantleberry, I think you're more than half right; my breath is shorter every day. Something will happen to me sure. I'm afraid—I tell you—there's nothing between us, man to man—I'm afraid that apoplexy, or heart disease, or some confounded thing or another, will choke the life out of me.'

He was terribly in earnest, and the sweat was like dew fallen on his face. John did not say a word. His usual look of mild intelligence was just troubled by a consciousness of the truth in Mr Dagon's words; the glance of his eye took flight to his bed, under the mattress of which lurked the curious implement designed to fulfil Mr Dagon's prophecy.

The old man chose his cloth, and set the day of the next week when he should come to try his coat on. John held the door ajar, and heard him go flopping from step to step like a great toad, and in his innermost heart he laughed, and his mouth was even curled by a satisfied smile. He had overcome the rage of his hate, and no longer fainted under it,—calmness and settled assurance had taken its place, and day after day he worked contentedly, if a little feverish, at his task. This unusual haste left him with his coat basted, ready to try on, before the time. Strange, too, he had forgotten something; or had he forgotten it? Was it a new kind of garment that he was designing for Mr Dagon, or had that gentleman himself ordered the left breast to remain unwadded? However it was, John considered his task finished, for he took to letting the hours slip by while he sat quietly, looking as full of heavy thought as a sphinx; or slyly observing how Mons. Bellemare, in a paper cap and white over-apron, whisked custards in the yard below; or the rats dart and sneak about the piled boxes in the express yard. Now and again he would drop his basket into the yard with some little gift, and not always to induce silence. Such a well of human kindness had that come to be to him.

But at last one night of sleep would bring him into his great day, and his long excitement would be over. On that night strange and unaccountable things visited his slumbers; calls and troubled noises; and running on the stairs and in the streets; and great hurried passages of wind or of men; and large smooth sounds that fell away into almost silence; and, then, toward grey dawn, bell strokes that prolonged themselves with sweet continuousness.

He took a long time to get stirring in the morning, moving about slowly, shivering sharply now and then. He made a little tea, but only drank half what he poured out, and chewed a dry crust of bread. It seemed to him that no time had transpired when he heard Mr Dagon's spongy step on the stairs. He whirled about, making his preparations with his heart straining and choking his throat. Something long and shining he thrust under a fold of cloth beside him on the bench, and when Mr Dagon opened the door he was fussing with a skein of thread.

The old man looked horribly pale and puffy, and his breath caught noisily in his throat. He sat down, cursing at the stairs and throwing out disjointed complaints on his uncertain breath. John felt a ringing in his ears, as if his head had been struck, and was vibrating into silence. He rose without a word, handing up the new coat. His action seemed to say: why wait, why these common moments, when everything is ready. The old man got upon his feet slowly; he laid off his coat and stood up in his shirt sleeves, working his neck in his collar. John eased his arm with the new coat sleeve, and smoothed the coat along his shoulders. Then he faced him, and pinned it across the chest. He went behind again, pulling at the skirt all around. His moment had arrived. Dropping on one knee he took the blade lightly in his right hand and rose up. Every nerve was so intensely strung that he seemed to float away from the floor. Thrusting his hand under the left arm he felt the heart beat where Mr Dagon was obligingly inflating his chest. It would be the work of an instant to snatch away that hand, cover the old man's mouth with it, and at the same moment strike down with his right arm. It was just done; he towered over his victim; the blade hung above, ready for the sweeping stroke, when, as vivid and fierce as lightning cuts the dead night, a cry sprang upon the silence.

John's head rang with it; he lost his sense of lightness, and felt his knees and the floor under him, and he faltered away weakly, hiding the blade under his coat. The shriek did not sound over-loud to Mr Dagon, but he looked over his shoulder with a nervous suspicious smile. 'Good God, what's the matter with the man?' he cried, viewing his shrunken faltering figure. Scantleberry had slunk to the window, and down what seemed a dizzy depth, full of light and shot with flashes of fire, he saw the child clinging madly to one of the garbage barrels, and being rent away by the Chef himself, Mons. Bellemare.

Getting back into the room again, and holding his arms tight on his breast, to conceal the weapon, he tottered to his bed and rolled over there. Old Mr Dagon came and stood over him in the basted coat; 'By ginger, Scantleberry, this'll never do. You're enough to frighten the wits out of a man with your infernal carryings on. The devil will snap you up like a parched pea some day if you don't mend your ways,' John moaned at him. 'Go away, Mr Dagon, go away; come to-morrow or the next day, or whenever you like, only go away now.'

Mr Dagon went away, cursing soundly; and John lay there for the rest of the day, dozing and starting out of



'WHAT COLOUR WILL I HAVE THIS TIME?'

Watching closely, endeavouring to maintain the peace of his abode, he observed that she was often thrust out in the same fashion, and it was then that her shrieks arose, painful and unheeded. All his efforts for weeks were to find some means to stop this noise, and if he had not been prompted by an accident he might have failed and sought rest elsewhere. He had gone around and examined the restaurant. 'Bohemian Restaurant,' the

Mr Dagon stopped wiping up the perspiration. 'Heavens and earth, what a question; of course I've come for a suit. Would I climb up here to see you? Why, I own you, body and bones; I could sell you out of house and home, and I believe I will some day, and wring your neck into the bargain, to make you a little more civil.'

'Mr Dagon,' said the tailor mildly, 'it is very hard

his dozes, trying to rise, and failing, through weakness, for he had eaten hardly anything for days, as if he was preparing for a sacrament. Over and over again, as he would float up through his depth of sleep to the surface of waking, he would imagine the deed done, and would pull himself up on his elbow only to see the coat lying where Mr Dagon had flung it. Then he would ask the question—why had he failed? He remembered now, something must have struck him and jerked his hand down. But something—what something? Yes, yes, it was the little girl called him. He had not counted on that. But never mind, there would be another chance. Mr Dagon would come again; he would shut the window and everything would be all right.



'HE READ IT ACCORDING TO HIS CUSTOM.'

The next day he took some food, and he managed to work along through the week in a dull frozen way. Mr Dagon did not return, and he waited for him in his sluggish way, without interest. He did not notice the absence of noises from the yard, but along towards the end of the second week he noticed that the string of his basket hung outside the window; he had forgotten when or why he had let it down.

It contained a battered, brass brooch, wrapped in a scrap of newspaper. He turned the worthless ornament over in his hand and then smoothed out the paper. He read it according to his custom, and one word startled him into interest.

'SUDDEN DEATH.—We regret to record the sudden death of Mr John Boyd Dagon, one of our most useful and respected citizens. He was stricken with apoplexy at the Globe Building, just as he was about to visit a poor tailor, to whom he had been extremely kind. The deceased was highly esteemed for his many good qualities, and he leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss.

Thus had the journal softened the character and reversed the public judgment of Mr J. B. Dagon.

That evening, walking in the street, John Scantleberry noticed that the enticing signs of the Bohemian Restaurant were gone, that there was a notice of a bailiff's sale in the window, and that the Bellesmres had fled. Going back to his high room, he took his shears, went up on the roof, and let it fall down the chimney. The basket, the cord, and the trinkets he threw into the yard; the coat he sold to another customer, so that nothing remained to recall that violent time. As the days went by he sank into his old lethargy, his mind was dead and numb, his great passion-time had passed. Like a poor instrument, which the hand of a master has crashed down upon and shattered with irresistible power, his soul lies broken and unresponsive. Only at times, when he chances to hear the cry of a child, a light flames up in some blind alley of his heart, and casts a moving glamour and shadow on the darkness.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.



The famous singer, Lassalle, has completely abandoned his artistic profession. He intends to manage the large iron works of which he is the proprietor at Chautemelle, near Betheuil. Since his return from America he has declined all offers of engagements, saying that he is devoting himself to chemistry, zoology and geology. 'Science,' he writes, 'has conquered art; music now occupies the second place in my life; as regards the theatre memory is the only bond which unites me to it.'

Improved times are evidenced by the large sale of Prossard's Cavour Cigars, mild and fragrant, 8 for 1s 3d. (Advt. 2)

Footlight Flashes.

BY THE PROMPTER.

THE Brough and Boucicault New Zealand season for the present year of grace will, I confidently prophecy, beat the records already set up by this famous Company. 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' and 'The Case of Rebellious Susan' have been produced since the last issue of this paper, and since both these fine plays will presently be produced in Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, I should like to make a few remarks upon each of them. As everyone knows, though his name is carefully omitted from the bills, 'The Importance of Being Earnest' is the latest—or last—and the most brilliant production of Oscar Wilde. After witnessing the play one can comprehend very clearly the stupefying surprise which his downfall must have caused those who knew the man only through the play, or as the brilliant talker, poet and critic. Absolutely inoffensive, free from all objectionable teaching, 'The Importance of Being Earnest' is the work of the Dr. Jekyll half of Oscar Wilde—the half, that is to say, whose brilliant wit, whose inimitable conversational powers, whose scathing satire, and smart cynicism fascinated 'briny' London for so many years; the half of Wilde to whom we owe art colours; the half who won the Newaigate prize at Oxford, and who wrote some of the most exquisitely finished sonnets produced by latter-day minor poets. The other Wilde—the Hyde—of this strange creature does not appear. The animal whose crime is neither to be mentioned nor thought of, the man who wrote 'Dorian Grey,' does not once appear, save indeed in those flashing paradoxes which he scattered in all his work, good and bad, pure or impure.

'The Importance of Being Earnest' is a *jeu d'esprit*, a clever absurdity which anyone may see and hear, and which anyone with a taste for satire, for cynicism (mainly good-natured), will thoroughly enjoy. The brilliance of the witty dialogue cannot be described, and it would be difficult to praise it sufficiently. Every sentence has its point. Sharp and exquisitely polished satire and whimsical paradox follow in one ceaseless flow of brilliant conversation. Of course no single set of persons ever talked as these people do: their smartness is supernatural, but it would be mad to quarrel with the author for saying too many clever things, and for affording us too many chances of laughter. For it is wit that is provided. If it were mere foolery, punning for instance, one might tire. As it is one sighs heavily with regret when it is over.

THE burden of the acting falls mainly on the shoulders of Mr Brough and Mr Boucicault, the rival 'Earnests,' and these two stirring actors give one more proof of their truly splendid capabilities and admirable versatility. The performances of both is the perfection of fine farcical comedy acting. Not a point is missed, but the intelligence of the audience is never insulted by having them flung at its head as if it were unable to appreciate anything not thus forcibly delivered. I earnestly commend to the notice of Southerners Miss Hardy, who in this play takes the part of Cecily. A very charming little actress, with a delightful face and figure, and a quick and artistic grasp of her parts, Miss Hardy has a fine future before her. The story of 'The Importance of Being Earnest' I do not propose to tell here. It is sufficiently flimsy, but as I have said, as innocent as Mrs Grundy could possibly desire. I cannot too strongly advise anyone with a quick appreciation of witty sayings to see the play at all costs.

'The Importance of Being Earnest' gave place on Saturday evening to 'The Case of Rebellious Susan.' This is a very pretty comedy, and by far the best thing Henry Arthur Jones has done up to the present. The moral of the play—if it can be said to possess morals, which is somewhat problematical—may be indicated by saying that it is in the nature of a counterblast to such books as Sarah Grand's 'Ideals' and 'The Heavenly Twins.' The problem Rebellious Susan sets out to elucidate is the proper constituents of a sauce for ganders. According to her uncle, Sir Richard Cato (Mr Titheradge), whose twenty-five years of matrimonial experience—in the Divorce Court—entitle him, as he thinks, to speak with some authority, the desired recipe is not to be discovered, for the simple reason that there is no gander sauce. Sue, however, thinks differently, and at the close of the first act we find her quitting her husband's roof in the full resolve never to return until her quest has proved successful. If such an act of wifely insubordination is ever justifiable, then certainly the long-legged and speechless idiot which Mr Dorrington makes of Jim Harabin, the husband, is as good a justification as a lady need desire. In the second act we

are introduced to the ghost of Lady Susan's 'adventure,' a rather lively ghost in the sequel with talk of Cannon-street station and an immediate flight to New Zealand. This, however, puts a stop to Sir Richard, who dismisses the lover, and finally succeeds in reconciling husband and wife on a basis of letting bygones be bygones. To this the lady is further induced by the arrival of a messenger from New Zealand, who reports that her lover became engaged on the voyage out, and is now happily married. The matrimonial adventures of Mr and Mrs Fergusson Pybus (Boucicault and Miss Temple) from the moment of their first aspiration to 'stamp themselves on the age' until the arrival of Pybus with a black eye, presented him free gratis and for nothing by the domestic butcher, and the arrest of the lady on a charge of aiding and abetting the female telegraphic operators in wrecking the Clapham post-office, provide a secondary source of amusement which keeps the audience in a continual simmer of laughter throughout the evening. It is needless to say that the comedy was splendidly staged and brilliantly played.

THE Greenwood Dramatic and Comedy Company open their New Zealand tour at Abbott's Opera House on Wednesday, October 23rd, when will be staged for two nights Augustin Daly's celebrated drama, 'Leah, the Forsaken,' in which Miss Maribel Greenwood will play the part of the persecuted Jewish maiden. The plot is laid in the times when persecution of the Jews was general. Rudolf, the son of an old Magistrate in an Austrian village, falls in love with Leah, a beautiful Jewess, who is traveling with some members of her tribe, and, on account of the feebleness of one of her friends, is obliged to take shelter in an old hut near the village. They agree to forsake their friends and go to America, but Rudolf confides in his father, who takes a renegade, Jim (Nathan), into his counsels. On the suggestion of the latter, it is agreed that money shall be offered to the Jewess to forsake Rudolf. The commission is entrusted to Nathan, who, being a professed Christian, is anxious that at all hazards the Jews shall be got out of the village. The money is innocently accepted by one of the wandering tribe as a charity unknown to Leah. Nathan is seen and recognised by the old man, whom he murders, and attributes the death to a thunderbolt. Nathan reports that Leah has accepted the tribe. There is mutual denunciation and cursing between Rudolf and Leah. He marries Madeline, who loves him. Leah departs, but returns five years afterwards, takes the curse off Rudolf, and his child denounces Nathan and dies. Miss Maribel Greenwood has much to recommend her to the public. She is young, of handsome presence, and as painstaking as she is talented. During the season 'My Sweetheart,' 'Two Orphans,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Camille,' 'Flowers of the Forest,' and other pieces will be staged.

SIR HENRY IRVING has commissioned a famous Academician to paint a large picture by Shakespeare for the foyer of the Lyceum.

£7,500 has been divided amongst the heirs of Wagner as their share of royalties for the performance of the great composer's works during the first half of the present year.

WITH the Patti reappearance as Rossini's Rosina fresh in the memory, it is decidedly interesting to hear that the management of La Scala at Milan have determined to celebrate the eightieth birthday of 'The Barber of Seville' next spring by a gala representation. It was on February 5th, 1816, at the Argentina Theatre at Rome that this opera was first produced. 'The Barber' was not performed at La Scala until September 16th, 1820, and since then it has been given at that famous opera-house upward of 245 times.

A UNIQUE occurrence in dramatic authorship, and one that is without precedent in the annals of the stage, is that W. S. Gilbert's name has appeared on the London playbills for a quarter of a century without a single break.

OPERA HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

THE GREENWOOD DRAMATIC AND COMEDY SEASON. Re-appearance, after an absence of eight years, of the beautiful

MISS MARIBEL GREENWOOD.

Supported by a powerful company, including the ever-popular comedian,

MR JOHN GOURLAY.

First production, WEDNESDAY, October 23rd, Augustin Daly's Celebrated Five-Act Play,

'LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.'

FRIDAY, October 25th, first appearance in Auckland of the charming young comedienne,

AGATHA GREENWOOD.

Who will appear as 'Tina' in

'MY SWEETHEART.'

Full Particulars see future issues.

GEO. WARREN, Advance Representative.

Among the guests I noticed Countess D'Abbas, who wore handkerchiefs silk trimmed with jet and a black velvet bonnet with yellow flowers; Lady Douglas black brocade with deep chiffon frills on the bodice, openwork lace bonnet with white tips; Mrs Wallis, handsome black brocade, the bodice being draped with black chiffon, black bonnet trimmed with yellow pink roses; Mrs Larnach, black crepon, very pretty chiffon cape striped with jet fringes, becoming black lace bonnet trimmed with forget-me-nots and grass; Mrs G. Hutchinson, neat light brown tailor-made costume, velvet jacket and skirt, white waistcoat, pink bonnet, black corded silk gown, velvet cape edged with fur, black velvet bonnet with jet crown trimmed with jetted tips; Mrs Macpherson, striped silk gown, black hat with feathers; Mrs Nathan, black brocade, black bonnet with yellow pink roses; The ladies handsomely trimmed with coral lace, black lace toque with pink roses; Mrs Light, black silk skirt, pretty electric blue brocade blouse, black lace hat with red flowers and jet; Mrs Harrison, slate grey jacket and skirt, white waistcoat, pink bonnet; Mrs Harrison, green costume; Mrs Rosa, handsome black silk gown, black velvet cape beautifully embroidered with jet, gold bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Rose, black crepon gown, full black chiffon cape, black velvet hat with tips; Mrs and Miss Blackett, the latter wearing a grey velvet gown, feather bonnet; Miss Izard, fawn covert coating costume, becoming toque trimmed with pink roses; Miss Moorhouse, black jacket and skirt, shot silk black bonnet with yellow pink roses; Mrs and Miss Black, black and white check silk blouse, black velvet hat with tips; Mrs Baker, black silk gown trimmed with jet and lace, black bonnet with violets and lace roses; Mrs and Miss Gibson, the latter in a black gown, black bonnet with yellow pink roses; Mrs Parfit, black costume; Mrs and Miss Trimmell, the latter in a grey wool, black hat trimmed with cornflowers; Miss A. Gore, fawn velvet gown, black bonnet with yellow pink roses; Mrs and Miss Gore, green costume, pretty burnt straw hat with black chiffon fascias, lovely pink roses; Mrs Rose, brown gown, fur boa, brown velvet bonnet with tips; the Misses Looe, black crepon with blue sailor hat; Mrs and Miss Looe, black crepon with blue sailor hat; Mrs Blar, black skirt, black and white striped silk blouse, black velvet bonnet; Mrs Houghton (Christchurch), brown cloth gown trimmed with gold passementerie, black straw hat with black and white feathers; Mrs and Miss Mason, the latter wearing a dark blue jacket and skirt, white sailor hat; Mrs Elliott, brown gown, velvet mantle trimmed with jet, black hat with tips; Mrs and Miss Elliott, white main collar, black velvet hat with black and white feathers; Miss Fancourt, grey tweed gown, white sailor hat; Mrs Butts, black costume; Miss Halse, grey tweed, large black hat with feathers; Mrs York (Wellington), black crepon gown trimmed with silk to match, jet bonnet trimmed with jet and pink roses; Mrs Simpson, black silk, ecru lace bonnet trimmed with panesels; Miss Simpson, grey gown trimmed with electric blue silk, large black hat with black and white feathers; Mrs and Miss Stowe, black and skirt, red waistcoat, black felt hat, with jetted wings; Mrs and Miss Stowe, the latter in pale grey crepon trimmed with ecru lace, pretty hat to match; Mrs Edwin, black silk gown trimmed with large white feathers; Mrs and Miss Butt, black costume, jet bonnet with violets; Miss Gillon, black crepon, small black hat with flowers; Miss M. Gillon, grey costume, large black hat with yellow roses; Miss Menzies, grey gown trimmed with passementerie, black and white straw hat with lace and black flowers; Miss W. Menzies, black jacket and skirt, white boat-shaped hat with lace and violets; Miss Morrak, black gown, pretty black hat trimmed with black sequins; Mrs and Miss Morrak, black costume, black and pink bonnet; Mrs Quirk, black silk gown and cape, pretty bonnet composed of violets and lace; Miss Quirk, black crepon, small black hat with yellow roses; Mrs and Miss Reid, Mrs Richardson, Mrs and Miss Wilson, the Misses Brandon, Mrs and Miss Swainson, Mrs and Miss Swainson, Among the gentlemen were Bishop Wallis, Messrs Harcourt, Rose, Lowe, Kight, Hutchinson, Coates, Tuckey, Hodgson, Gore, Tisdall, Age, Doan, Sir Walter Buller, Rev. Mr. Rose, and many others.

A MASK BALL

was held in Thomas' Hall last Friday night, and was given by the committee of Miss Tuckey's fortnightly assemblies. It proved to be a great success. I believe it was the first of the kind given in Wellington. The ladies wore long different coloured dominoes reaching to their feet, and the gentlemen also wore long cloaks, and some wore masks. The ladies, being really no one knew who was who. At 11 o'clock, in answer to a signal given, everyone unmasked, to find in many cases themselves dancing with strangers, which caused much laughter as well as embarrassment. The supper, in the lounge, was delicious and was served of white flowers with coloured butterflies perched here and there.

Mrs H. Rawson gave a very jolly

JUVENILE DANCE

at Thomas' Hall on Saturday night. Among the children present were the Misses Butt, Rawson, Williams, Higginson, Gibson, Thibbs, Stratford, Brandon, Blair, Reid, Baker, Douglas, Quirk, Rhind, Haseldine, and many others.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

I am glad to be able to say that we have Miss Alice Grace with us again. She arrived in the Rimutaka on Wednesday morning when she numbered her days at home.

Mrs A. Pearce has gone to Hawke's Bay for the week's festivities. The Misses Reynolds returned to Dunedin on Monday. Mrs and Miss Miller left by the same boat for the same hour.

Miss Worsp (Auckland) is staying at Petone with her sister, Mrs K. Jackson. Mr W. Johnston, son of the Hon. W. Johnston, arrived from England by the Rimutaka.

Mrs Roughton (Christchurch) is visiting her mother, Mrs Brandon.

OPHELIA

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 10. The towns a-sawake with the stir which surrounds the meeting of the Synod. Everywhere one meets black-coated gentlemen, and several arrangements have been made to enable us to meet on Friday intercourse, the reverend visitors. An afternoon tea given by the Bishop and Mrs Wallis was very largely attended, also the garden party given by Mrs Tolhurst, which was much enjoyed. I hear that a good number of ladies go to the evening sittings of the Synod, and profess themselves much edified and entertained thereby.

GENERAL HOOTH

is causing some considerable excitement among certain classes of our population. The reception accorded him was most enthusiastic and his addresses have drawn crowded houses. The General is the guest of Sir Robert Stout, who presided at the opening meeting on Friday evening.

THE PUBLIC HOLIDAY

on Wednesday passed off very pleasantly in spite of a high gale and occasional showers in the afternoon. The labour demonstration had a most successful termination, and the morning procession from the Government buildings to the Basin Reserve is said to be the best ever seen in Wellington.

THE MASKED BALL

On Friday evening has been pronounced an unqualified success, exceeding the most sanguine expectations. The dominoes worn by the ladies proved a most effective disguise, and the efforts of each succeeding partner to betray one into giving a clue for recognition were most amusing. In the morning procession the mask was all that was necessary to render them 'strictly anonymous,' and I have heard of very few recognitions on either side. The ball had been arranged and carried out by the committee of Miss Tuckey's Assembly, who in some one hundred undertook the super arrangements which were excellent in every detail. Miss Tuckey wore a very stylish dress of green and yellow shot silk trimmed with cream lace. Among those present I noticed Miss Bishop, in black with yellow and white trimmings; Mrs. Bouton, in a rich white silk with pale blue trimmings; Miss Chatfield in a pale cream dress; her sister in white with bow of dark pink ribbon; Mrs Pritchett, in a striking dress of yellow and pale blue silk; Mrs. B. in a black dress with white trimmings; Mrs. B. in a rich yellow silk; her sister in white; Miss L. Koch, in white silk relieved with bunches of scarlet ribbons; Miss Lee coated

charming in a pretty pale blue dress; Mrs (Mrs) MacKenzie, in an elegant black silk trimmed with jet and a black velvet bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Nowbury wore yellow net veiling with sprays of lilacs of the valley on the bodice; her sister, in black, with a pretty pink silk bodice; Mrs Miles, in black brocade silk; Miss Pickering, in black, with a full skirt and a black bonnet with yellow pink roses; Miss Powell, white silk dress with bunches of cornflowers; Miss Reeves, yellow silk dress; Miss Rose wore a regular fancy dress of white and yellow silk with mob cap; Miss Seed, pale pink, and her sister, a becoming grey dress; Miss Seddon, a black dress with a little of yellow; Miss Simpson, a pretty dress of grey silk dress trimmed with sprays of lily of the valley; Mrs Stafford wore a handsome dress of dark crimson velvet trimmed with black lace; Miss Walker, a pretty dress of yellow and pink silk; Miss and Mrs W. A. W. wore a black dress with a full skirt; Miss Gibson, Higginson, Holmes, Hulme, Hunt, Logan, McRae, Mowbray, Reid, Tripe, Tuckey, Weston, Young, etc., etc.

