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And Ladies' Journal.

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COLONIAL ENTERPRISE.

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S SPLENDID NEW VESSEL.

BY the mail boat on Saturday last Captain Farquhar, of the Northern Steamship Company, and Mr Coutts, superintending engineer, left for England to bring out the magnificent new paddle steamship shown in our engraving. The new boat has been ordered by the pushing and enterprising Northern Company in order to meet with the increased demands created for rapid and comfortable service to the goldfields. In the able hands of Mr Chas. Ranson the Northern Steamship Company has gained the confidence of the public, and it is now one of the most popular as it is one of the soundest New Zealand Companies. Mr Ranson has never spared himself in the service of the Company, and his ceaseless efforts to keep the service up to the mark have met with due recognition at the hands of the travelling public. The following is a description of the vessel furnished to the Press:—

The steamer is to be built on the Clyde, and the order which has been sent Home, is for a steel paddle vessel of the following dimensions:—Length, between perpendiculars, 210 feet; breadth (moulded), 26 feet; depth (moulded to main deck) 10'6 feet; height between main deck and promenade deck, 7'6 feet. The vessel is to have an elliptic stern, upright stem, flush main deck, wing houses, a deck saloon abaft the engines and boilers, a promenade deck the whole length and breadth of the vessel, a flying bridge amidships, under which are to be fitted the captain's, chief officer's, and chart-room, etc. She is

TO BE BUILT OF STEEL THROUGHOUT,

rigged with two polemasts, and have two funnels, and her construction is to comply with all the requirements for Lloyd's A1 class of vessels for channel service. The

whole of the plates, angles, and bulbs are to be of the best quality, and the specifications are set down in very strict terms, that 'all material used throughout the vessel, whether metal or wood, must be of the best kind, and free from defects; and the workmanship and finish must be of the best and most thorough character.' With 60 tons deadweight on board, a mean draught of not more than 6 feet is to be provided for.

The frames are to be of steel angles, to extend from centre intercostal plate to gunwale. In machinery space, plate frames to be fitted, all to consist of steel plate, with double reverse bars on their inner edge. Reverse frames of steel angles on every frame, and on floors alternately, from centre keelson to gunwale, and from centre keelson to bilges. Reverse frames to be doubled under machinery. A beam is to be fitted on every frame on the main deck, beam knees to consist of gusset plates two and a-half times depth of beam; deep plate beams to be fitted where needful in machinery space, consisting of steel plates ten inches deep with double angle irons on the bottom. The main deck is to be plated in way of engine and boiler space for about 70 feet amidships with plates. The main deck beams are to be pillared from steel keelsons, the pillars, consisting of malleable iron tubes, six feet apart. The promenade deck is to be stiffened in line of machinery coamings and in saloon with single fore and aft angles under beams, and fastened to them by lug pieces, pillared with tubes.

Five transverse bulkheads are to be fitted, all of which are to be perfectly watertight, formed of steel plates fitted horizontally, stiffened vertically with angles, all to extend to maindeck. In way of bulkhead plates, liners to be fitted to all outside strakes of plating, extending from frame before to frame abaft bulkhead. Bulkheads adjoining boiler and engine space to be lagged with silicate cotton. All bulkheads to have vertical stiffening angles punched for pine grounds.

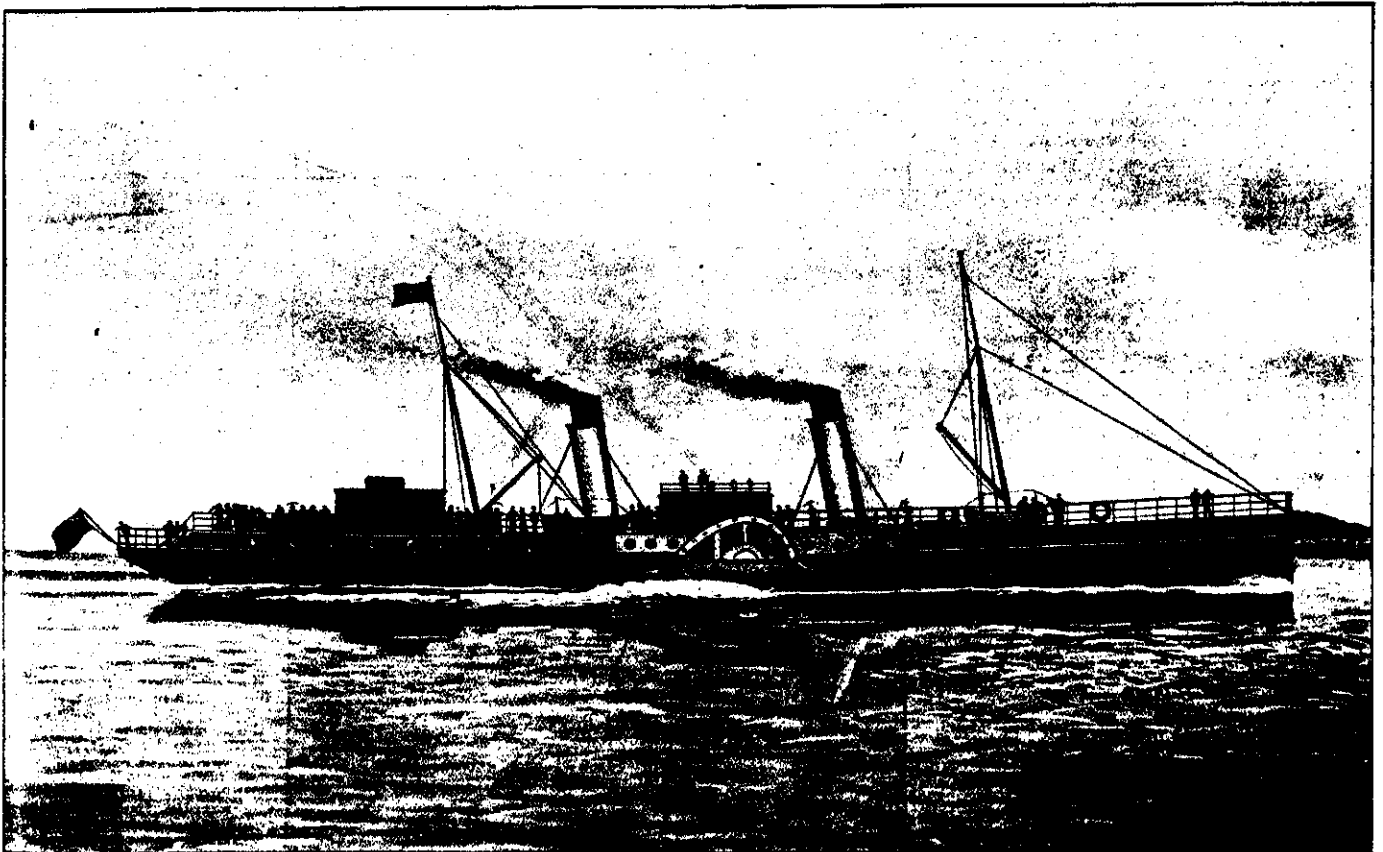
The keel is to be of steel plates throughout, with thick doubling plate for the whole length, doubling plate to

be seven inches by one inch; butts to be scarped together and double riveted.

The bottom of vessel to have five lines of keelsons fitted, one in centre, and two-a-side. Keelsons to consist of intercostal steel plates, attached to shell by steel angles. Intercostal plates to extend sufficiently far above top of floors to take along their upper edge double angles, riveted to floors, and lug pieces on top of floors. Centre keelson intercostal plates to be attached to the keel plate by double angles.

The main and promenade decks are to be laid with carefully selected teak; and the other decks of yellow pine, and all in thickness as required by Lloyd's rules. Teak seats are to be fitted along each side of the promenade deck, on the main decks inside of paddle box, along the sides of deck saloon aft, and forward on the main deck alongside bulwarks.

A saloon is to be situated on the main deck aft. It is to be well lighted by large square windows framed with teak, and every third sash arranged to open, being dropping sashes in railway-carriage style, and having appropriate straps and tassels. The internal framing of the saloon is to be of stained polished mahogany; roof to be planted and panelled with yellow pine, and beams boxed, the whole being tastefully painted. A well is to be arranged in the centre of the saloon, and over the dining-room, having polished mahogany balusters and rail all round. Spring sofas, two feet wide, to be fixed round the saloon, the backs to fold up and form berths two feet wide. Spring sofas are to be placed all round the saloon and the ladies' cabin, stuffed with curled hair and covered in best Utrecht velvet, the backs of the sofas to be similarly upholstered. All the fittings, such as lamps, curtain rods, hat and coat hooks, door hooks and mountings, are to be electro-plated in a permanent manner. The windows of the saloon and skylight are to be glazed with heavy plate glass, richly embossed; the glass of all the other windows to be of the best polished plate. A



NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER.

handsome electro-plated drinking fountain of large size will also be placed in the saloon.

The dining saloon will be on the lower deck, aft, the tables being arranged along the sides, with revolving chairs at suitable distances, convenient for dining, all stuffed and covered to match sofas; sofas to be arranged along each side. The panelling of the saloon is to be painted in tints, and well varnished.

The stairway, of teak, leading to the saloon, will have handrails of polished hardwood, to match the balusters which surround the opening, the steps to be overlaid with patent indiarubber treads, three-eighths of an inch thick, held in place by brass facings. A pantry and bar will be at the forward end of the dining saloon, fitted up with all necessary plate and tumbler-racks of mahogany, brass hooks, bottle racks, and every convenience.

A ladies' cabin is to be placed at the after end of the saloon, fitted and finished in keeping with the appointments of the main saloon, and with every necessary convenience, all in first-class style.

The forward saloon will be under the main deck, with a separate ladies' cabin, pantry, lavatory, etc. This saloon is to be panelled in yellow pine, nicely painted and varnished, and lighted by skylight on top, and side-lights similar to those in dining saloon. A pantry and bar will be placed at the fore-end of the saloon, in one apartment, and finished similar to that of the first saloon. The stairway leading to the saloon to be similar to that of the main saloon. All fittings to be the same as the first saloon, but bronzed. A drinking fountain will also be placed in this saloon.

Aft on the promenade deck there will be a good-sized smoking-room, the inside framing of which will be of polished mahogany, artistically arranged and finished, the roof to be planted and panelled in yellow pine, and painted and decorated to harmonise with surroundings. It will contain two tables with marble tops, fitted with tumbler racks underneath; stuffed sofas, covered with buffalo hide, the backs of which are to fold up, and to be utilised as sleeping berths. The room is to be lighted with skylight on top, and with square drooping windows in the walls. An electro-plated cigar lighter to be fixed in a convenient position.

The officers and engineers' cabins are to be on the main deck, the fittings to be pine and lacquered brass, sofa seat covered with the best green hair-cloth, folding-table, wash-basin, and neat fittings, all well-lighted and ventilated.

The seamen and firemen, stewards and cooks, will have accommodation right forward on the cabin deck. The berths to be of iron, two in height, in open tiers, and fitted with all conveniences.

The engines are to be direct-acting, compound, diagonal, surface-condensing paddle; two cylinders, diameters and stroke to be of sufficient power to propel the vessel 16 knots an hour with 60 tons deadweight on board. There are to be two cylindrical tubular boilers, with Howden's forced draught system fitted to each with a working pressure of 120lb. The whole of the machinery is to be constructed on the most approved principles, and to comply in all particulars with the Board of Trade requirements. Chadburn's reply telegraph, with three transmitters, connecting the bridge with the engine room, is to be fitted. A donkey boiler of 120lb pressure to supply steam enough for both winches when working together. These winches are to be 5in by 10in for working cargo. The steam windlass is to be capable of working easily a 1 1/4 in. chain cable, and to have warping capstan-head fitted. Steam steering gear is to be used, the steering engine to be very compact, and by the best makers.

The electric light is to be fitted throughout the whole of the vessel, the system to be that known as single wiring; the installation being capable of supplying continuously a current of 80 amperes at 100 volts, each light to have an independent switch. The cargo lamps, of which there are to be three, consist of a 300 candle power sun-beam lamp, fitted in a suitable lantern. On the main deck, right forward, portable stalls for twelve horses are to be fitted, six on each side.

NEW ZEALAND SUNSETS.

A SUNSET IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

(BY THE WARRIGAL.)

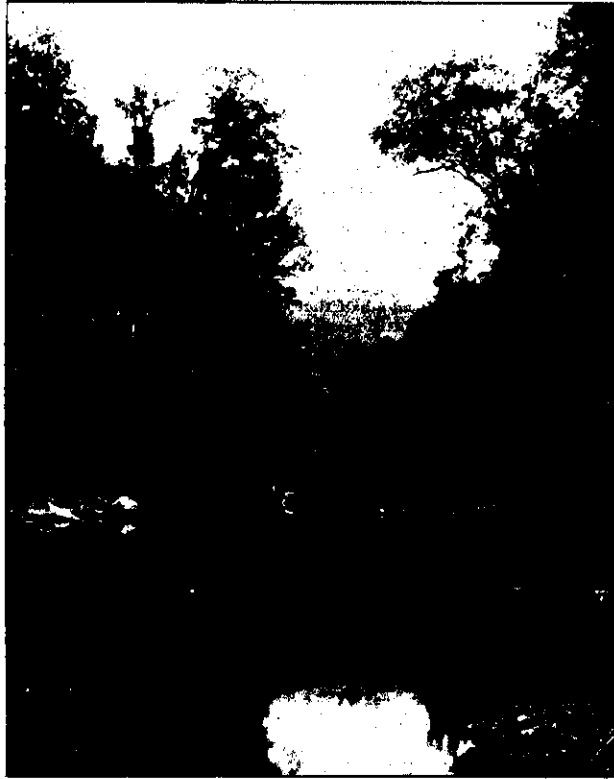
SUNSETS on the low land, sunsets on the high land, sunsets inland, and sunsets by the sea, all have beauties peculiarly their own, but no sunsets have such character as those on the eastern slopes of our great mountain ranges. The Southern Alps running north and south cut the day shorter for the people eastward, and one sees the sun set whilst yet it is strong with evening radiance. The strong light playing on snow peaks and fields of ice makes wonderful contrasts against the gloom of deep gorges and the blackness of hanging forests. The vast heights look higher at sunset, the

gorges and chasms look deeper, and all the power of rushing mighty rivers, all the grandeur of vast peaks and crags, all the mysterious force of the mountain world, is intensified, exaggerated at sunset. I have seen hundreds of sunsets amidst our New Zealand mountains, from the passes in the great dividing range, from spurs of the Seaward Kaikouras, peaks of the Quartz Ranges, from the wonderful alluvial plateaus above Wanaka and Hawea, from the head waters of Rakaiia and Rangitata, and from many other places; but out of all these sunsets there stands one

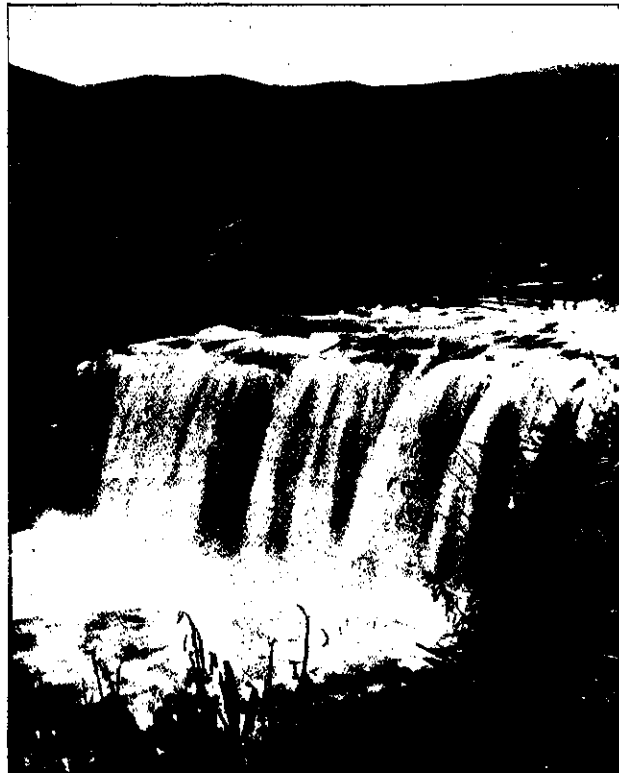
prominent because of its strangeness, unforgotten because of its awful beauty.

I stood on a high saddle of the Southern Alps one evening in winter time. Above me towered huge mountains white with winter snows; below me was a lake frozen into one great sheet of burnished steel. From three sides of this lake rose cliffs, bold, rocky, black as coal; from the open side of the lake the earth slanted steeply down to the valley of a mighty snow river; from the edge of the black cliffs ascended long slopes of immaculate snow reaching high toward a pale green sky.

All the deep hollows were in shadow, but the high peaks shone with the glory of sunlight. An hour before these peaks had been hidden by clouds so soft and white that mountains and clouds seemed one carved mass of snow reaching to the very roof of heaven; then a wind sprang up and drove the mists away, rolling the clouds before it with a slow, grand motion, and as the cloud left the peaks this wind caught up masses of frozen snow and hurled it in huge volumes into the sunlight, where it blazed into glorious rainbow hues. Then the wind fell, and over the mountain world came a deep calm—a calm well suited for the majesty and solemnity of the scene. The mountains were crowned with the radiance of sunset; shafts of light shot between great peaks, or blazed against precipitous slopes. Crimson and gold, the royal colours of sunset, became the evening robes of mountain monarchs. Flashing gems in kingly diadems are poor and tawdry compared with the gleam and glitter of sunset on those mountain crests. Slowly the colours faded from slope after slope and peak after peak until only the highest summits retained their gorgeous crowns, and then a veil of darkness seemed to fall over the lower world; but through this veil the snowfields gleamed ghostly white—an effect grand enough to make a man, standing there in solitude, bend his head to the majesty of nature. The last colours fled from the frozen heights, and then the calm was broken. There came a sound like the rustling of a thousand mighty wings, and lightning, blazing green and terrible. The dwellers on the plain far below might see it and know it as the herald of the fierce north-wester, and the fierce north-wester came with a voice like a thousand thunders. There was the breaking of great ice walls, the crashing of avalanches, the roar of mighty wind in the dark gorges. Time enough then for a man to leave mountain heights, and fascination enough to make him linger—the fascination of grandeur, of awful power.



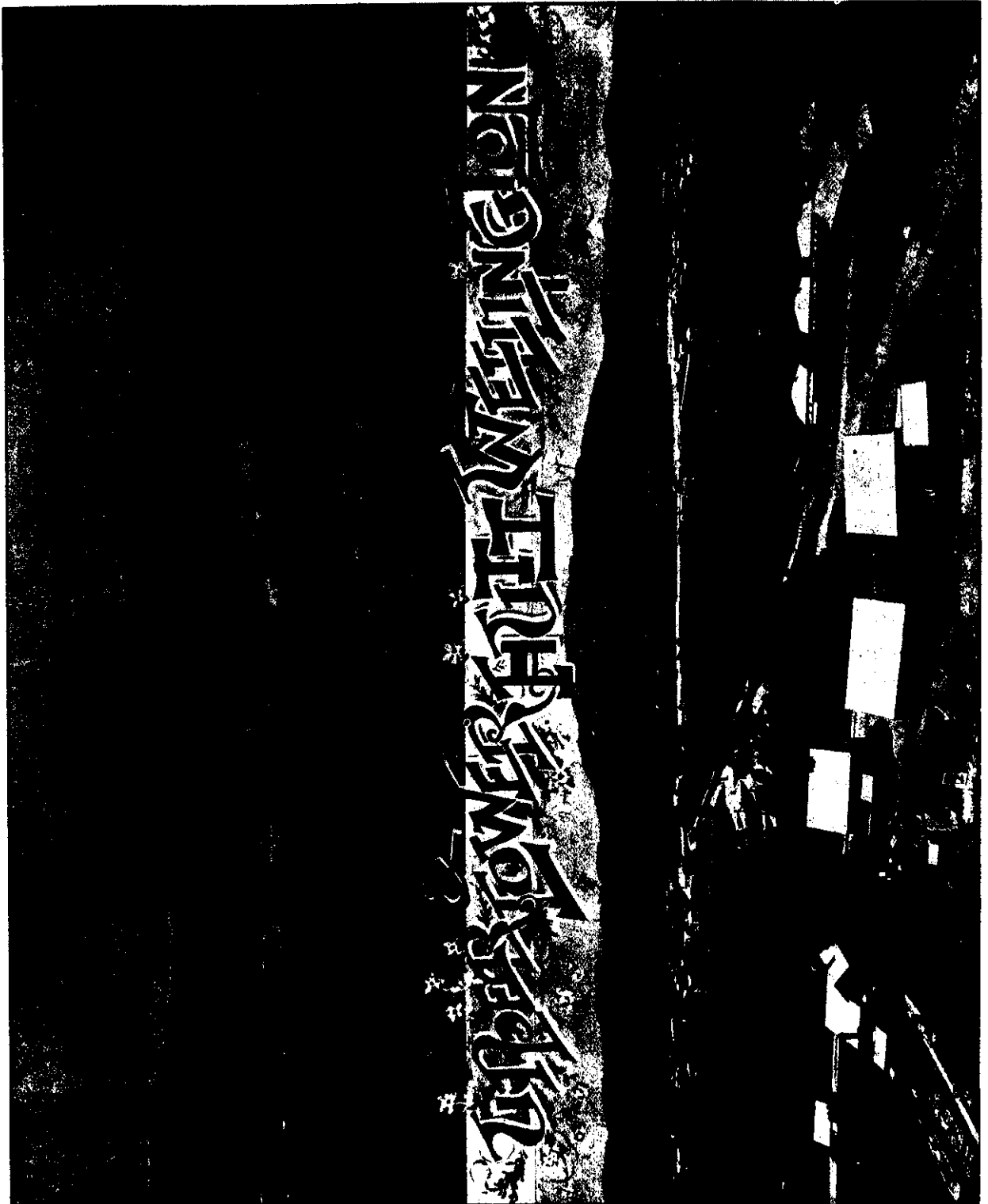
PATRA RIVER, WEST COAST, N.Z.

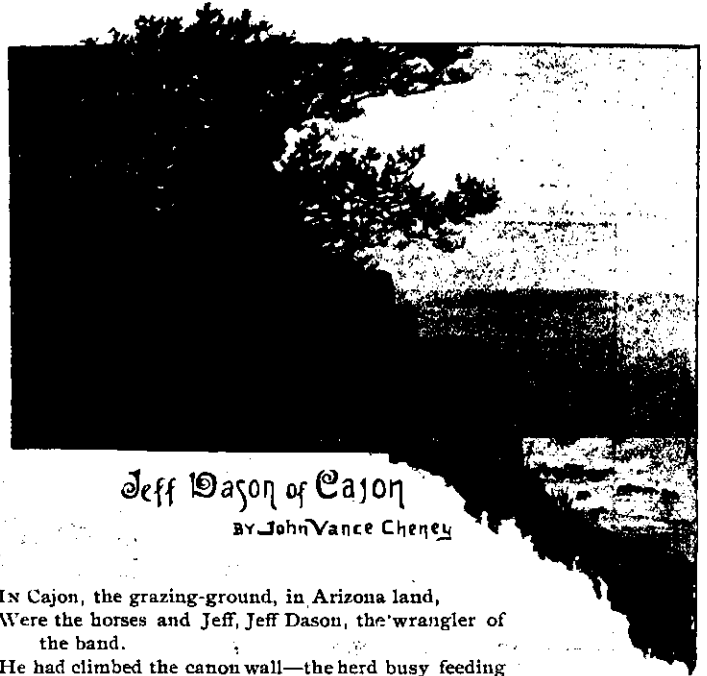


TURANGAREKI FALL, NEAR RUAPEHU, ON HALES' BACK ROUTE, WANGANUI.

FISHING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

EASTERN anglers are taking a leaf out of the book of the fishermen of the Pacific Coast. It will be remembered that an enterprising Californian was the first in the country to utilize the idea of attacking fish by means of the electric light. He had the nets for his coast fishing studded with incandescent lamps, which were connected to the batteries in an accompanying boat. As soon as the nets were sunk the current was turned on, and the incandescent filament drew fish from far and near, greatly surpassing in its effects on the hauling of the net the most irresistible of baits. Now an Albany man has devised an 'electrical' net, which works very much after the same fashion, except that the electric light used is fixed above the water instead of below its surface. When the light is placed in a position the nets are set either to the seaward of it or around it, flat upon the bottom. When the fish are drawn to the lamp a rubber which runs along the top of the net is inflated by a pump in the boat, the upper edge of the net will rise to the surface—the lower edge being held down by sinkers—and the fish are caught. A New Yorker has made a modification of the Californian plan of using submerged lights. He simply puts a three-candle power lamp in a quart preserving jar, lowers it into the water, and runs it with a sewing machine battery. He recommends those who wish to follow his example not to spend twenty dollars on a battery.





Jeff Dason of Cajon

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

IN Cajon, the grazing-ground, in Arizona land,
Were the horses and Jeff, Jeff Dason, the wrangler of
the band.

He had climbed the canon wall—the herd busy feeding
below—

When his drifting eye caught a sight such as only Border Boys know.

Up there, keeping cool in the cedars, the thoughts took fire in his brain,
Broke ablaze at a breath of 'Hell-patch,' the endless alkali plain;
Two miles out into the desert, a little to west of south,
Five mounted Apaches were steering straight for the canon's mouth.

Jeff's legs, well bowed by the saddle, had not quite the turn for a leap,
But he made it, he got to the bottom, and slipt in under the steep,
Just where he had tied the great gelding, the pride of his wrangler's heart,
His rangy, raw-boned glory, game old Bonaparte.



Roan Duke in the van of the broncos—a sniff, a snort, and he wheels;
See! he'll be off in a twinkle, the herd, too, hard at his heels.
The wrangler has stript; an extra strap on old Bony, not one;
A spring, and the two are ready. Roan Duke—the stampede is begun.

Thro' sage and mesquite and seepage, the roan leads dead to south,
Swish! the herd, like a whirlwind, whisk from the canon's mouth;
The red wolves jump from their hiding, rush with a yell towards the prey,
Ha! Bony has been with the devils of 'Hell-patch' before to-day.





Spur, Jeff, and hold him steady! he'll do it, he'll turn the tide!
 Head 'em off, set 'em once toward the rancho, swing to th' other side!
 Dig him, and ply the shooter!—Bony, it's Jeff and you.
 They are tangled—they waver—they turn; a lunge—they have broken through.

Safe? Apaches have arrows; hark! there's death in that yell.
 Old Bony, lay flat your ears; every nose, now, straight for 'cross I.—
 The biting dust of the desert, it rolls up white and high,
 Jeff, did he stop two arrows? Well, there's no time to die.

The white dust rolls and rolls; the wolves, the red wolves—are they gone?
 The white clouds roll and roll, and the herd goes flying on.
 The minutes were never so long, and never so long the mile:
 'The damned *Apache arrows!' 'tis muttered with a smile.



Way for the caballada? once more for old 'Cross I,!'
 'A little farther'—still muttering—'perhaps'—he cannot tell.
 Roan Duke will make it, and Bugle, and Pink, and Silver-heels;
 But Bony, too, stopt an arrow. Is't he, or his rider, reels?'

Ay, which? for, with head well up, he has got to the gate—and through!
 Bony, the cheering! it's little red-headed Jeff and you.—
 Roan Duke and the herd may hear, but old Bony—not a sound;
 Deaf he lies as the wrangler, dead ere he struck the ground.



* The Apaches are a branch of the Athabasca family which has wandered far from the parent region, and now range over large parts of New Mexico and Arizona. It is a powerful, warlike tribe, at war with the whites almost continually since the latter entered the country. A large part of the tribe is on the Fort Stanton reservation in eastern New Mexico, while another portion, under the chief Victoria, has for a long time been devastating the border settlements of New Mexico. The Tonto-Apaches, collected in large numbers on the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, where they are doing something at farming, are of Yuma stock. Besides these, there are several bands of Apaches scattered about on other reservations, or roaming without a fixed habitat, swelling the total to about 10,600 souls.

BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

BOOKS marked thus (*) have arrived in the colony, and could at the time of writing be purchased in the principal colonial bookshops, and borrowed at the libraries.

For the convenience of country cousins who find difficulty in procuring the latest books and new editions, the 'BOOKMAN' will send to any New Zealand address any book which can be obtained. No notice will, of course, be taken of requests unaccompanied by remittance to cover postage as well as published price of book.

It is requested that only those who find it impossible to procure books through the ordinary channels, should take advantage of this offer.

The labour involved will be heavy and entirely unremunerative, no fee or commission being taken.

Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited.

All Communications and Commissions must be addressed

THE BOOKMAN, Graphic Office, Auckland.

* Colonial Edition of 'Barrack Room Ballads.'

Presumably there must exist in the colonies a very considerable class which finds itself unwilling or unable to give six shillings for a book of verse, no matter how meritorious. This is at least the only position which seems to me to account for the appearance of the 'Barrack Room Ballads' in Methuen's Colonial Library. The action of the publishers cannot be too highly commended, and I earnestly hope the venture will prove as successful for a financial point of view as it is meritorious. At the same time one cannot help thinking that people who declined to purchase the Ballads at six shillings will pass them by in the cheap colonial edition. Anyone who appreciates the genius shown in this, the best and finest work Kipling has yet given the world, would never grudge six shillings for the familiar buckram-bound volume. If it seemed an impossible extravagance one week, something would be done without the next, and sooner or later the book borne home in triumph. But to endeavour to persuade a man who does not read verse to buy a book of it because it is cheap, seems to me an extremely hazardous and doubtful experiment.

Concerning the ballads themselves, I had not intended to speak, believing that they were almost universally known by the reading public in this colony. A prominent bookseller informs me that this is not the case, and that comparatively few people really know anything of what I honestly consider the freshest and most characteristic book of the decade—the book on which Kipling's claim to the admiration of posterity must unquestionably rest. Francis Adams, whose recent death robbed Australia of her most notable critic and man of letters, declared that 'Mandalay' was the finest of all Kipling's work, and certainly few will differ with him on this point. 'Mandalay' is not merely a ballad; it is a poem, and a poem which will strike a chord in many and many a heart. Here we have a true poem, and if 'Mandalay' were his only work Kipling's name would still be enrolled on the list of these whose work can never be forgotten or overlooked by posterity.

MANDALAY.

By the old Mouleim Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea, There's a Burmese girl a-sittin', and I know she thinks o' me; For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say: 'Come you back, you Britch soldier, come you back to Mandalay! Come you back to Mandalay, Where the old Flotilla lay, Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay? On the road to Mandalay, Where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yell'er an' 'er little cap was green, An' 'er name was Sup-lay-lay—joe the same as Theebaw's Queen, An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot, An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an' a'achon idler's foot: Bloomin' idol made o' mud— Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd— Plucky lot she cared for idlers when I kisser 'er where she stud. On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droopin' slow, She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing ' Kulta-Inta! With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek We useter watch the steamers an' the hulkis plin' teak. Elephints a-plin' lank In the slucky, squaggy creek, Where the silence umk that havy you was 'arf afraid to speak! On the road to Mandalay. . .

But that's all above be hind me—long ago an' fur away, An' there ain't no buxer rumin' from the bank to Mandalay: An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells: 'If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed nought else. No! you won't 'eed nothin' else But them spic'y garlic smel! An' the sunshin' an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple bells: On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones, An' the blasted Hongkong drizzle wakes the fever in my bones: Tho' I walks with flyin' o'ummaids outer Chelsea to the strand, An' they talk a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand! Hoerly face an' grubby and— I wot do the under-stand! I've a newer, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land! On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst, Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a third: For the temple bells are callin', an' 'tis there that I would be— By the old Mouleim Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea: On the road to Mandalay, Where the old Flotilla lay, With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay! O the road to Mandalay, Where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

I trust the publishers will excuse the length of the quotations from the 'Ballads.' It is, I am aware, beyond the limit usually sanctioned to extract a whole poem, but the ballad is one it is impossible to cut. Most profoundly do I envy the persons who have yet to make acquaintance with these and the other ballads which compose the volume. Before them lies some of the pleasantest hours literature can afford. The 'Ballads' are, indeed, quite beyond recommendation of mine, and seeing that their excellencies have been the theme of essays by the foremost critics of the day, I should scarcely have ventured to slip in my oar save in the hope of inducing every reader of this paper who does not possess the book to obtain the colonial edition instanter. In the matter of print and paper, the colonial edition is the same as the original six shilling edition, the type being identical. Methuen and Co. are indeed, as has been already said, to be warmly congratulated on this, the most important addition yet made to colonial Libraries.

