

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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VISIT OF THE MISSION SHIP JOHN WILLIAMS.

WE are enabled with this week's GRAPHIC to give a portrait of the master of the 'John Williams,' which has just visited our port, and a few words about his career will no doubt be of interest to our readers. Though Captain Hore comes of a race of sailors, an ancestor of his, a Captain Hore, having been a sharer in the discovery of Newfoundland four hundred years ago, and more than one member of his family having held the highest office in the British Navy, he began his sea-faring life at the very lowest rung of the ladder. Destined for other pursuits, he served a brief period in a lawyer's office, but when still very young he left the desk, determined to make the sea his profession, though it had to be undertaken without patronage or encouragement.

His first voyage was to Africa—the scene of many years' missionary labour—after which he served in many ships in many capacities and in many seas, rapidly working his way upward, eventually becoming an officer in the P. and O. service, and obtaining his Master's certificate. It was at this time that he formed the determination to devote his professional skill to the mission service. With this object he sought an interview with Bishop Selwyn, and made a voyage to Australia with a view to obtaining an appointment in the Melanesian Mission. Failing in this he tried for an appointment on the old 'John Williams' under the London Missionary Society, but again unsuccessfully. For two years in succession he unsuccessfully sought for an opening on the mission vessel *Harmony* of the Moravian Missionary Society. A varied experience followed, during which he neglected no opportunity to influence for good all with whom he came in contact. Among other schemes, when on the Board of the English and Foreign Sailors' Society he submitted, to that Society a scheme for using sea-going ships as training ships for boys. In Demerara he was offered and accepted a position as sailors' missionary. After this he held a position in the Circular Saw Line trading between Auckland and Sydney, and subsequently entered Harley College in East London to prepare himself for more systematic mission work. In connection with this College he introduced the use of a mission cutter for doing mission work among the ships visiting the port of London, the boat at the same time supplying a means of giving some nautical experience to the students of the College.

While at this College the London Missionary Society entered into correspondence with him with a view to his undertaking special work in Central Africa, with the result that he spent eleven eventful years in this service. During this time he traversed no fewer than five times the eight hundred miles between Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika. The arduous character of this journey may be in some degree estimated when it is known that there is only a foot track, and that the journey occupies three

months, and necessitates a train of several hundred men. On one of these journeys he conveyed a steel boat in sections, and after putting it together completed a survey of the thousand miles of the coast line of the great inland Sea Tanganyika. Having fully accomplished the special work for which his services were secured, and his health having given way, he left Africa. On his return he was accorded a welcome by the Royal Geographical Society, before whom he read a paper of scientific interest, and who conferred upon him the



CAPT. EDWARD COODE HORE, F.R.G.S.

honour of a Fellowship, with a golden trophy for distinguished service. After travelling for the Missionary Society on deputation work in England, Australia, and America he was asked to transfer his services from Africa to Polynesia in connection with the new mission steamer 'John Williams,' of which vessel he assumed command on its arrival here, the present being his third voyage through Polynesia.

Captain Hore is author of 'Tanganyika,' and Mrs Hore, who has accompanied her husband in his later African travels, has also written 'To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath Chair.' Perhaps few men have possessed such varied qualifications for a missionary pioneer. A skilful seaman, a good speaker, a clever mechanic, an accurate observer, with such skill and tact in dealing with men that he is able to boast that though travelling amongst and living with Central African natives for years—at times alone—he has never given a wound nor received a scratch.

Captain Hore is fitted in no ordinary degree for the work in which he is engaged, and in which we wish him many years of service.

A FROG FARM.

SAN FRANCISCO has a genuine frog farm on one of its principal streets, where the frog of commerce is raised for the markets and the select customers of the proprietor. It is rather a small affair in a back yard, just above Powell-street, but it has produced many frogs for local palates, and for the size is no inconsiderable source of income to its owner. The frogs are kept in wire screen inclosures, and there are now about 150 or 200 of them on hand in various stages of development, from one inch up to three inches in length. They are plentifully supplied with water, but are fed nothing, and although delicate few die on account of their artificial surroundings. They live almost entirely on the flies and bugs they catch in their cages.

This is the only institution of the kind in this city. There is one over near Shell Mound, and these two 'farms,' with the catch throughout the State, supply the local market with the many dozens of frogs that are annually consumed here.

The frog is that for sale is not really the genuine edible frog of Europe. That frog is a bright green, spotted with black, and with three bold yellow stripes along its back. This frog is more like in colour the shad frog of England, so called on account of making its appearance about the time the shad comes to the shore. The local frog is probably the true specimen of what the English call the pickerel frog of America, so called on account of its being used as bait for catching that fish.

Frogs' legs can be obtained at almost every first-class restaurant and in every leading hotel. They have long since ceased to be a rarity or a novel dish, and one can order them with the same *sans froid* he would a beef-steak. They are prepared in many ways by different chefs and to suit the whims of the customer, but the general plan is to broil them, either in a broiler or in hot grease, *a la doughnut*. The latter process is probably the best way to preserve the natural flavour, which is a combination of smelt and breast of young chicken. All the other processes, more complicated, partially or wholly destroy the flavour, owing to the use of French sauces and high seasoning.

For regular broiled frog you should select eighteen fine fresh frogs' legs, pare off the feet neatly, and lay the frogs on a dish. Season with salt and pepper and the juice of a lemon. Roll them around in this seasoning and broil four minutes on each side. Take off and dress on a hot dish with a gill of *maitre d'hotel* butter, which is a combination of fresh butter, parsley, nutmeg and lemon juice.

Frogs *a la Poulette* are made by putting eighteen pieces of fine frogs in a sautoire with two ounces of butter, seasoned with salt and pepper and a half-glass of white wine. This is stewed briskly for five minutes and then a pint of Hollandaise sauce, two teaspoonsful of finely-chopped parsley and a little lemon juice are added and the whole served hot.

Spanish frogs are prepared in almost the same way, except that in place of the Hollandaise sauce one-half a green pepper and two freshly-peeled tomatoes all cut up are added and cooked ten minutes.

Fried frogs are marinated in a dressing of sweet oil and vinegar, seasoned, and fried in hot grease, *a la doughnuts*, and served with parsley greens.

These are but a few of the many ways of cooking frogs' legs. Like terrapin, they can be prepared in almost any manner, according to the skill of the chef, and owing to their delicate flavour will always continue to be a dainty morsel for the palate.

It is not generally known that, size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about 50 per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.



THE MISSION VESSEL 'JOHN WILLIAMS.'

AN EPISODE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE camera is now recognized as such almost everywhere, but mine once caused me some uneasy moments in a locality where I had not expected it to be known as an appliance for picture taking.

It was in the little village of Chosky in the Indian Territory, a place that is neither quiet nor peaceful, as evidenced by the fact that during my stay of ten days in its neighbourhood three citizens were shot in its streets. I had ridden in from camp with my camera slung over my shoulder, and in violation of the law of the town, had a revolver on my hip and a rifle in my hand as I walked to the end of one street to get a view of the village.

The frequent shooting scrapes at that time had demanded a remedy, even in that country of lawlessness, and the strict observance of a statute prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons was the result. I knew of the law and its enforcement, and knew that although a tenderfoot stranger there was risk of arrest at the muzzle of a Winchester. Such a state of affairs tended to cause me some anxiety, but I took several pictures and with the mail in my pocket started back to my horse. All at once I caught the sound of hoof-beats rapidly approaching from behind me.

Horses do not run at large in Chosky, and this, coupled with the fact that the sound showed the horse to be coming at a hard, steady run in the well beaten part of the road, made it reasonably certain that he had a rider upon his back. A moment's reflection assured me of the further fact that men in the Indian nation do not ride at full speed unless there is reason for it, and the reason in this case seemed to be that he was coming after me. It struck me that I was in an awkward position. My companions were in camp ten miles away. The nearest railroad or telegraph was distant a day's ride. A glance to the rear might be taken as a hostile demonstration in a country where they shoot first and investigate afterward. The safest course seemed to be to plod toward my horse without showing any interest in what was happening behind me.

The hoof-beats sounded clearer and louder; the horse was coming on at racing pace. I wildly wondered whether he would speak first or shoot. He was now so near that the creaking of saddle leather could be heard as the animal gathered itself for each stride. The next leap would take him past me or onto me. Then suddenly there was a sliding sound and a rattling of pebbles and bits of sun-dried earth as the horse threw itself back on its haunches, stopping short with stiffened fore-legs as cow-ponies do, and the pleasant voice of cowboy Tony Dawson—who had ridden a hard mile for a word with the stranger, and who never knew the state of mind in which he found him—said as he glanced at my camera. 'Well, you'r out sketchin' this mornin'—what's the matter with takin' me?'

BURGLARS AND MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

'MANY matrimonial advertisements,' said an ex-inspector of police to me one day (writes a contributor), 'are inserted in the papers by burglars. No one who has not advertised for a wife in some popular periodical can have any idea of the number of replies one such announcement calls forth. And a large portion of these emanate from domestic servants—generally young women between the ages of 25 and 35. To an enterprising burglar—particularly if he be young and good-looking or pleasant-mannered—these fall an easy prey. He receives, say, 75 answers to his advertisement—and I am estimating the number moderately—and from these he selects the most promising—viz., those penned from fashionable and wealthy neighbourhoods, to which he sends a suitable reply. Thereupon ensues a constant correspondence, the warmth of which increases with each letter. At length a meeting is arranged, and should the young lady—and she almost invariably is—be favourably impressed with her lover, his path is easy. Introduced to her fellow-servants by the infatuated girl as her cousin, he very often gets the run of the place, not infrequently with the sanction of the mistress of the house, many of whom readily give their consent to their servants receiving visits from friends. A smart man is then soon in possession of the information he requires. The house in due course is 'burgled,' the courtship comes to an abrupt termination, and the deserted girl, perhaps half-suspicious of the truth, is afraid to say anything lest she should be deemed an accomplice. Struck by what the ex-inspector stated, and desirous of proving the truth of it, I shortly afterwards issued an advertisement for a wife in a well known London weekly. I received 89 answers. At least 60 of them were from domestics. From these 60 I picked out half a dozen, flinging the remainder into the fire. Here is what happened in one case. In a large house, not a hundred miles from Kensington Gardens Square, lived a parlourmaid, whom I will call Mary Smith. She had both a comfortable place and a good wage. Nevertheless, impelled by the universal desire of having a home of her own, she was foolish enough to reply to my advertisement. She took to me immensely, whether owing to my beauty or affability I am unable to say; and soon we were on the most friendly terms. Now it happened that the family in whose service Mary Smith was, were out of town when my acquaintance with her commenced, she and three other servants—two maids and a man—being the only residents in the house. Can it be credited, then, that within one short week of first seeing me, taking advantage of the temporary absence of her fellow-domestics, in answer to a request of mine, she unhesitatingly showed me all over the house? Such, however, was the case. Here, then, is a great and, as far as I am aware, hitherto little-known danger that may result from matrimonial advertisements.

RECENT JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL AT CHRISTCHURCH

SOME OF THE DANCERS.



Miss McDonald.

Master Burns.

Miss Noel Stead.

Miss Janet Boyle.



Master Norman Cunningham.

Miss Burns.

Master McDonald.



Mr Kimber.

Master Babington.

Master Stead.

STORY OF JOHANNESBURG.

THE CITY-BUILT BY GOLD IN THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE story of the city of Johannesburg, South Africa, is a story of the power of gold in turning an utter wilderness into a great and thriving urban community. Less than ten years ago, says the *New York Sun*, in 1886, the first discovery of gold was made in the region where Johannesburg is now situated. Just the kind of region it was then can be understood from the statement that it lay 400 miles back from the east coast of Africa. It was uninhabited by civilised men and the track hither was dangerous as any ever travelled by prospectors in the United States. But a prospector made the journey and found gold-bearing rock, and when the find had been explored it was shown to be one of the largest and richest the world has seen.

For three years, as a matter of course, progress was slow. It took time for mining men with capital to examine the veins and reefs of mineral-bearing rock, and so it happened that in 1889 the community was a mere mining-camp of the Rocky Mountain model. There was not a building in it more than one storey high or composed of better material than slender wooden frames with corrugated zinc-white sheets of iron over them.

The capitalists who took hold were first cautious enough to learn just what they had underground and then enterprising enough to bring to their aid the most expert engineers and the most modern appliances and processes for extracting the metal from the ores. The result was an extraordinary yield of gold per ton of rock from the very beginning and an aggregate yield that is stupendous. The figures of the aggregate yield are not at hand, but during the month of June of the present year the output amounted to 200,941 ounces—say £600,000.

The building of a city where a camp had been set up was no small task. The place was 400 miles from port, and the route was of the roughest. Hardware and other materials had to be hauled in ox carts a journey of forty days and more. How the price of a keg of nails, for instance, grew during such a journey the people of the Rocky mountain camps can guess. But the nails were brought, and so were all the other things needed. Banks and mercantile houses of cut stone and brick, a great stock exchange, two theatres, hotels fit for millionaires, street railways—in short, everything for the convenient transaction of business and for the comfort of life is found there.

Last of all has come a railroad, a monument to the perseverance and resolution of one man—President Kruger. The enterprise was fraught with many difficulties, but in July last regular trains began to run.

The town itself numbers 40,000 inhabitants, besides the 30,000 and more men at work in the mines and prospecting for more mines in the country round about. And now that the railroad has assured a market, agriculturists are flocking to the region to take advantage of the rich soil and favourable climate of the Transvaal.

In Butte and Anaconda, Montana one may find towns somewhat like Johannesburg, but if one may believe the stories told by travellers there is nothing in the world to equal what has been accomplished by the citizens of this newest South African city.

POLICEMEN IN SPAIN.

THE little towns and smaller cities in Spain have a very effective system of night police. These Spanish public watchmen are clad in long black cloaks and wear on their heads a black and red cap. In one hand is a lantern with coloured glass, in the other a kind of lance.

'Serenos' is the name this policeman goes under, and he gets the title from the cry he is obliged to utter at every step, 'Serenos,' which means fine. The phrase refers to the state of the weather. If the weather is cloudy he would call out, 'Nublado'; if it is raining, 'Lluviendo.' Under the blue sky of Spain, however, it is generally 'serenos.'

An extract from the municipal regulations of a Spanish town details the duties of the sereno in this wise: 'He must perform a certain number of rounds in all the streets, lanes, passages, and alleys on his beat, and call out in a loud voice the time and the weather as he goes along. He must lend assistance to citizens who request his help for any reasonable cause and go for the doctor, chemist, midwife, or clergyman. In cases of robbery, assault or fire he must hurry to the scene of the occurrence as soon as he hears the signal. He must pay particular attention to such houses as are pointed out to him and report to his superiors.'

Each 'sereno' supervises a certain small territory, a 'demarcacion,' as it is called. He has three or four subordinates, who act under his orders and are known as 'vigilants.' Each of these fellows has charge of a block of ten or fifteen buildings and besides having police duties he acts as a sort of porter to his houses, carrying the keys to them all and being alone able to open the doors. In the Spanish towns 10 o'clock is the signal for closing and after that time the only way the lodger can get inside his dwelling is to summon the 'vigilant.' To do this he must clap his hands three times and then the 'vigilant' hurries up, armed with his bunch of keys. So, also, if any one desires to go out during the night he claps his hands at the window and a 'vigilant' appears.

When a street brawl occurs or an attack is made either 'sereno' or 'vigilant' blows his whistle at the first cry of help and chases off in the direction of the sound. Up comes the other officers on the run, all blowing their whistles loudly. If the criminal gets away the whistles are blown in a peculiar manner, signalling in just what direction he has gone. The outer rings of 'serenos' and 'vigilants' take up the signal and in a few moments a wide cordon is formed in the surrounding streets, which in nine cases out of ten ends in the evildoer's capture within a few moments.



Miss Phylis Boyle.



Miss Babington.



Master Helmore.



Miss Ina Prins.



Master Vernon.



Master Moore.

... OVERLAND ...
FROM
NAPIER to AUCKLAND.

NOW that the summer is fairly set in the streams of tourists and sightseers begin once more to flow towards the centre of scenic attractions in which the colony is so rich. As usual, the Hot Lakes' district, with its unique marvels, draws crowds from afar and near, and already the hotels are beginning to assume an animated appearance. One of the most interesting avenues of approach to our New Zealand Wonderland is the road from Napier to Taupo, and between the months of November and April it is in excellent condition for coaching or riding. Recently Mr Hawley, a first-class photographer of Napier, made a special tour along this route, and succeeded in getting a number of fine views of the most beautiful points on the road, as well as of the wonders at Tarawera, Taupo, Wairakei, and Rotorua. We have arranged for the reproduction of these pictures in the GRAPHIC, so that those who have never seen the scenery in this part of New Zealand may get some conception of it, and those who have had that advantage may be reminded of scenes we are sure they would not willingly forget. A few of those views appeared in the GRAPHIC last week, and to-day we reproduce a second series.

The time occupied in the trip between Napier and Taupo is only two days and the journey may be accomplished either on horseback or by coach or buggy. At present Messrs Crowther and McCauley run a coach once a week, but next month, in view of the increased traffic, there will be a bi-weekly service. No more capable 'whip' than Mr McCauley ever manœuvred a team along a difficult road. He has held the ribbons for over twenty years in different parts of New Zealand, and knows every turn in the road he now travels; and it is a road that

requires to be known before one can take four horses and a coach across it with safety. A correspondent who lately made the trip has furnished us with an interesting account of his journey. 'We left Napier,' he writes 'at 6.30 a.m., and after a short drive along the beach passed through Petane and entered the pretty valley of Eskdale. The country from this point on to

Pohui is not equal to the fine lands to be met with in most parts of Hawke's Bay. After lunching at Pohui and resting for an hour we clambered into our seats, and were off through a beautiful rimu bush. It was delightful travelling among these forest glades, from which every moment there came the liquid notes of the tui. As we proceeded the country became more broken, and the



Hawley photo.

THROUGH THE BUSH BETWEEN TARAWERA AND TAUPO.



FALL MOHAKO.

Hawley photo.

MOHAKO FALL—SOUTH OF TARAWERA.

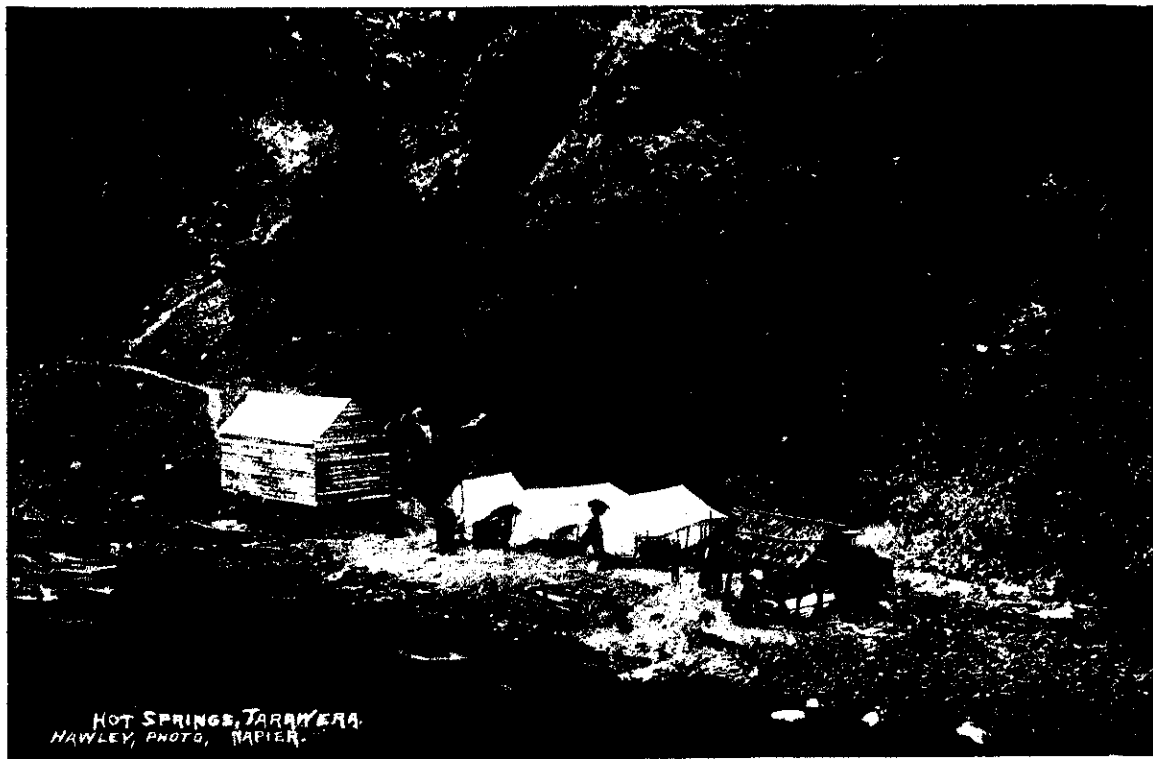
scenery increased in ruggedness and grandeur till we reached Mohako, which lies on the banks of a beautiful river at the bottom of a very steep incline. A substantial bridge spans the stream, and from it a view of a pretty waterfall can be obtained. Leaving Mohako behind, we resumed our journey, and shortly afterwards drew up at the Coach and Horses Hotel, Tarawera. The host, Mr F. W. Herries (formerly of Auckland), was there to welcome the passengers who had arrived for the night, or who might feel inclined to break the journey for a longer period as many often do, and breathe the fresh mountain air at 1,500 feet above the sea level. The situation of Tarawera is so delightful, the climate so bracing for those coming from the seashore, the natural hot baths so refreshing, and the hotel so comfortable, that one might easily spend many days very pleasantly there. Our coach, however, started at 7.30 next day, and we had to be contented with a very short acquaintance with the place. The scenery among the Kaimanawa Ranges reminds one who has travelled in Europe of some of the most picturesque places in the Swiss mountains. About fifteen miles from Tarawera the coach descends into a deep valley, a portion of which has evidently been under cultivation. It is a tempting place for anyone who does not object to solitude to settle in. Our 'whip' pointed out to us a site known as 'The Nunnery,' which he informed us was occupied by Te Kooti's family at the time he was a prisoner at the Chatham Islands. When he made his escape, they and his other followers joined him in the Urewera Ranges. In the hills forming the valley are hot springs. The bush was extremely lovely in this part, the yellow kowhai being in blossom, and the white stars of clematis luxuriantly festooning tree to tree. Just before we emerged again into the open we crossed the Wairoa River, over a bridge near to which are two beautiful waterfalls. Our next halting place was the Raugitaiki Hotel, kept by Mrs Kemp. Here we lunched and then proceeded on our way, reaching Taupo about four o'clock in the afternoon. At Ross' Hotel we were made most comfortable after our long journey. This is a beautifully situated hostelry about two miles above the Taupo Lake. Entering Taupo one obtains a magnificent view of Mount Ruapehu and Tongariro, which at the time of my visit was tolerably active. The view across the Taupo Plains is very monotonous, and I wonder the Government does not plant trees over this large area. They would do well, and would add immensely to the attractiveness of the place. There is no doubt that the soil here is suitable for all sorts of English trees. I was shown over the orchard of Mr Park, the Postmaster, and must confess that I never saw either in Wellington or Napier anything equal to the display of fruit he has to show. The trees—apples, pears, quinces, red and black currants, gooseberries, etc.—were loaded.

'The cost of the coach from Napier through to Rotorua is £4. I would suggest that tourists should take as little luggage as possible. All that is really necessary is a Gladstone bag with a change of linen and an overcoat to safeguard against wet. For all else one can depend upon the resources of the local centres.'

(To be Continued.)

SCENES ON THE NAPIER—TAUPO ROAD.

SEE LETTERPRESS PAGE 636.



HOT SPRINGS, TARAWERA.
HAWLEY, PHOTO, NAPIER.

HOT SPRINGS, TARAWERA.



Hawley, photo.

RUNANGA FALLS.

THE MESSIAH OF NEW MEXICO.

WONDERFULLY like the story of the Scriptures as rehearsed in the New Testament is the tale upon every lip in the central part of New Mexico to-day. Wonderfully like the scenes of the Bible, in setting and in some of the characteristics, have been the scenes enacted there.

In New Mexico, where the native population may be seen daily in the wheat fields cutting grain with a sickle, where the grain is still separated from the chaff beneath the feet of horses, where the mortar and pestle are still commonly used in the home manufacture of flour and bread is baked in a clay oven resembling a dog kennel (for stoves are very uncommon in the abodes of the Mexicans outside the principal towns), there suddenly burst upon the view of these people, whence no one seems to know, a man bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of the Christ who looked upon just such



THE "HEALER."

scenes as these nearly nineteen hundred years ago; a man who tastes not of food, a man whose touch brings sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, motion to the halt, peace unto the suffering. Like the Christ he was first doubted by these people, though he came among them professing to be no more than he appeared. Like the Christ, he won his followers by his kindly deeds, his cures of the afflicted, his unselfish devotion to mankind. Like the Christ, he was persecuted by the higher class of the Mexican population, threatening him as an impostor, a sharper, a schemer, a luatic, and his persecutors he transformed into his staunchest friends.

FOLLOWED BY HUNDREDS.

For more than two weeks he has been followed by hundreds wherever he has gone. To-day a constant stream of people passes before him praying that he touch their hands. Blind, deaf, and halt are led or carried to him; women with tiny babes bring them to him to be healed of ailments real or imaginary; old, middle-aged, young, ignorant and educated Mexicans, Americans of the highest standing in the community visit him at the lowly homes he most frequents or in the homes of the rich and prominent, in which he is a welcome guest. Great lines of carriages and waggons and saddle horses stand before every house he enters, the owners, drivers, or riders have come for him to take him to the home of some one who is suffering. Each and all, high or lowly, he treats the same, and from no one will he take a cent for the services he has performed, though money is repeatedly pressed upon him. For all he has the same kindly greeting, the same kindly treatment.

Stories of his cures are beyond belief. Many of them have been investigated, and now even the most credulous is willing to admit the man is doing many men good and no man harm—that he is honest in his endeavours to aid suffering humanity and consistent in his actions. As to whence comes his power opinions differ. Among the Mexicans few doubt it comes directly from Heaven; among the Americans it is attributed to animal magnetism and the principles upon which the Christian Science doctrine is founded.

Monday afternoon, July 15th, a Mexican *attends* of the morning newspaper in Albuquerque rushed breathlessly into the office, his face the picture of amazement. The day previous he had been at Peralta, a small town on the Rio Grande River, about twenty miles south of that city. There, he said, he had seen a man who was the perfect picture of the prints of the Christ which adorn the walls of the ancient Cathedral of San Felipe, the towers of

which have been outlined in the blue sky of this South-west land for more than three hundred years. This man had been surrounded all day long by crowds of people. He had held the hands of a blind man and sight had been restored to him; he had touched the hands of a woman who had been paralyzed for years and she left as well as in the days of her maidenhood; he had treated many others and all had been benefited. Since his advent into that village, in a miraculous manner, several days before, it was known he had not tasted food.

APPEARANCE OF THE HEALER.

He is a man of about six feet in height, and weighs probably 160 pounds. His form is that of the athlete, and like the athlete, he has all the supple grace of the man of trained muscles.

First of all to strike the observer is the remarkable likeness between the man and the pictures of the Christ. The long, flowing brown hair, curling a trifle at the shoulders, over which it spread, was there parted in the middle and combed smoothly over the ears. The brown beard, falling gracefully upon the breast was there; the small white patches devoid of hair just at the corners of the mouth, which mark the perfect Jewish facial adornment, were there. The eyes, blue and clear as the skies without, beamed with a kindly light upon all who approached. The mouth, firmly and delicately cut, was faintly seen between beard and moustache. As long as the mouth was closed the resemblance between the man and a picture of the Christ, which adorned one of the walls of the room, was complete; when the lips parted the illusion was shattered, for the absence of two teeth in the upper jaw robbed the face of its striking appearance. For clothing the man wore simply a blue calico shirt, a blue jeans 'jumper' falling over the hips to meet blue overalls, much too short for him, and not meeting a pair of cheap socks which covered the feet. No hat, no shoes did the man wear, and the sun intensely hot.

First to apply to him for the healing touch was a relative of the host, an old man who had totally lost the sight of one eye. Motioning him to a seat by his side, the 'Healer' took the hands of his patient in his own. For five minutes the two sat there speechless. The lips of the 'Healer' could be seen to move from time to time, and occasionally his big blue eyes were directed upward. Now and then, too, a shudder seemed to pass over him, his body swaying with the emotion. The old man's sightless orb was directed toward the face of the man to whom he appealed for succour and his body swayed with the emotion of anticipation. They sat there speechless until the old man arose and with a sigh departed to the placita.

Men, women and children took the seat he had vacated and the former proceeding was repeated. Some left the chair declaring their pain had vanished; others said they had noticed no beneficial results. As the 'Healer' held the hands of his patients he talked with the people.

'I shall be thirty nine years of age in a few days,' he said, in answer to a question. 'I was born in Alsace-Lorraine when it was a French possession, and am therefore a Frenchman.'

The voice and accent indicated the German, and the name given by him, Francis Schlader, proved that he was of German extraction.

Sunday morning Schlader appeared in Albuquerque, at the home of Mrs Werner, in that portion of the city called Old Town.

At first few persons but the Mexicans went to him for treatment. As stories of cures from the lips of the patients themselves filled the air the more highly educated Spaniards and the Americans began looking into the matter. Every day the 'Healer' made converts, and men who had derided him as an impostor publicly apologized for their unbelief and unkind remarks. The 'Healer' began yielding to the pleadings of some of the most wealthy citizens, who desired him to go to their homes, until, when it became generally known he would go when asked, he has been the guest of some of the most prominent citizens of Albuquerque. All admit there is something remarkable about the man; all admire him for his honesty of purpose and endeavour, and all admit he is doing much good.

Many of the leading people of the city are among his patients, and the result of their treatment is being watched by the entire city. One prominent and wealthy citizen has promised to build Schlader a church if his wife be cured of an affliction.

UNSPOILED BY POPULARITY.

In spite of the laudation given him, in spite of the fact that he is eagerly sought by the rich and influential, Schlader's manner has not changed in the least. He treats all alike, and seems not to know or see the persons he grasps by the hands.

The fame, notoriety, what you will, of the 'Healer' has spread over the entire country. The newspapers, the banks, the telegraph office, the Post Office, and

private citizens by the score are daily in receipt of letters from all parts of the country asking about him.

To-day he is the idol of a large part of the population of this district. Whether he will continue so remains to be seen.

THE NEW ZEALANDER ABROAD.

IRISHMEN claim that their capital is one of the most beautiful of European cities, and impartial judges are not inclined to dispute their contention. There are some very fine buildings in Dublin, and several large parks; and off-shoots of the Wicklow Mountains constitute a picturesque background to many of the streets on the south side of the Liffey. The river divides the city into two equal portions, and is spanned by a number of fine bridges, the last of which, Carlisle Bridge, connects the two great thoroughfares, Sackville and Westmoreland-streets, and is the point from which the finest views of the public buildings and river are obtained. The harbour gives shelter to large vessels. Dublin University or Trinity College is an ancient institution, having been founded by Queen Elizabeth. It is a distinguished seat of learning, and has given to the world many men conspicuous for ability.