POLO SEASON

drew thither all the youth, rank, and fashion of the place. The road was lined with carriages and even the brass band usually dedicated to golf was pressed into the service and conveyed spectators to the Polo field. The players seemed to be nearly the same team as last year. Messrs Baldwin, Hucholz, Crawford, Cooper, White, Skerrett, etc., being foremost of the band. Large marquees had been erected on one side of the field, and tea and cakes were there dispensed by Mrs Alex. Crawford and a bevy of girl assistants, including the Misses Cooper, Dransfield, and Skerrett. Among those present were Mr A. Allen, M.H.R., Mr. Ansell, Lady Dorothy Boyle, Mr and Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mr Buchanan, M.H.R., Miss Brandon, Mr and Mrs Ruddle, Mr Buller, Miss Coleridge, Mr and Mrs Cooper, Mrs H. Crawford, the Misses Dyer, Mr and Mrs Duncanson, Mr Fraser, M.H.R., Mrs and the Misses Gore, the Misses Harding, Mr and Mrs Haslop, Captain Hunt, Miss Izard, Miss Johnston, Miss Lees, Mrs Levin, Mrs and Miss Menzies, Mr and Mrs Mills, Miss Miller, Mrs Newnham, Dr. Stirling, her and Mrs Pearce, Mrs and Miss Turnbull, Mr Turnbull, Mr Tripp, Miss Williams, Mrs Williams. Among the ladies were sergeants and jackets, with neat cotton blouses, were so much the universal costume donned for the day, that the distinction hereafter will be made for the eye to determine. Our dainty frills and lace ruffles are kept for afternoon teas and indoor entertainments.

SOCIETY JOTTINGS.

Mrs Arthur Pearce has gone South to stay for a month with her relations. On her return Mr and Mrs Pearce with their children intend to spend their summer holidays in the Bay. In the meantime their house has been taken by Colonel and Mrs Fox for six months. Mr and Mrs Pearce will not go home before the beginning of next year.

Mrs and the Misses Reynolds went South on Monday, the end of the Session being too indefinite for visits to be further prolonged.

Our Band has returned from the competition triumphant and covered with glory. They received a warm welcome, and congratulations have become the order of the day. Indeed, each individual citizen feels a sensation of pride when contemplating the high position taken by 'Ours,' in the competition for the championship of the colony.

The Hibernian Society held their annual social on Monday night at Thomas' Hall, which by the way, is the scene of serious nearly every evening in the week. Paddy had a great time there on Monday with nearly 200 of his fellow Hibernians, who first enjoyed a concert programme, and then danced into the very early hours of Tuesday.

The session still drags on, and no one seems to know how much longer it will continue. The Premier took a few days' holiday on Monday and Tuesday at Christchurch at the same time, and the table looked charming with its dainty cakes and flowers.

MEVE

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 10. On Thursday afternoon the Misses Tripp, Belmont Terrace, gave a VERY PLEASANT AFTERNOON TEA to a few of their friends. Music was very much appreciated from Mrs and Miss Haslam, Mrs Vernon, and Miss Fox (Wakariti). Among those present were Mrs Julius and her daughters, Mrs and Miss Cowlishaw, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mrs and Miss Helmore, etc. The parlour and dining room were quite cosy, and the table looked charming with its dainty cakes and flowers.

AT HOME

where a number of young people were most hospitably entertained, their pretty houses at Riccarton looking like a beehive with numerous bees in the light of day. The ladies were all in draperies wherever one turned. Mr and Mrs Wood received their guests in the drawing-room, the dining-room serving as ballroom, while a third room, full of interesting Fiji curios, was reserved for dancing. The evening was spent in an excellent manner, and the lights with delicate white flowers in tall vases. The supper itself was a most recherche one. Tea and coffee were served throughout the evening, and dishes of choice ailments dispatched, even mistakes in an out-of-the-way dining-room and the enclosed verandah. With these arrangements added to an excellent floor, Fleming's music, and plenty of partners, small wonder that everyone declared the dance one of the best we have had. Mr Wood wore a handsome black silk with olive green sash and ribbons on the bodice with spray of magenta primroses, and made a most indefatigable hostess. Others present were Misses Bullock, Russell, Wynn-Williams, E. Wynn, Mr. Toher, Mr. Light, Mr. J. Toher, Mr. J. Toher, Mr. J. Toher, Mellish, Turnbull, Harris, Turton, Turrell, Garrard, Henry, Wicket, C. Lean, and others. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Wood (last), Perry, Cowlishaw, Clarke, Furrell (two), Turnbull, Day, Wilson, Lane, Mathias, Tabart, Mellish, Matheson, Atkinson, etc.

A LARGE PICNIC

organised by Misses Lean and Stoddart, went to Stafford's bush for the day. A drove and four horse took the party to the foot of the hill, and a hot sun, light breeze, and a very warm day were met by all present, among whom were Mr and Mrs G. Barker, Mr and Mrs Henderson, Mr and Mrs Andrews, Mr and Mrs Morton O'Riordan (two), Messrs MacWilliam, Farmer, Dixon, Manning, etc.

CHRISTCHURCH PALETTE CLUB EXHIBITION

was preceded by a 'private view' on Monday evening, to which a large number of people gathered. The exhibition is held in Bowman's room, Heron street, and the paintings have been arranged to make a success. The entrance and passages are beautifully curtained, pot plants and palms are placed about the concert platform and elsewhere, whilst plenty of chairs for the tired or weary are laid out for the attractions. Mr J. M. Midford (President) opened the proceedings in a short address, giving some idea of the work done by members. Music followed by Miss Davey (who sang delightfully), Fiddle and I. Miss F. M. Mardell (who played the violin), and Miss W. M. Mardell (who played the guitar) and Woodhouse. Light refreshments were served in a side room during the evening, and one could not help thinking in a tea-kiosk would be a charming addition to the arrangements. The exhibition was a most successful one, and the display of the 'go as you please' style, and the costumes worn were anything but a pleasing general effect. Some pretty blouses were particularly noticeable, the ubiquitous dress blouse being the happy one to wear on such an occasion. The pictures, which comprise excellent work by some of our local artists and many contributions from the Society, are a pleasure to stare.

LUNCHEON PARTY

for Mrs Albert Cuff, who leaves with Mr Cuff and family for Auckland shortly, and whom we were very sorry to lose. The party was greatly increased in the afternoon, for after tea, which was served in the dining-room. The table was very pretty

a long strip of cream guipure on green silk down the centre with tall sprays of double yellow japonica and low bowls of primroses. Among the many guests were Mesdames Allen, Jamieson, Kiver, Brown, Croxton, Hill, Lowry, Nelson, G. Merton, K. Turner (Timaru), Misses Kiver (two), Wood (two), Allen (two), Cuff (three), Rose (Wellington), and Hall. The Misses Allen, L. Wood, and others gave some very enjoyable music.

PERSONAL.

Yesterday a number of residents returned from England. Mr and Mrs Arthur Rhodes, Mr E. S. Harley (Captain O'Neil), Mr Teuchemacher, Mr Marshman, Mr Hawker, Mr and Mrs G. J. Mitchinson and Mr G. Kettlewell, all being passengers to Wellington by the Rimutaka. On the voyage out passengers had a very uneventful experience, as the Rimutaka was on fire for some hours.

Miss Rose (Wellington) and Miss Hall (Riccarton) have been the guests of Mrs I. Gibbs during the week. Mrs and Mrs Arthur Rhodes, Mr E. S. Harley (Captain O'Neil), Mr Teuchemacher, Mr Marshman, Mr Hawker, Mr and Mrs G. J. Mitchinson and Mr G. Kettlewell, all being passengers to Wellington by the Rimutaka. On the voyage out passengers had a very uneventful experience, as the Rimutaka was on fire for some hours.

DOLLY LACE.

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.

'NAOMI.'—It is almost incredible to me that your *nom de plume* represents one of the feminine sex. I incline to think you wish to test my graphological knowledge, which pronounces you to be clever, shrewd, and far seeing. You are very kind-hearted, and possess warm and lasting affections, but you frequently conceal them under an external cloak of coldness and reserve. You have perfect self-control, great force of character, and excellent taste and judgment, but you are cautious in the extreme, and this occasionally renders you suspicious. You have a very high sense of honour and justice, and are severe in condemning anything approaching to falsehood or deceit, and if once deceived it would be very difficult for you to trust again. You have an abundant share of quiet energy and determination, and if you possess a 'temper,' it is controlled so admirably that it only gives strength to an otherwise strong individuality.—MARCELLA.



GREAT excitement has prevailed at the Girls' College, Nelson, during the last few days owing to the engagement of one of the scholars, Miss Effie Perrin, to Mr Childs, of England, who is at present in Nelson. The engagement is likely to be a long one.

The wedding of Mr Lockhart, of the Bank of New Zealand, Thames, and Miss Flora Power, Parnell, takes place about Christmas time.

MISS WATERS' wedding is too late (Tuesday afternoon) for this week's GRAPHIC.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR HARMAN TO MISS SPOONER.

S. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, Christchurch, was the scene of a very quiet wedding on Thursday, when Mr R. D. Harman, better known as Mr 'Dick' Harman, was married to Miss Spooner.

Owing to the bridegroom's family being in deep mourning, only the immediate relations were present. The bride wore an exceedingly charming gown of white crepon trimmed with lace, large picture hat, and carried a lovely posy.

There were present Mrs Harman, Misses Harman, Mrs Way, Mrs De Renzy and Mrs Harris. The bridegroom was attended by one of his brothers as best man. Both bride and bridegroom have received many handsome presents.

MISS SYDNEY JOHNSTON TO MR WATSON.

The little church at Takapau, Hawke's Bay, was crowded on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Sydney Johnston to Mr Watson, of Gisborne.

The bride wore a lovely English gown of white satin. She had six bridesmaids—Misses Johnston (two), Misses Inglis (two), Miss Grace and Miss Herrick. The best man hailed from Wellington.

The musical part of the service was supplied by Miss Moloney, the organist. The wedding cake, made in Wellington, was six tiers high, beautifully ornamented.

A BALL came off in the woolsled in the evening. The Waipawa brass band played the dance music.

The honeymoon will be spent in Palmerston. The presents were costly and numerous.

AMONGST the guests were Mesdames Russell, Lowry, Johnston, Chambers, Wenley, Gasford, Rhodes, Lambert, Inglis, Carlyon, Kettle, Mackersy, Gilbertson, Nairn, etc., etc.

AUCKLAND MINING COMPANIES.

SHARE INVESTORS' GUIDE.

COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	NO. OF SHARES.	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION.	MANAGER.
					s. d.	s. d.	Acres.	s. d.	
THAMES--									
Alburnia	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	1 0	20	7 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Alburnia East	N.L.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	Nil.	60	7	H. Gilfillan
Argosy	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	200		
Adelaide	N.L.	20,000	80,000		5 0	Nil.	12 1/2	1 2	H. Gilfillan
Bell Rock	N.L.	20,000	80,000	60,000	5 0	Nil.	100	1 0	S. C. Macky
Broken Hill	Ltd.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	0 2			R. M. Scott
Carligan	Ltd.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0				R. M. Scott
Cambria	Ltd.	22,350	44,700	44,700	10 0		15 1/2	1 11	R. M. Scott
City of Dunedin	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	5 11 1/2	25 1/2	2 3	F. A. White
Comstock	Ltd.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	0 2	100	2 3	R. M. Scott
Clunes	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	Nil.		8	H. Gilfillan
Day Dawn	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	0 6	21		W. H. Cooper
Freedom	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	6 1/2	8	F. A. White
Golden Point	N.L.	100,000	100,000	100,000	20 0	20 0	120	2 0	A. H. Gossett
Hazelbank	Ltd.	10,500	42,000	42,000	5 0	3 0	16 1/2	7 0	F. A. White
Hansen's, Kurunui	N.L.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0				
Kaizer	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	0 6	50		S. C. Macky
Kurunui	N.L.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	Nil.	15	2 9	W. Clarke
Lone Hand	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	31,700	10 0	1 0	27	1 6	R. M. Scott
Magazine	N.L.	10,000	100,000		2 0	Nil.	50		D. G. Macdonnell
May Queen	Ltd.	39,500	79,000	79,000	10 0	1 8	78	13 6	R. M. Scott
May Queen Extended	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	60		R. C. Davies
Moanataiari	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	5 0	94	10 3	F. A. White
Middle Star	N.L.	15,000	100,000		3 0	Nil.			H. Gilfillan
Moanataiari North	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 6	30	1 3	W. H. Churton
Moanataiari Extended	N.L.	7,500	60,000	60,000	2 6	0 6	30		
Monowai	Ltd.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	1 6	90	4 3	F. A. White
New Whau	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	14		H. Gilfillan
Norfolk	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	7 6	37	4 6	D. G. Macdonnell
North Star	N.L.	10,000	50,000	45,000	4 0	1 7	30		S. C. Macky
Occidental	N.L.	6,000	80,000	53,700	1 6	0 2	21	10	S. C. Macky
Orlando	Ltd.	10,000	40,000	40,000	5 0	2 1	15	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Puriri	N.L.	5,500	55,000	50,000	2 0	Nil.	30	1 0	W. H. Churton
Rangitira	N.L.	10,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100		
Royal	Ltd.	12,500	50,000	50,000	5 0	0 1 1/2	30	1 6	W. Clarke
Scandinavian	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	48		
Sheridan	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	1 2	50	1 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Tapu Fluke	Ltd.	4,500	45,000	37,750	2 0	2 0	20	1 5	W. H. Churton
Victoria	N.L.	20,000	120,000	120,000	4 0	2 3	41	3 3	S. C. Macky
Waioatahi	Ltd.	18,000	6,000	6,000	60 0	50 0	22		F. A. White
COROMANDEL--									
Buffalo	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	10		J. H. Harrison
Bunker's Hill	Ltd.	15,000	60,000		5 0	2 0	4	12 0	J. H. Harrison
Big Ben	N.L.	15,000	60,000	57,500	5 0	Nil.	30	5	W. Clarke
Britannia	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	40	1 3	J. H. Harrison
Coromandel Proprietary	N.L.	18,750	150,000	150,000	2 6	Nil.	550		H. Gilfillan
Four in Hand	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Hill	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	29	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Hill Extended	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	30	4	J. H. Harrison
Golden Lead	N.L.	7,000	70,000	70,000	2 0	Nil.	50	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Great Kapanga	N.L.	12,000	80,000	70,000	3 0		94		E. J. White
Hauraki Special	Ltd.	52,520	320,000		2 6			17 6	
Do. No. 2	N.L.	15,000	100,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	6	1 6	H. Gilfillan
Do. South	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	17	1 1	W. Clarke
Do. Extended	N.L.	7,000	70,000		2 0	Nil.		9	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. North	Ltd.	100,000	50,000		20 0	20 0		2 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Harbour View	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.		1 0	J. H. Harrison
Katie	N.L.	12,500	100,000	100,000	2 6	Nil.			D. G. Macdonnell
New Golconda	N.L.	7,500	75,000		2 0	Nil.		1 1	D. G. Macdonnell
New Tokatea	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	3 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Pride of Tokatea	N.L.	6,000	80,000	80,000	1 6	Nil.	38	1 0	W. S. Hampson
Princess May	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	E. J. White
Progress Castle Rock	N.L.	9,750	65,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	30	1 0	J. H. Harrison
Pukewhau	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	68	10	J. H. Harrison
Southern Cross	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	4	5 0	J. H. Harrison
Welcome Find	Ltd.	17,500	70,000	70,000	5 0	1 0	9	1 5	H. Gilfillan
Zealandia	N.L.	7,000	70,000		2 0	Nil.			D. G. Macdonnell
TAIRUA--									
Nil Desperandum	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	65	1 11	J. H. Harrison
Rosebery	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.			J. H. Harrison
KUAOTUNU--									
Ajax	N.L.	13,500	90,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		D. G. Macdonnell
Aoreere	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	100	2 3	J. H. Harrison
Aurora	N.L.	6,000	60,000		2 0	Nil.	30	9	R. Waters
A 1	N.L.	11,250	75,000		3 0	Nil.	30		W. Clarke
Carnage	N.L.	9,000	60,000		3 0	Nil.	100		J. Smales
Diadem (late Sea View)	N.L.	12,000	80,000	75,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 6	E. J. White
Golden Anchor	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	50	2 1	J. H. Harrison
Golden Link (late Gladstone)	N.L.	10,000	80,000	60,000	2 6	Nil.	100	1 3	S. C. Macky
Gladys	N.L.	10,500	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	30	1 0	W. H. Churton
Great United	N.L.	7,000	70,000	65,000	2 0	Nil.	30		J. H. Harrison
Invicta	N.L.	7,500	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.	12	1 4	J. H. Harrison
Invicta North	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	Nil.	30	7	J. H. Harrison
Jessica	N.L.	9,000	90,000		2 0	Nil.	30	1 5	J. H. Harrison
Jupiter	N.L.	10,000	40,000	40,000	5 0	Nil.	300	11 0	H. Gilfillan
Kapai-Vermont	N.L.	25,000	100,000	100,000	5 0	4 4	31	13 9	D. G. Macdonnell
Kuaotunu							100	2 1	
Maoriland	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 6	Cook & Gray
Midas	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 1	D. G. Macdonnell
Mount Arum			80,000	80,000			100		
Maori Dream	N.L.	9,000	60,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	100	2 9	E. J. White
Otama	Ltd.	20,000	40,000	40,000	10 0	0 3	11	1 3	
Premier (late Kuaotunu No. 2)	N.L.	12,000	80,000	60,000	3 0		50		W. H. Churton
Phenix	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	0 6	30	10	S. C. Macky
Try Fluke	Ltd.	12,500	50,000		5 0	0 6	20	13 0	H. Gilfillan
Waitaiti	Ltd.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	0 5 1/2	85	4 2	W. H. Churton

COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	NO. OF SHARES	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION.	MANAGER.
UPPER THAMES—									
KARANGAHAKE									
Asteroid	N.L.	9,000	100,000	10,000	s. d. 2 0	s. d. Nil.	Acres. 110		J. H. Harrison
Crown	Ltd.	80,000	80,000	80,000	20 0	20 0	100	48 6	
Excelsior	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	10	D. G. Macdonnell W. R. Waters
Golden Crown	N.L.	10,500	70,000	30,000	3 0	Nil.			
Golden Spur	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0		30		
Golden Fleece	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	30	1 0	W. H. Churton
Golden Giant	N.L.	7,500	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.	100		D. G. Macdonnell
Hercules	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	200		D. G. Macdonnell
Imperial	N.L.	11,000	110,000	100,000	2 0	0 2	60	2 4	H. Giffillan
Ivanhoe	N.L.	5,500	55,000	50,000	2 0	0 2	30	1 0	W. Clarke
Karangahake	N.L.	14,000	70,000	70,000	4 0	Nil.	30		G. C. Morris
Mangakara	N.L.	15,000	100,000		3 0	Nil.			H. Giffillan
Mariner	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	60	9	R. M. Scott
Rob Roy	Ltd.	9,000	60,000	55,000	3 0		13		D. G. Macdonnell
Red Gauntlet	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	1 0	30	6	W. Clarke
South British	N.L.	14,000	70,000	65,000	4 0		30	9	D. G. Macdonnell
Shotover	N.L.	17,500	70,000	70,000	5 0	Nil.	42	1 0	H. Giffillan
Sterling	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	7	W. Gray
Stanley	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	9	D. G. Macdonnell
St. Patrick	N.L.	10,000	100,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	10	S. C. Macky
Talisman	Ltd.	25,000	100,000	80,000	5 0	1 1	60	13 6	A. H. Gossett
Talisman Extended	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	118,000	3 0	Nil.	67	2 5	R. M. Scott
Victor	N.L.	110,000	220,000	140,000	10 0	10 0	69	4 8	H. Giffillan
Waverley	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	0 2	30	1 9	D. G. Macdonnell
Wealth of Nations	N.L.	14,000	70,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	90	9	H. Giffillan
Woodstock North	Ltd.	5,000	50,000	35,000	2 0	0 2	9 1/2	9	J. Barber
Woodstock United	Ltd.	27,500	55,000		10 0		72	35 0	D. G. Macdonnell
OWHAROA—									
Crescent	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		H. Giffillan
Golden Lion	N.L.	10,500	70,000	55,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Giffillan
Gigantic	N.L.	12,000	80,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Giffillan
Heghtman's Freehold	N.L.	12,500	100,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	50		D. G. Macdonnell
Jnglewood	N.L.	15,000	75,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100		H. Giffillan
Maritana	N.L.	10,000	60,000	60,000	2 6	Nil.	100		D. G. Macdonnell
Owharua	Ltd.	37,500	75,000	75,000	10 0	0 5	100	6 8	A. H. Gossett
Rising Sun	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	50		W. Clarke
Teutonic	N.L.	12,750	85,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	100		C. G. Morris
Ward Proprietary	N.L.	10,000	100,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100		
WAITEKAURI—									
Alpha	N.L.	7,500	50,000	35,000	3 0	0 1	100	7 6	H. Giffillan
Byron Bay	N.L.	17,500	70,000		5 0	Nil.		1 3	C. Grosvenor
British Empire	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Giffillan
Central	N.L.	14,000	70,000	70,000	4 0	Nil.		1 5	H. Giffillan
Chelt	N.L.	6,875	55,000	50,000	2 6	Nil.	15	8	E. J. White
Grace Darling	Ltd.	30,000	60,000	60,000	10 0	6 3	15	3 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Treasure	N.L.								
Huanui	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	45	3 0	E. J. White
Monarch	N.L.	7,500	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.	100		S. C. Macky
New Zealander	N.L.	11,250	75,000	75,000	3 0	Nil.	100	9	W. Clarke
Oceania	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	100	1 9	E. J. White
Portsea	Ltd.	12,500	50,000	50,000	5 0	2 1 1/2	15	1 7	D. G. Macdonnell
Sovereign (late Golconda)	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	90		D. G. Macdonnell
Waitekauri	Ltd.	15,000	150,000	135,000	20 0	Nil.	400	92 0	H. Rose
Do. No. 2	N.L.	12,750	85,000	85,000	3 0	Nil.	60	1 2	W. Clarke
Do. No. 4	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.		3 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. South	N.L.	14,000	70,000	55,000	4 0	Nil.	30	9	W. Clarke
Do. Queen	N.L.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	50		E. J. White
Young New Zealand	N.L.	11,250	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	15	1 3	E. J. White
WAIHI—									
Flower of Waihi	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		S. C. Macky
King of Waihi	N.L.	12,500	100,000	100,000	2 6	Nil.			
Mount Waihi	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	100		W. Clarke
Martha Extended	N.L.	10,000	100,000	100,000	2 0	Nil.	100		
Mataura	N.L.	15,000	100,000		3 0	Nil.	100		W. H. Churton
Queen of Waihi	N.L.	25,000	100,000	100,000	5 0	Nil.	100	2 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Star of Waihi	N.L.	7,500	100,000	100,000	1 6	Nil.	100		J. H. Harrison
Sir Julius	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	100		W. Clarke
Union Waihi	Ltd.	200,000	200,000	140,000	20 0	20 0	250		
Waihi	Ltd.	160,000	160,000	160,000	20 0	20 0	600	130 0	R. Rose
Waihi South	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	150,000	3 0	1 0	117	2 9	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Monument	N.L.	20,000	80,000	80,000	5 0	Nil.	100	2 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Silverton	Ltd.	60,000	60,000	60,000	20 0	Nil.	84	51 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Consols	N.L.	17,500	175,000	150,000	2 0	Nil.	200	1 3	H. Giffillan
Waihi Mint	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100		

MINING NEWS.

