The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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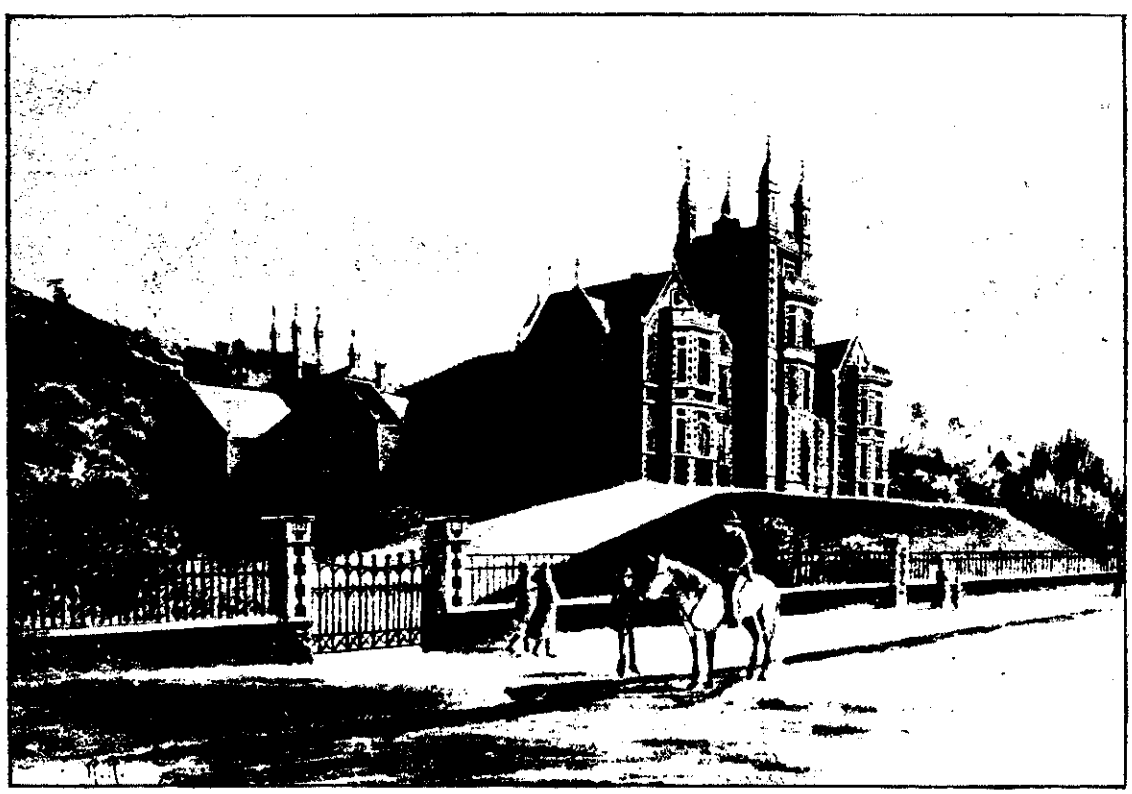
THE PROFESSIONS V. TRADE.

THE will of Mr Peter Robinson, the popular draper of Oxford-street, shows that he had accumulated a fortune, including of course a valuation of his extensive business, but excluding his freeholds, exceeding eleven hundred thousand pounds. That is a large fortune, even in these days of great accumulations, and must make some of the old squires smile or groan when they recollect the selling value of the 'great estates,' for the possession of which they are so bitterly envied and even publicly reviled. Mr Meeking, of Holborn Viaduct, a draper with the same kind of business, left, if we remember rightly, a little less than six hundred thousand pounds, while the personality of Mr Marshall, of Messrs Marshall and Snelgrove, also drapers, was sworn under three quarters of a million. Fortunes like these, which are exclusive, it must be remembered, of any freeholds the testators may have possessed—such men usually buy valuable little estates in the home counties—attract attention even in a time when men begin to think of fortunes on the American scale, and the accounts of them produce two noteworthy results. They greatly excite the cupidity of Chancellors of the Exchequer, to the despair of great freeholders, whose sons are compelled to sell their properties in a demoralised market; and they increase the general impression of the cultivated that the professions are not worth entering, that if money is to be a young man's object, his only chance is to devote himself to 'business.' To become a farmer of any kind, even the 'occupying owner' kind, is to starve, while to become a barrister, a solicitor, a doctor, a journalist, a soldier, a sailor, or even an engineer, is only to earn a living in which the prizes are far below those of business, while for the majority of those who do not fail there is only a bare living, out of which the children can get nothing but an education, and sometimes not that. Nothing approaching to a million or half a million has been bequeathed in our time by a professional man; indeed we doubt whether, if we exclude inheritances and lucky investments, any professional man has ever accumulated £250,000 while the largest fortune made in the Services, and that only in India, has not exceeded £100,000. In a country like this and among a people like ours, which is always thirsting to reach the top, if it be only in the production of orchids, the great prizes produce an imaginative effect, and that effect is reinforced among cool minds by a study of the general scene around them. The average business man is more comfortable, if he succeeds at all, than the average professional man, has more to spend, can save more, lives farther out of the cities—now a great object of middle-class ambition—and can give his children rather better chances. The social prejudice against trade, and even against shopkeeping, has long been dying away; the admitted object of hard work outside the Services is comfort, and we do not wonder therefore when we read, as in the *Times* of Tuesday, that, according to the census returns, the number of farmers is shrinking rapidly and that of lawyers shrinking slowly, while every other kind of gainful work has every year more candidates for its prizes. Nor are we surprised to be told that 'gentlemen' who inherit businesses elect to carry them on; that mothers of degree make interest to get their sons 'into the City'—a very wide phrase covering many occupations—and that their fathers, who themselves were taught Latin and Greek, question angrily whether modern education is not 'all wrong,' and declare that if there were a first-rate 'business-school' in England—which, so far as we know, there is not—they would greatly prefer it for their boys to Eton and Harrow. We expect, in fact, within a few years to see the American system in vogue here, that is, to see the strong and ambitious lads of a family learning manufactures or trade, while only the weak, or those with an instinct for study, will adhere to the professions. Here and there, as in America, a bold and energetic person will break loose from the ruck, and to the surprise of his schoolmates will cut his way to distinction, and even fortune, on the old professional lines; but the majority will think the effort too hopeless, will turn aside to commerce, and will make of the great marts of the world worse 'competitive wild beasts' dens' than ever. They will 'cut one another's throats,' as the clerks do now, till all careers will alike seem disappointing; though still the few prizes that will remain of the very large kind will fall to the men of commerce. They cannot disappear wholly, for the simple reason that it is as easy to sell a thousand bales of goods as a hundred if there is only a demand, that demand tends more and more to run in grooves, and that a thousand pennies are worth more than four times a pound. If a man can attract ten thousand persons a day to his shops, it hardly matters what the scale of his charges is; he must, if he takes ready money and lives for thirty years, die a millionaire. The immense expansion of modern markets, owing to improved means of communication, works almost automatically, so that those who attract the mass of buyers gather in wealth almost without knowing it. We suppose the humblest known kind of manufacture is tag-making—a mere twisting of minute pieces of tin—but if everybody buys off one tag-maker, and he can make a machine twist tin for him, it is inevitable that his annual takings, and therefore profits, should be on an enormous scale.

We began this paper by a word about the wills of men with great personal fortunes, and we want to end it with a word about the wills of men with landed estates. That class may rely on it that the rule of etiquette, or whatever it is, which prevents the publication of the value of the properties they bequeath, is exceedingly injurious to them. *Omne ignotum pro magnifice*, and the popular envy of wealth concentrates itself on them because of the general ignorance. They are supposed to be the only rich because their possessions are never accurately known even when they die. A great squire with ten thousand acres in an agricultural country receives for his wealth ten times the abuse, and even the political hostility which falls to the lot of a Mr Peter Robinson; yet the latter, in the present condition of affairs, has probably six times the great squire's income, and eight times his actual wealth when reduced into sovereigns capable of being expended. There are large proprietors in Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk at this moment, whom all Radicals would tax to the bone because they must have so large a surplus, yet whose property, if valued for probate, would not be worth one fifth of that possessed by Mr Peter Robinson. Yet Mr Robinson is treated as an excellent citizen who benefits his country, while Lord Deepdrains is denounced as a 'bloated aristocrat,' who, while 'rolling in riches,' clamours for a reduction in agricultural rates.—*The Spectator*.



BOY'S HIGH SCHOOL, DUNEDIN.

A SAMOAN BELLE.

A. S. Hanlay, photo NEAR POHUI, BETWEEN NAPIER AND TARAWERA.

A ROCKY GLEN, HUIA.

Thos. F. Hill, Auckland THE 70 FEET FALL, NIHOTAPU.

SOCIAL REHEARSALS.

