

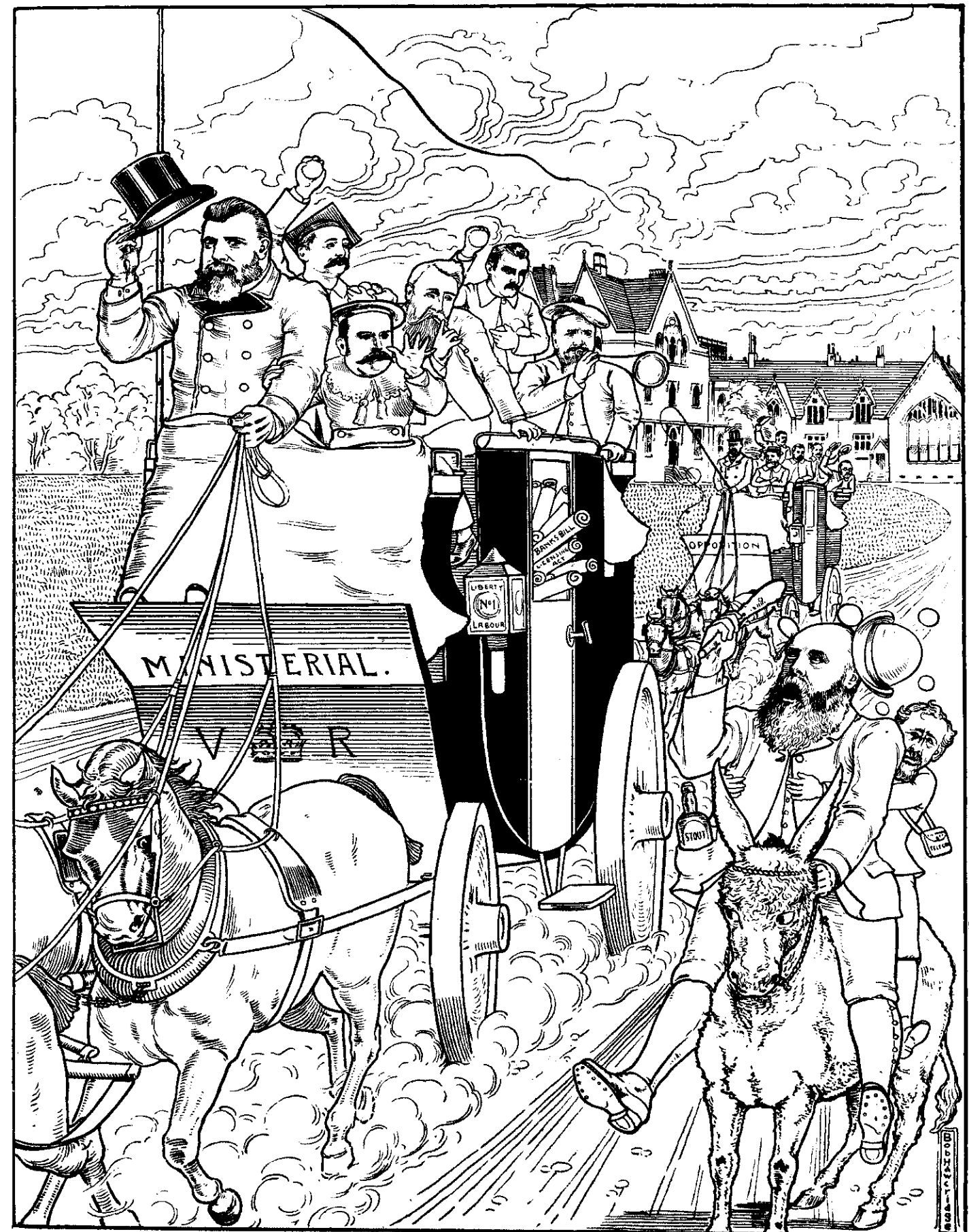
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XV.—No. XX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

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OFF FOR A HOLIDAY.



Standish & Pearce, Clutha. EXHIBITION TRAM HORSES IN CHRISTCHURCH—FOUR HORSE TEAM.



EXHIBITION TRAM HORSES IN CHRISTCHURCH—NEW BRIGHTON TRAM CO'S. PAIR.



Standish and Pearce, Clutha

FOUR HORSE TEAM OF GREYS—CHRISTCHURCH TRAM CO.

NEW BRIGHTON TRAM COMPANY'S HORSES.

FOUR HORSE TEAM.

PAIR LEADERS.

THE pair of horses harnessed as leaders shown in our illustrations are the property of the New Brighton Tram Company. They are bred from good roomy draught mares with very little hair on their legs by big-framed thoroughbred horses. Mr J. Thompson, the manager of the New Brighton Tram Company, who has had large experience in the breeding of horses, and who takes a particular interest in the breeding of tram-horses, says that by breeding in this direction—that is, by using large-framed thoroughbreds on roomy, clean-legged draught mares, breeders will not only get good tram-horses, but useful horses for spring waggons, or for harrowing and other light farm work, such horses being able to do much more work in the same time than the slower heavy draughts. Mr Thompson says it will always pay to breed such horses, as they sell readily at three to four years old at £15 to £16, and more for specially good animals.

Mr Thompson advocates having the thoroughbred on the sire side, as there is not as much chance of them throwing back in their progeny. He says that he does not hold that you cannot get good horses breeding the reverse way, but there is more risk of getting weeds. The horse required should be about 16 hands, with good clean legs and plenty of action. Of the two horses shown in the illustration, one is by Boomerang and the other by Tekoa, both well-bred stallions. To show the value of the horses illustrated as tram leaders, it may be said that £50 has been offered for the pair and refused.

Mr Thompson, speaking of the dark-coloured four-horse team which is illustrated, points to the near side leader as an example of using a clean legged draught stallion to a draught mare. It will be seen that it is of heavier build and has more hair on its legs. The other three horses in the team are by thoroughbred horses out of draught mares.

A DIVER FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

HERE is one of Mr Pearce's adventures: 'In the year 1863,' he said, 'I was engaged in salving the cargo of the s.s. London, which was sunk in the river Tay. I was working from the lighter of the Dundee Shipping Company. A chain, having at the end of it four sharp-pointed hooks, was let down to me, and it was my business to fix the hooks in the bales of cotton yarn which formed the cargo. As this was done, the bales were hauled up. I should tell you that the water was so thick below that all my work had to be done by feeling. Well, having just fixed the hooks in one of the bales I signalled for those above to try if the strain would hold. Whilst I was feeling to see if the bale had started, the hooks, not being secured sufficiently to stand the strain, gave way, tore out of their grip through the packing, and one of them caught in the palm of my hand and dragged me from the bottom of the hold to the upper deck, where I had some difficulty in getting it out. I at once gave the signal to be hauled up, and in the daylight my hand looked an awful sight, for the whole of my palm had been completely torn open, and the hook had penetrated the third finger. It made me feel queer, I can tell you; and I despaired of ever being able to use my hand again. I was laid up for three months, and at the end of that time to my great surprise, was able to be at my work as usual. As you may suppose, that hand has never been the same again since, and I always feel it a good deal in the cold weather.' On another occasion Mr Pearce had a narrow escape. He was at work this time on board the wreck of the Star of Ceylon, a barque of some 500 tons, lying in thirteen fathoms of water off the South Foreland, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a cask of gun-shot fell from the deck into the hold, striking one of his feet. But a few inches more, and he would probably have been killed. In this case, as in that of the London, the water was so thick that the work had to be done by feeling, which greatly increases the risk. Another source of danger arises from the presence of marine monsters. The intrusive shark has sometimes to be cannily dodged, and the life-line may at any moment be snapped in two should the creature's voracity prompt it to such an action. Then, again, after the diver has descended, wherever he may wander he has to come back exactly the same way—a thing not so easy to do in the semi-darkness, and when he is climbing about the hold of a wreck.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, TAMAKI.

IN this issue some pictures are given of St. John's College, Tamaki, one of the oldest and best collegiate schools in the North Island. The success of the school in obtaining passes has been very considerable, and the school is looked upon as specially valuable for the training of boys for business or professions. There are regular gymnasium classes, and the

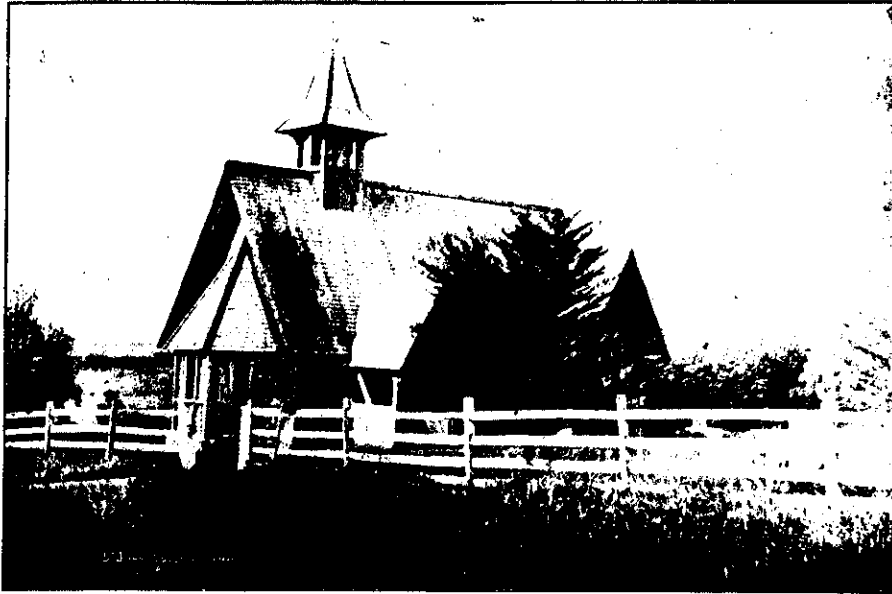
WOMEN IN THE ORCHESTRA.

WHERE the development of the New Woman may tend in matters of music it would at this stage be hard to determine, says the *Musical Courier*. A year may find male orchestral players looking out against a new corps of competitors. We may have swollen female cheeks puffing forth the brass wind, a muscular limbed lady of bicycle development presiding at the bass fiddle, and a

local string orchestra all to themselves if they desire to. With a light *repertoire*, no travelling to do, and no arduous rehearsals, they might make a success as a unique feature in social engagements. Beyond this there would not seem much outlook for them. Why confine them to strings, will be argued, and especially to a light *repertoire*, when women have been known to play successfully the cornet, French horn, trombone, flute, and even clarinet, and where as solo violinists they perform works of equal magnitude with those performed by male artists.

PHYSICAL INCAPACITY.

It is quite true that an occasional and very exceptional woman has been known to make a fair soloist on brass and wood-wind instruments, and by dint of searching as many women might be discovered in a generation as might be trained to handle the brass and wood-wind sections in an orchestra, but the same argument will apply to them as to their sisters of the fiddle. It is one thing to be able to perform a solo well and quite another to sustain a position in an orchestra. To appear before the public for 20 to 30 minutes incidentally and play a sonata or concerto is no test whatever of the capacity to work steadily in an orchestra from two to three hours at a stretch, attention concentrated on a conductor's desk, and this point of performance having been reached through months of arduous rehearsal. The most capable and intelligent of women can never become factors in an orchestra of any serious aims for this reason. It boots little to argue the question of feminine capacity to handle one instrument better or worse than the other. Taking it for granted that women could accomplish as good results with every other instrument of the orchestra as she can with the violin, her physical incapacity to endure the strain of four or five hours a day rehearsal, followed by the prolonged tax of public performances, will bar her against possible competition with male performers. She may learn to play the trombone if she please just as well as the fiddle, but she will never arrive at playing it in an orchestra throughout works of any special moment, which have demanded consistent and protracted labour for their study. The female violinist who laudably divides honours with her male brethren is well equipped technically for a good position in an orchestra. There are dozens of young women who play well enough for an orchestral place. But even were a mixed orchestra of men and women together, a condition probable enough to consider, about how many works of novelty and magnitude in a year would the ordinary woman find herself physically equipped to carry through rehearsal? Not more than a third, probably, of what men are able to do. Women for solo work can increase their *repertoire* by degrees of their own arbitration, rehearsing how and when they please, but the grinding tax of rehearsals with an orchestra which undertakes the production of several weighty novelties each season, together with keeping in the best order a long list of standard works, would send her physical forces completely to the wall.



J. Martin, photo., Auckland.

THE CHAPEL, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

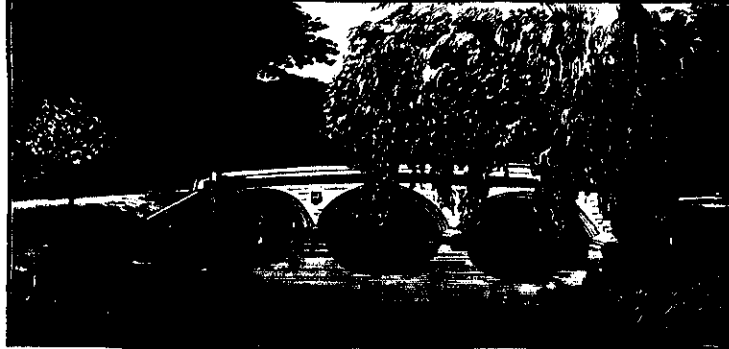
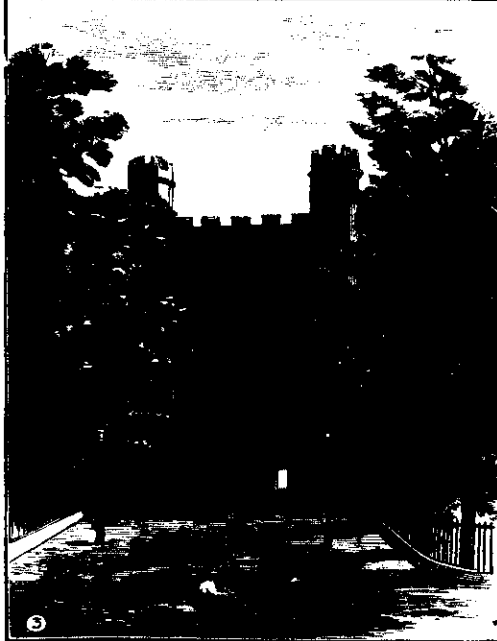
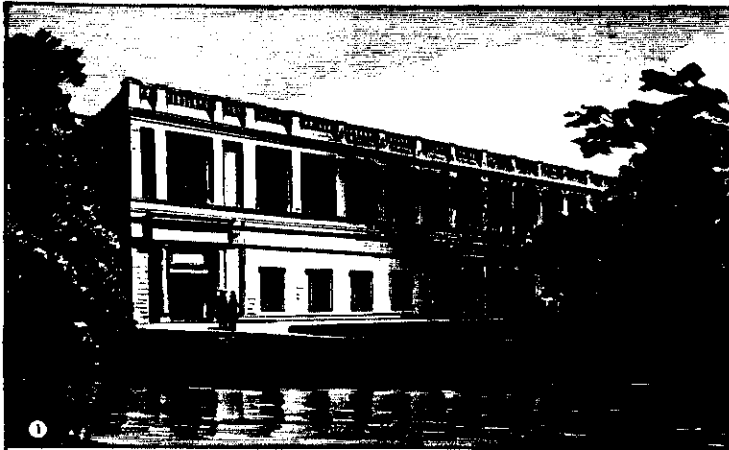
Cadet Corps distinguished itself in a very marked and satisfactory manner at the recent volunteer manoeuvres. An excellent library and a well-equipped workshop provide recreation for those whose tastes lie in different directions. The College has a private chapel, shown in one of our illustrations. Musical boys can join the school orchestra, which is an excellent one. The photos from which our pictures are reproduced are by Mr J. Martin.

young woman with boxing biceps tattooing the drums. We may have a growth of woman conductor who will general a corps of male musicians into enthusiastic action. There's no telling. Women are just beginning to whisper among themselves that they feel there is something left for them to accomplish in the matter of professional music which they have hitherto neglected. There seems no reason why women might not have a



J. Martin, photo., Auckland.

VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE FROM THE GARDEN.



NEW ZEALANDER ABROAD.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE foundation of Trinity College is thus given by Fuller in brief and concise language: 'There was a general decay of students, no college having more scholars therein than barely those of the foundation, no volunteers at all, and only persons, in a manner, by their places, to reside. Indeed, on the fall of Abbeyes, fell the hearts of all scholars, fearing the ruin of learning. And these their jealousies they humbly represented in a bemoaning letter to King Henry VIII. He comforted them with his generous return, and to confute their resolution of the decay of Colleges, acquainted them with his resolution to erect a most magnificent one with all speedy conveniency. Whereupon he seized Michael House into his hands, and King's Hall, the best landed foundation in the University. Also he took Phiswick's hostel, a house unendowed, and allowed the Gonvillians (still grumbling thereat at not sufficient compensation) £3 a year in lieu thereof, till he should give them better satisfaction. Of these three he compounded one fair college, dedicating it to the holy and undivided Trinity, and endowing it with plentiful revenues.' Queen Mary added greatly to her father's foundation, in her desire to do something to that father's memory; and Queen Elizabeth gave a body of statutes and placed the foundation on a firm footing. These college statutes have been revised during the present reign and 'the affairs of the college are now administered under the Victorian Statutes.'

We will now describe more particularly our illustrations—and the first in point of interest is the King's Gateway.

'Trinity,' says the Reverend Frederick Arnold, 'has expanded across the street, as St. John's has expanded across the river.' On the one side is the Master's Court, 'the latest additions to the Cambridge Collegiate buildings.' Opposite is the vast portal of Trinity, that noble

gateway tower called the King's Gateway. The great canopied statue that fronts you in the niche between the windows, and which first seizes the eye, is the statue of Henry VIII. This tower was built by the scholars of Trinity in the time of King Henry, and still preserves its original appearance.

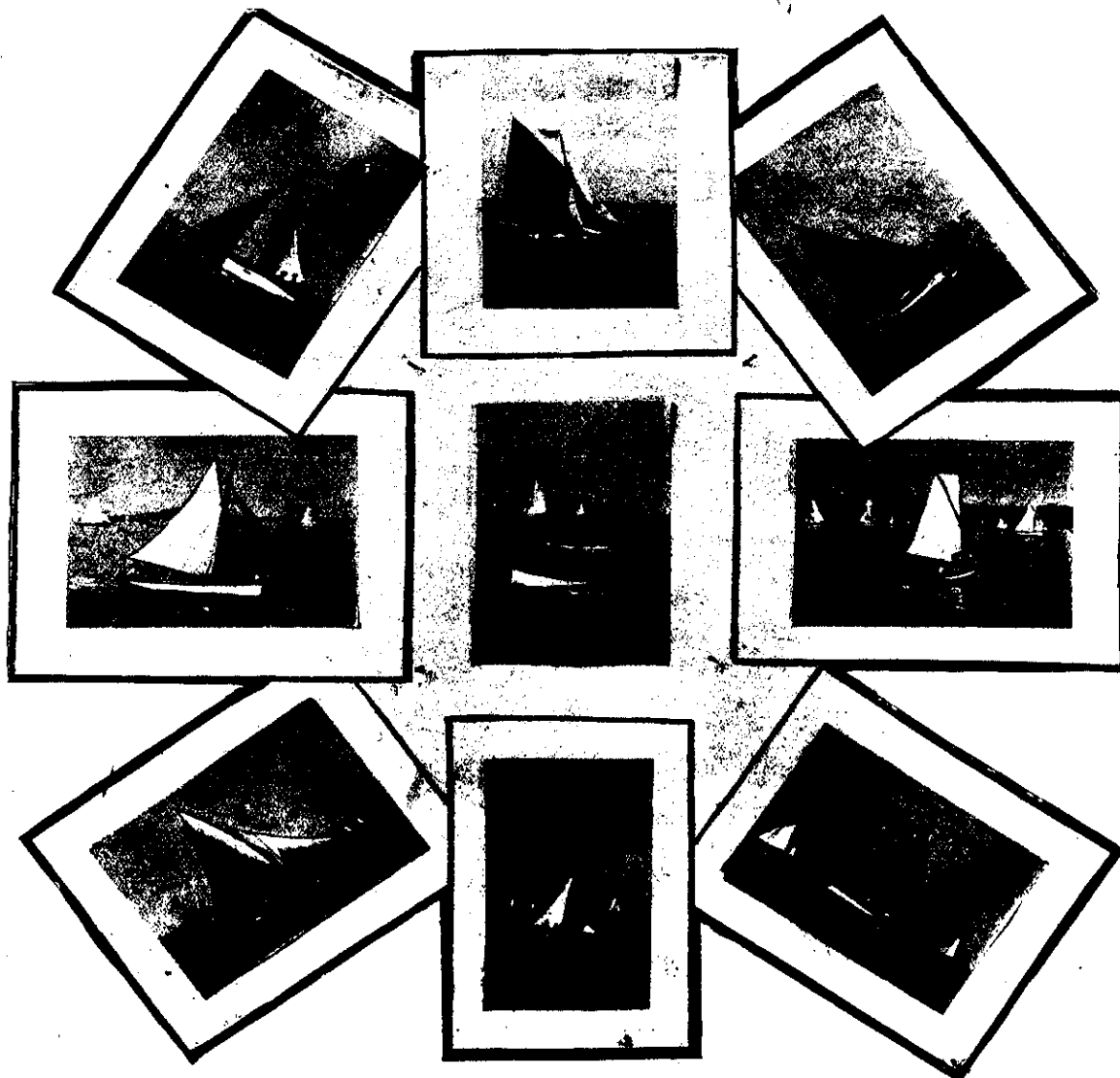
Passing beneath the portal of this gateway we enter the Great Court, 'perhaps the most spacious quadrangle in the world.' On the north side is the chapel, with its tall windows and pinnacled buttresses. On the west is the Master's Lodge, and on the same side is the lofty Gothic Hall, with its high-peaked Flemish roof; the other spaces of the sides of the quadrangle are filled up with unpretending ranges of rooms. The lofty stone conduit, Neville's fountain, named after Trinity's most munificent benefactor, always abounding with clear cold water, greatly helps the picturesqueness of the court. The great gateway immediately adjoining the chapel is adorned with a large dial, beneath which is a statue of Edward III., with the motto—*Pugna pro patria*. On the south is a third gateway with four lofty towers at the corners and with a statue of Queen Elizabeth in her robes of state, hence called the Queen's Gateway.

The library was begun by the famous Barrow. The design being given by Wren gratuitously, it is built in his favourite style of the old Italian. One side looks on the river and the other on the court. Below the large room of the library itself is the colonade or piazza, supported by a row of Doric columns. The frontage toward the Court is profusely ornamented; that facing the river is much simpler. 'To enter the library we ascend a staircase of black marble, wainscoted with cedar. The *coup d'œil* on the first entrance into the library is extremely striking. Up the central avenue of that noble room, 190 feet by 40 feet, are book-cases one either side, adorned with exquisite carvings, and surrounded with busts.' The number of books in the library is over 100,000.

New Court was built in the time of Dr. Wordsworth, a relative of the poet, and father of the present Bishop of Lincoln, at a total cost of £40,000.

The grounds of Trinity College—which subject brings us to our engravings of the 'Back Gate' and 'The Bridge'—are especially beautiful. The river, after leaving the wall of the master's garden, makes a graceful curve that interposes a lawn between the stream and the library. The western gateway of the New Court leads over a cycloidal stone bridge to the beautiful avenue of lime trees, whose high leafy arches form a natural cloister such as suggested Gothic art. It is closed by a noble gate, which was bought by a fellow commoner of Trinity, and presented to his college after the demolition of the ancestral halls of the Montforts.

It now remains for us to describe the hall, and perhaps we cannot do better than take Mr Frederick Arnold, to whom we have already referred, as our guide: 'Long as it is, the number of undergraduates makes it necessary to have three dinners daily during term time. As we go in, we notice the passage outside. There is a screen on which is posted a great variety of notices. Now we look into the hall—which recalls what an old baronial hall must have been. In the winter months a charcoal fire is lit in the middle of the hall, on a pan or brazier, beneath the louvre or lantern; and on high festival days when the tables are groaning with good cheer, and the tankard of the famous audit ale is passing along, you see Trinity with modern refinement superadded to its ancient glory. . . . At the top of the hall is the high table or dais, where the fellows eat their dinner. The walls are wainscoted with carved oak. The roof is supported by carved oak ornamented rafters. Of oak are the fine ranges of tables through the hall, and of oak the benches. The lofty Tudor windows are stained with armorial bearings, and at the upper end the hall was a kind of transept, formed by five gorgeous oriels illuminated with the coats of arms of peers and prelates who have belonged to Trinity.'



AUCKLAND YACHTING SEASON—SOME OF THE 'SMALL FRY.'

ON THE NAPIER-TAUPO ROAD.



NAPIER-TAUPO ROAD.
HAWLEY, PHOTO NAPIER.

DEVIL'S ELBOW, BETWEEN TARAWERA AND TAUPO.



ARATEATEA RAPIDS.
HAWLEY, PHOTO NAPIER.

Photos by Hawley, Napier.

ARATEATEA RAPIDS.

[SEE LETTERPRESS.]

ON THE NAPIER-TAUPO ROAD.



DOUBLE CROSSING, BETWEEN NAPIER AND TARAWERA.



Photos by Hawley, Napier

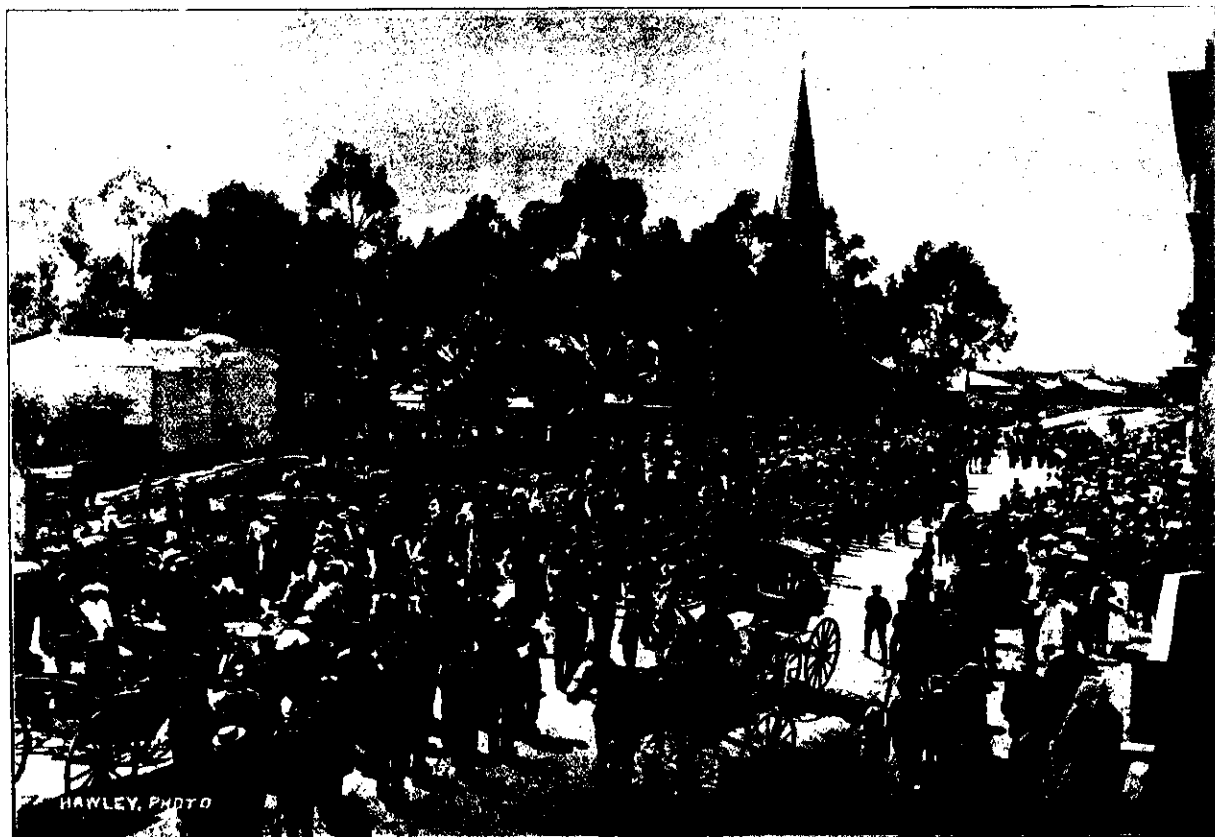
NEAR POHUI, BETWEEN NAPIER AND TARAWERA.

