

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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## ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH, AUCKLAND.

A LARGE portion of this week's GRAPHIC is devoted to illustrations of the handsome new Anglican Church, which was consecrated by His Lordship Bishop Cowie, Primate of New Zealand, on the 1st of this month, and to portraits of those who have been associated in connection with the building of it. The beauty of the edifice itself, and the important stage its opening marks in the history of the Anglican Church in Auckland, fully justify the considerable space given to it in these pages. Mr W. H. Skinner, the well-known Auckland architect, designed a building of which both the parishioners to whom it belongs, and the city of Auckland may very well be proud, and the builders, Messrs Neil McLean and Ebenezer Morris, have faithfully carried out his conceptions. The church is at once an ornament to the city, and a testimony to the zeal and liberality of its clergyman and congregation. It is the first building in Auckland in which the fine white stone of Oamaru has been very largely used in combination with the darker stone, and certainly the effect—a common enough one in the South—is so pleasing that we hope to see many edifices built of similar materials in Auckland. The large western window of carved stone is quite a unique thing in Auckland, and the left doorway is equally beautiful. What the steeple will be when it is built we can pretty well imagine from the present incompleeted building and Mr Skinner's plans and it is easy to see that it will add most materially to the appearance of the church. The interior of the edifice is very fine, and on the opening day it

looked its very best. The ceremony of consecration was performed with much more circumstance from the fact of its taking place when the clergymen of the Diocese were gathered in Auckland for the Synod. Together with the Bishop some thirty-four clergymen were present. Preparations had been made befitting the importance of the function and the un-

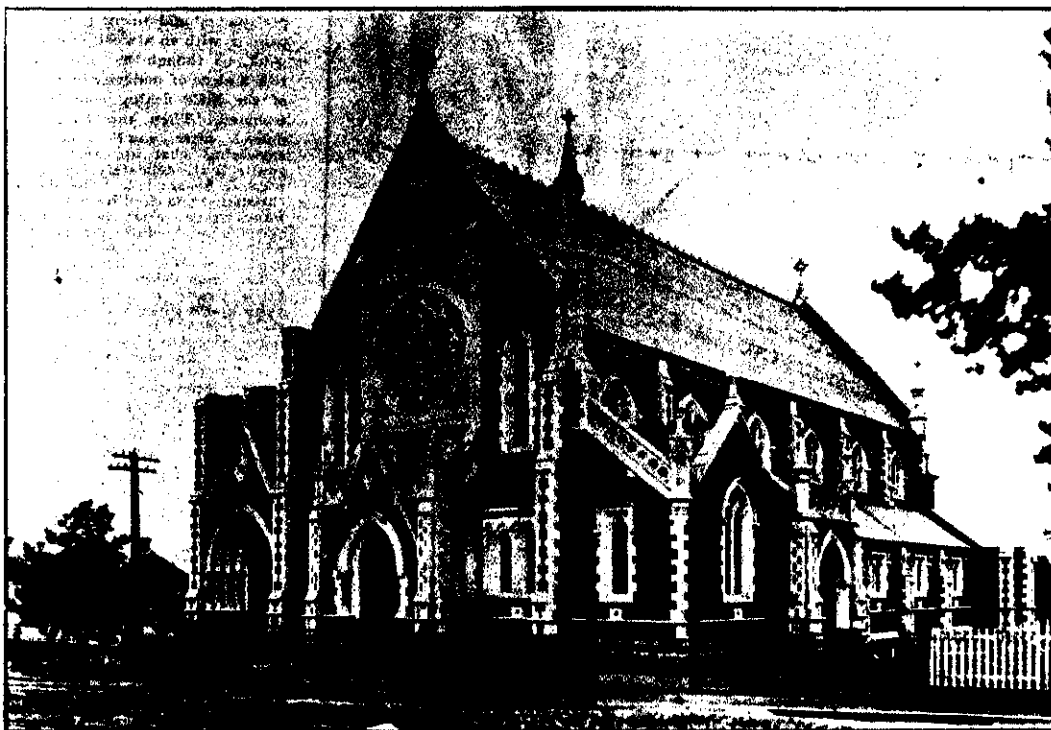
usually favourable auspices under which it was carried out. A choir, including over sixty voices, sang the choral parts of the service, the talented church organist, Mr J. T. Knight, presiding at the organ.

At the hour fixed for the opening ceremony the church was crowded with people, many of whom had to stand, and outside several had to be content with a glimpse



Utting, photo.

NORTH VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH, AUCKLAND.



Utting, photo.

SOUTH VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH, AUCKLAND.

of the solemn proceedings. On the Bishop entering the church with his chaplains by the vestry door he was received by the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Nelson; the church-wardens, Messrs W. S. Whitley and J. J. Roach; the chancellor, Mr E. Hesketh, who wore his official garb of wig and gown; and the members of the Building Committee, Messrs Kidd, Tait, and Drs. King and Wilkins. The petition for consecration having been read by the Registrar, Mr W. S. Cochrane, the Bishop and Canon Nelson passed down the middle aisle between the clergy and choir repeating as they went the 24th Psalm. When they returned the choir took up their customary places and sang:

'Christ is our corner stone,  
On Him alone we build.'

After the deed of dedication had been presented to the Bishop by the Vicar, and the special prayers said, His Lordship signed the sentence of consecration, and when it had been read aloud by the chancellor, ordered it to be preserved with the other records. Later on the church service for the morning was gone through, the music and singing being especially fine. The Rev. A. G. Purchas read the first, and Archdeacon Willis the second lesson, after which the choir sang 'Blessed are they that Dwell in Thy House' (Berthold Tours). The sermon by the Bishop had direct bearing on the occasion. Taking as his text the words, 'Worship the Lord in the

beauty of holiness,' he spoke at length on the becoming building which the parishioners of St. Paul's had erected, and said that they had set before the diocese an example of energy and devotion to the church which it was pleasant to see. He carried his hearers back in mind to the old St. Paul's, now demolished, which used to look down on the Waitemata, and had seen—for it was fifty-one years since it was consecrated—the infant city grow in size and beauty. Referring to Bishop Selwyn, whose name is inseparably connected with the Church, he said that the church dedicated to St. Paul in this city would always be regarded as the Bishop's. In conclusion, he commended it to the care of the parishioners as a memorial of the past and an earnest of the future. When he ended a collection was taken up, and the communion service (chorally rendered) proceeded with. At this office the Primate was celebrant, and the ante-communion was said by Archdeacon Dudley. The epistle was read by Archdeacon Clarke, and the gospel by Archdeacon Govett. At the administration to 153 communicants the Primate was assisted by Archdeacons Clarke and Willis, and the Rev. Canon Nelson.

The Rev. Canon Nelson, who is an M.A. of Queen's College, Cambridge, is the third incumbent of St. Paul's, his predecessors having been first the Rev. J. F. Churton and second Archdeacon Lloyd. He was instituted to the charge on the 1st of June, 1870. Besides being a Canon of Auckland, he is Senior Examining Chaplain to the Bishop. For some years past he has been an active member of the Board of Governors of the Auckland College and Grammar School, and lately, in the absence of Sir Maurice O'Rorke and Colonel Haultain, he has acted as Chairman of the same body.

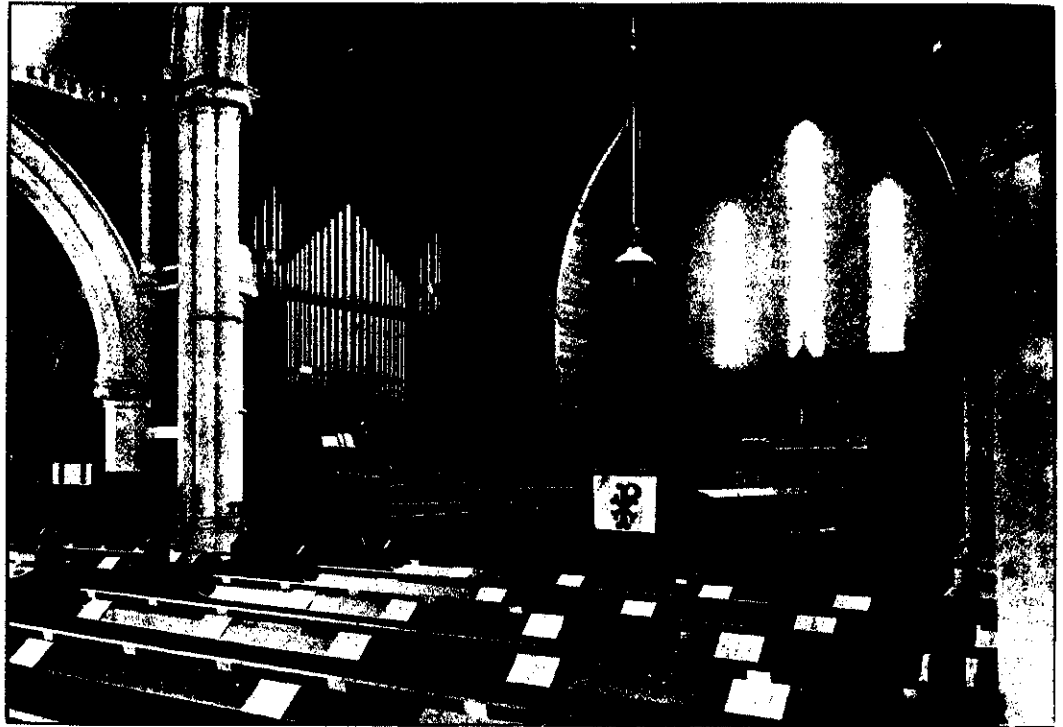
Mr W. S. Whitley is one of Auckland's merchants, and a man of many friends. He has been by far the most prominent lay worker in connection with the building of the new church. It is to his unwearied efforts especially that the parishioners owe the present building. Mr Roach is on the staff of the Board of Education, and a prominent worker in church matters. These gentlemen, together with Drs. Wilkins and King, two well known Auckland medical men, Mr Tait, the local manager of the National Insurance Co., and Mr A. Kidd, City Councillor, are members of the building committee.

Mr J. M. Batt, of the Bank of New Zealand, and Mr J. H. B. Coates, manager of the National Bank of New Zealand, were both energetic members of the same committee before they left Auckland.

**A STORY OF SARAH BERNHARDT.**

AN amusing story—not by any means without its moral—is told of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The incident is

life at sea. She formed the plan of offering to the brave fisherfolk a strong and pretty brigantine, which should be called the Sarah Bernhardt. When she mooted the idea it was received by a group of fishermen with a loud chorus of thankfulness and praise. She returned to her lordly castle highly gratified, and seized her pen to commission a builder, and in due form she received the drawings and the model of the future Sarah Bernhardt. But when the directress of the Ren-



Utting, photo.

ORGAN AND CHOIR SEATS, ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH, AUCKLAND.

said to have occurred during the leading tragedienne's stay at Belle-Isle on the Brittany coast. One day the actress, in watching the laboured efforts of the fishermen's craft to enter the harbour of Sauzon, driven by a frightful tempest, conceived the charitable thought that what was wanting was a large and solidly-built boat, which might in case of necessity be the means of saving

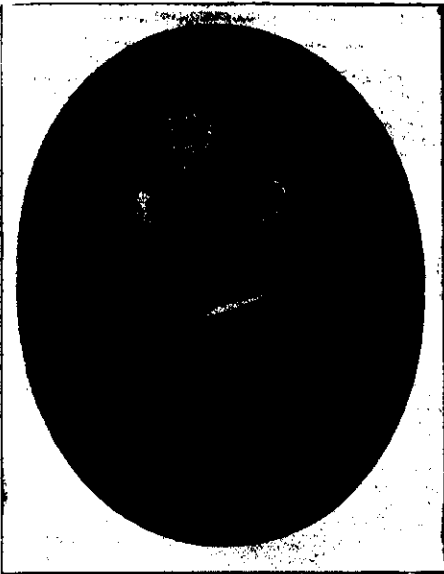
the actress Theatre reapproached the fisherfolk upon the project, the ancient mariner who acted as spokesman for the rest tossed his head and responded in monosyllables. Taking his short cutty respectfully from his lips he looked at *La Belle Madame* and floundered in hesitating words and incomprehensible reticence. 'In short,' persisted the actress, addressing the group which pressed around her, mute and stolid, 'you will have a beautiful boat.' 'Yes,' said the veteran, 'the barque will certainly be a pretty one,' and turning to his companions with an almost imperceptible wink, as though he were about to risk a piece of audacity in the name of the little fishing community, he resumed, 'Then the boat will be named after you?' The artiste, answering what appeared to be a gentle hint, delicately left half expressed, responded, 'The day it is christened you shall have a thousand francs to inaugurate the event.' But the men indulged in a general snigger, whilst their wives, from a distance, eyed them all without approaching.

The tragedienne returned to her house, puzzled to account for this singular and sudden want of sympathy, and perplexed to fathom the meaning of the enigmatical words addressed to her by the men she desired to befriend. 'Why should they be no longer interested?' she mused. It was not until next day that she discovered the secret. A friend came to see her. 'You wish to endow the fishermen with a boat?' she said; 'it is useless.' 'Why?' 'An unfavourable view is taken by the villagers. You will not get one fisherman to embark in the Sarah Bernhardt.' 'You are jesting,' exclaimed the actress. 'No. They have had time to reflect. They dare not accept the gift of a comedienne. Ah! You don't know what that term signifies here. Why, the hotel-keepers refuse to receive play-actors.' A play-actor. The word had produced its inevitable result, for old prejudices in Brittany die hard, and that is why the little vessel so graciously offered by Theodora will not sail upon the troubled waters around Belle Isle.



Utting, photo.

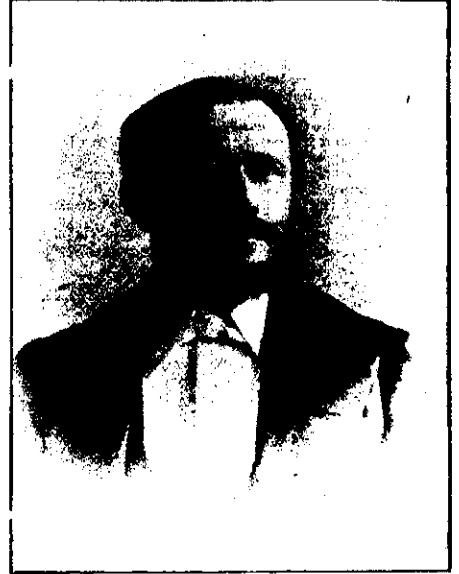
INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH LOOKING WEST.



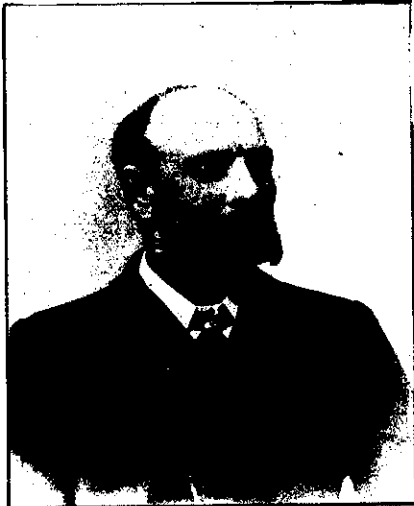
*J. Martin, photo.* REV. C. M. NELSON.



*Anna, photo.* DR. KING.



*Hanna, photo.* MR. A. KIDD.



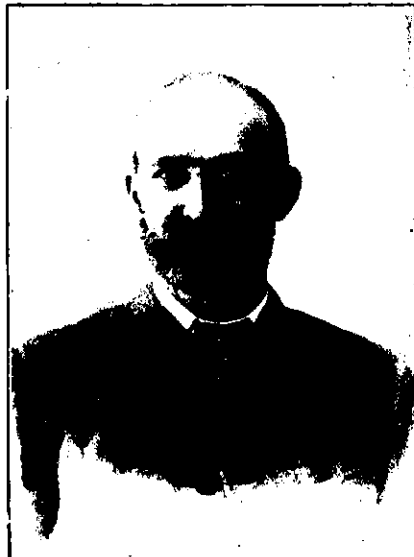
MR. W. H. SKINNER, ARCHITECT



*Hanna, photo.* DR. WILKINS.



*Bartlett, photo.* MR. J. J. ROACH.



*Hanna, photo.* MR. W. S. WHITLEY.



*Hanna, photo.* MR. W. TAIT.  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.



*Hanna, photo.* MR. J. T. KNIGHT, ORGANIST.

TWO HYPNOTISTS MEET.

'This thing of hypnotism and mind reading,' observed the passenger with the skull cap, knocking the ashes off the end of his cigar, 'gives rise to some curious phenomena. I have dabbled in it myself as an amateur. You have heard, perhaps, of men being blindfolded and driving a team of horses through a crowded street as easily as if they had their eyes open?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the passenger in the smoking jacket. 'That's a familiar experiment. The man who is blindfolded is able by personal contact to read the mind and see through the eyes of somebody sitting by him. To one familiar with the science there is nothing remarkable about that test.'

'No,' rejoined the other. 'It's a little more difficult to explain, however, when the same thing can be done

by a man driving alone, and without any contact with anybody else.'

'Have you ever seen that done?'

'I have performed it myself. On one occasion I drove alone through a thronged street for more than a mile with a bandage tied over my eyes and sealed so securely behind my head that I could not have taken it off if I had tried.'

'How did you do it, may I ask?'

'By aid of hypnotism. I hypnotized the horses and saw through their eyes.'

The man in the smoking jacket regarded him for some moments, but said nothing.

'But that was a mere trifle in comparison with a test I submitted to a few days ago,' resumed the man with a skull cap. 'I was blindfolded and drove a span of blind horses at the top of their speed a distance of eight or ten blocks down the business streets of Atlanta, Ga., alone and without the slightest accident.'

There was a long pause.

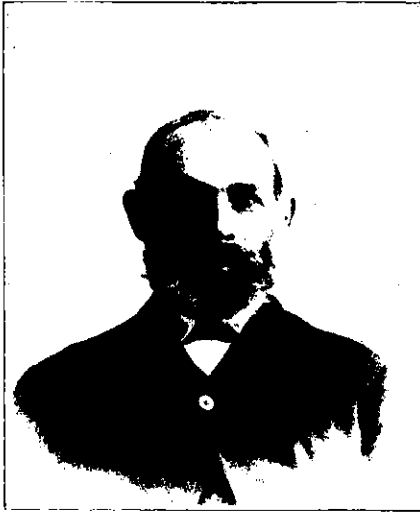
'How did you do it?' asked the other at last.

'Hypnotized everybody on the street. Saw through a thousand pairs of eyes.'

'Say,' ejaculated the passenger in the smoking jacket in tones of strong disgust, 'I have no objection to a bit of artistic romancing now and then, but I am a pro-

fessional hypnotist and mind reader, and I don't mind telling you that you are the biggest liar on the continent. I am going back to the dining car. Good day, sir!'

Two French 'students,' for a wager, of course, and with no intention whatever of covering themselves with celebrity for future penny-gaffs, are at the present moment of writing making their way from Paris to Nancy 'walking' on their hands. They expect to accomplish the soul-stirring, stomach-upsetting journey in twenty days. It would surely be more appropriate to such a jackass journey were they to walk on their ears. Nancy should take her slipper and apply it in a fit and becoming manner to them when they arrive at her house.



Hanna, photo  
MR N. MCLEAN, BUILDER,  
St. Paul's Church.



Arnold, photo.  
MR J. C. DAWSON, VERGER,  
St. Paul's Church.



Hanna, photo  
MR E. MORRIS, BUILDER,  
St. Paul's Church.



MR DAWSON JUN., ON HIS HUNTER HACK 'IKE,' THE WINNER OF SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HUNTERS AT AUCKLAND SHOW, 1895.



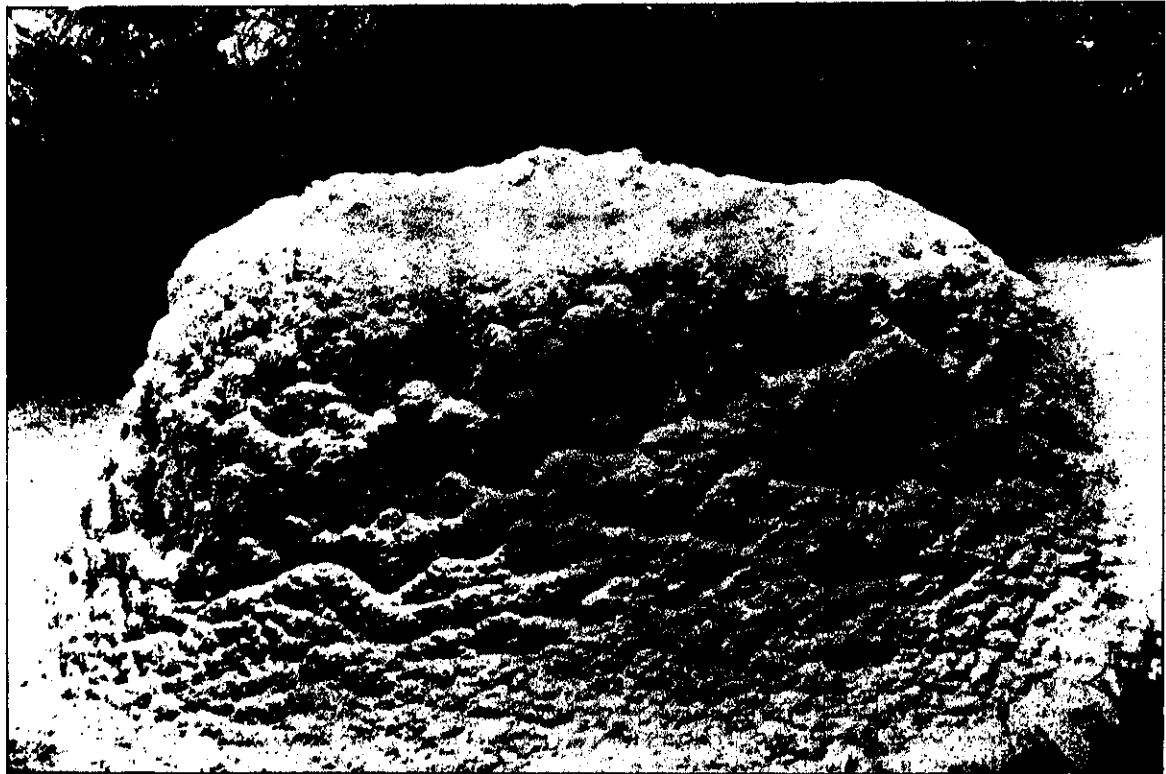
1. The Trotting Element—Messrs Kerr and Mace. 2. A Group in the Saddling Paddock. 3. Weighing in after the New Zealand Cup. 4. The Clerk of the Course, Mr Sam Garforth, and the Hon. Treasurer exchange ideas. 5. Euroclydon stands for his Portrait. 6. Euroclydon has a drink after winning the New Zealand Cup. 7. Messrs O'Connor and Teddy Yuille. 8. Bob Ray in Consultation. 9. Mr Douglas, North Island owner and party. 10. Cutts won't give a tip for the Cup. 11. Mr and Mrs E. W. Roper and Geo. R. Hart and Mr C. Hood Williams at the Judge's Box. 12. Messrs W. C. Webb and H. Mace. 13. Mr G. G. Stead, one of the best known owners in the colony. 14. Mr Stead gives his Instructions. 15. Dr Newman and His Honor Mr Justice Denniston. 16. Sir Geo. Clifford and the Secretary—Mr W. H. E. Wanklyn, talking over matters. 17. Bland Holt and party.

OVERLAND FROM NAPIER TO AUCKLAND.

[SEE LETTERPRESS.]



HOT SPRINGS, TERRACE HOTEL GROUNDS, TAUPO.



Photos by Hawley, Napier.

MUD GEYSER, TAUPO.

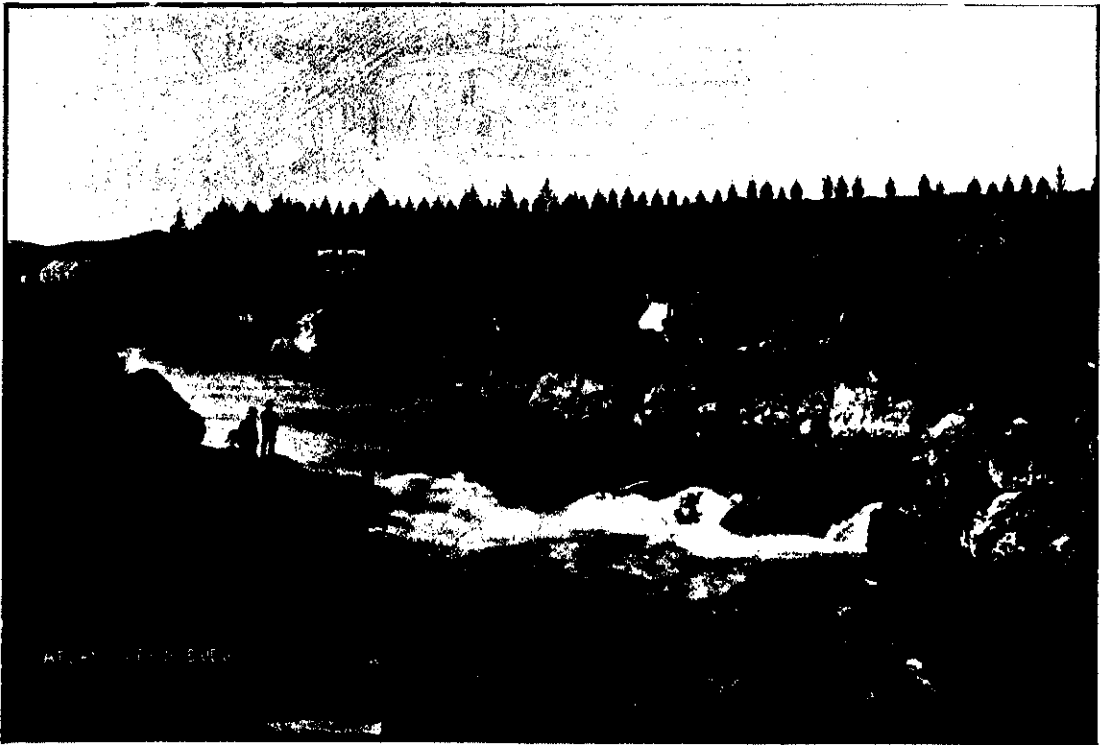
OVERLAND FROM NAPIER TO AUCKLAND.

[SEE LETTERPRESS.]



ATEAMURI.

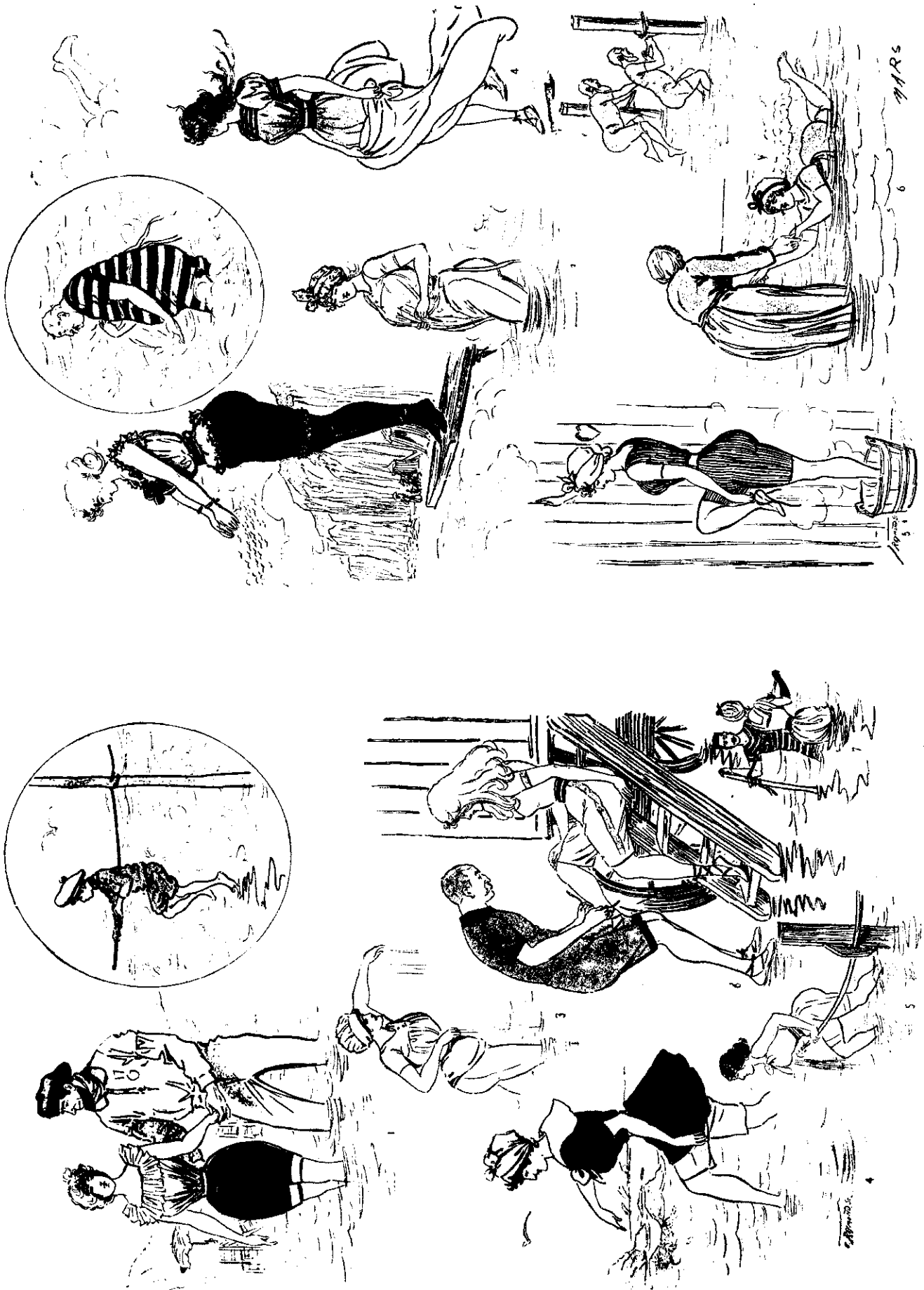
ATEAMURI.