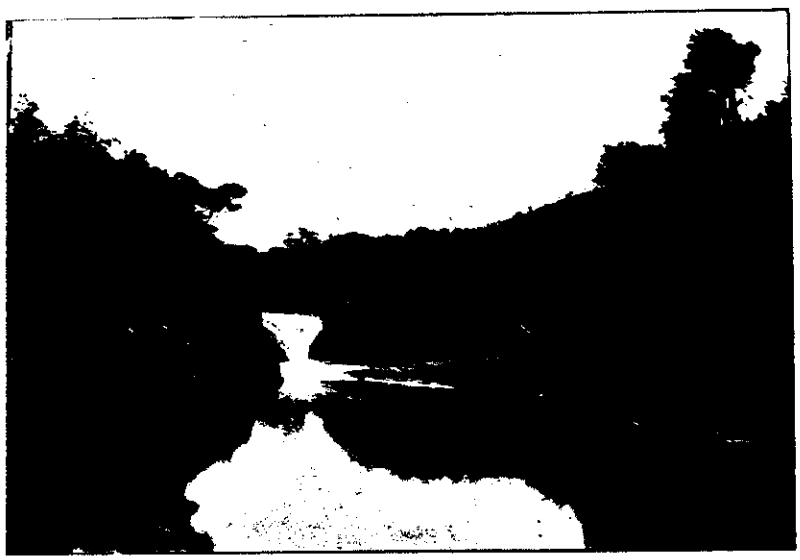
READERS of the accounts of the recent colossal marriage ceremony in America with its prairies of flowers, its miles of very special dress trains, its bushels of precious stones, its Niagara of dollars, and its wilderness of monkeys—for the dudes were in force—may have passed over one apparently insignificant but most important fact; namely, that the ceremony was most carefully rehearsed. And there was not too much rehearsal, but just rehearsal enough; enough to eliminate the more striking absurdities and contretemps, and yet not enough to show the folly of the whole thing. It is a most commendable example. How many marriage ceremonies go off without a hitch? Sometimes you have the bridegroom kept waiting so long that your first sympathy for him turns sour, and you smile at the idiotic figure he cuts, with his uneasy hands and feet, his sickening attempts to wear a smile, and his imploring looks at his best man, who bears his friend's calamities most cheerfully. Occasionally it is the bride who is kept waiting, as in the recent case where the bridegroom was locked up in the vestry by a too zealous friend, while the fuming father of the bride was scouring town in search of him. Very frequently trains are trodden on and bouquets crushed. We prefer to say nothing of the wrong responses, and the mad clutching at the wrong finger, in spite of the blushing bride's extension of the right one; and a veil ought also to be drawn over the osculation at the close, which is too painful an exhibition. It is not true kissing at all, but mere nervous dabbing pecking, bumping, and, in the case of emotional parties, shampooing. Rehearsal, therefore, is eminently desirable, and for all, not merely for millionaires; and a full rehearsal of all the company together. It is not enough for the heroine to have got her part up letter-perfect. In a wedding, *ensemble* is everything.

Other social ceremonies besides weddings would be all the better for rehearsal. It would be too much, perhaps, to ask a man to rehearse his funeral now and again, so as to give his friends a chance of getting their gloves to fit, and to conquer the desire for a smoke in the coach on the way back. But we may go a step further, and take the ceremony known as reading the will. Here is a fine opportunity for a most tender, touching, and impressive display, now entirely frittered away for want of preliminary study. Most assistants, on hearing the words, 'This is the last will and testament of me, Jemima Jones, spinster,' heave a big sigh, and in very low-down cases even mutter, 'Poor dear!' as though the fact that she was not only dead, but had actually made a will, was too much for them. All this sounds overdone. True art is much more economical of its emotions, and does not waste them on 'last will and testament.' Then at the words, 'I give and bequeath,' all look at the lawyer. So far so good; but why shuffle in your chair, knit your brows, and make a noise as if you were sucking a lemon? Yet, this is what is commonly done. Then as each legatee is named, why should the party throw his or her eyes up to the ceiling? If it is to thank the spirit of Jemima, they will hardly find it in the gaselier. The residuary man varies these proceedings by gazing sadly on the carpet. When the reading is over, everyone draws his breath and glares at everyone else as though they were members of an Irish committee. As for the congratulations to the lucky one, they are either unnaturally forced, or downright caustic, as who should say the testator was a fool, and much good may it do you. It would be much better if, when a testator gives signs of breaking up, the interested parties would rehearse the scene a few times quietly and calmly, each taking by turns the part of the lucky one, so that when the event really comes off they may go through it with decorum.

Then, there is the reception of the testimonial. As at present blundered through, there is no artistic spontaneity about it—the only possible charm such a ceremony could possibly hope to possess. The receiver overdoes his part, and succeeds in looking as conscious and knowing as if he had started the testimonial himself, which, of course, is not always the case. He evidently wants practice in being 'taken aback.' To stare with your mouth open is not sufficient. This may satisfy the committee, who are near him on the platform, but the back rows can see nothing of it, and do not get enough for their money. What he wants is a genuine jump back of a couple of yards, and a graceful flop into a handy chair. Everyone could see that, and would know he was taken aback. Then, he thinks it impressive to stammer about 'the sudden surprise,' 'the unlooked for compliment,' 'the last thing I expected,' and so forth; but it is not. He grasps the hand of the giver too effusively, and strains after a glistening eyeball too eagerly. When he recovers himself, he does so too much, and lets the cat out of the bag. He is so fluent that a child could see he had prepared his speech beforehand. The man who 'has the pleasing duty to perform' acts, as he imagines, in a friendly manner, but he is really patronising enough for a voter at election time; while the man who pulls the cover off the teapot is generally a bit too soon, and frequently upsets the pot. The ideal presentation is, of course, 'There's the mug.'—'Oh, is that the jug?' and all is over: but as that would not waste sufficient time, at least let the ceremony be on artistic lines, well rehearsed.

Some people make a great ceremony about the christening of an infant. The occasion is melancholy, for the best one can do for the infant is to hope against hope that it won't regret coming. But as ceremony there must be, let it be properly staged. Now nearly all babies are presented to the clergyman the wrong way; we do not mean wrong side up, but with the head offered to his right arm instead of his left, and there is an awkward pause while he shifts it. Vicars and rectors manage this fairly well, but young curates blush up to the hair, and look anything but heavenly things at the cherub. This decidedly wants proper rehearsing. The great rite in the subsequent christening party is, of course, admiring the baby. Nothing requires more careful rehearsing, under a competent professor. Look at the man who 'thinks he can do it,' and the exhibition he makes of himself! He puts on a silly grin, scaring the child out of its little wits, and then says, 'remarkably fine child;' makes a noise as if he were a coachman encouraging cattle, and fires a shot with his forefinger at the child's armpit. Of course, he hits the other pit, and more squalls ensue. This is both ridiculous and painful. A man should either omit the rite, or carefully rehearse it under the instructions of his wife. If he has none he might buy a doll in the Lowther Arcade, call at the Adelphi or the Lyceum for the leading comedian's address, and beg the favour of a few lessons on the doll.

There are some minor ceremonies, such as the 'welcome,' which often annoy one by their crudity. A man who is going to receive his friend in his ancestrall halls generally seems to have read somewhere that kings, in such circumstances, come down from their thrones, and take three steps towards the comer. This is all right enough, and would go off well, if the comer played up properly; but there is usually a gross misunderstanding. The comer, seeing what importance the host attaches to his walk of welcome, waits for him to come on; and the three allotted strides, to be efficient, have to be a yard and a-half long each. Or else the comer, rashly desiring to save his host trouble, rushes in, and does him out of a whole stride, or even a couple, and the ceremony is spoiled. In all these cases a little rehearsal would smooth matters much. The same observation applies more strongly to farewells, which are now only so many lost opportunities for genuine effect.



Thos. F. Hill, Amateur, Auckland CASCADE, HUIA.

Hanley, photo., Napier MUD GEYSERS, TAUPO.

ALL ABOUT A TELEGRAM.—Bingo: 'Has a telegram come for me?' Mrs Bingo: 'Have you been expecting one?' Bingo: 'Oh, no—of course not'—sarcastically. 'You don't suppose I should ask you that question if I expected one, do you?' Mrs Bingo (sweetly): 'You might, dear. What would you say, now, if I should say that a telegram has come for you?' Bingo: 'A-ha, I knew it! I've been expecting that telegram all the afternoon'—impatiently. 'Where is it?' Mrs Bingo: 'I'll get it. But, dear, I thought it best to open it. You didn't mind, did you, dearest?' Bingo: Certainly not. It's only a matter of business. From Jack Enslow, ain't it?' Mrs Bingo: 'Yes, dear.' Bingo: 'Important meeting to night. Says I must be there, doesn't he?' Mrs Bingo: 'Yes, dear.' Bingo (rubbing his hands): 'I knew it. Well, I shall have to rush off directly after dinner. Sorry for you, my dear, but you know business must be attended to.' Mrs Bingo: 'Oh, that's all right, darling; but don't you want to see the message?' Bingo: 'Why should I? You opened it, read it like a good wife that you are; and I fancy I can trust you. Jack wants me'—delightedly—'that's all, and I must go.' Mrs Bingo: 'But there was one thing more he said, my pet.' Bingo (suspiciously): 'Oh, there was! Well, what was it?' Mrs Bingo (all smiles): 'He says he's got front-row seats.'

A WELL-DISCIPLINED MIND.—Voiceless sorrow, grief that is deeper and more lasting than any that death ever brings, broken hopes, blighted lives and perpetual sadness are covered by the smiling mask of habit and education. One idol after another is shattered, but the well-disciplined mind, after a little time, recovers its balance, the carefully trained hands remember their cunning, and, with no outward sign of inward desolation, the shipwrecked spirit gathers up the remnant of its life and goes on just the same as before to do the next thing.

Difficulty is never an end in itself, or to be chosen for its own sake. It may often be a most necessary means to high and valuable ends, and as such should be honoured and accepted; but its destiny is to pass away as soon as its mission is fulfilled.

C. P. Wiskelmann, photo. A SURVEYORS CAMP, WAIMAMAU VALLEY, HOKIANGA, N.Z.

Thos. F. Hill, Amateur, Auckland. NEW PLYMOUTH, N.Z.

NOONDAY.

HOW THE BOERS FIGHT.

THE STORY OF MAJUBA HILL RETOLD.

WHATEVER may be the result of the storm clouds now lowering so darkly on the Transvaal, whether they will blow over, or as seems more likely, herald a tempest that will deluge Europe and Africa in blood. Never again will a British force (authorised or unauthorised) suffer a defeat at the hands of the Boers. Twice have we been defeated, twice out-generaled, twice beaten in every department of the game of war. The mistake must never again be made of underestimating the fighting powers of the Boers. For the peculiar style of warfare necessitated by geographical and climatic conditions of the country, the Boers manifestly excel. Cruel they may be, stupid and ignorantly pig-headed they undoubtedly are, but they can fight as we have learned to our cost. It was on the 5th of April in 1881 that the mail brought details to New Zealand of the terrible defeat sustained by General Colley. The account furnished of that engagement was most graphic, and as the story of the defeat cannot fail to be interesting now when Englishmen have again suffered a disastrous reverse at the same hands, it may well be here reproduced. We are, moreover, enabled to give pictures of that engagement, which, as will be seen, resemble the more recent defeat and disaster in several well-marked particulars.