* 'Comrades In Arms.' In 'Comrades in Arms,' by Mr Arthur Amyand, we have a novel—or 'military romance' as the author prefers to call it—of the simple old-fashioned sort. Here, after a prolonged absence, all the old favourites are again brought in contact with the reader. The modest and beautiful heroine, the indestructible hero, the vindictive adventures with a questionable past, the high-born villain, rejected by the modest and beautiful heroine and mixed up with the questionable past of the vindictive adventures, all are here. Then we have the false charge, nobly but idiotically endured by the indestructible hero, the estrangement of friends and their reconciliation in the jaws of death, and finally the death-bed confessions of the high-born villain and the vindictive adventures, with virtue smilingly triumphant in the last chapter—a resurrection in short of all the old stage figures and situations.

Yet Mr Amyand so far throws in his lot with the moderns as to claim a purpose for his story; indeed, his purpose, he tells us, is threefold, and he is thus even a little in advance of his age.

The story is not wanting in good points, but these are so obscured by diffuseness and general recklessness of writing that they might almost as well have been left out. It would have been better, however, to have left out half the book. Writing by sound would appear to be one of the most rampant of modern literary disorders. It lends itself to a redundancy of adjective, and lands its user in tautology before he is aware. Sound-writing is probably responsible for such a redundancy as 'terribly fatal.'

Mr Amyand's description of life in barracks is interesting, and probably exact; it certainly fulfils one part of his purpose, which is 'to stimulate the reader's interest in soldiers, to lead to an increased sympathy with those of them below commissioned rank, who on conclusion of their service with the colours, are frequently driven to fight and struggle anew; not, indeed with any foreign enemy, but with one much nearer home—beggary and starvation.' The part of the book, in fact, which deals with military affairs has an excellence which will compensate the reader for many defects, and on this ground 'Comrades in Arms' is to be recommended.

* 'Thirteen Doctors.' It must be admitted that Mrs J. K. Spender has chosen an admirably suggestive, and indeed startling, title for her really excellent series of doctors' stories. The thirteen do not, as one imagines from the title, combine to commit some terrible crime. Thirteen doctors conjure up fearful prospects of death and disaster on an almost unlimited scale. Imagination halts appalled before what thirteen doctors might accomplish. But here, at all events, their work is excellent. Each of the thirteen tells a story of professional experience, and a capital set of 'recounters' Mrs Spender makes them. The introduction, in which the author tells where she got her stories, is not the least interesting portion of the book. The answers given by various doctors when she proposed pumping them are, as she says, surprisingly different.

One, who prided himself on his plain Abernethian speech, crowed, 'If you mean the sort of doctors' stories that have lately been in vogue with the public, I am afraid I and my colleagues get a good deal of amusement out of them, though it may not be exactly the sort of amusement that you writers intend.'

Another said, 'The secrets of our patients are sacred—it is a point of honour not to betray them. Therefore we resent some of the literature that goes by the name of doctors' stories.'

To the latter I could only answer that I was as well acquainted with the necessary professional etiquette as he was, and that therefore I should prefer those tales from real life which referred to men and women who had passed into the 'silent land,' and that in the case of the few exceptions no names must be revealed. 'That is the reason,' I explained, 'that there will be an old-fashioned tone about some of these stories. I can give as modern a touch to them as possible, and yet I shall ask for most of them from men who have been long in practice. When the actors are dead and the names of some of them clean forgotten, there can be no reason why you should not tell me some of your experiences.'

'But if the experiences are not thrilling, possibly your public may not care for them,' remarked another. 'According to my experience the sensational rarely happens in everyday life.' 'Quite so, but it does not follow that everyone prefers the sensational. There will probably be a reaction in the public taste. I am not sure that it is not coming already. Incidents in everyday life may be as interesting as blood-curdling experiences.'

'Psychological stories,' queried another doctor, looking at me quizzically. 'Perhaps you have heard that psychology is to be added to the other subjects for badgering medical students?' 'But that is not necessarily morbid psychology. Yes, tell me tales that will show that you have not only mislabeled the body, but have also studied the characters of your patients; I am sure all of you have much to tell.'

And remembering my role as listener, I was delighted to find that I had roused an interesting discussion as to how far a clever writer was correct when he wrote a few years ago, 'More than the physician, the physicist has a knowledge of the soul; must feel with finer, other pulses, and measure heat and chills which no thermometer can gauge. The mind, the passions are his study; unwitting of these, or unregarding, half his work often the largest half is performed.'

'It is the dream of a theorist,' objected the Abernethian grumbler, 'to be calm oneself and yet to enter into the ambitions and desires and hopes of one's fellow-men.'

'To find out how the springs of life may be affected by their joy, or sealed up by the leaden weight of failure, lest we should overestimate the power we ascribe to our drugs,' said another. 'It has been a duty fully recognised lately, but too much ignored in the past.'

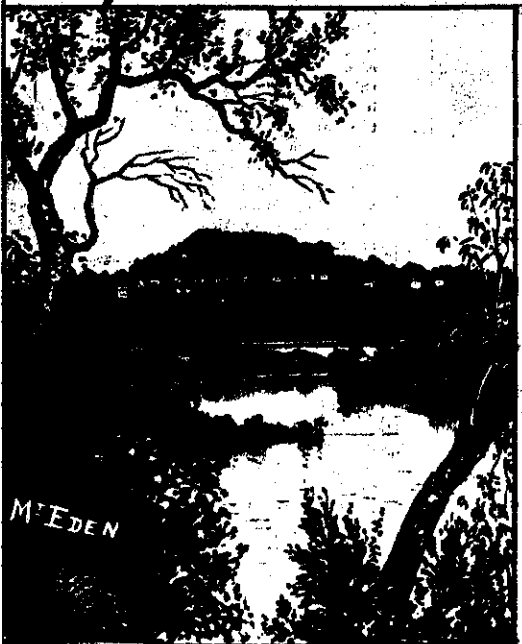
'It opens up new possibilities for the future,' another added, laughingly, 'and it is certainly a point of interest in which the physician and the realist may join hands.'

'It is rather a large order,' laughed one of the younger men, and I am afraid that some of the stories may tell against ourselves.'

After all this one expects something of unusual merit, and on the whole one is not disappointed. The majority of the stories are very considerably better and more interesting than those of the same length and class which have lately appeared in some of the foremost magazines. 'A Fun About Nothing' is ingenious and well told, and 'Meddling with the Miraculous' is good, and the best of the series from a purely professional standpoint, but 'Breaking Her to Harness' must take first place in point of passion and literary merit. This is, indeed, an extremely powerful study, and remembering it, I shall await with interest any further volumes from Mrs Spender's pen.

* 'The Lovely Malincourt.' There is a class of books which to notice further than will suffice to convey the fact of their publication and the names of their writers is a labour almost thrown away. This class is certain of popularity independent of the praise or dispraise of the 'irresponsible indolent reviewer.' A quarter of a century ago, or rather less, 'The Lovely Malincourt' might have laid claim to originality. To-day in the midst of novels with a purpose, and sex novels and non sex novels, it is an anachronism. Yet though times change, and man takes to himself a fresh skin of habit with every decade, humanity remains fundamentally very much 'as you were.' Thus I have no doubt—indeed there is no doubt—that the novels of Miss Helen Mathers still continue to suit the tastes of a very large number of readers. Who are these readers? I can hardly think it possible that they are men. I would hope for the sake of the emancipation of 'the sex' that they are not women. Probably they are school girls. There is also a class of anemic females who, having abandoned the hope of taking a hand in the game of love, become subscribers to a lending library and devour their novel per diem with a religious regularity. This class very probably does its share. Of course it is a question of taste, and taste, where it is not hypocrisy, is a part of ourselves hardly if at all under the curb of volition. Also the ethics of taste provide us with a problem in which the absolute is far to seek. Thus I merely express an individual opinion when I say that I find 'The Lovely Malincourt' sickening—no other word so exactly expresses my state of mind throughout its perusal. Love begins it and love ends it; love pervades it and subdues it, and masters it and murders it. It is all love; there is absolutely nothing else in the book. From beginning to end we are going to make love, or are making it, or have just made it, but we never have done with it; we never get away to anything else. I confess to liking a little love with my novel; it gives it a relish; but, like the customer at the restaurant, who had become accustomed to a black-beetle in his daily bun but objected to two on the ground that he could not taste the bun, I require a little life with my intolerable deal of love. This does not seem to me unnatural. No one will pretend that love occupies the place in life which it does in fiction. In life it is more or less a flash in the pan, generally more, yet it may last six months or even twelve. There are unsubstantiated cases of its enduring for a yet longer period—no sane person regards it as other than one of the many interests, or disorders of existence. Love, in fact, is a very delightful side dish on the hospitable board of life, but it does not comprise the whole dinner. Personally, I think it would be a very poor meal if it did, but I have no desire to discourage the men and women whose taste differs from my own. As for school-girls, I am not sure that literature of 'The Lovely Malincourt' type is entirely wholesome for them; they are not likely to under-rate love, and they may very easily be led to exaggerate its importance.

'Barrack Room Ballads,' Colonial Edition: Methuen and Co.: 3s. 6d. cloth; 2s. 6d. paper. Postage, 4d. 'Comrades in Arms,' Macmillan's Library. 2s. 6d. paper; 3s. 6d. cloth. Postage 4d. 'The Lovely Malincourt': Macmillan's Library. 2s. 6d. paper; 3s. 6d. cloth. Postage, 4d.



SKETCHES ON ORAKEI CREEK.

ROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

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

IN the course of a long and varied career,' said the Professor, 'it has been my good fortune to witness a few of the wonders of the world. I have surveyed the view from the summit of Mount Eden while my best Sunday hat surveyed it from the bottom; I have observed honourable members of the House of Representatives engaged in a financial debate; I have gazed upon Christchurch from the top of the Cathedral tower, and to this day fond memory recalls the shilling I paid for it; I have watched the sea "break, break, break on the cold grey stones" of the Napier breakwater, until its symmetry of form was transformed into outlines as irregular as a Greek verb. All these I have seen, yet was still conscious (up till three and a half minutes past eleven yesterday morning) of something in my life "incomplete, imperfect, unfinished." At the thirtieth second my eyes lit upon the following object, and I felt that life had no keener attraction, nothing more unique to offer. It was a little book with a green cover—only that and nothing more. On the fly-leaf I read—"The Ball-Room Guide: A

Handy Manual: A New and Revised Edition." That young folks should require another guide to the ball-room than their own fantastic toes did not surprise me. We live in an age of guides. Our most trivial occupations, recreations, diet, sleep, thoughts even, are regulated by them. Some day an enterprising Yankee will doubtless make his fortune by the invention and publication of a "Guide to Walking on the Head." To imagine that its own merit has anything to do with the success of a new invention or system of any sort whatsoever is to entertain an exploded notion. Everything depends upon its advertisement, and "Handy Guides" are the little leaven which leaveneth the (whole in the advertising agents' pockets. A man desirous of bequeathing his name to posterity by means of a new system of shorthand, does not first create his system and take out a patent, that is a detail. He publishes "Handy Guides" and "Royal Roads" and "Abbreviated Text-Books" about it; he advertises it from London to London, he posts it up in green and yellow and red on the sides of the Pyramids or the dome of St. Paul's, or whatever else suggests itself as a suitable advertising board. When its reputation is securely established, when public demand is urgent, he invents it. A ball-room guide, then, is not in itself a marvel.

Its sale in a place like Auckland is, for analysis this, or any other "Guide" to ball-rooms—separate it into its component parts; you discover the fundamental element to be man, and man is an unknown quantity at Auckland dances.'

He isn't at the breakfast table, as the Professor's plate gave evidence, but that gentleman was bent on a monologue, and it would have been dangerous to stop him.

'Boys there are in plenty, dear, innocent, warm-hearted boys in love with life, with each new girl they meet, and with their own reflections in the looking-glass most of all; of fathers with marriageable daughters—a few; of men with good-looking wives—a few; of good-looking men with wives—none. Add to this some muscle-men whose Mahomet is a certain circumference of chest and limbs, and every dance so much 'training,' one or two studies in starch, an occasional conglomerate of possibilities in brains and hair oil, and you have the sum total of masculinity in an Auckland ball-room. The men—the real, solid, good all-round fellows who can swing a bat, or kick a ball, or ride a bicycle, or comport themselves in drawing-room or ball-room with equal credit; who enjoy a reasonable share of pleasure, yet make time for a large amount of good steady work; who dress well and still remember to pay their debts—these for the most part stay at home, warned, perhaps, by the hair oil.'

It may be that my remarks are harder than the exigencies of the case demand, and the exceedingly tender membrane in the rear of some of these youthful dance-devotees' craniums, altogether render fair play. Only I maintain that if two heads are better than one, one fair feminine head is better than none (plus a dress-suit, a smile of large, and a tailors' bill of larger dimensions), and it is for the sake of the colonial society girl, who, as a type, is more capable and self-reliant and sensible than the society young man, that I deplore such a state of affairs, and venture to suggest a remedy. I would have colonial girls as independent in their pleasures as in other pursuits. I would fill their lives with fresher and fuller interests than dancing alone can afford. It is because of the comparatively aimless existence which the ordinary society girl leads, that she hails with delight any form of amusement, if it be only the perambulation of a ball-room with a young man who parts his hair correctly, refrains from stumbling over his own feet, and pronounces words of two, perhaps even three syllables, properly. Let cycling and golfing occupy the young lady of unlimited leisure in winter; cricket, tennis and other healthy outdoor sports through the summer months. An assiduous application of Nature's rouge pot, compounded of fresh air and exercise, will revive the roses in her cheeks which excessive dancing dispels; the excitement (not always beneficial) of the ball-room will no longer exert undue influence over her *modus vivendi*, having allotted to them instead a moderate thimbleful of space in pleasure's cup; she will attract to her side men of the manliest stamp and strongest fibre, the hardy self-contained perennials who flourish best and bloom to the greatest advantage when exposed to the winds of heaven or the winds of adversity. Were it not that breeze has a damaging effect upon hair-oil, and vigorous exercise is apt to nullify the unassailable perpendicular properties of starch, we might venture to speculate on the possibility of such feminine innovation imparting an improved atmosphere to the present masculine element of the ball-room.'

'Failing so desirable a result,' said the Frivolous Youth, 'I can offer another alternative. In view of the rapidly diminishing proportion of dancing men the inventive fiend has produced an automatic machine in the form and attire of a man. This interesting object can, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, be wound up to perform the orthodox evolutions, expand at the correct moment into the orthodox grin, proffer the orthodox inane remarks at orthodox stated intervals. It will dilate on the floor, the supper, the music and itself in proper rotation. Warranted to wear out the original article. Terms cash.'

N.B.—For the Professor's views concerning the average society young man the writer begs to disclaim any responsibility. He is a lowly member of the breakfast table, whilst the Professor adorns its head, and has been known to adopt a style of language more or less adorned when his autocratic rulings were questioned. Like Gratiano, he exclaims, 'I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark.'

I have no head, and a tail I lack,
But off have arms, and legs, and back;
I inhabit the palace, the tavern, the cot—
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.
Were a monarch now present (I tell you no fable),
I still would be placed at the head of the table.
—A chair.



Reed, photo. Napier.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OPENING THE NAPIER BREAKWATER, N.Z.



Reed, photo. Napier.

THE BREAKWATER, NAPIER, N.Z., ON DAY OF OPENING.



THE season of Agricultural Shows is in full swing, and from all parts of the colony come reports of highly interesting exhibits and an increase in the popularity of shows from the public point of view. It is astonishing how keenly townfolk enjoy anything that for a time brings them into touch with their country cousins, and it is wonderful, too, what an amount of learned talk concerning agricultural topics one hears just at present from even the 'towniest' of the 'towny.' Everyone seems to think it necessary to have, or rather to appear to have, a deep and extensive knowledge of the points of Herefords, Durhams, Polled Angus, Jerseys, etc., and will discuss the relative merits of these beasts as if they really understood them. It is much the same harmless passion which, it was remarked by the Home papers, possesses mankind in the shooting season. Men who never have gone shooting and never will go shooting discuss the merits of guns they have never seen and powders they have never smelt.

We have all of us a special weakness where horses are concerned, and of the thousands who have attended the shows held during the last few days, it is safe to say that there was not one male who did not squint sideways at the horses with the air of a connoisseur and disparage some point and eulogise another as if he had never done anything all his life but judge show horses. As a whole, agricultural shows are an agreeable way of spending an afternoon if the skies are bright and it is dry, or moderately so, underfoot. Sheep-shearing competitions, milking machines, and the jumping always afford amusement if one can see them in comfort, but on a wet, sloppy day they are pleasures which cloy very quickly.

It is, of course, a good thing that these shows should be largely attended, and that we who live and work in the cities should get a glimpse of work and interests outside our own. The most hopeful sign on the social horizon is, indeed, the ever increasing interest displayed by various classes and sections of the community in each other's work mode of life. An increased sympathy for one's fellows, a greater appreciation of the results of labour which differs from our own, is a notable and very hopeful characteristic of latter day civilisation.

COLONIAL smugglers, it would appear, have a particular predilection for getting jewellery through duty free. It is only a month or so ago since some big houses in Melbourne were caught on smuggling jewellery, and now it is alleged that big Customs frauds in the jewellery line have been discovered in Sydney. The profits are, no doubt, excellent, and the risk must be considerably less than where spirits and tobacco are concerned. Curiously enough a similar case to that now under judicial inquiry in Sydney has been attracting a lot of attention at Home. For a long time the Customs authorities of Belgium have known that large quantities of jewellery were systematically passed over the French border free of duty, but they were at a loss to discover how the smuggling was done. In the luggage van of the express which runs between Paris and Brussels is a case which holds the accumulators when the train is electrically lighted. A key of the case is held by the conductor of the express, a foreman porter and an excise official of the border station, but none of these ever appear to use it. The other day as the train ran into the border town, a Customs inspector took it into his head, more from officiousness than suspicion, to open the chest. To his amazement the case was filled to the lid with watches, chains, rings, bracelets and all kinds of dutiable jewellery to the value of over

£500. There was an exciting scene. The train was delayed and a council of customs officers was held in spite of the protests of the passengers at the delay. It was decided, pending further inquiries, to detain the conductor and foreman porter at Quevy, and it was ultimately found that the latter had for a long period been carrying on a contraband traffic for a well-known Paris jeweller, who, it is said, has had to disgorge heavily both in jewellery and hard cash in consequence of the disclosure of his frauds.

VERILY the old order changeth. Even Bellamy's is not what it used to be. Years ago it was considered more in the light of a select Club, where all the constant members were friends by reason of their birth and education. In those days so many members regularly dined there that there had to be two distinct tables, the legislators and the members of the Lower House being divided as sheep from the goats, and at each table reigned a spirit of friendly intercourse and banter which has almost disappeared. The present member does not as a rule, dine at Bellamy's at all. If he does he goes there only to dine and not to talk and linger with his neighbour and there is only a small coterie of friends who keep up the genial spirit of old. Now one table is sufficient for all the guests, indeed is not fully occupied itself, and the man of the university has no fellowship with the self-educated man, and he of the people has naught in common with any of the 'blooming aristocracy,' to quote an expression often heard *apropos* of some of our gentlemen representatives.

AMONG our rulers the Hon. W. P. Reeves takes first place as poet. His latest production, inspired during the bank crisis, is, I hear, well worthy of publication, but unfortunately it is so jealously withheld from the public that few have even heard it, and those few are apparently bound over to hold their peace. Mr Montgomery may be called our artist. He has painted a really good picture of the Hon. the Speaker, Sir Maurice O'Rorke, and his impromptu caricatures and sketches evidence great talent, and cause much entertainment among the members. Mr Hone Heke is the sweet singer of Parliament, and well deserves the title.

RAROTONGA is certainly going ahead since we provided it with a President. Under the wise and beneficent sway of Mr Moss, the native element is becoming rapidly quite a leader of fashion in Polynesia. For some time past the island has been in the throes of a buggy fever, and no self-respecting native felt his happiness complete unless he was the possessor of a buggy. The smarter the vehicle the greater the glory of the owner, but to be a 'toff,' so to say (the word is popular in Rarotonga), it is necessary to have more than one buggy. Quite a number of the *jeuneesse dorde* have a couple, and the big wigs are not content with less than three or four, while one big chief is, so they say, possessed of no less than six buggies of assorted shapes and sizes. There is now an indication that the buggy craze is on the wane, and that the new fashion will be for 'cycles. Presumably in Rarotonga there will not be much argument as to the most fitting style of dress. A return to the old fashion of a smile and a necklace will possibly be found at once the coolest and most convenient costume for the Cook Island 'Cyclist Club.

WHENEVER the parsons of the English Church foregather for their annual *korero*, there is always a terrific pow-wow concerning religious instruction in our schools and the absence of the Bible from school-books. The arguments *pro* and *con* are so familiar, so exactly what has been said over and over again with weary persistence ever since the day when the vexed problem was first propounded, that it seemed hopeless to expect anything of interest in the speeches this year. But the Rev. Mr Beatty, who is always to be relied on, for broad thinking and straight speaking, certainly exploded a bomb when he said that he accounted for the absence of the Bible from the schools with the fact that those who were supposed to understand and appreciate the Book did not do so. His suggestion that his fellow divines might profitably devote themselves to the study of the Old Testament and its bearing on human life was not without a touch of cynical humour. The newspaper reports are discreetly silent as to the manner in which the novel suggestion was received, but one can imagine

the bridling indignation with which not a few of those present would regard the insinuations of their outspoken brother.

ONE thing is certain, if the Bible is read in our schools, those in charge must be prepared to answer some extremely awkward questions. The Old Testament narrative is one which can scarcely fail to interest an intelligent child and one of imaginative temperament. It proves, as the writer well remembers, even more exciting and enjoyable than history. But it bristles with suggestions and difficulties which will prompt an enquiring youth to simply bombard the teacher with questions. The common practice has been to snub the questioner severely with a remark that we are not supposed to ask questions on such matters, that the Bible must be swallowed whole, and that to ask the why and wherefore is a sin of an extremely luminous character. To do this is either to drive the young idea into an apathetic acceptance of anything and everything accompanied by a complete loss of interest, or else to frank disregard and disbelief. The questions must be answered, and unless it is believed that those in charge can be trusted to answer in such manner that the inquirer will be satisfied, why, then, it is far better to do without the Bible as a school book.

AND as Mr Beatty justly observed, it is very difficult to say if the moral deterioration of the present and rising generation is due to the absence of religious instruction in school. Is it not rather from lack of home-training, and is not Bible-teaching one of the essential factors in home-training? It is my own opinion that the very excellence of our education system has caused a temporary reaction—I believe, that is to say, that parents have been so far relieved of their responsibilities that they have forgotten they have any left, and have looked to school for the entire training, mental, moral and physical, of their offspring.

OUTSIDERS will probably hear with some surprise that the Anglican Church in this colony is lamenting the fact that there are not enough clergy to carry on the work of the church. One has always had the idea that the church, like every other profession, was fearfully overcrowded. Parsons always seem as plentiful as blackberries in every neighbourhood, and one has frequently wondered how many of them earned a living wage. But apparently not only is the supply of clergy in this colony unequal to the demand of the church, but more surprising still, the same state of affairs prevails at Home. The bitter cry of the church has provoked considerable correspondence in the *Guardian*, which is, of course, the organ of the church. 'But,' says the *Spectator*, commenting on the matter, 'the "Bitter Cry" has indeed quite lost the meaning it originally had. Then it stood for the cry of the church for more clergy; now it stands for the cry of the curates for more benefices and more rapid promotion. The latter cry has quite swallowed up the former. The church is an abstraction, and her desire for more clergy is an abstract desire. The cry of the curates for promotion and benefices is in the highest degree concrete and human.'

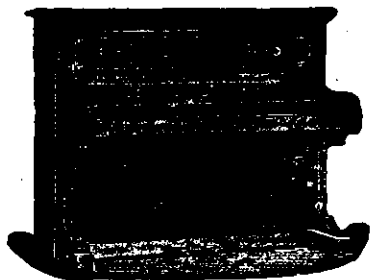
INTO the latter phases of the correspondence, there has entered a new factor. It is not so much vicars that the curates cannot put up with as vicars' wives. "Interference on the part of the ladies," says "An Assistant Priest," "is at the root of many of the troubles that arise between the incumbent and his curate." "We have no doubt that this is entirely true. Not, indeed, that the fault is all on the side of "the ladies." The relation between a rector's wife and his curate is necessarily a difficult one. The curate is not, like a groom or a gardener, the servant alike of the master and of the mistress. He occupies the position of a subordinate towards the one, and of an equal towards the other. Not seldom, indeed, we notice that the curate, as represented in these letters, denies that he is a subordinate, even as regards his rector. This denial is at the bottom of the demand for the representation of the non-beneficed clergy in Convocation. "I am as much a priest as you," says the curate to his rector; "why should not my vote count for as much as yours in the election of a proctor?" The answer, we suppose, is that though the curate be as much a priest as his rector, he is not a priest who can count upon having his own way, or ordering things after his own mind.

LET us imagine a division in Convocation upon some point of ritual in which the representatives of the curates constituted the majority, and the representatives of the beneficed clergy the minority. Not a single particular in a single service in a single church would be altered as a result of the vote. The beneficed clergy have power and responsibility, the curates have neither. An incumbent in want of a curate looks out for a man of his own way of thinking, or at any rate a way of thinking

which will not clash with his own, and having found him, he lays down the lines on which he wishes the work of the parish to be done. If he is a wise man, he leaves him a good deal to himself, lets him try his own experiments, and profit by his own mistakes. But this rope is given him with a definite object. It is designed to make him realise that there is more to be said for his rector's way of doing things than he at first supposed, and when the rector gets tired of teaching him, or despairs of teaching him anything more, the connection probably comes to an end. While it lasts, therefore, the curate is the mouthpiece, the representative, the deputy, of the incumbent, or so far as he is not so, it is because on certain matters the incumbent is not at the trouble to notice what his curate does or teaches. It is plainly of great importance to the good working of so delicate a relationship that it should not be interfered with from the outside, and no one is so likely to interfere with it from the outside as the rector's wife. She may interfere from the highest motives and with the best of intentions. She may be simply anxious to see her husband's wishes carried out, and her husband's ideals put into action. But if she attempts to bring about these ends by any effort of her own, all that she does will not merely end in failure, it will end in absolute mischief. When women are wise, they will remember this; so long as they are what they are, they will constantly be tempted to forget it. Mrs Proudie is a type of which there are many varieties, and not all of them in high places.'

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SESSION AND SOCIETY.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY PLANKUR.)

ONE reads and hears much nowadays of the Bible in schools. I have sometimes been tempted to write a page or two on the subject of the Bible in Parliament. It is to be feared that the atmosphere of the House of Representatives is not congenial to Holy Writ. At any rate it is a remarkable fact that, though I have heard many attempts at quoting Scripture there, I have never heard one solitary instance in which an M.H.R. managed to repeat a text or sentence therefrom correctly. Last Wednesday gave us a really glorious example. Mr Duthie, whose Presbyterian upbringing ought, one would think, to have armed him with an ample supply of texts, made a most amazing effort to quote from Second Book of Kings, Chapter xx., the account there given of the illness of King Hezekiah. Mr Duthie began by informing his audience that he meant to quote, and then made a hurried and very nervous effort to hunt up the passage in a copy of the Bible with which he had armed himself; then, amid ironical cheers and encouragement, he fell back upon what seemed to be a version which he had copied out on a sheet of foolscap. Finally he proceeded to read therefrom a description of how Hezekiah, being sick unto death, turned his face to the wall, but how, in response to his prayers, his life was prolonged for three years. The authorised English version of the Old Testament differs from Mr Duthie, and says that Hezekiah's life was prolonged for fifteen years. Altogether the member for Wellington's endeavour to draw a parallel between King Hezekiah and King Richard Seddon in distress was scarcely a success, and ended amid laughter from the Premier and his friends. Unfortunately, however, King Richard, when his turn came to speak, was inspired with the ambition to outshine Mr Duthie, and proceeded to quote a text, for his version of which, as he informed his hearers with some pride, he depended upon his memory. Alas! the memory must have been unrefreshed for some time. Pointing to the Opposition, the Premier declared that they reminded him of the passage, 'Man is born in sin as the sparks fly upwards.' The House and galleries simply went into convulsions, and I fancy Parliamentary speakers will be shy of Bible texts for some time to come.

Mr Harry Bell, M.H.R., who is just now in Auckland, will be missed from Wellington this summer, as he makes a trip to England. I do not know whether he is likely to travel to the Old Country in the same steamer as Mr He Hem Smith. The pride of Taranaki sets forth to conquer financial England, I believe, in a few weeks from now. Rumour says that Mr Smith's intention is to bring home to the lagging comprehension of the London capitalist the noble fortunes to be won by devoting enterprise backed by L.S.D., to developing the iron-sand, the coal and other mineral resources of the Garden of New Zealand.

Summer has come upon us with a bound. For the last few days we have had still, hot sunshine, which has tempted cool, fresh toilettes into the street, and given a certain air of festivity to this generally dusty, wind-swept town. To-day the legislative part of Wellington shows a bedraggled and tired member or two crawling about after an all night sitting, in search of a little fresh summer air before returning to the exhausted House where Sir Robert Stout has a flabby motion of no-confidence proceeding. Two Ministers are laid on beds of sickness at this most inopportune moment. Mr Cadman and Sir Patrick Buckley have broken down—their friends tell me from over-work. Sir Patrick is already on the mend, but the silent and hard-working Minister of Railways is still far from well. Sir Patrick is to have the offer of the Judgeship, but though political lawyers don't often refuse Judgeships, there seems a real doubt as to whether the Attorney-General won't be shy of the succession to Judge Richmond's seat on the bench. An absolute exodus of politicians and their belongings, also of the camp followers of the Session is now in full progress. Nor are Parliamentarians the only ones to leave us. Everyone who can get away is off to the Christchurch races. The boats are already crowded, and many who trust to getting berths at the last moment will receive a horrid shock when they find that they are asking for the impossible. Owing to the more stringent law relating to over-crowding of steamers now in force, it may happen that a would be passenger actually gets left behind. Mr and Mrs Rhind, who hail from Christchurch originally, are off to their beloved November week, which is the one brief carnival of Christchurch. A true Canterbury man would suffer privation for the rest of the year before he gave up his week of cattle-show and races.

Mrs Wardrop, who has been wintering in Victoria, has returned with the warm weather. She has been staying with Mrs Alister Clark, the sister of Mrs Dennis O'Rorke, of your part of the world. Being of Christchurch extraction, she naturally is off to the races, etc., before the week is out.

The harbour is studded with three-masters which lie off the Thorndon end of the town and wait for their yearly freight of wool. They improve the view immensely as they swing with the wind and arrange their sails. They are all engaged in preening and painting themselves for their approaching long voyage to England, and form such a restful contrast to the busy, puffing steamers, that I, for one, shall be very sorry when they take their departure.

Of course everyone is running to the Opera House to see Brough and Boucicault. Opinions are as divided as ever over Mrs Tanqueray. Many ladies of my acquaintance taboo the play both for themselves and their daughters without having seen it. One little country maiden delighted me. She came into town for a taste of session gaieties, and there being a pitiable dearth of anything of the kind, her hostess persuaded her to stay on for a couple of nights of Brough and Boucicault. Not being people who know much of theatrical matters, they took seats for the first play, which happened, of course, to be this much-vexed Mrs Tanqueray. The little country maid who had hardly been inside a theatre in her life, was taken and solemnly set down in the middle of the dress circle. The first scene disturbed the mind of her worthy hostess, who began dimly to recall all sorts of discussions in which the name of Mrs Tanqueray had figured, and to which she had not listened at the time. The little visitor, however, quite untroubled, drank it all in with signs of delight, insisted on staying until quite the end, and, above all, could talk of nothing else for the few days that she remained in town. The wretched man who was responsible for taking the tickets seemed to have felt a quite unnecessary amount of compunction on her account.