[SEE LETTERPRESS.

THE BREAKWATER FESTIVITIES AT NAPIER.



ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR AT THE STATION.



HAWLEY, PHOTO

THE PROCESSION IN THE STREETS.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK



AS everyone who reads the Home papers is aware, the three-volume novel has long been in a distinctly precarious condition. By the 'Prisco' mail last week news arrived of its absolute demise. It will surprise those who know anything about the matter to learn that the death struggle came through Miss Braddon, Mudie refusing to take a three-volume novel by this veteran and versatile fiction manufacturer. Miss Braddon's novels are not perhaps literature of the highest order, but they are in the main far superior to the books produced by the modern lady novelists, including those who have been so successfully boomed during the past eighteen months or so. They have, moreover, undoubtedly done much to build up the fortunes of the house of Meedie, so that the action of 'the library king' in this matter has a savour of ingratitude about it. With the three-volume novel itself we colonials have had little to do. It has been observed by a contemporary it was a ridiculous form of publication, but it served its purpose, chiefly because the English are not a book-buying people. They like to read, but they do not care to spend money in gratifying their taste, so they paid their penny or twopence a volume for the right of perusing their fiction in the most expensive form. It would be interesting to know, says another paragraph, what the effect has been upon authors and publishers. There has been no diminution in the flood of literature poured forth from the press, but whether the profits of authors have increased or diminished has not been stated. We in New Zealand are rapidly becoming a book-buying community, mainly because in the ever improving and increasing colonial libraries we can procure the best light literature of our time at prices which tempt the money from our pockets. It is my own conviction that the introduction of cheap editions at Home will kill many of the libraries, and that the English people will become a book-buying community.

THE firm of Oetzmann is known to most colonials only through its advertisements in the English journals. It has, however, recently furnished subject for some amusing paragraphs. It appears, according to *To-Day*, that 'Twelve years ago a letter was sent by the firm to an address in Bolivia, South America. The letter was not delivered, and it has just, this month, been returned to Messrs Oetzmann. The explanation which the firm offers is that the Spanish character is notorious for an ingrained love of procrastination. Ask a Spaniard to do something which positively must be done to-day, and he will look pensive, roll a cigarette, and reply, "To-morrow." This may be very true, and without doubt it would explain why, for twelve years, that letter was not returned. That, however, does not appear to me to be the chief difficulty—the thing which is hard to understand is why, after that lapse of twelve years, the letter was ever returned at all.

I HAVE known men (neither Spaniards nor in the Post Office) fully capable of postponing any ordinary business act for twelve years. But I have never heard of anyone who, after postponing anything for twelve years, thought it worth while to do it at the end of that time. I have heard of no earthquake or epidemic in Bolivia recently calculated to make a conscientious postal clerk, in view of the possible nearness of death, resolve to clear up the whole of his sins of omission. It does not even appear that Messrs Oetzmann wrote to complain—an act which might (though, I fear, it would not) have had a stimulating effect on the Spanish character. Procrastination

accounts for the twelve years' delay, but for the final return of the letter we must seek an explanation elsewhere. I think myself that the delay was part of the ordinary routine of the Post Office, and that the letter was at last sent back owing to negligence or disobedience of some clerk who was possibly new to the work.

THE letter, according to my theory, when twelve years ago it could not be delivered, was placed in a pigeon-hole. People who procrastinate, always put things in pigeon-holes. They feel somehow as if by so doing they were shifting the responsibility. There it remained for twelve years, until the new clerk arrived. He took the letter out of the pigeon-hole, intending to float off the stamps for his own private collection. Once on his table the letter got mixed up with some others intended for posting, and owing to some further act of inadvertence these letters actually were posted. The explanation is not, perhaps, wildly probable, but is more probable than the other. One should think twice before one accuses a South American post-office of having done its duty, even after a lapse of twelve years.

ACKNOWLEDGING the foregoing item to *To-Day* reminds me that that up-to-date journal has been commenting on Salvation Army Self-Denial Weeks in a manner which has my entire sympathy. As Mr Jerome remarks, one of the ways in which the warriors deny themselves is to pester pedestrians with collecting cards and collecting boxes. This is true also of the colony. Twice or thrice in one day during self-denial week I was bailed up by men and women with dirty and doubtful looking cards on which I was requested to set my name down for a trifling donation. And as our contemporary remarks, 'One of the ways in which these warriors deny themselves is to stand outside the railway stations with collecting boxes. This method of self-denial appears to me to be distinctly objectionable. I am not making any attack on the Salvation Army, but I do want to see some limit put to this nuisance of street-collecting. No street collection should be made without a special licence for the purpose. This licence should be very rarely granted; and people begging without a licence should be treated as beggars. When the Salvation Army is giving up orchids, tapestry and bacon for breakfast, it may be performing a salutary act of self-denial; but those of its members who stand cading outside railway stations are not punishing themselves, but the general public, and would be much better—though, perhaps less pleasantly employed if they did a day's hard work, instead of moaning about with money-boxes and making themselves a public pest.'

THE tremendous coup which the book-making fraternity must have made over the three cups will perhaps again turn the attention of women to an avenue to fortune, of which they have not yet availed themselves. Women have shouldered their way into so many professions previously looked upon as particularly masculine, that one is really surprised that that of book-making should have been so long left in undisputed possession of the male. But this is only so as far as English speaking communities are concerned. A well-known sporting writer tells that at a French race meeting he fell across a lady bookmaker, who, he declares, abound on the French race courses. 'She was a pretty little blonde, with a satchel across her shoulder, tickets in her hand, and with a pencil behind her ear. She stopped me as I was going to make some bet at the *Pari Mutuel*, and asked me to allow her to book the bet. As I was tolerably certain that I should lose under any circumstances, I allowed her to take the money. Curiously enough, the horse won.' As she was walking about at the time, and had no fixed stand, I concluded naturally that the money was gone for good. Therefore, I was a good deal surprised on being suddenly hailed by the fair bookmaker, who paid out the winnings to the centime with a business-like air that any member of the ring might have envied.'

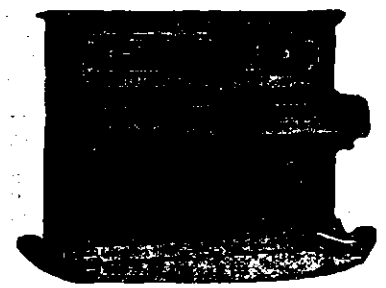
ENGLAND for the English wit, Labouchere declares, be the next popular cry. The engagement of the Duke of Marlborough to the daughter of the Vanderbilts has, he declares, attracted serious attention to the fact that the English men and women are being rapidly driven out by foreigners. He points out that there are German Royalties, American Peereesses, foreign financiers, Italian singers, French cooks, French maids,

and French dressmakers; Swiss waiters and Lascar sailors. Without dwelling further upon the details of the situation, it will be understood that English men and women are becoming anxious in consequence of the increasing success of their numerous competitors. It is, however, a curious circumstance connected with modern civilisation that every nation is now gradually but surely interchanging population. Thus New York is the second largest German city, possessing a population of over 450,000 Teutons. Almost every foreign country is crowded with English residents who have been unable to obtain remunerative employment at home. The matter has become so serious that the authorities of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington are said to have applied to the Home Secretary for permission to stuff suitable specimens of our race for insertion in the collection.

EVERY evil is popularly supposed to be attended by an antidote, and Professor Padmore Brown has just made a discovery which will remove at least one cause of complaint. After years spent in laborious and learned research, the professor claims to have discovered a serum, the hyperdermic injection of which will preserve young men of position against marrying Americans. If the serum really possesses the property which the professor declares that it has, this will undoubtedly be one of the most important discoveries of the century. No mother with eligible daughters, and no unmarried woman, would, in that event, ever be without one of the hyperdermic syringes filled to the nozzle with Anti-American Alliance fluid. It will, however, be curious to watch their manoeuvres to clandestinely inject young men of position or prospects.

The learned Professor declares that it is only a matter of time for different serums to be discovered to cure or prevent any species of human folly. Arguing that vanity, covetousness, malice, envy, and pride are all diseases in the blood, he maintains that it will soon be only necessary to inject the serum which is opposed to each to eliminate them from the system. If this is true, sermons will then become wholly unnecessary, and we may look forward hopefully to the time when perfection will be attained by hyperdermic injection! Moreover, missionaries will no longer require to proselytise, but, being fortified with Anti-Heathen serum, will convert unbelievers at the point of the syringe! This is the age of sensation, speculation, and—serum!

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WELLINGTON IN RECESS.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

(BY 'FLANRUR.')

WELLINGTON is not a well-built city. Indeed, no one to look at its shops would imagine it to be the prosperous, progressive town that it is. Nevertheless, though we have loitered behind our compeers so far, we do move. Yesterday an auction sale took place which bore witness to this. The premises so long occupied by the *Evening Post* and a certain well-known chemist were put up for auction and realised the handsome sum of £8,400. The *Post* is on the wing, and in another four or five months is to be established in a handsomer, more spacious, and more solid mansion. Then rumour has it that we are to be treated to an eight-page evening daily at last, in which case I should think that the morning journal will have to put its best foot foremost, not to be utterly distanced in the race for popularity. Our remissness in the matter of buildings provokes much criticism from the tourists, who about this time of the year land on our wharves in such numbers from the direct steamers. (One recognises them at once as they stroll down Lambton Quay, the women in their straw hats, the men tanned with the sun and sea wind, and with less hair on their British faces than the average colonial. Not very long ago two ladies of the tourist persuasion were lurching upstairs in one of our larger hotels, where they had encamped and proposed to stay for a day or two. Unluckily some one observed in their hearing that the building was entirely of wood. 'What! a three-storied building of wood!' They could not stay a night in so terrible a death-trap. After a good deal of search and enquiry, they discovered a hotel in another part of the town which is not of wood. But the owner of hotel number one was a humourist and a man of resource. He arranged with a friend of his to sit alongside the nervous English spinsters at dinner time at the table of the hotel where they had taken refuge. In the midst of the dinner with which they were recruiting their shattered nerves, this gentleman remarked in a drawing casual way that it was rather a risky thing to spend the night in a brick hotel in Wellington. 'Why?' 'Because, of course, Wellington was notorious throughout the southern hemisphere for the frequency and destructiveness of the earthquakes!' Tableau: the ladies packed up their trunks and retired to spend the night on the direct steamer which had brought them to this dangerous and uncomfortable city.

Nature has awakened and politics have gone to sleep. Even Wellington, distinguished as it is by a plentiful lack of gardens, looks almost beautiful now in this lovely spring weather. The grass on our steep hillsides has in it the living green of English meadows. Yachts with white sails are sprinkled about the broad harbour. The newspapers are devoting the long columns which for many months have been wasted on the frivolities of Parliament to the serious business of cricket, boating, and lawn tennis. Light spring dresses enliven the streets—when the wind is not in the south. Men have forgotten that such things as Bills, debates, amendments, and conferences ever were. I saw an Auckland M.H.R. solitary in the street to-day; he looked like a ghost of the past. By day their talk is of cattle shows and the price of wool at Bradford. In the evening Brough and Boucicault reign, and the only debate that is sustained with any interest is on the absorbing topic of whether Mrs Brough in the 'Amazons' looks better in kickerbockers or in her own distinctively feminine attire.

Stay, there is another subject which arouses the gossips. This is the week of sweeps and lotteries. Wellington has not distinguished itself in carrying off any great prizes at St. Albans or elsewhere. Perhaps we are not a speculative people; perhaps we do not draw lucky numbers. More fortunate is Mr Spackman, solicitor, of Christchurch, who pockets £13,500 from the great Queensland sweep. I think I may say that if any man deserved a stroke of good fortune he is that man. When I last heard of him, at the beginning of the season, he had been for many months lying in bed crippled and helpless, struck down in the prime of an active life by a ruthless disease. His friends then told me that his health was at last mending, and that a gradual but steady recovery was looked for. I hope that such has been the case. When well, Mr Spackman was not only assiduous in his profession, but was one of the best known anglers in the colony. He is the author of the pamphlet on trout fishing in New Zealand, which is the best thing I know to send to a friend in Australia or the Old Country who contemplates paying a visit to our shores to try our rivers with rod and line. For such a thorough sportsman as Spackman to have to pass month after month in bed is an affliction which deserves

some compensation at Fate's hands. So I don't grudge W.H.S. his £13,500. May he live long to enjoy it!

The Premier, with the Treasurer and the Minister of Lands, are like many other fortunate people, disporting themselves in festive Christchurch to-day. Though Wellington still keeps three Ministers, only one of them is fit for duty. Sir Patrick Buckley, who has the Judgeship still under offer, is convalescent, and Mr Cadman has also taken a distinct turn for the better, but I don't think the latter will be fit for hard work yet awhile.

ROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

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

I PROPOSE this morning, 'said the Professor, 'to introduce a change in our conversational bill of fare—a change, I may remark, not too often discernible in the actual menu, owing to its sacred conservative policy, influenced occasionally by party feeling—in fact, we only have a change when there is a party.'

'Have some more marmalade, now do, sir,' said our landlady, vaguely impressed with the consciousness of a compliment.

'Why employ the term "Bill of Fare"?' queried the Frivolous Youth. 'It is a name suggestive of Wellington restaurants, where there is much bill and little fare. For an establishment so genteel as ours, where meals are consumed at an Atlantic greyhound speed, "Bill of Lading" would be more appropriate.'

The Elderly Maiden Aunt made a move, which she often does, presumably to escape a draught, but never, apparently, to take a man. The Professor addressed the Frivolous Youth severely:

'As a continual dropping on a rainy day is to your immaculate collar, my friend, so is vulgarity to fun; it takes the starch out, and makes of wit a limp and shapeless and bedraggled object, fit only to be pegged up on a clothes line of scorn, beneath the scorching rays of intellectual criticism, whence it becomes dry humour. I propose,' he continued (while we assisted in picking up the pieces of the Frivolous Youth), 'to retail a few experiences of a lady friend of mine with her domestic servants—those problems of universal interest which cry to us for solution (by reason of their large demand and little supply) in the "Wanted" columns of every daily; whose woes are emblazoned, to our reproach, on the fiery banners of trades' unions; whose positive faults and negative virtues are served up to us with a regularity proportionate to our grumbings over the irregularity of our meals—thrust upon us in the inner sanctity of home. Truly the fair domestic makes as many family jars as she breaks.'

'I advertised for an experienced general servant,' said my friend, relating her trials. 'For three weeks I waited in and had no applicants. The morning I went out thirteen girls called. I was desperate, and wrote to the first name and address pushed under the hall-door. That was how I never saw, until I had engaged her, the girl destined to turn my fair locks grey. Her attitude pleased me when she arrived. It was one of respectful attention, inquiry, and determination to master every detail of her work. How much inquiry, how much detail, I was to learn to my cost. That girl was a bundle of questions, an interrogation point walking about. Each separate curl bobbing on her forehead grew to the shape and dimensions of a query in my horrified imagination. She was a whole edition of Magnall—without the answers; these, the unfortunate who happened to be near her, had to supply. She was more effectual than a brand new set of Inquisition toys, rack and thumbscrew and all. She questioned me on my manners and methods of doing things down to the minutest, most trivial detail, not once, in order to learn, but again and again. I said to her one day, ironically, 'Perhaps you would also like to know how I cook a husband, Kate.' She said, 'Yes, munn,' and prepared to hear the recipe with an unmoved face. My entrance to the kitchen was the signal for a six-barrelled revolver load of queries, while a broom, or a duster, or a flower-vase in my hand made the target for a whole volley of questions. She discovered me once preparing a dose of Mother Seigel, and proceeded upon a medical enquiry so exhaustive that I dreamt wildly of chloroform. Yet to repulse that earnest, inquiring nature was to feel a criminal. I endured for a fortnight what would have settled Mr Pharaoh faster than all the ten plagues put together. Then I told her that my mother-in-law's sister's daughter, or my sister-in-law's daughter's mother—I forget what in my agitation I concocted, but may Heaven grant extenuating circumstances—was coming to stay with me, and that henceforth I shouldn't require a servant. Exit affliction No. 1.

'The second was hardly more successful. She was

recommended to me by a Slum and Drift Society. I went down early on her first morning to superintend the making of breakfast. This followed—'Did I put two or three handfuls of oatmeal in the porridge? Three? Her old missis on'y put two, but then her old missis was that mean, an' her 'usband a small built man with a appetite no bigger'n a mosquito, which ought to 'ave 'ad dainties to feed 'im up, but not she! an' took to drink 'n tried to shoot himself, 'n was no good any'ow, all along of that extra 'andful of oatmeal, which he 'ad ought to 'ave got, an' came to her one night late with his pore bones shewin' that plain thro' his clothes, you could 've rattled them in a bag, an' says, 'Maris,' says he, 'get me the keys of the cupboard for the love of 'eaven. With that I walks into 'er an' demands them keys in the interests of 'umanity an' the starvin' skellington what she promised to love an' cherish, an' seed 'er go green an' tremblin'-like all over an' give 'm to 'im out of the curling papers in 'er 'air, which she thought we wasn't cut enough to find out, an' give me notice there and then, an' glad I was to go. Whether she experienced a similar delight on leaving my house I cannot tell, but go she did—packing!

'The next was a pretty girl who asked innocently if her young man 'that went to church reg'lar and had kep' company with her for three years come Christmas' might call for her and 'fetch her home' on her night out. I said 'certainly,' indulging the while in a little pleasant, fanciful speculation over these two young things sipping their innocent draughts of happiness at my back gate. I had occasion to enter by it the next evening, and encountered a row of nondescript males keeping guard—of every age, attire, and profession, including quart-breaking Government contracts' to judge by the appearance of some of them. The hostile looks with which they regarded each other suggested a free fight. The place looked like a Convict Barracks. I noticed the milkman, on the strength of one day's acquaintance, amongst the number, and straightway banished my fair domestic to uninterrupted enjoyment of her conquests.

'Then came a girl who occasioned such endless repetition of orders that we believed her deaf, until undeceived by the discovery of all our private gossip circulating through the neighbourhood. A Primitive Methodist young woman followed, who got off to attend prayer-meeting on two nights of the week, and Bible class and Sunday-school anniversary tea-fights the remaining five. She left me hurriedly one day to nurse her sick mother—so did the beat silver teaspoons.

'And so on. There was the book-loving girl, who burnt the toast in one hand, while she devoured a novel in the other. I sympathised most with this type, but, in view of her domestic reputation, conceived it my duty to introduce her to a Mutual Improvement and Debating Society, where she had the love of literature for ever quenched!

'I could mention many more but *tempus fugit*. Despite a few seeming contradictions, my experience of the Colonial "general" on the whole has shown her a capable and worthy representative of her class. Her domestic training makes her of necessity a better wife for the average small-wage-earning mechanic than the girl trained in a factory can be, although the latter occupation unquestionably affords her a greater degree of freedom, and above all, that companionship with her fellows, so dear to the ordinary daughter of the people, whose powers of self-resource have never been cultivated. She naturally prefers these advantages to the isolated drudgery of a servant's life, yet, in the natural order of events, a common destiny awaits both, and that training must surely be best which best enables a woman to fulfil it. If only in view, then, of the probable lifetime to be spent in managing a home of her own, one wonders that applicants for domestic service are so persistently in the minority.'

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AN AUTHOR'S MODEL.



HE girl brought me a card bearing the name of Duncan Felloes.

I had reached that point in the process of narration—somewhere in the second volume—where imagination flags, and the still, small voice of *cui bono* makes itself more obtrusively audible. The fair colour of *rose* which pervaded the initial chapters and scenes had passed away like the streak of dawn, and I was confronted with a sense of greyness and monotony which threatened to take all life out of the remainder of the novel. My hero, who started his career an apparently natural being, had developed, as time went on, an appalling righteousness of conduct, so that he was now less a man than a living replica of all the virtues. To paraphrase Stevenson, he had turned into a curate on my hands, and it was with increasing nervousness and mental strain that I continued, day by day, to put my own dubious philosophy into his saintly mouth. I had serious thoughts of ending the difficulty (and the novel) by marrying the heroine to the villain. This, I flattered myself, would have a depressing effect on the hero, but the sacrifice ultimately proved beyond my strength. The villain, however mistaken in his views, had at least acted consistently, and with a natural malignancy that inspired regard; taken at his worst, he had never merited so crushing a fate. Another idea was to make him meet with a lingering death at the hands of the villain. This pleased me better, and I was turning the matter over in my mind when the girl came in with the card.

'What is it?' I asked, irritated by the interruption.

'It is a man,' she said. 'He is waiting in the hall.'

The girl is extremely literal, and on this account I had ventured to make use of her as a counter-irritant to my neurotic heroine.

'Well,' I continued, 'what does he want? See if he can leave a message, and if not, tell him to call again during the afternoon.'

The girl obeyed, and shortly afterwards I heard the front door close.

'The gentleman will call again at four o'clock, sir,' she said, when she re-appeared.

'Very good,' I replied. 'Show him in when he comes, and I turned again to the contemplation of the work before me.'

Punctually at four o'clock Duncan Felloes arrived. Physically he struck me at first glance as an anomaly, and I watched him observantly in an endeavour to discover in what his peculiarity consisted. He was a man of average size, though by the way he carried himself his figure was made to appear both tall and short at intervals. This, I am aware, is a singular statement, but for sufficient reasons I shall make no attempt to explain it. He would, I suppose, have been considered handsome by most people, yet, to my taste, his face lacked both distinction and distinctiveness. He was neither dark nor fair, yet, were such a thing even remotely feasible, I should like to say that he appeared fair or dark according to his moods. He was very evidently a creature of moods, the expression of his face—nay his whole person—varying vividly with every passing emotion. On the whole I found myself summing him up as a man who had come out of the forge of nature imperfectly adjusted; or rather, perhaps, as a conjunction of two incongruous halves loosely welded, and with some of the joints yet visible, a view in which I was curiously confirmed by a contemplation of his forehead, as he passed his hand across it to arrange his hair.

'Mr Brown?' he asked, pausing in the centre of the room.

I bowed, and indicated a chair.

He sank into it and resting his elbow on the arms, laid the tips of his fingers carefully together.

'You wished to see me about—I suggested, as he remained silent.

'Certainly,' he said, rousing himself from a prolonged scrutiny of my face. 'I am an author's model.'

'A what?' I asked in astonishment.

He smiled with a superior but wholly inoffensive air. 'The idea, I see, is new to you,' he said, 'yet in this age of realism that could be more obvious. No artist of repute now dreams of limning even the most trivial object without that object before his eyes. Why should an author engaged in an immensely more difficult task, abstain from using the same safeguards to correctness and natural truth?'

'The cases are vastly different,' I replied, in some amusement. 'No artist is called upon to paint the inside of an hermetically sealed jar. Besides,' I added, humbly, 'every author is already sufficiently supplied with models in the persons of his friends and acquaintances, to say nothing of that perfect treasure-house, his enemies.'

'You do not deny the advantages of a living model, then?' he asked.

'On the contrary,' I replied, 'they are no doubt very great.'

'Then,' he said, 'let us come to business. I offer myself for one of the characters in the novel on which you are now engaged.'

It would be untrue to say I was not surprised, even a trifle alarmed. Mania, I knew, takes a great number of eccentric forms.

'What is your pose?' I asked, to humour him.

'I have been engaged chiefly as the hero in ladies' stories,' he replied modestly, 'but I am anxious to better myself, and could assume almost any pose you required.'

'Of course,' I said at a venture, 'you can produce testimonials from some of your recent employers. I should not care to engage a model without a written guarantee—in fact, I have made it a practice not to do so.'

'Of course,' he replied cheerfully. 'I have the documents with me, and can give you entire satisfaction on the points of ability and good faith.'

I took the bulky envelope from him, and drew out its contents in a state of wonder bordering on mental paralysis. There was a number of letters from lady novelists, some of whose names I dimly remembered to have heard, and one from a writer of rather higher standing, whom I knew personally, and whose hand-writing I at once identified. All spoke of having employed Mr Duncan Felloes as model for certain characters, and to the entire satisfaction he had given in the parts assumed. Evidently I had yet to learn the inner mysteries of the novelist's craft.

'Let me understand this,' I said desperately. 'What exactly is the nature of the assistance you have rendered these ladies?'

'It has differed with the various cases,' he replied, with a good-humoured tolerance of my ignorance. 'For instance, I can either pose from a verbal outline, or from work already partially completed. It depends on what is required. A good model can step in anywhere, even as late as the last revise.'

'Then,' I said, grasping at a gleam of light in the midst of much mental darkness, 'if I were to give you a manuscript in which one of the characters was not entirely to my liking, you could locate and account for the defects?'

He shook his head. 'You mistake,' he replied. 'A model does not advise, he merely poses. He would never, under any circumstances, offer a suggestion.'

'Then what on earth is the use of him?' I asked.

'Surely you can see,' he replied. 'The model takes his cue from the author. If the resulting pose is not satisfactory, then it is for the author to vary his ingredients, until the preconceived idea is materialized in the person of the model.'

'That,' I replied, 'seems to take for granted what must be very much open to question—the infallibility of the model.'

'It does,' he admitted; 'and speaking of myself, I may say that as a model I am infallible. However, your caution is perhaps natural, and I am willing to defer the discussion of terms until I have gained your confidence. I cannot speak more fairly than that.'

I had commenced the interview in a spirit of amused scepticism, which had been momentarily displaced by a pang of doubt as to my visitor's sanity; my final mood, however, was one of such extreme mental confusion that I felt to prolong the discussion would be to invite the complete overthrow of what little reason I had still remaining. I therefore, and in order to be rid of him, at once acceded to the arrangements he had proposed, and gathering together the whole of volume one, and such chapters of volume two as were in a state of completion, I thrust them into his hands, and rose to signify that the interview had terminated.

'When shall you be ready?' I asked, as he stowed the papers away in his pockets.

'You may expect me at eleven to-morrow morning,' he replied at once.

'So soon?' I ejaculated, a trifle piqued. 'You may find the character rather more difficult than you imagine.'

He smiled easily, and, reiterating his assurance of being ready at the time stated, took his departure.

subjected to a system of blackmail until the manuscript was finally brought back into my own possession. My greatest trouble, however, when the apparent authenticity of the testimonials had occurred to me and somewhat quietened these apprehensions, was to reconcile the thing propose to be done with things possible of performance. The absurdity of the model's pretensions was so enormous that even to think of them more made me gasp, and the more I thought of them, the more monstrous did they appear. To work in my then state of mind was out of the question, and I spent the rest of the day in reading the *Review of Reviews*, and preparing myself for supernatural contingencies on the morrow.

By eleven o'clock I was seated in my study, making a great pretence of work, but in reality counting the minutes until the arrival of my model. The clock had struck the quarter past the hour before a ring at the front door announced an arrival, and the girl came in to say that a gentleman desired to see me. I was a little surprised at this formality, as I had already given instructions that Mr Duncan Felloes was to be admitted at once, but the matter was accounted for a moment later when a young man, apparently a perfect stranger, entered the room, and quietly took a seat facing me.

His age would be something between twenty-five and thirty. He was tall and fair, with a pair of unmistakable blue eyes, and a figure that would not have disgraced Apollo. His features were delicately cut and refined, and the thin lips and general expression of countenance denoted asceticism of an advanced type. The one incongruous point about him was his attire; while his face expressed, as I have said, an extreme austerity of temperament, his clothing, which comprised a loud check suit and a flaming tie dotted with green horse shoes, spoke of proclivities of a more worldly and frivolous order.

'To what am I indebted for this pleasure?' I asked, pointedly.

For answer my visitor thrust his hand into his pocket and handed me a card, on which was inscribed in a bold, back-stitch species of hand-writing the name Percival Loftus.

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed. 'Can it be possible?'

The young man in the chair regarded me with chill indifference.

'And if it be possible,' I added after a pause, 'it is certainly all wrong.'

He shrugged his shoulders in a manner that would have been satanic if it had not been apostolic. 'I am letter-perfect,' he said.

'Stand up,' I requested.

He did so, and I walked round him. 'Surely,' I remarked, 'you are mistaken about the costume.'

'Chapter three, page thirty-seven,' he replied readily.

'Well,' I said, 'that will have to be amended.' I took another look at him, noting the thin closed lips, the cold passionless expression. 'And yet, after all, it is less the clothes than the thing clothed,' I mused. 'Do you feel as bad as that inside?'

He seemed both to understand and resent the question, though his resentment took no more definite form than the coldly given remark—'I am in your hands.'

I reflected a moment. 'Tell me,' I said at length



ON THE WHOLE, AS I HAVE SAID, I AM A MARRING MAN, BUT I AM SUBJECT TO RELAPSES WHEN I MIGHT BE ALMOST ANYTHING.