The writer begins by describing how the hill came to be occupied by the British troops. He then continues:—'At sunrise the

BOERS WERE TO BE SEEN MOVING IN THEIR LINES,

but it was not until an hour later that a party of mounted vedettes were seen trotting out towards our hill, upon which they evidently intended to take their stand. As they approached our outlying pickets fired on them (fatal error!), and our position was for the first time discovered. They immediately turned their horses and galloped back to their laager, losing one man on the way (see illustration, page 54). The whole scene was now changed as if by magic. In the place of a few scattered figures, there appeared

SWARMS OF MEN RUSHING HITHER AND THITHER.

Some rushed to the horses, others to waggons, and the work of yoking oxen and preparing for instant retreat began. When the first panic had abated, it could be seen that some person in authority had taken command. The greater portion of the Boer force began to advance to attack us, but the work of preparing for a retreat if necessity should arise still went on, and continued until the waggons were unspanned and ready to move away. Some indeed began to withdraw. At 7 o'clock the Boers opened fire, and bullets whistled thickly round our heads. The men were perfectly cool and confident. I do not think the possibility of the position being reversed occurred to anyone. From 7 to 11 o'clock the Boers continued to keep up a steady fire.

THEIR SHOOTING WAS WONDERFULLY ACCURATE.

The stones behind which our men in front line were lying were hit every time. Opposed to such a deadly fire, there was no necessity to impress on the men to keep well under cover; they only showed themselves to take an occasional shot, so that, accurate as was the Boer marksmanship, up to 11 o'clock we had only had five casualties. Commander Rommily was dangerously wounded while standing close to General Colley. Twenty men under Lieutenant Hamilton kept the point which was most threatened by the Boers.

SO FAR OUR POSITION SEEMED PERFECTLY SAFE.

The Boers had indeed got between us and the camp, but we had three days' provisions, and could hold out till reinforcements came up. From 11 to 12 the fire from the enemy continued as fierce as ever, but between 12 and 1 it slackened, and it seemed as if the Boers were drawing off. This was, as we learned to our cost, not the case. They had, as was afterwards learned, merely retired to strongly reinforce the attacking party. Shortly before 1 o'clock terrible and destructive firing broke out from the right lower slopes of the hill, the side on which firing had all along been the heaviest.

A TREMENDOUS RUSH WAS SIMULTANEOUSLY MADE BY THE ENEMY.

One advance line was at once almost wiped out, only a few men being driven back. Our whole force now lined up to repel the assailants at the point of the bayonet. From this time the hand to hand battle was terrible in its ferocity and sanguinary results. The Boers, with shouts of triumph, swarmed up the sides of the hill and made continuous and gallant attempts to carry the position with a rush. Time after time they were driven back with bayonet point, and time after time they rounded up and came on with renewed virulence and undiminished vigour. Their firing, which had nearly ceased during the *melee*, suddenly broke out with renewed violence and destructive effect, and

OUR MEN FELL WITH SHOCKING RAPIDITY.

'At last the end came. The Boers gathered on the edge of the slope for one great rush at the bayonet point. They singled out a position where the number of defenders was smallest, and on they came. A wild burst and it was over. They had broken through the defenders, gained the basin, and our position was lost. The roar of firing, the whistling of bullets, the shouts of the enemy made up a din which seemed infernal. All about men were falling.

THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE; IT WAS FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

At this moment I was knocked down by the rush and trampled on, and when I came to my senses the Boers were firing over me at the retreating troops, who were moving down the river. Trying to rise, I was taken prisoner and led away. As to the completeness of their victory there can be no question. By sheer bravery and fighting they carried a position considered by their own General to be impregnable.'

BOERS REMOVING ARMS.

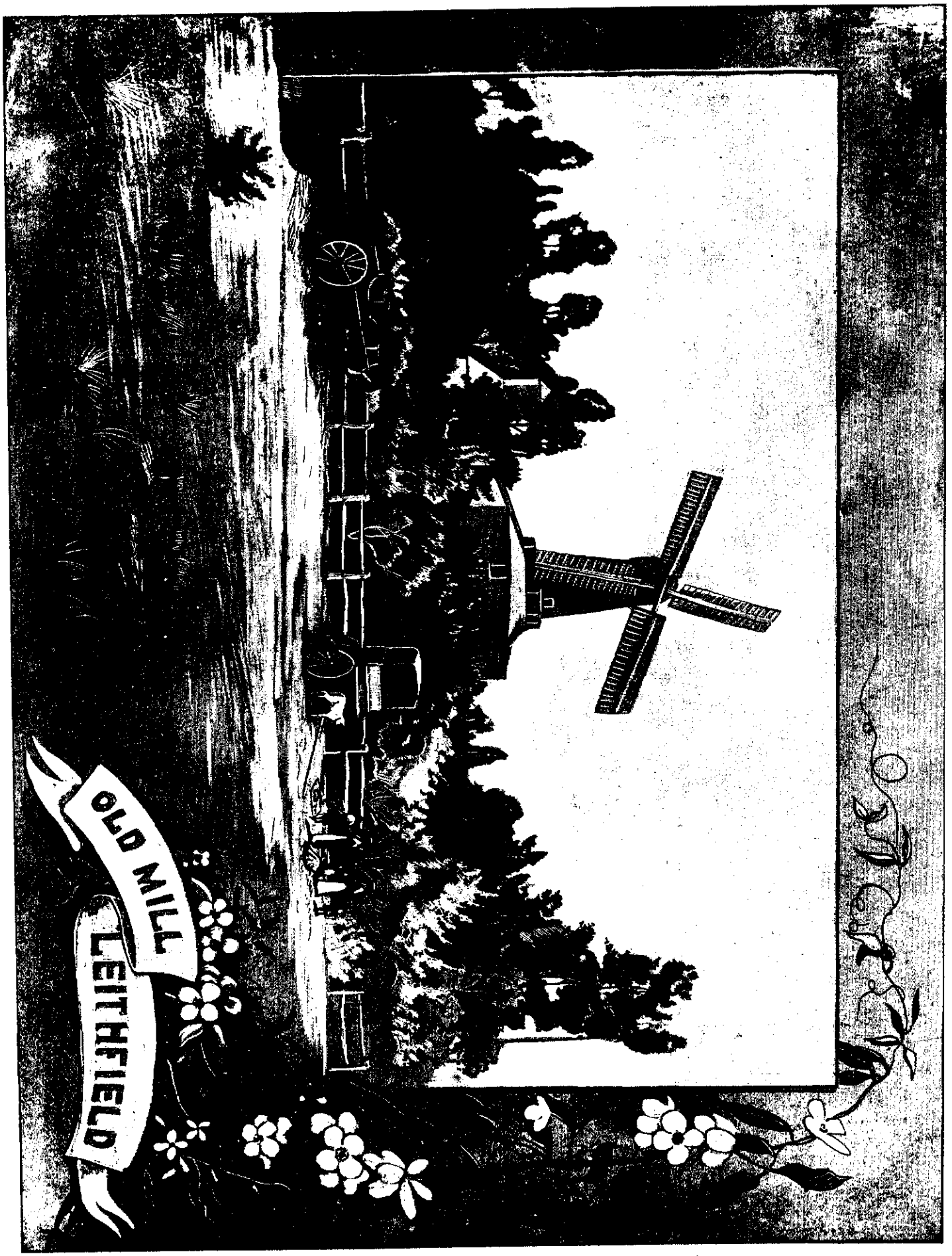
HOW THE BOERS FIGHT.

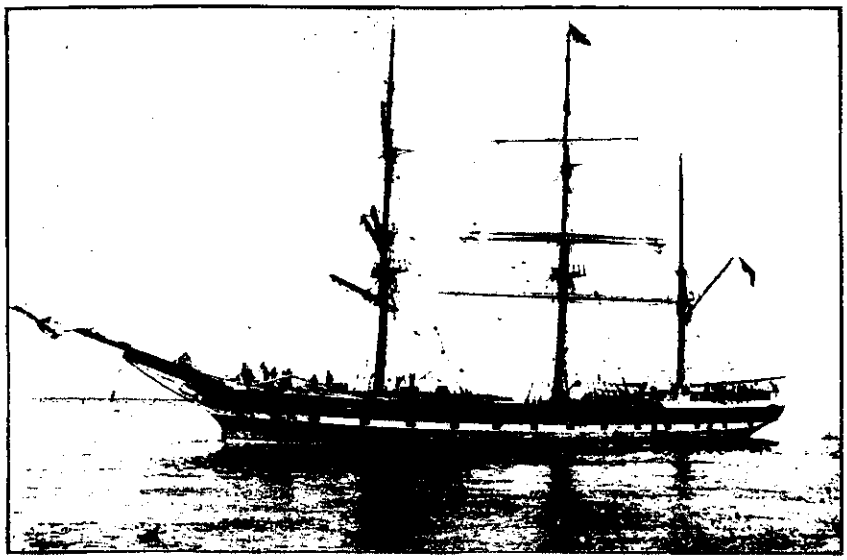
They immediately turned their horses and galloped back to the laager.

[See page 52.