ATEAMURI FROM THE BRIDGE.

Photos by Havelock Havel.

ATEAMURI FROM THE BRIDGE.



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

1. A Swimming Master and his Pupil.
2. Pierrot Hardening his Feet.
3. 'Oh! these horrid pebbles!'
4. An Object of Attention.
5. 'If I go further my hair will get wet.'
6. An Upright Shoe-lace.
7. An Aquatic Flirtation.
8. An American Diver.
9. Wet your Chest First!
10. A Dress not Meant for Use.
11. 'Mademoiselle Miss.'
12. The Foot-bath.
13. A Modern Venus.
14. Safety reflex Grass.





THE foundation of the Auckland Auxiliary Asylum—destroyed by fire last Christmas—has been laid, and consists entirely of concrete, which, at present, has the appearance of small paths very neatly arranged. The site is the same, but the new building—of brick—will present a very different appearance to the previous wooden structure. Dr. Hassell, the medical superintendent, most skilfully drew the plans, his designs being based on practical knowledge of the requirements of insane patients. When completed, it will be a very handsome building. The extensive grounds around the Asylum are looking exceedingly well, thanks to the unceasing care and supervision of the doctor. He has carefully laid out each part of the land to the best advantage, using only the labour of the patients, to their great physical and mental benefit. The newly-planted orchards, large concrete swimming bath, model dairy, and far-away piggeries all testify to the untiring energy and patience of Dr. Hassell. The two latter are also concrete buildings, all three made by the patients, and designed and superintended by the doctor. In fact, the whole place is an example of what can be accomplished when brains and common-sense are united to determination and perseverance.

THE death of the Dacres in Australia has formed a sad topic of conversation in this and the other colonies, and a very wide and deep sympathy has been manifested in their melancholy fate. Unhappily we are so accustomed to hear of murders and suicides that such occurrences have ceased to move us very strongly, and it may be that we sometimes treat with the traditional horror and aversion cases which we would regard very differently did we know the exact circumstances attending them. There is little danger of us taking too harsh a view of the last deeds of Mr Dacre. Here was no vulgar crime where a man in a moment of drunken frenzy or brutal passion takes a life and then ends his own to escape the consequences. Nor is it one of those instances, so frequent nowadays, of the swindler and gambler who, having shipwrecked his fortune and that of others, basely flees through the portals of death. The sad exit of the Dacres and the circumstance leading up to it suggest rather one of those tragic scenes which are met with in the works of the great dramatists—scenes in which the unfortunate pair had often taken their part in the pursuit of their profession, never dreaming that by the irony of fate they should one day enact in real life what they simulated on the stage. Who is there that would condemn Romeo and his lady Juliet that they preferred the poisoned cup and the dagger to a lonely, loveless life? Who shall say that Cleopatra should not have nursed the asp at her bosom, or that Othello should have endured an existence loaded with remorse? And may there not be cases in real life in which one can look on actual tragedy with the same lenient eye, and almost say of them, as the dying Charmian said to the Roman soldier, 'It is well done.'

I do not mean to say that the Dacre case is one of these. Heaven only knows that! But I certainly do think that it is one which calls forth nothing but pity and compassion. It is surely a most gratifying evidence of the spirit of humanitarianism and sympathy which is abroad in these days that the public should have been unanimous in the view they have taken of this tragedy, and that there should not have been a note of condemnation heard. They recognised that the burden of life had become too heavy for that man and woman before they agreed to lay it down, and they tacitly justified them. That extreme readiness to recognise and to justify, while no doubt due in a great measure, as I have said, to a humanitarian spirit, may not be altogether a healthy symptom. It may indicate a loose hold on life which is one of the worst characteristics for a nation to manifest. The qualities wanted in a young nation are perseverance and hopefulness in the face of all difficulties, however insuperable they may appear. The philosophy which justifies a man ending his life when he chooses may have the warrant of antiquity, but it is not one we wish taught here, much less practised. There is, of course, another view to take of this sad affair, and it certainly is the commonest as well as the most satisfactory way of dealing with such cases. This is the view which ascribes Dacre's terrible act to insanity. I have not touched on this explanation. It is so well known that it does not call for special comment, but the other view held by many that a good man may be guilty of such deeds while in a perfectly sound frame of mind deserves to be looked at too, and that is why I referred to it.

A FRESH indictment has been lodged against football. I should hardly dare to make the announcement during the football season when our brawny young barbarians are at play, but at present, when the willow has ousted the leather for a season, and the enthusiasm of the half and quarter-back has subsided a little, I may do so with comparative safety. Many are the indictments, as everybody knows, which have been brought against football in the past. It has been charged with causing no end of broken limbs, and sometimes necks too, and has been allowed to go with a caution in spite of all the physical injuries it has inflicted. But now it has been found guilty of an unpardonable assault on the morals of the young, and it remains to be seen whether it is to be left off so easily. The facts are these:—In Birmingham the enthusiasm for the game has attained such a pitch that the youths in the factories are tending to neglect their work during working hours, and the leisure time which they have on Sundays, which they are expected to devote to the church and Sunday-school, they devote to fighting over again their battles of the previous day. The teachers declare that no more serious hindrance to the conduct of the Sunday-schools has arisen in the last quarter of a century than this passion for football which has infected the young generation. The boys introduce football editions of the papers into their classes, and instead of manifesting an interest in Biblical history, as we used to do when we were young, they devour the descriptions of Saturday's matches. It would seem that even such bloody encounters as the hewing of Agag in pieces before the Lorde are tame to the youthful imagination compared with the football match between the 'Break-his-bones Rangers' and the 'Bruise-his-shins Wanderers.' The one event is far back in the dawn of history, and who was Agag that we should rejoice in the fact that he or his people were made into mince meat? But it is quite another matter when we come to Dick having his eye knocked out in a scrimmage, or Tom being lamed for life. These are contemporary facts, and Dick and Tom are youths who have come within the circle of our own experience, and though they have no poet to sing their battles, they have, nevertheless, the sincere homage of their fellows for the time being.

ONLY an editor knows the full awkwardness there is in having to answer lady correspondents who give no indication in their letters whether they are matrons or Misses. One cannot judge by the handwriting whether the lady is married or not—at least ordinary mortals like myself do not pretend to read character in the dot of an i, or the stroke of a t, or to tell from the formation of a 'u' whether a lady has a husband or not. For my part I am often not certain whether it is a lady or a gentleman who is addressing me till I look at the Christian name in the signature, for the ladies nowadays, unlike their grandmothers, who wrote the fine Italian hand, affect a masculine dash and vigour. I generally address the unknown lady as if she were unmarried for various reasons. In the first place married ladies, as a rule, have too much to do in their own

families to write to the papers. The great army of feminine writers are young or old women who have never entered into the bonds of matrimony. Then again I find that it does not displease a married lady to be addressed as a Miss. It makes her feel younger and more attractive—a feeling every woman should cultivate. But notwithstanding all this there is a decided awkwardness in not knowing whether the woman you are addressing is a Mrs or a Miss. The tone you might adopt towards the one might be very different from the one in which you would address the other. The sentiments you might give expression to would be modified in many respects. The advice you might tender would vary very considerably. But how is the confusion to be avoided? Only by the ladies adopting some title significant of the fact that they are no longer unappropriated blessings, such as Madam, Dame, or Mrs, and prefixing or affixing it to their signatures. Among the ancients it was easy to make the distinction, for the maidens and matrons were distinctively attired, and in some countries to-day the law prescribes such differences of dress. Nay, even among savages, who wear no dress to speak of, there are peculiarities in the nose ring or the girdle of shells by which the initiated eye can at once tell whether the lady has a lord and master or has not. In this advanced country, where the ladies have so much power in their own sweet hands, surely they might introduce some reform of the present system, so that one might know the position of unknown lady correspondents.

I HEAR frequent complaints in several parts of the colony of the recklessness and thoughtlessness of 'cyclists.' It appears that a good many gentlemen and ladies—if persons guilty of undoubted rudeness deserve the name—are in the habit of rushing round street corners on their machines, and never think of warning, by a touch of their bells, a pedestrian who may be in their way and unaware of their near approach. They ride him or her down, and only trouble to give a startling shout when within a few feet of him; or, what is equally bad, they glide noiselessly past without a word. It is easy to understand that very serious consequences might result from either practice. Coming suddenly without warning on a nervous woman those thoughtless riders would give her such a start as might be very dangerous. The 'cyclist' must remember that pedestrians have some rights as well as himself. They have the right of prior possession on the road. Before he and his wonderful machine were ever heard of men were accustomed to walk on the public streets, and he must not fancy we are going to yield to him without a struggle. I am afraid, however, that in the end we shall have to give way to the tyranny of the wheel. Everybody is going in for a 'bike,' and that new invention, the road skate, on which man can do thirty miles an hour, is coming in to complicate matters. As James Payne in a recent note pointed out, 'things are looking somewhat lively for the pedestrian, with bicyclists and road skaters progressing at twenty miles an hour, and electric road cars with noiseless tires, his humble occupation will be hazardous.'

IT appears that now that the ladies have for some time had the privilege of using a voting paper just like the men, they are beginning to sigh with Solomon, 'And behold this, too, is vanity.' When the dear creatures got the franchise a good many of them believed that a new era had dawned for the world, or at least for New Zealand. I have seen no visible signs of this new era, but I wisely hesitated to say so till now, when I have the authority of one of the lady members of the Auckland Women's Political League for speaking out. In an essay recently delivered before the League this lady gave her audience to understand that the hopes which they and she had cherished as the result of the extension of the Franchise had been cruelly destroyed. Their visions of the social millennium, which was to date from last election, of the new political heaven in Wellington, and the new political earth throughout the rest of the colony have, alas! not been realised. They find that women are just as bad as men when it comes to choosing a candidate; that they are just as narrow and prejudiced in their views, and as little given to enquire into a man's character as their fathers, husbands, brothers, or sons are. It is a trifle rough on the present House of Representatives to doubt their integrity of purpose and purity of life, but this is pretty much what the fair essayist did when she deplored the fact that the women had not banded together to secure the return of men of sterling honour and unstained character. I confess that I had hoped to see more clear evidence of the influence of the women's vote in Parliament than we have seen, unless the length and verbosity of the Session is an evidence, which I, for one, decline to believe. But at the same time it is somewhat premature to form an opinion on the results of the first election. Wait till next election, and see then what

material the House is made of. There is certainly room for vast improvement, and it is in the power of the women to effect it if they are wise and know how to act. Unfortunately, like the majority of the men, they are foolish and ignorant in political matters, and require a great deal of training before they can bring about that blessed consummation in Parliamentary Government so devoutly wished for by all good citizens. It is for the Women's Political Leagues to undertake their education, and if they succeed ever so little in that work they will have fully justified their existence.

THE day of the pugilist is rapidly passing away. Practically speaking he is making his last stand in America, but even there public opinion is strongly against him, and every state has taken or is taking measures to banish the prize ring from its borders. One of the last of the great ring contests that is likely to take place in the States was fought on October last, but the fact that the meeting place was in semi-civilised Texas is significant of the popular attitude towards this so-called 'sport.' I hardly think that anyone will seriously regret the extinction of the type of prize-fighter. It was not a beautiful one in any sense of the word; there was nothing romantic in the average 'slogger,' as there may be in a Matador or Toreador. In most cases he was a singularly undesirable specimen of animalism and brutality. Still, as a recent writer has pointed out, there has been some good in the ring. Its enemies must not lose sight of the fact that a nation with a good fist receives fewer insults and takes better care of itself on the spur of the moment than a nation of men that avenges personal insults with the sword. The duello is declining everywhere, but it has been stamped out among all Anglo-Saxon peoples, who use their fists to protect themselves and are now learning to use the law. France and England side by side, illustrate this truth. An English gentleman, if insulted, will avenge it on the spot with a bluff back-hander or a good punch in the ribs, but the Frenchman will go off to write a challenge and hunt up a second. This is due largely to the difference in physical training of the two peoples. If the Frenchman knew how to use his fist with a good right arm, he would drop his appeal to the sword, which often eventuates in farce.

CANADA (says the *Illustrated American*) has produced a poet, a national poet, at last. His name is James McLuttre, and he lives at Ingersoll, Ontario. Unlike most of the song birds of Canada, Mr McIntyre is always intelligible, as the following extract from his 'Ode to a Thousand-pound Hog' will demonstrate:

Pig had to do some routine work  
To make one thousand pounds of pork.  
Our stomach it doth not incline  
To eat a hog seven feet nine.  
On smaller pig we love to dine,  
And it we do enjoy so fine.  
For big, fat hog we don't repine;  
Let others eat enormous swine.

There are many other similar gems in his book; and in its naive repose on cheese and cream, butter, eggs and corn, as the essential themes that should occupy the visions of a poet, Mr McIntyre easily proves his right to rank in the van of modern realists.

FOR the benefit of those readers of the GRAPHIC who are dependent for their milk supply on the condensed article—and I know that in the bush districts there are many who cannot obtain fresh milk—I would like to draw attention to the special Analytical and Biological Commission which reported recently on the milk supply of London. The Commission examined seventeen brands of condensed milk, and found that of these fourteen were prepared entirely from skimmed milk, and showed an average of only 0.72 per cent. of fat. The other three brands were prepared from partly skimmed milk, or from skim milk to which a small proportion of unskimmed had been added, and they showed an average of 3.14 per cent. of fat. The 'Milkmaid' brand, prepared by the Anglo Swiss Condensed Milk Company, was found on examination by the same analysts to contain 10.92 per cent. of fat, or 99.0 per cent. more butter fat than is contained on an average in the other brands examined. The abstraction of fat from milk used as food for young children is a most serious matter. In his 'Lectures on the Artificial Feeding of Infants,' Dr. Cheadle has rightly pointed out that fat serves a vital purpose in the nutrition of young growing animals, being largely concerned in all cell growth, and necessary for the perfect formation of bone. 'I wish to lay special stress,' he says, 'upon the paramount importance of a due proportion of fat in the feeding of infants, because it is a point most imperfectly recognised by the majority of medical men who direct the feeding of young children. In spite of the significant fact that milk is a rich emulsion of fat, little children are constantly placed on artificial foods which are almost destitute of this vital element.' Fridge oil, as he adds, is alone sufficient to produce rickets.

## ... OVERLAND ...

### FROM

# NAPIER to AUCKLAND.

[SEE PAGES 670-671.]

A Taupo one is in the heart of the North Island and well within the boundaries of the great thermal area. Many are the beautiful and marvellous scenes which can be visited from Taupo as a centre. The lake, of which a splendid view is obtained from Ross' Hotel, invites those who love the water, and there is some fine cliff scenery to be met with along its shores. Joshua's Spa, where there is a fine hot swimming bath, a sulphur bath, and several geysers and boiling pools, is about two miles from Taupo and Te Wairakei, a centre marvellously rich in wonders of all kinds, is only six miles from the township. The Arateatea Rapids are eight miles off, and Rotokawa, the bitter lake, three miles further on. Ateamuri is 24 miles from Taupo, and Orakei Korako about the same. These last two places may be visited en route to Rotorua, but they are often made the object of a special trip by those staying some time at Taupo. This week we reproduce a series of pictures of some of the attractive spots within this region. They are taken somewhat at random, so as to give a conception of the nature of the country as a whole. The first represents the hot springs at the Terrace Hotel. Here there are sulphur and iron baths and the only real hot lake in the thermal. The Ateamuri Hotel is a most comfortable house kept by Mr Charles Crowther. In view of the hotel, and about half a mile distant from it, stands the hill of Pohatu-roa, a rocky cone of rhyolite, which forms a most distinctive feature in the landscape. On the top of this rock there used to be a pa belonging to the Ngati-rau-kawa, in which the tribe found a safe retreat on the approach of a formidable enemy. Naturally the place was almost inaccessible, and the Maoris by scarping the sides made it entirely so to a foe without special appliances for carrying the assault.

(To be continued.)

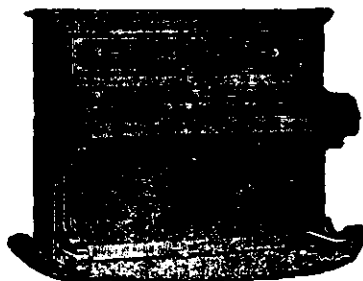
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## ROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

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

WHEN we assembled for the morning meal, the Melancholy Man was more melancholy than usual. He said he had been recommended to try athletic sports as a cure for melancholia. He did. He swallowed a four hours' dose and returned home looking so 'blue' that his last washerwoman, whom he hadn't paid and was unlucky enough to meet, suggested sarcastically across the road, that he should stir himself in the tub to blue his linen and save extras. An undertaker, on the look-out for advertising boards, stopped to enquire his terms. The Melancholy Man said he felt that taking athletic sports for low spirits was about as sensible as taking a Union Company's steamer for sea-sickness. He said that walking round the Cricket Ground of the Domain on Saturday gave him as sea-sick an impression as any heaving vessel on the ocean deep had ever done. When he made his first circumnavigation he was almost cheerful. The sun shone and the band played gaily. His lady friends greeted him with pleasant bows and smiles. Seen through a glass the thousands of moving, gaily-clad objects represented the shifting lights and colours, the innumerable lovely tints of a huge kaleidoscope. Then the sun went out to look up his country friends who didn't want him, and forgot to shut the windows, and the rain dropped in on the town folks, who would have been equally glad to show it the door. By this idiotic arrangement the Melancholy Man got very wet. 'Her golden hair all hanging down her back,' no longer had charms to soothe his savage breast. It might hang there till it bleached, or be done up in a French roll or a German bun or a set of corkscrews—he didn't care. His lady friends were moving, gaily-clad objects still, but alas! to his distorted rain-blurred vision, objects in another and more impolite sense. Presently the sun reappeared. This settled the Melancholy Man. He felt the weather was cheating him at the three card trick, and no matter what you backed, something else would turn up. His spirits fell to freezing point and his looks got so chilling that everyone who passed took violent colds and sneezing fits on the spot.

'Your experience was not uncommon,' said the Practical man. 'Most people who attended the sports on Saturday returned in anything but a sportive frame of mind. Yet, to my thinking the weather was not the depressing feature in Saturday's entertainment. More deplorable is the gambling element which has already begun to gnaw like a cancer into the very core of these otherwise innocent healthy, and delightful athletic functions. The Auckland youth is no longer satisfied with his wreath of laurels. He must have heavy "stakes" in his favour to make his race worth the running. His friends and supporters must have a financial interest in him if they are to crane their lordly necks to watch the contest, or exert their lordly lungs on his behalf. Open betting on the field is prohibited, but who can arrest the tide of this corrupting evil, which finds access in thousands of surreptitious "sweeps" and heavy backing, and threatens to obliterate all that is beneficial and manly and of good report in the pastimes of the young colonial?'

'The conversation this morning,' remarked the Frivolous Youth, 'reminds me of a familiar operatic "patter."—

'Oh don't the days seem lank and long  
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong;  
And isn't your life extremely flat,  
With nothing whatever to grumble at?

'As we are all tuned up to grumbling pitch,' said the Professor, 'let me add my note to the concord of sweet growls. That it represents a "bar" to what popular sentiment calls "Love's Golden Dream," all keen observers at Saturday's gathering will agree. Stay! Since modern science refuses to admit of the tender passion, and puts it down to bacilli in the auricles and ventricles and main artery, allow me to explain that I refer to the microbe which is supposed to worry around a young man's cardiac locality in the spring. This microbe occasionally develops into a troublesome, but rarely fatal malady, called love at first sight. Now, I suppose, out of the several thousands of unattached young people who passed and re-passed each other on Saturday, all of whom, remember, were predisposed to infection, a hundred caught it. Fifty couples in love—enamoured of each other's eyes, or curve of the ear, or inclination of the nose, or whatever it may be that inspires the divine passion. Fifty marriages made, not in heaven, but a very good substitute to folks in love—the Domain. Alas! what dispels love at first sight? Second, mostly, and failing that, bad weather. It now appears more than probable that those marriages will continue unaccomplished facts; the fifty fair participants remain unappropriated blessings—unapprop-

printed, at any rate, by the other fifty. And why? Hear the confession made to me by a youth who "had it" pretty badly on Saturday, was delirious for an hour, convalescent for another, and recovered ere he went home."

"I was dead gone the second I spotted her," he said. "By gosh! she was a dandy. Fuzzy hair round her eyes, you know—all that sort of thing. Stunning laugh. Pinkish sort of dress and a ripping hat. Jove! what a daisy I thought her. The first half-dozen times we passed I felt as bad as they make 'em—would have done it right off if there'd only been someone handy to introduce me. Then it came on to rain. Three more rounds I saw the outside of her umbrella; fourth, the wind blew it inside out and I saw her. Somehow, I didn't barrack round for an 'intro' after that. Her hair looked damp and ratty, and hang it all, a fellow can't speak to a girl whose hat has gone crooked."

"After this, let grumbling cease, for who will deny that the ill-winds on Saturday blew someone good, if only the girls with "ratty" hair, and "hats gone crooked!"

**CHASED BY AN ELEPHANT.**

THE most critical experience of Animal Trainer Conklin came several years ago when he was travelling through Idaho. The show was in a little town called Haley, and the morning procession was just over, when the six-ton elephant Samson burst the chains by which he had been staked and made a rush for his keeper. At the time Conklin was inside the lion's cage, where he had been riding in the procession, for he is not only one of the most experienced elephant trainers in the world, but he is a tamer of tigers and lions as well. As he saw the elephant rush at the cage, he realised that he was going to have a close call for his life. By great good luck he managed to undo the bars and get out before the shock came, but Samson was after him with trunk waving and with shrieks of rage. Conklin dodged behind another cage of animals, which Samson butted over as if it was a child's cardhouse, the leopards inside squealing in terror. Again Conklin dodged for his life, while Samson butted over the cage that came next in his way. Thus in succession six cages of wild animals were overturned by the irritated monster. Then Conklin succeeded in getting on a horse. Throwing himself into the saddle, he dug his heels into the horses' flanks and made for the open prairie, Samson the meanwhile trumpeting behind and running at full speed. Now, a large elephant, when his rage is up, can run as fast as a fleet horse, and Conklin soon found this out to his cost. Ride as he would, Samson kept gaining on him, the speed being so great that the red and gilt caparison with which Samson had been clothed for the parade stood out in the wind at each side like a pair of curious wings.

"Make for the railroad," someone shouted to the flying showman.

Like a flash Conklin caught the idea and swerved his horse to the left, crossed the tracks that ran across the prairie in a long ridge. In a moment his horse was over the railroad and out on the open ground on the other side.

But the track caused Samson some delay in scrambling over, and thus Conklin and his horse made a little gain. But once across, the elephant only ran the faster, and once more began to close up the space between them. By this time the news had spread through the community that a mad elephant was chasing Conklin to kill him, and a company of cowboys, armed with rifles, revolvers and lassoes, came galloping to the rescue. A fusillade of shots was fired into the elephant, but paying not the slightest attention to the attack he kept straight on in pursuit of Conklin.

Again and again the showman was obliged to cross the track to make a gain. But Samson's speed seemed only to increase, while the horse was steadily getting fagged out.

About three miles from the show grounds a cowboy gave Conklin a shotgun and a bag of buckshot, and turning on his horse the showman began to fire into Samson's trunk. Fifteen times he empties the gun, the bullets striking home every time. Soon the elephant was bleeding profusely, but he kept on unflinching in his hatred. At the sixteenth, however, he turned tail and fled. He was conquered at last, and complete victory was assured later that day when Conklin chained him down and had him whipped by assistants until he squealed and begged for mercy. In spite of his many wounds Samson recovered entirely, and remained with the show three years, his death not coming until the fire which swept through the Barnum show when in its winter quarters at Bridgeport.

**PLENTY OF ROOM.**—Australia has a population of less than five million, but economists declare it could support a hundred million with ease. As a means of showing how far the world is from being overpopulated they assert that the entire population of the United States could live comfortably in the single State of Texas.

A Presbyterian minister, performing public worship in the Tron church at Edinburgh once used the expression in his prayer: 'O Lord, have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the Town Council of Edinburgh.'

**'MAORILAND.'**

SOME months ago we published some stanzas by Mr F. D. Fenton with the above title. The newspaper found its way into Yorkshire, and the verses were reprinted by a Yorkshire journal. They seemed to have attracted attention there, mainly, no doubt, from their merits, but partly, perhaps, from the name attached to them, still remembered by some of Mr Fenton's friends. A gentleman of Bradford, pleased with the lines, set them to music, and sent to Mr Fenton a copy of his production harmonized and printed. There came also two other airs from Huddersfield, but without any accompaniment. Mr Fenton has supplied harmonies to these last two tunes. He had previously set the song to music of his own. Being now possessed of four tunes, thus originated, he determined to try again himself. For this purpose he has revived in New Zealand, and attached to his song the tune, which was sung by General Wolf's soldiers while bivouacking on the shores of the St. Lawrence before the battle of Quebec. It is believed that this song has never been printed—at least Mr Fenton has never seen it in print, but he remembers hearing it sung on the hillsides of the West Riding when he was a lad. The words he has forgotten except the first line, 'Why Should We Melancholy be, Brave Boys?'

Rossini seems to have heard the tune, and probably his upon the same idea in his prayer in 'Moses in Egypt.' General Wolf's melody suits well the words of 'Maoriland,' and Mr Fenton has completed the song and offered the composition to us, as having first printed his stanzas. It would be not uninteresting to hear the whole of the songs, now numbering five. Our critic thinks that that of the Bradford gentleman is not the best. We have selected Mr Fenton's last. Among the many attempts to create for New Zealand a national anthem, Mr Fenton's will take very high rank. Whether it will arouse the popular enthusiasm necessary to secure a permanent place in the hearts of the people of New Zealand remains to be seen; but a special degree of interest attaches to all such efforts, and one by Mr Fenton, who has done so much for the cultivation of a love of music in New Zealand, is entitled to a more than ordinary amount of attention from musicians.

Germaus are nothing if not methodical. Herr von Osten-Sacken, a lieutenant of Hussars, recently wounded himself mortally by accident. The doctor told him he had only three hours to live, whereupon, after making his will, he drew up the official report of his own death and sent it to his superior officer.

**'MAORILAND.'**

F. D. FENTON.

W. R. LAWSON.

Oh! maoriland, oh! maoriland, where Celt and Saxon hand in hand, unite to raise in Southern seas The Red Cross flag to every breeze. Flag that has flown through out all time, in every age, in every clime, Banner of our ancient hero, Ever in maoriland to wave.

2. Oh! Maoriland. Oh! valiant band, Who came from England's happy strand, From Caledonia's storied hills, From where sad harp of Erin thrills, And hail! Columbia, here's our hand,— Great offspring of our Motherland,— For where all distant lands with us We hear our tongue, we claim our kin.
3. Then here's to thee, fair Maoriland, Through the long ages thou shalt stand The Britain of the Southern sea, Land of the brave, home of the free. The 'Cross and Stars' shall ever wave Where'er Pacific's waters lave: Whilst English tongue true hearts unite That flag means honour, strength and might.

## BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

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

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

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\* The *Stark Munro Letters*, by Conan Doyle, offers some difficulties to the reviewer. A more curious medley of diverse and incongruous subjects was probably never brought together between the covers of a novel. It is difficult to know how to take it. Whether we are to have perfect faith in its author and regard his achievement as a *facsimile* from life, with all those incompletenesses, those disconnected threads and loose ends, to which nature is so partial, or to blame him for want of consideration, for haste, for weariness—for anything, in short, which will account for the lame and impotent conclusion to which he brings us.

Whichever way it be, I feel that the *Stark Munro Letters* is a work of such a high order of talent that it is scarcely an exaggeration to call it a work of genius. It might easily have been the novel of the year, it might have been the novel of the decade, but for the circumstance that it is not a novel at all. What it is it is difficult to say, but it is excellent and of absorbing interest. It has no plot, but it thrills the reader into the belief that it has. It leads him along with eager step and senses on the alert, and leaves him abruptly to rub his eyes and wonder. A friend of mine who belongs to the realistic school of art was enlarging to me recently on the plot of a novel he had under construction in which the hero, after surmounting unheard of vicissitudes, is run over by a Mile End 'bus, but Conan Doyle forestalls him. His hero, having overpassed all his troubles, is instantaneously killed in a railway accident. 'The end,' says an editorial note, 'was such a one as he would have chosen,' yet there is something very grim about its coming at that particular moment, and when one reflects on Dr. Munro's optimistic belief in the non-existence of evil, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion of an ironical motive in the catastrophe.