No sooner was he gone than I regretted my impulsive-ness. The probability of the man being a fraud seemed overwhelming. A dozen different ways in which it would be possible for him to injure me jostled one another in my thoughts. At the best I should probably be

'what are your feelings for the heroine? You have professed to love her, do you really do so?'

His face betrayed some embarrassment. 'I cannot say that I care greatly for her,' he replied.

'Still,' I said, 'that may be her fault. Is there any direction in which you would like to see her improved?' He hesitated, and showed greater uneasiness.

'Perhaps,' I suggested, 'if she were entirely altered, if a fresh heroine were substituted for the one to whom you are at present engaged—'

'I do not think it would make any difference,' he confessed, with an introspective look. 'I do not feel that it would. The fact is that I am constitutionally averse to marriage. It is unfortunate on her account, of course, but I must say that I do not consider her an entirely proper person. It appears to me highly indecent that she should continually persist in discussing matters with me which ought never be mentioned in public at all.'

His cheek was flushed, and his cold eye sparkled with restrained anger.

'Come, come,' I remonstrated, 'you have taken part in the conversations willingly enough.'

'Never willingly,' he replied, 'from a sense of politeness only.'

I felt myself growing warm, and, in order to avoid argument, picked up the manuscript he had brought with him, and read a passage carelessly here and there. Presently an idea occurred to me. The person before me was a creature of my own conception. I had made him, and it was conceivable in my power to remake him. At any rate the experiment was worth trying. I seated myself, and turning up the places in which Percival Loftus appeared, was soon absorbed in the task of revising and, as I hoped, amending the character.

This took me rather over an hour, my Model awaiting the issue with exemplary patience. Once he rose, and, moving across to a side-table, turned over the papers and periodicals with which it was laden. A copy of the *Sporting Times* apparently caused him some indignity. For he dropped it as though he had been burnt. Finally he settled on the *Guardian*, and, returning to his seat, perused that journal with every evidence of the deepest interest.

At length I threw down my pen. 'Come,' I said, 'Mr Percival Loftus, I think you are rather brighter than you were. Have the goodness to take another look at yourself.'

The model took the manuscript and ran his eye through it. 'This will take some study,' he said dubiously.

'Very good,' I replied. 'Shall we say the same hour to-morrow morning.'

He assented, and begging the loan of the *Guardian*, took his leave.

I was now prepared for startling contingencies, so that I was not surprised when the next morning, following on the announcement 'another gentleman to see you sir,' I found certain radical alterations in the personal appearance of my model. His clothes—a slightly modified edition of the check of the previous day—were the least part of this change, which, in some inexplicable fashion, had wrought its deepest ravages in his face. I say ravages advisedly, for it was impossible to disguise from myself the fact that the man was to a certain extent corrupted and debased. His cheeks had taken flesh, his lips developed a sensuous droop, and over his whole face there hung a faint, indefinite veil of coarseness, the sort of intangible not-to-be-localised flaw, which creeps into the countenance of the originally virtuous man who has put his lips to the cup of sinful pleasure. Yet, curiously enough, something of the ascetic still lingered, revealing itself now in the tones of his voice, now in a momentary flash of the cold eyes, when, as by a revelation, the Percival Loftus of the previous day stood before me.

'Well, what are your ideas now?' I asked, when he had shaken hands.

'I am inclined to take a more moderate view,' he replied, throwing the *Guardian* carelessly on the table.

'It does not do to confine one's attention to one side of a question only.'

'And as regards marriage?' I inquired.

'I am distinctly a marrying man,' he replied, self-complacently.

I nodded encouragement. 'And the heroine—what are your sentiments with regard to her?'

He was silent for several seconds. 'The fact is I am not consistent,' he said at length, 'far from it. On the whole, as I have said, I am a marrying man, but I am subject to relapses when I might be almost anything. No, I am a damned long way from being consistent, and it's no use mincing the matter.'

'Excuse me,' I said, 'you used a word for which I believe you have no warrant so far as I am concerned. It will be as well to keep religiously to the book.'

'Chapter eight,' he said quickly, 'page eighty-six.'

'True,' I admitted, 'but the occasion, as you must feel, was a special one. However, I will look you through again, and endeavour to remove your inconsistencies. You will find the last issue of the *Guardian* on the table.'

I again devoted myself to a revision of the manuscript and the model, after a careless glance at the periodicals I had recommended, and a furtive perusal of a few paragraphs in the *Sporting Times*, settled down on *Lika Joko* and some back numbers of the *Joker*. I gave him a good number of alterations and additions to study over, and sent him home, impressing him with the necessity for adhering with the utmost exactness to his book.

The following day he smelt rather strongly of tobacco, but had become perfectly reconciled to a marriage with the heroine. 'She is a deuced nice little piece, Brown,' he said familiarly, 'pretty figure and all that. You can put up the banns as soon as you like.'

He swore now and again with great cheerfulness, read the *Sporting Times* openly, offered me the odds on the Derby, and on leaving suggested a glass of wine at the nearest restaurant.

Being now busily engaged in the completion of volume two, I was able to dispense with his services for a week or more, by which time I had got to the end of the volume. His appearance, when I next saw him, gave evident signs of deterioration. His manner was familiar almost to coarseness, and his breath exhaled a continuous odour of strong spirits, which was decidedly not in the compact. I reproached him with this, and hinted a general neglect of his duties.

'Not a bit of it,' he declared indignantly. 'Where is the bally manuscript? I can show you authority for every dashed thing.'

'That may be,' I replied, 'but you are merely on the surface of the part; you do not read into it.'

'Do not be too sure of that,' he retorted, with a queer look, that for the moment silenced me.

I continued giving him the chapters as fast as they were completed, and he continued visiting me with every addition duly assimilated, and at every fresh visit he appeared to me rather more degraded than before. His breath became more fiery, the odour of tobacco from his clothes more rank; he grew more careless in his habits, arriving with his tie in disorder, his coat and hat unbrushed. Later, as the end of the novel approached, his conduct passed all bounds. He fell into a habit of dropping in at uncertain hours of the day and night, frequently in dress-clothes, as though straight from some social festivity. On these occasions he would throw himself full length on the sofa and fall asleep, a course of action which in condition usually rendered advisable. In vain I endeavoured to arrest his descent by writing into his part the most moral and elevating sentiments of which I was capable. However conscientiously this was done, a wholly undreamed-of under-current of *diablerie* seemed, in his view, to permeate the result, and thus add but additional fuel to the already glowing fire of his debaucheries. In vain I declared my entire innocence of evil intention, and attempted to show him his error. As a last resort he would give me one of his queer looks, which though incomprehensible to me, never failed to inspire me with a conviction of personal guiltiness.

One evening, after having lain on the sofa, breathing heavily for the greater part of the afternoon, he awoke and turned his face towards me.

'Come,' I said cheerfully, for the last sheet or two had pleased and put me in a good humour. 'I am on the point of marrying you. Do you consider yourself in a fit state for the ceremony?'

'Oh, hang marriage!' he exclaimed irritably, raising himself to a sitting posture. 'For God's sake, old man, give me a soda.'

I complied with the request, and he threw himself back with a sigh of satisfaction.

'I thought we had agreed that you were a marrying man,' I said presently.

He laughed cynically. 'So I am, in a sense,' he replied. 'I say, look here, couldn't we make this a case of free-love? It's quite the thing, you know; up to date, and all that. Couldn't we?' he broke off eagerly.

'No,' I replied, shortly, 'we couldn't. I am surprised that you should suggest such a thing.'

He laughed again, but his face betrayed disappointment.

'You ought not to be surprised,' he said, sulkily.

'Why not?' I asked.

'Because such as I am you have made me,' he replied, tossing on to his back, and locking his hands beneath his head.

'Nonsense!' I ejaculated. 'And that reminds me of something I have intended to say to you for a month past. The present seems as good occasion as any to point out to you that you are a failure—a dismal failure.'

'How's that?' he asked, without stirring.

'You are no more like the Percival Loftus of the novel than you are like—the Queen of England,' I retorted, incoherently. 'You have utterly failed to materialise even a detail of that young man's character.'

'Think so?' he asked, indifferently.

'I am sure of it,' I replied. 'There is absolutely no point of similarity.'

He was silent for a while, then laughed as though something amused him. 'It's funny you don't see,' he said.

'See what?' I inquired.

'Oh well, never mind just now,' he answered, raising himself to his feet. 'We are near the end, aren't we?'

'Another couple of chapters,' I replied.

He yawned and glanced at his watch. 'I'll look in for them to-morrow,' he said, picking up his coat and hat.

I was not sorry to see him go, for I was in the humour for work, and the final chapters were already so clearly developed in my thoughts that the operation of writing them was really almost purely mechanical. The following day he called, looking terribly done up, and took away the last of the manuscript with him.

Why, regarding the utter failure of my model, I chose to continue what I felt to have been from the first a ridiculous experiment, and how it was I continued up to the last to take an interest in his efforts, are points I shall not attempt to explain to the reader, since I have never been able to elucidate them for myself. It must suffice to assert that I looked forward to his final pose with as much curiosity as I had felt at any previous stage of the business.

Three days elapsed before I again saw him.

I had been spending the evening at the house of a friend, and returned home, shortly after eleven, to find him stretched in his usual position on the sofa.

The fire in the grate had burnt low, and the gas was turned down, as though the room were unoccupied. Indeed, I had at first supposed it to be so, and it was not until I had screwed up the lights that I discovered the presence of my model. The bundle of manuscript he had brought with him lay on the desk, and I added it to the remainder of the work with a feeling of relief that I had done with his services, and could now dismiss him to the darkness from which he had so suddenly appeared. I crossed the room, and, turning the bracket so that the light fell on his face, looked down on him with a still unobscured curiosity. As I did so I started back. A sense of loathing, approaching in its acuteness to horror, took possession of my mind, and repelled, yet fascinated, I stood gazing on the form beneath me.

Had I been blind? Or was there a real change? Could this puny, misshapen creature, with its dull and animal countenance, its flabby and colourless cheeks, its low and receding brow, its repulsive air of brutality, be the man who for months past had been almost a daily visitor in my house? I trembled as I asked myself the question. Then, in swift reaction, laid my hand roughly on his arm.

He awoke almost at once. 'What is it?' he asked, without showing surprise.

'I have had enough of this,' I replied stormily. 'Let me know what I owe you, and then go.'

'What you owe me,' he repeated, quietly, apparently without noticing my excitement. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and looked thoughtfully beyond me into the fire. 'That depends,' he said.

'If it depends on the amount of advantage I have derived from your visits,' I retorted, sharply, 'then nothing.'

'It might depend on something else,' he remarked, musingly. 'It might depend on the amount of disadvantage I have derived.'

I was puzzled, and at a loss for a retort. I stood looking down on him in silence.

'You see,' he continued in the same thoughtful manner, and with the same abstracted gaze, 'there are two sides to the matter, just as there are two sides to the creation of a world.'

I pondered this a moment, but failing to see its relevancy to the matter in hand, returned abruptly to the question of fact.

'The only point that affects me,' I said, 'is that your services are of no value to me. So far from proving a help you have been an actual hindrance. The whole



THE WHOLE THING IN POINT OF FACT HAS BEEN A FARCE, AND I WISH TO END IT NOW, AT ONCE. YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

thing in point of fact has been a farce, and I wish to end it now, at once. You understand me?

'No,' he said, good-temperedly, 'I don't. What do you complain of? As you fashioned me, so I am.'

This was the second occasion on which he had made very much the same remark, and the re-iteration exasperated me. 'Come,' I said, 'I have already answered you on that point, but if you desire a plainer answer I will give you one. You have never from first to last had the faintest glimmering of understanding of the character you have pretended to assume. It is not in your nature to appreciate, or even to imitate afar off, the character of a gentleman.'

For the first time he raised his head and looked full at me, so queer, so intent a look, that a cold shiver as at approaching disaster ran down my spine.

'I am the man,' he said steadily.

'What man?' I gasped.

He pointed to the pile of manuscript on the table. 'Read,' he said, 'and you will see.'

Mastered by the superior force of will that shone from his eyes, I moved, like a lamb to the table. A strange curiosity overpowered me. I sat down, and in a few minutes was absorbed in the perusal of my own work.

An hour or two back I had glanced through the sheets and yawned. I had read page after page without an idea of their meaning, or a care whether they meant anything at all. The book had become, as it were a condition of my mind, and memory forestalled each passage only to blot it on the instant from my consciousness. But now the case was different. Had every memory of the long weariness of construction been swept entirely from my brain, I could not have entered on my task with greater freshness. Even in the first paragraph something, hitherto unnoticed, riveted my attention, and thenceforward I read on with mind awake and keenly responsive to every word.

The hours sped by unheeded. Once, disturbed by a growing chilliness, I rose, and absently replenished the fire. As in a dream, I was conscious of the model on his back on the sofa, his hands locked beneath his head. I was absorbed wholly in my own imaginings, and for the moment the man's connection with myself was forgotten. I was absorbed—yes—but I was also appalled. A lurking sense of horror underlay the fascination that possessed me. I knew that presently other feelings would prevail, the horror would rise to the surface, I should wrestle in the throes of a desperate anguish, but at present the fascination was a delight to be hugged. Here and there I passed by whole pages, even chapters, unread, the fury of my curiosity burning through and mastering them, as by a supernatural intuition, but wherever one man appeared—the one man who stood out a real and living thing in a whirl of shadows—there I lingered, there I dwelt and pondered, interested to the roots of my being. For in the choice of realities I had thrown in my lot with Satan, and the despicable figure moved through the book, inspired with the breath of life, as

though a man should burst alive into the strange dimness of his own dream.

At length the end came. I turned the last leaf, and for many minutes sat motionless, lost in a whirl of thought. Then in a moment came re-action and revulsion. A cold shudder ran through me. I started and looked around. The model lay on the sofa motionless, like one dead. On the mantelpiece the clock marked a few minutes to six. The fire in the grate still jetted out intermittent flames. I rose stiffly, and, crossing the room, sat down before it, the papers still in my hands. Slowly I lifted the first quire, and, reading it in two, cast it on the flames. As I did so the model, for the first time for many hours, changed his position. I rent another quire and threw it on top of the first.



HE MOVED UNSTEADILY TOWARDS ME, HIS EYES STARING FROM THEIR SOCKETS. 'FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP!' HE WHISPERED HOARSELY.

The silence of the night, or rather morning, was suddenly broken by a sharp cry. I turned and saw the Model on his feet, his face white, and convulsed as though with terror.

'What are you doing?' he cried sharply.

'I tore another quire and threw it on the blaze. You were right,' I said.

He moved unsteadily towards me, his eyes starting from their sockets. 'For God's sake stop!' he whispered hoarsely.

I was dimly conscious of surprise, but my mind, strained by the long and harrowing task of the night, took no note. I shook my head, and continued rapidly throwing the sheets into the fire.

The flames burst out anew, filling the room with grotesque and swiftly moving shadows. Suddenly he darted forward, and made a grasp at the packet. I shut my knees together with a sharp movement, and tearing the papers from his fingers, hurled them altogether into the blaze. For a moment he stood like one stricken to stone, then with a dreadful cry, and clutching at his throat and chest, he reeled and fell to the floor.

The event, so unlooked for, aroused me to a sense of realities, and I sprang to my feet. On examination I found the model still breathed, yet even as I satisfied myself on this point the heart beneath my hand fluttered and stilled. I left him where he lay and ransacked the cupboard for stimulants, only to find that every bottle was empty. Again I returned to him. His face during the brief interval had changed to a hideous blackness, and his whole body seemed to my paralysed gaze to have shrunk and withered. I loosened the collar at his throat, supported his head on a footstool, and hastening downstairs to the cellars, succeeded at length in securing a bottle of brandy. With this I returned to the study.

In the centre of the room I paused and looked stupidly around. Through the slits in the Venetian blinds stole the first faint evidences of dawn. The papers in the grate were red through to the heart, and had almost ceased to flame. The model was nowhere to be seen.

SAMUEL CLIALL WHITE.

MR MAUGHAN BARNETT'S MUSICAL SOCIETY.

In the notice of the first concert given by the new musical society in Wellington we stated that the orchestra numbered 15. This was, of course, a clerical error. The figures should have read 35.

The patrons of the Auckland Orchestral Union will doubtless look forward with special interest to the next concert of this popular Society, which takes place on Thursday, the 21st inst., for they had a good deal to do in arranging the programme. Following the excellent plan, which we believe it was the first to adopt in Auckland, the Orchestral Union left the choice of the items which should be performed at this, the fourth concert of the season, to be decided according to the taste of its audience. It laid before them the programmes of the three preceding concerts and asked which of the several items should constitute the fourth programme. We understand that a very large number of those asked to decide entered into the scheme, and that the list of pieces which have received the most votes will be published soon, and will consequently be performed. It might be possible from the selection made to estimate, in some degree, the musical tastes of the Auckland public, for it is certainly not too much to say that all musical Auckland has had a hand in the choice of music. The box plan for the sale of tickets will be open at Widdman and Lyeil's on Monday, the 18th instant.

BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

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

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

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

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

Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited.

All Communications and Commissions must be addressed

THE BOOKMAN, Graphic Office, Auckland.

* The Magazines There are several interesting features in the *Window* for September, and Messrs Ward, Lock, and Bowden are evidently determined to keep up to the high standard they achieved in the initial numbers of this now popular monthly. Major Arthur Griffiths, who probably knows more of the subject than any man living, writes a very good paper on 'Criminals in Private Life.' A Modern Kingmaker gives a most interesting description of the 'Life of a Very Famous and Extremely Clever Diplomat, Sir Lepel Griffin.' Mr T. Foster Fraser contributes a chatty page or so on 'The Building of a Battleship.' All these articles are not merely very readable, but contain a very considerable amount of genuinely useful and instructive information. They are, moreover, very fully and very admirably illustrated. Fiction is represented by Mr Bengin, whose story, 'The Man Who Was Goin' to Kick,' is not quite up to that author's usual standard. 'The Grey Lady,' Mr Merri-man's fine serial, is carried forward another stage, and Guy Boothby is even more interesting than usual in his monthly instalment of 'A Bid for Fortune.' Ladies will probably appreciate an article on 'What Women's Dress Costs,' by Charlotte Eccles.

* 'Pall Mall Magazine for October.' Apart from the illustrations, which are as near perfection as possible, the October number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is a decided disappointment. The editors have unlimited capital at their disposal, but their efforts in the selection of contributors do not seem to be happy. A poem on the 'Westminster Bell,' by Mr Edward Tyrrell Jaques, is without exception the very weakest verse we have ever seen in a first-class magazine. Mr Edward Jaques had a magnificent subject but his attempt to grapple with it is a failure of the most pronounced description. Several really exquisite illustrations by Mr W. Hyde half reconcile us to the poverty of the poem, but they also serve to throw into sharper relief the incapacity of the poet to deal with so poetical a series of scenes. The dullness of an article on 'Bell Tones,' by the Rev. A. B. Simpson, is also redeemed to some extent by the beauty of the illustrations. Mr Grant Allen prosos on about the 'Evolution of Art' in a lifeless and spiritless fashion, and Mrs Parr's paper on 'The Follies of Fashion' is uninteresting and dull, without being instructive. In fiction things are somewhat better. 'A Man of Honour,' by Agnes Parry Cook, is a clever little story, containing some capital character studies. Mr Aiden and Mr Francis Provost both contribute readable stories, the 'Head Winds' of the latter being the better of the two. Arthur Patchett Martin absorbs twelve pages with a dreary and absolutely uninteresting memoir of 'The Friends of Viscount Sherbrook—Bobby Lowe.' Mr Zangwill, too, is as usual at all up to the mark in his usually amusing *causerie*, 'Without Prejudice.' In fact, all things considered, the October number is, as I have said, a disappointment.

* 'The Martyred Fool.' In this, his latest, and perhaps the best of the novels he has produced recently, Mr Christie Murray sets forward, as is his wont, to tell a story. Like Wikkie Collins, Mr Murray prefers to let his characters unfold themselves through narrative rather than to spend time and labour on the analytical and microscopic delineation which is so generally adopted by modern writers of fiction. If memory serves me well, Mr Murray has not before given us a novel where the principal personages are anarchists, socialists, and their friends. *The Martyred Fool* is, I am inclined to think, the best fiction of this class I have read for some considerable time. It is sombre in tone, unexaggerated in treatment, and the plot is extremely well worked up to a conclusion

which cannot fail to leave behind it a deep impression. The plain, matter-of-fact way in which the story is told shows how skilful a master of his craft Mr Murray is, for it immensely increases the verisimilitude of what he tells us, and throws into fine relief the powerful and passionate writing which flashes out when occasion demands. There is, too, a fine display of humour—that humour which is never far from any human tragedy. In fact, to be brief, the novel is one of quite unusual excellence, and had it been written by one of the younger generation of writers whom it is the fashion to boom, it would have been pronounced one of the books of the year. This I believe it to be, and confidently recommend it as such.

* 'The Martyred Fool.' Macmillan. 2s 6d. Postage 4d.

'SOCIALLY SPEAKING.'

WHAT is most galling is that, whenever there is what is called a "social" scandal, it is described in inordinate and unjust proportions. Human beings are much the same, high or low, and how many butchers, bakers and candlestick makers are involved in scandals which are never chronicled, purely on account of their insignificance—socially speaking!—LADY DOROTHY NEVILLE.

My worthy butcherman, reform,
And serve me not with bone and gristle,
And raise a pretty social storm
If ever your boy dares to whistle!
Then you will gain 'significance,'
For which you yearn, and when you're slandered,
Or when your wife leads you a dance,
'Twill be reported in *The Standard*.

Oh! worthy baker, mind your weight,
And do not bake bone-dust and alum!
But come and live in Prince's Gate,
And sell your little house in Balham;
There comes for you at last a hope
Above a prize for cakes and jelly,
For, if your daughter should elope,
It will be noticed in *The Tels!*

Good man, who works in delft or brass,
Your worth is hardly worth the candle!
Reform, and join the upper class,
And purchase for your name a handle!
Give up your shop and go the pace,
Buy horses other than for carmen,
And, if you pull one in a race,
You will be honoured by 'The Star men.'

Good man of scissors and of tape,
Who cuts my bags and fits my jacket,
There is at least for you escape
From Social silence if you lack it!
Give up your trade and seek a lord,
And play whatever kind of game's his;
Proclaim he cheats, and your reward
Will be a note in *The St. James*.

Oh! wealthy farmer, who would rise,
Like Burns, above your golden wheat-steed,
Do not by rhyming prove you're wise,
Nor yet by virtue, like discreet Stead;
But buy a good long pedigree,
And send a collic to the Kaiser,
Then, if you're charged with bigamy,
They'll give you columns in *The Tizer!*

Good madame, if you have desires
To go to court and be a lady,
And wish to seek, by cleansing fires,
Redemption from a past that's shabby;
The dullest people entertain,
And talk of nothing not canonical,
Then, if you are divorced again,
Be sure of head-lines in *The Chronicle!*

And you, my worthy working-man,
Who've raised yourself above suspicion,
If you would raise your daughter Anne,
And get her social recognition,
Just let her seek dramatic ways,
And in a pair of silk tights deck her,
And on her beach of promise days
You'll read her virtues in *The Ecker*.

Meanwhile, your betters, gentlemen
And ladies, both by worth and station,
Will hope to be passed over when
You've reached your goal of publication;
'Society' will hope for peace
In which to sin and cut its capers,
But trusts the scribes will never cease
To flaunt your vices in the papers!
Le Passant.

That the Auckland Amateurs were quite justified in reproducing the 'Mikado' no one will doubt who witnessed the performances at the Opera House on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week. The audiences on each of these nights were large and enthusiastic, and the piece went along most smoothly. The chief thing to record in connection with the opera's re-appearance is the change in cast, by which Mr George Reid took the role of Nanki Poo. Mr Reid, though a baritone, accommodated his voice excellently well to his work, and acted with a great deal of spirit. In the love-making he scored heavily, and won loud applause.



ENGAGEMENTS
 The engagement is announced of Miss Maggie Shannon, the third daughter of Mr G. V. Shannon, Rangitikei and Wellington, to Dr. J. Carr Smith, of Hunterville, eldest son of the late Dr. Smith, who for many years resided in the Wairarapa district.

THREE Picton engagements are announced this week: —Miss R. Speed to Mr John Duncan, J.P., of the Grove, Queen Charlotte Sound. Miss Mary Seymour, eldest daughter of Mr H. C. Seymour, of Cam House, to Mr G. J. Riddels, of Picton. Miss K. Seymour, second daughter of Mr H. C. Seymour, to Mr George Seale, late of Picton, who has now joined the busy throng in Western Australia. The happy couples are receiving congratulations from everybody.

The latest Wellington engagements announced are: —Miss Davy to Mr Charles Knight; and Miss Cameron to Mr Fred Pearce. Miss Cameron is a sister to the young lady who is engaged to Mr Cecil Kible.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR A. MILLER TO MISS HAMBURY.

A VERY pretty wedding took place at St. John's Church, Ponsonby, on Thursday afternoon, when Miss Hambury, eldest daughter of Mr J. Hambury, of Shelly Beach Road, was married to Mr Ambrose Miller.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a trained gown of rich cream cashmere, caught up on the skirt with little posies of orange blossoms, which formed graceful drapings; her veil was exquisite. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet.

THE bridesmaids were Misses Clarice and Beatrice Hambury, who wore pale pink frocks, with cream picture hats and carried baskets of roses. Mr A. Hatton acted as groomsmen.

SOME of the dresses noted were: —

Mrs Hambury, chocolate-coloured satin, white Maltese lace fichu, black lace bonnet with pink roses; Miss E. Hambury, pretty fawn dress, yoke and sleeves of terra-cotta and shot silk, white hat; Miss A. Hambury, electric blue silk shot with fawn, bouquet of sturtions. Amongst the guests were Mrs Cox, black gown, black lace cape, black lace bonnet; Mrs Lawry, green silk, black lace cape, black and green bonnet; Mrs Langlands, pretty white China silk, white chiffon hat; Miss Cook, white crepon dress, chiffon hat; Mrs Wood, electric blue, a darker shade of brocade epaulettes, etc., etc.

MR DOBSON TO MISS DOBSON.

LAST Wednesday the church of The Nativity, Blenheim, was the scene of a simple but pretty wedding between Miss Carrie Dobson, daughter of Mrs Dobson (Blenheim) and Mr Herbert Alexander Dobson (Picton.)

THE bride entered on the arm of her brother, Mr Walter Dobson, and was attended by her sister, Miss Millie Dobson, and Miss Gracie Huddlestone, her mother giving her away, and Mr Henry Dobson accompanied the bridegroom as best man.

THE ceremony, performed by the Venerable Archdeacon Grace, was choral, Miss McCabe and Mr Royers being at the organ. The bride was pretty and charming in a lovely white silk lustré striped with brocade lilies of the valley, and trimmed handsomely with lace, becoming cream gauze hat with cream lace and white poppies, and she carried a beautiful shower bouquet of white flowers.

THE bridesmaids wore pretty white pin spot muslins, and dainty fancy straw hats trimmed with ribbon and white lilac. Mrs Dobson (mother of the bride) looked very nice in black silk, moire and lace mantle, and jet bonnet.

AMONG the guests were Mesdames Hodson, Williams, Grace, Jenkins, Coomb, Anabel, Jackson, Howard Dodson, Misses Clark, McLaughlin, Chaytor (three), Hayner, and Messrs Chaytor, Henderson, Coombly, and Arrbencombe (three, etc., who were entertained at afternoon tea, after which Mr and Mrs Herbert Dobson drove to Picton, the bride wearing a becoming grey travelling dress and hat to match.

THE presents were both useful and ornamental, and testified to the popularity of the bride and bridegroom.

AN ART EXHIBITION IN AUCKLAND.

AN exhibition of art work by Australian and other artists of repute has attracted the attention of lovers of art in Auckland during the past week. Some of the most interesting, and certainly some of the finest exhibits shown are those in black and white by Swinton Diston, F. B. Schell, and other fine artists. One or two of these pictures are the originals of the fine engravings drawn for the 'Picturesque Atlas.' There is a fine picture of the mail steamer leaving Auckland wharf, and another, sure to command admiration, of Lyttelton Harbour. A fine picture of Wellington is one of the most noticeable in the exhibition, and a pretty view of the Cemetery Bridge and gully in Auckland will be certain to please all who have enjoyed the original vista. Altogether the exhibition is well worth a visit, the oils and water colours also being worthy of prolonged inspection.