IN response to the numerous requests received from readers at a distance, who are now largely interested in our goldfields, we have decided to furnish in future issues of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC the latest mining news. We feel that no apology is required for this innovation, for the mining industry has now assumed such proportions that the majority of our readers are either directly or indirectly interested in our goldfields. It is intended that the mining columns of the GRAPHIC shall become a special medium for imparting information on all matters connected with this newly revived industry, and it is hoped that they will also be an advertising medium for the same.

There can be no doubt now that the revival in the mining industry is not a mere transient boom, but the genuine outcome of the systematic development of several new famous mines. Elsewhere will be found the returns obtained last month from the principal mines, which speak volumes for the future possibilities of our goldfields; now that confidence has been revived, with the result that capital is forthcoming to work the auriferous areas which abound in the Thames and Hauraki districts. Foreign capital is now flowing in to work the mines in a way it has never done before, a guarantee that the mines taken over by English syndicates will be thoroughly developed. Of the results in the future we have no fear. The magnificent returns obtained nearly a quarter of a century ago, with the expenditure, comparatively speaking, of but a small amount of capital in a restricted area, augurs well for what may be expected as the outcome of the present revival of interest, for prospectors are now pushing into districts hitherto untouched, being encouraged to do so by the knowledge that money will be forthcoming to work any genuine venture.

It is true that new companies are being floated daily, but as these are distributed over a wide area of ground, and as each one starts with a good reserve capital in hand, it simply means that every new company floated becomes a prospecting association, with this advantage, that instead of men wandering, perhaps somewhat aimlessly over the country, searching for pockets, a certain number are located on fixed areas, and are backed with sufficient capital to systematically test each holding. Apparently the public have decided that systematic mining will pay a better rate of interest for money than can be secured on fixed deposits at the present time in banks. Of course it takes time to see what the new mines are really worth, but the results of the operations in the older companies for the past month were most encouraging, the Waihi, May Queen, and Kaipai-Vermont mines having all had record returns. When the new English companies get properly to work with large crushing plants economically worked, there can be little doubt but that satisfactory results will be obtained.

Cable advices received from London are of a very encouraging nature, pointing as they do to the probable early floating of mines situated at Coromandel, Waitekauri, Waihi, and Kuaotunu. Within the last week or two the Gladstone, Grand Junction, and Victor mines have been floated in London, and negotiations with regard to several other properties are also approaching completion. Meanwhile, the energy of individual prospectors results in fresh discoveries in new districts, all of which go to prove that the payable reefs are spread over a large area, and point to the permanency of the mining industry. It is on account of all these facts that arrangements have been made for supplying through the columns of the GRAPHIC the latest goldmining news, and with the most complete and trustworthy information, whilst special attention will be paid to the latest discoveries in all centres, and to the newest claims for public patronage. The miner and the investor will each find clearly, yet concisely recorded, important and reliable information respecting the localities and transactions in which they are interested, whilst it is also desired to make the paper a medium for giving publicity to all official notices of importance to the mining interest.

Recent scientific discoveries in gold-saving are of the utmost importance to the mining industry, therefore due attention will be given to these and other topics bearing on the economic development of our goldfields. The results of the latest scientific and practical research will be given, with a view to drawing attention to their applicability to local ventures. In fact, it is our intention to bestow on the consideration of all matters affecting the mining interest the attention which its importance demands; and at the same time, whilst no efforts will be spared to render these columns a faithful record of passing events in the mining centres, requisite facilities will be afforded to advertisers, and those connected with our mining interests will find

the columns of the GRAPHIC journal a most desirable medium for their announcements.

The Stock Exchange has been well patronised during the past week, and the business transacted has presented the peculiar feature that while low priced shares were almost entirely neglected, those commanding higher price with few exceptions maintained their value, and in several instances steady advances were recorded. A new feature was introduced this week in the shape of the opening of what is termed a Free Exchange, at which calls were made publicly three times a day in the presence of large crowds of speculators. Three firms are also holding auction sales of scrip almost daily, so that there are ample avenues for transacting business in mining stock. On the Exchange itself there are now many outside brokers who have not yet joined the Association, but it is rumoured that several gentlemen are likely to be admitted shortly. Should this be the case, of course it will have the advantage of transactions being reported, which at present are not heard of, or the outside brokers do not, as a rule, issue lists. The principal sensation during the week was the fluctuation in the value of Bunker's Hill shares, which advanced from 7s 6d to 12s, and then receded to 9s 3d. This was due to the cutting of a leader in the mine, which showed gold freely. The find was important as tending to show that should the famous Hauraki reef be cut in the present drive, it will at all events be still in a gold-bearing channel of country. Shares in the Welcome Find Mine which adjoina participated in the advance. The fact that the sale of the Waihi South mine was supposed to have been completed caused these shares to rise on Saturday, and for a similar reason May Queen shares were well held throughout the week.

News from Waiotahi is to the effect that the English expert is confident of successfully treating the ore from the Monowai district. Should this prove to be the case, it will mean a great deal for that section of our goldfields, as the reefs are large, and give good assay returns. Although many new Companies have already been floated, the rush for new ground is as keen as ever. At Kuaotunu miners are eagerly awaiting the opening up of the blocks of land belonging to the Kauri Timber Company, and at Whau Whau pegging out is proceeding briskly. Another rush took place at Coromandel to peg out the Karaka Block, which is said to be within the mining area. It is evident from this that the revival in the mining industry bids fair to be of a permanent character, and a proof of this is the fact that unless a holding comprises 50 or 100 acres it is not readily floated, the aim of the investors being apparently to secure areas large enough to warrant the erection of big crushing plants to economically treat ore in great quantities. One of the best signs of the permanent nature of the mining now being done is the fact that there is a general tendency to unite small holdings and form strong companies to work the combined areas.

OUTPUT OF GOLD.

The Bank of New Zealand received from Coromandel this week 3,195 ounces of bullion, value £9,700; from the Thames 3,526 ounces, value £9,800; and from Paeroa on Saturday 2,627 ounces bullion, value £2,900.

RETURNS FROM MINES.

During the past month the returns from the principal mines were as follows:—

Crown (Karangahake) treated 442 tons for a return of £2,130.
Hauraki (Coromandel), 190 tons for £3,460.
Kaipai-Vermont (Kuaotunu) 372 tons for £2,900.
Monowai (Thames), 471 tons (mostly low grade ore) for £480.
May Queen (Thames), 825 loads for £2,742 8s 3d.
Try Fluke (Kuaotunu) obtained 30505a worth about £860.
Waiotahi (Thames) 210 tons for £545.
Waitekauri, 129 tons returned £749.
Komaia (Lings) (Waitekauri) yielded £1,085 10s.
Woodstock (Karangahake) for the month obtained £789 worth of bullion.
Waihi, 3,000 tons treated returned £10,735.

The yields from the May Queen, Waihi, and Kaipai Vermonts were the largest obtained yet from each of these mines. The Woodstock, Waitekauri and Crown are merely working with small batteries, but tenders have already been called to increase the crushing power of the two latter companies, and as soon as the Woodstock has been formally transferred it is intended to enlarge that quartz reduction plant also.

The following are the gold returns for the week from Reefton mines:—Durk, 1800a amalgam from 124 tons; Progress, 2080a amalgam from 220 tons; Globe, 1210a

amalgam from 130 tons; Baller Dredge, 135a gold for 84 hours.

CALLS AND DIVIDENDS.

CALLS.			
Occidental G.M. Co.	0 0 1	Oct. 9	
Puriri G.M. Co.	0 0 1	Oct. 9	
Alpha G.M.	0 0 1	Nov. 13	
DIVIDENDS.			
Bank of Australasia	5 p.c.	Oct. 9	
Waiotahi	0 2 6	Oct. 11	
South British Insurance	half-yearly dividend of 16d per share.		

MINING NOTES.

AUCKLAND MINES ON LONDON MARKETS.

SATISFACTORY NEGOTIATIONS.

Mr A. D. Douglas, Victoria Arcade, received the following cable from Mr J. B. Smellie: 'Tokatea: Money and shares paid over in London. Star of Waihi will sign agreement for sale next week. Grace Darling: This transaction should be closed very quickly. Albion Extended: If New Albion won't accept terms with firm offer, I am certain to put all the others through. The mines referred to are the New Whau, Mountain Flower, Coliban, Clonsa and Freedom. Telegraph at once definite answer.—(Signed) J. B. SMELLIE.'

Our London correspondent writes under date of September 7th:—'Amongst the New Zealand mines at present on offer in London are the Hazelbank, Albion, Irons, Londonderry. And this by no means exhausts my list. My informant tells me there is a prejudice (which may presently wear off) against the Thames proper mines, a notion being prevalent that many have been worked out. Mr Witteford has on behalf of himself and others sold to an African syndicate a block of land at Coromandel adjoining the New Hauraki Company's property and known as Otomoh. This will be turned forthwith into a company, and Witteford is down for £1,000 worth of shares. Another promotion in which he is largely interested is the Kathleen Company formed to work a block adjoining the original Hauraki Company. The Hauraki returns have given an impetus to New Zealand promotions.'

THE WAITEKAURI COMPANY.

'Mr Tom Russell has no superior in England as chairman of a mining company's meeting, for he has the capacity of making even dry figures interesting, and communicates his cast-iron optimism to the most pessimistic shareholders. Last Wednesday he had the Waitekauri proprietors under his spell at Cannon-street, and I venture to say that the uppermost thought in each shareholder's mind when he left the little room was, 'This is the best mining spec I ever made.' The 'Hon. Tom' certainly made Waitekauri shares appear dirt cheap at their present figure. He opened proceedings with an exhaustive description of the property and the work done upon it since the Company was formed. The work accomplished had, he said, opened their eyes to its true value. It was one of the most valuable in New Zealand, rivaling in worth and importance the Waihi mine itself. Besides having their £35,000 cash working capital practically intact they had 14,000 shares unissued, which in a few days could be sold for £70,000. Mr Russell urged his hearers to stick fast to their shares for twelve months, and he felt sure those who did so would thank him for the advice. Their property should yield £80,000 per annum profit for many years to come. The vote of thanks winding up the meeting was, you may be sure, a particularly cordial one.'

THAMES.

MAY QUEEN.

Negotiations for the sale of this property are still proceeding, and it is rumoured are now almost completed. Two cables were received from the probable purchasers during the past week dealing with minor matters connected with the transaction. News regarding the appearance of the mine is very satisfactory, as a new reef was cut, which it is thought will lead to important developments.

VICTORIA.

The prospects of this mine are decidedly improving, as the reef in the Prince Imperial section of the mine has been picked up on the eastern side of the break, and found to maintain its thickness of 18 inches and gold has been seen in the quartz broken out.

SCANDINAVIA.

The shareholders in this licensed holding decided to form a company, to be called the Scandinavia Goldmining Company (No Liability), with a capital of £12,000, made up of 80,000 shares at 3s each. Messrs J. Craig, F. W. Smith, W. T. Macgregor, J. T. Julian, and H. B. Dexter were elected directors, and the National Bank bankers. Mr William Elliott was appointed manager, Mr J. W. Gittes solicitor, and Mr E. Norton auditor.

WAIOTAHU.

This famous dividend-paying mine has

once more come to the front. A dividend of 2s 6d per share was paid on Friday at the office of Messrs White Bros. to the lucky shareholders in this Company. This makes the 43rd dividend paid by the Waiotahi, the total to date being about £32,250. Being one of the Companies formed in the early days there are only 6,000 shares in the Waiotahi.

MONOWAI.

Several of the directors of the above company paid a visit to the mine and battery, and they expressed themselves as well pleased with the skillful manner in which Mr French had adapted the plant to his new process. Everything that could be done to effect labour saving in the working of the plant seems to have been done. Mr French expects to have the plant going in a fortnight's time, and is fully confident that his process will satisfactorily treat the ore.

CARDIGAN G.M. COMPANY (LTD).

A meeting of proprietors and shareholders in the Cardigan special claim was held last Tuesday, when Mr J. J. Dixon was voted to the chair. It was agreed to form a Company, to be registered under the Companies Act 1882, to be called the Cardigan Gold Mining Company, with a capital of £15,000 in 100,000 shares of 3s each nil paid up, 50,000 of which to be allotted to the promoters, and 50,000 to shareholders on payment at the rate of £30 per 1000 shares. The following gentlemen were elected directors:—Messrs H. Thompson, J. J. Dixon, T. J. Steele, Jas. Russell, Chas. McLean, Wm. Caron. Mr R. McDonald Scott was appointed manager at a salary of £2 per week and transfer fees, the Bank of New Zealand bank to the Company. Mr Seering H. Matthews, auditor, and Messrs Jackson and Russell, solicitors.

NEW WHAU AMALGAMATION.

At a joint meeting of directors of the New Whau, Middle Star, and Clonsa Companies held this week, when the terms for amalgamation were fully considered, and with some slight alterations, the proposals were accepted subject to confirmation by the shareholders.

ARGOY GOLDMINING COMPANY.

A meeting of shareholders in the Argoey Goldmining Company was held this week, when it was decided to form the Company under the no-liability section of the Act, with a capital of £10,000 divided into 80,000 shares of 2s 6d each, nil paid up. The directors appointed were Messrs W. Gorrie, Alfred Nathan, G. W. Binney, Woodward and Hillar. Mr Jesse King was appointed legal manager, Mr F. Baums solicitor, the Bank of New South Wales bankers, and Mr Philpot auditor. The property is over 200 acres in area.

MOANATAIARI.

Our London correspondent under date of September 7, writes:—'Mr Witteford is one of a syndicate either treating or about to treat with the present owners for the purchase of the Moanataiari mine. The floating of this company was placed in the hands of Mr F. A. White, who is at present in London.'

RANGATIRA G.M. COMPANY (PURE).

Subscribers for shares in the Rangatira licensed holding, Pure, decided to form the holding into a Company with a capital of £10,500 in 3s shares. Messrs F. Wright, M. Niccol, G. Smart, F. J. Smith and J. Featon were elected directors. It was announced that an offer for the property had been received from England, and the directors were authorised to deal with the proposal.

PURU CONSOLIDATED.

This property has been floated recently by J. H. Fleming. It is situated at Upper Puru, some nine miles from the Thames, and includes the Uranua, Salisbury, Russell and Russell Extended mines. The holders of these various properties decided to combine and allow them to be formed into one big company of about 400 acres. Only 15 shares were offered to the public at £100 each, and were all sold outside of Auckland. It is stated there are reefs on the property ranging from 4 to 60 feet in width.

COROMANDEL.

BRITANNIA.

PRACTICALLY SOLD IN LONDON.

A cablegram was received this week from London at the Company's office, stating that immediately on receipt of the power of attorney the Britannia Company will be accepted on the terms submitted. Mr J. H. Harrison states that the terms sent home were that an English Company of 300,000 shares was to provide £250,000 working capital, and also a refund of £1,500 to the shareholders in the Britannia, to whom will also be allotted 22,000 paid-up shares.

BUNKER'S HILL.

Shares in this company advanced rapidly

during the latter end of the week from 7s 6d to 12s, but eased off again to 9s 6d. The rise was in consequence of a gold-bearing leader having been cut in the drive. Some of the stone taken from the leader was sent to town and attracted quite a crowd around the doorway of Mr J. H. Harrison's office on Friday. The stone show gold in hand bright through it.

Our Coromandel correspondent writes:—The leader cut in Bunker's Hill is from six to eight inches wide. A small quantity of stone taken out is very rich. Future developments are eagerly expected.

AITKEN'S FREEHOLD.

Aitken's freehold, Coromandel, was rushed, numerous applications being made for holding, as it is claimed to be on a similar footing to the Karaka, and good gold has been got on it before.

RANGATIRA.

Assays have been made of reefs found in the Rangatira mine (Kennedy's Bay) with the following result:—Assay made by the Bank of New Zealand on No. 1 reef: Gold, 2oz 15dwt 12gr per ton at £4 per oz, £11 2s; silver, 4oz, 10 1/2 lb, at 2s 9d; total £11 11s. Assay made of No. 3 reef by Mr Galbraith: Gold, 1oz 9dwt 9gr, £5 17s 6d; silver, 16dwt 8gr, 1s 7d; total, £5 19s 1d.

KARAKA BLOCK.

For some time past hungry eyes have been cast on a block of ground 780 acres in extent, belonging to the Maoris, and lying right in the line of the gold-bearing range round Coromandel. On Thursday afternoon the ground was declared open, and it is stated that it has been open since 1861. The map of the district shows that it lies within the goldfield area. Men have been living on the ground to be early with their applications, others having been putting in applications at steady intervals for months past, and have been refused. When the ground was found to be open there was a steady rush for it, and over 2,000 acres were applied for. One man had staved off persistently in the office all day, and at last managed to get in first. The country has not been very thoroughly prospected, but it is in a very good line.

CONQUERING HERO.

This holding was formed into a no-liability company with a capital of £8,000, in 80,000 shares of 2s each, of which 60,000 shares are to be allotted, and 20,000 held in trust for the company. Mr William Gray was appointed manager, and the following were elected directors:—Messrs H. C. Choyce, R. H. Abbott, J. Waiding, jun., J. Coe and F. Kneebone; auditor, Mr J. T. Stavenon; bankers, the Bank of New Zealand; and solicitor, Mr M. Neumezen.

KATIE LICENSED HOLDING.

A meeting of the shareholders of the above licensed holding, situated at Coromandel, was held this week, when it was decided to form a company to be called the Katie Goldmining Company (no-liability), with a capital of £12,500, made up of 100,000 shares at 2s 6d each, 6d paid up. Messrs W. S. Wilson, W. R. Viney, F. E. Baume, A. Wright and J. McCormick were appointed directors, Mr H. Goulstone auditor, Mr Wm. T. J. Bell manager, the National Bank bankers, and Messrs Devore and Cooper solicitors.

NEW TOKATEA.

Full particulars have been sent Home in regard to the sale of this property on terms which may be considered favourable both to the vendors and to the probable purchasers, as this property is one which, under proper development, may reveal something very good.

KARANGAHAKE.

WOODSTOCK UNITED.

In accordance with instructions received by the mail from London this week, the final details with respect to the transfer of the Woodstock property, Karangahake, to the Home purchasers will be completed at this end. As this involves finding a working capital of £40,000, the new company will at once proceed to develop this mine.

CROWN MINES.

The assay value of the bullion recovered from 442 tons crushed and treated during the last month, by the New Zealand Crown Mines Company, limited, was £2,130. The output of gold from this mine should be much larger in the course of the next few months, as the local directors, by instructions from the Glasgow Board, have during the past week called for tenders with the object of erecting two drying furnaces, twenty head of stamps, and nine circular percolation vats for the cyanide process.

GOLDEN GIANT G.M. COMPANY.

A meeting of subscribers for shares in Golden Giant special claims, Karangahake, was held on Friday afternoon, when it was agreed to form a company under the style of the Golden Giant Goldmining Company,

under the no liability section of the Act, with a capital of £7,500, divided into 75,000 shares of 2s each, nil paid up. The following were elected directors:—Messrs R. Walker, A. E. Devore, T. J. Steels, R. O. Young, A. L. Edwards, Mr W. H. Churton was elected manager, Mr A. E. Whitaker solicitor, Mr E. Waymouth auditor, and the National Bank of New Zealand bankers to the company.

VICTOR GOLDMINING COMPANY.

SALE NEGOTIATIONS COMPLETED.

THE MONEY REMITTED.

A CABLEGRAM was received this week by Mr H. Gillilan from London as follows:—Money remitted and instructions sent to commence work to Messrs Beaver Bros. Paeroa, who are engaged as engineers and representatives of the Victor Waihou Company in New Zealand.

WAITEKAURI.

HUANUI OCEANIA.

Meetings of shareholders in both these Companies were held this week, when it was agreed to unite on equal terms for the purpose of placing the combined properties on the London market.

WHANGAMATA.

A NEW FIND.

At Thompson's find in the Whangamata district, the lode has been penetrated for a distance of 15 feet, with still no sign of walls. Gold is showing freely through the general ore, similar in quality to the parcel treated at the Thames School of Mines, which was worth £16 14s per ton. Those who have visited the new find state that it is one of the best shows unearthed about the up-country districts. Comparatively speaking the country in this direction is quite unexplored, and judging from present explorations so far, it is likely to play a very important part in regard to the bullion production of the future.

OWHAROA.

HEITMAN'S FREEHOLD.

At a meeting of subscribers for syndicate shares in this property, it was decided that a no-liability company be formed with a capital of £12,500 in 100,000 shares at 2s 6d each, nil paid up. The following directors were then appointed:—Messrs H. Johnston, J. Endean, J. R. Gray, H. T. Gorrie, W. J. Geddes, H. H. Adams, and Captain Smith. Mr D. G. Macdonnell was appointed legal manager, Mr G. H. Dixon auditor, Mr G. A. Gribben solicitor, and the Bank of New Zealand bankers to the Company. Heitman's freehold is situated at Owharoa, and of the 100,000 shares, 20,000 are reserved for the benefit of the Company, which will also have £2,000 to its credit to commence operations.

WAIHI.

WAIHI CONSOLS.

All the papers and terms for the sale of the Waihi Consols mine have been forwarded to London. A bore was put down on the site of the proposed shaft, and sandstone was struck at a depth of 67 feet, which may be considered as a satisfactory indication for the future. This property counts of 200 acres adjoining the Waihi Special and Grand Junction Companies.

MATAURA G.M. COMPANY.

A meeting of subscribers in the Mataura licensed holding was held this week, when it was agreed to form a company to be called the Mataura Goldmining Company (no liability) with a capital of £15,000 divided into 100,000 shares of 3s each. The following gentlemen were elected directors:—Messrs Von Sturmer, W. Gorrie, M. Niccol, J. Thomas, and J. Abbott. Mr W. H. Churton was appointed manager, the Bank of New Zealand bankers, Mr A. H. Taylor auditor, and Mr W. J. Napier solicitor of the Company.

FAVONA BRILLIANT.

News was received by cable on Friday from London with regard to the Favona and Brilliant holdings at Waihi, which comprise an area of 200 acres. Mr Woolley cabled a day or two ago for permission to vary the conditions, so as to grant an increase of capital and to make certain other concessions. A reply was sent complying with the request. The further cable received on Friday is taken to indicate that the amended conditions have been accepted, and that the Company is floated. A working capital of £45,000 was provided for in the terms sent Home.

WAIHI SOUTH.

SALE TO LONDON COMPANY COMPLETED.

For the last few days shares in the Waihi South Company have been quietly advancing

in price. It was known early this morning that the sale had been completed. At 11.30 o'clock this morning a meeting of directors in the Waihi South Company was held, and shortly afterwards the following notice was placed on the Exchange:—"The transfer of the company's property to an English company called the Waihi Proprietary G.M. Co. (Limited), has been effected, and the first remittance of funds has been received by the Colonial Bank. The capital of the new company is £170,000, out of which is to be provided a working capital of £40,000." The requisite documents were duly signed on Saturday by Mr Hugh Campbell and Mr H. C. Greenwood, on behalf of the company. Shareholders in the Waihi South Company are to receive 80,000 paid up shares in the new company.

KUAOTUNU.

THE WHAU-WHAU RUSH.

Considerable interest is taken in the rumored opening of the Whau Whau or Kuaotunu No. 3, which is situated about three miles on the Mercury Bay side of Kuaotunu. Horsemen from Coromandel, Mercury Bay, and elsewhere have arrived on the ground and are pecking out.

INVICTA.

A meeting of shareholders was held this week to consider the proposed amalgamation with adjoining companies. The scheme was to form a company with 170,000 shares to be allotted as follows:—Invicta, 75,000; Phoenix, 50,000; Aescot, 10,000; Great Western, 5,000; the remaining 30,000 to be sold to the public at 1s each, which would raise capital to work the combined mines. It was decided that the directors and manager be, and they are here authorized and empowered to amalgamate the holding, claim and property of the Company with adjacent holding or holdings upon such terms and conditions as the said directors and manager shall consider expedient.

OTAMA.