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—MY—
FELLOW POACHER.

(BY W. E. NORRIS.)

HIS name was Jeremiah Bartlett; but I believe we had been acquaintances, not to say intimate friends, for a considerable length of time, before I learned, or cared to inquire, what his patronymic might be. On the occasion of our first introduction to one another (which was of an informal character, and took place without the intervention of any third person) he told me that he was Jerry, and I responded, with proper dignity, that I was Master George; that seemed to us to meet adequately the demands of the case. I remember thinking at the time that it was necessary to be a little bit dignified; for he was quite a common, and even a ragged little boy, whereas I was the grandson of Sir George Ringwood, who owned the whole parish, including the woods where our encounter occurred; moreover, he was taller, stronger, and evidently older than I. As a matter of fact, he was probably my senior by not much more than a year; but that means a good deal when one's own years can be counted up without need for using the fingers of both hands to assist calculation. For the rest, I must say that Jerry was the last person in the world to give himself airs on any score, and although he knew such a vast number of things of which I was at that time profoundly ignorant, he had a fashion of imparting his knowledge which conveyed no wounding sense of inferiority to the disciple.

How can I hope to enlist the sympathies of right-thinking readers on his behalf when I confess that that knowledge consisted not only of a singular familiarity with the ways and characteristics of all woodland creatures, but of every illicit method that can be employed for their destruction? Perhaps one might as reasonably assert at once (what indeed happens to be the truth) that Jerry loved birds, beasts and fishes as well as he understood them. He took an odd way of showing his love, it may be said; but really these are *cosas de Espana*, and it is useless to dilate upon them. There are sportsmen who are devoid of poaching instincts; there are, as we all know, poachers who are no sportsmen; added to which, human nature is notoriously made up of inconsistencies. At any rate, a lonely little soul, such as I then was, spending his holidays in a great deserted house with a far more lonely old man, who never thought of asking how his grandson amused himself, may be pardoned for having welcomed with joy the companionship which a chance meeting brought to him, and which proved in the sequel productive of many blissful and breathlessly exciting experiences.

I do not, of course, mean to say that Jerry then and there proceeded to instruct me in the art of setting a wire or taught me where to search for partridges' eggs—wilt though the development of a boy's friendship is, he cannot, if engaged in certain practices, neglect some measures of precaution at the outset—but we entered into brisk conversation, we passed a whole summer afternoon together, and in the course of our devious wanderings through the coverts he showed me quite casually a multitude of things which I had never seen in my life before. Then we agreed to meet again on the morrow, and then—very soon—I was admitted into Jerry's entire confidence. This handsome, dark-complexioned boy, with his large, rather melancholy brown eyes, his slim figure and his small, strong hands, had something of the appearance of a gypsy, and it is just possible that he may have had a strain of gypsy blood in his veins; though his father was a tenant farmer and his mother, I believe, had come from the same class. But in the far west of England dark complexions are common enough; there were plenty of boys in the village whose hair was as black as Jerry's, though none, I should think, with hands quite like his, and certainly none who shared his taste for solitary rambling. A few, so he afterwards told me, were intermittent poachers; but he spoke of them with contempt as sorry bunglers at the game, and he did not care to associate with them.

Again and again I have seen Jerry catch a hare in his hand; but I was never able to accomplish that feat myself, nor can I even now explain how it was done. Everybody knows that a hare, crouching in her form, will allow you to approach quite close to her; but to stoop and seize her is another affair. Jerry would do this, and, stretching her across his knee, would break her neck, so that she was dead in an instant. I have also seen him secure pheasants by slipping a noose, suspended at the end of a long wand, over the birds' heads; while in the act of picking trout he was a past master. Suppose that in poaching, as in everything else, there is a certain inborn aptitude and capacity which can never be taught even to the most painstaking pupil; and, in spite of the very great enjoyment which I derived from Jerry's society, and the partial dexterity which I acquired under his tuition, he remained far above reach of rivalry, so far as I was concerned.

Yet I did learn a good deal from him, and what is more, I derived pecuniary profit from my accomplishments; for if Jerry was no better than a thief in the eyes of magistrates, juries, and judges, he was as honest as the day in his dealings with a confederate, and out of every five shillings that he made, half-a-crown duly found its way into my pocket. I do not know (though I may have had suspicions) who took the game off his hands. He opined, and I dare say he was right, that I had better not know. Apparently, however, there was no difficulty about obtaining a market. A considerable portion of our ill-gotten gains was expended in the purchase of ferrets, with which animals I remember that we were singularly unlucky, losing many through various accidents; most of the balance was laid out on sweets and ginger-pop, delicia

of which we were both inordinately fond; and I have since thought that the donations which Roundell, the head-keeper, was not too proud to accept from time to time at my hands ought to have been classed under the head of hush-money. But I did not think so at the time; such a view would have spoiled the fun and excitement of the whole thing. There was a piquancy about poaching one's own preserves (for in a certain sense I might regard my grandfather's preserves as being my own) which would have been obviously lacking if one had done so with the connivance of one's own paid servant. As a matter of fact, Roundell was probably neither a good keeper nor a strictly honest one; he had little encouragement to be either, seeing that he was in the service of a gentleman who had never cared for shooting, very seldom entertained guests, and only insisted that there should always be foxes in his coverts when the hounds drew them. Still, the keeper went his rounds, and we knew very well what they were, and we avoided him with infinite precautions and subtlety.

For the rest, our depredations extended to neighbouring properties, and on many a cold, clear winter's night have I crept noiselessly in Jerry's wake through the undergrowth in Lord Sedgmoor's woods, while those who should have been on the watch were comfortably asleep or toasting their toes before the fire in the village public-house. I came and went exactly as I pleased; there was no nurse or other domestic in authority to look after me, and I knew (doubtless some of the young footmen at Morden Court knew also) how to effect an entrance through a certain scullery window without making any noise about it. The stairs, up which I had to make my way, bare-footed, to reach my bedroom, used to creak horribly; but no remark was ever made upon the subject. In that great empty house the ancient timbers were bound to creak, with or without discoverable cause, and as my grandfather did not believe in ghosts, whereas the servants believed most strongly in them, investigations were not attempted. My grandfather, whom I sometimes saw in the middle of the day and always for a few minutes at dessert in the evening, had invariably the same greeting for me: 'Well, my boy, and what have you been about?' He did not listen to my reply, which indeed, in order to be truthful, would have had to be lengthy, as well as rather startling. He was a silent, absent-minded old man, of whom I was afraid, although I had no particular reason to be afraid of him; I doubt whether he had any definite ideas about me, except that I was an orphan, that I was the child of his dead second son, and that I had to spend my holidays somewhere. He was not upon good terms with my uncle Charles, his eldest son, who never came to Morden in those days.

Well, it is not everybody who has the gift of this finding his own company all-sufficient, and what would have become of me during my long, irresponsible vacations without Jerry Bartlett I cannot imagine. But Jerry suited me to perfection. Not only was he my master as regarded woodcraft, but upon every other subject under the sun he willingly owned himself my slave, and I believe I rewarded his modesty by patronising him without mercy. He had a very receptive mind. He loved reading and eagerly devoured the books which I lent him—especially those relating to adventure; he listened in open-mouthed admiration to my accounts of the valiant deeds that I had performed at school, and when we exchanged vows of eternal friendship, cementing them (by the aid of a penknife) with our blood, it was clearly understood between us that our relations must be rather those of knight and squire than of two equals.

The harmony of our relations, after remaining uninterrupted for upwards of eighteen months and surviving periods of separation which at our age must have seemed very long indeed, was disturbed at last in the ancient, time-honoured fashion. Her name was Nancy Gibbons. If she was not the loveliest and most bewitching of her sex (and, looking back from my present standpoint of calm impartiality, I feel sure that it would be an exaggeration to speak of her in such terms), that did not prevent us from thinking her so, nor her from treating us as Providence appears to have decreed that every girl or woman shall treat a couple of simultaneous admirers. It was on a certain still, moist night of January that the Ewig-Weibliche descended upon its inevitable mission of discord into two hitherto harmless little lives. The appropriateness of the adjective will doubtless be disputed when I add that the occupation upon which we were engaged at the moment was the shooting of roosting pheasants by alternate shots from an old muzzle-loader, filched by Jerry from his father's lumber-room. I quite admit that that was a very vile thing to do, and that we ought to have been whipped for it; yet the moral guilt involved in such poaching as ours was not, I venture to think, excessive, while our small souls, hard as they been laid bare, would at least have been freed of envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness. The above pleasing emotions were stirred up within us very soon. I suppose, after the apparition of a bare-headed, laughing girl, advancing through the misty moonlight, caused us to shrink together and draw in our breath apprehensively.

'Well,' said she, 'you are naughty boys!' She was evidently a year or two older than either of us; she had an abundance of curly brown locks, her eyes were bright and merry and her teeth singularly white; I well remember that my budding acquaintance with Ovid and the classical dictionary enabled me to compare her to a woodland nymph or dryad. We began, I believe, by assuming an attitude of surly defiance; but that sort of thing could not be kept up. She knew who we were and what we had been about; she called us by our names, forced us to exhibit the contents of our bag, and was presently kind enough to say that she would not betray us that time. Only we were to understand that, if she consented to do violence to her conscience by telling no tales, we must comply with her conditions—which were, firstly, that she should be allowed a pecuniary share of the spoil, and secondly, that (like Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, upon a celebrated occasion) she should be admitted as a third party into our unholy alliance. Where I found the precocious impudence to propose that

this treaty should be sealed there and then with a kiss I cannot imagine; but I did make that bold suggestion, and Nancy replied, with smiling condescension that as we were such very little fellows she really didn't mind.

Thus we became her slaves, while she became our confederate; and from that day forth neither Jerry nor I derived one penny of personal profit from the sale of what did not belong to us. In truth, we had never cared very greatly for those shillings and half-crowns. If we learned to value them now, it was because dear Nancy had a pronounced taste for ribbons and cheap gawgaws, and because each of us, in handing her over the whole, instead of the half of his moiety, flattered himself that



HUSH-MONEY.

he was stealing a march upon the other. These divisions did not, of course, take place when we three met by day or by night in the woods; she was clever enough to arrange separate trysts, and clever enough (though perhaps that did not imply any vast degree of talent) to hoodwink the pair of us. As far as I can recollect, we asked her no questions as to her origin or abode—who would think of putting a goddess into the witness-box?—and I hardly know how or when it was that I discovered her to be the orphan niece of Lord Sedgmoor's keeper, who had somewhat reluctantly provided her with a home. All that was of importance was that she was able to give us certain valuable pieces of information as to her uncle's whereabouts, that the snaring of game was a pursuit which enlisted her sympathies, and last, not least—that she liked me a great deal better than she did Jerry.

So, at all events, I had her own authority for stating, and a great shock it was to me, when at length I was provoked into openly making that statement, to be told that my former friend was authorised by her to make a directly contrary assertion. Alas! he was only my former friend by that time. The coolness which had sprung up between us immediately after Nancy's advent was ripening fast into enmity; and what could I do, when the low fellow dared to insult me thus, but respond, with energy and promptitude, 'You lie!'

Jerry pulled off his coat, and cast it down upon the grassy glade of the woods where we were standing. 'Come on!' said he, setting his teeth.

Well, it was a very pretty fight; and upon my word and honour as a respectable, middle-aged man, I am not at all convinced that I should not have licked him if I had been allowed to persevere to the bitter end; though I must admit he was getting rather the best of it when Nancy emerged from a neighbouring thicket and separated us. She said we ought to be ashamed of ourselves; she forced us to shake hands, to compose our quarrel—the cause of which she declared that she could not guess—and to promise that it should not be renewed. Afterwards we really did make friends, mingling our moans, avowing our common sorrow, and agreeing, like knights of old, that, since we could not both wed the fair lady, the one who should ultimately win her favour by doughty deeds should be adjudged the victor. But although we loyally did our best to act in the spirit of this compact, the difficulties of observing it were obvious and well-nigh insuperable. For instance, I could not help pointing out to Jerry that my social position gave me advantages to which he could scarcely venture to lay claim; while he replied, courteously but

firmly, that Nancy belonged to his class, not to mine. Probably we should have fallen out again, had not the end of the holidays constrained me to leave him in possession of the field. I took back to school with me, by way of consolation, a lock of Nancy's brown hair, together with the memory of her parting words, which were of a nature to encourage the most sanguine convictions. She said, however, that she was quite sure I should forget her long before she forgot me.

How long or after what fashion pretty Nancy Gibbons may have remembered me I cannot pretend to say; but it would indeed have been something like a miracle if my callow adoration for her had survived through the many years which were destined to elapse ere I revisited the once familiar coverts of Morden Court. My grandfather's death, and the succession to the property of Uncle Charles, who felt himself under no obligation to look after me, put an end for ever to those pleasant lollidays ramblings and unlawful raids; and it was not until I was a young undergraduate at Oxford that I was invited by my relative to go down to the old place for a week's shooting.

It is not at the age of two-and-twenty, when no danger seems quite so terrible as that of being laughed at, that one is likely to confess the follies of childhood, nor was I then disposed to take a lenient view of so grave an offence as a breach of the game laws. Still, I did continue to ask after my comrade of former years, and on the morning after my arrival he came up to the house to see me. In appearance he was scarcely altered, notwithstanding the imposing stature to which he had attained; indeed, I should have recognised him anywhere, and I told him so. He laughed a little in an embarrassed way, twirled his cap between his slim, brown fingers, glanced shyly at me, and said, 'Would you, sir?'

It was probably my fault rather than his own that he remained awkward and ill at ease throughout our interview. I tried to be friendly, and only succeeded, I dare say, in being offensively affable. Anything like a renewal of our intimacy seemed to be out of the question, especially as I entertained somewhat absurd scruples about inquiring whether he still knew the tracks of every hare in the neighbourhood and had as keen an eye as of old for the discovery of partridges' eggs. However, I made some jesting allusion to the fair Nancy which brought a flush to his dusky cheek; and I gathered from his murmured reply that he remained faithful to the Dulcinea for whose sake I was no longer in the least inclined to challenge him to deadly combat.

'Oh, young Bartlett?' my uncle said, in answer to some question which I found an opportunity of putting in the course of the day. 'I don't know much about him, but I'm afraid he's no good. A useless, loafing sort of fellow, by all accounts. And it's a nuisance, too; for his father is getting past work, and I suppose I shall have to let them refuse their lease. There's plenty of sympathy for farmers in these days, but decent little for the poor landlord, upon whom, after all, the loss is bound to fall. You have a little money of your own, I believe, and somebody told me you had a fancy for agriculture. Well, if you'll be advised by me, you'll put your money into any mortal thing—South American securities, or worked-out gold mines, or what you please—sooner than that.'

I did not invest my modest patrimony or employ such small talents as Heaven has been pleased to vouchsafe to me in the manner against which I was cautioned by my uncle. I thought myself uncommonly wide-awake at the time, and I now think that I have been uncommonly lucky; although, after fifteen years of hard work in distant lands, I am very far from being a rich man.

My personal fortunes, however, are but indirectly concerned with this little sketch. It is enough to say that, as soon as I had taken my degree, I carried out the intention which I had formed of emigrating, and that the best years of my life were over and done with before I was in a position to return to my own country. During my long absence I was, of course, forgotten, and, equally, of course, I did not forget. That is the common fate of exiles, who, when all is said, are not so very much to be pitied, since they have always hopes and illusions, as well as memories, to cheer them up in moments of discouragement. Anyhow, if they will but come back with pockets tolerably well filled (so as not to alarm their relations), they are not unlikely to be remembered and welcomed; and I had not been more than a fortnight in London, wondering what had become of everybody, and somewhat forlornly reconnoitering the waste places where everybody used to be, when I received a very cordial invitation from my uncle to visit him at what, in my secret heart, I still called 'home.'

I found Morden Court unchanged, and Uncle Charles not more so than the passage of time warranted. He was a stout, grey-headed old gentleman; his children were grown up, married, out in the world; his wife and he, left to themselves in a house which they could not afford to fill with guests, were glad enough—or at any rate they said they were—to be relieved for a while by the society of one whom they were pleased to call young. But they did not manage to make me feel young; they only managed (ah, how easy that is in dealing with the middle-aged!) to make me talk about the days of my youth; and what could be more natural than that, in the expansiveness of after-dinner conversation, I should seek to entertain them with accounts of my early poaching adventures under the skilled guidance of Jerry Bartlett?

'Bartlett!' exclaimed my uncle. 'God bless my soul! that must be my rascal of a tenant. Only what one might have expected from him for the matter of that. Well, my dear fellow, I am sorry to tell you that your old friend has got himself into a tight place—the county gaol, in point of fact, where he is awaiting his trial on a charge of arson. Set fire to his premises in the most barefaced way, finding, I suppose, that it was a choice between that and bankruptcy. Sorry for his wife, who is a capable sort of woman; though, upon my word, I don't know that she isn't well rid of him. But for her, I should have had to turn him out long ago; for a worse farmer I never met with.'

His wife, I presently learnt, was no other than my old flame Nancy. Uncle Charles spoke highly of her, and laughed at my aunt, who gave it as her opinion that Mrs Bartlett was 'too dressy for her station.'

'The truth is,' said he, with a wink, 'that Mrs Bartlett is a devilish handsome woman, and we know how charitable other women are apt to be to those who are blessed or cursed with good looks. There has been some gossip, I believe; I shouldn't wonder if she had amused herself a bit—and small blame to her! Precious poor fun it must have been for her to live with that long-legged, melancholy, useless husband of hers, and watch him letting things go from bad to worse every year! Rent?—oh yes, they have paid their rent hitherto—with remissions and reductions. But I suspect Bartlett was pretty near the end of his tether; so what must the fool needs do but try to swindle the insurance company! Hadn't a word to say for himself when he was brought up before the magistrates, and I don't suppose there will be any defence worth speaking of when he stands his trial on Thursday. Meanwhile,' added my uncle ruefully, 'I'm rebuilding the premises, and I shall be very much surprised if the whole cost doesn't have to be defrayed out of my pocket.'

This was indeed a sad tale, and the worst of it was that a fuller narration of particulars made it almost impossible for me to doubt that poor Jerry was guilty. That the conflagration had been the work of an incendiary seemed to be pretty certain; that the farmer alone had been about the place when it broke out had apparently been proved; and what gave the affair a very black look was that he had quite recently insured his belongings for their outside value. I did not gather that there was anything definite against his previous character; but he passed, I was told, for being morose, eccentric, and utterly inefficient as a farmer. Indeed, I well remembered that, in the old days, he had often spoken with distaste and disgust of the wearisome monotony of agriculture.

Some days later I accompanied my uncle to the neighbouring assize town where the trial was to take place, and when the prisoner was brought into court I experienced one of those shocks which we all experience occasionally, and for which our looking-glasses ought to, but do not, prepare us. Poor old Jerry! Was it possible that that elderly, round-shouldered man, whose black hair and unkempt beard were so plentifully sprinkled with grey, could be the lithe, active lad for whom I had once been no match either in wind or limb? Perhaps in that rank of life people age earlier than they do in ours, and perhaps I was less altered than he; for as his lack-lustre eye wandered vaguely round the building they met mine, and paused for a second, with a quick light of recognition in them. I nodded and smiled to him; but he dropped his eyelids at once and never looked again in my direction.

The case for the prosecution, which occupied a long time, rested necessarily upon circumstantial evidence, but seemed to be tolerably conclusive against the prisoner. The upshot of it was that, on the day of the fire, he had taken very good care that the farmhouse should be deserted. The two domestic servants whom he employed had been given leave to attend a neighbouring fair; Mrs Bartlett had left at eleven o'clock to do shopping in the county town, it being understood that she would not return until the evening; he himself had set out at an earlier hour, upon the pretext that he wished to attend a sale of beasts some ten miles away, at which sale it was shown that he had never put in an appearance. On the other hand, several witnesses were called to swear that he had been seen lurking about his own premises between ten and eleven o'clock;

that was immediately before his wife had driven off in her gig. In the course of the afternoon clouds of smoke had been seen rising from his ricks, near to which a half-empty box of matches had subsequently been discovered; a strong wind which was blowing at the time had caused the house to become ignited, and before the flames could be got under, the whole place had been burnt almost to the ground. There was some difference of opinion as to the precise moment at which the prisoner and his wife had appeared upon the scene of disaster; but it seemed to be clear that both had returned rather earlier than they had been expected. I gathered, from the line of cross-examination which the young gentleman who represented Jerry took up, that he wished to suggest collusion; though how that, if established, would help the accused, it was not easy to see.

But when it came to the turn of this bewigged and self-confident gentleman to state his client's case, it appeared that he had a very much better defence than that to offer to the charge. It was no business of his, he said, to explain how the fire, which might have been caused by accident or by design, had originated; all he had to show was that the prisoner could not possibly have had a hand in it, and this he would do without unnecessary waste of words and time. He then proceeded to call his first witness, a smart, impudent-looking youth in a loud check suit, who carried his left arm in a sling, and answered the questions put to him with a certain air of jaunty defiance.

His name was Edward Smale—commonly called Ned. He was the son of a farmer; was well acquainted with Bartlett and his wife; couldn't say that he was upon the best of terms with the former; as for the latter, it was always difficult, according to his experience, to tell where you were with a woman. Some discursive observations of his were here sternly checked by the judge, and he was ordered to confine himself to direct replies. The examining counsel had some trouble with him owing to his loquacity; but what he affirmed upon oath had the appearance of truth, and was quite sufficient for the examining counsel's purpose. Briefly, his assertion was that at the time when the fire was supposed to have broken out he had been engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with Jerry Bartlett in a wood rented by his father, which, as everybody knew, was situated some six or seven miles away from the spot. He did not consider that it had been a fair fight; because his antagonist had attacked him with a thick stick, and had indeed broken his arm, as well as his head, with that weapon; but he admitted that he had received a tremendous thrashing, and believed (though he remembered nothing about it) that Bartlett must have carried him to the edge of the wood, near his own door, where he had subsequently been found. Some corroborative evidence was adduced.

Under cross examination, Mr Smale displayed no reluctance to avow the cause of the quarrel, but was again warned against making irrelevant statements. Asked why he had not, making forward when the prisoner had been brought up before the magistrates, he replied that he would have done so if he had not been ill in bed at the time and unaware of what had taken place; adding, for the benefit of those whom it might concern, that if any woman thought she could make a dam fool of Ned Smale, he hoped she knew better now.

Practically, that ended the case. The judge, in summing up, told the jury that if they believed the witness male, they must acquit the prisoner; and presumably they did believe him, for a verdict of Not Guilty was at once returned.

Soon afterwards I was walking across the fields on the outskirts of the town with my old comrade, whom I had caught up as he left the court, and who seemed pleased to see me, though not quite so pleased as one might have expected him to be with his recovered liberty.

'I don't know that you're at the end of this trouble yet, sir,' said he; 'I don't know that you're at the end of it yet. There's that matchbox, you see, which cook can swear was one that we used in the house. I can't think but what the insurance people will want to know more about that matchbox. Whatever Ned Smale wanted to come and give evidence for—and after I'd pretty well pounded him to a jelly, too—beats me. I wasn't going to call him, Lord knows! Nor yet I hadn't no idea as that lawyer chap who defended me meant to call him.'

'In other words,' I remarked, 'your intention was to sacrifice yourself in order that the person whom you suspect of being guilty might escape. You are neither logical nor moral, my poor Jerry. First of all you suspect your wife of arranging a rendezvous with that very objectionable young cad, and without waiting to satisfy yourself that there is the slightest ground for your suspicions, you proceed to break his bones. Then you jump to the conclusion that she has deliberately burnt your house down, and, instead of taking the measures which self-preservation requires and your opinion of her appearance justifies, you attempt to screen her by virtually acknowledging yourself the culprit. It is lucky for you that a sharp young barrister thought it worth his while to undertake your defence.'

Jerry gazed at me in wondering admiration. 'You were always most extraordinarily clever, Master George,' he ejaculated. 'To think that you should know all about it, without ever having been told!'

'But I don't know all about it,' I modestly replied; 'I know no more than must be obvious to the meanest capacity. Suppose, just for the sake of old times, Jerry, you were to tell me all about it? Then perhaps I might have a chance of proving how extraordinarily clever I am by advising you what to do next. For that, I



HE HAD RECEIVED A TREMENDOUS THRASHING.

imagine, is the question that is perplexing you at the present moment.

He confessed that it was, and that he hardly anticipated a very warm welcome home from Mrs Bartlett, who, it appeared, had not cared to be present at his trial. The tale which he unfolded, as we plodded along across the fields and through the woods was one which is common enough in our ranks, and is the most pathetic because it is so provoking—the tale of an indulgent, inefficient, jealous husband and a handsome, selfish, pleasure-loving wife. It is all very well, in these cases, to say that the husband is an ass and deserves what he inevitably gets; but if the husband be, as he almost always is, a good fellow, it is scarcely consolatory to have no practical consolation to offer him. Poor Jerry, I gathered, had had a rough time of it with the woman whom he adored. He had worn out her patience by his inability to farm at a profit and his consequent inability to supply her with millinery; he had forfeited her respect by alternately ignoring her flirtations and upbraiding her with them; there had been quarrels and scenes from which he had not emerged victorious, and the approach of bankruptcy had coincided with a silent conviction on his part that Nancy contemplated eloping with the flashy young Ned Smale.

'I don't know, sir,' said he despondently, 'but what she may have promised to meet him that day, and managed to let me guess she had promised to meet him, so as to put me off the scent. All I can tell you is that he expected her and found me; and as soon as ever I got back home I understood why she had made me insure our place. I couldn't do nothing but hold my tongue—nor yet I can't do nothing else now.' And we're ruined, anyway, for the insurance company won't pay, you'll see.'

I thought it best to reply that the company would be forced to pay, and to scold Jerry roundly for assuming, upon insufficient evidence, that his wife was a criminal. If, I sagely remarked, she, on her side, had assumed him to be a criminal, he really had only himself to thank. I then made certain pecuniary proposals which my means, luckily, enabled me to make to an old friend, adding that I meant to go home with him and see that a reconciliation took place. He was very grateful and ostensibly penitent, but not, I think, very sanguine. Probably he saw through me, and was not taken in by the rather boisterous cheerfulness with which I chose to regard his case. However, I contrived to raise his spirits a little by reminding him of our bygone nocturnal expeditions, and he owned that even now—though I'm an old man, sir, and seldom care to take my gun down from the rack—he sometimes felt tempted, through sheer force of habit, to set a wire upon his neighbour's land. So, chatting about the Ground Game Act (which he condemned) and the other changes and innovations that had come to pass since our young days, we reached at last the end of our long walk, and knocked at the door of the temporary dwelling wherein Mrs Bartlett had found shelter after the catastrophe.

An astonished, rather than a delighted, woman gave us admittance.

'What, you?' she exclaimed, starting back, when she recognised her husband. 'Have you given them the slip, then? It's no use your coming here, so I give you fair warning. Why, you silly fool!—don't you know that this will be the very first place where the police will come to search for you?'

I took it upon myself to explain. I related as succinctly as I could, and without special regard for Mrs Bartlett's feelings, the circumstances which had led to Jerry's acquittal. I watched her face, which grew paler and paler while I was reporting Ned Smale's evidence, and I ended by congratulating her with much heartiness upon a *démouement*, 'which,' said I, 'is very evident to me that you did not venture to hope for.'

'It's all a pack of lies!' was her defiant rejoinder. 'I know nothing about your Ned Smale or your trumped-up stories. If I changed my mind about going shopping that day it was only because something seemed to tell me that I should be wanted at home. But I didn't get back before the whole place was in a blaze, and nobody can say I did. And who are you, I should like to know, to come meddling with what don't concern you?'

Time, which had dealt so hardly with poor Jerry Bartlett, had been wonderfully lenient to his wife. Her brown locks were unstreaked with grey, her eyes were as clear and bright as of yore and, but for a few scarcely perceptible lines about the corners of her mouth, she might have passed for a young woman. Certainly she was a strikingly handsome one.

'My dear maadam,' I replied mildly, 'one would really think, to hear you, that some accusation was being made against you. Whereas, of course, we all understand perfectly well that you were no more capable of making an accusation with that fatuous young Smale than of—what shall I say?—destroying your own premises by fire. As he himself said, you simply made a fool of him—and serve him right!'

I then told her who I was, assured her that her husband was anxious to beg her pardon for having, in a moment of mental aberration, misjudged her, and went on to mention the pecuniary arrangements above alluded to, which appeared to meet her views. I may have been clumsy—I am told by those who ought to know that I am apt to be clumsy in my dealings with a sex which I do not pretend to understand; but at least I appeared to be successful, for she was both gracious and grateful in her reception of my remarks, and she waxed quite coquetish when I alluded to the conquest that she had made of my juvenile affections. Perhaps she was a little frightened; probably she was a good deal relieved; in any case, she played her part well enough in the reconciliation scene which I had mentally rehearsed, and I left her and her husband seated hand in hand, after the approved fashion on the fall of the curtain.

But the epilogue was, I suppose, inevitable. Jerry overtook me before I had proceeded a couple of hundred yards on my line of retreat, and had one or two breathless questions to ask. Did I really think that the insurance money would be forthcoming? Was I sure that his wife stood in no danger of being arrested? Might he take it that my uncle would consent to renew their lease of the farm, whatever happened? I comforted

him to the best of my ability. I could not, of course, answer for the insurance company; but I felt justified in telling him that, as regarded other matters, he had nothing to fear, and I strongly advised him to forget the past and make a fresh start.

'There's two parties wanted to that bargain, Master George,' said he with a sigh. 'I don't need to tell you how it is between me and her; you could see for yourself. So long as she's safe and well provided for, that's all I wanted, and all I shall get. I'd as soon have come to prison for her as not—aye, orswung for her, if it had come to that. Hanging isn't such a bad death when you come to think of it, and when you remember that we've all got to die some day. You've seen me kill hares and rabbits before now. Crack!—all's over in the snap of a finger and thumb. Well, good night, sir, and thank you kindly for all you're doing for us.'

To speak quite frankly, I deserved some thanks, and I had a good deal of trouble that evening with Uncle Charles, who was naturally anxious to get rid of a hopeless tenant; but, being a good-natured sort of man in his way, he ended by yielding to my representations, and I dare say he may have felt that Providence had bestowed upon him his just reward when news was brought to us on the following morning that Jerry Bartlett had been found suspended by the neck to one of his own apple trees, stone dead.

'I am not in the least surprised,' my uncle declared. 'Depend upon it, if that fellow wasn't guilty himself, he knew very well who was; and though I'm sorry for his wife, I can't help thinking that she is lucky to be quit of a good-for-nothing scamp.'

The coroner's jury, taking a more merciful view, found that the deceased had committed suicide whilst labouring under temporary insanity; and, for my own part, I am quite of one mind with those enlightened citizens. What, indeed, can be more insane than to die for the sake of a woman who dislikes and despises you? Nothing, perhaps, except to attempt to live with her.

What, I confess, went a little against the grain with me was that, in view of the promise that I had made to the friend of my youth, I had to make certain disbursements for the benefit of his widow. But I buttoned up my pockets when she espoused Mr Edward Smale, who subsequently took the farm, and who, I believe, is doing well with it. Mrs Smale, my uncle tells me, is much respected in the neighbourhood, and much admired. One says to oneself in the depths of one's wicked heart that possibly Jerry's successor may yet be made acquainted with the revenges of time.

Footlight Flashes.

BY THE PROMPTER.

THE chief interest in the re-production of 'The Mikado' by the Amateur Opera Club on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday is in the impersonation of Nanki Poo (tenor) by Mr G. M. Reid, who would have been in the cast originally had he been able to accept a part. Mr A. L. Edwards did not see his way to appear in the re-production, and rather than let the performance fall through, Mr G. M. Reid came to the rescue. There is no question as to his ability to play the part of 'The Wandering Minstrel,' and recent rehearsals, it is said, indicate that he is likely to infuse a good deal of life into the character. The booking so far is large, and a very good run is anticipated.