The character of Munro is admirably suggested in his letters, and a very lovable character it is; his maunliness, his modesty, his straightforward, confiding, unfeared disposition are set forth with a skill that never falters from the first page to the last. But this is only one instance of the vividness with which the author sees and depicts his characters; all are drawn with the same un-failing vigour and distinctness, and all are alive. One, moreover, bids fair to be immortal. With some trepidation I express the belief that this particular figure of Cullingworth is original in fiction, and to be quite honest with myself I will add that I believe it to be one of the greatest triumphs in fiction. Certainly I can at this moment remember nothing which for daring, for insight into human nature as it actually is, and not as we are usually content to behold it in romance, is comparable with the brilliant figure of Cullingworth, with his vivid imagination, his boisterous humour, his inventive genius, his companionableness, his suspicious and diabolical temper, and his strains of treachery, meanness, and unscrupulousness. The figure, indeed, is a work of art of such astonishing force and truthfulness that for the reader it lives and breathes. The fascination it exerts is the fascination of truth. In that face, distorted by malignant passion, which but a minute before smiled affection, we see mirrored our own complex natures. Meanness alternating with generosity, petty spite following heroic self-sacrifice, the virtues and vices jumbled and blended in all but inextricable confusion. This is the real stuff of which humanity is composed.

But there is another respect in which Dr. Doyle has achieved a literary triumph. In reviewing Mrs. Humphrey Ward's 'Marcella' I pointed out that the analytical method in construction meant a loss of vigour in the thing created. To pick a character to pieces with the pen and lay it out in straight sentences may be clever, but it is not convincing. How far it fails in the suggestion of power may be observed by comparing the best of such creations with a figure like Cullingworth, constructed synthetically by the accumulation of words and actions. In one case we have a weakling, a bloodless

microcosm, responding mechanically to order, in the other, a creature without order, with all the capriciousness and unexpectedness of life. And it is this life-likeness that gives the idea of power. We do not immediately associate power with the word angel—that at any rate is not the governing suggestion—rather our idea is of something feminine, but the very first suggestion of the word devil is that of power—dark, malignant, grotesque, it may be, but power in its strongest sense. The reason for this is that one is lifelike, the other is not. We may see a devil every day, but we shall look in vain for an angel through four score years.

Yet despite all this *The Stark Munro Letters* falls short of greatness, and this is all the more lamentable in that it might so easily have been otherwise. The fault is due to a want of proportion. Cullingworth is like a bull in a china shop, a hawk in a dove-cote; he crosses the track of the others like a fiery comet, he dominates the book, and assumes for himself and his doings the whole interest and attention of the reader. This might have been forgiven, it might even have been construed into a merit, but for the fact that half way through the volume he disappears and is hardly heard of again. It was a fatal blindness that prevented the author from seeing that the reader's interest in the sayings and doings of the *raconteur* was subsidiary to his interest in the real central figure of the story, and that the disappearance of that figure meant the cessation of the reader's curiosity. However, Cullingworth is not dead, but gone—with all the strong men of fiction—to South America. It is allowable to hope that Dr. Doyle will pursue him to that continent, and that in some future book we shall hear of him again.

*The Stark Munro Letters* lends itself admirably to quotation. The book is, in fact, full of good things. I select a passage from the brilliant seventh letter, but must warn the reader against supposing that it gives an adequate idea of this extremely complex work:—

When the surgery was completed (Cullingworth writhing and groaning all the time) my eyes happened to catch the medal which I had dropped, lying on the carpet. I lifted it up and looked at it, eager to find some topic which would be more agreeable. Printed upon it was—'Presented to James Cullingworth for gallantry in saving life. January, 1879.'

'Hullo, Cullingworth!' said I. 'You never told me about this! He was off in an instant in his most extravagant style.'

'What! the medal! Haven't you got one? I thought everyone had. You prefer to be select, I suppose. It was a little boy. You've no idea the trouble I had to get him in.'

'Get him out, you mean.'

'My dear chap, you don't understand! Any one could get a child out. It's getting one in that's the bother. One deserves a medal for it. Then there are the witnesses, four shillings a day I had to pay them, and a quart of beer in the evenings. You see you can't pick up a child and carry it to the edge of a pier and throw it in. You'd have all sorts of complications with the parents. You must be patient and wait until you get a legitimate chance. I caught a quincy walking up and down Avonmouth pier before I saw my opportunity. He was rather a stolid, fat boy, and he was sitting on the very edge, fishing. I got the sole of my foot on to the small of his back, and shot him an incredible distance. I had some little difficulty in getting him out, for his fishing line got twice round my legs, but it all ended well, and the witnesses were as staunch as possible. The boy came up to thank me next day, and said that he was quite uninjured save for a bruise on the back. His parents always send me a brace of fowls every Christmas.'

\* *The Salt of the Earth*. Under the general title of *The Salt of the Earth* Mr Philip Lafargue collects six short stories of fair average merit. They are well written, and well related in a first-class literary manner, but they possess no striking qualities of newness or interest, or anything, in short, which will prevent the reader forgetting them one and all so soon as he has closed the volume. 'Time's Revenge' is probably the best thing in the book. The idea is happy and well followed up, but fails somewhat in the conclusion. 'The Music Master's Yarn' is hardly worthy of the rest. The title, as explained in the preface, would seem to be too ambitious for the sort of stuff it binds together. Max Nordau's 'Higher Degenerates' must always be objects of devouring curiosity to us unfortunates who are born sane and remain average; therefore, if this emotion fails us in *The Salt of the Earth* it would appear that Mr Lafargue has not really got to the root of the matter in any of his stories.

From the same publishers I have received a reprint of Thomas Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. This exquisite idyl has lost nothing from the lapse of years since I first read it; indeed, it gains somewhat from the contrast it presents to the ultra cleverness of the modern novel. The figure of Elfride is as charmingly natural as ever. There is no need for the author to speak of the fascination which accounts for her conquest of hearts; that fascination is self-evident, and the reader must yield to it without a struggle. Here is a notable distinction between works of talent and works of genius. Talent needs to say, 'this is so,' to keep on saying 'this is so' that the reader may be induced in his semi-somnambulism to believe that so it is. Genius, desiring the same result, makes

the thing so by some not to be understood process, and it remains so without other words. This difference is well exemplified in the case of the charm of the heroine, who has many lovers, but it is even more strikingly shown when one character in the book poses as brilliantly clever, witty, epigrammatic. Talent wielding weapons beyond its strength must place its ultimate reliance in bald statements; not so with genius, which without effort provides those attributes which talent is only able to postulate.

But to come back to the novel. There is probably no writer of fiction who can portray certain subtleties of the feminine mind more vividly and truthfully than Thomas Hardy, and there is to be found in his works no better instance of this power than is shown in the character of Elfride Swancourt. The figure of Knight also is as splendid a study of a certain type of man as Elfride is of woman, and in the conjunction of these two elements—more especially through the tense scenes in which the 'tragic mischief' is slowly evolved—we get a force of realism which no power short of genius can command.

The title, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, gives a somewhat unfortunate idea of the nature of the novel. It certainly suggests nothing of the grim irony of that closing scene where the two lovers, journeying down to cast themselves at the feet of the girl they have both loved, are accompanied all the way by a singular species of railway carriage, mysterious, dark and grand, as ominous of doom as the voice heard by Oedipus in the wayside wood.

\* *The Stark Munro Letters*, by A. Conan Doyle: Longman's Colonial Library. 2s 6d paper; 3s 6d cloth. Postage 4d.

\* *The Salt of the Earth*, by Philip Lafargue: Macmillan's Colonial Library. 2s 6d paper; 3s 6d cloth. Postage 4d.

\* *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, by Thomas Hardy: Macmillan's Colonial Library. 2s 6d paper; 3s 6d cloth. Postage 4d.

[ERRATA.—In last week's issue 'The Story of Christine Rochefort' and 'The House of the Walls' should have appeared as belonging to the same library as 'The Stark Munro Letters' above.]

## THE NO-PETTICOAT CLUB.

THE very newest thing in clubs has been discovered in the United States. Its members are all girls. Indeed, in the very nature of things, this couldn't be otherwise, since it was organised for the express and particular purpose of emancipating womankind from a form of slavery under which she has endured discomfort, not to say innumerable physical ills, for years and years—in fact, ever since she began to be an integral part of the busy, work-a-day world outside of her home.

Now, a woman's club may want to emancipate itself from something or other that has nothing whatever to do with political equality. For instance, the members of new club are too occupied in getting their daily bread this with its butter and jam accessories to even think about striking out the word 'male' from the Constitution, and they will frankly tell you that they can make neither head nor tail out of the whole tariff question. They are bright, every one of them, but their brightness doesn't scintillate in a legislative way. The problem of life for these industrious maidens is the very latest method of getting through the coming winter without damp clothing, red noses and colds in the head. They have mapped out a programme and have pledged themselves to abide by the rules and regulations of the N.P.C.

Expanded, this means the No-Petticoat Club, and its members intend to liberate themselves from the yoke of dry goods' tyranny. In other words, they will hibernatise in bloomers.

Creating any sort of public sensation is farthest from their thoughts, and the reader who jumps to the conclusion that a skirtless brigade of emancipated girlhood will pirouette upon the thoroughfares is much mistaken. The bloomers will be there, but friendly mackintoshes will curtain them from the gaze of the common herd.

'It's just this way,' said a pretty girl, confidentially. She was so pretty and so confidential that you would have admired her as I did, and betrayed her as I am doing, for the purpose of letting the world know what a very sensible thing an N.P.C. is. 'We girls all earn our own livings, some of us as book-keepers, some as stenographers, others as telegraphers and in various business ways, and we have to be out, rain or shine, six days in the week. You know what it is to manage dress skirts, parcels, purses, umbrellas and what not, all at the same time, with your hands done up in gloves until they're about as useful as a pair of tongs. Then getting in and out of street cars with muddy platforms, crossing sloppy streets and walking on slippery pavements result in the certainty that, no matter how careful you are, you will reach the office bedraggled and chilly, and cross in the bargain. Sitting all day in damp petticoats is bad for the health and trying to the temper. I caught fearful colds that way last winter, and paid out a big part of my salary in doctors' bills and cough medicines. I felt that I couldn't stand it again this winter, so I talked it up among the girls, and they all fell in with the idea that a club could be formed in which every girl would promise to wear bloomers and leggings under her rain coat. We shall keep a dress skirt at the office, of course. Nobody could object to a peg in some out-of-the-way corner for that purpose. One can hop into a skirt in a jiffy and be ready for the day's routine without the aqueous accompaniment of soaked hems and trailing sponges around one's feet.'

# AMIRIA;

OR, THE MAORI PRINCESS.

**Y**ES, my niece Miriam Hinemoa Melville is a half-caste, though no one would guess such to be the case. Her mother was a Maori Princess, and her father was my brother Harry.

It may seem strange to you that my brother Harry, who was born and bred a gentleman, should have married a Maori maiden, but nevertheless such was the case. My niece Miriam was their only child, and if you like, I will tell you how it all came about.

My father was a merchant in London, and Harry and I had been brought up in the lap of luxury. My mother had died when we were too young to remember much about her. We lived in a large house in Sydenham, a few miles from London, and close to the famous Crystal Palace, and as my father supplied us with all we required in the way of money, etc., our lives ran smoothly onwards. My father had to visit the Continent on business matters once or twice a year, and whilst away from home in the South of France was taken suddenly ill, and died in a few hours. On his estate being realised, we found that instead of being able to live in affluence and ease, as we had hitherto done, it would be necessary for us both to enter into business. We knew nothing about business pursuits, and it was considered best to take some subordinate position, as clerks or otherwise, in order to gain experience. This we did, but after about twelve months of this kind of work, Harry was so thoroughly disgusted with it, that he became very miserable, until one day reading some book about New Zealand, he resolved to try his fortunes in that favoured clime. His enthusiasm kindled a desire in me to go with him, more especially as we knew full well that the few hundreds we still had would disappear in the course of a year or two if we remained in London, for we had acquired extravagant habits, which we found it almost impossible to throw off whilst in such an environment. We resolved, therefore to go to New Zealand and start sheep and cattle farming there. Harry was a strong minded, plucky fellow, with the true ring of an English gentleman about him. He said he did not care how hard he would have to work, but he would be glad to escape from the conventionalities of Society to the greater freedom of open air existence, where he could see and admire all that was beautiful in nature, and look 'from nature to nature's God.' In London, he said, where money is the god, and self interest the guiding star, he felt that his better nature was being dwarfed and crushed out of existence.

We went to New Zealand accordingly, and after travelling over the greater part of it, decided to settle in the Waihou Valley, not far from Matamata, in the Province of Auckland. One of the reasons of this was that we were practically connected with Auckland by water, for a small steamer could take a barge up to the farm when necessary. For a year or two our time was fully occupied in building, fencing, clearing, and laying down in grass. We worked hard and made good progress. We put a few sheep and cattle on the farm, intending to gradually increase the number as more of the land was

bush and creek scenery near the foot of the Ranges. We were about five miles from Matamata, and about a mile from the Maori *kaiinga* known as Waiharekeke. The Maori race are generally recognised as the most intelligent native race yet discovered, and from personal experience of many years I can safely say that they are a splendid race of people, and it is scarcely possible to say too much in their favour.

The Maori tribe or *hapu* that occupied the settlement of Waiharekeke was not a large one, but there were three or four other settlements further down the river. Kingi Hori Pohipohi, who was the Rangatira or chief, was a splendid specimen of a man, tall, active and muscular. We had dealings with him, and found him to be honest, straight-forward and manly. He took a great liking to both Harry and me, and assisted us in many ways by his kind advice and help. He spoke English very fairly. His daughter (Amiria) was a handsome girl of about sixteen, tall and beautifully formed, fit for a sculptor's model. One could not help admiring her, for from an artist's point of view, her figure was almost perfect. Her features were well formed, and her deep brown liquid eyes lit up the face with a kindly pleasant expression. She was descended from the famous and historical Hinemoa, and her mother was sister to Tawhiao, king of the Maoris. Thus she was a Maori princess, and was to succeed Tawhiao, as he had no children. She had received an excellent education at the Three Kings' College near Auckland, and spoke English fluently. She was a born artist, for her landscape sketches in crayon, though somewhat crude in parts, clearly showed the marks of genius.

Harry, too, had good artistic ability, and this was the first link that drew them together. Harry was also a great lover of nature, and deeply interested in botany, and this was largely increased on arriving in New Zealand, and seeing the luxurious growth and variety of the semi-tropical forest, which is sufficient to arouse in any one an enthusiastic love of the beautiful. In Amiria he found a thorough master in botany, for she had studied the trees, flowers and ferns from her childhood. In the evenings when our work was over, Amiria and her father would often visit us, and I soon noticed that Harry and Amiria seemed to be drawn together by the similarity of their tastes. On Sundays, too, they made regular trips to the bush for botanical specimens, for Amiria had always something to point out which she knew would interest him. On one of these occasions while walking in the bush she espied a large cluster of flowers near the bottom of the gully, and telling Harry to wait, went after them. She found the creek almost dry, but the sides were steep and formed almost like a deep ditch. Jumping into this, she was startled at hearing a deep grunt beside her, and before she recovered from her surprise, was attacked by a large boar, who rushed at her and ripped her severely in the leg. The boar then turned and charged again, but she avoided his attack by jumping in the air and letting him pass beneath her. Again and again he charged, and succeeded in slightly wounding her once more. She had cried out to Harry at the first, and he hurried to her assistance. Amiria made a dash for the side of the creek, but slipped and fell, and would have been ripped severely had not Harry's dog caught the boar by the ear and held him firmly until Harry despatched him with his sheath knife. Amiria was quite exhausted by her efforts to escape, but after staunching the blood and binding the wounds they managed to get to the edge of the bush, where they had left their horses. Amiria recovered in a few days, and was very grateful to Harry for his timely assistance.

Harry one day went into the bush to get some specimens, and said he would not return until late in the

turned riderless. I at once communicated with the Maoris in order to get them to aid me, so as to follow Harry's tracks. Amiria eagerly joined us, and it was owing to her sharp eyes that we were saved several hours of worry and toil in following his tracks. She rode to a little rising ground on the side of the range, and from this point could overlook the bush in the valley for some distance, and whilst doing this observed a slight wreath of smoke ascending from one part of the bush. She marked the spot, and went as quickly as possible towards it, and there found Harry with a badly sprained ankle. She coo-ed to myself and the Maoris who were following his tracks, and we were not long before we got Harry out of the difficulty. He was soon all right again. It appeared that he had mistaken one of the creeks for the one which led to our farm, and after following it for some time found out his mistake. Darkness set in, but he pushed on until he became hopelessly lost. The moon rose, and he again essayed to find his way, and after wandering some time, got fairly fagged out and bewildered, and in passing through a thick part of the bush, caught his foot in a supplejack, and fell heavily down a small incline. His foot was so painful he could scarcely move, so he lit a fire and made himself as comfortable as he could for the night. He did not expect to be traced so quickly, nor would he have been had it not been for Amiria, and he was consequently very grateful to her. He told me that during that night his thoughts were by no means agreeable ones. He had often thought that being lost in the bush was not a very serious matter, but when out that night the light of the moon gave a cold, weird look to the bush, and the limbs of the trees seemed to stretch out their arms to him and throw their shadows over him, as though they were going to claim him for a victim, and although he was hungry and thirsty and fagged out, he could not sleep owing to the strangeness of the situation. He had made up his mind for at least another night there, and was therefore all the more pleased and gratified at being discovered so quickly.

Some months passed away very pleasantly, and I noticed that Amiria and Harry appeared to be drawn closer and closer together, for they read the same books, drew the same bits of scenery in crayon and oil colours, and their botanical specimens were a source of deep interest to them. As I watched them from time to time it was clear to me that she loved him deeply, though he appeared not to notice it.

About this time I received a letter from our attorney in England, urging my return to attend to certain business matters in connection with my father's estate, and I accordingly left for London by the first opportunity, leaving Harry in charge of the farm. What happened during my absence I can only speak of from information I afterwards received from Harry himself. Soon after I left he joined Amiria and her father on a fishing excursion to the Hauraki Gulf with the rest of the tribe. The fish were to be afterwards preserved, in a way only known to the Maoris, for winter use. They went down to the river in canoes, past Paeroa and on to Hauwahine, and were all busy making preparations. There were nearly twenty canoes altogether, and five of the larger ones were bound for Waiheke after *hapuka* and shark, the remainder fishing in the gulf near Miranda, opposite the Thames township. Amiria and Harry had a small canoe to themselves, but Harry found it somewhat difficult at first to keep from upsetting it, and many a laugh Amiria had at his clumsiness in guiding the canoe. When they started, it was a bright calm morning, and there was just enough breeze to cause a slight ripple on the water, and the wavelets shimmered and glistened in the sunlight. The canoes separated and went to various parts of the gulf. Harry was successful at first in catching a few fish, but as the sun rose higher they ceased to bite. Harry became drowsy, and was leaning back in the canoe, when Amiria's line was suddenly jerked from her hand, and Harry, in his hurry to help her, upset the canoe, and they were plunged in the water. Amiria, who was a splendid swimmer, came to the surface laughing heartily, but Harry did not appreciate the fun, for they were some distance from the shore, and he could not swim more than 100 yards or so. They tried their best to right the canoe, but found it beyond their strength, and decided to sit astride it and wait. They had no sooner done this than they noticed a large shark close to them. He swam round and round the canoe, coming closer and closer at every turn. The tide had carried their paddles away, and they were now in a helpless condition. Nearer and nearer he came, until they could see he meant mischief. One blow from his tail would be sufficient to upset them and place them at his mercy. All the other canoes were too far away to hear their coo-ee. Amiria at once grasped the situation, and slipping off that part of her dress which would encumber her movements, leaned forward and took Harry's sheath-knife from his belt, placed it between her teeth, and plunged into the sea. Harry divined her object, and called on her to return. The shark swam close to her, and seeing she remained quite still, turned on his back to attack her. As he did so, she suddenly dived under water, and immediately afterwards Harry, to his horror, saw a violent struggle taking place, and the water was tinged with blood. He could remain still no longer, but determined if possible to assist the brave girl, so swam towards the spot. Amiria rose to the surface close to him, and on seeing him exclaimed, 'I'm hurt! I'm hurt!' and sank beneath the water, but Harry caught her, and holding her head above water swam towards the canoe. He had great difficulty in getting astride it again. Soon afterwards he heard a shout, and turning saw her father's canoe close at hand. The brave girl was placed carefully in it, and on examining her it was found that the right arm hung helplessly by her side, with the knife still clenched firmly in her hand. Her arm appeared to be broken, but on her returning to consciousness, she explained that she had received a blow from the shark's tail, which had completely paralysed her arm and her side. Harry was struck with the heroism of the brave girl, who had thus shown her love for him by risking her life to save his, and now for the first time saw clearly that she loved him. After a few days' fishing they returned to Waiharekeke and the farm.



HARRY'S HORSE RETURNED RIDERLESS.

grassed. Our farm was bounded by the Waihou River, and extended back to the picturesque bush-clad ranges which form such a prominent feature of this part of the country. The farm was mostly level, and consisted of fair alluvial land, with some very pretty

evening. The evening wore away, and the night also, and although I felt somewhat anxious, I could do nothing. Just at daybreak, however, I heard the sound of a horse, and went out to meet him. Judge of my surprise and distress when I found Harry's horse had re-

Amiria was now eighteen, and being the probable successor of Tawhiao, the Maori King, was sought in marriage by a number of chiefs from various tribes, but Te Rangi-o-te-Waitui (the Chief of the big sea) generally called 'Te Rangi,' who was the Chief of a large tribe at Hawke's Bay, seemed to be the favourite suitor. He was a bold, determined warrior, but ambitious and resentful of any interference. He wished to marry Amiria, for by so doing he eventually hoped to become King of the Maoris. He was assiduous in his attentions to her, but regarded Harry, the pakeha, with a jealous eye. On his proposing to Amiria, he was astonished and chagrined at her refusal, and finding she would not listen to him, taunted her with loving the pakeha. Hot words ensued between them, and they parted in bitter enmity. He retired to his own tribe soon after this, and Amiria hoped she would never see him again. Harry, hearing of this, from her father, and partly guessing the reason of her

husband. She rushed forward and flung her arms around Harry's neck, just in time to receive the bullet in her back. Harry's first impulse was to rush after Te Rangi, but Amiria restrained him with the cry, 'Oh, Harry! don't leave me.' He took her in his arms, and found the bullet had passed between her shoulder blades, and the blood was rushing forth at every breath she took. He realised at once that she could not live for more than a few minutes, and in his agony pressed her to him. 'Harry!' she gasped, 'I'm going to leave you,' and then appeared to lose consciousness. She turned to him again, saying, 'Good-bye, Harry; something tells me you will come to me soon,' and with one or two convulsive gasps she expired in his arms.

I was riding close by at the time, and hearing the shot in the bush, went towards the spot, and was bitterly grieved at the sight before me. We lifted her up tenderly and carried her home, and I thought it

they immediately found the trail and quickly disappeared from sight. Te Rangi, however, had a good start, and it appeared that, expecting to be pursued, he had done his utmost to baffle any who might follow him. They tracked him to Waiwhakarewarewa, near Rotorua, where they arrived in the early morning, and on questioning the natives there, heard that Te Rangi was asleep in one of the *whares*, but on surrounding it they found that the bird had flown. One young man who had slept in the same *whare* stated that about an hour before daylight he heard the dogs barking, and going to see what was the matter, he saw on the brow of the hill close by the figure of Te Rangi clearly outlined against the moonlit sky. The young chief and his warriors once more pushed forward as fast as they were able, and tracked Te Rangi to Orakikorako, and again on towards Wairaki Valley, now famous for its geysers and boiling springs, also its beautiful encrustations, petrifications, and other thermal wonders. On the eve of the second day the pursuers were beginning to lose all hope of catching Te Rangi, when they noticed his footmarks close to a small creek, and that the water near the edge of the creek was still slightly muddy, and therefore he could not have passed more than half an hour before them. This gave them renewed hope, and they pushed onward and entered the Wairaki Valley, and suddenly caught sight of Te Rangi ascending the hill on the opposite side of the gully. From his manner he appeared to have lost all fear of pursuit. Directly he had disappeared from view, they followed him rapidly, and on nearing the spot where they had seen him, they crept stealthily and silently along, well hidden by the ti-tree and scrub. Soon afterwards they saw Te Rangi in a small clearing sitting down to his evening meal. They separated and advanced stealthily towards him from different points, intending to capture him alive rather than shoot him. When within a few yards of him, some slight noise caused him to turn quickly, and on seeing his danger, he leaped to his feet, and with one blow from his *mere* stretched the foremost warrior dead on the plain. The other men pounced upon him, but he struggled long and desperately, knowing full well he was fighting for his life, and twice he fairly shook off his foes and rose to his feet, only again to be borne to the ground. They overpowered him at last, and bound him firmly, then carrying him down to the boiling, bubbling geyser, now known as the 'Champagne Pool,' they threw him in. He rose to the surface, and giving vent to a blood-curdling scream of agony, disappeared for ever.

There is a tradition amongst the Maoris that Te Rangi's spirit still haunts this pool, and they say that the wailing, moaning noise caused by the steam rushing from this geyser, just before it discharges a volume of boiling water into the air, is the last dying scream of Te Rangi. They buried their dead comrade in a small cave close to the beautiful petrifying geyser, which is now known as the 'Eagle's nest.' The steam and water from this geyser has covered the surrounding ground, ti-tree, ferns and moss with a grey-coloured deposit which has turned as hard as stone, and as large pieces of ti-tree have fallen across this geyser, it faintly resembles an eagle's nest, whence it has derived its name.

It was expected that Te Rangi's tribe would avenge his death, but though threats were made, they afterwards seemed to recognise that true justice only had been meted out to him.

Amiria's death was mourned by all the tribe. In a few days she was buried under the shade of a clump of fern trees (*pungas*), which had formed a cool retreat for her and her child, and there, with the graceful fronds and leaves of the fern trees bending towards her, and forming a canopy of beauty above her, and with the creek singing a soft lullaby at her side, she was laid to rest. This spot seemed consecrated to her memory, and was a fit resting place for one who loved nature so well.

Harry appeared to feel his loss very much, and thinking to divert his thoughts, I proposed a trip to England. To this he agreed, saying that everything on the farm reminded him of Amiria.

In passing through the Suez Canal, he caught some kind of a fever, and whilst in a delirium, dreamt he saw his wife coming to him. He got out of the bed and staggered on deck, and although we found him soon afterwards, and did our utmost for him, he died the next day and was buried at sea. Miriam, their only child, then became my special charge, and I soon learned to love her as a daughter. She has now grown into a fine young woman, and is the light and joy of my life. We have far more wealth than we require, and Miriam seems only to be thoroughly happy when she is doing good. She reminds me at times of both her father and mother, but as I watch her loving and self-sacrificing disposition, I often think of Amiria, the Maori Princess.

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M R J. I L O T T

Managing Agent for North Island



AMIRIA NOTICED TE RANGI WITH A RIFLE POINTED AT HER HUSBAND.

refusal, spoke to her and was well rewarded by noticing the depth of her affection for him. They were married within a month, and lived very happily for over a year, and were blessed with a little baby girl, who is now my niece Miriam.

I returned to New Zealand about this time, and although at first I did not regard the marriage with favour, I was so much struck with their thorough happiness that I clearly saw it was for the best, and I soon learned to love Amiria as a very dear sister. All went along peacefully and hopefully until Te Rangi appeared on the scene once more, and finding Amiria alone one day, tried to persuade her to leave her home and return with him to Napier, and he threatened if she did not he would kill both her and her husband. Fortunately her father, who was passing, interrupted Te Rangi, who left, swearing to be avenged on the accursed pakeha, who had robbed him of his bride. Amiria told Harry of this, and her father warned them to be careful, and promised to have Te Rangi watched. Te Rangi soon afterwards, however, left for a neighbouring settlement.

better to leave Harry alone with his grief, for in such moments it is impossible to give expression to the sorrow or sympathy which we feel, and all words appear to be empty and expressionless. I considered it necessary that Amiria's father should be informed at once of the death of his daughter, and took the opportunity of riding over to tell him. I found him in his *whare*, and on imparting the news to the old man he buried his face in his hands and seemed to be overcome with grief, but the next moment he sprang to his feet, grasped his *mere*, and with flashing eyes and determined mien he left the *whare*. He issued two or three commands to some of his men outside, and in a moment all was bustle. He then returned to me and asked some rapid questions as to the exact spot, and the time of the shot. Scarcely had he done questioning me, than I noticed a young chief with five warriors stood at the door. They were all naked, except for a light Maori mat around the loins, but they were well armed. Kingi Hori turned to them, and speaking rapidly and in an excited manner, told them what had occurred, and explained all particulars to



THEY CREPT SILENTLY ALONG WELL HIDDEN BY THE TI-TREE SCRUB.

The next Sunday they visited her father, and on returning home had to pass through a piece of dense bush. The track was narrow, and Harry was walking a little in front, when suddenly Amiria noticed a movement in the bush, and there saw Te Rangi with a rifle pointed at her

them, and urged them to be revenged on Te Rangi. His last words as he pointed with his *mere* in the direction which Te Rangi had taken, being 'Go! and never return until Te Rangi sleeps with his fathers.'