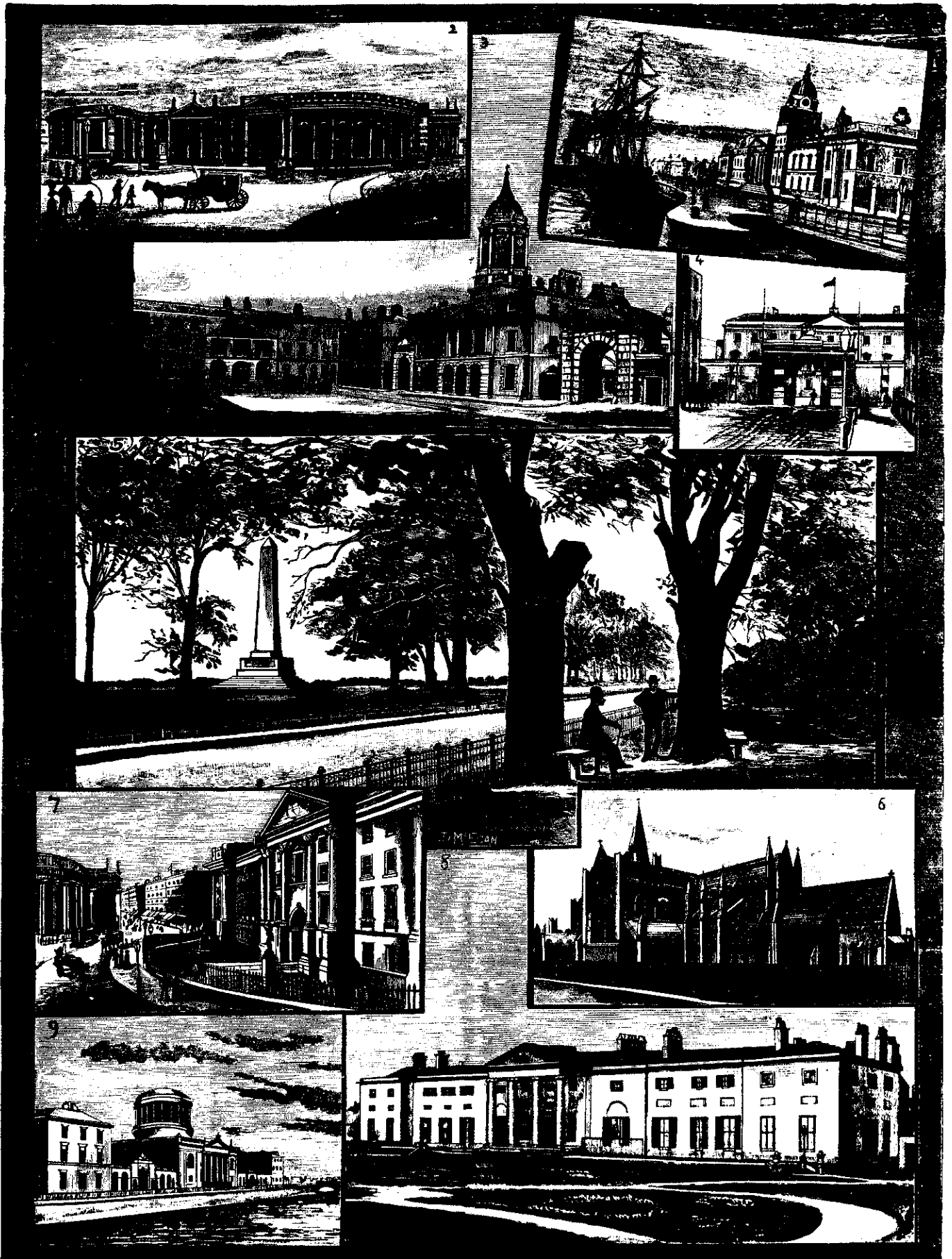
SWINDLING APPLIANCES.

EVEN the swindling gambler is 'good for business' in his own particular way. This, at all events, is the case in New York, where the manufacture of swindling appliances for gamblers seems to be as flourishing an industry as pork-butchering in Chicago. The gentlemen who are at the head of these manufacturing houses which exist 'to assist the doctrine of chance' are wonderfully inventive, their goods including crooked faro boxes, 'fixed' roulette wheels, marked cards loaded dice, and ever so many other pretty little contrivances. Marked cards, it would seem, are the most popular means employed by the gentle cardsharp in the pursuance of his profession. Various methods enable the sharper to distinguish the different cards. One of the most common is by a slight variation in the pattern of the back of the cards. Some of the variations are so slight that it seems almost impossible for any gambler, however keen his eyesight, to detect them. What is called the bicycle card is a favourite advantage card. The pattern represents a bicyclist riding along a road, while an owl sits in a branch of a tree on one side of the way. The limbs of the trees are bare and the little twigs which stick out just beyond the owl's perch determine the value of the card. They vary in number and position according to suit and value. The difference is exceedingly small, and even if you know the cards are crooked it is difficult to discover where the crookedness lies. Leaded dice furnish another means for swindling. When dice are skillfully loaded and the advantage is not too apparent, detection is impossible without cutting them in two. In making them great skill is required. The die is drilled through to the centre over one of the black spots, a plug made of the same material as the die is inserted, and the spot rebacked. This plug is a little shorter than the hole drilled, and thus leaves a hollow space, which influences the fall of the die according to its position and depth. Sometimes this hollow space is filled with a heavier material. Dice are made to throw high or low or to favour one particular number. The proper size and position of the plugs are only learned by long experience. Most of the orders come from the Southern negro 'crapshooters.' They are exceedingly particular about the dice they use, and require only a slight percentage in their favour. If dice were too pronounced on the side of the shooter, suspicion would be at once aroused.



CANINE SAGACITY.

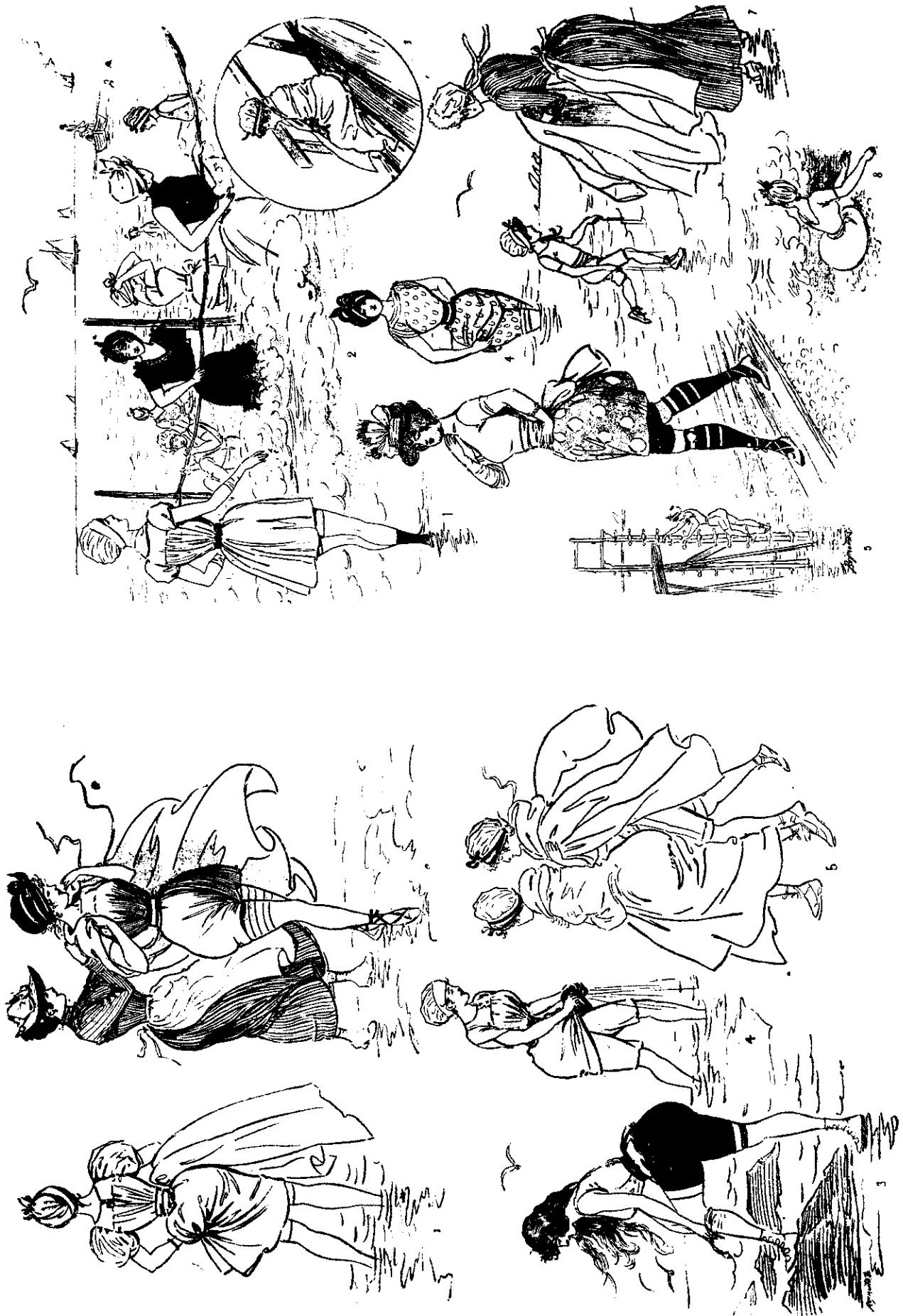
ARABELLA: 'Be quiet, Fido, anyone to see you barking like that would think Mr Jones wanted to steal something!'



NEW ZEALANDER ABROAD—SCENES IN DUBLIN.

[See Letterpress.

- 1. The Custom House.
- 2. The Bank of Ireland.
- 3. The Castle Yard.
- 4. The Royal Dublin Society.
- 5. The Phoenix Park.
- 6. St. Patrick's Cathedral.
- 7. Trinity College.
- 8. The Vice-Regal Lodge.
- 9. The Four Courts.



THE GREAT BATHING QUESTION : HOW THEY DO IT IN FRANCE.

- 1. The Force of Habit. 2. After the Bath. 3. A Stone in the Shoe. 4. A Careful Bather.
- 5. On the way to the Dressing Room. 6. Facing the Opera-glasses. 7. Bravo ! Suzanne. 8. A Big Wave.

- 1. A Parisian Beauty. 2. Subjects for the Kodak. 3. Bebe Waiting her Turn. 4. A Daughter of the Gods.
- 5. An Enthusiastic Diver. 6. Facing the Opera-glasses. 7. Bravo ! Suzanne. 8. A Big Wave.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

MUNICIPAL elections are in the air, and the men who would be kings over their own little community are to the front. It is said you can distinguish a man who aims at Mayoral honours at a glance. He wears a self-conscious air as if the shadow of the civic crown was already on his forehead; and if there are two aspirants for the office, in addition to the self-conscious air there is a strained conciliatory look in their eyes and a fixed smile on their lips that is painful. They appear to walk the streets in perpetual fear of not having been sufficiently affable to Tom, of having neglected Dick's nod in a moment of abstraction, or of having omitted to ask after Harry's grand uncle. I have heard of a short-sighted candidate who made it a point of bowing to everything over three feet high he met in the street and saluting it with a most expansive smile. This excessive desire to please actually lost the poor man the honour he coveted, for when it got noised abroad that he had been seen making himself agreeable to pillar boxes and St. Bernards, the citizens decided they could not put a lunatic, however affable, in the Mayoral chair. Short-sighted men should be careful and confine themselves to discovering Chattertons and John Stuart Mills among the families they visit in quest of suffrages. It is an old Parliamentary dodge, but it never fails, for kind nature has ordained it—with no thought for the Parliamentarian perhaps—that every goose or gander of a parent should think their offspring swans. As to whether the game is worth the candle we must leave the candidates themselves to judge. You and I, gentle reader, might not think it so, but then no one has ever asked us to stand. We might probably take a totally different view of the honour were it offered to us.

IT is well-known that a very small matter may decide a candidate's fate at a general election, and it is no less remarkable on how very slight a point the winning of a mayoral seat may hang. We are told that at Hamilton, that thriving town of the Waikato, the question of who is to be the mayor rests on a matter that may to some appear to be of a little moment as that which gave rise to the famous controversy between the Big Endians and the Little Endians. It appears that the town is divided on the question of cattle's rights. A little while back we used to hear of nothing but women's rights, but they have apparently got them in Hamilton now, or they would never bother about cattle. Of course no one denies that cattle have rights, and that these should be respected, but when it comes to a Mayoral election hinging on them it seems carrying the thing a little too far. The 'rights' claimed for the bovines in this instance is the permission to perambulate the streets day and night. This is what the big Endians want. The little Endians, on the other hand, think it quite sufficient that the animals should be allowed to wander at large by day only. Of the two candidates for the Mayoralty, one holds, I understand, the broad big Endian views, while the other believes the little Endians have justice on their side. The matter is not one that can be hastily decided. Apart from the convenience or inconvenience to the public—a subsidiary affair—there is the great question of bovine rights involved. Further, the moral influence on the cattle themselves of being allowed to be abroad when all respectable people are in bed has to be considered. There are a hundred points which are open to discussion, and I should suggest a postponement of the Mayoral election until some clear legal judgment had been obtained.

WAS the New Secretary for the colonies, Joe Chamberlain, talking for effect when, at the banquet to Governor Smith, of Western Australia, he rolled forth that grandiloquent sentence which the cableman despatched in its precious entirety? 'He hoped that the Australian colonies would bury petty jealousies and ambitions, and found a commonwealth which he foresaw would be destined to outstrip the waning greatness of older Europe in a time that was historically visible.' We can, even at this distance, hear the applause which greeted this 'important' utterance, and likewise the popping of champagne corks which followed. There is little doubt that we have a friend in Westminster if Joe was sincere and the champagne was not chargeable with his gratifying remarks. And now what did he mean by 'a time that was historically visible?' There's the question which Australasia, with its youthful impetuosity, is demanding to know. It seems that it might mean anything. The landing of William the Conqueror is historically visible—painfully so to most schoolboys, who have often reason to wish the whole incident forgotten—and so is the landing of Caesar. But if we have to wait as many years as have elapsed since those events took place before we begin to 'outstrip the waning greatness of older

Europe,' we are not very greatly concerned about the business at all, and Mr Chamberlain's very flattering foresight can scarcely excite our enthusiasm or increase our respect for his shrewdness. Although he is Secretary for the colonies he is very evidently very much out of his ideas regarding the hopes and visions we cherish. To some of us the time when we shall outstrip the waning greatness of older Europe is not only historically visible, but visible to the naked eye. Many of our Australian legislators require no telescope to see it. Mr E. M. Smith, of Taranaki, and Mr Riccarton Russell could, if they were allowed a free hand hasten the glorious period very materially, and we hope that Mr Smith will impart his views on this important matter as well as on iron-sand when he reaches England.

THERE is a surprising amount of interest manifested by Aucklanders in the present Turkish crisis. I have never seen such an interest taken in European politics before, and it is of such a peculiar character that at first I was somewhat puzzled to understand it. Even in this remote corner of the world we heard with indignation of the outrages inflicted on the Armenian Christians, and it might have been expected that our generous blood would not cease to boil till the *Porte* had been brought to book. But it is astonishing how rapidly the public who croaked for revenge have turned round now that there is a prospect of real war. I never knew that there were such a community of philanthropists in Auckland till I heard the fervent hope expressed by dozens of individuals that there would be no war. It was only when I came to remember that every one of these gentlemen was a holder of mining scrip, and read in the cables that the European bourses and the South African mining market had grown weak in view of an impending crisis, that I grasped the situation and understood the philanthropy, and the intense interest Auckland has developed in European affairs. The prayer of a righteous man avaleth much. I do not know the exact value of the prayers of the average mining speculator, but if they are worth anything at all there is a very strong probability we shall have peace. The Sultan little knows what forces are working in his favour. In his palace by the Bosphorus it is very doubtful if he has ever bestowed a thought on the city by the Waitemata, least of all did he look for help from this quarter of the globe. Yet here are we, good, honest, civilised Christians, actually playing into the hands of a despotic old villain of a Turk who has flayed alive our co-religionists. Verily the ways of this world are strange!

THE season of agricultural shows has ended, the one at Wellington being the last of the big affairs, and the fat oxen—the admired of all admirers—have fulfilled their destiny, which was 'beef.' These bucolic carnivals do an immense amount of good to the town as well as to the country. They teach the former the valuable lesson of how very much it is dependent on the bounty of the rural districts for its very existence. We dwellers in cities are foolishly apt to forget this great debt, and sometimes we are stupid enough to look down on our country cousins because, forsooth, their faces are tanned and their hands rough with honest toil. Silly young ladies and equally silly young gentlemen cannot understand 'how anyone can endure the country.' These are not the only things they do not understand, I am afraid. I should be sorry to have to undertake the tuition of these poor, weak 'artificials'; but one thing I would like them to remember is, that it is not they but the country cousins who are building up this colony, and whose labours will remain indelibly impressed on it when the townsmen and townswomen have vanished, leaving not a track behind them.

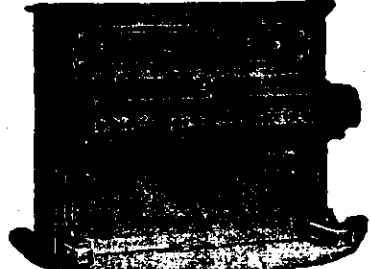
THE Auckland Ladies' Benevolent Society hit on an excellent idea when they decided to hold a real flower *fete*, and I am told the idea is 'catching on' wonderfully. To those who have witnessed similar carnivals on the Continent of Europe, or in England where they are much rarer, there is no necessity to say what beautiful and delightful affairs these flower *fetes* are, and what an infinite amount of amusement and room for the display of good taste they offer to the public. Auckland should be able to give us something very fine where it is a question of flowers. In very few places in the world does the earth clothe herself in such radiant hues as she does in the city and the surrounding country. Strangers have been charmed with the wealth of blossoms our gardens display. It is sincerely to be hoped that all classes of the public will give a warm support to the *fete*, and that everyone who has anything on wheels, from a child's go-cart to a barouche, will bedeck it with flowers for the occasion and join the floral procession at Potter's Pad-dock. And we would suggest for the benefit of those who do not own even a perambulator or a bicycle that there should be a battle of flowers. The blossoms are plentiful enough at that season, and the animation such a contest would add to the scene would be of great ad-

vantage. The *fete* comes off on the 7th of next month. Let everyone rack their brains for original and beautiful designs and decorations. Entries must be lodged with Mr Ewington, of Coombes' Arcade, by the 25th inst.

IF Sherlock Holmes were alive he would find work for his genius in Auckland. In his absence the local detective force have a somewhat ticklish problem to grapple with. For some time past a clever 'cracksman,' or a party of them, have been doing smart business in different parts of the suburbs—the investigation of money safes by means of explosives being their favourite line—and have eluded all efforts to run them down. But just the other day a youth discovered a burglar's 'kit' carefully 'planted,' and the police being informed of the find, arrived on the scene and effected the arrest of two individuals, one of whom was clearly the owner of the illegal instruments. The tools are described as the most perfect of the kind the police have ever come across. Although it would be assuming too much to connect the recent burglaries with this fortunate discovery, still it may be a clue to the apprehension of the criminals. The temptation to clever burglars, seeking pastures new for the exercise of their talents, to pay New Zealand a visit is pretty considerable, and it is well they should be pounced on without delay *pour encourager les autres*.

ONE wonders whether Lord Dunraven has any good reason for implying that in the famous race between his yacht and the Defender, the victory of the American boat was obtained through fraud. He hints that the Defendersailed under one weight and measured another. It may very probably be impossible to ascertain the truth, but the allegation cannot fail to cause a good deal of bitterness, even beyond yachting circles, on both sides of the Atlantic. It is a good deal of satisfaction to an Englishman to think that, after all, perhaps the American boat was not the best, and the doubt as to the fairness of the trial will help him to bear with equanimity the jeers and braggadocio in which some sections of the American Press have had the wretchedly bad taste to indulge. If there is anything in Lord Dunraven's implication the English sportsman may not only be entitled to the credit of winning the race, but he has won an infinitely greater victory over his competitor in that he was actuated all along by those upright principles which are the spirit of English sport. To gain a yacht race of that magnitude would certainly have been a feather in his cap, but it is much better to have lost it honourably than to have gained it by deceit. The winning of a yacht race is a very small affair to set against a dishonourable action that reflects discredit on a whole nation.

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* 'Memoirs of One can very well understand the sad spirit in which Mr Caro undertook to write a memoir of his son, the late Percy Herman Caro.' Herman Malcolm Caro, and also that it was no little consolation to him to record something of the brief life of a youth of whom any father might very justly have felt proud. Parents, we know, are invariably apt to think a little too highly of their favourite children, and death kindly magnifies the virtues of those it takes away from us; but the estimate the author of these pages expresses of the ability and character of his son has been so freely endorsed by all who knew the young man that we are not inclined to question its correctness. This young New Zealander—he was born at Waiti Crossing, in South Canterbury—appears to have been as remarkable for goodness of heart as he was for keenness of intellect; and it is very probable that had he been spared, he would have brought distinction on the colony. He was distinguished in his school career in New Zealand, and at Cambridge signalled his entrance to the University by being the only freshman of his College in that year who passed his 'Little Go' with triple honours. His subsequent work at the University prove him to have been a youth of rare parts, but he was prevented from turning his talents to their full account by the weakness of health, which eventually resulted in his death at the early age of twenty-four years and ten months. During his residence in England he appears to have impressed a very large number of his acquaintances by his ability and fine character, and it was with the sincerest sorrow that these heard of his untimely decease in America on his way back to his home in New Zealand.

* 'The House of the Wolf.' From Messrs Longman I have received a new edition of Weyman's *House of the Wolf*. Most readers of fiction will already be acquainted with this admirable story, which I believe was the first of this author's to attract public attention. There is no English writer at the present time who has a stronger and purer style than Mr Stanley Weyman, and none who has earned through hard work a greater right to the success he has attained. What it cost him to achieve that mastery of his instrument so strikingly evidenced in a 'Gentleman of France,' and other of his more recent novels may be gathered by the curious from an article which appeared in a recent number of *The Idler*, but the dominant suggestion of his style is—as is the case with all good art—of something not made with hands. I am sometimes asked to recommend books for boys, which shall, while possessing the requisite amount of thrill (without which there is no boy), be desirable also on account of their literary merits, and my choice usually alights on Stanley Weyman. The atmosphere of his books is one of adventure, the tone as pure as the most ardent moralist need desire. For the older reader the charm is even more pronounced. To him the strength and beauty of the style will make a pleasurable appeal, and he will follow with unflagging interest along the deviations of narratives as vigorous and picturesque as are to be found in modern English.

* 'The Story of Christine Rochefort.' There is nothing new in *The Story of Christine Rochefort*. The heroine is of the type with which Mrs Humphrey Ward has familiarized us in 'Marcella.' She is beautiful as a matter of course, she is sensitive and enthusiastic, and—as a necessary corollary—ignorant. Her enthusiasm, while it does not exactly bring about the ruin of her husband, tends to that result. At the outset and through the brief period of her passion for a youthful reformer of anarchist leanings, Christine naturally despises her husband. He is a chocolate manufacturer employing a large number of hands, who through the efforts of the young reformer are induced to go out

on strike and finally to burn down the factory. In the end the anarchist is murdered by his disciples, and Christine makes up her mind that the chocolate-maker is not such a bad fellow after all, and having shown indifference towards him throughout the book, she confesses to loving him on the last page.

She felt the tremor that shook him as he held her in his arms, and heard the thrill of passion in his voice when he said, 'At last! Christine, I would die for your love; my darling, my darling.'

As their lips met in the kiss that consecrated the beginning of their new life, Gaston again touched the mountain height of ecstasy, but for Christine it was the first supreme moment.

The device of a marriage in cold blood warmed into passion after a lapse of eighteen months or two years is one which apparently possesses peculiar attraction for the lady novelist, as witness the lucubrations of the author of 'Molly Bawn.'

The Story of Christine Rochefort is readable, and the plot is skillfully worked out. There are many passages of much excellence, and few or none with which one is disposed to find fault. Though it covers no new ground, it goes over the old very pleasingly in a more or less new way.

* 'Memoirs of the late Percy Herman Caro, B.A., LL.B., Cantab.' By his father.

* 'The House of the Wolf,' by Stanley Weyman: Same Library.

* 'The Story of Christine Rochefort,' by Helen Choate Prince: Same Library.

ROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

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

WHEN the ball of conversation is to be set rolling the Professor generally takes the kick-off. He did so by questioning the Simple Little Miss on her manner of spending the holiday.

'We had a picnic on the oth,' she said. 'Oh, it was so lovely! We had just a nice number, you know—no odd ones—Mamma, of course, to play propriety. After lunch we strolled through the bush and got ferns and things, and had such fun. We did have a delicious time, didn't we dear?'

'Mamma, of course, assents. She doesn't go into the bush at picnics. She washes up the tea-cups and packs the hamper, then settles down underneath a tree, and persuades herself she is cool and comfortable instead of hot and perspiring. She cannot read, because the sunlight slanting across the pages makes her eyes and her head ache badly. She dare not sleep, for she is on duty. Grasshoppers, straw-walkers, and earwigs make her day hideous with their crawling attentions; a family of mosquitoes, brought up in the way that mosquitoes should go, court her with intentions strictly carnivorous. Yet she "has such a delicious time," and it is so eminently proper and sensible that she should broil for three or four hours in a mid-summer heat, in order to chaperone her daughter, who is "getting ferns and things" in the bush half a mile away! When the ferns, and more particularly the "things" are got (in the shape of colds, that sitting upon the damp grass might account for, did one not know the magical influence possessed by the absent chaperone—not to mention faces flushed beyond the limits of sunburn and bush-scrambling exertions) they all go back to town, and Mrs Grundy extols picnic chaperonage, and smiles approvingly at "mamma," for is she not composed of mammas who do exactly the same? Thus the Professor when the Simple Little Miss had marched off her much-enduring parent to attend some new social festivity.

'I agree with you as to the farce modern chaperonage too often represents,' said the Practical Man. 'The older type held by no means a nominal position. She conducted her fair charges into a ball-room; beamed amiably upon their partners, taking care to adjust her smile to the extent of their incomes; was "at home on Thursday" to the biggest figure (not athletic, dear friend, but arithmetic!); required Angelina's presence at the conclusion of each dance, and personally supervised her programme. The present-day chaperone enjoys a hearty supper, as indeed her wearisome occupation entitles her to go; after that, she goes to sleep, or, at any rate, supports the wall and her sisters in misfortune through a stage bordering on somnambulism. A whole chapter of incidents—elopement, registry office, Sydney steamers, and all—might safely be arranged under her sleepy eyes. Angelina has merely to produce her chaperone as a sort of *habitu corpus* testimony to her good character, and Vanity Fair in the jury box will wink at any sin on the calendar. As to calculating the amount in pounds shillings and pence of her respective partners, every properly-trained young woman knows how to do that nowadays, else where would be the object of teaching them higher mathematics! At the same time the chaperone is not wholly a superfluous, nor will her mission cease and her lot, thereafter, become a happy one until girls themselves realise their

only right to dispense with her—the right of self-respect, self-sufficiency; the power to regulate their own actions with all due propriety and seaminess. To whom much is given, of her much shall be required. An American girl with her latch-key, says Max O'Reil, is the most discreet and trustworthy young person in the two hemispheres. The colonial girl has not got the length of a latch-key; yet, despite her frivolity and worldly wisdom (for which her age and generation, rather than herself, are responsible) there is being slowly but surely fostered in the fair young New Zealander, by reason of the progressive Liberalism of her country, with its recognition of her political rights and its opportunities for her advancement in every sphere of life, that spirit of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," which alone can lead her—or the women of any nation—to sovereign power, and fairly entitle her to her latch key—social, civil, religious and political.'

'Talking of picnics,' said the Frivolous Youth, 'inclined me to suspect myself of somewhat vague ideas on the subject (no one else suspected him of entertaining any ideas on any subject). As far as I can recollect, after the sooty-looking contrivance carried in brown paper by somebody's youngest brother, and technically known as a "billy" has been got to boil, everybody sits round in a ring and receives a cupful of its contents, and deposits them contentedly on the grass behind, when everybody else is looking the other way. Then is the correct thing, I believe, for some heroic soul to plunge into rivers of melted butter, and attack—nay even eat a sandwich. When all are looking, struck speechless at his temerity, he softly—as one would handle an ancient and sacred mummy—introduces the joke about the desert of Sahara and the sand which is there, and a blessed feeling of repose, like to the hand-grasp of an old familiar friend, steals over the Company. The calm and soothing restfulness which we experience in the presence of old age, instantly possesses them. Gazing wonderingly on that hoary-headed embodiment of wit, fancy bekons them back through the ages to the morn when multitudinous little Shems and Hams and Japhets of a third generation played leap-frog about the Ark, and Grandpapa Noah came and gave them sixpence each all round because the Mount Ararat *Bulletin* had made a good joke about him. Imagination recalled, and the sandwich-episode over, it is usual and original for each young man to hand a certain button-shaped style of confectionery to the young lady next him and ask her if she will have a "kiss." She says she should just think she wouldn't, and an argument follows, which, for some inexplicable reason, requires the privacy of a bush-ramble. This is generally looked upon as the most hilarious part of the day's excitement, and for my own part, in spite of mosquito bites and other unpleasant after-effects, I believe it. Let Professorial wisdom R.I.P.! There is something delightfully nice and original about balancing yourself on a tree stump with Angelina, in the heart of the bush, and only blue-bottles and dragon flies and maoribugs around to share in your enjoyment of her silvery rippling voice, as she wonders if mamma knows where she is, and whether she oughtn't to go back. But if you are not in love, and therefore sane, and know discretion to be the better part of valour, you will not linger too long on the tree stump with Angelina, lest mamma should circumvent you, and make it impossible to "go back"—which last remark shows the Frivolous Youth to be at least wise in his day and generation.

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THE YELLOW DWARF.

A TALE OF A MINE.



At the time the Melbourne Syndicate paid a large sum cash down and allotted several thousand shares to the prospectors and owners of the Yellow Dwarf there was not in the Auckland Province a mine showing fairer prospects. The reef had been followed for twenty yards into the face of the hill, and had improved with every yard of progress to such a degree that even the elder of the two prospectors, in whom a life-long experience of gold mines had developed a strong scepticism, hesitated whether to accept the handsome terms offered, or to push on a little further in the hope of an increased price. His companion, a young man with next to no knowledge and a proportionately large amount of assurance, was for holding on. He had never previously possessed or even beheld a gold-mine, and he was naturally inclined to regard his discovery in a somewhat sentimental light. The gold in it, he thought, was better than ordinary gold; it looked different, and was probably more valuable, though his mate thought its market value was about the same. In the end the stronger will of the elder man carried the day. He himself had possibly had his illusions at one time, but having got through one fortune and narrowly missed the chance of two others, he was disposed to accept this last gift of the gods in the suspicion that there would come no further offer. Thus the terms were accepted, and the Melbourne syndicate entered on possession of the mine.

For a few months all went well, and there was rejoicing among the shareholders, then suddenly the end came. The splendid lode, which was to have made the fortunes of the syndicate and to have returned a handsome interest to the ordinary shareholders, came suddenly and without warning to an end. Every effort was made to re-discover the reef. Supplementary drives were put in in what appeared the most promising directions, and skilled geologists were handsomely led for what in the end proved erroneous opinions. Months went by. The gold which had been hewn out of the hillside was poured back into it in the shape of labour without result. The shareholders began to sicken of the repeated calls, and a general unloading sent the scrip down till it was no longer negotiable at any price.