'MY SWEETHEART,' Camille, 'The Two Orphans,' and 'Fowers of the Forest,' have been produced in Auckland by the Greenwood Company since our last issue. As was said last week, 'My Sweetheart' was an excellent performance, Miss Agatha Greenwood making a very decided 'hit' as Tina. This dainty little lady will probably become a great favourite in Wellington and southern cities to be visited by the Company. She sings very prettily and, as will be seen from the photo on page 582, is decidedly one of the beauties of the modern stage. The whole family has indeed been exceptionally generously treated by Dame Nature. Four more charming faces it would be hard to find than those now reproduced from photos kindly lent me by Mrs Greenwood. 'The Two Orphans' followed this success, and was well received. It was, however, in 'Camille' that the greatest hit of the season was made. In this Miss Maribel Greenwood was seen to great advantage, and the play—an exceedingly difficult one—was capably acted throughout. A great feature of the Greenwood season is the lavish way in which the pieces are 'put on.' Scenery and dresses are alike excellent, and it is quite evident that no expense has been spared in any direction. Southerners should certainly patronise the Greenwoods when they get the chance, as they are one of, if not the only company, which keeps the money in the colony. And besides four such pretty girls are always worth seeing anyway.

A VERY pretty Christmas carol has reached us for review in this column, entitled, 'Ring on, O Bells!' The words are by the Ven. Archdeacon Fenton, of Dunedin, and the very graceful setting by his son, Mr Herbert O. Fenton, B.A. The music is bell-like and melodious,

and the chorus is one which will make the carol extremely popular. Copies can be obtained from Mr Fenton, Clyde Avenue, Dunedin. The piece is neatly mounted on cardboard, and is therefore very handy for choirs. Two pretty vesper hymns by the same composer also deserve notice.

HERR MICHAEL BALLING, the viola-alta player, whose photograph we reproduce in our present issue, was born at Wurzburg in Bavaria. Leaving school at the age of 14, he entered the Royal Conservatorium in that town as a violin student. During his first year there he heard the fine viola playing of Herr Ritter and was so impressed by it that he decided to take up the study of that instrument. Through the influence of the Director of the Conservatorium, he succeeded in becoming a pupil of Ritter's, and remained with him three or four years, during which time he gained as a prize given by



HERR MICHAEL BALLING.

the late King of Bavaria, the instrument on which he now performs. In 1883 Herr Balling commenced his career as a professional musician by being engaged as one of the Festival Orchestra at Bayreuth, which brought him into contact with Wagner and Liszt, and also many of the best musicians in Germany. After the Festival he went to Mainz, where he was for two years viola player in the 'Stadische Capelle,' or City Orchestra. During this time he performed in various towns on the Rhine, and at a concert in Frankfort he played with the great pianist, Rubinstein, the latter's magnificent C minor sonata for piano and viola. In 1886 he received the post of solo viola player at the Court Theatre at Schwerin, and also became solo viola player in the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra, a position which is considered an eminent one by German musicians. During this period he played many times in Hamburg, Lübeck, Rosstok, Berlin, and Hanover. In 1888 he was on tour some four months in Russia, and in the following year was in that country for eight months, during which time a sonata for viola-alta was written and dedicated to him by the Russian composer, Baron Vittinghof Scheel, better known as Boris Scheel. Leaving Russia, Herr Balling had again to go to Bayreuth, and during this season, at a soiree given by Madame Cosima Wagner, he, in conjunction with Herr Mottel, the conductor, who quite recently has been the rage of London, played with great success. In 1890 he served a year in the army at Schwerin, but at the same time appeared at many of the Court concerts. In 1893 he was asked by a friend if he would care to go to New Zealand, and having a desire to see as much of the world as possible, he decided to visit this country. Arriving in Nelson in September of that year, Herr Balling has since had charge of the School of Music and the various musical societies of that town. During his two years' stay in New Zealand Herr Balling has made himself acquainted with almost every part of the two islands, including the King Country, through which he went last year.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR (at Editor's desk): 'Here's a Christmas joke, Mr Editor, that I guarantee was never in print before.'

Editor (after reading it): 'Don't doubt your word in the least, sir.'



MISS MARIHEL GREENWOOD.



MISS AGATHA GREENWOOD.



Harmer and Co., Adelaide.

MISS NORA GREENWOOD.



Hans. Park and.

MISS ROBERTA GREENWOOD.

AUCKLAND MINING COMPANIES.

SHARE INVESTORS' GUIDE.

COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	NO. OF SHARES.	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION.		MANAGER.
								s.	d.	
THAMES—										
Alburnia	Ltd.	£ 25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	s. d. 1 0	Acres. 54	7	0	D. G. Macdonnell
Alburnia East	N.L.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	Nil.	60		6½	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.	12½	1	2	H. Gilfillan
Bell Rock	N.L.	20,000	80,000	60,000	5 0	Nil.	100	1	2	S. C. Macky
Broken Hill	Ltd.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	0 2		1	2	R. M. Scott
Carligan	Ltd.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0			1	10	R. M. Scott
Canthria	Ltd.	22,350	44,700	44,700	10 0		15½	1	11	R. M. Scott
City of Dunedin	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	5 11½	26½	2	3	F. A. White
Comstock	Ltd.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	0 2	100		9	R. M. Scott
Clunes	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	Nil.				H. Gilfillan
Conservative	N.L.	13,500	90,000	90,000	3 0		100			E. J. White
Day Dawn	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	0 6	21		6	W. H. Cooper
Freedom	N.L.	12,000	80,000		3 0	Nil.	6½		8	F. A. White
Golden Point	N.L.	100,000	100,000	100,000	20 0	20 0	120	2	0	
Hazelbank	Ltd.	10,500	42,000	42,000	5 0	3 0	16½	6	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		15	2	9	W. Clarke
Lone Hand	Ltd.	25,000	50,000		10 0	1 0	27	1	6	R. M. Scott
Magazine	N.L.	10,000	100,000	31,700	2 0	Nil.	60			D. G. Macdonnell
May Queen	Ltd.	39,500	79,000	79,000	10 0	1 8	78	12	3	R. M. Scott
May Queen Extended	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0		60			J. J. Macky
Moanataiari	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	5 0	94	9	0	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		8	
Monowai	Ltd.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	1 6	90	6	6	F. A. White
New Whau	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	14	1	2	H. Gilfillan
Norfolk	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	7 6	37	4	8	D. G. Macdonnell
North Star	N.L.	10,000	50,000	45,000	4 0	1 7	30			J. J. 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			W. J. Smith
Royal	Ltd.	12,500	50,000	50,000	5 0	0 1½	30	1	4	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	1	D. G. Macdonnell
Tapu Fluke	Ltd.	4,500	45,000	37,750	2 0	2 0	20	2	0	W. H. Churton
Victoria	N.L.	20,000	120,000	120,000	4 0	2 3	41	3	3	J. J. Macky
Waiotahi	Ltd.	18,000	6,000	6,000	6 0	5 0	22	20		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	16	6	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	6	J. H. Harrison
Conquering Hero	N.L.	8,000	80,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.		1	1	W. Gray
Coromandel Proprietary	N.L.	18,750	150,000	150,000	2 6	Nil.	550	2	6	H. Gilfillan
Eureka	N.L.	1,250	50,000	50,000	2 0	Nil.				W. Gray
Empress	N.L.	4,250	85,000	85,000	2 0	Nil.	16	1	0	J. H. Harrison
Four in Hand	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	0	11	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Hill	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	29	1	0	J. H. Harrison
Golden Hill Extended	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	30		5	J. H. Harrison
Golden Lead	N.L.	7,000	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	50	1	0	D. G. Macdonnell
Great Kapanga	N.L.	12,000	80,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	94	1	0	E. J. White
Golden Tokatea	N.L.	10,000	100,000	100,000	2 0	Nil.		1	8	W. Waters
Good Enough	N.L.	6,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	1 0	14			J. H. Harrison
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	3	0	H. Gilfillan
Do. South	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	17	1	2	W. Clarke
Do. Extended	N.L.	7,000	70,000		2 0	Nil.	10½		8	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. North	Ltd.	100,000	50,000	50,000	20 0	20 0	132	3	0	D. G. Macdonnell
Harbour View	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0			1	0	J. H. Harrison
Katie	N.L.	12,500	100,000	100,000	2 6	Nil.	30			D. G. Macdonnell
Matawai	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30			J. H. Harrison
Matawa	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.				J. H. Harrison
North	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	24	1	0	J. H. Harrison
New Golconda	N.L.	7,500	75,000		2 0	Nil.	6	2	6	D. G. Macdonnell
New Tokatea	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	3	4	J. H. Harrison
Pride of Tokatea	N.L.	6,000	80,000	80,000	1 6	Nil.	38	1	5	W. S. Hampson
Princess May	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100			E. J. White
Progress Castle Rock	N.L.	9,750	65,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	30	1	0	W. Clarke
Pukewhau	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	68	1	0	J. H. Harrison
Pigmy	N.L.	13,500	90,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	70	1	0	W. Elliott
Southern Cross	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	4	1	0	J. H. Harrison
Wynyardtown	N.L.	105,000	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	9½	2	6	J. H. Harrison
Welcome Find	Ltd.	17,500	70,000	70,000	5 0	1 0	9	5	9	H. Gilfillan
Zealandia	N.L.	7,000	70,000		2 0	Nil.		1	5	D. G. Macdonnell
TAIRUA—										
Kia Ora	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	30			Jesse King
Nil Desperandum	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	65	1	7	J. H. Harrison
Rosebery	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.				J. H. Harrison
Ohui	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	30			J. J. Macky
KUAOTUNU—										
Ajax	N.L.	13,500	90,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100			D. G. Macdonnell
Aorere	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	100	1	11	J. H. Harrison
Aurora	N.L.	6,000	60,000		2 0	Nil.	30			R. Waters
A 1	N.L.	11,250	75,000		3 0	Nil.	30		7	W. Clarke
Argosy	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.				Jesse King
Carriage	N.L.	9,000	60,000		3 0	Nil.	100		8	S. H. Matthews
Diadem (late Sea View)	N.L.	12,000	80,000	75,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1	6	E. J. White
Empire	N.L.	7,000	70,000	70,000	2 0	Nil.	100			C. Grosvenor
Golden Anchor	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	50	1	9	J. H. Harrison
Golden Link (late Gladstone)	N.L.	10,000	80,000	60,000	2 6	Nil.	100	1	1	S. C. Macky
Gladys	N.L.	10,500	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	30			W. H. Churton
Great United	N.L.	7,000	70,000	65,000	2 0	Nil.	30	1	1	J. H. Harrison
Invicta	N.L.	7,500	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.	12	1	0	J. H. Harrison
Invicta North	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	Nil.	30		6½	J. H. Harrison
Jessica	N.L.	9,000	90,000		2 0	Nil.	30	1	0	J. H. Harrison
Jupiter	N.L.	10,000	40,000	40,000	5 0	Nil.	300	9	6	H. Gilfillan
Kapui-Vermont	N.L.	25,000	100,000	100,000	5 0	4 4	31	13	6	D. G. Macdonnell
Kuotunu	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	2	1	J. Young
Maoriland	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1	8	W. Gray
Midas	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1	5	D. G. Macdonnell
Mount Aurum	N.L.	80,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100			J. H. Harrison

COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	NO. OF SHARES.	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION.	MANAGER.
KUAOTUNU—									
Maori Dream	N.L.	9,000	60,000		3 0	Nil.	100	2 5	E. J. White
Otama	Ltd.	20,000	80,000	40,000	10 0	0 3	11	1 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Prospect	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0				J. H. Harrison
Premier (late Kuaotunu No. 2).	N.L.	12,000	80,000	60,000	3 0		50		W. H. Churton
Phoenix	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	0 6	30	9	J. J. Macky
Try Fluke	Ltd.	12,500	50,000		5 0	0 6	20	11 9	H. Gilfillan
Waitaita	Ltd.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	0 5½	85	3 6	W. H. Churton
UPPER THAMES—									
KARANGAHAKE									
Asteroid	N.L.	9,000	100,000	10,000	s. d.	s. d.	Acres.		
Crown	Ltd.	80,000	80,000	80,000	20 0	20 0	100	48 6	J. H. Harrison
Excelsior	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	9	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Crown	N.L.	10,500	70,000	30,000	3 0	Nil.			W. R. Waters
Golden Spur	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0		30	1 3	
Golden Fleece	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	30	10	
Golden Giant	N.L.	15,000	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.			W. H. Churton
Hercules	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	200		D. G. Macdonnell
Imperial	N.L.	11,000	100,000	100,000	2 0	0 2	60	2 1	H. Gilfillan
Ivanhoe	N.L.	5,500	50,000	50,000	2 0	0 2	30	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Karangahake	N.L.	14,000	70,000	70,000	4 0	Nil.	30		W. Clarke
Karangahake Ruby	N.L.	75,000	75,000	65,000	2 0				J. Barber
Mangakara United	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	150		G. C. Morris
Mariner	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	60	10	H. Gilfillan
Rob Roy	Ltd.	9,000	60,000	55,000	3 0	Nil.	13		R. M. Scott
Red Gauntlet	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	1 10	30	6	D. G. Macdonnell
South British	N.L.	14,000	70,000	65,000	2 0	Nil.	30	8	W. Clarke
Shotover	N.L.	17,500	70,000	70,000	5 0	Nil.	42	9	H. Gilfillan
Sterling	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	6	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	12 6	
Talisman Extended	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	118,000	3 0	Nil.	67	2 4	R. M. Scott
Victor	N.L.	110,000	220,000	140,000	10 0	10 0	90	4 0	H. Gilfillan
Waverley	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	0 2	30	1 7	D. G. Macdonnell
Wealth of Nations	N.L.	14,000	70,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	90	9	H. Gilfillan
Woodstock North	Ltd.	5,000	50,000	35,000	2 0	0 2	9½	9	J. Barber
Woodstock United	Ltd.	27,500	55,000		10 0		72	32 0	D. G. Macdonnell
OWHAROA—									
Crescent	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		H. Gilfillan
Golden Lion	N.L.	10,500	70,000	55,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Gigantic	N.L.	12,000	80,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Heitman's Freehold	N.L.	12,500	100,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	50	1 6	D. G. Macdonnell
Inglewood	N.L.	15,000	75,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Martiana	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 0	S. H. Matthews
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	1 2	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	1 0	100	7 3	H. Gilfillan
Beehive	N.L.	8,125	65,000	65,000	2 6	Nil.	30		E. J. White
Byron Bay	N.L.	17,500	70,000		5 0	Nil.	50	1 3	C. Grosvenor
British Empire	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Central	N.L.	14,000	70,000	70,000	4 0	Nil.		1 5	H. Gilfillan
Chelt	N.L.	6,875	55,000	50,000	2 6	Nil.	30	6	E. J. White
Grace Darling	Ltd.	30,000	60,000	60,000	10 0	6 3	50	2 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Treasure	N.L.								
Huanui	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	45	2 6	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	N	100	9	W. Clarke
Oceania	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	100	1 8	E. J. White
Portsea	Ltd.	12,500	50,000	50,000	5 0	2 2	15	1 3	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		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.		2 10	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. South	N.L.	14,000	70,000	55,000	4 0	Nil.	30	10	W. Clarke
Do. Queen	N.L.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	50	6	E. J. White
Young New Zealand	N.L.	11,250	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	15	1 4	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.			D. G. Macdonnell
Mount Waihi	N.L.	60,000	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	100,000	3 0	Nil.	100		W. H. Churton
Queen of Waihi	N.L.	25,000	100,000	100,000	5 0	Nil.	100	3 8	D. G. Macdonnell
Star of Waihi	N.L.	7,500	100,000	100,000	1 6	Nil.	100	0 6	J. H. Harrison
Sir Julius	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	100		W. Clarke
Sea View	N.L.	8,000	80,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	100		D. G. Macdonnell
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	140 0	R. Rose
Waihi Proprietary	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	150,000	3 0	1 0	117	1 10	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Monument	N.L.	20,000	80,000	80,000	5 0	Nil.	100	1 6	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Silverton	Ltd.	60,000	60,000	60,000	20 0		84	53 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Consols	N.L.	17,500	175,000	150,000	2 0	Nil.	200	2 1	H. Gilfillan
Waihi Mint	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100		W. R. Waters

J. T. ARMITAGE,

STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,

INSURANCE BUILDINGS,

Member of Brokers' Association, AUCKLAND.

MINING NEWS.

THROUGHOUT the past week business has been brisk on the Stock Exchange, shares in Coromandel mines being in especial favour in consequence of the greatly improved prospects of the properties surrounding the Hauraki Special, the leading Coromandel mine. It has always been a peculiar feature of Coromandel stocks generally that they fluctuate in value in a remarkable manner. The reason for this is that while large bodies of poor grade ore, when systematically worked, may pay good interest as a regular investment, as demonstrated in the Waihi mine, the average speculator always dreams of sudden wealth obtained from rich yields, and as Coromandel has had some sensational discoveries in its time, it naturally follows that people are always eager to snap up shares in any company that seems to have struck a good thing. For precisely the same reason holders are not anxious to sell, consequently when a move does take place shares advance rapidly. An illustration of this is shown by the fact that within three weeks Bunker's Hill shares rose from 7s 6d to 18s, Welcome Finds from 4s 10d to 9s 10d, New Golconda from 8s 2d to 2s 9d, and Hauraki No. 2 from 1s 3d to 3s 8d. The most careful speculator must admit that from present appearances all these advances were fully warranted, as there seems every likelihood of important results being obtained from each of these properties. The improved values were not, however, confined to Coromandel stocks alone, as Queen of Waihi shares have been in steady demand for the last fortnight, and advanced in price from 2s to 4s; in fact 4s 6d was reached one day. The Monowai mine at the Thames has also been in favour, latterly shares having advanced within three weeks from 4s 6d to 7s 1d. This is, however, readily explained by the fact that a test of the ore is now being made by a new process, and, it is stated, with every possibility of success. One peculiar feature this week was that whereas May Queen shares rose to 15s in anticipation of the property being sold to London capitalists, yet when this hope was realised and the contract was signed the stocks receded to 12s. Karangahake stocks have been neglected during the week, with the exception of an advance in shares in the Midas Company. Kuaotunu mines have also been but little patronised, the attention of speculators being apparently devoted to Coromandel. Considerable business has, however, been done this week in Waihi Consols, which doubled their value, and are still in brisk demand. From the general tone of the market there can be little doubt but that the confidence in the mining revival is as firm as ever. Nor is this to be wondered at when such practical evidence is given by quarters by the gold returns that the output of the precious metal is steadily increasing, although but few of the new mines are yet gold producers, as sufficient time has not elapsed to enable the new companies to obtain the necessary crushing power, or to develop the properties. Specimens who kept asking what is there warrant all this excitement about the goldfields? and who went about months ago predicting a speedy collapse, have at last got a definite answer in the gold returns just published, which show that the output for the September quarter last year was 11,717oz, valued at £48,613, whereas for the same period in 1895 the yield has grown to 31,213oz valued at £124,411. Such a marked increase within so short a space of time has placed the Auckland Goldfields in the proud position of being ahead of both West Coast and Otago. When it is borne in mind that already tenders have been let for the erection of larger crushing plants by several big companies, and that the Waihi Silvertown Company battery is not yet completed, it must be conceded that it is only fair to assume that next September quarter should show a still further improvement.

The way in which English companies set to work when they take over mines may be estimated by the fact that already £11,000 has been forwarded from Home by the directors of the Waihi Silvertown Company, that £4,000 has been received for the development of the Waihi Proprietary (late Waihi South) mine, which was sold last month, and £2,000 for the Victor to commence operations. Other companies are also either increasing the crushing power of the directors have such steps in contemplation in order to be able to treat large quantities of ore both expedi-

tiously and economically. One of the greatest troubles in connection with many of the newly formed companies is the delay that too frequently occurs in connection with the surveys of the ground. This matter is causing shareholders to complain bitterly, and they are not doing so without cause. In many cases the surveys are known to be all but completed, but surveyors, in their eagerness to secure more work, take up beyond what they can do, and consequently delay results. This is a serious injustice to shareholders, who have to provide the money for these surveys. In several cases the floating of companies has been seriously interfered with, and in certain instances it would seem as if surveyors will neither finish the work themselves nor hand it over to another competent person. There is another feature about this matter that is worthy of note, which is that although in one or two instances the directors have decided not to incur any expense whatever until all the preliminaries have been completed, in other cases the ordinary expense incidental to the management of companies (apart from actual work on the ground) is going on, which simply means that the cash which should go to prospect the property is being eaten up by managers and directors' fees. Probably now that fewer new properties are being put on the market the surveyors will be able to overtake the work and then the mines will get steadily worked, and it is fair to assume that important results will be obtained.

MINING NOTES.

COROMANDEL.

AICKEN'S FREEHOLD.

The applications made for licensed holdings on Mr Aicken's freehold block at Coromandel have all been withdrawn, as Mr Cooper appeared before the Warden's Court and produced the Crown Grant proving that the land in question did not come under the mining regulations.

BUNKER'S HILL.

Attention of speculators has centred principally this week in the shares in the Bunker's Hill mine. This was due to the fact that several parcels of specimens were obtained from the new leader cut in the mine, and as the drive has not yet reached the point where the famous Hauraki lode should be intersected, there is ample chance of a more important lead being made within the next week or two. A number of the directors, as well as shareholders in the Bunker's Hill Company, visited the ground during the week, and were well pleased with the appearance of the property and with the work done. One mistake is prevalent among a number of people, and that is, that the ground consists of only two acres. As a matter of fact the company now holds more than four acres, so that there is plenty of room for a very rich haul being made, as five acres well situated is better than one hundred acres in an out of the way place with little or nothing done on it. The Auckland manager of the Company has had quite a levee during the week owing to the numbers of people who went to his office daily to see the four large pieces of stone, taken from No. 1 reef. The stone contains large patches of gold, two or three inches in width, and is really an excellent promise for future possibilities. One stone taken from the leader weighed 51lbs, and was broken before bringing to town to see how it looked inside. In consequence of this exhibition shares have remained firm at from 16s to 18s during the week, notwithstanding large quantities are still held by original purchasers of syndicate shares at comparatively low prices.

On Saturday morning the manager telegraphed:—"Started to drive north. Strong blotches of gold in the stone. Got about 10lb of good stone going south." This telegram is important, as pointing to the fact that gold is being seen in the leader on the opposite side of the drive from which the rich stone now on exhibition was obtained.

WELCOME FIND.

Shares in this mine also advanced in price during the week both on account of the proximity of the property to the Bunker's Hill, and also because a second reef 3 feet wide was intersected which the manager in his telegram described as a strong promising body of mineralised stone. The immediate result of this telegram was to cause a brisk demand for Welcome Find shares, which fourthly advanced in price from 7s 6d to 9s 10d.

GOOD ENOUGH.

At a meeting of shareholders in this syndicate it was resolved, that a company to be called the Good Enough Goldmining Company (no liability) be formed, with a nominal capital of £5,000 in 80,000 shares of 1s 6d each. Mr J. H. Harrison was unanimously elected manager, and the following directors were elected:—Messrs E. A. Dady, T. W. Rhodes, K. H.

Harrison, Jas. Coe, A. Brett. Mr R. E. Isaac was appointed auditor, Mr F. E. Baume solicitor, and the Bank of New Zealand bankers in the company. The mine adjoins the Buffalo, and comprises an area of 15 acres 3 roods 3 perches, is well situated and is said to contain a number of reefs and leaders, some of which have produced rich gold. Work is now being carried on, and the company will start with a credit balance of £400.

NEW TOKATEA.

The prospects of this mine are improving, blotches of gold having been seen this week in the quartz taken from the low level. As this permit is considerably below where rich stone was got in the winze, there appears every probability of a payable block being opened up.

PHIDE OF TOKATEA.

Shareholders in this Company met during the week and passed resolutions authorising the directors to dispose of the property upon the terms already offered by a Liverpool syndicate.

NATIVE CHIEF.

A meeting was held in Siehr's Star and Garter Hotel on Tuesday night to conclude the business connected with the amalgamation and sale of the Native Chief properties. These consist of the Transit, Little Wonder, Junction and Native Chief holdings, situated in the Tiki district beyond the Progress. It was decided to sell the properties to a Napier syndicate represented by Mr G. South, and the cash deposit of £300 was paid over. The arrangements for sale and amalgamation were duly signed and executed.

KARANGAHAKE.

WOODSTOCK UNITED.

The manager for this company obtained for the past month's crushing with the small battery £724 worth of bullion from 252 tons of ore. The battery was, however, only running twenty-four days, consequently the return is about 35.2% below that of last month.

CROWN MINES.

The work of developing the lower depths of this mine which has been going on for some time past, has given most satisfactory results, proving that the ore becomes richer at each successive level, and suggesting vast possibilities when a depth of, say, 1,000 feet below the bed of the Waitahuta is reached. At 97 feet below the low level the quartz assayed £30 per ton, and gold could be seen in every other stone taken out. If this increasing richness at greater depths occurs in this mine, why not in others, and if this should be the case, Karangahake has a great future before it.

KARANGAHAKE RUBY.

At a meeting of subscribers for shares held this week at Mr J. Barber's office it was decided to form the Karangahake Ruby Goldmining Company (no liability), with a capital of £7,500 in 75,000 shares of 2s each, 10,000 of which are reserved for the benefit of the Company. The following gentlemen were elected directors:—Messrs H. N. Abbott, John Duder, Charles Gray, T. G. Tautou, and Spencer Von Sturmer. Mr Joseph Barber was appointed manager, Mr A. H. Taylor auditor, Messrs Russell and Campbell solicitors, and the National Bank the bankers of the Company.

KUAOTUNU.

WHAU WHAU.

Reference was made in a previous issue to the run for holdings in the Whau Whau or Kuaotunu No. 3 block. Something like a good luck has, however, since set in, as the application made to the Warden's Court for holdings here has been adjourned till the Native Land Court sits next January to decide the question of the Kauri Timber Company's lease of the whole block.

GOLDEN ANCHOR.

Mr John Goldsworthy has furnished a lengthy report upon the Golden Anchor property at Kuaotunu which states that on the south end of the property there are many leaders which give good prospects of gold, and which he considers should be developed and form one main reef at a deeper level. On the eastern side of the same spur there is a very nice gold-bearing lode about 4ft thick. Hundreds of feet of blocks can be got on these reefs and leaders with comparatively little driving. At the north end of the mine there is a large gold-bearing reef varying in size from 10ft to 15ft thick. This, from its position, should traverse the whole length of the ground. Mr Goldsworthy is of opinion that the rich specimens found in the crevices some years ago were supplied from some part of this reef by means of slime from its outcrop, and that if this reef were further developed rich runs of payable ore would be discovered. The property is admirably situated for cheap mining for many years to come, as it can be worked by means of adit levels and also because the battery site being near the

seaside coal and other fuel can be secured at comparatively little cost.

GOLDEN ANCHOR—JESSICA.

The amalgamation of these two mines at Kuaotunu is now practically completed, as a meeting of directors in these companies was held on Friday at Mr J. H. Harrison's office, at which the scheme for uniting the properties was finally adopted.

MIDAS.

The sensitive nature of Kuaotunu stocks may be estimated from the fact that when the news was received this week that a reef had been cut in the Midas mine, which prospecting at the rate of one ounce per ton, there was quite a brisk demand for shares, and prices advanced from 1s to 1s 9d in an hour or two.

OTAMA.

At an extraordinary meeting of shareholders in the above company held this week the resolutions authorising the winding up of the company was confirmed, as were also the other motions authorising the liquidator to consent to the registration of a new no-liability company to be called the Jano, and enter into negotiations to dispose of the Otama property to such company upon the terms previously agreed upon.

WAIHI.

WAIHI-SILVERTON.

Work is being vigorously pushed forward at this mine in order to get the increased crushing process at work as soon as possible. During the week another £3,000 working capital has been cabled from London to develop this property, making a total of £11,000 this year.

QUEEN OF WAIHI.

This mine was floated under the name of Waihi Proprietary locally, but subsequently the title was changed in order to prevent confusion with the Waihi mine proper. Work is now being vigorously pushed ahead in this mine, and the main shaft on the boundary of the Waihi-Silvertown mine is down 30 feet in fair country. An engine and boiler and other machinery for the mine will be in position shortly, and every effort is to be made to get the machinery started within a month. A proposal has been made to float the mine on the London market by Mr Melville, who so successfully negotiated the sale of the Waihi-Silvertown.

WAIHI PROPRIETARY.

This is the title which has been given to the Waihi South mine by the English Company that has taken it over. The property comprises an area of 120 acres, and includes the holdings formerly known as the Christmas Box, New Year, Birthday, and Mackay No. 1. It is situated on the southern boundary of the Waihi West (Grand Junction) and adjoins the Waihi Consols. Already £4,000 has been received from the same English Company. A shaft has been sunk 137 feet, from which crosscuts are now being extended. There is a Tanyge pump capable of throwing 8,000 gallons an hour at the present shaft, but the intention is to start a permanent shaft at once and procure suitable pumping and winding machinery.

WAIHI EXTENDED.

An extraordinary general meeting of shareholders of the Waihi Extended G. M. Company was held this week, at which it was unanimously agreed that in consideration of the holders of paid-up shares surrendering such shares to the Company, the directors be authorised to allot to such shareholders contributing shares in the proportion of one and five-sixth shares for each share so surrendered, and to apply to this purpose the 50,000 unallotted shares held by the Company.

WAI TEKAURI.

WAI TEKAURI NO. 4.

PROPOSED AMALGAMATION.

At an extraordinary general meeting of shareholders in this Company held last Wednesday, the Chairman, Mr Alfred Kidd, explained that it was proposed to amalgamate the Waitekauri No. 4 with the Waitekauri No. 5 and 6 and Globe, which would increase the area to 103 acres, as these properties, together with Sken's and battery site and water right, would make the combined property very valuable. Mr Kidd further stated that the properties had been placed under offer to a well-known and influential gentleman in London. The proposed capital of the Company would be £30,000, and he had no doubt that from the reports sent to London the property would be successfully floated in a short time. A resolution was adopted, that the directors be empowered to dispose of the mine on the terms named, or to such modification of same as will not materially alter the existing proposal.

PROSPECTING ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the promoters of the Prospecting and Flotation Association held

on Wednesday in Messrs Morris and Edwards' office, a company was formed under the Companies Act, 1882, with a capital of £2,000 in 200 shares of £10 payable in calls of £1 per month. Mr G. C. W. Morris was appointed secretary. The following directors were elected:—Messrs Graves Aickin, A. D. Douglas, James Heron, John Chambers, G. E. Alderton, Thomas Huddle and Edwin Edwards. It was resolved that no fees be paid to the directors. The Company start active operations immediately at Coromandel, Kuaotunu and Ohinemuri. Advisory committees have been appointed in the various goldfield centres, to select prospectors and supervise operations.

HUANUI-OCEANIA.

There seems little difficulty in disposing of this excellently situated Waitekauri property, as a definite offer to purchase was received by cable this week from Mr F. A. White, acting on behalf of London capitalists. As the property was already in the hands of Mr Douglas, in Auckland, and Mr Smellie, in London, on terms already agreed upon, the second offer cannot be entertained until those gentlemen have either accepted or rejected it.

ALPHA.

The directors of this company, at a meeting held on Monday, agreed to the proposal received by cable from London that the £30,000 working capital should be remitted in monthly instalments of £7,500, subject to the condition that a substantial sum be sent at once to commence vigorous work on the ground.

THE ZION.

The list for shares in the Zion Licensed Holding Company was opened on Monday morning at the offices of Mr G. A. Buttle, Insurance Buildings, and Mr Wm. Elliot, Bank of New Zealand Buildings. Before eleven o'clock all the shares were taken up, and numbers were applied for which could not be given. A meeting to form a company is called for Thursday at 2.30 p.m.

ALPHA.

A meeting of the local directors in this company was held on Monday at Mr H. Giblin's office to consider a cablegram received from London asking consent to forward the £30,000 working capital, in four monthly instalments of £7,500 each. The directors decided to reply agreeing to the proposal on the understanding that the expenses incurred since the sale of the property be paid by the new company, and also that a substantial sum be forwarded at once in order to commence vigorously working the mine.

THAMES.

ANCHOR SPECIAL CLAIM.

Mr A. Kohn, acting on behalf of a well-known London firm, has had a plan prepared for the Anchor Special Claim at the Thames. The property comprises 99½ acres of land, situated at the Thames, adjoining the North mine. Ample water power is available, as the Hape creek passes through the ground. The cross section on the plan shows a large tunnel, starting a little above creek level, which would give plenty of backs on the reefs known to exist in this locality.

