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THE CHORAL AND FLORAL FESTIVAL AT NAPIER.

THE group reproduced on this page is of those who took part in the recent Choral and Floral Festival in Napier, the fame whereof has gone from one end of the colony to the other. The thought which prompted the idea, the patience and perseverance which carried it through to so successful a termination, can hardly be over commended. Not only was the object served in assisting a deserving cause—a most excellent one, teaching children to think of others besides themselves—but the musical training imparted cannot fail to bear good and valuable fruit. From our amiable contemporary, the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, we extract the following graphic account of the performance :—

'The sight when the curtain rose was striking in the extreme, for there, packed tier upon tier right up to the ceiling, sat the loveliest group of little girls which a Napier audience has ever been privileged to gaze upon. And they were seen at their best, for abetting nature's charms were worn the most tasteful of white dresses, supplemented by the prettiest of sashes, blue on the one side, pink on the other, with both amalgamated in the centre ; and when they rose, precise as soldiers, at a signal from the baton, and voiced the opening anthem, all the care and trouble and practice and drill for weeks and weeks past were rewarded. The last note was the signal for public testimony loud, prolonged, and hearty. As the programme proceeded, not a false note marred its performance, the children attacking even the most difficult passages with a confidence begotten of thorough and systematic practice ; and when they added to accomplished vocalism a display of banners and flowers waved in rhythmical sympathy, the effect was indescribably happy. The assistance given by the "advanced choir" of adult voices, and by the soloists, Mrs J. W. Reid and Mr R. P. Mackay, contributed largely to the general success. The most successful items were the anthem "Oh Festive day so Bright" (with banner and floral display); the "Christmas Echo Song"; "Children's Praise" (with bass and soprano solo and humming accompaniment); "Hail Lovely Spring," by choristers and advanced choir; and "Hear the Trumpet Loudly Calling," with banner display and cornet accompaniment. During an interval Dean Hovell, on behalf of Mr Tiffen, the president of the Children's Home, who is on the sick list, thanked all those who had contributed in any way to the undoubted success of the festival.'

Thus the local press. It is matter for regret that space prevents our giving the report in *extenso* ; but one thing must certainly be done, and that is to chronicle the fact that the success achieved was to a great extent due to the energetic efforts of Mrs J. W. Reid and Mr W. J. Bardsley, who were untiring in their efforts in training the children. Miss Townshend and Miss Hitchings also deserve great credit. On the 25th ult. the children taking part were entertained by the Ladies' Committee at a Christmas tree, etc.

A TENDER HEART.

I MET an old and withered man,
With beard as white as snow ;
Adown his cheeks the tear-drops ran,
Feeble his step and slow.
So thin his face, so starved his mien,
I offered him a crust ;
Never such famine had I seen
As made his cheeks like dust.

'I beg you eat a bit of this,'
I said in pleading tones.
'So small a piece I shall not miss,
And you are naught but bones.'
'I cannot taste,' he said, 'of bread
That has been raised with leaven
Since they cut off Queen Mary's head
In Fifteen eighty-seven.'

'At least,' I urged, 'an oyster take,
'Twill easily digest ;
Of this a frugal meal to make
Surely were for the best.'
'To offer oysters is in vain ;
I cannot eat them more,
Through grief that Cæsar should be slain
In B.C. Forty-four.'

'Old man,' I cried, 'at least be moved
A cup of tea to taste.
Often its virtues have been proved
When strength has run to waste.'
'No more I comfort take,' he saith,
'In mild, inspiring tea,
Since I was told Elizabeth
Died Sixteen hundred three.'

I heaved a sigh, I wiped a tear,
I took him by the hand.
'You need some wine,' I urged, in fear
That he was quite unmanned.
'You do not know, alas !' moaned he,
'I cannot taste of wine,
For Catherine de' Medici
Died Fifteen eighty-nine.'

Desperate I tried one viand else.
'There is ice-cream,' I said ;
'It nourishes as well as melts,
And cannot harm the dead.'
'I cannot eat ice-cream,' he sighed,
'For in my throat it sticks
Since I have learnt Columbus died
In Fifteen hundred six.'

'My heart so tender is,' he said,
'It quivers through and through
To think Mohammed should be dead
Six hundred thirty-two.
Then Shakespeare died Sixteen sixteen ;
Mæcenas Eight B.C. ;
And since these figures I have seen,
What's eating now to me ?'

I left him then and went my way,
Weeping and mourning much,
It really did no good to stay,
Though he my heart did touch.
But as I munch my buttered toast
Or eat cold mutton stew,
His image haunts me like a ghost
Making his sad ado ! ARLO BATES.

MR W. BARDSLEY. MRS REID. MISS TOWNSHEND. MR J. W. REID.

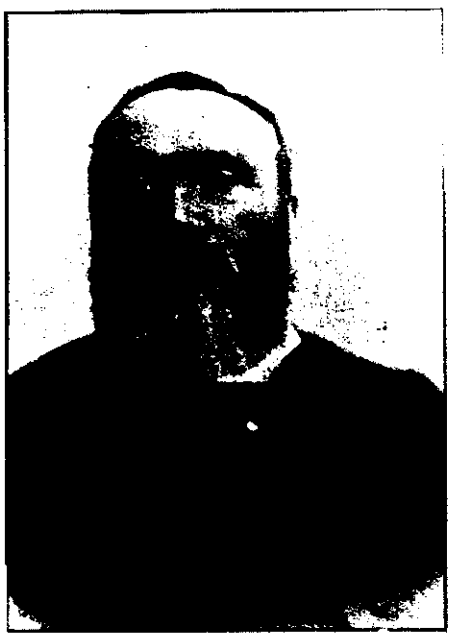
THE CHORAL AND FLORAL FESTIVAL AT NAPIER.

THE CANTERBURY ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

ACCLIMATISATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

[BY THE WARRIGAL.]

THE Canterbury Acclimatisation Society's Gardens form one of the most picturesque places about Christchurch. They are situated on the banks of the river Avon between the Domain and the South Park, a few minutes' walk from Cathedral Square. The fish ponds, a beautiful reach of the river, and abundance of willows and forest trees give a sylvan air to the place which is especially charming in summer. But besides the picturesqueness of the place there is a large interest in the acclimatisation of various fish, birds, and other



Standish and Preece, photo A. CARRICK,
President of the Canterbury Acclimatisation Society.

things, an interest beginning to be recognised by a good number of people. Acclimatisation is a most important thing in this country.

New Zealand is a wonderfully fertile and lovely place. Nature was lavish in showering on the land all the attractions that make it so valuable to man. It gave grand mountains, clear, swift rivers, great forests, grassy plains; it gave a healthy and delightful climate, a fertile soil, but it neglected one important thing—it did not stock the country. The clear rivers were bare of any fish save gigantic eels, the forests held no animals larger than a rat, and no game birds save a few parrots and pigeons. The grassy hills and plains were lifeless save for the wingless weka. The only game of any importance were the waterfowl—the grey duck, spoonbill duck, the black and brown teal, the Blue Mountain duck, and the paradise duck, the pukaki, the bittern, the black swan, and a few smaller birds. The Acclimatisation Societies have done a great deal to alter this state of things. We have now hares and pheasants in the open country; deer, wallabes, and possums on the hills; and in our rivers we have the gamest of game fish—the royal trout. There is scarcely a stream in the South Island but what is stocked with trout, and just through the work of Acclimatisation Societies we now possess perhaps the best

Stanciah and Preece, photo H. BRUCE,
Secretary Christchurch Acclimatisation Society.

S. C. FAIR,
Late Secretary Christchurch Acclimatisation. One of the first to introduce Trout into New Zealand.

trout-fishing in the world. We can scarcely yet appreciate the value of this work. Besides giving the finest of sport to the people of the country, and adding one of the most delicious of fish to our list, it increases the charm of our country, and attracts wealthy visitors every year. It requires no prophet to foresee that in the future the value of trout-fishing will increase, and it is more than probable that, besides continuing to attract tourists, it will give rise to valuable industries on our estuaries and in our lakes.

The history of the introduction of trout into Canterbury is very interesting. I quote some facts from a pamphlet published by Mr S. C. Farr, who is one of the fathers of acclimatisation here, and who has done more perhaps than anyone in introducing trout into our rivers.

In the year 1866 the Provincial Government gave to the Canterbury Acclimatisation Society the piece of ground which forms the gardens I am describing. Ponds were made and trees planted. In 1867 the Society sent their curator over to Tasmania to obtain trout ova. He was to receive £30 on account of expenses, and £1 each for every trout he reared to be six weeks old. He raised three trout only out of the 800 received, and they escaped, but two of them were recaptured. In 1868 more ova was obtained from Tasmania, and 433 trout were raised and turned out in the Avon, Heathcote, Irewell, Cam, Lake Coleridge and other places. From that date the Society have continued to raise and distribute trout, with the result that the rivers of Canterbury are now as well stocked with fish as any angler could desire.

The work of raising trout still goes on, and most interesting work it is too. In our illustration we show the hatching house, which is in reality a gigantic nursery. About June the Society capture large trout in the various rivers and strip them of their ova. This ova is placed in shallow boxes half filled with fine shingle, over which a stream of water constantly runs. The milt is placed with the ova, and in about four weeks the young fry is hatched. The fry remains in the boxes for another month, and is then put into larger boxes, which are placed in the water races outside, and after about another month in this confinement they are liberated in the open races and fed on ground liver, gentles, and other fishy food. The young fish are kept in the races until they are twelve months old, when they are sent into the different rivers, or sold to private individuals.

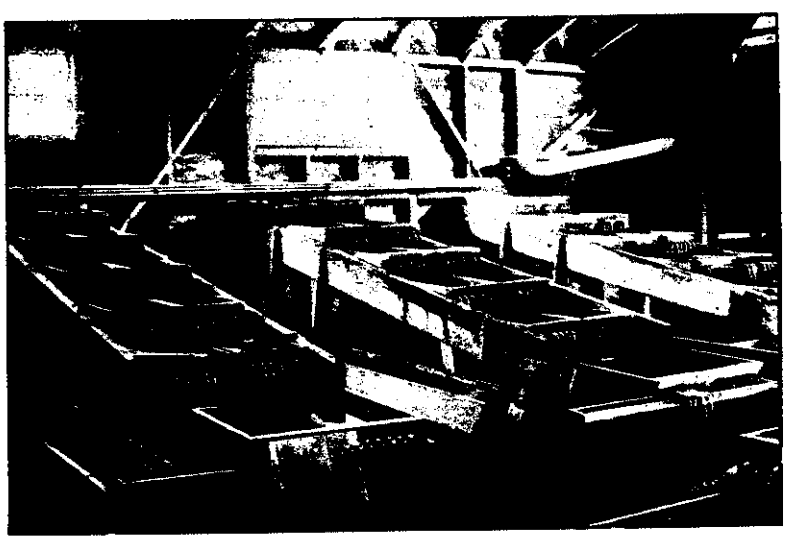
There are ninety boxes in the hatching house, and as a rule 400,000 ova or eggs are placed in them, and out of this number of eggs 250,000 to 300,000 young fry are obtained. The varieties of trout dealt with are American Brook trout, Salmon trout, Loch Leven, and Burn trout, Brown trout and Rainbow trout. It used to be the custom to distribute the young fry, but it has been found that it is much better to keep the fish until they are yearlings before liberating, when they stand a much better chance of fishing for themselves.

The hatching out and distributing of trout is the most important of acclimatisation work carried on by the Society, but is only a part of the work such a Society might do if they were supported as they should be by the public. The love of sport is inherent in the Anglo-Saxon, and there is no reason why all the vast waste of mountain country in the high Southern Alps should not be stocked with red deer and chamois. The young New Zealander should look upon the work of acclimatisation as a natural duty. He is naturally a sportsman, and though he may be too apt to weigh the pleasure of fishing by the weight of his basket, and shooting by the number of head he kills, without considering the deeper delights of natural history and the finer arts of the chase, yet when he considers how much acclimatisation has already done to give him sport, he may begin to see that it is for his own interest to do more for acclimatisation, to assist in preserving and encouraging game.

Many young New Zealanders have estates splendidly adapted for the rearing of game. They have rivers and streams, and it would be easy for them to stock such waters with trout. They can get the young fish from the

ENTRANCE TO CHRISTCHURCH ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

FISH PONDS, CHRISTCHURCH ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY'S GARDENS.



Photo's by J. Sadler, Christchurch.

HATCHING HOUSE FOR TROUT, ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

FISH PONDS, CHRISTCHURCH ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

Acclimatisation Societies for 30s per 100, or fry at 40s per 1,000. A few pounds spent in this manner would yield huge profits in the way of sport. Three years after stocking a river should yield good fish, and the fecundity of trout is remarkable. But wealthy New Zealanders or the Government or public bodies might go further than this. There are vast extents of wild country in the back ranges utterly useless for pastoral purposes. These places might become national parks if stocked with red deer, chamois, grouse, Ptarmigan, and all kinds of game. Of course great care would have to be exercised in selecting the right kinds of game, but we have knowledge enough now to escape many of the mistakes of the past.

I should like to see steps taken to encourage acclimatisation in this country. We can scarcely calculate the value of trout-fishing alone to New Zealand, but I should say that it is worth some thousands of pounds annually to the nation, and as New Zealand will naturally become a favourite resort for Australians and European holiday-makers, all kinds of sport will be profitable. Apart, however, from the commercial aspect of the case, the thousands of young men growing up will look to the chase of game as one of the most healthy and delightful of sports, and for their pleasure everything possible should be done to encourage acclimatisation.

I have gone away from my particular subject in the interests of acclimatisation in general, but I only need add now that the Canterbury Society is progressing very favourably. When its present secretary, Mr H. A. Bruce, took office the Society was in debt. Now it has over £300 to its credit, a fact largely due to Mr Bruce's energy and business acumen. The President of the Society, Mr A. Garrish, has long been associated with acclimatisation, and has done much to forward its interests both in Canterbury and Otago.

ODD TRICKS OF PRACTICAL JOKERS.

SOME years ago considerable excitement prevailed in a town in the south of Devon, as the people rushed to the edge of the cliffs to witness a mermaid who was announced to be there combing her hair on the rocks below. Never had the place been in such a ferment before. People flocked to the spot every evening in dense crowds to see the strange creature—an indistinct object discernable some distance off in the sea. This continued for a few days, until a sportsman announced his intention to shoot and stuff her, possibly with a view to starting in the showman business; and on the appointed night the cliffs were thronged with people from all quarters, waiting eagerly for the supposed mermaid. It then transpired that a young fellow down for a holiday had dressed himself as a mermaid to deceive the people, and for a time had extracted some fun out of his little joke, but, hearing that the mermaid was to be shot, he wisely remained at home, and the wonder came to an end.

In India, on the occasion of Her Majesty's jubilee, sports and games were arranged at nearly all the military stations for the amusement of the public. At Quetta, one of the British Infantry regiments, under the indefatigable exertions of one of its popular field officers, arranged to have an English fair. There were shows of every description, including a circus. The latter was quite a draw. A sergeant of the regiment, as showman, was perfect in his make-up, and appeared to be quite at home in the work, pointing with a long whip to the different performers, who were parading the platform, and drawing attention to the placarded fact that this was 'the largest circus in the world.' A brass band could be heard inside, and the public were invited to enter at the rate of two pice (one halfpenny) per head, and were told that the first five hundred persons admitted would be presented with 'a true and faithful portrait of Her Majesty, suitable for mounting, either on a gentleman's scarf-pin or a lady's brooch.' These were wrapped in tissue paper, and handed to them as they paid their money. On entering the show the visitors found themselves in a very narrow passage that went in a zigzag direction around four large tents, till they arrived at a back door, to which a finger was pointing, accompanied by the chilling information, 'This way out.' On finding it to be a joke, all took it in good part, and invited their friends to see the circus. The amusement afforded on watching folks' faces on making their exit was well worth the amount of the entrance fee. The 'present' consisted of a one-pice piece, so no one was much out of pocket.

About three years ago the following advertisement appeared in a Liverpool paper:—'Would the gentleman who nodded to a lady on a Cabbage Hall tram on Thursday last kindly meet her at the entrance to the Town Hall on Tuesday, at one o'clock? A yellow rose to be the sign.' At the time this advertisement appeared tea roses were very cheap, and almost all the 'gents' on the Exchange adorned themselves with one. Quite a crowd gathered to witness the greeting, and as the clock struck the hour an unfortunate young swell appeared wearing the yellow rose. His appearance was the signal for such a yell from the crowd that in terror he ran down Water-street and along a by street, the mob following at his heels, until he found refuge in a city office, where he waited until his pursuers had departed.

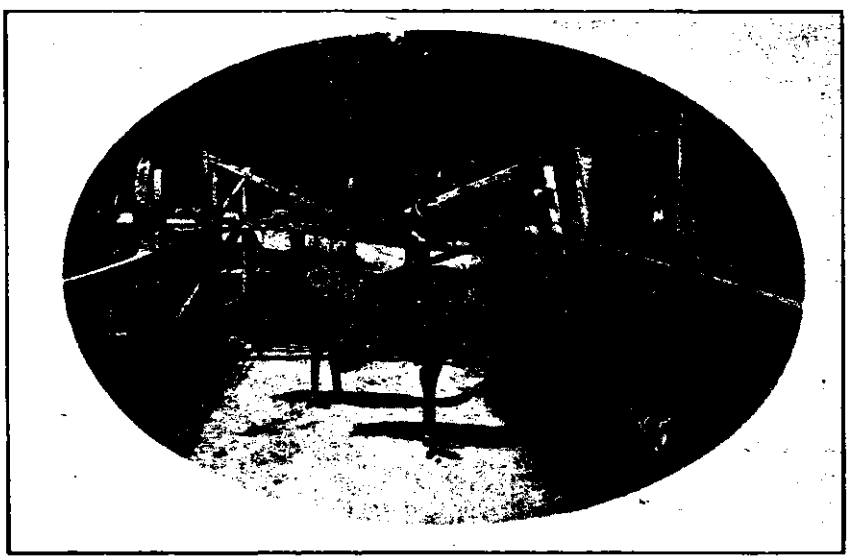
In a Midland town last winter there appeared a sort of world's fair, consisting of entertainments of all kinds. Amongst these was a tent outside of which a large poster announced that by paying a small sum the public might enter and behold 'a representation of two of the loveliest Isles of Greece.' A number of curious folk paid their money and entered the tent. At the end was

a small platform covered by a curtain. Presently the curtain rose and a large wooden horse made its appearance, while a gruff voice from behind announced: 'Ladies and gentlemen, here you observe Deal 'Oss (Delos).' Then the wooden horse was slowly withdrawn, amidst mingled cries of derision and amusement. Again the curtain rose, and the same horse re appeared, and the same voice solemnly exclaimed: 'Ladies and gentlemen, here you behold Same 'Oss (Samos).' Then a great shout arose, and some of the hoaxed ones demanded their money back, but when they sought an interview with the perpetrator of the classical joke they found he was not!

SUNLIGHT MADE TO ORDER.

TESLA had two big undertakings on hand when his laboratory caught fire and was destroyed in New York. The more important of these, from his point of view, was the production of light by the vibration of the atmosphere. According to the inventor, the light of the sun is the result of vibrations in 94,000,000 miles of ether, which separate us from the centre of the solar system, of which we are a part. Tesla's idea is to produce here on earth vibrations similar to those which cause sunlight, and thus give us a light as intense as that of the sun, with no danger of obstruction from the clouds. The inventor had already done something towards accomplishing this end when the fire occurred. It is understood that he has again taken the subject up. To illustrate his principle it is only necessary to take a long bar of glass and note the brilliancy of the light it produces through vibration alone. It is a prismatic experiment, in general terms, applied to electricity. Tesla can compute vibrations as readily as most people count the wealth they would like to have. He can tell you the number of vibrations produced by a fly in action and draw interesting comparisons therefrom. For example, this young man from Smiljam will tell you that a certain kind of fly peculiar to the swamps of Central America moves his wings about 25,000 times to the second. You may doubt the accuracy of this statement in your own mind, but if you hunger for details Tesla will sit down and convince you with figures adduced from a scientific contemplation of the problem.

'All I have to do,' he said, recently, 'is to duplicate the number of vibrations required to light up the sun, and the practicability of my theory will have been demonstrated. It is difficult for me to give you an idea that you will readily grasp about this question of vibration. In ordinary life our minds do not deal with the figures that come up in such investigations. I have come to the conclusion that the sunlight is produced by five hundred trillion vibrations of the atmosphere per second. In order to manufacture the same kind of light it will be necessary to produce an equal number of vibrations by machinery. I have succeeded up to a certain point, but am still at work on the task.



A PAIR OF EMUS, CHRISTCHURCH ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

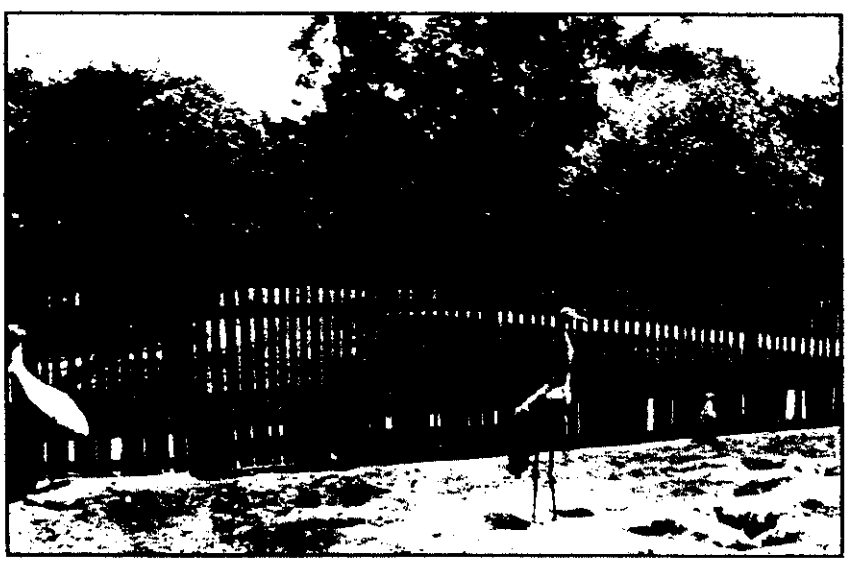


Photo by U. Smiler, Christchurch.

AUSTRALIAN NATIVE COMPANION, CHRISTCHURCH ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

A HOME IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

(BY EMILY S. LOUD.)

MORE than twenty years ago, my husband and I were living at Tahiti, Society Islands. My husband's business rendered it necessary for him to make frequent trips among the islands of the South Pacific and upon one of his voyages to the Pomotu* Islands adverse winds drove his vessel far to the north-west of his course. Sighting a small group of islands in this unfrequented part of the ocean, he landed there and found that although covered with vegetation the islands appeared to be uninhabited. Upon his return to Tahiti he made inquiries about them, but as they were out of the track of vessels visiting the larger groups of islands, no one seemed to know anything of them. It occurred to him, however, that could he get a lease of the largest island which seemed to be well covered with cocoanut trees and manufacture copra (dried cocoanut), for the European and American markets, and also raise pigs and poultry for the Tahiti market, the result would be a pecuniary success with but little risk, as the expense of living there would be very small. The first step was to get a lease of the island from Queen Pomare to whose realm it undoubtedly belonged; and very proud we felt when the important document, giving

EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF THE ISLE OF MOEMOTU,

(isle of rest), as we afterwards named it, with all its products of ten years came into our possession. My husband then bought fifty pigs and a hundred chickens and commenced loading his vessel with stores, tools, and building material, while I tried to think of and collect everything that might be needful in a place where there was no store or neighbour, as we did not intend leaving the island, until the time came to take our products to market. At last we were ready to sail, and took our departure for our promised land accompanied by two young native boys who had been in my husband's employ for some time. For four days our little vessel danced over the blue waters, and then early in the morning of the fifth day my husband called me, for we were nearing our destined port. The sun had just risen, and in the distance the mirrored surface of the water was broken by sheets of spray, outlining the reef that encircled our island, while as we came nearer, fitful glimpses of green foliage and stately cocoanut palms grew visible, and vast flocks of noisy sea birds came hovering around our vessel as if to welcome us to our new home.

We sailed around the island until we found a good landing place, and then while the captain and the natives were occupied with the ship I scrambled up the reef, as it was low tide, and walked over to the shore. The jagged edges of the coral that composed the reef made walking rather a difficult matter, and the innumerable hollows in the reef, which the receding tide had left filled with water demanded constant watchfulness, as a misstep would have involved wet feet, if nothing more serious.

When I finally reached the shore, the loveliness and fertility of the scene filled me with wonder and admiration, accustomed though I was to the beauties of tropical landscape. Perhaps the sense of personal possession heightened the charm, but the air certainly was remarkably pure and exhilarating, and the bright sunshine instead of oppressing me seemed to stimulate every faculty to unwonted energy.

EVEN THE NATIVE BOYS SEEMED TO THROW OFF THEIR NATURAL INDOLENCE,

and came forward with alacrity to help remove the cargo, and assist the captain in constructing a temporary shelter until he should find time to put together the frame building which we had brought with us in sections from Tahiti. We agreed upon a site for our future residence, and then, wishing to explore our new domain, I left the others and strolled away to a gentle rise of ground covered with *pandanus* trees. The undergrowth was so luxuriant and there were so many beautiful ferns and vines to admire, that I did not look up until I had passed quite over the elevation and walked some distance beyond. A slight noise attracted my attention and glancing ahead of me, I discovered several natives, who having seen us land were on their way to interview us. Although like the Tahitians, they had straight black hair, large dark eyes, well-shaped features and erect forms, their complexions were considerably darker and

* For the sake of geographical accuracy it should be stated that the correct name of this island is Caroline Island, and by that name it is known on the maps. It is one of the Manihiki Group and lies to the west of and between the Pomotu and Marquesas Islands.

Caroline Island was brought prominently before the scientific world a few years ago as being about the only place on the earth from which the total eclipse of the sun was visible on May 6th, 1883, and was visited at that time by noted European and American astronomers and scientific investigators.

the expression of their faces more stern and savage. They were naked with the exception of waist cloths of *tappa* (native cloth of pounded bark) and the oldest ones were elaborately tattooed. They all carried huge spears and their sudden appearance caused me great alarm, for instances of cannibalism were known to have taken place on these distant islands within recent times.