A movement is on foot to wind up the Otama G.M. Company, Kuaotunu, which was formed under the limited liability system, and re-form it under the no liability section of the Act and call it the Jango. It is not improbable that the area of the property will be increased by taking in an adjacent mine.

THE AUCKLAND MINING BOOM.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CHRISTCHURCH VISITOR.

A CHAT WITH MR ALBERT CUFF.

The mining boom in Auckland being a matter of some considerable interest to all parts of the colony, the impressions formed by a visit to the North by one of our citizens, Mr Albert Cuff, will no doubt prove interesting. Mr Cuff returned from the North the other day, and as will be seen by the interview given below, took the opportunity of making a thorough inspection. A member of the staff of the Press had a chat with Mr Cuff on Saturday, the result of which is appended.

"In Auckland," said Mr Cuff, "the excitement with regard to the various mines was at fever heat. To a Southerner used to our calm everyday sort of life the turmoil and excitement of the Stock Exchange was quite a novelty. After a brief stay in Auckland I started out on a visit to the mining districts. Taking steamer to Paeroa, I went by buggy through Karangahake to Waihi. This latter place is the centre of the mining industry. On my way I visited the Woodstock claim, at Karangahake, which adjoins the Crown claim. Here I saw mining in full swing. It is all quartz reefing in these districts, and the stone is treated by the cyanide process. I was shown over the battery of the Woodstock. The crushing plant has been found too small for the work, and it is proposed to increase it at an early date. From here I passed through the Owharoa district. The whole country is taken up by claims, all of which have been formed into Companies. Amongst these is the J. G. Ward Company, shares in which are largely held in Christchurch. The country around here is principally steep hills with deep gorges. Beyond this, and nearer to Waihi, it is principally rolling downs. On arrival at Waihi the manager of the mine, to whom I had an introduction, took me through all the workings, and I saw the whole of the extensive battery plant and the operations from the roasting of the ore to the smelting of the bullion. The battery has 90 head of stamps, driven by a high-pressure water supply. The cyanide process is used here, as in all the other mines, and is a complete success. Indeed, no other process could be used. The mine itself is situated about a mile from the battery house, with which it is connected by a well built tramway, laid with iron rails. All the plant, etc., is of a character which gives one the

idea of permanency and solidity. I was also shown from the hill above the Waihi claim the country all round, in which claims have been started in the hope of cutting the large main Waihi reef. It is pegged out all round, and trial shafts are being sunk with a view of cross cutting when low enough, so as to endeavour to strike the main reef, which it is supposed extends right away back to Owharoa. The gold, I may say, is not visible to the naked eye in the quartz, and it is only when treated by the cyanide process that it is found. The work is all dry crushing, which is very severe on the men, owing to the fine dust. From Waihi I went on to the Thames. Here I found mining matters somewhat in a transition state, waiting for the arrival of English capital and machinery. Many of the claims have been sold to English companies, and nearly all have been taken up with a view of placing them in companies on the English market.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BOOM.

"What are my impressions as to the permanency of the boom? Well, I must say most emphatically that it is not a mere ephemeral one, and for the following reasons. The Companies now formed are all no liability, whereas in the past any holders of scrip were liable for the full amount of their shares. This enables people to hold as much scrip as they can pay for, without any further liability, unless they choose to increase the amount of their holding. Then all the Companies when formed start with their capital in hand, instead of as formerly having to call it up at long periods by instalments. This results in the Companies starting with from £500 to £1,500 in hand, which enables them to prospect the claim thoroughly and test the value of the ground. This of itself will keep the mines from six to twelve months at least at work in proving the claim. If the claim is good there is no difficulty whatever in obtaining money sufficient to get the plant, machinery, etc. Thus, you will see, even if no gold at all is found—a very remote contingency indeed,—the activity in mining matters will still keep up for twelve months at least. But already a good many rich claims have been found and proved. Meanwhile the bulk of the companies formed may be regarded as large prospecting companies. It is immaterial how many companies are floated so long as they have the money in hand, because it means that there will be a large area of the country thoroughly and efficiently prospected and the chance of finding payable claims largely increased. As I have said, in Auckland the activity in the Stock Exchange is great and the amount of money changing hands every hour very large indeed. The brokers are making large sums daily in the usual way of their business, as outside claims are continually coming to the front, "jumping," as it is called, from a few pence to shillings per share. The process of going down in the matter of the value of scrip is very slow, but the rises are rapid. The tradespeople in Auckland, I may say, are beginning to complain that the whole of the money of the people is being spent in shares. I found also that all the good things in the way of claims are saved for England. There is no trouble, so far as I could gather, in getting a good claim floated in England, and on the prospect of flotation these shares go up 5s or 6s in a good claim very quickly. The Auckland Stock Exchange is confined to a limited number, and the price of a seat is £500, with only a chance of getting in at that. The outside brokers, however, are agitating either for an increase of the number of the present members of the Exchange or the formation of a new one. As evincing my faith in the matter I am removing with my family at once to Auckland, where I intend to act as mining agent, etc."—Christchurch Press.

MINE MANAGERS' REPORTS.

WAITEKAURI.

OKANIA.—A nice-looking reef about three feet thick has been cut in the cross-cut. The stone carries favourable indications. In trenching a little to the east of the cross-cut another fine body of stone was discovered. On the Alpha side of spur the reef is now about two feet thick, of rubby quartz, and continues to prospect a little gold.

CHERT.—Small veins of quartz from 2 to 6 inches keep crowning the face of the drifts.

KARANGAHAKE.

GOLDEN GIANT.—In the crosscut a nice looking reef about 2 1/2 ft in thickness has been cut. No gold has been seen in breaking down, but the quartz has a very promising appearance.

MARKER.—Fair progress is being made in driving the two crosscuts in the Eileen section. No. 2 is in 50 feet. In the face of the ground a firm block of sandstone, and the reef should be shortly to hand. In No. 3 drive the ground is somewhat hard. A body of quartz has been broken into, but

It will take a day or two to ascertain what it is.

KUAOTUNU.

MAORILAND.—No. 2 reef in the low level is a compact body of stone fully 3ft wide encased in splendid sandstone country.

AUHOA.—A leader was cut in a small drive about 100ft north of the former workings, carrying very good prospects. The show is as good as the south leader, which is very good indeed.

ICIVITA.—Two men have been started surface prospecting, trenching east and west from the survey line of the Kapsi reef. The country there is very favourable and of the description for gold bearing reefs. One man is also working near the Vermont boundary, where there is an outcrop of a reef about two feet thick, and the manager expects to pick it up in the further ground south. This reef is about 200 feet east of the line of reef surveyed by Mr Cheak. Its course is about parallel with the survey line.

INVICTA NORTH.—The low level is in 200. There is a big flow of water coming from the face, a sign that the reef should be close.

GREAT UNITED.—Operations were started in this mine last Monday. The reef was found to be from 5 to 8 feet wide.

INVICTA.—At No. 1 level, the reef is 9in wide of solid stone and fair crushing dirt. No. 2 level has been extended eight feet. The country has been rather hard and intermixed with quartz stringers, one of which has now developed into a leader six inches wide, running parallel to the main lode. About 2ft off some of the stone showed nice blitches of very pale gold. The main lode also carries a little gold. There are good indications for a patch of stone coming to hand. A little gold has been seen in the stopes. The crosscut to intersect the main lode has been driven 9ft through good country.

TRY FLIKE.—During the week the manager has opened out from the winze near the junction of the No. 1 and 2 reefs. Each way the lode is from 3 to 4ft thick, but so far is not of very good quality. A small leader was cut in the hanging wall, which gave very good prospects. The main reef may improve when the leader junctions with it in another 15feet. Stoping is proceeding on the main reef in the Marjona section, and tenders have been called for driving 50ft on the eastern lode in the Venus section. The low level drive is still in good shooting country. Two or three small leaders have been cut in the drive. There is now a quantity of water coming from the rock indicating other leaders or reefs ahead. There are on hand 186oz of amalgam.

PHOENIX.—A nice looking reef 6 to 12 inches wide was cut in the drive close to the Southern boundary. A little gold can be got by pounding the stone. Should it prove to be of any value when worked on a little, there will be a splendid show for a good level with plenty of backs. A reef formation has been met with in the drive started to cut the Invicta lode. The manager hardly thinks it is the proper reef, as the course and underlay are not what they should be. In the drive close to the Invicta boundary the reef is opening out again, and carries a much better footwall than it did. The prospects are also improving.

THAMES.

DAY DAWN (Puriri).—In the main drive at the low level very fair dish prospects are obtained from the clay, loose rubble, and boulders. The country during the last week has been a little harder, owing to several hard ribs of sandstone intermixed with iron veins.

NEW MOANATAIARI.

The following satisfactory cablegram was received to day from London by Messrs White Bros.:—"An expert has received instructions to wire a preliminary report regarding the New Moanataiari mine. On his examination being satisfactory the capital has been underwritten. Have sent full particulars by letter.—Signed, F. A. WHITE.

COROMANDEL.

PROGRESS CASTLE ROCK.—Mr J. D. Colebrook reports having made an exhaustive examination of the position and resources of this mine. He states that there is a considerable portion of the reef which would pay handsomely with proper treatment, i.e., it is worth from one to two ounces per ton, perhaps more. The reef varies very much in size, say from six inches to a foot, and even two feet in places.

PRIDE OF TOKATKA.—The Caledonian licensed holding was granted by the Warden to this Company, making the total area of the Company's property 37a., 3r., 16p. Promising prospects are being obtained from Sweeney's.

RUBY.—A few pounds of specimens were got in the Ruby leader—mine looking stone.

WELCOME FIND.—The drive at No. 1 level has been extended 24 feet during the

past week, the total distance being 42 from the engine shaft. The country is well mineralised rock and of an excellent description for gold. The Just in Time No. 1 lode should be near now, if it maintains the same course as is shown on the old plan. The surface drive is still in clay formation in which is found some very heavily mineralised quartz. The face of the drive is now 114 S.W. of the Just in Time shaft.

RUFFALO.—The tract of gold mentioned last week comes from a number of small veins of quartz, in each of which a few colours can be got by washing. These veins may form a compact leader in firmer ground.

GOLDEN HILL.—The reef in the low level north continues 15 inches thick, the quartz being kindly looking, and carrying a fair percentage of favourable mineral silica. A few colours of gold have also been seen. The country in the same level south has improved, and the reef has commenced to open out again. There are about 70 tons of quartz in the paddock.

GOLDEN HILL EXTENDED.—Four men are pushing on with Ruffin's drive (low level). The country passed through has been of a favourable description, being fine working sandstone interspersed with mineral seams. Several kindly looking quartz leaders cross the face of the drive. The new leader maintains its size of two inches, and prospects well for gold.

NEW TOKATKA.—There is no material change in the reef in the rise. The low level has been extended another seven feet. The reef still looks about the same, and carries two good wells with plenty of good-looking mineral, and may make specimens at any time.

SOUTHERN CROSS.—All hands have been discharged but two. The main tunnel is now in some seventy feet through very good sandstone. The branch leader looks most promising.

PORRWHAU.—The drive has been extended another seven feet, and the reef at last breaking down showed gold freely. A good flow of water is coming in from the face of the drive, which should indicate the nearness of a large cross head.

HAKARAI EXTENDED.—Nothing of importance has been met with during the past few nights in the main tunnel. The face is interlaced with small quartz veins that indicate that the reef should soon be at hand, and judging from the mineral indication and the favourable description of the country rock down soon in the face, a gold bearing lode should now be at hand.

HAKARAI NO. 2.—The chamber has been timbered and the winze sunk two feet. The country in the winze is well mineralised and looks promising for gold. There is a great improvement in the look of the quartz.

BIG BEN.—The level is in 200 feet, and a very short distance should bring it through the spur altogether. Consequently the men have been put on in the prospecting drive. Gold is seen in No. 1 lead.

PRINCESS MAY.—The manager telegraphed to-day: "Work satisfactory. The lower level drive is in 33ft through solid country with mineral stone. The reef should be to hand soon."

OWHAROA.

THE J. G. WARD PROPRIETARY.—The Ward drive is in about 20 feet, and the manager is improving every foot. The country is well pleased with the prospects.

MANGAKARA.—The survey is nearly complete. Will start operations immediately. The plan is on the main reef.

TRUONIC.—Since last report we have sunk 10ft in the drive, and are still in what we believe to be the solid sandstone country. From where we commenced to cut away for drive to the present face is 33ft. For that distance we have had the same class of sandstone in the floor of cutting and drive. It is the class of country we might expect a reef in.

SIZE AND STRENGTH NO DEFENCE.

HERE'S a point for you to think over: Size and development have nothing to do with health. A man may stand six feet two inches in his stockings and have the muscles of a prize-fighter, and yet be an essentially unhealthy man. His frail-looking wife may be really the better of the couple; she may easily do more work, endure more exposure, bear more grief and worry, and outlast her big husband. There is a mystery in this that nobody can see into. It is a matter of vitality and organisation—not of dimensions.

Take, for example, the case of Mr T. B. Staples, of Oakwood, Ontario. He is a blacksmith; and I well remember how, when a boy, I used to regard a blacksmith with awe and wonder on account of his strength. It was fearsome to see him swing those mighty hammers and pick up a heavy cartwheel as though it were a child's hoop. Yet I saw only in part and understood in part.

'Some twelve years ago,' writes Mr Staples, 'I became aware that the dreaded disease, dyspepsia, had chosen me for one of its many victims. It is hardly necessary for me to describe all the different feelings that came over me. I have talked with many people suffering with dyspepsia, and they have all had about the same experience. Among the symptoms on which we agreed are the following: Bad taste in the mouth; fullness and deadness in the stomach after eating; getting no good from one's food; headache and palpitation of the heart; gas and sour fluids from the stomach; dizziness, especially when one rises up suddenly; or heads over his work; loss of appetite; pains in the chest and back; and the weakness that comes from not eating and digesting enough food to keep the body going. All these things I had; and you can imagine how bad they are for any one; particularly for a man who has got to earn his living by daily hard work, as in my case.

'After I found out what was the matter with me I consulted a doctor at once, and began to take the medicine he gave me. I am sorry to say it did me little or no good. Although there is a common opinion that stomach troubles are not very serious and never dangerous, I must say that is not my opinion. No man who suffers from dyspepsia as long as I did (about six years) will ever talk foolishly or lightly about it. Even the doctors admit it is the hardest of all diseases to keep track of, and to cure. If it does not kill a man right out of hand, it spreads the shadow of death over him all the time he has it, and takes all the laughter out of his days.

'Well, after the doctor's medicine failed, I kept on taking anything and everything that was recommended to me in hopes of relief. Yet none of them went to the root of the trouble. Sometimes I would feel a little better and sometimes worse, and that's the way things went on with me year after year, a dreary and miserable time. There's no money could hire me to live it over again.

'I was still in this condition when a friend, that I had been talking to about myself, advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I didn't know the merits

of the Syrup then, but being anxious to try anything that might help me, I bought a bottle from Messrs Hogg Brothers, and commenced taking it. All I can say is, that I found relief immediately, and by continuing with it a short time, all my bad symptoms abated one by one, and I found myself completely rid of the dyspepsia. Since then I have never had a touch of the old complaint. If there is any other medicine in the world that is able to cure indigestion and dyspepsia as Mother Seigel's Syrup does it, why have I never heard of it. I have recommended the Syrup to other sufferers, and they have been more than pleased with it; and I write these hearty lines in hope the publication of them may come in the nick of time to be useful to others still. Yours very truly (Signed) Thos. B. Staples, Oakwood, Ontario, February 25th, 1895.'

We need add but few words to Mr Staples' intelligent and manly letter. The disease which afflicted him attacks both sexes, all ages, and all classes and conditions of humanity. Neither youth nor strength is proof against it. It imitates other complaints, and so leads to fatal mistakes in treatment. If you are wise you will acquaint yourself with its character, as described in Mother Seigel's almanac, and know what to do in time of need.

A HARD-FACED ANGEL.

MR STANLEY, in a letter relating to Africa, makes reference to 'the deadly persecutions borne by a body of native Christians,' some of whom owed their conversion to the brave and persistent labours of the Scotch missionary, Mackay, and adds the suggestive inquiry, 'Why is it that Scotchmen usually succeed better in whatever they undertake than other people?'

He answers his own question by asking another: 'Is it not because they have been educated in one thing more than all others—Duty? This Moffat perceives here for fifty years; this Livingston gives up his life, and Mackay plods on until old age, each with an awful fear of breach of duty in turning his back on the work.'

The most careless observer of young people must notice the great difference between the motives to pursue a certain course of action which are urged upon children and youth by parents and teachers, and those which were brought to bear upon the young people of an earlier generation to influence their conduct.

Fifty years ago the first lesson taught to a child was unquestioning obedience to his parents, his teacher and his God. He must study, tell the truth, conduct himself like a gentleman, not because he himself was convinced that it was best so to do, but because such a course was according to the divine commandment.

Now the child is usually persuaded, urged, stimulated to take the right course, but is seldom commanded. Indeed, one well-known educator insists that after the age of six years the child ought never to hear from his father or mother the words, 'Do this,' or 'Do not do that.' He should be reasoned with and mildly advised, and then left to act for himself. The use of the rod, once so common, has certainly been greatly diminished, and many people think that it should be discontinued altogether. No doubt there has been again in one direction there has been a loss. Under the new system a boy or girl does not so thoroughly acquire the spirit of obedience, without which there cannot be a good soldier, a good citizen, or a good Christian.

'Duty,' says Dean Burwell, 'is a hard-faced angel. But she leads us through the gates of death into the heavenly city.'

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DESIGNS SUBMITTED.

WOOLING A WIDOW.

BY EWALD AUGUST KOENIG.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

TASTEFULLY dressed, Dora was awaiting Sonnenberg's arrival in order to go to the opera under his escort.

Her white opera cloak and her fan lay ready on a chair. Ernestine was occupied in perfuming her white kid gloves.

Ernestine herself was plainly dressed in black silk, with only a narrow lace ruffle around her neck and her long, thin wrists, and a crimson rose in her hair was the only ornament which she wore.

There was yet an hour's time, but Dora had intentionally completed her toilet as early, because she expected Sonnenberg to make his appearance, as usual, at twilight to have a cosy chat with her.

Although she would not acknowledge it, this hour of friendly intercourse had, by this time, become almost a necessity for her. Sonnenberg had been most successful in gaining her favour and confidence.

But on this occasion Dora waited in vain, and, by degrees, this annoyed and irritated her.

Ernestine observed this with increasing satisfaction, although she pretended to have no suspicion of the cause of Dora's ill-humour.

'You will have many an opera-glass directed toward you to-night,' she observed. 'It is well that people will at last see that you have given up Dornberg, and it would be better still if you would at once put an end to all possible future doubts.'

'And how could I do that?' inquired Dora, with a constrained smile.

'Only by your speedy engagement to another.'

Dora's brown eyes flashed angrily. She rated herself from a careless posture and looked fixedly at her companion.

'Do you, perhaps, also wish to make a proposition with regard to the gentleman whom I am to choose?' she asked, sarcastically.

'Oh no, indeed, not by any means,' replied Ernestine. 'I should never presume to advise you on that subject. I merely expressed an opinion. Whether you agree with that opinion or not is quite another question.'

'Never!'

'Well, then that ends the matter. No, Dora, I shall never offer you any such advice. My own experience of married life would forbid my doing so. Often have I called down the judgment of heaven upon those who persuaded me to make that unhappy marriage, and I am quite sure that the same has been the case with you. I only meant that such an engagement would be the best way of proving to the world that you wished to have nothing more to do with that misguided man.'

'I must request you never to repeat that proposition to me,' said Dora, 'with a trembling voice and with a stern look. 'I have loved but once in my life, and I love Gustav still, in spite of his errors. I thought I loved my first husband when I was sold to him, but at that time I did not know what true love was. My heart awakened to it only when I met Gustav. And, say what you will—judge him as severely as you like—I shall never forget him and never believe in this terrible accusation which is resting upon him.'

'That feeling does great credit to your heart,' replied Ernestine, with imperturbable composure, 'but the verdict of the court will give the lie to your opinion after all. If my testimony is required I shall not be able to conceal the fact that Herr Dornberg was very much excited that last evening, and that he smelt strongly of liquor. If I take an oath I shall be obliged to tell the whole truth.'

'Am I asking you to perjure yourself?'

'Oh, no, you are too noble minded for that. I only wish to remind you of his behaviour on that occasion; his rage at your having discovered his secret doings and his coarse invectives against me as well as against your connections. If Herr Sonnenberg had witnessed that, outburst he would never have defended him; and, indeed, I think it very strange that he still takes his part.'

'Why? Is your hatred of that unhappy man so deep that only his conviction can satisfy it?'

'Certainly not, Dora; I do not hate him—contempt has no room for hatred, you know. But it makes me indignant that Sonnenberg continues to uphold you in your faith in his innocence; you will never have peace in that way.'

Dora seemed about to give a testy answer, but she was prevented from doing so by the entrance of the servant, who handed her a card.

'Colonel von Wartenfels requests a private interview,' she read; then, turning to the maid, she continued: 'I shall be happy to see the colonel, and will join him in a few minutes.'

'A private interview?' asked Ernestine, in surprise. 'What does he want, I wonder? Be careful, Dora; the colonel will be sure to take the part of his foster-son, and will probably blame you. If he says an angry word to you, or annoys you in any way, just ring the bell and I will be with you at once.'

'You heard that he asked for a private interview,' said Dora, coldly. 'You will therefore be so good as to see that we are not interrupted.'

With this she left the room and in a moment stood before the chivalrous figure of the old soldier, who raised the hand which she extended to him to his lips.

'Excuse the question, my dear madam,' he said, 'but for certain reasons I am obliged to ask it. May I be sure that our conversation cannot be overheard here?'

Dora cast a quick look at the two doors and then led the way to a window, where, behind a small stand with exotic, stood several arm chairs.

'I know through Francisca that you do not believe in Gustav's guilt,' said the colonel, when he had seated himself, 'and I need hardly assure you, I suppose, that I and my family do not believe in it either.'

'There are others, too, who defend him,' she remarked.

'Yes, Sonnenberg, I know; but I have my reasons for having even stronger doubts of that man's sincerity than of Gustav's guilt. We will come back to that, however,' continued the old gentleman, taking a wallet from his pocket. 'First, we will attend to more pressing matters. You tell yourself obliged to break your engagement with Gustav on account of a promissory note made out by him, and with regard to which he refused to give you any information.'

'He declared that he had pledged his word of honour not to do so.'

'That was very honourable of him, madam! You would not believe him—'

'I felt outraged by the wording of the note.'

'Probably because you thought he had given that note in payment of some gambling debt?'

'Yes, that is what I believed; and the passionate vehemence with which Gustav denied it only served to confirm me in that belief.'

'You were probably likewise confirmed in it by other persons who bore Gustav ill-will,' remarked the colonel. 'Well, appearances were certainly against him, and in fact no one but he and one other knew what had prompted him, or rather obliged him, to give the note. Even Goldmann was in ignorance of it, although the scoundrel forced him to pledge your name as security for the debt. I only learned this a few days ago, and would have come to you at once if I could have handed you the money. May I ask you for the note now?'

The old gentleman's words had completely confused Dora; she did not understand them at once.

'I have destroyed it,' she replied.

'Heaven, you ought not to have done that, madam!'

'As I paid the amount, the note was mine.'

'By no means, for it was not Dornberg who had to repay that loan, but my son.'

'Your son?'

'To be sure; but I forgot that you know nothing about that. My son was in great trouble on that day. For the first, and I am quite sure for the last, time in his life, he had been induced to gamble, and he did not dare confess his fault to me. If he had not paid that debt of honour by a certain time, he would have been obliged to resign, and if he had gone to a money lender he would have had to submit to conditions which might have poisoned his whole life. In his distress he applied to Gustav, and the noble fellow helped him and pledged his word that neither I nor anyone should ever learn anything about the matter.'

'Oh, that alters everything!' cried Dora, with a long sigh of relief.

'He would certainly not have pledged your name if Goldmann had not made his doing so a condition, and you are now aware that he did not do it frivolously, but from unselfish friendship.'