NEW ALBURNIA.

As stated in a previous issue, this property is at present under offer on the London market, but unlike some others, the directors are not inclined to part with the greater portion of the shareholders' interest merely for the sake of getting a working capital guaranteed, the greater portion of which might never be required. The terms under which this property was offered were that shareholders in the New Alburnia Company should receive 60,000 shares paid up to £1 and £10,000 cash, in addition to sufficient working capital. A cablegram was, however, received this week suggesting certain alterations in the terms. This was duly considered by the directors, who decided to cable a reply declining to accept any modification of the terms under which the property was originally offered. As this Company has a good battery in working order, and a wire tramway to carry the ore to the mill besides a large area of ground well situated, the directors no doubt feel warranted in trying to secure the shareholders some cash return for the money already laid out.

BELL ROCK.

At the Thames School of Mines the following is the report of the working test of samples of ore from the Bell Rock mine:—This ore consisted of moderately hard yellowish brown quartz. It was dried, dry crushed, sampled and assayed, with the following results:—Gold, 2oz 12dwt per ton; silver, 1oz 4dwt 6gr per ton; value, £10 10s per ton. The dry pulverised ore, weighing 460lb, was subjected to hot, raw pan amalgamation, which extracted bullion representing a recovery of—Gold, 94.5 per cent.; silver, 85.7 per cent.; value,

94.5 per cent., calculated from the original assay value. The above results are highly satisfactory, and show that the gold existed in the ore in an extremely fine milling condition. Dillon's lead—Report of working test: This ore consisted of rusty-coloured quartz. It was dried, dry crushed, sampled and assayed with the following results:—Gold, 1oz 17dwt 19gr per ton; silver, 1oz 2dwt 5gr per ton; value, £7 13s 4d per ton. The dry pulverised ore, weighing 170lb, was subjected to raw pan amalgamation, and yielded bullion representing a recovery of—Gold, 94.3 per cent.; silver, 73.0 per cent.; value, 93.4 per cent. The above results show that this ore can easily be treated by amalgamation in pan in charges, the gold being heavy and free milling.—JAMES PARK, Director.

PURIRI.

Two rich finds are reported from the Puriri district, about ten miles from Rahamatown. One is in the Franchman mine of 200 acres, which is held by a strong syndicate who purchased the adjoining battery and water right. The other discovery was made by a prospector named John Hastings in the Captain Cook and Success Special Claims, near the middle boundary of the two mines. Coarse gold was plainly visible all through the stone. Two reefs have been unearthed, from 1 to 14 feet in thickness.

OWHAROA.

OWHAROA FREEHOLD.

One of the peculiarities of the Owharoa district is the way in which quartz boulders are distributed over the surface of the ground. The assay results obtained from quartz taken from the surface have in some instances been really excellent. In the case of stone taken from the Owharoa Freehold the assay showed a value at the rate of £124 11s 10d per ton. This week another 80 pounds of stone were received from the same property with the object of having further tests made.

At a meeting of shareholders in the Southern Cross Company held on Wednesday it was agreed to empower the directors to amalgamate with or acquire adjacent holdings, and also to acquire thought desirable. This is in connection with the proposal to amalgamate with the Zealandia, Hauraki No. 2 and Hauraki Extended.

COOLGARDIE SYNDICATE.

The Auckland Coolgardie Syndicate shareholders seem likely to get some return for their pluck and outlay in sending prospectors to Coolgardie before our own mining revival commenced. For some time past negotiations have been pending for the sale of the mine secured by their agents, and on Saturday the following cable was received by the Chairman of the syndicate:—Deposit two hundred paid. Balance tenth December.—Signed, GOODALL FIRTH, Union Bank, Coolgardie.

A SOUTHERN VISITOR.

Professor Black, of Otago University, is at present in the Auckland district, and proposes remaining here for some time. Having examined carefully the practical working of the process of saving gold by the use of a solution of cyanide of potassium, Professor Black has stated that there could not be much improvement upon a system which saved 96 per cent. of the assay value. It was mainly due to Professor Black that the Thames School of Mines was established, an institution that has been of great use to the mining industry generally.

SOUTHERN MINING.

GOLD FROM SOUTH WEST COAST SOUNDS.

A trial crushing of ore brought from Cattle Cove, Preservation Inlet, has just been completed at the Thames School of Mines, and gave a very satisfactory return at the rate of £5 6d per ton, the parcel treated being 1 ton 16lbs, which yielded 2oz 2dwt of bullion. The ore was described by Mr Park as bluish grey splintery quartz, which contained a small percentage of iron pyrites. From the parcel tested the separate returns were gold 1oz 5dwt 5grs per ton, and silver 5dwt 1gr. The story of how this silver was obtained is of interest as showing how the present Government tries to develop the resources of the colony. Mr R. Carrick, acting under instructions from the Mines Department, set out with a party to explore the Fiord country, a practically unknown country in from Preservation Inlet. The reason the expedition was despatched was because an impression existed that sufficient bulk of country remained there yet undiscovered. Mr Carrick and his party arrived at Cromarty, a small place inside Preservation Inlet, about 12 months ago, and having taken boats with them, struck across to Cattle Cove. Besides the leader of the party there were two boatmen

two boatmen, and three men who joined as prospectors, but received no pay. A track was blazed from Cattle Cove to Te Whara beach, and from there the party proceeded to Southport, the boats being skidded across about a mile and a half of country to the next water. Mr Carrick next went by boat to Edwarden Sound, and up what is called the left hand river till a fall was reached where a camp was formed. From here the river banks were prospected until the confines of Dusky Sound were reached, and traces of gold were got all the way. The party next crossed the Crown Range near Mount Burnett at an elevation of close on 3,000 feet. Coming down the other side towards McKENZIE country, Mr Carrick and his party discovered a magnificent chain of lakes which were called the Cadmans after the Minister for Mines, by whom the expedition had been despatched. After ascertaining the lay of the land the party returned to the boats and skidded one across until the first lake was reached, and the rest of the exploration of this chain of water stretch was comparatively easy work, the boat being skidded over the necks of land between the lakes. From the top lake of the chain the party went on and prospected around Fanny Bay, after which they went northwards to the Manapouri country, and then returned again down the Lakes and struck across the Canaries' Sound. Gold was got in various creeks, and still better prospects on Carrick River. The party remained about this river for three weeks, and Mr Carrick states there is a large belt of auriferous country there. On the 31st of January, 1895, the party was back again at Cattle Cove and from that neighbourhood three quarters of a ton of quartz was obtained, which when treated at Invercargill by the battery process, returned at the rate of an ounce and a quarter per ton. On the 31st of March another 37cwt of quartz was brought from Cattle Cove which yielded 3oz 9dwt, worth 77s per oz, the bank slip for the purchase of the gold showing the total value to be £13 5s 8d. The Mines Department then instructed Mr Carrick to take men down to Cattle Cove and bring up some more quartz, which he did, and that parcel was the one just treated at the Thames School of Mines. As the gold particles are coarse, the ore is readily treated by the ordinary pan amalgamation process, being free milling and easily treated. Samples of quartz were taken from three separate outcrops. The parcel treated at the Thames was obtained from leaders connected with an eight foot reef, the outcrop of which was treated. Mr Carrick is of opinion that within this district receives the attention of prospectors it will become a centre of mining operations.

GOLD RETURNS.

MAY QUEEN.

The monthly return from this Thames mine was again a very satisfactory one, although not quite equal to the previous one, which was the largest to date. During the past month 962 loads of quartz and 100 pounds of picked stone were crushed for a yield of 810oz of retorted gold, the estimated value of which is £2,250. This makes the total output of gold from this mine to date since last February £14,472 8s 3d. This is not quite equal to last month's yield, when 100lbs additional picked stone was crushed. The falling off of the return was due to the usual quantity and quality of picked stone not coming to hand, there being 100lb less this month than in September. At the same time ore continues of the same average grade as formerly. Now that this mine has been taken over by a strong English Company with a large working capital its further development should result in a largely increased output of gold.

VICTORIA.

The trial crushing of 29 tons of quartz from the new reef returned about 29ozs of melted gold. As usual in the mine, the tributers were more fortunate than the shareholders. Cleave and party of tributers in the Tokey section crushed two loads of quartz on Friday for a yield of 10oz of melted gold.

The Cambria mine crushed 45 loads of quartz for a yield of 39oz of retorted gold.

COLD SHIPMENT.

Six boxes containing 6,218 ozs of bullion were despatched by the Bank of New Zealand this week to Sydney en route for London.

MINE MANAGERS' REPORTS.

KAPAI-VERMONT.—The lode in the main level is looking much better, and is now from five to six feet thick, of well-defined solid quartz of a most friable nature. The prospects are improving every foot driven. All the ore goes to the mill for treatment, and from the present indications the manager believes will have the pleasure of reporting another rich shoot of gold before the 50 feet contract will be completed. The sixth stoppage over the main level

is in a total of 15ft (the longest does not exceed 30 feet); the reef is five feet wide, and carries good payable ore. The second stoppage over the first intermediate is in 29 feet south from the rise. The reef is 2 feet 6 inches, and quartz is of good quality. The first stoppage over top of intermediate level south is in a total of 158 feet. The reef is two feet wide, in which rich ore is visible. The next stoppage over the latter is in 48 feet on a 4 feet reef, all of which is good ore. First stoppage over the top intermediate north measures 192 feet, second 179, and third 99 feet. The reef is from two to five feet thick, all of which is very fair quality. Twelve feet of stoppage has been completed over the main level north from rise. Quantities of lower grade ore have been forwarded lately to the mill for treatment from the north end of the mine. The ore, although low grade, is payable, but will reduce the average quality of former crushings.

ORLANDO.—During the week rising on Carpenter's reef has been proceeding at the point where a leader came in from the hanging wall and associated itself with the big reef. The reef is now only 4 feet thick, and when breaking down the same colours of gold were freely seen.

MONOWAI.—The men have been engaged quarrying ore from the north and south cuttings, and both places are yielding a good supply of mineralised ore. There are about 100 tons on hand. Two cuttings are now being opened lower down to be ready for obtaining a future supply of ore.

MOANATAIARI.—A little gold is still seen in No. 4 lead, but it is not yielding anything like what the manager expected. Rather better quartz has been coming to hand, but there is little or no picked stone being got.

HAZELBANK.—Four men have been started to sink on a cross lead that strikes off Durby's reef at No. 2 intermediate level. A little gold has been seen, but so far no picked stone was obtained.

NEW WAHAU.—The reef is still much broken up, there being only small veins of quartz. The manager intends to drive a cross-cut into the two walls of the drive, to see if there is not a portion of the reef gone off into one of the sides. The reef is over-head in a level some distance above, and also in level below.

MOANATAIARI NORTH.—The main reef averages one foot in width, and carries a lot of splendid mineral all through, and should the same favourable indications continue till we meet the junction of the Daniels Reef something good should be obtained.

WAITEKAURI No. 4.—The winze is down 57 feet, and is now connected with the rise, thus opening up a payable block of 120 feet backs on the reef. Another 100 feet of driving should cut the Golden Point reef.

HAURAKI NORTH.—The manager has been informed there are several leaders crossing the ground in close proximity to the position of the shaft, also one large reef.

GOLDEN HILL.—The reef, though small, shows gold, each breaking down in the north drive. South, the reef has opened out to 18 inches.

WAITEKAURI No. 2.—The big reef is heavy shooting, and only one shift can be put to work until the drive has been advanced a little further. In my former report I mentioned the discovery of two large reefs near the battery site. I traced these reefs about three chains, where they cross each other and still retain their identity and their large dimensions. From a piece of stone found on the surface not far from the junction I got a very fair prospect of gold. I am now trying to find where this stone came from.

TALINIAN EXTENDED.—The low level being driven on No. 4 reef is now in a distance of 136 feet. The average width of the reef is about 1½ inches, and some of the stone gives a little gold when crushed. I have made a sworn statement before the Warden that the intention was to drive a low level 500 feet into the hill, and then crosscut for the different reefs known to traverse the mine; also that the mine is likely to be floated at Home, and the amount of capital proposed to be expended would be £5,000. I have no hesitation in saying but that there will be £50,000 spent on this property. The manager knows of ten reefs on the property, and gold in six of them, so that there is no doubt but that this mine is in the golden belt of country.

WAITEKAURI SOUTH.—Very good progress has been made driving in the Scotia Spur. The leader has junctioned with a larger body of quartz of the same character, making together a body of stone of 8in in thickness, the whole of which carries a little gold. The stone is mineralised, and of the very best description for carrying heavy gold.

YOUNG NEW ZEALAND.—My intention is to drive on a reef about two feet wide in this level, from which very good returns were obtained by the Welcome. The next work started was a drive to get to a leader from which the young New Zealand Company had some very rich returns. The distance driven was 50 feet. The leader was reached on Friday last, and a little of the quartz broken down, from which good dish

prospects were obtained. In the low or No. 1 level a crosscut was driven some time ago 30 feet through a mass of quartz leaders, averaging from one inch to two feet wide. From all these leaders good dish prospects can be obtained. In some of them gold is seen in the stone.

WAIHI MONUMENT.—Mr Gemmings reports having visited this property, which is situated about five miles in a westerly direction from the Waihi township. There are two outcrops. On one there is a drive 70ft, and a little prospecting about the surface. On the other outcrop comparatively little work has been done. This outcrop appears to be the best defined of the two, from a surface view. Whether these are two distinct outcrops, or two outcrops of the same reef, remains to be proved. This can be done with no great expenditure. He also recommended the extension of Long's drive fifty feet, and then crosscut each way for the reefs. Mr Gemmings also advised driving a tunnel under the other outcrop to prove the existence of the reefs and their value at that depth. The directors of the Waihi Monument forwarded a telegram to Mr Gemmings instructing him to start operations at once by employing such labour as he might think desirable to prove the ground at the lowest point obtainable.

VICTORIA.—The drive along the course of the new reef in an easterly direction has been extended a further distance of 14ft. The whole of that distance the reef continued of a rubby formation, but running in a very good country. A leading stop has been carried along over the drive 78ft, and a fair class of ore is coming to hand. The manager intends to sink a main winze to the No. 1 level. Crushing will commence at the end of the present week.

MATAUKA.—The manager, Mr Walmley, struck a reef near the centre of the property only buried a few inches under the surface. He stripped the reef for about seven feet on both sides, and it proved to be between four and five feet wide, and the stone looks first-class. A start has now been made to put in a short drive to cut the reef about 30 feet below the surface, when it is anticipated it may prove much better.

HAVENSWOOD.—The crosscut is now in a distance of 85 feet through a splendid class of country for gold, and it is expected that one of the reefs will be met with in a few feet more driving.

KURAU.—There is a fine looking reef in a drive which has been cleaned out three feet thick in splendid country. Rowe and party have crushed six loads for the return of 3oz 17dw of gold.

SIANDIANIAN.—In the drive going north the reef has opened out to four feet in width, and as the country is the very best class for gold, we may expect to see good stone at any time breaking down. No. 3 Reef: In the stopes south of the crosscut on this reef colours of gold are seen every breaking down, and the quartz should shape for a payable return when put through the battery.

GOLDEN POINT.—During the week the work of sinking the main engine shaft has been continued as usual. The class of country being penetrated is much similar in character to that referred to in my last report. The very noticeable feature in connection with it is the numerous silica veins and quartz stringers that have been met with within the 5 feet of sinking. In consequence of the presence of these veins, they are probably the cause of the tight nature of the rock, and water is making freely in the bottom, which retards the speedy sinking of the shaft. The depth sunk for the week is 2 feet, making the total depth so far attained 44 feet from brace. The first snow load of machinery is on the way, so there will be no delay in pushing the work forward.

PHENIX.—In the drive near the southern boundary the reef is 9in wide, and the prospects have so much improved that the manager is saving the quartz for treatment. A small cross leader was also cut in the drive, which gives very fair prospects.

CHATEAU.—The North Star footwall leader is about eight inches thick and fairly well mineralised, and is in a good class of sandstone country. When breaking down the quartz this week a few nice colours of gold were seen. The Hagus Smith reef has now opened out to about 5 feet. No. 3 leader is still being stopped out, and when breaking down on Saturday a couple of pounds of picked stone were obtained.

CONQUERING HILL.—The contractors have extended the low level 40 feet since starting, and another 10 feet or so should bring them under where the rich gold was got in the upper level. We are driving on the Copenhagen reef, which gives fair prospects.

ERIKKA.—We have extended the drive about 10 feet, and another 20 to 30 feet should bring us to the junction of the Native Chief and Malcolm reefs, when something good would be got. Captain Argall was here examining the property to enable him to report to the English syndicate, and Mr Kelly makes the necessary survey this week, so as to prepare the

plans required to accompany Captain Argall's report.

BIG BEN.—We cut two leaders, but small and of no great importance.

AL.—The reef still averages about one foot in thickness, and gives fair prospects by pounding. The whole of the quartz has been saved for crushing.

HACKNEY SOUTH.—Intermediate: A slight change in the appearance of the face has come in, the rock containing mineral. The tunnel is now 222 feet, and a junction with the cross reef may shortly be looked for. The low level is now in 433 feet.

BROKEN HILL.—The reef in the face is now about 2ft in thickness, but the ore has not the kindly appearance that it had further back in the level.

RAINBOW SPECIAL.—A large amount of prospecting work has been done and a number of reefs and leaders have been unearthed. In the Omega part of the mine three reefs have been cut from 2ft 6in to 4ft thick, giving fair prospects by mortar and dish, also several leaders from 6in to 12in. In the Rainbow 1 and 2 several reefs of a promising character have been cut, most of them carrying gold.

ALPHA.—Two men have been put on the Alpha section to drive a short crosscut to intersect the western reef. This is a lode previously mentioned as only having been cut by surface trench, and where out is about 6 feet thick and carrying a little gold and passing through excellent country.

NEW SHOTOVER.—The work for the week has been the continuation of the drive on the western side. The class of country has improved, and should this continue till the reef is cut good results may be expected. The drive on the south side is in splendid country.

MARINE.—Operations are confined to two drives in the Eileen section. The reef alluded to in last report has been driven 12ft. A little gold is obtainable by mortar process.

WAIHI CONSOLS.—The shaft is now 20ft from the brace and is passing through nice brown dirt, with no water so far.

ALBURNIA EAST.—We have started driving on the Vale of Avoca reef, which is a nice body of stone, 3ft thick.

NEW ZEALANDER.—The drive on No. 2 reef is in 29ft. The quartz looks well, showing silica and bright mineral. A little gold was seen on trying pebble and mortar tests. The drive at No. 1 reef has been put forward 5ft.

SOUTH BRITISH.—No. 2 crosscut continues to pass through an excellent class of country.

EMPRESS.—A leader two feet thick has been found outcropping on the surface about 20 feet behind the reef from which Power got his crushing. Aitkin's reef has not yet been cut.

BEFFALO.—The leader looks well in the bottom of the drive, where the country is solid.

HARBOR VIEW.—In the intermediate drive the footwall leader has been cut. It looks well, but so far no gold has been seen. The main drive No. 4 level has broken into the drive put in 20 years ago on the mullocky leader.

BICKNER'S HILL.—The main drive has been pushed on 20 feet since last report. The country has been a little tighter, but it is now splendid again. In another eight or ten days Legge's reef will be cut, and, if the country continues the same as at present, the manager has very little doubt about getting gold with the reef. About 10lb of good picked stone was got when driving south. The leader going north was broken a little, but the manager is pleased to say it is coming again, and shows good blotches of gold in the stone. The leader seems to be improving as the drive goes north. In the south the leader is rather large, about 18 inches, and although it is good general dirt no more than the above mentioned 10lb of picked stone were obtained.

BRITANNIA.—The shaft is down 37 1/2 feet. The country, though a little tighter, is, if anything, better. The work in connection with the engine is well advanced, and the manager hopes to take a turn out of the machinery early this week. Silica is still being seen in the shaft.

GOLDEN HILL EXTENDED.—The crosscut in the low level is passing through favourable country, but this week no quartz has been met with. The winze on the new level is down 20 feet. It is 6 inches thick, and gives really good loose prospects of gold.

GREAT UNITED.—The drive on No. 3 reef has been advanced another 12 feet. The lode is looking well and is 4 feet 6 inches wide in the face.

SOUTHERN CROSS.—A very nice looking little leader about 3 inches in thickness has been cut in the main tunnel, with lots of mineral in it. As it looks promising and the country is really good, the manager proposes shortly to open out upon this leader.

INVICTA NORTH.—The leader in the level is still broken, but is still carrying a little gold. In the north drive the leader is very small, but gives better mortar prospects.

INVICTA.—A six-inch leader has been cut in the crosscut from No. 1 level. So far

there is nothing in it, although both the country and reef look first-class. At No. 2 level a 4-inch leader was cut in the crosscut. This gives nice bullion prospects. There are 2 feet of stone in No. 2 stop, the whole of which is being saved for crushing. In No. 3 north the reef appears of fair size and of good average dirt.

NEW TOKATEA.—The level is now in 404 feet. In breaking down the reef nice strong bunches of gold were visible in the stone. The reef looks well, being one foot thick, and carries two good wash. More regular gold should be got in the future. A leading stop will be started next week.

CARNAGE.—Since my last report 22 feet have been driven in No. 1 crosscut through beautiful sandstone country, interlaced with small iron stone veins. No. 2 crosscut has been driven 16 feet through nice leaders about 4 inches wide carrying a little gold. The third man is still trenching on the eastern part of the range, as yet with nothing particular to report.

KURUNUI.—The reef in the face is 3 feet thick and the country is all that could be desired for gold. Driving hillward will now be proceeded with.

CLUNES.—The low level is in 50 feet for the fortnight.

INGLEWOOD.—The body of ore penetrated looks well, and gives good dish prospects. In the western end the lode also looks well, and gives splendid dish prospects. Assays made from both ends gives the following returns:—£3 15s 6d per ton, £6 15s, £3 1s 3d, £6 16s 6d, £4 11s and £3 14s.

IMPERIAL.—In the low level the reef continues to improve, being fully 4 feet wide, and carries excellent mineral. In the winze the reef remains the same size, but was of very poor grade for the last few feet.

HACKNEY NO. 2.—The winze is now down 27 feet, the country and the reef both looking well for gold. The reef has not been broken down for the last four days. Will break down early this week.

WELCOME FIND.—No. 1 drive is now in 124 feet from the shaft. The leader that was cut this week proved to be only a division between the hanging and footwall portions of the lode. It is a fine likely looking body of stone, and on the south side of the cross looks kindly for gold. This leader and the last-in-Time meet junction at a lower level, as the dip of one is opposite to the other. The same will apply to the No. 1. As they cross each other at the present level, something of importance may be got at the junction.

MAORI DREAM.—Since my last report I have had the low level crosscut extended 8 feet. The sandstone still continues of the same kindly formation. The reef in the south drive is much smaller than it has been, but still carries good gold. The reef last met with near the Diadem boundary has maintained its size and carries excellent gold for about 2ft on the hanging wall side.

JUPITER.—Three men are now employed stripping and breaking out the reef near the Kapai Vermont boundary. At present the reef is small. The other man is putting in a crosscut in the Golden Eye section to try and pick up the lode near the Try Fluke level.

NEW WYAR.—Sixteen feet has been driven into the hanging wall, and as the reef was not found a crosscut has been started into the footwall, where, the manager believes, the continuation of the reef will be found. At present the reef is very much broken, owing to it being so close to the side.

ADELAIDE.—The tunnel has been cleaned and repaired 566 feet, a new road being also laid down.

TRY FLUKE.—In the Venus section the lead shows signs of opening out again. In the drive north the country is hard. The lode is now about 12 inches thick. In the stopes on the eastern lode south the lode is from 12 to 18 inches thick. In the Muri-pou section the main reef at No. 2 is 18 to 24 inches thick of average quality ore. In the No. 1 drive the lode is poor at present. In the Try Fluke section above No. 4 level, the main reef is from 4 to 5 feet thick, and only a portion on either wall is saved for crushing. Better prospects are being got from the ore in the drive south from No. 2 winze. There are on hand to date from the plates 154oz of amalgam.

PHENIX.—At the southern boundary the reef is much the same as last reported. The quartz broken out is still being saved for treatment. The cross leader has been opened out on. Work has been discontinued here for the present, but this will be well worth following up at some future date. The drive in the centre of the mine is in 66ft, of which 27ft was on the course of the lode. As the lode is still split up and shows no signs of improvement the men have been knocked off and work commenced on the other side of the hill. The reef was met with here in a trench. There are three of four sections of the reef, the soft portions of which give nice dish prospects. A drive has been started about 60ft lower down the hill, where the manager expects to get the reef in more settled country.

KUAOTONU.—After making a very careful inspection, the manager has decided to open up two crosscuts from a deep gully, one to the east and one to the west, so as to cut all north and south lodes. Of the drives started on, one is in 8ft in splendid sandstone, the other is just commenced. All the preliminary work having been done, the manager hopes to make rapid progress in developing the mine.

RISING SUN (Owharoa).—Since last report the drive on the reef north, at the lower level, has been extended 5 feet. The lode is 2 feet wide, and looks very well. Since starting to drive on reef assays have been made every day, and results go to show that the reef is improving as it is driven on. The results are as follows:—October 25th, value per ton, £2 15s 6d; October 26th, £3 6s 9d; October 28th, £2 15s 6d; October 29th, £3 14s; October 30th, £3 18s; and October 31st, £6 13s.

CAMPBELL.—The manager telegraphed this afternoon:—"Crushed 45 loads of quartz for 39oz of retorted gold."

WAITAITA.—In view of the negotiations now going on for the sale of this mine to a Home company, absolute protection was obtained last month for the Company's whole area of 55 acres. It is nevertheless the intention of the directors to continue operations, and the mine manager, Mr C. H. Bennett, and four men are occupied in further developing the reef in the low level. His report for the fortnight is as follows:—"The drive going north has been extended fourteen feet during the last fortnight. We are still taking about 3ft of the footwall portion of the reef in the drive. The quartz coming to hand during the present week has improved considerably in quality, strong dabs of gold showing through the stone each breaking down. The conglomerate mentioned in former reports has given place to nice kindly quartz. South end: The rise is now up 21ft, the reef varying from 1 to 3 feet in width, gold showing in small blotches fairly distributed through the stone."

GOLDEN TOKATEA.—The manager telegraphed to-day:—"Got dish prospects from a reef cut by trenching, probably Morrison's lode, which produced rich gold some distance. Am developing with all speed."

MR DESPERANDUM.—The No. 1 drive is in 39 feet. It should cut a reef in another 10 feet. No. 2 drive is in 35 feet towards the winze, which is now down 54 feet. At the bottom of the shaft, six feet has been driven north-east and south-west. Dish prospects from the footwall side give a fair show of good quality gold. Six tons of quartz are being taken out to be forwarded to Auckland for treatment. The lode is 2 feet thick. No. 3 drive has been widened, and is now in 47 feet. The lode, which is 7 feet wide, was struck at 30 feet and shows good dish prospects for about an ounce to the ton. There are about 150 tons of quartz stacked.

ORDERING HIS COFFIN.

A NEW ZEALAND anecdote is told by Mr S. A. Percival, in the 'Realm': "One of the lakes in the North Island, near Auckland, there was an hotel much frequented by fishermen. On one occasion, when a gentleman, whom I will call Mr X., was staying there, he was taken seriously ill, and the landlord, supposing that he could not possibly recover, began to think of making preparations for his death. Knowing a man who was a pretty fair carpenter and had owed him money for some time, and seeing little chance of being repaid, he told him to make a coffin for the sick man. The coffin was duly made; but Mr X., instead of dying as he ought to have done, recovered, and there was, therefore, no use for the coffin. The landlord, not caring to be at the expense, included a charge for it in Mr X.'s bill, who, on seeing it, naturally enough demurred to paying for something which he had not ordered and did not want. The landlord said it was very hard that the loss should fall on him, as he had only done it for the best; and Mr X. at last agreed to pay for it. Determined to turn it to some account, he had a keel put to it, and used it as a fishing punt during the remainder of his stay at the hotel."

It was the Weather.—Manager (to box-keeper): "Well, they call this piece a frost, but I call it a thaw. Box-keeper: A thaw, sir? Manager: Yes. See how the audience have melted away."

Dick Singleton.—Does your wife object to your going to the club of an evening? Benny Dicus: "No, but she objects to my coming home from it in the morning."

Something to Marry On.—Son: "Well, father, I think I shall marry." Father: "Marry? Why you haven't anything to marry on." Son: "I'd like to know what's the matter with the girl's father. He's worth a million."

Artlet: I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door. Dewler (after inspecting it): Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it.

WOOLING A WIDOW.

BY EWALD AUGUST KOENIG.

CHAPTER XIV.

REJECTED.

DORA had not been mistaken in her supposition that Sonnenberg would soon put the decisive question to her.

She read the resolve in his face when, shortly before noon on the following day, he entered her drawing-room. She saw the quick, significant glance which he cast at her companion, and her indignation against this fortune hunter awoke within her in full force.

Since she had been told what the detective had learned with regard to him in London, she actually felt an aversion to him. She would have given much to have been able at that moment to confront him with the terrible accusation that he was a thief and a murderer.

In his usual courteous manner, he raised her hand to his lips and seated himself opposite to her.

"Allow me to express the hope that your mind is more at ease now," he said, glancing keenly at her lovely face. "I am sure you must have resigned yourself to the unalterable facts and formed the wise resolve to forget the man who proved so unworthy of your love."

"You might be wrong in your supposition," replied Dora, with forced composure.

"I can hardly believe that, for no other reason than because you cannot fail to remember what you owe to your reputation and your position in society. You must permit me to revert once more to the subject which Frau Hennig brought up a few days ago. I am obliged to do so, for your own sake. The scandal-mongers are growing bolder and bolder; and when I prove them, I am asked, mockingly, what gives me the right to enter the lists in your favour."

"That sounds very alarming indeed," replied Dora, in a tone of mingled irritation and sarcasm. "What have I done that is so bad?"

"Nothing but that you have not openly dissolved your relations with that man," was Sonnenberg's answer, while his eyes, which were glowing with passion, again turned significantly to the companion, who left the room noiselessly.

"Ought not every one to take it as a matter of course that my engagement to him no longer exists?"

"Certainly; but, nevertheless, they cling to the belief that it has not been cancelled."

"I am sure I don't see how I am to convince them of the contrary."

"Nothing easier than that," he cried, in violent agitation, seizing her hand, which she hastily withdrew from his grasp.

"Dora, you must have known how much I love you, you must have discovered it long ago. Make me the happiest of men by giving me the rights of a betrothed husband. Then no one will venture to blame you or to connect your name any longer with that of a criminal."

She lowered her eyelids for a moment. She did not wish him to read in her eyes the anger which blazed up within her.

He interpreted the flush on her cheeks in his favour, and did not see the bitter, defiant expression which lurked in the corners of her mouth.

"I need not tell you that I will do all in my power to make you happy," he continued. "I know that you do not care about such effusions, nor can I find words to describe as I would wish the feelings which I entertain for you. I can only entreat you to in-rue your life and your future to me, and assure you that you will never regret it. You are acquainted with my circumstances, my future prospects and the traits of my character. There is nothing in any of these which could cause you any anxiety or mistrust of me—"

"Nothing?" Dora interrupted him, unable to conceal her indignation at this audacious self-praise. "I am not so sure of that."

"And what reason have you for doubting it?" he asked, somewhat taken aback.

"I have various reasons."

"Which you must inform me of, so that I can refute them."

"I must," replied Dora, haughtily.

"What should force me to do so?"

"The consideration for public opinion to which I directed your attention a while ago."

"You have nothing to do with that."

"More than you think," he replied, irritated by the sharp tone which she had assumed, and which led him to fear, even now, that his hopes might not be realised. "Your name is also connected with my own, not through any fault of mine. It is but the natural result—"

rupted him in so peremptory a tone that he remained silent. If you thought that I would allow myself to be influenced by that you were mistaken."

He bit his lips in suppressed anger and nervously twirled the points of his beard.

"I did not allude to that circumstance," he said, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "because I considered it necessary in order to induce you to favour my wishes. I merely wished to draw your attention to the fact."

"No more of this, if you please."