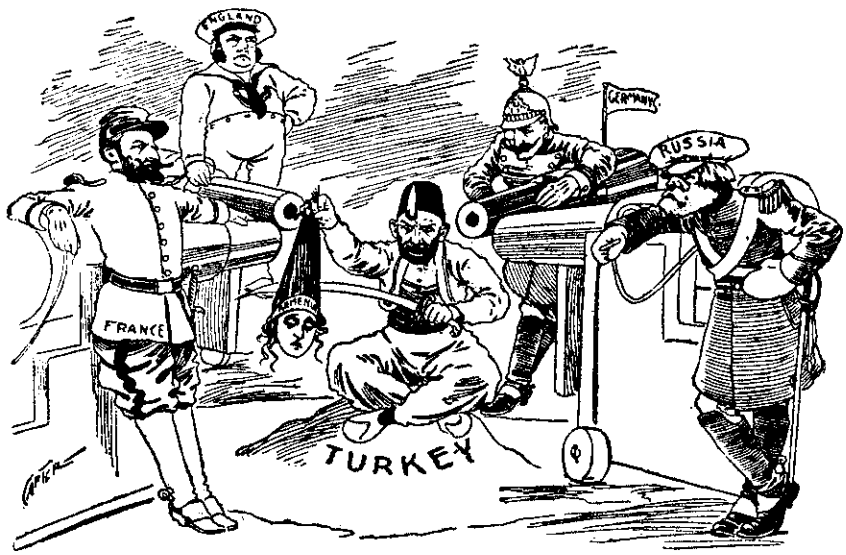
ON THE BOERS FLANK.
The last rush at Majuba Hill.

[See page 52.

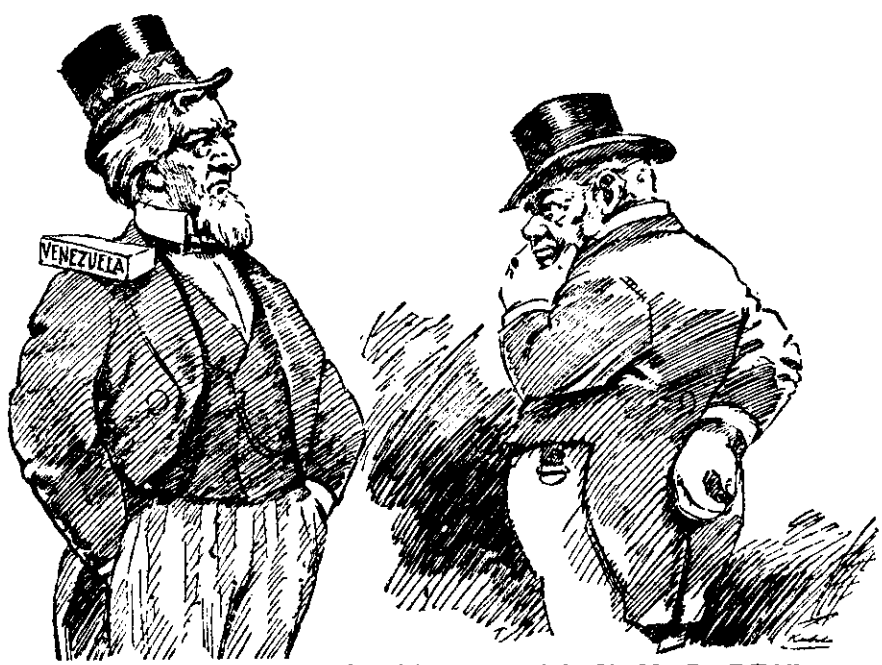

OLD MILL
LEITHFIELD



BARQUE HALCIONE, wrecked at Wellington Heads, N.Z.



THE EASTERN DIFFICULTY.—Any one of them could blow Turkey out of Europe, but each one fears the effect on the one opposite.



UNCLE SAM — "TOUCH IT, IF YOU DARE!"

A Cartoon on the Venezuelan dispute, from an American contemporary.

THE WRECKED HALCIONE.

WE reproduce a picture of the well-known barque Halcione, which was wrecked early last week on one of the jagged rocky points at the head of Fitzroy Bay. The ship had enjoyed a fine passage from London to Tasmania, and left the latter place on the 2nd inst. A terribly high sea was running at the time, and the unfortunate officers and crew were unable to secure any of their personal effects. They were, indeed, lucky to come off with their lives. Several, if not all, had very narrow escapes, and were considerably knocked about before they reached a place of safety on the shore. The Halcione was well known in most New Zealand ports. Our picture is from a photo of her taken some two years or more ago lying in Nelson Harbour.

The following is a list of the officers and crew :—Captain Boorman ; chief officer, Mr Joynt (of Christchurch) ; second officer, Mr Farmer (of Blenheim) ; third officer, Mr Wheeler (of London) ; carpenter, E. Thington ; sailmaker, A. Larsen ; steward, Taylor ; cook, Neith ; apprentices, Trapp, Collyer, Thomson, and Davis ; crew, Curtis, McDougall, Ewing, Chambers, Beaumont, Logan and Freeman.

The wreck has entirely broken up, and salvage men have during the week been employed along the beach saving what cargo was washed ashore.

VAGARIES OF THE MEMORY.

THE case of the woman who has been found at Brighton, suffering from, it is said, an absolute inability to recollect her own name or any of the events of her life, is by no means so rare as some of the newspapers appear to imagine. The woman may be an impostor, but many genuine cases of the kind are known. Complete loss of memory is a well-known disease, and very curious examples of it are on record. Dr. Gowers had a patient, a clergyman, who had completely forgotten the events of twenty years of his life. No amount of argument could convince him that his age was really sixty years, or that he had done thirty years' clerical work. He obstinately maintained that he was only forty, and that he had been only ten years in the ministry. The perplexities attending his delusion can be imagined. Some of his children, for instance, would probably be over thirty years old, which would necessitate his having been married at the age of ten. His schoolfellows, if he should meet them, would appear to have grown old at a tremendous pace ; he could hardly understand why he had married a woman so much older than himself ; and, altogether, his position must have been one not to be envied.

Another doctor describes the case of a woman who had forgotten that she had been married, and who obstinately refused to live with her husband. One old gentleman, while in familiar surroundings, had a perfect memory for faces, but when in a strange place could not recognise his own wife.

Old men who search for the spectacles they are wearing are very numerous, and no one is more than amused by them. But there are inexplicable and often terrifying cases. Men have been known to leave home for a few days, commit some serious crime, and return quite oblivious of what they had done. Very interesting is the case so common among soldiers who have fought a battle, and who, when it is over, cannot recall the events for several hours. The same thing happens to those who have escaped from shipwreck and to aëronauts who have just descended from the clouds. This is the temporary loss due to strong emotion. Then there are curious examples of temporary loss of memory owing to fatigue. Sir Henry Holland, when down a mine in the Harz Mountains and suffering from fatigue, completely forgot his German, and could not remember a word of it until he had rest and refreshment after ascending. We all experience this in a less degree. Sometimes it is an injury which causes the blank in the backward gaze. An English professor once received a violent blow on the head, and at once forgot all his Greek ; and a musician lost all memory of music from the same cause. Mr Whymper, in his book on the Alps, tells how he fell over a frightful precipice, 200 feet high, with the result that his past was for a time wholly blotted out of his memory.

The most singular cases of memory-loss are in connection with language. It is quite common in our hospitals to see a sick German unable to speak a word of the English he had thoroughly mastered. A very singular instance of this is reported from New York. Many years ago a Doctor Scandelli died in a hospital in that city. When first admitted he could speak only in English ; as the illness progressed he forgot that language and could now only converse in French ; but on the day of his death another change occurred, and he could speak nothing but his own language—Italian.

One of the most extraordinary of all memory losses is when a person forgets how to write with his right hand, but still has the power to do so with his left hand. In such a case, after he has written with his left hand the desired sentence, he can copy it with his right hand.

When the memory of words is gradually lost it invariably progresses in one particular order. First the proper names go, then common nouns, then adjectives ; and this stage is followed by failure of the power to recollect events. Very many people suffer from the first degree—excessive smokers, for instance, it is said, sometimes find it difficult to recall proper names. Drunkenness is a well-known cause, and there is the very curious case of a man who mislaid a package while drunk, forgot where he had put it when sober, and had to get drunk again to find it.

THE

TIME DRUNKARD

(BY ARTHUR SPERRY.)

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.

'DEAR MISS HOULTON,—I scarcely know how to begin writing to you. I feel so sure that I shall be unable to prevent your misunderstanding me, and also that perhaps I deserve to be misunderstood by you, that only the false pluck that comes from desperation enables me to begin. And now that I have begun I am at a loss how to go on. When I asked you to marry me, and you told me not to speak of the matter again for a month, I could not help thinking that it was very strange, because you are usually such a straightforward, outspoken girl. I was much hurt, too, by your refusing to even tell me why you said "No" to my proposal. Then, when I called, you refused to see me, and, on top of it all, three days ago, when I got to the club, Irvine drawled out to me, "I say, old boy, you know Miss Houlton?"

'I looked at him, wondering what was coming.

'"Well," he said, "the paper here announces her engagement to old Colonel Haynes."

'"Rubbish!" I said. But, when I looked at the paper, I felt as though I were growing twenty years older when I read the paragraph. Irvine saw that something was the matter with me, and as I put the paper down he drawled—

'"I say, old boy, you are not interested in that quarter, are you?"

'I could have killed him for the way he said it. I had but one thought—to get away, away from London, where everyone I saw would remind me of you, and of the change that had come over me. It was early, and there was time to catch the mail for Queenstown and the New York boat. You know how alone in the world I am, and how little any living person cares what I do or where I go. I put a few things in a bag, and caught the boat at Queenstown the next morning.

'Two hours after we left Queenstown I saw Colonel Haynes on the promenade deck. His appearance is as striking as mine is commonplace, and it is no wonder that, though we had only met once, I should know him very well, while he entirely failed to remember me. Naturally, I did not care to make myself known to him, but his going away from you at such a time puzzled me. I thought there must be some mistake in what the paper said. Yet it is hardly possible. I don't know what to do. I feel that I shall go mad if I do not write this letter to you. Several times I have been on the point of making myself known to the Colonel and congratulating him on his engagement, but I feel that I should not be able to keep from making a fool of myself while I talked to him. At first I thought I would cable to you from New York as soon as I landed, and ask you to wire me at once whether the report in the paper was correct. But perhaps you would be offended. One cannot say everything in a cablegram. So I have decided to be as patient as I can, and wait for you to answer this by cable. If the report was wrong, and you will let me come back to London and try to tell you how I love you, the one word 'Yes' will mean more to me than all the literature in the world. But please wire me either 'Yes' or 'No' at once. The uncertainty is what I cannot bear. I do not know what I shall do with myself till I have your answer.