The Parnell Lawn Tennis Club have a faculty for giving pleasant and successful entertainments. There is therefore no doubt but that their *tableaux* and concert to be given on the 21st instant will be very largely patronised. Rumour has it that the pictures are to be of quite exceptional artistic merit, and the concert will assuredly be a very pleasant one.

PARNELL TENNIS CLUB.

TABLEAUX & CONCERT

IN
 ST. BONAVENTURA HALL, PARNELL,
 THURSDAY, NOV. 21.
 ADMISSION, 1s. 6d., 1s. ADMISSION, 1s. 6d., 1s.



AUCKLAND ORCHESTRAL UNION AND AUCKLAND LIEDERTAFEL.

The Fourth Subscription Concert of the present season of the above Societies will take place in the CHORAL HALL on Thursday, 21st inst., 8 p.m. The programme which is the result of a plebiscite on the three preceding Concerts, will be shortly published.

A limited number of tickets at 2s each may be obtained as usual. Box plan at Wildman and Lyell's at 10 a.m. on Monday, 18th inst.

A. B. REYNOLDS,
 Hon. Secretary.

EXHIBITION AND SALE

OF OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS, BLACK AND WHITE WORK.

By the following Artists: J. Swinton Diston, Julian R. Ashton, F. B. Schell, Neville Cayley, Valentine Dellaware, Philip Lee, L. M. Barnett.

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Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEA, NOVEMBER 12.
 We have once more enjoyed the Amateur Opera Company's production of the

'MIKADO', which was staged for three nights last week, and was again much appreciated. A large number of the audience were strangers from a distance, Oshanga, Thames, Kaipara, etc., so I am unable to give their names.

The talented GREENWOOD FAMILY also finished their season, the young ladies looking as pretty as ever. I saw amongst those present Mrs Walcott, in black; Misses Walcott (two), black skirts and blue and pink blouses, respectively; Mrs Masfield, terre with black velvet; Mrs Broughton (Wangarei), black silk with electric blue brocade; Mrs Miller in black; Mrs Harry Jarvis, black skirt, canary blouse; Mrs Leonard, black silk with white flowers; Miss Leonard, black skirt, white Liberty silk blouse, large bouquet of white flowers; Mrs Maxwell, black lace with white lace; Miss Chadwick looks very pretty in black, adorned with white; Mrs Seccombe, black silk; and her daughter wore a mode grey. But as I told you before, light blouses are so much worn in the Opera House just now, that they become monotonous and indescribable.

THE MOUNT ALBERT SOCIAL

took place last Thursday evening in the Mount Albert Hall, and as usual, the ladies of the district kindly provided light refreshments. The floor was in perfect condition, almost like rice. Amongst those present Mrs S. Sloman, in black; Mrs Brown silk; Mrs Tanner, grey check tailor-made gown finished with black brown velvet sleeves; Mrs Kerr Taylor, dark skirt, coquillet; red silk blouse; Mrs Wright, black; Miss Sellers, dark skirt, cream blouse; Miss Lusk looked very pretty in a white satin evening gown finished with tulle and pink roses; Miss Florrie Sellers, a bright pink gown relieved with white; Miss Maud Sellers, eel blue; Miss Maud Martin, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Emma Edith, flatter dark skirt, coral pink blouse with white lace and pink ribbon streamers; Miss Ethel Dixon, dome blue; Miss Florrie Dixon, dark green; Miss Dawson, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss M. Dawson, lawn tulle skirt; Miss M. Wright, black; Mrs B. Taylor, dark skirt, dark skirt, Mexique blue blouse; Miss Goodwin, dark skirt and red blouse; Miss - Lusk, striking coquillet red gown veiled in net; Mrs Swift; Miss S. Brown, a white evening gown fleeced with chiffon; Miss W. Hill, dark skirt and white rock with red mesh; Miss Hill, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss Harper, dark skirt, pink blouse.

The Mount Eden and Epona Lawn opened last Saturday. The attendance was very small, owing no doubt to the numerous counter-attractions. The ever refreshing cup of tea was dispensed with lady cakes and other delicacies. Amongst those present were Miss Paton in navy, and her sister, slate grey; Miss Hardie, black skirt, white blouse; Mrs Florence Walker, black mourning gown; Mrs Chapman, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs McClelland, black and white blouse; Miss - Oway, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Thompson (Rocklands), lilac saphy; Misses Mary Gorrie, Hesketh, and Whitson were studied in dark skirts and various shades of lilac blouses; Miss Towsey, black; Miss Hespocor navy; Mrs Alice Taylor wore terra-cotta; Mrs C. Baker, grey gown; Miss Dudley, black skirt, white blouse, purple vest, and white sailor hat with purple trimming; Misses Stewart (two), dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs B. Taylor, black skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Heather, grey; Miss Spier looked well in navy skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Blizard Brown, black brown silk; Mrs Heywood, black; Miss M. Heywood, salmon pink with green velvet tabs; Miss Alford-Hesketh, grey, dark skirt, white blouse, gem hat; Miss Millie Hesketh, grey costume, hat to match; Miss Freese, pretty dark skirt and pale blue blouse, gem hat; Miss E. Freese, navy skirt, pretty blue blouse, sailor hat; Miss Thompson, hellebore costume, white hat; Miss Brown, pretty light tweed, hat to match; and many others whose names I do not know.

The Auckland RACING CLUB'S SECOND SPRING MEETING took place at Ellerslie last Saturday, Prince of Wales Birthday. The day was fine, and not too warm. The stand was filled with an elegant and well-dressed crowd. The brilliancy of the ladies' frocks and the green velvet sword in front of the stand had indeed very picturesque effect. Amongst the most numerous gowns one met to remember I recollect Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, wife of the President, in a stylish blue grey lustré faced with black, white sailor hat; Miss Elsie Elliot, white serge skirt and cape, pink and white striped blouse, picture hat; Miss Florrie Buckland, slate grey, hat of floral decorations; Mrs Ching, striking grey gown trimmed with salmon and veiled in ecru lace, bonnet to correspond with pink flowers; Miss Stevenson, grey gown, pink hat, white vest; Miss Stevenson, navy and white check tailor-made gown; and another sister looked pretty in brown; Mrs Dargaville looked well in a black silk, bowler (for yoke veiled in net, bonnet with yellow daisies); Mrs Dargaville, electric blue, black skirt; pretty lilac costume; Miss Percival, mode grey, and her sister dark skirt, white blouse; Miss E. Percival, oil green; Mrs Masfield, black silk; Mrs Duffaut was very much admired in black, black creponette, bonnet, and green and salmon veiled in ecru lace with orange rosettes, black lace bonnet to correspond; Miss Ida Worsp, navy gown with electric lace bodice; Miss Hilina Worsp, fawn gown pink vest; Miss Dunsmuir, well fitting brown tweed; Mrs B. Baker was looking her best in dark skirt, white blouse, white sailor hat; Mrs Mair, brown; Miss Mair looked chic in a dark skirt, violet velvet blouse, hat trimmed in white; Miss Thorpe, broad green cashmere; Miss Flora Thorpe, old gold; Miss Churton and her sister were similarly attired in dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Hanna, dark skirt, white spotted blouse, sailor hat; Miss Wilkins, brown holland relieved with blue; Miss Maud Wilkins, navy cambric with large white sleeves; Mrs E. Mackie, mode grey; Miss Bailey, dark grey lustré; Miss Sutton, grey tailor-made gown; Mrs Neil, navy skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Atkinson, black silk with bead trimmings; Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, terre brocade bonnet; Mrs W. Bloomfield, black creponette skirt, white flowered silk bodice with black net cape, magenta velvet bonnet; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, brown tweed, white lace collar, lilac vest, striking veiled black lace; Misses D. and M. Thompson, black silk with natural daisies on orange; Miss Thompson, navy serge, brown cape; and her sister, cream striped lustré, sailor hat; Mrs W. Bloomfield, black creponette; Mrs Thomas Morrison, stylish grey gown, pink hat, white vest; Miss Tilly, mode grey tweed trimmed with green, silver grey bonnet; Miss Aubrey, short slate grey frock, large black lace hat with lavender flowers; Mrs Lyon, black silk with violet sleeves veiled in black lace; Mrs Lusk, black skirt, pink blouse; Miss Anneson, fawn gown trimmed with electric blue, large hat with black velvet and flowers; Mrs Duthie, abalone green silk in frock, bonnet to match relieved with pink; Mrs Colbeck, black gown with bodice of electric blue; Mrs Mair, black silk skirt, cream spotted blouse; Mrs (Dr.) Bawa, Mrs Bodie, navy, and sailor hat; Mrs Burton, mode grey with black lace bonnet; Miss Bush, pale blue saphy; black mesh, white sailor hat; Mrs Chamberlain, dark grey with black spots, black lace cape;

morning of the same day the members, thinking it would be wet, postponed it until Saturday fortnight. Some of those I noticed present were Mrs McLaren, in a stylish black crepon, bodice of grey silk embroidered in black; baserain; white and black striped bonnet with yellow roses; Mrs Garland (Oamaru), tall, made fawn vicuna cloth, black chip toque trimmed with heliotrope, violets and green opreys; Mrs Gairway, black and white striped print with white and black crepon; Mrs Finkler, black crepon skirt, heliotrope blouse, black satin cape, black hat trimmed with heliotrope; Mrs Macassay, black crepon skirt, handsome black velvet cape, dainty jet bonnet with pink feathers; Mrs Ross, black and white striped print with white and black bonnet; Mrs Strongair (Invercargill), gown elaborately banded with cream insertion over pale blue silk, cape to match, black bonnet with spot silk ribbon to match; Mrs Napier Bell, black crepon dress, black and white striped print with white and black bonnet; Mrs Thomson, black and white striped print with white and black bonnet; Mrs Gairgoud, blue and white figured blouse, white sailor hat trimmed with yellow, blue and white ribbons; Mrs Ogleton, fawn cashmere, large bengaline silk sleeves to match, small black bonnet with yellow flowers; Mrs Khodes (Christchurch), brown flaked tweed, black chip hat; Mrs Graham, black crepon skirt, man's to match, black bonnet with yellow cowslips; Miss Howe, white muslin with blue, green chip toque trimmed with magenta and pink; Miss K. Royle, white muslin dress and cape figured with pale pink and green trimmed with pink and green ribbons, large white chip hat with white ostrich plume and white ribbon; Miss Webster, black crepon skirt and cape, white linen blouse, black toque with pink roses and black feathers; Miss G. Webster, black serge skirt and jacket faced with black silk, bright pink and white striped hat with pink large roses; Mrs K. Ulrich, stylish fawn checked silk blouse, blue crepon skirt, large white beaver hat trimmed with white ostrich tips and white field daisies; Miss K. MacLean, blue and white sailor costume, white sailor hat; Mrs Shand, black and white striped print with white and black bonnet; Mrs De Salen, brown vicuna cloth jacket and skirt, pink blouse with white spots, black toque with black chiffon and clover flowers; Miss Koch (Wellington), fawn tweed hat to match; and Miss Graham, blue serge jacket and skirt.

The evening of the same day Mrs Shand (University Buildings) gave a

SMALL CURE PARTY.

The top prizes were won by Miss S. Graham and Mr Leslie Williams. The boobies were Miss E. McLaren and Mr Pyke. The ladies' booty prize consisted of a penny balloon and the gentleman's of a lolly pipe. Those present were Mrs Shand in black figured cloth with white crepon, black and white striped bonnet, black and white striped blouse; Miss E. Shand, black velvet skirt, white evening bodice trimmed with black lace; Miss L. Shand, white figured dolman trimmed with cream lace; Miss Graham, narrow white egg skirt, black and white striped bonnet; Miss E. Graham, pink figured silk blouse, black and white striped bonnet; Mrs K. Ulrich, prune coloured velvet; Miss E. McLaren, black silk skirt, heliotrope velvet blouse; Miss S. Bartleman, sage green silk blouse, black skirt; Miss K. MacLean, pink blouse, white muslin collar.

AILEEN.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 5.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROVINCE

was altogether a disappointing day—wet enough in the early morning to put a veto on all excursions, and then clearing up when too late into a most beautiful summer's day. The cricket match at Nelson Square, but the ground was in too soft a condition, so that was put off. Then six hundred excursionists who were coming down by train to picnic in the bays looked at the clouded sky and the chilly and pattered cold lunch and either to go to an amiser; also the Blenheim Church of England Sunday-school children, who were to come down by train to Koromiko and spend the day in Captain Dalton's grounds, shed many bitter tears over their disappointed excursion. The ground was in too soft a condition, Nelson Square was quite a pretty scene with no less than four cricket matches going on at once, the seniors playing a grand game with picked sides, then the rising generation of big boys in one corner, and the little ones in another, and the girls in the playing most energetically in another, so that flying balls made it rather lively for the spectators.

THE READING SOCIETY

met in the Institute and spent a pleasant and instructive evening. Mrs McIntyre's reading of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' was greatly appreciated, and then Lady was earnestly begged to read a story by another reading next week. Mr Howard read a portion of 'The Iliads,' and gave much pleasure to his audience by his admirable acting in the different parts. Others present were Mr and Mrs Sedwick, Messrs Lyttelton, Allen, Mr C. Seymour, Williams, McShane, Howard, H. Howard, Seely, and the Misses Seymour, Seely, Allen, Williams two, Balfour, Howard, Greenhill, Jackson, etc.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Mrs Linton gave a small afternoon tea for the returned travellers—Messieurs Allen, H. C. Seymour, and Andrews—on Wednesday. Mrs Andrews was looking prettier than ever in black crepon frock with orange surah silk front and collar, and small hat trimmed shaded silk bows and cluster of orange-shaded flowers. Mrs Linton was in black striped silk; Mrs Hanlon, in black cashmere, and black bonnet with cream sylvia sprays; Mrs Seymour, tweed costume, black lace hat with yellow roses; Mrs Allen, black; and Miss Linton, red.

On Saturday the Blenheim Sunday-school children came down by train and picnicked at Koromiko. Captain and Mrs Dalton were safe to ensure the children a real good time to make up for the disappointment of the previous day.

Mrs Knorr left on Thursday to join her husband, the Rev. Harold Knorr, in Christchurch.

Miss Alice Scott is another returned wanderer, arriving home on Friday after a three months' visit to her sister in Marton.

Miss R. Speed is going to join her sister, Miss R. Speed, who is going to join her sister, Miss Marion Speed, whose health required a change. We hope to welcome them both back shortly.

The Prince of Wales' Birthday is to be kept up here on Monday, the 11th, as it is in London. It is a day of national rejoicing, and only the weather is propitious. The Friendly Societies of Blenheim intend holding their annual *feite* here this year. This, with excursion steamers from Wellington and other attractions, should brighten up as usual.

Mr Chook, of Blenheim, is coaching our local amateurs up in the 'Messiah,' so that they may assist in the performance of that great oratorio in Blenheim shortly. The weekly practice is looked forward to with much pleasure.

The Roman Catholics, who intend having a bazaar here on New Year's Day, are instituting quite a sensation doll-dressing competition, a prize for all-comers being £10, and other prizes according to age.

Mr and Mrs Selmon (Blenheim) are still here staying at Mrs Alport's in High-street. Mr Selmon is in charge of the Post and Telegraph till Mr Gudgeon's successor is appointed.

Mr Cyril Gudgeon, of Queenstown, was married just too late to his brother alive, in Picton for a few days.

Captain and Mrs Hellige (Para) returned home from Wellington last week. They were accompanied by Miss Staveley, who is engaged to their son.

Pleasant letters have been received by friends here from Mr and Mrs John Mowat, posted at different ports of call. They expected to reach their destination—the Falkland Islands—three weeks later than their present time.

Mr Anderson, who has been in charge of Mr Andrews' malting business during his absence in England, has gone down the Sound to visit friends and recruit.

Mrs Pollock had returned from a long visit to the Empire City much improved in health, I am glad to say.

OBITUARY.

I have to record with much regret the death of Mr J. H. Gudgeon which occurred on the 11th inst. at Blenheim. For about five months past Mr Gudgeon has been patiently and resignedly awaiting the end. That he bore his terrible affliction with almost divine patience, and underwent operation after operation for cancer with almost unheard of courage, has made everyone mourn

that so good and so brave a man should be cut off in the very prime of life—at the early age of 41. Mr Gudgeon entered the Post and Telegraph Department in the Wellington office, and worked his way up till six years ago he succeeded Mr J. G. Ballard as Postmaster at Picton. He was respected and esteemed by all who had dealings with him for his upright and honourable character, and those who knew him best loved him for his social qualities. His death will be generally deplored. Mr Gudgeon was born in the Auckland district, his father being the late W. E. Gudgeon, author of 'Heroes of New Zealand.' Besides three brothers—Major Gudgeon, of Tolaga Bay; Mr Gudgeon, of Melbourne; and Mr C. Gudgeon, of Queenstown—Mr Gudgeon leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. The funeral, which took place at the Picton cemetery on Saturday, was largely attended by Blenheim and Picton friends. Wreaths from the Wellington, Dunedin, Thames, Auckland, and Picton offices decorated the coffin, besides many others from private friends. Mr Gudgeon was a member of St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic) Church, and services *in memoriam* were held in that church on Sunday. In the Anglican church Rev. A. H. Sedwick also made feeling references to Mr Gudgeon's Christian life and character, and after the evening service the organist, Miss May Greensill, played the 'Dead March.'

JEAN.

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

Any reader of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC can have his or her character sketched by sending a specimen of handwriting with signature or *nom de plume* to

MADAME MARCELLA,

'GRAPHIC' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

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

'MIDGE.'—You have great originality, force of character and determination. Exceedingly warm-hearted and affectionate, your love once given would be steadfast and unwavering. You are frank and independent, and very impatient of restraint or control. You decide for yourself, and form and maintain your own opinions with courage and tenacity. You have excellent abilities, your mental powers are clear and vigorous, and I detect very little vanity or love of display. Your temper is hasty and impetuous, but you are never vindictive or revengeful, and a most faithful and generous friend. You are particularly candid and sincere. Anything in the form of deception or even *finesse* is utterly foreign to your nature, and you would rather err on the side of speaking too plainly than depart from the truth in word or deed. You are generally hopeful, and if adversity come can meet it bravely.—MARCELLA.

'Piano.'—You have a most sympathetic and affectionate temperament. Your tastes are refined and well cultivated. You have great musical ability, and are very fond of children and flowers. You are truthful and sincere, reserved with strangers, and seldom betray your strongest feelings, but in congenial society you can be a charming and agreeable companion. You are very unselfish, and rarely consider your own interests or advantage where those whom you love are concerned. Your energy and devotion in their behalf are perfectly tireless, but you are highly sensitive, tenacious of their affections, and a little disposed to fancy yourself neglected. This trait is accentuated by absence of vanity and self-esteem. You are scarcely just in the estimate of your own attractions. A little more firmness and perseverance would also be beneficial. You are very industrious, nevertheless, and skilful with your fingers.—MARCELLA.

THE BREAKWATER OPENING FESTIVITIES AT NAPIER.

LAST week two pictures were given of the opening of the Napier Breakwater by His Excellency the Governor. This week we 'follow on' with a couple of views of the procession in the streets' at that occasion. The Governor, it will be remembered, arrived at the station at 10.30 from Wellington, and was met at the station by Mayor Swan, the Councillors and the members of the Harbour Board. A very large procession was formed, the various local bodies taking part. There were volunteers, firemen, friendly societies, and numbers of others, so that the affair was of quite an imposing nature. The weather was beautiful, and the opening passed off in the most satisfactory manner possible. The route taken was round the Bluff road to the breakwater. On arrival there His Excellency was escorted to a dais gaily decorated for the occasion. The Mayor apologised for the absence of the Hon. Mr Ormond, Chairman of the Harbour Board, who had taken such an active part in starting the works, and read congratulatory telegrams from the Gisborne Harbour Board. Lord Glasgow congratulated the district upon the breakwater having been carried to such a successful issue, and trusted the inhabitants would greatly benefit thereby. It gave him the greatest pleasure to declare the breakwater open. Mayor Swan, with His Excellency's sanction, christened the wharf 'Glasgow Wharf.' Charts were presented to the Governor and to Captain Waller, of the Flora. The party then adjourned for luncheon aboard the steamer, where congratulatory toasts were proposed and drunk, and a pleasant time was spent.

ONE MAN ONE VALUE.

(A CRICKET REFLECTION.)

THINK is something quite remarkable in the influence which, in a team of talented cricketers, the presence of a single individual may have upon the fortunes of a series of matches. Numerically he is but an eleventh part of the whole side; but actually, as has been proved over and over again, he represents something far above his mere fractional value. As a batsman or a bowler he is probably superior to his colleagues, yet not to such an extent as to lead the critic to suppose that his loss would be irreparable. And yet it is a little singular to observe the melancholy gap which his absence creates.

The present season has witnessed the return of Lohmann to the ranks of the Surrey Eleven. Up to date, although he has been unquestionably useful, and although there seems to be little likelihood of his being dropped from the ranks of the county which will presumably be again champion, he has scarcely assumed the unique position which he once held. One can remember the time when he was the great *pièce de résistance* of the Oval contingent. From his departure it took Surrey at least a season to recover. In 1893 the side seemed at sixes and sevens, and we are inclined to think that much of their depression was due to Lohmann's absence.

The greatest instance in all the history of cricket of one man standing in the breach and restoring the fortunes of the fight is Dr. W. G. Grace. When he first appeared upon the scene the gentlemen of England never presumed to have the least chance in their annual battles with the professionals. After his rise to greatness, for many summers the professionals lost match after match. Quite apart from his own unique performances he inspired confidence into his fellow-amateurs: Mr Hornby, Mr Yardley, Mr C. E. Grace, and Mr Uttaway all got runs, and Mr Appleby and Mr Buchanan took many wickets. So that an extremely powerful side arose, centred about the champion, and won for ten or fifteen years, so long as he was in his zenith—if there be any zenith of a fame so durable as Dr. Grace's. If we trace still further the history of the Gentlemen and Players' matches, we might almost add additional evidence to our case by pointing out that it was the advent of Shrewsbury which eventually made the difference. He found the professional batting of the seventies in a tolerably poor way. A complete inability to play the leg-breaks of Mr A. G. Steel was especially noticeable; there were hitters like Ulyett and Selby, but the stars of Daft and Lockwood were on the wane. With Shrewsbury began a new era, during which professional cricket reasserted its old superiority. His loss to Nottingham meant far more; his absence meant an altered order and consequent confusion.

With University teams the case is the same. The value of Mr S. M. J. Woods to Cambridge was felt immediately he went up. Directly he joined the eleven things began to go well at Lord's: without him the team appeared invertebrate and lifeless. Mr C. T. Studd held at one time a similar eminence on the Light Blue side, and Mr F. S. Jackson in the last year of his captaincy. If in University cricket the phenomenon be less noticeable, it is because it is more natural; there is always an untried element in these elevens, and the aid of some players of proved skill and experience cannot fail of its good effect.

In county elevens, where there is bound to be a fairly widespread amount of experience, you would scarcely expect to find one-man teams as often as you do. Yet an observer may discriminate fairly accurately between elevens of solid and equally distributed merit and elevens wherein one Triton disports himself among minnows. Gloucestershire, needless to say, is the great case in point. But this summer we have seen it urged against Lancashire that they depend too much upon the defence of Albert Ward, and this despite Mr Maclaren's runs against Somersetshire the other day. Sussex now place their complete reliance upon Prince Kanjitsinhji; and when he fails the rest fall contendedly.

We would not, however, have it thought that the star of the side must necessarily himself be everywhere successful. That is not precisely part of the programme. The main factor in his worth is his presence and the direct encouragement which this gives to his colleagues. A star has a moral value to the side, beyond his own personal achievements. He stands a living instance of glorious possibilities which he has himself demonstrated over and over again. He has shown that such and such bowling can be made to look amazingly simple; he has proved that such and such batsmen may be readily bowled out. Hence you no sooner find a famous player constituting himself the mainstay of his side than you discover other useful and successful cricketers accomplishing feats which the presiding genius of the eleven has rendered possible. Doctor Grace seemed to create batsmen in the old Gloucestershire team. Mr Townsend and Mr Moberley might never have been heard of but for the champion. As it was, they did performances of startling merit on their own account when the Gloucestershire captain himself failed; Lohmann made bowlers for Surrey; Beaumont and Howley and Lockwood were invaluable men, tumbling from the opposite wicket to Lohmann himself. Energy and enthusiasm are notoriously infectious; but it would seem as though genius itself were capable at times of transmitting sparks of its divine fire to others.

The typical eleven of solid talent is Yorkshire. You may take away any single man there without incapacitating the side. Peel is their most valuable man, perhaps; but Lawry and Hirst can be relied upon to be dangerous bowlers, and the batting is good all through. Remove Richardson from Surrey, Mr Stoddart from Middlesex, Prince Kanjitsinhji from Sussex, Dr. Grace from Gloucestershire, and Ward from Lancashire, and the whole issue of the County Championship would be changed.

Possibly this consideration may throw some light upon that misused phrase, 'the glorious uncertainty of the game.'

| COMPANIES. | REGISTERED. | CAPITAL. | NO. OF SHARES. | SHARES ISSUED. | EACH. | PAID-UP. | AREA. | LATEST QUOTATION. | MANAGER. |
|--------------------------------|-------------|----------|----------------|----------------|-------|----------|--------|-------------------|------------------|
| KUAOTUNU— | | | | | | | | | |
| Maori Dream .. | N.L. | 9,000 | | | s. d. | s. d. | Acres. | | |
| Otama .. | Ltd. | 20,000 | 60,000 | 40,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 100 | 2 5 | E. J. White |
| Prospect .. | N.L. | 12,000 | 40,000 | 80,000 | 10 0 | 0 3 | 11 | 1 3 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Premier (late Kuaotunu No. 2). | N.L. | 12,000 | 80,000 | 60,000 | 3 0 | | | | J. H. Harrison |
| Phoenix .. | N.L. | 9,000 | 80,000 | 60,000 | 3 0 | 0 6 | 50 | | W. H. Churton |
| Try Fluke .. | Ltd. | 12,500 | 60,000 | | 3 0 | 0 6 | 30 | 9 | J. J. Macky |
| Waitaia .. | Ltd. | 15,000 | 50,000 | 60,000 | 5 0 | 0 6 | 20 | 11 0 | H. Gilfillan |
| | | | 60,000 | | 5 0 | 0 5½ | 85 | 4 3 | W. H. Churton |
| UPPER THAMES— | | | | | | | | | |
| KARANGAHAKE | | | | | | | | | |
| Asteroid .. | N.L. | 9,000 | 100,000 | 10,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 110 | | J. H. Harrison |
| Crown .. | Ltd. | 80,000 | 80,000 | 80,000 | 20 0 | 20 0 | 100 | 48 6 | |
| Excelsior .. | N.L. | 9,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 100 | 9 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Golden Crown | N.L. | 10,500 | 70,000 | 30,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | | | W. R. Waters |
| Golden Fleece | N.L. | 10,500 | 70,000 | 60,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 30 | 10 | W. Clarke |
| 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 | 110,000 | 100,000 | 2 0 | 0 2 | 60 | 2 1 | H. Gilfillan |
| Ivanhoe .. | N.L. | 5,500 | 55,000 | 50,000 | 2 0 | 0 2 | 30 | 1 0 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Karangahake | N.L. | 14,000 | 70,000 | 70,000 | 4 0 | Nil. | 30 | | H. Gilfillan |
| Karangahake Ruby | N.L. | 75,000 | 75,000 | 65,000 | 2 0 | | | | W. Clarke |
| Mangakara United | N.L. | 15,000 | 100,000 | 90,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 150 | | J. Barber |
| Mariner .. | N.L. | 10,500 | 70,000 | 60,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 60 | 9 | G. C. Morris |
| Rob Roy .. | Ltd. | 9,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 13 | | H. Gilfillan |
| Red Gauntlet .. | N.L. | 6,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 2 0 | 1 0 | 30 | 6 | R. M. Scott |
| South British .. | N.L. | 14,000 | 70,000 | 65,000 | 4 0 | Nil. | 30 | 8 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Shotover .. | N.L. | 17,500 | 70,000 | 70,000 | 5 0 | Nil. | 42 | 9 | W. Clarke |
| Sterling .. | N.L. | 6,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 30 | 5 | H. Gilfillan |
| Stanley .. | N.L. | 6,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 30 | 7 | W. Gray |
| St. Patrick .. | N.L. | 10,000 | 100,000 | 80,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 30 | 10 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Talisman .. | Ltd. | 25,000 | 100,000 | 80,000 | 5 0 | 1 1 | 60 | 11 6 | S. C. Macky |
| Talisman Extended | Ltd. | 22,500 | 150,000 | 118,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 67 | 2 0 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Victor .. | N.L. | 110,000 | 220,000 | 140,000 | 10 0 | 10 0 | 90 | 4 0 | R. M. Scott |
| Waverley .. | N.L. | 6,500 | 65,000 | 65,000 | 2 0 | 0 2 | 30 | 1 6 | H. Gilfillan |
| Wealth of Nations | N.L. | 14,000 | 70,000 | 60,000 | 4 0 | Nil. | 90 | 9 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Woodstock North | Ltd. | 5,000 | 50,000 | 35,000 | 2 0 | 0 2 | 9½ | 8 | H. Gilfillan |
| Woodstock United | Ltd. | 27,500 | 55,000 | | 10 0 | | 72 | 31 0 | J. Barber |
| | | | | | | | | | 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 |
| Hcritman'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 |
| Maritana .. | N.L. | 10,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 2 6 | Nil. | 100 | | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Owharoa .. | Ltd. | 37,500 | 75,000 | 75,000 | 10 0 | 0 5 | 100 | 5 9 | S. H. Matthews |
| Rising Sun .. | N.L. | 12,000 | 80,000 | 80,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 50 | | C. G. Morris |
| Teutonic .. | N.L. | 12,730 | 25,000 | 70,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 100 | 1 0 | W. Clarke |
| Ward Proprietary | N.L. | 10,000 | 100,000 | 80,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 100 | | C. G. Morris |
| 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 9 | 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 Spur .. | N.L. | 14,000 | 80,000 | 80,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 30 | 1 3 | |
| Huanui .. | N.L. | 9,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 3 0 | Nil. | 45 | 2 6 | E. J. White |
| Iota .. | | | | | | | | | |
| 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 | | 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 9 | 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. | 12,000 | 60,000 | 60,000 | 4 0 | Nil. | 100 | | W. Clarke |
| Martha Extended | N.L. | 10,000 | 100,000 | 100,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 100 | | W. H. Churton |
| Mataura .. | N.L. | 15,000 | 100,000 | | 3 0 | Nil. | 100 | | W. H. Churton |
| Queen of Waihi | N.L. | 25,000 | 100,000 | 100,000 | 5 0 | Nil. | 100 | 3 2 | 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 | 49 0 | D. G. Macdonnell |
| Waihi Consols | N.L. | 17,500 | 175,000 | 150,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 200 | 2 0 | H. Gilfillan |
| Waihi Mint .. | N.L. | 8,000 | 80,000 | 80,000 | 2 0 | Nil. | 100 | | W. R. Waters |

J. T. A. RMITAGE,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,
INSURANCE BUILDINGS,
Member of Brokers' Association, AUCKLAND.