I took them to the place where Amiria was shot, and

**A REMARKABLE IMPOSTURE.**

In the goal in Santa Fe, New Mexico, lies the hero of one of the most remarkable impostures modern times have known. No writer of fiction has conceived anything half so audacious. These are the facts as made public at the trial. For the past twenty-five years Congress, the Government Departments, and the courts have dealt with the Peralta Land Grant. This was an attempt on the part of the descendants of a grantee of Spain to establish claim to a strip of land 75 miles wide and 225 miles long in the richest parts of New Mexico and Arizona. On this land are situated cities and thriving towns; railroads cross it in all directions; and beneath the surface are gold, silver, and copper mines of great value. At a moderate estimate the territory is worth at least £15,000,000. Had the claimant won the Government would have had to refund at least \$10,000,000 for land sold to settlers, and these settlers would have been cast in damages for an additional \$5,000,000. It was a stake worth while playing for. The claimant to all these untold riches was the alleged descendant by marriage of Don Miguel de Peralta de la Cordova, Baron of Arizona and the Colorados, Knight of the Fleece and Baron of the Order of Charles III., Knight of Montesa, Knight of the Colorados, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber with entrance at will, who, in return for great services rendered his Most Christian Majesty Phillip V. of Spain, had been given this principality in the New World. The immediate descendants of the Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber had long ago joined their royal masters, and the title to the grant had lapsed. In investigating some land titles in the Far West a man named James Addison Reavis discovered the title to the Peralta land grant, and after extensive searches, he filed with the Surveyor-General of Arizona a claim to the grant, asserting that it had been devised to him by a Dr. Willing, who in turn had been made the beneficiary under the will of Miguel de Peralta, a lineal descendant of the original grantee. In substantiation of his claim there was filed with the Surveyor-General what purported to be original documents from the Government archives in the City of Mexico, certified copies of the last will and testament of Baron de Peralta, and a mass of other documentary evidence. After careful consideration, the Surveyor-General refused to entertain the claim, and in a long and carefully prepared report pointed out many missing links and evidences of forgery in the documents.

For four years Reavis was unheard of; then he filed

an amended petition with the Surveyor General, again making claim to the grant. In his new petition he set forth that he had by marriage become the legal representative of Dona Sofia Loreto Micaela de Peralta Reavis, nee Masoy Silva de Para'ta de la Cordova, who was alleged to be the great-granddaughter of Don Miguel Silva de Peralta de las Flores. The amended claim was substantially the same as the original petition, except that the missing links were duly supplied, and the evidence in support of the claim was even more minute and voluminous. Apparently his evidence was complete, and his title, through his wife, unassailable.

A few words as to the claimant. According to his own testimony he was born in Missouri, served in the war of the Secession, and then went to Brazil. Returning to St. Louis, he found work as the driver of a tram-car, then he was a clerk, then a salesman, afterwards a news paper correspondent, and then an estate agent. It was while engaged in the last business that he met Dr. Willing, through whom he obtained the famous grant. Reavis was a man of no education up to that time. And yet this 'plain Western man of almost childlike candour and simplicity' managed to fool such astute men of the world and able lawyers as the late Senator Conkling, Colonel Ingersoll, Colonel Broadhead, now United States Minister to Switzerland; and others; while from the Southern Pacific Railroad, and various keen business men he secured hundreds of thousands of dollars to carry on his fight. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with this forgery was that a man of no education became one of the most proficient Spanish scholars of the day; and not only did he learn modern Spanish, but he became a master of the classical Spanish of the eighteenth century, the language employed by the Court of King Ferdinand VI. It was necessary for him to become an expert archaeologist; and so perfect was his knowledge of the seals and signets, the decorations and Orders of the Courts of Spain of a century and a half ago, that he deceived the most learned archaeologists of Madrid. Again the Surveyor-General of Arizona rejected his claim, and it was necessary for Reavis to appeal to higher authority. To successfully carry on his fight he needed money and influential friends. Money he soon found, and with the money came the friends. The case was submitted to Senator Conkling for his opinion. Mr Conkling spent a month in examination of the papers, and at the end of that time declared unhesitatingly that, if the title in dispute was to a farm in the Connecticut, 'the title would be absolutely perfect. As it is, on its face, the case is flawless.' But investigations made in Mexico and Spain added the most startling climax to the wonderful romance. Not only did the attorneys for the Government learn that all of Reavis's evidence was forged, but that Don Miguel Silva had absolutely no existence except in the brain of the imaginative Reavis.

**AN APPALLING RUMOUR.**

THEY SAY THAT—



PADEREWSKI



IS GROWING BALD.

**CYCLISTS' SPEED.**

EVERY time a bicycle rider pushes down one pedal he travels as far as a man eighteen feet in height would go in making one step. That is an interesting statement, and is made on the authority of a scientific journal.

The large gentleman in the illustration suggests the fabled person who wore the seven-league boots. A single glance at the picture will convey to the mind in an instant what the bicycle does and why it is so popular. Think of such a little fellow as the man on the wheels moving along at each downward pressure of his foot at the rate a man eighteen feet high walks, and you will



understand, if you are not a bicycle rider, why old and young seem to have got wheels in the head. The sensation of a rapid, smooth motion through the air, accomplished with little effort, is very agreeable. This is the sort of motion provided by the bicycle.

The accompanying picture does not really show what a difference in size there must be between the bicyclist and the pedestrian who would cover the ground with the same effort. It would be easier for the bicyclist to make the fifteen feet on a level with one pressure of one foot than to take two steps. All bicycle paths, however, are not level.



"OUR ANCESTORS."—FROM MAX'S PICTURE IN VIENNA.

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**ENGAGEMENTS**

ENGAGEMENTS are in the air. No less than seven adventurous couples, in and around Cullensville, intend to join the matrimonial fleet shortly, but their names have not transpired.

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR HUNTER TO MISS HODGSON.

A VERY pretty wedding was celebrated last week at St. Peter's church, Onehunga. The Rev. W. Hewlett performing the ceremony.

THE bride was Miss Lillian Hodgson, daughter of the late Mr George Hodgson, of Nelson, and the bridegroom, Mr Richard Hunter, of Whangarei, son of Mr William Hunter, recently of the firm of Hunter and Nolan, Auckland.

THE bride looked charming in a handsome electric blue travelling costume. Her bridesmaid Miss Noakes, was prettily attired in cream-coloured cashmere.

THE groomsmen were attended by Mr W. J. Hunter, of Paeroa, who acted as best man.

AFTER the ceremony the happy pair and guests were entertained at afternoon tea by Mr and Mrs Noakes.



# SOCIETY Gossip.

## AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 25.

We have lucid intervals of fine weather now, and enjoy them hugely, though the rain does not interfere much with lectures, concerts, etc. Of course, this has been a marked week in the "At Home" line, and I believe the special line of entertainments adopted by Mark Twain was very much appreciated, and very well attended.

### ORCHESTRAL UNION AND LIEBERTAFEL

concert on Thursday night was a brilliant *finale* to a most successful season. The leading numbers had been chosen by a vote of the members of both societies from the programme of three preceding concerts, and I believe the special line of entertainments adopted by Mark Twain was very much appreciated, and very well attended.

The large picnic party to Northcote, which takes place on Friday afternoon in the Choral Hall by His Worship the Mayor. There was a large attendance of children, the hall being so full with visitors that it became impossible to see all the exhibits, which were very beautiful, and I am glad to say, more numerous than last year, being in the Choral Hall, and in the season. Friday afternoon was beautifully fine and warm, and Saturday was also a nice day, so that in point of weather the Committee could congratulate themselves as well as on the success of the show.

### THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER SHOW

was opened last Friday afternoon in the Choral Hall by His Worship the Mayor. There was a large attendance of children, the hall being so full with visitors that it became impossible to see all the exhibits, which were very beautiful, and I am glad to say, more numerous than last year, being in the Choral Hall, and in the season. Friday afternoon was beautifully fine and warm, and Saturday was also a nice day, so that in point of weather the Committee could congratulate themselves as well as on the success of the show.

shy blue canvas, sailor hat; Mrs Walker (Parrell), fawn gown, electric blue shot silk vest, brown tulle with yellow flowers; Mrs Coleman, black silk trimmed with beads, bonnet with mauve ribbons; and her daughter, putonia striped silk trimmed with black velvet, hat to correspond; Mrs Nathan, very stylish black crepon gown, and the silk with black lace inserted in bodice, black lace picture hat with wreath of forget-me-nots; Mrs M. Clark, steel grey costume, black hat with cardinal velvet; Mrs C. M. Nelson, black beaded with blue, black hat trimmed with black feathers; Mrs T. W. Leya, handsome black mervillieux silk, bodice trimmed with jet passementerie, large black hat with feathers; Mrs Hope Lewis, pale bronze green, full front of cream chiffon, black lace hat with posies of yellow polyanthus; Mrs Penton, grey tweed costume, revers of black silk, blue vest, black lace toque, pale pink roses; her sister wore navy; Mrs Chambers, black, stylish silk cape; Mrs H. Campbell, elegant black broadened silk, magenta silk insert in bodice finished with black lace; Miss Campbell, black silk, pretty cream lace butterfly bonnet; Mrs Upton, grey, black bonnet with cream roses; Mrs O. Brown, black, jet bonnet; Mrs W. Thorne, black, silk sleeves, large black hat with white posies; Mrs Stokes, black, crepon gown, pretty bonnet trimmed with green shot ribbon and lilies-of-the-valley; Mrs Buttie, pale green, white hat with heliotrope flowers; Miss Sommerville, brown, shot broadened corsage, brown chip hat trimmed with black lace; Mrs C. B. Brown, black, crepon gown, with silk same colour, black hat with flowers; Mrs Hudson, electric blue gown, hat *en suite*; Mrs Guthridge, stylish grey check gown, drawn collar and epaulettes of shot silk, black lace toque; Mrs (Dr.) Hooper, white muslin blouse, dark skirt; Mrs A. Bruce, black and grey blouse, black crepon skirt, white hat trimmed with black and heliotrope flowers; Mrs Ross, black, huge sleeves of black silk beaded with blue, black hat with white posies; Mrs W. Thorne, black, crepon gown, pretty pearl grey frock, white picture hat trimmed with ribbon and white feathers; Mrs Cunningham, black with moiré sleeves, pretty green straw bonnet with trimming to match; and many others.

I find that in my account of the impromptu dance given at the "Towers" by the R.T.C., I omitted to give honour where honour was due, the two ladies who were credited with all the success gracefully disclaiming the entire praise. Several other ladies of the committee also worked extremely hard, notably, Mrs J. Macfarlane, Mrs Dargaville, Mrs Peel, and Miss Hay.

Dr. Hood, an extremely clever medico from Taranaki, is staying at "Palana," the pleasant boarding house next the Grammar School.

I hear that all Dr. Sharnan's lady pupils passed their First Aid Ambulance examination, and that Dr. Robertson's class at Mount Albert is progressing steadily under his patient and careful tuition.

Polo was played in Hunter and Nolan's paddock, as the Trotting Races were held in Potter's paddock.

Many of the admirers of Mr C. H. Haines' pretty yacht, the *Ngatani*, will be sorry to hear that it has been sold to Wellington parties.

We are all looking forward to the

**FLORAL FETE**  
to be held in Potter's Paddock on the 7th December. I do hope everyone who can will go with huge quantities of bouquets and flowers with which to peck each other and betwix on the most prettily decorated vehicle. It will be a most unique sight—for the colony—and a very attractive and profitable one. I hear someone has already engaged the only donkey in the city.

**LAWN TENNIS.**  
The Eden and Epsom Clubs opened their lawns for play last Saturday, and their members were very large.

At the opening of the last week there was a large attendance of the fair sex despite the weather, lady friends of a blossoming kindly undertaken to provide the afternoon tea, which was excellent. The table was prettily decorated with buttercup silk placed in art folds up the centre of the tables, and finished with vases of naturisms of various colours and daisies, surrounded by dishes and baskets of delicious cakes, sandwiches, etc. Most of the ladies wore dark frocks, though some were attired in dark skirts and light blouses.

The Italian band discoursed sweet strains of music to the accompaniment of the dancing. The table was prettily decorated with buttercup silk placed in art folds up the centre of the tables, and finished with vases of naturisms of various colours and daisies, surrounded by dishes and baskets of delicious cakes, sandwiches, etc. Most of the ladies wore dark frocks, though some were attired in dark skirts and light blouses. The Italian band discoursed sweet strains of music to the accompaniment of the dancing. The table was prettily decorated with buttercup silk placed in art folds up the centre of the tables, and finished with vases of naturisms of various colours and daisies, surrounded by dishes and baskets of delicious cakes, sandwiches, etc. Most of the ladies wore dark frocks, though some were attired in dark skirts and light blouses.

**PHYLLIS BROWN.**

## WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 22.

There were a number of ladies at the FLOWER SHOW, which was held at the Skating Rink last Tuesday afternoon. Some of the refreshments were really exquisite. Miss Helen carried off the prize for hand bouquet, and Miss F. Cooper the floral bouquet. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Levin, who wore a black silk gown trimmed with jet, black and white bonnet; Mrs Grace, shot crepon gown with white beaded revers, auru lace bonnet with forget-me-nots; Miss Gresco, pale blue costume, large









COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	NO. OF SHARES.	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION.	MANAGER.
<b>KUAOTUNU--</b>									
Maori Dream .. .. .	N.L.	9,000	60,000		s. d.	s. d.	Acres.		
Otama .. .. .	Ltd.	20,000	40,000	40,000	3 0	Nil.	100	2 0	E. J. White
Prospect .. .. .	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	10 0	0 3	11	1 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Premier (late Kuaotunu No 2).	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0				J. H. Harrison
Phoenix .. .. .	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0		50		W. H. Churton
Try Fluke .. .. .	Ltd.	12,500	50,000	60,000	3 0	0 6	30	8 9	J. J. Macky
Waitaita .. .. .	Ltd.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	0 6	20	8 9	H. Gilfillan
						0 5½	85	3 6	W. H. Churton
<b>UPPER THAMES--</b>									
<b>KARANGAHAKE</b>									
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	D. G. Macdonnell
Excelsior .. .. .	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	6½	W. R. Waters
Golden Crown .. .. .	N.L.	10,500	70,000	30,000	3 0	Nil.			W. Clarke
Golden Fleece .. .. .	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	30	10	W. H. Churton
Golden Giant .. .. .	N.L.	15,000	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.			D. G. Macdonnell
Hercules .. .. .	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	200		H. Gilfillan
Imperial .. .. .	N.L.	11,000	110,000	100,000	2 0	0 2	60	1 9	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 5	W. Gray
Stanley .. .. .	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	5 5	D. G. Macdonnell
St. Patrick .. .. .	N.L.	10,000	100,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	6 6	S. C. Macky
Talisman .. .. .	Ltd.	25,000	100,000	80,000	5 0	1 1	60	8 9	D. G. Macdonnell
Talisman Extended .. .. .	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	118,000	3 0	Nil.	67	1 4	R. M. Scott
Victor .. .. .	N.L.	110,000	220,000	140,000	10 0	10 0	90	3 6	H. Gilfillan
Waverley .. .. .	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	0 2	30	10	D. G. Macdonnell
Wealth of Nations .. .. .	N.L.	14,000	70,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	90	7	H. Gilfillan
Woodstock North .. .. .	Ltd.	5,000	50,000	35,000	2 0	0 2	9½	4 4	J. Barber
Woodstock United .. .. .	Ltd.	27,500	55,000		10 0		72	26 0	D. G. Macdonnell
<b>OWHAROA--</b>									
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	8 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	4 6	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
<b>WAITEKAURI--</b>									
Alpha .. .. .	N.L.	7,500	50,000	35,000	3 0	1 0	100	6 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	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	5	E. J. White
Grace Darling .. .. .	Ltd.	30,000	60,000	60,000	10 0	6 3	50	2 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Spur .. .. .	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
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	50,000	5 0	2 2	15	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Sovereign (late Golconda)	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	90		D. G. Macdonnell
Waitekauri .. .. .	Ltd.	15,000	150,000	135,000	20 0	Nil.	400	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 8	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. South .. .. .	N.L.	14,000	70,000	55,000	4 0	Nil.	30	6	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 7	E. J. White
<b>WAIHI--</b>									
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	3 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	2 10	D. G. Macdonnell
Star of Waihi .. .. .	N.L.	7,500	100,000	100,000	1 6	Nil.	100	0 6	J. H. Harrison
Sir Julius .. .. .	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	100		W. Clarke
Sea View .. .. .	N.L.	8,000	80,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	100		D. G. Macdonnell
Union Waihi .. .. .	Ltd.	200,000	200,000	140,000	20 0	20 0	250		
Waihi .. .. .	Ltd.	160,000	160,000	160,000	20 0	20 0	600	140 0	R. Rose
Waihi Proprietary .. .. .	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	150,000	3 0	1 0	117	1 8	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Monument .. .. .	N.L.	20,000	80,000	80,000	5 0	Nil.	100	1 3	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Silvertown .. .. .	Ltd.	60,000	60,000	60,000	20 0	Nil.	84	49 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Consols .. .. .	N.L.	17,500	175,000	150,000	2 0	Nil.	200	1 1	H. Gilfillan
Waihi Mint .. .. .	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100	7	W. R. Waters
Waihi Dredging Co. .. .. .	N.L.	5,000	100,000	100,000	1 0	Nil.			J. Barber



District Land and Survey Office. Auckland, 26th November, 1895.

NOTICE is hereby given that the under-mentioned Town and Rural Lands will be submitted for sale, by public auction, at the Lands Office, Auckland, on FRIDAY, the 20th day of December, 1895, at eleven a.m.

TOWN OF OTIHA—Block XXXI. 37.2p, total upset price £12,000.

SUBURBS OF OTIHA—Section 31a, 6a 3r 13p, total upset price, £14.

SUBURBS OF RAWEHE—Section 17, 3r 21p, total upset price, £1,155; 18, 1r 1r, £2,100; 19, 3r 8p, £1,120; 20, 2r 2p, £1,000; 21, 1r 3p, 17s 6d; 22, 1r 3p, 17s 6d; 23, 2r 12p, £2, 3s; 24, 3r 11p, £1,120; 25, 1r 0p; £2, 4s; 26, 1a 1r 5p, £2, 11s 6d.

THAMES COUNTY: TAIRUA SUBURB DISTRICT. 27 THAMES COUNTY: TAIRUA SUBURB DISTRICT. Section 11, Section 2, 4a, total upset price £3, subject to £35 for house, etc.; 3, 3a 3r 20p, £7 17s 6d, subject to £5 for printing; 4, 7a 0r 7p, £14 2s; 10a, 1a 1r 5p, £7 13s 9d, subject to £15 for house, etc.

MUSKUM ENDOWMENT LANDS: TOWN OF KIRIKIRI—Section 32, 1a, total upset price £20; 32, 1a, £20; 33, 1a, £20; 33, 1a, £20; 34, 1a, £20; 35, 1a, £20.

VILLAGE OF UPPER TEAKAU. Section 7, 2a 1r 23p, total upset price £15 12s 6d; at Tuakau Railway Station.

TOWN OF OTIHA—Section 1, lot 62, 1r, total upset price £5.

VILLAGE OF KAWO.—Section 22, 1r, total upset price, £5 2s 11d; 23, 1r, £5 1s 6d; 24, 1r, £5 1s 6d.

TOWN OF CAMBRIDGE WEST (Reclassified as Suburban).—Section 88, 1a, total upset price, £25; 89, 1a, £3; 90, 1a, £3; 91, 1a, £2.

TOWN HAMILTON EAST.—Section 190, 2r, total upset price £10; 190A, 2r, £10; 191, 2r, £10; 191A, 2r, £10; 192, 1a, £20; 193, 1a, £20; 194, 1a, £20; 195, 1a, £20; 196, 1a, £20; 200A, 1a, £20.

TOWN TAIAHANGA.—Section 11, lot 771, 1a, total upset price, £20; 772, 3r 18p, £17 10s; 773, 3r 3p, £20.

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

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.

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

MINING NEWS.

GENERAL dullness has characterized business in mining stock on the Exchange during the past week, and in many cases values have declined in a most unwarranted manner, unwarranted because the reports from the various mines continue very satisfactory, while the returns from the companies actively at work on properties already developed have been very good. A yield of £10,119 for 28 days and £102,890 for 11 months from the Waikato mine, and £12,780 from the Kapai-Vermont since February should surely convince investors that when systematically developed our mines will pay handsomely. The delay in cutting Legge's reef in Bunker's Hill Mine at Coromandel no doubt caused some uneasiness, but that fact alone cannot have affected the whole market. The real truth is that the persistent floating of new companies has resulted in the locking up of large sums of money, pending the completion of surveys, and has also glutted the market with cheap scrip. Syndicates shares in new ventures were eagerly taken up in the hopes of selling scrip at high rates later on. Now many speculators are realizing that they have got more stock than they can comfortably hold, and the result has been a general desire to sell, and when buyers were few shares were steadily offered at declining prices, a fact which caused those who wished to buy to hold off and wait until bedrock was reached. To such shares on the market when buyers are not numerous is a suicidal policy, which only plays into the hands of the 'bears.' Now that the Banks have reduced the rates of interest on fixed deposits to 3 1/2 per cent., people will be inclined to look for other channels of investment, and no doubt more local capital will find its way into the developing our mineral resources. It must not be thought, however, that no business has been transacted during the week, for on the contrary wise men have purchased largely of shares known to be really good stocks, taking advantage of the necessities of seller, to secure their shares at low rates. This has been particularly the case with regard to shares in mines that are known to be systematically worked to get the gold, and not for market purposes solely. This proves that people are ready enough to invest in companies which are being worked in a bona fide manner, which is of itself a guarantee of the permanency of the present wonderful revival in our mining industry. The formation of so many new companies, although responsible for the present dullness on the Exchange, must ultimately have a beneficial effect, for as they are nearly all no liability companies, starting therefore with cash in hand, it naturally follows that the

work done will be systematic prospecting over a widespread area of country. Such operations are the best possible basis for goldmining, and as the general tendency is towards special claims of 100 acres, labour will not be wasted in useless operations on small pieces of ground. There is every reason to expect that if these prospecting operations disclose reasonable prospects of success, the necessary capital will be forthcoming.

English investors have already shown their readiness to take up genuine ventures to a considerable extent, so that any of the new companies which strikes a payable lode, has a fair chance of being placed on the London market to secure capital to erect the requisite machinery. During the past few months alone the following companies have been registered in London:—To Aroha Syndicate, £25,000; Kathleen, £75,000; New Hauraki, £100,000; New Zealand and General Mining Syndicate, £25,000; Process Point (Coromandel), £100,000; Taratu Creek, £25,000; Union Waikato, £200,000; Victor Waikato, £110,000; Waitekauri Extended, £130,000; Woodstock United, £130,000; and Waikato Proprietary, £175,000.

Besides these several other properties are really sold, although the legal formalities have not yet been completed, as for instance the Alpha, Gladstone, May Queen, Moanatairi, Queen of Beauty, and other properties in various parts of the goldfields. All this points to the fact that capital will be forthcoming provided that suitable properties are offered. London is, however, subject to collapses, such as that which occurred a week or two ago, and which is still affecting that market to some extent. The fact that within the last week offers have been made for various mining properties by cable warrants the assumption that the London market has about recovered to its normal condition.

Concerning that collapse a London correspondent writes:—The fact that the big South African (or Kaffir) promoters and operators are turning their attention to Westralian and New Zealand enterprises, is of considerable importance to the latter colonies, meaning as it does a fresh stream of capital and investors. Curiously enough, the dabbler in Kaffir seldom meddles with Westralians or Maoris. He knows his own mine, or (what is far more important) his own men, and dreads burning his fingers if he strays out of the right groove. When, however, his men lead the way he follows readily, not to say greedily. Thus the World's Treasure mine in Westralia was floated and underwritten and sold on the week entirely by Kaffir operators, and several are biting at New Zealand properties. One great advantage of properties being taken up by London capitalists is that it is the energetic way in which the work of developing the property is pushed forward. The Waikato mine is a notable instance, also the Waikato-Silverton, while at the Waitekauri mine over 100 men are now employed on day work, and contracts in constructing a tramway and water race from the low level tunnel to the site of the new battery, and the bush tracks present a lively appearance studded with tents and wharfed. In other companies equal energy is being displayed in developing the properties, so that the results in the future must be a considerably increased output of gold. It will thus be evident that the state of business on the local Exchange this week is not a reflex of the condition of the mining industry, but purely the result of want of confidence occasioned by the buying capacity of many investors being overstrained, and also because of the plethora of scrip in companies that have not yet been able to start work, owing to surveys being unable to overlook the work they have undertaken. The permanent interests of bona fide mining should not be very prejudicially affected by the collapse in the sharemarket. English capitalists, as we have pointed out, are still acquiring for eligible properties. Hitherto their investments have turned out very handsomely, and the reports sent Home by mining experts despatched hither for the purpose of spying out the land have been of the most alluring character. Consequently it is merely a question of time before other properties will be purchased which will naturally revive the confidence of local investors.

MINING NOTES.

THAMES.

NEW ALBURNIA.

Negotiations for the sale of this property in London are proceeding satisfactorily, although not likely to be completed as soon as was anticipated, as at the request of the Home agent the time was this week extended another month, probably in order to carry the business over the Christmas holiday season.

SPECIAL DREDGING CLAIMS.

An application was lodged at the Thames for a special dredging claim of one mile frontage to the Waikato Beach. There has

been for some time a claim there called the Waikato special dredger claim, held by several Paeora gentlemen, and negotiations with Mr. Welman, of Dunedin, the inventor of the Welman dredge, have resulted in a visit of that gentleman to the claim. He is so well pleased with the prospects of the ground that he proposes spending a considerable sum of money in proving the extent of the gold which exists in a free state in the sand and mud; and if satisfactory, he undertakes the flotation of a large company at Home to work the ground. If the free gold exists in any quantity on the Waikato beach, and can be saved in the same way as is done on the Clutha and other rivers in the South Island, then it is a valuable ground, for the quality of the mud and sand per ton is much greater than that in the south. This second application shows the improvement in the prospects.

GOLDEN POINT.

The various works in connection with the sinking of the main engine shaft, and the erection of the necessary appurtenances, have all been steadily pushed forward. The contractors for the erection of the machinery are making good progress with their work; they have completed the whole of the concrete foundations, and a commencement will be made during the week to place the winding engine in position.

ALBURNIA EAST.

The work of amalgamating several small holdings to form one strong company is steadily proceeding. This week shareholders in the Alburnia East Goldmining Company agreed to authorizing the directors to purchase, for shares in the Company, and on such other terms and conditions as the directors shall think fit, the mining property known as The Welcome Licensed Holding which adjoins.

DAY DAWN.

When breaking down a leader this week a few pieces of stone showing good coarse gold were obtained. An offer has been received from a Sydney syndicate to furnish a reduction plant and battery for the use of this mine. Mr. Pond, Colonial Analyst, is now making tests of the ore with a view to deciding upon the best process to be adopted.

ORLANDO.

A great improvement has taken place in Carpenter's reef, colours of gold being well distributed through the hanging wall. This parcel of ore now being treated at the battery is of higher grade than the last.

FREEDOM.

The quartz now being obtained in this mine from the 23rd of June reef looks very well, gold being seen freely distributed through the stone. The manager has opened out on a leader running into the footwall of the 23rd June, which is about 3in in the face, and carries nice dabs of gold and very good mineral encased in a splendid channel of country.

MAY QUEEN.

In this mine the drive going west on No. 4 reef is now in 52 feet, and the reef is still carrying a little gold. The drive on the same reef going east is now in 80 feet, and a little gold is seen in the ribs of quartz when broken down. The stopes on No. 4 reef from the winze to the eastern break still continue to produce a few pounds of picked stone. The stopes on No. 4 coming west from junction, are about the same, gold being seen in the quartz broken. In the stopes going east from junction the reef is a compact body of stone three feet thick, and colours of gold are seen in each stope. The stopes on the north west reef still continue to supply a large amount of crushing dirt, and occasionally a few pounds of picked stone are secured. From the Trenton section the quartz coming to hand is of a payable grade. At the battery the dirt is shaping about the same, having on hand 620z of amalgam, and 50lb of stone.

COROMANDEL.

BUNKER'S HILL.

In order to ascertain the location of Legge's reef Mr. Reilly was engaged by the directors of Bunker's Hill Company to make a survey. That gentleman obtained permission to survey in the Hauraki mine from Captain Hodge, and completed the task towards the end of the week. The report and plan were forwarded to Auckland, and should prove reassuring to shareholders, as Mr. Reilly strongly advocates the continuation of the present course to intersect Legge's reef, which he believes to be still ahead.

GOLDEN LEAD.

At a meeting of shareholders in this company held during the week it was resolved that the directors be, and are hereby authorized to sell the property upon such terms and conditions as they may think fit. A second motion was carried empowering the directors to execute all deeds necessary to complete the sale. The chairman stated that preliminary negotia-

tions had been entered into by the directors to sell the property on the London market. They had amalgamated with the Triumph and Paul's Creek properties at Coromandel.

AMALGAMATION OF MINES.