'Cable to "Spencer, F Avenue, New York," and your message will reach me at the hotel where I shall stop. We will get to New York Friday night or Saturday morning, and this letter will go by the same day's boat, so that you will have it a week later, and I shall expect your answer the same day.

'Be kind to me, Ethel, and end this agony of suspense. Even if you cannot say "Yes," wire something, so that I can know my fate. I shall not try now to tell you how much I love you, Ethel. I have tried before, and failed.—Ever yours fondly,

'GERALD SPENCER.'

Painful as Spencer had found the uncertainty on shipboard, it was trifling to the suspense that followed his landing in New York. Before he posted the letter—and he did this at once—he had it to think about, to alter and extend or shorten. But, after it was sent, there was only the dreary wait of a week. He could not interest himself in anything. He walked and drove, but saw nothing of what was about him. He rode from end to end of New York on the overhead railways over and over again. The impatience that surged about him in the trains suited his mood, and he was more nearly at his ease there than anywhere else.

Spencer passed five days of the week in this feverish way, eating little and sleeping only when he dosed himself with bromide. On Friday morning, when he went to ask at the hotel office if any letters for him had come, he stopped to chat with the pleasant-mannered young fellow in the office.

'You don't seem to be enjoying your visit overmuch,' the hotel clerk said.

'I am not enjoying it at all,' Spencer answered. 'I am merely waiting for a very important cablegram, and I cannot get my mind from it long enough to enjoy anything.'

'You should go about a little. Have you been down to Coney Island?'

Spencer said that he had no wish to go anywhere.

The hotel clerk mentioned some of the points of interest in and about New York, but Spencer shook his head wearily.

'Go down and make a tour of Chinatown—the Chinese quarter, you know,' the clerk said. 'That will surely interest you. I can get you a young Americanised Chinaman who will act as guide, and you will be sure to enjoy an afternoon in Chinatown with him.'

At first Spencer demurred, but changed his mind, and said he would go. He felt that some diversion was absolutely necessary. After luncheon the hotel clerk introduced to him an intelligent-looking, bright-eyed, yellow-skinned young man, well-dressed and gentlemanly, whose slanting eyes alone bespoke the celestial.

With his guide, Spencer went across town and took an overhead train for Chatham Square, where they got out. A few steps through Pell-street took them into the midst of Chinatown—that weirdest of weird dwelling-places, where the quaintness of the old changeless Chinese civilisation is engrafted on to the modern, ever-changing ways of New York.

Spencer went through it all like a man in a stupor. The tiny dens of the opium 'joint' keepers, like toll-houses in their smallness and prettiness; the gambling-rooms, where strange games, older than even the languages of the West, were proceeding—some of them in the midst of ceaseless chatter, others in silence; the grocery shops, where birds' nests and sharks' fins were the least strange of the wares displayed for sale; the Chinese printer's establishment, where books and papers were being printed by exactly the same methods the proprietor's ancestors used on the other side of the world before any European nation had even a name—none of the strange things of Chinatown aroused even passing interest in Spencer's troubled mind.

At the Joss House, where an occasional worshipper was burning Joss-paper before the great, grotesque, painted Joss, Spencer was sufficiently interested to ask his guide what it all meant—this solemn worship of a painted thing by grown men.

The guide rapidly outlined some of the oddities of Chinese religion.

'These men you see burning Joss-sticks before the image,' he said, 'are not seekers of salvation or repentant sinners, as one would expect them to be if they were worshipping in a Christian church. They are simply asking Joss to give them luck in some particular undertaking—gambling, probably.'

'And do you believe in that sort of thing?' Spencer asked, as the guide bought a little bundle of Joss-sticks at the counter beside the door from the ante-room through which they had entered.

'I am sure,' said the guide, with a smile, 'you do not care to have me discuss my religious views with you. It is expected that people who come here will invest something in Joss sticks.'

For a moment the troubled look had gone from Spencer's face, but it returned again as the guide talked. The young Chinaman noticed it, and seemed disappointed.

'I am afraid you do not find Chinatown interesting,' he said. 'I am sorry, for I had hoped you would be amused.'

'You are no more sorry than I am for my indifference,' Spencer returned. 'At any other time I am sure I should have enjoyed the day very much. But, to tell you the truth, I am not able to interest myself in anything to-day. I am expecting a cablegram that will mean everything to me. It cannot reach me till to-morrow; but, meanwhile, I am almost insane with anxiety. If your Joss, now,'—Spencer looked at his guide with a weak smile—'if your Joss could make it to-morrow.'

'Ah!' said the guide lightly, 'you are not a Chinaman. But,' he went on seriously, after a moment's thought, 'I have heard that old Hop Wah, the philosopher, can teach anyone how to kill time—how to annihilate it. He is a strange man, Hop Wah. He will interest you, perhaps, even if he does not teach you how to kill time. Shall we go and see him?'

With the thought that to do so might pass an hour of the time that separated him from the morrow, Spencer assented, and in a few minutes they were in the little waiting room of the Chinese philosopher's residence. The guide explained in Chinese to the servant who stood by the door to the inner room, that Spencer wished to consult Hop Wah. In a moment the servant returned and motioned that Spencer was to enter the inner room.

'You must go alone,' the guide said. 'It is a secret, I understand, this time-killing trick. Hop Wah knows English, so you will get on all right. I will wait for you here.'

The large, square inner room was brightly lighted by large windows. The floor was covered with skins of all sorts and sizes. There were no chairs, but around the walls there were great wide divans, as large as beds, and between them stood strange-looking cabinets of lacquer. One of the walls was occupied by a cabinet divided into scores of narrow square holes, in each of which was a rolled Chinese rice-paper book.

Hop Wah stood in the centre of the room—a little wiry old Chinaman, whose queue was so long that its end rested on the ground at his heels. His black satin tunic was lavishly ornamented with strange gold and silver embroideries, the richly-worked sleeves falling over his hands and hiding them.

'And what may I have the pleasure of doing for you?' Hop Wah asked, in a pleasant vigorous voice that came strangely from so old a man.

The philosopher wore a pair of large, round, tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles, and through their lenses looked the calmest, most searching pair of eyes Spencer had ever gazed into. Any idea that he was going to enjoy a lark, or be amused, that the Englishman may have had before he looked into those eyes, vanished at once. His mind became serious under their silent mastery.

'I am tortured by uncertainty regarding a matter that is of the greatest possible importance to me,' he said. 'I expect a message to-morrow or Sunday that will end the uncertainty, but meanwhile the time drags so slowly that I feel as if it were endless. I have been told that you were able to teach people how to make time pass quickly.'

'IT IS THERE, YOU CAN JUST SEE IT!'

'It must be that you are in love,' said Hop Wah, with a smile. 'Will you sit down?'

'Yes,' Spencer answered, simply.

'All I can do' said the philosopher, 'is to teach you to deceive yourself. Hypnotism, you call it in English. We Chinese think that what you call a hypnotist does not hypnotise his subject, but merely tells the subject how to hypnotise himself. We will try it if you like. But I must warn you not to do this sort of thing again after to-day. You must not get into the habit of killing time in this way. I should like you to promise this before we go on.'

Spencer had become deeply interested. The old man's eyes, with their calm expression of limitless power, fascinated him. If the Chinese philosopher could but hurry the time when a message would come from the woman he loved, he would promise anything.

'Yes, I promise,' he said, quickly.

'Thank you,' said the philosopher. 'Listen to me

now, please. Keep your eyes fixed steadily on mine. Can you bring yourself to imagine that, stretched straight before you, from between your eyes, is a hair, a single slender hair? It is there; you can just see it. It is very long, as long as Eternity. It is Time. Yes, you see it now, slender and straight, and endless, as endless as Time. But it is unbroken, and you can follow it with your eye far, very far. Is it not so?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Spencer, eagerly, so readily had his mind followed the Chinese philosopher.

'Listen to me again. Inside your head is a reel, a tiny little reel, that winds in the thread of time that you see before you. Listen! You can hear the steady, clickety-click-click, clickety-click-click-click, clickety-click-click, clickety-click-click-click, of the mechanism as it draws in the hair. Now it has begun to go faster. Has it not? Listen! "Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click," more and more quickly. Is it not so?'

Spencer's face lost its look of anxiety. He smiled. He knew it was all foolishness; yet there was the pleasant sound of perfect mechanism in his head. He lost all sense of the duration of time. The morrow no longer seemed distant. It was rushing along toward him, as the hair wound into his head. It was coming quickly now, very quickly. 'Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click!' It was all very vivid to his overwrought brain.

Hop Wah smiled as he saw what was passing through the younger man's mind.

'Yes,' he said, 'it will be to-morrow very quickly now. You must hurry back to your hotel and have dinner, so that you will be in time for the theatre to-night. You should go to the theatre to-night. You will enjoy it, for you will know that this reel in your head is going all the time, faster and faster, bringing to-morrow to you. But listen to me a moment longer. Take out your watch, please. Ah, it is a keyless watch. Now press the spring so that you can turn the hands of the watch. Turn them backward, now, backward, backward. There! The sound in your head has stopped, you no longer hear the mechanism. It is going slowly, naturally, so that it makes no sound.'

Slowly, scarcely knowing what he was doing, Spencer had taken his watch from his pocket and turned its hands backward, as the philosopher told him to do. The spell was broken. Again time dragged so slowly the morrow seemed an age off. He was angry with himself for having done as the Chinaman told him, and so lost the delightful delusion that had come to his relief.

'Now you are all right, my young friend; you are yourself again,' said Hop Wah, pleasantly. 'I have shown you how to withdraw yourself from the influence under which I placed you, so now you can kill time until you receive the message that you are expecting, and then you can stop the process. My fee is ten

SOMETIMES THERE WERE TRAINS TO BE WAITED FOR.

dollars. Thank you. Now, if you will keep your eyes fixed on mine, we will make another start in our fight with time.'