With the knowledge of this fact flashing through my mind, mingled with the realizing sense of our remoteness from aid, I hastened back to tell my husband that, contrary to our suppositions, we had leased an inhabited island, and that the consequences of our invasion might

Papeeti Tahiti

be most disastrous. The savages, who had followed on closely after me, were now within speaking distance. My husband's intercourse with natives of different islands had made him familiar with their language, and our native boys supplied any deficiency he had in making himself understood. In spite of their warlike appearance, however, they proved to be most friendly, and said that their home was on a neighbouring island. They had come to Moemotu several days before, with the intention of gathering cocoanuts for copra. But when the captain showed them his lease of the island, they conferred together aside for a few moments, and then re-

Tahiti Belles.

turning proposed that they should remain and work for him. There were seven of them, and three had brought their wives, and one a daughter also, the women being then at their houses on the other side of the island. The captain, believing that he could make their services useful, acceded to their proposition; and thus, instead of being alone, we found ourselves at the head of a colony from the start.

That afternoon, we had the men tie cocoanut leaves around the trunks of some of the trees nearest the ocean, about six feet from the ground, to show that they were tabooed; that is, set apart as private property, the nuts to be gathered only by the owners, so that any other islanders coming in their canoes would know that the fruit was claimed, and as natives very rarely violate the *taboo*, we were not likely to be disturbed further in taking possession of our kingdom.

Although

MY EXPEDITION ABOUT THE ISLAND WAS THUS CUT SHORT

by the unlooked-for appearance of the natives, subsequent explorations showed us that Moemotu was a low coral island, about seven and a-half miles long and one and a-half miles wide, lying north and south. The land was about twelve feet above the sea level, and well wooded, many of the trees being from eighty to one hundred feet high. Beside the large plantation of cocoanut trees, the *tamana toa buraw*, and *pandanus* trees grew abundantly, the latter perfuming the air for miles, when in blossom. The fragrance of these pale yellow *pandanus* flowers is so sweet and strong that sailors, when many miles away, know, even on the darkest night, that they are approaching the Pomotu Islands by the odour-laden breeze. There is also another species of *pandanus*, called the mat tree, the leaves of which are used by the natives for making mats, and which differs from the other by having neither flowers nor fruit. It is propagated by means of shoots from the root or stem. The natives use the leaves of the flowering *pandanus*, ten and twelve feet long, for thatching their houses. They cut away the prickly edges and midriff, soak the leaves in water until they are pliable, and then doubling them over a long reed, sew them with the stiff midriff of the cocoanut leaf, or pin them with little sticks. Carefully made, the thatch will last for ten or twelve years. The *pandanus* is the first tree to make its appearance on these low islands. Pushing itself up among the rocks and sands, it covers them with verdure and grows and multiplies very rapidly, although it is impossible to see whence it derives its nourishment. But from the time it has covered the island with its thick foliage and fruit, which falling, enriches the ground mixed with the broken coral, other vegetation follows: The interior lands near the lagoon are generally most fertile.

The hosts of robber crabs (deriving their name from their depredations on cocoanut trees) were something marvellous. When I saw the large numbers of them sleeping in the branches and hollow stumps of the trees, on the day we landed, I feared for the success of the poultry part of our venture; for the pluckiest hen would stand no chance with one of these crabs, which frequently measure nearly three feet in length, and have claws four or five inches wide that are powerful enough to break a man's arm. The robber crab always sleeps through the day, and at night starts out for its food. It prefers cocoanuts, and climbs the highest trees with great swiftness. Throwing down the ripe nuts, it descends, and inserting one claw into the single eye of the cocoanut, it breaks off pieces of the hard shell until it gets at the kernel. Sometimes after getting the claw inside the nut, the crab pounds it on a stone and breaks the shell. These crabs make excellent eating and are easily caught at night when feeding, for at that time they pay but little attention to anything but their food. The tail is particularly nice, being one mass of pale green fat, which tastes like the most delicious marrow.

With so many hands to help us, we were soon settled. The natives had already built their houses on the shores of the lagoon: the thatched roofs of *pandanus* resting on rows of *buraw* stakes set in the ground about two inches apart, and arranged in oval form, with an opening for the door. At night a mat was hung before this opening. The ground floor of the houses were leveled off smooth, and some dry grass scattered over one end where they placed their sleeping mats.

As soon as we were settled, the captain and the men attended to the collection of the sources of revenue, while I, assisted by the women, looked after the affairs of the household and planted a vegetable and flowe garden. The results in the garden line were most wonderful. Everything seemed to grow as if by magic, and the old fairy tale of 'Jack and the Bean Stalk' often came to my mind as I witnessed the rapid development of everything we planted. Sweet potatoes, Indian corn, *taro*, and melons were ready for our table in an incredibly short time. But I was disappointed at the deterioration of these products of the ground, when we replanted with seeds raised on the island. The vegetables were coarse and without flavour, and I found that it would be necessary to procure fresh seed from abroad at every sowing time.

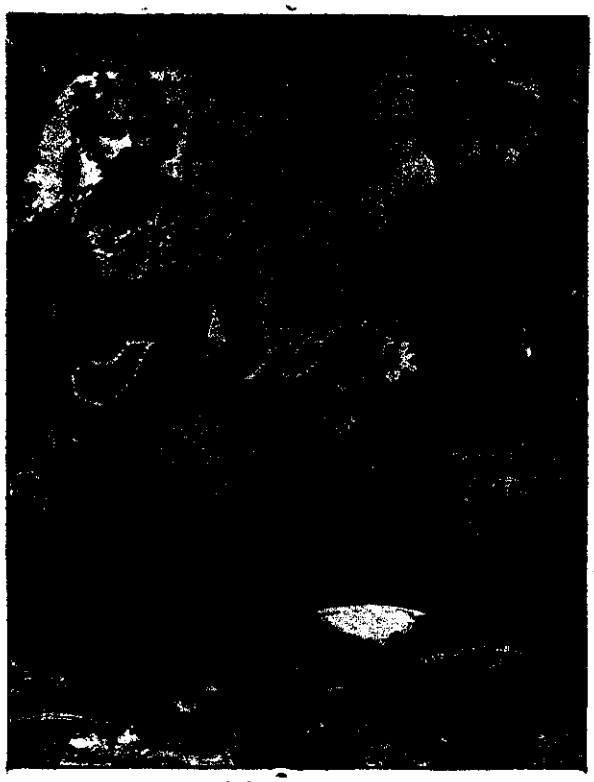
We obtained fresh water by digging holes in the sand, but it was rather brackish, and although the captain set up the water casks from the vessel to catch rain water, we used the water thus procured mostly for cooking, bathing and washing purposes; and for a beverage, drank the water of young cocoanuts, a most delicious substitute.

When the cocoanut is young, the hollow kernel is of the consistence of a soft custard, and filled with a cool refreshing liquid that tastes like mild lemonade. When a little older, the water is absorbed in part by the kernel which thickens and forms an excellent article of food, very different, however, from the hard meat of the ripe cocoanut which alone is known to strangers to the home of this delicious fruit. Every animal seems fond of the unripe nuts. Fowls eat them with avidity, and I have seen dogs, cats and even horses, eat the tempting, snowy substance with an air of keen relish.

Every night we would have a number of green cocoanuts gathered for use the next day, and it was wonderful to observe the celerity with which one of the young natives would climb the tallest trees; sometimes with a strip of bark tied around his ankles, upon which he would rest alternately with his knees, and oftener without any aid, just clinging with his big toe spread out on the roughness made by the rings of growth on the tree. Tapping a nut, he could tell its stage of growth by the sound it gave, and with a dexterous whirl would throw it to the ground without breaking it.

I began to notice after a while that the nut gathering for me was all done by Otoo, a fine-looking young native who always seemed to be near at hand when the help of a man was needed in house or garden. The attraction I soon found to be Ina, the young daughter of old Mahiti, who was always with me. Even aside from propinquity, which is responsible for the successful termination of so many love affairs, I did not blame Otoo for preferring to help us women instead of doing my husband's work, when it gave him the opportunity of gazing into Ina's

A Native House and Family.



Native Tahiti Boys.

Cocoanuts at Pomio

laughing eyes, and admiring the coquettish arrangement of the tappa mantle, which, fastened on one shoulder, dropped gracefully down to her knees, and the bright garland of flowers that always adorned her proud little head.

But she appeared to give him but little encouragement, and although, woman-like, I should like to have seen the romance brought to a happy conclusion, it seemed to me that Otoo's devotion and good looks were entirely thrown away on his brunette lady love. In vain did he present her with lovely shells, climb the scarlet *hibiscus* tree for its gorgeous flowers, and spend his evenings making snares to catch the wild tropic bird for its two long tail feathers of blood red; which, considered sacred in the olden times as offerings to the gods, and worn as ornaments by chiefs only, are still highly prized for their rarity and loveliness, although their sanctity is gone.

Vainly also did he attire himself in a most gorgeous, large figured *pareu* (a piece of foreign calico two yards long and about a yard wide which was wound around the waist and hung a little below the knees), thinking that were he apparelled in European goods he would appear more attractive in her sight. Ina accepted his presents, ridiculed his dress, and treated his most serious advances with laughing banter, until a most ludicrous adventure, as it turned out, brought the little coquette to terms.

Otoo had been using a heavy hammer one day at some distance from the house, and while returning with it was carelessly swinging it around in the air when it flew from his hand and dropped down into the hollow stump of an old tree. It happened that an immense robber crab was sleeping in the stump, and at this rude awakening all its ferocity was aroused. Otoo thinking only of the hammer, put his hand down into the hole to get it, when the crab seized him with one of its claws, and then, struggling half out of the hollow, reached around the stump and seized Otoo with the other claw, thus holding him fast. The more Otoo struggled the closer the crab held him, and fearing that it would bite his hand severely, as they often do when excited, he screamed with all his force for assistance.

As Ina heard his piercing cries, she turned a ghastly yellow, and giving a most heart-rending shriek, flew to the relief of her imprisoned hero. My husband and two of the men also rushed to the spot, and as the crab's abdomen was exposed, half out of the hollow, he pierced it with his knife, when the crab quickly relaxed its hold and Otoo fortunately escaped without being bitten.

Poor Otoo! When the danger was over I could not help laughing to myself as I thought of the comical tableau presented to our view when we first reached the scene. The picturesque old stump over-run with trailing vines, Otoo's nearly naked brown body pressed closely against it, his eyes starting out of their sockets with fright as he struggled in the awkward embrace of the cold-blooded robber crab, formed such an incongruous spectacle, added to the ridiculous means taken to end his peril, and the sudden collapse of the crab when he felt the centre of his being attacked that I could never look back upon the event without the old disposition to laugh.

Ina, however, had unmistakably revealed the true state of her heart towards Otoo, and like a wise man he followed up his advantage so promptly that the captain promised them a wedding as soon as the copra they were then collecting should be packed ready for shipping.

The blossom of the young palm is most striking. In a strong, pointed sheath three feet long, is enclosed a tall spike, covered with small white blossoms, male and female flowers. When the sheath bursts open, its contents present the appearance of an immense sheaf of large ripe grain, and, seen for the first time, strikes one with wonder and admiration.

After the captain's promise in regard to the wedding, Otoo developed into a most diligent worker, and Ina herself was not idle. Thinking to please her, I gave her a pretty wedding gown of white muslin. We had reckoned, however, without Mahiti, who would not consent to Ina's being married in anything but a garment of native cloth. So resolute was the old woman, that, taking Ina with her, much to Otoo's discomfort, she embarked in a canoe, went to the island from whence they came, and returned in triumph with a boatload of slender branches of the paper-mulberry tree.

Soaking them in water for a couple of days, the bark and inner fibre were easily peeled from the branches, and after another day's soaking, the outside bark was carefully scraped off with a shell, leaving the inner fibre. This was rolled up lengthwise and soaked for another day, causing the fibre to swell and toughen. It was then put on a thick board, and beaten out with small wooden mallets. Fibres were constantly added, and if the cloth became thin in places, it was doubled over and spread equally until it was not liable to break. When finished, it was pliable, and looked like heavy tissue paper. Mahiti went over it very carefully at the last, with a

coating of Bread Fruit tree gum, and bleached it until it was of a snowy whiteness.

Mahiti had also brought back with her from her old home some fine mats, new pillows stuffed with tree cotton, and covered with soft-finished, large-figured calico, and two quilts made of the same gorgeous calico used for *pareus*, lined and bound with white calico; these, with calabashes and cooking utensils, completed the house-furnishing of the young couple. Otoo, with the assistance of his friends, had built a new *fare* (native house) at odd moments, and everything was ready for our first wedding on the island. Preparations had been made for a grand feast, and then we were all to go in boats to another island in our group, twenty miles distant, for a picnic.

But another difficulty arose. Although the feast was the chief part of the wedding ceremony to all the natives, Ina refused to have our native preacher perform the ritual part of the service, and desired my husband to act in that capacity. This was repugnant to my ideas of the sanctity of the marriage rite, and I would not consent to it. Happily, a compromise was effected, by the Captain suggesting that we start early in the morning on our picnic, and then while we were at sea, he could legally perform the ceremony, and upon our return from the island in the afternoon, we could enjoy the wedding banquet.

Everything happened as it was planned, and Ina's father and another man returned to Moemotu to prepare the dinner. Meanwhile, the rest of us, in high spirits, continued our trip to the stranger island. I was the first to land, and had proceeded but a few steps before I stopped to pluck a spray of flowers from a shrub which was unlike any species I had seen before. Instantly, Mahiti, who was following me, exclaimed in a serious tone:

'Now the big wave will come, and the sea will roar over the reef!' I remembered then to have heard of a belief of the old natives, that when visiting an island which is not their home, if a branch is broken off or anything eaten before the whole party lands, the ocean will rise suddenly and sweep over the reef. Both my husband and I laughed at Mahiti for her superstition, but, strange to say, soon after we got ashore an immense wave rushed over the reef and washed far up on the land, dashing our boats against the sharp coral, and in its ebb nearly carried them out to sea. The captain said it was some natural disturbance of the water, but I could see that Mahiti's lingering belief in her old gods was strengthened by the coincidence, and it made her garrulous to the extent of her relating several legends of the old times to me, as we two sat under the shade of a *banyan* tree, resting after a long stroll about the island and waiting for the others to join us in a luncheon before starting for home.

The island which we were visiting possessed the same general characteristics as Moemotu, but was much smaller. The land, however, was higher, and there were some different species of trees—the *banyan*, one or two candle-nut, and *mape* or chestnut trees, evidently planted by some former visitant to the island. The captain thought there might be some pearl oysters in the lagoon, and sent one of the men to dive for them. These natives have a curious manner of diving. Instead of entering the water head foremost as do the people of other countries, they generally jump into the water, striking it with their feet first, and then turning over in the water, strike downward or swim. He was not very successful in finding oysters, but did not make many attempts, as we wished to return home in good season.

We returned home and the succeeding week was spent in turtle hunting, fishing and other recreations, and then the sprouted cocoanuts for our young plantation were set out. Other occupations and improvements followed, and day by day passed in an uneventful tenor, until a year had elapsed from the day of our landing on the fertile Island of Moemotu. The poultry and pigs had so increased in number, and the amount of gathered *copra* was so large, that my husband began to talk of a trip to Tahiti to dispose of our accumulations.

But events were shaping themselves for an entire change in our lives, and the days of our sojurn beneath tropical skies were already numbered.

'Pahi! Pahi! Ahiw na ite pahi!' (A ship! A ship! See the ship!) cried the natives one morning, scanning the horizon with the deepest interest. At first I could see merely a faint speck, but the speck changed to an oblong, and after a while we could plainly see the masts of a small schooner that was evidently bearing straight for Moemotu. There was a fresh wind blowing towards the shore, and the little vessel came briskly on. We saw that she was manned by three native boatmen and two Europeans. The gentlemen landed, and my husband went forward to meet them. They proved to be agents of a large English guano firm, and were visiting different islands in the South Pacific, in search of guano deposits.

As soon as I learned their mission, I returned to the house to prepare a nice dinner for our visitors, with a feeling of superior wisdom at the idea of these men visiting lovely Moemotu in search of such an ill-smelling thing as guano. The gentlemen assembled in our sitting-room, and one of them, opening a box which he was carrying, took out an alcohol lamp, a crucible and some small bottles of chemicals. Lighting the lamp and placing it under the crucible, some of the earth was put in and different liquids. It was but a few moments before turning to the others who were watching him with great interest, he said:

'Yes, as I suspected, this island contains a good quality of guano.'

Here, then, was the secret of the verdant vegetation and the marvellous rapidity of growth of flowers and vegetables! While my husband and our guests were walking around the island, I could but think how mysterious it seemed, that while civilized countries had been sowing and reaping their harvests year after year, and exhausting the fertility of their soil, here amid these lonely isles of the South Pacific, unknown to the world but

Cocoanut Crab Seizing a Native

little more than a century ago, wild birds, fish, and the tiny coral polyps had been slowly but surely working together for ages to form a life-giving compound which should stimulate and revivify their worn-out lands. Thus the isles of the sea are invaded by civilised man, not only for their fruits but even for the very soil that nourishes their life-sustaining trees.

When the gentlemen returned, my husband told me that so well satisfied were our visitors with the result of their investigations, that they wished to purchase our lease, giving us a good royalty for the possession of the island. At first it was hard for me to think of giving up our peaceful home to which I had become so fondly attached. But my husband's recent illness had caused him to look upon our future in a different light; and the apprehension that he might at any time be suddenly taken away, leaving me alone on that remote island, had caused him many anxious hours. An opportunity was now presented us to return to our old home in England and live in comparative ease, and he urged me to agree with him in accepting it. Reason conquered sentiment, and I consented to the proposition of the agents, requesting only that our removal might be postponed for a short time, to which they agreed.

The company wished to commence operations at once, but there was room enough for all of us, and the following week saw them return with a larger vessel containing all needful apparatus, more native labourers and two horses. They erected a house for themselves, containing, besides the necessary living rooms, a laboratory, in which was an array of crucibles, retorts, bottles of acids and chemicals a brick furnace, and bags of earth from other islands, which they had collected to test for guano.

Together with our own native men there were twenty-five labourers engaged in collecting and separating the guano. Raking up the earth in large heaps, they screened it in the same manner as fine coal is separated from the coarse. The screens were about eight feet by three feet and covered with a fine iron netting. This allowed the fine portion of the earth, which was the guano, to pass through, while the coral was left in the screens. The guano was then sacked, ready for shipping to Hamburg, whence it would be reshipped to different parts of Europe.

When the time of our departure drew near, Ina and Otoo seemed almost heartbroken, and the expressions of grief from all our native friends proved how strongly attached they had become to us. We had treated them justly, sympathised with them in their different plans and enjoyments, and the captain had always been to them a friend as well as an employer. We had won in return an unselfish, disinterested affection, which prompted them to even offer to go with us to our new home.

Years have passed since the cocoanut palms and feathery spray that fringed our island home faded from our view on the morning that we heard the last *Iaorana* (the universal salutation for every good wish) from our native friends.

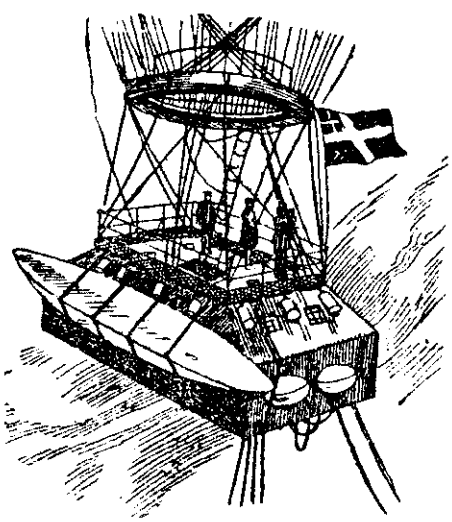
Once since then, when visiting a picture gallery in London, I saw a group of people surrounding a celebrated picture of tropical island scenery. Critics commented in glowing terms upon its charms, and as I joined the throng that viewed it with admiring eyes, time and distance fled. The lovely tints, the sleeping waters, the motionless birds, the feathery foliage, the art that attracts and delights were thine, oh, hanging picture; but for me, the flowers exhaled their fragrance, the birds became tuneful, the leaves trembled in the light breeze which softly agitated the transparent water; and from beneath the shadows of the trees, Ina's laughing face peeped into mine, for the sense of life and movement belonged to my regretful memories of thee, oh lovely Isle of Moemotu.

TO THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

THE plan conceived by Professor S. A. Audree, a distinguished Swedish scientist and æronaut, to overcome the difficulties of the polar ice by journeying to the north pole by balloon, is taking such definite shape that it can no longer be classed with visionary projects.

The contemplated undertaking is attracting wide attention in Europe, owing not only to its boldness, but also to the fact that Professor Andree is a practical balloonist and scientific man of standing, who would not entertain a wild or obviously impracticable scheme.

He is now in Paris superintending the construction of the balloon. It will contain sleeping rooms for three persons, and a dark room for photographic purposes. It



will be equipped with a set of sails, which will serve to keep it under control and propel it, and a boat, or gondola, of considerable size, will be carried.

A great number of heavy cables will be provided, so that in case the balloon should suddenly sink, it will be relieved of weight by the contact of the lines with the earth. It is intended to make the trip, starting from Spitzbergen and crossing the pole to the shores of Behring Strait, next year, in June, when the atmospheric conditions are most favourable to aerial navigation.

A heavy snowstorm would probably be disastrous to the balloon, but in the early summer they are infrequent. It is estimated that not more than a week will be consumed *en voyage*. The fact that the ice which surrounds the pole and has been an insurmountable barrier to ships will not have to be taken into consideration constitutes one of the chief reasons for believing that a balloon expedition may succeed where those by vessel have been failures.

VISIT OF THE STEINHAUER CONCERT COMPANY.

MADAME STEINHAUER, SOPRANO.

MR. J. ALBERT MALLINSON, PIANIST.

MR. LEIGH HARRIS, TENOR.

MISS REGINA NAJEL, CONTRALTO.

MADAME STEINHAUER AND HER CONCERT COMPANY.

THE news that Madame Steinhauer—better known to some as Madame Bahnson—is going Home to England will create little surprise amongst her many friends and admirers in this colony. Wherever and whenever this truly great artist has sung before us, we have felt that such a voice and such a singer would not forever content herself with colonial triumphs. We must have all realised that sooner or later Madame Steinhauer would long to return Home to revisit those famous musical centres of Europe where she gained her musical training and scored her first successes. Well, she is going! Going, as is wise, while her voice is at the very zenith of its strength and purity, and when years of increasing and painstaking work have done all that cultivation can do to the perfecting of natural gifts. It is now nearly six years since this great soprano bid farewell to Auckland to live for a season in the Australian colonies. Few who were present on that memorable occasion can have forgotten the scene. The audience was enormous. Nothing to compare with it has been seen since; certainly never before had the City Hall held such an audience. There were circumstances at the time which no doubt helped to account for so great a gathering. Personal popularity had no doubt an influence in the matter, but if the audience was partly drawn by friendship and a desire to give a notable 'send-off' to a local celebrity, the enthusiasm with which the singing of Madame was greeted was for the art, and for the art alone. Anyone who had sung as she did would have aroused equal thunders of applause. Then Madame left Auckland, and after an absence of some two years paid a brief visit and gave one or two concerts, renewing and repeating former travels. Now on her way Home

MADAME STEINHAUER IS TO PAY AUCKLAND ANOTHER VISIT.

This announcement will doubtless be received with some disappointment in the South, for nothing is said about a tour to Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, where Madame Steinhauer is as great a favourite as she is in the North. But in Auckland there will be jubilation amongst those who love the well-known voice of this highly gifted and splendidly-trained soprano. Madame comes this time with a company selected by herself, and we have sufficient belief in her judgment and her knowledge of the high standard of musical taste in New Zealand to feel assured that it will be a worthy one. But apart from this there are reports from Australia which speak with no uncertain voice as to the merits of the artists who accompany Madame Steinhauer. That lady, we take it, needs no recommendation to an Auckland, or indeed to a New Zealand audience. Gifted by nature with that rarest quality of high soprano, which is as sweet and soft on the highest as it is on the middle and lower registers, Madame Steinhauer has been most exceptionally well trained, and by unremitting toil has achieved a perfection of culture it would be difficult indeed to excel. She is an artist in the very highest sense of that much misused and very often shamelessly misappropriated word. To hear her sing is always a pleasure, and to many of us on some occasions something better and higher and more lasting than a mere pleasure—something which makes us pause and think and affects us as an exquisite scene or a beautiful sunset do, making us feel our unworthiness of the world created for us, and a new appreciation of its beauties.

Foremost amongst those who come must be mentioned Mr J. Albert Mallinson, the pianist. Mr Mallinson, though young in years, has had a most successful career. He is an organist of repute, a refined pianist, and a composer of most artistic music. In Leeds and Melbourne, he has lately given concerts which consisted entirely of his own compositions, a feat which obviously subjects the composer's powers to a severe and hazardous ordeal. Born at Leeds, he became at an early age a chorister at Leeds Parish Church, renowned in England for its elaborate and beautiful Cathedral services. At sixteen years of age he was appointed private organist to the Hon. Mrs Meynell Ingram, at the historical seat of Temple-Newsam, and two years later, he added to this the organistship of St. Chad's, Leeds, and in the same year became sub-organist of the church he had sung in as a chorister; thus holding three organist appointments at the same time. At an early age he exhibited powers of composition and his works now include quartets and trios for piano and strings, sonates, a dramatic ballad, songs, compositions for the piano and organ, anthems and church services. He has given recitals in various parts of the North of England, and during his residence in Melbourne, he gives periodical recitals at St. George's, East St. Kilda, of which church he is at present organist. His works have been reviewed in high terms by eminent critics, and the words of a critic writing from London, 1891, are: 'He is a brilliant organist and pianist, and a composer of artistic music. He has composed a considerable quantity of music for the church, and his chamber music for stringed instruments and the piano may be characterised as the work of an exalted mind. His songs, too, are charming compositions.' Mr Mallinson left England about two years ago owing to bad health, but the Australian climate having had a most beneficial effect, he will be able to return shortly together with his wife, Madame Steinhauer.

Miss Regina Najel, a young lady of only nineteen years of age, is spoken of by the great Melbourne critics with extraordinary enthusiasm. One declares she is destined for one of the world's singers. Another says it is one of the most remarkable voices heard anywhere—a contralto of extraordinary rare depth and richness, masculine in power, and with a tremor the like of which has never been heard in Australasia.