For some time past negotiations have been in progress for the amalgamation of several small holdings adjoining the Hauraki mine at Coromandel. The companies sought to be combined were the Hauraki No. 2, Hauraki South, Hauraki Extended, Zealandia, and Southern Cross. A basis of amalgamation was agreed upon by the directors of the various Companies, and no doubt the negotiations would have been brought to a successful issue were it not for the fact that shareholders in the Hauraki No. 2 Company thought that property of sufficient value to warrant their working it singly. Just before the time when the meeting was held to empower the directors to dispose of the property shares suddenly advanced in price, and the natural outcome was that shareholders were averse to amalgamation. A committee was therefore formed by the dissentients, and when the meeting was held this week one shareholder alone held proxies representing 4,000 votes to be used to upset the proposed amalgamation. The Chairman, however, in opening the proceedings, said that since the meeting had been convened the negotiations had terminated, owing to the withdrawal of the proposal concerning the placing of the properties on the Home market. He suggested, however, that perhaps it would be as well that the directors should have general power to deal with any other proposals that might be brought forward. Eventually, after considerable discussion, the resolutions were negatived by a very large majority. It appears that the scheme for amalgamating these mines has not been abandoned, as a combined meeting of directors in the various companies was called by circular this week for the purpose of considering upon what basis the properties could be amalgamated.

ALERT.

At a meeting of shareholders in the Alert syndicate held this week it was decided to form a no-liability company with a capital of £7,000 in 70,000 shares at 2s each, nil paid up. Messrs Clements, Strahan, Johnson, Tanner, and Fleming were appointed directors, Mr. G. A. Stubbs manager, Mr. J. A. Beale solicitor, Mr. W. A. Knight auditor, and the National Bank of New Zealand bank to the Company.

KUAOTUNU.

MONARCH OF ALL.

Syndicate shareholders in this claim met during the week and decided to form a no-liability company with a capital of £10,000 in 80,000 shares of 2s 6d each. Mr. W. Elliot was appointed manager. The following directors were elected:—Messrs M. Niccol, T. Charter, T. J. Steele, A. Morton, B. Myers, and C. Burnett. The Bank of New Zealand was appointed bankers, Mr. W. A. Prime auditor, and Mr. F. E. Baume solicitor.

KAPAI-VERMONT.

A movement is foot amongst Auckland shareholders in this Company to have the head office moved from Sydney to this city, with a view to more economical working, as directors' expenses are apt to mount up when it entails several excursions to Auckland each year. Originally the bulk of the shares were held in Sydney, but lately large quantities have been purchased by Aucklanders. Accounts from the mine state that it is looking first rate, good stone being regularly obtained. As the company is now free from debt, having paid off the liability incurred for the erection of the plant by gold won from the mine this year, it is fair to assume that dividends will be paid early in 1896. As will be seen by reference to the gold returns, the crushing this month is an improvement upon the previous yield.

GLADYS.

Prospecting operations in this mine resulted this week in the discovery of a leader estimated to be worth 20z per ton.

WAITAIA.

The nineteen pounds of picked stone which were obtained from a four foot reef in this mine and sent to Auckland to let shareholders see the richness of the ore was subsequently sent to the Bank of New Zealand for treatment, the return from the nineteen pounds of stone being 35oz 11wt of gold, worth about £3 per ton.

BALFOUR.

Shareholders in the Balfour Goldmining Syndicate this week decided to form a No-Liability Company with a capital of £12,000 in 80,000 shares of 3s each, nil paid up, of which share 70,000 are to be issued to existing shareholders, and 10,000 reserved for the benefit of the Company. Directors were elected as follows: Messrs G. Harper, T. Loram, A. M. Myers, J. T. Julian and F. Earl. Mr.

H. Gillan, junior, was appointed legal manager, Mr F. E. Baum solicitor, Mr R. E. Lewis, auditor, and the National Bank, bankers to the Company.

WAIHI.

WAIHI SILVERTON.

NEW REEF TWELVE FEET.

ASSAY £45 PER TON.

A telegram was received from the manager to the effect that the newly-discovered lode is looking well. Twelve feet have been driven into it without getting any sign of the hanging wall. A picked sample from the furthest point assayed at the rate of £45 per ton.

KARANGAHAKE.

WOODSTOCK.

Reports from this mine are very encouraging, as the Maria lode looks very promising as the country has wonderfully improved, the hard rock having now given place to beautiful sandstone, which is favourable for gold. Diving southward upon the Maria lode at No. 2 level has also been resumed, while the contractors have also started to extend the level in Ivanhoe section, the object of the latter working being to intersect the Ivanhoe shoot of ore, which is expected to be met with in 80ft of driving. The tender of Neill and party has also been accepted for the excavations for the new mill site, and the contractors have commenced work.

TALISMAN EXTENDED.

Shareholders in the above company decided this week to alter the articles of Association so as to allow 1s transfer fee to be charged, and also to reduce the qualification of directors from 500 to 200 shares.

WAITEKAURI.

ALPHA.

Something like finality has now been reached in regard to the sale of this property on the London market, as a cablegram was received this week from London stating that the transactions had been absolutely completed, the necessary documents in connection with the transfer of the property having been duly signed.

WAITEMATA SYNDICATE.

Subscribers for shares in this licensed holding decided at a meeting held this week to appoint the following committee to approach the representatives of the Golden Lead mine with a view to amalgamation on an equal basis. Messrs Campbell, McLean, Nutsey, McFarlane, Dixon and Ferriday.

YOUNG NEW ZEALAND.

Samples of stone taken from this mine were on view at the Company's office during the week. The stone is of an unusual class to show gold, being a blue quartz with strong blotches of gold showing in different parts, and the gold is of a high class grade. This leader is about a foot wide, and undoubtedly when followed will bring them to the large reef which was worked on the upper ground, and from which some very rich stone was obtained.

JUBILEE G. M. COMPANY.

A new reef has been discovered on this property, on the top of the hill not far from the boundary between the Jubilee and Waitokauri No. 6. The reef was found only a few inches beneath the surface near the root of a baw tree, and on the edge of a small swamp, and a few pieces broken off this surface stone prove it a valuable find. The stone is thickly streaked with beautiful blue veins, and good judges say it is exactly similar to the stone obtained from Butler's Find in the Old Waitokauri claim. The reef is from 2 feet to 2 feet 6 inches wide, and the whole surface is of exactly the same nature, and looks worth about £30 per ton. A drive has been started to cut the reef below the surface, so that it may be properly proved, and it is quite possible it may turn out much richer at lower depths. From what can be judged of the reef on top, it has a considerable dip, and will probably, at a lower depth, be found in the Waitokauri No. 4, whilst above it runs through the corner of the No. 6 into the Waitokauri Junction.

MANGAKARA UNITED.

The reef from which stone showing dabs of gold is being got in the Young New Zealand mine is close to the Mangakara boundary.

OWHAROA.

Work is steadily proceeding in this mine. The Elliott tunnel has now been driven a total distance of 240 feet. The prospecting shaft No. 2 is now down 40 feet, and solid country was met at 35 feet. It is first class sandstone, and the same description as in the old Owharoa workings. This is in a splendid channel of country, and about half a mile south of Elliott's

tunnel, which if continued must get the same class of country.

MARITANA.

An important discovery has been made in this mine, a reef 3 feet wide having been cut from which rich prospects gave a nice tail of gold.

WARD PROPRIETARY.

The low level is passing through a splendid class of country, and the reef should be cut in 60ft more driving. From surveys taken the reef is identical with the lode in the old Nat claim and the Rising Sun reef.

CHAMBER OF MINES.

At a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Chamber of Mines held this week when there were present:—Messrs S. T. George (Chairman), G. S. Kissling (acting-secretary), A. Clark, R. Rose, and W. R. Blomfield. It was reported that 200 private members had been received. Subscriptions had been received amounting to £534 5s, and £51 had been disbursed, leaving a balance in hand of £292 5s 4d. It was also reported that 73 companies had paid subscriptions. It was resolved that a register should be opened for certificated mine managers, and also for battery managers, the fee for registration to be 2s 6d.

SOUTHERN MINING.

The Undaunted Company at Matokanui washed up 340oz.

HOME INVESTORS.

That interest in London is still being turned towards the goldfields of this colony as a source for investing capital is demonstrated by the following cable received this week by Mr H. D. Abbott from Mr Jonathan Seaver, who is at present in London:—'Company forming called New Zealand Goldfields. Purpose acquiring properties. Powerful financially and influentially. I have large interest as managing director. Got under offer for ten weeks properties, possible particularly those requiring more capital for erecting plant, particularly Upper Thames.' Mr Abbott subsequently received a further cablegram stating that the company had been formed, and that Mr Seaver expects to leave for Auckland at the end of the month.

ASSAY RESULTS.

LEADING LIGHT.

Mr D. R. S. Calbraith made an assay of stone from No. 1 reef of the Leading Light property with the following result:—Gold, 1oz 2dwt 20gr; silver, 9dwt 19gr. Value per ton, £4 12s 4d.

AURORA.

Mr Kitchener Wilson made three assays of Aurora stone, the results being as follows:—No. 1: Gold per ton, 1oz 13dwt 7gr; value per ton, £7 1s 2d; silver per ton, 1oz 0dwt 22gr, value per ton, 4s 1d; total, £7 5s 3d. No. 2: Gold per ton, 2oz 10dwt 23gr, value per ton, £10 3s 10d; silver, 1oz 8dwt 18gr, value per ton, 3s; total, £10 6s 10d. No. 3: Gold per ton, 2oz 14dwt 21gr, value per ton, £10 19s 6d; silver, 1oz 11dwt 9gr, value 3s 1d; total, £11 2s 7d.

GOLD RETURNS.

WAIHI COMPANY.

ANOTHER BIG YIELD.

£10,119 FOR THE MONTH.

OUTPUT TO DATE, £337,051.

The regularity with which the famous Waihi mine returns over £10,000 per month from the treatment of ore worth about £3 5s per ton augurs well for the future of the Upper Thames district when the areas taken up by English capitalists are worked on similarly systematic lines. For the 28 days ending Nov. 16th, 3,069 tons of ore were treated by the company's plant for the excellent yield of £10,620 worth of bullion, and another £50 was obtained, some tailings making the total yield £10,119. The return is not quite equal to last month's, which is attributable to the fact that 120 tons less of ore were treated this time. The average value per ton was about £3 5s 6d. This return makes the total output for the eleven months of the present year amount to £102,580 as against £70,392 for a similar period in 1894, an increase of £32,188 for 1895, with still a month to run. The rate at which the cuttings are increasing each year may be estimated from the following figures:—1890, £20,930; 1891, £23,934; 1892, £44,883; 1893, £61,805; 1894, £82,820; 1895 (for eleven months), £102,580. The total output of bullion from this mine since 1890 has been £337,051.

KAPAI VERMONT.

The past month's returns from this mine

was also satisfactory in that although the tonnage treated was 44 tons less than the previous crushing, still the yield of gold only showed a falling off of 5oz, which of course means that the ore treated was of better grade this month. Since last return 311 tons of ore were treated for a yield of 579ozs of melted gold, worth about £1,295. The total output of gold from this mine since February, when crushing commenced, is £12,730.

GOLD EXPORT.

Bullion to the value of £2,500 was shipped by the Tasmania last week for London. The Bank of New South Wales despatched for London on Saturday 1,586oz of bullion valued at £4,580.

CALLS AND DIVIDENDS.

Waihi South, December 6th ... 0 0 0  
Woodstock North, December 15th ... 0 0 1

THE WORLD RUNS AWAY FROM US.

The other day we had a talk with a man who knew as little of the world around him as a baby. Yet he was a man of naturally fine intelligence. He had just been relieved from prison. Ten years ago he was incarcerated under a life sentence. Recently, however, circumstances had arisen which proved his innocence, and he obtained his freedom. But nothing seemed as before. He had been stationary while the world moved on. Many of his old friends were dead, and all were changed. A big slice of his career was lost, and worse than lost. Could he ever make it up? No, never. Besides, although he had committed no offence, the mere fact that he had been convicted of one would always place him at a disadvantage.

Different as it is in all outward conditions long illness produces results which resemble those of enforced solitude. When confined to our homes by disease we are virtually out of the world. Friends may, and do, pity us; but they do not lie down by our side and suffer with us. Ah! no. They go their own ways and leave us alone. In the midst of company we are still alone. Enjoyment, food, sleep, fresh air, water, meat, work, etc.—these are for them, not for us. Alas! for the poor prisoner whose jailor is some relentless disease. Who shall open the iron doors and set him free? 'I never had any rest or pleasure.' So writes a man whose letter we have just finished reading. 'In the early part of 1888,' he says, 'a strange feeling came over me. I felt heavy, drowsy, languid, and tired. Something appeared to be wrong

with me, and I couldn't account for it. I had a foul taste in the mouth, my appetite failed, and what I did eat lay on me like a stone. Soon I became afraid to eat, as the act was always followed by pain and distress. Sometimes I had a sensation of choking in the throat as if I could not swallow. I was swollen, too, around the body, and got about with difficulty owing to increasing weakness.

'At the pit of my stomach was a hungry, craving sensation, as though I needed support from food; yet the little I took did not abate this feeling. My sleep was broken, and I awoke in the morning unrefreshed. For four years I continued in this wretched state before I found relief.'

This letter is signed by Mr Charles H. Smith, of 19, New City Road, Glasgow, and dated February 15th, 1893.

Before we hear how he was at last delivered from the slavery of illness, let us listen to the words of a lady on the same theme: Mrs Mary Ann Kealing, of Station Road, Miverton, near Galinsborough. In a brief note dated January 3rd, 1893, Mrs Kealing says she suffered in a similar way for over fifteen years. Her hands and feet were cold and clammy, and she was pale and bloodless. She had pain in the left side and palpitation, and her breathing was short and hurried. No medicines availed to help her until two years ago. 'At that time,' she says, 'our minister, the late Rev. Mr Watson, told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and urged me to make a trial of it. I did so, and presently felt great relief. It was not long before the bad symptoms all left me, and I gradually got strong. I keep in good health, and have pleasure in making known to others the remedy which did so much for me.'

Mr Smith was completely cured by the same remedy, and says had he known of it sooner he would have been saved years of misery.

The real ailment in both these cases was indigestion and dyspepsia, with its natural consequences. Throughout the civilized world its course is marked by a hundred forms of pain and suffering. Men and women are torn to pieces by it as vessels are by the rocks on which they are driven by tempest. So comprehensive and all-embracing is it that we may almost say that there is no other disease. It signifies life transformed into death, bread turned into poison. Watch for its earliest signs—especially the feeling of weariness, languor, and fatigue, which announce its approach. Prevention is better than cure.

But, by the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, cure is always possible; and poor captives in the loathsome dungeons of illness are daily delivered as the hand of the good German nurse swings open the door.

FITZGERALD BROTHERS' NEW LONDON COMPANY.

DIRECT FROM LONDON. Combined with DIRECT FROM LONDON.

A MONSTER CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE OF WILD BEASTS

FOR A SHORT SEASON —OF— FOR A SHORT SEASON  
SEVEN NIGHTS! SEVEN NIGHTS!

OPENING NOVEMBER 30

MESSRS FITZGERALD BROS.

During their trip round the world in search of

NOVELTIES FOR AUSTRALIA

Have succeeded in engaging the following well-known stars from the principal Theatres, Music Halls, and Circuses of the Old World, and they make their appearance before an Auckland audience, on

THE RECLAIMED GROUND, ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.

MDLLE. ADLENA ATONIO.

This Lady was the Star of Europe last season. For two years the Star of the London Aquarium, Dame Nature's Mould of Beauty, Strength and Grace. The absolute Miracle of the Gymnastic World. A Phenomenal Woman. Don't miss this Act. A Double Backward Somersault from the roof.

PROFESSOR PEART! PROFESSOR PEART! PROFESSOR PEART!

Engaged from Inry Kiraly's Indian Exhibition, Earl's Court, London. He will DIVE from the DOME of the Tent into a Tank containing only six feet of water. THE CHAMPION HIGH DIVER OF THE WORLD. And the Latest and Greatest London and American Success—

MR E. L. PROBASCO. WATCH FOR HIM.

(2) THE ELAIRS BROS. (2)

Crocodiles and Demons. The Brothers must be allied to the Invertebrate tribe, for their gyrations are most sinuous and snake-like. The elder brother's neck, jawbone, and teeth are evidently of the pre-historic age, the ease with which he balances himself in the air being little short of Miraculous. Such an Act as this has never been seen in Australia.

M A H O M E T

The Sensational, Original, and ONLY TALKING HORSE. He adds, subtracts, divides, multiplies. Tells the time by any watch. Who took London by Storm. He is not a Trick Horse, but an EDUCATED HORSE, and has performed at four Music Halls nightly in London for two years, and created a perfect furor, and performed before the Royal Family on several occasions.

THE BAND UNDER HERR VON DER MEHLEN, THE GREATEST CORNET SOLOIST LIVING

MAKE A NOTE OF THE DATE AND PLACE. On RECLAIMED LAND, QUAY-STREET.

DAY SHOWS—WEDNESDAY, 4TH; FRIDAY, 6TH; and SATURDAY, 7TH.  
Doors open at 2. Perform at 3.

ADMISSION—DRESS CHOLE CHAIRS, 4s; STALLS, 3s; GALLERY, 2s; and PIT, 1s.

A NOTE TO OUR COUNTRY FRIENDS:—

The Circus will not go to the Waikato this season, but arrangements have been made with the Railways to run Special Trains and Special Fares. See Railway Posters and Advertisements. A Special Steamer will run from the Thames on Wednesday 6th. Return Fares on and up to Monday 9th, inclusive, 5s. A Special Steamer will run from Coromandel on Thursday 5th. Return Fares on and up to Monday 9th, and inclusive, 5s. —MORRIS, AGENT.

# MAUBIKECK,

## THE LION-TAMER.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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

### CHAPTER II.

'GRAVISCOURT'S genius for entertaining is indisputable,' said the major, on the following evening, as he, Dilkins and I sat together, among a score or more kindred spirits, all forming an appreciative audience at Graviscourt's 'stag' entertainment.

'True,' I replied, with a tinge of malice. 'One almost forgets who his host is, with so much to amuse.'

The programme was a sort of vaudeville. There were songs, skirt dances, comic sketches by more or less famous artists in their line, and the time was so well filled and passed so pleasantly that the hours glided by almost imperceptibly.

Midnight was the hour for supper, and a royal supper it was.

It was understood that after supper cards would be in order. An interval of half an hour was allowed for chat. During this interlude, the guests sauntered to and fro in the elegant parlours, crony meeting crony and together admiring the paintings, bric-a-brac and sculpture, in the gathering of which Graviscourt was a master.

Dilkins with his usual curiosity and push, was ramming around in some cabinets he had succeeded in opening, and he suddenly electrified us all by exclaiming:

'By Jove! Dick! Major! Look at this!'

The major, Graviscourt and I reached him at the same moment.

'By Heaven! That face!' he cried, thrusting a photograph into the major's hand.

'That is a likeness of Alice Graviscourt, my Mother's wife, taken some four years before she died,' said our host, calmly.

'Is it?' almost shouted Dilkins. 'If it isn't the Queen of the Flying Trapeze, I'm a Dutchman.'

Even the major's face was a little pale. I looked over his shoulder. Sure enough, the face in the picture was very like the face of Nita Barlotti, but lacked the sadness that characterised the beautiful countenance of the circus girl.

'What do you mean?' asked Graviscourt.

And the major told him about Nita and Maligni's circus.

'Probably more a fancied resemblance than a true one,' he said calmly, as he took the photograph and replaced it in the cabinet from which Dilkins had removed it.

Nothing more was said that night about the occurrence, but it had produced in my mind an impression that could not be shaken off. At a late hour I left, pondering deeply over the striking features in the photograph and their resemblance to the face of Nita Barlotti.

On the following day when I awoke the first thoughts that came to me were of Graviscourt's picture of the dead woman. Having eaten my breakfast and taken a stroll, I found that no effort of my will could efface from my mind the horrid suspicion that had lodged there. I was in the grasp of an impulse, and could not shake it off. Having fought it to no purpose, I resolved to give it full rein—to give myself up to the work of explaining, if explanation could be found, the resemblance between the wife of Charles Graviscourt and Nita Barlotti.

With some wild fancy that I was furthering my own affairs and helping myself by seeking to overthrow Graviscourt, I was led by the extravagant phantom of my brain to Trinity Cemetery. Having arrived there, I sought and found the family plot of the Graviscourts, in which a marble monument reared its head over three graves.

Three sides of the monument were carved. On one I read:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES GRAVISCOURT.

Born, Feb. 18, 18--  
Died, June 10, 18--

On another I read:

ALICE.

BELOVED WIFE OF CHARLES GRAVISCOURT.

Born, April 6, 18--  
Died, July 21, 18--

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

She has joined her Saviour.

On the third:

ALICE.

INFANT DAUGHTER OF CHARLES AND ALICE GRAVISCOURT.

Born, Oct. 4th, 18--  
Aged 2 years.

'What a fool I am!' I muttered, as I

turned away. The air seemed to have grown chilly since I had come there, and I drew my coat close around me and returned to my carriage.

Like all meddlers, having been disappointed, I was determined to try again, and my next visit was to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, at 301 Mott street.

Upon making my errand known, some little wonder was apparent among the clerks, but I was readily accommodated, and was soon looking over the death records of sixteen years before, the year in which occurred, according to the marble shaft in Trinity, the death of Alice, daughter of Charles and Alice Graviscourt.

At last I found what I was looking for. I held in my hand the certificate of death of the child whose timely removal had made Ralph Graviscourt a millionaire.

Nothing was wrong about the certificate. Every form of law had been complied with. The cause of death was small-pox. The signature of the physician attached was 'C. Sigmotta, M.D.'

'Well, I am an infernal fool,' I said to myself, as I again started homeward, foiled in my attempt to stir up a tragedy. 'Really, I must learn to mind my own business. I have wasted an entire day trying to stir up ghosts that won't be stirred. But having gone so far, I am going to take one step more and find out who "C. Sigmotta" was. I never heard of him, but it must be all right or the certificate would not have been accepted.'

Doctor Dinmore, the Secretary of the New York Medical Society, was a friend of long standing. I felt that I could rely upon him, and was soon at his door.

He greeted me cordially, and I had no difficulty in telling him what I wanted to know. He smiled, and proceeded to look over some old folios he had taken from a recess in his bookcase.

After a few minutes spent thus, he said: 'I find here the name of Charles Sigmotta as a member of our society fourteen—fifteen—even twenty years ago. He does not seem to have been prominent, but little mention being made of him, except the fact that he attended meetings. I hardly recall the name and do not recollect the man. But there is no doubt he was a physician in good standing. He is not a member now. Wait. Ah, here it is! He resigned thirteen years ago. Where he is now, I do not know.'

'It is not important,' I said. 'What I want to know is this: Sixteen years ago documents—say death certificates—signed by him would be above suspicion, would they not?'

'To the best of my knowledge and belief they would,' replied Doctor Dinmore. 'I know of nothing that indicates to the contrary.'

Having once more had my suspicions laid to the ground I thanked the doctor and hurried home.

I had finished with Graviscourt, but not with Nita Barlotti. The impulse to see her again was too strong to be controlled, and that evening I again occupied a box in Madison Square Garden.

The programme was exactly the same as it had been before, but I felt no interest in the opening act. Even the lion tamer failed to amuse, though I could not help being charmed by the massive beauty of the man. But I was there to see Nita Barlotti, and I sat impatiently until it came her turn to appear.

But now I was doomed to a disappointment that was keen in the same measure as my former eagerness. Instead of Barlotti, there appeared on a small balcony, near the bandstand, the same greasy, mean-looking Italian who had led the trapeze queen away on the night of her successful debut. He was flimsily dressed, this Italian, in the taste of a man fond of display and devoid of good taste. His clothes were long and flaunting. He wore diamonds of prodigious size. He was his own ideal of a successful circus owner. Of that there could be no doubt.

This creature bowed low to the audience that had poured their silver into his coffers, and in a thick voice said:

LADIES AND SHENTLEMENS: It haf become my sad duty to inform you dat you will be disappointed great dis evening. De bright star, de von shining jewel, of this great aggregation of mammoth attractions, will not be able to appear before you dis evening. Signorina Barlotti haf been suddenly taken ill, and my regard for dis young lady is so great dat I haf insisted dat she remain quiet under de care of a doctaire, until she haf fully recovered. I know, my dear friends, dat you will sympathize wif our favourite trapeze queen, and will bear in good part dis great disappointment. And I will assure you dat Signorina Barlotti is sad, and sends many regrets dat she is not able to attend dis evening. But if she is better to-morrow evening, so dat it will not do her any harm, don, maybe, I will allow her to come once more and gif you pleasure. My friends, I thank you.

Bowing again, the Italian disappeared. I had been, perhaps, the most eager listener in that vast audience, and was certainly the most disappointed. I had, half risen in my place while Maligni was speak-

ing, and was watching him through my glass. Standing near him, I saw Maubikeck, clad in ordinary garb, and a finer specimen of man I never saw. The lion-tamer stood firmly on both feet, his arms were folded and his head was bent as if listening to the speaker. On his handsome face there was an intense look—his brow was stern, his eyes cold and menacing, his lips slightly curved in a sneering smile. When Maligni had finished, Maubikeck shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

'He loves Barlotti,' I said to myself, 'and he loves her as few men love or have the power of loving. Some day, if Barlotti should return that love, there will be a clash, a crash and somebody's blood will be spilled. And as between Maubikeck and Maligni, I would not give much for the latter gentleman's chances.'

I did not tarry long. With a feeling of keen disappointment I left the Garden and went to my hotel. As I was going up the stairs to my room I met Major Simmons coming down.

'Well, well!' he said, seizing me and turning me round under the electric light. 'What the deuce has happened to you, boy? You are not given to sudden disappearances that worry your friends. Explain why you have not been to the club. I came to see if you were ill.'

I was touched by this evidence of friendship on the part of a man so many years my senior, and shook his hand gratefully.

'I am well, major. Come back with me and smoke a cigar while I tell you all about it.'

The resolve to unburden myself to my kind friend had come to me suddenly. It seemed to me that I needed a confidant, and there were only two men in New York to whom I was close enough to talk about this matter, and of these the major was surely the safest and best able to advise. The blundering Dilkins was not the man to be intrusted with a suspicion the mere breathing of which would undoubtedly cause a social Vesuvius that would envelop the fashionable world of New York.

The major accompanied me back to my room, and I turned on the light. I had comfortable quarters, even elegant. I was not a millionaire like Graviscourt, but my income was sufficient to enable me to occupy my present quarters. Keep a team of horses, and dress in the prevailing fashion, leaving still a balance for traveling, books, or any expenditure for luxuries in which I might wish to indulge. I occupied two rooms—one a bed-room, and the other a large handsome room in which I had placed the most comfortable furniture I could get. And the room was made larger still by an alcove opening from it, in which there was a well filled bookcase, a huge lounge, and, in a good spot by the window, a desk.

It was not my habit to keep a stock of cigars in my room, because I was seldom there when I wanted a smoke, and I found that the last cigars in a box that had dragged out its last days in my room were apt to be dry and cracked, and the flavour greatly injured.

I rang for a night waiter and ordered some cigars of a brand that I knew the major liked, and also some wine.

These comforts of a bachelor's life having appeared, the major lighted a cigar, and enconced himself comfortably in a large arm-chair, resting his head on the high back and throwing one leg over the other, settled into a lazy position.

'Now go on,' he said. 'Tell me what you have been doing, and where you have been hiding all day.'

'I have turned ghoul,' I said, half laughing and half earnestly. 'I have become addicted to the very reprehensible habit of turning up graves.'

The major looked at me gravely for a moment, puffing energetically at his cigar, while I did the same at mine.

'That is bad business,' he said, after the pause. 'In the first place, it is dangerous. You are liable to be caught and sent to prison, and another thing, you might contract disease.'

'Yes—small-pox, for instance,' I said.

'Ah! I did think you were joking,' said the major, 'but now I begin to see light. How many nights have you spent in your new enterprise of body-snatching, and whom have you snatched?'

'None,' I replied. 'My ghoul-h exploits are confined entirely to the hours of day.'

'You are reckless. Still, I must say I admire your courage. But you have only answered part of my question.'

'Oh, I haven't snatched any body, really. I am in a sort of resurrection business.'

'Don't you think you might better leave that to Gabriel? Those things are managed better at headquarters, you know.'

'Pshaw! You know well enough what I mean. I won't beat about the bush any longer,' and I thereupon told him all that I had done, leaving out no detail.

While I was speaking, the major looked at me gravely, and when I had finished, he merely blew his cigar smoke into the air and said nothing.

'I could not help it,' I said in apology. 'That story of yours about the lucky uncle, and the remarkable similarity in the faces, left an impression that I could not shake off. Nor could I resist the impulse to investigate.'

'Nor I.' 'You! I jumped from my chair in excitement.' 'You?'

'Yes. When Graviscourt held that photograph in his hand, I detected evidence of agitation in his manner. The impression the whole thing gave me was very like yours—the impulse the same. This morning I rose early and visited Trinity Cemetery. In the afternoon I visited 301 Mott street, the Bureau of Vital Statistics.'

'And were disappointed—or pleased—at finding just what I found,' I said; 'that everything was all right.'

'I saw just what you saw,' said the major; 'and had it not been for a chance meeting, I would have reached the same conclusion that you have.'

'My breath was coming hard from me now.'

'Well!' I gasped.