"And you will not tell me why you distrust me?" he asked, once more forcing himself to the friendly tone in which he had addressed her before. "I thought, until now, that nothing stood between us but the memory of that scoundrel who deceived you—"

"Have you never deceived a woman?" she again interrupted him.

"Not to my knowledge."

"And yet I suspect, in spite of that declaration, that Mrs Mary Brighton knew you very well."

This blow fell upon him so unexpectedly that he started, and even though he did not lose countenance, she did not fail to notice his sudden alarm.

"I have told you repeatedly that that lady was an utter stranger to me. Why then do you revert to the subject at the present time?"

"Because, just at this moment I happened to remember the lady's looks so full of hatred and revenge," she replied, gravely, fixing her eyes upon him. "I have never doubted for a moment that those looks were meant for you alone."

"I regret that the poor woman is no longer alive so that I might make it possible to set your mind at rest on that subject."

"I do not think that—"

"I should prove to you that the lady never knew me."

Dora was incensed at this lie; she felt tempted to cast the name of John Brighton in his face. No one, it seemed to her, could expect her any longer to pretend to be on friendly terms with this man.

She forgot the warning and plans of the detective. Dislike, abhorrence and contempt had taken possession of her thoughts and feelings so entirely that she no longer was conscious of anything but the irresistible impulse to break with this man forever.

"If that is the only reason which induces you to doubt the sincerity of my affection, you will be obliged to admit that it cannot be called a valid one," he resumed, after a pause. "I was happy in being allowed to call myself your friend; I believed that that friendship justified me in entertaining hopes the fulfilment of which promised me the highest earthly happiness, and now I learn that you trouble your mind with groundless suspicions which shake the confidence with which you have favoured me hitherto. I entreat you to do away with this mistrust; to give me your full confidence again, and you may rest assured that, as my wife, you shall be as happy as you deserve to be."

"I regret—"

"Do not deprive me of all hope," he exclaimed, in feverish agitation. "Ask for time to consider? I will gladly give it to you. Consult with your friends—"

"No, Herr Sonnenberg, I shall not do so, for I cannot expect any sincere advice from that quarter," she replied, icily. "You know perfectly well that my heart, with all its thoughts and feelings, still belongs to that unhappy man whom you call a scoundrel, and that it will be his forever. You might, therefore, have told yourself that the realisation of your hopes is impossible."

"No, no," he replied quickly. "I could not tell myself that, for I could not consider the continuation of your love to a condemned criminal as anything but folly."

"Perhaps no one knows as well as you that he was innocently condemned," she cried, fixing her flashing eyes on Sonnenberg, with a penetrating look.

"Madam," he replied, rising from his seat, "I do not understand the meaning of those words, but I suspect that it is insulting to me. Nor do I know what reason you have for feeling such anger against me, for I am not conscious of having given you any occasion for it. If I have been slandered to you, I suppose I may beg of you to tell me plainly what you have heard, and thus make it possible for me to defend myself."

"No, indeed," said Dora, who had recovered her composure and now perceived that she had gone too far; "no one has slandered you to me."

"Then what you said was merely a surmise," he asked, in a subdued tone.

"You must be satisfied with what I told

you before: I cannot forget this man whom I still love."

"Notwithstanding that you know certainly that he deceived you?"

"So I was told at the time, and I can never forgive myself for believing it. Now I am better informed."

His face had grown livid. The deep furrows between his angrily contracted eyebrows told of evil, revengeful thoughts.

"Then you will give me no hope whatever," he said, as he took up his hat.

"Of what use would a hope be to you, the realisation of which is impossible?" she replied. "I regret that you have forced me to tell you all this, but you demanded frankness of me, and I felt myself obliged to comply with your request."

A spiteful expression crossed Sonnenberg's face. He bowed ceremoniously.

"You might have done so more courteously, madam," he said hoarsely. "I am not conscious of having done anything which would give you the right to insult me."

"That was not my intention!" she interrupted him quickly.

"And still you said that no one knew better than I that Dornberg was innocently condemned."

"In moments of excitement we do not always remember that our words may be misunderstood," replied Dora. "Pray consider that remark unaided, or of no significance. And do not bear me any ill-will for the answer which I have given you, which I was obliged to give, because my heart dictated it to me. Under other circumstances it might have been different."

He bowed again, and retired slowly to the door.

"Farewell!" he said. "May you never regret having repudiated the hand of a true friend."

Dora turned away from him with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

Sonnenberg left the room, and when he had closed the door behind him, his livid features were distorted by the evil passions raging within him.

Another door opened softly and Ernestine glided into the passage.

She started when she saw his face, and hastily laid her finger on her lips, so as to warn him against a loud outbreak of his fury.

"I heard everything," she whispered. "I cannot understand her answer—only yesterday she seemed inclined to accept you."

The quivering of his lips showed how difficult it was for him to control his excitement.

"That hope is destroyed forever! I must speak to you to-night, Ernestine."

"To-night? I don't know if—"

"You must make it possible."

"I might go to you—"

"No, I do not wish that!" he said quickly. "I have reason to suppose that our friendly relations are suspected. Where was Dora last evening?"

"At Fraulein Dornberg's I think."

"Well, I will send her a letter, the contents of which will, I hope, induce her to go out this evening again. Then you must send the servant away. Can you do so without exciting suspicion?"

"What are you going to do?" asked Ernestine, somewhat alarmed.

"I will tell you to-night. When the coast is clear here put the lamp near the window. I shall be watching for the signal, and will come as soon as it is given."

Again a door was opened. Dora stood before them.

Sonnenberg hastened to take a ceremonious leave and to disappear through the outer door of the apartment.

With an apparently unembarrassed air Ernestine followed her mistress into the drawing-room. She had no suspicion of the storm that was raging in Dora's bosom.

"I suppose I owe it to you and to your underhand dealings that that man dared offer me his hand!" Dora began, in a cutting tone, while she paced slowly to and fro.

"The accusation which Gustav Dornberg made against you appears to me in a very different light now, and I can only regret bitterly that my eyes were not opened sooner."

Ernestine had seated herself in an easy chair. A scornful smile hovered around her thin lips.

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly. "That Sonnenberg would make you an offer you could foresee as well as I; and, if you would be just, you cannot deny that you have encouraged his attentions. How could he suppose that you would con-

sider him presumptuous? You have appeared in public only in his company—"

"And in secret he tried to influence me through you," Dora interrupted her, impatiently. "Even though I remained silent I was well aware of your clandestine meetings and interviews."

"Well, then, if Herr Sonnenberg asked me to say a word in his favour, why should I have been so unskillful as to refuse?" asked Ernestine, now likewise assuming an aggressive tone. "All that I did was solely for your interest. You had to cut loose at last from that criminal—"

"In order to give my hand to a fortune-hunter? Do not look so surprised. You know that man and his past life. You entered into a league with him of which I was to know nothing. And you did so while I was still engaged to Gustav and before any shadow had fallen upon our happiness, and you two made common cause with my brother and his family. All this I now recognise clearly and distinctly, and I repeat that I can only regret that these intrigues did not come to my knowledge sooner."

Ernestine had risen. However hate might have taken possession of her, she yet succeeded in retaining her outward composure.

"Your reproaches are highly offensive and insulting," she replied, tossing her head defiantly. "I cannot comprehend how Sonnenberg's offer can have excited you so violently, and I can understand still less the injustice with which you heap reproaches upon me. Nor do I know of what you can accuse me, for I cannot see that I have done wrong even if I did countenance the suit of so thoroughly honorable a gentleman."

"Honorable!" said Dora, sarcastically, again forgetting, in the desire to give vent to her indignation, the warning of the detective. "I do not consider him so."

"Have you proofs to the contrary?" asked Ernestine, watching her keenly.

"Not yet; but—"

"Ah, so you are ready to condemn him on the strength of mere suppositions. Then, of course, there is no use in defending him."

"Did the jury who convicted Gustav Dornberg have any better proof?" asked Dora. "But enough of this—you will understand that we cannot remain together any longer than after these explanations. I leave it to you to sever our connections in the manner most convenient to you. You are welcome to remain under my roof until you find another position that suits you. I will not hurry you, and am ready to agree to any reasonable wish you may entertain."

A low knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and the next moment Frau Heppner entered the room.

Did she know already that Sonnenberg had been rejected?

Dora could hardly believe it to be the case; but, nevertheless, she received her sister-in-law more coolly than was her wont.

"I only came to invite you for this evening," said the latter, looking after Frau Hennig, who left the room somewhat noisily. "Papa and mamma are going to leave us next week to go to London, and as we probably shall not see them again very soon we want to have a family gathering at our house to-night."

"I must beg to decline," said Dora, rather distantly. "You know I am not on very good terms with your family."

"Goodness, how excited you are. Have you had a quarrel with your companion?"

"If I have she may thank her friends for it."

Frau Heppner's steel-grey eyes flashed angrily.

"You said that in a very singular tone," she replied. "Do you count me among those friends of hers?"

"All of you. You were all in league with Sonnenberg against me."

"With Sonnenberg? Against you?" asked her sister-in-law in surprise, shaking her head. "You must allow me to remark that your meaning is incomprehensible to me."

"You may say so, Maria," replied Dora, sarcastically, "but I do not believe in the truth of your assertion. I know only too well that Gustav Dornberg owes his misfortune solely to your intrigues, and that Sonnenberg took an active part in them. Altogether, I am better informed on that subject than you may think, and for that reason my rejection of Sonnenberg's offer was a very plain and decided one."

"Good gracious! He has proposed to

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you?" said Frau Heppner, in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you were not aware of his intention?" asked Dora, ironically.

"I had no idea of it!"

"Perhaps not of his carrying it out to-day."

"And you refused him?"

"Certainly! notwithstanding that I knew how much you all wished the contrary. You made a mistake in your calculations."

"But, Dora, there can be no question of any mistake, for we never thought of making any calculations. Mamma may have desired the match. Sonnenberg has been intimate with my parents for some time, you know; but I am sure she never thought of bringing about the fulfilment of her wish by an intrigue. I must protest decidedly against this reproach, as far as my parents and I are concerned. For your companion, indeed, I cannot answer. If your accusation against her is well founded you can easily punish her for her abuse of your confidence by dismissing her."

"Which I have already done," replied Dora, with a glance of displeasure at the door through which Ernestine had disappeared. "I suspect that those two have known each other long and well, but I do not care to investigate the matter. Their plans are frustrated; that is enough for me."

"We will talk the matter over more explicitly when you have grown calmer," said her sister-in-law, rising. "For the present you must excuse me; I have still a good deal to do for this evening. Sonnenberg is invited too; but if he hears that you are coming, and Heinrich can tell him so."

"Pray, make no changes on my account. You can easily understand that I am not in the mood to join your party."

"Poor child," rejoined Frau Heppner, in a commiserating tone, extending her hand. "You ought not to—"

"Enough!" interrupted Dora. "I do not let the matter trouble me; I have done with it now. As soon as my other affairs are settled I may go away from here entirely."

"Must I infer from that that you wish to break with us?" asked her sister-in-law, reproachfully. "I really do not see what reason you could have for doing so. And as for Sonnenberg, he certainly will not stay here much longer after this defeat. So you need not fear any more meetings with him."

"I think I know him better," replied Dora, bitterly. "I should not be in the least surprised if he were to take some low means of revenging himself on me now."

"If he dares do that our doors will be closed to him forever, and he may be prepared to have Heinrich call him to account most energetically. But don't trouble yourself any more; Heinrich will see that Sonnenberg stays away to-night, so be sure and come; it will divert your mind and cheer you up a little. I shall certainly expect you."

Dora gave no answer, nor did Frau Heppner wait for one. She hastened downstairs, told the coachman to drive to Menzel's villa, and entered the carriage.

The smiles now disappeared from her lips and her brows were angrily contracted. She was highly indignant at Dora's harsh rejection of Sonnenberg.

She had hoped to find the engagement accomplished. She knew that Sonnenberg intended to ask the decisive question at this time and had hastened to Dora's house prepared to assist her with her advice, and do away with any possible doubts.

And now she had been received in this offensive manner, and overwhelmed with reproaches.

Was all really over, and was there no longer any hope for Sonnenberg?

She could not believe it. Her mother would surely discover some way out of the difficulty, and, moreover, she had no doubt that she would find Sonnenberg at the villa.

It had been agreed upon that he should come there immediately after his proposal in order to report the result; and, however incensed he might be, this was just the time when he stood most in need of the advice of his allies.

Her expectations were realized. Sonnenberg was already closeted with her parents; he had just finished his report when she arrived.

"I'm afraid there's nothing more to be done," said Roland, in a tone of regret, shaking his bald head and casting a furtive glance at his wife, who sat on the sofa in an attitude of defiance. "That harsh, almost insulting refusal leaves no room for doubt that Dora's resolve is final."

"I will not give up hope so quickly," said his wife, severely. "Her companion will—"

"Ernestine Hennig has been discharged," her daughter interrupted her. "Dora accused her of being secretly in league with Herr Sonnenberg. She blames us, too, and told me, in plain words, that she knew more about our plans than we thought she did."

Sonnenberg, at the first moment, had stared at Frau Heppner in undisguised

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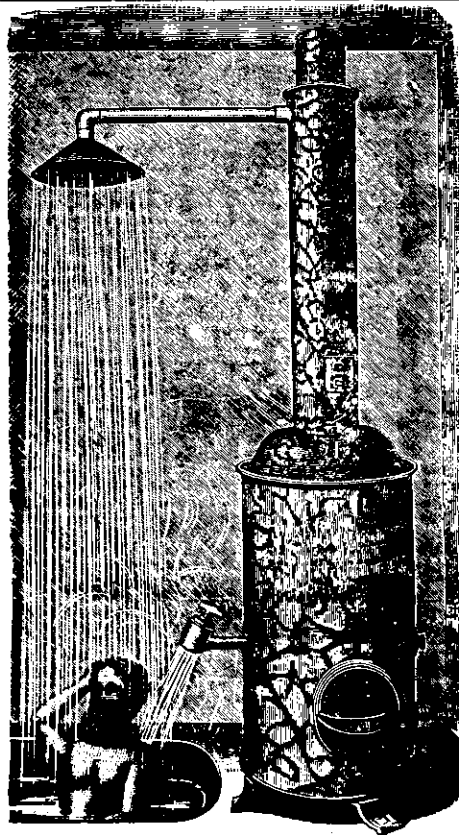
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dismay. He had not been prepared for Ernestine's discharge.

"Did I understand you to say that Frau Hennig has left the house?" he asked hoarsely.

"I don't know, but I hardly think so. So sudden and so serious a breach would create a sensation, which I am sure both ladies would rather avoid. But, of course, we must all see that nothing more can be expected of the companion under these circumstances."

"Then Heinrich must see what he can do," said Frau Roland, in the kind of tone which admits of no contradiction. "He must force Dora, for the sake of her own reputation, to contract an engagement which is already town-talk. He must—"

"Do not trouble yourself, madam," Sonnenberg interrupted her, with cutting sarcasm. "I could do all that myself, and so plainly that she could not misunderstand it. And, moreover, the councillor would be the last person who could bend that stubborn will."

"Yes, indeed; my husband has no influence whatever over his sister," remarked Frau Heppner. "And Dora accuses us of being the cause of Dornberg's ruin."

"Is she still attached to that fellow?" asked Roland, scornfully. "How can she be so foolish?"

"She declared to me that she still believes him innocent," replied Sonnenberg, giving the banker a look which seemed to force him to lower his eyes. "I am convinced that she would gladly give half her fortune if she could prove him to be so."

"And if she succeeded, she would marry him," said Frau Roland, drumming on the table with her thin, pointed fingers. "That would furnish more food for interesting gossip."

"But such a thing is not to be thought of," replied her daughter, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "It is beyond all possibility to prove Dornberg's innocence. Is there any way of forcing Dora to retreat from her decision?"

"Will she come to your house to-night?" asked Roland.

"No, for she declined my invitation pointedly."

"I, too, must retract my acceptance," said Sonnenberg to Frau Heppner. "I trust you will bear me no ill-will on that account. If Dora hears of it she will probably come."

"No, not even then; she refuses decidedly."

"We ought to spread the report of her engagement to Herr Sonnenberg," said Frau Roland, with an ugly, spiteful expression about the corners of her mouth. "That would be the only means of bringing a pressure to bear upon her."

"You cannot accomplish anything in that way," Roland objected. "If the gossip annoys her she will go away from here. We know how quick she is in her decisions."

"Let me beg of you once more to take no further trouble in the matter," said Frau Heppner, and through his eyes flashed angrily, his voice sounded cold and calm. "I should forfeit my self-respect if I were to cling to any hopes after this defeat, and strive to mend matters by unfair means."

He had risen at the last words. He seemed to have done with the matter entirely.

"Herr Sonnenberg, may I offer you a seat in my carriage?" asked Frau Heppner.

"You are very kind," he answered, bowing slightly. "If it would not trouble you to wait a few minutes, I shall be happy to accept your invitation."

"Certainly, with pleasure," she replied with a nod.

"Herr Roland, may I speak to you for a moment in private?"

The banker started involuntarily, when he saw those burning eyes fixed so keenly upon himself. He rose slowly, and the two went into the adjoining room.

"I have no time at present to enter into the details of the business matter upon which I wish to confer with you," Sonnenberg began, refusing the chair which was offered him. "May I request you to call at my rooms soon after dinner?"

Roland, while looking at him with increasing surprise, turned pale, and his face wore an expression of serious anxiety.

"What business can you have to transact with me?" he asked bravely. "You know I have withdrawn from business altogether."

"It is a matter about which I can speak to you only in private," replied Sonnenberg, gravely.

"H-m, I don't know—"

"Whether you will have time? I think you will, Herr Roland, and I expect you with certainty."

The words sounded like a command, but the banker still hesitated; that abrupt, imperious tone only served to increase his unbounded dismay.

"If I only knew—" he said, doubtfully.

"Do you remember the night of your daughter's wedding?" Sonnenberg now asked in a subdued voice. "Do you recollect that I was seized with the cholera at a certain hour and went into the garden? Perhaps you can recall the rest?"

Roland had started back as if a ghost had suddenly risen out of the ground before him; his face was livid, his staring eyes protruded from their sockets.

'I do not understand you at all,' he said, and, desperately though he tried to control himself, he could not prevent his voice from trembling. 'I don't know what you mean by your allusions to that evening.'

'Do you really not know?' asked Sonnenberg, sarcastically.

'No, no; but—'

'But you will come, will you not?'

'Well, I suppose I must, in order to have this riddle solved. I have to go to town, at any rate. Menzel, my son-in-law, has made up his mind to a piece of folly which I wish to talk him out of. I will be with you soon after dinner.'

Sonnenberg arose and returned to the drawing-room.

'I am ready, madam,' he said; and not even the keenest observer could have read in the calm, almost cheerful expression of his face, the inward excitement which had possession of him.

Frau Heppner rose and took leave of her parents. Frau Roland's eyes rested searchingly on her husband. It almost seemed as if she had guessed the object of the private interview, for her features, too, expressed secret anxiety.

'Do not give up all hope,' she said, as he raised her hand to his lips. 'What I once make up my mind to I always carry through, and I am confident that I shall be able to congratulate you on your engagement before long.'

'I regret that I cannot share that confidence,' he replied, coldly. 'Consequently, I must request you, once more, to take no further trouble in the matter. Till this afternoon, then, Herr Roland.'

He left the room in Frau Heppner's company, and soon after the carriage bore them away.

'What did Sonnenberg want of you?' Frau Roland asked her husband, who, in feverish excitement, was measuring the room with long strides.

The banker stopped and stamped his foot angrily.

'I wish we had never seen that swindler,' he said, gnashing his teeth.

'Why, if I may ask?'

'Because he played the spy that evening. I presume he knows everything.'

'Everything?' she asked, while her thin hands grasped his arm so firmly that he could have screamed with pain. 'Did he say so?'

He hinted at it; he expects me at his room, after dinner.'

'Did he threaten you?'

'He commanded me to come, and there was threat enough in that command. I could not not misunderstand it.'

She released his arm, but her grey eyes remained fixed upon him with a piercing look.

'I expect you will not allow yourself to be intimidated, if your surmise should be correct,' she said, and, her voice, too, now sounded imperious. 'What can he prove? Nothing? His testimony is of no greater value than yours, and I do not believe that, for his own sake, he will venture to accuse you. Concede nothing, and laugh at him if he threatens you.'

'And you think I can rid myself of him in that way?' he asked ironically. 'I know him better than that. He'll hold the knife to my throat, and—'

'Let him cut it then, if you have no courage left!' she interrupted him scornfully. 'They will not find anything here, and I, for my part, do not intend to be cheated out of the harvest.'

'If we can avert the danger by a slight sacrifice that would be preferable,' he remarked, somewhat crestfallen.

'And what do you call a slight sacrifice? You would be putting a weapon in his hand with which he could pursue us to the end of our lives. No, never consent to that, Oscar. If you hold out your little finger to him you thereby give him a right to take your whole hand.'

'Then you think I had better not go?'

'Did you promise?'

'I could not help it.'

'Then you will have to go. At any rate, it is well that we should learn what to expect. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll go on to London at once and take the black trunk. You can follow me in a few days. And even if my luggage should be examined, no one will find out that that trunk has a double bottom.'

'I don't think so either, but—'

'Ah, bah, don't be a coward. Fortune has favoured us so far, and I think will continue to do so if we only face boldly everything that may present itself. If he

is very hard on you, ask for a few days to think the matter over so that I may gain time. I cannot leave before day after tomorrow. I must make my farewell calls and pack my clothes; and, besides, my departure must not look like flight. And now we'll go downstairs: Leonie will be waiting dinner for us.'

'I had rather take my dinner up here,' her husband said, hesitating.

'Don't be a child,' replied she, testily. 'Menzel will not be at home to-day; he is dining in town with a business friend, and Leonie is not observing enough to notice your uneasiness.'

'I have a bone to pick with Menzel this afternoon.'

'On account of this villa. Pahaw, what do we care if he wants to hand it over to your creditors. The loss all falls upon him.'

'And Leonie?' he asked. 'It is she who owns the house. She ought to hold fast what is hers.'

'You know her weak character,' replied his wife, shrugging her shoulders. 'We have annoyance enough of our own; it would be foolish if we were to trouble ourselves about this matter too.'

'I'd give anything if we were in London now,' said Roland with a sigh, passing his hand over his eyes. 'We will not be free from care until we are there.'

'We will get there,' she replied confidently. 'Only remain firm. No proofs can be found; and if Sonnenberg should, nevertheless, think himself justified in threatening us, I'll make matters plain to him and teach him better.'

Roland, indeed, still shook his head dubiously, but his wife's confidence appeared to have encouraged him; he followed her downstairs to take dinner with Leonie.

CHAPTER XV.

THUMBSCREWS AND PITFALLS.

THEODOR SONNENBERG dined, as usual, at his hotel, and was as talkative and cheerful as ever. No one among his companions could have guessed that he had, a short time before, been scornfully rejected by the fair lady about whom they had often rallied him. They were surprised, however, that, while he generally remained for awhile after dinner to smoke his cigar while chatting with them, or joining in a game of cards, on this occasion he left

hastily, immediately after the dessert.

Having reached his house, he had hardly divested himself of his hat and overcoat when Roland made his appearance.

Sonnenberg received him in the most friendly manner, shook hands with him, drew an armchair to the table, and offered him a cigar.

And this cordiality encouraged Roland in his resolve to oppose, energetically, any demand which might be made on him.

Before he left the villa, he had had another very serious conversation with his wife, and had impressed her instructions and warnings upon his memory; now he determined to follow those instructions.

The cigars were lit. Sonnenberg leaned back in his chair, and, for quite a while, watched the smoke as it curled about him.

'If my hopes had been realized, and Dora Winkler had become my wife, I would not have meddled in your affairs,' he said at last, slowly passing his hand over his black beard and fixing his eyes keenly on the banker's thin face. 'You might have left this place and enjoyed yourself in London or Paris, undisturbed and Dora's fate would not have troubled me, either. Now, however, matters have, unfortunately, taken another turn. We were wrong in our suppositions, my dear sir. Your esteemed lady is, undoubtedly, a very shrewd woman, but on this occasion she proved herself mistaken, and I have to bear the consequences.'

'Things may come right yet,' replied Roland. 'A woman's whims are beyond calculation, and Dora has more whims than—'

'Excuse me, the question in this case is not one of whims, but of a well-considered resolve, to which I am forced to submit,' continued Sonnenberg. 'It would be childlike folly for me to enter into your wife's plans; all the more, because other members of your family are counteracting those plans.'

'I cannot believe that.'

'It is true, nevertheless. Councillor Heppner has designated me to his sister as an adventurer.'

'He may have done so intentionally, because he knows that Dora generally acts contrary to his advice.'

'In that case he would probably have used some other expression. By calling me an adventurer he could only serve me an ill turn. But, as I said before, those plans

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and hopes are at an end now, and even though your wife may form some new project, I shall not enter into it. You will find it natural, too, that I cannot remain here any longer, for there is no doubt that my disappointment will soon be known, and in that case I should be exposed to many disagreeable remarks. I have decided to leave to-morrow, or, at the latest, the day after; but before I go, I am going to ask you to furnish me with the necessary funds.

'Ask me? A man who has nothing himself?' cried Roland, with an attempt at jesting. 'You know very well that I have given everything I possess to my creditors. I am dependent on the bounty of my children now.'

'That, indeed, is what everyone thinks; but I know better,' replied Sonnenberg, shrugging his shoulders. 'I must remind you once more of the evening on which your sale is supposed to have been robbed. I have told you already that I was in the garden. I had gone there to cool off. Suddenly a light appeared in the window of your cash room. I saw that the window was opened softly, and an object which I could not distinguish was thrown out and flew past me. I could see you distinctly. The nervous rapidity of all your movements, in everything which you did, could not escape my notice; and, as it were, forced me to watch your actions.

'You went to the safe; it was open. You looked in; leaned the door ajar, then went into your office, and the next moment I heard the shrill sound of a bell. Your intentions were not clear to me at first; but as soon as you had reported the robbery, I knew who had committed it. I was much interested in observing you while the commissioner of police was addressing his questions to you. A single word from me would have put a stop to those questions, and no one would have thought of pursuing Dornberg. It may be that everything would have turned out differently and better if I had spoken. Dora would have given me credit for great honesty of purpose, and that, together with the breach between your family and myself which must have followed, might have won me her favour and her confidences at once. Dornberg was gone, no reconciliation was possible between them; Dora would have ceased thinking of him.

'Unfortunately I knew nothing of his departure until the next morning, and then it seemed to me best to suffer suspicion to rest on him, for I could not foresee that Dora would not allow herself to be convinced of his guilt; so I let matters take their course. I permitted Dornberg's conviction because I built my hopes upon it; and, as I said before, I should not have raised any obstacles to your departure if those hopes had been realised. That, however, is not the case, as you know, and I now ask you, in the most friendly spirit, what value my silence has for you?

'None whatever,' replied Roland, knocking the ashes from his cigar and casting a sly, crafty look at his companion. 'You seem to possess great talent for story-telling in the detective line, my dear sir; if you develop that talent you may, in time, become very successful. But so far you have hardly enough of it for blackmail, for, in the story which you have just been telling me, the proofs are wanting in the first place.'

'I think they could be found at your residence,' replied Sonnenberg, in the same ironical tone.

'As I am likely to be better informed on the subject than you, I can give you the assurance that a search for them there would be vain.'

'I have no doubt of that. I remarked a while ago that your wife was a very shrewd woman.'

'Ah! So she plays a part in your story, too?'

'Of course,' replied Sonnenberg; 'the part of stage-manager. She stands behind you and prompts every word you are to say.'

Roland looked around laughing; but his laugh was hoarse and forced.

'Capit! he said. 'You have thought the matter over thoroughly. I can see that from the readiness with which you meet every objection. However, exert your brain as you will, the whole story is nothing but a fable, which no one will believe. You watched me that night when I discovered the robbery. I found the writing desk in my office broken open, and saw the paper lying upon it in which the key had been wrapped. Would not that at once lead me to conclude that some one had made use of that key to rob my safe? What was more natural than that I should go to the cash room in great excitement, light the gas there, and go to the open window and to the safe, which was likewise open! Did you see me take out the bill?'

'Ah, bah! You had probably done that before.'

'Another unsubstantial supposition, my dear sir. You further assert that I threw some object out into the garden, and that is the chief trump which you play, and of the invention of which you are, doubtless, very proud. That object could, of course, only be the key which was subsequently found in the garden. But how will you prove that I actually threw it out? Do you really think that your assertions will be believed on their own strength? I could just as well say that you had pretended to have the noblest that evening, in order to commit the robbery. Let me turn the tables and cast the accusation back upon you. Possibly we might find, here in your room, the skeleton key which you carried in your pocket that evening. You were present, after dinner, when I told my friends that I had a large sum of money in my safe, and when, in the course of conversation, I mentioned the place where the third key to the safe was to be found. It might still be proved by witnesses that you occasioned my stating this fact by your questions. Your sudden noise made it possible for you to leave the company without attracting attention. You then remained in the servants' room for a few minutes, probably, also, merely for the purpose of awaiting a favourable moment. Subsequently, when I inquired for you, no one knew where you were; therefore, no one had seen you go into the garden. Well, then you attracted quite as little notice when you unlocked, with your skeleton key, the door of the cashroom, which was afterward found open. And when you had finished your business in that room, you climbed through the window into the garden. Now, let me ask you, how will you disprove this accusation?'

'Enough of this nonsense,' rejoined Sonnenberg, brusquely. 'You will not defeat me with such weapons. You were bankrupt even before the robbery, so that people will be all the more likely to credit my assertions. For I saw you throw out the safe key with my own eyes.'

'Prove it!'

'What proofs were there in your cashier's case? None at all, in fact, and yet he has been convicted.'

'And he will remain so.'

'Not if I speak out,' replied Sonnenberg, who grew more and more irritated beneath Roland's sarcasm. 'I shall find allies at once, that you may depend upon. Dora, the colonel, Dornberg's sister, Doctor Kerner, Baron Husses—indeed, all your creditors—will make common cause with me and demand your arrest.'

'First, however, they will ask you why you did not speak sooner and what reasons have prompted you to do so now, all of a sudden,' said Roland, tauntingly, passing his hands alternately over his bald head and through his red whiskers.

'Then I shall answer that I have kept silent hitherto out of regard for Frau Winkler and her brother.'

'You seem to forget, however, that by so doing you lay yourself open to a charge of perjury. You were a sworn witness at the trial, were you not? And you confirmed your testimony against Dornberg with your oath. You had better beware of throwing stones as long as you live in a glass house yourself.'

Sonnenberg's face wore a dark frown. He stared for a while at the glowing end of his cigar.

'In all that you say, I merely recognise your wife's promptings,' he replied at last. 'I should have been wiser if I had not pressed you this morning for the object of our interview. You have, of course, discussed the matter with your wife, and now you are acting the part she taught you very skillfully. I must confess. But you will not succeed in that way, my dear friend! If we do not agree upon certain conditions before you leave this house, I give you my word that I shall go at once to the office of the attorney general. It is possible that I may be accused of perjury, but that does not alarm me. I think that I can prove that my statements at the trial contained no untruth. I was only examined with regard to the facts existing at the moment of the discovery of the robbery, and all I said on that subject was perfectly true. Moreover, I can shield myself by the declaration that Dornberg's flight had shaken my suspicion, which, however, had been confirmed again by your proposed departure and change of residence. And, believe me, you will find no friends who will defend you, for your failure and the insignificance of your assets have caused a bitterness of feeling against you which is daily increasing, and if I lay sufficient stress on that, the attorney general will not hesitate to have you and your wife arrested at once.'

'If that were to happen, I should immediately demand your arrest too,' replied Roland, and the unsteadiness of his voice indicated that he had not been prepared for this energetic and resolute threat.

'Very well, I should not resist such an arrest if I could count with certainty on the proofs of guilt being found at your residence. The bank notes are not destroyed. They are either among your clothing or in some other portion of your luggage. I do not believe that you have sent the money on to London in advance. You would not be so imprudent as to have confided the fact of your being in possession of so large a sum of money to a third party. I repeat, therefore, that the money will be found after your arrest. Dornberg's friends are untrusting in their efforts.'

'You are wasting a great many words which make no impression whatever on me,' Roland interrupted him, once more mustering courage to follow his wife's directions. 'The drift of all you have said is to exert money from me—an aim which you cannot reach, for the simple reason that I have none myself.'