It is unnecessary to follow further the downward career of the mine. Five years from the date of its discovery its history had become almost forgotten. Nothing but the long-abandoned workings in the hillside testified to the brilliant hopes which had once centred round the name of the Yellow Dwarf.

Of the two original proprietors one, the elder, had settled down comfortably on the sum paid for his share in the mine, and he may be allowed to pass out of the story. The adventures of the second are of greater interest.

To most people fortune comes either too soon or too late. When it comes too late the case is irremediable,

practice of rigid economy, six months longer. Fortune befriended him by throwing him almost at once into the society of an experienced miner, and the conversation of the latter so fired the young man's imagination that when an arrangement was proposed under which the miner was to supply the experience and the younger man the money, the profits to be equally divided, it found an eager acceptance from Mark. The outcome of this agreement, strange to say, was the Yellow Dwarf.

On the sale of the mine Mark found himself in possession of more money than he had ever had previously, and as is usual in such cases, it brought out both the good and evil of his nature. He began by remitting half of the gross sum to his mother and sisters in England, and he followed up this act of dutiful generosity by distributing nearly a further thousand pounds among his friends, which was either generosity or foolishness, according as one chooses to regard it. His following acts were not so much to his credit.

Mark, an only son in a large family of girls who had been early left without a father, had led until his arrival in New Zealand a somewhat starved life. Consequently, a pocketful of money drew him as inevitably toward pleasure as the blaze of the gas-lamp attracts the moth to the flame. We need not follow this part of his career. Probably it was no worse than that of ninety men out of a hundred whose previous manner of life gives them less excuse than he could claim, but its result was the same. A few years sufficed to put him in a position slightly worse than was his when he first set foot in the colony. About this time also he began to sicken of the kind of life he had been hitherto leading, and to feel an increasing desire towards a more settled and useful existence. The main factor in inducing this change was love. He found himself to entertain a strong passion at the moment when his prospects of gratifying it seemed most problematical. Of the girl herself he felt as sure as it was possible to feel in the absence of any definite assurance, but of her father's consent he was more than doubtful. Mr Bertram was a successful merchant whose only child was likely to be an heiress—this was the first difficulty. The second was rather worse, for Mark had a suspicion that he was an object of antipathy to the father of the girl he sought to marry. This suspicion was grounded in the fact that Mr Bertram was a prohibitionist of that singularly illogical type which becomes more rabid as temperance increases.

Mark, however, determined to put his fortunes to the test, and one evening at the beginning of summer he set forth in some trepidation for Mr Bertram's house. He found this gentleman at home, and was immediately admitted to his private room, where, before a table laden with pamphlets, sat the prosperous prohibitionist.

Mr Bertram probably anticipated his visitor's business. His manner was polite, but unconciliating. How, he asked pointedly, could he oblige Mr Weatherly?

Mark stated his business with a brevity born of desperation.

'Am I to understand that you have not spoken to Miss Bertram?' asked that lady's father when he had finished.

'Not in so many words,' replied Mark.

Mr Bertram's shaven upper lip drew down a little stiffly at the reservation. 'Perhaps you are not aware,' he said coldly, 'that as matters are at present Miss Bertram is likely to be a considerable heiress.'

Mark explained—the explanation was short, so also was the amount of the income.

'Then,' said Mr Bertram, after a pause, 'you have practically nothing.'

Mark examined the corners of the ceiling and admitted that that statement bore a surprisingly close resemblance to the fact.

'Then,' asked Mr Bertram, naturally, 'how do you propose to keep my daughter? Understand me,' he continued, with a wave of the hand, as Mark hesitated for a reply, 'I do not over-rate the value of money. An unprincipled man can make money, and I should be perfectly willing to allow my daughter to marry a poor man if I thought that he would make her a good and reliable husband. Can you honestly say that you think yourself such a man?'

'I have the desire to be, Mr Bertram,' said Mark, earnestly.

Mr Bertram said nothing, but his face wore a look of anxious reflection, which lent it for the first time an air of kindness.

'I thought if you would give me a chance,' began Mark, hesitatingly, 'if you would say that I was not entirely out of the question as a husband for Ma—Miss Bertram, I would endeavour to—to—I do not think it would be long, sir, before the difficulty as to an income would be overcome.'

'I hesitate,' said Mr Bertram, 'not because I doubt your sincerity, but because I will tell you candidly—I doubt your strength of will. It is common report that during the last four or five years you have got through a large sum of money. Your interest in the Yellow Dwarf approached, as I understand, £10,000, yet here you are, scarcely five years later, with nothing. How was that money expended?'

'Not over well, I am afraid,' confessed Mark.

'I fear not,' said Mr Bertram. 'It seems to me a deplorable, I might say, a disgraceful, thing that a man should expend £2,000 a year in the pursuit of pleasure.'

'It was not all selfishly spent,' said Mark, 'still the case is bad enough, and I have no desire to excuse myself, except—' he hesitated. 'I might say this—I had



'That you, Sendall?' he asked, pausing.

been a prohibited person for twenty-three years. I had never known pleasure of any kind, and when for the first time I found myself in a position to gratify any inclination that assailed me, I found myself also without the training that would allow me to estimate it at its true value. Had I been inoculated against pleasure in my youth as I was inoculated against small pox I might not have suffered so severely from the disease.'

Mr Bertram shook his head and smiled a smile of superior knowledge. 'When you reach my age,' he said, 'you will probably have discovered that nothing but the iron rule of prohibition is a sufficient curb against our animal nature. However,' he went on in a kinder manner, 'there is one reason which compels me to listen to you, and that is the necessity of avoiding any contention between my daughter and myself. Therefore I will allow you to see her now on the understanding that you will not seek to do so again for a twelvemonth.'

'Would that be irrevocable under all circumstances?' asked Mark, mournfully.

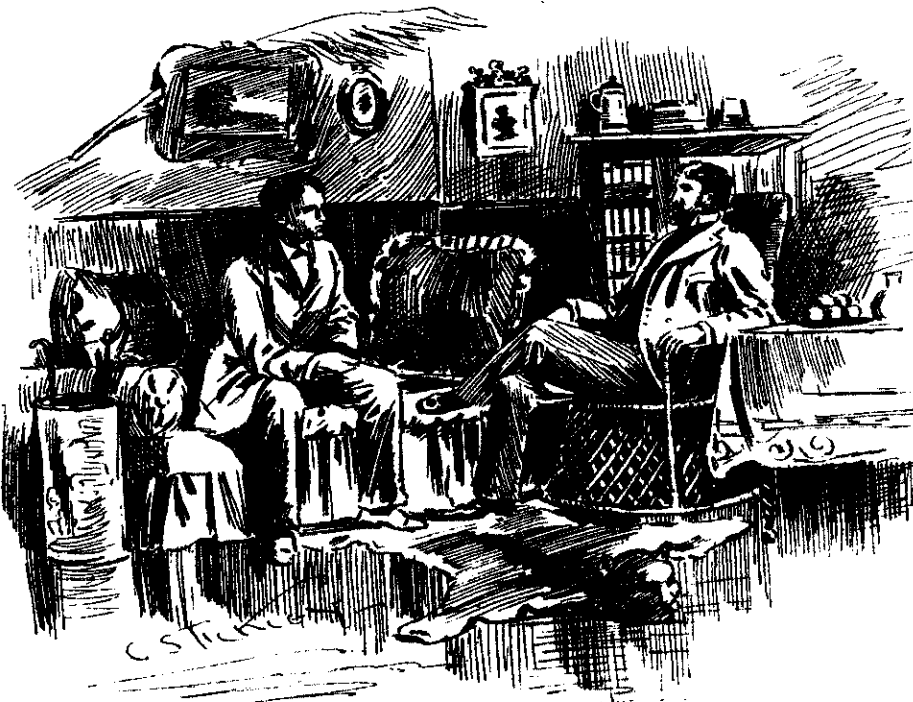
'Well,' said Mr Bertram, rising, 'if you can come to me at any time previous and convince me that you have sufficient means to support a wife, I might alter my decision. With that exception you had better consider it irrevocable.'

A couple of hours later as Mark was leaving the house he ran against someone who was on the point of ascending the steps. The night was dark, but a gleam of light from the fan-light over the door enabled him to recognize a young man with whom he was on speaking terms.

'That you, Sendall?' he asked, pausing.

'Hallo, Weatherly?' said the other, with a faint surprise. 'Going home?'

'Straight,' replied Weatherly.



Mark stated his case with a brevity borne of desperation.

and when it comes too soon it is only so far better in that it provides experience for a possible second turn of the wheel.

To Mark Weatherly fortune came too soon. He had arrived in New Zealand with no definite ideas as to his future actions, and with money only sufficient to keep him in idleness for twelve months, or possibly, by the

'I know nothing of that,' replied his visitor bluntly, 'and I care less than nothing.'

Mr Bertram smiled a little incredulously. 'You are probably in a position to dispense with money in the selection of a wife,' he said. 'May I ask the amount of your income?'

Sendall stood a moment irresolute. 'I think I'll come with you,' he said at length, turning towards the gate. 'I can look in here another time.'

'Come by all means if you care to,' responded Mark, who had the best of reasons for his good-humour.

They walked to the end of the road, caught a 'bus into Queen-street, and were soon comfortably settled in Mark's lodgings.

'I suppose I can't induce you to try a cigar,' said Mark, who, after some hesitation induced by his resolve to turn over a new leaf, had helped himself to a choice Havana.

Sendall shook his head. He was a rather stout young man of seven or eight and twenty, with a pair of pale eyes set so close together that in moments of excitement they were apt to fall into a squint. 'I wanted to have a chat with you,' he said. 'I am thinking of getting married.'

Seeing they had never been on terms of much intimacy, Mark wondered at his choice of a confidant. 'Congratulate you,' was all he said.

'Oh, it's not so far advanced as that yet,' said Sendall, moving uneasily. 'The fact is, I just wanted to ask you. You know the Bertrams. Do you think I have any show? Of course the old man can be managed all right. You know we have a good many ideas in common, but d'you think I've a show with the girl?'

Mark sucked at his cigar for a while in silence, then he glanced at the other and averted his eyes. 'I'm very sorry, old man,' he said, feelingly, 'but save you ask me, I don't think you have, not the ghost of a show.'

'Why not?' asked Sendall. 'Well, I'll tell you,' said Mark, laying down his cigar. 'I am in a kind of a way engaged to her myself, and I have the old man's provisional consent. I tell you this only under compulsion as it were, and to save you pain. Of course you'll respect the confidence and not let it go any further.'

'When was it arranged?' asked Sendall presently. His face was white, and his fat cheeks trembled with an involuntary twitching of the muscles. Mark gave him fuller particulars.

'I am surprised at Bertram,' Sendall said presently in an aggrieved voice. 'A man should adhere to his principles. Now, I have been blue-ribbon all my life.'

'Just so,' said Mark, who was in too equable a frame of mind to take offence.

Conversation proceeded in a desultory manner for some time on the same subject, Sendall seeming unequal to getting away from the theme. In response to the latter's question as to what he intended doing, Mark explained that he had resolved to try his fortunes on the goldfields in the hope that fortune might again befriend him. Shortly afterwards Sendall took his leave.

Early the following morning Mark was surprised by a second call from his visitor of the previous night. After a few aimless remarks Sendall explained his business, which was a desire to join Mark in his proposed expedition. 'I tell you candidly, old fellow,' he said, 'I'm a bit hipped, and shall be glad to get out of town for a while. Of course I'll pay my share of the expenses,' he added, 'and I don't think I am a man you will find it difficult to get on with.'

Mark saw the advantages of the offer, especially when he reflected on the low state of his finances, and after a few days' consideration an arrangement was arrived at, and a week or so later they left Auckland for the Thames. For a couple of months they continued their explorations without success. At the end of this time Mark fell ill. For some time past he had been surprised by sudden fits of nausea and dizziness, with intervals during which he felt as well as ever he had been. As time went on these fits increased in frequency. He became continually conscious of a bitter taste in his mouth and of disorders in his vision.

'I can't make it out,' he said as he returned to the tent one morning, white and trembling from a violent attack of sickness. 'If you did not keep all right I should imagine there was something wrong with the flour, or baking-powder, or something.'

'Perhaps we had better get in a fresh stock in any case,' said Sendall, who looked concerned.



'Pah!' he exclaimed, 'the stuff is as bitter as gall.'

Mark lifted his half-empty cup of coffee with a trembling hand and set it to his lips. 'Pah!' he exclaimed, 'the stuff is as bitter as gall. What is it?'

'It's the extract,' said Sendall. 'Shall we start a fresh bottle?'

'God knows, old man,' Mark replied wearily. 'There's something come over the world, and I don't seem to trust it any more. I'm better when I am outside,' he added, rising and picking up his hammer.

Scenes of this sort recurred again and again, and at length Mark seemed disposed to yield to Sendall's reiterated advice to call in a doctor. It was a curious

thing, however, that whenever this weakening of the strong man's disinclination to obtaining medical assistance came over him, Mark's worst symptoms took to themselves wings.

Prospecting still proceeded with more or less energy, but without results. At length one morning, Mark enjoying a bright relief from suffering, their wanderings brought them to the abandoned workings of the Yellow Dwarf. A spirit of curiosity led them to enter and explore the mine. Some of the old workings had already sunken in and become impassable, but two or three drives still remained open. Into one of these they penetrated as far as the termination of the works, Mark preceding and carrying the light. The expedition was not unattended with danger, for the timbers, consisting in many cases of light wood which had evidently been only intended to serve a temporary purpose, had rotted with the damp, and in one place a heavy beam, weighed down by the pressure above, hung suspended from one end, supporting itself by little short of a miracle.

Of a sudden Sendall's manner became curiously excited. 'Look, Weatherly!' he cried, sharply extending



Mark turned in the direction indicated, holding up the light.

his hand towards the end of the drive. Mark turned in the direction indicated, holding up the light. In the next instant he was conscious of a heavy blow, which knocked him to the ground, and then of a dense weight pressing him down and suffocating him, as though the whole hill had fallen in upon him. For half an hour he lay unconscious, then awoke with a sensation of choking. This, he soon found, arose from the fact that he was lying on his face, for on attempting to move his head he discovered that he could do so freely. Also on shifting his body he found that the weight rested almost entirely on his lower limbs, and he conjectured, as was indeed the case, that the beam, in falling, had struck the wall, and thus been the means of saving him from certain death.

When he realized his position Mark began a careful endeavour to extricate himself. Wriggling forward inch by inch with the utmost exertion of his strength, he at length found himself free and able to stand erect. His first act was to strike a light, a feat which, owing to the nervous shock he had sustained, he performed with some difficulty. A terrible sight met his gaze. The timber in falling had let down the superincumbent mass of earth, so that he was now shut in a cavern hardly more than five feet square at the end of the drive. Whether Sendall had escaped, or whether he, too, had been struck down, and possibly killed, by the descending earth, he had no means of discovering. He shouted aloud, only to hear the sound of his voice instantly annihilated by the thick walls of his prison. If Sendall had escaped, how long would it be before he might hope for a rescue? An hour? Several hours? The match burnt down and went out. Mark seated himself on the ground, for he was still dizzy from the blow he had received, and endeavoured to think over his position. Presently a thought struck him which brought him again to his feet with an ejaculation of despair. Already it seemed to him that he breathed with difficulty. How would it be when the air in his narrow prison was entirely exhausted? The thought stung him into action. Again he struck a light and examined the wall of earth in front of him. The stuff, which was of a loose and gravelly nature, had fallen inwards, and he found that by kicking his feet into it he could reach the solid timber at the roof of the drive. His only chance lay in surmounting or boring through the wall. The latter seemed impossible, and success in the former depended on the amount of earth which had fallen, and on the possibility of there being a vacuum above. These could be only determined by experiment, and in total darkness Mark began his effort to escape.

For what appeared to him several hours he worked on, hacking away the stuff with his knife, only to find its place immediately taken by the earth deposited above. The sweat poured from him in streams, and his hand, which clutched the beam, trembled violently. At length, however, there came a diminution in the flow, and he was enabled to put his hands, and finally his head and shoulders into the orifice. He again struck a light and examined his new surroundings. Above his head the earth was arched three or four feet high, and from the dim glimpse he caught of it seemed to be of a hard and substantial nature. He lost no time in scrambling up into the new cavern. His hopes of ultimate escape had now increased to such a degree that after a careful examination of the ground he fell to work with redoubled energy, and in less than half an hour had scraped away sufficient earth to allow the passage of his body down into the unimpeded drive. Before lowering himself, however, he again took out his matchbox. Something in the character of the rock roof of the cavern, as he had seen it when ascending from the other side, returned to his memory, and it was with a vivid presentiment of good fortune that he struck two or three matches together and peered upwards. The sight that encountered him, however, far exceeded his most hopeful anticipations. Over his head, spanning the cavern in a gleaming arch, ran the lost reef of the Yellow Dwarf, glittering at every pore with gold. Mark gazed holding his breath, his mind a tumult of joy, astonishment, thanksgiving, until the smart pain of a burnt finger recalled him to his senses, and he let himself cautiously down into the drive. A few minutes sufficed him to gain the open air, and he threw himself down in the fern with a deep breath of relief. Almost immediately the thought of Sendall brought him again to his feet. He had seen no sign of his companion on either side of the mass of fallen earth, and though there was a possibility of his being completely buried beneath the debris, still the position in which Mark had last seen him rendered this unlikely, and he felt disposed to believe that Sendall, on observing the accident, had immediately gone away for assistance.

Mark determined first of all to make for the camp, not that he thought it was at all likely that he would find his companion there, but in the desire to make as certain as possible before going on to the township. The road ran within a hundred yards of this, so that little time was wasted by the detour. A thick grove of tall ti-trees grew down close to the tent on one side, and through this Mark made his way rapidly. On parting the last bushes he came on a full view of the tent, and also, to his great astonishment, on Sendall, who stood quietly with his back towards him emptying the contents of a small phial on to the ground. To say that Mark was astonished, however, is only dimly to indicate his state of mind. There was something other than wonder working in his brain—something that caused him to draw back into the shelter of the ti-tree and to observe the man before him with clenched hands.

Having emptied the bottle, Sendall drew back his arm and threw it strongly from him into the scrub. Then with an enigmatical smile in the direction of his unseen observer, he re-entered the tent.

Mark was on the point of quitting his hiding-place when Sendall again came out, as before carrying a small bottle. This time he poured the contents into his hand and scattered them from him, then he raised his arm to throw away the bottle. As he did so he felt himself suddenly seized by the wrist, and in a moment the phial had been torn from his grasp. 'What is this?' asked Mark, with a cold quiet.

Sendall drew back, his face blanching and trembling, in his eyes the unmistakable look of the poisoner surprised. 'Weatherly!' he ejaculated. 'I—I thought you were dead.'

'And did you not intend to take steps to see whether I was dead?' asked Mark.

'Of course, my dear fellow,' replied Sendall with a desperate effort to appear at his ease. 'I was just going—I was tidying up a bit—you see I thought you might be brought here.'

'What were you tidying up?' asked Mark significantly. 'Were you tidying up the evidences of an diabolical plot as was ever perpetrated by one man on another. What is this?' he demanded again, holding out the bottle on which he was conspicuous a skull and cross-bones in red ink. 'Sendall,' he cried, suddenly relinquishing his calm manner and seizing the other by the throat, 'confess yourself the devil you are, or I will throttle you where you stand.'

The unhappy wretch made a desperate effort to free himself from the strong grip of his antagonist. Mark, roused to fury, tightened his grip, and shook him till the blood darkened in his face. 'Let me go,' choked the victim at last, 'I confess everything.'

Mark gave him a final shake and released him. 'Pack up,' he said, sternly, 'and go. If you address one word to me henceforth I will punish you as you deserve.'

When an hour later Sendall had disappeared in the direction of the township, Mark cleared the tent of all the eatables it contained, scattering them broadcast through the scrub. Even the hermetically sealed tins of meat shared the same fate, for he decided that nothing which had passed through those evil fingers was fit for human consumption.

The following evening much excitement was created in the township when it became known that the lost reef of the Yellow Dwarf had been rediscovered by one of the original prospectors.

Six months later Mr Bertram was called upon to fulfil his promise. Mark Weatherly was indisputably in a position to support a wife.

SAMUEL CLIALI WHITE

At a benefit in Edinburgh many years ago, the play-bill stated that the evening's entertainment would finish with an interlude!

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 4 PILLS is warranted to cure All discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex. Gravel, and Pain in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in boxes, 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors: Sole Proprietors, The Melbourne AND MIDLAND CEMENTS CO., Ltd., Lincoln, England.

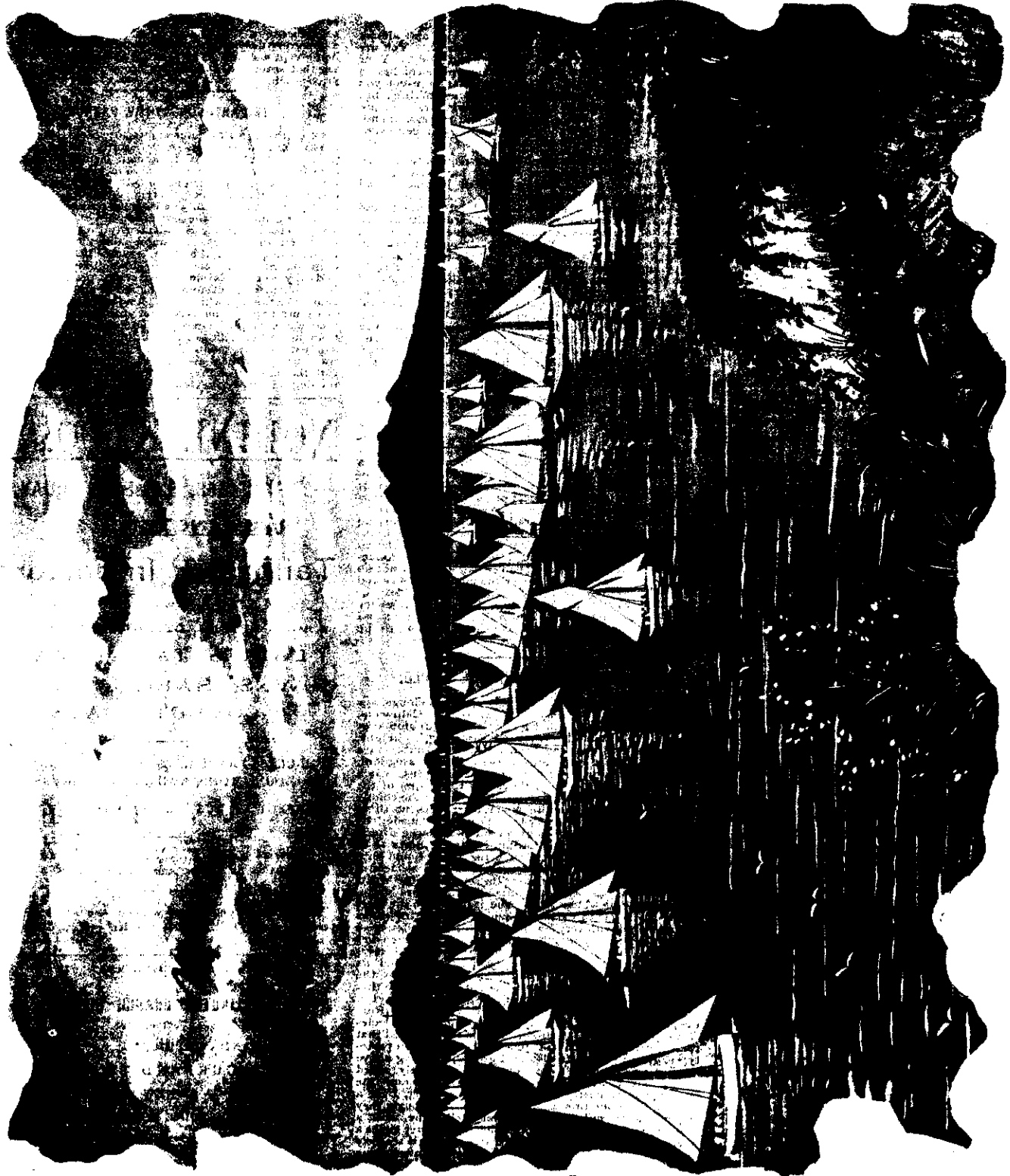
THE AUCKLAND YACHTING SEASON.

LAST week we published pictures of some of the 'small fry' among our Auckland yachts. In this issue we produce a fine photogravure of a scene that has often been witnessed by Aucklanders—we mean the opening of the yachting season. Although the formal ceremony was dispensed with this year, to the regret of a good many people, it is to be hoped that there is no intention to establish a precedent. It would be a pity to discontinue a custom that serves in no small degree to foster an *esprit de corps* among yachtsmen. This year the public must rest content with the picture we present of what might have been had the practice not been permitted to lapse for once.

PARADISE AT THE NORTH POLE.

In an interesting and highly instructive article Edward S. Martin, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* reviews the numerous theories advanced by scientists in the endeavour to solve the perplexing problem as to the exact location of the site of the Garden of Eden. After sifting the theories the writer concludes that the question is no nearer answered than it was 2,000 years ago, and that there are no present indications that the matter will ever be definitely settled by any man. To one of the latest and most ingenious theories Mr Martin thus refers: The North Pole will seem at first thought to the average investigator the most unlikely site on earth for Paradise to have occupied. Nevertheless several sober and thoughtful books and pamphlets have been written in support

of the North Pole's pretensions. The North Pole nowadays is bitterly cold, but it has not always been so. Geologists tell us that the earth was excessively hot when it first began its course—much too hot to admit of the presence of any living creatures, except, perhaps, a salamander. As it grew cooler vegetation appeared, and then it began to be peopled, first with fishes, and then with birds and beasts; finally with man. The first spot on earth to get cool enough was the North Pole. In the process of time it got too cold, but there must have been a long period when the polar region was the most comfortable part of the world. During this period, many eminent geologists believe, there existed around the North Pole a continent now submerged, and that on that continent our progenitors were comfortable in their first home. It is known with entire certainty that the polar region was once warm enough for tropical vegetation to grow there.



THE AUCKLAND YACHTING SEASON.

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.

'J.H.H.—Your handwriting portrays a most affectionate nature, but great reserve, and your temperament is a jealous one. You like and expect a full return for the love you give, and occasionally you forget that the recipient may scarcely be aware of its existence. You sometimes form your opinions too quickly because, although clever, and far-seeing in many ways, you are prone to be suspicious, and consequently blind yourself to the truth. You have great force of will, and almost obstinate determination to carry your point. You are energetic and active both in mind and body. Your temper is well under control, but your physical health influences your spirits. If less well than usual you become depressed, and take a gloomy view of life; but generally speaking you are tolerably sanguine. You are a genial host, and can be a generous and unselfish friend, although in business transactions you like to receive your money's full value.—MARCELLA.

'Vandyke.—I am flattered by your request for my delineation of your character, as your handwriting convinces me that you possess excellent judgment, and keen observation and discernment. Moreover, you have a sufficiency of confidence and self-reliance, and you are independent in spirit and care little for the opinion of the world, although you value the esteem of those whom you love. You have a strong and clear intellect, your talents are far above the average, but your temperament is very reserved, and your warmest affections are all below the surface. You make no display of them. You possess abundant energy, activity, and determination, but it is quiet and eminently practical energy. You are naturally generous, although circumstances have combined to render you economical. You are not without ambition, but you have little vanity and no love of ostentation. You have perfect self-control, and are steadfast and faithful in friendship.—MARCELLA.

MARK TWAIN.

THE public who are the debtors of Mark Twain for the many pleasant hours and the many hearty laughs his books have afforded them, will now have an opportunity of meeting their humorous creditor. That it will be an altogether unique meeting of debtors in the City Hall tomorrow evening goes without saying. Very different from the long faces which meet one's eye at such conferences will be the broad smile which will light up the Hall. One takes for granted the smile and the accompanying laughter when he looks at the programme for the evening, which is full of matter that in print has never failed to drive away dull care. And if those inimitable productions could do so much in print, what will they not do when we hear them delivered by the man who conceived them? 'The Jumping Frog,' 'The Innocents Abroad,' 'Tom Sawyer,' 'The Mississippi Pilot,' 'Huckleberry Finn'—what a fund of fun and frolic they suggest; and we may be sure that he who gave these creations to the world, has much wit and wisdom to impart to us.

THE TALLEST TREES IN THE WORLD.

It is usually considered that this epithet belongs, *par excellence*, to the famous 'Big Trees' in California, variously known by the names of Wellingtonia or Sequoia. These are, however, far surpassed in height, and probably also in the total amount of timber in a single tree, by the real giants of the vegetable kingdom, the noble gum trees of the genus eucalyptus, which grow in the Victorian State Forest, on the slopes of the mountains dividing Gippsland from the rest of the colony of Victoria, and also in the mountain ranges north of Cape Otway, the first land which is usually 'made' by any vessel bound from England for Melbourne direct. There are only four of the Californian trees known to be above 300 feet high, the tallest being 325 feet, and only about sixty have been measured that exceed 200 feet in height. In the large tracts near the sources of the Watts River, however (a northern branch of the Yarra Yarra, at the mouth of which Melbourne is built), all the trees average from 250 to 300 feet in height, mostly straight as an arrow, and with very few branches. Many fallen trees measure 350 feet in length, and one huge specimen was discovered lately which was found by actual measurement with a tape, to be 435 feet long from its roots to where the trunk had been broken off by the fall; and at that point it was 3 feet in diameter, so that the entire tree could not have been less than 500 feet in total height. It was 18 feet in diameter at 5 feet from the ground, and was a *Eucalyptus* of either of the species *E. obliqua* or *E. amygdalina*. It should be noted that these gigantic trees do not, like their Californian prototypes, grow in small and isolated groves, towering above smaller specimens of the same, or of closely allied kinds, but that, both in the Dandenong and the Otway ranges, nearly every tree in the forest, over a large area, is on this enormous scale. Although they are not forty miles distant from Melbourne, and a coach runs from thence through the forest three times a week, the existence of these vegetable giants is scarcely known to Melbourne people; and it was only after many fruitless inquiries among his Melbourne friends, and a reference to Baron von Muller, F.R.S., the Government botanist, that the present writer was put in the way of seeing them.

INTERESTING TO PHILATELISTS.

ABOUT two weeks ago two janitors employed in the Courthouse at Louisville, Ky., were ordered to destroy a lot of old papers and rubbish in one of the rooms in the basement of the Courthouse, and while handling the papers one of the men noticed several peculiar bluish-coloured stamps upon the papers. Attracted by the unusual appearance of the stamps, he tore them from the papers.

Some of the local dealers were visited. The stamps were recognised as being of a rare St. Louis or 'bear' variety, which were issued by the city during the years 1845 and 1846, in denominations of 5, 10, and 20 cents. The local agents were so anxious to buy that the janitors became wary. When the janitors called the next morning the dealers were willing to raise their price just double what they had at first offered. The news had spread to New York and St. Louis, and in three days several stamp collectors from each of these cities were in the city.

The two janitors sold the whole lot for over \$5,000, and then made a still hunt for more. They found one or two a day, and sold each for \$30. They became jealous of each other, dissolved partnership, and each hunted alone every day in the Court-house, their 'stamp mine' being kept a secret. The agents who made the purchases say that several of the stamps are worth from \$500 to \$1,000 each.

THE ANTI-SUNDAY-LAW PARADE.