MINING NEWS.

THE Stock Exchange has presented peculiar features during the past week owing to speculators suddenly ceasing to display eagerness to acquire interests in properties adjacent to the Hauraki mine at Coromandel. The exhibition of the excellent stone obtained from the Banker's Hill mine caused some excitement for a day or two, but when the novelty had worn off, and no further hauls of a similar nature were reported, values of most Coromandel stocks adjacent began to decline. This caused a general weakness in the market, and all parties for a day or two, which was also partly due to the arrival of the 4th of the month. On Thursday when the news became known that the Hazelbank mine had not been sold in London there was a decided lull on the market, during which most stocks receded in value owing to nervous holders being eager to sell at a concession. It appeared, for one date at all events, as if the failure to dispose of one property had knocked the bottom clean out of the market, notwithstanding the fact that within the last week or two several mines had been taken up by London syndicates. It would be a strange state of affairs if every property sent to London was accepted, no matter what terms were asked, but apparently this is what some speculators expect, and one failure seems to make them forget a dozen successful sales of mines. No property should be offered either locally or in London unless it is a really genuine venture, and if a sale is not effected in any one case, the mine still remains as good as it was before being offered, and should be just as well worth developing locally as ever it was. In the case of the Hazelbank, the property is good enough offering, as it does, the possibility of perhaps picking up the famous Caledonian lode at lower levels yet untried, but in the present state of the mine is small, no doubt the English capitalists considered that there was not sufficient ground to warrant the erection of the plant requisite for getting to the lower levels. The immediate result was to cause shares to be offered at a considerable reduction upon late rates, but the next day sellers were not so eager, and the market firmed again. The peculiar feature of the week was that notwithstanding the prevailing dulness, yet immediately some gold-bearing stone was shown from a new mine called the Argosy, there was a sudden rush to get shares in the property, and the price advanced in a few hours from 9s to 3s. Of course such a sharp rise was followed by a decline, as all the shares were held at very low figures. Still the sharp advance goes to prove the buoyancy of the market provided gold can be shown to exist. No matter how large may be a lode of low grade ore, or how well it would pay to work, the average speculator has a weakness for stone which shows the gold plainly without the aid of a glass, and that is the reason why Coromandel stocks have been so much in favour lately. Shares in the Queen of Waikato mine have been in demand throughout the week at a price which was floated a couple of months ago. This is due to the fact that the mine adjoins the Waikato Silvertown, and it is stated there is every probability of the Silvertown lode being picked up in the shaft now being sunk on the new mine. The new find at Cabbage Bay continues to attract the attention of prospectors. Several parties have gone there during the last fortnight to try their luck. It is stated that some prospectors are so afraid of pegging out too little that they enclose from 100 to 300 acres in their pegs. This ensures their getting the 30 acres they are entitled to, and has the advantage (from their point of view) of locking up the adjacent ground for the benefit of their particular friends who can apply for the surplus. This system of 'grid-ironing' a country is objectionable as being calculated to hamper real prospecting. It is stated that in one instance an applicant pegged off about a mile square, so his 30 acres should be very sure. At all events this system does away with any danger of claims overlapping. Six special claims have also been applied for at Boat Harbours, where, though the country is rough, the lodes are large. Professor Black, of Otago University, who lately paid a visit to the district, has taken with him to Auckland sample stones from this locality for assay.

At the sitting of the Warden's Court at Paeroa this week no less than 800 applications were sent in for holdings, residences, and machine sites and water rights, an evidence of the energy with which the

mining is being carried on. Naturally surveyors are kept very busy, and complaints are still numerous about delay in getting plans.

The taking up of new mining areas in all the different centres seems to be going on as steadily as ever, although perhaps the Waikato district is claiming most attention just at present. Two more claims have been applied for north of Waikato, on a line with the Fifty-foot Reef claim and Dixon No. 1, so that there are now about 8 special claims in that locality adjoining and all supposed to contain the one reef. This is no doubt a tremendous reef, and if it proves payable will open up a large area of country hitherto neglected. An application has also been made for the Komata West Extended, which consists of 100 acres in a very good locality, and in which there are said to be three reefs, one 30 feet wide, and all gold bearing. Applications have also been lodged for the surplus ground of the Grafton licensed holding at Waitekauri. It is proposed to amalgamate three claims here, giving an area of 230 acres, and a well known Wellington firm have undertaken the flotation of the united properties on the London market. The ground is a splendid one in its position, and contains several reefs showing first-class samples of stone.

Prospecting is proceeding vigorously in the Tauranga district, and hardly a day passes without some miners going to hunt for gold, and the general opinion expressed is that the prospects are sufficiently good to warrant work being done. In an article in a London journal, Mr L. Westwood, who was out here some months ago in connection with the Grand Junction mine, has given some interesting facts regarding our goldfields which should tend to still further direct the attention of English capitalists in this direction. This gentleman writes: 'The reefs attain immense width, as at Waikato and Waitekauri, and owing to the nature of the country they can be opened up at a low cost by a system of adit levels. Timber is plentiful for all purposes, and water power is generally obtainable. A gold producing district, with so many facilities for mining, promises to be an important source of revenue to the colony of New Zealand. This can be attained by the introduction of capital, for which the Government of the colony should give every possible facility, and thus assist the opening up of a large field for the employment of labour.' Regarding the Waikato mine the writer states: 'The Martha reef is of immense width, averaging about 25 feet of milling ore, which increases in richness in the lower levels. The Welcome reef, which runs parallel to the Martha, is of richer quality, and is opening out to an extraordinary extent. The latest reports give most important evidence of the increasing value and size of these reefs. The property contains other valuable reefs, which is intended to work, and the future of this company appears to be one of the greatest in mining history.' After referring to the Waitekauri mine as a most valuable property, and the Woodstock as the most valuable at Karangahake, Mr Westwood concludes: 'With capital to work these mines on a large scale good profits will be made. I went from Coromandel to Kuaotunu across the main range. On the eastern side of this range is a country offering great facilities for mining, with many reefs already known, and from which gold has been obtained. This district will be opened up in due course, and from appearances should prove of great value.'

With such opinions written by one who has personally visited the Northern gold fields, it is fair to assume that there is no immediate danger of English capitalists hesitating about investing in New Zealand mines.

MINING NOTES.

An account of a new and, in some respects, startling method of placer mining is thus described in the London *Mining Journal*:—'The case is of a rock bedded river with crevices formed by the eddying current, and the problem is to extract the gold from the bottom of the deeper recesses, where the movements of the river are powerless to wash away the sediment. A venturesome and resourceful Australian, struck with the conviction that much of the gold coming down the river must lie unclaimed in the bottom of the crevices, took a plunge one morning into a well like chasm, whose depth and position had struck him as being of a likely character. At first the prospect of his returning alive to the river bank seemed exceedingly remote as the depth of the recess had exceeded his expectation. The diver, however, who had pursued his education at the peer's palace, who has observed the precaution of weighting himself with heavy rock, kept bravely down, and in due course was able to snatch a handful of dust and shingle from the bottom. When, at length, he lay panting on the bank, his hand contained no fewer than seventeen nuggets, ranging in value from a few shillings to £7, as the reward of his pluck.'

CHAMBER OF MINES.

At a meeting of the Chamber of Mines held this week the following new members were elected:—Messrs J. H. Smith, A. Ewen, Jas. Heron, Jas. Baber, H. M. Shepherd, C. J. Parr, W. T. J. Bell, C. L. N. Arnold, S. W. Baker, Dr. Orpen, Hon. W. McCullough, J. M. Brigham, jun., R. C. Carr, A. H. Taylor, J. Wiseman, W. C. Duddy, jun., A. M. Kelly, F. H. Masten, P. A. Young, Geo. Robson, Harry Connell, Cecil Hartridge, J. M. Lennox, V. J. Lerner, Porter and Hauppon. The report submitted to the Finance Committee showed that up to the present 170 members and 67 companies had joined. Subscriptions had been received totalling £173 2s. and the balance in the bank was £295 18s 2d. If the present condition of the mining industry continues, it was estimated that the Chamber would receive 300 subscribing members and 200 subscribing companies, which would provide an income of about £765 per annum. It was agreed that the Chamber should keep a register of mine managers, fee to be charged 2s 6d, each applicant for registration to show qualification. Mr J. M. Lennox was elected a member of the Council vice Mr R. Spratt, deceased.

THAMES.

HAZELBANK.

This property, which included the old Caledonian mine, has been under offer on the London market since last March. Unfortunately for the shareholders, no deposit was paid by the probable purchaser, so that for all these months the property has been practically hung up. The terms asked for by the directors were more favourable than those required in the majority of properties sent to London, and this no doubt caused difficulty in negotiating the sale. Apparently, however, the efforts of Mr Thos. Melville to dispose of the property have failed, as the following telegram was received from Glasgow on Wednesday:—'The market is not inclined to accept the property at present. I will, however, keep the matter before me, and will advise you when I think it propitious.—THOS. MELVILLE.' The immediate result of this news was to cause shares to fall in price. As the secretary of the Company, Mr F. A. White, is, however, at present in London, it is not unlikely that he will take the property in hand and float it on that market. The low levels of the famous Caledonian mine should surely be well worth a trial on the part of English capitalists. As the area of the Hazelbank mine is only about 16 acres, this, no doubt, contributed towards the failure to float it. Combined with one or two adjacent mines a really valuable property might be found which would offer a fair investment for foreign capital, as the low levels are practically untouched.

The annual general meeting of shareholders of the Hazelbank company was held on Thursday, when Mr C. B. Stone presided. The directors' report for the year ending 30th September was read. This stated that no payable run of gold had been discovered. A good deal of prospecting work had been carried on, and the directors hoped that satisfactory results would follow the development of the several lodes.

The mine manager's report stated that during the year he had crushed 271 loads of quartz for a return of 41lb 2oz 4wt gold, and the tributers had put through the battery 1,805 loads, chiefly mullock, for 245oz 7dwt of gold, an average of 2dwt 17gr to the load.

The statement of accounts was as follows:—To cash in hand 30th September 1894, £4,114 10s 1d; gold, 41lb 2oz 4wt from 237 loads, £1,114 12s 3d; tributers, £44 13s 10d; calls, £1,056 10s; balance, £865 3s 1d. Total, £3,025 11s. By balance 30th September 1894, £223 8s 10d; wages, £1,666 7s 6d; mine expenses and drainages, £1,053 2s 5d; cash in hand, £16 3s 8d. Total, £3,025 11s. The reports were adopted, and the retiring directors re-elected.

GARDIGAN.

The directors of this Company decided at a meeting held this week to commence operations by driving at No. 4 level from the Saxon shaft, which is within 50 or 60 feet of the Cardigan boundary. Mr Burch, manager of the May Queen, has been appointed supervisor at the mine.

The United mine, which has been amalgamated with the Imperial, contains three known reefs running parallel. This ground has also numerous surface workings, and has had a lot of gold taken out of it in former days, when it was known as the Diamond. The Diamond lode was a famous one, and picked out of it yielded 15oz to the ton by the old battery process, when not one half the gold was saved, whilst the remaining ore was afterwards crushed and returned 8oz to the ton.

GOLDEN POINT.

No time is being lost in getting to work on the Golden Point mine at Teapu. The

machinery for the new pumping and winding plant, together with the boiler, has been landed safely at the mine, and its erection over the new shaft now in progress is to be proceeded with at once.

CAPTAIN COOK—SUCCESS.

At a meeting of the owners of the Captain Cook and Success special claims at Puriri, it was decided to amalgamate the properties with a view to thorough development of the rich reef recently unearthed on the middle boundary of the two claims.

ARGOSY.

Rich ore showing coarse particles of gold is being obtained from the Argosy mine at Tararu. The lode from which the ore was broken is 9in in thickness, but as it will junction with a large lode a few feet further ahead, it is anticipated something better will be got.

Important developments have taken place in the holdings at Tararu recently floated into a company called the Argosy. This mine was originally pegged out by Messrs Lawrie Brothers, the well known prospectors, and consists of 200 acres, situated at Tararu, on the way to Paeroa. During the earlier part of the present week one of the directors, Mr G. W. Binney, paid a visit to the mine and broke out a quantity of ore. One reef is described as being from 15 to 12 feet thick, while the other is fully 40 feet in width. Mr Binney brought back some of the stone to town with him, and placed it on view at his office. The sample showed gold very freely, the precious metal being in flakes and coarse particles. The stone attracted considerable attention, and the immediate result was to cause shares in the new company to rise in a short while from 9s to 3s, but later on there were sellers at lower rates. Judging from the appearance of the stone and the large size of the lodes this property should pay well for developing.

MAY QUEEN.

A largely attended meeting of shareholders in the May Queen Company was held this week when the Chairman, Mr W. S. Wilson explained that the meeting was called for the purpose of confirming the action of the directors in regard to the sale of the Company's property to an English Syndicate. The terms were that a new Company was to be formed, to be called the British, with a capital of £250,000 in 250,000 shares of £1 each. May Queen holders would get 86,900 shares, being share for share with 10 per cent added. Another 3,170 shares would go to the Lone Hand Company, £34,000 working capital was to be provided, and 50,000 shares would be reserved to raise further capital if required. He thought the terms were good and that credit was due to Colonel Burton who negotiated the sale. He proposed the adoption of the resolution, empowering the directors to dispose of the property. Mr R. C. Carr seconded the motion. Colonel Burton said there were only 200,000 shares, as 50,000 shares would be reserved, and that capital might never be wanted. The resolution was adopted.

LONE HAND.

An extraordinary meeting of shareholders of the Lone Hand (or Mining) Company was also held for the purpose of confirming the action of the directors in selling the Company's property to an English Company, to be called the 'British Company'. Mr W. S. Wilson presided, and said the sale was a very good transaction for the Lone Hand shareholders, who got one British share for every ten they held in the Lone Hand. A lot of money had been spent in driving a tunnel in the expectation of getting gold which showed on the surface; but they could not go on longer without further capital. He moved a proposition authorising the directors to dispose of the Lone Hand property. This was seconded by Mr Leighton and unanimously agreed to.

COROMANDEL.

TOKATEA.

At the No. 1 level in this mine a winze was sunk 20 feet on the reef in order to test the lode at first was small, and did not show much gold, but it has now widened out to a foot. On Thursday a breaking down took place in Captain Hodges' presence, with the result that 10 lb of good picked stone were obtained. Water is now coming strongly, and some temporary method will be required to keep it down, so as to carry the winze a little deeper. Then ten tons will be taken out and crushed, after which operations here will be suspended, pending the erection of suitable machinery.

BUNKER'S HILL.

Operations in this mine are being watched with some interest owing to the fact that the drive is approaching the point at which the manager expects to cut the reef which has yielded such splendid returns in the Hauraki mine. The winding machinery for this mine has arrived by sea, and will be placed in position as soon as possible. Some 35 lbs of good ore was

obtained on Thursday from No. 1 reef, which showed blotches of gold, but not good enough to be classed as specimens.

PEVERIL.

The following cable was received from London on Friday:—The prospectus of the Peveril Gold Mining Company, Hauraki district, with a capital of £70,000 is being issued, 20,000 shares being offered to the public.

NEW HAURAKI.

Rich ore was found this week in the Success portion of the New Hauraki Company's ground in a strong lode which is heavily charged with oxide of iron at a depth of 200ft from the surface. The quartz is small and rubby, but the gold is coarse and rich. Similar specimens have also been found on the 150ft level.

KARANGAHAKE.

IMPERIAL.

This mine is one of the longest held claims in Karangahake. Some excellent stone was obtained from the reef known as the Hidden Treasure, which was sought for in vain by the first holders of the ground, although they drove near the surface, until they came within about three feet of it. The next holders of the ground put in a surface drive from the other side and picked up the reef right alongside the first drive. A tunnel was then put in close to a small creek about 80 feet lower down. The reef was cut and driven on for a considerable distance, proving about three feet wide, and giving very satisfactory results. A quantity of the stone proved very rich, showing gold in coarse dabs all through it, and was picked and crushed, giving an excellent return. Since the formation of a company to work the mine, a drive has been put in about 60 feet below this upper drive, and the reef has been driven on a little more than 200 feet. So far, however, it has not proved equal in value to what it was in the old upper level. The lode is small at present and has been for some distance, while the ore is only average, there being no rich patches such as were found above. A winze is being sunk from the upper to the present low level, and is down 45 feet, leaving about 15 feet further to be gone; whilst about 20 feet more of driving in the low level should bring the face under the winze which is being sunk on the reef, and some fine stone is being obtained all the way down, so that there is a likelihood of the lode improving in character before the present drive reaches the spot where the winze is coming through.

ST. PATRICK.

It is proposed to commence operations on the western boundary of this mine, by putting in a crosscut for the purpose of intersecting the big reef, and when this point has been reached, which should be negotiated in about 150 to 200 feet of driving, there will be something like 100 feet of back, with an increasing supply as the drive advances hillwards.

The arrangement for floating the property on the Home market is, it is stated, progressing satisfactorily. Plans of the property were sent Home by mail on Saturday, and the directors have safeguarded shareholders' interests by stipulating that a substantial deposit shall be paid upon receipt of the plans as a guarantee of bona fides on the part of those negotiating for the purchase of the property. It was stipulated that such deposit shall be forfeited in the event of the purchase not being completed. A cablegram was received by the directors on Wednesday afternoon, intimating that the would be purchasers were willing to agree to the condition relative to the payment of deposit upon receipt of the plans. The South British and Mariner properties are included with the Karangahake in the proposed sale. Under the terms suggested the Karangahake shareholders are to receive 25,000 paid up shares, the South British 20,000, and the Mariner 20,000. A substantial working capital is, of course, also provided for.

WAITEKAURI.

ZION.

A meeting of subscribers for shares in the Zion Gold Mining Company was held this week in Mr W. Elliot's office, Bank of New Zealand Buildings, Mr C. J. Tunks presided. It was resolved to form a company under the liability section of the Act, with a capital of £12,000 in 80,000 shares of 3s each. Mr W. Elliot was appointed legal manager. The following were elected directors:—Messrs W. R. Vines, J. H. Smith, P. J. L. Smith, R. C. Speer and Dr. Wilkins. The Bank of New Zealand was elected the Company's bankers. Mr Gouletton was elected auditor, and Messrs Jackson and Russell solicitors to the Company.

GRACE DARLING.

Shares in the Grace Darling and Portsea mines advanced in value towards the end of the week in consequence of a cablegram

having been received from Mr Smellie, of London, to the effect that the negotiations for the sale of the Grace Darling, Portsea, Progress, Vanda, Pyramid, and Priora mines were progressing satisfactorily, and that the completion of the sale might be looked for within a week, on the terms first proposed. As the combined area of the properties is about 90 acres, and there is a new and complete battery and cyanide plant on the ground, the Home purchasers will be able to start crushing right away once the sale is completed.

DEVELOPMENTS AT WAITEKAURI.

During the past week the Jubilee Company cut a good goldbearing reef close to the boundary of the Waitekauri No. 4 Company's property, and running into that ground. This is important for the future of both these claims and of the Waitekauri district generally. In addition to this a reef was cut some weeks ago by a party making the county road to Waitekauri No. 4, but it has not been proved in any way.

BEEHIVE.

This property comprises thirty acres adjoining the Grace Darling. The Beehive is so called because the reef was found through the fall of a kauri tree containing a beehive, which exposed the outcrop of a reef. The stone found here is very promising looking, and prospects well. A drive was started some 40 feet below the outcrop, in order to cut the reef lower down, but after driving about 6 feet another reef was met which certainly is not the reef found above, and this reef was driven through about 10 feet. The stone in this does not look so well as that above, but it may carry gold. There is still another reef on the other side of the hill near the Kathleen boundary, but no work has yet been done on it, owing to the delay in the survey of the ground.

CHELT.

This ground lies on the left bank of the Grace Darling creek and joins that claim. A tunnel is being put in a little above the level of the creek in order to cut a large reef which runs through the Grace Darling, and is traceable across the creek into the Chelt ground. Mr Brownsett is supervising the work.

MANGAKARA.

It is intended to commence operations in this mine close to the Young New Zealand boundary.

ROB ROY.

A low level is to be commenced about 300ft lower down than the surface tunnel in order to intersect the lode at a greater depth.

A large lode has been intersected in a prospecting crosscut started some weeks ago from the Golden Cross lode. Already 10 feet have been driven into this new lode, but so far the footwall has not been met with. So far the lode seems to be low grade ore, but further development may show an improvement.

WAIHI.

The London directors of this company evidently intend to put through large quantities of ore each month in order to increase the output of gold, for instructions were cabled from Home to commence at once the erection of a new 100-stamp mill for the Waihi Company on a site on the banks of the Ohinehuri River, near Earle's Hill. Here a freehold of 50 acres has been secured, besides which a machine site was also obtained. Water rights sufficient to drive from 160 to 180 stamps have also been secured. The site for the new battery is about six miles in a direct line from the Waihi mine, and it is the intention to convey the ore to the mill by means of a steam tramway. When completed this will give the Waihi Company 190 head of stamps.

WAIHI PROPRIETARY.

The directors of this company have decided to commence at the shaft nearest the Waihi Company's ground, and to bore at least 100 feet further than at present. Arrangements were also made for boring below the depth of the present shaft, which is down 127 feet.

WAIHI EXTENDED.

A meeting of directors in this company was held on Thursday, at which it was decided to considerably extend operations in the way of developing the property and let a contract forthwith for sinking a shaft.

KUAUTUNU.

KAPAI-VERMONT.

The prospects of dividends being shortly paid by this mine are improving, as the directors this week declared the final dividend of sixpence per share to holders of B shares. This clears up the liability incurred some time ago in order to procure and erect a suitable crushing plant. The money was obtained upon B shares, which were taken up in Sydney. The payment of this dividend will put A. and B. shares on an equal footing, and the next crushing will go towards forming a fund

for the payment of a dividend. The fact that sufficient gold has been won from the mine this year to pay working expenses and wipe off the cost of the crushing plant, should be a guarantee of regular dividends being paid next year.

WAITAIA.

The Kuautunu district has generally been considered the section of our goldfields where low grade ore existed, and that specimen stone need hardly be looked for. This idea must, however, be dispelled from the minds of all who looked at the 17½ pounds of picked stone which were obtained this week from the Waitaia mine. The stone was really first-class, showing broad bands of gold running right through it. The discovery is of importance, as the stone is a beautiful blue rock, and being taken at a depth of 200 feet from a 4 foot reef, goes to prove the richness of the Waitaia range at the lower levels. On this property there is also a large white reef, and at a point 150 feet away from where the present specimens were got, stone showing dabs of gold was also obtained, thus proving the length of the run of gold in that direction.

WHANGAMATA.

ANOTHER RICH FIND.

A rich find of gold has been made in the Golden Mount special claim, Whangamata district. The lode, which is of considerable size, is stated to show gold very freely, quite surpassing anything discovered in this district. The same lode trends through the Flemington special claim adjoining. The reef in this claim has given assay results as high as £32 per ton.

OWHAROA.

HEITMAN'S FREEHOLD.

Work on this ground is being rapidly proceeded with. A shaft has been sunk a distance of over 40 feet near the corner where the Waihi and Waitaia roads junction. It is intended to sink a distance of 60 feet or more, and then drive north and south to endeavour to find the reef which is supposed to exist and to have shed the quartz which is very plentiful on both sides of the ridge. The machinery and timber for erecting a pumping and lifting plant is on the ground, and the work of getting this in position is being proceeded with. So far the country being penetrated is easy to work, but it is expected that it will shortly change to something harder.

TAIRUA.

OHUI.

Some excellent assay returns have been obtained from ore from this mine. One lot of about 6lb of stone was sent to the Thames School of Mines, and the result to hand shows a value of £17 4s 6d per ton. Mr Galbraith also tested two samples, one of which gave £5 5s 9d, and the other £24 19s 9d per ton. Some time ago eight tons were sent to the Cambria battery, the yield being £47 15s for the eight tons.

KENNEDY'S BAY.

Cleaver and party are still getting very good gold in several places in their Prospectors' claim at Kennedy's Bay. The surveyors have completed some of the surveys of the ground, and next court day some of the applications may be in a position to be dealt with.

GABBAGE BAY.

Nearly the whole of Waitaese block, comprising 2,500 acres, has been pegged out.

REEF CUT AT KATIKATI.

The impetus given to prospecting in consequence of the revival of interest in mining is already resulting in discoveries of importance being made. At Katikati, the energy displayed by E. F. Buckworth has been rewarded by the cutting of a very promising reef showing gold, after a tunnel had been put in 40 feet. Mr Buckworth has secured water rights.

SOUTHERN MINING.

REEFTON GOLD RETURNS.

The output of gold from Reefton mines for the week was Big River, 150ozs amalgam from 90 tons; Progress, 1180ozs amalgam from 220 tons; Dark, 220ozs amalgam from 173 tons; Globe, 158ozs amalgam from 130 tons; Wealth, 83ozs amalgam from 111 tons.

SOUTHERN MINING.

The twelfth dividend of 6d per share has been declared by the directors of the Roxburgh Amalgamated Sluicing Company.

GOLD RETURNS.

During the past month the Bank of New Zealand purchased 869oz 8dwt of gold, of which 45oz 6dwt came from within the Thames County boundaries; 41oz 13dwt

from within the Thames borough; and 1oz 8dwt from Marston, Whangarei.

CALLS AND DIVIDENDS.

| CALLS | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---------|
| Victoria G.M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | Nov. 13 |
| Alpha G. M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | Nov. 13 |
| Talisman Extended G.M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | Nov. 13 |
| Bunker's Hill G. M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 3 | Nov. 15 |
| Portsea G.M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 3 | Nov. 15 |
| Welcome Find G.M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 3 | Nov. 15 |
| Stanley G.M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | Nov. 15 |
| Hazelbush G.M. Co. | 0 | 0 | 3 | Nov. 30 |

DIVIDENDS

Kapal-Vermont, final of 6d on B shares.