'I repeat that alters everything,' replied Dora, holding her hand to her heart, while a smile lit up her face like sunshine. 'If I had only had a suspicion of this, matters would never have gone so far.'

'He was pledged to secrecy, remember, and even my son did not learn the terms of the note. Now you know the truth, my dear madam, and here is the money.'

Dora made a motion as if she would reject the bills which he handed her, but his grave, firm look convinced her that she would offend him deeply by so doing; she, therefore, took the money without a word.

'You will understand that both I and my son naturally wish to have this matter treated with the greatest discretion,' resumed the colonel, pulling at his long moustache. 'And we are particularly desirous of such secrecy for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you just now. But if the clearing of Gustav's honour should demand an explanation, we are, of course, willing to give it.'

'Would not Gustav's counsel be the best person to decide about that?' asked Dora.

'You are right, and, as Doctor Kerner has my fullest confidence, we will leave it to his judgment. But may I ask you, dear madam, not to mention the subject to any one else.'

'Not even to Fannie?'

'Oh, yes, Fannie is in the secret. I referred particularly to the persons whom you see most frequently.'

'And whom you do not trust?'

'Not in the least.'

'Well, you may be right as far as Ernestine is concerned. She seems to have taken a dislike to my poor friend, and my brother and his family, too, would hardly rejoice in this disclosure. But Herr Sonnenberg is Gustav's zealous defender. He is taking all possible pains to discover the real culprit.'

'Do you think so?' asked the colonel, rather sarcastically. 'I do not. To me his actions seem only a mask intended to deceive you. I went to Goldmann to tell him to his face that he was a scoundrel because he had broken his word and shown the note. Well, a true scoundrel will betray even a friend without a spark of shame, and so Goldmann betrayed to me that Sonnenberg had been the first to discover that promissory note.'

Dora smiled at the old gentleman in disapproval. She was not prepared for this disclosure, but she at once recognised its bearing.

'Goldmann told you that?' she said in astonishment. 'Sonnenberg was the traitor! Then, indeed, the mask he is wearing now is a boundless effrontery.'

'Which, doubtless, has certain aims in view,' replied the colonel gravely. 'By pretending to be carrying on investigations himself, he may wish to prevent your making inquiries, and it is not impossible that he fears those inquiries on his own account.'

'You don't suppose that he himself—'

said Dora in a low tone, casting a cautious glance at the door, behind which Sonnenberg's voice was then heard. 'If there were any foundation for that suspicion—'

'We shall have to drop the matter now, for we cannot exhaust it in a few words,' the old gentleman interrupted her. 'And, moreover, I see that you are going out.'

'Yes, to the opera; but I would gladly give it up.'

'Herr Sonnenberg is going with you?'

'He asked my permission to do so yesterday, and I consented.'

'Then you must not withdraw, of course. He would blame me for it, and at once suspect that I warned you against him. A quarrel with him would hardly be for Gustav's interest.'

'Do you fear him?'

'Certainly not, my dear madam. But as long as we have no proofs against him, we ought not to give words to any suspicion. I cannot tell what you think of Gustav now, or how you judge him, for you would still be justified in blaming him for pledging your name; but you might do him an important service by observing Sonnenberg closely. Fannie suspects the latter to be in league with your companion. She thinks she has proofs of it. You may draw your own conclusions from this supposition.'

'I can hardly believe that,' replied Dora.

'Ernestine's manner towards him is always cold and distant.'

'That may be a mask, too. In my opinion, Sonnenberg is an adventurer. You must talk it over with Fannie. She would have been here long ago, but I asked her to wait until I had settled this matter of the note.'

'It would be better for me to go to her,' replied Dora. 'At your house we can talk without fear of interruption, and if your suspicions are correct Ernestine ought to remain in ignorance of our interview.'

'That will be better, indeed. When may we expect you?'

'To-morrow, at eleven.'

'Very well, I will not keep you any longer, now. Then I may rely on your discretion?'

'Quite as much as on my gratitude.'

'Oblige me by guarding not only your speech, but also your looks, my dear madam. Those people will try hard to discover what I have been telling you. A bad concealment is never at rest—it scents danger everywhere.'

'Don't be afraid,' she answered, while another sunny smile passed over her face. 'I can do or be anything for the sake of him who is dearer to me than all the world beside, now that I know how noble he is. I am sure he would willingly make as great a sacrifice for me as he made for his friend.'

'You may rely upon that; Gustav is incapable of any low action. The duce, excuse me, I am an old soldier—if I knew who had cast this blot on his honest name, I would—but I trust in God, and believe that he will bring the truth to light.'

'That is my earnest hope,' replied Dora, gravely.

With this the old gentleman took his leave.

Dora closed the door after him; then she turned and clasped her hands.

'Thank God,' she said, softly, 'that burden is taken from me! I could shout for joy that I am free to love him once more. But I must be wary. My task now is to enquire those hypocrites in their own nets. I know how I'll do it: I'll throw out the bait. I wonder if they will bite!'

She surveyed herself in the mirror, hastily giving a last touch to her toilet, and went to the boudoir, where Sonnenberg and Ernestine were awaiting her.

With her eyes sharpened by the colonel's warning, it did not escape her notice that as she entered the room, Sonnenberg started slightly, and Ernestine turned hastily away. There was no doubt in her mind that a confidential conversation had been carried on here in her absence.

Sonnenberg, however, was in no wise disconcerted; he came to meet her with a bow, and asked, in an interested tone:

'I suppose the colonel brought you some good news?'

At the same time Ernestine stole a glance at Dora's slightly flushed face.

'You are right!' replied the latter. 'The colonel thinks he has found traces which, if followed up, will lead to the discovery of the real thief.'

'Indeed? And what are they?'

'Unfortunately he was not at liberty to tell me the particulars,' continued Dora, while she furtively watched the expression of Sonnenberg's face, which betrayed neither surprise nor dismay, but only incredulity and indifference. 'The colonel seems to look upon his discovery as an important secret as yet.'

'He is old, and old people are often very childish in their ideas and their actions, observed Ernestine, with a sneer.

'I do not agree with you entirely in that opinion,' said Sonnenberg, thoughtfully. 'I think it quite possible that the colonel has made some such discovery.'

Was that, too, a feint? Dora watched him closely, but she could find nothing in his face which could lead her to suspect that he did not think as she spoke.

'No idea of it!' cried Ernestine. 'It is very natural that he should think so. Dornberg is his foster-son, and he owes it to his honour to take his part. But I consider it impossible that others should believe such a thing. There is not a link missing in the chain of evidence on which the accusation against Dornberg is founded. We ought really to drop this subject once and for all, Dora. It only throws you into an excitement which cannot be good for you.'

'We cannot control our thoughts,' replied Dora. 'If Dornberg is innocent, as I firmly believe, he deserves my pity and my cordial sympathy.'

'In spite of the promissory note!' asked her companion ironically.

'Perhaps the colonel has given you some explanation of the matter?' asked Sonnenberg, with apparent indifference.

'If he could have done so he would not have waited until now,' replied Dora, in a similar tone. 'And if I still cared very much about it I should go to see Herr Goldmann.'

'By doing that you would only lower yourself in that fellow's eyes,' warned Ernestine.

'And what could he tell you?' added Sonnenberg, looking at his watch. 'Nothing but that Dornberg had received the loan and made out the promissory note.'

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But if you wish to hear more about it I shall be happy to call there to-morrow and—

'Do you know him personally?' Dora quickly interrupted him.

'No, I have not that honour,' replied Sonnenberg. 'I have no relations with such people.'

'Then you would not learn anything from him, either, and I no longer feel any interest in the matter. Whatever he might tell me would not alter the fact that Gustav made out a promissory note like that.'

'That he did so,' observed Ernestine, 'proves that he was not worthy of your love, and you would do best not to think of him any longer.'

'Not to think of him?' repeated Dora. 'That would be impossible.'

'I agree with you,' rejoined Sonnenberg; 'one cannot forget so quickly. I can understand everything else, but not how Dornberg could prove himself unworthy of a love which ought to have made him supremely happy.'

At that moment the maid announced the carriage.

Sonnenberg hung the opera-cloak over Dora's shoulders, for which service she thanked him with a captivating smile.

Soon after the carriage rolled away with them, and when, a while later, Dora was seated beside Sonnenberg at the opera, she revolved in her mind all that the colonel had communicated to her, as well as the hints which he had thrown out.

Many opera glasses were directed toward her.

Dora paid no attention to this; she left it to her companion to return all inquiring glances, and Ernestine took pleasure in assuming that duty.

Now and then Sonnenberg would whisper something to his charming neighbour, and it was evident to her that he did so merely to exhibit, to those who ceased to see, his intimate relations with her.

She no longer suffered herself to be deceived. Her suspicions were awakened, and Sonnenberg now appeared to her, too, in the light of a fortune hunter who was endeavouring to step into Dornberg's place.

He had denied his acquaintance with Goldman without hesitation. That was a lie; and that lie could only serve to confirm the colonel's surmises.

What if those surmises were correct. But was it possible or even conceivable that Sonnenberg had committed that robbery? She once more recalled to memory all that she had heard on the subject.

Sonnenberg was at the Rolands' that evening. He had been seized with the nose-bleed and had left the room. Every one thought he had gone home, when he suddenly reappeared just after the discovery of the theft.

Strange that the examining magistrate had attached so importance to this—indeed, had paid no attention to it.

Where had Sonnenberg been in the interval? Had he really had the nose-bleed, or had that, too, been a lie?

Dora resolved to question Clement, the janitor, who knew all the circumstances.

And how about the understanding between Ernestine and Sonnenberg, of which Fannie said she had proof?

Well, Dora herself had seen enough this very evening to make her suspect a confidential relation between them; and if such a league existed, then Ernestine, too, was an impostor, and no longer worthy of her trust.

She took up her opera glass mechanically and turned it upon a lady dressed in grey, who sat in a third tier box opposite her, and who, since the commencement of the performance, had been gazing at her so fixedly that it could not fail to attract attention.

The music ceased, the act was at an end. Dora lowered her glass.

'Do you know that lady in grey up there?' she asked Sonnenberg, who was offering her a *bonbonniere*.

He took her glass and turned it in the direction indicated.

'I have not the pleasure,' he replied, rather coldly. 'A dressmaker, probably, who has worked for you, and whom you have forgotten.'

'I think not. She seems to be a stranger, an Englishwoman.'

'Possibly,' replied Sonnenberg, facetiously, 'and in that case your beauty is probably the magnet that attracts her eyes to you.'

'Are you a flatterer, too?' she asked in the same tone, helping herself to a *bonbon*. 'I was not aware of that.'

'You are mistaken, my dear madam; I only speak the truth.'

'You are, indeed, looking very handsome to night,' whispered Ernestine, who sat behind them.

'Thanks!' replied Dora, indifferently. 'I can't understand why that lady should stare at me so incessantly.'

'Unfortunately, we cannot forbid her being so rude,' said Sonnenberg, regretfully.

Dora remained silent, but from that time she observed the lady in grey more closely and, as her glass was an excellent one, she soon recognised that hatred, anger, and other kindred passions were depicted on that sharp, thin face.

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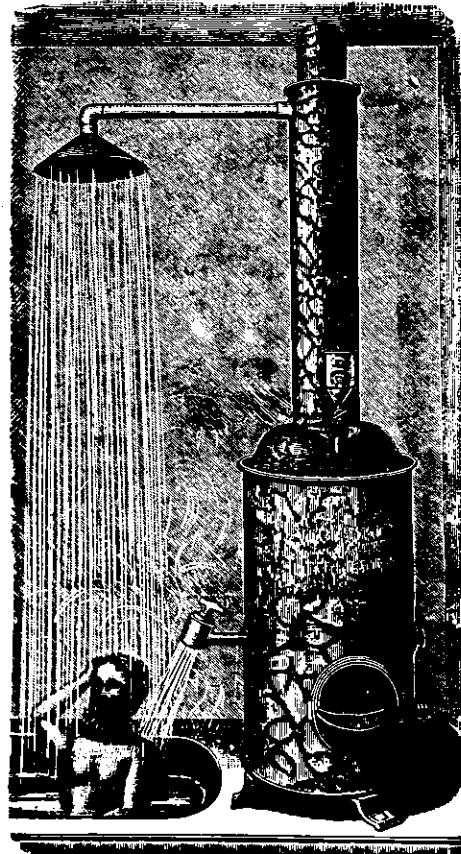
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Were they directed toward her or towards her escort? She could not remember ever to have seen the lady; it was, therefore, hardly conceivable that the latter should have any reason to hate her.

And if they were directed toward Sonnenberg, what could be his relations with this stranger?

She conversed with him in order to be able to observe him furtively, but in spite of her watchful glances she could discover nothing which confirmed her suspicions.

Sonnenberg remained perfectly calm and unembarrassed. He seemed to be giving his whole attention to the music.

Only once he raised his eyes to the box in which the lady sat, but his glance was cold and indifferent, and the next moment he turned to Dora again with a smile, in order to ask some unimportant question.

But Dora did not allow herself to be deceived as easily as he might have thought. She had no doubt but that she was standing face to face with some dark mystery, which Theodor Sonnenberg either did not wish or did not dare to solve for her.

If she could only speak to that lady! She felt convinced that, in that case, she would gain some information as to Sonnenberg's past life, and most probably learn something which might give a firm foothold to the colonel's suspicion.

Could it be done? How could she learn the lady's name and address?

Dora thought the matter over quite a while, and at last believed she had found a way of accomplishing her end.

She knew the box-opener personally; all that she needed was an opportunity of saying a few words to her in private.

Her plan was soon matured; she would try it; and should it prove unsuccessful no harm would come of it.

When the curtain dropped after the second act she asked Sonnenberg to take her to the foyer.

Ernestine was about to accompany them, but Dora told her it was unnecessary. She complained of a slight dizziness and took Sonnenberg's arm.

'Pray, allow me to take you to the buffet and offer you a glass of wine,' he said, in a sympathetic tone.

'No, I would rather remain here in the corridor where it is quiet and cool. I shall feel better in a few minutes. But if I might ask a favour of you—'

She hesitated and gave him a look which made his blood flow faster.

'You will make me happy,' he said, 'by expressing any wish that I can fulfil.'

'Might I trouble you to get me a small glass of claret?'

'With the greatest pleasure. But had I not better call your companion? I shall have to leave you alone—'

'No, no,' she hastily interrupted him. Ernestine's talk would only make me feel worse.'

Sonnenberg left her with a bow. Hardly was he out of sight when she quickly approached the box-opener, who was standing near by.

'Can you keep a secret?' she asked, softly.

'Certainly, madam,' replied the woman. You may trust me entirely.'

'Well, you will be satisfied with your reward in this case. No one must know of the commission which I am about to give you. Do you understand? No one! Opposite our box, in the third tier, there is a lady whose name and address I wish to learn. Do you think you could ascertain them for me?'

'Please describe the lady to me, madam.'

'She is young, very thin, with light, reddish hair. She is dressed in grey, with a grey hat and brown veil. One might take her for an Englishwoman.'

'That is enough,' said the woman, with a nod. 'I shall find her. May I tell her that some one wants to know her address?'

'If you cannot obtain it in any other way you may do so; but do not tell her who gave you the order. It is possible that she may make inquiries about me. In that case I give you permission to mention my name and to answer all her questions truthfully as far as I am concerned.'

'It shall be done as you wish, madam. And when may I bring you my answer to-morrow?'

'Will any hour suit you?'

'I can come at any hour you like.'

'Very well, then. I shall expect you about ten o'clock. Here is my handkerchief. You will bring it to me under pretences of having found it in the box. You will ask my maid to announce you to me, and will give the handkerchief to no one but me. If my companion should be present, and I cannot send her away without arousing her suspicions, you will not say a word about my commission. You had, therefore, better pin a paper with the name and address to the handkerchief. Have you understood me?'

'Perfectly,' said the box-opener, with a comprehensive smile. 'I am quite used to such commissions.'

'So much the better,' said Dora. 'I depend on you.'

With this she walked slowly away in the

direction from which Sonnenberg would return, and found that she was just in time, for hardly a minute had passed before her escort stood before her, glass in hand.

Dora welcomed him with a smile and slowly drank the wine.

'I am very grateful to you,' she said; 'that has refreshed me wonderfully. Just give the glass to the box opener; we will go back now.'

They had hardly resumed their seats when the last act began.

Lohengrin sang his farewell-song, to which Sonnenberg seemed to listen with delight, while Dora once more raised her eyes to the third-tier box.

Still that same face, distorted by the conflict of evil passions! Still that burning look of hate, which rested alternately upon her and upon Sonnenberg.

Involuntarily she thought of the possibility that this person might confront her as she was leaving the theatre, in order to give free vent to the storm raging within her, regardless of consequences.

Who would protect her, in that case, from the hate and fury of this passionate woman!

She had not yet found an answer to this question when the curtain fell.

Sonnenberg escorted her to the cloak-room and placed her wrap on her shoulder, after which they slowly descended the stairs, surrounded by a jostling crowd.

Her fears were not realised; the lady in grey did not appear. Greatly relieved, Dora entered her carriage.

'Will you not ride with us?' she asked, as Sonnenberg closed the door.

'If you wish it,' he replied quickly.

'Oh, no; we will excuse you! Till to-morrow, then, and, once more, many thanks. Good night.'

The horses started; the carriage rolled quickly away.

Sonnenberg stood looking after it for a few moments; then pulling his hat over his eyes, he followed it, and soon turned into a quieter street.

'So she was there, too!' he said to himself, setting his teeth hard. 'Another proof that she is resolved to cross my path and have her will. But I cannot and will not go back. I have a horror of the wretched life I should lead with that woman.'

As if inspired by a sudden resolve, he quickened his pace; and, when he reached the house in which he lived, he stopped.

'She'll come,' he muttered; 'I know her. She never forgets.'

He walked up and down the street, and once, when the cutting night wind blow sharply in his face, he stamped his foot angrily, and turned up the collar of his overcoat.

At last he saw her; she came toward him with hasty steps.

'Let us go in,' she said breathlessly. 'Some drunken men are following me.'

'I will see that they do not molest you.'

'And what good will it do if they knock you down; they are insolent fellows, who make no account of a human life.'

Sonnenberg hesitated.

'Come then,' he said testily. But 'I must ask you to keep as quiet as possible until we reach my rooms. I have never yet received visitors by night, and would not like to gain the reputation of a *roné*.'

He opened the door noiselessly with his nightkey, and, after they had entered it, closed it in the same manner.

It was dark in the hall. They remained for a while standing by the door and heard the drunken fellows staggering past outside, swearing and laughing boisterously.

'Give me your hand,' he whispered; 'I shall have to lead you.'

She did as he told her, without hesitation, and he felt her hand, which was as cold as ice, trembling in his own.

A few minutes later they entered his sitting-room. Sonnenberg locked the door and lit the lamp.

Mary had remained standing by the door; now she sunk into an armchair, quite exhausted.

'Is this the courage of which you boasted last night?' he asked, with a sneer, as he divested himself of his hat and overcoat and took a seat opposite her.

'If I try to get out of the way of a drunken man that does not prove that I have no courage,' she replied.

'You carry a pistol?'

'I do, and I should not hesitate for a moment to make use of it if my life were in danger; but as long as I can avoid doing so I prefer not to avail myself of this last resort.'

On the table at which they sat stood a bottle of wine and several glasses. Sonnen-

berg filled one of the latter and drained it hastily.

'Shall I fill a glass for you, too?' he asked.

'From that bottle? You may,' she replied, looking at him with flashing eyes.

'A strange answer!' he sneered. 'Is your mistrust of me so great that you are afraid of my poisoning you?'

'I consider you capable of anything.'

'That is very flattering for me.'

'It is the truth. What I have seen to-night at the theatre can only confirm me in my mistrust.'

'Really? Well, you saw me in the company of a very handsome woman, that is all,' he said, with a contemptuous shrug, while she drank the wine.

Mary set down the glass, and the look which she now fixed upon him was so full of burning hatred that he was startled.

'A young, handsome and rich widow,' she replied, in a hissing voice. 'They said you were engaged to her.'

'A short time ago she was said to be engaged to another.'

'Yes; a man who committed a crime and is now in prison. Well, she may see her second *fovee* in prison, too. I know your plans now. My suspicions were correct. You intend, by a rich marriage, to secure for yourself the life of ease that you are longing for.'

'Nonsense,' he replied. 'You seem to have met some sewing-woman in your box who entertained you with all sorts of gossip.'

'I know perfectly well to whom I applied for information,' said she, emphatically. 'I repeat that I know your plans; but I also know that you are married, and I shall tell her of it.'

'How very amiable of you!' he retorted. Her eyes flashed, her face darkened with passion.

'I shall do it in order to cross your fine plans,' she said. 'You seem to think that when we are once divorced in England you can come back here and win your wealthy bride.'

'And if I did think so, why should you object?' he asked. 'You wanted a divorce yourself.'

'Why should I object? Because you have made me miserable—so miserable that I shall have to bear the burden as long as I live, and because I wish to revenge my-

self on you for that. I shall call on that lady to-morrow and tell her about your past; she will hear things of which I am quite sure she has no suspicion at present. You will simply make yourself ridiculous,' replied he, and the calm indifference which he exhibited at the same time did not fail to make an impression on Mary.

'Go to her if you like, and tell her everything bad you can think of about me; she will listen to you, and ask you, in surprise, what your object is in doing so? She noticed, of course, that you stared at her the whole evening, and expressed the opinion that you were probably not quite right in your mind. Well, your abuse of me will only confirm her in that opinion. She can attribute it to nothing but jealousy on your part, which would seem all the more ridiculous to her, because there is not the slightest foundation for it.'

'As if I had not seen your lover-like glances.'

'Oh, of course. Your mistrust and your jealousy could not fail to sharpen your eyes. You may suppose whatever you like, but I give you my word of honour that that lady has no idea of marrying or even of becoming engaged to any one, for she still loves that fellow in prison.'

'If that were the case, she would not have gone to the theatre with you.'

'You are apparently right there, but only apparently. I do not deny that I am on friendly terms with the lady and her connections, and what right have you to reproach me for accompanying a lady who is a friend of mine to the theatre and conversing with her? If I had thought that I was wronging you by so doing I should have avoided it, for I could suppose that you would be at the theatre this evening for the purpose of watching my movements. I had told you that I was going there. And now enough has been said about this childish nonsense. We will start for London to-morrow.'

'I shall go the day after,' replied Mary, resolutely.

Sonnenberg had refilled the glasses. He drew his hand over his beard and said, with a mocking smile:

'You wanted to start yesterday.'

'But I have changed my mind to-day, for I intend to have an interview with your friend before I go.'

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'And expose yourself to ridicule unnecessarily! Don't be a child, Mary.'

'I want her to know that I shall not consent to a divorce.'

'Indeed! I am glad to hear it.'

She stared at him and mechanically took up the full glass.

'You are glad to hear it?' she asked, incredulously.

'Certainly,' he replied. 'Was it I who proposed a divorce, or was it you? I intended to remain here only a short time longer, to reap what I had sowed. And that harvest you would have shared with me. Of course, that is out of the question now, since you have placed yourself in opposition to me. It is impossible for me to carry out my plans under these circumstances.'

Her eyes were still fixed upon him, full of doubt. He had spoken so calmly, just as if he were expressing his inmost conviction.

'Then you would be willing to give up those plans?' she asked.

'Can I do otherwise? You force me to it.'

'And how do you intend we shall live together in future?'

'I have not thought of that yet; it will be a wretched existence. But, come what may, I shall do my duty.'

'You have not done it so far.'

'You cannot judge of that so long as you do not know the plans which I have been pursuing here.'

'Which, as you say yourself, you are not at liberty to explain to me.'

'I may be able to do so after a while,' he replied, as he filled the glasses once more, and cast a furtive glance at Mary's face.

'You will see then that all your suspicions were entirely false, and that you have done me great injustice.'

'If I could only believe you!' she said thoughtfully.

'Will you start with me to-morrow?'

'No, the day after.'

'So you still adhere to your purpose?'

'Your question convinces me that you do not like that purpose,' she answered, resuming her former irritated tone.

'Well, I will give it up if you will introduce me to the young widow to-morrow as your wife. As you are on friendly terms with her, you will have no difficulty in finding a suitable opportunity.'