'When I left 301 Mott street, I saw Graviscourt's carriage. Thinking it a strange coincidence that he should be in the vicinity, I followed it. It stopped before one of the most miserable places in the Italian quarter. In the lower portion of the building was a dirty-looking drug store. Over the door was the sign, "L. Tortoni." I saw Graviscourt get out of the carriage and enter the drug store. I hurried past, hoping to get a look into the window. I was not disappointed. I saw the proprietor greet Graviscourt as an acquaintance, and they went into a back room. When I returned the carriage was still there, and a woman was in attendance in the store. The conference between Graviscourt and Tortoni was a long one.

'There is certainly something in the wind,' I exclaimed. 'There is—there is—I am certain of it. What do you think? What do you advise?'

'We must move cautiously. Even yet there may be some hideous mistake, and a false move would put us in an unpleasant position. But there is something, I have not told you the most important fact.'

'What is it?' I asked.

'If I am not mistaken—I may be, because dissipation changes faces—but if I am not mistaken, L. Tortoni is no other than Doctor Charles Sigmotta, Graviscourt's old friend.'

'Sigmotta?' I exclaimed. 'The man who signed the death certificate of the Graviscourt child?'

'The same.'

This news was so overwhelming that I sat silently smoking for several minutes. In fact, but little more was said by either of us. After a few minutes the major reached over, poured himself out some wine, drank it, and took his hat as if to go. I saw him to the door, and promising to meet him at the Lotus Club the following day, I returned to my room, where I threw myself down on the couch in the alcove, utterly lost in the bewildering sensations that the major's story had aroused.

### CHAPTER III.

ACCORDING to my promise, I met Major Simmons at the Lotus Club at four o'clock on the following afternoon. Dilkins was there, and stuck so close to us that we found no opportunity to speak on the subject which I now knew seemed as important to my elderly friend as it had to myself. We went to supper together, all three, and at my suggestion—in fact, upon my invitation—all agreed to spend the evening at Madison Square Garden. To Dilkins, of course, this was nothing else than the prospect of an evening's pleasure. To the major and me it was the prompting of the same irresistible impulse that had guided our movements since Dilkins had unearthed the photograph of Alice Graviscourt. I wished to be present at the circus to see if Signorina Barlotti actually appeared; and if she did, how she looked and acted. If she did not, I wanted to hear Maligni's excuse for her non-appearance. Anything pertaining to Barlotti was eagerly sought, so that my suspicious

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might either be absolutely disproven or might lead to something tangible in the way of corroborative evidence.

Thus it was that at eight o'clock we were in our seats at the circus, watching the incoming crowd, which seemed to me greater than usual.

Dilkins wrigled about in his seat, aimed his opera glasses at all the pretty women he saw, and kept uttering exclamations over the beautiful toilets that pleased him most.

The major sat down low in his seat, his chin almost hidden, his eyes directed straight before him, seemingly lost in reverie. I confess that I was more like Dilkins than I was like the major. I, too, was supplied with a glass, and scanned the increasing audience, if not with the same eagerness as Dilkins, at least with enough boldness.

At last the programme was started, as usual, with the trained elephants. This drew the attention of Dilkins away from the women in the audience, and he became an enthusiastic admirer of the huge brutes in their well-timed drill and manoeuvres. As for me, I scarcely saw them at all, so impatient was I for the act to progress and bring Signorina Barlotti before us. And the major did not change his position, but sat in his intense mood, oblivious of the applause that greeted the elephants, and of the cheering and clapping of hands that marked the close of their act.

And when Maubikeck came, he stiffened up a little, and attentively watched the lion-tamer. Whether this was because he was actively interested in the man himself or that his presence brought to the major thoughts of Barlotti, I did not know. I looked at Maubikeck with the same admiration that I had felt on the two previous occasions when I had seen him.

The intervening acts passed, and Barlotti came. A hum was heard in the Garden, then it grew to a roar, then it became an uproar. The people were giving expression to their pleasure at the trapeze girl's recovery. Nita bowed, and this time she smiled, but it was a sad smile, in which the lines of suffering could plainly be seen in her face.

When she came on, I saw Maubikeck standing near the ropes of the trapeze, and as the girl passed him, I saw her glance up into his face with a look that spoke unutterable and undying love; and with this love there was mingled gratitude. I glanced at the major's face. It was set and stern, and his keen eyes were bent on the beautiful actress.

She stepped into the loop of rope and was drawn up to the trapeze. She sprang from the trapeze to the bar and back again. Then she hung head downward and swung to and fro on the flying trapeze.

Suddenly there was a smell of smoke, and a streak of flame shot upward. The rope of the loop—the one that carried Barlotti aloft and brought her down again—was burning. It had evidently been saturated with oil, for it burned fiercely, and the flames licked upward as only the flame of burning oil can do.

Cries of horror rose all over the Garden. 'Barlotti is in danger!' 'The rope is burning!' 'Heaven! Somebody save Barlotti!' 'No one can save her. She is doomed!'

And Signorina Barlotti, when she saw the flames coming toward her, gasped and hung half fainting on the bar of her trapeze.

In the excitement people left their seats and crowded into the ring. Women fainted, children screamed, and even men seemed beside themselves.

I had left my seat, and had drawn nearer to the ground inside the trapeze. I saw there was still a rope that held this in its place, and down which the girl might alight with safety. I was about to call to her when I saw an attendant of the circus—evidently an Italian—touch a match to this rope, and the flame began its deadly work. Apparently I was the only one who saw the act, and I sprang forward to seize the miscreant, but he disappeared like a snake in the crowd.

At that moment I heard a deep voice near me calling: 'Nita! Nita! Hold fast to your bar. I, Maubikeck, will save you.'

Turning, I saw the lion tamer at the newly fired rope, and, regardless of burned hands, he was trying to extinguish the flames. I stepped to his side and helped him.

Together we fought the devilish flame, my hands being severely burned, until the lower part of the rope was free from fire.

Above there was still flame, and it was rapidly licking its way toward the trapeze. 'Hold this rope tight! I shouted the lion tamer in my ear.

Instinctively I seized it, and in another moment the major was with me. Together we pulled at the charred rope, while Maubikeck climbed upward, extinguishing the flames as he progressed.

'The rope will break, and he will fall,' I said to the major.

'No, it will not,' he replied. 'It has been oiled, and the oil is burning. The rope will not burn through until the oil

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has been exhausted. But he must hurry—it won't take long.'

Inch by inch, foot by foot, the lion tamer fought his way upward, until at last he had extinguished all the flame of the ascending rope. But the sides of the trapeze were burning, and over these Barlotti must climb to reach the rope the lion tamer had rendered safe.

'Heaven! some one in the audience cried. 'He cannot reach her! She must die!'

Suddenly a pistol shot rang out, and a cry of horror swept over the panting, excited crowd. I looked upward, expecting to see either Maubikeck or Barlotti fall dead.

### CHAPTER IV.

To my surprise, neither the lion tamer nor Nita exhibited any signs of having been shot. Above the roar of the crowd I heard his voice.

'Nita!' he cried. 'Nita! Leap into my arms. Do not hesitate. I can hold you.'

The girl obedient to his command and confident of his power, swung the burning trapeze outward, then inward, and releasing the bar, leaped squarely at Maubikeck through space. His outstretched hands seized her and held her safe.

The impact swung the major and me several feet, but we retained our hold on the rope.

Simultaneously with Nita's courageous leap, a cry came from the crowd.

'Maligni's shot!' some one cried, and the cry was taken up and echoed all over the Garden. The uproar increased, and the centre of excitement moved away from us to that point where the wounded showman lay.

We paid very little attention to Maligni's part in the affair, at least I did. In a few minutes Maubikeck had descended with his half fainting burden, and his bruised hands held her tenderly, while a flask of brandy that some person handed to the major was pressed to her lips.

'Get her safely home,' said the major. 'Dick, you stay and help the lion tamer. I am going to see what has happened to the Italian.'

So he left. I did not see Dilkins. He had disappeared in the crowd, probably around Maligni.

'Can I be of any help?' I asked Maubikeck.

'Who are you?' he asked, in reply. 'Wilberton, of the Lotus Club,' I answered.

'Come with me,' he said. 'Perhaps you may be able to help me solve this hellish mystery. This girl is surrounded by enemies, who are trying to kill her. The reason we do not know. Come with us to her hotel. Maligni will not interfere tonight.'

'Did not some one cry that Maligni was shot?' asked the girl.

'Yes,' I replied. 'Some one has shot the Italian.'

'Oh, Heaven!' she cried, in intense excitement. 'When and how will it all end?'

Motioning for me to follow, the lion-tamer led her away, and I followed at a respectful distance. He took her first to her dressing-room, where he left her in charge of an attendant. Then he joined me.

'When Nita is dressed,' he said, 'we will go to her hotel. I am not accustomed to New York. You may be able to help us find her enemies.'

Keeping the knowledge of what I had seen—the Italian firing the rope—for future divulgence, I stood with Maubikeck, awaiting the appearance of the trapeze queen.

At last she came. Although I had been fascinated by her beauty as seen in the circus, I was not prepared for the vision of loveliness that came, pale but smiling, from the dressing-room and gave her hand to Maubikeck to be led away.

Beautiful as the trapeze queen had seemed in her brilliant waist and tights, as she appeared in her trapeze performance, she was doubly beautiful now, clad modestly and becomingly for the street.

There had been before a sort of goddess-like sacredness about her in her abbreviated garments which made her seem like a beautiful being apart from us; but clad in the conventional form, she was a woman with all the grace and attractions of the most beautiful of her sex when clothed with lavish richness combined with excellent taste.

In her circus glitterings she had not seemed so tall, but now I saw that she was of good stature, and her bearing was queenly. Yet, with it all there was a look of settled sadness on her face, the same that we had noticed before. And that sadness, instead of being hidden by the smile of gratitude we received when she came out and found us waiting, seemed augmented by the excitement and danger through which she had just passed.

As Nita came from her dressing room she was accompanied by an ugly Italian woman, who acted probably in the capacity of maid and attendant, but more particu-



larly, I learned later, as a sort of keeper or watchdog for Maligni. Upon this woman's face there was a look of angry protest, as if she had held forth against the departure of Nita with Maubikeck and myself. But the girl came forward and was met by the lion-tamer, who placed her hand on his arm and led her through a private hall and exit to the street. I had hesitated about accompanying them, but Maubikeck had repeated his request that I should assist him, if possible, to unravel the mystery of the murderous animosity with which the girl was surrounded.

When Maubikeck spoke Nita turned toward me, and said:

"You are the gentleman who assisted in saving my life. I thank you, sir, for the great kindness. Surely, I am in some person's way, and unless the secret is discovered I shall, no doubt, be murdered. If you can help me, you will win my gratitude."

Thus prettily asked I walked beside them, and the old woman came ambling after, muttering to herself things I could not understand, but in which I frequently heard the name Maligni.

Now, there was more than one reason why it seemed perfectly proper for me to accompany Nita and Maubikeck, and lend what assistance I could in this time of need. To begin with, I was much interested in the girl herself—personally—because of her grand beauty, and the romantic interest always attached to a beautiful girl in her position. Now that she was in danger chivalry seemed to direct me to her assistance. I did not feel that this was at all a matter in which I was romantically concerned, for I loved Edith Broughton, and no amount of glamour or other foil could dull that love.

Secondly, I was interested in Nita Barlotti, as has been shown heretofore, because she closely resembled the photograph of Charles Gravicourt's wife, and because in that resemblance there had seemed to be some shadowy hint that Gravicourt was not all that he seemed to be before the world. And in striking at Gravicourt, I was striking a blow for my own love, and this is a motive that will always stir the heart of a man whose love is withheld from him by another's will.

Thirdly, I was interested in the lion tamer. He impressed me as being no

ordinary individual—very different from the average circus attache, as was Barlotti herself; and in the evidences of love that I had seen pass between these two, I had seemed to see a reflection of my own, and this claimed my interest if nothing else.

Fourthly, I had seen the act of the man who had set fire to the trapeze rope, and was, no doubt, the only human being save himself, who had seen it. It became me, therefore, to aid Maubikeck and Nita by using the knowledge I possessed, and by identifying the miscreant who had fired the rope, ascertain through him his motive, or, if he had been employed to do the thing, the name of his cowardly employer.

One of the facts that I learned by this adventure was that the stars of a circus lived, when away from the glare and the tinsel of their profession, much like other people with plenty of money to spend.

Leaving the Gardens by means of one of the private entrances, Maubikeck hailed a carriage. It was a good one, and was drawn by a team of well-fed, sleek-looking horses, and I thought it was probably the one he used every night for his own conveyance, and we all got into it. Maubikeck and Nita sat together, and the old hag sat with me, with our backs toward the driver. She was not a pleasant carriage companion, and I would gladly have changed places with Maubikeck. The old woman awayed back and forth, moaned, wrung her hands, and spoke fiercely to Maubikeck, who told her with unmistakable emphasis to hold her tongue.

"I will explain this woman's vehemence, Signor Wilberton," said the lion tamer. "Pacho Maligni is a hard master and a jealous man. He allows no one but himself and those hired for the purpose to come near Nita Barlotti. Believe me, this is the first time since we opened in Madison Square Garden that I have accompanied the signorina to her hotel. Maligni keeps her constantly under his care, and this woman is employed by him to prevent others—especially myself—from coming into the presence of the signorina. That we are enabled to be with her now is due solely to the mishap which has befallen Maligni. He may be dead at this moment or seriously wounded. That he is wounded is certain, or he would have been on hand as usual to take Nita to the hotel."

"And where does Maligni live?" I asked.

"At the same hotel."

Maubikeck, who had started from the Garden, had directed the driver to a certain well-known hotel, much frequented by show people, and I knew where we were being taken.

"But what is this Maligni's hold on the signorina?" I asked. "Where does he get his authority over her?"

Nita shuddered and crouched closer to the stalwart frame of Maubikeck.

"He is my master by my father's will," she said in a voice that was touching in its plaintive sweetness.

"And your father was a performer like yourself, was he not, signorina?" I said.

"Yes—I will tell you about his death when we reach my rooms."

This interruption of her reply was caused by the rattling of the carriage up to the curb, the sudden stopping of it, and the opening of the carriage door by the coachman.

We all stepped out, Maubikeck assisting Nita, and I following them, leaving the old Italian woman to clamber down as best she could. Maubikeck turned to the coachman and said:

"Wait for me."

We entered the hotel by a private door, and ascended two flights of stairs. Then traversing for some distance a wide and well lighted hall, we paused before a door. Then Nita uttered a startled little exclamation.

"The key!" she gasped. "Maligni has the key!"

Here was a dilemma. Maubikeck was a stranger at the hotel, having taken up his residence at another, some distance away. Here a happy thought came to me. I was the one to help them out.

Taking the number of the room, which was 112, I went down to the office, and found on duty there a clerk who knew me.

"How do you do, Mr Wilberton?" said this clerk, suavely.

"I am as usual, Mervico," I replied, "and have come for a little assistance. Perhaps you have not heard of the unfortunate mishap that has befallen one of your guests?"

"No. What is it?" he asked, with the expression of a man on guard against any accident that might reflect on the hotel management.

"Maligni, the circus man, has just been

shot at the Garden. I was fortunate enough to be of some assistance to his charge Signorina Barlotti, who has room 112, and with a friend of hers brought her here. She recollects now that Maligni has the key to her room. I want a duplicate, if you have one, so that the signorina can get in. She needs rest, and it may be some time before they bring Maligni here."

Mervico shrugged his shoulders, turned to a drawer in his desk, and handed me therefrom a key to number 112.

"If the fellow who shot Maligni only killed him," he said, "I don't think the world will owe him a grudge."

Without replying to his evident dislike of Maligni I hurried back with the key and soon had the door opened.

One thing was certain: No matter how severe, harsh or tyrannical Maligni might be, he certainly was not niggardly in regard to Nita's comfort. Number 112 was but the first of a suite of four rooms, one of which was a parlour, one a cozy little dressing-room, and the other two, bedrooms, one for Nita and one for the old hag who served her. A door opened from the dressing-room and one of the bedrooms, and I knew from the general plan of the hotel, with which I was familiar, that the suite included a private bath.

"Maligni lives there," said Nita, pointing to number 111, across the hall.

Maubikeck and I sat down in Nita's parlor and she and her leathery-skinned 'maid' disappeared. In a few minutes, however, she reappeared, this time clad in some soft, clinging stuff that set off her figure to perfection. It seemed as if every change she made made her more beautiful.

She stepped rather wearily, I thought, and sank into a chair between Maubikeck and me, resting her head in her hands, as if she felt pain in her temples.

I had taken my card from my card case and handed it to her.

"Signorina," I said, "I have become interested in the mystery that seems to surround you and beg you will allow me to assist you and Maubikeck in your efforts to unravel it. That will tell you who I am."

"Well, Signor Wilberton," she said, twirling the card in her hand, "I sincerely thank you. I am greatly unnerved by what has occurred, and cannot understand it. I cannot understand it. I cannot assist you or Maubikeck in any way that I can think

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of, yet I am willing to do anything that Maubikeck suggest, or answer any questions that you may ask me. My life is in danger, and alone I am unable to combat my unknown enemy.

'You must be told, Signor Wilberton,' said Maubikeck, 'that this is not the first attempt that has been made on Signorina Barlotti's life. Only last night some miscreant cut one of the ropes of the trapeze nearly through, so that the weight of the signorina would break it and precipitate her to certain death. The severed rope was discovered by one of my own attendants, and he rushed to me with the news, knowing that I had the signorina's welfare at heart. I secretly sent word to her, explaining the circumstance, and, as it was too late to replace the rope with a new one, I advised Nita to plead illness and not go on. This she did, and Maligni made her excuses to the audience.'

'I know,' I replied. 'I was there. And did Maligni know what the trouble really was?'

'Not at first,' replied Nita. 'But he stormed and cursed so when it seemed merely my own illness that prevented my appearing as usual, that I was obliged to tell him. Then, of course, he saw how impossible it was for me to act.'

'Then it seems that Maligni, at least, is not a party to the attempt on your life,' I said.

The girl blushed, and shot a look full of meaning at Maubikeck.

'He would not kill the signorina,' said Maubikeck. 'He claims to love her, and when he has made enough money in the show business he intends to marry the signorina and return to Italy to live.'

'Ah!' I said. 'And I take it, from what I see, that Signorina Nita objects to that domestic arrangement.'

'She loves me,' said Maubikeck, simply, 'and I love her.'

This was so exactly a repetition of my own case that my heart went out to these two mysterious people, and I plunged at once into the subject that had brought us there.

'Now, see here,' I said, assuming the authority of a detective, 'I saw something to night which will be of material interest and aid to us in this matter, but to get at it right, I must know all about your life; that is, that part of it that pertains to your father and his death—your education—your mother— Well, tell me all you know, and let us see where we stand.'

My interest in the case greatly pleased both the signorina and Maubikeck.

'Yes,' said the lion tamer. 'That is the first step. Tell Signor Wilberton about yourself, that he may understand the circumstances in which you are now placed, and the harsh tyranny under which you live.'

Nita passed her hand over her brow, and, after a moment spent in thought, began:

'I remember little about my mother,' she said, speaking dreamily and slowly, as if trying to recall the past. 'She was, as I can see her now, an ordinary woman—of course, an Italian. She died when I was, perhaps, seven years of age. I can recollect little of our home life, except that we seemed to be unsettled, moving about from one place to another—probably the same as the family of any other circus performer would do. My father was very kind—more so, I think, than my mother. I dimly recall now that they frequently quarrelled, but, of course, I do not know now, and probably did not even at that time understand what the causes of their dissensions were. When my mother died my father took me to Madame De Long's school, and placed me there as a regular boarding scholar. Madame De Long's school is in Albany. During the time I was at Albany I saw but little of my father. He came seldom to see me, and told me not to tell any of the scholars that he was a circus

performer. In later years, when his fame became so great, of course they all knew it, and being the daughter of Barlotti, the famous trapeze king, was not considered the disgrace that it would have been had he remained in obscurity. My life at Madame De Long's was very pleasant. I took considerable interest in my lessons, and advanced rapidly. True, I was not there long enough to acquire a very brilliant education, but what I did learn formed a foundation, to which I have endeavoured to add since by constant reading and study in the hours of leisure allowed me. When I was fourteen, I was suddenly called from Madame De Long's to a hotel in Utica. I remember it well. It stood near the railroad, and I believe they called it Raggs Hotel. Barnum was in Utica on that day, and, as you know, my father was Barnum's principal trapeze performer. Now, let me explain one point in the relations of my father to Barnum, and you will then understand my own position better. My father was not hired directly by Barnum himself. He was under a long contract to Maligni—the same Pacho Maligni who was shot to night. Maligni in turn contracted with Barnum for my father's continued appearance in his circus, and, of the two, Maligni pocketed the most money.

On this day, my father had grown dizzy and had fallen from his trapeze, and had sustained injuries which the surgeon in attendance said must cause his death. Thus it was that I was sent for, and was placed on the train at Albany, in charge of the conductor, who, when we arrived at Utica, took me to the hotel, only a few steps away, and I was taken at once to my father's room. I reached there just one hour before he died. Maligni was with him when I arrived, and my father signified a desire for us to approach together. I had seen Maligni only once before, and was instinctively afraid of him. But my fears were nothing as compared to the terror I have felt since. My father spoke to Maligni in a tongue I did not understand. I spoke and understood pure Italian, but the language used at my father's bedside was a harsher one—yet the same. I have heard the same language since, but cannot recall enough of what was said at that time to translate or to understand. But I saw Maligni's eyes open in astonishment, and he seemed to be more affected by what my father was saying than he was over the prospect of his death. Then my father put my hand in Maligni's and told me in our own language that he was going to die, and that henceforth I was Maligni's. Maligni would take his place and would take care of me. I remember that I sobbed a great deal and kissed my father, and that a surgeon came and other men, and then my father died. Maligni attended to everything, and had my father's body taken to Italy for burial. He took me there also. I never went back to Madame De Long's. We came from Utica right to New York, and sailed for Italy one or two days after. And what a wretched miserable life I have led ever since! Maligni informed me that under the terms of the contract by which he took me, I was to fill the place of my father, and become an actress on the trapeze. Oh, the shame of it nearly killed me. I wept and pleaded with him, but all to no purpose. He was not to be moved by my tears or my prayers, and in the house at which we lived he had one room fitted up as a training-room. Here I was compelled to go through the severest kind of physical training to perfect myself for the trapeze. At first I refused to wear the tights, and was severely flogged. Maligni is a cruel man, and would kill rather than be thwarted. Well, you do not need to be told the details of my hard life. Suffice to say that after nearly four years of severe training, I am before the public in a role that I hate and despise. But what can I do? Maligni is my

absolute master. If I ran away from him, he would capture me and bring me back to my downward life. What can I do? And now some one wants to murder me. I cannot imagine why. I have not, so far as I know, an enemy in this world, unless it be Maligni himself, and I know what his plans are too well to think he is the one.'

Nita paused here, as if she was weary. I had taken a small note-book from my pocket, and was jotting down, as well as I could with burned fingers that were beginning to give me great pain, all the important points of her story. Still, there was nothing in it that shed the slightest ray of light on the mystery in hand.

'Now, signorina,' I said, 'we have got down to the present day—let me ask you a question: Your trapeze is always in the care of the same person, is it not?'

'Not one, but two,' she replied. 'The two attendants are called Sancho and Dambo. They were not brought from Italy, but were employed here by Maligni.'

'Describe Sancho,' I said.

'He is a thin man, with black, piercing eyes, and long, black hair. He usually wears a velvet coat.'

'And Dambo?'

'Dambo is much stouter, and has curly hair. His eyes are small like a snake's and gleam and glitter all the time. His hair is not long, but his mustache is very long and has straight waxed ends.'

'Ha!' I said. 'Dambo is the man we want. He is the fellow who set fire to the ropes.'

'Dambo!' exclaimed Maubikeck.

'Dambo!' also exclaimed Nita. 'I have scarcely spoken to Dambo. He could have no reason to hate me and try to kill me.'

'But if he is a snake he could be hired by some one who has,' I replied.

'Dambo!' she murmured. 'I can hardly believe it. Did you see him do it, Signor Wilberton?'

'I saw him fire the second rope, after which he disappeared in the crowd and I could not catch him. We will see to Mr Dambo later. Where did you live in Italy, Signorina?'

'In several places,' she replied. 'Maligni spent some time in Naples, Rome, and Genoa, but most of the time we spent in Sardinia. I did not know much about my surroundings, not being allowed to go out much. But I know that we left Genoa in a steamer, and landed at Cagliari. The house we lived in was a large one, and stood in a beautiful country place near Cagliari. It was the property of Maligni's brother, who seemed to be a man of great importance in Cagliari.'

'Cagliari is the southern port of Sardinia,' said Maubikeck. 'There is also a province of the same name.'

'You made no enemies there?' I asked.

'None,' replied the girl. 'I made neither enemies nor friends. Maligni kept me close.'

'I think that our researches must be confined to this city,' I said. 'There seems to be no reason to believe you have enemies from Sardinia. Your enemies are here, and I think we can find them.'

I fancied I saw a look of relief on the face of Maubikeck. It was as if he was gratified at my having dropped Sardinia. But I was so interested in the girl's story that I paid no attention to this.

'Signorina,' I said, 'now think hard for a few minutes. I am going to ask you a strange question.'

She looked at me with a patient smile on her weary countenance.

'You may ask it,' she said.

'Has anything that you can recall in your life—any incident, any word, any look, any act, seemed to indicate that you were not Barlotti's daughter?'

'Signor Wilberton?' she gasped. 'Maubikeck?' The cry was like that of a frightened child, and Maubikeck drew nearer to

her, and placed one of his giant arms around her.

'You understand, I continued, 'that I don't suggest this as being true, but simply ask the question. You have none of the characteristic features of the Italian race. I should judge you to be either English or American. Now, can you think of any incident at the bedside of your father—'

'Stay!' she cried. 'Let me think. On this terrible thought has never come to me before. Not Barlotti's daughter? Not Italian? Then who am I?'

'Now be calm, signorina,' I said. 'Just think of the past. What I am trying to get at is, has any incident ever occurred that would lead you to think that any unknown person felt or should feel an interest in you?'

'Oh, wait!' she cried. 'At my father's bedside—no. I was so confused and frightened and sorrowful that I scarcely saw. No, there could be nothing. My father gave me to Maligni, and the box—'

'Box!' I said, interrupting her. 'You said nothing about a box before.'

'It was a red tin box,' she said, 'locked with a little brass padlock. My father gave it to Maligni, and said something in the tongue I have since learned was Sardinian. I asked Maligni once what the box contained, and he said it contained the contract between him and my father.'

'A contract?' I said. 'Would your father carry a contract in a tin box locked with a padlock?'

'He might. I never knew much about my father's habits.'

'How large a box was it?' I asked.

'About so long and so wide,' she answered, indicating with her hands a foot in length and three or four inches in width.

'I would give much to gain possession of that box,' I said. 'Do you know where Maligni keeps it?'

'No. I have never seen it since the day my father died.'

'No doubt it contained more than the contract,' I said. 'And we must obtain possession of it without Maligni's suspecting that we want it. The box without its contents would be valueless, and if he suspected us, he would remove the contents and leave us the box.'

'But Maligni may be dead,' said Nita, almost hopefully.

'Yes, he may,' I answered. 'If he is, then it will be easy to get the box.' Just then there was a great stamping of feet in the hall, which stopped at the door opposite. They were, I thought, bringing Maligni home. I opened the door of Nita's room and peeped out. There were three men in handkerchiefs, my old friend, Doctor Dinmore, and Major Simmons. Maligni was walking alone, and did not seem to be greatly distressed by his wound. The doctor and the major went inside with him, but remained only a few minutes. When I heard them come out, I said:

'Signorina, you have already had too much excitement to-night, and you need rest. I see that the physician who attended Maligni is a friend of mine. Maligni is not seriously wounded. We have, I think, got all the facts that you can give us in relation to your peculiar case. The first thing to be done is to find Dambo, which I shall set about as soon as I have my burned hands attended to.'

'Oh, you are too generous and kind,' she said. 'You are suffering on my account. It is too bad.'

'It is nothing to Maubikeck's,' I said. 'Look at his hands.'

She looked at the burned and blistered hands of the lion tamer, and the sight was just what was needed to finish the work of the exciting night.

'Maubikeck, my love! My love!' she cried, and throwing her arms around him, she wept over him and kissed him. And the lion-tamer smiled and kissed her, when I knew that his hands were burned ten times more than mine, and if the pain was ten times greater, it was awful torture. Yet he loved her, and that he forgot his pain, and returned her kiss and smiled as if his hands were not torturing him. Nita fondled his leonine head a few minutes, and grew more excited.

'Come,' I said, 'this will not do. Signorina, you must have rest. We will come to you to-morrow. Now we will see the doctor and have our burns dressed. Come, Maubikeck.'

He followed me out, and I hurried after my friends. I caught them at the door of the hotel.

CHAPTER V.

'An, Wilberton!' exclaimed Major Simmons, when I hailed him and Doctor Dinmore. 'I have been looking for you. Our evening had plenty of excitement, eh? Barlotti's life attempted and also Maligni's! How is the girl?'

'Nita is all right,' I replied. 'How is Maligni?'