Then, with a few words, more quickly and easily, because Spencer's mind was so eager to follow, the Chinese philosopher again conjured up the fancy of the hair and the reel that devoured it, and sent Spencer away with the 'clickety-click, clickety-click' of the time wheels in his head.

'Well, what do you think of him?' asked the guide, as Spencer came into the ante-room.

'Wonderful, wonderful,' Spencer answered. 'But we must hurry. I want to go to the theatre after dinner, and it must be getting late.'

Through the evening the charm lasted, and Spencer's spirits rose as he felt the time slipping by. Events seemed to come and go with the rapidity of a hurried dream.

When he awoke the next morning he thought it was very late. His watch, he remembered, would not be right, for he had not set it after turning it backward at the Chinaman's. He wondered if he could stop the time-killer that was ticking away in his head all the time. He turned the hands of his watch backward. Suddenly the sound in his head ceased, and his normal perception of time returned. The fever of impatience again seized him, and he dressed hastily and hurried down to the hotel office to see if Ethel's message had come. It was waiting for him.

'Come. Must explain,' the message read simply.

Spencer booked homeward on the steamer sailing the same day, the one he had come over in. During the hours he sat alone with his thoughts, sheltered from the wind on the bench at the back of the engine-room, and watched the tossing waves glide past on either side, he could scarcely realise that anyone so happy as he could have been so miserable as he had been as he sat in that same spot little more than a week before. Now the whole future lay bright and smiling before him. Fate had but one favour, and that he had but to claim. He was happy; and if a thought of the trick the Chinaman had taught him came into his mind, he smiled at the idea that he would ever again be impatient at the slowness with which time passed. That was all over now. He was on his way to the woman he loved, and the time flew with the sparkling wings of happiness.

Once, when the steamer's chaplain came and talked to him, failing to see that Spencer would rather be alone with his thoughts, he tried, as an experiment, to put himself under the influence of the Chinaman's fantasy. The endless hair, the reel in his head, the 'clickety-click, clickety-click,' all came back to his mind, as vivid as they had been under the old Chinaman's masterful eyes, and shortened his boredom, so that he readily forgave the chaplain. When the dinner bell rang through the vessel, Spencer easily freed his mind from the Chinaman's chimera by turning the hands of his watch backward.

Spencer reached London early in the evening, and went at once to Ethel Houlton's home. She had gone to a dance, and left word that he was to follow her. As soon as he could dress, he went, and found that Ethel had refused all invitations to dance in anticipation of his coming. As they sat in the conservatory, she explained matters to him.

Colonel Haynes had been her father's most valued friend, and when Mr Houlton died four years before, everything except the real estate had been left in the colonel's hands. Before he died, Ethel's father asked her if she liked Colonel Haynes well enough to marry him. Ethel had known the colonel all her life, and, after her father, thought him the finest and best gentleman in the world. She mistook her admiration for love, and she told her father that she loved Colonel Haynes. But Mr Houlton would not allow Ethel to make any promise, except that she would not engage herself to anyone else before she was of age. She went on to tell Spencer how she had become interested in him, and her voice faltered, until Spencer took her hand and kissed it.

'Keep your story till another time, darling,' he said. 'All I want to know is, that you love me and will marry me.'

'But you must listen,' she said. It is so sad. I feel so sorry for the poor Colonel. He invested the money poor papa left in shares or something of the sort that turned out very badly; he is a very poor man of business, and lost it, but he was too easy-going to know what was happening. He signed bills for other people, too, and had to pay them, and then began borrowing money. Everything he had, as well as what papa entrusted to him is gone, and, worst of all, the money-lenders closed in on him. He told me everything, how much he owed and all the rest, and then asked me if I cared enough for him to save him by marrying him. I had never seen you then, and had never thought of marrying anyone else. Of course, I said 'Yes.' A week later I met you, and within a month you asked me to marry you. I hardly knew what to say to you. I loved you, I know that now, and I was within a month of coming of age, and no longer bound by my promise to my father. So I asked you to wait a month for your answer.

'The very next day I told Colonel Haynes all about it. He said the money-lenders were pressing him so closely that his solicitor had thought best to let his engagement be announced in some of the papers. They would wait then and not take proceedings against him, in the hope that they would get more by waiting. Mamma and I offered to lend him what money we could, but he refused to take a penny and told us that he was going to clear out. This is how he happened to be on the steamer with you.'

None of this was particularly interesting to Spencer. He wanted to talk of his love, the happiness he felt, and of the future. But Ethel wished to make him understand the reasons for her action. As he listened he could not help wishing that she would finish so that they might talk of other things. Then the thought came to his mind that the finish could easily be hastened.

'Dear me,' said the girl, 'you are turning your watch back. What do you do that for?'

'The time passes so quickly, now I am with you, my darling,' he said. 'I was thinking how glad I would be if I could turn the evening back as easily as I can my watch.'

'You are a funny boy,' she said lightly, more pleased than puzzled.

A few weeks later they were married, and were both very happy. But sometimes there were trains to be waited for during their honeymooning on the Continent, and sometimes there were shopping excursions to the shrines of fashion that the young bride had to undertake. At such times the fantasy of the thread and its reel recurred to the bridegroom's mind, and he found that it never failed to hasten the leaden hours that separated him from his wife.

All things seemed to go well with Spencer. His wife wished him to be a great man as well as a good one, to shine in his reflected glory. To please her he succeeded in winning a seat in Parliament, and Ethel was happy. He succeeded in all he undertook, and there seemed no limit to his possibilities. The great factor in his success was the capacity for hard work. The disagreeable tasks were cheerfully undertaken, and enthusiastically worked through. The Chinese time-killer hastened the heavy hours that he gave to his work, and quickened the coming of his leisure with its pleasures. He was able to sit out the longest speeches in the House, and none of their weak points escaped him. He was often the only member who knew all that had been said during a sitting. He felt no impatience under any circumstances, and was that rare man who was always at his best.

But as he came to resort more and more to the Chinese fantasy to relieve him of what was disagreeable in his busy life, to shorten the time during which his pleasures remained in anticipation, a change came over him. The pleasures no longer being deferred, coming quickly to him at his bidding, their anticipation was brief and free from impatience, and their enjoyment tame and without the thrill of satisfied longing. The absence of contrast left his life a flat succession of pleasant things that no longer had their full power of pleasing, having little or no foil in the shape of things not pleasant.

One of Spencer's chief delights had been his wife's singing. She was an accomplished musician, and Spencer used to bring home with him all the new music he could find, and spend hours listening to his wife's playing and singing, looking forward to these evenings with his two passions, Ethel and music, as ample rewards for the work and worries of his days. But as he came more and more to shorten the duration of what he did not enjoy, the keenness of his enjoyments failed. His wife's voice was no less musical, nor her instrumentation less skilful, but he had made himself deaf to the discords that were needed to accentuate their harmony. Thoughts of the morrow and its bothers used to come to him as he listened. He turned to the things that had before been unpleasant, for relief from the pleasures that palled on him, because they seemed so uninterrupted. The evenings seemed long, and he was impatient for the morrow with its change. To things that had been wearisome he began to look forward for relief from the monotony of pleasure. He no longer resorted to the time-killer to relieve him from drudgery, but, unconsciously at first, then systematicaly, availled himself of it to shorten the hours that were given to pleasure that no longer pleased. He undertook the compilation of vast masses of statistics to satisfy his craving for that which was disagreeable. He only recalled the Chinaman's fantasy now to shorten the duration of the time he, from habit, devoted to enjoyment. He had so effectively shielded himself from the tedium of work and worry, that this very tedium, long drawn out by stopping the time-killer, was his only pleasure.

But by shortening, obliterating his pleasures, Spencer deprived the unpleasant parts of his existence of the contrast that gave them their character, and they no longer pleased him. He became impatient of both happiness and unhappiness. He found in life no pleasures and no pains. The possibility of being unhappy, and with it the possibility of being happy, were gone from him. There were neither lights nor shades in his life, and it grew unbearable.

They found him one wet night in a first-class compartment, with an ugly black hole in his head.—*To-Day.*

COURT SINGERS FROM BERLIN.

TOUR OF NEW ZEALAND.

SINGERS and musicians of eminence have several times visited this colony, but if we mistake not, no singers from the Imperial Court of Berlin have yet honoured this colony with a visit. On Friday evening next Frau Margarethe Von Vahsel and Herr Rudolf Schmalfeld, Court singers to the Emperor of Germany, will commence a tour of the Australasian colonies in Auckland. Thence they will work South, timing themselves to meet Australian engagements when the excessive heat of Victorian and New South Wales summers is somewhat abated. These two eminent singers are, we understand, travelling for pleasure, but do not object to mingle business with their recreation.

Of their gifts and abilities there can be no question. As will be seen from the reproduction of Mr Falk's photographs, given herewith, the very beautiful *prima donna* is still in the first flush and glory of her youth, and that her husband is her contemporary. They come to us, therefore, in the very fulness of their power, and their appointment as Court singers at Berlin is assuredly ample testimony that they must both possess gifts of no common order. The sweets of success have been lavished on both, and besides the favour of their appointment Frau Margarethe Von Vahsel has received other marks of royal appreciation, including a magnificent diamond bracelet presented by the Emperor William, and Emperors do not give bracelets to every fair vocalist who sings before them.

Germany is the home of criticism and music, and the musical critics of Germany write in enthusiastic terms of the fair *prima donna*. One Berlin paper remarks:—'At Kroll's Theatre last Saturday Fräulein von Vahsel, Kammers angerin from Dessau, who made such favourable impression last year, began her starring engagement with Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" as Marie. The house was crowded, as the singer, who is as beautiful as she is celebrated, has last year won the approval of the theatre-going public, and they were prepared to give her a hearty welcome. Fräulein von Vahsel shewed herself this time, if possible, to more advantage still than at her first appearance. Her accomplishments were quite as much appreciated by the whole press as they were by last Saturday's audience with their frantic applause. The critics all agree in praising her. The *Kleine Journal* says: "When a suitable artist undertakes the chief part, we find this beautiful opera as fresh and delightful as it was a generation back. We make the acquaintance of one of the best in Fräulein von Vahsel. In this opera gravity and humour are finely displayed and these qualities are well reflected in this gifted artist. That she sang the pretty part exceedingly well in every way, proved another charm in her beautiful execution. In order to complete the aforesaid, we must add that Margarethe von Vahsel managed the drum like a virtuoso, she succeeded in every thing; the touching farewell from her 'fatherly' second regiment, and the humorous scene in the drawing-room of her strict aunt. The applause of the unusually animated audience was indeed genuine. Margarethe von Vahsel had to re-appear several times, and everyone left the theatre more than satisfied."' In the same way speak all the other papers.