Sonnenberg had at first contracted his brows at this proposition, but he soon regained his composure.

'You obstinate child!' he replied.

'There is no objection.'

'I wish to make the lady's acquaintance,' she interrupted him.

'And if I refuse to introduce you to her?'

'Then I shall call on her to-morrow. So you may do as you like. I shall not leave until I have spoken to the widow. Things will have to be very different before I can trust you again. I cannot guess what you intend to do. You may change your mind again after we have reached London. I want to make sure of the future in any case. Nothing in the world can make me doubt what I have seen with my own eyes, and I consider it my duty to warn that lady against you.'

'What nonsense!'

'On the contrary, John, it is the truth, which cannot be denied. I also wish to learn, to-morrow, which of your names you have a right to. If you have married me under a false name you shall rue it.'

Sonnenberg had for some time been pacing restlessly to and fro. He now stopped before his wife's chair, and said, carelessly:

'You are tormenting yourself unnecessarily. If I have appeared here under a false name, I had my special reasons for so doing, which, however, are entirely different from what you suppose them to be. I will prove to you that you are wrong by introducing you to the lady to-morrow. Are you satisfied?'

'Very well,' said Mary: 'and how is it to be done?'

'I will call for you about noon and take you to her house. I must insist, however, upon your not embarrassing me by mentioning the name of Brighton.'

'Well, I consent. I will yield to you in that particular as well.'

'And now I think it is time for you to return to your hotel,' continued Sonnenberg, consulting his watch. 'Did you go there after the theatre?'

'No!' she replied, rising from her chair.

'Then you have had no supper? You will hardly get anything at the hotel at this late hour. Those third-class houses close early.'

'It does not matter,' she interrupted him bitterly, as she drew her grey cloak around her. 'Hunger does not trouble me now that I have become used to it. Your wine is heavy, it has gone to my head.'

'That is because your stomach is empty,' he replied. 'I know of a restaurant which will be open now, let us go there.'

'I thought you did not wish to be seen in my company here?'

'Now that I have decided to leave this place with you, such precautions are no longer necessary. And when you have had

a good supper, you will look at our affairs in a more conciliatory spirit,' he added, buttoning his overcoat. 'Have the goodness to follow me on tiptoe and not utter a sound as long as we are in the house. It would be extremely disagreeable for me to be asked to-morrow—'

'Make your mind easy; I will not get you into trouble. Though it seems very strange that a wife should be obliged to steal out of her husband's house so secretly; but—'

'The fault lies in the circumstances. When we are in our garret once more we shall be able to come and go as we like. Nothing else will satisfy you.'

'No, because I am determined not to be deceived by you any longer.'

'And consequently you deceive yourself.'

'No matter. Want, care and misery have grown indifferent to me; all I demand is that you should share them with me in the future, for it is to you alone that I owe them. I do not need your escort, however.'

'Have you forgotten those drunken fellows?'

'Well, then, come; I accept your offer with thanks.'

He opened the door and led her down the stairs, and according to her promise she took pains to avoid making the slightest sound.

Thus they left the house. He locked the street-door noiselessly, and offered her his arm, which she took; then they walked away in silence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LADY IN GRAY.

FRAU WINKLER was still at breakfast when the box opener was announced, and soon after entered the room with the handkerchief in her hand.

As Dora had anticipated, Ernestine was present. The former requested her companion to get some change from the kitchen as she had nothing but gold pieces in her purse.

'Only one question,' she said in a low voice, when Ernestine, after some hesitation, had left. 'Is the address in the handkerchief?'

The woman nodded.

'She gave it to me herself,' she replied. Dora hastily handed her a gold piece, which she had scarcely pocketed when Ernestine returned and laid some loose silver on the table.

'Please give her the money,' said Dora carelessly. 'Thank you, my good woman. I am glad you are so honest.'

'Honesty is the best policy, ma'am,' replied the box-opener, demurely. 'I have tried to be honest all my life.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said Dora, dismissing her with a wave of the hand. 'Continue in the same way. Good-by.'

'I have some errands to do this morning,' she went on when the woman had left. 'I ought to have gone to the jeweller's and to have seen about my new dress long ago; but, with all these troubles, I have not felt in the mood for it.'

'I have told you again and again that you ought to rise above these things,' replied Ernestine, whose grey eyes expressed unmistakable mistrust. 'They only excite you, and your depression lowers you in the eyes of others. I am very glad that you showed yourself at the opera last night. If I were you I would go often now, and also subscribe to the Philharmonic concerts.'

'And do you expect Herr Sonnenberg to be my escort on all such occasions?' asked Dora, with a quick, searching glance at Ernestine's thin face.

'No, I was not thinking of that; but, if it were the case, nobody would object to it.'

'Would not those others, to whose opinion you wish me to defer, make comments upon it?'

'Comments? At the utmost they might suppose that you were engaged to him, and that is not a supposition that ought to vex you, for Herr Sonnenberg is a handsome and agreeable man and a thorough gentleman.'

'Well, well, you are taking his part very earnestly. I always fancied that you were not a very good friend of his.'

'He is no more to me than any other man and if I praise him, I only speak the truth. And, altogether, I am only thinking of your welfare, which, as you must know, I have very much at heart.'

'I think I can manage to take care of it myself,' replied Dora, rising. 'I hope Herr Sonnenberg will have sufficient sense not to cherish any hopes of the fulfilment of which he cannot be sure.'

'Well, most men are inclined to cherish such hopes, and we cannot forbid their doing so,' remarked Ernestine, with a smile. 'Herr Sonnenberg has not confided his thought on the subject to me, but I should not find it unnatural if he had considered the possibility of his supplying to you the place of a man who has proved himself unworthy of your love. I hardly think, however, that he will ever broach the matter to you.'

'In that case it is quite superfluous to

discuss such a possibility,' rejoined Dora. 'He might receive an answer to his question which would not please him. But I must go now, or I shall not get through before dinner.'

'Shall I go with you?'

'No, it is unnecessary, as I shall make no purchases for which I need your advice. It is so good as to have the rooms thoroughly aired and dusted while I am gone. Our old Katherine has grown very careless of late and needs stirring up a little. Well, I can safely leave that to you.'

'If you do not mind the war which will follow such a stirring-up. We shall see nothing but cross looks for a week.'

'We are quite used to that, you know; and if we don't want to see a cross face we can look beyond it,' said Dora, serenely.

'We all of us have to do our duty, whether we are masters or servants.'

With this she left the room to prepare for her outing. She did not see the spiteful look which Ernestine sent after her.

'I belong to the servants too, I suppose,' muttered the latter, as she gathered up the breakfast-dishes; 'did she mean to remind me of that. Heaven knows what has suddenly got into her head. I can't help thinking, after all, that the colonel has done us some ill turn. I must be on my guard. Be they ever so wise they shall not spoil this game for me.'

Dora reappeared, dressed for the street. The happy smile with which she had left the room still hovered around her rosy lips, and gave her lovely face an animated, arch expression.

'If Sonnenberg should call he will have to wait till I return,' she said. 'I hope you will have the kindness to entertain him till then.'

'Gladly, if he will be satisfied with my company,' replied Ernestine. 'Shall I send for a cab?'

'Oh, no; I should have to wait too long. I may find one on the way if I need it. Good-by.'

With these words she nodded pleasantly to her companion and left the room.

'If she only knew where I am going, she said to herself, as she left the house. 'Intrigue against intrigue; we'll see who carries off the victory in this contest.'

With rapid steps she took the way to Colonel von Wartenfel's residence, where she found herself impatiently expected.

Fannie hastened to meet her, and Dora held her in a long embrace.

'I may allow myself to love him again. Do you know what that means?' she cried.

'I am so glad, so happy, that no words can express it. I would like to shout for joy and yet I have to lock up all my rapture in my heart.'

'Patience!' replied Fannie, with a low sigh. 'All is still dark before us, but let us hope that the dawn is not far off, and that light will soon break in upon us. If Gustav could have spoken and enlightened you as to the promissory note you would not have broken your engagement, nor would he have gone to Roland's that night, or thought of leaving town.'

'An unfortunate chain of accidental circumstances, which all seemed to testify against him,' said Dora, as they seated themselves. 'We will not despair, however, my dear child. On the contrary, these difficulties ought to increase our courage and our perseverance. And now tell me what you suspect, what you have discovered and what you have done in the matter.'

Fannie at once enumerated all the grounds for suspicion against Sonnenberg. She spoke of the confidential interview between him and Ernestine which she had witnessed, and ended by repeating the conversation which she and her uncle had held with Doctor Kerner with regard to these matters.

And then Dora told her about the lady in gray and her strange conduct at the opera, and finally showed her the paper

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given her by the box-opener, on which was written in large, plain characters:

MRS MARY BRIGHTON,

From London.

Black Eagle Hotel.

During the interview and before Dora had commenced her report, the old colonel entered the room.

He was about to place his pipe in a corner; but Dora, smiling, signed to him not to incommode himself on her account, and he therefore took a seat and went on smoking in silence, now and then showing by a look or a nod, that he was listening with undivided attention.

'And you cannot remember ever to have seen the lady before?' he asked, when Dora ceased.

'No, she was an entire stranger to me, and I am sure she could not have known me either.'

'It seems probable, therefore, that her strange letter was directed at Sonnenberg?'

'I must suppose so, in spite of the indifference with which he denied any acquaintance with her.'

'The denials! That might lead to an important discovery.'

'Don't be too sure, uncle dear,' said Fannie, doubtfully; 'it may amount to very little. That lady may be a former sweetheart of Sonnenberg's whom he has deserted; but what could we learn from her, even if that were the case?'

'Possibly more than you think,' replied Dora, confidently. 'A woman who has been deserted by a man generally thirsts for revenge, and such a sentiment might afford us a deep insight into Sonnenberg's past life. Much depends upon our learning something on that subject, on our discovering something which we can follow up.'

'Of course,' said the colonel. 'If we can prove to Judge Hartmann that Sonnenberg is an adventurer with a doubtful record, we shall have gained a great deal. Once the probability of a suspicion is established, that suspicion itself will follow. I have not been idle in the meantime,' he continued, enveloping himself in thick clouds of smoke. 'I have investigated in all directions, and last night I discovered a gentleman who was present at the wedding entertainment at Roland's. After dinner some of the guests were taking their coffee in Frau Roland's boudoir, and among those present were Sonnenberg, Roland and the man in question. On this occasion Roland told his guests that he had an unusually large sum of money in his safe, and, in the course of the conversation, he also mentioned that there was a third key to the safe in the drawer of his writing desk.'

'Ah, that is important, very important,' cried Fannie, with sparkling eyes. 'Did the gentleman attach any suspicion to that circumstance?'

'No,' replied the colonel. 'I suppose he did not venture to express any, and such a possibility may not even have occurred to him at all. You know everyone thinks that the thief has been discovered.'

'But we had better inform Judge Hartmann of that incident.'

'And accuse Sonnenberg in doing so?' asked Dora, thoughtfully. 'What proofs can you give for such an accusation? None whatever. And mere surmises, my dear, are not valid in law.'

'Then we must tell Doctor Kerner of it,' replied Fannie, quite impatiently.

'I did so last evening,' said the colonel. 'The doctor admits that this discovery may be of importance, but he warns us not to be over hasty.'

'And I agree with him,' observed Dora, gravely. 'If your surmises are correct, Fannie, Sonnenberg is a very dangerous character, and in that case we may consider him capable of anything. We must be extremely cautious. We ought not to speak until we have certain proofs.'

'I feel that you are right; but, at the same time we cannot help wishing to speedily liberate Gustav.'

'If that were in our power it should be done this very day,' replied the colonel; 'but it can't be made short work of, Franz Winkler is right. We may expect the worst from a fellow like Sonnenberg. If he should soon be in danger he would be off in a trice; and once he is gone there'll be an end to all investigations, and we may be sure of Gustav's conviction. That is the danger which we must avoid above everything. Madam, may I be allowed to ask an indiscreet question?'

'Certainly,' Dora answered, looking at him expectantly.

'Has Sonnenberg ever said anything to you which might imply that he has designs upon your hand?'

'No.'

'But you think he has then?'

'Yes. I have thought so since this morning when Ernestine hinted at the possibility of my becoming engaged to him.'

'Well and good; that shows pretty plainly that he has confided his plans to your companion and secured her assist-

ance for their execution. You will not deny that?'

'By no means, my dear sir,' the old gentleman nodded, well satisfied. He paced to and fro slowly; the expression of his face grew more and more calm and serene.

'Then we have the means of keeping him here,' he said. 'It may be disagreeable to you, my dear madam, but if you have forgiven my dear boy, you will, I am sure, be willing to make this sacrifice. You must allow Sonnenberg to believe that there is a possibility of his wishes being fulfilled; indeed, it would even be of benefit for you to encourage him in that belief.'

'That will be a hard task,' replied Dora, in a low voice, while her delicately penciled eyebrows were slightly contracted; 'but if it is absolutely necessary I will undertake it.'

'I will merely direct your attention to the fact that Sonnenberg will probably leave town immediately if he finds that he cannot gain his end. If you once convince him of that, and you might do so by some thoughtless remark, nothing will keep him here, and he will no longer delay to make sure of his booty.'

'Yes, you are right,' said Dora, and her mouth assumed a resolute expression; 'it must be done; it must be kept here until we have succeeded in finding proofs against him. Well, you may leave that to me; words and glances cost nothing, and women, you know, are adepts in the art of dissimulation.'

'You will have to practice the same dissimulation toward your companion.'

'I do not forget that, but I shall have no mercy on her when the day of reckoning comes.'

'Believe me,' exclaimed the colonel. 'So that is all settled. You will delude Sonnenberg so as to keep him here and watch him and Frau Hennig; while we, Fannie, Doctor Kerner and I, will seek for proofs. If we have anything to communicate to one another, we will meet here. At your house, madam, there would be danger of our being overheard, and then all would be lost. I don't know but that we ought to inform Roland of our suspicion. He must, of course, be very anxious to recover the whole amount stolen, and for that reason, perhaps—'

'No, let us not do that!' Dora quickly interrupted him. 'Sonnenberg certainly pretends to be very indignant at my connections, but I think he dissembles in that, too, and I even suspect that they wish me to marry him.'

'Well, then, we will leave that hornet's nest alone. Does your brother agree with them?'

'The councillor?' asked Dora, disdainfully. 'He does nothing but dance to his mother-in-law's fiddle; we cannot count upon his help. No, colonel; in my opinion there are enough persons in the secret now, and the only one whom it might be well to add to their number would be a skillful official of the criminal police. Fannie, will you be so good as to send for a cab, and get yourself ready to go out with me? I should like to have you accompany me to the Black Eagle.'

'But do you think it quite prudent to look up that lady there?'

'Why not? I suppose I may ask her why she stared at me so last night; I should not be afraid to do so even in Sonnenberg's presence.'

'I don't see any risk in your going there,' said the colonel; 'and if the lady has reasons for hating Sonnenberg she will not betray your visit.'

Fannie hastily left the room and the old gentleman resumed his walk.

'We have spoken to Doctor Kerner about a detective,' he said, 'but he does not quite enter into the idea, and prefers, for the present, to make inquiries with regard to Sonnenberg's antecedents as well as his present circumstances.'

'I hope confidently that we shall find out something now. The lady's face so evidently expressed the deepest hatred.'

'Which possibly was merely caused by jealousy.'

'That may be; but it is just on that jealousy that I build my firmest hopes. If we can find only one spot on Sonnenberg's past record, and furnish convincing proof that he is an adventurer, we shall have gained a great deal. Don't you think so?'

'Well, we cannot tell,' replied the old gentleman. 'As I said before, if the fellow smells powder he will be off, never to return, and then nothing can be proved against him. So we cannot be cautious enough.'

'I shall do my part, you may be sure,' said Dora, rising. 'I am ready to make any sacrifice, however great, in order to restore liberty and honor to my beloved Gustav and thus regain my own happiness.'

At this moment Fannie entered the room in her hat and cloak; the cab was already at the door.

The colonel would gladly have accompanied the ladies, but he yielded gracefully to Dora's objection that an escort was unnecessary.

The cab rolled away. The noise in the

streets and the rattling of the wheels made a conversation impossible.

The Black Eagle was soon reached. It was situated on a quiet street and, although a third-class hotel, was well frequented, owing to its excellent accommodations and table.

As the cab drew up before the house the head waiter rushed from the dining-room, his napkin hanging gracefully over his arm, and received the ladies with a low bow.

'We have a fine room, with two beds, on the first floor,' he said, with a questioning glance.

'May do not trouble yourself,' said Dora, pleasantly. 'We merely came to call on a lady.'

'Oh, excuse me, madam. May I ask the name of the lady you wish to see?'

'Mrs Brighton, from London.'

The head waiter rubbed his smoothly shaven chin with his chubby hand, and looked at the ladies with an embarrassed air.

'Mrs Mary Brighton, from London?' he repeated. Are you well acquainted with the lady, madam?'

'May I ask you to explain your object in asking that question?'

'Well, no one can blame us for wanting to know what has become of guests who take French leave.'

'You do not mean to say—'

'That Mrs Brighton has left without saying good-bye? Yes, that is what I am forced to think. But will not the ladies come into the house? There is a strong draught here. We are used to it, but you might catch cold.'

He opened the door of the dining-room as he spoke, and Dora and Fannie entered.

The head waiter led them to a corner and provided them with chairs.

'You do not seem to have any other explanation for her disappearance either, ladies?' he went on. 'I can hardly think anything has happened to her, although I must admit that there is such a possibility. Mrs Brighton ordered the porter to get her a ticket for the opera for last night.'

'For a seat in a third tier box?' asked Dora, impatiently.

'That may be. The porter will know. After dinner yesterday she asked for her bill and paid it, but said nothing about leaving—not even when she got into the cab to go to the theatre.'

'That is very strange,' observed Dora, with increasing concern. 'Had she no luggage?'

'Good gracious! Luggage?' asked the fat little man, passing his hands over his short, bristling hair. 'No, madam, not to speak of. An empty valise, a nightgown, a comb, and a toothbrush—that is all there is upstairs.'

'But she would not be likely to have left those articles behind her if she had gone away,' replied Dora. 'Particularly as she had paid what she owed here.'

'That is so,' he replied briskly; 'but she may have had other reasons for departing.'

'Or she may return in the course of the day.'

'That is quite possible. Would you like me to let you know in that case?'

'Yes, I should, but—'

Dora stopped; her eyes fell upon a police officer who had just entered the room and was approaching them with rapid steps.

'I suppose you are the landlord or the head-waiter of this hotel?' he said to the little man, who hastily threw his napkin over his shoulder.

'The head-waiter, at your service,' he replied, with a searching look at a short, slight gentleman, who stood behind the officer with his hands in his pockets, and returned the waiter's questioning glance with a good-natured smile. 'What can I do for you, sir?'

'Do you know this card?' asked the officer, handing him a damp slip of paper, the writing of which was almost obliterated. 'It is one of your billheads, but there is no name on it; the date and number of the room are illegible.'

The head-waiter stared at the paper for a while, and then went to his desk to consult the ledger.

'May I ask where you found this paper?' he said.

'It was found in the pocket of a dead lady who was taken from the river a while ago,' was the rather blunt answer.

'Good God, Mrs Brighton!' exclaimed the head-waiter, with arched eyebrow, turning to Dora, who had grown deadly pale. 'You know I said, madam, that she might have met with an accident, but I did not think of anything like this!'

'Please describe the lady to me,' said the officer, opening his notebook.

'She was thin, plain-featured, had reddish hair, and was dressed in grey.'

'Correct. What did you say her name was?'

'Mrs Mary Brighton, from London,' replied Dora, although the question had not been addressed to her, but to the head waiter.

'You were a friend of the lady's, madam?'

'Not at all.'

'Or acquainted with her?'

'Not even that. I came here to make her acquaintance.'

'For particular reasons?'

'For the simple reason that the lady attracted my attention last evening at the opera,' replied Dora. 'She sat opposite me in an upper box and hardly took her eyes off me; that struck me as very singular, and, consequently, I resolved to call on her and ask what was her object in staring at me so.'

'A strange reason, don't you think so?' said the officer, turning to the thin, elderly gentleman, who stood behind him.

'I?' replied the latter. 'What have I to do with this affair?'

As he said this, his clean-shaven extremely good natured face still retained its pleasant smile and he calmly drew from his pocket a very plain snuff-box, from which he helped himself.

'It is a reason which is easy to understand,' rejoined Dora, without concealing her displeasure at the doubt implied. 'I asked the box-opener to obtain the lady's address for me. She gave it to me this morning, and when I came here I heard that the lady had not yet returned.'

'Have you any information to give on the subject?' continued the officer, once more addressing the head waiter, who was turning over the leaves of the ledger. 'Did you notice anything unusual in the lady?'

'Not that I know of,' was the answer.

'When did she arrive?'

'Day before yesterday, after dinner.'

'Did she mention the object of her coming?'

'No, for we did not ask her. We are not inquisitive here. At our hotel every guest can live as he likes.'

'Did she ask after the address of any person residing here on whom she intended to call? Or did she have any visitors?'

'Neither. Nobody came to see her, and she only went out twice, both times in the evening. Night before last she was probably also at some theatre, for she did not return till after midnight.'

'Alone?'

'Alone and on foot. Such things are not surprising in a travelling Englishwoman.'

'And did she not go out at any other time?'

'No; she spent the whole of yesterday in her room.'

'Writing letters?'

'Possibly; I cannot tell.'

'Did she have any money; the officer continued. 'Much luggage, or any jewelry?'

'She must have had money, for she asked for her bill and paid it yesterday noon. I saw no heavy luggage nor any jewelry. We have rarely had a lady here with so little luggage as this one. It is all in her room upstairs. You can see for yourself!'

'I will, later on. So she wore no jewelry, either?'

SURATURA TEA
IT GOES TWICE as FAR as ORDINARY TEA
SURATURA TEA

'Not as far as I know,' replied the head-waiter, raising his eyebrows. 'But you ask as if you suspected some crime. I hope the poor lady has not met with foul play?'

At this question Dora and Fannie also looked at the officer in anxious expectation.

He shrugged his shoulders wearily. 'Nothing can be determined about that yet,' he said. 'There must be a post-mortem examination first. It may prove to be a case of suicide. One of my servants had better go back with me to identify the body.'

'The porter can go. He knew the lady.' 'Very well. Then you know nothing from which it might be inferred that the lady took her own life?'

'Nothing whatever.' 'And no letter was found in her room?'

'I am sure the chambermaid would have given it to me.' 'Well, we will go and look,' said the officer, proceeding toward the door, and the head waiter followed him without delay.

The ladies and the kindly old gentleman remained alone in the dining-room.

'An every-day occurrence!' remarked the latter.

'Do you think so?' asked Dora, aroused from her reflections.

'Probably a case of disappointed love. Good heavens! What follies love causes people to commit!'

'You may be right,' was Dora's rejoinder, while the old gentleman once more took his snuff-box and twirled it between his fingers. 'She may have come here to look for a faithless lover and may not have found him.'

'Or, perhaps, she saw him in your company, madam.'

'From what do you infer that?'

'From the strange manner in which you say she stared at you.'

'I am a widow, sir.'

'That does not affect the probability of my supposition.'

'Well, perhaps I attach too much importance to that staring,' continued Dora, who did not wish to mention Sonnenberg's name. 'She may have done it unintentionally while she was thinking of suicide.'

Just then the officer and the head waiter returned.

They had found nothing in Mrs Brighton's room which could throw any light on the matter in question.

Dora and Fannie re-entered their cab just as the officer, with the porter, left the hotel for the purpose of having the body identified. No one had thought of inquiring for the names of the ladies.

'What do you say now?' asked Fannie, sadly, as they drove away rapidly.

Dora looked thoughtfully out of the window. The quivering of her firmly-closed lips betokened her inward agitation.

'What should I say?' she replied. 'It is quite possible that the old gentleman is right, and that disappointed love drove the poor woman to her death. It may be that she was Sonnenberg's mistress, and that when she saw me with him last night she thought all was lost for her.'