ONE of the most singular sights to which thirsty and sweltering New York has been recently treated was the parade of that section of its foreign element which desires free beer on Sunday, or as one of their emblems tersely states it, 'No Puritan Sabbath.' As a picturesque collection of Frenchmen, Germans, Swedes, Irishmen, Hungarians (and Vandals?) in gala costume totting politically for King Gambinus, the procession might be accounted a superb success; but, as a demonstration of sentiment by American citizens, an unprejudiced observer fails to see the point of the show. Other business houses close on Sunday. Merchants do not sell dry goods, and why wet goods should have any preference over law and American custom is difficult to understand. Of course, Tammany, which has plundered the people for years and hopes to have another chance, and which has blackmailed liquor-sellers just as much as, if not more than, any other calling or corporation, viewed the procession with greedy, gloating eyes. But its magnitude—it was more noisy than argue, anyway—did not seem to disturb the serenity of President Roosevelt, who had been bluffly invited to review.

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Managing Agent for North Island



THE engagement is announced of Miss Emily Macindoe, eldest daughter of Mr C. Macindoe, Ponsonby, to Mr Henry Dunnett, youngest son of Mr G. Dunnett.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ella Hall, of Auckland, and niece of Captain Davidson, of Napier, to Mr Arthur Sidey, of Dunedin.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

PATERSON—KINGSWELL.

A VERY interesting ceremony took place in St. Paul's Church, Symond-street, Auckland, on Monday, the 17th instant, when the first marriage within the walls of the new church was celebrated by Canon Nelson.

THE happy pair were Miss Ethel May Kingswell and Mr Roderick Paterson, chief engineer of the s.s. Upolu. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr Charles Kingswell.

THERE was only one bridesmaid—Miss Binney. Owing to the uncertainty of the movements of the Upolu, notice of the day of the wedding could only be given to the Incumbent on Saturday, and the organist of the church was unable to attend at the hour fixed on Monday. The absence of music detracted slightly from the beauty and solemnity of the service. No doubt many more of the numerous friends of bride and bridegroom, and parishioners would have liked to witness the first marriage in the church, if they had known when it was to take place. Nevertheless, everyone looked very happy, and the bride and bridegroom, who had arranged to spend two days at Lake Takapuna and then proceed on their honeymoon trip to Fiji, were the recipients of many congratulations and good wishes.

IN accordance with time-honoured custom the bride was presented by the Incumbent with a handsome family Bible, suitably inscribed, as a memento of the auspicious circumstance that she was the first of all the happy women who, in the ordinary course of events, will be wedded in St. Paul's.

THE bride, who looked charming in her travelling dress of electric blue crepon trimmed with cream silk, hat to match, carried an exquisite bouquet with long ribbons, which was the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Binney, her bridesmaid, wore a grey tailor-made gown, very stylish brown straw hat trimmed with gold wings and chiffon, bouquet of yellow roses.

Among the guests I noticed Mrs Kingswell, in black crepon, bodice inserted V with handsome yellow brocade, black bonnet with butterfly; Miss Hilda Kingswell, her daughter, looked sweetly pretty in an Empire frock of rose pink cashmere, Puritan bonnet to match, white shoes; Mrs Binney, black crepon, handsome black lace caps, black bonnet with violets; Mrs Clifton, pink silk blouse, fawn skirt, brown hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Crawshaw, stylish white crepon, gold silk bodice, dainty little white and gold bonnet; Miss Jessie Binney, asphire blue gown, hat to match; Miss Ledham, dove grey gown, white hat with pink; Miss Ledham, he lotope, becoming white hat; Mrs Rosch, black handsomely trimmed with black satin and jet passementerie, black hat with pink roses; Miss Ethel Cameron, gobelin blue gown, pretty white hat.

AFTER the ceremony, the wedding party assembled at the residence of Mr Kingswell, where a *recherche* afternoon tea was provided. Amongst the numerous presents were a handsome cake basket, egg stand, cruet, two biscuit barrels, three silver teapots, fish slice, handsome carvers, cream and sugar bowls, butter dishes, toast rack, jam dishes, afternoon teapoons, vases, hand painted fans, jam spoons and butter knives, and numerous cheques from Southern friends.

A strange custom, dating back to the Dark Ages, has survived in some of the mountain districts in Austria—the painting of skulls. The small size of most cemeteries in those regions makes it necessary to regularly remove the skeletons of the buried who have lain there eight or ten years, to make room for newcomers. The relatives of the dead thus to be exhumed are generally notified before the removal, so that they can attend to the cleaning of the skeleton and be present at its deposit in the so-called 'bone-house' or 'chapel-house.' On such occasions the skull is often ornamental with paintings, representing rosaries, wreaths, snakes, etc., or it is marked with the name of the dead person.

delicious cakes of all descriptions and awcels were served to all and the chairs of so many people made the afternoon very animated. The concert was most artistically and artistically arranged, many exquisite bowls of flowers, draperies, and trink-knacks adding to the whole charming effect. Miss Hitchcough received her prize in a dainty blue crepon with soft tulle of lace, and Miss F. H. in a white crepon with light blue insertion; Miss Balfour, navy serge, with black insertion over white silk; Miss Birch was admired in flowered muslin of sea deuil. Amongst the many who were present I was told of the following:—
 Madames: Carlisle, B. M. (white crepon with light blue insertion); Fulton, Howell (black crepon); Hoadley, Dickson, Carr, Milne-Thomson, Parker, Wood, Rochford, Griffin, Cornford, Jarvis, Rutherford, Van Daeleison, J. McLean, Hamlin, Kennedy, Bridges, White, Flears, and Miss E. M. (white crepon with light blue insertion); Heath, Sutton, Lyndon, Kennedy, Balfour, Spencer (two), Turke, Balharry, Baker, Wilson (white), Locke (style blue crepon and white lace), Rhodes, Hall, Page, Madames De Lisle-Davidson, Bowen (brown crepon, blue vest), R. B. Smith, Hartley, Tylec, Misses Chapman, Hughes (two), Parsons, etc.
 On Saturday evening a

Huddleston, black crepon with yoke of white satin valled with striped gauze, the same forming the bishop's sleeves. Mother (black) shaped hat with yellow ribbon; Misses: Glasgow (two), blue serge coats and skirts; light blouses, sailor hats; Miss Webb-Bowen, black skirt, black and white striped blouse, sailor hat; Misses Fell (two), black serge jackets and skirts, sailor hats; Misses Catley, black crepon with white lace, large black hat with feathers; Mrs Tomlinson (yellow costume, sailor hat); Miss Broad, serge skirt, light blouse, large black picture hat; Miss Preshaw, serge skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Littlejohn, black crepon, prett green vest, dainty blouse; Mrs Littlejohn, Scandlers, Robson, Broad, Tomlin, Webb-Bowen, Lane, Vining, Major, Catley, Mrs Leggatt and Roberts, etc.
 In the evening a good display of fireworks was given in the Park, and again a large number of people assembled. The fireworks were a happy thought, proving an enjoyable ending to a pleasant afternoon.
 Mr Devenish having been transferred to Wellington, a few of his friends entertained him at a

A MODERN ROMEO

THE Hon. Orlando Ramsay, Musketeer Guards, combined the position of an eldest son with the temperament of an enthusiast, which made him a cause of great anxiety to his parents, Lord and Lady Cheviot. Especially as his enthusiasm was subject to be roused by feminine charms. Love at first sight was an ordinary incident of his career; the frequency with which he fell in love, however, was his safety.

When her son was ordered to Dublin with his regiment in the autumn, Lady Cheviot was in despair. To have him at one and the same time deprived of maternal supervision and exposed to the fascinations of Irish girls was dreadful. Fortunately the Colonel in command was a connection of Lady Cheviot's. He undertook to look after the too susceptible youth and inform the anxious mother at the first approach of danger.

'I will write to Helen about him also,' Lady Cheviot decided, 'though we haven't met for so long, and she hasn't seen Orlando since he grew up. She is sometimes in Dublin during the winter. Women have so much more observation in these matters than men. I am sure she will help me; and she always had such tact and cleverness.'

The friend in whom Lady Cheviot had such trust was an Irish lady, residing in the south of Ireland.

For several months all went well with Orlando; his enthusiasm did not slumber, but expended itself in a safe, because general, way. He adored Irish beauty universally, the shrine of his worship changing perpetually. In fact he was never seriously struck at all.

This satisfactory state of affairs was not destined to last; it came to an abrupt end in the middle of the Dublin season, on the occasion of a fancy ball, given by the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, at the Royal Hospital. This entertainment was the leading social event of the year, and gathered together gneiss from various parts of the country, in addition to the usual ball-goers in Dublin society. The officers of the Musketeer Guards were there, of course, including Ramsay. A group of them, at the beginning of the evening, stood at the side of the ball-room, studying the scene. It was eminently picturesque. The ladies were dressed after pictures by the three great English masters of the Georgian period. Very quaint and old-world they looked in brocade and muslin, frills, furbelows, big hats, and curious caps. Powder and paint were almost universal, and so was beauty, under their influence. These levelers filled up, in many instances, the gap of years between mothers and daughters.

'By Jove, I don't know how she shall recognise our partners, with all this "make up,"' Captain Montague said to Ramsay, after a comprehensive study of the situation. 'Don't they look all alike, these women?'

'Not a bit of it. Oh, I say, Monty, look, look!'

Ramsay's eyes had been eagerly fixed on a corner of the room; the glow in them was deepening. 'There's no one else like her.'

'Who? Where?'

'That tall slight girl there by the window. Isn't she lovely? A divinity, by Jove!'

'Oh, I say, don't give yourself away like that. Impossible to tell the real thing with powder and paint. She doesn't look amiss like that, I grant.'

The unconscious object of these comments decidedly did not look amiss. She was 'after' Sir Joshua Reynolds—an artistic and perfect copy in soft grey of quaint make, with full powdered hair and delicately tinted face.

'Not look amiss! She's superb; there's not another like her in the room. Such a brow! Such eyes! They are not made up. I won't rest easy until I have been introduced.'

The readiness of medieval methods, as in Romeo's case, would have suited Orlando's temperament. Nineteenth-century conventionality forbidding them, however, he had to go in search of some mutual acquaintance through whom to get an introduction to the lady. He could find no one who knew her, she being evidently a stranger to Dublin. As a last resource he had recourse to the aide-de-camp-in-waiting.

'She is a Miss Mac—something or other—Maxwell, I think,' was all the aide-de-camp could tell. 'She is staying with some of these people who have brought her here. I don't know her, but, as you are so urgent, I suppose my office allows me to make introductions. I'll chance the name.'

Acquaintance with the lady only served further to kindle the flame of Ramsay's enthusiasm. Though not so forward as the fair daughter of the house of Capulet, she was very encouraging, in an original way, which was quite charming. Never in the whole course of his experience had Ramsay got on so quickly with a girl. His unconcealed enthusiasm evidently struck a responsive chord in her breast.

He hardly left her side the whole evening; dance after dance found them sitting out—for he could not induce her to dance.

'Do you think dancing wrong, Miss Maxwell?' Ramsay made the enquiry late in the evening, after a vain attempt to make her join in some of the dances. In the beginning he had addressed her somewhat tentatively by that name, but the lady had made no correction.

'Under some circumstances I think it foolish,' Miss Maxwell replied.

'As, for instance?'

'Under the circumstances of old age, gout, and rheumatism.'

'Oh, well,' laughed Ramsay, 'in these cases people do not get the chance of being foolish, do they?'

'Sometimes, perhaps. Old age is an uncertain quantity. At forty a statesman is young, but a dancer old.'

'Wait till you are forty to give up dancing,' Ramsay struck in eagerly. 'That will satisfy me. I won't bother you for reasons why you give it up, then?'

'Oh, I don't know. You seem to think I shall grow

SUBRISIVE PROGRESSIVE EUCHERE CONTINGENT
 arrived at 'The Oaks,' and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Misses Cotterill and Locke superintending affairs. Six tables were soon busily occupied with enthusiastic players, amongst whom were Madames: Carlisle, B. M. (white crepon with light blue insertion); Fulton, Howell (black crepon); Hoadley, Dickson, Carr, Milne-Thomson, Parker, Wood, Rochford, Griffin, Cornford, Jarvis, Rutherford, Van Daeleison, J. McLean, Hamlin, Kennedy, Bridges, White, Flears, and Miss E. M. (white crepon with light blue insertion); Heath, Sutton, Lyndon, Kennedy, Balfour, Spencer (two), Turke, Balharry, Baker, Wilson (white), Locke (style blue crepon and white lace), Rhodes, Hall, Page, Madames De Lisle-Davidson, Bowen (brown crepon, blue vest), R. B. Smith, Hartley, Tylec, Misses Chapman, Hughes (two), Parsons, etc.
 On Saturday evening a

THE WEARE HANGI POLO CLUB
 held a very successful practice match at their new grounds at the Napier Park racecourse. A great many ladies were present, and appeared to be taking lively interest in watching this exciting game, which bids fair to be the popular game of the season. Afternoon tea was supplied and dispensed by the Misses Bennett and Davis, and was much appreciated by both spectators and players, who were afterwards treated to a very enjoyable supper. I see by your columns that there are golf links in almost every other city.

HITHER AND THITHER.
 Mrs G. Sainsbury is visiting the Empire City, also Miss Whyte, of the Napier Girls' High School, who last week was so successful in passing her A. degree.

Mr C. Bidwell, from the Wairarapa, is at present in Napier. Dean Howell is in Gisborne. He has given his interesting lecture on English cathedrals in that town.

Mr and Mrs W. W. Willocks have returned from Auckland (thoroughly restored in health). Miss Glendinning (Mokahi) is in Napier. Miss Bibby, from Patapawa, is visiting Mrs Matier, at the Bungalow.

Mr W. Willocks arrived in Napier last Saturday from England, and his many friends in the North and South Islands will be glad to hear he has derived great benefit from the sea voyage.

GLADYS.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, **NOVEMBER 6.**
 This last week has been more than a little interesting in Nelson. There has simply been nothing of interest going on. Perhaps the weather may have had something to do with it, for more unseasonable weather for this time of the year we could not well have. There has been a great deal of rain, and a quite unusual amount of wind; in fact we might almost imagine ourselves in the Empire City. To-day is bitterly cold, as snow is on all the surrounding ranges, even on the Maungatapu. That and the rain together prevented many from attending the

ANNUAL SALE OF WORK
 of the Christchurch Ladies' Guild. It is a great pity, as the work was excellent, and all the stalls most attractive. In the evening a short musical programme was given, and the enjoyment of all present, the gems being two solos by Miss Hunt. Others taking part were Mrs and Miss Greenfield, Miss Melhuish, Messrs E. Mabin, A. C. Magninity, A. H. Patterson, and Mrs Roberts. The different stallholders were Mrs Bell, Mrs Leggett, Mrs B. M. Wilson, Mrs Kempthorne, Mrs Magninity, Miss Poole, Miss Dement, Miss Cooke, and Misses A. Bell and Wood. The two latter were in charge of the flower stall and looked very sweet in their becoming costumes. Miss A. B. wore pure white muslin, lavender apron, and cap of violets; Miss Wood, white gown with pretty pink apron, and cap of pink flowers. Some of those I noticed present were Madames Scoffe, Scandlers, Lyell, Holloway, Mackie, Dunlop, and Miss Bell. Mrs Leggett, Mrs B. M. Wilson, Mrs Burnes, Booth, Misses Harris, Bell, Holloway, Poole, Davidson, Watt, Gibson, Moore, Gannaway, Gascoigne, Preshaw, Pitt, etc. Last Thursday the ladies of All Saints' Church held their annual

SALE OF WORK.
 There was a fair attendance during the day. The stallholders were Madames Walker, Preshaw, Firth, Cook, Allan, Smith, and Miss Hodson.

The Theatre Royal was engaged one evening of last week by the **REVEREND HENKETH SMITH,** who delivered an interesting lecture to a very small audience. Owing to management and non-advertising no one seemed to know of the lecture until it was over. The rev. gentleman also delivered an excellent sermon at the Cathedral on Wednesday evening, when a large congregation assembled to hear this eloquent preacher.

HERE AND THERE.
 It is very nice to see Mrs Scandlers able to be out again after her long illness. She is wearing a pretty street gown of check tweed with black silk belt, black boots, and a very gay hat. Her dress wears a becoming black crepon with cream satin corsage, on it bands of cream insertion, pretty light floral toque; Mrs J. Sharp, pretty checked tweed, large black hat; Miss Roberts was in town in a pretty sporty dress, with blue crepon, white blouse, and black serge coat and skirt with check waistcoat, large black picture hat; the Misses Fell are wearing short black serge jackets with bishop's sleeves, skirts of the same material, and dainty blouses, sailor hats.

Mr and Mrs Vining have returned to Nelson after their trip to Sydney. Miss Jackson is in Australia on her way to Nelson after her trip to the Old Country. We are looking forward to the concert she intends giving on her return.

DEAR BEE, **NOVEMBER 13.**
 The 9th of November was quite a gala day in Nelson. Everyone went holiday-making, and we were fortunate in having a fine day, although until late in the afternoon a high wind was blowing, which spoilt any record-breaking at the first annual

SPORTS OF THE NELSON AMATEUR ATHLETIC AND CYCLING CLUB.
 However, it did not prevent the meeting being a great success, and a good attendance of the public were present. The sports were held in Trafalgar Park, which presented a very gay appearance with picturesque white tents dotted about, the pretty gowns of the ladies adding to the brightness of the scene. There were about seventy-two entries for the different events, and all were well contented. Miss A. B. wore pure white muslin, lavender apron, and cap of violets. Amongst others present I noticed Mrs Glasgow in a black gown, with a box pleated silk waistcoat, jet bonnet; Mrs A. Glasgow, blue cloth coat and skirt, becoming light blouse, dainty black toque with white roses; Mrs Brown, pretty striped dress, white jacket, jet bonnet; Mrs Sharp, pretty checked coat and skirt, white blouse, white hat with blue cornflowers; Mrs Burnes, green cloth coat and skirt, white waistcoat, floral toque; Mrs Roberts, black and white dress, white blouse, black toque with blue cornflowers; Mrs Mackay, rich black silk, dainty bonnet; Mrs Robinson, pretty black striped grenadine, bonnet *à la mode*; Mrs Broad, black tweed, bonnet with violets; Mrs Macquarrie, black and white dress, white blouse, black shawl, black crepon, bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Walker, pretty stylish gown of blue and fawn, with trimming of ooru lace, large black lace hat with forget-me-nots; Mrs Hunt, black crepon with white waistcoat, white blouse, white toque with blue cornflowers, fawn drill costume, brown toque with yellow flowers; Miss

SMALL DANCE
 before his departure. Mrs Fell and Mrs Lightfoot kindly acted as chaperones to the young people, some of whom were Misses Lightfoot, Fell, Preshaw, Hoape, G. Jones, Gannaway, Wright, Edwards, Moore, Curtis, Sealy, Messrs Lertien, Duncan, Sealy, Hough, Devenish, Robison, Broad, Marshal, King, Tomlinson, Glasgow, Withor, Mabin, etc.

PHYLIS
HAWERA.

DEAR BEE, **NOVEMBER 11.**
 The Hawera Mounted Rifles gave their

ANNUAL SOCIAL
 which was a decided success, crowds of visitors from all round the district being present. There were almost too many for comfortable dancing. Songs were given by Mrs Major, the Misses Cowern and Mr Godfrey. The supper, provided by the ladies, was most sumptuous. Misses very elegant dresses, were worn at the hall was prettily decorated with flags, but there were not so many uniforms as one would have liked to see.

At last we have warm weather, and tennis as soon as the grass is dry enough. The Hawera Tennis Club gave a very enjoyable

EUCHERE PARTY
 and dance in aid of the Club funds. There were twenty tables, and much fun was caused when the first table happened to be occupied by quick players, as the ball would ring before some of the tables had dealt their cards. I must not forget to mention some of the dresses. Miss Farnham wore cardinal silk; her sister, pale lemon silk; Miss Monro, heliotrope; Miss N. Turner (Patea), pink and green; Miss R. Duckworth, yellow bengaline trimmed with black velvet and lace (very elegant); her sister, black with petunia silk sleeves; Miss Cowern, white and pink silk; her sister, cream lace and pale blue feather trimming; Miss Hylton, grey silk crepon, gloves and shoes *à la mode*; Miss Dive, black velvet and white chiffon; Miss Lysaght, Miss B. M. Wilson (two), Misses McClean, Harris, Richardson, Parsons, Oldfield, and Miss Turner, rose pink silk; Mrs Barton, Mrs Atkinson, Mrs Tom Sutherland, Mrs W. Cowern, Mrs Parsons, Mrs Duckworth, Mrs Riddiford, black; Mrs Westcott, black silk and pink velvet; Mrs (Dr) Reed, brown and pink; Mrs Nolan, pink silk; Mrs Major, very handsome ruby silk and black lace; Mrs Southey, Mrs Tonks, Mrs Munro, Mrs Miller, Mrs Alex. Brett, cream and gold; Mrs Morey, Mrs Munro (Patea), etc., etc.

THE AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW
 was very largely attended. The day was fine, and we had no less than five M.H.R.'s—Mr Duthie, who is staying with the son-in-law, Mr Millar (Bank of Australasia), Mr Lawry, Mr McGuire, Mr Wilson, and our own member, Mr George Hutchinson. We are to have a Bank Twain here soon, when I hope to have something most interesting to write about in my next letter.

MARA.

THE BANJO CLUB'S CONCERT.

The Auckland Banjo, Guitar, and Mandolin Club quite surprised everybody by the concert they gave on Monday in aid of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. The dressing of the stage was exceedingly beautiful, and might with advantage be copied by other more pretentious societies. The music from so many stringed instruments produced a most charming effect, and the audience went home thoroughly delighted with the whole affair. Herr Zimmerman conducted.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

HERE is an amusing ghost story, which has the merit of being true. A party of ladies and gentlemen were once travelling in India by boat up the great and sacred river, the Ganges, when one day they all landed at a little village and decided to spend the night there. They went to the house of a friend, but there was no one living there then but a Hindoo servant, who acted as caretaker. After the party had had supper they all retired for the night, and as they were very tired they soon fell asleep, in spite of the howling of the jackals. In the middle of the night a lady woke her husband, and, in a frightened whisper, said—'William, what's that? Do you hear that strange noise?' But he could hear nothing except the buzzing and humming of thousands of insects, who never cease day or night in India. The gentleman, therefore, dozed off again; but soon his wife woke him a second time. 'There it is again,' she said; 'so he sat up and listened, and then he heard a strange scuffle going on in the next room, followed by "Thump, thump." He did not like the idea of venturing into the next room to find out what the noise was, for in India the natives are very cunning and treacherous. The gentleman, therefore, thought it might be some dusky robber, or even murderer, for in those days—I am speaking of 30 years ago—dreadful murders and thefts took place, and no one was ever able to discover who did them. The other ladies and gentlemen then heard the noise, and felt anything but comfortable. They came out of their rooms, and all assembled on the landing, and listened at the door of the room where the noise came from. At last the gentleman decided to burst open the door and seize the thief or murderer. Three of them each got a stout stick, and the others had their pistols ready. When they got into the room the thumping came nearer and nearer to them, and in the moonlight they saw advancing something with a black body and a shining head. Some one got a light, and they saw the figure face to face. And what do you think it was? A little black kitten had evidently been very thirsty, and had gone about the house trying to find something to drink, and in poking his nose into everything, he had got it fixed tightly at last in a brass vessel called by the Indians a 'lotch.' This he banged against the floor in the attempt to get rid of his uncomfortable headpiece, and so innocently acted the part of a ghost.

old very badly. Let me tell you I mean to be attractive even at forty."

"We shall not disagree on that subject. You could not be anything else."

"How quickly you arrive at conclusions, Mr Ramsay! How rashly, too, considering we met for the first time to-night!" Her tone was grave, but her twinkling eyes somewhat contradicted the gravity.

"I feel as if I had always known you," said the enthusiastic Orlando. "As if I had been looking forward to this meeting all my life."

The girl looked curiously at the impetuous youth. What eyes she had! So dark and glowing!

"Did you look forward to meeting me in powder and paint? Otherwise, how do you know I am the right person? You cannot tell what I am really like under this disguise. I may be perfectly horrible."

A fatuous smile was Ramsay's only answer.

"Horrible? This charming creature, with the pencilled brows, sparkling eyes, piled-up powdered hair, and softly flushed cheeks. How the quaint, old-world style suited her lively, original manner!"

"Surely you have some feeling in sympathy with mine?" Ramsay began, after a short pause. "We have got on so well together. You would not sit here with me if I bored you?"

"Certainly not. But why should you bore me? You are very original—quite unlike any one I ever met before. Do you always feel drawn to your friends so suddenly?"

"Oh, no. Not like this. Never before."

Her eyes fell under the youth's eager gaze. No blush could have shown on her face, owing to the paint.

"I think I must rejoin my party," she said, abruptly. "It is getting late."

Ramsay's momentary panic, lest he might have gone too far and offended her, was dispelled by the unrepining kindness of her glance and the smile, which made his heart beat quickly.

"I may come back again before you go," he pleaded, when leaving her, and Miss Maxwell assented.

Orlando, there was no doubt of it, had fallen head over ears in love. Never had the passion taken him more suddenly and violently. As it had possessed Romeo at the Capulet ball, so now did it possess the susceptible guardsman. History is nothing but repetition; the same old stories and the same old situations over and over again.

The impatient youth withdrew to the supper-room to await the moment at which he might decently return to Miss Maxwell's side. A quarter of an hour had hardly passed when he hurried back to the ball-room.

The lady was not in the old place, neither could he discover her in his quick glance round the room. It was late; the crowd in the ball-room had grown thin; Ramsay made a quick circuit of it, without discovering the object of his search. Consternation seized upon him. Could she have gone away? He made a rapid tour of the drawing and supper-rooms; she was not to be found. In deep despair he realised at last that she was gone, leaving him in ignorance of her address, and without any clue to help in finding it. An appeal to the aide-de-camp who had introduced him to Miss Maxwell gave him no information except that she had come with a Mrs Fraser, of Merriem-square, to the ball.

Ramsay lost no time in finding out the Fraser's residence, No. 98, Merriem-square. A study of the house from the outside was very unsatisfactory, but he could not venture to call. The circumstances of the case did not allow such a course of action, which might have been viewed as an impertinence. For several days the lovelorn youth haunted Merriem-square and its neighbourhood in the hopes of a chance meeting with the object of his passion. Fortune, however, was in no smiling mood; sometimes his hopes had been roused by seeing ladies going into or coming out of the house, but no one bearing the least resemblance to Miss Maxwell had been among them.

Ramsay's state did not escape the observation and railings of his brother officers. The Colonel, on becoming aware of it, and of the serious hold which the sudden fancy seemed to have taken of the youth, duly communicated with Lady Cheviot. The anxious mother took alarm at once; she recognised the gravity of the case. The fact that Orlando had so curiously lost sight of the object of his passion did not reassure her. On the contrary, she saw in this strange circumstance some deep design to lure her boy to more complete destruction. "There is not a moment to be lost," Lady Cheviot decided. "I must implore of Helen if not in Dublin, to go there at once, and find out the real state of the case, and take it into her capable hands."

Lady Cheviot wrote an urgent appeal and received a prompt reply:—

I am going to Dublin immediately, and shall do all that can be done to save your boy. How ruthlessly you ask me to try and destroy a young romance—me, such an advocate of sentimentality in both young and old! The strength of my friendship shows itself in my complete and unhesitating undertaking, exactly as an absolute trust in my own subtlety and diplomacy makes me confident of success. She must be very charming—I do not intend to make the mistake of underestimating the enemy—to have made such a deep and lasting impression at first sight. She can hardly be unconscious of it, though she has chosen to disappear so mysteriously. Your anxiety lest she may appear is therefore very natural. I know my families of Maxwells in Ireland, but cannot make out that the girl you describe belongs to any of them. Most assured, dear friend, that the matter will come right—or, else! It is wrong—in my hands. I am so delighted that you should have appealed to me.—Ever yours,

HELEN MACDONALD.

Before Helen MacDonald reached Dublin next day, Lady Cheviot's fears had been justified regarding the object of Orlando's love. Ramsay received a letter in the morning which would have plunged his mother into despair, but which raised him from its depths into the seventh heaven of felicity:—

DEAR MR RAMSAY.—We talked of many things at the 'Picture' ball, amongst others of flowers. Do you remember? They are lovely just now in the People's Garden in the Phoenix Park. Especially in the wide walk between the hours of three and four on any afternoon, say to-morrow, for instance.—Yours truly,

M. H. MAXWELL.

Three o'clock next day found Ramsay impatiently pacing up and down the side-walk. At twenty minutes past the hour his heart gave a bound, the blood coursed wildly through his veins. The unmistakably tall, slight

figure of his dreams was coming towards him. A long cloak showed her figure to full advantage, but her face was closely veiled. The well remembered dark eyes, however, shone brightly through the thick folds of lace. In the rapture of the meeting but one thought absorbed Ramsay—he had found the object of his search and of his adoration at last; never again would he lose sight of her. The publicity of the place of meeting made the thick veil necessary. Like the 'mask of night' on Juliet's face, it did not interfere with her lover's ardour.

She was just as charming and lively as she had been at the ball; she playfully turned aside Ramsay's reproaches for her conduct in quitting the ball and leaving him no way of finding her again.

"Perhaps I expected you to send a herald searching for me all over the town, like the Prince in a fairy tale. As you did not, I have had to present myself, notwithstanding the horrible chance that you might have forgotten all about me."

"Forgotten you? Oh, Miss Maxwell!"

"Did you think me forward? Were you horrified by my letter?"

"May I tell you what I really thought? You will not be angry?"

"Certainly not. I adore frankness."

"And I adore you."

"Mr Ramsay!"

"You told me to be frank, that you would not be angry."

"But it was about my letter."

"Well, I thought it adorable too."

"You are incorrigible," Miss Maxwell's eyes, turned on Ramsay, shone deeply through her veil. "I don't know what to say or do. I am not accustomed to being adorable."

"Oh, Miss Maxwell!"

"Seriously, Mr Ramsay, you should not for many reasons talk like that to me. To begin with, you cannot possibly mean half that you say."

"Every single word of it," he vehemently asserted.

"Then you are a veritable enthusiast, with an extraordinary and unmodern faith in human nature. You are very, very rash."

"Doubt never comes in when it is a case of the right people meeting."

"Then, perhaps I am not a right person."

"But—but," a quick shade crossed Ramsay's eager face, "I thought you, too, felt that we suited each other."

"Or I would not have come here, is that it? You see, I did not know you were so enthusiastic or—so rash. You do not know who I am, or where I come from. And it certainly is strange of me to be meeting you in this garden."

"I know that you are unmistakably a lady, that you have friends in Merriem-square. Above all, I know that you are beautiful and charming, and that I love you."

"Stop, stop," interrupted Miss Maxwell, rising hastily from the bench on which they had been sitting. "I cannot listen any more. You are dreadfully imprudent. Think how little you know about me."

"I know that you are adorable and that I adore you. That is enough. Miss Maxwell, listen to me for one moment." Ramsay had risen, too. Miss Maxwell was walking on with quick steps as if to escape from her enthusiastic wooer.

"I cannot listen. Not now—not here!"

"Will you listen to me in your home or at your friend's house?"

"Yes, I will promise to listen to anything you wish to say."

Ramsay's face glowed ecstatically.