Mr Leigh Harris, who comes as tenor, is spoken of very highly, and will doubtless prove worthy to accompany the other artists.

Altogether the concerts should be a very decided success, and southern cities may well envy Auckland.

BLAND HOLT COMPANY.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE,' which was staged for the first time on Saturday, is a play of a different type to those that preceded it. It is defined in the bill as a comedy-drama, and until a better system of classification is adopted the definition must, I suppose, be allowed to pass. Its pervading tone, however, is distinctly melodramatic, and the chord most frequently struck belongs to the lyre of Melpomene rather than that of Thalia.

As with all melodrama, a note of unreality runs through the play. The tendency to speechifying by the hero and the villain is, of course, one of the traditions of this style of drama for which Pettitt cannot be held responsible. The improbability of much of the plot also has an authority equally venerable, and in this connection it should not be forgotten that the factor of time, which does so much to render the improbable not merely probable, but frequently inevitable, is in the main beyond the reach of the playwright, and at the best can only be vaguely indicated by the fall of a curtain. In short, the faults of 'A Woman's Revenge' are the faults of melodrama in particular, and of stage-land in general. On the other hand, its beauties are its own, and they are by no means despicable. Not the least noticeable of them is the way in which the interest is sustained up to the very last moment. The last act, indeed, is as good a last act as I remember to have witnessed in the directions of realism and enthralling interest. The murder scene is also capitally worked up to, and for delicate pathos the scenes introducing the child, Mary Lonsdale, have not often been surpassed.

Of the acting and staging it is unnecessary to speak. Both were alike admirable, but a special word of praise should be given to the child, Brightie Smith, who took a fine part with a spirit and naturalness which form a happy omen for her future as an actress. Mr Bland Holt and his charming wife were, as usual, the life and soul of the play in its lighter vein, and the admirably written scene in which the newly-married couple make a mutual discovery of poverty went with a vigour and brightness that entirely captivated the audience.

'Saved from the Sea' will be the next piece staged.

MDLLE. YVETTE GUILBERT may or may not be engaged to be married. She does not deny that she is, but she won't say that she is not. Why should she be 'obliged to tell people?' She had had, she said, quite a number of telegrams and letters from enterprising journalists asking her as to the truth of the story of her intended marriage with a Stock Exchange notability; but she was determined to reveal nothing. But she did reveal something after all. *The Daily News* says that she spoke as follows:—'I have often been told that I belong to the public, but it really seems that in this case curiosity has been carried rather too far. Moreover, I do not know myself whether I shall get married, and if I did I should not be obliged to tell people. It is true that for two years past I have been on very good terms with Mr ——, who is not an old man, but a young man of five-and-thirty. Thanks to his advice I have gained £6,000 in gold-mine speculation; but I have £40,000 of my own which I have earned by my own work, and at present I am still earning £28 a night. On November 25th I embark for America; but as I have decided to enjoy the fortune I have made, I shall retire in two years' time and live as I please. If I should then choose to marry, has anyone a right to object?' At any rate, with the interest on £46,000, and receipts at the rate of £28 a night, Yvette Guilbert, in the course of two years, will surely be able to live as she pleases—either with or without a husband.

A WRITER in *Onze Courant* has been tabulating statistics about South African millionaires. He estimates that Messrs Rhodes, Alfred Beit, J. B. Robinson, F. A. English, Piet Marais, and B. I. Barnato are worth—or rather own—£39,000,000 among them. Mr Beit is credited with being the richest with £12,000,000, and Mr Barnato comes next with £10,000,000. The others are set forth as follows:—Mr Robinson £7,000,000, Mr Rhodes £5,000,000, Mr English £3,000,000, and Mr Marais £2,000,000.

FACE VALUES.

'YOUNG Scadds has married a poor girl whose face was her only dowry.'

'It runs in the family. His sister is the wife of a foreign count, who brought her nothing but his check.'

PRESUMABLY all my readers have spent a Merry Christmas, and have up to the present moment enjoyed a Happy New Year. I sincerely hope that 1896 holds a bright and prosperous future for all our race more especially ourselves, I suppose, since there are few of us so unselfish of soul that our own troubles can be easily borne, so long as we see others prosperous and happy. That sort of feeling is confined, generally speaking, to mothers, who will cheerfully *enjoy* all the afflictions of the world and pains of tophet to follow, if by doing so they can contribute to the health, wealth, or enjoyment of their progeny. Nay more, they are usually willing to bear uncomplainingly all the ills that flesh is heir to if only they can see those they love spared such troubles. While such mothers exist, therefore, the world will always afford a certain number of happy new years to a certain number of persons. Happiness on the part of the individual is always the product of self-sacrifice. It may be the actual producing sacrifice is not invariably, indeed is seldom made by the recipient of the happiness, but he or she must be capable of a certain amount of self-sacrifice if the happiness gained for them by, perhaps, heroic sacrifice in others is to be lasting, or in any way complete. An absolutely selfish person cannot be particularly or continuously happy, though he can very effectively destroy the happiness of those with whom he comes in actual social contact. Indeed, the very fact that he does destroy happiness in others is one of the reasons that he himself cannot be perfectly happy. For even the most selfish man—and it is usually men who are most supremely selfish—depends for much of his pleasure and happiness on the pleasure and happiness of others. It is true, of course, that a large proportion of his happiness is gained by the terrible misery of others; that the happiness of all of us is gained by the sufferings of others. But for the balance—and it is a large balance, too—happiness is necessary to its own production, and therefore a selfish person's selfishness loses him a proportion of happiness in exact rates to his own selfishness.

THIS, however, is not the subject on which I set forth to scribble. I was hoping we might all be in for a bright and prosperous new year. It must be admitted that at the present writing the outlook is none too cheerful. The situation in the Transvaal is such as to cause the gravest anxiety, and those who know the Boers best are those whose apprehensions are the heaviest. An ignorant, and, generally speaking, a phlegmatically cruel race, they are ill-informed enough to imagine they may again prevail against English arms, and cruel enough to perpetrate outrage and cruelty on any unprotected members of the race they so cordially dislike.

IN the East, too, the future is dark with war clouds. It is, everyone feels, time for Turkey to go. Europe has, with strange complacency, endured her for longer than seemed possible, chiefly because England feared that the Russian advance to Constantinople would be attended with dangerous consequences to Europe in general, but herself in particular. The clearing out of the unspeakable Turk may very probably be accomplished with very little outward appearance of trouble. If the powers agree, as they surely will, that the Turk is to go, go he will, and without much fuss, since he will know that fuss is useless. But that will only be the preface. The trouble will come when the question of dividing the spoil crops up. As one writer has said it is one thing to be in agreement as to the eviction of a tenant, and another to settle amicably the division of the property. War will almost surely result, and somehow I cannot help imagining that war will come, because the world is ripe for war. Human beings are a fighting race, and there has been no great war for nearly a quarter of a century. It is very evident from the unrest that appears in almost every quarter of the globe that the time has again arrived when we must fly at each other's throats. It is a very terrible thing, no doubt, but we are what we are, and what we were made, and no veneer of civilisation can cover up our original selves for more than a certain number of years.

AND I am inclined to agree with one writer of courage who has boldly stated that he thinks that 'so far as England is concerned that a stirring of its soul by the long dead music of the drum would not be an unmixed evil.' As he observes, 'Give peace in our time, oh Lord,' is a popular prayer, but it springs from the heart of a tradesman. There are amongst us even in this colony many whose hearts feel what Tennyson trumpeted forth at a time and on a situation not unlike the present:—

> Though niggard throats of Manchester may crawl,
> What England was—shall England's sons forget?
> We are not cotton-spinners all,
> But some love England and her honour yet,
> And these in her Thermopylae shall stand,
> And hold against the world an honoured land.

'TOO long a peace,' says the writer, a couple of whose lines I have already quoted, 'breeds the decay of national ideals, of national ambition. To what a pass it has brought England one may show by passing notice of the fact that at the present moment its chief hero is Barney Barnato, the African speculator millionaire. In times of peace a nation comes, as a well-fed citizen, to think merely of its stomach. Trade, which, after all said and done, is merely the business of filling and refilling our bellies—becomes glorified into the chief aim of man's existence. But man, we are told, was not meant to live by bread alone. There are appetites within him that trade—even when it has spelt Commerce with a capital C—is unable to satisfy. The fighting instinct, so far as the body of a man is concerned, is his curse. It brings him sorrow and hurt. It lays waste his fields, it closes his stock exchanges. It brings him starvation, and misery and death. But it is the part of him that makes him different from the beasts of the field. What is great, what is eternal in mankind is fed by it. His hopes, his ideals, his enthusiasms, gain no strength from the soft air of peace.'

THE New Year resolutions formed with much *empressement* during the last weeks of the dead year are, no doubt, already beginning to press somewhat heavily on the shoulders of the resolvers, and week by week they will be unostentatiously and quietly dropped. If one or two exist when half the year is flown there will be much cause for congratulation, and the person who can carry even one single good recently-formed resolution through the year is deserving of all the admiring credit he probably takes to himself over the same. If 'to err is human,' and it certainly is, it is equally human to promise oneself it is for the last time. Our favourite sin, our pet peccadillos, our most loved bit of laziness is always committed for the last time. We are forever going to start fresh to-morrow, next week, or next year, acocrding to our strength of mind or infirmity of purpose. They say that Hell is paved with good intentions, but I think this is rather 'hard talk,' as Kipling would say in his jungle book. Good intentions are better than no intentions at all, and however weak the effort to do better may be, however backboneless the attempt at keeping a resolution may be, it is assuredly better than nothing. A man may certainly fall fifty times, but it is surely better if he falls in trying to walk forward.

THE poet Laureate's chair having been left vacant since the death of Tennyson, owing, it was said, to the difficulty of deciding who was worthy of the position, has been at length filled, Mr Alfred Austin being selected for the honour. The choice is so surprising and so disappointing that lovers of poesy in this colony will wait with some impatience to learn how so tasteless a selection came to be made, and on which of his past works rests Mr Austin's claim to be considered a poet worthy to fill the high position of the poet Laureate. One can only surmise that Swinburne, William Watson, Lewis Morris, Edwin Arnold, and perhaps others of less note must have declined the position which has been bestowed so unfortunately. It is a thousand pities the office was not abolished. Swinburne and William Watson are the only men whose appointment could have been justified by their work, and to both men there were objections of other sorts. Had the post remained vacant till some great singer worthy to wear the mantle of Tennyson had arisen, the honour of the bestowal of the Laureateship would have been enormously increased. The appointment of Mr Alfred Austin has certainly degraded it, and it may henceforward be bestowed on purely political lines with no question of comparative merit or poetical pre-eminence. Mr Alfred Austin is not a great poet; in the highest sense he is scarcely a poet at all. As a maker of verses, somewhat dull, but very correct, and in a pure style, he is and has proved himself tolerably expert, but he has never, so far as I am aware, touched the heart of the people with any splendid thought, or given the world any music of words. No; regarded from any point of view it is a deeply regretable fact that if the office of poet Laureate could not have been filled by a poet it should have been deemed sufficient to set in the chair a mere maker of verses.

THE successes achieved by our New Zealand lads during the holidays in the friendly inter-colonial rivalry of the cricket pitch and the athletic track can scarcely fail to afford every good and loyal New Zealander great satisfaction. There can be no doubt that when properly conducted these contests of skill serve a greater and more important purpose than appears on the surface. They certainly promote and keep alive the fraternal spirit which should reign between all members of the British race. Athletics, too, cannot be too highly prized as a moral factor. A country that can boast a bright and strong athletic race can boast a clean-lived and temperate race. No doubt there have been occasions when the honours showered upon successful athletes and successful cricketers have passed the limits of good sense and 'sweet reasonableness,' and have drawn forth a certain amount of satire and ridicule, but a trifling excess in this matter is not altogether amiss. It is better that our young men should make heroes of athletes than of 'decadents,' and it is more wholesome that they should worship outdoor exercises than indoor vices. No man can live fast and drink hard and run or jump well, and an active interest and desire for success on the running track or cricket field probably does more for the cause of true temperance in the colony than all the fanatical howlings of the prohibition platform orators and bogey men.

WHO (questions an English contemporary) are the six richest women in the world? They are (it proceeds to answer itself), Senora Cousino, Miss Hetty Green, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Madame de Barrios (or, more properly speaking, the Marquise de Roda), Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, and Madame Woleska, the great Russian landowner. Senora Cousino is a South American widow reputed to be worth £40,000,000 sterling. This lady owns vast expanses of land, many cattle ranges, a fleet of eight steamships, silver, copper, and coal mines, railroads, and many houses, besides personal property in the form of splendid jewels. She is probably the richest woman in the world. Just how much all her wealth amounts to no one knows, probably not even Senora Cousino herself. From her coal mines alone, it is stated, her income is £17,000 a month. From her silver and copper mines she receives the larger sum of £20,000 net, and uses the refuse from the coal mine to smelt the ore from the mines of silver and copper. Then her stock farms, whereon she breeds thoroughbred horses and cattle, and her ranches yield about as much as all her mining property put together.

MISS HETTY GREEN is supposed to be worth £10,000,000, and to be the richest woman in North America. The Marquise de Roda is the wife of a Spanish grandee. She is a Guatemalan by birth, and De Barrios, then President of the Republic, married her from a convent at the age of fourteen, disposing of the objections of the Mother Superior by locking that lady up. The tyrannous dictator made a fortune out of his presidentship, and when he was shot dead by a patriot lying in ambush in the suburbs of the capital his widow found herself worth £5,000,000. Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, is worth £2,000,000, which is in stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Madame Woleska is credited with wealth to the same amount. All these ladies are, it is said, quite capable of managing their affairs, and equal to the wiles of the cleverest sharper.

THE MAYOR OF WELLINGTON.

MR GEORGE FISHER, who has been elected to the Wellington Mayoral chair, is a well-known personality in the Empire City, and a man of many friends. When in Parliament, where he sat for Wellington, he was recognised as one of the most elo-

MR. GEORGE FISHER.

quent and humorous of the members. His fiery denunciations will long be remembered in the Chamber, which used to ring with them. He was an active politician, and his undoubted talent won for him a seat in the Cabinet on one occasion. At the request of his friends, Mr Fisher has decided to stand for Wellington at the next general election, and those who are able to judge consider that his chances of success are very considerable.

COOKING IN AN ELECTRIC OVEN.

ENGLISH electricians deserve much credit for the practical way in which they have solved many of the problems arising out of developments in electrical cookery. A well-known writer on the chemistry of cookery has given it as his opinion that the perfect arrangement for an oven would be the radiation of its heat from all sides. This is now done in an electric oven which is having a large sale in London. The process is said to produce a cooked meat absolutely wholesome and extremely appetising. There is no combustion whatever in the oven, and the food, being cooked in a pure atmosphere, cannot possibly be tainted. The heat is turned on at any part merely by the movement of a switch. It is produced inside the oven, and it is so conserved that, after the oven is once made hot, what is required to carry on the process is little more than sufficient to make up for slight leakages. The electric oven can be put on the kitchen dresser when needed, and it throws practically neither heat nor smell. Tabulated lists are provided, from which, the weight and description of the joint being given, full instructions are derived as to the time and temperature of the required cooking. Roast mutton takes a temperature of 330 degrees Fahrenheit, beef 340 degrees, and veal 350 degrees; and a heat of 370 degrees is needed to give puff pastry its desirable tint and consistency. The comparative coolness of the outside of the oven is a singular feature. As the chef remarked at a recent dinner, 'You could sit down on the oven while you roast inside.'

CALEDONIAN SPORTS, AUCKLAND, MISS EVIE DINNIE, FIRST PRIZE HIGHLAND FLING.

CALEDONIAN SPORTS PROCESSION, KARANGAHAPE ROAD, AUCKLAND.

MINING NEWS AND MINING NOTES.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

BUSINESS only having commenced—and commenced very tamely—yesterday, there is little to report on mining matters in this week's issue. At the ten o'clock meeting there was no business done, but at twelve Waihi-Silvertons were in demand selling at 6os 9d and 61s 6d, which before the holidays would have been picked up for 57s. Sales of Queen of Waihis, Talismans, Kapai Vermonts, and Waitaias sold at firmer prices, and there were demands for Jupiters and Try Flukes, so the market may be said to have opened fairly in feeling, if somewhat placidly so far as transactions were concerned.

The following is the record of business done at noon on Tuesday, the latest before we went to press:—

Colonial Bank—Sellers, 16s
New Zealand Insurance—Buyers, £74s; sellers, £75 6d
National Insurance—Sellers, 19s
South British Insurance—Sales, 54s 6d; sellers, 55s 6d
Auckland (old)—Buyers, £12 5s
Auckland G.S. (new)—Buyers, £6 3s 6d
Hikurangi Coal—Sellers, 6s 6d
Taupiri Coal—Sellers, 19s 6d
Kauri Timber (contributing)—Buyers, 3s; sellers, 4s

MINING.

THAMES—
Alburnia East—Sellers, 7d
Broken Hill—Sellers, 1s 1d
Cambria—Sellers, 1s 9d
City of Dunedin—Sellers, 1s 7d
Cardigan—Buyers, 1s 6d; sellers, 1s 8d
Clunes—Sellers, 1s 1d
Day Dawn—Sellers, 6d
Golden Point—Buyers, 1s; sellers, 1s 3d
Hazelbank—Sellers, 3s
May Queen—Sellers, 9s 6d
Moumaukuri—Buyers, 5s 3d; sellers, 6s 6d
Monowai—Sales, 5s 3d; buyers, 4s 3d
Mounatalari North—Sellers, 10d
New Alburnia—Sellers, 5s 3d
New Wheat—Sellers, 11d
Norfolk—Sellers, 3s 9d
Occidental—Sellers, 10d
Orlando—Sellers, 10d
Victoria—Sellers, 2s 10d
Royal—Sellers, 1s 9d
Puru—Buyers, 1s 1d; sellers, 1s 6d
UPPER THAMES—
Alpha—Sellers, 6s
Byron Bay—Buyers, 11d; sellers, 1s 2d
Central—Buyers, 6d; sellers, 1s
Cheit—Sellers, 5d
Crown—Buyers, 27s 6d; sellers, 32s 6d
Excelsior—Sellers, 6d
Grace Darling—Sellers, 1s 8d
Golden Spur—Sellers, 1s
Huanui—Sellers, 1s 9d
Imperial—Sales, 1s 6d; buyers, 1s 5d
Ivanhoe—Sellers, 1s
Inglewood—Sellers, 8d
Karangahake—Sellers, 10d
Mariner—Sellers, 8d
New Zealander—Sellers, 6d
Oceania—Sellers, 1s 2d
Owharoa—Buyers, 3s 9d
Ophir—Sellers, 6d
Queen of Waihi—Sales, 3s; sellers, 3s 2d
Stanley—Sellers, 6d
St. Patrick—Buyers, 5d; sellers, 8d
Talisman—Sales, 10s; buyers, 9s 9d; sellers, 10s 3d
Talisman Extended—Sellers, 1s 6d
Teutonic—Sellers, 8d
Victor—Sellers, 3s
Waihi Extended—Buyers, 5d; sellers, 7d
Waihi Monument—Buyers, 11d; sellers, 1s
Waihi-Silverton—Sales, 61s 6d; buyers, 60s; sellers, 63s
Waitekauri No. 2—Sellers, 10d
Waitekauri South—Sellers, 8d
Waitekauri No. 3—Sellers, 2s
Waverley—Buyers, 8d; sellers, 1s
Wealth of Nations—Sellers, 10d
Waihi Consols—Sellers, 1s 3d
Woodstock United—Business done. 25s; buyers, 24s; sellers, 27s 6d
Young New Zealand—Buyers, 1s; sellers, 1s 4d
Zion—Sellers, 1s
COROMANDEL—
Alert—Sellers, 7d
Britannia—Sellers, 1s 2d
Bunker's Hill—Buyers, 4s 6d; sellers, 5s 6d
Coromandel Proprietary—Sellers, 1s 1d
Four-in-Hand—Sellers, 11d
Golden Lead—Sellers, 1s
Golden Tokatea—Sellers, 1s
Hauraki No. 2—Buyers, 1s 3d; sellers, 1s 5d
Hauraki North—Sellers, 2s
Harbour View—Sellers, 1s
Katie—Sellers, 10d
New Tokatea—Sellers, 2s 6d
Nil Desperandum—Sellers, 6d
Napier—Sellers, 1s 6d
Pukewhau—Sellers, 9d
Pride of Tokatea—Buyers, 1s; sellers, 1s 3d
Southern Cross—Sellers, 10d
Welcome Find—Buyers, 2s 3d; sellers, 3s 6d
Zealandia—Sellers, 9d
KUAOTUNU—
Aorere—Sellers, 1s
Gladys—Sellers, 8d
Great United—Sellers, 10d
Invicta—Sellers, 10d
Jupiter—Sales, 5s 6d; buyers, —; sellers, 6s
Kapai-Vermont—Sales, 10s 6d; buyers 10s 6d; sellers 11s 6d
Kuaotunu—Sellers, 2s
Midas—Sellers, 1s 3d
Maori Dream—Sellers, 1s 9d
Maoriland—Buyers, 8½d; sellers, 1s
Try Flukes—Sellers, 8s 6d
Waitaia—Sales, 4s 6d; buyers, 3s 6d; sellers, 4s 8d

Attention is drawn to the fact that next week a new and, it is to be hoped, attractive feature in mining matters will be added to the GRAPHIC. A new writer will contribute a light and gossipy article under the heading of 'On 'Change.' He will deal in brief and pithy paragraphs with the gossip and doings on 'Change, and will give the latest and most correct information concerning mining and speculation. From time to time these articles will be illustrated with photos, and the whole will, it is expected, still further increase the popularity of the GRAPHIC.

A MARTYR
TO
Circumstantial Evidence

FOUND the Pawanui Courthouse in northern New Zealand there was assembled one December morning a crowd, containing, probably, a representative from every household in the township. The greater part moved about inside the court palings, but a number of boys, in terror of the local constable, remained on the outside, where they amused themselves by knocking green peaches from the municipal peach tree, and throwing them into the throng at the doorway of the court. A solitary peach, high up the tree, had somehow managed to absorb more sunlight than its fellows, and now blushed in the full beauty of ripeness, and towards this object was directed such of the green fruit as could be spared from the excellent 'marks' constantly presented by the crowd. At length luck or superior skill brought it to earth, when, much to the disgust of the boys, it was picked up by a person inside the fence, who instantly set his teeth in it, and continued, as though nothing unusual had happened, to converse quietly with his solitary companion.

'Interesting case,' he was saying. 'Not much in our favour, but something.'

'Yes?' queried the other, who wore the usual clerical black frock coat, and soft felt hat. 'I should be glad to know the points you consider to be in his favour.'

'You'll hear them, Mr Milmouse,' said the other, 'if you are in court when I open the defence. There's his previous good character, for instance, which you yourself are going to swear to.'

'Certainly,' responded Mr Milmouse, earnestly, 'I shall have great pleasure in doing so, but the point is, the adverse evidence is so—er—'

'Conclusive,' suggested the other cheerfully, taking a bite from his peach.

'I should say strong—singularly strong,' said Mr Milmouse, with a slight embarrassment, and looking thoughtfully at his companion, 'but certainly not—er—conclusive—'

'Well,' interrupted the lawyer, as the other continued to hesitate, 'no doubt we shall be able to rebut a good deal of it, and to some extent minimise the rest. It's awkward, though—devilish awkward—beg pardon—that they should dig up the gum in his paddock.'

'It is an unfortunate circumstance,' assented the minister, 'very much so, but it would be extremely unjust to convict a man of theft merely because the stolen property was found on his premises.'

The lawyer coughed and took another bite at his peach, then, as the minister still waited, remarked, 'Just so,' and took another bite.

'The prosecution, I am given to understand,' went on Mr Milmouse, 'will endeavour to show that Barker was seen on several occasions in the neighbourhood of Maslon's store. I confess I cannot see the force of evidence of that nature, because, as a matter of fact, I myself passed the store no less than four times on those particular days.'

The lawyer looked thoughtfully at his companion, as though reflecting on the advisability of suggesting himself as counsel for the defence in the event of the reverend gentleman being arrested and prosecuted for the crime under discussion.

'Well,' he said at length, as though discarding the idea, 'magistrates have a way of putting these things together. They don't count for much by themselves, but when you get two or three in a row they begin to have an ugly look.'

'Nothing could be more unfair or unreasonable,' said the minister, warmly. 'If a piece of evidence be worth nothing in itself I cannot see how a number of such pieces can be conceived to have a value. It is equivalent to the statement that the sum of a certain number of cyphers is one—a proposition which the student of even the most rudimentary arithmetic will at once reject; yet by such an illogical process I am to understand the liberty of this man Barker is endangered.'

'Good, very good,' said the lawyer with an inward smile. 'I'll introduce that argument; if it doesn't convince, it may at least put the court in a good humour—"The sum of a certain number of cyphers"—"One"—"What particular number?"—just so.'

'I should like to ask you,' said the minister, gravely, after a pause, during which the lawyer finished the peach, and looked wonderingly at the stone, as though endeavouring to recollect in what manner the fruit had come into his possession, 'what are your own private convictions with regard to this case? Do you consider Barker innocent or guilty?'

The lawyer glanced at his companion with that air of awakened surprise with which the experienced hospital surgeon regards the green student who has asked him whether the patient just operated upon will die or recover. 'Oh, guilty, of course,' he said easily; 'not the slightest doubt about that. The point to consider is, can we get him off.'

'I am grieved you should think so,' said Mr Milmouse, 'not only because I am personally convinced of his innocence, but because the different light in which you regard him must exercise a prejudicial influence over the efforts you put forth to secure his acquittal.'

'Pooh, pooh!' said the lawyer, 'there's the chief charm of the legal profession. Any fool can get an innocent man off, but it takes brains to perform the same service for the guilty. Leave it to me.'

At this point the constable came to the door of the Courthouse, fixed his eye sternly on a neighbouring chimney, said 'Barker!' in loud voice, and disappeared.

'There we are,' said Mr Colter, the lawyer, 'our case,' and he hurried off to the back of the building, while the Rev. Mr Milmouse made his way with the rest of the crowd through the Courthouse door.