'In such a case, however, hate asserts its rights and demands satisfaction. The woman would certainly have enlightened you as to Sonnenberg's character in order to revenge herself on him, before taking such a step.'

'That, too, is merely a supposition, Fannie. At such times of utter despair no one reflects long; life has suddenly become a burden, and the wish to cast it off overcomes every other feeling.'

'And if a crime has been committed?'

Dora looked up in horror.

'Must it necessarily have been he who committed it?' she asked.

'Do you consider that impossible?'

'I beg of you, Fannie, let us not discuss this subject any farther, at least not now. There is no reason for our doing so, before we know whether the poor woman committed suicide or was murdered.'

'And I cannot help feeling that I suspect the latter to be the case,' replied Fannie with convincing confidence. 'The police officer's questions seemed to point to that.'

'And if so, I repeat, need it have been Sonnenberg who did it? Cannot the lady have had other acquaintances here whom she met after the opera? Is it not possible that she was attacked by thieves on her way home, who killed her in order to rob her? If Sonnenberg had known her, would he not have called on her at the hotel?'

'They may have met after leaving the theatre.'

'And you really think Sonnenberg would have at once resorted to this horrible means of ridding himself of her?'

'We cannot tell with what she may have threatened him. In the mind of such a man resolutions are quickly formed and as quickly carried out.'

Dora remained lost in thought for a long while, and looked out into the street deep in silence.

'You may be right,' she said at last. 'At any rate we must await the result of

the post mortem examination, and if that proves that a crime has been committed, the authorities will take the matter in hand. We can do nothing.'

'Have you already forgotten our suspicion of Sonnenberg?' asked Fannie, reproachfully. 'Are all investigations to cease now?'

'By no means; but, above all, let us remember the colonel's very wise warning. You can seek for proofs in secret; I cannot do so. Ernestine's keen eyes are watching me constantly, and it may be that just now only a very trifling occasion is needed to induce Sonnenberg to leave town at once. How horrible if he were really a murderer, and I had to receive him, nevertheless, as a welcome friend. And yet it must be done. And I shall even have to be doubly agreeable and attentive to him in order to dispel any doubts on his part and to encourage his hopes.'

'That will certainly be a difficult task.'

'Not so much difficult as disagreeable; but I shall accomplish it. I do not suppose that we can keep our inquiries about Mrs Brighton secret; it is not improbable that I may be involved in the investigation which must take place, and so it seems best that I should speak openly of the matter, without connecting any surmises with it. Sonnenberg cannot find anything surprising in my going to see Mrs Brighton, and I shall take the opportunity to watch him closely and see what impression the news makes on him.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Fannie, with animation; 'and the result of your observations may furnish us with a new clue. Of course, I cannot keep this event a secret from uncle either; he will ask me what we have found out.'

'Why should you keep it secret? Just talk to him unreservedly about it. He will agree with me that we ought to exercise the utmost caution in this matter, as well as in others. Here we are at your house. Please tell the driver where to take me. I'll see you soon again, dear. Don't lose courage; all may come right yet.'

'Let us hope so,' said Fannie, returning the pressure of Dora's hand. 'When may I expect you?'

'As soon as I have learned anything new. I dare not come too often. You know I have always taken Ernestine with me until now. She will think it strange if I go out without her. If you have anything to tell me, just drop me a line and I will come to you. Remember me to the colonel and keep up a stout heart.'

(To be continued.)

THE LADY AND THE GROCER.

A parvenue asked her grocer the other day if he had any afternoon tea and sewing bee honey. He said he had none just then, but he had some prepared pousee coffee, an excellent 'night cap.' She declined, saying her pusa never drank coffee, and wearing 'night caps' was conducive to badness.

WONDERFUL Blood-Purifying Effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Charles Stephenson, a well-known Railway Employee at Kalapoi, New Zealand, writes:

'About ten years ago, while engaged in shunting, my foot caught between the rails, and my leg was fractured below the knee. It healed in time, but I have been troubled ever since with swollen veins, and have been obliged, at times, to wear a bandage. About



a year ago it became much worse, and I feared I should be obliged to give up my work. A friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and after taking four bottles the swelling disappeared, and I have not been troubled with it since.'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Has cured others, will cure you.

EATING IN PUBLIC PLACES.

'I never could understand,' said a young lady who had been about the world a good deal, as she walked down the street after taking luncheon in a fashionable restaurant, 'why some people who are supposed to be really well bred, have such abominable manners when they take their meals in public places. I have frequently noticed the outrageous things that some of these persons do, and couldn't help wondering what a thin veneer of politeness they must wear when they are on their good behaviour. I went out to luncheon with a lady the other day, and while we were waiting to be served, entertained myself—as I often do—by noting the manners of the different persons in the room. It was exclusively a ladies' lunch room, and was frequented by persons supposed to be at least of fair intelligence and breeding.'

'Two ladies sat with both elbows on the table and their chin resting in their hands. Another, a rather pretty well-dressed young woman, broke the entire crust from a slice of bread, put one end of it in her mouth and deliberately chewed on it, in the same fashion that a man chews on the end of his cigar, except that she gradually consumed the crust and drew it into her mouth without, however, touching it at all with her fingers. It is said that the manners of men in eating-houses where only men are served are not at all what they are expected to be either in their own homes or those of their friends, and it seems that the manners of young women are but little better.'

'It might be well to impress on the minds of young persons that it is just as easy to make good table manners second nature, as to indulge in all sorts of disagreeable and ill-bred habits. Indeed, the youngster who never has any company manners, but is polite and well-bred under all circumstances, is a very comfortable and agreeable sight. It is very easy to tell from the manners of men and women, when they are away from home and suppose themselves among strangers, just what their early training has been and what their home manners ordinarily are. Of all the weaknesses of human nature, there is nothing more worthy of censure than the habit of what we call "company manners."'

FALLING IN LOVE TOO YOUNG.

MANY a fond mother experiences great anxiety for her daughters and sons as they get into their later teens.

She is afraid her son will fall in love with a pretty face before he is twenty years old, and mar his fortune. She is still more solicitous as to what may become of her daughter's susceptibility, because she is perchance of a romantic and dreaming nature.

This anxious mother is the representative of a class which numbers thousands.

There are not many things which cause more maternal solicitude than the fear that a son or daughter will be led, while young, into a foolish or disastrous marriage.

Among the most prolific provocatives of such youthful folly are idleness, lack of mental occupation, and the restlessness and dissatisfaction which are usually induced by such stagnant conditions.

Therefore, we say to any mother who does not want her son to fall in love with a pretty face before the beard grows on his own, give him something to do; let his mind be occupied.

Employment is one of the best safeguards as well as one of the best remedies for that intermittent youthful fever mistakenly called love.

Furthermore, try to inspire your son with noble ambitions, which will lift him above his petty desires, and make him eager to achieve a manly and useful career.

As for your daughter, as soon as she leaves school give her something to do also—something useful and elevating.

She will miss the daily routine of school life, with its exercise and occupation and discipline of mind.

Undoubtedly she will fancy that the change is delightful; but she will soon become dissatisfied.

Her life will be full of restlessness her heart full of longing; and before you are aware, she will fall desperately in love with some moustached boy—possibly a harmless, probably a worthless, perhaps a villainous fellow, who, like herself, had nothing to do.

She can not only fade some mischief still for idle hands to do, but he also provides many ways for idle young people to commit sad and sometimes irretrievable blunders.

One of his most effective lures is that kind of affection, erroneously called love, which is generated by the restlessness and dissatisfaction caused by idleness and vacuity of mind.

Therefore those persons who wish to save their sons and daughters from the evils that come of falling in love too young should give them plenty to do, so they may 'not rust in idleness, but shine in use.'

MONTERRAT Lime Fruit Juice SAUCE. Agents: Chrystal & Co., Christchurch.

A delicious novelty in Sauce. Only the famous Montserrat used in its preparation.

STEADY !!

There is a Run on our Blends. While we are glad to see it, And happy to keep pace with it, We want to point out THERE IS NO NEED FOR ALARM.

THE QUALITY

ALWAYS THE SAME.

And will be just as good next week as this.

We hold an IMMENSE STOCK, and there IS ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY.

Please keep calm, WE WON'T FAIL YOU.

Yours faithfully, EMPIRE TEA COMPANY.

W. & G. TURNBULL & CO., Proprietors.

FIRST DISPLAY

OF SPRING AND SUMMER NOVELTIES.

A Lovely Collection of MANTLES, JACKETS, CAPES, DRESS FABRICS.

SUNSHADES AND MILLINERY.

Also A CHARMING VARIETY OF

WASHING MATERIALS, PRINTS, CREPONS, DRILLS, PIQUES.

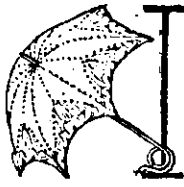
ZEPHYRS, SATENS, ETC., ETC.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

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CASHEL STREET. CHRISTCHURCH.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



WILL begin my fashion notes this week with a very smart parasol for the races. It is extremely chic, composed of white chiffon outlined with gold spangles, and the handle a gold snake with diamond eyes.

Can we wonder that flowers of every specie and colour are becoming more and more the rage on every conceivable form of headgear, considering how beautifully they are now imitated? How real some of them look. But beware of cheap tawdriness. There is quite as much in the choice of flowers as there is in the choice of colour and shape. Moreover, well-made flowers are always the cheapest in the long run, for the poor specimens of roses and other blooms sold at prices that ordinary common sense says at once they cannot be properly made for the money, hardly every bear the test of the sunshine or the slightest drop of rain. Lilies of the valley, pansies, carnations, orchids, and irises bid fair to have the run during the season when we frivolous daughters of Eve appear in the butterfly raiment only feasible, alas, during a few brief months. But perhaps the most popular of all these flowers just now is the pansy in all its shades. At all the smart meetings and other fashionable reunions the colours of the frocks are quite conventionally demure in comparison to the millinery. Here is a little spring bonnet essentially rejuvenating and fresh. It is the



THE FANSY CAPOTE.

latest novelty and creation of one of our best milliners, and is sure to be one of the bonnets of the season. This capote is a dream in pansies and induces one to thoughts of poetry and inspiration. On this ethereal confection the *pensées*, quite like Nature's own jewels, were deep purple blended with yellow ones. Some foliage was introduced among the poesies, and the stems of the clumps of flowers rest in arcadian simplicity on the hair. An additional spray of the purple pansies also hangs down in *cache-pigne*.

Among those thousand and one little feminine frivolities that conspire to render a woman quite irresistible, and make her masculine-minded and stiff shirt-fronted sisters wonder how it is that she is so successful with 'poor weak men,' are the Elizabethan ruffles so supremely becoming to the features. We have them in chiffon, tulle, gauze, net, and finally silk flower petals. The latter are quite a novelty, and are particularly *chic* in yellow poppy leaves. In my first sketch I show the effect of this new ruffle.

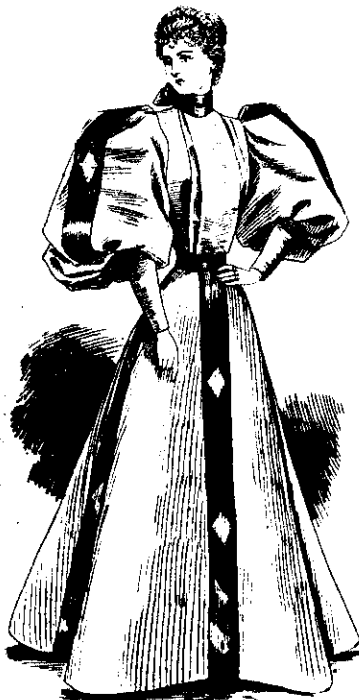
Spring, which is with us to gladden the heart of everybody and make all the world and his wife forget that there ever were such plagues as influenza and plumbars, is essentially the time for the natty tailor made gown to burst forth in its full glory. Our artist was evidently inspired by these same sentiments when sketching the following dress. It is constructed in a ribbed serge of the shade which some compare to the metal called nickel. This



SOMETHING SWEETLY GIRLISH IN TAILOR MADE GOWNS.

term just hits the colour off; for the tint is neither steel nor silver grey. The corsage escaping the hips fits closely into the figure and hooks down on one side under the arm. In front half-a-dozen smoked mother-of-pearl buttons form a smart ornamentation, while further elaboration is afforded by very narrow strappings of silver braid laid over the gores. The same trimming is repeated on the sleeves, and the prettily-cut revers enclosing a frilled and slightly lucked white batiste plastron. This style of waistcoat has superseded the masculine shirt front, and tie, the frill in some cases being replaced by a series of baby-kicks separated by bands of Swiss insertion, a black velvet ribbon revealing itself where the starched neck band does not meet. Yes, we seem to have at last realised that a smart tailor made frock need not necessarily be uncomprehensibly hard. The French have always, moreover, understood the art of blending the neat with the purely womanly.

At one of the smartest of our drapery establishments in London all the novelties for the season are to be found, and, it must be added, at prices which place them within the reach of all. The costumes and mantles here are of exceptionally good value, and the blouses, sunshades, millinery, and materials, though impossible to describe even in a general way in the space of a short notice, are well worthy of inspection. At this time of year the coat and skirt are a necessity, and this firm is amongst the best of caterers for this style of costume. In covert-coating, habit, Amazon, llama, and Melton cloth; in serge, crepon, or Scotch tweed; in cashmere, or merino, they are to be found in the latest shape and cut. The Zouave is evidently popular; so also is the baquet coat. For wearing with blouses there are some wonderfully inexpensive skirts of black crepon, either with or without material for bodices, and in pretty bright coloured crepons, pink and blue, the skirts are adorned with bands of black satin ribbon. The 'Gaiolise' is a costume of drill in the new blue, pink, white, and navy, made with a cape and skirt, at a price which is quite incredible. Others, a little more costly, are trimmed with cream lace. The black silk and brocade dresses trimmed with satin ribbon and jet ornaments, are useful for any occasion; and for mourning there are some charming wool, cashmere, or merino gowns, with a garniture of silk crape. The shirts and blouses are worth a few words of description, seeing that they are almost indispensable adjuncts of every toilette. Those of striped glacé silk are good value, and some in shot glacé and in bright shades of srah, with veilings of beaded net, should be seen. The cotton models are pretty, especially the 'Jeanette,' in holland cambric, trimmed with beige lace, and lined throughout with muslin; and the 'Daphne,' with an embroidered front and turned-down collar. The 'Henley' has a box-pleated frilled front in white cambric spotted with black, pink, or blue. The golfing jersey, in many colours and in black, should not be omitted from any wardrobe for the seaside or country, and the 'Inez,' soft fronted piqué shirt, with starched collar and cuffs, is another useful morning blouse. The little capes and mantelettes are also most dainty and stylish. Here the models are in crepon, merv, velvet, and lace. Particularly pretty is one of black mervelleux, with the close-fitting back, quillings of the black net forming the wing sleeves. The neck is finished with a ruche of net, and jet ornaments and bows of satin ribbon complete it. Another of velvet has appliques of moire and jet, and a lining of shot silk. Beaded net studded with little medallions, and edged with pinked-out frills and ruchings of black glacé, makes a light and dressy *vêtement* for a warm day, a similar one of black glacé being entirely veiled with quillings of fine black net spotted and having a neck ruffle of the same. Of *en-tout-cas* and sunshades there is an enormous choice,



the former, with the new patent tubes, being excessively small and compact when rolled up, and at the same time light to hold. Many of these are of the glacé silk, which is ubiquitous to a degree this season; others are either of plain silk or moire. The fancy bordered *en-tout-cas*, either in plain or fancy shot silk, are pretty, the combinations being smart; black with white, gold with

cardinal, blue with red, and many others. For sunshades nothing could well be prettier than the black moire or satin ones, trimmed with the new guipure in butter or tan colour, or the chic floral silk models, with handles of cherry wood, the borders being crepe. A bordering of two insertions of gauze ribbon adds piquancy to some *ombrelles* of shot dark hued silk.

Figure 3 is a dress of rose crepon with bands of black satin ribbon cut into diamond openings, edged with jet.

More than one artist has already declared that materials were never more beautiful or more perfectly thought out than in these up-to-date times. Fairies might have been at work at some of the new Chiné rustling silks, so supremely dainty are the tintings and designs. A French gown for evening wear closes to-day's column, and is made up in one of these charming taffetas. On a faint, dreamy blue ground



FRESH FROM THE GAY CAPITAL.

are fine black pencillings, tracing a pattern too bewildering to describe. This material forms the principal portion of the frock, but the huge sleeves are in a silk more pompador in style. Besides the shadowy lines there are tiny black dots and bouquets of indefinite roses and forget-me-nots. A pink velvet girdle and bows of the same ornamented with old silver square buttons carry out the very Parisian *mélange* of pink and blue. Across the bust is a full muslin fichu of creolean hue demurely folded *à la pay saine*, and on the shoulders are bunches of velvet roses mixed with forget-me-nots.

HELOISE.

FRESH AND NEW.

SHE (pertly): 'Sir, I am a new woman.'
He: 'Well, I noticed you were quite fresh.'

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lookyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lookyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(ADVT.)

KEATING'S POWDER.
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This powder, so celebrated, is utterly unrivalled in destroying BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all insects (which perfectly harmless to all animal life). All woollens and furs should be well sprinkled with the Powder before placing away. It is invaluable for destroying fleas in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

KILLS (BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES).

Unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCK-ROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FUR, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that every pack of the genuine powder bears the autograph of THOMAS KEATING; without this article offered is a fraud. Sold in Tins only.

KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.
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A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable and palatable remedy for INFANTIL AND THICKENED WORKS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins, by all Druggists.

Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

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.

INVALID COOKERY.

It sometimes happens in cases of extreme weakness and prostration that the ordinary preparations for invalids cannot be taken, and one must resort to cookery of a special kind, instead of the ordinary routine of beef tea, mutton broth, arrowroot, etc. Foremost among recipes of this nature is:—

CLEAR BEEF JELLY.—Make some very strong beef tea in the usual manner, cutting the beef into small pieces, and putting it into a jar in the oven for several hours; strain it off into a basin, let it get cold, and then surround the basin with ice. A teaspoonful of the cold jelly to be given at a time. This is excellent when hot liquids cannot be swallowed; and a little isinglass may be added to increase the nutritious properties of the beef.

RAW BEEF TEA.—This is given in cases of typhoid. Take 1oz. of lean beef freshly killed, from the shin or rump, and separate it from all fat. Mince it up on the board first, and then put it into a cup with a tablespoonful of fresh cold water, let it stand for a quarter of an hour, and then strain it off for use. Add a drop of hydrochloric acid to disguise the colour, and give a teaspoonful at a time.

LEMON WHEY.—Cut a lemon in half, and squeeze the juice into half a pint of boiling milk, put on to the fire in a small saucepan. Let the milk and lemon juice boil together for a few minutes until they curdle. Then strain it through an ordinary pointed strainer into a basin, and add a little sifted sugar. This can be taken hot or cold.

EGG FLIP.—Take the whites of two eggs, add a tablespoonful of cream, fifteen drops of brandy, and a teaspoonful of sifted sugar. Beat well with a Dover's whisk, and administer as a stimulant when required.

ALMOND MILK.—This is useful in cases of inflammation. Pound 2oz. of sweet almonds and four bitter almonds in a mortar, mixing them with a little orange flower water. Put them into a jug, pour over them a pint of cold water, and let it stand for twelve hours, stirring occasionally. Then strain through a fine sieve and sweeten the milk with sugar candy.

GUM ARABIC WATER.—This is good for irritation of the throat and constant cough. Put 1oz. of the finest gum Arabic into an earthenware jar with 2oz. of sugar candy and a pint of water; set in a saucepan of water and stir it occasionally till dissolved. Keep it hot in an Etm., as it should be taken hot. Milk may be substituted for water if preferred.

SOUP KITCHEN.—To make cheap soup: Twelve quarts water; 2lb lentils, the red ones, at 1½d, 3d; celery, a little cut small, 1d; 1lb potatoes, 1d; ½lb butter, 6d; 1lb Spanish onions, cut small, 1½d; pepper and salt to taste, 1½d—total cost, 1s 2d. Another: Twelve quarts water, 1½lb large haricots, at 2½d, 3½d; 1lb marrow-fat peas, 2d; 2lb carrots and turnips, cut small, 1½d; one small cauliflower (flower only), 2d; 1egg, 1d; 1lb Spanish onions, cut small, 1½d; parsley, little celery, cut small, 1½d; ½lb butter, 6d; pepper and salt to taste, 1d; ½lb potatoes, cut fine, 1d; ½lb pearl barley, 1d—total cost, 1s 8½d.

LEMON PIE.—Three eggs, three tablespoonfuls fine sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, one cupful of milk, the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Moisten the flour with a little milk, boil the remainder, mix the flour, the yolks of the eggs, sugar, lemon, rind, and juice, and stir in the boiling milk. Butter a pie-dish, pour the custard into it, and bake till set. Beat the whites of the egg to a stiff froth, spread them over the custard, sprinkle some fine sugar over, and bake a pale brown in a cool oven.

FACE MASK.

A CAPITAL plan is the old-fashioned dough mask. Roll a piece of dough out thin, and spread over your face. Mrs Langtry says that for rough, wrinkley or dry skin pieces of beef steak cut very thin and bound on at night are excellent. (If you can make a face mask after this recipe: Grate a little alum, put what you can lay on a trepance into one teaspoonful of rose water, then beat it together. It will make a soft oint. Cover the face with it at night and put over it a piece of soft thick cloth or chamois leather which can be fastened by means of strings, and has pieces cut for the eyes, nose and mouth.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.—Dr. Child, of Oxford, says:—There were certain diseases which it was a disgrace to the country to allow to exist—such as typhus, typhoid, diphtheria and measles, and these might be eradicated with ordinary sanitary care and precaution. All should read a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' The information is invaluable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' keeps the blood pure, and prevents disease and premature death. Sold by all Chemists and Grocers. (30)

WORK COLUMN.

A PLACE FOR MUSIC.

THE neat bestowal of music is frequently a cause of discussion between the musical and non-musical in the house. The fact is that what one person regards as so much litter is among the most treasured possessions of another, and if we would live well at peace with our fellow beings this fact is worthy of consideration. I came across a music portfolio the other day that not only fulfilled all useful purposes, but was remarkably decorative into the bargain. It would not be at all difficult to make, merely requiring a strong easel of white common wood and a very ordinary portfolio, one side of which should be securely nailed or glued to the easel, on the other side, that in fact facing the room, is a gold harp of very nearly the same size as the portfolio it-



self. This is not difficult to make, being merely cut out of pasteboard, covered with canvas, and then glued with that useful little solution which is to be obtained in fat, stone bottles. Brass picture wires are then strung across the frame-work at the back of it, to which is fastened three or four inch-deep corks. These in their turn are gilded and then securely fastened to the portfolio, thus making the harp stand out in relief; that part of the portfolio which comes exactly behind the strings is then cut away, its place being taken by soft Pongee silk of the palest blue tint, gathered very fully. The easel is either gilded or enamelled, according to the rest of the decorations in the room.

ALL ABOUT THE HOUSE.

SPRINKLE a piece of cotton wadding thickly with cayenne pepper, and insert it at the top of a mouse hole, and it sends them away. I have tried it successfully.

After shirts and collars have been laundered, with a piece of clean linen rub with some Sunlight soap over the newly done cuffs and collars, and then again rub, and a fine gloss is the result.

Many people complain how soon their flowers fade after being gathered and put into vases. If possible, blooms should be picked before the sun is hot, say about six a.m., and then they don't wilt.

A good snail trap is a newspaper thrown down crumpled at night, and in the morning numbers are congregated in it.

For icing cakes, etc., spinach juice (uncooked) well bruised will make a delightful green from an 'art' to an 'emerald,' and is of course quite wholesome.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WASHING SCARLET FLANNELS.

Take any good hard soap and warm, soft water and make some suds. Wash the garment on the right side and wring out, throwing the water away. Then prepare more water like the first, wash the garment on the right side, then turn and wash the wrong side, wring out and hang to dry after shaking and carefully straightening bands, sleeves, etc.

BEDSORES.