'Maligni is more frightened than hurt,' said Doctor Dinmore. 'The bullet was evidently intended for his brain, but missed mark. It pricked his cheek—made a

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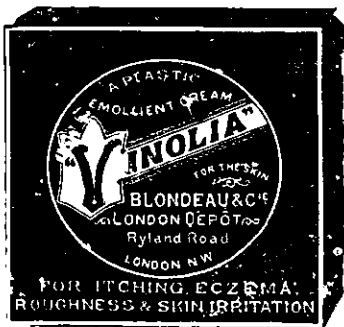
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ragged little wound that is not serious—in fact of no consequence. But he did kick up a tremendous row. Of all the wild Italians I ever saw, he was the wildest. He cursed and raved, and threatened to annihilate the fellow who fired that shot, and I was compelled sternly to order him to be quiet before I could dress his cheek. He will be well in a few days.

Here I presented the lion tamer to my two friends.

'You are not through your work for tonight, doctor,' I said. 'Maubikeck's hands are badly burned, and mine in less degree. They must be attended to.'

Doctor Dinmore looked at Maubikeck's hands.

'Burned! I should say they were burned. You must come at once to my office. But I tell you, lion tamer, that was a courageous thing you did, to climb that rope and put out the flame of burning oil with your hands. It was the work of a hero.'

Maubikeck shrugged his shoulders. 'I am not a hero,' he said. 'When the only human being that a man loves is in danger, nothing is too great for him to attempt in her behalf.'

The doctor and the major nodded affirmatively. There was evidently no bashfulness about Maubikeck. He was willing that all the world should know that he loved Nita Barloti.

'We got into the carriage that Maubikeck had used to bring us to the hotel, and Doctor Dinmore, at Maubikeck's request, gave the coachman the address of his office. We were soon there.

Maubikeck, being more severely burned than I, was, of course, first taken care of by the physicians. While they were busy I sat down near the major.

'Well,' he said, in a low voice that Maubikeck could not hear, 'what do you think of it all, anyway?'

'I am more than ever convinced that our original suspicions were correct,' I replied.

'I questioned the girl closely, and she told me the whole story of her life. She was given to this fellow Maligni by Barloti, who she believes is her father. There is nothing in her story that sheds any light whatever on the affair. But there certainly is something about her destruction, and it is not Maligni. It is impossible even to say if Maligni's enemy is hers. Everything is clouded in complete mystery. But there are two things to work on. One is a good clue, or at least a step, and may lead to the correct solution of the mystery. I saw an Italian set fire to the second rope.'

'Did you indeed?' repeated the major in surprise.

'Yes, and from the description the girl gave of her attendants, I identify the miscreant as a man they call Dambo. Of course, the first thing to be done is to find him. In the excitement he got away, but he cannot get out of New York. Anyhow, Byrnes can find him.'

'And what is the other clue? You spoke of two.'

'The other is not a clue. It may prove to be nothing at all, but putting our suspicions along with what the girl tells me, I hope to make a seizure and a discovery. It appears that just before Barloti died, he gave the girl to Maligni, and also gave him a red tin box which was locked with a brass padlock. At the same time he spoke to Maligni in the Sardinian dialect, which Nita did not understand, and Maligni was apparently very much excited and surprised at what he said. Later, Nita asked Maligni what was in the box, and he told her it contained the contract under which her father had worked.'

'With Barloti?'

'No, with Maligni.'

Then I explained the system under which the trapeze acrobat had worked, and repeated Nita's story for the major's benefit.

'I agree with you,' he said, 'that the contents of that red box are important. But how to get it?'

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by Dinmore, who, having carefully dressed Mauback's hands, announced himself ready for me. It did not take so long to attend to my burns, for the pain having been allayed by some soothing application, the injury seemed very slight. I was soon ready to go.

Maubikeck with both hands bandaged, as a good-night, and promised to assist me in the morning to find Dambo. He stepped into his carriage and was driven away to his hotel.

The major and I walked to my hotel, where he left me. It was two o'clock in the morning when I reached my room. I was greatly excited over the events of the evening, and seemed to have the means of total annihilation of Ralph Graviacourt almost within my grasp.

To steady my nerves before going to bed I drank a glass of wine, and sat down to meditate on the prospects of success.

Weariness soon overcame me, and I retired to dream of fighting fire and lions and Ralph Graviacourt all at once, and of Elith and Nita and of the lion-tamer, all jumbled together in inexplicable mysteries which I alone must solve. My rest during the first few hours was broken by these fantastic

visions, but toward morning nature asserted itself and I slept soundly.

It seemed to me that I had scarcely slept at all when I was startled from my slumber by a terrific banging at my door. I sat up in bed, and in a half-dazed manner looked around me. It was broad daylight, and the sun was streaming in my windows.

Again the knocking at my door.

'Who is there?' I shouted.

'It is I—Maubikeck!' was the reply; and the voice in which it was uttered was so full of excitement that, unmindful of my scant attire, I sprang to the door to admit my visitor.

At the sight of the lion tamer I fell back, alarmed and startled. His eyes were blood-shot and from them seemed to come a lightning gleam that boded ill to some one. His face was working with passion, and with a stride he was in my room.

'Thy'st gone!' he roared. 'Gone!'

'Gone?' I echoed. 'Who's gone?'

'Signorina Barloti, Maligni, the old woman, Dambo, and all the rest,' he said, panting with excitement.

'Barloti gone! Maligni gone! Gone where?' I asked, nearly as excited as he was.

'Fled! Nobody knows where. I went to their hotel a while ago, and the clerk told me that Maligni and his people—that meant Nita and the hag—left before daylight, and left no information as to where they were going. I did not believe him, and rushed up the stairs and pounded on Nita's door, but got no answer. Then I went to the house where Dambo was staying, and he had gone. Sancho is still here, but he knows nothing about the rest. They've gone—they've gone. That devil Maligni has taken her away—her—my love—my Nita!'

As he ejaculated these words, the lion tamer strode back and forth in my room; and even though the surprise and shock of Maligni's sudden departure were overpowering, yet I had a thought for this traitor—this traitor of wild beasts—who, with bloodshot eyes and passion distorted face, and his poor, burned hands still clothed in bandages, had been thus deprived of his sweetheart, and whose fears for her welfare nearly drove him frantic. There was a pathos in his grief and rage that touched me even more than my own disappointment did.

'But,' I said, reassuringly, 'they cannot escape us. We will go to Byrnes, Superintendent of Police, and he will catch them for us. Maligni cannot leave New York without being detected.'

'Maligni can!' replied Maubikeck. 'Maligni could wriggle out of hell, and Satan himself could not prevent him.'

I hastily dressed, and as the suddenness of the surprise wore off, I began to feel a horrible fear that Maubikeck was right, and that Maligni might outwit us, with the start he had had. But I resolved to do my best to thwart him, and to that end my first visit should be to the superintendent of police.

Maubikeck and I made our way as quickly as possible to police headquarters and told our story. Superintendent Byrnes was at once interested, and sent out orders to his men to make a thorough search for the party, particularly Dambo, through whom, if caught, we might reasonably expect to bag the principals in the affair, as well as Maligni and his charge.

Leaving the superintendent, a sudden thought rushed upon me, a recollection of what the major had told me about the druggist Tortoni. I hastily told something of this to Maubikeck, and knowing about where the store was located, we hurried there. We found it easily, and rushed in. A woman stood behind the counter.

'I want to see the druggist, Tortoni, at once,' I said, imperatively.

'He is gone away,' she said in broken English. 'He is gone to Europe.'

'When did he go?' I asked in amazement.

'Yesterday he sailed,' was the reply.

Believing this to be a lie, I turned to Maubikeck and said:

'It is thicker than we supposed. There are many engaged in the affair.'

He muttered something and seemed to be beside himself.

From Tortoni's drug store we went to the hotel where Maligni and Nita had been stopping.

There they told me just what they had told Maubikeck.

'Have you any objections to opening the rooms?' I asked.

The clerk smiled.

'No,' he replied. 'Here is the key to 111, and this is to 112. You may go up if you want to.'

We mounted the stairs. I opened 111—Maligni's. We found nothing there that belonged to him. We entered number 112. It was bare of everything save the hotel furniture. Just as we were leaving, I happened to see a bit of folded paper on the floor. I picked it up. Reading it, I handed it to Maubikeck. As he read it, his face grew paler and he uttered a fierce curse under his breath. This is what was written on the paper in a pretty, feminine hand:

'Maubikeck! Maubikeck! He is taking me away—I do not know where. He is in a frightful temper. I must obey or he will kill me. Follow us; find us, and rescue me from Maligni. I love you, Maubikeck, and only you. NITA.'

CHAPTER VI.

It would be a useless waste of energy and a needless tax on patience for me to relate in detail the manner in which we passed the days immediately following the disappearance of Maligni and Nita Barloti. We hunted everywhere, and aided as we were by the best detective skill to be had. It did seem as if we must find them sooner or later. But the skill of the pursued was greater than that of the pursuers. Maligni, Nita, Dambo and Tortoni were gone—apparently vanished—completely—as though they had never existed in New York at all. We communicated freely and constantly with other cities, and did everything that could be done to prevent their departure from the United States without detection.

During the first few days Maubikeck and I, of course, spent considerable of our time at the office of Doctor Dinmore. Under his care our burns healed rapidly, and at the end of a week my hands were in as good condition as ever. Maubikeck's, from the severity of the burns, healed more slowly, but in a week they were out of the bandages and he had full use of them. They were somewhat blistered, but Dinmore promised that another week would effect a perfect cure.

The departure of the druggist Tortoni, of course, interested only the major and me. We did not possess enough knowledge of his connection with the case, and were not certain enough of his identity as Doctor C. Sigmotta, to drag the police into his part of the hunt. Neither did they care about Dambo.

But Maligni had fled, leaving untold bills unpaid and contracts unfulfilled.

Among those who suffered most were those who had been in his employ and whose salaries had not been paid. And of these Maubikeck lost the most, for the cost of keeping and feeding his lions was enormous, and had so far been paid by himself, he not having received any pay since the circus had opened in the Garden.

Of course, this made a clamour, and the papers were full of it. Public interest died out in a few days, and the police, seeing nothing but failure, grew listless in a week.

Of course, that portion of the affair in which I was most interested—the suspected identity of Nita Barloti—had not been made public. There was nothing on which a statement could be based, and the major and I counselled with ourselves and decided to lock the matter in our own breasts until we had something tangible to work on. And I was firmly convinced that the something tangible had been contained in the red box that Maligni had received from the dying acrobat, the contents of which he had told Nita were merely a 'contract.'

I plunged into the search so heartily that everything else was forgotten save my love for Elith Broughton. In fact, it was my seemingly hopeless love that spurred me on, in the forlorn hope of making a discovery that would undo my rival. I went to Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago on supposed clues, but discovered nothing.

During this protracted search, with its hopes, disappointments and failure, a peculiar change took place in the lion tamer and myself. When the flight of Maligni was first known, Maubikeck had been like a wild man. His rage, his impetuous ferocity, his uncurbed lion-like nature, made it difficult to keep him within bounds. He grew dishevelled and haggard. He muttered much to himself, like a man demented. His burned fingers twitched nervously, as if they were grasping somebody's throat. On the contrary, I had been calm and collected. I had done most of the planning and scheming. I had led the hunt.

Now, as time had passed, and we had nothing but a series of disheartening failures to look back upon, I was becoming nervous and impatient. I grew irritable. I plunged into foolishly apart after impossible clues that in the early days of the hunt I would not have considered worthy of my attention.

Sharply contrasted with this change in me, this evidence of the strain that had been put upon my nervous system, was the magnificent calmness that had come to Maubikeck. He had settled into a calm man of iron. His eyes were keen and piercing, his mouth firmly set, his brow smooth.

Carefully and slowly he went, step by step, over the case, and drew for himself a mental map of Maligni's operations, plans and desires, and seemed to be tracing his imaginary footsteps up to the present time.

This was the condition of things two weeks after Maligni had disappeared, and I, nervous and fretful, sat one afternoon in the office of the Board of Park Commissioners, of which the major was now pre-

sident, pouring out to him my bitterness of spirit over the failure to trace Maligni.

While I was there, a heavy foot-step was heard outside, and we both looked up knowingly. It was a foot-step that had grown familiar to us, so firmly and squarely did it strike. The door opened and the lion tamer entered.

It was at once evident from the expression of his face that he had learned something.

'Well, lion tamer,' said the major, who had developed a great liking for this mysterious man with the peculiar name, 'what is new to-day?'

'The hunt is ended, so far as this content is concerned,' was the reply of Maubikeck, as he quietly sat down near us.

'Ended?' I exclaimed, excitedly. 'Have you found them?'

'No. But I have traced them,' he said, with a grim sort of satisfaction in his tone. 'Maligni and Nita are on board the steamship La Gasconne, which sailed from this port three days ago. Of course, they are en route to Italy, or, more particularly speaking, to the island of Sardinia, where Maligni intends to make Nita his wife.'

'But this sudden determination,' I said; 'it is puzzling. What of his circus? He had no money, had he, except what was invested in his show?'

'Money was what he was after,' replied Maubikeck, looking at me with a far away expression in his eyes. I knew that, though his gaze was directed toward me, he did not see me. His mind was bent on the problem before us.

'There is no doubt a great deal in this affair of which we know absolutely nothing,' said the major. 'The motive for the attempt on Maligni's life is the darkest kind of secret. Yet, occurring at the same time as the attempt to kill the girl, it would seem to bear close connection with it. Certainly Maligni has some strong reason for leaving this country. He has been forced by fear to drop his money-making circus and fly for his life, or it some way he has become possessed of enough money to satisfy him, and he has gone home to enjoy it. But that part of it is not so important. Tell us how you learned this, Maubikeck.'

'I have just left police headquarters,' replied the lion tamer. 'The superintendent was about to send for you and me when I arrived there. The police explain their failure to find Maligni while he was in New York, by saying that he was aided by his fellow countrymen here to outwit all pursuers. Even when he sailed he did so under the name of Luigi Barloti.'

'I gave a start.'

'That is dangerously near to Barloti,' I said.

'Yes. The name was well chosen. The record of passengers, so the superintendent says, shows the names Luigi Barloti and his daughter, Signorina Barloti, and Mariana, the attendant of the signorina. From various descriptions gathered by the police of these people from the company, they concluded at once that they were the

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persons sought. And I am inclined to agree with them.

'Yes,' I replied. 'There is little doubt that Maligni and Barilotti are the same.'

'There is little doubt of it if the police say so,' said the major. 'Did Byrnes tell you that he had taken any steps toward learning the real identity of Luigi Barilotti?'

'He did. He claims that it has been proven that no Luigi Barilotti existed in New York until this one bought tickets for passage. He further states that this Luigi Barilotti who appeared so suddenly had plenty of money. The habits of Italians in New York are not such that one with plenty of money to spend would remain long in obscurity.'

'True enough,' I said. 'The search is ended. Now the chase begins. Of course you will follow them.'

Maubikeck bent upon me a peculiar, inscrutable look—a look that seemed to combine hatred, passion and secret purpose, but which, after all, left the face blank and unreadable. Maubikeck's face was of the kind that, under control of the will, was like carved marble. But in his eyes those lurked fires unquenchable, and these fires were burning now for Nita Barilotti.

'Mr Wilberton,' he said, extending his right arm, 'as long as there is one drop of blood flowing through my veins, it flows for Nita Barilotti. There is an arm that has before been raised in her behalf, and which will be again, and there is another like it, equally quick to strike; and these two arms, working together, will tear limb from limb that man who injures Nita Barilotti, or marries her against her will, be he in America, Italy, or at the corners of the earth. I shall follow. It was in connection with that resolve that I came here. He turned to the major now. 'What can I do with my lion? The coat of keeping and feeding them is considerable. This, of course, is a strain on me now that my income is cut off. I have no means other than what I earn. I am poor. I thought of you at once as the man to help me.'

The major stroked his moustache and looked at the lion tamer.

'Of course,' he said, in his blunt way. 'How much do you need? You may have all I can spare, and can pay it back at your own convenience.'

Maubikeck blushed—nothing but this could have made him blush.

'You mistake my meaning, sir. Yet it was my own fault in not making a clearer statement—making my meaning plain. I thought of you, not in the light of money-lender, but as Park Commissioner, who would perhaps be pleased to take the lions as a loan, place them in the menagerie at the Park, and have them fed, of course, at the expense of the city. Is the plan feasible?'

'I don't see why not,' I said. 'Goodness knows, our Zoo needs some fresh attractions. Barnum, it is said, did the same thing in years gone by. I have heard that Forepaugh has done the same. Why not Maubikeck?'

The major at a moment thinking.

'Yes,' he said. 'I believe it has been done, though I do not recall a case in my term of office. But, of course, it could be done only on full vote of the board. We meet to-morrow morning, and I will broach the matter in such a way as to enlist their interest. I don't think there will be any difficulty in getting them to accept.'

'I thank you,' said Maubikeck, simply.

'That will take the lions off your hands and off your mind,' I said. 'We can get away at once. When shall we sail?'

Maubikeck looked at me in surprise. The major wheeled his chair around and faced me.

'Well, *Br!*' he ejaculated. 'Are you going to Italy?'

'I am going wherever Maligni goes,' I replied. 'He has something that I want as much as Maubikeck wants Nita. The red box. We will go together, lion-tamer, and hunt the scoundrel down.'

'Think well over this, Mr Wilberton,' said Maubikeck, 'before you decide finally to go. Hunting a man in Sardinia, where Maligni is certainly going, is very different from hunting him in New York, where you have the assistance of a great police force. There are dangers to be met with there that cannot be imagined. Once in Sardinia, Maligni can kill the man who follows him, and will not suffer for the crime. If he has outwitted us here with your boasted police force to aid us, how much more easily can he do it there, where force is about the only law recognized!'

'But,' I replied, impatiently, 'you are going to brave the dangers, are you not, for the girl you love? Then why not I?'

A peculiar look again came in Maubikeck's eyes.

'There is a great difference,' he said, 'between us. I am, of course, risking my life, but I know the country to which I am going. You would be an utter stranger. This would not matter much if everything should turn out as we wish, and you had me to guide you. But if anything happened to me, you would be at the mercy of the most dangerous lot of brigands in the world.'

I laughed at this.

'Brigands there may be, Maubikeck, but all Sardinia is not given over to the industry of brigandage. You may have some reason for not wishing me to accompany you. If so, then I will go alone. But I am determined to follow Maligni and obtain the red box, or writing from him the secret it contained when he got it from Barilotti.'

'Then I will say no more,' said the lion-tamer. 'If you insist upon going, then go with me. I thought only of your own safety. Personally, I shall be glad to have you for a companion.'

So it was settled, and, after a little more talk, the lion-tamer and I started uptown, I promising to meet the major at the club at our usual hour in the afternoon.

When the hour came, I found the major waiting for me in an impatient mood.

'Now, see here, Wilberton,' he said, before I had even time to sit down and light a cigar, 'this resolve of yours to go to Sardinia is ridiculous. I appreciate your sentiments in the matter, your reason for wishing to obtain possession of that red box or its contents and all that, but the risk is too great. You must not go.'

'But I am going,' I replied, calmly. 'You and Maubikeck speak glibly about danger and all that sort of rot. What danger? Anyhow, danger or no danger, I am going.'

'I wasn't thinking so much of the actual danger from contact with Maligni,' said the major. 'A bullet would soon put an end to his mischief-making powers. But are you wise in trusting yourself with this Maubikeck? What do you know of him?'

'Why, I thought you had developed a great admiration for Maubikeck,' I said, in surprise. 'What new crochets have you got into your head now?'

'Look here, Dick,' replied the major: 'it is one thing to admire a man's physical power or beauty, and its another thing to trust him. As a perfect specimen of man, physically, I do admire the lion-tamer. He is grand. But he is too mysterious. Has he, in these days that you have spent together, told you anything about himself?'

'No,' I answered, reluctantly. 'I must confess that he is very reticent about himself. He fights shy of any allusion to his former life. Any question I ask is warded off skillfully, and he evidently wishes to say nothing on the subject. He is affable and pleasant enough when you let him alone as a subject, but if you turn your quizzes on him he shuts up like a clam. To-day when he said he knew something about Sardinia, he said more than he has in all the time we have been together.'

'That's just it,' said the major. 'That remark has been tumbling about in my cranium ever since he made it. Mark my words, Wilberton, it is something more than mere chance that brings those two men together. I do not like you to take the risk. Maubikeck may be all right, then again he may be all wrong.'

'Wrong or right, I am going,' I replied, stubbornly. 'The man may have his own good reasons for his reticence in regard to himself. I do not hold it against a man because he does not unveil to me the secrets of his heart. And I am in the game too deeply now to withdraw. I am going to see the thing through and get that red box. That contains the secret I want. I don't care for Maubikeck's secrets.'

'Well, Dick, old man,' said the major, with a sigh, 'if you must go, you must. But take a word of advice: Keep your eyes wide open and your revolver handy. In case of suspicion, don't wait for proof, but shoot.'

I laughed, and patted the major's arm.

'I will take care of myself,' I said, 'and good care at that. Now I must ask a favour of you. I cannot see Edith. It is but right that she should know why I am starting off on this journey, yet it would be unwise to breathe or write a word of our suspicions, lest they prove to be unfounded. So I shall write a letter to Edith, telling her that I am called away on matters of the utmost importance to her and me, and bidding her adieu, asking her to be true to me until I return, and assuring her of my own fathomless love. And to you I shall look to see that that letter is safely put into Edith's own hand when no other—or no unfriendly eye—is looking.'

'Trust me, Dick, I'll do it,' said the major. 'Come, let us take a stroll before supper.'

I saw that the major was somewhat affected by the prospect of my departure, and humoured him by walking with him to Dalmonico's, making our conversation as light and gay as possible, which effort had the double effect of pleasing him and keeping my own mind from dwelling upon the uncertainties and danger of my Sardinian man-hunt.

(To be Continued.)

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

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### MERCHANTS IN NEW ZEALAND WRITING TO CEYLON TO OBTAIN SURATURA TEA.

THE following copy of a letter was written by the exporters of Suratura Tea to the Wellington agents:—

'Colombo, 2nd Sept, 1895.

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

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

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

### STEADY !!

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

### THE QUALITY ALWAYS THE SAME.

And will be just as good next week as this.

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

Please keep calm, WE WON'T FAIL YOU.

Yours faithfully, EMPIRE TEA COMPANY.

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

Lady of a Certain Age: 'I like this dress; but it doesn't match my complexion.' Candid friend: 'Oh, that's but a trifle; you can alter your complexion to suit!'

**LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.**



WHEN we confess the truth we own that often man's opinion on feminine dress is worth that of half-a-dozen ordinary women—especially if these ladies be of a jealous turn of mind and like to see their friends look at their very worst. Worth recording was the advice of a well-known critic to one of his womenkind: 'Clothe your feet in patent leather, which never retains the dust seen so frequently clinging tenaciously to glacé kid. Let your gloves be trim and immaculate, and *de préférence* lighter than your frock. Never wear out of doors a bodice that is darker than your skirt, and above all avoid very gaudy headgear.' After the heart of this subtle *connoisseur* would certainly be the toque that heads this column, and in which style and discretion are cleverly blended. It is made in a rough, silver grey straw and curved in such a manner as to droop down more at the sides than in front. The brim is lightly draped with very cobweb-like cream lace, while spreading on either side are



A CHIC TOQUE.

glossy, jet-black wings divided with artistic taste by a knot of ivory-coloured satin ribbon powdered with silver sequins. Such a toque as this can be worn on any smart occasion and does not, like many of the more gorgeous hats and bonnets, require the protection afforded by a carriage. There is beautiful colour-taste displayed in some of the French shot straws; but the daisies who is off early this year to the riverside, and who is already investing in boating raiment, should buy one of the latest Panama deerstalkers, with brims improved by being made very wide. A bright ribbon band sewn round the crown is the only trimming needful.

Checks (both conventional and broken lines of different delicate tints being often mixed) are extremely popular; and, in the taffetas silks, make up into wondrous blouses. These are more beloved than ever, and are now built with such exquisite care, precision and taste, that they really deserve the name of *chic corsages*. I give the illustration of a



A CHARMING BLOUSE.

charming bodice somewhat novel in design. It is planned in rustling ivory cream silk, and has a large check pattern of rose pink. A shaped cape in natural-coloured gulsips is laid over satin matching the design, and straps of cream ribbon keep the fulness of the blouse in its right place. The best sleeves—as exemplified by this model—are cut in one piece, the lower portion being sometimes finely tucked from elbow to wrist.

It seems but natural now that we have taken to athletics in earnest that we should take up for the occasion a mode of attire suitable for the fray—be it boating, cycling, golfing, or tennis. The form most favoured is the jersey, the rage of a few years ago, but now rendered quite artistic and enchanting—of course they are worn with large sleeves to the elbow and open on the top of each shoulder, where they are fastened by three small buttons. The narrow part of the sleeves from the elbow to the wrist also buttons up.

This is a great boon in punting, as the sleeve can be turned up in business like fashion out of all chance of getting wet.

Let's hope that the next months will not be rainy months; for shoes of all shapes are to replace the heavier boots. There will be smart patent leather affairs with a bold flap and huge Court buckles, glacé kid with crossed straps, or a series of bands buttoning across the instep, and shoes partly in cloth, to match the tailor-made coat and skirt. The heroine in the simple white book-muslin frock is now an exploded character. Even 'Sweet Seventeen' must have her elaborate dancing toilettes, and the evening raiment of the *débutante* is starred with imitation precious stones. For instance, a white satin is dotted all over with glass diamonds; while a willow green costume is sprinkled with make-believe emeralds. For dinner-gowns there is less glitter, and metal threads are considered extremely good form. Very much admired at a large London dinner-party



THE LATEST IN DINNER TOILETTES.

was a black satin with the skirt standing out crisply at the sides, a *la Henri IV*. Gold thread traced graduated feathery designs on one side, and the corsage was embroidered likewise. A tiny black chiffon ruching modified the severe lines of the *décolleté*. Perched on very full elbow sleeves of buttercup satin were large knots of ribbon matching this gold coloured material. These bows are now replacing to some extent the rather heavier epaulettes.



ALPACA COSTUME.

My last sketch is a lovely grey alpaca gown, with a flop pink chiffon vest and ruffe. A line of black passementerie marks the revers, barques and cuffs. The skirt stands out in godet puffs, leg o' mutton sleeves.

**CALLANT.**

A REALLY polite Frenchman can be complimentary in the face of unkind remarks.

Such a man, who had been bestowing upon a lady many compliments, asked her why she kept a large and apparently savage dog which had just entered the room.

'I bought him only yesterday,' she answered, 'Hippant'y, and I'm going to keep him in my front hall to eat up my admirers.'

'Ah, so poor animal!' exclaimed the Frenchman; 'to die of indigestion!'

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise, frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ale, port wine, dark sherry, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disorganize; while light white wine, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. KNOS' 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the powers of reparative when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use KNOS' 'FRUIT SALT,' therefore no family should ever be without it.

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HELIOGRAPH.

## 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.

**OYSTER SOUP.**—Heat one quart of good stock, scald three dozen oysters in it, lift them out, and add to the stock salt, cayenne, and a little mace. When boiling add two ounces of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, previously made smooth with a little milk; boil again and stir in a quarter of a pint of good cream; pour the soup over the oysters in the tureen, and serve while hot.

**STEWED EGGS.**—Cut one large eel or two small ones into small pieces, dry and flour them. Melt an ounce of butter in the frying-pan, and brown the eggs in it. Put them in a stewpan, adding a bunch of sweet herbs, an onion cut into four, pepper, salt (and spice, if liked). The fish should be nearly covered with water—or stock preferably—and should be allowed to stew very gently until quite done. Thicken the liquor with flour, and pour it round the fish before serving.

**STEAMED CUSTARD PUDDING.**—Put into a saucepan one pint of milk, an inch of stick cinnamon, the grated peel of a lemon (the yellow part only), and sugar to taste; let it come to the boil, then take it off and let it stand five minutes and strain through a piece of muslin. Beat up in a basin for ten minutes the yolks of eight and the whites of five eggs. When the milk is cold mix together, and pour into a custard pudding mould that has been previously well buttered; steam the pudding very slowly about half an hour, then turn out and serve with custard sauce. If the pudding is steamed in an ordinary saucepan be sure the water does not reach but half way up the mould.

**DIGESTIBLE VEGETABLES.**—The peel should be removed, and the cucumbers should be boiled until tender, then drained and sliced, and simmered in good brown gravy, to which a very little chili vinegar has been added, for seven or eight minutes. Radishes, like cucumber, can be served hot as well as in salads. They required to be tied in bunches, and boiled for eighteen or twenty minutes, then placed on toast, and covered with white sauce. Lettuce, when you have more than you know how to use in salads, may with advantage be cooked in the same way as spinach. Endive also is excellent when prepared in like manner. Peas, French beans, sprouts, etc., are greatly improved by being tossed for a few minutes previous to sending to table in a saucepan containing a lump of fresh butter, a tablespoonful of cream, a pinch of castor sugar, and seasoning of pepper and salt. A rather more simple way of treating French beans is *à la Française*; they are put into a pan with a piece of butter, the juice of half a lemon, and a little pepper and salt.

**REMEDY FOR BOILS.**—An ointment made of eight parts boracic acid, twenty parts vaseline, and one part benzoic acid is a good thing for boils. The boracic acid should be finely powdered, and not dissolved in alcohol or glycerine. Continuously applied, the pain is promptly removed, and the boil disappears in about four days.