'Our case' was in several respects a peculiar one, as was abundantly manifested by the evidence brought forward by the prosecuting attorney. Briefly put it amounted to this: Charles Maslon, a storekeeper on one of the outlying gumfields, closed up his store early on a certain Saturday, in order to attend a cricket match at a distant township. He returned at eleven o'clock on the following Monday to find that during his absence his premises had been broken into, a sum of thirty-six pounds odd shillings abstracted from the cash box, the contents of five cases of re-scraped clear gum, valued at over forty pounds, removed from the gum store, and, worst of all, the whole of his trading books comprising a cash book, day-book, gum book, and ledger, spirited away with the rest. As was pointed out by the counsel for the prosecution, the theft was a peculiarly heartless one, for not only did it involve Mr Maslon in heavy pecuniary loss, but it also seriously affected the conduct of his business, and embarrassed him in the collection of upwards of £1,500 worth of book debts, of which the missing volumes contained the sole record.

The evidence of three witnesses was then taken to show that on the Saturday, and again on the Sunday evening, a man of the name of George Barker, a shoemaker of Pawanui, identified as the prisoner at the bar, had been seen moving in a suspicious manner in the vicinity of the store. One of these witnesses, a wharfman named Bagstock, deposed, moreover, that he had come full upon Barker shortly after ten o'clock on the Sunday night, carrying a heavy sack on his shoulders, which might have contained gum, and moving from the direction of Maslon's store towards his own section. Though in cross-examination Mr Colter elicited from this witness that he had at one time been confined for eighteen months in the Avondale Lunatic Asylum, and thereupon metaphorically washed his hands of him and sat down, yet the evidence of Bagstock was felt to have a damaging effect upon the prisoner. When in addition, Maslon, the storekeeper, swore to unpleasant relations existing between himself and Barker over a matter of refused credit, and the constable deposed to unearthing the gum from beneath a creek bank on Barker's section, the case to everyone, with the exception of Mr Milmouse, looked extremely black.

For the defence Mr Colter called evidence to show that on the Saturday night Barker was in the Pawanui Hotel up till the time of its closing at eleven o'clock, and that he went from there directly to his workshop in the township, where he was in the habit of sleeping; that on the Sunday he attended evening service, was observed on the wharf until nine o'clock, and was subsequently seen to enter his house and light a candle, which was noticed to be burning for fully an hour afterwards. It was further shown that the prisoner's section lay at a distance of half an hour's walk from Pawanui, and that Maslon's store was fully half a mile beyond, so that, as was contended by Mr Colter, it amounted almost to a physical

MR COLTER WAS SEEN TO ENTER HIS HOUSE.

impossibility that the person seen by the witness Bagstock could have been the prisoner at the bar, or that Barker could have transported unassisted upwards of half a ton of gum across half a mile of rough country (for it must be remembered there was no road connecting Maslon's with Barker's) in the short time which intervened between the time the prisoner was last seen in the township, and a few hours after daylight when the store, on account of its exposed position, was no doubt under almost constant observation by one or other of the settlers around. The evidence called as to character, among which was that of Mr Milmouse, showed Barker to be a constant church-goer, a jovial, good-natured man, fond of a glass and a joke, but neither to a vicious degree—a man who, though he could not be exactly described as hard-working, yet managed to keep going without extraneous assistance, and who one and all agreed had so far been regarded as perfectly honest and trustworthy.

In giving his decision, the magistrate remarked on the outrageous nature of the offence, more particularly the theft of the storekeeper's books, an act which could not advantage the thief, and must cause infinite trouble to the person who had to endure the loss, and he commented on the singularity of the fact that, despite prolonged search on the part of the police, no trace of the books had so far been discovered. He alluded briefly to the evidence in a spirit adverse to Barker, and concluded by committing him to take his trial at the next sessions of the Supreme Court to be held in Auckland.

Fortunately for Barker, the delay which frequently occurs between the committal of a prisoner and his trial by the higher court was obviated in this instance by the fact that the criminal sessions commenced a week later, and his suspense was consequently of the briefest. Unfortunately, however, the police were not idle during the interval, and though their discovery did not amount to much—merely the finding of the missing gum-book beneath Barker's workship in Pawanui—yet as far as it went, this fresh piece of evidence was entirely against the prisoner.

It is unnecessary to go into particulars of the trial, which was almost wholly a *resumé* of the case in the lower court. The jury, after an absence of a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of guilty. The case had come on late in the day, and was not concluded till close upon the hour of adjournment. Judgment was accordingly deferred until the morning, the judge expressing a hope that the prisoner would mitigate the severity of the sentence which would otherwise be passed upon him by disclosing the whereabouts of the remainder of the missing property.

In this hope, however, he was disappointed, Barker doggedly maintaining his entire ignorance and innocence of the whole affair up to the last. Finally, he was sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for a term of four years, and was conducted in an apparently dazed condition to the cells below the court. Here, ten minutes later, his lawyer and the Rev. Mr Milmouse were admitted simultaneously to see him.

'My poor fellow,' said the latter gentleman, evidently deeply moved, and taking Barker's hand between both his own, 'do not give way. Rest assured I shall leave no stone unturned to secure your liberty. Take courage from the fact that there is one person at least who is confident of your innocence.'

Barker, plainly overcome by this expression of sympathy, pressed the minister's hand, but said nothing.

'Really when you consider it,' said Colter, looking on, 'the sentence is a severe one, almost what magistrates would call an exemplary sentence.'

'Any sentence,' said Mr Milmouse quickly, 'would be severe when passed on an innocent man.'

The lawyer, unable to think of anything more opposite, fell back on his usual formula and remarked, 'Just so,' with a stress on the 'so.'

The interview concluded, the cleric and lawyer went out together. The former shuddered at the sight of the 'Black Maria' waiting to convey the recently-sentenced prisoners to Mount Eden, and moved hurriedly forward. 'This is a terrible miscarriage of justice,' he said, earnestly. 'Can you come from the contemplation of that man in his hour of despair and still believe him guilty?'

Colter's face wore a reflective look, as though he were wondering whether he could, and if he could, how it was he could. 'Well,' he said at last, 'I suppose we see so much of crime generally that we get hardened, and my perceptions may be to some extent blunted. As a matter of fact I have never once in a legal practice of upwards of thirty years been concerned in a single case of miscarriage of justice of the sort you imply. My experience is that people who come before the Supreme Court are usually guilty even when they are acquitted. As for Barker, look at the evidence: a man has been hung before now on less conclusive testimony. In a legal sense it *is* conclusive. But, supposing he is innocent, who is the guilty party? You can't release Barker without putting someone else into his shoes. Who are you going to get? Bagstock would be the most likely person, but there is not a tittle of evidence against him. Well, I must be off. Look me up before you go,' and with a brief nod the lawyer hurried back to his business, while the minister went away unconvinced to the residence of the brother cleric with whom he was staying.

Mr Milmouse, although unconvinced, was considerably impressed by the lawyer's concluding observations, the force of which it was impossible to deny. Somebody certainly must be guilty, and might not that somebody, as Colter had suggested, be Bagstock, the man on whose evidence chiefly Barker had been convicted?

On his return to Pawanui Mr Milmouse, in giving a report of the trial to his wife, alluded briefly to this suggestion of the lawyer's, and she mentioning it to one or two friends, and they passing it on to others, there grew up in the course of time a sort of hazy idea that Bagstock might be guilty. Eventually, about nine or ten months later, this impression grew to a head, and a few residents in the township bestirred themselves so far as to communicate the prevalent suspicion to the local police. As, however, it turned out on inquiry that there was absolutely no fresh evidence forthcoming, the matter again fell into abeyance.

Meantime Mr Milmouse had not been idle. He had written several letters to the local representative, and questions had on more than one occasion been asked in the House. A petition, also, signed by the majority of the residents in Pawanui, had been forwarded to the Governor praying that in consideration of the uncertain nature of the evidence he would be pleased to grant con-

v, ct Barker a free pardon. Of all this, however, nothing c ame.

When people take action of this sort it usually happens that every failure only whets their desire to succeed. As a body the Pawanui settlers had started on he campaign more than half convinced of Barker's guilt, but by the time the Governor's reply to the petition arrived they were completely assured of his innocence. This assurance, moreover, had spread to remote places outside, so that occasional letters appeared in some of the dailies, even so far south as Christchurch, calling for a Parliamentary inquiry into the case of the convict Barker.

The Pawanui settlers now formed themselves into a committee, appointed a secretary and treasurer, and set to work in earnest. Maslon, the victimised storkeeper, who, strange to say, had been one of the first of Mr Milmouse's converts, was elected chairman. The first act of the new committe was to depute certain of their members to wait on the Rev. Mr Milmouse, and lay before him the suspicions which existed in connection with the wharfman Bagstock, and to solicit him to interview that person with a view to eliciting from him a confession of his crime.

Mr Milmouse, who by this had entirely forgotten the lawyer's suggestion of more than a year previously, and who was in complete ignorance of his own share in creating the suspicion, with the existence of which he now first became acquainted, expressed astonishment, and promised to turn the matter over in his mind. As a result of this turning over he paid Bagstock several visits.

The wharfman by this time led the life of a pariah. He still occasionally found work in connection with the steamer, but this was with ever increasing difficulty, and it became daily more a matter for wonder how the man continued to exist. Except on the day of the steamer's visit he rarely left the tumble-down shanty on the beach in which he resided, a seclusion which was probably in large part due to the attentions of the local larrikins, who were in the habit of cannonading him with stones and green fruit, and requiring him, from points of vantage, to supply them with information on such points as 'Who stole the gum?' and 'Where's Barker?' On those occasions when necessity drove him forth, he shuffled along to his destination by back ways, and as far as possible avoided either looking at or speaking to the persons with whom he came in contact. His apparel became rapidly more disreputable, his body thinner, and his face more hatchet-like.

Mr Milmouse had little to report as the result of his first visit. Bagstock had not absolutely repulsed him, but his expression was shifty and his manner taciturn, there was, concluded the reverend gentleman, but little doubt that popular suspicion, 'with the usual strong, intuitive perception of the masses,' had alighted on the real culprit. Other visits followed, during one of which Bagstock went so far as to admit that 'he might have had a hand in it.' At this stage the minister ceased to report to his committee. Without Bagstock's full consent, which he hoped very shortly to obtain, he did not, he said, feel justified in divulging what passed between them. Popular expectation was thus kept on tip-toe, and the utmost excitement prevailed throughout the district.

At length one morning Mr Milmouse, whose visits were now of almost daily occurrence, found the pariah

MR MILMOUSE FOUND BAGSTOCK SHIVERING IN BED.

shivering in bed, and evidently too weak to rise. So far the minister had regarded the man more or less in the light of a locked box, which it was his duty, if possible, to open. He was consequently somewhat taken aback by the discovery that the supposed box was human, and like all things human—mortal. Bagstock, from whatever cause, was plainly dying. The minister's first act on making this discovery was to telephone for the country doctor, whose residence was twenty miles away. He then set himself down to nurse the sick man. The house, he found, was absolutely without anything in the nature of food, a defect which he soon rectified by providing a basin of beef-tea from his own kitchen.

'It's no use,' said Bagstock, after supping a few spoonfuls. 'I reckon it's the confession you're after, and I'd better own up and have done with it.'

'You cannot act more wisely than by making your peace with God,' said Mr Milmouse, gently. 'Afterwards you will feel easier in mind and body.'

'Well,' said Bagstock, wearily, 'I done it right enough. I stole the money first, on the Saturday night, and I got the gum out on the Sunday. Barker was hanging about the place, and it come into my head to put it on him, so I planted the stuff in his paddock. Now let me be.'

'You have said nothing about the books,' remarked Mr Milmouse.

'What books?' asked the sick man, irritably.

'Mr Maslon's books, the store trading books.'

'Damned if I know,' said Bagstock. 'I suppose I burnt them or something.'

'You suppose! Come, come, my good fellow,' expostulated the minister, passing the oath in his excitement at thus at length getting at the truth, 'be more explicit.'

'Well, I did burn them,' said Bagstock, savagely. 'I burnt them, I burnt them, I burnt them! There! Does that satisfy you?'

'Perfectly,' said Mr Milmouse, soothingly. 'Try and refrain from excitement. On poor Barker's account we must have this in writing, otherwise I would not distress you.'

'Barker be blowed,' said Bagstock alliteratively. 'To hell with him! I'll have nothing to do with it. I never said nothing about writing.'

Mr Milmouse, however, shocked at his patient's language, now felt it his duty to call his attention to the state of his soul. This he did in a speech of some severity, which only terminated on Bagstock giving his consent to the confession being taken down, and expressing his willingness to attest it in the presence of Mr Milmouse and the local constable.

'Fetch him in then,' he said weakly, his strength apparently exhausted. 'He can't do me any harm now.'

The constable was accordingly summoned, and a fair copy made of the confession. This was read to the dying man, who sat up and scratched his name to it with trembling fingers. Then he lay back and refused again to enter into conversation with anyone.

As the day wore on he grew rapidly weaker. Food and stimulants were administered, to be instantly rejected, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, an hour previous to the arrival of the doctor, he breathed his last.

Owing to the suddenness of the affair, and the refusal of the doctor to grant a certificate, it was deemed necessary to hold an inquest, and the settlement was perhaps for the moment just a trifle shocked and embarrassed to learn that the man Bagstock had died from inanition. However, Mr Milmouse tucked 'this our brother' reverently away in the cemetery, and the triumphs of Barker began.

The confession having been forwarded to headquarters, was in due course attended to, a free pardon, bearing the sign manual of the Governor of New Zealand, was granted to convict Barker, and a deputation at once left Pawanui

I FEAR THAT POOR BARKER'S MIND HAS SUFFERED UNDER THE HARSH TREATMENT HE HAS RECEIVED UNDER THE NAME OF JUSTICE.

to receive and escort the injured man to his home. Maslon and Mr Milmouse remained behind to inaugurate a fitting welcome to the victim of circumstantial evidence by the aid of a few flags, a purse of sovereigns, and an address from his fellow townsmen in the town hall

The ceremony passed off with the utmost *éclat*. Maslon, in a manly speech, apologised humbly for his previous harsh suspicions, Mr Milmouse commented at length on the fallacious and dangerous character of circumstantial evidence, and Barker, moved to tears by the kindly feeling displayed on all sides, expressed his thanks in a brief and broken speech. The ex-convict was then by general consent allowed to retire quietly to his house.

One of the first persons to visit him the following day was Mr Milmouse. The reverend gentleman stayed for a considerable time, and, on leaving the house, it was noticed that his brows were contracted by a thoughtful frown

'I fear,' he remarked to Mrs Milmouse, later in the day, 'that poor Barker's mind has suffered under the harsh treatment he has received under the name of justice. I greatly fear so.'

'Why, Richard?' asked Mrs Milmouse.

'His manner,' said her husband, 'is peculiar, very peculiar.'

'In what way, dear?' inquired his spouse.

'Well,' said the minister, 'I can hardly describe it, but he laughs.'

'He was always a jovial man,' said Mrs Milmouse, reflectively. 'He was always greatly given to laughter.'

'Just so,' replied Mr Milmouse, 'but now he never does anything else.'

This curious fact came also to be noticed by others, and the impression that Barker had in part lost his reason gained ground locally, and eventually crept into the papers. At last a person called Justice wrote to an influential journal suggesting that a subscription should be got up for the unfortunate man Barker, who through prolonged mental suffering had become totally insane. The editor of the paper backed up the writer with a warm-blooded leader, and subscriptions began to flow in from all quarters. In the course of rather more than a month a sum of £200 was forwarded to Mr Milmouse, to be invested on account of Barker in any manner that he and the rest of the unfortunate man's friends deemed to be most to his advantage. Immediately on its receipt Mr Milmouse walked across to Barker's workshop to communicate the good news.

At first the ex-convict seemed thunderstruck. He dropped the awl with which he had been working, and sat gazing at the minister with open mouth; then he suddenly rose from his seat, placed his hands across his stomach, said 'This will kill me,' and broke into a hurricane of laughter. He stamped, he howled, he threw himself into his seat, and wriggled out of it, holding his sides. He said, 'Ho! Ho!' over and over again with painful emphasis. His face became apoplectic, his eyes twinkled and started from their sockets with the intense agony of his enjoyment. 'Great God!' he gasped, finally, 'I must tell someone or it will be the death of me. Ho! Ho! Mr Milmouse, Ho! Ho! sir.'

'What is it?' asked the paralyzed minister.

'Ho! Ho! sir, to think how you've fooled 'em all. And that silly ass Bagstock going and con—Ho! Ho! Oh Lord!—tessing. Ho! Ho! sir, Mr Milmouse, hold me for the love of Heaven! Damn it, sir, don't you see they'd got the right man after all.'

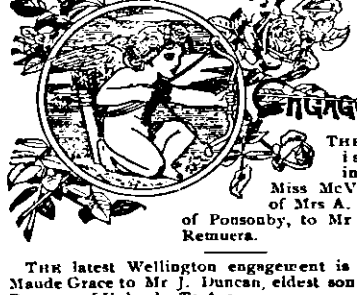
* * * * * * *

Even obtuseness is not without its compensations. It lends a man into error, but it may preserve him from the discovery of the fact when he is in.

'Poor fellow, I fear it is a hopless case,' said the minister, subsequently, in relating the incident to his wife.

But Mrs Milmouse looked wonderingly across the garden to a newly-made mound in the cemetery, beneath which lay the mortal remains of the man Bagstock, who had died of inanition, and her face as she looked grew still and grey.

SAMUEL CLIALL WHITE.



THE engagement is announced in Auckland of Miss McVickers, niece of Mrs A. B. Reynolds, of Ponsonby, to Mr Cameron, of Remuera.

THE latest Wellington engagement is that of Miss Maude Grace to Mr J. Duncan, eldest son of Mr John Duncan, of Uplands, Te Aro.

MISS ELIOTT is to be married to Mr Murison in Wellington this month.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 7.

We have had lovely weather for the holidays, the much-wanted rain coming on Sunday last. I have a good deal of news. We are rather disappointed His Excellency the Governor and party remained in Auckland for so short a time, leaving in the Hinemoa for a cruise *en route* for Lyttelton last week. However, we hope to see them back shortly.

TENNIS.

The open tournament under the management of the Eden and Epsom Lawn Tennis Club was continued last week in the presence of a large number of spectators. The matches will be concluded next Saturday. The weather was fine for the tournament, though the heat was trying to the players. On the whole the tournament has been very successful. Amongst those on the lawn I have noticed Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, who looked well in a blue zephyr trimmed with white embroidery; Miss Elliot, pink striped gown; and her sister, a blue; Miss Hesketh looked *chic* in white, picture hat with ostrich feathers; Miss M. Hesketh, white batiste gown spotted with red and trimmed with bands of red; the Misses Gorrie, dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs C. Baker was simply gowned in white; Mrs McFarland, nil green; Miss McMillan, pretty flesh-coloured pink finished with deep embroidery; and her sister, a cream; Miss Dargaville, white; and her sister, a blue cambric; Misses Paton, black; Mrs Clayton (Melbourne), black silk skirt, cream nun's veiling blouse; Miss Hardie, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Biss was very much admired in white; Miss Kempthorne, nil green; the Misses Sloman (two) were simply gowned in white with sailor hats; Mrs Snell, white piqué; Miss Snell, white cambric with black belt and collar; Miss Jones and Miss Sellers, dark skirts, light blouses; Miss Bull, blue cambric; Miss Hall, pale green; Mrs Harrison, dark skirt, light blouse.

THE DERBY DAY

of the Auckland Racing Club took place on New Year's Day, when the attendance was much larger than on Boxing Day. The Derby was won by Fabulist. The winner was led to the front of the grand-stand, where Lady Glasgow, in her usual graceful manner, decorated his neck with the blue sash amidst the cheers of the spectators. Amongst the Government House party were His Excellency, the Countess of Glasgow, Ladies Augusta and Dorothy Boyle, Miss Fisher, Major Elliot and Captain Preston. The day was brilliantly fine, tempered by a soft balmy wind. The stand was filled with an elegant and well-dressed crowd. Now for the gowns: Lady Glasgow looked well in a stylish black silk Derby, relieved with pale blue, bodice finished with écru lace, becoming bonnet with blue; the Ladies Augusta and Dorothy Boyle were suitably gowned in simple but effective blue muslins, large picture cream Leghorn hats with white chiffon and pink rosebuds; Miss Fisher, fawn gown, black lace hat; Mrs (Col.) Dawson (wife of President of Club), black crepon with cream silk bodice, black floral hat; Mrs O'Rorke, lovely white muslin spotted with canary stripe, lilac crinkley crepe blouse with canary epaulettes, black lace hat with flowers; Mrs Rhodes (Christchurch), black silk skirt, pink crepe blouse, black lace hat with floral decorations; Mrs Fenwick looked picturesque in white muslin, large black velvet hat; Miss Wilkins, dark skirt, white chiffon blouse with white silk streamers; Miss Maud Wilkins, dark skirt, pink crepe blouse; Mrs Thorpe, black; Misses Thorpe looked much admired in white; Mrs Tanner, black silk flowered with spuice; Miss Tanner looked pretty in *mode* grey; Mrs Ridings (Dunedin), black silk; Mrs Arch. Clark, white muslin spotted with lilac; Mrs Duncan Clerk, blue check; Mrs W. Bloomfield, white silk finished with chiffon, white toque with spuice flowers, smart spuice parasol; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, cream flowered silk; Mrs G. Bloomfield, cream flowered silk finished with lilac ribbons; Miss Griffiths, pale pink zephyr; Mrs Haines, cream flowered gown; Mrs Barton Ireland, grey shimmering silk check; Mrs Forbes (*nee* Miss Rookes), pale green tailor-made costume; Mrs Lyons, white muslin with peacock bead trimmings, white hat; Miss Mowbray, very handsome old gold tailor-made gown finished with bows of ribbons; Mrs Hay, Mrs Tonks looked remarkably well in white; Mrs Fenwick to correspond; Mrs Bennison, white muslin with flounces finished with lace; Miss Thompson, white muslin, and her sister, a lilac gown veiled in white muslin; Mrs Laing (England), white muslin; Mrs Leathem, fawn cloth relieved with pink; Mrs Rathbone, black crepon with pink ruffle; Miss Lusk looked pretty in pink; Miss Hilda Worsp, white muslin, cream Leghorn hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Aurelius, pretty pink cambric; Mrs Makgill, nil green silk, chiffon hat to match; Mrs Martin, black; Miss Martin, grey; Mrs Ching, grey costume; Mrs Thomas Morrin, shimmering silver grey check, corselet of cream lace; Mrs Alfred Nathan, lovely French grey silk shot with blue and pink; Mrs Greenway, nil green; Miss Firth, lilac zephyr; Miss Elliot, cream and her sister pink; Miss May Chambers, slate grey crinkley; Miss Davy, butterfly-coloured gown; Miss Wylde-Brown was simply gowned in white; Miss Horne, buff-coloured tailor-made gown; Miss Hay, white muslin gown with bodice spotted with black; Miss K. Hay, white batiste muslin spotted with lilac and trimmed with lilac ribbons; Mrs McLaughlin, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse; Miss McLaughlin, pink zephyr; Mrs Sam Morrin, lilac silk; Miss Jeffrey, white muslin, with shoes, parasol, and hat to match; Miss Rich, cream finished with black; Mrs Rich, black silk; Mrs Ludlow Rich, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Scherff, black silk trimmed with mauve; Miss Scherff was much admired in white piqué; Miss Eva Scherff, fawn; Miss Tilly, grey satin; Mrs Masefield, black silk skirt, spuice silk blouse; Mrs Ranson, dark skirt, spuice blouse; Miss Von Sturmer, buttercup-coloured gown, hat to correspond; Miss Churton, white spotted gown; and her sister, blue cambric; Miss Dowd, pink cambric; and her sister, grey; Mrs Robinson, slate grey crinkley zephyr; Mrs Blair, canary gown veiled in white muslin; Mrs Jones, black silk; Miss Jones, nil green; Miss May Sellers, pretty buttercup crepon finished with black; Mrs (Dr.) Lewis was very much admired in a combination of cream and black, black toque finished with cornflower blue carnations; Miss Percival, pink; Miss Edith Percival, cream; and her younger sister, pink and white striped zephyr; Mrs Devereux, black; Miss Devereux, nil green delaine finished with white lace; Miss M. Devereux, lilac spotted zephyr finished with lilac ribbon; Mrs Alfred Buckland, black silk; Miss Buckland, fawn; and her sister, pink cambric; Miss Horne, fawn gown; Miss Herries, slate grey; Miss F. Sellers, electrique blue finished with white; Mrs (Major) George, stylish black silk with cerise trimmings; Mrs Mitchelson, fawn gown with red plaid; Mrs Isaacs, heliotrope with black lace; Miss Isaacs, fawn, and her sister, old gold; Miss Atkinson looked remarkably well in white with black collarette and black hat; Mrs Cottle, black flowered silk; Miss Burgaville, white frock, white hat, with electrique trimmings; Mrs Nichol, Italie embroidery muslin; Miss Ada Dixon, canary-coloured holland; Miss Phillips, blue gown; Miss Noakes looked charming in a good fitting buttercup flowered muslin with yellow ribbons; Mrs A. E. Gilmore, pink muslin finished with white satin; Mrs Kilgour, fawn; Mrs Clayton, of Sydney (*nee* Miss Hardie), black silk finished with lace; Mrs Hanna, handsome combination of black silk and white; Miss Dunnett, green; Mrs Pollan, dark green; Miss Walnut, nil green; Miss Hague-Smith looked well in nil green; Miss Wynyard, fawn tailor-made costume; Miss Keesing was very much admired in pale coral pink nun's veiling, and her lady friend from Melbourne wore a stylish cream costume; Mrs Cheeseman, I think, wore a dark gown with red; Mrs Holgate and Miss Sage, dark silks; Miss Winnie Dudley, white muslin with canary sash and ribbon trimmings; Mrs Alison, cream silk, large black hat; her daughter looked pretty in blue; Mrs Goodall, black and white check; Mrs Ehrenfried, lovely black silk crepon handsomely trimmed with jet and figured peach-coloured silk, French bonnet of peach and brown with pink moss rosebuds and acorns; her niece Miss Myers, figured French muslin, pink silk bodice covered with lace, black sash, gem hat with black; Mrs White, black and white check; Mrs Hellaby, blue and white check silk trimmed with lace, pretty hat; Mrs Cohen, black satin; her daughters, one in crepon skirt and blue silk blouse with black lace, large black hat and feathers, the other, brown crepon with violet silk relief with lace, hat to match; Mrs Easdown, all black; Miss Lena looked pretty in all white, dainty hat; Mrs Arthur Turroll, handsome white silk heavily trimmed with jet, large Leghorn hat with pink and magenta roses and black and white feathers, white and silver parasol, white gloves stitched with white (the best dressed on the course); Mrs Myers, black silk with jet, black bonnet with purple and green flowers; Mrs Bloomfield, sen., handsome flowered black silk.