These most frequently occur in those whose nutrition has been impaired by long illness, as in typhoid, etc., and from continued pressure. As a prevention, the exposed parts may be bathed with alcohol or whisky to harden the cuticle, and pressure may be removed by resting the parts upon a cylindrical pad or water pillow. 'The best dressing for a bed sore is a mixture of equal parts of copaiba and castor-oil,' said Bartholow, and whenever used I have seen none but good results from it. The galvanic current may be applied to indolent bedsores to hasten healing, but it would seem that tonics and measures to restore the general health are more satisfactory.

GLASS GLOBES, TO CLEAN.

When the glass globes of chandeliers have become smoked and grimy, soak them in hot water, to which a little sal soda has been added. Then put some ammonia in hot water, enter the globes, and scrub briskly with a stiff brush. Rinse thoroughly and wipe dry.

EXPENSIVE FOOD.

A JEWELLER missed several valuable stones early the other morning, and could not account for their disappearance, as he had only opened the safe a few moments before. He searched in vain for them, and then turning to his 3-year-old baby, who had been running about, asked: 'Where are those little things?' A physician was at once summoned. He did not think any serious result would follow the costly feast. An examination of the tray showed that fourteen pearls and five diamonds had been swallowed by the child.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two tribes, the bores and the bored.
BYRON.

A very useful addition to the toilet table is a tiny silver funnel. It saves any amount of waste in filling madam's lamp for her curling iron, as well as her silver perfume-bottles. Being so quaintly pretty, it is always in evidence, and economises time as well as fluids.

Black gros-grain silk makes a very smart bathing-suit. The blouse should be full with a sailor-collar. A black satin belt with a rosette at the back, is quite new and exceedingly chic.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s bottles. Made in London.—(ADVE.)



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the two most Fashionable Garments in the Mantle Department, are shown in unrivalled variety. The newest styles in BLOUSES are marked at remarkably Low Rates, a fact which should fully sustain their great popularity for summer wear.

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JAMES SMITH,

TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

I GUARANTEE TO CURE

THE NERVES AND THE BLOOD

Says HERR RASMUSSEN,

THE CELEBRATED DANISH HERBALIST

AND Parisian Gold Medalist of 547 GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY, and 51 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, N.Z.; and no greater truth has ever been uttered, judging from the THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS sent to him by grateful cured BLOOD and NERVE SUFFERERS, whom his world-renowned HERBAL ALFALINE VITALITY REMEDIES have restored to PERMANENT HEALTH. For example, his Celebrated ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS are a CERTAIN CURE for WEAK NERVES, DEPRESSED SPIRITS, DEBILITY, and WEAKNESS OF THE SPINE, BRAIN, and NERVES. Special Powerful Course, 4s 6d; Ordinary Course, 2s 6d; Smaller Boxes, 1s and 6s; posted.

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

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

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

HERR RASMUSSEN,

91 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post-office as follows:—Not exceeding 50s, 3d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

A GOOD IDEA.

DEAR COUSINS.—This letter is intended for each one of you specially, and I want you all to read it, and give it your best attention. Cousin Muriel (Auckland) makes the following suggestion:

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—My mother read out of the paper the other night that a children's ward was very much needed at the hospital, and ever since then I have had an idea which I want to tell you of. Would it not be a good idea if we cousins (there must be a great number now) would subscribe for a 'cot' and call it the 'GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot.' It would be something in common for all, and bring us more together. The child would be 'our cousin,' and we could send pictures and books and old toys to amuse him or her when they were getting better. Don't you think it would be nice, Cousin Kate? You could tell us how much it would cost, as you know how many of us there are, and you could also tell how much each would have to subscribe. Distant cousins passing through Auckland could call and see 'our cousin' and cheer them up. I shall be quite anxious to hear what you think about this, Cousin Kate.

Now I think this idea a first-rate one, and I should like to hear what all the cousins think too. Please each and all of you send me, as soon as possible, a letter or a post-card, and tell me if you would each agree to collect 5s a year for the purpose of establishing a GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot in the Auckland Hospital. This is what I would propose, but it all depends upon whether enough of you agree to help. First, if I get enough promises, I will go to the hospital committee and see what the cost of maintaining a sick child in the hospital for a year. Now there are on my list 201 cousins' names. But a large number of these have not been written for a long time, and I will not count them. Let as many as possible promise. I could send them collecting cards, and they could ask their friends and themselves to promise a shilling a year to this Fund. Some people would even give more, and some active cousins might take two collecting cards. The money—in postal notes—could be sent to me, and I will put it at once in the Auckland Savings' Bank, acknowledging its receipt in the GRAPHIC, so that you could all see exactly how we are getting on. When there is enough money in the Bank, we could choose a sick child whose parents could not afford to pay for its stay in the Hospital. Of course the parents must be deserving, and the poor little child in want of medical treatment. It could stay in till cured, perhaps a year, perhaps six months, then another could take its place. If more money is collected than is wanted for the year, it could remain in the Bank, and perhaps we could even support two children. Since I began to write this a gentleman has most kindly promised me £1 as a commencement. Is not that a splendid chance? Now, dear cousins, try your best. This will be our 'cot' in the colony, and we shall all be very much interested in it, I am sure. If you all like, I could be hon. treasurer and secretary, and I should like some of the cousins' fathers to act as committee, or appoint anyone else as hon. treasurer and secretary. Dear cousins, remember what the Saviour says about a cup of cold water even, if given in His name, being accepted. Here is a grand chance for you all to do some work for Him, to bring health and happiness to one of His suffering little ones. For, oh, how some of those poor children do suffer! It is terrible. There may be one sick child in a large, poor family. The mother does what she can, but she cannot afford the food and medicine it needs nor the time to nurse it. The poor little thing is neglected, starved, cries with pain and discomfort in its hard bed (probably none too clean). It has no chance to recover in such surroundings. But if you all like, we can help it. Will you? 'What thou doest, do quickly.'—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I should like very much to become one of your many cousins as soon as you will allow me. We get the GRAPHIC every week, and I enjoy it very much. I thought the photos round Hokiangs were lovely, and to were the sketches from Europe in this week's GRAPHIC. I intend to try for the story competition. I will write a longer letter when I get an answer from you. I will sign my second name, as you have two cousins by my first name, and send my name and address on a separate piece of paper, but do not wish you to publish it. Hoping you will allow me to be your loving cousin DAGMAR, I will now say goodbye.

[I am very pleased to accept you as a cousin. It is thoughtful of you to use your second pretty name, but dear Cousin Dagmar, you forgot to put in that separate bit of paper! Please send it next time, and if you like to join the Humane Society, send sixpence for the badge. Also answer about the 'cot'.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have not written to you before, but am going to now. I see by the GRAPHIC you have a good many cousins. I go to a private school in Christchurch, and like it very much. Some little time ago I saw by the GRAPHIC that a piece of music was to be sent every fortnight to the people who take that paper. We do not get ours very regularly, and often it is three weeks between each piece. I am very fond of music, and some of the pieces in the GRAPHIC are very nice. We have a pet goldfish and it sings so nicely. We also have a cat who has often tried to get the goldfish, but has not succeeded yet.—I must now conclude with love.—I am your loving cousin ADA.

[I am glad to welcome you as my 199th cousin! Did ever anybody have such a delightful number of relations? Well, you have, because, of course, I count as well as the others, and have not added myself to the 199. I wonder who will be the 200th? I hope you will join the GRAPHIC

Humane Society. Send up six penny stamps and I will send you a badge. I hope your goldfish will escape that hungry cat. Have they no names? Have you had them long? I do not think the music comes out every fortnight; it is not always ready then.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I want to become a cousin very much. I am eight years old. I go to school, where I am in the Second Standard. I live in Wanganui. My sister was dux of the College last year. Her portrait was in the GRAPHIC. I must close with love from COUSIN SHEILA.

[I am very glad to have you for a cousin, dear. How nicely you write for your age. Will you join our Humane Society? If you send sixpence, I will send you a badge. What a clever sister you have! Will she not become a cousin too? Send me your full address if you write for the badge, and tell me then if you will help to collect for the 'Cot.' You are my 200th cousin.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I hope you received my story safely. We are having lovely weather in Wellington. I went out to the s.s. Aotea on Saturday morning. Inspector Pender came out from Home by her, bringing with him Mr Leonard Harper. He was brought into the Railway Wharf in the Ellen Ballance to avoid any demonstration. The Boating Season was opened on Saturday by His Excellency the Governor. Another little friend of mine named Jessie is writing to ask you to allow her to become a cousin. We are getting a big St. Bernard dog from Sydney. I will tell you what he is like when he arrives. I went to the House of Parliament not long ago. The members were discussing 'The Tariff.' I am dressing a doll at school this term. The H.M.S. Kingarooma is in port. There is to be an Old Girls' Concert on the 11th of October, and when it comes off I will tell you about it if you like. Cousin Elsie has got something nice to ask you in her letter this time. I hope you will agree with the idea. I must now close my letter with love from COUSIN LAURA. Wellington.

[I have your story. You will know the result as soon as possible, but not for six weeks, I daresay. Poor Mr Leonard Harper! I am so very sorry for the family. His father was a dear friend of my father; it is a mercy he is dead. I did not know they would allow dogs to land from Sydney. Do you pay a tax or duty? It's funny if you don't, for they seem to tax everything possible and impossible now. We shall have to pay for having hair done to our waists directly. I can easily sit on mine, so shall have a lot to pay, shall I not? What length is yours? How did you dress the doll? Tell me about the concert when you write again. Do you take part?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I was very pleased and surprised to receive your kind letter on Saturday morning, and I thank you very much for taking such a lot of trouble to let me know that I may compete for the story prize. I am enclosing six penny stamps for the badge, which I think is very pretty. On Saturday afternoon father and I went to see the new gold diggings at Karori. The men had a cradle with some quicksilver at the bottom. First of all they threw in some water and dirt, and then bailed the water out and the gold remained at the bottom of the cradle. We then went past the upper reservoir across the hills until we reached the lower reservoir, and we went through Vogelstown and arrived home at 5 o'clock. On Friday there is going to be a concert and a tea at school in aid of the games' fund, but as Cousin Laura is going to tell you about it, I need not give you a description of it in my next letter. I must now close as I have nothing else to say.—From your affectionate cousin, ELSIE.

[I am glad you like the badge. Cousin Laura said you had something nice to tell me. Some idea she calls it. Where and what is it? Did you forget to write it? We are all, or I should say nearly all, wild over the gold mines here. Such crowds round the Exchange. I have not speculated at all, and think I shall keep out of it altogether. I have not been down a mine, only viewed them from a safe (and clean) distance. A coal shaft I peered down did not look inviting. You and your father had a nice long walk. I wish more girls would walk. It is so good for them.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is a long time since you have had a letter from me. Since I wrote last I have been to Nelson for a holiday with my mother, sisters, and brother. We were there seven weeks, one of which we spent in the country at a place called Foxhill. While there we went out blackberrying and fishing, and caught some small fish. We went for several picnics up the Maitai River, and I was nearly drowned while bathing in it. I got giddy and went round like a teetotum, and was sinking when my mother rushed in and saved me. My mother took us to see 'Ali Baba or, The Forty Thieves,' and also 'Tambour Major,' which I liked very much. On our way home we went ashore at Taranaki, and went to see the Recreation Ground. I thought it very pretty. We arrived home safely after a most enjoyable holiday, and found the garden full of fruit. We go into the bush twice a week exploring. I like it very much. We gather a great many ferns, which we find growing in the gullies, and they look so cool and pretty. One part we have named 'Cat Knuckles,' because the rocks are so large and slippery that you fall and very often cut your knuckles. It is more pleasant to explore the creeks than any other part. Do you like raspberries? We had some canes sent up from Nelson, and they are growing nicely. I hope they will have fruit on this year. Some of the cousins think that Cousin Lou is a long time writing again, but when she does she writes long, interesting letters. We are having very wet weather now, but I hope it will soon change, as I like playing games out in the paddock after lessons. I must now conclude with love to all the cousins.—From your loving cousin, NINA.

[I was much pleased to hear from you again, and very glad to learn you had such an enjoyable trip. Nelson is a pretty place. I went up to Foxhill when I was there. It was very fortunate you were not alone when you were bathing, or I might have to mourn the loss of one of my dear cousins. Thank you for the pretty fern. It arrived so fresh and green, you would think it was just gathered. I think I shall wear it at the opera to-night, unless my heart refuses to allow me to spoil such a dainty friend. Will you help about the 'cot'?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Reading the GRAPHIC the other day I noticed that there was to be a short story competition, and am writing to ask if you will admit me as one of your cousins in the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, and accept this short story for the competition, remaining ever yours truly, MABEL.

[I have put down your name as a cousin, and your story will be considered with the others. I have made no age limit for cousins, but of course in a story competition where age is mentioned, we expect more from the older than from the younger competitors. What do you think of the idea for a 'cot'? You are my only cousin in your neighbourhood, and you might help us very much. Will you? Your envelope should have had the words 'Commercial papers only' on it. We had to pay 3d for the letter. I suppose your postmaster did not understand that the contents were to be printed. The chief postmaster in Auckland himself gave the notice which stands at the head of the children's letters.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am sending you the six stamps for the badge, which I hope I shall receive soon. I went for a picnic last Monday, as it was our examination holiday. I went with several school friends up in a beautiful bush. We saw several of the largest trees I have ever seen. Red pines towered above us all over the place, and the pine leaves hanging down several feet from the tree looked beautiful. After going through the bush, stumbling over logs and getting stuck in bogs for about an hour, we arrived at a beautiful waterfall between two high cliffs covered with moss and ferns. Beautiful ferns which I had never seen before were hanging from the pines on the tops of the cliff. While we were gathering ferns one of the girls gave a shout, and we all looked up to see what was the matter, when we found ourselves in front of a charcoal kiln. There was a little hut built at the side of the kiln. After we had examined the hut and the kiln and made ourselves pretty dirty, we went back to where we had had our dinner. We got ourselves clean in the river under the waterfall. When we came out of the bush we went to one of our friend's home, where we had games until it was time to go home. About sixteen miles from here is a beautiful little seaside. A lot of houses have gone up the last year or two. Three years ago there were no houses there, as people used to go out there only to spend the day, but now they live out there most of the summer. The beach is about a mile long—all sand without a rock or break in it. The Maoris used to live several miles round the bay. They have a graveyard up there, but they won't let anyone go into it. I hope you will not think this letter too long, and good enough to print.—Your loving cousin, IDA No. 2.

[I have sent your badge, and you will, I trust, have it by this time. What a delightful day you had in the bush! You see your letter was quite good enough to print. I had no idea red pines grew like that. How curious and interesting they must be! I should so much like a leaf. In all the letters I have received since the one from Cousin Muriel, I have mentioned the 'cot,' but those cousins whose letters were answered before it came, will, I hope, understand why I did not ask them to help individually, though I earnestly hope they will, and you too.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have never written to you before, but I hope you will allow me to become one of your cousins. Cousin Laura and Elsie, friends of mine, write to you, so I thought I would write also. I go to the Girls' High School every day in the train. I am in Form IV. B, and have been to the school for two years. On Saturday afternoon I want to see the opening of the yachting season. The place was crowded, and we could hardly get a seat. At the head of the boats was the Ellen Ballance, and then in order came the Petone and Wellington Navals, the Star Boating Club and the Wellington Boating Club. They sailed out a little way and then came back. After the procession was over the ladies had afternoon tea and then went home. Petone is a suburb of Wellington and about seven miles from that place. It is very pretty in the spring and in the summer. There are a great many picnic places, and the bush is also very pretty. We live close to the sea, and about a mile from the railway station. About four miles from Petone is Lowry Bay, a very nice place for picnics. I often walk there with friends for picnics. May I join the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC Humane Society, and will you please send me a badge? I am sending you a story for the Christmas Competition, which I hope will do. I am enclosing my name, age, and address, but not for publication. I must now close my letter with much love from your affectionate COUSIN JESSIE No. 4.

[I have already three cousins of your name, and must therefore call you Cousin Jessie No. 4, unless you will let me call you by your second name, will you? or do you prefer Jessie? I will send you a badge with pleasure if you will send me sixpence in stamps. Thank-you for your full address, which I have entered in my book. Petone must be very pretty. Your account of the boating is interesting. Tell me of some of your picnics. I suppose you are on the water a good deal in summer. Does not Cousin Laura live some distance from you? I suppose you meet at school.—COUSIN KATE.]

[Several Cousins' letters are, I am sorry to say, held over for want of space.]

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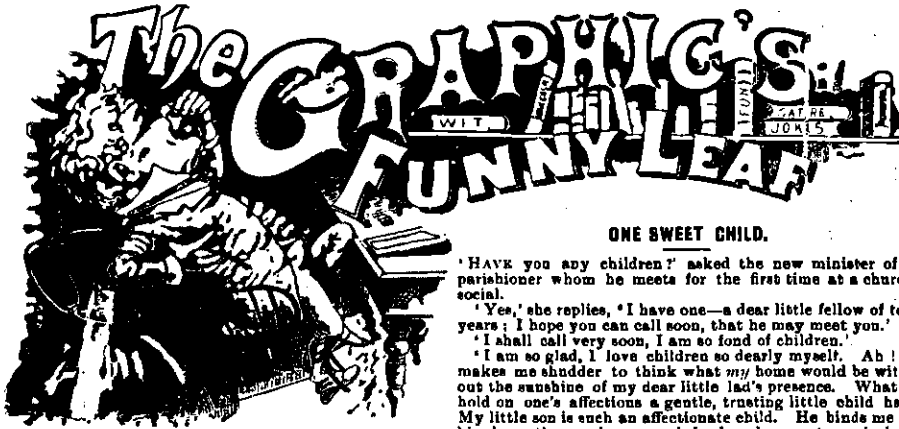
Of Finely Engraved

CARDS, CRESTS, . . .

MONOGRAMS and

WEDDING INVITATIONS

H. BRETT, Graphic Office, Shortland Street, Auckland.



ONE SWEET CHILD.

'HAVE you any children?' asked the new minister of a parishioner whom he meets for the first time at a church social.

'Yes,' she replies, 'I have one—a dear little fellow of ten years: I hope you can call soon, that he may meet you.'

'I shall call very soon, I am so fond of children.'

'I am so glad, I love children so dearly myself. Ah! it makes me shudder to think what my home would be without the sunshine of my dear little lad's presence. What a hold on one's affections a gentle, trusting little child has. My little son is such an affectionate child. He binds me to him by a thousand new and fond endearments each day. But it is late, and I must go to him now.'

'And this is what she says, on arriving home:

'Well, what under the shining sun will that hyena of a boy do next? This house looks like a mad bull had been turned loose in it. I never in all the born days of my life, saw a young one so full of the old Harry as he is. He will drive me raving crazy yet. I've no peace of my life with him. If I did my duty, I'd go to his bed now, and give him a thoroughly good dressing down. He has done everything I told him not to do. I never saw such a tormenting young one since the day I was born. I'll settle with him in the morning, oh, I will!'

AN APPEAL.

RING out old things, ring in the new,
Inferior and human,
But draw the line on novelties
At woman.



TRIFLES.

She (floating out of the room): 'No; I can never be yours. You are not my ideal.'

He (preparing to leave): 'What a pity, and I had the diamond ring ready, too.'

She: 'Oh, what a beauty! Well, sit down, and let's talk it over.'

THIS WAS A GOOD ONE.

'DID I tell you the latest bright thing my little boy got off?' asked M'Bride, as he joined a group of friends at the club.

'Yes, you did,' replied all in concert, with discouraging unanimity.

'That's where I've caught you,' retorted M'Bride, 'for it only happened last evening, and I haven't seen a soul of you fellows since. Besides, this was really a good one.'

'Then you haven't told it to us,' replied Kilduff, speaking for the crowd. 'Go on.'

'Yes, tell us quickly,' added Skidmore, 'and let us have the agony over.'

This encouraged, M'Bride began: 'You know, boys, little people have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling words when their children are present. Of course that sort of thing is of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell. Well, Mrs M'Bride and I are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddy is often very much mystified by our remarks to each other. Last night we had our new minister to dinner, and Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feeling perfectly certain that the minister would find it unintelligible. So he called out, 'Mamma!'

'What is it, Freddy?' asked my wife.

'Mamma, isn't the minister a-p-i-g?' so called out Freddy triumphantly.

The fellows had to admit that the story about M'Bride's boy was a really good one.

THERE is nothing more aggravating to a man with a secret than to meet people who have no curiosity.

THE OPINION OF A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

'NAVAN bean in England, have you, old chappie? Ah, then, you cabn't have met Sir Charles Chumley. He'll nevah come to this kentry, don't you know, for he says you're all a set a blooming eads. He's a denced clevah fellah, is Sir Charles; I'm shaw you'd like him. He and I were great chums. Such larks as we used to have, deah boy! One night after a bit of a supper with two little choruss-singers—Sir Charles introduced me to them—we took a hansom, and Sir Charles got on the box, and I got inside, and he drove until he wasst the hansom and smashed it into little bits. We were no hurt, and on our way home we amused ourselves, don't you know, by smashing nearly every blooming shop-window we passed. Next day Sir Charles paid for it all. Oh, you'd like him, I ansaw you. He's the fabsteat man in London, and his family's one of the oldest in the kingdom. He's a gentleman born and bred.'



MASTER: 'What! both want a holiday to-morrow, I can't spare you both at once—Mary, you can have to-morrow, and John the next day.'

John: 'Thank you, sir, but we wanted to get married, and I'm afraid, sir, it can't be done that way, but I'll enquire.'

CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

'I DON'T think your headache comes from any organic trouble,' said Dr. Philsbury to his patient, after the usual catechising.

'No, it's not an organ,' replied Mrs Barlow. 'It is the constant pounding on the piano next door which drives me frantic.'

TO BE EXPECTED.

WHEN women mount their spinning wheels
And cut all sorts of capers,
You shouldn't be surprised to see
Their bloomers in the papers.

VICE VERSA.

A PLUMBER and poet show different types
Of man in peculiar ways.
The plumber we often find laying his pipes,
While the poet is piping his lays.

A GENTLE HINT.

A MINISTER preaching was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, 'Some years since, when I was preaching, a young man, who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot. Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot.'

The new woman's club has passed a resolution that as the new ironclad is spoken of as 'she' it ought to be known as a woman-of-war, not a man-of-war.



'HAVE you read Jones' book; it seems to me I've read something like it before, but so far I've not heard anyone accuse him of plagiarism.'

'Oh, I don't know, he told me himself that he wrote with a steel pen.'

PRIZE WINNERS.

WE played progressive enchre
The livelong winter through.
She was a skilful player,
And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
And us together drew,
Whereat—since she was charming—
I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended,
Each night she took my arm,
And, acting as her escort,
I yielded to love's charm.

A year now we've been married,
And, much to our surprise,
Somehow we both keep thinking
We won the booby prize.

COLLECTED FOR BOTH.

HERE is a somewhat new story of the Niagara Falls hackman:

Two tourists a lady and a gentleman, stopped off at the Falls between trains. A hackman engaged them for a brief tour of sight-seeing. The time actually consumed was fifty-five minutes. The hackman said he must have \$10. The gentleman remarked that it was an outrage. The driver explained that he had been of great assistance in pointing out the places of interest and stood firm. The gentleman prepared to pay under protest. Unfortunately for himself, he handed the man a \$20 bill.

'Do you pay for the lady also?' asked the hackman, promptly.

'Do I pay for the lady?' repeated the fare, in astonishment. 'Of course I do. What do you mean?'

'Then there will be no change,' replied the hackman.

'My charge of \$10 is for one person; \$20 for two persons. The amount you have handed me is exactly correct. Thank you, sir.'

WHERE THEY STAY.

MOTHER (arranging for the summer): 'I want the girls to go to some place where the nicest men are, of course.'

Father: 'Then, my dear, you had better let them stay in town.'

THE POET.

THE poet's crown of sorrows
Is remembering happier things;
And his solace, when he borrows
Small amounts on what he sings.

POSSIBLY.

HOWEVER we may laud the wise,
And think that their condition's best,
We must admit, if we are wise,
The ignorant are the happiest.



CLIKENT: 'That little house you sent me to see is in a most scandalous condition. It is so damp that moss positively grows on the walls.'

House Agent: 'Well, isn't moss good enough for you? What do you expect at the rent—orchids?'