## TOILET LUXURIES.

### TOILET WATER.

FOR a very refreshing toilet water, highly favoured by Portuguese ladies, take a pint of rectified grape spirit, half ounce oil of bitter orange, quarter ounce oil of citron zest, and one-half drachm oil of rose. Have all bottles for perfumery and extracts perfectly clean and dry, rinsing lastly with alcohol, for the least drop of water may make the liquid look milky or turbid, and may lead to fungus in toilet water. Perfumes should be tightly closed with glass stoppers, and kept dark and cold in well filled bottles, not to lose quality. And here follow some recipes in every toilet:

**Bay Rum for the Hair.**—Oil of bay, 240 grains; oil of orange, 16 grains; oil of pimento (allspice), 16 grains; alcohol, 1 quart; water, 25 fluid ounces.

Dissolve the oils in the alcohol, and add the water. Mix it with two ounces of precipitated phosphate of lime, and filter through paper or quartz. Keep for three months before using, and a year if possible, as it improves with age. Much of the bay rum found in shops is made by dissolving a chemical compound known as bay rum essence in alcohol, more or less weakened by water. The genuine bay rum is rightly esteemed as a stimulant to the hair, and is an oily, rich spirit, obtained by distilling the resin from West Indian molasses with the fresh leaves of the bay tree (*Myrica acris*), a species of myrtle, not to be confounded with the sweet bay. The best bay rum is imported from St. Thomas, West Indies, and it four times the strength of ordinary 'good' bay rum. If it has lost any of its esteem as a hair tonic, it is from the worthless quality of the stuff sold under its name. Pure bay rum has a most grateful and refreshing scent of wild orange, the most fragrant of all orange odours, and is valued as a wash to check undue perspiration as well as a stimulant in the bath.

## THEIR VERDICT.

MANY are the stories told of the remarkable verdicts brought in by inefficient juries, but there could scarcely be a better illustration of what a certain legal man calls 'colossal inefficiency,' than the story he tells of the verdict given by a jury in a Western city. The case under trial was that of a man who—accidentally, as almost everyone believed—had fatally shot a friend, while the two were off with a hunting party.

The accused person was a prominent citizen of the place, and was greatly beloved as well as respected by everyone who knew him.

As the trial proceeded, the faces of the jurymen were filled with anxiety. When they at last retired it became evident to them that the prisoner could not be acquitted of all blame, according to the evidence, but they decided that if he must be considered guilty of something they would make that something as light as possible. Accordingly the foreman gravely announced on the return to the court-room that they found the prisoner 'guilty of drunkenness.'

In spite of the gravity of the case a ripple of amusement ran over the court-room at this verdict. The judge, with considerable severity and with great clearness, again charged the jury, and again they retired.

A long interval elapsed. At last they came straggling in again. Once more the foreman confronted the judge and thus announced the verdict:

'We find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter in the third degree, but—in this in a tone of something like defiance—'we don't believe he did it!'

## HAT PINCUSHION.

We have all been told in our youth, that if we see a pin and let it lie we shall inevitably want one before we die. I shouldn't think that anyone would question the statement of our wanting one before we die in any case; but the consequence of results attendant on the non carrying out of a proverbial philosophy would embark us on an ethical controversy for which I have no desire. Of one thing I am, however, quite certain, that some of the very best dressed women—in the evening at any rate—depend largely on their pincushion for those individual touches which make their toilette a success, only that we must be quite sure to have the right ones at hand. It is almost pathetic to think of the poor little weak-back pin struggling in the attempt to hold together four or five folds of heavy lace; it does not break off short like the more aggressive steel-bodied kind would do, but it bends hopelessly, the lace comes undone and the wearer is sartorially speaking, a wreck, until somebody comes to put her together again. It was said the other day by a smart writer on smart clothes that no woman who respected her head-gear would degrade it by placing it to her head by a common black or white headed pin. I remember this statement amusing me con-



siderably at the time, and I had visions of sundry hats rattling their feathers with indignation at the indignity that was put upon them by the economically-minded wearer. But be that as it may, the ornamentally-headed hat-pins are quite pretty and tempting enough to make us forswear their dowdy sisters. But these, I find, spoil terribly when exposed to the air, which is most commonly their fate when stuck into a pincushion on the dressing-table. I have quite a mania for having all sorts of pins to my hand when dressing, it is not much expense to start with, and the result to one's general effect is simply beyond description, and so I came to evolve the little case which I have sketched here for the benefit of those who agree with me on the importance of pins. All that is required is an oblong slip of pasteboard, cover this tightly with wash leather, then cut out pockets also of wash leather neatly bound with ribbon, as the sketch will show, and tie together in a series of little bows; the very long pocket is, of course, for the ornamental hat pins, where they will be kept safe from tarnish. On the top is a pincushion, which can be occupied by the more ordinary pins.

## 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.)

## SPONGY GUMS.

SPONGY and swollen gums, a condition often attendant upon middle age, may or may not be the result of any particular disease; but they are very inconvenient, and may even cause serious trouble.

In their healthy state the gums are firm, and, it may be, somewhat hardened, with just enough blood present to colour them a delicate pink. Gums in this condition offer a support to the teeth which it would be hard to surpass.

In the disordered condition of which we are speaking, however, they become swollen, and are so charged with blood as to present an appearance of having been parboiled. The slightest disturbance is sufficient to cause a flow of blood, while there is a constant sense of discomfort, and a constant desire to pick at or suck them. Soon the teeth become more or less loosened, and by

reason of the pressure of the tongue and the food behind them, tend to spread apart and protrude outward. The substance of the tooth is next attacked, and the tooth becomes discoloured and decayed. The gums refuse longer to hold the teeth and, in fact, time alone is necessary to convert the whole mouth into a useless and disgusting object.

As we have seen, all this may be consequent upon an over supply of blood to the gums. The remedy is rather preventive than curative.

First of all, we have to consult with the family physician to learn whether or not the system needs 'toning up,' as it is not unlikely to be the case. Probably he will prescribe also some astringent mouth-wash.

But whatever may be the result of our consultation with the family doctor, we must at once begin a systematic 'exercise' of the gums, and continue it every night and morning. A tooth brush must be selected more for its stiffness than anything else, and with a little cool water and castile soap, or even cold water alone, we must literally scrub the gums, paying heed to neither blood nor feelings until we are satisfied that we have eradicated all traces of stagnant blood from the porous tissues.

This may seem rather harsh treatment, but if we persist in it we shall be rewarded.

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence which a healthy gum may exert over the teeth.

## CHINESE CONJURERS.

IN China jugglers do their tricks out of doors. They are mostly acrobats as well as magicians, and the performance usually begins with an exhibition of sword-swallowing and similar feats. Then the juggler asks the spectators to name some object that they would like to see. Something that seems very difficult to produce is suggested, the performer makes mysterious gestures, mutters to his robe, which he has taken off and thrown upon the ground, and by and by the robe rises and the desired object is disclosed. The author of 'The Chinaman at Home' describes two feats which friends of his are said to have witnessed. They are good examples of Chinese stories, at all events.

When the conjurer asked the spectators what they wanted to see, someone called for a pumpkin.

'A pumpkin?' answered the conjurer, 'that is impossible. Pumpkins are out of season.'

However, he was only talking, for presently he took a pumpkin seed, and planted it in the earth. Then, having made his little son, four or five years old, lie down, he thrust a knife into his throat. The blood poured out into a vessel, and with it the man moistened the spot where the seed had been planted.

Next he covered the corpse with a cloth, and placed a wooden bell over the seed. In a few moments a sprout was seen rising from the soil. It grew and grew and burst into flower. The flower fell, the pumpkin showed itself, and increased in size with extraordinary rapidity.

As soon as it was ripe the man picked it from the stalk, showed it to the public, and took up a collection, after which, of course, he lifted the cloth and found the boy perfectly unharmed.

The second feat, by a different performer, was even more startling. A peach was called for by one of the spectators.

'It is March,' said the magician. 'The land is still ice-bound. Peaches are not to be obtained now except in Paradise.'

'Oh, well,' answered the spectators, 'you are a sorcerer, and ought to be able to bring a peach down from heaven.'

The conjurer grumbled, but finally consented to see what he could do. He began by weaving a roll of ribbon, which he cast into the air. It took at once the shape of a ladder, which went up to a tremendous height. On it he placed a child, and the little fellow ran up the rungs like a monkey. Up, up he went till he vanished in the clouds.

Some moments passed; then a peach dropped from the sky. The magician picked it up, cut it into slices, and offered it to the bystanders. It was a real peach.

Then a horrible thing happened. The head of the child dropped out of the sky, and was followed by the trunk and then the legs. With tears in his eyes the man picked them up and placed them in a box. But after much show of grief, and after the sympathetic spectators had taken up a collection for his benefit, he opened the box and said, 'Come forth, my child, and thank these kind gentlemen.' At the word out sprang the child, alive and well.

## TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

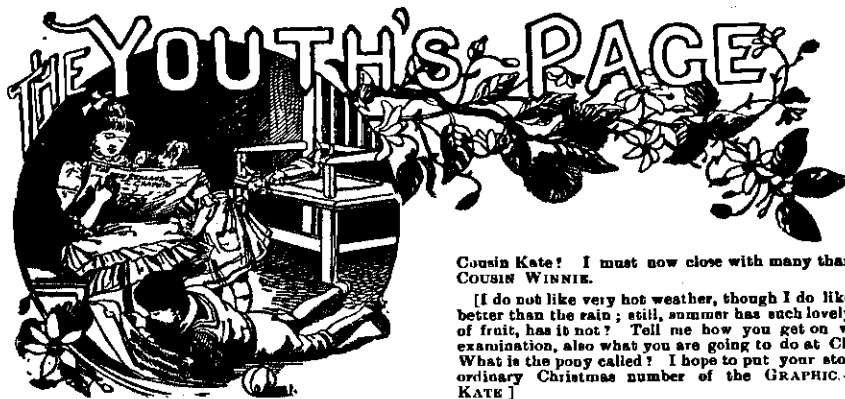
Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(ADVT.)

## ASHBURN HALL, NEAR DUNEDIN.

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



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



**CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.**

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 40s, 3d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—'Better late than never' being my motto, or rather one of my mottoes, of which I keep a convenient stock on hand to suit occasion, I must take this opportunity of renewing my correspondence with you. Did you visit the Agricultural Show? I went on Saturday, and in spite of the unfavourable weather, spent a very enjoyable afternoon, though henceforth I shall always associate an agricultural show with mud in unlimited quantities. About two o'clock heavy rain fell, and the ground, unpleasantly soft and spongy before, then became a veritable sea of mud, with here and there a miniature lake to vary the monotony. Between the frequent showers people ventured into the open, but on rain descending, each person evinced a sudden and unaccountable interest in the nearest tent, and rushed towards it as if its contents were the sole attraction of the Show. I must not describe the show, however, for my space is limited, and after all, Shows are very much alike everywhere. I am very glad Cousin Thelma has become one of your numerous relations. I knew her well at school, and you may imagine what a delightful companion she was when I assure you that her letters are just herself in print. I went to 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray' some time ago, and thought it lovely, but very sad. I never felt so sorry for anyone as for Mrs Tanqueray. Have you read 'Montezuma's Daughter,' Cousin Kate? I have it 'on hand' at present, but I much prefer 'David Copperfield' or 'In the Heart of the Storm,' which I am reading also. I am thinking of joining the Lending Library, for I have been so reduced lately that I had to fall back upon Mrs Hangerford, whose books I especially dislike. Yesterday I was taken to the top of the Arcade, whence a magnificent view of the city is obtainable. It is my ambition to reach the summit of Mount Rangitoto, view the city from that exalted position, but at present there seems small hope of my doing so. Isn't this weather miserable!

'The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary.'

until I feel inclined to wonder if winter has not come back by mistake. By the way, I think Cousin Muriel's suggestion splendid, and heartily wish the plan all success, and I will help to the best of my ability. Do you think the cot could be established by Christmas?—LILLA.

[I quite appreciate a letter from you again, Cousin Lilla. How did you discover Cousin Thelma's identity? She must have given herself away, as the boys say. When you do ascend Rangitoto, be sure and send me a minute description of the enterprise. I knew some people who went up. They had to wait for the grateful shades of night e'er putting in an appearance at home, and their first visit was to a bootshop to undergo sole and heel and other repairs. No, I am not a duck, and I didn't go to the Show, nor yet to the Athletic Sports. Instead, I went with two cousins (real relations) to the matinee, and saw that wonderful little Ruby Faunt. I hope to send you a cot card soon. It is a week since I got it ready, and I hope to have it printed directly. Thank you for taking one. I have read 'Montezuma's Daughter' quite lately.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Will you send a collecting card for the 'Cot' to Cousin Ethel and myself please. I think it is a very good idea of Cousin Muriel's.—With love from COUSIN DOT.

P.S.—I don't mean one card between us, but a card each. [You are good cousins to each offer to take one. I am having them printed with spaces for ten shillings, as some said they could collect more than five. But do not feel bound to fill them, any of you. Send as much as you can. The fund will always be open now. I will bank all I receive, and as soon as it amounts to £12 will buy the cot and pay the first quarter's money to the Board.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I've received your kind letter, and I have to thank you very much for awarding the prize to me. When will it be published? Please excuse me for not writing lately, but I have been so busy working up for our examination that I had forgotten to look at the GRAPHIC. We have a pony, and I had such a grand ride the other day. I am so glad that the summer is coming in, are you not,

Cousin Kate! I must now close with many thanks, from COUSIN WINNIE.

[I do not like very hot weather, though I do like the sun better than the rain; still, summer has such lovely promise of fruit, has it not? Tell me how you get on with your examination, also what you are going to do at Christmas? What is the pony called? I hope to put your story in the ordinary Christmas number of the GRAPHIC.—COUSIN KATE]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Thank you very much for the kind letter you sent me. It and the badge arrived safely on Iris' birthday. We were all admiring it, and she put it on at the party. She sends many thanks for it. I was very pleased at winning the prize. I am going to buy a book with the money. I do not object a tail to my name being put at the end of the story. We are all very pleased at your kind offer to put Iris' photograph in the GRAPHIC. I think the children's cot is a very good idea, and we will take collecting cards and do all we can towards it.—With kind love, yours truly, SYLVIA ROSE.

[Thank you for the loan of the photograph. I have asked them to take great care of it. I hope they will be able to enlarge it. You did send it promptly. Thank Cousin Fergus for the nice little description; it was so thoughtful of him to send it. Tell me what book you buy. I am so glad you will help with the cot. You shall have cards as soon as possible.—COUSIN KATE.]

**PUZZLE COLUMN.**

(1) Take 1 from 19 so that 20 will remain. (2) Take 50 from 45 so that 15 will remain. (3) Take 45 from 45 so that 45 will remain. (4) Count 11 fingers on your two hands (thumbs included).—COUSIN JESSIE No. 3.

**ANSWERS.**

Answer to Cousin Ida's (No. 2) Riddles: (1) From a duck. (2) A plough driven by a man and drawn by a horse. (3) Because it is high bred (bread).

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

**TWO DAYS' CYCLE RIDE THROUGH CHESHIRE.**

[CONTINUED.]

We continued our journey, but not without another narrow escape. We had to cross a railway. The Doctor went to cross first, whilst I cowered the gate of the crossing after us. The Doctor had his left foot on the line, when I shouted to him to come back. He had barely retreated a step or two when an express flew past. If he had been a minute later he would have been smashed to atoms. He said he had no idea that a train was on the metals. However, we passed over safely and entered a tunnel, over which ran a canal. At the end of this tunnel we came out into a steep and narrow lane, with high slimy banks on either side, on which ferns grow in wild profusion. At the end of this road we came out at the top of a hill, its sides sloping gradually to a fertile valley beneath, where a large number of cattle were peaceably grazing. We now found the roads in a much better condition, so we were able to increase our speed. I was beginning to know a little of the country now, as I had once driven to a place called Dutton with my grandfather The Rev. J. W. Newell Tanner, who was chairman to the Board of Guardians of Dutton Workhouse for over thirty years. On passing the Workhouse we saw many of the inmates breaking stones, or weeding the gardens, all helping to pay for their keep. Past the Workhouse we found the roads improving immensely, so we were able to increase our pace considerably. On our right we have the Overton Hills, and in the Valley beneath, we see the Great Railway Viaduct, and occasionally catch glimpses of the River Weaver, as she threads her course between the woods in the valley. On the road side we pass women gathering blackberries for market. We go through Little Leigh, a small village, but of no importance. I know the vicar, but we had no time to call and see him, so we turned sharp to our right and plunged into the wilds of Cheshire. There are so many roads in this part of Cheshire, and they are so very much alike, that if you were not acquainted with them you are apt to lose yourself. There are also a great many small woods dotted here and there which prevent you from seeing far. Some will only number a hundred trees. Cheshire is the home of the fox, which makes it a great hunting county, and in the season between the months of November and February two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen will turn out on horseback to hunt the fox, and it is a beautiful sight to see them in full cry, the hounds first, then the huntmen and whips, and lastly the ladies and gentlemen. The country about here is very pretty. On our right is Cogshall Park, and we caught glimpses of the old hall between the trees, the residence of Mr Highfield. There are a great number of rabbits in the park, and it is interesting to see them play on the sward beneath the trees, and off they go to their holes at the sound of approaching footsteps. Hunting in this park on horseback is dangerous on account of the numerous rabbit-holes, in which a horse is liable to get his hoof, and the rider is thrown heavily to the ground. There is also ample sport with the gun, for

there are the rabbits, pheasants, partridges, wild duck, and grouse. Then we have the thrush, sheldar, swallow, robin, cuckoo, and corncrake. The latter bird makes a craking noise, and is generally found in the cornfields. Strange to say it never shows itself. If you go up to where the noise comes from, you will hear it again in some other part of the field, but these birds are not allowed to be shot, nor their nests robbed. Cogshall is not very far from Antrobus, but owing to the bad state of the roads about here we were not able to go fast. Still, they were very pretty roads for all that. One road that we went down was lined on either side with oak trees, their branches meeting one another above, making quite an arbour, and almost shutting out the sky from our sight. We increased our speed, in spite of the bad state of the roads, as we wanted to reach Antrobus by one o'clock.

Our next place was Seven Oaks. Seven Oaks can boast a Quaker house and also a Quaker tree that has a history, for under the tree George Fox preached two hundred years ago. George Fox was a great Quaker preacher. A five minutes' ride from Seven Oaks brought us to Antrobus, and in a short time we arrived at the school-house, in which we were to have our lunch and a rest. We had a very welcome reception from Richard Coppock and his wife, they having known our family for forty years. Richard Coppock has been school-master under my grandfather for over thirty years. We had a wash and a brush down, and then we set to and soon made a hole in a large rabbit pie and cold ham, and finished up with apple tart (which is a favourite dish of mine) and good old Cheshire cheese. We rested for about an hour and a half to let our food settle, which was eaten ravenously.

**LOYD'S.**

'RATED A1 at Lloyd's' is a phrase which is common enough in all countries which have large numbers of ships engaged in foreign trade, but is probably not very familiar to the eyes of most of our readers. It means that the vessel has been inspected by Lloyd's agents, and is found to be so well built and so staunch that it is entitled to the lowest rate of insurance. Vessels are rated A2, B1, and by other letters and numbers, according to their condition. Lloyd's is an association of merchants and of men interested in marine insurance in London. It is by far the best known institution of its kind in the world, yet even in England, the true character of the association and of its business are not commonly known.

It is said that the secretary receives many letters every year addressed to 'Mr Lloyd.' This is not greatly to be wondered at, and yet the man for whom 'Lloyd's' was named was never known as a merchant, and has been dead nearly two hundred years.

The institution is successor to a coffee-house which was kept in Lombard street, London, by a certain Mr Lloyd at the end of the seventeenth century. Little more of the man's history is known. The house was a favourite place of resort for London merchants. It is referred to in a poem called 'The Wealthy Shopkeeper,' printed in 1700. The 'shopkeeper' says that he never missed 'resorting to Lloyd's' to read his letters and attend sales. In the 'Tattler,' published in 1710, Richard Steele speaks of this house. It is the meeting place of business men, and the point to which all maritime news centres.

In the *Spectator* Addison selects Lloyd's coffee house as the place at which to lay a scene of commercial life at that period. The obscure coffee-house developed into an institution which has moved from place to place in London, until finally it has become settled in the building of the Royal Exchange.

This association has some points of resemblance to the Associated Press. It gets maritime news earlier than any individual in London. To this end it has its agents in every part of the world. These agents are sometimes merchants, sometimes consuls, but in every case, men who are in a position to have the earliest and the most trustworthy news. These they telegraph immediately to 'Lloyd's.'

Such intelligence as is of general interest is published in a daily paper, known under the name of *Lloyd's List*, a maritime gazette that has been published more than a century and a half.

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

This powder, so celebrated, is utterly unrivalled in destroying BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all insects (which perfectly harmless to all animals life). 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 must insist upon having 'Keating's Powder.' No other Powder is efficacious.

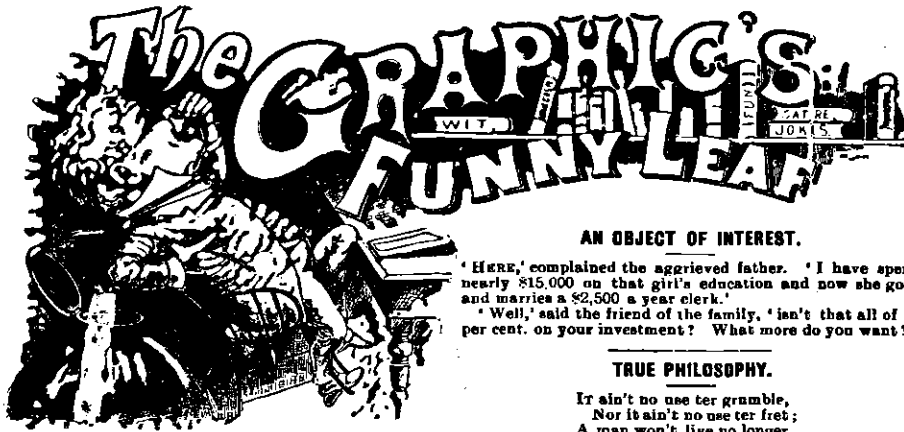
**KILLS** **BUGS,  
FLEAS,  
MOTHS,  
BEETLES,  
MOSQUITOES.**

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.

**KEATING'S WORM TABLETS;  
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS;  
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS;  
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS;**

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETENED, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTENSIVE, or THREATENED, WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins, by all Druggists. Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.



**THE GIRL FOR ME.**

I KNOW I'm a Philistine,  
I know my tastes are low.  
But still I shall persist in  
A life of vim and go.  
My own canoe I paddle,  
But not through floods of tears,  
And laugh at 'fiddle-faddle,'  
About degenerate years.

I love a girl who's healthy,  
And is not cursed with nerves,  
And though she isn't wealthy,  
My purpose never swerves.  
She was not taught in college  
To heave æsthetic sighs,  
And haply lacks the knowledge  
Her moods to analyse.

But the electric rapture  
Of her high-voltage kiss  
I wouldn't lose to capture  
The most exquisite bliss.  
Her accent isn't proper,  
Nor is her form divine,  
But still her heart's a 'whopper,'  
And it is wholly mine.

**PULLING HIM UP.**

He was saying all sort of soft things to her.  
'Sir,' she exclaimed with sudden indignation.  
'Oh, I beg your pardon,' he replied hastily. 'I meant nothing by—'  
'That's just what I don't like, sir. What I want to hear is something you mean.'

**AN OLD ONE.**

A SCOTCHMAN once neatly turned the tables on an Englishman who had been alluding to the number of Scots in London.  
'Well,' replied the Scot, 'I know a place in Scotland where there are 30,000 Englishmen who never go back to their own country.'  
'Why, wherever can such a crowd be?' said the Englishman, to whom the Scot dryly remarked, 'At Bannockburn.'

**A FORM OF SPEECH.**

PROF. MAXIM: 'You can't fire a cannon or light a fire cracker with the spark of genius.'  
Scholar (misinterpreting 'you'): 'Neither can you.'

**SHE MISUNDERSTOOD HIM.**

'I've been working with a will all day,' said a young lawyer to his wife, at the dinner table.  
'Did you succeed in breaking it?' queried she.



**DELICATELY PUT.**

'Why, Charles, ole chap, where's your watch?'  
'Herey (playing with the ticket in his vest pocket): 'Why—oh—I couldn't stand the beastly ticking—it shattered my nerves!'

**AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.**

'HERE,' complained the aggrieved father. 'I have spent nearly \$15,000 on that girl's education and now she goes and marries a \$2,500 a year clerk.'  
'Well,' said the friend of the family, 'isn't that all of 15 per cent. on your investment? What more do you want?'

**TRUE PHILOSOPHY.**

It ain't no use ter grumble,  
Nor it ain't no use ter fret;  
A man won't live no longer  
By a gettin' all upset.  
It's the man of even temper  
That is allers sore to win,  
An' the man that's allers kickin'  
That is gettin' taken in.

**VOLAPUK.**

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM: 'Whatever are you kicking up such a noise about?'  
Jones: 'Carntforlive me (sic) 'magin' wossnpwizzerdoor!'  
Wife: 'Oh, stop talking Volapuk, and I'll come down.'

**DISTINCTIONS.**

'MONEY makes a heap of difference in the world,' said the misanthrope.  
'Of course it does. Still a man can always choose his associations.'  
'Oh, I don't know about that. Here I am with such limited means that I can't be on speaking terms with even the telephone company.'



THE MASTER: 'Another evening out you want, but what for? What is your pastime?'  
Mary: 'Well, sir, I'm not quite sure of his name, but I calls him Jack.'

**PRECAUTIONS.**

SHOWMAN: 'How is the temperature to-day?'  
Assistant: 'Ninety, and going up.'  
Showman: 'Then you'd better put ice on the fat lady.'

**A NEAT PROPOSAL.**

'So you are having your house redecorated, Mr Hawkins?'  
'Yes; the workmen began last week.'  
'Are you making radical changes?'  
'Yes—very.'  
'What is to be the main feature of the new house?'  
'You—if you'll consent.'

**HARD TO BELIEVE.**

THE story that a girl in Oakland, California, jumped through a plate glass window to avoid being kissed by a young man at a church festival, lacks verisimilitude for reasons other than the thickness of plate glass.

**PREPARED FOR THE WORST.**

EDNA: 'Who is Miss Gollybly going to marry?'  
MILLIE: 'Old Moneybags.'  
Edna: 'How do you know?'  
Millie: 'She's having most of her trousseau in black.'

**DECREE ABSOLUTE.**

EMANCIPATED WOMAN (1900): 'I want a divorce.'  
Lawyer: 'What is the matter?'  
Emancipated Woman: 'In looking over my husband's papers I find that he spells Woman with a small w.'

**A FELLOW FEELING.**

HIGHLANDER (to lady cyclist who has been chaffed by a larrikin): 'Never mind, miss; they'll get need to us in time.'

**AS THEY SEE IT.**

MISS FULLER: 'When we British go to China we build railroads, start live enterprises, and are of great benefit to your country. When a Chinaman comes here he is content to open a laundry. How do you account for it?'  
Mandarin Hit Rice: 'Britishers need sleep more cleaning.'



**AFTER THE GARDEN PARTY.**

CLAUDE: 'May I have the pleasure of seeing you home, Miss Florrie?'  
Florrie: 'Oh, certainly! There's the hill just in front, or, if you prefer it you might climb the tree in the back, but go anywhere so that you get a perfect view. I shall be starting in a few minutes.'

**A DANGEROUS PROCEEDING.**

THE unmarried woman of uncertain age was on the witness stand, and the prosecuting attorney, for some reason, was disposed to nag her.  
'I believe,' he said, 'that you gave your name as Mary Howitly, unmarried?'  
'I did,' she replied stubbornly.  
'And what is your age?'  
'I decline to answer.'  
'But the court wishes to know.'  
'It's none of the court's business,' snapped the witness.  
The judge became intent on the instant.  
'What's that madam?' he asked sharply.  
'I said, your honor, that it was none of the court's business what my age is.'  
'The witness will answer the question,' frowned the judge.  
'The witness will do nothing of the kind,' replied the lady.  
'The court insists,' said the judge.  
'And why?' asked the witness. 'Will I tell the truth with any the less impartiality, whether I am 20 or 70?'  
The judge was thinking of a fitting answer when the prosecutor put in:  
'May it please the court,' he said severely, 'this is contempt and should be punished accordingly.'  
The witness smiled most exasperatingly.  
'May it please the court,' she said in close imitation of the prosecutor, 'you may fine me for contempt if you wish, but it will not make me answer. Your Honor and the gentleman who asks me the question are elected to the offices you fill by the people, and you are both willing to be elected again. Imprison me if you wish, I shall not answer; but I will say to both of you, now, that when the people know you have punished a woman for refusing to tell her age, you will never be elected to office again in a thousand years. Women have some rights that are bound to be respected, and public sentiment has accorded to this one. So there.'  
The judge looked down at the prosecutor and the prosecutor looked up at the judge, and the matter was allowed to drop.



**SUFFICIENT TESTIMONY.**

JONES: 'Hallo, Robinson, delighted to see you, me boy! I hear you have a position with my friends Skinner and Co.?'  
Robinson: 'Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there!'  
Jones: 'That's first rats. Who recommended you?'  
Robinson: 'Oh, nobody. I just told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the berth.'