STEEPLECHASE DAY.

The third day of the summer races was on Thursday, and proved as successful as any of the former. Gowns were pretty and seasonable, and the lawn represented a very gay scene with the crowds of smart frocks parading. Major Elliot and Captain Preston were the only representatives of the Government House party. Mrs (Colonel) Dawson wore black seaweed crepon, cream flowered bodice, hat with floral decorations; Mrs Elliot, black silk; Mrs (Major) George, terra lustre; Mrs Harry Tonks, lilac zephyr, white hat; Mrs Ridings, black; Mrs Arch. Clark, white muslin with lilac spots; Mrs Ware, heliotrope delaine finished with white embroidery; Mrs O'Rorke, pale coral pink gown with bodice of a darker hue veiled in black net, black lace hat; Mrs Stead, white silk; Mrs Dargaville, black silk finished with old gold; Miss Thomp-on, fawn, and her sister, white muslin; the Misses Sloman similarly gowned in pretty sky blue muslins; Miss Ware, white spotted muslin; Miss Dunnett, black silk, with sleeves brocaded in cherry colour; Miss Percival, pink crepon, pale pick tulle hat with daisies; Miss Edith Percival, cream gown, and her sister, pale lilac zephyr, white sailor hat; Mrs Duncan Clerk, cream delaine with cornflowers; Mrs W. Bloomfield, very hand-some lilac plaid with parasol to match; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, white gown veiled in flounces of black lace; Mrs George Bloomfield, pretty cream flowered muslin, fashionable white sailor hat profusely trimmed with ribbon and pink roses; Miss Griffiths, pale blue; Mrs Haines was admired in cream alpaca with pink vest; Mrs Lyons black silk heavily beaded and finished with lilac silk sleeves and trimmings, black lace hat; Mrs Leathem, fawn gown with pink vest; Mrs Duthie wore a very handsome cream Liberty silk, hat to correspond; Mrs Holmes, pink embroidery with white band; Miss Tanner, grey check; Mrs Dennison, heliotrope drill; Mrs Dufaur, dark skirt, white flowered muslin blouse; Miss Horne, grey check; Mrs Herries, blue tailor-made gown, white vest; Miss Chambers, pretty blue frock, hat with white feathers and blue ribbons; Miss Firth, white; Miss Dickey, white muslin; Mrs Hesketh, electrique blue crinkley; Mrs Fenwick looked remarkably well in white piqué, canary sleeves and vest, black picture hat; Miss Wilkins, Italie silk veiled in white muslin, white hat with feathers, making one of the most effective gowns on the lawn; Miss Maud Wilkins, mode grey with pink trimmings; Mrs Greenway nil green; Mrs Thomas Morrin, very stylish apricot coloured alpaca with V shaped trimming of black on bodice edged with silver *passementerie*; Mrs Alfred Nathan was very much admired in black silk with nil green ribbon trimmings; Mrs Moss-Davis, black silk; the Misses Moss-Davis, white cambrics; Miss Kempthorne, white Liberty silk, black lace hat; Mrs McLaughlin, black silk; Mrs J. B. White, black silk, Mrs Holgate looked pretty in black silk, red vest; Miss Sage, fawn gown trimmed with pale pink nun's veiling; Mrs Gordon, black silk; Mrs Isaacs, black silk finished with white lace; Miss Isaacs, very handsome gown of cream silk beautifully trimmed with gold braid; Miss Eva Isaacs, pink gown trimmed with black velvet; Miss Edith Isaacs, pink gown veiled in cream flowered muslin; Mrs Thorpe, black silk; Miss Flora Thorpe was very much admired in white; Mrs Atkinson, black silk; Miss Atkinson, white gown finished with black; and her sister wore pale pink; Mrs Blair, white muslin spotted with lilac; Mrs Anseune, dark skirt, white muslin blouse; Miss Davy, bright maize-coloured delaine; Miss Wylde-Brown, nil green; Miss Hague-Smith, nil green; Miss Eva Rich, cream with black trimmings; Mrs Mitchelson, black silk; Miss (Barton) Ireland, stylish combination of grey and pink; Miss Stevenson, blue striped alpaca, and her sister, pink striped gown, and another sister a pink flowered art muslin; Mrs A. V. McDonald, bronze green crepon; Miss Sutton, blue and fawn striped cashmere; Mrs J. Smith, black silk; Mrs Thompson, black silk; Miss Churton, black gown finished with white; and her sister wore a heliotrope muslin; Mrs Buckland, brown silk, black lace cape; Miss Buckland, white *piqué*; Miss F. Buckland, handsome fawn gown with brown silk; Mrs Sharland, blue striped alpaca; Miss Burnill, grey check becoming white hat; Miss Noakes, black crepon with check sleeves; Mrs Gorrie (Onehunga), brown trimmed with silk; Mrs Digby Tonks, black silk; Mrs K. Buchanan, slate grey tailor-made gown; Miss Bailey was much admired in white; Miss B. Banks, heliotrope muslin; Mrs Cottle, brown silk; Mrs Masfen, fawn tussore silk, very nice brown velvet hat with pansies; Mrs Cling, white silk profusely trimmed with lace, white toque with flowers; Mrs Devereux, black silk; Miss M. Devereux, lilac flowered gown; Mrs Hope-Lewis, black silk finished with rose silk veiled in black lace, black lace bonnet with roses to match, and was very much admired; Miss Dudley, heliotrope flowered muslin; Mrs Makgill, pale pink; Miss Dowd, fawn skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Devore, I think, wore a grey check silk; Miss Esme Elliot looked *distinguée* in pink and white stripe, black hat with pink roses; Miss Grierson, grey check tailor-made gown; Miss Jackson, black skirt, white blouse, and her sister, heliotrope; Miss Worsp, white frock with pink ruffle; Mrs Kilgour, grey trimmed with forget-me-not blue; Mrs Leighton, grey; Miss Lusk looked very pretty in pink; Mrs Sam Morrin, black silk with white spots; Mrs Windsor, fawn; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, grey; Miss Scherff, white; Miss Dolly Scherff, heliotrope gown, white chiffon hat with pink roses.

Mrs (Major) George gave a large afternoon tea at her pretty residence, 'Wapiti,' on Friday.

The Mount Albert people had a large picnic to the Nihotapu Falls also on Friday, which I will describe to you in my next letter. As I was not present, I must rely on some one who was.

A Christmas Tree in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Children was given by Dr. and Mrs Knight, 'Severn House,' Ponsonby, on the Friday following the Christmas. A large marquee had been erected, and was festooned with flags of many nations. The grounds were prettily illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Dr. and Mrs Knight, with a number of lady assistants, were most assiduous in attending to visitors, and the children had a really good time of it. A substantial sum was realised towards the deserving object for which the function was held.

PICNIC TO NIHOTAPU FALLS.

About seven o'clock on New Year's Day a brakeful of ladies and gentlemen (numbering about thirty) left Shelly Beach Road for the Nihotapu Falls. After a delightful drive of nearly four hours, a lovely spot was pitched upon and lunch partaken of. The picnickers then wended their way through bush and fern to view the falls. During the day photos were taken of the party, and in all a very enjoyable day was spent. About six o'clock preparations were made to return home, and town was reached about ten o'clock. The party consisted of Mrs G. W. Owen, Mrs (Dr.) Knight, Mrs Clark-Johnson, Mrs Hughes-Jones, Misses Owen, Hughes, Atkinson, F. George, Bach, Kennedy, Butters, L. Butters, Leighton, Philips, Walmesly, Messrs B. Baker, Owen, Peacock, Hodgson, Whitelaw, Clark-Johnson, Maddox, G. Leighton, F. Leighton, Butters, etc.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 2.

Since last I wrote one or two very interesting events have taken place, one being the

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENTS

of New Zealand, which were held on the Thorndon Courts on Boxing and the two following days. With the exception of the first day, which was decidedly breezy, we had lovely weather, so that everything went off well, and the general opinion is that it was the most successful meeting yet held, both financially and otherwise. The courts were in splendid order, and for the convenience of the spectators a small platform was erected all down one side, and placed all round the enclosure were forms and chairs. A large marquee was put up in an adjoining paddock, where strawberries and cream, ices, tea, and all sorts of sweets were to be had, and as the weather was extremely warm, you may be sure it was well patronised. Now I must try and remember who were present, and tell you about some of the frocks worn, for there were some very dainty toilettes.

ON THE FIRST DAY

I noticed Mrs Anson in light tweed, and very pretty bonnet trimmed with magenta roses and lace; Miss Allen, pale yellow spotted muslin with frills of white lace, large black hat trimmed with flowers; Mrs Barraud, black costume trimmed with jet; Mrs Barnicoat (Wanganui), white duck costume, cream straw hat trimmed with white satin ribbon bows and wings; Mrs Barron, black skirt and butcher blue blouse, black fancy straw hat trimmed with lace wings and pink roses; Miss Barron, navy skirt, light blouse, and sailor hat; the Misses Barber wore pretty cream costumes; Mrs Beddard, white sprigged muslin with peacock blue collar, white sailor hat; Miss Burnett, black crepon skirt, stylish black and white striped silk blouse, drawn black lace hat trimmed with osprey s and black and white ribbon; Miss — Burnett, becoming light grey gown with spaulettes of black lace, and her hat was similar to her sister's; Mrs Brock, pink blouse, black skirt, and sailor hat; Miss Black (Christchurch), black skirt, cream blouse, sailor hat; Miss Campell, black costume slightly trimmed with white; her sister wore a black skirt, heliotrope and black figured blouse, and broad white sailor hat with black band; Miss Davy, soft cream gown, sailor hat; Miss Dransfield, white costume; Miss Elliott, royal blue skirt and blouse, white tie and sailor hat; Mrs Friend, black costume; Miss Friend, pretty blue crepon trimmed with black satin and tulle hat with sprays of flowers; Mrs Fulton, Miss Fitzherbert, pretty light costume; Miss N. Fairchild wore pale heliotrope; Mrs R. Fitzherbert, navy skirt and jacket, pink blouse and black sailor hat; Mrs Goring, pretty pink figured muslin trimmed with tiny flounces of the same, dark velvet collar, large white hat; Mrs Gore, black crepon trimmed with lace, jet bonnet trimmed with violets; Miss Gore, black skirt, light blouse, and sailor hat; Miss Gibson, bright pink blouse and skirt, white tie, shoes, and sailor hat; Mrs Grace, the Misses Grace in black skirts, blouses, and sailor hats; Miss Greenfield, black skirt and short cape, white muslin blouse, black sailor hat; Mrs Hacon (Christchurch), holland skirt and cape trimmed with white braid, small black hat; Miss Holmes also wore a holland costume; Mrs Heywood, black crepon with brocade bodice, pretty black and pink bonnet; Miss Heywood, heliotrope blouse, black crepon skirt, sailor hat; her sister wore a pretty white muslin frock, and large black hat with pink flowers; Miss B. Hamerton, pretty sage green gown with trimmings of a darker shade, small black floral hat; Miss Una Hitchings, white gown striped with blue, lace collar, and small black hat with flowers; her sister wore a black and white striped skirt and blouse, broad sailor hat; Miss Koch, holland jacket and skirt, light blouse and sailor hat; her sister wore a pretty blue and white frock; Mrs Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, grey tweed jacket and skirt, white blouse, and blue and white straw hat; her sisters wore light blouses and navy serge skirts, white sailor hats; Miss Kebbell, butchers' blue jacket and skirt, light blouse, dark straw hat trimmed with shot ribbon bows and cream lace wings; Mrs Laishley, black costume; Miss C. Lean (Christchurch), black serge skirt, cream flannel braided blouse, white sailor hat with black and red band; Miss Lee, pretty thin white cambric gown profusely trimmed with white lace and insertion, white hat; Mrs Macpherson, black crepon skirt, pretty white sprigged muslin blouse, and small black hat with white tips; Miss N. Marchant, black skirt, cream blouse, and sailor hat; Mrs Newman; Miss Nunnely, navy skirt, pink and white striped blouse, white sailor hat with black band; Mrs R. O'Connor, black costume, bonnet with white flowers; Mrs R. Parker, white figured muslin gown, bonnet to match; Miss Parker; Miss Pownall, stylish fawn jacket and skirt, pink blouse, and large hat trimmed with black ribbon, tips, and pink roses; Mrs Rose, black brocade, floral bonnet; Miss Rose, pretty black crepon trimmed with pink silk and black chiffon frills. large black picture hat with pink roses; Miss N. Rose, pretty white gown and hat; Mrs A. Russell, stylish white silk blouse, black skirt, and large black hat with long white feathers; Mrs Rees, Miss Rees, handsome grey and black silk gown, black hat with flowers; her sister wore a white gown, black hat with pink roses; Mrs Simpson, black figured gown, gold bonnet with light flowers; Miss Simpson, blue crepon trimmed with black silk, large black hat with nodding pink roses; Miss M. Simpson, a pretty greyish green coloured frock with silk trimmings, black hat with black band; Mrs Seed, Miss Seed, neat light grey tweed gown, large black hat with yellow flowers; Miss M. Seed, dainty pink muslin trimmed with lace, hat to match; Mrs and Miss Swainson, the latter wearing a cool duck costume; Miss Turnbull, light grey jacket and skirt, silk vest, black hat trimmed with pink and white sweet pea; Miss Taylor, the Misses Van Asch (Christchurch) wore black skirts, cream serge blouses and sailor hats; the Misses H. and C. Williams wore light brown tailor-made costumes, small floral hats; Miss Wilson, Mrs and Miss Young.

ON FRIDAY

the attendance was not so large. Some of those I saw were Mrs and the Misses Heywood, the Misses Hitchings, Mrs C. Kirk, who wore a black crepon cape and skirt, orange silk blouse, and large black hat; Miss Jackson wore a holland jacket and skirt, with blouse, and sailor hat; her sister wore white; Miss Friend, navy skirt and jacket, blouse, and burnt straw hat trimmed with black satin and wings; Miss Pike, pale heliotrope figured muslin, pretty white hat with white wings and ribbon loops; Miss Nicholson (Auckland), navy blue skirt, soft cream blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Barnicoat, white duck costume, sailor hat; Mesdames Barron, Hales, Parker, Russell, Newman, Goring, Glasgow, and the Misses Menzies, Barnett, Williams, Simpson, Reid, Gore, Grace, Marchant, Holmes, Hislop, Rees, etc.

On Saturday all the final matches were played, and most exciting some of them were, specially the men's doubles, when Messrs Harman and Collins, of Christchurch, played against the Messrs Gore, and came off victorious after some very brilliant play. The final of the combined doubles also created great interest, Miss Greenfield and Mr Goldie just managed to beat Miss Nunnely and Mr H. Parker, who, by the way, were very heavily handicapped, and who gained on their opponents in a marvellous manner, and were playing splendidly. Miss Nunnely and Miss Lean (Christchurch) met in the final of the Ladies' Championship Singles, and the former lady soon proved herself to be too strong for her opponent, who, however, made a plucky fight for it. The general opinion was that the final match between Mr J. R. Hooper (Auckland) and Mr H. Parker would be a very close game, so that it was rather disappointing when Mr Hooper showed himself to be 'out of form,' and unable to contest against Mr Parker's splendid and vigorous play. After the matches were over the prizes were presented by Mrs R. M. Simpson wife of the President of the Association, amid loud cheers and clapping.

NOW FOR SOME OF THE DRESSES,

though among such a crowd it was rather difficult to see many of them. However, I hope I shall be pardoned for slight mistakes. Mrs Simpson's gown was of black merveilleux, with cuffs to the elbow and yoke of green silk covered with open black lace, small gold bonnet with magenta roses; Miss Simpson, pretty pale pink spotted muslin trimmed with soft white lace, large hat with pink and cream roses and ribbon; Miss M. Simpson, white figured muslin, sailor hat; Mrs Anson wore a light grey tweed bonnet; Miss Brandon, pink linen jacket and skirt, blouse and pretty black hat trimmed with jet and lace wings; her sister wore pale fawn, sailor hat; Mrs Beddard, stylish smoke grey cloth costume, small white sailor hat; Miss Beddard, pale blue gown, lightly covered with white figured muslin and lace, large white hat; Miss Bodmin, very neat Norfolk gown of brown and white checked tweed, broad sailor hat; Mrs Brown, black gown, lace cape and black bonnet with blue flowers; Miss Black (Christchurch), black skirt, heliotrope blouse with one of the new square lace collars, large black hat with heliotrope flowers; Mrs Barraud, black gown trimmed with black lace over grey silk, black hat; Miss Barraud, pretty black silk gown trimmed with jet; Mrs Barnicoat, stylish grey check silk, small jet bonnet with white flowers; Miss Burnett, neat black crepon skirt, white satin and jet embroidered vest, black and white hat; her sister wore grey and black; Mrs Barron, grey tailor-made gown, pretty jet bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Barron, navy blue skirt, pale blue blouse and sailor hat; Miss — Barron, pale blue figured delaine with lace insertion; cream hat with white flowers and ribbon bows; Miss Baker, black crepon skirt, pretty pink blouse, and sailor hat; Miss Barber, soft cream gown, and pretty black hat with lace wings and pink roses; her sister wore grey tweed; the Misses Campbell; Miss Cooper, light striped blouse, black skirt and sailor hat; Miss Dransfield, white pique skirt and Eton jacket, pretty pink blouse and white sailor hat; Miss L. Davy, black skirt, cream blouse, sailor hat; her sister wore a pretty white costume; the Misses Dyer; Mrs Elliott, black figured gown trimmed on the bodice with black lace, black bonnet with violets; Miss Q. Elliott, light grey crepon with white lawn collar and cuffs edged with lace, white hat; Mrs and Miss Friend, the latter wearing a pretty pink gown and black hat; Mrs R. Fitzherbert; Miss A. Fitzherbert, white duck costume; Miss N. Fairchild also wore white duck; Miss E. Fairchild, pale grey costume; Mrs Fulton, white costume; Mrs Fitzherbert, pink and white striped gown trimmed with pink satin, black toque with magenta and pink roses, and small black tips; Mrs Heywood, black silk with sleeves of light fawn figured silk, small floral bonnet; Miss Heywood, white lace trimmed gown, pink toque trimmed with white osprey and pink flowers; her sister wore a pretty light muslin gown, and large black hat with flowers; Miss Grace, grey cloth costume; Miss Elliott, black figured costumes; Mrs Gore, black crepon, mauve and black bonnet; Miss Gore, pretty white skirt and jacket, pink figured blouse, broad straw hat trimmed with red flowers and satin ribbons; Mrs Goring, pink muslin; Mrs Glasgow, navy skirt and jacket, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Greenfield, Miss Gibson, pretty soft white gown, large black hat trimmed with pink flowers and black chiffon ruching; her sister wore pink and white; Miss S. Johnston, white duck costume; Miss Kebbell, pretty white flowered muslin; Miss Knight (Sydney), black crepon skirt, and stylish pink silk blouse with lace collar, large black hat with nodding pink roses; the Misses Koch, Mrs C. Kirk, the Misses Kennedy, Miss Lingard, light fawn check tweed gown, white sailor hat; her sister wore white; Miss Lean, Mrs Levin, black costume trimmed with jet, black and white feathered bonnet; Miss Lee, light mauve gown and white sailor hat; Miss N. Marchant, black skirt, blue silk blouse with ecru lace collar, fawn straw hat with flowers; Miss Malcolm, pale heliotrope muslin with flounces of white lace, white hat; Miss Morrah, white duck costume; Mrs Macpherson, Mrs Palmer, black crepon cape and skirt, silk bodice, black bonnet with red roses; Mrs and Miss Powles; Miss Pownall, white costume trimmed with lace; Mrs Pynsent, grey jacket and skirt, pretty silk vest to match, jet bonnet with magenta flowers; Mrs and Miss Parker; Mrs G. Pearson, Miss Pike, Miss Pickering, Mrs A. Russell, pretty black gown trimmed with white satin and black lace, small white bonnet edged with jet and trimmed with ecru lace and white roses; Mrs and the Misses Rees, Miss J. Richardson, pretty light muslin trimmed with lace and insertion, large black hat with pink flowers; Miss Stowe, black skirt, pretty white figured muslin blouse trimmed with lace, sailor hat; Mrs Stafford, handsome black gown, the bodice of black silk brocaded with cornflowers, black bonnet with cornflowers; Mrs and Miss Swainson; Miss Trimnell, navy blue tailor-made jacket and skirt, blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs C. Tanner, drab crepon gown trimmed with shot silk to match, large black hat trimmed with shot ribbon and flowers; Mrs Tolhurst, handsome black crepon gown trimmed with satin bands, floral bonnet; Miss Tolhurst, pretty light costume; the Misses Van Asch, Miss Williams, stylish light pompadour silk blouse, black skirt, small hat with tips; Misses H. Williams, pink blouse, black skirt and sailor hat; Misses E. Williams, soft white gown trimmed with lace, ribbon belt and bow, large black hat trimmed with grass and pink; Miss Ella Williams, very dainty white gown trimmed with tiny ecru lace and insertion, yellow ribbon belt and streamers, light straw hat trimmed with loops of shot ribbon and violets; the Misses Wilford, white; Miss Young, light grey gown, and pretty white hat with feathers; the Misses Halse, Hector, Hislop, Hitchings, and others.

Mrs Rhodes, of The 'Grange,' Wadestown, very kindly gave the use of her lovely grounds for

A LARGE GARDEN FETE,

which was given in aid of the Wadestown Church funds last Saturday week. It turned out a beautiful hot day, and the proceeds taken at the gate were very considerable. There were also several stalls and side shows, as well as various games going on, so that there was plenty to interest one. Some of the stall-holders were Mesdames Adams, Tolhurst, Newman, Moorhouse, Lowe, Parfitt, assisted by the Misses Tolhurst, Moorhouse, Lee, Lowe, Levin, Knight, etc. Mrs Rhodes was wearing a handsome black silk and black bonnet with red roses; Mrs W. Ferguson, light brown tailor made costume; the Misses Tolhurst wore cool white dresses and hats; Mrs Pynsent, handsome violet silk gown trimmed with black lace, small bonnet to match; Mrs Wallis, soft cream gown, hat to match; Mrs and the Misses Williams, the latter in white; Mrs Higginson; Mrs Mackenzie, white duck jacket and skirt, black moire double-breasted waistcoat, and small black hat; Miss Rose wore cream; her sister, light blouse, crepon skirt, and sailor hat; Mrs and Miss Izard, the latter wearing a becoming blue skirt and blouse, white sailor hat and tie; Miss A. Grace, white skirt, and pretty white spotted muslin blouse, large white hat with white poppies; Mrs Beetham, Mrs Baker, Mrs McDonald, Mrs Gore; Mrs Hutchison, handsome black and white check silk trimmed with black moire and jet, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs Perfitt, black costume; Mrs Sprott, Miss Pearce, Mrs Levin, Mrs Kebbell; Miss Kebbell in blue; Mrs Watson, Mrs Goring, Mrs Medley, the Misses Menzies, Hutchison Dransfield, Acland, and Messrs Hutchison, Pearce, Williams, Moorhouse, Baker, Gore, Tolhurst, Lowe, Minnitt, McDonald, Rev. Mr Sprott, Dr. Adams, Rev. Mr Fitzgerald, etc.

LADY HECTOR'S PARTY.

On the same afternoon Lady Hector gave a small garden party in her pretty grounds at Petone, when tennis and croquet was the order of the day.

Such a number of people have gone away for the summer months, including Mr and Mrs Morison and family, Mr and Mrs Duncan and family, Mrs H. D. Bell and family, Mr and Mrs Field, Miss Grace, Miss I. Cooper, Miss Rose, Miss Izard, Mrs L. Reid and family, Mrs Rawson and family, Miss Medley, and Miss A. Gore.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Russell, of Palmerston North, have been staying with Mrs T. C. Williams.

Miss Knight (Sydney) is staying with Lady Prendergast. I believe she came over to be bridesmaid at her brother's wedding, which takes place very soon now.

Mr and Mrs Empson (Wanganui) stayed here a few days on their way down South. They were accompanied by Miss Rose Acland.

OPHELIA.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, DECEMBER 31.