"Only tell me when and where. To-day?" To-morrow?"

"Not to-day. To-morrow, in the afternoon, at 98, Merriem square, at my friend, Mrs Fraser's. You may say whatever you wanted to make me listen to just now—if you are still of the same mind."

"As if I could change! You cannot think it possible—you do not doubt me?"

"I have no doubt at all on the subject. And now it is best to part here. Good-bye, and au revoir!"

An idiotic smile of content rested on Ramsay's face while he stood watching the slight graceful figure, until it rapidly disappeared from sight on the Park road.

Meanwhile Helen MacDonald, who had arrived at the Shelbourne Hotel on the previous evening, had not been idle. On the very afternoon of the meeting in the Phoenix Park she wrote to Lady Cheviot, informing her that the matter was already progressing. She—Helen—had accurate information that the object of Orlando's romantic passion had returned to Dublin, and was in communication with him, at the house in Merriem-square, where the friend lived with whom Miss Maxwell had gone to the ball. Furthermore there was reason to believe that Orlando and the girl had met on that very afternoon. "You see I have not let the grass grow under my feet, you could not have been more active yourself had you been on the spot. Such a pretty romance as it seems to be! Are we not very relentless in trying to destroy it I repeat? What a contradiction to heredity that such a practical mother should have such a romantic son. Poor boy! I quite feel for him in the part I am obliged to take. But do not be alarmed. I shall not fail you."

Next afternoon, Ramsay—blissfully unconscious of the conspiracy actively at work against his happiness—presented himself at 98, Merriem-square, his ardour greater than ever, his determination more steadfast. No passion can compare with love at first sight. It is the only true love, the only one worthy of the name. Come what would, come what might, Orlando was resolved to woo and win Miss Maxwell. The very fact of his being there entitled him to nourish hopes, which, however, alternated with loverlike fears. The girl was so unlike any other whom he had ever met; he could not feel certain of her. An indecipherable something in her manner made him anxious, even when most hopeful. The doubt and anxiety, however, as a matter of course, in such cases, only increased his determination.

Ramsay was left alone with his tumultuous thoughts whilst the footman went in search of the young lady. How long the moments seemed; his heart beat quickly at

every sound, his eyes eagerly turned to the door. At last it was opened; a lady entered the room. Her face did not show for a moment as she paused to shut the door behind her, but there was no mistaking the tall, slight, graceful form. The ardent youth advanced with unexpressed delight. She turned round, standing opposite to him; he stopped abruptly with an involuntary exclamation. The dark, glowing eyes, which, beneath the arched brows had looked so effective with the powdered hair, were fixed on him. There was no doubt about them, though they did not look quite the same—not so wonderfully brilliant. But the face! What had happened? Was he dreaming, or the victim of some strange optical delusion? The lady confronting him was not a girl. She had probably passed the tableland of life that lies between twenty-five and thirty-five. Her face was shapely and pleasant looking, with well-cut features and a pale complexion; her soft hair was almost red. The same, but not the same, as the lovely being of the ball. As if some wicked enchanter's wand had added nearly twenty years to her age. Ramsay stared aghast. His mind, in the confusion of the moment, seized on the idea of a practical joke. Impossible to realise that the soft outlines of cheek and chin, the smooth face, the tender rose-leaf tinge, had been a mere matter of artistic make-up! That the quaint fancy dress had perfected the illusion which the prevalence amongst the other guests of powder and paint had also helped! But, no; the hoped die as quickly as it had come before the growing smile on the lady's face and the twinkling of her eyes. They and the graceful, still girlish figure were unmistakable. The girl of the Gainsborough picture was standing smiling before him.

"Miss Maxwell!" he managed to falter.

"Yes and no." An involuntary flash of eager hope leaped to Ramsay's eyes, to vanish as the lady went on quickly. "But I am the person you mean, though Maxwell is not exactly my name. Your trust was with me; you have kept it, and I have done the same by you. You look disturbed, as if you hardly recognise me."

"Yes—that is—no—!" In fact—you look so different."

"Yet you would not believe in the magic power of powder and paint. I fairly warned you. They changed me completely, did they not? And now, have they not done the same to you?"

"I always stand by my word," said Ramsay heroically, but turning deadly pale.

"But there is no word for you to stand by in the case; it was never spoken. There is a law that a man may not marry his grandmother, though it is not quite so bad as that; still, my dear boy, I doubt that your mother would be pleased to have introduced to her as a daughter-in-law her old friend, Helen MacDonald."

Ramsay uttered a sharp exclamation of amazement; he stared hard at Miss MacDonald, his face flushing crimson.

"We did not meet for the first time at the ball," she continued, smiling; "you were a little over four, and I was just twenty, when our acquaintance began, during a visit which I paid to your mother. I didn't correct the mistake about my name at first—well, just because the spirit of mischief entered into me—and afterwards, my dear Orlando, I took the liberty of giving you a lesson. Romeo's example, always a dangerous one to imitate, is especially so at a 'Picture Ball.' Now, let the whole thing be consigned to oblivion. Forgive and forget. And for pity's sake don't tell your mother of my masquerading."

When the somewhat crestfallen youth had taken his departure, Helen MacDonald wrote to Lady Cheviot:—

The deed is done; your boy has been saved. It is the girl herself you have to thank. Matrimony, it appeared, though proffered by your rash son, was an honour that she did not dream of. While rejoicing, one cannot but regret that her Irish double dose of original sin should have led her into becoming poor Orlando. By the way, what can you expect but romance from the owner of such a name? What in the name of common sense made you select it for your boy? You might just as well have called him Romeo and served yourself for the consequences.—Truth.

MEREDITH'S INVOLVED SENTENCES.

EMERSON said of Carlyle that there is not to be found in his writings a sentence which will not parse. It would be a decidedly difficult task to attempt to parse the following complete sentences from the pen of the eminent George Meredith in his latest novel published in *Scribner's Magazine*:

"She wrestled with him where the darknesses rolled their snake-eyed torments over between jagged horns of the nether world. She stood him in the white ray of the primal vital heat to bear unwithering beside her the test of light. They flew, they chased, battled, embraced, disjoined, adventured apart, brought back the count of their deeds, compared them—and name the one crushed!"

"She had the privilege of a soul beyond our minor rules and restraints to speak her wishes to the true wife of a mock husband—no husband; less a husband than this shadow of a woman a wife, she said; and spoke them without adorning the bowed head beside her to record a promise or seem to show the far willingness, but merely that the wishes should be heard on earth in her last breath, for a good man's remaining one chance of happiness."

"Her mind was at the same time alive to our worldly contentions when other people came under its light; she sketched them and their views in her brief words between the gasps, or heaved on them, with perspicuous humorous bluntness, as vividly as her twitched eyebrows indicated the laugh. Gower Woodser she read startlingly, if correctly."

CARRYING MAILS BY SHELL.—The Postmaster-General of England has from time to time received suggestions of several methods of conveying the royal mails besides locomotives. Among others was one by a royal engineer, who advised that the mails should be included in shells and fired from one stage to another. A good bombardier would be able to drop a shell within a few feet of the mortar or cannon which would be required to send it on to the next stage.

COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	NO. OF SHARES.	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION.	MANAGER.
KUAOTUNU—									
Maori Dream	N.L.	9,000			s. d.	a. d.	Acres.		
Otama	Ltd.	20,000	60,000	40,000	3 0	Nil.	100	2 0	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	8 8	W. H. Churton
Try Fluke	Ltd.	12,500	60,000		5 0	0 6	20	8 9	J. J. Macky
Waitaia	Ltd.	15,000	50,000	60,000	5 0	0 5½	85	4 0	H. Gilfillan
			60,000						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	36 0	
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 0	H. Gilfillan
Ivanhoe	N.L.	5,500	55,000	50,000	2 0	0 2	30	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Karangahake	N.L.	14,000	70,000	70,000	4 0	Nil.	30		W. Clarke
Karangahake Ruby	N.L.	75,000	75,000	65,000	2 0				J. Barber
Mangakara United	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	150		G. C. Morris
Mariner	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	60	9	H. Gilfillan
Rob Roy	Ltd.	9,000	60,000	55,000	3 0	Nil.	13		R. M. Scott
South British	N.L.	14,000	70,000	65,000	4 0	Nil.	30	7	W. Clarke
Shotover	N.L.	17,500	70,000	70,000	5 0	Nil.	42	9 9	H. Gilfillan
Sterling	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	5	W. Gray
Stanley	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	5	D. G. Macdonnell
St. Patrick	N.L.	10,000	100,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	8	S. C. Macky
Talisman	Ltd.	25,000	100,000	80,000	5 0	1 1	60	10 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Talisman Extended	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	118,000	3 0	Nil.	67	1 9	R. M. Scott
Victor	N.L.	110,000	220,000	140,000	10 0	10 0	90	4 0	H. Gilfillan
Waverley	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	0 2	30	1 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Wealth of Nations	N.L.	14,000	70,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	90	9 9	H. Gilfillan
Woodstock North	Ltd.	5,000	50,000	35,000	2 0	0 2	7½	7	J. Barber
Woodstock United	Ltd.	27,500	55,000		10 0		72	26 0	D. G. Macdonnell
OWHAROA—									
Crescent	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		H. Gilfillan
Golden Lion	N.L.	10,500	70,000	55,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Gigantic	N.L.	12,000	80,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Heitman's Freehold	N.L.	12,500	100,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	50	1 6	D. G. Macdonnell
Inglewood	N.L.	15,000	75,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 8	H. Gilfillan
Maritana	N.L.	10,000	60,000	60,000	2 6	Nil.	100	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Owharua	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.	12,750	85,000	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 0	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	10 6	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 6	E. J. White
Grace Darling	Ltd.	30,000	60,000	60,000	10 0	5 3	50	2 1	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Spur	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	1 3	
Huanui	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	45	1 9	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	Nil.		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		5 0	2 2	15		D. G. Macdonnell
Sovereign (late Golconda)	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	90	1 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Waitekauri	Ltd.	15,000	150,000	135,000	20 0		400	90 0	H. Rose
Do. No. 2	N.L.	12,750	85,000	85,000	3 0	Nil.	60	1 0	W. Clarke
Do. No. 4	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.		2 9	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. South	N.L.	14,000	70,000	55,000	4 0	Nil.	30	9	W. Clarke
Do. Queen	N.L.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	50	6	E. J. White
Young New Zealand	N.L.	11,250	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	15	1 8	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	W. Clarke
Sir Julius	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	100		J. H. Harrison
Sea View	N.L.	8,000	80,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	100		W. Clarke
Union Waihi	Ltd.	200,000	200,000	140,000	20 0	20 0	250		D. G. Macdonnell
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 4	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	1 10	H. Gilfillan
Waihi Mint	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100		W. R. Waters

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

MINING NEWS.

THE glorious uncertainty of law sinks into insignificance beside the up and down of the Stock Exchange. Values of shares advance and recede in a manner most embarrassing to the average speculator, and most enriching for brokers, as at each upward move there is a rush of business which would not take place if values were steadily maintained. The past week showed dull business on the Exchange, with a general falling off in values all round. The disturbed state of the financial markets in London and the Continent no doubt contributed to the dullness, by giving the impression that the remaining companies now under offer at Home would not be taken up. The fact that the Kathleen and Peveril mines at Coromandel were floated in London during the week, and also that a very satisfactory offer was made by cable for the New Alburnia mine at the Thames, should satisfy the timid ones that foreign investors have not lost faith in our goldfields. Added to this, the directors of the Waitaitia Company received very favourable telegraphic advices this week from the Home agent with reference to the terms on which the Company's property had been offered on the London market, and the offer for the Star of Waikauri mine was confirmed by a second cable. Very satisfactory terms were also cabled from London with regard to the working capital of the Alpha. With such proofs of continued confidence abroad, local shareholders would do well not to exhibit such nervousness regarding the safety of the comparatively small sums they have invested in the goldmining industry. The return from the Hauraki mine this month was again an excellent one, 210 tons of ore having yielded £7,106 14s worth of gold, and accounts from the mine state that the gold is still being carried down in the veins below No. 7 level, where the ore shows rich blotches of the precious metal. Good accounts are also received from the Woodstock mine, as the ore now gives an average assay value of £7 per ton, which should pay handsomely when increased crushing power has been secured. The practical evidence of the value of our goldfields shown by the Hauraki return appeared to have a beneficial effect on the sharemarket, as a better tone prevailed, and buyers were more numerous, and prices of mining stocks showed improvement. Waiti-Silvertona fell to 39s, but when news was received by private cable that the London quotation was £2 15s, shares advanced locally, 42s 6d being offered the same day that 39s had been accepted. The Waitaitia mine also showed an increased return this month, £725 17s 1d of bullion being obtained from 158 tons of ore.

Excellent accounts continue to come to hand regarding the prospects of the new finds at Port Charles, Whangamata, and Te Puke, while prospecting is steadily going on at Whangarei, and special claims are being taken up at Puhupuhi, thus demonstrating the fact that the interest in mining is spreading to districts outside of what was formerly considered the goldfields area. At Teirua work is being pushed forward in the various mines taken up, and it is stated that Mr. Dana, who took over a property on behalf of a Home syndicate, is so well satisfied with the tests made that it is proposed to commence operations on a large scale. Great eagerness is manifested to secure claims on the Karaka No. 1 block at Coromandel. Already applicants have lodged £1,018 as fees representing claims aggregating 2,000 acres. A sitting of the Validation Court under the Native Lands Validation of Title Act was also held this week by Judge Davey to go into the question of the Whau Whau or Kuaotunu No. 3 block. A number of claims have already been pegged out on this block, in consequence of a rush that took place about a month ago, but as the Kauri Timber Company held the land under lease from the natives, the question arose as to whether timber rights would be injuriously affected by the operations of miners. At the Validation Court an application was made on behalf of the Kauri Timber Company for the validation of a lease of the block above named alleged to have been made in 1885 by the native owners to William Makie, and since transferred to the Company. The application was objected to by the Crown and opposed by the native owners, and their solicitor, Mr. F. Earl, raised the point that the Court had no jurisdiction, which was upheld. Notice of appeal was given as the matter is an important one affecting other blocks of land held under similar leases. Unfortunately, it entails considerable delay. In

order to aid in the thorough prospecting of land in the Upper Thames district, the Ohinemuri County Council at its last meeting considered the question of opening tracks through the bush from Waitaitia to Whangamata, and also another known as the Komata track, which when completed would mean a saving of about fourteen miles in conveying machinery to Komata—the distance being about six miles, whilst by Waitaitia it is twenty miles. The Komata district being one of the chief centres of the Upper Thames goldfields, this road would be of great benefit to the mines situated there, besides opening up a main prospecting track to the country back of Waitaitia that might lead to other important finds being made. Besides these several smaller tracks were authorized to be constructed, and others are to be repaired at once, so that great improvement will shortly be effected in the most important bush tracks, which will be a great boon to prospectors and miners generally.

It is satisfactory to note that though the sharemarket is at present quiet, the work of developing the mines is being steadily proceeded with. Another good sign which points to more economical working of the properties is the growing tendency to amalgamate small holdings into one strong company. This is undoubtedly a move in the right direction, and one which must ultimately lead to good results. The old method of small companies with 10 stamper batteries is fast passing away, it being now generally recognized that to work economically large crushing plants require to be kept constantly at work putting through great quantities of ore. While mines are being thus vigorously developed, occasional lulls on the market are of little consequence beyond the fact that they cause shareholders considerable uneasiness while they last. In a month or two many of the English Companies that have taken over properties will be getting to work with ample capital to carry on operations, and the result must ultimately be a great increase in the output of gold.

MINING NOTES.

THAMES.

NEW WHAU.

At a meeting of shareholders this week it was resolved, on the motion of the Hon. W. McCullough, 'That the capital of the Company be increased to £15,000 by the creation of 50,000 new shares at 3s each, upon which said shares the sum of 2d per share should be taken and deemed to be paid up.' This was done in order to acquire the Middle Star mine, the area being 37 acres. A formal resolution was then passed empowering the directors to acquire the property.

NEW ALBURNIA.

Shares in this company, which a fortnight ago sold at 7s 3d, fell to 5s last Wednesday. There was a sudden advance of 6s later in the day when it became known that the directors had been called together to consider an offer received by cable from London for the property. The directors later in the day replied, offering to sell on the following terms:—Capital of new company, £200,000; working capital, £25,000; cash to be paid to shareholders, £15,000; present New Alburnia shareholders to rank share for share in the new company, and £1,000 deposit to be paid immediately. From the character of the offer made, it is thought to be almost certain that a sale will be effected on these lines.

VICTORIA.

The directors of this Company are determined to thoroughly develop the new reef cut in the Prince Imperial section of the mine. This week seventeen allotments were purchased from natives by the Company for the purpose of erecting winding machinery on the Prince Imperial shaft to work the recently discovered reef in that part of the ground.

COROMANDEL.

BUNKER'S HILL.

Shares in this Company have fluctuated remarkably in value during the last few weeks, running from 7s 6d to 18s 3d in a fortnight, and then falling in one day from 14s 6d to 10s. The latter figure was reached at noon on Wednesday, when advantage was taken of the fact that many brokers were away at the races to bear shares. As the whole future of this mine centres in cutting the rich Hauraki lode, people naturally concluded that this attempt had failed. One of the directors promptly telegraphed to the manager:—'Shares fallen suddenly to 10s; what is new development occurred?' To which at 4 p.m. the following answer was received:—'Nothing that I know of; people think we are past Legge's reef. I do not.' Sales first began next day, sales taking place at

12s 6d, but towards evening there were sellers at 11s 6d. Next day sales were reported as low as 7s 9d, but an hour later transactions took place at 9s, and next day at 10s. The manager of the mine came to town at the end of the week to confer with the directors. He stated that from the general appearance of the country the Hauraki lode should be intersected at any moment, as the pug which he had passed through was similar to that out in the Hauraki mine, 20ft from Legge's reef. He had nearly driven this distance, and he had not yet intersected the reef. Making due allowance for a slight deviation, he expected to cut the reef in the next 20ft of driving. Shares advanced in price on Monday from 9s to 12s. In consequence of the surveyor giving his opinion that Legge's reef was still further ahead of the present drive.

HAURAKI QUEEN.

At a meeting of syndicate shareholders in the Hauraki Queen licensed holding held on Wednesday it was determined to form the licensed holding into a no-liability company with a capital of £9,000 in 60,000 shares of 3s each, all paid up. Messrs W. Ledingham, M. Nicoll, Austin Walsh, A. Robins, A. E. Coates, and Major Swindley, Mr. Cnas. Grovenor was appointed manager, Mr. C. J. Parr, solicitor, Mr. T. F. Cahill, auditor, and the Bank New Zealand bank to the company.

HAURAKI NORTH.

This Company is now sinking a shaft on the old Golconda hill. Seven or eight men are at work under Mr. Bremner, and are now down about 15ft. The shaft is 12 x 4, and will thus give three chambers. It will require a good deal of sinking to get down to the same level as, say, the Hauraki, but as good gold was got in the old Golconda ground, it is likely that the sinking will not at first be carried so low. Another shaft is to be sunk over the hill near the beach. The ground consists of about 90 acres lying north of the Hauraki and other properties in the locality.

THE KATHLEEN.

SOLD IN LONDON.

The Kathleen Company has been successfully floated on the London market, there being quite a rush for shares. The ground is situated in London, and the capital of the company is fixed at £75,000 in 2s 6d shares, of which the vendors take 320,000. The property comprises Lynch's paddock of 51 acres which is to be acquired for £50,000, of which £10,000 is payable in cash, and the balance in shares or cash.

NEW TOKATEA.

This is one of the most promising of the newly-formed companies at Coromandel. Already one or two small parcels of picked stones have been obtained, and this week the manager telegraphed: 'Finished breaking down. Got about 70lbs of picked stone and a few pounds of specimens.'

PEVERIL.

A cable was received from London this week stating that the shares in the Peveril Goldmining Company of Hauraki, had been allotted. This property is better known as the Londonderry, and consists of 25½ acres situated on the Tokatea Range at Coromandel.

Two other cable advices state that the Peveril Company was successfully floated in London on Wednesday. On the transfer of the property being completed in Auckland £5,000 working capital will be remitted.

WELCOME FIND.

The collapse in the price of Bunker's Hill shares affected Welcome Finds also, but a recovery took place when the manager notified by telegraph that he had cut another reef two feet thick which carried excellent mineral for gold.

KARANGAHAKE.

CROWN.

Reports from this mine are of a very satisfactory nature. The explorations going on in the drive at the bottom of the winze continue most satisfactory. Gold is showing in the face at every breaking down, and the average value of the reef—which is about five feet wide—is fully £20. The lode in the No. 6 level also maintains its character, both in size and quality, and has a most lasting appearance. The new general manager inspected out from Home at the end of this week, and it is anticipated that several important works will be undertaken after he has taken charge.

IVANHOE—SHOTOVER.

Meetings of shareholders in both these companies were called this week for the purpose of effecting an amalgamation of the properties. Shareholders in the Shotover Company passed the necessary resolutions to authorize the directors to sell and dispose of the whole of the property of the Company to the Ivanhoe (I.M.) Company,

or for shares in the latter Company, or on such other terms as might be agreed upon. The meeting of Ivanhoe shareholders was called in order to increase the capital of that Company to enable the New Shotover property to be acquired. The Chairman, Mr. W. Gorrie, said that the directors of the Ivanhoe and Shotover Companies had met several times, and decided that an amalgamation was necessary. The Shotover was at present a 70,000 share company, and it was proposed to reduce it to 60,000, while the Ivanhoe, which was now a 50,000 share mine, was to be increased to 60,000, making a combined capital of 120,000 shares. As there were not sufficient shareholders present or represented by proxy, the meeting was ultimately adjourned to the 3rd of December.

KARANGAHAKE.

Although an offer has been made to purchase the Karangahake property, the directors have wisely resolved not to follow a custom that has become too prevalent nowadays of practically suspending operations until some definite decision has been arrived at. At a meeting held this week it was resolved to instruct the manager to push forward vigorously with the work of developing the mine, to let a contract for 200 feet of crosscut, and to put on men to work the 2 feet reef that traverses the property.

WOODSTOCK NORTH.

After being somewhat neglected these shares met with some enquiry this week. The reef is reported to be 4ft wide, and an assay made yielded at the rate of 31ozs of bullion per ton—2ozs was gold and 29ozs silver.

WAITAIKURI.

ALPHA.

The process of floating properties on the London market appears somewhat slow. The plan of the Alpha mine at Waitaitia was sent Home early in the year, and judging by a cablegram received this week, the negotiations are only now about completed. A meeting of directors was held to consider the cable which contained a proposal that £15,000 cash for working capital shall be provided in the flotation of the Company, and a further £15,000 to be provided for by calls in two amounts, as operations may require, the capital of the Company to be £200,000; Alpha shareholders to get one and one-third share now held paid up to £1, and Rainbow shareholders to get share for share. The Alpha directors agreed to the terms proposed, provided that the floating of the Company is completed this year.

KOMATA REEF.

Reports from this mine are of an encouraging nature. Already four reefs have been discovered, the Black reef 8 feet, Komata reef 6 to 14 feet, the Argall reef 18 feet, and Lavington 14 feet wide.

KUAOTUNU.

PORT CHARLES.

There seems every chance that another valuable section of our goldfields will be opened up in the vicinity of Port Charles, an excellent stone is shown by prospectors. Mr. McLeasac, the well-known prospector, brought to town this week samples taken from the reef which he has discovered. Mr. McLeasac brought with him eight pounds of stone which he took from the reef at a depth of eight feet from the surface. There was washed and rubbed in water, but not crushed in any way. When the loose stones were picked out, the mullocky deposit in the dish was poured off, and the result was a really magnificent tail of gold. The peculiarity of the deposit was that while there were numerous coarse particles of the precious metal, there was also a tail of very fine gold of a much richer colour. The quartz is of a rubby lree milling nature, and showed gold freely. Mr. McLeasac was panning up the Ohshutahi Creek from Port Charles when he first found prospects of gold, which were so plentiful that he became convinced there was a rich reef somewhere that had shed the precious metal. About a mile back from Port Charles McLeasac discovered an eight inch lode from which the samples now on view were obtained. A claim of 100 acres was at once pegged out and called the Jay Gould. It is fortunately on Crown lands, so that there will not be any difficulty about the title. The reef has been found outcropping about four chains away, and here it also shows gold. Further on a landlip has apparently carried a portion of the reef into the creek, and it was this that most probably shed the prospects found in the creek. McLeasac states the reef is enlarging week by week, and the best prospects were obtained at the deepest point sunk. Mr. Richardson, of Whangarei, also brought over stone from the Jay Gould claim from which the assay returns were as follows: Bullion, 32ozs 17dwt 21gr; value per ton, £87 16s 3d.

WAIHI.

STAR OF WAIHI.

Negotiations for the sale of this property as a prospecting venture in London are proceeding satisfactorily. Mr A. D. Douglass received the following cable this week...

A meeting of shareholders in the above Company was held on Thursday afternoon in the Chamber of Commerce...

WAIHI DREDGING COMPANY.

A company has been formed for the purpose of dredging the Ohinemuri River in order to recover the large quantities of gold that are known to have been lost prior to the introduction of the cyanide process at Waihi...

WAIHI SILVERTON.

Shares in this mine gradually declined in price until last Saturday when they sold as low as 39s. On Monday, however, a rise of 10s to 10s place when it became known that in driving the main crosscut from the shaft...

OWHAROA.

The prospecting shaft is now down 30 feet, and is passing through nice blocks of loose sandstone mixed with quartz, but has not yet reached solid country.

TE PUKE.

The drive in Fleming's freehold is now in 100 feet through kindly brown quartz. Crosscuts will be shortly started to act. The one will cut the reef well under where the surface gold was got...

WHANGAREI.

Three special claims were applied for this week in the Puhipuhi district, making six in all. It is understood these claims are being taken up by foreign companies.

KAURI MOUNTAIN.

At a meeting of holders of syndicate shares in the Kauri Mountain Freehold held this week, it was resolved to at once take steps to test the value of the syndicate property at Whangarei...

LEADING LIGHT.

Prospecting is still going on at the Leading Light. Freehold property at Whangarei Heads, and the results are good. A further lot of ore has been sent to Auckland...

GOLD EXPORT.

The National Bank despatched bullion to the value of £5,000 by the Rotomahana this week for transhipment to London.

COLD RETURNS.

HURAKI GOLDMINING COMPANY.

ANOTHER BIG YIELD.

210 TONS RETURN 2,368OZS.

The monthly return from that now famous Coromandel gold-producer, the Huraki mine, was announced on Saturday and was again an excellent one.

WAITEKAURI RETURNS.

INCREASED OUTPUT OF GOLD.

During the past four weeks 158 tons of ore were crushed at the 10 stamper battery on the Golden Cross section of the Waitekauri Company's property...

TRY FLUKE.

The yield from this mine for the past month was 231oz of melted gold, 109oz being from the battery, and 123oz from the cyanide plant.

NEW WAIOTAHU EXTENDED.

A crushing of 20 loads of quartz from this mine has just been completed for the highly remunerative yield of 36oz 16dwt melted gold, valued at £2 18s per oz.

MAY QUEEN.

Tributors in this mine still continue to get good returns for their labours. This week 1,400lbs and party of tributors in the Trenton section of the May Queen mine completed a crushing of 14 loads of general ore...

VICTORIA.

The crushing of 32 loads of quartz from the Prince Imperial section of this mine yielded 27oz 12dwt of melted gold. This return, though small, is of great importance...

CROWN.

During the past month 442 tons of ore were treated at the Crown Company's battery, Karangahake, for a return of bullion, the assay value of which was £2,120.

THE LAND OF DYKES AND DITCHES.

'Slow as a Dutchman' is the saying. Rather let it be said, 'Persevering and thorough as a Dutchman.' Time for everything, and Everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

UNFORTUNATE.

Mrs Hawkins is a kind-hearted woman, and would not deliberately hurt any one's feelings, but the other day a moment of absent-mindedness betrayed her into a sad blunder.

ROWING FOR GIRLS.

BY ELLEN LE GARDE.

It has always been noticed that girls who from childhood are accustomed to row are of a cheerful temperament. As if that was not enough of a recommendation, such girls have never known what dyspepsia means.

Rowing, too, expands the chest. The next time you see a boat's crew at practice look at the breadth of shoulders of its men and prepare to be envious.

In so practical a matter as rowing, written instructions are of little value. Experience is the best teacher. The girl rower in learning, requires a steady boat, a light oar, and a companion who knows how to pull.

A little practice will enable the beginner to feather her oar, but feathering is not necessary at first. Backing is effected by pushing the blade of the oar through the water in the direction opposite to that of rowing.

THE LARGEST SHIP AFLAAT.

The new five-masted sailing ship Potosi, built at Tecklenburg's yard, Bremen, for a Hamburg firm (F. Laeisz), is of the following dimensions:—Length over all, 394ft; width over the plating amidships, 49ft 9in; depth from upper edge of keel to end of the main deck amidships, 31ft 2 1/2in.



District Land and Survey Office.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undermentioned TOWN AND RURAL LANDS will be submitted for Sale by public auction, at this Office, on FRIDAY, the 6th day of December, 1895, at 11 a.m.:

SCHEDULE.

PORT WAIKATO TOWN.—Section 63, 8 perches; upset price, £1 10s. Section 64, 20 1/2 perches; upset price, £5 7s 6d. Section 65, 30 perches; total upset price, £3 18s.

WHANGAREI COUNTY, PARISH WAIKARE.—Section 34, 3 1/2 acres; total upset price, £4 10s.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-fifth cash on fall of the hammer, and the balance of purchase money with Crown land within 30 days thereafter...

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.



TOWN AND RURAL LANDS, 633 ACRES FOR LEASE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

Notice is hereby given that the Leases of the undermentioned town and rural lands, Rotorua, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, on FRIDAY, the 29th November, 1895, at 11 a.m.

TOWNSHIP OF ROTORUA, ROTORUA COUNTY.

Section 5, Block XXIX., 1 rood. Upset annual rent, £25.

RURAL SECTIONS, ROTORUA.—Section 31, 2 acres 40 roods; annual rent, £10; 34, 38a 1r 27p; 27, 35, 40a 1r 18p; 28, 45, 40a, 47, 45, 22a, 45; 46, 39a 2r, 47, 47, 43a 2r, 47, 48, 33a 2r; 49, 21a, 40p; 51, 30a 2r, 47; 52, 35a, 40; 53, 15a 2r; 54, 15a, 10a; 55, 12a 2r, 42, 56, 2a 3r 17p; 42, 57, 12a 1r 5p, 43; 58, 12a 2r 12p, 48; 59, 12a 0r 14p, 43; 60, 19a 2r 15p, 44; 61, 52r, 1r, 46; 63, 55a 2r, 45; 64, 14a 3r 4p, 45; 65, 18a 0r 12p, 45.

CONDITIONS.

- 1. Term of lease, ninety-nine years. 2. Rents are payable half-yearly in advance to the Receiver of Crown Lands... 9. The title to business of a soap boiler, tallow-chandler, Tanner, slaughterman, meat-curer or processor of any note, noxious, or offensive trade or manufactory of any kind whatever will not be permitted.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, 3rd October, 1895.

WOOLING A WIDOW.

BY EWALD AUGUST KOENIG.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSING BANKNOTES.