'Is that your last word?'

'What more should I say?'

'Nothing, if you think yourself perfectly sure of your case,' was Sonnenberg's reply. 'But do not reprove me in the future when you are indicted. I have offered you an escape from that danger. We will drop the subject,' he continued, rising. 'I am going to call on Doctor Kerner now, and then on the attorney general.'

The calm decision with which he expressed this intention seemed to overthrow all the good resolutions with which Roland had armed himself.

'Do you want to ruin yourself? he said anxiously. 'You may think you have nothing to lose, but liberty and honour must be priceless treasures for you as well.'

'Certainly, but I cannot see how they would be endangered if I were to enter the

lists against you in Dornberg's favour. I might ask Dora Winkler what she would give me for these disclosures, but I refrain from doing so in order to appear thoroughly disinterested.'

'It does not seem to have struck you that in case of your arrest the authorities will inquire both into your present circumstances and into your antecedents.'

'And what do you think they will discover?' asked Sonnenberg, sarcastically.

'That my son-in-law was right in calling you an adventurer. The title dropped by your ancestor, the prospect of your inheriting a fortune from your rich uncle in Silesia; all that will turn out a swindle.'

'Well, and what then? Is that swindle, as you please to call it, punishable by law? Has anybody been prejudiced or injured by it? Let them investigate as much as they like. They will find nothing which can throw the least blame on me.'

'So you say,' replied Roland, knocking his cigar to pieces in the ash-receiver in his feverish excitement. 'I shall find out whether you are telling me the truth. Your attempt at extortion is proof enough for me that you are one of those persons who are nothing and have nothing, and make the most of good luck whenever and wherever they meet with it. And of these persons there is hardly one in whose past life there is not some dark spot. You must know what yours is. And now that my eyes are opened to this fact, I can understand very well that you built your last hope on this attempt. I find it natural, too, that you wish to leave this place after the defeat you have undergone, and that you have not the means to defray your travelling expenses. You may have had bad luck in gambling of late.'

'I can dispense with your surmises.'

'If they annoy you, please remember that you have paid me in the same coin,' continued the banker, shrugging his shoulders. 'Well, then, for friendship's sake I'll help you out of the scrape. I won't mind a hundred thalers if you want to leave to-morrow or the next day.'

'How generous!' said Sonnenberg, sarcastically, pacing restlessly to and fro.

'For friendship's sake! How sympathising that sounds. And how heartily you would laugh in your sleeve if you could pay me off with this sugarplum. No, my dear sir, you would not give me a groshen for friendship's sake; I am quite sure of that, and I'll accept alms from no one, least of all from you. You have made two hundred thousand thalers at this game, and the possibility of your securing your booty depends on me alone. Well, then, I demand a quarter of the amount, no more and no less. Give me fifty thousand thalers, and I will bind myself not to betray your secret as long as I live.'

'Are you crazy?' cried the banker, suddenly, the veins in his forehead swelling visibly.

'By no means, I was never more sane than at this moment.'

'I suppose you want the money at once?'

'Your mockery will not disconcert me any more than did the part which, as a well-trained comedian, you acted while ago. I would, indeed, be justified in demanding immediate payment; in accom-

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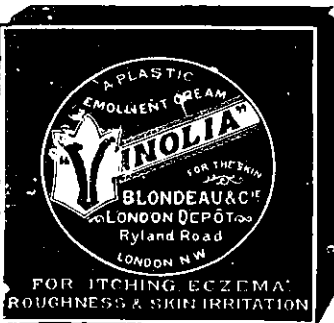
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panying you to your residence, and not leaving you until the money was in my hands. But the exciting explanations with your wife, which would be inevitable, are not so tempting for me that I should care to expose myself to them. I will leave you to meet them alone, and I think that by tomorrow you will have considered my proposition sufficiently to have made up your mind with regard to it. Till to-morrow evening, then, Herr Roland. I intend to remain here till then, and I do not wish you to say that I held a pistol to your head. So talk over the matter with your wife; tell her that I shall not withdraw my demand, and that the whole amount must be paid to me here at my rooms to-morrow evening if you do not wish me to call on the attorney-general.

Roland had recovered his composure. He hit, at least, a little time for further consultation with his wife, and this afforded him some consolation, although he knew in advance that she would object to Sonnenberg's demand.

'I am afraid you are playing "à la banque,"' he said, with a sneer. 'You know very well that we haven't got the money nor can we raise such an amount.'

'You know that I know better,' answered Sonnenberg, coldly. 'The idea might possibly strike you that you could yourself play "à la banque"—that is, make the attempt to withdraw from the fulfilment of my conditions by hasty flight. But you will hardly be so foolish as to carry out that idea. In considering it you will not forget that the telegraph is quicker than railroad-trains and steamboats, and that the attorney-general would doubtless look upon your journey as an attempt to escape justice. You see how sure I am of my case in every respect, and need not hope, therefore, that you will succeed in playing me a trick.'

The banker had now also risen. He put on his gloves and buttoned his overcoat. There was still a sarcastic, scornful expression about his mouth. It was the only weapon he had left against this resolute opponent.

'As I remarked before, if you want a hundred thalers, I will borrow them from my son-in-law,' he said. 'I am perfectly well aware that you are in an unpleasant position and that you have reason to blame my wife for putting you in it. But you must not ask more, my dear sir.'

'I could tell you in answer to that that I shall go to the attorney-general at once, if you will not promise me to consider my condition. But what would be the use? I know that you will do it without that, and that you will come here to-morrow to report to me your wife's decision. You must be convinced of the firmness of my resolve by this time, and I am sure you can have no doubts of my carrying it out.'

'On the contrary, I have very strong doubts,' sneered Roland. 'Your composure does not impress me in the least. You have too much to fear for yourself to venture to attack me.'

'Ah, then, you will not speak to your wife?' asked Sonnenberg.

There was a peculiar tone in his voice as he put this question. The banker, who had already reached the door, turned and gave him a startled look, and at that moment secret anxiety was again depicted in his pale face.

'Certainly, I will do so,' he replied. 'I have no secrets from my wife.'

'Then I may expect your answer to-morrow?'

'Yes, but I doubt whether you will like it. Good-by!'

Roland left the room. The mocking smile was no longer on his lips when he reached the street.

What now?

He did not care to reflect upon this question as it presented itself to him; he concluded to leave it to his wife to rack her brains over it. He could not, at any rate, come to any decision without her consent.

He would have hastened home but he was obliged, before returning to the villa, to have a serious talk with his son-in-law, Julius Menzel. His wife had commission-ed him to do so.

As he left the street in which Sonnenberg lived he passed a short, thin gentleman, who was standing at a shop window and looking at the articles exhibited in it.

The gentleman wore a high hat which did not quite cover his black, curly wig, a pair of light-blue spectacles and, in spite of the thaw, a long coat lined and trimmed with fur. He made the impression of a man of rank from the country who was visiting the city for his amusement.

Roland had not noticed him, nor did he observe that this gentleman was slowly following him without any apparent intention, like an idler who is trying to kill time.

The banker found his son-in-law alone. He was standing behind a long pay-table, which divided the small office into two parts.

'I have a question to ask you,' said Roland, after they had exchanged greetings. 'Leonie told me this morning that you were firmly resolved to give up the villa to my creditors. Is that true?'

'It is,' replied Menzel.

'The villa is not your property.'

'You are right; but Leonie gave her consent when I explained my motives to her.'

'Those motives are simply ridiculous,' said Roland, in an irritated tone. 'My children are under no obligations to give back the presents which I have made them. My other daughters might just as well return their marriage outfit—'

'There is no question of that. This villa cannot be included in Leonie's outfit, and, moreover, you were already bankrupt when you bought it. If this should be proved, the creditors will make a legal demand for it, and I do not wish to wait for such a lawsuit, which would doubtless give occasion for much scandal.'

'Nonsense!' grumbled Roland. 'No one would think of a lawsuit; and if they did, you would be sure to win it. It is not that you are afraid of that either; you merely want to give yourself the air of an honourable man, but you don't consider that, in so doing, you expose me. If you should have children, as I trust you will, they will reproach you bitterly in the future for having disgraced their grandfather.'

'On the contrary, they will tell me that I did right; and, as far as giving myself the air of an honourable man is concerned, I hardly think there is any need of defending myself against that accusation to you. I don't wish to say anything bitter, and for that reason I think it will be better for us to drop the subject.'

'And I repeat that it is sheer nonsense,' cried Roland, hotly. 'What will the sale of the villa realise? A small percentage for the creditors, and that they can just as well do without.'

'And if nothing were realised I should act according to the laws of honour,' said Menzel, resolutely. 'I have already taken an apartment in town; it will be vacant in a day or two, but we will not move until you have left.'

'So you have got so far as that, already? You are wonderfully quick in carrying out your resolves. I suppose you have not considered the consequences?'

'What consequences, if I may ask?'

'Do you think that my wife will ever forgive you?'

'No, I don't suppose she will,' replied Menzel, calmly, as he cast a glance at his iron-barred show-window, before which the gentleman in the fur-lined coat had been standing for some time. 'I shall have to bear her anger, I suppose; but if she carries matters too far I shall speak out plainly, too. It might, perhaps, be as well to let her know that beforehand.'

Roland had taken his umbrella from the table, and now stamped it on the floor.

'My wife wishes me to say to you—'

'I can guess what it is; you can save yourself the trouble of repeating it. Under other circumstances I should have been much pleased with that villa as a gift, but as it is, nothing could induce me to occupy it. I have heard too many unpleasant remarks about it already. And a business man must pay some regard to public opinion.'

'Of course, the halo of an honourable man—'

'Excuse me, that is not what I am aiming at—What can I do for you, sir?'

These last words were addressed to the gentleman in the fur-lined coat, who had just entered the office.

'Do you buy English banknotes?' asked the stranger, adjusting his spectacles and giving Roland a scrutinizing look.

'Certainly,' replied Menzel. 'That is my business, you know.'

'I have a large run in such notes.'

'How much?'

'Two thousand pounds sterling.'

'Hm; I can give you the equivalent in German money in an hour, if you can wait so long.'

'Oh, I have plenty of time. I shall remain in town several days,' replied the stranger, smiling. 'You lose so much here on English bank notes, if you pay them out at a hotel. I expect to spend some time in Germany, and it is always best to use the money of the country one is staying in.'

The last words were addressed to Roland, who nodded assent.

'I might come back to-morrow,' continued the stranger. 'But, before I go, I would like to know what rate of exchange you will allow.'

'Six thalers, twenty-two,' replied Menzel.

'No more,' asked the stranger, greatly surprised.

'That is the rate on English bank notes to-day.'

'Could you not go as high as six, twenty-three?'

'Impossible.'

'I am sorry for that. I should not like to sell for less.'

'You will not get more from anybody to-day, nor probably for several weeks to come,' said Menzel, shrugging his shoulders.

'And yet, over there German money is worth much less.'

'That may be; but you must understand that, in selling, I must be guided by our official exchange list. Here it is; read for yourself.'

'You are right,' replied the stranger, after looking at the list. 'Nevertheless, I do not want to lose so much. I shall have to think it over.'

'I shall be very glad to do business with you if you decide to call again to-morrow.'

'I must go now,' said Roland to his son-in-law. 'I'll see you this evening and then we can discuss the matter still further.'

Menzel nodded silently.

The stranger, too, prepared to leave, and went away with the remark that he might return the next day.

He had not gone far when Roland appeared beside him.

'You seem to be a stranger here!' said the banker, in an excited tone.

'Did you not see that at once?' replied the other, facetiously. 'Of all the persons whom I have met here there was not one who did not recognise the stranger in me forthwith, and take advantage of the occasion to overreach me.'

'In a large city—'

'Certainly; I am not complaining. The saying holds good everywhere: 'Open your eyes or your purse.' I am only vexed that I shall have to lose so much on those English bills.'

'Do you mean to sell them notwithstanding?'

'Yes, for then I shall have no more trouble with them. Now I am provoked every day with the landlords and tradesmen, who allow the lowest rate of exchange possible, and at the same time act as if they were doing me the greatest favour. I will not question the honesty of the money changer whom we have just left, but there is no denying that he would make a great profit if I accepted his offer.'

They had reached a quieter street. The stranger could not fail to perceive that his companion had something to say, for which he could not find the right words.

'I am quite familiar with money matters in England,' he continued, after a short pause. 'I have lived there long enough to be sufficiently acquainted with them. Anybody who was going over there could, without hesitation, give me six, twenty-three, and still do an excellent stroke of business in London.'

'Do you think so?' asked Roland, thoughtfully.

'I am sure of it.'

'Would you not possibly sell the banknotes a little cheaper?'

'Are you thinking of buying them?'

asked the stranger, in a tone which expressed a strong doubt.

'I might do so. I am going to England in a few days.'

'Indeed? Well, then you will be able to make quite a profit?'

'No, no, that is not my intention! I expect to stay there a long time, and so I shall be very glad to have English money from the first.'

'But you may not care to take the whole amount?'

'H—m, two thousand pounds, more than thirteen thousand thalers—that is a small fortune.'

'Bah, I carry more than that about with me in travelling,' said the stranger. 'One can't tell what expense one may be called upon to meet. And particularly an art lover like myself, who can't see a curio or a piece of bric-a-brac without putting his hand in his pocket.'

'Well, well, we know the prices asked by antiquarians here, too,' replied Roland, entering into the confidential tone assumed by his companion. 'I have several friends who are art collectors, but they never complain of the sums they pay out.'

'Nor do I; a hobby always costs money, and money itself only gives me pleasure when I can purchase some rarity for my collection with it. But, really, you need not be afraid to take the whole amount; you will certainly not lose anything on it; I will let you have it at six, twenty-two and a half.'

'Done!' said Roland, without hesitation.

'Have you the bills with you?'

'Oh, no! I have heard so much about the pickpockets here, that I thought it advisable to leave my money at the hotel.'

'It might be stolen there, too.'

'Then the landlord would have to make good the loss.'

'Not in all cases.'

'But certainly in this case, when I gave my wallet in his charge.'

'Oh, then, of course. I would accompany you to the hotel; but I would not so much money with me either.'

'There is no hurry about the matter.'

'Would you wait until to-morrow?'

'Willingly. Perhaps the rate will be higher then.'

'Or lower,' replied Roland, in a facetious tone, which, however, betrayed a hardly restrained impatience. 'However, no matter what exchange may be to-morrow, our business is settled. Do you agree to that?'

'Perfectly.'

'We might finish it up this evening,' continued the banker. 'But I live in the suburbs, so that I could not return till late, and you probably wish to go to the theatre or some other place of amusement.'

'Certainly,' replied the stranger. 'We

will, therefore, defer the matter till to-morrow. If it suits you, we will say twelve o'clock. I do not rise very early.'

'As you please. I shall be punctual. Where are you staying?'

'At the Black Eagle. Here is my card,' replied the stranger.

He stopped and took from his breast

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pocket a card, which bore the name of a titled landed proprietor.

"You will find the head waiter in the dining-room, and he will tell you the number of my room," he continued. "I should give it to you now, only I have forgotten it. You would oblige me by letting me have the money in large bills. I find gold too inconvenient in travelling.

"Certainly; I shall do as you wish," said the banker, who seemed to forget that politeness required him to give his card or his name in return. "To-morrow at twelve, then, at the Black Eagle."

"That is what we agreed upon."

"All right, and you will not go to the money-changer's again?"

"No, why should I?" replied the stranger, with indifference, while Roland looked at him searchingly.

"I thought you might feel under obligations to tell him that you had sold the bills."

"Would you have any objection to my doing so?"

"I should, indeed; for that gentleman is a friend of mine, and would probably take it amiss that I had deprived him of the small profit he might have made."

"I understand! Make your mind easy. I shall not go to him again if you keep your word."

"You may depend upon that. Good-bye!" said Roland, lifting his hat as he turned away.

The stranger looked after him for a while. A mocking, triumphant smile played about his lips.

"The trap is set," he muttered, "and he'll walk into it, blindfold. Patience! Only a short time longer!"

He took a snuff-box from his pocket, and in the loud way in which he refreshed himself with a pinch, his closer friends would have recognised in him, spite of his fur lined coat, wig and spectacles, Peter Martin, secret official of the criminal police.

(To be continued.)

MONTERRAT A delicious novelty in Sauce.
 Lime Fruit Juice Only the famous Montserrat used in its production.
SAUCE.
 Agents: Chrystall & Co., Christchurch.

A FEW INCHES OF PLAIN ENGLISH.

NOWADAYS men are doing all sorts of wonders by means of electricity, both in mechanics and in chemistry. I see by the papers that they expect to be able to produce real diamonds by it. Perhaps they may; marvels never cease. But we will wait till they do before we crow over that job. Up to this time, anyway, everything that is both valuable and useful is the fruit of hard work. Even diamonds are mostly got out of rocky mines. And, within reasonable limits, it is good for us to have to work. Ten shillings honestly earned is better for a man than twenty in the shape of a legacy.

The best condition of things for any country would be when fair wages could be earned straight along, without loss or deduction for any reason. But in the present aspect of human affairs this is impossible. Whose fault it is we cannot now discuss.

One source of loss, however, is plain enough, and some remedy for it ought to be found. In England and Wales every working man averages ten days of illness per year, making the total loss of wages from this cause about £16,000,000 a year. We are talking of the average, you see. But inasmuch as all working-men are not ill every year, this average does not fairly show the suffering and loss of those who are ill. In any given year many will lose no time at all, while others may lose individually from ten days to six months each. No charity, no savings, no income from clubs, etc., can make up for this—even in money alone to say nothing of the pain and the misery.

Alluding to an experience of his in 1888 Mr George Lagdon says, "I had to give up my work." How this came to pass he tells us in a letter dated from his home in White House Road, Stebbing, near Dunmow, August 24, 1892. He had no inherited disease or weakness, so far as he knew, and was always strong and well up to April of that year—1888. Then his strength and energy began to leave him. He felt tired, not as from work, but as from power gone out of him through some bodily failure. He sat down to his meals, but not with his old eagerness and relish. There was a nasty copper-like taste in his mouth, his teeth and tongue were covered with slime, and his throat clogged with a kind of thick phlegm, difficult to 'hawk up' and eject.

He also speaks of a nagging pain in the stomach, flatulency, and much palpitation of the heart as having been among his symptoms. As the ailment—whatever it was—progressed he began to have a hacking cough which, he says, seemed as if it must shake him to pieces. He could scarcely sleep on account of it. One of the most alarming features of his illness, how-

ever, were the night sweats, for the reason that they showed the existence of a source of weakness which must soon, unless arrested, end in total prostration. In fact he was obliged to give up his work altogether. To him—as to any once active man—this was like being buried alive.

One doctor whom Mr Lagdon consulted said he was consumptive, and it did indeed look that way. "For twelve weeks," he says, "I went on like this, getting weaker and weaker, and having reason to believe that it would end in my taking the one journey from which no traveller returns."

It was now July—summer time, when life to the healthy is so pleasant and full of hope. At this time my sister-in-law got from Mr Linsella (Stebbing) a medicine that I had not tried yet. After having tried one bottle I felt better, and when I had used the second I was cured, and have not lost an hour's work since."

The reader will notice that between the date of his taking this medicine and the date of his letter there is an interval of four years. We may, therefore, infer that his cure was real and permanent. The medicine, by the way, was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It is not likely he will forget its name nor what it did for him. His disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, the deadly enemy of every labouring man or woman under the sun, no matter what they work at or work with—hands, brains, or both.

Is it necessary to draw a 'moral'—school-book style—from these facts? No, it is not. We have talked plain English, and that is enough.

A WORRYING HOME.

IT was a pleasant room in a pleasant house. Not large, not stately, not elegant, but with all that conduces to comfort, and much to gratify the taste. Well-chosen books turned to the eye their tempting titles from well-filled shelves; pretty pictures hung upon the walls; easy chairs wooed to comfort and rest when weary in mind or body, everything bespoke, if not wealth, at least of circumstances that should preclude anxiety.

Anxiety was, however, the normal condition of the family. Whether both father and mother were born with that temperament, or it was the result of association on the part of one or the other, or both, I do not know. Certainly the disposition grew as the years passed, until what might have been a pleasant home was anything but restful and tranquil. Uncomfortable as it was, there was an element of the ludicrous to the looker-on in this constant peering out for misfortune. The wonder was that anything was ever accomplished successfully. Here is a specimen of the way they took life:

"My dear, I have concluded to sell the bill property to Mr Bates. It is expensive to keep up and he offers a good price, so I've made up my mind to let it go."

Instantly an anxious look overspread the wife's face.

"Well, do as you think best, but I don't believe he'll ever pay for it, and you will have all the bother for nothing."

"Yes, I know, that would be just my luck, but I might as well do that as to let it lie and bring us in nothing. It does seem sometimes as if we would end in the poorhouse."

A long-drawn sigh was her reply to this cheerful announcement.

Now there was not the slightest prospect or danger of such a termination of affairs and both knew it, but it seemed to be a luxury to hug gloomy thoughts to their bosoms. Both knew, too, in regard to the matter spoken of, that Mr Bates was an honest, well-to-do business man, who was no more likely to fail in keeping his agreements than the great majority, and yet their words indicated a strong doubt of his ability and desire to fulfil an obligation.

This sort of spirit ran through everything. Did they start out for a ride, they knew it would rain before they got back; or the horse would fall lame, or run away; or they would catch their 'death of cold,' or miss that they were going to see. I think they would believe it to be their luck for the Alps to hide away from them when they were sailing across the ocean to take a look at their hoary heads.

The same thing was visible in the smallest details of every-day life. The mother never allowed the children to leave her side without overwhelming them with 'don'ts' with regard to their conduct. Were they gone a few minutes over time she was sure something horrible had happened, and they would never come back alive. When they did return happy and rollicking, full of the good time they had enjoyed, reproaches and scoldings dimmed their pleasure, and often aroused them to impatience and anger.

Strange, strange indeed, that those parents could not see the bitter wrong they were doing in thus poisoning the faith of their children, sowing the seeds of doubt, which were sure to grow and blossom into fear and distrust in the existence of any

good. To such children the Infinite Father comes to seem some inexorable, terrible power which spends its time in thwarting the designs of the beings He has created. Such a training makes the most ardent covards of little ones. Better never say a word of caution than to meet them at every step with a fear that they are coming to grief.

In fact, these things are all habit far more than we are willing to allow. It is the easiest thing in the world, unfortunately, to see the dark side when we are determined to do so, and the persistent looking for it amounts to that. If people were as strenuous in their expectations of good as they are of ill, the sum of happiness would be far greater.

'RETURNED, WITH THANKS.'

(BY JOEL BENTON.)

ONE of the most pathetic things in the relation subsisting between editor and contributor is found in the brief but expressive legend, 'Returned, with thanks.' To the literary aspirant who is just beginning what he hopes will prove a remunerative, if not a famous career, it comes as a stunning shower-bath, dashing his pretty dream to the ground, and sometimes dextering him from further pursuit of it. He supposes the experience is peculiar to himself. He possesses much conceit, he is likely to be affronted; but if he is both sensitive and modest, the blow either dazes or crushes him, at least temporarily.

That he who writes will be sensitive is not only certain; it is also a voucher, for one part at least, of the successful author's equipment. For the literary choir is not less irritable and discordant over things that yield dissatisfaction than is the musical one, concerning which this condition has been condensed into a proverb. As to modesty, few writers possess it in excess; or if they do at the outset of their career, time and experience soon relieve them of so troublesome a trait.

But editors do not wish to be cruel or hardhearted, however much they may seem so to the unprepared and unfledged writer. The very best and most famous of them have often told me that one of the saddest and most thankless duties they have to perform, is to return a contribution that for some good reason does not prove to be available. When I once wrote some verses treating this necessity humorously, I had to apply to three editors in succession before I could get them printed, the first two assuring me sorrowfully that the matter was quite too serious to be treated with levity. And Mr Curtis, in his delightful 'Easy Chair,' has given us over and over again his confirmation of this editorial sympathy. How often, and with what inimitable grace and tenderness has he written to some typical contributor of the limitations set upon a great periodical or magazine. What soothing emollients he has poured out on the disturbed writer's bruised heart.

It is not you, Ralph, or you, Rebecca, he has said in effect, that are necessarily at fault. Doubtless your piece is of the very best description, and we publish often, as you so feelingly allege, those no better or not so good. But then, there are reasons and reasons which you would soon see if you were the editor. The very first is the limitation of our space; another is the frequency with which we have already treated your topic or a line of topics into which it falls; another is its length; and so on to the end of a long list, not one of which rebuts the assumption that the unfortunate article is a capital one, and every way worthy of being embalmed in the choicest type.

It is a mistake, then, for the literary aspirant to imagine that his returned manuscript has committed any offence, or that his muse, if he has strided Pegasus, cannot soar. What he must do is to sail forth with it again and again, until it reaches a favoured port, which it will surely do if it has the requisite merit, somewhere and at some date. President Lincoln used to say, when he was trying faithfully and with great diligence to place the various able men who were presented to him for the civil service, and for the army, that it was a very difficult matter to get the square pegs in the round holes and the round pegs in the square ones. And it is just this difficulty that confronts the writers for periodicals and magazines. No matter how experienced he may be, he will often fail before he brings his commodity to the market which waits for it.

Does the literary aspirant suppose that the great names in authorship, whose fame is now secure and whose emolument he would fain covet for his own wares, were not also baffled as he is by 'Returned with thanks.'? If he does, he supposes wrongly. These are words that were as familiar to Thackeray and Carlyle as they are to you. Nothing in Thackeray's early period took the English press with more storm and triumph than his brilliant and sparkling 'Yellowplush Papers.' Yet, when he offered them, or matter of their kind, to the *Edinburgh Review*, the editor of that

publication employed his blue pencil and scissors relentlessly. The 'Yellowplush Papers' he did not print at all, and they were only sent successfully to *Fraser's Magazine*, where they began their career.

Carlyle had treatment of the same sort. Upon his articles when used, even Jeffrey employed an editorial surgery of cutting out and writing in, that would have irritated a much less sensitive writer than he was, 'till Carlyle must have been more than mortal if he did not use stronger language than he put upon paper.' When it was all done, Jeffrey concluded that 'Carlyle would not do' for the *Edinburgh Review*. But as Jeffrey's 'would not do' did not snuff out the muse of Wordsworth, to which it was likewise applied, so it did not seriously impede Carlyle's success.

Any number of writers besides these, both English and American, have seen their best work ornamented by 'Returned, with thanks.' The decision it implies, therefore, is not necessarily a critical one at all. It may be critical, but the chances are it is not. Only the other day, in speaking of poetry, the editor of one of our most famous magazines said to me: 'You would be surprised to see the kind of poems I reject, and the number of them.' 'Of course,' said I, 'every editor gets a mountain of chaff for one kernel of wheat.' 'No,' said he, 'I do not mean that; I refer to the multitude of excellent and appealing ones that I cannot possibly make room for.'

A friend of mine who writes well for various periodicals, keeps all the editorial refusals that have come to him in a special scrap-book. This may promote humility, or, if not that, good humour. It shows, at any rate that the refusal is no cause for chargin or discouragement. An English writer said, many years ago: 'I have had manuscripts returned again and again, but they have always found a publisher in the end, and I have an impression which is, I believe, shared by many public writers that the best article are those that are returned the most successful, and, to compare small things with great, that it is notorious, has been the case with two or three historical works, and works of fiction, which, before they were published, were metaphorically scored all over by the publisher's readers with this words, "Returned, with thanks."'

—Ladies Home Journal.

At the barber's—Absent-minded man sitting down to have his hair cut: 'Excuse me, but I'll keep my hat on. It's rather draughtily in here.'

No need to have asked—'Did Jobley leave a will?' 'Leave a will? Great guns, man! he didn't have any. He—he was married, you know.'

A Scotchman, visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointing to a shady, quiet nook, said, 'This is the spot where I intend being laid if I'm spared.'

'Some people,' remarked the cannibal chief, as he passed his plate for a second supply, 'have a mission in life, while others only have a missionary.'

STRAWBERRIES.—Boil a quarter of a pound of sugar with a glass of water till it becomes a very strong syrup. Take care to skim it well, and have ready some fine strawberries, not too ripe. Pick, wash, and well drain them, put them into the syrup, and take it from the fire, that the strawberries may settle for a moment. Then let them boil up once, and take them out quickly, lest they should not remain whole.

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LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS



On every side, the heads of fashionable ladies herald the approach of summer; so now we talk about millinery. Of course, the outlines are immensely wide, large choux, bunches of flowers, and ribbon bows, all inducing this effect of width upon which Paris insists, and upon, or rather beneath, which we seem inclined to smile. The newest straws are soft in texture and

shot. A green which is especially happy has faint lines of gold and orange through it, and looks perfectly charming when trimmed with wreaths of white roses and bows of shot green ribbon. The same straw also has charms when decked with a large chine ribbon bow and bunches of white and yellow hollyhocks at the back. A pretty toque, made of a bright apricot tone of straw (see sketch) is turned up with jet; it boasts a paradise plume of shaded yellows in the front and a large bunch of cowslips at the back. A shot straw of an open shape offers itself persuasively trimmed with purple and green shot gauze ribbon and yellow and white daisies. A daring combination of colour is shown here in purple straw trimmed with cornflowers, red poppies, and black feathers. Remarkably pretty is that other hat illustrated here, made of one



SPRING MILLINERY.

of the new soft green straws, whose charms I have but just now mentioned, trimmed with a shot gauze ribbon, with bunches of green and purple poppies. A violet straw hat may be voted most successful, trimmed with a large wreath of violets and an erect bunch of daisies at one side.

No fashion page would be complete without some sort of blouse bodice, and the one I have sketched to-day is very

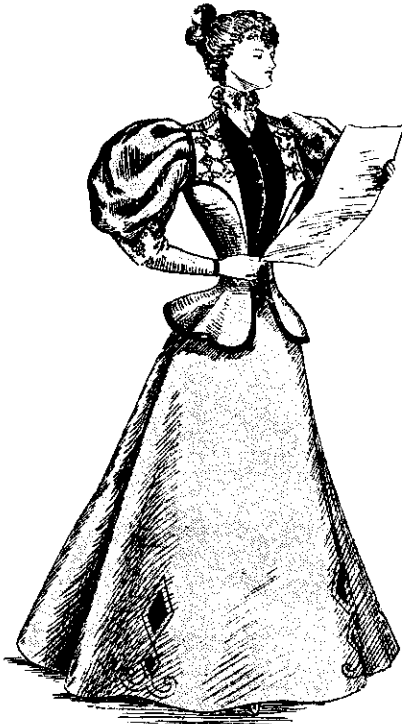


BODICE BLOUSE.

etc. It is of mauve and white figured silk, the sleeves going in a very novel fashion quite up to the violet velvet

throat band. The trimming down the front is plain mauve silk edged with insertion. Another pretty blouse is of striped tulle in drab and green, with a white satin pleat down the centre, covered with muslin, with an appliqué of lace upon it, and a touch of purple velvet on either side. A delightful blouse this is! And another one which deserves to be in its company is of green and black spotted silk, trimmed with fine lawn, and striped with lace beadings run through with black velvet ribbons.

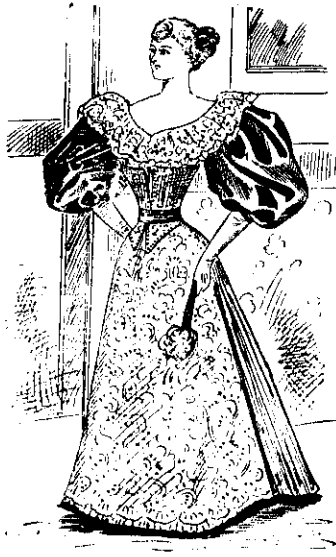
A simple serge dress is here illustrated in blue shot with copper, and made in the coat and skirt style, with a collar turned back with white cloth braided in copper and green, showing a close-fitting waistcoat and second basque of black



COSTUME.

moire. A new cape of thin box cloth, with pleats in the centre of the back and on each shoulder, is finished round the neck with a soft silk accordion-kilted ruche. A cloth dress which please especially has the box pleat in the centre of the front buttoned, and showing gores on either side of magenta plaid silk.