The first of our Christmas festivities was a

GRAND SOCIAL

given by the Masons to celebrate the installation of the W.M., Mr C. C. Howard. The whole affair was a great success, thanks to the energy and generalship of the Masons' wives and daughters, whose arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the guests were perfect and complete. Several soloists new to a Picton audience gave much pleasure to the guests, among them being Mrs McNaughton, whose fine voice was much appreciated, and Mr Gillespie, a new arrival from Nelson, who sang a Scotch song with much feeling. Miss Allen, Miss Howard, and others also sang exceedingly well. Altogether there was a good deal of music between the dances, and the evening being very sultry, even the most indefatigable dancers were glad of those pleasant interludes. The supper tables were arranged on the stage in a most artistic manner with arches of greenery and white lilies, and spread with all the delicacies of the season. The decorations were also unique, the hall being pannelled in white, and adorned with Masonic emblems and proverbs. Among so many well dressed people it would hardly be fair to mention a few, and to describe all the dresses would take up too much room. Among the Masons Mr Trevor took the palm for jewellery, though he only wore a small portion of his belongings in that way. Mr Griffiths also wore a handsome collection, and both gentlemen were objects of interest to the guests. Among those present were Mr Reed, Mr and the Misses McCormick (three), Mr and Mrs Weedon, Mrs and Miss Seward, Mr E. Kenny, Misses Kenny (two), Mr G. Kenny, Mr and Mrs Miles, Mr J. G. Riddell, Mrs Seay, Misses Dart (two), Mr C. Cribb, Mr F. Fisk, Mr J. France, Dr. and Mrs Millington, Misses Millington, Misses Greensill (two), Mr and Mrs Norris, Mr and Mrs Bellingey, Mr and Mrs Cragg, Misses Western (three), Mrs and Misses H. C Seymour (three), Miss Johnston, Mr Anderson, Mrs and Misses Allen (two), Mr and Mrs Stowe, Dr. and Mrs Scott, Miss Scott, Mr and Mrs Herbert Dobson, the Misses Fuller (two), Mr J. Greensill, Miss B. Greensill, Mr and Mrs Younger, Mr Gregory, Mr and Misses E. Neal, Mrs and Misses Fell (two), Mr and Mrs Marshall, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Smith, Miss Hildt, Captain Fisk, Misses Fisk (two), Mr Hawker, Mr and Mrs H. Howard, Miss Conolly (Auckland), Mr and Misses Webster (two), Mr and Mrs McManus, Miss Price, Mr R. Price, Mr Kane, Miss Jeffries, Messrs Jeffries (two), Mr and Mrs Parfitt, Mrs and Miss Gard, Miss Thomas, Mr Harper, Mr Lewis, Mr H. Fuller, Mr D. Campbell, and Mrs L. Nash, Miss May, Miss Thompson, Mr and Mrs R. Cragg, Miss Murphy, Mr and Mrs F. Bellingey, Mr and Mrs Young, Mrs and Miss M. Speed, Mr H. Thompson, Mr W. Coleman, Mr Meehan, Mr Henderson, Mr Fulton, Mr Tovey, Mr Barker, Mr and Mrs Houghton, Mr and Mrs Oliver, Mr and Mrs Weedon, Mr J. P. Campbell, Mr and Miss McMillan, Mr Law, Mr Foot, Mr H. Thompson, Misses Williams (two), Miss Rackley, Mr and Mrs Thompson, Miss Dalton, Mr Wilson, Mr G. Philips, Mr and Mrs Philpott s, Misses Philpotts (three), Mr A. C. C. Howard, Miss Howard, Mrs C. Godfrey, Mr and Mrs Lloyd, Misses Lloyd (three), Mr and Mrs Solvander, Mr Palmer, Miss Hastilow, Mr A. T. Card, Mr and Mrs Bartlett, Misses Bartlett (two), Miss Barnasil, Mr and Mrs Peek, Miss Peek, Mr and Mrs Oxley, Mr Murray, Mr Ross, Mr Fuller, Mr Draper, Mr Collins, Mr and Mrs McNaughton, Mr Gillespie, Mr Trevor, Mr Thompson, Mr Brown, Mr Griffiths, Mr R. V. Lloyd, Mr Ryan, Mr and Miss Cawte, Mr Taylor, Mr and Miss Simmonds, Miss Fredericks, Miss Jarvis, Miss Taylor, Mr and Mrs James. Mr James was Hon. Sec., and Mrs James played the dance music and many of the accompaniments in her usual able manner. It was broad daylight ere the proceedings terminated.

CHRISTMAS DAY

was rather quiet this year. Much interest was taken in the church decorations, and in consequence they were more beautiful than usual, and on Boxing day a great crowd of excursionists filled the town to overflowing. The 'Manuroa' brought 1,500 from Wellington, and the train brought in its quota from Blenheim and the country districts. Picnic parties were dotted all over the town, cricket and rounders being played merrily in spite of the heat.

The Misses Speed gave a charming little

AFTERNOON TEA

on Friday, those present being Mrs Allen, Mrs Howard (Blenheim), Mrs H. Howard (Tua Marina), Miss Conolly (Auckland), Miss Allen and Miss Nellie Allen, Miss Greensill, Miss M. Seymour and Miss K. Seymour. Miss Marion Speed entertained her guests with music, and Miss Nettie Speed, who has lately returned from a trip to Western Australia, had plenty to say in regard to her experiences in that famous country.

Among the

CHRISTMAS VISITORS

are Mr and Mrs John Conolly (Blenheim), who are staying at 'Rougemont' with Mr and Mrs Gard.

Mr and Mrs Menteith and family are staying with Mrs McNab in Broadway.

Mr and Mrs Fitzgerald and family are staying at the Terminus Hotel.

Captain and Mrs Allman and family are also here.

Mrs (Captain) Holm is chaperone to a party of about twenty Wellington young ladies, who are camping out at Endeavour Inlet in Queen Charlotte Sound.

The Waikawa Maoris held a *hoka* performance on Monday evening in the Picton Public Hall. Judging by the applause it must have been a success.

Compliments of the season to the GRAPHIC staff.

JEAN.

[Happy New Year to you. Many thank also for very pretty card.—BEE.]

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THE NABOB OF SINGAPORE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of 'Baron Sam,' 'Monsieur Bob,' 'Captain Tom,' 'Miss Pauline of New York,' Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A LOST VOICE.

THADDEUS THORPE has changed his mind about remaining on board to dinner, and shortly after Max Lee takes his departure there is an exodus—boats take them all ashore, a couple of carriages are in waiting, and they bring up at the side door of the Singapore Hotel.

The Major is surprised to see them enter just after he has eaten. He quells that ridiculous little flutter in the region of his heart with a stern hand.

Thaddeus is plainly uneasy and on the alert. His financial schemes evidently need his attention. He bows absently to Major Max and passes into the rotunda of the hotel, where knots of men are gathered.

The soldier stops to address a few words to Eulalie, to assure her that with the coming of morning he will be at work looking for a vessel that may be chartered for such a business.

She complains of a headache, and little wonder, with so many things causing her worry.

So he presently leaves her, though remaining about the hotel. Alva Green is to report some time during the evening, and perhaps bring a ship captain with him, whose vessel may be chartered.

It is just a little after eight when the major sees a figure he recognises making signals to him from the landing above. At first he imagines Juliet Belinda Huggins must mean her hand language for some one else, and turns his head expecting to see Phineas there; but when he looks up again, she becomes even more demonstrative, making out to frame a word with her lips—that word is Eulalie. Surely that is enough.

In another minute he is beside the maid, who gives him a rather scornful glance, as if she cannot comprehend how some men will be so dull of comprehension.

'Miss Eulalie wishes you to come to the private parlor. She has received some singular news that she wishes to consult you about at once.'

In a few moments they are at the door of the private parlor.

The maid makes a majestic wave of the hand and thus invites him to enter.

As he does so, Major Max is surprised to find that Miss Thorpe is not alone. Over in one corner sits Phineas, bolt upright, with his arms folded and his head thrown back—it is his ideal attitude of 'on guard,' and the object upon which his eyes are fixed is another man.

'Bless my soul!' is the mental comment of the major, as he eyes this worthy keenly, 'what have we here? another old sailor, as I live. Now what's in the wind? Is it a game to draw money out of Eulalie? Has the story gone around that she is ready to pay a good price to any miserable sea tramp who can hatch up a stirring yarn, with the lost Tom Thorpe to figure in it?'

Thus thinking, he turns to the young girl. She has been weeping for her eyes are red. That makes Major Max angry, and he darts a scowl at the ancient mariner, who sits there blinking like a strange owl, with tawny locks and bushy whiskers, fingering his canvas hat nervously, yet holding his ground. Eulalie hurriedly whispers to the major, who answers something reassuring. Then he abruptly turns to the sailor.

'Your name, you say, is Ben Bolt?'

'Yes, sir,' replies the grizzled old salt, touching his forelock by way of a salute.

'You have told Miss Thorpe a strange story. Will you repeat it briefly to me?'

'Certain, sir. I shipped last fall on the ship Irene, bound for Hong Kong from Liverpool. We passed this Port o' Singapore, an' all was well. Beyond we struck the trade winds and kept on our course for Chinese ports.

'Then came a change—we could see the water turnin' black, an' there was signs of a typhoon. I've been an able seaman five-an'-twenty year, Major Lee, but I never seed such a storm as swept down on the poor Irene that day. Nothin' could live in it.

'When the end came and the good ship was wrecked, I hung to a hatch, and nary a man but poor Ben Bolt reached shore. I reckoned I might as well a been drowned, 'cause I was picked up half dead, by some yaller-faced Malays as seemed to be pirates.

'They carried me to their village, and I looked for every day to be my last. The time come for a sacrifice; the fire was built, but I soon found I was reserved for the next jubilee. The victim was to be a chap they had held for years, a Yankee that seemed to a-been a power among 'em, but who run away, which action, I take it, sir, caused 'em to put him to death.

'Afore he met his fate we had many a talk. He put me up to lots of things that might serve me well in case the chance came for poor Ben Bolt to skip.

'I learned that his name it was Thorpe—Thomas Thorpe, of Virginia. He said he had a child named Eulalie and a brother Thaddeus. If so be fortune allowed me to get away from the Malays, I was to try and find one o' these parties, to communicate his sad fate. Poor Tom! I've dropped many a sad tear to your respectful memory,' and this odd old chap, honest mariner of the Chinese seas, digs a dirty knuckle into one eye as if to add force to his lament—then looks up quickly, as he hastily adds:

'It seems to be on this 'ere poor chap's mind that his darter, his beloved Eulalie, bein' possessed of means, might take a notion to search for her long-lost dad and it 'ud give him much comfort in his last hours to know like as that she wouldn't be fittin' out her expensive hexpeditions to find him, as had gone on his long last cruise.'

'Ah! indeed,' says the major, who is suddenly granted a wonderful idea which he however, dares not mention; 'how strangely fortunate your meeting just in time to prevent such a waste of good American coin. Well, you escaped.'

'How'd you know that?'

'It would be hard for you to be here unless you did, don't you see?'

'Ha, ha! that's a fact, sir. Yes, a few days arter poor Thorpe's death, I found my chance and risk my life to escape. At one time I believed I'd go under, but good luck followed, and I got aboard a friendly junk, finally reaching Hong Kong, where I shipped for this part.'

'How did you happen to know Miss Thorpe was here?'

'That's a singular part of it. I knowed her face.'

'Oh, you did!'

'Thar's a wonderful resemblance atween her and her poor pa.'

'So they say.'

'And when I seed her to-day, I was struck by it. I made inquiries, and that's why I'm here, to carry out the promise I made poor Thorpe.'

'Your story is a singular one, and yet you know it might be a case of mistaken identity. Now, for instance, was this Thorpe you saw a small man, or very tall?'

The old sailor looks uneasy—he coughs and turns his hat around faster than before.

'H'm—ye see, I'm not sartin. My memory's getting to be rather unreliable.'

'But surely you would remember—think.'

'Pears to me he might be a man of medium—yes, call it medium height; but,' as Major Max smiles, 'as he was a settin' down each time I seen him, it might be possible he was either big or little.

At this the soldier's patience loses its bounds, and he turns upon the sailor savagely.

'You expect something from Miss Thorpe on account of bringing her this news, of course?'

'Well, I kinder thought, seein' as how I might save her much worriment, and a few dollars in not fittin' a hexpedition to rescue her poor dad, that she mightn't feel ongrateful.'

'She doesn't—she believes you to be an honest man doing his duty—she would load you with favours and fill your pockets with silver; but, unfortunately for you, I recognise you. You come not from Hong Kong, but from Liverpool. You were on the same steamer as myself—the Empress of India. I had quite a chat with you there, and you told me the true story of Ben Bolt. Whoever employed you to carry out this scheme got hold of the wrong man. Those whiskers would betray you anywhere. Now, not a word in defence, you wretch, or I shall be strongly tempted to forget myself, and kick you out of this private parlour. Do you know you have laid yourself open to a charge of swindling and blackmail? These British people are very severe on that. Take yourself out of here, bogus Ben Bolt—hie away to the party who employed you to do this miserable work, and report no progress. If you are ever seen around these quarters again, you'll feel something worse than the rope's end.'

The shaggy sailor says not a word; he is in a tremour for fear the major may change his mind and have him hauled up. So, still fingering his canvas hat, he slides to the door, makes an awkward little nod, intended for a bow, to Eulalie, takes a last look at the sturdy frame of the Virginian, and, as Major Max steps hastily towards him, vanishes from view.

As for Eulalie, she is looking at Major Max in a puzzled way, while to herself she is thinking:

'Where have I heard that lion-like roar before?'

Then a light flashes before her, and she remembers how, when struggling for her life and just about sinking for the last time in the treacherous waters of Singapore Harbour, she saw a form cleaving the dusky waters like an arrow coming to her rescue, and once again there sounds in her ears the roar of the lion's voice:

'Where is she—the woman—you coward!'

All this comes before her mental vision. No wonder she is puzzled, for was it not the dashing Nabob who had saved her? Could it be possible that Major Max, pushing up with the boat, sent this shout across the waters?'

Major Max turns around.

'Just as I supposed from the start, he is a fraud of the first water, Miss Eulalie. You look alarmed—there is no need of worry. Forget that this occurred.'

'But what could his object have been?'

'Let us believe a shrewd game to open your purse,' says Major Max, but in secret he knows full well there is something back of it—the persistence with which the sailor dwells upon the fact that now she need not fit up a relief exhibition awakens a strong suspicion in his breast.

'If I could prove that this was his work,' he mutters, 'I would be tempted to wash my hands of the young dog.'

But for once he makes a mistake.

CHAPTER X.

'THE DUTCHMAN DIED WITHOUT SIGNING.'

No matter what Eulalie may think, or even suspect, she keeps it to herself. She has conceived a strong liking for this same Major Max. Of course, it is much the same feeling she would experience towards her father, or any amiable person of the same age.

'Have you a cold, major,' she asks, demurely, yet with some solicitation in her voice.

'I? Not at all. May I ask why you inquire?'

'Your voice sounded so very hoarse—it almost frightened me when you thundered so at him.'

He laughs, and does not see the pitfall she has covered it over so artfully.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Eulalie. Whenever I am excited, I forget myself, and roar like a bull in the ring at Seville or Madrid. Years ago it was the same, and in the army the boys used to nickname me Lion Max, on account of my beautiful roar,' and he laughs as though it is a good joke.

'And well named, major, I declare. Do tell me—I am very curious, you see—were you terribly excited the other night when my wretched Manuel upset me in Singapore Harbour?'

The laugh stops shorts—over the face of the soldier flashes a sudden look of alarm, for he realises that Eulalie has asked a dangerous question.

'I—that is—why, to be sure I was,' he blurts out, unable to meet her eyes, and muttering to himself: 'Confound Nat Mayne, to get me into such a pickle as this!'

'You shouted out—my hearing was very acute, for you see everything is magnified when one is drowning, and I was then—you shouted at the boatman, "Where is she—the woman—you coward?" Am I not right, Major Max?'

He does not deny it—poor fellow; it looks as though he will soon be between two fires.

'I believe I did shout something like that.'

'It couldn't have been Mr Mayne, for his voice is a tenor—he sings divinely; and, besides, at the time his mouth must have been half filled with salt water.'

'Of course—why, certainly. My voice is very powerful, and no doubt it sounded very close to you. As you say, when one is drowning, the perceptive faculties are very acute.'

'Pardon me for being inquisitive, but is Mr Mayne a very brave man?'

It strikes Major Max as rather a queer question, and he imagines the illustrious great mogul of Singapore has been vaunting his own prowess.

'Well, I believe he has always been able to look out for himself. He is an athlete, you know.'

The major is glad to be able to tell something good of the boy, and with considerable gusto, he narrates the recent adventure Nabob Nat had, the cause of the affair, and how his strong right arm cleared a path to victory.

'As a rule, I detest such occurrences—they seem too much like street brawls,' she remarks, and then adds: 'But in this instance, it does seem as though Mr Mayne could not have escaped a conflict. I wager I'll give the Lord Aleck my opinion of him plainly, if ever we meet again. I'm glad to know Nat—I mean Mr Mayne—is so brave, though I should not have questioned it after his deed of the other night.'

'What an impudent friend our bold Ben Bolt was,' she resumes, after a pause.'

'Yes, his story was made up to gain money. What he failed to get at this end you may be sure he secures at the other. But the simple fact of my having noticed him on board the Empress of India, on the way to Singapore, put a damper on his success. He was a rank failure. Depend on it, Miss Eulalie, we can follow Alva Green's lead.'

'How much we owe to your judgment, major. When we find poor dear papa, as I am almost firmly convinced we shall, how he will bless you for so faithfully watching over his only child—without you I hardly know what I could have done, uncle is so sceptical; you see.'

'Oh, others would do the same—Nat Mayne, for instance—and stand by you.'

'Perhaps so, but I have imagined he was not particularly impressed with my plans, and even sought to discourage me.'

'Which shows how unwise Nat can be. I must open his eyes to the truth, and I am sure you will find him devoted,' he hastens to say.

'No doubt,' dryly, though her eyes twinkle with humour, 'he has always been that, I imagine—quite a lady's man I have found him a very fascinating gentleman, I confess. As he says, in a joke, there is only one Nabob of Singapore.'

'Nat has many admirable qualities. He has in a measure been spoiled, and needs some one to manage him, some one for whom he cared very much, and who would arouse the better side of his character, and make him think of others before himself.'

At this she laughs heartily.

'You look at me,' she says, 'as though you would invite me to begin his education. No, I thank you, Major Max. I have more important matters to attend to; this sacred mission must engage most of my attention, and I am afraid the Lothario of Singapore would fare badly at my hands. If'—now speaking seriously—'circumstances should ever conspire to cause me to assume the office of instructress and mentor to that elegant young Virginian, depend upon it, I would not fail in my duty.'

'I believe it, Miss Eulalie,' he says, smiling, 'and it would be a glorious thing for any man to be tutored by one so bright, so charming. There, it isn't often I come to compliments, but you understand I mean what I say.'

'You are not really his uncle?'

'Ah! he has been telling you. Well, there is nothing that I am ashamed of in the matter. When a very young man, I loved a girl who became engaged to me. While I was at the front, a rival who possessed what I lacked—good looks and a fortune—stole her from me. I endeavoured to take my own *conge* philosophically, though I confess I was dreadfully cut up about it.'

'And you never married?'

'I never did,' smiling sadly.

'It was a shame—that she should treat an honourable man who trusted her, so.'

'She was Nat's mother—and she is dead.'

'Major, forgive me.'

'I was at her side when she passed away. Long since I had forgiven her. She had been a widow many years, and as fortune had smiled on me, I might have sought, perhaps won her; but the old love had died out of my heart, killed by her desertion.'

'You have a poor opinion of womankind; perhaps you are bitter against them—a woman hater,' she says, watching him closely.

'Heaven forbid, my dear girl—some day you will know better than that—I mean when you have a chance to understand me. I have remained single simply because I have—well, never found the woman I wanted, or who wanted me.'

'That's too bad, for I am sure you would have made a good husband, major.'

Would have. Yes, he thinks, some fifteen or twenty years ago: but now it is too late, or if given a chance, he must be relegated to some widow or old maid.

'Perhaps, so; and then, again, I might have made a jealous old tyrant. I must rest content in my firm belief that a higher power shapes my destiny. I try to do my part, and leave the rest to fate. But, my dear Miss Eulalie, with your permission, we will change the subject to one less per-

sonal and upon which I may feel more at ease. Let us talk over our contemplated rescue expedition. It is to be a vast undertaking, and will require careful management in order to insure success.'

Eulalie blushes beautifully at his words; perhaps she has been too bold in thus addressing him, but he seems so like an old friend—why, ever since a child she has heard poor papa talk of Major Max, and has conceived not only a great liking, but the deepest respect for the bearer of that name; all of which goes to bridge over the chasm usually supposed to exist between people recently made acquainted.

They quickly become interested in the new subject, and Max Lee can delve into this with the greatest freedom.

Her headache, of which she had complained in the earlier part of the evening, has totally vanished, and Eulalie is never brighter or more witty than when she suggests ideas, or answers his questions with ready repartee.

And unannounced, there bursts upon them the storm that has been so long impending.

Eulalie's maid, Belinda Huggins, opens the door and rushes in, her face the whitest, her eyes the largest, and both hands raised to indicate alarm.

'Law, Miss Eulalie, you'd better go down and get your uncle up stairs. He's raging around like a bull in a china-shop, hunting for that ugly little Jew. The whole hotel is wild—I never saw such a sight. And Mr Thaddeus look as if he had come out of Bedlam, he does.'

Both Major Max and the young girl spring to their feet, and Eulalie utters a cry.

'It has happened—just what I feared.'

'What can it mean?' declares the major.

'Uncle's brain has given way under the terrible strain. I told him this awful coffee business would upset him, but he was determined to risk everything in it. Now he's gone crazy, the poor man. I must go down and get him to come to the peace and quiet of these rooms. What will I do without a protector?' she says, despairingly.

Major Max is a gallant man; he has it on the tip of his tongue to offer his services as a protector, when he forbears, suddenly remembering that he has promised solemnly that she shall be Nat Mayne's, if he can win her.

'I will go down with you,' he says, quietly, and to himself he mutters: 'I trust old Thaddeus has not involved her fortune in his gigantic enterprise, for I am determined to carry out this expedition she has suggested, even if I have to expend my own little pile in it.'

'Count me in, major,' says a figure, rising from the other end of the long private parlour: it is Phineas, who has been on guard all the while—Phineas, who has sat there like a sphinx all the while, unnoticed. Max Lee feels a little confusion, but this is no time to show it.

By Eulalie's side he marches out of the room and down the broad stairs, while in the rear comes bold Phineas, endeavouring to calm the excited Belinda, a task that requires sundry squeezes and similar reassuring actions.

As soon as they come in sight of the gathered mass in the rotunda and lobby below, they can easily see that some unusual excitement sways the merchants of Singapore.

Major Max declares it makes him think of the Chicago 'on change'—men are in knots, apparently discussing some very important subject—a buzz of intense excitement pervades the atmosphere.

Where is Thaddeus Thorpe, the man who has staked his all in the gigantic scheme to corner coffee, the manipulator of enterprises, who found America too small to embrace his ideas, and must needs take the world for a field?

Ah! here he is just below, surrounded by quite a circle of merchants, speculators, and others. Up to this hour they have looked upon the American with awe and reverence, for he represented millions untold, and he was about to push through the boldest scheme ever heard of in Singapore, whereby the combination he represented was to clear an immense fortune.

The wave of the wizard's wand has changed all this—from success he drops in a slump to dismal failure. There is no more pitiful sight than the erstwhile proud millionaire, with grand ideas and a contempt for the small things of life, suddenly, magically, as it were, reduced from opulence to poverty, with his castles in Spain tumbling in ruins about his unlucky ears.

There are none so poor as to do him reverence now; many openly laugh, for the schemers have bought much stock and coffee at a price far above the market value, in order to get the bulk in their hands, and even if the affair falls through it will be a good thing for the merchants of Singapore.

As for Thaddeus, his coolness of manner has vanished, and he shows intense excitement; his hair is awry, looking as though it had not seen a comb for a week; and as he turns from group to group, answering the questions that pour in upon him, he has a habit of running his fingers through the mass, each time increasing his tragic looks.

Major Max makes his way through the crowd, and, with Eulalie close behind, manages to reach the operator. He lays a hand on his arm.

'Mr Thorpe, here is Eulalie. She thinks you had better get a little quiet upstairs. What has happened?' is his salutation.

The other turns upon him, smiling grimly.

'Happened—my dear major—happened? Only a little trick of fortune. We rested our case on a single strand, and now the Jew sends me a message that all is lost—that the bubble has burst, for that Dutchman has died without signing.'

ARGONAUTS OF THE SOUTH SEA.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GAME THADDEUS BROUGHT FROM CHICAGO.

As Thaddeus Thorpe for the first time openly confesses the truth there are expressions of wonder around him; the news passes from mouth to mouth. Up to this time it has only been a strong rumour, accentuated by the distracted appearance of the great manipulator of coffee, but now he has himself confirmed it.

Major Max is deeply puzzled.

He has caught a peculiar twinkle in the shrewd grey eyes of Thaddeus. It flashes across his mind that there is something unnatural in this business. A man so cool as he has always been heretofore, should not show such excitement unless his whole nervous system has given way, and he cannot see that this is the case with Thorpe.

Can he be playing a game?

Eulalie, looking around, sees that her uncle has not a friend present besides Major Max. Faces either scowl upon him or are marked with exultation over his downfall.

'Come with me, uncle,' she says.

He looks down upon her, and gently strokes her hair—even in this hour of intense excitement it seems he has some regard for his brother's child.

'Don't worry over me, my dear—I'll pull through yet. They will soon be here, and we'll arrange matters. It's a great blow, enough to swamp any one of us of course, if true; but when divided among three, we'll stagger out from under. It isn't the first time, my dear, I've had my head swim from too much coffee. There they come now—we'll soon get on our feet if we pull together.'

He conceals his nervousness to some extent.

There is no use trying to get him away now, and Major Max has only time to turn and utter some reassuring words in the ear of the young girl.

When he surveys the two men who advance in their direction, he feels his heart sink like lead. A crowd follows—a crowd curious to know what will happen, for events of such magnitude have certainly been rare occurrences in Singapore.

There are Lord Aleck and Ben el Meshid just in front of them, both wearing long faces, and looking as though they have lost their last friend.

'What is this, gentlemen, you send me? You guaranteed to get the Dutchman's signature, and now you tell me you have failed.'

They shrug their shoulders in concert, these shrewd men who have started in to do up the Yankee investor. Oh, they have their little game down to a fine point.

'It is an outrage, a shame, that ze doctaire could not give him strength enough to speak, to hold ze pen. *Begar*, he die in my arms, and ze great game is lost.'

'Terrible!' groans milord, putting on a glum face that would make a monkey weep. 'Every dollar invested is gone! It means a loss of at least three millions.'

The bystanders look at one another; Singapore and Java will be much better off than ever before, if this is true.

'Which equally divided, means a million apiece. Let us cheer up, gentlemen. That will not break any one of us. We played a bold hand—the fates were against us. Perhaps we may yet win,' says Thaddeus, with an assumption of cheerfulness, as though relieved at hearing the worst, and this gains him a few friends among those who look on, because men admire grit.

'It is impossible—with the Dutchman gone, our last chance for controlling the output is gone. We must throw up the hat,' says Lord Aleck.

'I am disposed not to yield so readily, but to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,' declares Thaddeus, with bull dog pertinacity that would have well become the Englishman; but he does not show a sign of it.

'*Mon dieu!* zen you will have one very good chance to continue ze fight, my fear friend. We have had enough—we pocket our losses—we withdraw and leave ze field to you,' say the remarkable Jew.

Major Max holds his breath; he remembers that he warned Thaddeus of this; the hour has come, the two conspirators are about to get from under by means of some clever manipulation, so that their losses will be comparatively small, and allow the brunt of the disaster to fall upon Thaddeus.

The American looks eagerly at his partners.