On the same morning Martin had a long interview at his residence with the servant-girl of the family in whose house Sonnenberg lodged. In his accustomed skilful manner he drew from her all that there was to be told about Mrs Brighton's visits to her husband, which had roused her curiosity sufficiently to keep her on the alert. She mentioned the violent altercations between the two on both occasions, the tone of which was unmistakable, although they were carried on in a strange language, as well as the fact that Sonnenberg and his visitor left the house together stealthily at a late hour on the second evening. The girl also stated that Herr Sonnenberg intended to start on a journey the next day and that it was quite uncertain when he would return.

Peter Martin was still thinking over the communications of this important witness when he heard a carriage stop before his house.

A few minutes later Dora Winkler entered his room in evident excitement.

'I have some information to give you that will astonish you,' she said, taking the chair he offered—'information which places Sonnenberg in our power, bound hand and foot.'

'Let me hear it,' replied Martin, doubtfully. 'I fear you are entertaining hopes which will not bear close scrutiny.'

'On the contrary, they are sure to be realised,' continued Dora, confidently, and then she reported all that her servant had told her about the interview between Sonnenberg and Ernestine.

The old gentleman's face grew more and more thoughtful; he played with his snuff-box and listened in silence, and when Dora had finished, he passed his hand slowly over his face.

'A well-laid scheme,' he remarked. 'You might have been beggared if your servant had not rendered you this great service. Listening has its good points, after all, even though a listener is considered to be a contemptible person. At three o'clock then?'

'That was the agreement. What is to be done now? Shall I keep the appointment which will be proposed to me? Shall I send the servant away and leave home with Ernestine?'

'Your idea, I presume, is that I should surprise Sonnenberg at his work,' said the detective, reflectively. 'I don't like such surprises, they generally lead to a desperate struggle, and in this case we have a man to deal with who knows very well that he is lost. H-m, he will probably bring his burglar's tools with him; if we find them on him we shall have proof enough; and I should like to take the opportunity to have a look at the widow Hennig. I will come to you, madam; you shall be present when he is caught in his own trap.'

'But will he come if he has not previously been assured that we have left the house?' asked Dora, anxiously. 'I suspect that he will be watching for our departure.'

'No, he would know that he might arouse suspicion by that. He trusts in the signal which his accomplice is to give him, and that signal must, of course, not be neglected. Leave everything to me; he will come at the appointed hour, and then naturally be somewhat surprised to find us there.'

'Shall you come alone?'

'Yes, but my men will be close by, for in case that he should, on seeing us, decide to turn back and try to escape.'

'And how have I to act until you come?'

'In a way which will arouse no suspicion in your companion. When you receive the letter do not express any doubts, but order a cab and ask Frau Hennig to accompany you. If the latter proposes to send the servant out on errands, give your consent after some hesitation, but do not let the woman go before I can wish you. She can then make use of the carriage. If Sonnenberg is really on the watch in the neighbourhood, he will see the cab drive off, and of course, suppose that you and Frau Hennig are in. The rest will adjust itself.'

He added, casting a quick glance at his watch as he spoke. 'In fifteen minutes I will have to leave you.'

There was a mysterious expression about the corners of his mouth, which attracted Dora's attention.

'To attend to our affairs?' she asked.

'Yes, I hope before an hour has passed, to have the person who robbed Roland's safe under lock and key.'

'Roland himself?' she asked, in sudden agitation.

'So I suppose. Nothing has been proved as yet, but we hope to obtain the required evidence very shortly.'

'Oh, wait, I have forgotten to mention one thing: My servant declares that she heard Sonnenberg say that, if he were to tell what he knows, Gustav Dornberg would be discharged at once.'

'Ah, that is very important,' said Martin.

'Of course he mentioned no names?'

'No; but Katherine's testimony will suffice, I hope, to force him to tell the name.'

'H-m! That assertion of his proves to me that he will not hesitate to do so as soon as it is for his interest. And that name will be Oscar Roland.'

'I think so, too. But will the judge credit that assertion? Is it not, perhaps, merely a supposition of Sonnenberg's? And what if it cannot be proved?'

'It is more than a supposition,' said the old gentleman, rising. 'Sonnenberg was in Roland's garden when the robbery was discovered. You will remember that the window was found open. He may have watched the whole proceeding closely, and, face to face with so well-informed a witness, Roland will not venture to deny his guilt. But now you must excuse me.'

'Certainly; I will not detain you any longer. Then I may expect you after dinner?'

'Without fail; and until then be sure to avoid everything which might awaken mistrust in your companion.'

When Dora had left, the detective went head his bedroom, from which he soon emerged again wearing the fur-lined coat as well as the wig and spectacles.

He was once more the country gentleman, who sauntered along the street as if he were at a loss how to kill time.

When he reached the Black Eagle's head water, with his napkin over his arm, was standing at the door of the dining-room.

'Everything ready?' asked Martin.

'Everything, sir,' replied the head-waiter, accompanying him into the hall.

'The gentleman himself is not here yet?'

'It is not quite time,' replied the old gentleman, as they ascended the stairs.

'It would be provoking indeed if he stayed away; but I don't think he will. I hope my men are on the spot?'

'Just arrived.'

'Very well; as soon as I ring the bell, send them both upstairs.'

'And then the porter is to go for a cab?'

'Certainly. The less disturbance there is made the better.'

'The affair must naturally create some disturbance,' said the head-waiter, opening a door.

Peter Martin entered an elegantly furnished room, and cast a scrutinising look around it.

A bottle of wine and a wine-glass stood on the table; a trunk and valise were conspicuous in one corner.

'I had that luggage brought here so that the room should look inhabited,' resumed the head waiter, after filling the wineglass.

'Otherwise the gentleman might suspect something and turn back at the door.'

The detective went to the mirror and adjusted his wig, which was somewhat awry.

'Well, how do I look? You, of course, would know me at once.'

'Not at once, sir, and no one who is not very well acquainted with you would recognise you in that disguise. You could safely wear it to a masquerade. By the way, a gentleman who is stopping here inquired for you this morning. He arrived by the night train, and I presume he is in his room at present, resting from his journey.'

'His name?'

'Mr James Harris, from London.'

'Very well; when I am through with this affair let him know that I am here. I was expecting him.'

'Has he anything to do with Miss Brighton's case?' said the head waiter, inquisitively, while Martin was slowly draining the glass of wine.

'You shall hear all about it in due time.'

'Oh, very well, I can wait.'

With this the head waiter hastened away. He had hardly reached the dining-room again when Herr Roland entered, and, in a low tone, inquired for the pretended country gentleman.

'Number 14, one flight, on the left,' replied the head waiter, in officious way.

'Shall I send up your name, sir?'

'No, it is not necessary; the gentleman expects me,' said Roland leaving the dining-room with heavy steps.

A few minutes later he entered the room where the detective was sitting at his bottle of wine.

'I suppose you thought I was not coming. I am a few minutes late—'

'I have plenty of time,' replied Martin, with a smile, as he relieved his visitor of his hat and umbrella and motioned him to a chair. 'I never doubted for a moment that you would keep your word.'

'So you did not go to the money changer's again?' asked Roland.

'No. Why should I?' replied the old gentleman. 'We had agreed upon the terms. You are to give me six thalers twenty-two and a half groechen for the pound sterling— Have you made out the account?'

'No, but that is easily done,' said Roland, taking a wallet from his pocket. 'Is the amount just two thousand pounds?'

'Exactly.'

'Very well; two thousand times six and three quarter thalers is thirteen thousand five hundred thalers. You want large bills?'

'Yes.'

'Then I will pay you the whole amount in twenty-seven five-hundred thaler notes.'

'A! right; that will accommodate us both, and you will do a capital stroke of business.'

Roland opened his wallet. His hands trembled as he counted out the banknotes on the table.

'But where is the English money?' he asked, and his eyes expressed a slight mistrust as he looked up at the old gentleman.

'I will send to the landlord for my cash box,' said the latter, who had also taken out a wallet and laid it open before him on the table. 'But excuse me, these five-hundred thaler notes—I notice here a number which has been publicly warned against. And here is another, and here a third. My dear sir, where did you get these notes?'

Roland's thin face had turned deadly pale. He was about to gather up the bills, but Martin had anticipated him, and laid his hand upon them.

'There must be some mistake,' said Roland, in a hoarse voice. 'What put such nonsense into your head?'

'It is no nonsense, by any means, replied the detective, who still preserved his composure. 'Only caution on my part. A Baron Busee has advertised the numbers of these bills, and warned the public against taking them in payment. They had disappeared after the robbery at Roland's bank.'

'I don't know anything about that; I received these bills in payment myself.'

'Do you know Herr Roland, the banker?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Because, if you do, you might inquire of him about the matter.'

'I'll do so at once,' replied Roland, quickly, hoping under this pretext to escape the danger that threatened him and not realising, in his terrible excitement, that he might be in a trap which had been set for him intentionally. 'Give me those bills, if you please.'

'But, my dear sir, what are you going to do at Roland's? You know he has failed.'

'He shall tell me whether these are really the notes that were stolen from him,' said Roland, in increasing confusion.

'Then he will have the right to insist on your restoring them to him.'

'In that case the person from whom I received them will have to indemnify me.'

'Who is that person? Herr Sonnenberg?'

Roland stared at the detective with wide-open eyes. Every tinge of colour left his cheeks; his lips twitched convulsively; he uttered a low groan.

Peter Martin had pressed the button of the electric bell. He took off his wig and spectacles, and fixed his clear, intelligent eyes upon Roland, with a searching look.

'You are Oscar Roland, the banker,' he said, in a tone which admitted of no contradiction. 'You yourself caused those banknotes to disappear.'

The banker had sunk back into his chair. Every feature of his face showed unspcakable dismay.

How was he to answer this accusation? He remembered Sonnenberg's threats, and took it for granted that the latter had betrayed him.

And his shrewd wife, who would have helped him, was not present. As for him, he was utterly at a loss what to do.

'And who are you?' he asked hoarsely, passing his hand over his forehead, on which stood great drops of perspiration.

'An official. Have you not guessed that yet?'

'Of the secret police?'

'Certainly, and as the proofs of your guilt are now in my hands, you will see that denial will only make your case worse. What Sonnenberg saw that evening—'

'That second roll!' cried Roland, furiously. 'You can't believe a word of what he says about himself, and—'

'His assertions are quite as trustworthy as those of some other people,' continued Martin, significantly; 'and even if that were not the case, we do not need them now, as the fact of these banknotes being found in your possession proves your guilt.'

'These are bills which I received from my son-in-law, for the purpose of transacting this business with you. What do you know about the numbers? It is nothing but a subterfuge.'

'Not quite, my dear sir,' replied Martin calmly. 'The firm through which you received the money from Baron Busee has taken great pains to ascertain the numbers of the banknotes in question, and was all the more successful that the amount was in large bills, the numbers of which any careful cashier would naturally make a note of. Thus we have received a list of these numbers, and that list contains several that I find here. You, yourself, cannot doubt the validity of these proofs, and I can only advise you to make a full confession.'

'Do not ruin me!' moaned Roland, who was beginning to grow disheartened.

'I pity you, but I must do my duty. Where is the rest of the money?'

The banker pretended not to have heard this question. He cast a timid glance at the door, and passed his hand through his thin red whiskers.

'That Sonnenberg is nothing but a miserable adventurer,' he said. 'You really cannot believe him.'

'Will you tell me where the rest of the money is?' asked Martin, once more. 'If not, I shall be obliged to have your residence searched, and if the money is not found there, have your wife arrested also. As it is, she is strongly suspected of having been an accessory to the crime.'

'And if it should be found,' asked Roland, 'would that exonerate me?'

'Yes, in some respects; that is, if we find it in consequence of your confession.'

'Would you not arrest me in that case?'

'I regret that I should be obliged to do so nevertheless, for, as I remarked before, I must do my duty. But I should show you the greatest possible consideration. I should send you in a carriage from here to the office of the examining magistrate, for he alone can determine whether you will be imprisoned at once or released on bail.'

'Can you not say a word in my favour,' said the banker, clinging to that hope.

'Possibly.'

'Well then, I'll tell you,' said Roland, with a deep sigh. 'I suppose I'll have to live on my children's bounty henceforth. It was a very rash proceeding on my part, I admit, and if chance had not favoured me—'

'Where is the money, if you please?'

'At Menzel's villa, in an old black trunk which has a double bottom.'

The confession had hardly crossed Roland's lips before he seemed to repent it. He stamped his foot angrily and raised both hands to his bald head, as if he wanted to box his own ears for having been so cowardly.

'It was not only a rash proceeding but a very dishonest one,' said the detective, whose voice no longer sounded calm, but stern and determined. 'And it was unpardonable that you took advantage of your being favoured by chance and looked on quietly while an excellent, honest man was innocently condemned. Yet now you ask to be treated with consideration. By what right, if I may ask? Had you any consideration for Dornberg, for his sister and his betrothed? Would you have cared in the least if he had had to undergo his whole term of punishment and had been deprived of his honour and all happiness in life? No, sir, you cannot ask to expect any leniency or consideration, neither you nor your wife, who was most probably your accomplice.'

'No, no,' cried Roland, who had listened to this declaration with increasing alarm; 'don't believe that.'

'The examination will show whether I am right,' replied Martin, opening the door.

Two police officials entered the room. The banker started from his seat in horror, but one glance at the calm, reso-

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lute face of the old gentleman convinced him that every protest, every entreaty would remain fruitless. He took his hat and umbrella and, silently and with lowered head, followed the police officials from the room.

Peter Martin rubbed his hands with a satisfied look and placed the banknotes in his wallet. Then he sent his name by the head waiter to Mr James Harris, of London, who received his visitor without delay and, as it seemed, with great pleasure.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

THE information which old Katherine had given her mistress proved correct.

The latter had been at home but a short time after the visit to the detective, and had hardly finished giving instructions to her old servant, when Ernestine returned.

The latter gave a circumstantial report of her various errands. She had purchased sundry articles which Katherine was to call for toward three o'clock. Dora consented to everything, and anticipated her companion's wishes by herself giving Katherine the order.

They had hardly sat down to dinner when the anonymous letter arrived.

After reading it, Dora had to confess to herself that she should have believed it implicitly if she had not been forewarned.

She consulted with Ernestine as to the contents of the letter, as Martin had advised, or, in a measure, directed her to do; and Frau Hennig declared, without hesitation, that the proposition ought to be accepted.

A cab was, therefore, ordered.

It was long after two o'clock. Ernestine proposed that they should start, as the writer of the letter would certainly expect them to be punctual.

'He will wait till we come,' replied Dora, who was listening to every sound which made itself heard. 'And, besides, we have plenty of time. The carriage will take us there quickly.'

'The cab ought to be here. It is time for Katherine to start, too.'

'Patience!' said Dora, with a weak attempt at pleasantry. 'You are generally so calm and composed; why this restlessness and excitement now?'

'Is it not natural that I should be excited?' replied Ernestine. 'We are at length face to face with the solution of a mystery which we have so long been seeking in vain to unravel. Can you wonder that I am anxious lest that solution should again escape us?'

'Then the writer of this letter would be an impostor.'

'We have no guarantee that he is not one. But there is the cab, let us hurry. Katherine had better start, too, so that she can be back before we return.'

Just then the bell rang. Katherine opened the door and ushered two gentlemen into the drawing-room—the detective and a stranger.

'I have the honor of presenting to you Mr James Harris, of London,' said Martin, turning to Dora, without taking the slightest notice of the surprise of her companion.

'I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir,' replied Dora, motioning to the gentleman to sit down.

'I feel obliged, in your own interest, to remind you that we ought not to delay a moment longer,' said Ernestine, urgently.

'This is Frau Hennig, I suppose?' asked the old gentleman, with a smile. 'Will you be kind enough to inform me of the nature of the relations on which the intimacy between you and Herr Theodor Sonnenberg is based?'

Ernestine's sharp eyes grew staring, her narrow, tightly compressed lips twitched convulsively; she knew already that all was lost.

'Who are you, and what gives you the right to put that question to me?' she asked, tossing her head defiantly.

'I think I might as well tell you the truth, at once,' continued Martin, calmly. 'You wish to know who I am? I am an official of the criminal police. And what justifies my question? A confidential conversation which you had with Sonnenberg last evening, and of which we know every word. Excuse me, you will be so good as not to leave this room, and to keep quiet.'

He had interrupted her as she was about to hasten from the room; his resolute manner showed her that it would be in vain to try to outwit him.

'You will remain here and await further events,' he continued, and his voice now sounded stern and threatening. 'I advise you to listen to my warning; you will repent of it bitterly if you neglect to do so.'

'And this is your doing, Dora!' cried Ernestine, with a furious look. 'I should be ashamed—'

'You ought to be ashamed of your own treachery!' Dora interrupted her, indignantly; 'and of being in league with a criminal.'

'Who calls Sonnenberg a criminal?' cried Ernestine, indignantly.

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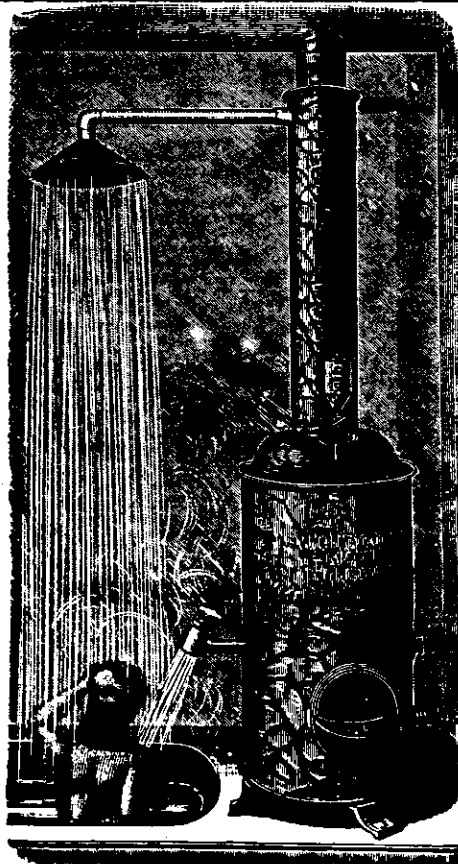
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'I' replied Martin. 'Even though he has not yet been proved to have committed murder, there is still a strong suspicion against him, and, however closely he may be allied to you, madam, you will no longer be able to prevent his arrest. As soon as he has entered this house, two police officials will guard the door, who have strict orders not to let him out again. You may hope to warn him by a cry, but that stratagem would fail entirely, and only occasion your own arrest.'

Ernestine had not been prepared for that terrible accusation.

She remembered the lady in grey—the gentleman from London had assuredly come to prove Sonnenberg's guilt. A sudden weakness overcame her; almost fainting, she sank into a chair; and her burning glance rested in horror on the grave face of the old gentleman, in which she read no mercy.

She was about to hasten to the window and call from it, in case that he was already near the house; but as she sprang from her seat, the Detective's hand grasped her arm with so tight a pressure that she cried out with pain.

'I advise you once more to keep quiet,' he said; 'otherwise you will only compromise yourself. The signal agreed upon has been given: The curtains in your bedroom are lowered, the servant has gone away in the cab—I tell you again, sit still, unless you wish to force me to handcuff you.'

'You dare utter such a threat to me? A lady?' cried Ernestine, in the highest indignation, and the look which she gave him would have crushed him if it had possessed the power of lightning.

'I would say the same to every female accomplice of a criminal, be she a lady or a servant-girl. You have not yet answered my question: What is Sonnenberg to you? Have you also married under a false name?'

'What put that into your head?' she asked angrily. 'My maiden name was Sonnenberg.'

'You gave me another name,' said Dora.

'Was I under obligations to tell you the truth about everything? You would have learned it soon enough if you had become my brother's wife; that was the only object which caused me to act as I did. And that object can be condemned neither by law nor by the rules of morality.'

'And when you recognised that it was impossible for you to attain that object,' said Dora, contemptuously, 'you planned a robbery with your brother, in order to secure to him the fortune of a lady who had never shown you anything but friendship and confidence.'

'So he is your brother?' remarked the old gentleman, keenly watching Frau Hennig's every movement. 'And is Sonnenberg indeed his real name?'

'Why do you doubt it?' asked she, hotly. 'Because he called himself John Brighton, in London.'

'I don't believe that; there must be some mistake. And not everything is true that has been said about him.'

'I suppose you are not aware that he has been in England?' the detective interrupted her. 'Of course you will declare that you know nothing about your brother's antecedents?'

'Why should I? Whatever I do know about him is not dishonourable, and if no robbery has been committed here, no one can be punished.'

'That is certainly plain speaking,' remarked Martin, sarcastically. 'You consider everything, are prepared for everything. You console yourself with the assurance that if you do not succeed here you will do so all the better in another place. I fear, however, that you will find yourself bitterly deceived in that hope, as the dealings of this shady man of honour have been put a stop to for the present, and probably for a long time to come.'

Again a wrathful look fell upon him from Ernestine's grey eyes.

'If you had to answer for that insult you could not do it,' she said.

But at that moment the detectives laid his hand firmly upon her mouth.

'Hush!' he whispered. 'Remember the handcuffs. I am not joking.'

For Dora, who had stationed herself where she could keep an eye on the ground glass pane of the hall door, had exclaimed in a low tone, 'Here he is!' and, with her finger to her lips, passed to another part of the room.

Martin ceased speaking, but did not relax his iron hold on Ernestine.

The key turned in the lock, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Theodor Sonnenberg appeared in the open door of the drawing-room.

Ernestine uttered a loud scream as the old gentleman took his hand from her mouth.

Sonnenberg had stopped in dismay when he saw the assembled group, instead of finding the rooms empty as he had expected.

'Walk in, I you please,' said Martin. 'Your retreat is out of. You are caught in your own trap.'

Sonnenberg at once comprehended the situation. He hoped that his presence of

mind, which he never lost, would save him in this case as well.

With head erect and a defiant smile upon his lips, he entered the room.

'May I trouble you for an explanation of those words?' he asked, emphatically. 'What did you say about a retreat being cut off and my own trap? Madam, I came to take leave of you,' he continued, turning to Dora. 'I found the outside door open.'

He broke off suddenly. His eyes had fallen on Mr Harris, who had stepped from behind the portiere.

'I suppose you remember me, Mr Brighton,' asked the Englishman, ironically. 'I came here to inquire into the fate of your wife.'

'I think you are mistaken, sir,' replied Sonnenberg, who had quickly regained his composure, badly shaken though it had been. 'My name is Theodor Sonnenberg, and I do not remember ever to have met you before.'

'I am not in the least mistaken. A year ago, in London, you went by the name of John Brighton, and a short time since the dead body of your wife was found in the river here.'

'Is the gentleman out of his mind?' asked Sonnenberg, turning to Dora, who was hastening to the hall door to let in the police officials.

'The whole is nothing but a low revenge; aimed at us,' said Ernestine, 'and now—'

'Enough,' Martin broke in. 'I request you, Herr Sonnenberg, to hand over to me the key to this apartment, as well as the skeleton keys you have doubtless brought with you. And I also want to see the old cap and the cotton handkerchief which you intended to leave behind you in order to create the impression that the robbery here had been committed by a professional burglar.'

'Have I stumbled upon a company of lunatics? Prove to me, if you can, that a burglary was to take place here. You may be a good detective, sir, but this time you are on a wrong track. Because I inquired about that Englishwoman at the Black Eagle that day, you think—'

'That you murdered that lady, your own wife. I not only believe that, but I have proofs of it. Or do you still declare that you never knew the woman?'

'Prove to me first that I did know her.' 'I will swear to your having been the husband of Mary Brighton,' said Mr Harris in a loud voice.

'And the servant in the house where you live has stated, on her oath, that the Englishwoman was at your rooms the night before her death, and left the house with you. The interview in your rooms took place late in the evening, after the theatre, and you went away with the lady after midnight.'

'A hardly perceptible pallor had spread over Sonnenberg's face; his hand, on which flashed the diamond ring, trembled as he passed it slowly over his beard.

'And if that were the truth, which I by no means admit,' he said, 'what would be proved by it. Certainly not that which you wish to prove. The lady committed suicide, and that was also the opinion of the physician who made the post mortem examination. What more do you want? You seem to be one of those over zealous officials of the criminal police, who deem it their duty to forget it out. My reputation is a spotless one, and I have never been concerned in any crime.'

'In spite of that declaration I arrest you in the name of the law!' cried the old gentleman, in so loud a tone that his men, who were waiting outside the door, could not help hearing him, and entered the room.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Sonnenberg saw them, he made a movement towards his breast pocket, but the next moment he withdrew his hand again.

'The power is in your hands,' he said, hoarsely. 'It would be foolish to resist it; I should certainly be defeated; and any struggle which I might make in self-defence would be used against me in the future as a proof of guilt. I shall submit now, but you may rest assured that I shall call you to account and demand satisfaction for this.'

Again a carriage was plainly heard to stop before the house.

Martin had taken out his snuffbox and twirled it carelessly between his fingers, while his eyes rested on the prisoner.

That defiant attitude will avail you

nothing,' he replied. 'Banker Roland, whom I arrested a while ago, was wiser; he frankly confessed that he himself was the thief for whom Gustav Dornberg has had to suffer punishment.'

At this joyful news, Dora could not restrain her delighted surprise; she hastened to the old gentleman, laid her hand on his arm, and looked up at him, full of impatience.

'Is that the truth?' she asked, trembling with excitement.

'Yes, he has confessed his guilt frankly and without reservation; and, what is more, the missing money is already in our hands.'

'Many, many thanks for this intelligence!' she cried, joyfully. 'We owe you infinite gratitude! But for your indefatigable perseverance that mystery would never have been solved.'

'Don't think that I' he replied, with his usual pleasant smile. 'You see how evil-doers are caught in their own snare. Roland, too, was trapped only through his stupidity.'

Turning to Sonnenberg, who, in the meantime, had exchanged a most significant glance with his sister, Martin continued:

'Will you give me the articles for which I asked you?'

Sonnenberg silently shrugged his shoulders; there was immense contempt but at the same time much suppressed rage in that mute gesture.

'Very well, you will probably be forced to empty your pockets,' remarked the detective, signing to his men. 'The carriage is waiting. I advise you not to attempt an escape, and to do as you are told; the gentlemen who will accompany you have strict orders and it would be your own fault if you had to be handcuffed. Madam, I regret that I am obliged to ask you to bear your brother company.'

'You are going to arrest me, too?' cried Ernestine, angrily. 'What right have you to do so? What accusation is there against me?'

'There is so strong a suspicion against you of having been accessory to your brother's crime that I must leave it for the examining magistrate to decide whether the accusation against you is to be sustained.'

'You had better submit quietly,' said

Sonnenberg, contemptuously. 'This spy is not worth our wasting many words on him. But he will have to answer me for this. He shall repent bitterly of having treated us in so shameful a manner.'

Ernestine did not take so calm and undisturbed a view of matters as her brother; but she also recognised that no protest, however energetic it might be, would be of any avail.

With sarcastic words she asked for permission to put on her bonnet and cloak, and, having done so, she left the room with her brother without deigning even to glance at Dora.

Soon after the carriage drove away with the prisoners and the two police officials.

Dora drew a breath of relief, and once more warmly thanked the old gentleman, who now also made his preparations to leave, in order to report to the examining magistrate.

Just as he was starting, Councillor Hepner rushed breathlessly into the room.

He had come to reproach his sister. He had learned the arrest of his father-in-law, and correctly supposed that Dora could give him a full explanation of the matter.

Unexpectedly, he found himself in the presence of the man who had ordered the arrest, and the latter met his reproaches with grave composure.

'Roland's guilt has been proved,' said the old gentleman, emphatically. 'In view of this, do you expect that the man who has been innocently condemned shall remain in prison? Keep your reproaches for him who deserves them, who, from mere love of gain has brought shame and disgrace upon his family. Do you know the paragraph of the law which applies to this case? The question is one of fraudulent bankruptcy as well as the securing of a large amount to the detriment of the creditors—a crime for which the punishment is State prison.'

'As the money is found, they need not have arrested him. Dornberg would have been discharged.'

'Ah, you think it was enough for one to have been punished!' said Martin, sarcastically.

'I shall go to Judge Hartmann and demand Roland's release. The duce! If his sons-in-law are willing to give bail for him, the court must grant it.'

'Very well, you can make the attempt.

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I have to see the judge, too, in order to report Sonnenberg's arrest."

"What? He, too?" cried Heppner, astonished, hastening after the detective, who had already left the room.

Again a carriage stopped before the house. Could it be Dornberg?

The door was opened hurriedly, Fannie and Doctor Kerner entered the room.

"Have you heard?" cried Fannie, jubilantly, as Dora, with a cry of joy, hastened to meet her, and then the two clasped each other in a long embrace.

At length Fannie disengaged herself from Dora's arms.

"Wish us joy, Dora; we are betrothed," she said, in a tone full of happiness.

"You will not be surprised my dear madam," added Kerner; "for you guessed my heart's secret long ago. I am sure I need not tell you that I, too, am unspeakably happy."

"No, indeed," cried Dora, extending a hand to each and then again embracing Fannie. "May heaven's richest blessing rest upon your union!"

"And now for the real object of our coming here," said the doctor at last. "I have already applied for Gustav's discharge, and think my request will be complied with to-day. Fannie thought that we ought not to rob you of the pleasure of bringing the prisoner the good news yourself. If agreeable to you—"

"How can you doubt it?" cried Dora, excitedly.

"Well, then, the carriage which brought us here is waiting. We can start at once."

"You are always thinking how you can give others pleasure, Fannie, dear—good soul that you are. I thank you with all my heart," said Dora, with emotion.

They all three then drove straight to the prison and obtained the director's permission to see Gustav.

Dora trembled with excitement. She was the first to enter the cell.

Gustav had risen from his seat in surprise. He needed but one look into Dora's radiant eyes to guess everything.

"Free!" she cried. "Free and exonerated from blame. Can you forgive me for having doubted you, my beloved?"

Her arms were round his neck. He pressed her to his heart and covered her blushing face with passionate kisses.

"Is this happiness real?" he asked, in a trembling voice. "You are mine once more, my all, my life."

"And nothing shall ever part us again, dearest; no shadow shall ever again fall on our happiness or disturb our love."

"I can hardly believe it yet," said he, and his eyes dim with tears, turned with a questioning glance to Fannie and the doctor, who were just entering the cell.

"You may be as happy as you like," replied Kerner, grasping his hand, while Fannie, too, embraced her brother heartily.

Gustav's discharge was followed by days of unalloyed happiness for the two pairs of lovers.

All the councillor's efforts to procure the release of his father-in-law had proved vain. The offer to give bail was rejected most decidedly by the court, as it was to be foreseen that the family would sacrifice the bail in order to protect the guilty man from a degrading punishment.

Frau Roland had started for London the second day after her husband's arrest, evidently in haste to escape the suspicion of having been accessory to her husband's crime, although, as Roland himself denied this, nothing could be proved against her.

And even though the demands of the creditors were, for the most part, satisfied, and Baron Busse recovered the whole amount which he had lost, the indignation against Roland was still so great that the jury would not admit of any extenuating circumstances in his case.

Oscar Roland was sentenced to a term of several years in the penitentiary.

Gustav Dornberg, on the other hand, was honourably acquitted of all guilt.

Some time after this Dora and Fannie were married at the same time, at the house of the former, and this joyful event was followed in a few weeks by a wedding at Elm Court. Peter Martin was specially invited on all these occasions, and the jovial old gentleman always remained a faithful, welcome guest in every branch of the family circle.

Unfortunately, however, the hopes which he had set on Sonnenberg's arrest were destined not to be fulfilled.

At first the latter had denied everything, but at the second examination he admitted everything but the murder.