The *Brunner Zeitung* says: 'Margarethe von Vahsel, a charming and genial young lady, of whom we have such brilliant accounts from Berlin, Leipzig, Magdeburg, Halle, Stettin, and Lübeck, will shortly grace our opera house. Hitherto it would appear, the young artist has only favoured stages of the German Empire. The theatre at Brünn is the first Austrian stage, where she will appear, and, it is to be hoped, her brilliant performances will quickly seize the imagination and win the applause of our countrymen. Fräulein van Vahsel will appear as the "Daughter of the Regiment," and as Mrs Fluth in Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor."' Respecting the part of Frau Fluth as rendered by her at the Kroll Theatre the music reporter of the *Berliner Volkszeitung* writes: 'We rarely have met anyone who could so happily combine music and acting (very necessary in this part) as does this young artist. Either the singer, who relies chiefly on the arts of colorature, comes to the fore, or the actress, who with tricks of drollery seeks to tickle the palate of her spectators. This is not the case with Fräulein von Vahsel; song and play serve her only as means to her purpose, viz., to render the character of this merry wife of Windsor in the utmost perfect manner, just as the poet and composer have created her in perfect and cheerful harmony. She impersonates her in a manner we have seldom seen at Kroll's since Jenny v. Weber. It would be difficult and invidious to single out some parts of this splendid performance, as her rendering in every particular is faultlessly done to the poet's conception. Here the tone does not appear as a song by itself, but the perfectly natural expression of the acting person, and this is real art, attained only by few. A palpable testimony of Fraulein von Vahsel's perfectly charming art has given no less a person than His Majesty, the actual German Emperor, himself who, to give expression to his approbation after her performance of Eva in Rich. Wagner's "Meistersinger," presented her with a valuable Diamond bracelet accompanied by the most gracious expression of approval.'

Speaking of a farewell concert given prior to her departure from Germany one critic says: 'Fräulein von Vahsel bade farewell at the concert here last night to the admirers of her art. As might have been expected, they had assembled in such great numbers that the concert room was filled to the last place. After a prelude of Beethoven's Sonata (C sharp minor), the concert-giver, dressed in white satin, and in her dark hair a wreath of white flowers as sole ornament, appeared and was received with great applause. She sang the grand air from "Hans Heiling," and in such a perfect way that every listener felt deeply moved by it. It seemed to us as if we had never heard Margarethe von Vahsel sing so sweetly, so touchingly as last night; it was as if the artist wished to show once more to her faithful admirers what they were about to lose, and greatly were her hearers delighted. The more this pleasure was expressed in loud ovations, the more liberal became the grateful artist by singing several extra songs.'

But perhaps the most splendid testimony is this which comes from the most eminent musical critic in Berlin:—'The Kammersingerin (singer to the court), Margarethe von Vahsel, a favourite with our theatre-going public, has once more distinguished herself and raised the reputation of our theatrical management by her great success at Berlin last summer. A starring engagement crowned with such extraordinary success at the Kroll Theatre, means already something, if we consider that on that stage, German stars of first magnitude used to meet during the summer season. It was quite natural that people's attention should be directed to the distinguished singer, and it was not surprising at all that Fräulein von Vahsel received a very advantageous call to the royal theatre at Munich. We hear, however, that the artist declined the offer, for the time being, at the special wish of the ducal family, and so the highly esteemed lady remains at our court theatre, and, let us hope, for a very long time. This excellent artist has lately concluded a successful engagement at Stettin, one result of which being that she found herself giving more performances than she had agreed to give. We cannot abstain from mentioning a critique of this splendid performance.'

The *Stettiner Zeitung* writes about the 'Merry Wives of Windsor':—'With regard to our new star, Fräulein von Vahsel, we must state that from the outset she conquered everybody. Her song and play are of the most winning order, and along with it, she shows great character and force besides being always correct.'

Commenting on her performance of a very difficult *rôle* the *Staats-Anzeiger* writes:—'At the last performance of Gounod's "Margarethe," it was clear that this beautiful opera stood as high as ever in the estimation of its admirers and the beauty of its passages was enhanced, if possible, by the skill of the executor. Fräulein von Vahsel, who sang the Margarethe, gained a brilliant success with the jewel-air, the last part of the garden and cathedral scene, but especially with the *finale*, where her delicate mezzo-voce, as well as the brilliancy and the force of her soprano, were of great use to her. The tone of this beautiful voice was not only technically correct, but sounded with so much feeling, that skill and form blended into delicious harmony. Yet there is still something else which is of great importance in the part of Gretchen: Fraulein von Vahsel's voice possesses the charm of youth, of undiminished vigour, and loveliness. No wonder that she produces in such parts a very great effect. It is above all the true feeling animating the delivery of each tone, and the improvising faculty, so peculiar to the artist, which allows everyone of her creations to appear as the spontaneous outpouring of a warm and passionate nature and therefore enraptures all her hearers. We see in this artist the possession of great natural gifts carefully cultivated and developed by patient study.'

Professor Vogel, a man whose name is known in musical circles all over the world, highly praises Fräulein von Vahsel's Carmen, and speaks also in the follow-

Falk. photo.

HERR RUDOLF SCHMALFELD.
Court singer to the Emperor of Germany.

ing warm terms of Herr Schmalfeld :—'Her partner, too,' he writes, 'Herr Schmalfeld, as Don José, had perfectly well conceived and executed his part. The affectionate sergeant, who thinks very tenderly of home and his mother, becomes by degrees a passionate and savage bandit, who ruins himself and his sweetheart by his blind jealousy. But Don José was a splendid creation of Herr Schmalfeld as well in song as in play, and quite an even match for Fräulein von Vahsel's Carmen.'

The press, indeed, accord to the tenor praise as high as that bestowed so liberally upon his wife. Speaking of a performance of Stradella, the *Kieler Zeitung* remarks: 'The performance was greatly improved by the *début* of a tenor, Herr Rudolf Schmalfeld, from Neustrelitz, a pupil of the Baryton von Milde of Hanover. The cordial reception he met with on the part of the audience was the more striking, as the applause had not been called forth by any local patriotism. The voice proved to be well trained, and especially rich in the mean tenor. The fascinating sweet voice, the touching execution produced a refreshing effect on his hearers. A clear start, a scrupulously correct song, where each note has been well studied, and a distinct pronunciation of the words complete the accomplishments of this young tenor. The air of "Salvator Rose" was a complete success.'

And so forth and so on. Columns of extracts might be given, but enough has been said to show that a treat of no ordinary kind awaits the concert-goers of this colony.

There never was a woman who didn't long to tell some other woman just how she ought to do up her hair.

Success and happiness come to us gradually. You've got to bite through the bread-and-butter before you strike the ham in your sandwich.

THE PIONEERS OF TROUT ACCLIMATISATION IN CANTERBURY.

THE following letters, which I have received through the kindness of Mr Reginald Foster, one of the first of those who went to so much trouble and expense in stocking the lakes and rivers of the Canterbury mountain country with trout, shows something of what was done for acclimatisation in the early days. I think if the young New Zealanders, who enjoy the sport of catching fish which their fathers introduced at such cost, would follow their example and take some trouble to assist acclimatisation, we should soon be able to have in New Zealand as good all-round sport as is to be found in any country. Trout may be said to be thoroughly established here, and I, as one who has enjoyed many a pleasant day's fishing, offer my thanks to those men who first stocked our rivers. I hope that attention will be given to many other kinds of game, both fish and fowl, to deer and other things, and that New Zealanders will recognise in this work a duty to their country, to themselves as true sportsmen, and to posterity which may love sport. The letters which follow are in response to my special request, and show how men have spared neither labour nor expense in the work of acclimatisation, and not only in the mere introduction, but in the after care and attention so necessary to the undertaking. Mr Reginald Foster writes me as follows :—

'I believe that the first attempt to stock the mountain lakes and rivers of Canterbury with trout was made by the late Hon. Josh. Hawdon, M.L.C., one of the pioneers of Australia. Mr Hawdon was a thorough sportsman, and when he took up his residence in Canterbury, showed great interest in the acclimatisation of fish, pheasants, partridges, etc. In October, 1870, Mr Hawdon took 100 trout fry from the Christchurch hatching ponds for the purpose of stocking Lake Grasmere in the Upper Waimakariri basin. Mr Hawdon went to considerable trouble and expense in providing relays of horses in order to get the fish over the critical portion of the journey as quickly as possible, that was across the plains to the first mountain stream, the Kowai river, some 40 miles. Jars of water were taken in the vehicle with which to renew the water in the cans every hour or so, and an india rubber ball with tube attached was used for aerating the water in the cans. All these precautions were considered necessary, this being the first effort to transport trout to any distance, and the result so far was most satisfactory, for the Kowai river, just beyond the present Springfield Railway Station, was reached without the loss of a fish. From thence over Porter's Pass to Mr Hawdon's homestead, Grassmere, some 32 miles, the work was easy, there being mountain streams every two or three miles, and the fish were landed at Grassmere without the loss of even one. But after this splendid success most unfortunately bad counsels prevailed, for notwithstanding Mr Johnson, who was as eager for success as Mr Hawdon himself, urging that the trout fry should not be fed but turned out in Lake Grassmere as quickly as possible, Mr Hawdon decided to go on past the lake to the station about two miles, where the trout were regaled with maggots off a sheepskin, the result being that all but one turned up, and Mr John D. Enys, then of Castle Hill in the Hokitika Road, but now of Enys in Cornwall, took the one trout down to Lake Grasmere, and thus had the honour of putting the first trout into a Canterbury mountain lake. What became of this unfortunate celibate fish will probably never be known. In November, 1873, Mr Reginald Foster, of Avoca and Craigieburn, made the second effort to stock the Upper Waimakariri waters. He took from the Christchurch ponds 102 trout fry, and succeeded in landing them at Craigieburn with the loss of only one. They were then placed in a small artificial pond and kept there until the following November, when those that had escaped the shags—a few being lost in the mud in catching them—to the number of 58 were put into Lake Pearson. The following year, 1874, Mr Foster took another lot of 300 in one can much against the advice of Mr Johnson. However, not one was lost. These were distributed as follows :—Lake Lyndon, 25; Broken River, 25; Sloven's Creek, 25; Lake Pearson, 100; Lake Grasmere, 50. The late Mr John Cochrane, and Mr White, took 50 and put them in Lake Letitia, and Mr Bruce, of Cora Lynn, near the Bealey, took 25 over Arthur's Pass to the paddock on the Teremakau. In every instance these fish established themselves, and there is now an abundance of trout in the Upper Waimakariri waters.'