'When we have settled our accounts, I will see what can be done.'

The Jew looks to his stalwart companion.

'I regret to tell you, Thorpe, that through a mistake—a foolish mistake—this business falls more heavily on you than you imagine.'

'What do you mean,' demands Thaddeus, quietly.

'You remember you bought the bulk of options—what was it in all?—something like twenty six hundred thousand.

They were given to the lawyer, Barnes, to arrange. Unfortunately, he was so overcome by the immensity of his fee that he imbibed too much champagne, and neglected the job, which was never done.'

'Well, you are morally bound to shoulder one-third of the burden,' says Thaddeus.

The Jew smiles.

'Such a moral obligation cannot bind my conscience, my dear Thorpe, when it is a question of millions. It was diamond cut diamond—we know you longed for a chance to go it alone—zis will not swamp you even if ze grand obligation cannot be met. We both wish you success—and withdraw.'

Thus they expose their hand. The American appears to be beaten, but somehow he does not seem to know it.

'Hold on, gentlemen, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. What if the deal had carried—'

'Ah! zen we should have trusted to ze magnanimity of your heart to share with us. What our losses are outside of zat block, we cheerfully shoulder, but we draw ze line at zat.'

'I call upon the gentlemen present to hear that,' says Thaddeus, looking around, and a number nod their heads affirmatively.

'Oh! a thousand witnesses may hear us declare that we repudiate that agreement, and I believe that is not a scrap of writing that will bind us to take two-thirds of that stock, says the Briton, coolly.

'I offer them to you for the last time.'

'Useless! We wash our hands of them entirely, my dear sir.'

'You all hear that, my friends.'

'Yes, yes,' answers Major Max, keenly alive to what is coming, and still ready to pin his faith upon the shrewdness of the American.

'We hear!' declares a voice from the crowd, and the Nabob of Singapore pushes forward, just in time to witness the crisis.

'Three times they have refused to carry out our solemn agreement. When disaster falls they intend to let me stand the brunt of it. It is very kind of them, indeed; but, gentlemen, allow me to say I accept.'

'A thousand thanks, Thorpe,' and milord bows with mock politeness.

'Not only accept, but am obliged to you for withdrawing when our gigantic enterprise is on the eve of success,' smiling blandly.

'Success!' echoes Lord Aleck, turning red.

'*Begar*, he is losing hees mind,' mutters the Jew, while the listeners gather round, holding their breath with intense expectancy.

'I anticipated some such smart move as this when I found the lawyer drunk, and the work lying untouched on his desk. It was your business to have it completed. So I scented a rat. I have played to checkmate you, my friends—my dear friends.'

'Checkmate? But the watchman es dead!'

'Possibly so, but he signed away all he had for cash before his arm was paralyzed.'

Ben el Meshid and the Englishman start back in dire dismay.

'Impossible!' gasps the Jew, for the first time in his life beaten at his own game.

'You shall hear—the man who bought of him is present — you know him. Mr Mayne, will you substantiate what I say?'

'Ze Nabob of Singapore?' mutters the Israelite, who at last scents a scheme that he cannot beat—a Waterloo that threatens disaster.

Lord Aleck scowls as he sees the dandified athlete against whom he pitted his muscular powers in vain, and who used him up so badly that his left optic is still in mourning as a consequence.

'What Mr Thorpe asserts is true. I purchased the entire holdings of August Groeten Kemper, and the transfer was legally witnessed. At the time, I didn't quite understand the true inwardness of the deal, but I can see now. We are the people. Gentlemen, a thousand thanks for doubling my fortune. I shall ever be grateful.'

Many present are not financially interested, and others have already made money out of the big affair, so they are in a condition to appreciate the situation. Most men applaud a bold countermove, and the wonderful tact of the American promoter of schemes in checkmating his treacherous partners has aroused them to a pitch when they must give vent to their feelings, and hence it is not surprising that more than one voice is heard exclaiming:

'Good for Uncle Sam!—the Yankee against the world every time!'

Plainly there are a few Americans in Singapore.

As for the man who has been with the Count de Lesseps at Suez and Panama, besides in various other gigantic enterprises, he stands there the picture of despair; the cynical laugh has faded from his calculating face, and in its place appears an agonising expression. This was a pet scheme of his, and at least a cool million waited to fall into his pocket, if success came; but he prepared too thoroughly for retreat and over jumped the mark.

'My dear Thorpe, you have been a bright manipulator—I felt sure we could trust to you. I am proud to call you my partner,' he says.

'But the partnership has been dissolved. I call upon these gentlemen to witness the fact that of your own free will you broke and left me, as you believed, floundering up to my neck in the mire.'

'That is so,' declares one.

'Quite right,' says another.

'A Roland for an Oliver,' from a third.

The fickle crowd that erstwhile frowned upon and sneered at Thaddeus Thorpe is now ready to side with him. Success always has friends, but the poor dog, Adversity, receives only kicks. They admire the bold stratagem by which Thorpe has caught his fellow schemers in their own trap, and are ready to applaud him now.

'But that was only a joke, you know. Lord Aleck and myself were bound to stand our share of ze loss. You cannot mean to drop us out?'

Listen to him whine, this crawling viper, this merciless Parisian banker, whose gold is his god. He never stopped at the sacrifice of thousands of lives upon the great canals, in order to fill his purse, and yet with a million at stake he can get down on his knees and beg.

'You dropped yourselves out—I had nothing to do with it. All I have done has been to protect myself. Gentlemen, I wish you good evening. Mr Mayne, accompany me to my rooms, and we will figure out what share of the deal is yours. Oh, major, come with us; and you, my child, what are you doing down in this wolf's den?' as it just noticing the presence of Eulalie, hatless and apparently deeply excited.

'Why, uncle, I came down to get you—I thought you had lost everything and was in danger of letting your wits go too,' responds the young girl, as she walks beside him.

Lord Aleck and the Jew push their way to the bar-room of the hotel; they have received the grandest drubbing of their lives, and need artificial strength in order to keep up. As yet, they are partially stunned, and hardly realise the whole extent of the disaster.

The little party gathers in the private parlour, and Thaddeus, proud of his recent victory, is easily persuaded to tell the story of how he suspected his partners of crooked work, and the trap he laid to ensnare them, into which they tumbled pell-mell, like a couple of amateurs, instead of the accomplished financiers they were supposed to be.

His listeners applaud, and Thaddeus grows merry; he orders champagne, cigars, the best the house affords. Has he not won the most stupendous fortune ever staked upon a single card, and euchred two wonderful schemers at their own game?

CHAPTER XII.

THE FACE IN THE MAJOR'S LOCKET.

'How is it, major, you do not seem to like champagne?' asks Miss Thorpe, when the soldier joins her, leaving the Nabob and Thaddeus deep in figures.

'Ah, Miss Eulalie, I drank when a young man, but just after the war an experience came under my observation that forever cured me. I had a dear friend—let me call him Bob. Everyone loved him; he was very close to your father and myself, and I would have almost given my life for him.

'It was the old story—why weary you with the details. The appetite made him a slave; he lost money, health and friends. Reform he could not; I knew him to make a dozen efforts, desperate ones. At last, even the lady he was to marry gave him up. This utterly disheartened him. In a fit of delirium tremens he blew his brains out. I helped to bury him, poor boy, and over his grave swore a deathless war against the accursed enemy that slew him. I have never faltered—right and left I strike him, wherever I find him. No quarter—unconditional surrender.'

She looks at him in admiration.

'I have never been interested in the temperance cause before, but a few stories

like that would make me a convert, I believe, major.'

'Then I shall endeavour to relate them from time to time. I have seen oceans of misery spring from this one cause. In most respects, I am really a Bohemian—I smoke, paint a little, am fond of travel and strange sights—I have seen much of the world, am fond of hunting and fishing, and can make myself a jolly companion, only I draw the line at the bottle—I hate it!'

'You have climbed mountains, of course—all travellers do that. I have met several who could boast of having ascended to peaks never before trodden by the foot of man.'

He laughs.

'I don't know that I can boast of that, but at times I have followed Whymper and Tyndall. With the latter, I reached the Weisshorn of the Alps.

'Do you wear ordinary clothes when attempting such perilous ascents, or is it necessary to equip one's self against the weather?'

He does not suspect that her question is anything more than a desire for information.

'I never could come down to the light marching methods of Professor Tyndall, who ascended the terrible Monte Rosa in shirt sleeves, without even a guide, and with a ham sandwich and a little pot of tea. I usually carried an ex'ra coat of heavy material, and mitts. On several occasions I believe this precaution saved my life.'

'You must let me see that wonderful coat some time, major.'

'Bless her innocent heart,' thinks he; 'little does she suspect that this same shaggy coat once served to keep her from freezing. I'd like to tell her, but that promise to Nat bars the way.'

'What was that sigh for, major?' she asks.

'I beg pardon—perhaps I am a little sleepy. You know when men get to my age they are not able to stand as much as young chaps—like Nat, for instance.

'Why does he persist in always thrusting his age forward? I don't think he looks old, and as to a comparison with Mr Mayne, well, I have my opinion about that.'

Aloud she says:

'If you wish to retire, don't let me keep you here, major.'

Eulalie can be sarcastic, like most of her sex, when she thinks she has occasion.

'Thanks—with your permission I will. I doubt not the youngster is in an entertaining mood to-night, and I would not intrude.'

He bows, and is about to leave her, when she says, hastily:

'I have given you no occasion to think that I prefer Mr Mayne's society to yours, Major Lee. I esteem you for the past; you were my father's friend—you have promised to be mine.'

'Yes, yes—always, and to the end.'

'Besides, Major Max, I have my suspicions that I am indebted to you for something else—that I even owe my life to your bravery.'

'How — why — where?' he stammers, turning white.

'Two million marks! Eureka!' cries Mayne.

'Go on counting,' calls out the exultant Thaddeus, and neither of them has eyes for anything but the figures that are mounting up to a sum that is simply prodigious.

Major Max is alarmed, for his first thought is that he has been found out with regard to the little affair in Singapore Harbour.

Her words quickly undeceive him.

'You confessed being on Mont Blanc three years ago—you knew certain facts that no one had mentioned at the time. That aroused my suspicions. I have been thinking, and at last have arrived at the conclusion, that it was you who carried me down that frozen mountain side.'

He hangs his head, abashed,

'Oh, Major Max, why did you not let me know? Was I as a girl so frightful an object that you did not care to remember me again?'

He groans—how her words cut! He is put upon his defence, and, unable to stand the reproach conveyed in her voice, without a word he opens the locket of his watch-chain and discloses the face contained therein—her face.

Then she smiles—she no longer can believe that he has disliked her, when, during all these years, he has carried this remembrance of their singular meeting.

'Forgive me, Major Max. Now I know you can explain your hasty departure on that occasion. I am curious—it is only natural. I wanted to thank you so much.'

'I have not verbally confessed,' he says slowly, whereat she laughs and points to the locket dangling at his watch chain. 'The fact of your possessing that is evidence enough. Then, I am sure, I have another clue.'

She deliberately opens her dainty pocket-book and takes out a large, peculiarly made button. Major Max scans it.

'That looks familiar, sure enough,' he says.

'You will find one missing from that identical shaggy coat or pea-jacket which you carry along on such occasions for emergencies—that is, if you still possess it. I found it on the floor the next day, and madame said it must have fallen from the coat you wrapped around me, the precious coat to which I owed my life. Ah, major, it is queer that you should have carried the girl of your old comrade, Tom Thorpe, out of the jaws of death that day.'

He hears the Nabob laughing cheerily, and somehow a guilty spasm shoots through his heart. He has pledged himself to aid and abet the suit of Nat Mayne, and yet is would appear from the way in which thing, are now going that he is pushing his own case. It makes him shut his teeth together how can he give her to that gay young dog who has had good luck all his life until the; like a spoiled child—who even now rejoices in the doubling of his fortune through an investment blindly made?'

And yet how can he break his promise? He is in duty bound to remember Nat—to let him have the first chance. Then, if he fails to win this glorious girl, perhaps—Heaven alone knows the thrill of hope that word gives Major Max, for it contains great possibilities for him.

'Some other time I may explain to you why I left so suddenly. It was a purely business matter. Just now I want you to assure me that I had nothing to do with this disclosure — that you found me out yourself.'

'Why, major, what a strange thing. One would think you had solemnly pledged yourself never to reveal your identity to me—never to let me know it was you who saved me on that memorable occasion.'

What can he say?

The situation is embrassing.

'Miss Eulalie, that is just what I have done—against my will, and under a misunderstanding; but, once said, I had to stick to my word. I can confess no more at present. To-morrow we may report progress in securing a vessel. I will say good night.'

The others are estimating the sum total of their gains, and are deeply interested; so no one sees Major Max gallantly raise Eulalie's hand, touch it to his moustached lips, and then hurry from the room, leaving her lost in perplexity.

He means to do the right thing, but human nature is so weak, so easily swayed by the emotions that sweep across the soul.

The girl cannot understand him. She does not dream that his promise has been made to one Nat Mayne. True she can discover in the testy words uttered by Major Max that he is inclined to be jealous of the dashing Nabob.

This is one point that gives her light, for no man or woman can show jealousy unless they care considerably for the object of it.

Then, again, the fact of his keeping her lost picture in his locket speaks volumes.

The day has closed with a grand victory for the Nabob, and yet it is exceedingly problematical whether, after all, he has made as much progress as the man who has promised to stand aside and let him win a wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

'I WOULD SHE WERE TO BE A SOLDIER'S WIFE, TOO!'

THE soldier again passes downstairs and finds the crowd in no way lessened. Excitement is at fever heat. This wonderful dealing in the staple product of Java is something with which these merchants have had little experience. Distant coffee-dealers have at times cornered the beans and held the price up in their respective localities, but this has only been for a short time, as large quantities would soon be shipped to such a high market.

Now for a whole season the world must pay tribute to the shrewd business ability of the parties who got up this deal.

Major Max is looking for a man in the crowd, and presently he finds him.

It is Alva Green.

The new mate of the Talisman has come on in tow—a seafaring man, beyond a doubt, for he introduces him as Captain Webb of the ship Iris.

They withdraw to a corner, where in peace a consultation can be had, and then money is made to play an important part in the game.

Major Max depends considerably upon the knowledge of Alva Green, though he is far from being a greenhorn in nautical matters, having once sailed before the mast, and always been an amateur yachtsman.

A price is set for the use of the ship and crew.

Major Max agrees in writing to furnish supplies and arms and many other things.

This done, the agreement is completed.

It will take some days to carry out their arrangements; but money works wonders when properly applied, and right here in Singapore can be procured everything they need.

When this business is completed, Major Max thinks he deserves some rest.

The merchants still linger and talk over the situation; here is a rich Chinaman, there an Englishman, and alongside a Dutch grower of spices. The main business of this country is to supply the world with coffee, tea, and the various spices that are in daily consumption, and the plantations of Java, Sumatra and kindred favoured spots are devoted almost exclusively to these things, though tropical fruits are also raised.

On the following day preparations begin;

and are pushed forward with the vim that has always characterised the soldier.

To his surprise he finds an able and enthusiastic assistant in Mayne. Surely a change has come over the latter. Perhaps he has heard from Eulalie—been given to understand that the man who wins her smiles must enter heart and soul into the sacred enterprise that fills her life at present.

Major Max has fully intended taking the young fellow to task about the miserable trick he believes Nat was guilty of in sending that fraud of a grizzled sailor to Eulalie, in order to gain his point and prevent her starting out upon what he believed was a quixotic search.

When he sees the change of heart that has come upon the Nabob, he concludes to hold his peace—not that he believes Nat cares a rap whether the young girl ever finds her missing parent or not, but for some purpose of his own it suits the Nabob's mood to appear very devoted to the cause.

He is a creature of whims, this same Nat, and, if he takes a notion, can do an astonishing amount of work. It is a great pity he does not take these whims oftener. If he had been a poor man he might have accomplished something that would do him credit, but a handsome young chap with plenty of means has small chance to develop any latent genius that may lurk in his brain.

When evening draws her veil over the strange city of the equator, Major Max feels that he has made great progress.

The ship has been relieved of all cargo, and is already being placed upon the ways in order that she may be overhauled, though in splendid condition, her copper sheathing being almost new.

Inside, painters and carpenters are as busy as a hive of bees. How liberal inducements in the money line will make men jump! The work progresses at a rate that is little short of magical.

Major Max had done something else. There will arise a necessity for landing or exploring certain creeks. The modern naphtha launch is peculiarly fitted for this, and, finding one for sale, he has purchased it.

He calls upon Eulalie after dinner, and makes his report in rather a ceremonious manner. Perhaps this is caused by his finding the Nabob comfortably installed when he arrives, singing duets with the Virginia girl, and their voices blend exceedingly well, although to the major the combination is not the sweetest harmony he has ever heard.

When he has finished his report, he pleads an engagement. Eulalie frowns.

'I expected you would spend the evening with us, Major Max,' she says, with the air of a little princess; and under this new order of things he awakens to the fact that this other matter can just as well keep until the morning.

Eulalie does not go back to the piano, and Mayne, after waiting until patience ceases to be a virtue, joins them, saying with a short laugh:

'Pardon me if I intrude, but I fancy you are talking about the projected Chinese invasion, and as I am interested deeply so now—perhaps I may be allowed to join you.'

'How has he done to-day, major,' she asks, with a smile.

'Amazingly well. I never knew it was in him. Why, figuratively speaking, he has taken his coat off and worked like a Trojan.'

Nat looks very proud.

'What did I tell you? your wishes could make me do more wonderful things than that,' he whispers, but of course the soldier hears.

'Ah, Mr Mayne, I have some hopes of you yet. Who knows to what height you might climb with a proper incentive,' she replies, aloud.

'I have all the incentive I need,' he replies.

Eulalie colours; she does not seem to like such bold hints; flattery gives her no pleasure.

So she pays no attention to what Nat says, but asks further questions concerning the work that is to be done, how long it will take, and the many things it is necessary she should know in order to keep track of affairs.

Then Thaddeus comes in.

He had been informed of the projected mission. At first he flatly refused to have anything to do with such a ridiculous matter, but has by degrees come around.

So successful has been his raid upon the realm of coffee that he has gradually fallen into a good natured condition, and as a consequence looks at many things in a different light. He even becomes interested in the work Major Max has done, but does not commit himself to say he will accompany them.

'My lease of the Talisman will be out in a week, and her owner is expected here. He has planned a cruise with some friends, so I can't hire her any longer. I declare after all I've a good notion——'

'Do come, uncle—think of the pleasure if we find dear papa.'

'And the exquisite delights awaiting us if we fall into the hands of those rascally pirates,' says the manipulator of schemes, shrugging his shoulders.

'That is something we mean to prepare against. If sturdy men, modern arms, and all the appliances of defence known to Yankee ingenuity cannot win the day, then I'm mistaken,' declares the enthusiastic Nabob. He looks at Eulalie and receives a smile of approbation, which causes Major Lee to mutter to himself gloomily:

'He's on the right track now. Everything must clear the way for the royal Nabob's train.'

'The object of the expedition is all very well, though I confess to little faith in its success; and I don't doubt you will be ready to do some pretty lively work if fortune brings about a meeting with the pirates. What I do seriously object to is the presence of a lady on board.'

'I am determined to go—nothing could keep me back; so, uncle, desist, I beg of you,' cries Eulalie, almost hysterically.

'Think of the danger—the ship may be attacked and at least much fighting will be done—sights encountered to make your heart sick—blood will be shed, wounds given; yes, even death may come.'

It is all useless.

She draws her figure up like a soldier on parade, her little hands are clinched, and upon her face appears a look of resolution sparkling from her bright eyes that makes Major Max hold his breath with admiration.

'Ah, Uncle Thad, you forget that I am the daughter of a soldier—to save my father I would risk all this a dozen times over. I shall go, even if death itself faces me.'

'Yes, she is a brave soldier's daughter,' says Major Max, and then, in a low tone, he adds: 'I would to Heaven she were to be a soldier's wife, too.'

Later on in the evening he and Thaddeus engage in a game of chess while the young folks resume the duets. In the midst of the game Thaddeus rubs his chin and chuckles.

'You think my mind is on that coffee deal, major; but for once you are wrong. I'm smiling just now at—Ben Bolt,' he says.

'Ben Bolt! Good Heaven! do you know that rascally old sea dog with the prince of yellow beard? I am surprised. I thought—can it be possible, Thaddeus Thorpe—'

'That I hired him—it is true. Don't look so indignant, my dear major. I knew Eulalie—knew that no remonstrance on my part would turn her from this expedition that I deem quixotic, and I resolved to resort to strategy, even if I gave her a sad shock. I'm sorry now I did it, since it turned out so unlucky. Promise me to keep the secret, my dear major.'

This Max does, of course. Secretly he is pleased to know the Nabob is at least not guilty of this miserable piece of business, and he can even face the inevitable with something more of satisfaction, since Mayne's better qualities are coming to the front.

(To be Continued.)

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 resembled 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, movement, work, etc.—those 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 Rusling, of Station Road, Misterton, near Gainsborough. In a brief note dated January 3rd, 1893, Mrs Rusling says she suffered in a similar way or *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 civilised 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 tempests. 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 announces 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.

Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DESPITE all the hats I have given you, I have yet other varieties to chronicle. The one sketched is a lovely combination of white rice straw, white dove, pink roses, white ribbon band, and small pink flowers shaded to white, white veil spotted with black. The tale of fashion, it would seem, has only three heroes—chine silk, alpaca, and grass lawn. After all, it is a goodly number, and it is terribly difficult for any woman to make up her mind which she really desires. The only safe way of making a choice is to select a gown of each, rather an expensive programme in these extravagant days.

WHITE RICE STRAW HAT.

Never were there so many and so great a variety of blouses as one sees just now in the streets, the park, at the races, theatres, and garden parties, without mentioning other social functions that crop up by the hundreds. For a public thoroughfare, unless the wearer be blessed with a carriage, sincere approval can hardly be given to over-smart corsages, such as, for instance, white satin or tulle ones, that are really more fitted for exclusive indoor or evening wear. In the house, Mademoiselle's sartorial fancy may, however, safely run riot as regards her blouses, and the more fantastical and complicated they are the more certain are they of being successful. Let her revel in the delights of sequins, spangles, rich shot silks, lusciously toned velvets and soft creamy lawns and laces, Here is a perfect blouse designed on novel lines, and in

THE CORSELET BLOUSE.

such a style as to suggest a corselet worn separately, although in reality this new confection is planned all in one, thus simplifying the tedious process of dressing—a daily worry when my lady has no maid at her beck and call. The pleated chemisette and artistically set sleeves—enormous to the elbow—are in a soft French surah woven with orange and creamy pink silks that, thus intermixed, shoot forth the most wonderful glace effects. Dark cornflower blue velveteen, embroidered with copper sequins, forms the closely-fitting corselet, the round collar and the front piece that, looking rather like a man's tie in shape, joins the two and adds an air of completion. One more word in praise of the make of this corselet blouse. It fastens deftly and invisibly down the front, thus saving the wearer from the inconvenience of a bodice that closes at the back or at the side.

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In Fig. 3, an up-to-date bathing dress of the latest pattern is illustrated, which, besides looking well, will be found comfortable, and most easy to put on and off, the latter being a highly important feature as all bathers well know. Navy serge is the material which continues to hold its own against all new comers for this purpose, and composes the costume in question. The knickers and jacket are separate. The jacket is made with cape

MODEL FOR A BATHING DRESS.

sleeves just over the shoulders, a broad square collar, and the front fastened by 'fly' buttons and holes; the bodice and skirt portion being gathered *into* a waistband, as making less complication than fastening a separate band *over* after putting jacket on, an arrangement which also compels the whole to keep in order. The whole is trimmed with broad white braid, and the hair is protected by a tasteful oil-skin cap.

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Strangely enough one does not see half the number of cottons worn as some few years ago. And yet the materials destined for the crisp and starched washing dress, over which lady novelists stupidly rave (forgetting the poor heroine has to pay a heavy laundress's bill) are becoming more and more tempting every season. There are faintly tinted batiste crepons, powdered with dots or hazy sprigs of flowers, honeycombed cottons, and last, but not least, a novel material of washable quality, in the making of which silk and flax are interwoven. This new fabric bids fair to become rather popular as the season advances. It makes up into the daintiest of garden-party toilettes. Some of the very best people, who abjure the craze for blue and indulge in soft undecided shades, still favour mauve in all its varied tones: white-pink is voted first rate form. A little gown that attracted immense admiration at a 'Drawing Room' tea was made of heliotrope poplin-cloth, a material that lends itself to supremely delightful folds and draperies. The skirt, which stood out behind in a trio of immense pleats, securely stiffened, was rather out of the ordinary run of severely simple *jupes*. In front were three handsome jet-bead pendants, headed by black tulle rosettes. The full baby-bodice bagged over a plain belt of black satin. The same sheeny material formed at the back—a

A CHARMING MAUVE GOWN.

quaint little rounded cape that developed into a moderate-sized Medici collar, and a fingering of ribbon enclosed the sweetest thing in cream mull muslin plastrons. With some more tulle and jet about the shoulders, this frock distinguished itself as being something that nobody but a thorough gentlewoman would think of wearing. Perhaps it may be interesting to know that the girl who donned this particular toilette completed the charming effect of her gown by carrying a black satin parasol lined with billowy flounces of cream lace. Sunshades designed on these lines are *de mode*, for we are beginning to understand that the face requires something rather soft in the way of a shelter from the rays o the sun.

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At a good many of the fashionable functions women have been wearing the new shot silk capes already so popular across the channel. Hardly reaching below the elbows, these essentially smart mantles are composed of a series of full narrow frills daintily pinked out. A rather dowdy black gown is quite redeemed by one of these charming confections.

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My last sketch is a pretty evening frock. It has a low round bodice, and wide skirt in shrimp pink satin, enhanced with a torsade of satin ribbon, spaced with

YOUNG LADY'S EVENING DRESS.

rosette bows. Large windmill bow and collarette to match. A band of spangled net frames the square opening of the bodice, meanwhile forming a heading to the epaulettes in ivory Venetian lace.

HELOISE.

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.

FOR COLD MEAT.—To each large Spanish onion—cut in slices, and placed in cold vinegar—add two large teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, nearly half a teaspoonful of cayenne, stir well in a jug, add allspice, pepper and ginger to taste, and cover. Ready in a fortnight.