He acknowledged that Mary Brighton had been his wife, that he had deserted her, and that she had sought him out. He admitted that he had taken her to his rooms on the evening before her death in order to confer with her about a divorce.

He also stated that he had started to accompany her on her return to the hotel, but that, on the way, after a passionate ebullition of anger, she had left him, while he, furious at her obstinacy and her insulting invectives, had gone home.

What had happened to her after that he did not know. On the next day he had heard of her death, and naturally had not felt called upon to publish his relations to her.

This declaration he adhered to. The most skillful cross-questioning on the part of the examining magistrate could not entangle him in any contradictions.

As it was no longer possible to verify the murder, the authorities were finally obliged to dismiss the charge. The dark mystery seemed doomed to remain unsolved.

Ernestine had been discharged from arrest some time before. There was no charge against her except the agreement with her brother to rob Frau Winkler of her property.

That robbery, however, had never been executed, and Dora would not enter a complaint against her.

The noble pair disappeared from the city; Ernestine accompanied her brother to New York. They had been quite forgotten, when Peter Martin, one day, was requested to draw up a report concerning Sonnenberg.

The authorities of some city in the United States had asked for this report. Sonnenberg was in prison there, accused of blackmail; and there seemed to have been other charges against him, for, not long after Martin's communication was sent, the same authorities reported in return that he had ended his life in a penitentiary.

The report added that, on his deathbed, the deceased had boasted of various crimes for which he had escaped punishment through his shrewdness; among others, the murder of his wife, Mary Brighton, by drowning.

This was a great satisfaction for Peter Martin. He could now, at last, convince the head waiter of the Black Eagle, who was still somewhat sceptical, that, on the

occasion of Sonnenberg's arrest, his shrewdness had, after all, found and pursued the right track.

THE END.

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 envious 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 fannels 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 month, 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 medicine, but I got no better. In August I went to Emsworth 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 never to lie on the couch most of the time. I used to expect 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 Southern Drug Stores, in Camberwell Road, and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few days the pain 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, Hereford-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. If 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 in 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 worst thing after all.

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MAUBIKECK,

THE LION-TAMER.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

Author of 'JACK ROBBINS OF AMERICA,' 'IN THE CHINA SEA,' 'TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII,' 'ON A FAIR CHARGE,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

'HELLO, Dick, old Gloomy-face! I'll bet a cigarette you haven't laughed since breakfast.'

'What breakfast? I haven't seen a smile on his face in a week.'

The scene was the Lotus Club, New York City, and I, Richard Wilberton, just entering, was the old Gloomy face alluded to. The facetious person who so alluded to my impassive face was Dilkins, the dude, and youthful member of our coterie. The second speaker was Major Simmons, who, besides being a first rate companion, a man of middle age or more, was Park Commissioner of New York.

There was, unknown to the major and Dilkins, a good reason for the absence of smiles. I had received a blow that crushed all my hope of happiness in this world, and that is enough to drive smiles from any one's face.

I was desperately in love with Edith Broughton, and Edith was in love with me. So far so good. But in an evil hour a rival came upon the scene, and though he did not succeed in winning Edith's heart, he did succeed in so far winning the father and the mother of Edith as to prevail upon them to espouse his cause; and in the effort to compel Edith to accept him, they had absolutely forbidden me the entrance to their house, and had so restricted all the movements of Edith that all intercourse between us was impossible.

The cause of this was plain enough. While I had a comfortable income, my rival, Ralph Gravis-court, was a millionaire, lived in magnificent style, drove splendid horses, spent money lavishly, and, notwithstanding his forty odd years, was the greatest catch of the season in New York.

I uttered some commonplace in reply to Dilkins, and taking the proffered cigar from Major Simmons, sat down in the bay-window with them.

We had sat there, saying little, for perhaps half an hour, when an elegant equipage rolled past, drawn by a team of prancing bays. Upon the box sat a coachman and a footman clad in the well-known livery of Ralph Gravis-court. Inside, lolled comfortably on the cushions, was Gravis-court himself.

A keen pang of envy touched my heart when I saw my rival, and something of my emotion showed in my face, for the major looked up quickly, and a look of interest came into his countenance.

'Is that the way the wind blows, my boy?' he asked, kindly.

I nodded.
'That's my evil star,' I replied, gloomily.
'Ho, ho!' roared Dilkins. 'Gravis-court's the luckiest man in New York. Luck never fails him. Years ago I believe he was called the "lucky uncle".'

'Why?' I asked, with a morbid desire to learn something of the fellow who had wrecked my temptations.

'He was called the lucky uncle,' said the major, 'whose years gave him a deeper knowledge of the past than Dilkins or I possessed.' He had an elder brother, Charles Gravis-court, who was a successful stock-operator, and who amassed a fortune of over a million dollars. Charles had a wife and one child. His wife died when the child was only six months old. One year afterward Charles died, leaving the child, a girl, sole heiress of his fortune, and Ralph Gravis-court, next of kin, his executor and guardian of the child. Six months after Charles died, his daughter died, and Gravis-court inherited the fortune. That is why he was called the lucky uncle.'

When the major had finished, I sat moodily engaged with my thoughts, which were unpleasant enough.

'Come,' said the major, 'this will never do. Cheer up, Dick, my boy, Gravis-court's good luck may fall some day. Edith Broughton has not married him yet, and if I know the girl she never will.'

'If I know her father, she will,' I replied, curiously. The major and Dilkins were sufficiently intimate with me for me to speak openly of my affair to them, now that my secret had been divided.

'What?' said the major. 'Don't get blue. Let's go to the circus to-night. What do you say?'

'What circus?' I asked, but little interested.

The major tumbled in his pocket and at last produced a folded programme, which he handed to me. Mechanically I unfolded it and read the flaming headlines of the an-

nouncement of a circus that was to open at Madison Square Garden that evening.

'Here's a fine piece of aliteration,' I said, half laughing. "'Maligai's Magnificent Matelonic Menagerie and Hippodrome.'" Barnum never equalled that! This Maligai must be a master. See here: "Signorina Barloti, daughter of the famous king of the trapeze. The most wonderful mid air performer the world has ever seen. Does somersaults in the air. Seems to have overcome the secret of gravitation!"

'Promises well,' said Dilkins, gleefully. 'He took that from an old bill of Barnum's,' said the major. 'I remember it well. I also remember Barloti, the king of the trapeze. He was quite an attraction. He died a few years ago, the result of an accident. My interest in him was what awoke the desire to see his daughter. I care nothing about the rest of the show.'

'But here is another attraction,' said Dilkins, who had taken the programme from me and was reading. "'Maubikeck, the Lion-Tamer.'" Got some toothless old lion, I suppose, and prods it with an iron to make it growl!

After a little more chaff about the programme, we both accepted the major's invitation, and a few hours later, having eaten a comfortable dinner at Delmonico's and smoked our cigars, we found ourselves at Madison Square Garden, elbowing our way, with the rest of the throng attracted by the flaming announcement, in through the entrance and into comfortable seats provided by the major.

As one circus is like another, so the gaudily uniformed band was like every other circus band, and blared out circus music until the throng was seated.

Then came the clown, and after him a herd of trained elephants. We watched attentively, and were rather sorry when the great, clumsy, sagacious brutes moved out of the ring.

'Sit! Here's a sight,' said Dilkins, digging me in the ribs.

It was a sight, indeed. The next occupant of the ring was Maubikeck, the Lion-Tamer.

From under the curtains that shrouded the entrance to the ring from the dressing and preparing-room, there rolled a gilded chariot, drawn by four lions, in rattling harness of shining chains, guided by leathern reins held by a man in the chariot, clad only in tights, as if for an acrobatic performance. Round and round the ring they rushed, the savage appearance and seeming freedom of the brutes bringing a startled exclamation to many a feminine tongue. Having made the rounds several times, Maubikeck halted his remarkable team, and stood with folded arms, while two attendants ran out and unfastened the lions from their chains.

Maubikeck himself was an attraction without his lions.

He was not particularly tall—not more so than myself, but of such massive muscularity that I gazed at him with undisguised admiration. I had, in my college days, been something of an athlete myself, and I had an honest admiration for the strength and iron-like limbs of the man before us. He was, as I said, clad only in tights, and through them the swelling muscles of his thighs seemed about to burst. About his waist he wore a jewelled girdle, the bangles on which seemed to be gold and silver coin.

From his waist up he wore nothing. His skin was white, and through it his iron muscles rolled and swelled like those of some giant of the past, whose deeds, as written now, seem groundless legends, in which there can be no probability of truth.

Upon a neck of massive beauty was poised a head over which sculptor might rave. It was like the head of a Greek god, so perfect was it in its outlines, its matchless poise, its perfect skin and its wealth of glossy black hair.

'A Roman gladiator!' exclaimed Major Simmons, in a burst of enthusiasm. 'Did you ever see such magnificent strength in man?'

'He is a wonderfully fine man, physically,' I replied. 'A combination of iron and marble. A greater sight than his lions, by far.'

Dilkins was studying the lion-tamer through a glass, and was apparently so overcome with awe that he said nothing—and it was an unusual thing for Dilkins to be so affected as to say nothing.

The lions were not the full-maned majestic African kings we see in menageries and in illustrations. They were a smaller variety, with a mottled brown coat, but with legs and neck and heads of tremendous power, and eyes that flashed ominously and voices that were from time to time lifted in angry growls.

When the keepers had freed the lions from their chains, an act that seemed to fill the audience with fear, Maubikeck stepped from his chariot and went among them. They crouched as he approached, and cringed at his touch. It seemed to me as if they recognised and acknowledged the power of the man over them.

At his command they reared themselves upon their hind legs and folded their forelegs, much as a person would fold his arms.

Then Maubikeck passed along the line and shook hands with each of them, and spoke to them in a language which they only understood. From that time on there was no growling, no fierceness, but a tame submissiveness that allayed all fear among the timid ones who were looking on.

Released from their erect positions by Maubikeck's command, the lions romped and played like so many kittens. Then, with Maubikeck in the centre, they played 'Pass in the Corner' and 'Hide and Seek,' which brought forth round after round of applause from the audience.

In 'Pass in the Corner,' such of the lions was stationed on one of the four corners of a square, and they romped from one corner to another, tumbled over one another, and seemed to feel and display an exhilaration in the sport, and a keen enjoyment of their success in defeating Maubikeck, who strove by means of strength and speed to dis-place one of them and occupy its corner. And when at last this was done, the lion so displaced hung his head with shame, until, encouraged by Maubikeck, he tumbled and plunged in among the others until, when Maubikeck seemed to be off his guard, the beast regained his post and expressed his joy in truly lionine fashion.

And in playing 'Hide and Seek' they hid themselves behind the chariot, and Maubikeck hunted for them and found them. Then Maubikeck hid, and they found him. Like so many overgrown and playful kittens they romped and played, and we looked on and enjoyed the scene with the same zest as if we were boys again.

Then, as if to add to the exhibition a display of his own strength, Maubikeck wrestled with them, first covering himself with a leathern jacket to avoid their claws, and then, when they failed, and hurled them from him, and they roared, leaped upon him, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing with pleasure.

Then they were again harnessed to the chariot, Maubikeck, bowing and smiling in response to the continued applause, stepped in and drove twice round the ring, and out of sight through the entrance.

The major, Dilkins and I were now thoroughly enjoying ourselves, and I leaned back in my seat with a sense of pleasure such as I had not known in some time before.

Following Maubikeck came some acrobats and dancers, and while they pleased us, they failed to charm or to win from the audience the tremendous applause that had rewarded Maubikeck.

During the time they were out, some of the employees of the circus began working on a trapeze that hung high up above our heads. Ropes were pulled, bars were raised in position, and when the sustaining and guy ropes were made fast, there were two fixed horizontal bars, with a flying trapeze between them.

Suddenly a hush came over the audience as a girl appeared and walked to a spot directly under the trapeze.

The band then struck up a lively air, and two attendants stepped forward, and pacing the girl's feet in a loop at the end of the rope that dangled from the pulley above, they raised her slowly, and we had the pleasure of gazing upon the most beautiful creature that any of us, or anybody else, for that matter, ever saw.

The programme announced at this point the appearance of Nita Barloti; and those of the audience who, like the major, remembered her father, had waited impatiently for her appearance. And now that she had appeared, the entire audience was overcome by her transcendent beauty, and gazed, spellbound, as she clung to the loop of rope and bowed to us from her lofty perch.

Nita Barloti was, without doubt, the most beautiful girl who had ever appeared before a New York public. Her features were matchless. She had a wealth of dark-brown hair, which was tightly drawn into a knot so that it would not interfere with her in her performances on the bar. Her face was perfect in its contour and every feature was a poem. And yet it seemed to me that she looked sad—woefully sad—not like one who was enjoying the triumph of a successful appearance, but like one who was ashamed, or who loathed the part she played, or to whom some great sorrow or bitterness had come that had driven all the brightness from her life.

'By Heaven!' exclaimed Major Simmons. 'She is a goddess. Wilberton, did you ever see so perfect a form? Not a line out of proportion. Every curve of her figure is a poem. And such a face.'

Signorina Barloti's figure fully merited the enthusiastic praise bestowed upon it by the major. It was full without being voluptuous, and the hard training through which she must necessarily have gone to perfect her in her art had rounded out her muscles, made her joints supple, and added a grace that is seldom found in a woman.

'Let me take your glass, Dilkins,' said the major. 'You really seem beside yourself.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Dilkins. 'I have had this glass all to myself until now. But I

suppose I may say good-by to it while Nita Barloti is in sight.'

The major took the glass and through it carefully scanned the face of the trapeze girl.

'She is no Italian,' he said, handing the glass to me.

'You are right,' I replied, taking a good look and handing the glass back to Dilkins. 'No Italian ever had that soft brown hair, nor those clear brown eyes. Her face is distinctly of the Anglo-Saxon type, I think. But these show people are strange creatures. Who knows who Barloti's wife might have been. The girl may resemble her mother.'

'If she does, then Barloti had the most beautiful wife in the world,' said Dilkins, 'and the man that marries the Queen of the Flying Trapeze will have the match to her. Bogard! I never saw her equal in New York, and I have seen them all!'

The major seemed to be lost in thought. His head was bowed, and his brow furrowed, as if deeply studying some half-forgotten remembrance.

'I have seen that face before—or one like it,' he said, lifting his eyes again to look at the beauty above us.

'Not unlikely, if you saw Barloti frequently, you must have seen his wife,' I replied. 'And probably there is a resemblance.'

The trapeze queen drew herself onto one

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of the bars and hung lightly in mid-air, head downwards, with no support but her toes. Then she swung two and fro, and letting go from the bar, she seemed to soar through the air and elung to the flying or winging trapeze. On this she gave a marvellous exhibition of her fearlessness and wonderful skill, in all of which her writhing white muscles shone and every beauty of her form seemed to display to advantage.

The audience watched her in breathless silence, and when at last she had finished, there arose an apron the like of which was never heard before in Madison Square Garden.

The great volume of sound seemed not to start from any one point, but burst spontaneously from thousands of throats and filled the Garden with the roar of applause for which many a successful star would give her diamonds and the receipts of a year.

As Nita Barlotti stepped into the loop of rope to be lowered to the ground, I was at once struck with the utter absence of pleasure in her beautiful face. The hands of her attendants grasped the rope and let her down, a long cloak was thrwn around her, and she was led away.

There were two men in that audience who were evidently much interested in the queen of the flying trapeze. I had seen Maubikeck, the Lion Tamer, clad in ordinary evening dress, looking like a handsome, powerful man of the world, standing near the rope, watching the beautiful acrobat narrowly. There was a smile of encouragement on his face, and he was among the first in the applause. Then, as Nita reached the ground, a tall, black-bearded, man looking Italian forced himself through the group of attendants, and taking the girl's hand in his, led her away from our sight.

And I noticed that, although her countenance was dead to us—dead to the tremendous applause and greeting she had won from the people—when she passed Maubikeck it was to him that her beautiful head was bowed, and one bright, fleeting smile showed itself on her lips, when her eye looked into his.

'By Jove!' exclaimed Dilkine. 'Not a smile, not a bow, not a return for all the applause. She must be made of stone.'

'She did smile,' said Major Simmons, 'but not at the audience. The lion tamer got the smile—Maligni takes the girl. There's a romance there—love—bat blood—and all the other ingredients of an Italian tragedy.'

The next act fell flat, and as neither Maubikeck nor Barlotti was billed to appear a second time, we soon lost interest, and before the crowd began to get restless, we left the Garden and went home.

Don't forget Gravi-court's stag tomorrow evening,' said the major, as I was leaving him. 'You will be there, I suppose.'

'Hang Gravi-court!' I replied. 'Yes, I will be there, if for no other reason than to show the fellow I am still alive and in the arena.'

'Good!' said the major. 'And good-night.'

(To be continued.)

ON FIRE AT SEA.

SEVEN WOMEN ROASTED ALIVE.

AN HEROIC STEWARDESS.

The cheapest route from London to Edinburgh is by sea from Hermitage Wharf to Leith or Granton. The steamers are boats of about 1,200 tons, very similar to those employed in the Australian coasting trade, and a return passage costs 26s only, whereas third-class rail comes to 43 2s 8d. Naturally, during the tourist season of August and September, these vessels are crammed, and a thrill of horror ran through the community when on Monday morning it transpired one of them had been ablaze off Clacton, and that a number of women passengers had been roasted alive.

The vessel in question, the Iona, left Leith on Saturday evening, all going well till 24 hours later, as she approached the mouth of the Thames. It was then the darkest part of the night, and the Captain's feelings when flames were all of a sudden observed shooting from the midst of the fore-cabin passengers' quarters, may be imagined. The alarm given, a scene of panic, much aggravated by the smoke and heat, supervened. The men trapped in a large cabin adjoining the fore-cabin broke open another door and escaped. The women, unfortunately, were penned in a cabin which had but one available exit, and the passage that formed part of it was one of the first things to catch fire. Those who had the presence of mind to rush across promptly in their nightgowns were saved, but the remainder, caught like rats in a trap, seem to have been slowly roasted alive. It must in charity be supposed everything was done that could be done, yet, with the exception of a single woman (the stewardess), the accounts show a striking

absence of heroism. The crew pumped on the burning cabin, but when at length the fire yielded to their efforts a few incinerated remains indicated the seven victims had died hours before.

The heroic stewardess aforementioned, Miss Ledeham, was one of the first to escape from the burning cabin. No sooner had she reached the deck than the recollection of the trapped women, and especially of a little child confided to her care, rushed into her mind, and with a cry, 'It's too horrible, I must do something,' she turned again into the burning fiery furnace. That she reached the cabin and the child we know, as her body was found on the floor with her charge in her arms.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

A LADY'S STORY.

Several interviews were obtained with passengers and others who were on the Iona at the time of the catastrophe.

Mrs Henry Thompson, of London, who was in the cabin at the time the fire broke out, said:—'We had had a most pleasant voyage until the fire broke out. I was in my berth at the time, and remember that there were about fifteen or sixteen other ladies and children in the compartment. I was asleep, and was awakened by knocking at the door and hearing the sailors running about shouting that the vessel was on fire. I jumped out, and, wrapping myself in my cloak, ran up the hatchway on deck. I remember seeing a person in a berth, and I woke her up as I ran along. I was assisted on deck by a sailor. Before I came up I saw several ladies attempting to dress themselves, and I think this must have been the cause of their deaths, because though I just managed to scramble up on deck, I think all the others had to make their escape by way of the cook's pantry, which adjoined. I remember quite well seeing the stewardess rushing around the compartment waking people up, but I think she also stopped to dress herself or to do something. When I got on deck the captain and the crew were doing all they could to put out the fire and to rescue the persons in the burning compartment. Considerable excitement prevailed for a long time, and most of the ladies were more or less alarmed when the lifebelts were handed round, and other preparations made for leaving the ship, but throughout the captain and his officers behaved in the most admirable manner, doing everything they could to maintain good order and stay the alarm and excitement of the passengers. Four ladies were in the cabin all night with their things on, and they were able to get out quickly, but I think more would have escaped if they had not stopped to dress.'

ABOUT THE BRAVE STEWARDESSES.

The assistant steward informed a reporter that the scene was a most heartrending one, the screams from the women's quarters on the port side of the ship being agonising in the extreme. The first indication that the women were in peril was given by Miss Ledeham, the fore-cabin stewardess, who rushed on deck screaming frantically. She was in her night attire, which was in flames, and it was in the attempt to rescue a child that the stewardess perished in the flames. She was seen to rush through the flames, and was not seen again alive. The boats were lowered by Gunner McElvenna and the cook, whilst the crew were endeavouring to get the fire under control. The duration of the fire was quite four hours, but it was not till the flames had been subdued that the fate of the women was known. The assistant steward explained how it was the women perished whilst the male passengers escaped. The fire broke out in the lamp-room, and immediately ignited the men's quarters on the starboard side. The door of the passage connecting the cabin with the fore-cabin was forced open, and it was by this means that the men gained the deck. There is no passage from the women's quarters to the fore-cabin, the only exit being by the front door. This passage-way, however, was soon enveloped in flames, so the women and children were unable to escape.

The chief steward said there was some doubt as to the passenger whose name is given as Miss Noseman, as on some labels the name had been spelt differently. The identification of the dead girl was uncertain. It had been stated that she was a daughter of Mrs Raymond, but he knew Mrs Raymond well and was certain she had no child with her when she came on board. Her name he thought, was not on his list, and Mr Bird had ascertained that she was not his daughter. Miss Ledeham the stewardess, he added, belonged to Forest-gate, London. She had been on the Iona for some considerable time, and was very popular with the crew, while he had never known a passenger say a word against her.

OFFICER AND PASSENGER.

An officer of the ship, in the course of an interview, stated: 'I was in the engine-room when I heard the captain's bell ring "Full speed astern." I ran on deck and

called up the chief engineer. The first thing I saw on getting on deck was a flame coming from the gentlemen's cabin forward. We at once got the hose under way from the engine-room. The ladies came running out of their cabins, and so did the gentlemen. We played on the ladies' saloon, the gentlemen's saloon and on the dining-room. I saw a woman and child in the ladies' room—this was an hour before the fire was put out. They were lying with their faces down, and about fifteen feet inside. The lady appeared to have knocked against the bulkhead when rushing out. Before this we did not expect we should see any bodies, excepting that of the stewardess and the child she went back to look after, for we thought they might all have got out. This was not so, however. We entered the saloon later on, and, passing by the bodies of this woman and child, over whom we spread some canvas, came to other bodies. The last we found was the stewardess, who was clasping the hand of the dead child.

A passenger who was on board states that when the flames were seen issuing from the ladies' cabin the engines were stopped at once, and in a few minutes water was being poured into the cabin by means of two hydrants. There were about seventeen ladies in the cabin, which was on the port side, the gentlemen being quartered on the starboard side. It is supposed, the passenger says, that the fire broke out in the dining-room. What little wind was blowing was on the starboard bow, thus driving the flames towards the cabin in which the unfortunate ladies met their death.

A GUNNER'S NARRATIVE.

Gunner McElvenna, 'V' Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, stationed at Woolwich, said:—'I was returning from furlough on the Iona. We left Leith at about 8.30 on Saturday night, and all went well until about a quarter past one o'clock this morning. We were then in 'The Swin,' off Clacton. We had all retired to rest at about ten on Sunday night. Shortly after one o'clock I heard the chief officer call, "All hands on deck," and loud tramping of feet overhead. I roused all the others in the men's side of the fore-cabin. All the beds were full, and there were a lot of passengers sleeping on the floor. When I got up I smelt smoke, and on opening the cabin door a sheet of flame burst in. I immediately closed the door again, and tried to find some other way out on to the deck. By this time all the others in the cabin were awake, and we could hear screams coming from the women's quarters, which were at the other side of the dining-hall, which adjoined our cabin. There was a small light in our cabin, and I groped my way about and found a door leading to the fore-cabin. This, with the cook, I forced, and, followed by the other male passengers from the fore-cabin, made my way to the fore-cabin. There was no sign of any flame there, and we soon saw that the fire was confined to the cabin. We all went aft. Some of us had a few things on, and some were nearly fully dressed. When we got to the bridge we saw several of the women folk rushing about, and the flames seemed to be coming mainly from their cabin. They all tried to get out by the front door leading to the deck, but I saw several of them driven back. There was no chance of entering the cabin, as it was blazing furiously at this time. When we got to the bridge I assisted the cook to get the boats ready while the crew were getting the fire out. A length of hose was soon at work, but it was nearly four hours before the flames had been sufficiently subdued to allow of an examination. We had seen one passenger running about saying he had lost his wife, but had no idea of the truth of it. When the chief officer went into the cabin he saw a sickening sight. There were the remains of four or five women strewn about the place. None of us knew how many lives had been lost until we got to London. The gentleman who had lost his wife was in a terrible state. We had all the boats and lifebelts ready ten minutes after we got the alarm if they had been needed, but they were not. The lamp-room joined our cabin, and all on board think that the fire originated there. I can't speak too highly of the captain and the crew, though some of the passengers were in a great hurry to get on the lifebelts.'

'What makes men of mature years wear so sad an expression?' 'Probably they are so mortified to think they have forgotten all they thought they knew when they left school.'

'I go faster than you do,' said the rim to the hub. 'You wouldn't go at all it were not for me, you ungrateful thing,' said the hub. 'Listen to those fellows,' whispered a spoke to his neighbour. 'they would be for ever in a fight if we did not keep them part.'

Turner's picture, 'The Trout Stream,' was purchased, September 28th, by a Manchester (England) collector for 4,800 guineas.

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The duty on Suratura is charged at 6d per lb. the old rate being 5d.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



H! Hats! Hats! Hats! and the cry is, 'atill they come,' bursting on our vision in their bewildering array of bright sun-burnt straw, variegates of green and yellow, subdued harmonies of fancifully twisted straw work in dead rose and green deftly blended together. Large rosettes of chiffon, wide, outstanding bows of striped gauze, wired lace, squashed pink roses on erect green foliage, paste buckles, shot silk ribbon; granted a sufficiency of these things, a nice taste to put them together, and you have the most fashionable hat that the mode of the moment can desire. Never were trimmings so sentimental—I use the term advisedly—no sooner does one buckle make its appearance on a hat than its fellow is sure to be seen in its neighbourhood, no bow is deemed sufficient unless there is another to match on the other side of the crown, and the bunch of pink roses, if a smaller bunch did not combine to make a match of it in an opposite direction. Hats no longer attempt to match our costumes, nevertheless they have a subtle way of expressing a kind of courteous sympathy with the other colours donned by the wearer.

As an artist recently remarked, it is really unfair to nature that flowers can now and are so beautifully imitated. To some degree in consequence of this rivalry between art and reality, the *bona fide* blossoms are not so lovingly cherished as of yore. At all swell functions, theatres, races, and flower shows the eye, is quite overcome by the wealth of flowers on the ladies' millinery. In my opinion the capote, which distinguishes itself as being one of those supremely ladylike confections, is a charming little bonnet from which only a couple of blossoms—but perfect of their



THE MAYFAIR BONNET.

kind—spring up with undeniable Mayfair *chic*. The rather flat foundation is composed of a species of wicker work in gold embroidery, and from each side of this compact shape burst forth a couple of so called bat's wings, of the *broderie d'or*, deftly associated with fine seed jet. In front of the black satin Alsatian bow are perched two deep pink camellias, with just a suggestion of their own dark, glossy foliage. These rather conventional-looking flowers are the *dernier cri* in Paris, where they are employed by the *haute voite* of the Rue de la Paix.

There is always so much to be said *apropos* of clothes for the grown up portion of the community that one is apt to forget the dainty toilettes of the little girl. But she refuses to be utterly ignored; and really there are such pretty novelties just now for children, and more especially in the way of hats and bonnets, that our artist has not been able to resist the temptation of sketching the very newest and



A PRETTY GIRLISH HAT.

sweetest thing in juvenile 'pokes.' After the rather lengthy reign of the Tam o' Shanter, which certainly imparts a *petit disaberie* to youthful features, this quaint style of bonnet is very refreshing to the gaze. Some popular painter has declared that a pretty face counts for nothing without a frame in some shape or form. This *capote en-*

frames the girlish features in a most delightful manner and has decided advantages over the square-tight fitting Parisian *capotes* of which one is beginning to weary. This particular shape is in ripe corn-coloured Leghorn, and is decked with true Cambridge blue satin ribbons and plumes. The strings tied under the chin add the final touch of sweet quaintness to a bonnet which is sure to make a hit as the season advances.

Little Tomboy's frocks are undergoing various modifications. Madam Modus now decrees that they should be rather shorter and not quite so baggy as the Kate Greenway blouses that have been with us so long. However, it is doubtful whether the very abbreviated petticoats revealing the black silk stockings, knee and a multitude of starched embroidered white petticoats, in which nurse used to take so much pride, will ever return to gladden the heart of the little girl, who, of course, loves to be able to skip and run unhampered by over-long skirts.

The third sketch is a lovely fancy delaine in a delicate mauve overlaid with fine silk stripes and dotted with tiny sprigs. Beautiful silk embroidery forms revers on the shoulders and braces, the neck being finished with two



FETE TOILETTE.

exquisite violet-colored tips. Lace and mauve silk bows on fancy straw forms the hat.

Just at this time of year, when one generally longs for a



A USEFUL CAPE.

complete outfit of summer clothes, but has oftener than not to put up for some little time longer with winter frocks, a little inexpensive cape comes in very handy to replace our heavier coats and mantles. Here is a specimen of a neat confection, not at all difficult to turn out at home. It is composed of stone-grey habit cloth with a pleated shoulder cape, headed by a puffing. To smarten the effect of this otherwise demure garment some copper-colored metallic braiding rather loosely woven is used for trimming, and a surah lining, in which the brown and grey are bleeded, gives the necessary heaviness to the cape. The Elizabethan ruffles in lace and chiffon intermingled with flowers still hold good. A dingy gown is often redeemed by one of these dainty items.

A pretty blue *épeon* gown is fastened down in various places with tiny little gold buttons, which look almost like nails. This has a waistcoat of white chiffon outlined with two narrow pieces of orange-colored velvet, fastened with little gold buttons, and a waistband of chiné silk. A yachting coat of pleasing detail is of dark blue cloth with a bright blue velvet collar, and cuffs outlined with a single line of gold braid, and this is worn over a cream front draped with pale yellow lace.

Some lovely fronts are made of the finest lawn appliquéd with lace, and these are invariably finished at the neck with some quaint conceit of different hued velvet, or diamond buttons, or odd pieces of chiffon. Everything here is invested with a touch of originality quite invaluable. And this originality is not only noticeable in the dress department; it creeps into the millinery. What think you of a hat with a crown of cornflower blue, trimmed with heliotrope shot ribbon, pasties, and polyanthus leaves, or of a green shot straw, with half-dead crimson roses tied with mauve, purple, and cream ribbons, and large bunches of violets at the back?

HELOISE.



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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.

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

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

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

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

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Of Finely Engraved

CARDS, CRESTS, . . .

MONOGRAMS and

WEDDING INVITATIONS



H. BRETT, Graphic Office, Shortland Street, Auckland.

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.

CARROT SOUP.—4 quarts liquor in which beef or mutton has been boiled, a few beef bones, 6 large carrots, 2 large onions, 1 turnip, salt and pepper, cayenne. Put on the liquor, bones, onions, peeled and cut in slices, turnip, pepper and salt, and simmer for 3 hours; scrape the carrots, cut them in thin slices, strain the soup on them, and stew till soft enough to pulp through a coarse sieve; then add the pulp to the soup, and boil for 1/2 hour.