There's no doubt about it! Red morocco shoes—such as we read of in 'Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales'—are now considered quite the thing to wear with either black or poppy-coloured evening gowns. This style of chausure, with its tiny floss silk rosettes, is undeniably tempting, particularly should the tempted one be the owner of a pair of dainty feet. The new Parisian shade *Bon bon* pink makes up into



A PRETTY EVENING GOWN.

soiree frocks of great *coquet*; but all the same there's a larger demand for light blue, which somehow seems to suit dark as well as fair beauties. At some smart dances, how-

ever, neither of the two colours have been as popular as cream or white. Here is a sweet frock in accordion-pleated cream glacé silk, with a tablier of handsome lace. The species of *corselet* is in the same *dentelle*, sprinkled and out-lined with jet, while the under corsege, with its double lace bertha, is carried out in silk. The only introduction of colouring is displayed in the balloon sleeves and folded belt, these being in a delicate nuance of turquoise blue. With this toilette the wearer carried a white gauze fan, covered with half-moons wrought in blue spangles. Just now the fan question is an all-important one, but it would require much space to describe all the novelties in this direction.

HELOISE.

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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.

KIDNEYS.—Take one ox kidney, removing a little of the fat. Slice the kidney, sprinkle it with about a dessert-spoonful of finely minced parsley, a teaspoonful of minced shallots or chives, with salt and pepper to taste; toss it over the fire with a little clarified dripping till nicely coloured, then dredge it lightly with flour, and pour over it a glass of sherry and a gill of good strong stock or gravy. Let this all gently simmer together till the kidney is tender (if it boils it will be ruined, as the meat will harden), then dish on a very hot dish, strain the gravy, add a squeeze of lemon juice, pour it on to the kidney, garnish with fried croutons, and serve. Ox kidney treated in this way can be finished off in almost any kind of gravy; it is particularly nice if the gravy in the pan is strained into a gill or so of good conserve de tomates, brought to the boil, seasoned to taste, and served with the kidney. Or heat the kidney till tender in some really good curry sauce, and serve with a wall of boiled rice. The great secret is to brown the sliced kidney nicely, and then stew it gently till tender, in whatever sauce you please. Your cook lets it all boil.

CARAMEL SAUCE.—Boil together 1lb of sugar and a pint of water, with a short gill of lemon juice, till of a pretty golden brown, and use.

FROGS.—Scald them in salted boiling water, rub them with lemon juice, and boil three minutes; wipe them; dip them first in cracker dust, then in eggs (½ cupful of milk mixed in 2 eggs, and season with pepper and salt), then again in cracker crumbs. When they are well covered with crumbs, clean off the bone at the end with a dry cloth. Put a tablespoonful of lard, and a tablespoonful of butter in a spider, over a bright fire, and when hot enough put in the frogs and fry.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Dip in beaten egg when you have sprinkled pepper and salt over them; then roll in cracker crumbs and fry in hot dripping or lard. If you use butter or dripping add a little boiling water to the gravy when the meat is dished; thicken with browned flour, boil up once, sending to table in a boat.

COFFEE.—There certainly is a system to follow in purchasing coffee. In England this is so frequently bought already roasted (if not ready ground), that it is not always considered so necessary to mention the principal points worthy of the housewife's observation, as it is on the continent, where coffee is hardly ever purchased otherwise than in the raw state; and one cannot help urging English housekeepers to roast and grind their own provision. It is so much more satisfactory, that it seems a matter for wonder that more people do not pursue that course. There is no possibility of comparison between the flavour of the beans that are roasted, or, at any rate, ground at home, and those that are bought even in a so-called perfectly 'fresh' state! As a general rule it may be remarked, that the more even the beans the better the quality, while the best quality coffee has lighter beans than the inferior sorts. The best kinds of coffee are those coming from Mocha, Syria, and Egypt—or at any rate, the sorts that go by the names of these countries; the beans are small, have a bluish tint, and are rather round, but they are not common. Java coffee is much used on the Continent; it has a pleasant smell, and the beans are rather yellow, whereas the Porto Rico and Domingo coffee has a decided silvery tint. In France Mocha and Martinique are also favourites; they all do well without chicory. It is a mistake to use the latter, or to believe that all French coffee naturally contains this additional substance. It takes about twenty minutes to roast 1½lb. of coffee, but the easiest method is to buy one of the French roasters, in which the lamp contains just the right quantity of spirit to roast the contents of the machine to a nicety. It is a very easy operation, and only requires to be done leisurely and evenly. When it is done, the berries should be first turned out into a wooden bowl or platter, and not put immediately into the tin in which they are subsequently to be stored. This should only be done when they are quite cold. When roasted, the coffee must be fragrant, dark brown, and slightly moist. Turn it about in the bowl to cool it quickly, then transfer it without delay to an airtight canister. Above all, do not roast large quantities at once, and never grind more than is absolutely necessary for one meal, otherwise the flavour will be lost, and the best quality of coffee will soon become insipid.

TOILET LUXURIES.

EVERY lady likes to make her toilet-table as complete as possible. But there are various little aids to this desirable end which, if made at home, cost far less than if bought. Here are some hints. What can be done for softening hard water, for instance, than the soft water Elixir of Pissac, as follows:—Shave one and three-quarter pounds of marlin soap into a pint of orange flower water, or other distilled flower water, heating it to dissolve the soap; then add one quart spirits of wine. A tablespoonful of this in a basin will completely soften the water for washing the face. Pissac and Lubin's cosmetic vinegar, one of the very best toilet

vinegars made, takes one part of concentrated aromatic vinegar, one pint of spirits, one and a half ounces of gum benzoin, half an ounce balsam of Peru, half a teaspoonful otto of neroli—i.e. orange flowers, and the same of oil of nutmeg. Dilute with rosewater when used as a refreshing wash for the skin. The oil of any spice or aromatic may be made for practical purposes by steeping the powdered spice or bud in a cheesecloth bag in the oil for a week or more.

WORK COLUMN.

NAILS.

NAIL decoration seems to have revived of late, and I was very delighted with a small jewel chest which was presented to me the other day, made of polished wood, and decorated in this fashion; and it can, of course, with great success, be applied to larger objects. Perhaps it is most effective when used on leather, pigskin, by choice, in its dull, natural tint; this, however, is a very expensive background, and there is a rough-faced and grained American cloth, a good deal resembling morocco, that costs considerably less, and is fairly effective. Supposing then that we have some such white wood cabinet as that given in my sketch; the best plan would be to stain all the wood as nearly as possible the colour of the leather you intend to use, then paste on the American cloth at the sides, and in the front panels of the door, using the ordinary thick paste, which, it may be noted, should always be made of *old* flour. The pattern should then be traced on with white French chalk. A compass, a flat ruler, some tracing paper, a fine bradawl, a small wooden mallet, and an iron



NAIL DECORATION.

hammer with a broad, flat head, and the nails themselves are all that are required. On the lines of the design, taking care to follow it very accurately, small holes must be pierced with the bradawl. Old packing cases may be successfully converted into chests or ottomans if treated in this way; boot coppers may be manufactured; in fact, it is suitable for all kinds of informal pieces of furniture. Copper nails upon brown backgrounds are perhaps prettier than any other kind of combination.

HOW A STOUT SOCIETY LADY CREW SLENDER.

NEITHER the good clothes nor the coat of arms worn by the Duchess of Marlborough have interested the ladies as much as the slender proportions of her figure. At her first public appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House, the night Mme. Patti made her *début*, an exclamation of astonishment ran round the horseshoe. 'How slight!' 'A perfect thoroughbred!' 'What has she done?' 'Where is her flesh?' is a sample of the wondering inquiry that passed from critic to critic. The Duchess is slight; and a perfect thoroughbred in bearing and outline; her flesh has vanished, and the things she has done, or rather the things she has refrained from doing, entitle her to be classed among the heroines of society. When she married the Duke of Marlborough she was more than plump. She filled out every crease and wrinkle that escaped her bodice maker; her breath was short, her

step considerably heavier than the rustle of angels' wings, and the slightest exertion distressed her. She consulted an uptown adipose doctor, who, after a careful diagnosis, pronounced her case chronic. Then she was plain Mrs. Hamersley, but a very pretty woman pre-disposed to take up considerable room in the world. 'Lady Jane,' the doctor informed her, 'was shadowy by comparison to her possibilities.'

This revelation horrified the pretty widow, who at once offered superior financial inducement and pledged herself to carry out minutely whatever prescription he warranted to relieve her. A bargain was closed and the treatment began at once and has been religiously adhered to ever since.

- Here are some of the restrictions:
- Not a morsel of bread, cake, rolls or pastry.
- No tea, coffee, chocolate or sweet wine.
- No potatoes, peas, rice, carrots, turnips, macaroni, cheese, butter, cream, custard, jellies or sweets.
- Not a drop of ice water.
- No warm baths.
- No flannel, and only enough clothing to keep from taking cold.
- No bedroom heat.
- Not a drop of any liquid food at meals.

In place of bread she had fruit, a section of apple or orange; some fresh grapes, berries, cherries, or stewed fruit being used where ordinarily one craves a bit of bread or a swallow of water. Her diet was limited to two meals a day, breakfast at ten and dinner at seven, with the following bill of fare to select from: Rare, lean meats, game and poultry, soft boiled eggs, sea foods, toast, lettuce, spinach, celery, cresses, and fruits.

She had half a gallon of hot water to drink every day with lemon juice in to take away the flat taste. Cold water was denied her and ale, frappe, champagne and claret strictly forbidden. She was even forced to forego the luxury of bathing in water, in place of which she had sponge and vapour baths. Every few days she took a fast, allowing the system to consume the adipose tissue. While no limit was put upon the pleasure of driving or riding, she was asked to select the roughest, rockiest roads and to walk from five to ten miles a day in the open air.

This practice of self-denial the Duchess of Marlborough has persisted in for the last two years, and to-day she is perhaps the handsomest woman of her age in society. She weighs about 140 pounds, her eyes are bright, her complexion is as clear and smooth as a schoolgirl's and she has the carriage of a cadet and the health of a child of nature.

Considering the fact that Blenheim Castle is constantly filled with company and that the Duke is a gourmet and something of a gourmand, this beautiful American deserves much credit for her forbearance, even if it is the price of her beauty.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best, restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(ADVT.)

I GUARANTEE TO CURE THE NERVES AND THE BLOOD Says HERR RASSMUSSEN,

THE CELEBRATED DANISH HERBALIST AND Parisian Gold Medalist of 547 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY, and 91 LANSTON 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, 45s 6d; Ordinary Course, 25s 6d; Smaller Boxes, 12s and 6s; posted. His PURELY HERBAL ALFALINE BLOOD PILLS are unsurpassed as a BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD TONIC, and will not permit a particle of any Blood Disease to remain in the system. Price, same as Vitality Pills. His ALFALINE UNIVERSAL PILLS are unexcelled 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, Varicocle 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 RASSMUSSEN, 91 LANSTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

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J. BALLANTYNE & COY.

Cashel-Street, CHRISTCHURCH.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 40s, 4d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 10s or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

THE 'COT' FUND.

I HEAR that the 'cot' will cost £25 a year, and the initial expense, that is the bedding and cot, will be about £5. Therefore we have to raise £31 the first year. Can we do it? I have promises from Cousins Mariel, Agnes, Lou, and Ida, and also that El I had offered me at first. I hope to raise a little myself, and now appeal to any readers of the GRAPHIC if they will help the Cousins' Cot Fund to maintain a deserving and destitute sick child for one year at the Auckland Hospital, where it can have proper food, medicine, and nursing. Any donations can be sent to the Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, Auckland, and they will be duly acknowledged in the GRAPHIC Collecting cards will be printed as soon as a sufficient number of cousins apply for them.—COUSIN KATE.

I have received the following satisfactory and courteous letter:—'MADAM,—I am directed by the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board to thank you, and, through you, the GRAPHIC cousins, for the proposal to furnish and endow a cot in the Auckland Hospital for one destitute child, and in reply, to say that if the proposal can be carried into effect, the Board most cordially approves of it and gives it its official sanction. With regard to your queries as to cost, etc., I am to say:—(1) That the sum of £25 a year (paid in quarterly sums of £2 10s 6d at the office of the Board) be accepted so long as the Government continues the subsidy of 24s in the £ on voluntary contributions for charitable aid. (2) That the probable cost of a cot and furniture would be £6. (3) That the cot, which must be of iron, may be purchased subject to the approval of the Board, as soon as convenient to the Cousins, and by them. (4) That the child to occupy the cot from time to time must be sent to the Hospital subject in all respects to the rules for the admission of patients. I send you a copy of the Hospital rules for your information.—I am, madam, yours faithfully, H. N. GARLAND, Secretary.'

Home once every four months, and each child takes the piece of work which she has made between the visits. I walked down to Khandallah yesterday to the League, but it rained so hard that I came back in the train instead of walking. The railway line between Johnsonville and Wellington is a very pretty and interesting one. On each side are hills covered with bush in some places. There are some lovely ferns growing in the bush and the clematis is out now and it looks beautiful amongst the green leaves. While in the train you can see several glimpses of Wellington harbour. Have you ever seen the broom, Cousin Kate? There are some bushes of white and yellow, coming a hill near us. I think Cousin Mariel's idea of a cot is splendid, so will you send me a card to collect, please? The buttercups are out now and the fields are just covered. Their golden cups look beautiful when the sun is shining on them, especially when the dew is on the ground. I went for a long walk last Sunday with two friends. We went to Tawa Flat, which is about five miles from here. The road there is very pretty, and a broad stream runs near the road with lovely weeping willows on each side.—I remain, with love, COUSIN IDA.

[You can speak to the boys, but I am much afraid it will do no good. Boys who are usually, or often cruel, feel no shame. They only mind a few sharp strokes with a birch rod, and I don't think they mind that after the pain has gone away. I did not think of asking you to help our 'cot' fund, as you already work for little children, but I shall be very glad indeed to send you a card. I have not been by train round Wellington at all, not even to the Hutt. Yes, I have frequently seen white broom. Both it and the yellow have a nice perfume. You are a good walker to manage ten miles. I sometimes walk eight with a rest in the middle.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I think that of all the 'suggestions' and 'ideas' which we cousins have troubled you with, Mariel's is the best, and most worthy of consideration and support. You have always been so good in 'falling in' with our plans. Cousin Kate, that I think every cousin should now try to further the one, of which you heartily approve, and evidently have at heart. I, for one, will promise to collect 5s a year for the 'cot', and will do my best to get more. It would be very nice to have you to be hon. secretary and treasurer in my opinion, because we could all correspond about our 'cot', and know how affairs are progressing. So, Cousin Kate, send me a collecting card, and you may depend upon some help from COUSIN LOU.

[Your cheery, breezy note is a great comfort, Cousin Lou, as I am feeling a wee bit hopeless about the 'cot'. I don't like to ask for money, and am afraid I am a very poor beggar. But your note will help me much, thank you for it. I darsay the cousins are just waiting to secure promises before writing to me. I cannot, of course, get the cards until I have sufficient promises to make the 'cot' a success. However, I will keep on reporting progress. What unpleasant weather we have had! I hope it will be fine for Christmas, as, of course, you do.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I have not written to you for a long time, but somehow I could never make up my mind to write. Would you please tell me what the Colossus was? It was a big statue at Rhodes, was it not? There is to be an Industrial Exhibition here, and though it is specially for school children, anybody can go in for that. There is to be a Spelling Bee at the Exhibition, and I am going in for that. Every morning my teacher gives me some 'catchy' words to spell, and some of them make me think a good deal. I have heard of the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland called the eighth wonder of the world. I must stop now as I have my lessons to do.—With love from COUSIN ALICE.

[I wish you success with your spelling bee. It is a great institution, and very useful. I think the Giant's Causeway might well be classed amongst the 'wonders', but it seems more modern, in point of discovery, than the others. The Colossus of Rhodes was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet high, erected by the Rhodians in recognition of their regard for the wisdom of their ally, when the city was besieged by Demetrius, king of Macedonia. Please make up your mind to write again. You don't know what pleasure the cousins' letters give me. Do you feel inclined to help our cot fund?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I am so glad you thought my last letter was neat. I hope I am not sending too many letters. The dog I spoke of in my last letter arrived from Sydney about a week ago. He is a St. Bernard, and he is a splendid specimen of the breed. His name is St. Elmo Roy. We are going to send him to the dog show, which takes place in November. I think we are going to send our horse to the show at Petone, which also takes place in November. I am going to make a bouquet of roses for the Flower Show, which is on the 19th and 20th of November. I went for a long walk to Wadestown on Sunday afternoon, and I enjoyed it very much. Last Wednesday was Demonstration Day, but we did not get a holiday. I am very glad we did not get one, because it was so terribly windy. There has been a very heavy sea running in the harbour for the last two or three days. The concert that I promised to give you an account of in my last letter came off on Friday afternoon. It was highly successful. The play was acted by the old High School girls, and was entitled 'My Lord in Livery.' The respective characters were extremely well done. One, an old butler, named Spigot, was very amusing. Two of the actors danced a minuet which was encored. I liked it very much. The concert was opened by a very pretty piano duet, but as it was played behind the scenes we could not see the performers. The entertainment was brought to a close by a song and three more piano duets. After this afternoon tea was handed round to those who cared to partake of it, the modest sum of sixpence being charged for it. The entertainment was repeated on Saturday afternoon. I went both days. On Saturday afternoon after the play was over another girl and myself happened to go up to the Lower Fourth classroom. Seeing a lot of smoke we jumped up on to one of the forms by the window to have a better look. As it seemed to be near our place we hurried away from school as quickly as we could. When we got to the bottom of Sydney street we saw that the old St. Paul's schoolroom was enveloped in flames. It was not till the school was one mass of flames that the fire was got under. Had the wind been blowing in our direction we should have had a narrow escape, our place being next to the schoolroom. Miss Ringwood lost all her gymnasium fittings and her piano. The organ belonging to the

Sunday school was also burnt. A number of girls who go to our school lost their gymnasium dresses and are all lamenting over their lost property. I, too, like the bagpipes, but as you said, 'round the next corner.' (In New Year's Eve they are played till midnight in the Government House grounds. The Tennis Tournaments are to begin next week. I have entered for the Juniors. Have you ever read a book called 'Held Fast for England,' Cousin Kate? I have. It is such a lovely book. It is a tale of the siege of Gibraltar. As I cannot think of anything else to stretch into small talk, I must now close my letter.—With much love to yourself and the cousins, dear Cousin Kate, I remain your affectionate little COUSIN LAURA.

[What a capital letter, cousin Laura! We also had a fire on Saturday night, quite close to us. The heat was so great that at eight o'clock I was sitting on our verandah with no hat or wrap on watching, and hoping it would not come our way, as all our men folk were, of course, at the scene of the conflagration. No water was available, and the house just burnt steadily down to the ground. A fire close at hand makes one feel 'queer,' does it not? I have not read 'Held Fast for England,' but it sounds a good title. I hope your dog and horse will come off prize winners—like yourself! We had a 'Flower Service' last Sunday, two clothes' baskets of lovely bouquets. What roses shall you use?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I am going to tell you about a concert which was held in St. Paul's (Tinakori Road) schoolroom on Friday evening. It commenced with a well-played violin solo, then there was a scene from King John. After this followed the principal part of the programme. It was a short comic play called 'The Pickle.' Jack, the Pickle, knew her part to perfection, and kept the audience in fits of laughter all the time. The performer who took the character of the aunt did her part equally well, and behaved as a model aunt should, namely, sticking up for her nephew when he was in the wars. The boy who was the uncle did his part so well that you would have thought he was an old man. The servant, schoolmaster, and other minor parts were also well done, Jack playing tricks on all of them, his old aunt and uncle also, who thought there was not such a boy as their Jack. After the play there were some tableaux, the best of which was 'The Dirty Boy.' I arrived home at a quarter past ten, having spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. I must now close this letter with much love from your affectionate COUSIN ELSIE.

[You and Cousin Laura are excellent correspondents, and both your concert descriptions are good. I was trying to make out all through which parts you and she took, or whether you were merely audience! I think you have capital times. When I was at school we were very hard-worked, and very strictly kept. Turned out of bed at 6 sharp every morning, winter and summer, and in the former dressing by gaslight. Prayers at 7, breakfast at 8.30, and so on. No speaking allowed in the dormitories. And oh! the examinations! A Cambridge man in cap and gown, who dosed us with three stiff subjects in one day. Ugh!—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I have not kept to my word in writing every fortnight, but I have been very busy with a 'doll's bazaar.' On Saturday I gave a doll's bazaar. Some of my little girl friends helped me to make some things. Of course we did not take real money; we had counters for money. I had two stalls, one sweet stall and one doll's store, and to make it popular a 'bran tub.' One little girl was dressed in green and white paper as a fairy, and presided over the bran tub. After everything had been given away we played 'hunt the thimble,' and school and other games. Yesterday I went to another 'doll's bazaar' given by a little girl friend, and I enjoyed myself very much. After everything had been sold for our counters, we played 'hunt the thimble' and 'cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,' and school. After that we had a lovely tea and went home. I have changed my school since I have come home.—With love from COUSIN AMY.

P.S.—I will send some riddles.

[I am sure the cousins are often too busy to write, so I am always willing to think that is the case when I do not hear from them, especially near Christmas, when, of course, there are presents to prepare and all sorts of things to be done, are there not? Do you make your own presents or buy them? I think our fathers and mothers prize most what we have lovingly made with our own hands. So Ounedin is your home. Have you lived there long, and were you just visiting the North when I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance (on paper)? The Dolls' Bazaars are grand ideas; no doubt some other cousins will try them. Will you help the 'cot'.—COUSIN KATE.]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

(1) What relation is the door-mat to the door step? (2) What two poet's names would a policeman in flames suggest? (3) When do two and two not make four?—COUSIN ALICE.

(1) Can a man's pocket be empty when he has got something in it? (2) What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?

(3) My sides are firmly laced about, You're nothing here with a whip; You'll find my back is strange indeed, 'Tis nothing else but skin.

What is it? (4) What is the difference between a person late for the train and a school-mistress?—COUSIN AMY.

GOOD ADVICE.

'EAT at your table as you would eat at the table of the king,' said Confucius. The Chinese sage meant that good manners can only be acquired by private practice.

IMPORTANT TO ALL—ESPECIALLY TO TRAVELLERS.—Faintly and weakly, do not use ENOS' FRUIT SALT; It removes bilious or poisonous matter the groundwork of disease and thus prevents fevers and malarial diseases, and all liver complaints. It causes good food to be taken, and thereby restores the digestive organs, or as a gentle laxative and tonic in the various forms of indigestion use ENOS' FRUIT SALT.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. (13)

WARD OF PRIZES IN THE COUSINS' STORY COMPETITION, 1895.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing the result of the Prize Story Competition, my only regret being that I cannot give prizes to everyone. As a whole, the stories were good and the ideas original. The great fault was in the working out of the plot or idea. In the senior competition the voting at first was equal for Cousin Elsie's and Cousin Laura's stories, but a third reader gave his vote—not knowing what the others had said—in favour of the latter. All the same I must congratulate Cousin Elsie heartily. Cousin Dagmar's was also good, but rather too sad.

In the juniors, Cousin Marie ran Cousin Winnie very close indeed, but in the opinion of the judges the style and general neatness turned the balance in favour of the latter. Cousin G.B. did very well. The ideas were excellent, but would have been much more likely to attract the judges if arranged in regular story form. Cousin Fergus also did very well indeed. The last of the series is, I think, a most creditable production, especially considering the age of the author.

To all those who were not successful I beg to tender my thanks for having at least tried, and to hope that they will be more successful another time. I was a little disappointed not to see amongst the competitors the names of one or two from whom I expected good stories.

PRIZE LIST.

Seniors, under seventeen: First prize, COUSIN LAURA, Wellington. Highly Commended: Cousin Elsie, Wellington; Cousin Dagmar, Remuera. Honourable Mention: G.B.; Beryl; Thelma.

Juniors, under fourteen: First prize, COUSIN WINNIE, Eltham. Highly Commended: Cousin Marie, New Plymouth; Cousin Hms, Hawera. Honourable Mention: Cousin Phoebe, Cousin Fergus.

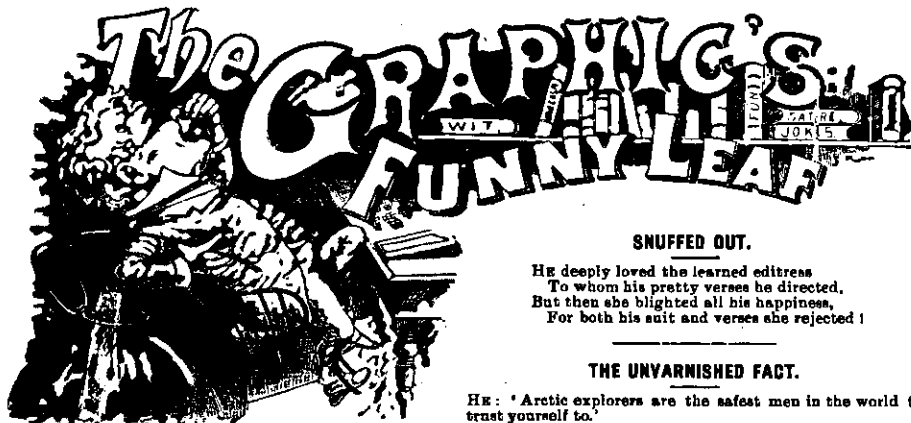
Juniors, under ten: Prize, COUSIN SYLVIA, Gisborne.

The prize-money will be sent as soon as I have the full addresses. Cousin Laura's I have, but Cousin Winnie's does not seem sufficient. Cousin Sylvia's I shall have when Cousin Fergus answers my last letter. If he has not sent it up I hope he will do so immediately.

Sincere congratulations to the prize winners, whose full names I have not published, but would like to do, if they do not object.—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Thank you very much for the badge, which I received the other day. Dear Cousin Kate, if you belong to the Humane Society, can you prevent any one from ill-treating dumb animals? because most of the boys about here are very cruel to dumb animals. I go to Khandallah every fortnight to see for the little children in the Children's Cottage Home in Wellington. We visit the





THE DYING MASHER.

JUST shake my pillows up a bit, and take the rocking-chair, The cough's not half so bad to-day, so I'm feeling pretty fair, Not as I used to feel, of course, in the days of old lang syne, When we didn't 'cab it' home until the sun began to shine.

What nights we had together, Bert: the hours weren ten till four A.m., deah boy, a.m., by Jove; and sometimes rather more, We burnt the candle then both ends, and never snuff't the wicks; We started off with squashes straight, but soon began to mix.

I dressed myself last Sunday week, that's bound to make you smile, The pants hung loose and—well, the coat was not the latest style: 'Twas nine months since I'd had it home, the collar seemed so strange, Cut differently to yours. Heigho! how soon the fashions change!

What was I saying, though? Ah, yes, the nights we had, my word! To be in bed at sunrise, Bert, is awfully absurd; When the light comes stealing in my room, I'm often wide awake, And I sigh to be about again, for pretty Flossie's sake.

She misses me, I bet she does; you know what women are; She liked me best of all the boys who patronised her bar; Although we kept the house up late she didn't once complain, Except that night when Phil got 'tight' and wouldn't shout champagne.

Poor Floss! I used to send her flowers, the choicest things in bloom, You never saw her wear 'em—true, she put them in her room. Syd Saunders had a notion that she gave them all away, But I'm sure she always kept 'em, for she told me so one day.

We sowed some wild oats, rather—yes, by Jove! we sowed a crop, Do you recollect those darlings at the tea and coffee shop? Nice girls; the little fair one, not the youngest (she was dark), Pinched my arm last time I saw her, on the vaccination-mark.

Have a cigarette, old fellow, in that box you'll find a few— And tell me, how's the chorus? Have you spotted something new, Or is your heart still constant to the one you mashed that night From the stage-box? You remember, she was dressed in blue and white.

You love her still—you terror! and she's smiling just the same; You ought to try to meet her, Bert, and find out what's her name. My masher, you know, was Maud de Vaux, she mostly played the page. It's hard to have to die before I've seen her off the stage.

Suppose you must be toddling, if you promised Kate you'd call— A daisyid fetching filly, though her eyes are rather small; I'd like to stroll down with you for an hour one afternoon; I would lean across the counter, and, by Jingo! how I'd spoon.

Good-bye, you musn't mind my tears—good-bye, so glad you came; Remember me to all the girls I used to know by name, And raise your hat to Flossie, whom I nevermore may see— Yes, raise your hat to pretty Floss, and kiss your hand—for me.

EDMUND FISHER, in the Bulletin.

HER HAND.

SHE put her little hand in mine And put it there to stay, So very small it was, that I Was suchered right away.

THE WESTERN THIRST.

BIK: 'You western cowboys have a thirst for blood all the time, don't you?' He (with a corkscrew): 'Oh, no, ma'am. We change it sometimes.'

SNUFFED OUT.

He deeply loved the learned editress To whom his pretty verses he directed, But then she blighted all his happiness, For both his suit and verses she rejected!

THE UNVARNISHED FACT.

HE: 'Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to.' She: 'Why so?' He (with a haw haw): 'They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.'



BEGGAR: 'Thankee, sir.' Stranger: 'Why, how is this? You thank me and your sign reads "Deaf and Dumb?"' Beggar: 'Oh that's all right. I'm just takin' th' other feller's place while he's gone down the Esplanade to hear th' band play.'

A MINE.

THE poor young man was trying to win the rich young woman. 'Be mine,' he implored. 'What kind of mine?' she responded. 'Gold mine!'

SAVED.

HE: 'Carrie, do you know, darling, that you are the only girl I ever—' She: 'There, that will do. Don't tell me any of your fairy stories.' He: 'But hear me out. You are the only girl, I say, that I ever thought was fool enough to have me.' She: 'Which shows I was made for you. Yes, Charley, I think you may buy that ring as soon as you like.'



THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN.

WAITER: 'See here, young feller, you'll bafter put yer coat on or we can't wait on you.'

HER FATHER: 'No young man, my daughter can never be yours.' Her Adorer: 'My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter—I want her to be my wife.'



'HE seems to visit you quite frequently. But do you think him steady?' 'Steady? Well, I should say he was. He calls every evening.'

HE WOULD NOT WAIT.

HE was worried, as he sat there, over the six little bundles that he carried. They would drop from his arms or roll from side to side. But, being obivarious, as all men are, he arose when the lady in the white flannel dress entered the car, and consigned his seat to her. Now his bundles harassed him still more. His endeavours to keep them from dropping aroused his friend's amusement.

'Wife send you out shopping?' he inquired. 'O, yes, but I don't mind that. All I'm afraid of is losing one of my bundles.' After the train had shot around the curve he began to count the parcels again.

'There, I knew it,' he cried, in a tone of worryment. 'I've lost one.' 'Anything of value in it?' queried his friend solicitously. The other paid no attention to the question. 'One, two, three, four, five,' he counted. 'I had six, and here are five. One's gone,' he observed gloomily. 'Can't you tell what it contained?'

'Wait, I'll see. This is spool cotton, this is braid, this is button; this is soap, and this is ink. O Lord!'

'What's up?' queried his friend. The man with the bundle glanced about him nervously. 'Sh!' he whispered. 'Don't speak loud, I remember what was in the package I lost.'

'What was it?' 'A couple of eggs. You see, my doctor has ordered me to drink sherry and egg every night. They haven't always fresh ones at home, so I make it a rule to take a couple up with me. O, Jerusalem, but I've done it now!' he groaned. 'Why, what is the matter? Where did you drop the eggs?'

'Didn't drop 'em at all. But I know where I lost 'em. Great Scott! I get off at the next station.' 'No you don't. You live three stations beyond.' 'Yes, but I leave this car at the next station if it takes a lung. I'm going to skip before the war breaks out.' He began to edge nearer the door. 'Why are you so frightened?' insisted his friend. 'You see that lady to whom I gave my seat,' whispered the other.

'Yes.' 'She looks smiling and unconscious now, doesn't she?' 'Yes.' 'Well, she is sitting on those eggs. I left the package on the seat.'

The friend grinned. The man with the parcels bolted from the car as the train stopped.



HE: 'I saw a great deal of you in society last winter. I trust that I shall have the pleasure of seeing as much of you here.' She: 'It's very probable that you will see more of me. My bathing suit is a corker.'