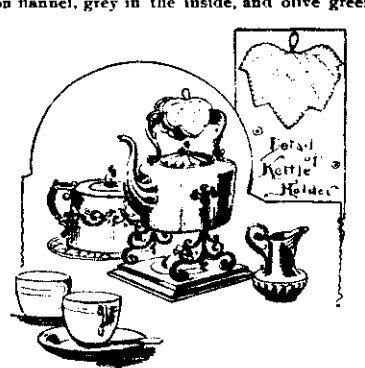
BEEF OLIVES WITH TOMATOES.—Ingredients:—Some thin sliced steak, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls of tomato pulp, pepper and salt, an egg, some brown gravy. Make a stuffing of the breadcrumbs and tomato pulp, Season and concrete this with the egg. Distribute the stuffing over the slices of steak, roll up and tie around with twine. Put into a saucepan, cover well with brown gravy, and cook gently for one and a half or two hours. Bake some tomatoes whole; arrange the olives on the centre of a dish, put the tomatoes around them, pour over the gravy and serve.

AN APPETISING SAUCE.—Here is a most appetising sauce to serve with chops, mutton, lamb, veal, or pork chops or cutlets:—Cut four onions up very small and fry them in a saucepan with two ounces of lard or butter, or for the matter of that, fry them in the gravy after the chops are done and taken out; add, stirring all the time, half a teaspoonful of flour and a little salt; when the onions are tender, stir in half a pint of stock, or soup, or water in which some bovril has been mixed; let the whole boil up together; take off the saucepan from the fire and add a good spoonful of made mustard, stirring it well up together, then pour over the chops and serve. I feel sure you will enjoy chops with this sauce, and with new potatoes as a vegetable.

TWO GOOD RECIPES.—The weather we have been struggling through for so many trying weeks—which has brought little good or profit to any but doctors and plumbers, is not likely, it seems, to improve much this month, whose traditional lamb-like exit will be keenly wished for. At present the family *without* a wholesale supply of coughs and colds is yet to be discovered; and as an additional good remedy is never to be despised, two really good, though very simple ones, will not be inappropriate this week. The first is that of a very eminent physician for cold in the head, which, if taken *at once*, is invariably successful—and consists of the juice of one lemon, five or six lumps of sugar, and one teaspoonful of sal volatile—(or brandy may be substituted), in a tumbler filled up with boiling water, and drunk as hot as possible. The second, for rubbing chest or throat, is an embrocation of equal parts of turpentine, white vinegar, and sweet oil, with the white of one egg to save hurting the skin.

A SMART KETTLE-HOLDER.

KETTLE-HOLDERS are, I think, the first things we essay to manufacture in our early days, and fearfully and wonderfully they are made for the most part! But there is no reason why they should be so ugly. Some friends of mine have given me an excellent pattern, which is reproduced in my sketch. It is simply made from the outline of a good-sized vine-leaf. The material is thick Mollton flannel, grey in the inside, and olive green on

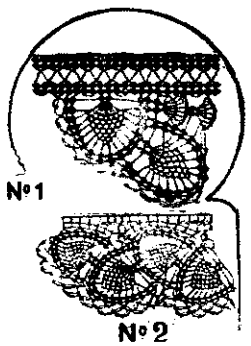


the outside. Several layers of the grey are cut to make it thick enough; then, together with the green outsides, they are basted together, and the edges are button-holed in large stitches, and the veins run with silk. A loop of silk cord takes the place of the stem, and is very useful to hang it up by. A more idealised form is one made of velveteen for a teapot, the handles of which are sometimes disagreeably hot.

WORK COLUMN.

SILK CROCHET.

ALL the old patterns of crocheted lace are coming to the fore, and very pretty they are when worked in gold cream silk, quite handsome enough to put on any kind of gown. The following are two receipts for making what used to be called the 'old pine-apple' pattern which is perhaps more effective than any other design. No 1. The foundation or straight-edge is made first of 15 chain, turn, make a treble shell, 5 chain, another shell, 1 treble, turn, 3 chain, shell in shell, 5 chain, shell in shell, turn, 3 chain, shell in shell, 5 chain, shell in shell, 1 treble. Continue this foundation to the length of lace you want to make, allowing 19 shells for each complete scollop. The term 'shell' forms an abbreviation, and if 'writ large' it means 3 treble, 2 chain, 3 treble, all in the same stitch of the foundation chain. The thread need not be broken, but some very good workers prefer to break it, and start fresh for the pines. Make 3 chain, treble shell, 4 chain, shell, 4 chain, shell, turn, 3 chain, shell, 4 chain, 9 double treble, 4 chain, shell, turn, 3 chain, shell, 1 single crochet, 3 chain, repeat 6 times, 4 chain, shell. Decrease the number of holes in working across each time till the figure is completed. Make another figure like the first on the right hand of the first. Each time you go across on the second figure, make a row on the connecting fan. The fan is first a shell; this is filled with 7 double crochet, this in turn with 1 treble, 3 chain, in each stitch of the preceding row, turn, fill each hole with six single crochet. When the end of the scollop is reached, make one row of double guipure stitch, which brings the worker down again to the foundation or straight-edge, ready to begin on another scollop. No. 2 design. In this lace the pines are made first, and the scollop and straight-edge put on to complete the pattern. The pines or figures are made like those in No. 1, making the second figure from the right of the first, and the third from the right of the preceding one. The scollop edge has two rows of double guipure stitches. The straight-edge is made of 3 chain, 1 treble. Make an extra row over the first of the preceding rows to make the edge straight. Fill the holes of this extra row with 5 single crochet.



PRETTY DESIGN FOR CROCHET.

HER CAKE.

YOUNG housekeepers will perhaps appreciate the feelings of Mrs Dorothy.

'Do come in!' said Philip to his friend, as they approached the house. 'I left Dorothy making an angel cake, and the dear girl will be proud to show it.'

The friend could not refuse such an appeal, and the two men entered the kitchen. Mrs Dorothy stood at a table, and the men stepped up behind her.

'Is that what you call an angel cake?' asked the husband, surprised at the appearance of the loaf.

Mrs Dorothy was almost ready to weep, but she smiled instead.

'I think it's a fallen angel cake,' she said.

UNNECESSARY.

MRS HENDERSON has a family of nine children, and the skeleton in her house is in the shape of a stocking-basket which is never empty.

With this spectre before her eyes she said playfully, in response to a question from her maid-of-all-work as to what she supposed would be the duties required in the next world:

'Well, for one thing, I am quite sure we shan't have to darn stockings after ten o'clock at night, Bridget.'

'Shure an' that's thrue for you, ma'am,' replied the sympathetic Bridget, 'for all the pictures of angels that iver I saw was barefutted.'

REASONABLE ADVANCE.

DISAGREEMENTS between authors and publishers are not confined to any one country. One of the latest cases is reported from Germany.

Author: 'But why do you charge me more for printing this time than usual?

Publisher: 'Why, sir, you see the compositors were constantly falling asleep over your novel.'

'I declare now,' said an enthusiastic worshipper, as he came out of church, 'that was a finished sermon.' 'Yes,' responded his more cold-blooded companion, 'but I thought for a while that it never would be.'

He: 'Do you think, Miss Hattie, with the poets that an honest man is the noblest work of God?' She (thoughtlessly): 'I don't know. I never saw one.'

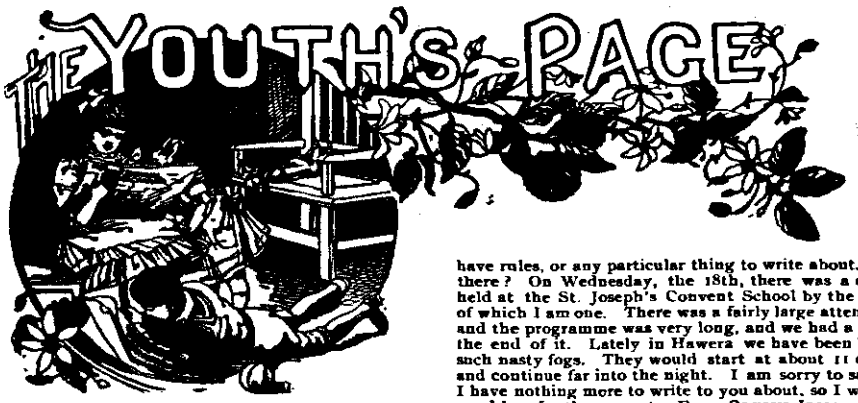
A lady wishes to know the best way of marking table linen. Blackberry pie is our choice, although a baby with a gravy dish is highly esteemed by many.

Sceptic: 'Did you ever know two doctors to agree?' Medical student (after reflection): 'Ye-e-s; once.' Sceptic: 'What was it?' Medical student: 'At a post mortem.'

There is but little in life to live for. The world is a hollow mockery, full of troubles, trials, and bad pianoplayers.

A bachelor having advertised for a wife to share his lot, was asked what the size of his lot was.

Mrs A.: 'Do you play the organ, Mr Smith?' Smith: 'Yes, if the handle is not broken.'



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 4oz, 1d; not exceeding 4oz, 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, ½d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only'

COT FUND.

Per Cousin Amy (Dunedin): F. E. Acott, 2s; a friend, 2s 6d; ditto, 2s; ditto, 2s; J.A.P., 2s 6d; A. Hay, 2s 6d; M.Z.O., 2s 6d; F.A.H., 5s; A.A.O., 1s; G.N.O., 3s = £1 5s.

Per Cousin Gwen: E. R. Thomson, 1s; M. C. Thomson, 1s; James Thomson, 1s; W. Thomson, 1s; J. Thomson, 6d; Jack Thomson, 1s; Gwen Thomson, 4s 6d = 10s.

Carried forward, £3 0s 3d. Total, £4 15s 3d.

Cousin Lily:—I hear there is 13s from you and a letter, but having money in it the letter was left safely in town on New Year's Eve, and not brought out to me in camp, so I must reserve my thanks and answer till next week, as I cannot now receive it in time.—COUSIN KATE.

I HAVE some very pretty Christmas cards to acknowledge, which I do with very many thanks and best wishes to you all. It is so good of you, dear cousins, to remember me like that. The pretty cards are from Cousin Elsie, Cousin Phœbe, Cousin Lilla, Cousin Ilma. I will answer 'B.O.H.'s' letter from Eltham when I get to town again.—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have an old scrap-book for the first child that occupies the cot. We are having holidays now. We broke up on the 18th. I hope it will be a fine day for Christmas. If it keeps like to-day it will be lovely. I am sending the answer to Cousin Ida's 3rd puzzle. We went for a lovely picnic on the breaking-up day to Kohimarama. I think I can fill the collecting card for the cot. Wishing you and all the cousins a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — COUSIN GWEN.

P.S.—This is the last letter I will write to you until I come up from Waiheke after the Christmas holidays.

[Thank you for the cot card, which I have safely received, and which I will put in the paper next week. Ten shillings is very good indeed. I hope you will enjoy your holiday. We had heavy rain last night—a thunderstorm—and one of our tents leaked badly. The tide is coming up very close. It looks as if we should be washed out of camp. Happy New Year.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I received my 'cot' card, and I have collected £1 5s, which I hope you will be pleased with. I have had a sore knee. I fell down and hurt it. We broke up last Wednesday. I did not get a prize, as I only went to this school at the beginning of this term. We go to Brighton to-morrow for two months. Please excuse my letter being so short. I am just going to a party. With love from COUSIN AMY.

P.S.—I am sending money by this mail.

[Thank you very much indeed for your excellent collection for the Cot Fund. You are the first Southern one to come in, and you must have worked very hard. I will put in your card names next week. I am so sorry about your knee, and hope your visit will put you all right very soon. Again thanking you I send best wishes. —COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I wish you A Very Happy Christmas and New Year, in which all the other cousins are included. Thank you very much for that collecting card you sent me. I have already received some money for it. Fitzgerald's Circus came here the other day, and I went to see it. Did you go to see the Flower Show held in Auckland? I saw some very good pictures of it in the GRAPHIC. A very good Flower Show was held here last month, but if the Auckland one was as good as its pictures represent, I am afraid it beats Hawera's down to the ground. I am going to make a suggestion to you, Cousin Kate: Don't you think it would be nice for any of the cousins to write a long story for the Children's Page, and to send it to you, either in chapters or the whole story, for printing a little bit at a time. Of course there would be no need to have rules, or any particular thing to write about, would there? On Wednesday, the 18th, there was a concert held at the St. Joseph's Convent School by the pupils, of which I am one. There was a fairly large attendance, and the programme was very long, and we had a play at the end of it. Lately in Hawera we have been having such nasty fogs. They would start at about 11 o'clock and continue far into the night. I am sorry to say that I have nothing more to write to you about, so I will say good-bye for the present.—From COUSIN ILMA.

[Thank you for your pretty card and good wishes. I saw Fitzgerald's Circus, and thought it good. The Flower Show, or rather Floral Fête, was lovely, though it was so wet I did not go. It was such a pity the rain spoiled it. I must see about your suggestion of a story. I wonder if it could be written in parts?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—This year we are camping on the beach. As it is full moon we expect to be washed out. To-day, as it is New Year's Day, I went for a walk along the beach. I saw what I thought to be two dead sticks, but on getting near them I found them to be vegetable caterpillars. On going to my tent just now I heard a noise made by a wasp in the tent. I found a wasp's nest with two or three dozen spiders. The wasp uses the spiders to feed the little ones. Yesterday I found a piece of greenstone about two inches long. Have you any idea what it would be worth? What magazines do you get, Cousin Kate? I get the *Boys' Own Paper*, the *Prize*, and *Sunshine*.—COUSIN JACK.

P.S.—Would you please send me a collecting card?

[You were very lucky to find those vegetable caterpillars. If your greenstone ornament is in good preservation you might get two shillings for it. I will send you a collecting card with pleasure, and wish you luck with it. Remember, Rome was not built in a day, and collecting needs patience and perseverance, and a strong amount of courage and hope. I trust you were not washed out, but will soon be dry enough to write to me again.—COUSIN KATE.]

TWO DAYS' 'CYCLE RIDE THROUGH CHESHIRE.

[CONTINUED.]

AT last we found an old inn modernised which had written upon a board 'Accommodation for cyclists,' so we went in and ordered something to eat. We did not stay very long, as it was getting rather late, and we had a good many miles between us and home, so at twenty minutes past six we left the old city, which has for hundreds of years played so prominent a part in England's history. The very soil around its walls has been enriched by the blood of its enemies. A straight road to Birkenhead lay before us, for we returned a much nearer way than we came. Some miles on, on our right stands the ancient Castle of Newall, which formerly belonged to the Andeleys, and now belongs to Viscount Combermere. A mile or so further on is the village of Sanghall. This village was the residence of Mrs Mary Davies. This strange and wonderful woman had a pair of horns growing upon her head. There was also another curious old woman who lived in a place called Hedgerow, near Rainow, not 'Rainbow.' Her name was Margaret Broadhurst, she lived to the great age of 140. Our next and last place before we got to Birkenhead was Tranmere. From Tranmere Hall sprang the family of Holme, of which were the three celebrated Randles Holme, whose manuscripts have contributed so largely to furnish our great repository of literary curiosities, the British Museum. England has need to be proud of the sons of Cheshire. Not only have they so nobly fought for England's cause, when they distinguished themselves on Flodden Field and the Field of Waterloo, but they have distinguished themselves in literature, to say nothing of medicine and inventions. We have to thank John Lambe, Richard Martin, Lawrence Earnshaw, and Charles Lamb for our silk and cotton spinning machines, which were the means of England's prosperity, and you sons of Cheshire who are in New Zealand—I know for a fact there are some—will bear me out that Cheshire, past and present, has done its duty.

After we left Tranmere we made for Birkenhead, took boat to Liverpool, and then home, where we arrived at nine o'clock, having travelled one hundred and thirty miles through Cheshire in two days, and much have I enjoyed my visit to some of the grand old towns and homes of England.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amid their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleams,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall;
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

Felicia Hemans here describes so beautifully the stately homes of the rich, and the free, fair homes of the poor. If my Uncle Harry, Aunt Kate, and Cousin Edie should read what I have written, I am sure it will bring to them pleasant recollections of the time they spent in Cheshire, and now, my dear Cousin Kate, I hope I have not tired you with my long account of the ride I had through Cheshire.

NEWELL L. NICHOLSON.

[THE END.]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

Answer to Cousin Ida's third puzzle: 'Wet.'—COUSIN AMY.

THE 'MAGIC' OF LEARNING.

NOTHING is more astonishing to barbarous or primitive people than the use of figures, diagrams and mathematical formulæ by engineers and architects. There appears, we will say, among the people of some mountain region of Northern Mexico a civil engineer. He makes surveys and drawings and computations. Then he goes away, leaving his drawings and calculations with others. Men with picks and shovels go to work in his track constructing a railway. Tunnels are cut through mountains from opposite sides, and meet, inch for inch, in the centre. Great embankments are laid, and to make them there is just enough earth brought. The surface of the grade follows an even line as far as the eye can reach—a wonderful thing to these untravelled natives.

All the while the men who build the railway consult the drawings and calculations of the civil engineer. Everything is done according to them. Is it any wonder that the simple lookers-on regard this wonderful paper, which opens the mountains and spans the valleys, as a bit of sorcery, a magician's touchstone?

An African Prince, visiting Paris during the great exhibition, sees the Eiffel Tower, a thousand feet high, slenderly built of iron in such a way that every foot of the material contributes to the strength of the structure or to the architect's scheme of decoration. Nothing is superfluous. When the African Prince returns to his people, he can only give them this account of the matter:

'These white men are wonderful magicians. None of our fetish men can do such things as we have seen. They have there a school of necromancy where men are taught to make lines and figures in such a way that great palaces of iron are built.

'It is thus that a white man of Paris has built a tower which seems to pierce the clouds, and which at night is lighted with fires of many colours. And all that, as it was told to us, by means of lines, and rules of numbers and figures.

'But when the white men sought to explain these lines and designs, we understood nothing of what they told us. No doubt they meant that we should not understand their secret. For if we knew their magic, their power would be lost.'

But the 'magic' of the civilisation of the white men is no secret. It is simply the magic of patient research and industrious application. Nor is its possession limited to those who are able to go to college.

Every student in the public schools may treasure up scientific knowledge which will be of the utmost practical value to him when he goes out into the world. Here is an illustration:—

Not long ago, in a public school, there was a boy who took a decided interest in natural philosophy. He said he was going to be a plumber, and he wanted to understand the facts that lay at the bottom of his future occupation.

His father was a poor working man, and could not afford to send the boy to college. But he permitted him to finish the course at the high school. The boy never ceased to pay particular attention to natural philosophy.

After he left school, he went to work for a plumber. When he had been to work about a year, there arose a great deal of trouble about certain valves that belonged to an important and costly apparatus which had been supplied to many people. No one could make these valves work after they had been in use a short time.

As there was a great deal of value at stake one practical plumber after another was employed, but quite vainly, to remedy the defect.

Meantime, the high school lad had gone to work on his own account to experiment with the valves. He recalled some facts, which he had learned in his natural philosophy at school, about a peculiar corroding effect of water upon certain metals; and he was able through this knowledge, to find the exact spot in the costly apparatus where the fault lay.

The discovery proved so valuable to the manufacturers of the apparatus that the boy was taken into their employ. From this beginning he rose to a leading and profitable position. He attributes his success to the excellent grounding in the 'magic' of natural science which he received at school.

'Well,' said Sir Frog to his neighbour, Squire Turtle, 'life may be slow, as you say, and times hard, but I never have any trouble to raise my bread.'

'I wish I could say as much,' replied Squire Turtle, sadly. 'Pray tell me how you do it?'

'Why, *with hops*, of course, responded Sir Frog, as with a spring he bounded over his companion's head and secured a blue-bottle fly on the wing.

It was all so sudden that Squire Turtle jerked his head in, terrified for a moment, and when presently he ventured to look out again, Sir Frog was out of sight.

'What did he mean, I wonder?' said Squire Turtle, scratching his head against his tortoise-shell collar, 'by "raising his bread with hops?" I wonder if there is a joke in it. Yes, now I begin to see—ha, ha, ha!'

A TAKING MAN.

He takes the infant as it crows
In happy guileless glee;
He takes your horse, your dog, your house,
As coolly as may be.
Without a shadow of remorse
He takes his neighbour's wife,
And pacifies the man himself
By taking him from life.

He takes the spoons—not silver ones,
But noodles on the pier,
Who spend their time in kisses when
They think there's no one near.
He takes the sirens in the surf,
The birds upon the wing,
In short this most rapacious man
Takes every bally thing.

He bids you stand and never stir,
And frowns on you the while,
And then expects your face to wear
An edifying smile.
For answer to his rude requests
He never takes a 'No,'
Yet when he gets a negative
Relenting lets you go.

Should anybody bend on him
A dark and frowning look,
He simply takes the frowner's face,
And then he takes his book.
You'll find him all about the globe
From Lapland to Japan,
The Amateur Photographer—
A very taking man.

DENIAL.

'Villain!' she hissed. 'Deep-dyed villain!'

The tattooed man looked hurt. 'Indeed, ma'am,' said he, 'I hasten to assure you that it is only skin deep.'

A FEW SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

It is a well-known fact that oil and water will not mix. If this were only true of milk and water, how happy we would be.

A musician never knows how much his efforts are not appreciated until the people in the next house complain to the landlord.

There is no easier way in the world for one to lose a good name than to have it engraved on the handle of an umbrella.

A slipper used judiciously will often make a dull child smart.

A photographer has a way of taking things that would not be tolerated in any other line of business.

A dentist may be a jolly good fellow, but he has a way of looking down in the mouth that is contradictory.

'Mary, fetch my overcoat out of the hall, and bring me an easy chair into the garden, I've just spotted my mother-in-law coming up to the house, and when she rings you can tell her I'm out. I don't mind spending my evening with Mars, but I bar my wife's.'

A GOOD REASON.

She (astonished): 'Why, doctor! what made you move? You had such a large practice, and—'

Doctor (disconsolately interrupting): 'Yes; but—they all died.'

SAME THING, DON'T YOU KNOW.

He (on a tour in Switzerland): 'It's too bad they haven't robbers through these mountain passes, to make the trip exciting.'

She (who has been there before): 'Oh, there are plenty of them, but they all keep hotels. It's much more profitable.'

DEPRAVED.

The kettle began to sing.
The pot was left alone with his thoughts.
'I may be black'—
He slyly winked his lid—
'But my life soots me.'

A COMING WONDER.

'Will the new woman wash dishes?'

'No. As soon as she has time she will invent dishes that won't need washing.'

CONFIDENCE MISPLACED.

'Now, doctor, tell me, without fear, what you think is the matter with my husband?'

'Well, I'm rather puzzled—does your husband drink?'

'Drink! Why, no doctor. I'm sure he doesn't drink, because he's always so thirsty in the morning.'

GOOD FOR PAPA.

Little Willie: 'I was going fishing on Sunday, but my papa wouldn't let me.'

Minister: 'That's the right kind of papa to have. Did he tell you the reason why?'

Willie: 'Yes, sir. He said there wasn't enough bait for two.'

SEEING A MILLIONAIRE.

I was standing in front of the office of a well known New York millionaire when a man wearing very seedy clothes stopped to ask me the exact location of the aforesaid office.

'You don't expect to see him personally?' I asked, sizing the fellow up for a dead beat.

'Of course, I do,' he replied with great confidence.

'Then you must have very important business?'

'My business is to strike him for $5.'

'Then you won't get to see him.'

'Won't I? You just hang around here for ten minutes and I'll be down and report.'

He walked into the building and entered the elevator, and I lounged around and waited. He was gone about ten minutes, and the look on his face was a mixture of triumph and sorrow as he got out of the elevator.

'Well, did you see him?' I asked.

'Cert,' he replied.

'How did you manage it?'

'Sent him in word that I owed him $10 on an old account, and was admitted to his august presence inside of five minutes. Then I explained that I had resorted to strategy and proffered my request.'

'Yes.'

'He rang a bell and had two men conduct me to the door and give me the boot. I told you I'd get to see him, and I did, didn't I?'

'Yes, but it did you no good.'

'No, not in this case, but the idea is original with me, and now that I know how it works I'm all O. K. Excuse me, my friend, but I'm in a hurry. I'm going to call on Russell Sage, George Gould, Vanderbilt and Astor this afternoon, and have to be moving along. Ten dollars—old account—private interview—Ta-ta!'

IN 1905.

New Girl: 'Mamma, I wish you could sew.'

New Woman: 'Why, child?'

New Girl: 'Because I've torn my bicycle knickerbockers, and papa's busy ironing.'

Husband: 'Why are you always looking into the glass, madam? I declare——'

Wife: 'Sir, I look into the glass to improve my appearance; those you look into degrade yours!'

AND WILL DO IT AGAIN.

She (regretfully): 'And now they tell us kissing must go.'

He (joyfully): 'Then here goes!'

PERVERSE.

'I see your husband is trying to read without glasses.'

'Yes, he will persist in making a spectacle of himself.'

QUITE SO.

Van Clove: 'Old Soak apparently believes in harmony in all things.'

B' Jove: 'Yes, even his bathing suit is tight.'

SLIM.

First Cyclist: 'No, thanks, I won't have another; if I take more than one glass it always gets in my legs.'

Second Cyclist: 'Well, I shouldn't have thought they'd have held as much as that.'

THE REASON.

Bildad: 'What makes you hate Van Sharp so?'

Henpeck: 'He was once engaged to marry my wife, and didn't do it.'

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Tommy: 'Does your big sister ever go through your pockets looking for cigarettes?'

Jimmy: 'No, she don't smoke the same kind as me.'

NATURALLY.

Mrs De Bonair: 'It strikes me, Algernon, that your manners grow more artificial every day.'

Mr De Bonair: 'Well, you ought to be thankful for that. There's baby, for instance, whose manners are perfectly natural, and, heaven knows, they're atrocious!'

WHAT HE WAS GOOD FOR.

'What dat mule good foh?'

'He ain't good foh much,' was the reluctant reply.

'Kin he pull er kyaht?'

'Not fur.'

'What's he fur?'

'Well, I guess he ain't good fur much 'cep' tradin'. I's jes keepin' 'im foh 'er swappin' mule.'

GUESSED IT FIRST TIME.

Gussie: 'Ah! my dear Marie, say the word that will make me the happiest of mortals.'

Wealthy heiress: 'Money!'