FORQUARTER OF LAMB.—Place the joint before a nice clear fire, and baste frequently with butter till done; although this joint requires quick roasting, it should not be placed too near the fire, as the fat is so liable to burn; allow 1/2 hour for each pound of meat, and 1/2 hour extra for browning; serve with mint sauce.

MINT SAUCE.—4 dessert spoonfuls chopped mint, 2 dessert spoonfuls pounded white sugar, 1/2 pint vinegar. Wash the mint, pick the leaves from the stalks, mince them very finely, and put them in a tureen, add the sugar and vinegar, and stir till the former is dissolved; it is better to make the sauce two or three hours before it is wanted for table.

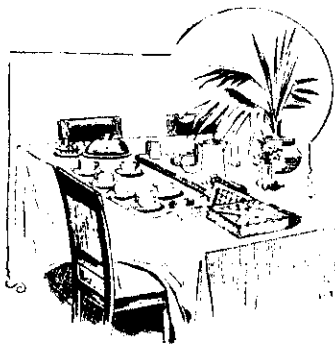
SWISS ROLL.—Eight eggs, 1/2 lb flour, 1/2 lb powdered sugar. Whisk the eggs and sugar to a thick cream, add the flour lightly, then spread out carefully on well buttered and prepared tins, and bake in a very quick oven. When baked, take off the paper quickly, spread with raspberry jam, roll up and dust with sugar.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—To 1 lb fruit allow 1/2 lb sugar. Pick the strawberries, and carefully reject all bruised and wet ones; put a layer of fruit in the pan, then a layer of sugar, and so on, till the pan is three parts full; set it at the side of the fire, and keep stirring gently to prevent its burning; carefully remove all the scum as it rises, and let the jam boil gently for three-quarters of an hour, or till a little put on a plate will set; take the pan off the fire, let its contents cool, pour into jars, and cover in the usual way.

AGUE.—The following appeared a short time since in a contemporary. We believe it would be worth trying, so reproduce it here.—Get an oyster shell and dry it thoroughly in an oven. Then grate it into a fine powder; put a teaspoonful into half a glass of whisky, and then drink it. If the first dose does not effect a cure, try another a few days after. By taking this strange mixture, as many will probably call it, a greenish matter is brought away from the stomach. This is a certain cure.

HOT EGGS.

Eggs hot and eggs cold are both excellent in their way, but they can never be used as apt illustrations of the golden rule of a lukewarm egg is anything but enjoyable, and yet any protest on the part of a late arrival at the breakfast table is usually met with the severely virtuous remark of, 'You should be more punctual.' Now, for the purpose of keeping our eggs warm and stopping invidious comparisons between late and early rising, nothing can be better than an egg cosy, and my sketch here will give some idea of how



A NOVEL EGG COSY.

such a receptacle is to be constructed. Cardboard can be used, but thin wood is rather better. In the first place, a square of this should be covered with brown holland, the four sides should consist of narrow pieces of cardboard, covered with bands of embroidery, which, in this instance, is of cross stitch. The upper part, as will be seen in the sketch, is divided into four sections, all these are joined firmly together, with the exception of the one at the top, which, opening outwards, reveals the eggs lying in their cosy nest, made with olive-green wool, knitted in loop stitch. This is by far the best living, although I have seen coloured flannel, planked out at the edges used for the

purpose. In the latter case the flannel is gathered up into little circles; the centre of each provides a separate little nest for each egg. All the embroidery can, of course, be dispensed with, and lace over a coloured background, need in its stead.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

MRS POPPIN: 'Don't you miss your husband very much now he is away?'

Mrs GOLIGHTLY: 'Oh, not at all. You see he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just set a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time forget that he is not there.'

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

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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.

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

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BUGS,
FLEAS,
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BEETLES,
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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 package of the genuine powder bears the autograph of THOMAS KEATING; without this any article offered is a fraud. Sold in Tins only.

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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 untainted preparation, and is specially adapted for children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists. Proprietor, **THOMAS KEATING, London.**

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

THE CELEBRATED DANISH HERBALIST AND Parsian Gold Medalist, of 54 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 ALPINE VITALITY REMEDIES have restored to PERFECT HEALTH. For example, his Celebrated ALPINE VITALITY PILLS are a CERTAIN CURE for WRAY NERVES, DEPRESSED SPIRITS, DEBILITY and WEAKNESS OF THE SPINE, BRAIN, AND NERVES, Special Powerful Course, 43s 6d; Ordinary Course, 25s 6d; Smaller Boxes, 12s and 6s; posted.

His PURELY HERBAL ALPINE BLOOD PILLS are unsurpassed as a BLOOD PURIFIER, and will not permit a particle of any Blood Disease to remain in the system. Price, same as Vitality Pills.

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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, 4d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only'

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—We have got two little black puppies called Dumey and Bony. You ask me 'why I took to type-writing?' I did so simply because I liked it better than hand-writing, and also because I think it is a much faster way of writing. I think the 'Cot' is a very good idea, don't you? We were going to a picnic last Friday, but as usual it poured with rain, so of course put a stop to our picnic. We are going for a picnic on the 9th though, if it is fine. I have got a very interesting book entitled 'Millicent Courtney.' Have you ever read it? I have had a very nice house made for my three bantams by themselves, as I don't want them to wander away, as they are very apt to get lost. Our holidays start on the 1st of December. I will now say good bye with love from your loving COUSIN DOT.

[What species are your pups? All things are nice when young, especially puppies, but they grow up so horribly fast. I shall send you a card, Cousin Dot, as I venture to think your saying it is a good idea sufficient encouragement. I have sketched out a collecting card, and I hope to have it printed soon. The weather has been most unpleasant for the holidays, but in Auckland those who chose the 9th fared far better than those who waited till Monday. How did you get on? I do not think I have read 'Millicent Courtney.' I almost think I shall start keeping two or three fowls after Christmas.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I was very pleased to see my letter in the GRAPHIC. I enclose 6d for a badge. Please will you read it and a collecting card? My pigeons do not know their names, as I have not had them long. We have not got a yacht, but the steamer calls in. I think I am going up the mountain to night to the bon-fire. I went to the Agricultural Show last week and enjoyed it very much. We went around and saw all the horses and all the things in the tents. I hope it will be fine on the 9th of November, as we will be going for a picnic. I remain your loving cousin GWEN.

[I have sent you a badge, and will send the card as soon as they are printed, which I do hope may be shortly. What a pity it was so wet for the Show! One lady said that she had to wade through seas of mud to visit the horses. Our bon fire did not come off on the 5th, and no fireworks, though a neighbour burned some lovely coloured lights.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—We were all very pleased indeed with your kind letter, and will be very glad to accept the GRAPHIC Cousins' Humane Society Badge for Iris. She will be five on the 14th of this month, and Cyril will be four in March. Iris pulled Cyril out of the river at the end of the jetty at high tide when a woman's delay would have cost his life. Sylvia and I will be delighted to subscribe to the cousins' cot at the hospital. We will soon send the money.—FERGUS DUNLOP.

P.S.—I could send her photograph for you to look at if you would be sure to return it, for I only have one.

[I have sent the badge to Iris, and she is now a member of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC Humane Society. I will also send you a card for the Cot Fund as soon as printed. Thank you for promising to fill it. I have sent you a message (November 11th) when I wrote a line to Cousin Sylvia with her prize money, asking you to let me see the photograph, which we should like to put in the GRAPHIC. But you will receive that long before you see this letter.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have just been reading about the GRAPHIC cousins' cot. I think it is a splendid idea, and I am sure I can get a card filled if you will send me one. I should think every cousin will help; it will be such a good thing. Now, I, too, have a suggestion to offer. Suppose I, or any other cousin, were to set to work and make a nice warm quilt for our cot. It could be made so as to contribute both to the comfort and the amusement of 'our cousin.' Please tell me what you think, Cousin Kate? If you approve I will begin a quilt as soon as possible. Can you tell me about what size it should be? I know my sister (who is also a cousin) will help me, so that it would be finished sooner. I shall be very anxious to get your answer, but I am afraid I must have patience for a few weeks, as we don't get the GRAPHIC till a fortnight after it is printed. I noticed your request for short letters, so will leave 'kicking the boot' till next time if you don't mind. I will think about joining the Humane Society. I should like to join, I think. I wrote a story for the competition, but when I came to read it over I found it wasn't worth sending. When shall we know the result? and will the prize stories appear in the GRAPHIC? After I had sent my letter I discovered that I ought to have sent the answer to my riddle with it. I will send it now.—Hoping this is not too long, I remain your interested reader, MONICA.

[Your letter is not at all too long. I will gladly send you a card when they are ready. Your suggestion is also capital about the quilt. I suppose it will be a pretty patchwork or something of that sort. I am afraid it must wash, as they are so clean in the hospital. I think 4 feet 6 inches long, and 2 feet 6 inches broad is about right. You were probably too modest about your story; you should have sent it, and let me judge it. The prize stories will appear in the GRAPHIC, I think in the Christmas number.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—We are having very bad weather just now. I wrote a story but I forgot to send it. I am very sorry, for I wanted to try for the prize. I am sending you some riddles. The children about here are getting quite excited over the approaching Guy Fawke's Day. All they can think of are bonfires, crackers, masks and gunpowder. I suppose they are just as bad in Auckland. My

brothers make their own powder, dry of course, and a fine time they have of it. After filling a tin with powder they light it, and the fountain of sparks has such a pretty effect. I have a large black cat called Spot. He weighs ten pounds. I very seldom see letters from the boy cousins now. I wonder why they don't write. I expect they are shy. There was a concert here on Friday, and while some one was singing a lamp fell over and burnt all the scenery. —I am your loving COUSIN IDA No. 2.

[I expect we shall have some of the boy cousins writing to ask how your brothers make their gunpowder. My brother nearly blew us all up. I forget what he used, and he is over in Perth (W.A.), so I cannot easily ask him. They say black cats are lucky. What a beauty Spot must be. Is he perfectly black, or spotted with white? Were you at the concert when the lamp fell? Were you frightened? How very fortunate that the whole place was not destroyed. I am sorry you did not remember to send your story. Will you try to collect for the Cot Fund. If you answer on a post-card it will do. Thanks for riddles.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I meant to write to you before, but I seem now to have so little time. Will you please send cousin Laura and me each a collecting card in aid of the Hospital Cot. In answer to one of your questions in my last letter I reply, Madame Cope is not an amateur touring the country, but a professional teacher of music, with a great number of pupils. There has been a large number of fires in Wellington lately. One in Willis street, which broke out in a restaurant, threatened to destroy the whole block. As it was the upstairs of two shops were burnt, and the furniture and other things, which were in the lower rooms, were completely destroyed by water. There was also one at Lambton Quay, and another in Newtown, in which two houses were burnt to the ground. We have now got the croquet set, about which I told you some time ago, and of course, as the novelty has not yet worn off, all the girls are mad on it. The Tennis Tournaments have now begun, but I will tell you about them when they are over. Our school breaks up in six weeks, but I am not quite sure where I am going for my Christmas holidays. Last year I went to Christchurch, and although I enjoyed myself very much, I should not care to live there. Last Saturday I went to Island Bay, and had a long chat with the hermit. He told us that he had been fifteen years in the cave, but as he also told us about six months ago that he had been seventeen years there, we are not quite sure which it is, but think it is something between the two. His cave is not half as comfortable as it used to be. About two feet have been taken off it by making the Queen's Drive, and it is not half so sheltered as it used to be, because the big rocks which faced the opening of the cave have been cut down. The Wellington College held their annual sports yesterday afternoon, and according to report they went off very well. Did I tell you that we play cricket at school? Some of our girls are quite experts at the game. What do you think of it? Do you think it is nice for girls to play it or do you think that it should be left for the boys? I must now close, with much love from COUSIN ELISIE.

[Thank you for your encouraging letter. I will send you and cousin Laura a card as soon as I get a few more promises. I have not had the card printed, because I could not tell as all how many would be required (see 'Cot' notice). When I write that word in a hurry I am always afraid that when I see it in print it will have turned into 'cat,' and it will look as if we were getting up a fund to provide homes for left behind cats when people have gone away for the holidays. I thought when you mentioned the 'hermit' before, that it was a joke, but now I see that he is a live (and lively) person. Does he rent his cave, or merely live there by permission of the City Council or Harbour Board, or whoever owns the island. Concerning cricket, I need to play myself, and would have no objection to handling a bat now, just amongst the cousins, of course, and in private. Later we played 'ladies cricket'; I do not care much for it. But I do not approve of football for girls.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I ought to have written before, but I had nothing to tell you. I received the badge safely, and I think it is very pretty. I have never collected before, but I will try and help the 'Cot.' Last Saturday I went out ferning in the morning, and in the afternoon I went out fishing with father. As it was my birthday today, and it was Sunday, I had a picnic yesterday. We went to Petone, as there is a nice beach. Shortly after we arrived some of us had a nice bath. It was the first bath I have had this season. Then we had dinner, and afterwards another girl and I went out on the jetty to fish for about a quarter of an hour. We also saw the Naval's cutter race. Then we went and had tea. Afterwards we went home by the quarter past five train. I must now say good-bye from your loving cousin PHEBE.

P.S.—Will you send me a card for the 'cot fund'? [I will send the card as soon as I have them. Thank you for saying you will try to collect. I have not bathed in the sea yet. It has been so cold, and I have not had the chance either. You seem to have enjoyed your picnic. Many happy returns of the day! Have your ferns lived? It seems a little late for them. What fish, if any, do you usually catch? Crabs? Down South my brother caught some lobsters and left them on the kitchen table, and my cat went in and picked out the largest and ran off with it.—COUSIN KATE.]

TWO DAYS' CYCLE RIDE THROUGH CHESHIRE.

I HAVE received the following interesting letter from a very distant cousin, Newell L. Nicholson, Seasforth, Liverpool. It is so long that I must give it in detachments, as it would swallow up a whole page or perhaps more, if put in at once. Many thanks, Cousin Newell.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—The other day I received the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC from my uncle who lives in Te Kuiti, near Auckland, and was much interested in the letters you receive from your numerous cousins. Some time ago, my cousin, Edith Tanner, related in the GRAPHIC her experiences of a Snag Ride, so I made up my mind to write and tell my New Zealand cousins of the interesting bicycle ride I had through Cheshire. It was Saturday, 24th of August, when Dr. Brains and myself examined our machines, and finding them in excellent condition for a hard day's work,

started on our journey. It was nine o'clock in the morning when we left our little village of Seasforth, which is situated on the banks of the river Mersey, and five miles north of Liverpool. We struck directly inland over the Canal, which divides Seasforth from Litherland. The latter place has a commanding view of the mouth of the Mersey, the Irish Sea and the Welsh Mountains. From Litherland we take the main road, which leads us to Runcorn Bridge, where we cross to get to Cheshire. We are in Lancashire now, so we make our machines go a little faster, as we have a good many miles to go before we reach home to-night. (On our right we pass Aintree race course, where the Grand National is run—one of England's greatest races. We soon leave this far behind us, but the grandstand can be seen for miles off.) Our next village was West Derby, and a short distance from this place is the Everton football ground, where last year at one of their matches they had more people in the enclosure than there are in the whole of New Zealand. At West Derby we dismounted, and the doctor pulled the cycling map out of his pocket, laid it gently on a bread and cheese hedge properly called a thorn hedge (most of the fields in England are divided by this kind of hedge). He ran his little fingers along the map, and then exclaimed that we were only eighteen miles from Runcorn Bridge, and that we ought to do it in seventy-five minutes, so we mounted and rode at the rate of one mile in four minutes. An hour's riding brought us to the dirty smoky town of Widnes, which is noted for its soap making and tanneries. In some parts of the town we have to hold our hands to our noses as the stench is something frightful. We ask our way to Runcorn Bridge from one of the natives, and pointing with his grimy hand, he says, 'Doab thou see that there street? Well, you mun turn up to ye left and ye cannot 'elp but see it.' We follow his directions, and turning to the left, we come to a footpath leading up on to the bridge. It is an enormous bridge, built of iron and stone, and is supported by enormous pillars which rise from the bed of the River Mersey. The bridge connects Lancashire and Cheshire. We wheeled our machines up this narrow footpath, which brings us to the toll gate, where we had to pay threepence for each machine and one penny for each of ourselves before we could get across. On the bridge itself there is only one narrow path for pedestrians. The other part of the bridge is used for the London trains. An express passed over as we were on the bridge, and it shook it like a leaf. The wind it made nearly blew our hats off. The bridge commands a view of the ship canal, which has just been cut from Eastm to Manchester. It is about thirty miles long, and some of the largest ships can go up it, principally cotton loaded ships for the great spinners of Manchester. When we got to the other end we had about one hundred steps to go down. Our 'cycles being light, we shouldered them and ran down the steps into one of the main streets of Runcorn. Runcorn is not a large place, but every old one. It is known to have existed in the year 913, when Ethelfleda, sister of King Edward the Elder, and widow of Ethelred, Earl of Mercia, built a town and Castle on a huge rock projecting out into the river, but the water has so gained upon the land that now the Castle is nowhere to be seen; not a stone is visible of it. There is a very interesting old church in Runcorn. We were told that it was built before the Norman Conquest. It has been altered and improved since, but the old windows and pillars are the same, and the old style of carving is most interesting. The church was closed in the year 1846 by an appropriate sermon from the vicar. His text was, 'Arise, let us go hence,' and all the people arose and went. It was not opened again for three years. We were unable to spend any more time at this interesting old church, because we had many more miles to go yet, and so it was advisable for us not to linger longer than we could possibly help, although we were loth to leave it.

Some distance before us, standing majestically on a high hill, is Halton Castle. We asked a woman who was on her way to market what castle it was. She told us it was Bulton Court, and that Holiver Cromwell had something to do with it, but that was all we could get out of her. It was really built soon after the Norman Conquest, and Oliver Cromwell stormed it. Finally it was used as a prison for debtors, but the road that led up to it was too steep for us to ride, so we were obliged to dismount and walk. A lot of blackberries grew on either side of this road, which we picked and ate as we walked along. At last we reached the top, and the doctor espied an old inn, where he very soon made his way in and brought out a jug of shandy gaff that is, beer and ginger beer mixed—which makes a very cooling drink. We did not have anything to eat, as it is not a good thing to ride directly after eating. Besides, we wanted to reach a place called Antrobus before one o'clock, as we had, a day or two previously, ordered lunch. Before we left Halton we had a look at the old castle which Cromwell destroyed with fire and sword. From its battlements the views are most beautiful. To the north is again seen the Mersey pursuing its course through fertile plains; to the west are the Welsh hills sloping down to the wooded dales of Cheshire. I think I could have stood on these battlements for hours, looking at the beautiful scenery which spread as far as the eye could see, but we could not stay any longer, as the doctor was anxious about the time. He wanted to reach home again that night, as he expected a letter of some importance, so we made our way out on to the main road, where we enquired of some labourers which was the way to Antrobus. One said one was, another said another, but as we had no time to lose we rode on, leaving them to argue who was right or who was wrong. The road led us to the brink of a hill, at the bottom of which was a narrow valley, and then the ground rose again on the opposite side. We could see the white road which we would have to go along winding its way in and out of the soil roads, and up the next hill until it was lost from sight over the brow of the hill. Riding down hill on a bicycle is very different from riding up hill. Riding down you have merely to take your feet off the treadle, and away you go at the rate of sixty miles an hour; but going up hill you have to put your feet very much on the treadle, and you go at the rate of a mile in sixty hours (more or less). It is very easy going down hill, and comparatively safe if the road is straight, and you can see the ending of it, but if it is not so, I advise you to come down gently. We were just about going down hill, when I shouted to the Doctor, 'I'll go first, Doctor,' so he said 'All right,' and away I went. It was not very steep at first, but halfway down it became so steep I could not see the bottom of the road, because it turned to the left. I

was going at an enormous rate. I never experienced such a rate before, and I never wish to again. The air nearly took my breath away. At last I saw the turn of the road, but it was a very narrow and short one. However, bracing myself well up to it, I leaned well over to the left so as to keep my machine straight. I should have got around the bend quite safely but for a narrow path which ran at the side of the road, and was made very slippery by the drippings from the overhanging branches of some trees which grew on the banks above. My wheels got on this path, and the alarm which my bicycle was sure to have in turning so sharp a corner, slipped clean from underneath me, and I found myself lying on my back, with my head on this path, which was the cause of all this upset, and my feet in the ditch. All at once I thought of the doctor. If he is coming down with his feet off the treadle, he will certainly be killed, for he is a man of fourteen stone. I shouted to him at the top of my voice to put his brake on and back treadle. He soon came in sight riding as gently as possible down the hill. He saw me shoot forward suddenly, and he thought that the hill must drop near the bottom. He blamed me very much for not going down gently until I saw the bottom of the hill. I have not had the experience that he has had, as this was my first long ride, but I shall know what to do in the future. I was afraid of looking at my machine for fear of seeing it smashed up, but on examining it I found that the steel rod that holds the treadles was completely twisted, and that was the only damage it had sustained, whilst I came off with less, not even a mark. Of course I was very much shaken. Riding with a twisted rod was anything but comfortable, as my toe would turn from one side to another. To go fast was absolutely impossible. The only thing that could be done was to look out for the nearest smithy. By this time we had mounted the opposite hill, and were just about to descend another, equally steep, when I heard the sound of a smith's hammer beating something on his anvil. We listened again, but there was no mistake, for down a narrow lane on our left was the smithy. We were very fortunate in catching two men working there, for in another half hour they would have been gone, as they only work half a day on Saturday. I took my lambs home and requested them to do their best at it which they did, and made a very good job of it indeed. It only took them a quarter of an hour, so we did not waste much time. They told us that last year a man was killed at the very same place where I fell, so I certainly had a very narrow escape.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE COLUMN.

- (1) If you get up on a horse where do you get down from? A riddle, a riddle, a farmer's riddle. Alive at both ends and dead in the middle. (2) Why is a loaf of bread on a post like a racehorse? [No. 4 we have had before.—COUSIN KATE.] COUSIN IDA No. 2.

ANSWERS.

Answer to Cousin Monica's riddle: Because you find it increases (in creases). Answers to Cousin Fergus' puzzles: (1) When it is a drift. (2) Columbus. (3) Because it makes oil boil. Answers to buried boys' names: (1) James. (2) Bertie. (3) Edgar. (4) Robert. (5) Noel.—COUSIN GUYBY.

GUESSES.

Cousin Ida No. 2 answers Cousin Lilla's riddle thus: E T H E L V E R T O A B E R D E E N N A N L I N G G O 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.

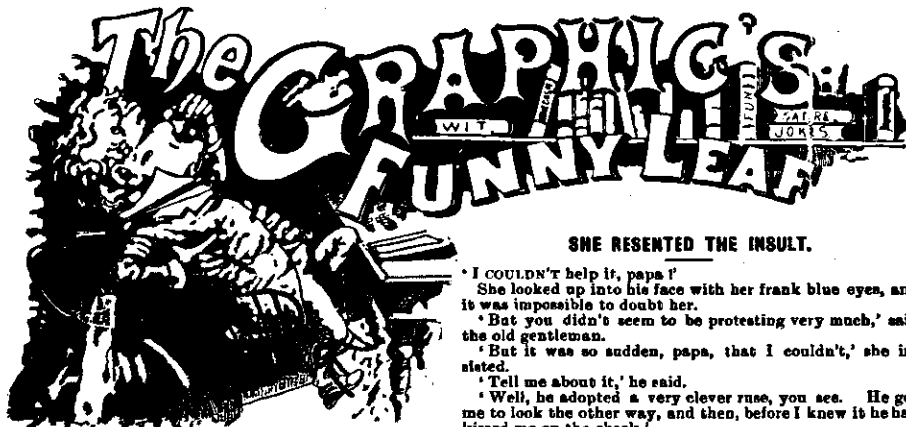
STIMULANTS and insufficient amount of exercise frequently derange the liver. ENOS' FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A word of warning by those who keep and use ENOS' FRUIT SALT: 'All our customers for ENOS' FRUIT SALT' would not be without it upon any consideration, they having received so much benefit from it.—WOOD BROTHERS, Chemists. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. (35)

TRICKY LIONS.

SOME of the most dangerous tricks of animals are those simulating kindness. Charles Montague, in 'Tales of a Nomad,' says that hyenas often follow lions, and finish a carcass the moment the lions have left it. Sometimes, however, the hyenas are too eager, and steal bits of meat while the lions are still at their meal. I have been told that the lion rids himself of the nuisance in the following way: he throws a piece of meat aside. When the lion is looking the other way the hyena dodges in and rushes off with the meat. Presently the lion throws another piece of meat, this time a little nearer. The hyena takes that also. At last the lion throws a piece very near indeed. The hyena, having become reckless, makes a dash at this also; but the lion wheels round and lays him low with a pat of his paw and a growl of annoyance. I remember at the Usutu on one occasion hearing at night the cries of a hyena in pain, mingled with an occasional short growl from a lion. This went on for about twenty minutes. The next morning we found the carcass of a hyena bitten across the neck, and marked by the claws of lions. They had evidently caught it and played with it some time before killing it. I suppose this was done in revenge for the annoyance they had sustained from the hyenas.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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



AN AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

BY HIMSELF.

STAY, reader, stay, and shed a tear
O'er one whose race is run,
A Shakespeare, Homer, Clement Scott,
And Sala rolled in one;
Who, sad to say, though filled with zeal,
No *opus* could complete,
Because they would not regulate
The music of the street.

If solemn thoughts employed his pen,
There straightway came along
A grinning Spaniard, with a gift
Of incoherent song.
And when with light and airy wit
Some merry tale he'd tell,
There rose upon the trembling air
A sad, funeral knell.

With flying pen he once began
An epic great and grand;
'Twas very quickly ended by
A mad Tonic band.
The lyric, almost too sublime
For human lips to speak,
(Gave up its blameless ghostlet at
A bagpipe's horrid squeak.

The dancing monkey knew his times
For study deep and brown,
And danced, to cheer him, to the tune
Of 'Strolling Round the Town.'
So here he lies, with not a wreath
To keep his memory green,
A dreamer, all unknown to fame,
Of books that might have been.

POOR EDWIN!

EDWIN: 'What do you think I have in this locket, dearest? The postage stamp on your last letter. It has been touched by your lips. It often touches mine.'
ANGELINA: 'Oh, Edwin, I'm so very sorry. I moistened that horrid postage stamp on Fido's dear, damp nose!'

NO BLOOMERS.

AND eke she rideth the flying wheel,
Her beauty to enhance,
But never, never, never,
In pants.

CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

DOUGAL: 'Good morning, Donal'. Have you heard about ta accident?'
DONAL: 'No, what is it?'
DOUGAL: 'Macpherson was drowned last night.'
DONAL: 'What a peety!' (Sudden recollection, searching his pockets.) 'But, gracious me, man, he's away wi' ma knife.'



JONES asked his wife, 'Why is a husband like dough?' (He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her it was 'because a woman needs him,') but she said it was because he was 'hard to get off her hands.' (Then the domestic content cordials was ruffled.)

SHE RESENTED THE INSULT.

'I COULDN'T help it, papa!
She looked up into his face with her frank blue eyes, and it was impossible to doubt her.
'But you didn't seem to be protesting very much,' said the old gentleman.
'But it was so sudden, papa, that I couldn't,' she insisted.
'Tell me about it,' he said.
'Well, he adopted a very clever ruse, you see. He got me to look the other way, and then, before I knew it he had kissed me on the cheek.'
'The scoundrel!'
'It was wrong of him, of course.'
'What did you do then?'
'I was very angry. I told him it was an insult.'
'Indeed it was, and you should have ordered him to leave the house. Did you?'
'N-no; not exactly.'
'Well, what did you do?'
'I told him it was an insult, and that he must take it back.'
'And then?'
'He was taking it back when you came in and saw him.'



HE SEEMED PREOCCUPIED.

'WHY so thoughtful?' she asked, while with dignity born of womanly reserve and consideration of a chemist's shop complexion she did not come too near him.
'Is it true,' he said, directing an intense gaze upon her, 'that you have already had twelve husbands?'
'Yes—throwing her shyness to the winds—yes, but I'm not a bit superstitious.'

EACH DEAR CREATURE BELIEVED ONLY IN HER OWN.

'I TELL you what,' said the girl in huckleberry blue, 'you can never find a four leaved clover by looking for it, and if you did it wouldn't be any good.'
'Why not?' asked the girl who was groping in the clover patch.
'It wouldn't bring you any luck. Now, I never look for one, but if I saw one—hello! there's one now.'
'I think it's a shame,' said the girl who had been groping, 'I went all over that very spot, and never saw a sign of one. I'll never hunt for one again!'
'That's the way to find them,' said Miss Huckleberry Blue, 'with the luck in them.'
'I don't believe in luck,' remarked the Disappointed One serenely.
'Oh, you don't! Then why wouldn't you open your umbrella when it rained the other day, without going from under the roof?'
'Oh, everybody knows it's bad luck to put up an umbrella under a roof.'
'Thank goodness!' said the girl with freckles, 'I haven't any use for signs and superstitions. Ouch! look there, girls, a great black a-p-i-d-e-r! Don't kill it for the world! You know what the rhyme says:
"He that would live and thrive,
Must let a spider run alive."
Then the dear non-superstitious things gathered themselves up and scuttled off home.'

AGAINST THE RULES.

OLD HEN: 'Yes, it is true that at times, in moments of enthusiasm or unusual energy, I do lay an egg with a double yolk.'
PULLET: 'Well, madam, as the representative of the Egg Layers' Union, I want to tell you that your energy is misdirected, and your enthusiasm is uncalled for, and if you offend again you will bear from us unpleasantly. Good-morning.'
Little Ethel: 'Why is it women is always complainin' about servants?' Little Dot: 'Oh, that's just so folks will know they can afford to keep them.'

SERIOUS CASE.

'WHY,' asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, 'why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't round?'
'Because I really like the job,' said the new farm hand.
'Got a real likin' ter work?'
'Sure.'
'You'd orter take treatment.'



INEQUALITY.

MRS SMITH: 'Nay, it's no use yer telling me everything's for the best—cause, why is it—I say? Why is it that the very people what ain't got no warm houses to sleep in, is the very ones what bain't got no clothes to keep the wind off? Tell me that!' (He gave it up).

WHAT 'SHE' CAN DO.

SHE can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it; and no sane man can do that.
Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate; and no two men can do that.
She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.
She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts; while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.
She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates; while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.
She can say 'no' in such a low voice that it means 'yes.'
She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.
She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

GIVING HIM A POINTER.

HE was a lively fellow and fond of her, but it didn't occur to him that a girl expected something else besides going to places and having fun all the time.
'Anything on hand this evening?' he asked, coming breezily in for the sixth time that week.
'Well, no,' she replied hesitatingly, as she looked down at her empty fingers.

UNSPEAKABLY HAPPY.

MRS SNAAGS: 'Do you see those two people making love to each other?'
Mr Snaggs: 'Yes.'
'They are deaf mutes.'
'Well, they struck me as being unspeakably happy.'

'And so you saw Niagara Falls in their winter glory? How grand, how awful, how sublime is the picture. The swiftly flowing river, the great ice cakes tossing about like so many devoted craft, the terrible plunge, the churning waters, the rush, the roar, the—' She: 'Yes, it was awfully cute.'



MAUD: 'That's the brute that proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him.'
Papa: 'Perhaps he did.' (Then the band played.)