MINE MANAGERS' REPORTS.

EMPIRE.—Good surface prospects are obtainable in the Lucky Hit reef, and also from surface stone.

ZEALANDIA.—The upper level is a total distance of 125 feet. The ground is getting a little drier and carrying a few small stringers showing a little mineral.

HACBARI EXTENDED.—The main tunnel has been extended a further distance of 10ft. The country rock contains splendid mineral indications. A cross-cut has also been started in an easterly direction, to cut any leaders not intersected in the main tunnel.

BRITISH EMPIRE.—A reef was cut in No. 1 drive on Saturday. It is about three feet wide and gives prospects of gold. The reef is of a rubby nature and looks well.

EUSSKA.—Good progress has been made driving on Malcolm's reef. The leader is now nine inches, all of which I am saving as gold is visible in the stone.

KARANAK.—A reef has been cut one foot wide and good dish prospects were obtained.

KATIE.—There is a very fair show of gold in the reef.

YOUNG NEW ZEALAND.—Blotches of gold are showing in the leader.

GLADYS.—The directors of this Company have placed Captain Richards in charge of their ground as supervisor, and there are at present four men engaged. Trenching has been begun in two directions, in one of these there is a body of stone two feet wide.

PURRI.—The drive on the main reef is in total distance on line of reef 157ft. The lode is six inches in thickness, and the country is of a favourable description. New low level has been advanced a total distance of 84 feet.

MONOWAI.—Wet weather hampered work this week in the open cuttings. The further the lode is penetrated, the more kindly it looks. The manager believes if the lode was cut through to the footwall portion, it would yield rich ore equal to that coming from No. 2 lode in the Monowai section.

NEW ZEALAND.—The level on No. 2 reef has been extended 15 feet through excellent country. The reef is good-looking stone, but so far no gold has been seen, but fair mortar prospects are obtained. No. 1 reef looks very well, showing nice bright mineral.

MARINER.—The crosscut in the Eileen section is well into the body of the range and immediately underneath the surface outcrop. Owing to the underlie some distance still requires to be driven, small prospects have been got in No. 2 reef, but a lower level will be required to work this to advantage.

WAIHI CONSOLS.—Eight feet have been sunk during the week through nice brown country.

KAPAI-VERMONT.—The reef in the main level south is 3 feet thick, and gave prospects equal to 20ozs per ton. All this ore goes to the mill. A new reef has been started on the main level 118 feet south of the main ore, or 96 feet back from the present face. Here the reef is 10 feet wide, and gives very good prospects, especially from the footwall side. In the 6th stop the reef is 4 four feet thick, all of good quality. In the third stop there is 3 feet of good ore, and in No. 2 stop there is 5 feet of good ore. Some stopping is being carried on north of the main reef. The reef varies from 1 to 4 feet in thickness, all of which is treated, but a portion is low grade ore. Stone which is also payable but not rich is coming to hand from the extreme north-west end of the property. The mill and all in connection with it are working well. The ore going through gives assay values from £3 15s to £4 10s per ton.

WAIHI SILVERTON.—During the week the eastern drive on the hanging wall portion of the reef in the low level has been extended 10 feet, making a total distance of 96 feet in that direction. The western drive is in 73 feet from the crosscut. As eight men are now engaged instead of four on this work, better progress should be made in the future. There are now 228 tons of quartz to grass. The prospecting tunnel in No. 2 special claim is in 290 feet. The country remains unchanged. At the mine and battery everything is progressing as well as could be wished.

MIDAS.—The manager has cut into a large reef about 2 feet, but it is not yet through. It is in very favourable country.

'I'll attend to that when we have once got so far,' said Ernestine. 'But I have my doubts about our doing so.'

'And what are they founded on?' 'I hardly know myself. Your plan inspires me with confidence; but, nevertheless, it seems to me a very dangerous undertaking. And if it should end otherwise than you expect, all would be lost for you, Theodor; not only for you now, but for the future.'

He had risen; he walked up and down the room once, and then stopped before Dora's writing desk.

'All that is needed is courage,' he said: '"Nothing venture, nothing have!" And what if the affair should turn out badly, which is, however, hardly probable? Of course, I should have to disappear from the scene for a few years; but—well! You must see yourself that this starveling existence is not attractive. All my efforts to end it by a rich marriage have proved vain, and now I must try some other way.'

'If it were only a less dangerous one!' replied Ernestine, with a heavy sigh. 'I should help you so much more gladly and look into the future with so much more courage.'

'Don't give way to unnecessary fears; you have nothing to do with this enterprise; if it fails, I alone shall bear the consequences. One thing more: Can you let me know by some signal, to-morrow afternoon, when the coast is clear? It must be something which I can see from the street.'

'I can do so. The last window of this floor, toward the corner, is that of my bedroom; notice to-morrow afternoon whether the curtains are down or whether they are pulled back; if the former is the case, you will find no one here.'

'Very well, that will do. It is a signal which can awaken no suspicion later on, because no one will notice it. I trust that you will succeed in getting the servant out of the way in some unsuspecting manner; in that case I am not afraid of the result. And now I'll go—we have considered everything sufficiently. If we should not meet again here I hope for a speedy and happy reunion in Paris.'

She held the hand which he extended to her in farewell firmly in her own. Her eyes, which were fixed upon his features, seemed to be trying to fathom his most secret thoughts.

Dora spoke again of that lady in grey whom we saw at the theatre, she said, in a subdued voice. 'I cannot get rid of the idea that she had a terrible suspicion, a suspicion which I dare not give words to.'

'Nonsense!' he replied, shrugging his shoulders; but it did not escape her keen observation that, in spite of his apparent indifference, he had turned somewhat pale.

'Did you really not know that lady?' she asked.

'No,' he replied brusquely; how often am I to tell you so?

'Can nothing be done to prove that suspicion to be false?'

'Why? If I were to make such an attempt, would not that be just the way to direct suspicion toward myself? And how does this affair concern me? I cannot control the thoughts of others, and I do not care about them, either.'

'Perhaps Dora would have accepted you, if that woman had not died so suddenly.'

'Fehw, I know better than that! It is Dornberg alone who stands between us. Dora will love him as long as she lives; unfortunately, I realised that too late.'

They had gone into the hall, and Ernestine unbolted the door.

'Think the matter over once more,' she whispered, 'and if you are not perfectly sure of your case, I advise you earnestly to give up your plan.'

'If I were not perfectly sure, I should not have made the plan,' he answered, in the same tone. 'Keep up your courage and, above all, do not lose your presence of mind to-morrow when the robbery is discovered.'

With this he left the apartment, and Ernestine, without bolting the door again, returned to the drawing-room.

It had been the highest time for Sonnenberg to leave, for, very soon after, Ernestine heard sounds in the kitchen; Katherine had evidently come back.

Dora did not return for some time yet. Faithful to the part which she had undertaken, Ernestine asked no questions, even now; she was waiting until Dora should feel the need of giving words to that which was occupying her thoughts.

Nor was she wrong in this expectation.

During supper Dora told her about the anonymous letter, at the same time closely watching the expression of her features. Ernestine was perfectly aware of this, but she had no difficulty in carrying out her deception and concealing her thoughts.

At first she appeared doubtful, and it was only when she learned that Doctor Kerner had advised Frau Winkler to send an answer and offer a suitable sum that she gave more attention to the contents of the letter, and then her doubts and scruples seemed gradually to pass away.

The answer was then written and sent to the postoffice, after which nothing remained

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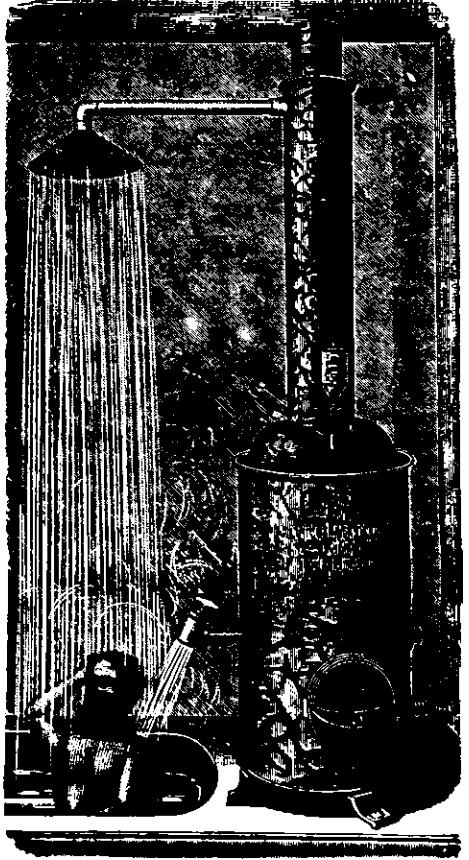
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but to wait patiently for further developments.

Till late in the night Dora talked with her companion about the surmise to which that letter had given rise in her mind, without, however, mentioning any name.

Ernestine now met all her wishes, and entered into all her hopes, and it almost seemed as if the old friendly relation between the two was regaining its footing.

This was also indicated by the cordiality with which they bade each other good-night when they separated at last, and even the next morning at breakfast the same warmth of manner was still kept up between them.

Ernestine expressed the intention of going out immediately after breakfast, as she had to look about for another situation; but although Dora remarked that there was no hurry about it, she did nothing to retain her companion and attach her to her person again.

For the breach still existed and both seemed to feel that a separation was advisable.

When Ernestine had left, Dora took out the anonymous letter once more to read it over again.

If the writer really possessed the proofs which he offered her, she could count with tolerable certainty upon receiving them in the course of the day.

And then Gustav would be discharged to-morrow.

What a triumph for her if, together with him, she could meet his enemies face to face, and prove to them that all their intrigues had been in vain.

And how much greater and more brilliant would her triumph be if it should turn out that Doctor Kerner's suspicions were correct and that Roland himself had committed the robbery.

Fannie and the colonel knew nothing of this letter as yet. The lawyer had requested her to leave it to him to inform them of it; and, moreover, the time had been too short the night before.

Lost in thought, Dora did not notice Katherine's entrance until the harsh, grating voice of the latter roused her from her reverie.

'Now we've got them both, ma'am,' said the old woman, in a triumphant tone. 'You will be astonished when I tell you what I have heard.'

'Speak out, then,' replied Dora, impatiently, well aware that Katherine never said a word unnecessarily nor asserted anything which she could not prove.

'There's to be a burglary here to-day!' 'A burglary? Here?' asked Dora, in alarm.

'This afternoon at three o'clock,' replied the servant, with an air which showed plainly how thoroughly conscious she was of her importance at that moment. 'You will get a letter soon after twelve, ma'am, which will tell you of a place where you will be expected at three sharp. There the proofs will be given you which have been promised you, and you are to take Frau Hennig with you, and no one else. She will return before you get the letter and convince you that I have to do some errands at three. So there will be no one here when the scoundrel comes.'

'But how have you learned all this?' asked Dora, in increasing dismay.

'Well, I listened. He's got possession of the hall door key already, and the curtain in Frau Hennig's bedroom window is to serve as a signal that the coast is clear.'

'Her? Who is he?'

'Herr Sonnenberg.'

Dora started from her seat; she had to exercise great self-control in order to suppress the expression of indignation which hovered on her lips.

'Ernestine implicated in the crime, too. The accomplice of that wretch!' she cried, with trembling voice. 'What can their object be?'

'They mean to carry off the iron casket that is in that cabinet. Sonnenberg said the lock would be easy to pick, and the casket would be on the way to Paris before you discovered your loss. He is convinced that no suspicion will fall on him and Frau Hennig; but if that should be the case, nothing will be found either on his person or at his rooms that could tell against him. And so as to make it appear that some vagabond had done the deed, he is going to leave an old cap and a torn pocket-handkerchief here when he goes away. You see it is all capitally arranged.'

Dora had measured the room several times with long steps while Katherine was talking. Now she stopped before the old servant, indignation depicted on every feature of her fair face.

'How in the world did you manage to hear all this?' she asked, without doubting for a moment the truth of these communications.

'It was risky, ma'am,' replied Katherine, tying and untying her apron-strings. 'I think they would have murdered me if they had discovered me in my hiding-place. I thought it strange last night that I had to go out at the same time with you. I guessed at once that Frau Hennig was expecting Sonnenberg again; they might

have made an appointment in the morning. So I made up my mind that though you might be ever so vexed that I hadn't obeyed your orders, I would not leave the house.

'I did not care whether Frau Hennig found me out or not, I didn't mind her anger. So I pretended to go out of the hall-door, and then crept into your bedroom on my stocking-feet. If this meeting took place in the *boudoir*, I should be close by; if they remained in the drawing-room I could steal into the *boudoir* and listen behind the *portiere*. I didn't have to wait long before they came into the *boudoir* and sat down so near me that I could hear every word.'

'And my companion did not notice anything?'

'She has no idea that I know all this.' Dora went to the window and looked out thoughtfully.

'I cannot understand such audacity,' she said. 'They must know that the first suspicion will fall upon them.'

'For that reason they have taken care that nothing can be proved against them. Sonnenberg intends to leave to-morrow. Frau Hennig is to follow him in a few days, and then they mean to lead a gay life in Paris.'

'They will find themselves disappointed, I fear,' said Dora, sarcastically. 'But how can I manage? If I were to tell Ernestine to her face what I have learned from you—'

'Then she would answer that it was all a lie. I tell you there's no second woman as shrewd as she. She would deny everything and say I had slandered her, and we could not prove anything.'

'But we must do so,' replied Dora, resolutely, and her eyes flashed with anger. 'Did they consult only about the robbery? Did they not speak of Herr Dornberg?'

'Yes, and about the lady in grey, too.' 'And what did Sonnenberg say about her?' asked Dora, in eager expectation.

'He declared he never knew her.'

'And about Herr Dornberg?'

'He said that if he were to speak out, Herr Dornberg would be discharged from prison at once.'

'Did he say that?' cried Dora, in agitation.

'He or Frau Hennig. Those were the words. He also said that he wished he had

stolen that money, for then he would be a rich man now.'

'Ah, that is enough,' said her mistress, drawing a deep breath. 'They will make him tell the name of the thief in court. What we want to do now, first of all, is to prove him guilty of this crime, so as to make sure of his arrest. You will keep silent, do you hear? If Ernestine returns before me you will tell her that I have gone to call on Fraulein Dornberg; do not betray your secret by word or look.'

'I don't speak to Frau Hennig any more.'

'Do not appear too ill-natured, either; that might arouse her suspicions, too. We must catch them in their own trap; I don't know yet how it is to be done, but when I return I probably shall know, and then I shall find some opportunity of explaining matters to you.'

The old woman nodded, a smile passed over her morose face.

'I'll do everything,' she said. 'I'll even jump into the fire, if we can only get poor Dornberg free again. I have always said that Frau Hennig was a treacherous serpent.'

'Is she Sonnenberg's wife?'

'Do you think so, ma'am?'

'What other explanation is there for their intimate relations?'

'Yes, indeed, it would seem so,' said Katherine; 'and yet I can hardly believe it, after all. If she were his wife she would not be so anxious to have him marry you.'

'Who knows whether he really intended to do so?' replied Dora. 'Possibly he thought that, when once engaged to me, he could cheat me out of my fortune without difficulty, and then the aim of the engagement would have been fulfilled. But we shall learn all that, I suppose, in the course of the examination. I must go now; time is precious. Be shrewd and discreet, Katherine; you may be sure of being rewarded for your fidelity.'

With these words she went into the bedroom to prepare for going out and, with the resolve first of all to consult Martin, the detective, and hear his advice, she soon thereafter left the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOOD NEWS.

KURT VON WARZENFEL'S suit had prospered,

and his engagement to Vera von Busee dispelled for a short time the clouds which hung over his home. Baron Busee, with whom Kurt had always been a favourite, gave his consent gladly, but on one condition, namely, that Kurt should leave the army and devote himself to agricultural studies, so as to be able eventually to take charge of the estate. Kurt was too much in love to object to this, and did not delay to send in his resignation. On the morning when Dora discovered Sonnenberg's plot he showed his father, for approval, a letter written by him to that effect which the old, gentleman, enveloped in clouds of smoke, perused attentively.

'Well, nothing can be said against the form of this letter,' he said, folding up the bulky sheet; 'and I do not doubt that his majesty will grant your request and appoint you to the reserve. But are you quite sure that you will never repent of this step?'

'As Vera's husband? As the owner of Elm Court?' replied Kurt facetiously. 'How could that be possible?'

'Zounds, I should suppose that the life of an officer of hussars had its charms, too. I think it would have been better if you had waited a few years before resigning; possibly until you had a major's rank in view, and you might have been sure of leaving as brevet-major.'

'And my hair would have been gray by that time, too,' replied Kurt, laughing. 'No, papa, what a man wants to do, he must do thoroughly. Baron Busee wishes me to devote myself to agriculture, henceforth, and I have promised to do so; and, therefore, I ought to lose no time in beginning. If I am to take charge of that large estate in the future, I ought to prepare myself for it, for there's no knowing what may happen.'

'Well, well, the baron is hale and hearty yet.'

'And God forbid that he should be taken from us soon; but the possibility always exists, and in this case it would be my duty to administer Vera's inheritance faithfully and conscientiously. Vera and her father are quite of my opinion, only they think I am making a sacrifice for them, for which they ought to be grateful, while I think I have more cause for gratitude than they.'

The colonel had lit a candle and sealed the letter with his coat-of-arms.

'You are right,' he said; 'no one will blame you for your course. On the contrary, you have acted as a man of honour should act. And when is the wedding to be?'

'In the spring, I think. Baron Busee told me yesterday that he has begun to prepare our nest for us.'

'And does Vera agree to that?'

'Of course, she always yields to her father's wishes, and she will be glad, besides, to have some of the burden taken off his shoulders. So we hope to see you at Elm Court in the summer.'

'I'll come and spend a few days with you now and then.'

'We expect you to live with us. We shall have a suite of rooms in readiness for you.'

'Why, what should I do at Elm Court?' asked the colonel, looking up at his son.

'Catch flies! I am not old enough for that yet. Just leave me in town here. You know I can't get along without my club and my papers; and Fannie takes excellent care of me.'

'Yes; but if Fannie should leave you, too?'

'The deuce! Don't talk nonsense! Fanny leave me! Why? Because her brother has had that misfortune? I have never reproached her for it. On the contrary—'

'No, not on that account. Will you promise me not to mention the matter to any one?'

The colonel stared at his son, and slowly drew his long moustache through his fingers.

'She doesn't want to get married, I hope!'

'If an honourable man wished to make her his wife, would you not wish her to accept?'

'Why, yes; but who is the honourable man?'

'Discretion, papa!'

'Parole d'honneur!'

'Doctor Kerner.'

'The deuce! He?' asked the colonel, elevating his bushy eyebrows. 'And this has been going on behind my back?'

'Nothing has been done in the matter yet, papa,' Kurt said, reassuringly. 'I even doubt whether Fannie has a suspicion of the good fortune that awaits her.'

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The doctor has spoken to me on the subject, and I could not discourage him in order not to deprive you of a good house-keeper."

"No, indeed. I should not have thanked you for it, either," said the old gentleman. "For that would be an excellent match for Fannie, and she would be sure to be happy. I only hope that she will accept the offer when it is made."

"Kerner is only waiting until he has procured Gustav's discharge."

"I fear he may have to wait quite a while yet for that."

"Is there no prospect yet?"
 "Not as far as I know. I have heard nothing from Frau Winkler in a long time, and Doctor Kerner keeps silent too. Well, well, so that's the reason he comes here so often?"

"Yes, indeed. And that was the reason I used to go out to Elm Court so often, too," said Kurt, with a laugh. "Love is a strong magnet. Good-by, papa! I am going to the colonel's now to give him this letter."

The old gentleman looked thoughtfully after his son.

"What spirit he has," he said to himself. "Well, well, when he has once doffed his uniform he will regret it, that I prophesy. But he'll get over it, too; he is bound to the care and his life at Elm Court, with those excellent, sensible people, cannot fail to be a happy one."

His pipe was burned out; he took another from the wall and lit it, then he wandered up and down the room.

"Fannie and Doctor Kerner," he muttered. "Who would have thought of that? Well, I'm heartily glad of it for her sake. Kerner is a man of honour, he makes a deal of money. Zounds! She couldn't make a better match! But will she see that? What if she were to say: No?"

He stopped and shook his grey head in vexation and, as he followed up his thought, the possibility of a refusal on Fannie's part seemed to trouble him more and more.

"I must find out about that," he said at last. "I'll sound her. The deuce! It would be a folly she could never forgive herself for."

He left his den without delay and went to the sitting-room.

Fannie was sitting at her work-table by the window; her needle was idle.

The hasty movement with which she raised her hand to her eyes left the colonel to guess that she had been crying.

"Why, what's the matter? Not a case of unhappy love, I hope," he said, in his jovial way.

"What put that into your head, uncle?" Fannie replied, with a forced smile, as she took up her work again, in evident confusion.

"Zounds! I suppose I may ask?"
 "And who should be the object of that unhappy love? I don't think it would be possible for you to answer that question, sir."

"I am not so sure of that," said the colonel, roguishly.

"Then please—"
 "No, that is my secret, child. So it has never struck you that you might get married some day?"

A crimson glow suffused the girl's sweet face; she bent her head lower, and a hardly audible sigh escaped her lips.

"No," she replied. "What could I offer a man who wished to make me his wife? Nothing but a dishonoured name."

"Any man who will want to marry you will be aware of that, so you need not consider it an impediment if he does not. And besides, even if your brother were guilty, nobody could blame you in the least for it."

"His name is mine also."
 "That is true, and I am your foster-father. No people might just as well say that I had brought him up to be a thief."

"That would be absurd."

"It would be just as absurd to make you responsible for your brother's faults. No, child, don't trouble yourself with such unnecessary anxieties; let me blot on your honour, and if you should meet a man who loves you and wants to make you happy, say: "Yes," joyfully, and let nothing cloud your happiness."

"And suppose such a case should occur," said Fannie, without looking up from her work; "would it not be ungrateful of me to leave you, sir? Don't think of my doing so, dear uncle. I shall stay with you as long as you live."

"Indeed! Well, that decision does great credit to your heart, but it shows that your little head is not as wise as I took it to be. Do you really suppose Vera will let anyone care for me but herself? Do you think I shall be forsaken if you leave me? Why, they are getting ready a set of rooms for me at Elm Court even now, and I think I shall be very well off there."

"Oh, in that case I shall, of course, have to try to find another home," said Fannie, with a sigh, while the tears started to her eyes again. "You are right, uncle; your place, henceforth, will be with your children at Elm Court, and I cannot live there."

"I should like to know why?"
 "Don't be angry. You must feel that I am right. I am the sister of the man who is supposed to have robbed Baron Busee. My presence would constantly remind the baron of that loss. Consequently, it is a matter of course that I cannot accept his hospitality."

"Has there been a word said about that?" asked the colonel, testily, twirling the ends of his moustache and sending forth great volumes of smoke. "I don't expect to go to Elm Court for a long time yet. I merely wanted to prove to you that I should by no means be forsaken if you should leave me for a home of your own."

"Well, that will not happen very soon, either."

"Who knows?"
 "I, uncle dear. I am quite sure of it."

"Then you have never yet met a man whom you could love with all your heart?"
 She lowered her eyelids. A tell-tale blush again spread over her face.

"I do not deny such a possibility," she replied. "But I assure you that I have never given it a thought until now."

"Nonsense, child! Every girl thinks of such a possibility at your age, and I assure you have done so too; don't deny it. I don't blame you for it; on the contrary, I find it very natural. So, as I said before, if a good man asks you to be his wife and you feel that you can love him, don't hesitate long, but say: "Yes." Such happiness comes to us but once in our lives, and if we let it escape us then we have let it forever."

At this moment the door opened, and Doctor Kerner was announced.

The colonel rose quickly and went to meet the visitor with a hearty grasp of the hand. A momentary blush passed over Fannie's face as she bade him good morning.

"Have you brought us good news?" asked the old gentleman, placing his pipe in the corner and offering the lawyer a chair.

"I am happy to say I have," replied Kerner, adjusting his spectacles and casting a warm, tender look at the young girl, who looked up joyfully. "But you must pardon me if I do not disclose to you what must remain a secret for the present. You may—indeed you probably will—learn everything this evening. But I did not wish to keep you waiting so long; I wanted you to share my joy at our having almost reached our goal."

"And I thank you for it with all my heart," replied Fannie, whose eyes sparkled with joy. "We will gladly be patient and ask no questions, if you wish it. Only tell us something: May we now count with certainty upon my brother's being discharged and exonerated?"

"I feel sure of it," said Kerner. "I expect confidently that the real culprit will be arrested to-day."

"Who is he?" asked the colonel, quickly.
 "That is one of the questions that I am not yet at liberty to answer."

"Have you convincing proof?"
 "We hope to obtain them by noon. We have these proofs in prospect from two quarters; if one attempt fails the other will probably be successful."

"And if both should fail?" asked Fannie, with nervous anxiety.

"I am not afraid of that," replied the lawyer.
 "But it is possible."
 "Then we are so close on the man's heels that he cannot escape us."

"He could leave town."
 "We would no longer allow him to do so, Fraulein. We have discovered enough to have him arrested."

"Well, that promises well for the realisation of our hopes," said the colonel, twirling his moustache. "Zounds! If the scoundrel is once in goal he'll realise that he must confess. Let your attack be a vigorous one, doctor. Don't allow yourself to be unhorsed!"

"Make your mind easy," replied the lawyer. "What we have begun we'll carry through, and as things are at present I can promise you that the guilty party will not escape us."

"Do you think the money will be recovered, too?" asked the colonel.

"Certainly, it is through the discovery of the bank notes that the thief is to be unmasked."

"Ah, I should be glad of that for Baron Busee's sake. He says, indeed, that he has got over the loss but, zounds! No matter how rich he is, it is no trifle to lose a hundred and fifty thousand thalers. But how about Sonnenberg? We all have been taking him for the guilty party. Is he no longer under suspicion?"

"Not as regards the robbery."

"Nor Mrs. Brighlon's death, either?" said Fannie.

"Well, I have formed no opinion as to that yet," replied the lawyer, with some hesitation, which showed plainly that he did not wish to speak on the subject.

"Possibly we may ascertain something to-day or to-morrow. The discoveries which we have made leave no doubt that he is an adventurer, but in that case, too, the tangible proofs are wanting which alone would justify an indictment. However, we have little or nothing to do with that matter; we may be satisfied if we can have Dornberg restored to liberty and honour."

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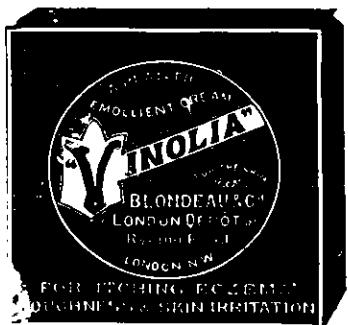
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'You are right,' observed the colonel, who had risen; 'if we accomplish that, we need not care what becomes of Sonnenberg, the adventurer. He may have been concerned in the robbery in some way, after all, and then the authorities will be sure to find him out. Well, you are not going for yet awhile, are you, doctor? If you excuse me, I'll just go to my den and fill me a pipe.'

So saying, he fortively gave the lawyer a very significant look and then hastily left the room.

Kerner looked after him somewhat perplexed. He thought he could guess the meaning of the look; but how could the colonel know anything about his secret?

He suddenly remembered that Frau Winkler too had guessed it. Could she have spoken of it here?

However that might be, the look had fulfilled its aim and encouraged him; and, as he was given to quick decisions, he resolved at once to make sure of his fate without further delay.

'So I may hope to see my brother to-day?' asked Fannie, her voice trembling with ill-suppressed inward agitation.

He looked up as if awaking from a dream and adjusted his spectacles in evident embarrassment.

'To-day?' he replied. 'That will hardly be possible. Even if we arrest the thief and extort a full confession from him, the prisoner cannot be discharged at once. The court will have to decide the point. I shall, of course, demand his release as soon as the real culprit is arrested, but I fear we cannot hope for a decision before to-morrow.'

'But you can tell my brother the good news to-day?' 'Oh, of course, I shall do so without delay.'

'Thank you, very much. That intelligence will sweeten his last night in prison. But what if your hopes should not be realized after all.'

'We will not torment ourselves with such doubts, but wait and see what will happen at noon. If our plan should fail there will be nothing left but to concoct another one. We are, at least, convinced that we are following the right track now—May I ask you a question?'

She looked up at him, and probably saw an expression in his features which betrayed to her the nature of the question he wished to ask. Blushing vividly she dropped her lids again, too confused to answer.

'I know you will not expect any fine speeches from me, for which neither you nor I care,' he continued, in an unsteady voice, as he drew nearer her and laid his hand on hers. 'But I trust you will permit me to ask you the simple question: Will you be my wife? You must know how fervently I love you and how happy you will make me by saying: "Yes." I venture to hope that I am not quite indifferent to you. But you may be sure of one thing, Fannie—that my life will be devoted to your happiness, if you will confide this hand to me. Answer me frankly. I shall always be a true and unselfish friend to you even if you feel obliged to reject my suit.'

Fannie had, as it seemed, recovered her composure. She had not been quite prepared for this offer.

'Would it not be better for you if you could overcome and forget your love for me?' she replied, in a low, trembling voice.

'Better?' he asked, in surprise. 'Yes; because I am not only totally without means, but also the sister of a man whose name is dishonoured. Do you think you ought to connect that dishonoured name—'

'But we are going to restore it to honour,' he remonstrated.

'That is the hope you cherish, and I, of course, share it,' she continued, still looking fixedly before her with bowed head; 'but that hope can be frustrated, like so many others, and then my name will be dishonoured too.'

'Your name, dearest love?' he cried passionately. 'No blame can fall on you; and even if the whole world were to be of the contrary opinion, I should not love you the less. Be mine, beloved, and we will defy everything. The malice of others shall cast no shadow on our happiness. If you do not yet return my love, only tell me one thing: Do you think you can learn to love me?'

He had put his arm around her, and she permitted it; and, as he drew her close to him, she laid her fair head upon his breast.

'Do you doubt it?' she whispered, raising to him her beautiful eyes, that were wet with happy tears and radiant with love. 'It was not for want of love that I hesitate; but rather from excess of it, for I have loved you, dearest, ever since I first saw you.'

She could say no more; his kisses closed her lips, and they clung to each other in a long, happy embrace.

Thus the colonel found them, when he re-entered the room with his burning pipe.

At his 'Zounds' they flew apart in alarm.

'Well, well, Fraulein Fannie; how quickly a young lady can change her mind,' said the old gentleman, with good-natured raillery, as she hastened to him, covered with blushes, and threw her arms about his neck, as if to ask his pardon. 'It is hardly half an hour since you vowed you would take care of me as long as I live.'

'And it is my duty now to take part in the fulfilment of that vow,' said Doctor Kerner, without hesitation. 'We will make a happy home for you with us, sir; that I solemnly promise you.'

With a benignant smile, like a loving father who sees his child's dearest wish fulfilled, the colonel kissed Fannie's forehead, and then passed his hand lightly over her hair.

'I was only joking,' he said, extending both hands to the young lawyer. 'I shall find a home at Elm Court, too. May God bless you if you make this dear child happy as I expect you will. You have found a pearl, my friend, the true value of which you will learn only in the future.'

'I fully appreciate its value even now,' replied Kerner, retaining the old gentleman's cordial grasp, 'and I think I can prophesy confidently that we shall be happy.'

'And now we will ratify this betrothal with the ringing of the glasses,' said the colonel, about to pull the bell.

'I must ask you to postpone that festive rite, colonel, as I have no more time to spare just now. At twelve, or soon after, the matter I spoke of will be decided, as we hope, and you can imagine that I wish to be on hand so as to be able to take the joyful news to my darling here without delay.'

'That is certainly an excellent reason, my dear fellow. Till we meet again then, and when you return we'll have our celebration.'

Doctor Kerner did not hear the last words. He was bidding his betrothed a tender farewell, and as they had reason to fear the old gentleman's jokes on the subject, Fannie accompanied him into the hall.

'My happiness will be perfect when you bring me the news of Gustav's discharge,' she said, with a beseeching look. 'When may I expect you?'

'Soon after dinner,' he replied. 'It may be two or three o'clock before we arrive at a complete certainty, and it is that alone which has any value for you now. But even if you should expect me in vain during the whole afternoon, do not despair, darling; it is possible that we may meet with difficulties which we have not foreseen.'

'If they are only surmountable ones!'

'Do you still doubt?' he asked, smiling.

'Can you wonder, dearest? I do not doubt you and your earnest purpose; but success of such a plan so often depends on chance.'

'Courage, child, and patience a little while longer! I must really go now. Good-by.'

He kissed her once more, and then hastened downstairs and, after consulting his watch, took the shortest way to the Black Eagle, where Martin was, possibly, already waiting for Herr Roland, who was to buy the English banknotes from him.

Fannie stood at the window and looked after her lover with radiant eyes.

The colonel, who had been walking to and fro, smiled as his eyes rested on the lovely girl.

'Are you happy now?' he asked.

'Unspeakably happy,' she replied, turning to him.

'And you really intended to renounce this happiness for the sake of a foolish prejudice?'

'I did. It did not seem to me a prejudice, I thought it my duty, and I expressed all my doubts. I could not know that Walter was so noble-minded.'

'Indeed! So you knew that he would offer himself to you?'

'I suspected it.'

'Zounds! Just look at this hypocrite! A while ago I was assured that there was no possibility of a man's even wanting to marry such an unfortunate girl. I was boldly asked whether I knew any man who would do so. Well, well, you had better not try such hypocrisy on me again.'

'But, uncle dear—'

'Don't attempt to justify yourself. You had foreseen everything. You knew all about it and had kept it secret. Just wait; I'll pay you off yet! And now you had better be thinking of dinner; and, mind you, don't spoil the soup. 'Tooks that are in love have the reputation of being very wasteful with salt you know.'

'Not when they are once engaged,' replied Fannie, with a laugh.

'Not?' said he, likewise laughing. 'Well, that is a comfort for me, to be sure. But don't forget my warning, nevertheless,

child. Engaged people are apt to be absent-minded, and much mischief is done through absence of mind.'

(To be Continued.)

MARRIAGE IN SCOTLAND.

A SCOTCH minister has been telling some of his experiences in marrying people, which are rather funny. Sometimes, when he has asked a couple to join hands, the four join hands all round, as if preparing to sing 'Auld Lang Syne.' On several occasions, when the question was asked of the bridegroom whether he took this woman for his wife, no reply was returned. He then repeated the question more pointedly, which always brought out the tardy but cool response: 'Oh, ay!'

A common practice after the knot is tied is for the minister to shake hands with the young couple and say: 'I wish you much joy.' A bridegroom once briskly replied: 'The same to you, sir.' The minister on one occasion remarked to a middle aged bride that this was the last time she should sign her maiden name. She coolly replied: 'I've signed it lang enoch, I think!'

The man who keeps his heart to himself is a selfish creature.

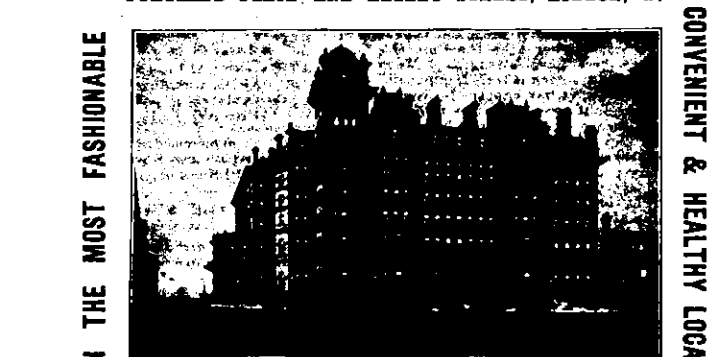
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MONKS WHO RARELY SPEAK.

CATHOLIC TRAPPIST COMMUNITY TO LIVE ON LONG ISLAND.

EUROPEAN disturbances are forcing many religious communities to seek homes in America, and the Trappists of Italy are the latest to arrive. They are about to found a house in the Brooklyn diocese under the direction of the Rev. Edmund Obrecht and with the approval of Bishop McDonnell. For the past year the former has been the guest of the Drumgoole Mission in Lafayette Place, while arranging the details of the new establishment. The generosity of a New Yorker now living on Long Island, Bernard Earle, has enabled the Trappist father to begin the work at his convenience. Mr Earle gave a house and twenty-seven acres of land at a place near Hicksville, known as Round Swamp, which is of a character to provide the monks with an opportunity to show their skill in improving land. It was an ordinary farm, and the house an ordinary farm building.

The monks will use the house as a monastery, after making such alterations as are needed. Besides following their own rule, they will keep a home for aged and infirm priests and a place of retreat for those who desire to spend a longer or shorter time apart from the world. This house will be supplied with members from the Trappist monastery in Rome, known as the 'Tre Fontane,' where the monks turned a swamp into a habitable locality by planting groves of the eucalyptus tree, from which they make a medicine efficacious in malarial fevers. The Trappists have been slow to settle in other countries of late years outside of Europe.

They have a monastery in Dubuque founded by Irishmen from the Irish Mount Melleray, and the second in Kentucky founded by German monks. The severity of their rule has usually confined them to a moderate climate, but a few years ago the French Trappists started a monastery in the province of Quebec, and secured dispensations from some features of their rule. In spite of the climate they have managed to get along, and will probably remain in Canada. The principal features of their rule are perpetual silence unless in necessity, and then only in speech permitted in the presence of the Abbot; four hours of field work and four of prayer each day; six hours of sleep; study or indoor labour four hours; one meal a day at which meat is not allowed, and no fires in the monastery except for cooking.

The monks sleep on a mattress, without covering, never take off their habits except to take baths. In Canada, however, they are allowed to use fires, and to eat a slight breakfast on account of the severe winters. The sick may use meat. With all this strictness they do not want for members, and their average term of years is higher than that of other communities.—New York 'Tribune.'

KILLED HIM FOR PITY

STRANGE CRIME FOR WHICH AN ENGLISH WOMAN WILL HAVE TO SUFFER.

THE trial of Mrs Urquhart last week at Durham for the murder of her husband raised a profound ethical question. The unfortunate woman's husband was bedridden and a great sufferer. The son who supported them was out of work, and could not provide for them, and they were fast to face with starvation. Mrs Urquhart, in these circumstances, with her husband's knowledge and sanction, to put him out of pain, gave him some rat poison, which killed him in fifteen minutes. She then tried to poison herself, but was prevented. The jury found her guilty—and no doubt technically, as the law stands, she was. It was obviously impossible, however, to pronounce a verdict carrying with it the death sentence for the act she had committed. Of course, the sentence, when pronounced, would have been commuted, but the jury preferred not to allow the wretches to go so far. They found that the poor woman was not responsible for her actions, and she was accordingly ordered to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure. This may have done substantial justice, but it evades the difficulty, and does not meet it. It is quite evident that what the woman did had nothing in common with murder in the proper sense of the word. Some years ago there was a considerable discussion among the members of the medical profession on the subject of the so-called 'authentic,' that is, whether it should be made lawful for a doctor at the desire of a patient suffering from an agonising and incurable disease to put him out of his misery by a swift and painless poison. In the case of a dog or a horse we should call this an act of mercy, but we condemn a human being to linger in hopeless suffering. Clearly this is a problem in law and conduct that remains to be solved.—Birmingham 'Mail.'

THE DOG, THE MAN, AND THE MEAT.

A FRIEND of mine and I were walking together the other day; a dog dashed past us after something he saw on the pavement. It was a big piece of meat. He pounced on it and swallowed it in two seconds. My companion looked at the dog with various admiration. "My humble friend," he said, "I'll give you \$5,000 for your appetite and your digestion. You are not afraid to eat; I am." But the dog knew what happiness is made of. He declined the offer and trotted away.

It is astonishing how many different people use this expression. 'I am' or 'I was' afraid to eat. As the writer pens these lines five letters lie on the table before him, everyone of them containing it. Yet the persons who wrote the letters are not known to one another. There was, therefore, no agreement among them. Why should there be, even if they were acquainted?

No, there is nothing in it to wonder at. They went through the same experience, and express it in the most natural way, that's all.

But what does it mean? Are people suspicious of poisoned food? No, no; that is not so. The food is not poisoned before it is eaten, but afterwards. An example will show what really occurs, and why so many are afraid to eat.

We quote from one of the letters: "One night, early in 1892," says the writer, "I was seized with dreadful pains in the pit of the stomach, and a choking sensation in the throat. I feared I was going to die. My wife called in a neighbour. They applied hot flannels and turpentine, but I got no relief. Then a doctor came and gave me medicine. He said he never saw anyone's tongue in such a condition. It was of a yellow colour, and covered with a slimy phlegm, so thick I could have scraped it with a knife. I had a foul, bitter taste in the mouth, and my eyes were so dull I could scarcely see. I had a heavy pain in the side, and felt so dejected and miserable I didn't know what to do with myself. What little food I took gave me so much pain I was afraid to eat. The doctor put me on starvation diet, and injected morphine to ease the pain.

"Getting no real benefit from the first doctor I saw another, who said I had enlargement of the liver. He gave me medicines, but I got no better. In August I went to Exmouth to see what my native air would do for me, but came back worse than ever. I had lost over three stone in weight, and being too weak to move about I used to lie on the couch most of the time. I never expected to get well, and didn't care much what became of me.

"One day in October my wife said, 'It appears the doctors can do nothing for you, so I am going to doctor you myself.' She went to the Northern Drug Stores, in Camberwell Road, and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few days the paining in my stomach left me, my appetite improved, and I gained some strength. Soon afterwards I was back at my work. The people in the office, seeing how well I looked, asked what had cured me, and I answered Mother Seigel's Syrup. I shall be glad to reply to any inquiries about my case. (Signed) Charles Harris, 74, Bedford-street, Camberwell, London, December 1st, 1892."

Mr Harris' statement goes straight to the point. Why was he afraid to eat? Because his food gave him pain without giving him strength. This was dead wrong. It was exactly the reverse of what it should have been. When a man is in the proper form he gets vigour and power from his meals, and eats them with enjoyment and relish. If he doesn't there is something the matter with him. What is it?

Now let your thoughts expand a bit, so as to take in a broad principle. One man's meat is another man's poison, they say. That's so, but it's only half the truth. Any man's meat is any man's poison, under certain conditions. It grain never got any further than the mill hopper we should never have bread, and if bread (or other food) never got further than the stomach we should never have strength. See? Well, when the stomach is torpid, inflamed and 'ON STRIKE,' what happens? Why, your food lies in it and rots. The fermentations produce poison which gets into the blood and kicks up the worst sort of mischief all over the body. This is indigestion and dyspepsia, though the doctors call each and every trick of it by a separate name. Yet they don't cure it, which is the main thing after all.

But Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup does, as Mr Harris says, and as thousands of others say.

'What makes you think they are so madly in love?' He has been three weeks trying to teach her to play whist.

'You seem to be cultivating old Kajones. What do you see about him to admire?' His daughter Liza.

In a small town in the North of Scotland lives Joe C., an old shoemaker. For years Joe served the local commissioners faithfully as clerk, during which period he had the misfortune to lose his right leg in a railway accident. As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long service, the Commissioners unanimously agreed to replace his want with an artificial limb, and acted accordingly. Joe, being an unfortunate individual, was thrown from a trap quite recently, and had his left leg broken. Of course, this was food for gossip, and one old woman, in discussing the matter, was overheard saying, 'It's a grey bad job for Joe, purr sowl; but it's his ain leg or the yin that belongs tae the toon that's broken.'

Physician: And you have felt this way for several days? H'm. Let me see your tongue. Patient: It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer.

'What is the name of that man?' signalled one deal mate to another. 'It's queer, but I can't recall it,' was the reply; 'though it is right as my finger ends.'

City Boarder: Didn't you advertise that you had plenty of fruit? Jerseyman: That's right. The old woman got over a hundred cans of it!

He: 'Mrs Swelltop certainly is a beautiful woman. She carries all before her.' She (spitefully): 'Force of habit, I suppose. I hear she was a waitress before Swelltop married her.'

Gained in Strength

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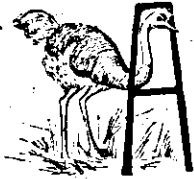
"Colombo, 2nd Sept, 1895.

"Dear Sirs,—There seems to be a great deal of correspondence between dealers in your Colony and merchants here re Suratura Teas, and we have on more than one occasion heard them highly spoken of in Colombo. We mention this as we think it will be as well for you in self-protection to register the mark (if you have not already done so) as early as possible, as we ourselves have known the labels of other well-known brands very closely, if not almost, copied, and we feel sure were this to happen to Suratura, and inferior teas sold under a similar, or perhaps the same name, it would be very detrimental to all parties concerned. Of course, we refuse to ship the teas (Suratura) to any firm but your good selves, and shall always endeavour to protect you at this end as far as is in our power.—Yours, etc.,"

The endeavour made to obtain this wonderful Tea is proof of its public appreciation and quality.

The duty on Suratura is charged at 4d per lb, the old rate being 6d.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



SCOT races always produce a number of pretty gowns, and this year was no exception. The London season has in every way been a glorious one, and to pass in review even the most important gatherings would take up far too much space to permit me to do so. Mention, however, is called for in this column to the recent garden parties given by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, and to the *ad fresco* 'at home' of the Bishop of London, in consequence of the magnificent toilettes worn for the occasions. As these rural entertainments, that, by the way, in my opinion are far preferable to a reception in close summer-heated rooms, the daintiest of head gear was worn, for more scope is permissible in the matter of picture hats and artistic bonnets. A young lady just out of her teens was much admired at the Archbishop's gathering, in a little bonnet, gull-tails of either, flowers or plumes, but arranged in so faultless a manner that these adjuncts were not missed in the least. On a small, buff coloured rough straw shape, curved rather on the 'Marie Stuart' lines without the very decided point in front, a large Alsatian bow of corded turquoise blue ribbon spreads wing like at the back of a smaller loop arrangement of apricot and white

both Palace, and to the *ad fresco* 'at home' of the Bishop of London, in consequence of the magnificent toilettes worn for the occasions. As these rural entertainments, that, by the way, in my opinion are far preferable to a reception in close summer-heated rooms, the daintiest of head gear was worn, for more scope is permissible in the matter of picture hats and artistic bonnets. A young lady just out of her teens was much admired at the Archbishop's gathering, in a little bonnet, gull-tails of either, flowers or plumes, but arranged in so faultless a manner that these adjuncts were not missed in the least. On a small, buff coloured rough straw shape, curved rather on the 'Marie Stuart' lines without the very decided point in front, a large Alsatian bow of corded turquoise blue ribbon spreads wing like at the back of a smaller loop arrangement of apricot and white



'L'ALSATIENNE.'

mirror velvet. To impart an air of summer fragility to this supremely chic little capote, wings of spotted cream net have been added behind the Alsatian bow. Springs have not been considered necessary to the success of this bonnet; indeed very few of the latest masterpieces in millinery can boast of ribbons tied either under the chin or beneath the coil of hair. This mode is now only the monopoly of ladies of a certain, or rather, uncertain, age. On the other hand never was there a greater demand for ribbons and other farbelows with which to ornament the throat and give a generous setting to the face. The back and side bows that are invariably worn round the neck of the up-to-date damsel, knock several years off the appearance of the wearer, and it is a question whether some of us shall ever be able to dispense with this dainty finery, so infinitely superior to the hard linen collar affected by the 'New Woman' in tailor-built clothes. To return to the subject of millinery; at the first summer meeting at Sandown Park some of the most successful were golden tan shapes trimmed simply with double frills of fine cream lace and clumps of crimson roses—so suggestive of the season—divided by a pretty arrangement of the very fashionable green rushes. These were twisted into loops and pinned down with paste brooches in the shape of stars.

Secondly I give the sketch of a shot silk and alpaca gown, that material that is once more in such favour. It is essentially a handsome dress, perhaps more fitted for a young married lady rather than for a girl. To begin with, deep the glaze is of a very rich quality, and is shaded from a periwinkle blue to old gold. The spanglers and butterfly folds in front are lightly powdered with jet, this glistening trimming being also repeated on the 'Princess' portion of the dress. Here the silk is supplanted by a very



LE FAPILLON.

sheeny alpaca of a somewhat lighter shade of periwinkle, a material that just seems fitted for a racing jupp. Some of

the new French travelling and dust cloaks are made of taffetas, and in the old 1830 shape. The favourite shot for these mantles are 'punch-flame,' grey green, and a plain moss colouring. As regards the first-mentioned tint, I can not say that it is one suited for the merry months of June, July, and August. With the mist of September this flaming colour might be tolerable.

The latest novelty indulged in for hat trimming is to pose a stuffed dove with wings outstretched on the front of the hat. Though it undoubtedly is a novelty, it is questionable if it will have much success.

Regattas will soon be with you, and, in expectation of 'awaggar' regattas, many are already planning their river toilettes. There is every probability that if only the weather is fair any amount of the new flowered cotton



THE LATEST PIQUE MODEL.

crêpons and silk-spotted cambrics, as well as the more serviceable piqués, will be largely worn. I give a gown of piqué that seems just the thing for a smart river or marine entertainment. The material, which is a happy revival of a very old mode, is white, patterned with a tiny mouche or sprig of china blue. The skirt is simplicity itself, the only ornamentation here being a strip of étern Valenciennes. The corsage is treated with bands of the same lace, and on the shoulders cape spanlettes of deep cream lawn, edged with the dentelle, give a certain out-door finish to the frock. Round the waist and throat are rached bands of china blue ribbon.

Cycling having taken so complete a hold on womenkind, the question of costume for 'bike' exercise has become as important as any other item of the wardrobe of a society dame. In Paris, the knickerbocker suit reigns supreme now, one leading lady cyclist especially affecting green velvet knickers, with crimson silk shirt, and green velvet bolero jacket; but the knickers are not considered good form in England, though rational for the purpose. Amongst the innumerable wheel-women whirling gaily up and down



A CYCLING TOILET.

the new Rotten Row at Battersea Park, I have not seen one in knickerbocker costume. The dresses are smart, and extremely neat and workmanlike, but one and all wear the seemly, if irrational, skirt, though pants take the place of

petticoats underneath, thus securing greater freedom of action. The skirts are cut to the ankles; and the favourite coat is illustrated here, which is one of several sketches made at the fashionable cycling rendezvous of the hour. The costume in this example consists of navy blue drill, the coat cut Eton fashion to waist in front, opening to show a white shirt with dark blue or red necktie. The back is cut with tails, lined with white, and the neck is finished by a broad collar and revers of white drill. A white straw sailor hat trimmed with white ribbon and wings, with a white double-width veil; patent leather shoes with white gaiters, and white attached gloves, complete the *tout ensemble*. The white stitched kid gloves are *de rigueur* for a well-turned out wheelwoman, and the nattiest and prettiest of shoes and hose are also a very important item.

HELOISE.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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



Te Aro House WELLINGTON

THE EMPORIUM OF FASHION

All the newest and most attractive novelties for the season, imported direct from

LONDON AND PARIS

are now being shown in infinite variety. The display of

SUMMER MILLINERY

completely eclipses anything of the kind ever seen in New Zealand before. Many of the Hats and Bonnets are unique specimens of Parisian taste, and for beauty and novelty of design are quite unequalled.

CAPES AND BLOUSES

the two most Fashionable Garments in the Mantle Department, are shown in unrivalled variety. The newest styles in BLOUSES are marked at remarkably Low Rates, a fact which should fully sustain their great popularity for summer wear.

NEW DRESS FABRICS

have been opened out in many new shades and exceedingly attractive materials. The Dressmaking Department is still under the direction of

MADAME DE VERNEY,

which is a sufficient guarantee that the work turned out will be thoroughly stylish and high class.

PATTERNS

of any material, and full information in reply to customers' enquiries will be sent POST FREE to any address.

JAMES SMITH,

TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

ASHBURN HALL, NEAR DUNEDIN.

For the care and treatment of persons mentally affected. The buildings are specially constructed in extensive grounds commanding a good view. There are general and private sitting rooms, with separate Bedrooms for each inmate. This Establish-



ment provides specialised accommodation for those for whom the advantages of home comforts and association with small numbers are desired. A carriage kept for the use of inmates. A visiting Physician and a Chaplain.

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.

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP.—Have ready a quart—or as much more as is required—of stock made from the remainders of the joints and poultry. Cut up three onions, brown them in butter, add three green preserved gooseberries, and sprinkle a tablespoonful of curry powder over the browning onions. Cut up a couple of carrots and brown in butter, also a turnip, add salt, cayenne—according to taste—a bunch of herbs, and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Pour the stock over all the above ingredients, and simmer gently for three quarters to an hour from the time it comes to a boil. Then take up, and pass all through a tammy sieve, after which add the juice of half a lemon and some small neat joints of fowl. Boil all up again, and serve with boiled rice handed round with it.

SADDLE OF LAMB.—Have ready a brisk clear fire, put down the joint at a little distance to prevent the fat from scorching, and baste continually till done. A small saddle will take about one and a-half hours; a large saddle two hours to cook.

MASHED POTATOES.—Potatoes, 2oz. butter, a tablespoonful of cream, a tablespoonful of milk. Boil the potatoes, drain them, and let them dry, then beat them with a fork till no lumps remain; add the butter, cream and milk, and stir over the fire, beat them again for about three minutes, pile on a hot dish, and serve.

SPINACH A LA CREME.—3lb spinach, 2 tablespoonfuls salt, 2oz butter, 8 tablespoonfuls cream, 1 small teaspoonful pounded sugar, a very little grated nutmeg, poached eggs. Well wash the spinach, put it in a large saucepan with ½ pint water, and salt; when it has boiled for rather more than ten minutes, drain it thoroughly, chop it finely, and put it in a saucepan with the butter, stir over the fire, and then add the other ingredients, and simmer for five minutes; serve with sippets of toast and poached eggs.

JAM OMELETTE.—6 eggs, 4oz. butter, 3 tablespoonfuls strawberry jam. Break the eggs into a basin, omitting the white of three, whisk them well, adding the sugar and 2oz. butter, which should be broken in small pieces, and stir all these ingredients well together; make the remainder of the butter quite hot in a small frying-pan, and when it commences to bubble, pour in the eggs, keep stirring till they begin to set; when quite firm and nicely brown on one side, turn carefully on to a hot dish, spread the jam over the middle, and fold it over, and sprinkle sugar over.

RECIPE FOR STRAINS AND BRUISES.—Two wineglasses of turpentine, six wineglasses of vinegar, and six yolks of eggs. Beat the eggs thoroughly, add the turpentine, shake well together, and add the vinegar.

SORE EYES.—Some time ago my eyes and eyelids were very sore, and appeared to be almost shrivelled up. I was advised to try a simple experiment, which consisted in placing the face with eyes open, before washing, in a dish of perfectly clean water. I tried this. It was at first very painful, but soon gave great relief, and my eyes rapidly became all right.

TOILET LUXURIES.

MUSK PASTE FOR WASHING THE HANDS.—Powdered starch, three quarters ounce, glycerine, six fluid ounces; rub together until well mixed, then heat in a water bath, stirring constantly until a clear jelly is formed. Gradually add one pound of powdered white castile soap, one quarter pound powdered orris, three eighths ounce oil of lemon, seventy five grains oil of neroli, and three quarters fluid ounce tincture of musk; adding the perfumes when the jelly is nearly cool. This is a cosmetic much admired on the continent, where musk has never quite lost the flavour which it lately retains, imparting richness to other odours.

FOR THE HAIR.—One pint of orange flower water, or any distilled water, elderflower, rosemary, or rosewater (manufactured). For the last, double the quantity, using one quart; saffron chips, one ounce; carbonate of potash, one-eighth ounce; alcohol, one gill. Let the ingredients stand in a close covered jar for a fortnight, strain and bottle. This wash is stimulating and drying to the hair, and is renowned as a hair tonic among French dealers. After using and drying the hair, a good pomade or hair oil should be applied to restore gloss and sufficient moisture to the locks.

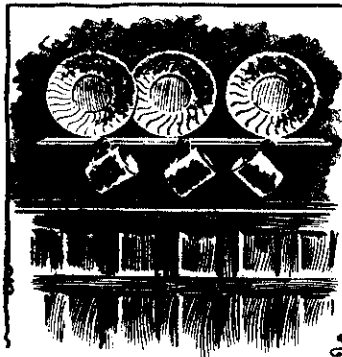
TOILET POWDER FOR WASHING.—One ounce of powdered starch, one and three-quarters ounce carbonate of potash, three-quarters ounce benzoin, 150 grains oil of bitter almonds. Mix thoroughly and keep in well closed boxes. For use, stir a spoonful in a basin of hot water, and wash the face, hands and arms with it. This is very good to use before putting on face powder. Wash the skin well with the liquid, and dry by dabbing lightly with a soft towel. Just enough wax is left to make the pearl powder cling perfectly and appear natural.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. Is hottem. Made in London.—(ADVS.)

WORK COLUMN.

A SIMPLE little piece of moulding, the kind which you buy with a flate inside—intended to make a resting place for picture books—was utilised in a very decorative manner in a room I was in the other day. Here it is in a sketch, just



to show you how easy it is to fill up some ugly little bit of wall or corner which may have been an eyesore for many a long day, and the cups and saucers remind me that in choosing an inexpensive kind of china for this sort of purpose, it is as well to keep to the old blue Delft, or else to the old Oriental Kaga, for the colouring is sure to be right.

A DISINFECTANT.

A FEW grains of permanganate of potash dissolved in a little water make a strong and inexpensive disinfectant and deodoriser for the sick room, and also a useful gargle and mouth wash in cases of sore throat.

THE LOVER'S PROBLEM.

| | |
|---|--|
| HEAR her heart throb, Hear it beat! Maiden charming! And petite. | And I know not; Yet I know Hearts have often Acted so. |
| Hear the throbbing, Loud and clear! Is she frightened? Is it fear? | Still I listen, And I dare Hope it's Cupid Beating there. |
| What emotion May it be? That is ever Troubling me. | Faster, faster, So it seems, (Giving food for Sweet day dreams. |
| There is something From above That might cause it. Is it love? | But—'tis over. What a botch! 'Twas the tickling Of her watch. |

WASNT IT?

'Oh, Frank, dear, what is a receipt?'
She asked me—(she looked very sweet—
Her directorio, it fitted so neipt—
She's a stylish from brow to her feipt.)
'I'll explain,' I said, 'fair Margueript';
So I placed my arm round her—('twas neipt,
For you see we were not on the streipt,
But in a nice shaded streipt.)
And I kissed her—good gracions, 'twas sweipt!
She returned it. 'Now that's a receipt
In full,' I said. Wasn't that neipt? E.A.

[Oh! what an outrageous receipt,
How foolish and how indiscreipt.—ED.]

MISS BRADDON.

MISS BRADDON is one of the few literary women who has not allowed herself to be spoiled by success, and who has no hesitancy about admitting her age. On the contrary, she is rather proud of her fifty-four years and fifty-four novels, although she is reluctant to talk about her books, dismissing inquiries with the assertion that 'she can't tell how they are written.' Four days of the week she writes steadily, forbidding even the postman to disturb her, and the rest of the time is spent in the saddle, when her thinking is done. She studies Dickens for style, weaves her plots from suggestions of old newspaper clippings, and she has been collecting for the last thirty years, and edits her copy as she writes it. Her husband publishes her books and is pronounced her severest critic. Their acquaintance began, it is said, in a wrangle over the first manuscript she submitted, and the able defence that won his admiration afterwards captured his affection. Notwithstanding the half hundred books that have passed through his hands, this husband publisher finds new and startling faults in each succeeding volume to criticize. Miss Braddon is fair and rosy in face, with bright Auburn hair, blue eyes, angular in build, and of very nervous temperament. She is at work now compiling her reminiscences, which will complete the second shelf of books in her library.

A REMARKABLE HAND.

The following question is an extract from an Indian paper:—'Has any what-player ever held the thirteen trumps in one hand?' The phenomenon was seen at the United Services Club, Calcutta, one evening. The players— we trust they will forgive us 'naming' them, but

history must be above suspicion—were Mr Justice Norris, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Sanders, and Dr. Reeves. Two new packs were opened, and were 'trayed,' and shuffled in the usual way. Dr. Sanders had one of the packs cut to him, and proceeded to deal. He turned up the knave of clubs, and on sorting his hand found that he had the other twelve trumps. The fact was duly recorded in writing, the four gentleman signing their names to the document. The odds against this combination are, we believe, according to Dr. Pole 158,760,000 000 to one; the probability of a given player holding thirteen cards out of a particular suit, named before the deal is concluded, is put by the same authority as once in 635,000,000,000 deals.

ENO A BLESSING IN EVERY HOUSE.—ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—A lady writes: 'Everything, medicine or food, ceased to act properly for at least three months before I commenced taking it; the little food I could take generally punished me on returned. My life was one of great suffering, so that I must have succumbed before long. To me and our family it has been a great earthly blessing.'

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. (34)

'FOUR-HANDED.'

HINDU children carry to school neat bundles of smoothly-cut palm leaves on which to write. Each pupil carries behind his ear a reed pen, and in his hand an earthen colour pot, together with a little fried rice for his lunch. Those who learn a trade receive more than manual training. The following description is taken from 'The Street of Human Habitations':

'Here is a little group of roadside ivory-workers—mere babies, all of them—using tools both rough and few.

'One of the older ones is toiling his baby brother his first lesson. He insists in learning to pick up the tools with his feet; for after he has begun to carve, he would be everlastingly disgraced were he to stop work to pick up anything which had fallen to the ground. See! he has dropped a tool now; his eyes do not appear even to move from his work, and his fingers never cease their labours till the missing object is nimbly reached for, lifted by the outstretched foot, and immediately handed to himself by the child with a gravity and dexterity which leaves you speechless. Such are the "four handed" children of Ben-hampur.'

KEATING'S POWDER.
KEATING'S POWDER.
KEATING'S POWDER.
KEATING'S POWDER.
KEATING'S POWDER.

This powder, so celebrated, is utterly unrivalled in destroying BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all insects (which perfectly harmless to all animals). All woollens and furs should be well sprinkled with the powder before putting away. It is invaluable to take to the seaside. To avoid disappointment insist upon having Keating's Powder. No other Powder is effective.

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES:
KILLS

Unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCK-ROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

THE PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that every pack of KEATING'S POWDER bears the autograph of THOMAS KEATING; without this any article offered is a fraud. Sold in Tins only.

KEATING'S WORM TABLETS:
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS:
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS:
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS:

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for **INTESTINAL** or **THREAD WORMS**. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins. Price, 6s. Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

I GUARANTEE TO CURE THE NERVES AND THE BLOOD

Says HERR RASSMUSEN,

THE OLGORATED DANISH HERALDIST, AND Parisian Gold Medalist of 57 GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY, and 91 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, N.Z.; and no greater truth has ever been uttered, judging from the THOUSANDS of TESTIMONIALS sent to him by grateful cured BLOOD and NERVE SUFFERERS, whom his world-renowned HERBAL ALFALINE VITALITY REMEDIES have restored to PERMANENT HEALTH.

For example, his Celebrated ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS are a CERTAIN CURE for WEAK NERVES, DEPRESSED SPIRITS, DEBILITY, and WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH, BRAIN, AND KIDNEYS. Special Powerful Course, 45s.6d.; Ordinary Course, 25s.6d.; Smaller Boxes, 12s. and 6s.; posted.

His POWERY 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, Hair Powders, Flesh-Producing Powders, Gargle Powders, and Wealths of the Skin, Brain, and Nerves. 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, as particulars, and numerous testimonials. ALL CORRESPONDENCE PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. Write without delay, and address—

HERR RASSMUSEN,

91 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

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

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 10s, 1d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondents to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am writing to you once more. The last week of our holidays I went to the breaking up of the children's dancing class. It was a plain and fancy dress ball, and all the little girls and boys were very excited. It began at half past seven, because the little children had to go home at half past ten, and the others stayed on till 12 o'clock. Most of them went in fancy dresses, and the little ones looked very bright and cheerful. One little girl, who was about five years old, went as a fairy, and was really the belle of the evening. All the little boys danced with her, which was more than they did with the others. Some of the dresses were: Grecian slave girl, many were fairies, Shepherdesses, Early Morning, Night, Dresden China, Fish-girl, Baby, Clown, Tennis, Sailors, Cricket, Nigger, New Woman, and Gipsy. The New Woman was very good, so also was the (Babal) baby. Charley's Aunt hit the baby with her umbrella, and of course made the baby cry. The New Woman took it up in her arms and hugged and comforted the poor little thing. I went as a Scotch girl, and enjoyed myself very much. We had supper about ten o'clock, and then the little ones went home. We did not get a holiday on Demonstration day, which I think was a great shame. We had to be in school when the other people were out enjoying the procession and sports. There was a concert held in the Central Hall at school on Friday and Saturday, but I think Cousin Laura is telling you about it, so I will not tell you. The Prince of Wales' Birthday comes on a Saturday so we are going to have a holiday on Monday. I will tell you about it when it comes. I think I am going for a picnic to the Upper Hut. With love from COUSIN JESSIE. Wellington.

[I am glad to hear from you again. Some of you seem pleased you did not get the holiday, others sorry. I do not think we shall keep Monday here for the Prince of Wales' Birthday; but as Aucklanders are very fond of holidays, we may do so. The fancy dress ball must indeed have been nice. I am glad you enjoyed yourself. I think a masked ball great fun. I know of one lately where a gentleman danced with his own sister and did not know her. He said a lot of pretty things to her, and looked very foolish when she at length unmasked! Does it not generally rain on the ninth? How about the 'cot.'—COUSIN KATE]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—You know that I promised to finish my story about the Maoris, but I have so far forgotten it that I am going to begin a new chapter altogether. My brothers, Dick and Tom, had promised to take my sister and myself and Florence for a row in their boat. Well, about five o'clock on Saturday evening Dick and Tom went down to launch their pair-oar racing gig, while Florence and I ran on before them. We had no hats on, as we did not think it would be necessary for us to have them for such a short distance as we supposed we were going. When we got down to the point we got into the boat and were having quite a nice row round the creek, when my sister expressed a wish to go out further. We were lying lazily in the bottom of the boat half asleep, and every now and then I was brought to my senses by one of my brothers calling out, 'You are steering us right into the rocks; or just the reverse.' We passed the Maori Settlement and right on to Kohimarama, where we landed on the beach. I must have told you that our brothers had very generously lent us their coats, as we were now quite cold with sitting still so long. Soon we wanted to go home, that is, Florence and I, for I admit that we were now very sleepy. Of course you know, Cousin Kate, that salt water makes you feel sleepy, so that you must not think me a baby. When we got out well into the middle of the sea we could see all round Lake Takapuna and the North Shore, etc. It was highly diverting to watch the little fish at their play. Once, while in an ecstasy of delight, a little fish, quite un-mindful of what it was doing, jumped right into the boat, where it lay flapping its fins in a very frightened manner. But as soon as I had courage I picked the poor little thing up and put it into the water, where it rejoined its companions. An excursion steamer, which we thought to be coming down our way, to our great disappointment turned down by the Great Barrier reef, and we saw no more of it. The steamer was so brilliantly lighted that what with that and the phosphorescent lights it was a sight worth beholding. We reached our landing-point, and after diligently attending to the wants of the pair-oar, we clambered up the steep cliff and were soon racing down the road at about 11.30 at night. Reaching home, we had some refreshments, and after quenching our thirst, we tumbled into bed to have our well-earned sleep. I was soon in the midst of a beautiful dream about the little fish. With love to all the other cousins, I remain, your loving COUSIN KATHERINE.

[Tell your sister 'yes,' and if possible I will reproduce them in the paper. I did not notice what you mention, and think your story very nice and neat, and extremely interesting. What fun you must have had, but did you not catch colds without your hats so late at night? It was thoughtful of your brothers to give you their coats. I like to hear of such nice little fraternal acts. I wonder you did not dream that the fishes came and held a waltz-dance over your sleeping body! I hope you can all swim, can you? Have you thought about the 'cot' yet?—COUSIN KATE]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have waited for my badge to come before I wrote to you again, so as to be able to tell you I had received it, but it has not come. It is some time since you wrote to say you had sent it. I wonder what has happened to it? It has been wet to day, but we have been having lovely weather for the last few days. I hope you have received my story safely. My ferns are still growing nicely. We have a splendid cactus plant in our conserva-

tory; it has grown very large, and in the season is always covered with flowers. I do not know its name, but it is very pretty, being red on the end and middle part of the leaf, and pink in the centre. As I have nothing more to write about, I remain your loving cousin BERYL.

[I am sorry you did not receive your badge. I have ticked it off in my book as having been sent some weeks ago. However, I have posted you another. Please tell me as soon as you get it. Will you help with the 'Cot Fund'? A shilling a year is not a very large sum to ask, and you may know five people who would give it. Your cactus must indeed be pretty. The weather may have been lovely when you wrote to me, but as I sit writing to you, I can only say that if the rain goes on like this I must build me an ark. But perhaps when you read this it may again be fine and sunny.—COUSIN KATE]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I think it is a capital and very good idea about the cot, and I will be very glad to do anything I can to help with it. I do not like taking round lists, but I will do anything else I can. Once we got up a bazaar for a poor widow and got £1 clear. If I did so again it would pay for four years. I am in the Fifth Standard and find it rather difficult. I like both football and cricket, but more especially football. When shall we know the result of the story competition? I hope the weather will be fine for the Agricultural show on Saturday. I must stop now, with love to you and all the cousins.—From COUSIN BOB. Auckland.

[I do not mind how you get the 5s, so long as it's not stolen or borrowed! Perhaps some of the cousins can earn it. But I want it soon, or at all events enough for the first expenses and the first quarter. Until I get that promised I will not start it. I would much prefer to have £20 in the Bank before buying a 'cot.' I hope I shall have that. Thank you for promising to help. Lovely weather indeed for the show! Did you go in a boat?—WEATHER KATE]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have never written to you before. May I join your list of cousins? I have no pets, as I live in town. I go to school, and learn arithmetic, geography, and a great many other things, and I learn the piano. Do you like music? I go up to the Albert Park every afternoon after school. We do not get the GRAPHIC, but I can see it at a friend's. What a large place the Herald office is!—MARIE MCCULLOUGH.

P.S.—I am enclosing six penny stamps for a badge and my address.

[I am glad to add you to my list of cousins, and have sent you a badge. Do you think you could promise to collect 5s a year for the 'cot fund'? Will you try? The Albert Park is a charming place to walk or lounge in, is it not? What flowers do you like best to see in it? I am very fond of good music. I heard three charming violin solos lately by Miss Celia Dampier, of the North Shore. Have you heard her? She is quite a child, and plays so cleverly. I hope you will often write to COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Thank you so much for your refreshing answer to my last letter. You have made me feel quite happy for some time to come. I shall have much pleasure in doing all I can to promote the success of the Cot Fund. You ask how many boys there are. Well, I have five brothers and one like unto a brother. We always count him as one of 'our boys'. This last-mentioned brother has given his subscription towards the cot. I wonder if you would call them 'boys'; four of them are almost six-footers. Now for the long-mentioned 'Shadow Play'. Last year I had a book lent to me which contained the well-known story of Cinderella arranged as a shadow play, with full directions as to costumes, scenes, actions, etc. Mother having granted us permission to use our hall, my friends and I decided to try our powers in this direction. We met several times for rehearsal, but somehow we did not attend to business very strictly, so as usual there was a terrible rush at the last. When the eventful evening arrived we started operations by stretching a web sheet tightly across the hall, fastening at the top, and nailing it down at intervals to the floor. We managed the gas so that the audience sat in semi-darkness, while what we grandly called the stage was brightly lighted. We had to be so careful to stand with our profile only towards the audience, also to keep as near to the sheet as possible, without touching it. As length all was satisfactorily fixed, and the play commenced. There were six characters and four acts in it. Of course the costumes did not make much difference, colour being immaterial, but lace we found particularly effective. I represented Cinderella, but as my hair is noted for its ungainly length, I was obliged to plait some dried flax and fasten it on. My feet also are not at all fairy like, and I think a pair of ferry boats would have been more suitable than a pair of fairy boots, but we managed successfully. The audience, I am sorry to say, was a considerably noisy one, especially if I delayed long between the scenes, but as the whole I fancy they enjoyed themselves. Be that as it may, the folk behind the curtain had a 'splendid time'. Three people from the audience insisted upon coming behind the scenes to act as stage managers, but, as to relate their acts on the staircase and laughed at our 'get ups,' as they rudely termed our stylish costumes. Thus you see that Cinderella and her proud sisters had to rush about and attend to the various things themselves. Well, Cousin Kate, I must own I felt much relieved when the play ended and the poor actresses were entertained at a select supper in the kitchen!!! No doubt you also will feel relieved when this rambling letter concludes. Please bear in mind I have endeavoured to be as explicit as possible without entering into minute details. Whether I have succeeded or not I leave you to judge. I fear my letter is much too long, so I now bid adieu.—From yours affectionately, COUSIN TRILMA.

[Your shadow play must have been excellent fun, and I am sure some of the cousins will like to try it too. I should think Bluebeard would do grandly. If I get time before Christmas I think I will sketch it out for the Christmas number. I should think 'Dumb Crambo' would be excellent done that way, or any dumb charade. Tell the brother who is not a brother, his prompt cash payment is a first-rate example. Thank you for your promise. I cannot do anything till I get a good many more. Carefully keep that shilling and refund it if our scheme comes to nought. I expect in reality you wear No. 2 shoes.—COUSIN KATE]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

HURLED BOYS' NAMES.

1. Where is the jam, Esther? 2. It is Robert I envy most. 3. Fred gardens very well, much better than Ida. 4. Nero, Bertha, and Ross are going for a ride to-day. 5. He has no elegant ways.—COUSIN GILBY.

PUZZLES.

(1) When is a boat like a heap of snow? (2) What 'bus holds the greatest number of people? (3) Why is the letter 'B' like fire?—COUSIN FERGUS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Answer to Cousin Ethel's Riddle: Short.

Answer to Cousin Lilla's Transposition Puzzle:

E T H E L
V E T O
A B E R D E E N
N A N L I N G
G O L F
E A G L E
L E A L
I D O L
N E R O
E S C H E W

Evangeline-Longfellow.

Answers to Cousin Amy's Riddles: (1) Yes, when he has got a big hole in it. (2) Absence of body. (3) A drum. (4) One misses the train, and the other trains the missis.

Answers to Cousin Alice's riddles: (1) A step-father (step farther). (2) Bobby Burns and Robert Browning. (3) When they make twenty-two.

Answers to Cousin Gypsy's Barred Flowers: (1) Red. (2) Green. (3) Yellow. (4) White. (5) Brown.

GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.

ONE of the 'sights' of Philadelphia, fifty years ago, was a magnificent Chinese Museum, whose treasures, collected by Mr Dann, a magnificent merchant, were displayed in a building erected on the site on which now stands the Continental Hotel. Over the museum was a long, narrow upper room, about thirty-five feet high. It was a public hall, used for lectures and concerts, and with it was associated a most remarkable instance of presence of mind. A correspondent of the London Spectator tells the thrilling story:

In the central part of this immense auditorium were collected one evening about three thousand persons. At about nine o'clock, the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with fright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tenons of the joists might be out of their sockets. The floor would then fall through on to the Chinese Museum, and the walls, sixty feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the roof, upon the assembly. The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear, that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall, he could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people.

The reply to this was that his own family was in the audience, and that he must get them out first. 'You shall not,' said the leader; 'a hint of danger, a rush, and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether.'

As a boy in the audience I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room, and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood—the organ-loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front the flooring rose six inches.

The people were entertained, partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed.

Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of that man.

I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manager of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now.

The terror of those minutes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose toward its level, was such, that he never, even in his own family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for forty years afterward.

HIS LAST NAME.

'WHAT is your last name?' inquired a teacher of a new scholar. 'Peter, ma'am,' replied the small boy. 'Peter!' echoed the teacher. 'What is your other name?' 'Fairbanks,' responded the boy. 'Then Fairbanks is your last name of course,' said the teacher, eyeing the round-eyed, vacant-faced Peter with considerable severity. 'No'm,' replied the child, respectfully. 'My name was Fairbanks when I was born, but mother says they didn't name me "Peter" for "most six months."

HELPING PAPA.

It seems cruel to laugh at childish obedience, but sometimes the temptation is almost irresistible. What else shall we do in a case like the following?

A minister's wife was starting out for a walk, and invited her little daughter to go with her.

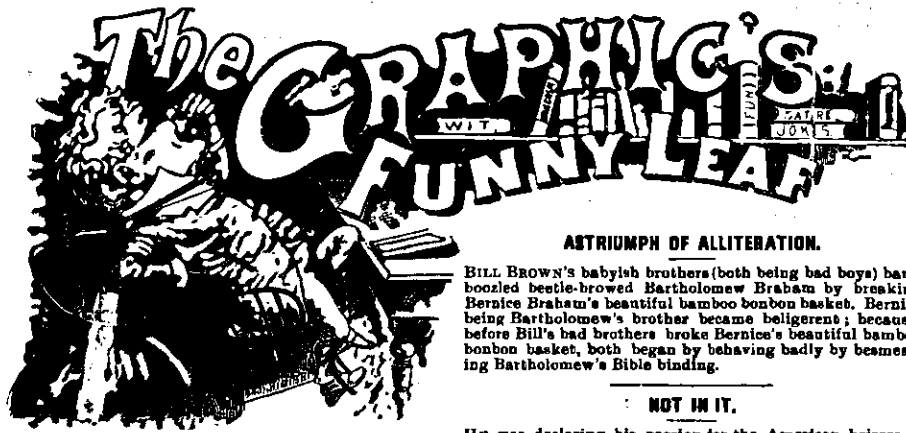
'No, mamma, I can't,' was the very positive reply.

'Why not?'

'I have to help papa.'

'Help papa! In what way?'

'Why, he told me to sit here in this corner and keep quiet while he wrote his sermon, and I don't believe he is half done yet.'



IT HAD TO BE DONE.

As a model modern curate, he was many points per cent. More obliging than the reverend, but independent, gent, Who to fetch a pound of butter for the vicar's lady went; And by afterwards resigning, signified his discontent That the curate had to do it.

On the other hand, our hero was, on all occasions, one Who on any little errands for the vicar's wife would run; Though it must be owned that now and then he failed to see the fun— For, within the vicar's household, there was plenty to be done.

And the curate had to do it.

In the middle of his studies he was often called away By the voice of Mrs Vicar, which to hear was to obey; The shirt buttons of her husband had most likely gone astray, So that somebody would have to sew some fresh ones on that day.

And the curate had to do it.

Off with Milton's mighty epic in his leisure hours he'd cope, Interspersed with something lighter, like the 'Dunciad' of Pope; When the vicar's wife would pointedly express an ardent hope As to someone being sent to fetch the candles, oil, and soap.

And the curate had to do it.

Once he drew the dame's attention, by his evil fortune led, To the windows of the vicarage, observing, on that head, That they looked a trifle dusty, and she hit the bull's-eye dead. 'Yes, the windows must be cleaned!' she most emphatically said.

And the curate had to do it.

And full often when our hero's words of comfort and of joy Should have been addressed to waverers their errors to destroy, They were wasted on another and more trivial employ; For some kindly soul was bound to 'bath' the vicar's baby boy.

And the curate had to do it.

But the vicar, and the lady, and the curate, by-and-bye Became parties to a law suit, though I've quite forgotten why; But if our obliging friend did ought to make an action lie, It's the purchase price of Carbine to the halfpence in my sky.

That the curate had to do it.

DOSS CHIDERDOSS.

At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words 'love, honour, and obey,' the bridegroom interrupted him and said, 'Read that again, sah! Read it once mo', so's de lady kin catch the full solemnity of de meaning. I've been married befo.'



AT THE ACADEMY.

MRS SPECK: 'I don't think that can be one of the really good pictures, John.'
Mr Specs: 'Why not?'
Mrs Specs: 'Why, anybody can see at the very first glance just what it represents.'

ASTRIUMPH OF ALLITERATION.

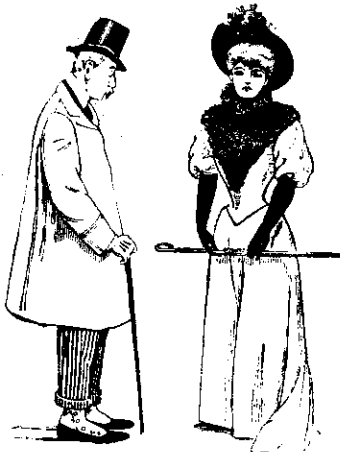
BILL BROWN's babyish brothers (both being bad boys) bamboozled beetle-browed Bartholomew Braham by breaking Bernice Braham's beautiful bamboo bonbon basket. Bernice being Bartholomew's brother became belligerent; because, before Bill's bad brothers broke Bernice's beautiful bamboo bonbon basket, both began by behaving badly by besmearing Bartholomew's Bible binding.

NOT IN IT.

He was declaring his passion for the American heiress in the most glowing sentences of a lover's eloquence. 'I will be your serf—your slave—your—' 'You will be my lord,' she interrupted softly, and he knew then that her millions could never be his, for he had no title.

AN INTERRUPTION.

'I TRUST,' the very careful grocer said. 'I'm glad,' the buyer said, 'I sure you ought—' 'Hold on—' (the grocer grew a trifle red.) 'I trust that cash you'll pay for what you've bought!'



MARIE: 'I understood you were very well off before we were married.'
Jack: 'I was—but I didn't know it!'



A smiling young lady of Niger, She went for a ride on a tiger; At the end of the ride the girl was inside, And the smiles on the face of the tiger.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.—A drum with a hole in it.

There once was a Mr Colquhoun Who played that odd thing the bassuhoun, And nothing deterred him,

Though all those who heard him Exclaimed, what a curious ba-uhoun!

HIS FAILING.

'Do you think Trotters will maintain his resolution to take care of his family in the future?' 'If he does it will be the only thing he ever maintained,' was the prompt reply.

A PARADOX.

O, ye who study all the day The fashionable hurly-burly, Explain to me, how is it, pray, The latest styles are met with early.

A PERSONAL MATTER.

He: 'A fellow called me a donkey the other day.'
She: 'Didn't you feel like kicking him?'

SOMETHING has gone wrong with the works here:

CLERK REQUIRED immediately, by a firm of chartered accountants, to act as STEWARD and COOK.—Apply employment. Must be thoroughly experienced in stockbrokers' accounts.—Address D.B., care of Brown's, 4, Little George-street.

A FAIR PARTNERSHIP.

STRANGER: 'Boy, there's a dime museum somewhere around here, I understand. Do you know where it is?'
Boy: 'Yesir, I wish I had a dime to get in.'
Stranger: 'Well, you conduct me to the place and I'll give you the dime.'
Boy: 'All right. That's a fair partnership. You furnish th' capital an' I furnish th' brains.'



'I WOULD kiss you if I dared,' he said. 'If I were a man,' she replied with a determined air, 'I think I would dare anything.' Just then a cloud passed over the moon.

A CASE IN POINT.

'MISS HARKAWAY,' said Dolliner, 'I suppose you have seen the statement in this week's Gazette that we are engaged to be married.'
'Yes,' she said. 'I saw it.'
'Well, I wish you to know that I had nothing to do with that announcement, and I have written this letter of denial.'
'Oh, I wouldn't read it,' she said, naively. 'What is the use?'
'But it isn't true.'
'That is so; but it isn't impossible. Do you know that paper contains a great many valuable hints?'
And he took the hint.

ARTFUL.

'PAPA, dear, do you know what I'm going to buy you for a Michaelmas present?' asked little Mistress Browneyes, *etat* five, as she stood in the study doorway, industriously infringing the patent leather of one of her shoes with the sole of the other.
'No, dear, what?'
'A pretty new china shaving mug, wif gold flowers on it.'
'But papa has a nice one already, dear.'
'Oh, no, he hasn't; I've just dropped it!'

FAIRNESS AND FAIRNESS.

He: 'What care I how fair she be, If she be not fair to me?'
She: 'And if she's fair to you, I'll say, She'll turn you down this very day.'

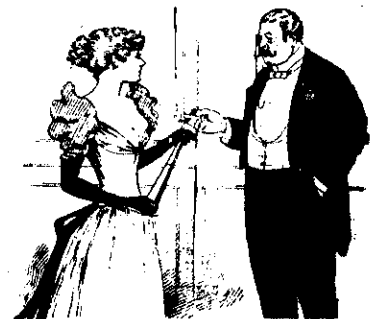
THE INNOCENCE OF IT.

He: 'And, darling, am I the only one you have ever loved?'
She: 'Do you mean for all time or only for so far this summer?'

Out of ten excuses, nine are lies.

THE man who sighs for the happy day When a barefoot boy he ran, Is the same old boy wif used to say: 'I wish I was a man.'

'I saw you entering a public house again yesterday, Griggs.' 'Well, maun, they told me as how gold was found in quartz, so I went and took pot luck, as it were.'



UNAPPRECIATED VOCALISM.

He: 'Don't you think Miss Potts sing with a good deal of feeling?'
She: 'I cannot say I do. If she had any feeling she would spare her friends.'