'Fendalton

'November 23rd, 1895.

'Reginald Foster, Esq.

'Dear Sir.—As you have expressed a desire to hear from me how and when trout were first introduced into Lake Heron, I have much pleasure in sending you the following particulars :—In the year 1872 my friend, the late G. C. Nixon (then manager of Alford Station), and myself decided that we would try to put trout into that fine sheet of water on the bank of which I was then living. We accordingly at our joint expense procured from the Acclimatisation Society, Christchurch, eighty-six young fry of that season's hatch, then about an inch in length, and Mr Nixon brought them up in his buggy to Lake Heron, taking, I think, three days on the road, and he was most successful with his charge, as they all arrived alive. In the meantime, I had prepared a nursery for them, it being our intention not to turn them out at once into the lake, but to keep them where we could look after them until they had attained a sufficient size to be able to take care of themselves. The place selected was a lagoon about one acre in extent and about five feet at its greatest depth, situated within 20 yards of my house, where I thought I could protect them from the shags which then swarmed on the lake. Into this lagoon I led a constant stream of water from a neighbouring creek, and, of course, properly protected both inlet and outlet so that they could not escape. On Mr Nixon's arrival with the fish they were at once placed in this lagoon, and great was our triumph at his successful journey. From this time they were kept in the nursery for rather more than two years, and during the latter half of that time were regularly fed, and they increased in size very fast; but close as the lagoon was to the house I had great difficulty in preserving them from the shags, which had found them out, and were incessant in their attacks. At the end of the time mentioned, thinking that they were sufficiently large, I netted the lagoon and took out 36 fine fish, varying in weight from one and a-half to three pounds. There were five left, which we failed to catch, so that the result was 41 large fish from the 86 fry placed in the nursery. The 36 fish caught we placed in the river where it issues from the lake, having only about 200 yards to carry them in large cans. It was easily done, and thus was accomplished the stocking of Lake Heron, the results of which are well known. The following winter I saw several pairs of fish on spawning beds in the river a short distance below the lake, and the number increased each succeeding winter until they were there in hundreds. I may mention that during the time the fish were in the nursery and for years afterwards I destroyed the shags on the lake increasingly until they nearly abandoned it altogether, and to this I in a great measure attribute the quick increase of the fish after being turned out.—Yours faithfully,

'F. POLHILL.'

Falk, photo.

FRAU MARGARETHE VON VAHSEL.
Court singer to the Emperor of Germany.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE most popular man in the British Empire to-day is, I take it, the Marquis of Salisbury, and perhaps there is not in Europe a man more laughed at, contemned, and disliked than the very foolish and hot-headed young monarch who reigns as Emperor of Germany, and who appears to imagine he can interfere with the affairs of nations in the same very extraordinary manner in which he interferes with the pleasures of members of his family and of the Imperial house. The favour with which the great conservative leader of England is regarded is as well deserved as the ridicule and resentment which reward the vagaries of William II. The present British Administration was returned to power with a majority which shewed beyond dispute that the people trusted it and its leaders implicitly. That confidence has been fully justified. It makes one shudder to think what the troubles of the last few months might have meant to England had there been a weaker leader, a less competent Foreign Minister at the head of affairs. Rarely in the history of the present generation has any British government

THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THE EMPIRE.

been called upon to decide so many dangerous, difficult, and delicate matters in so brief a period of existence. Almost before time has been allowed to draw breath over one peril averted, another has shown itself. But the iron hand in the velvet glove has never yet failed to seize on the situation, and to make it abundantly clear to the world that there are still statesmen in England, and soldiers, sailors, ships and shekels to boot if they should be required. It is a good thing and a great thing for these colonies to have such a man as the Marquis of Salisbury has proved himself to be at the head of affairs in England. A jingo policy is not, ordinarily speaking, to our taste in the colonies; but Lord Salisbury is not by any means a jingo minister. Lord Beaconsfield would have been more truculent, more jingoesque, more dramatic than Lord Salisbury in the present situation. He would have probably engineered some theatrical and showy, though practically useless coup, but he could never have dealt with the matter with the cool, wise, firm statesmanship which has characterised Lord Salisbury's action in each of the grave difficulties which he has surmounted with so much credit to himself and so much honour to England. I confess that when matters are finally settled up—and this time seems at present writing nearer than one could have supposed a day or two ago—I should like to see a colonial vote of thanks forwarded to the British Premier for the very admirable manner in which he has upheld the honour of the great Empire whose sons and daughters we are.

AND the German Emperor! '*The heaven-born, God-inspired*' (as he calls himself) and autocratic ruler of Germany! What of him? That meddlesome monarch is engaged in the humiliating and disagreeable manœuvre vulgarly, but aptly, denominated 'climbing down.' When one realises the depth of the hole into which Kaiser William II. put his foot when he sent that indiscreet message to Kruger, one cannot help feeling some slight pity for the unfortunate man. His position is most distinctly unpleasant, and it will require all his well-nigh limitless self-confidence and boundless conceit to enable him to brazen out the shame of this snubbing he has received with any sort of success. And braggartly and boldly as he may bear himself in public, the man must realise in his own heart what a consummate mistake he has made, and how great a target he has made himself for the ridicule and satire of statesmen in every other European country.

BUT certainly he is a very extraordinary young man. His passion for interfering with the business and pleasures of other people amounts to positive mania. In the same week that he committed the fatal blunder of interfering in the Transvaal quarrels he reprimands a member of his house for skating too much, and for this heinous offence sends the peccant Prince in disgrace from the Imperial Presence. When a man of lesser note than an Emperor commits tactless blunders, pokes his nose into other people's business, and behaves generally with supreme contempt for everyone but himself, his friends not infrequently call him eccentric, and mention the fact as if everything should be forgiven on that account. This is convenient for the eccentric, and occasionally may save him from a horse-whipping. It is bad and mischievious that Society should have agreed to allow certain people the privilege of being 'eccentric,' but after all that is Society's own affair, and will right itself in time. But in nations eccentricity of this type cannot be taken as an excuse. If the German Emperor's head is so hot that he must needs insult the country that has and is supporting some hundreds of his relations, and has several times put itself out to do him honour against its will, mainly to please his relations, why, there is the old-fashioned remedy of blood-letting. It is a heroic cure, but a certain, and should Kaiser William's case become aggravated, he will assuredly find Britain both willing and able to apply it. He doubtless remembers that she has a somewhat extensive experience in this line, but that her charges for the cure when effected might probably be high.

MEANWHILE there is one grim old figure, one splendid statesman, looking out from his retirement at Friedrichsruhe, who must look upon the follies and vagaries of his sovereign with a peculiar mixture of pity, amusement, contempt and profound heartrending regret. The portrait of Prince Bismarck so cavalierly dismissed by the 'heaven-appointed' Emperor, which appears on this page, seems to have a watchful, worried look, as if he saw the dangers and pitfalls into which the young master of Germany is rushing that great nation, and had buttoned on his storm coat with the muttered remark, 'I may be wanted yet.' And shamefully as the Emperor has treated the great Prince, to whom he owes so incalculable a debt, there can be no doubt that at the very first note of danger, the first hint of acute and imminent trouble, the German people would turn to the Grand Old Man who has successfully negotiated so many difficulties, and who set Germany on the high and honourable position from which the folly of her Emperor can alone precipitate her. Nor will the Old Man disregard the appeal. If it were only the German Emperor with whom England would have to concern herself in case of a war, the game would be easy indeed, but despite ingratitude and insult, despite a patronising manner most offensive to such a man, the German Emperor will have the counsels and help of perhaps the most massive political intellect and most splendid statesmanship of our age. It will not, cannot effect ultimate results, but it will provide England with a worthy adversary—one against whom she will have to exercise all her powers before she gains the inevitable victory.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

STORM CLOUDS GATHER, 'I MAY BE WANTED YET!'

COLONIALS who have not visited London cannot form the slightest conception of the intense antipathy felt by the masses and middle classes towards the Germans. Nor is the reason of this antipathy hard to discover. The German clerk, the German tailor, the German dock-labourer, the German waiter, have swarmed into positions formerly occupied by Englishmen, and are rapidly becoming as deeply distrusted and disliked by Londoners as the Chinese and other aliens are by ourselves. And for the same reasons. They can live on what an Englishman would starve. They are, to their honour be it said, more hardworking and steadier. They never get stale, and never strike. They work for the merest pittance, in many cases not only receiving no salary, but actually paying premiums for their positions, their avowed object being to learn English. Of course it would be well if our youth could more closely follow the German model in the matter of thrift, economy, and hardworking faculty. English boys were not originally built that way, but times are changing, and they are changing with the times, and the reproach that German clerks are better for the employer than English will very soon be wiped out. It is, as will be see, the virtues of the Germans that have caused the jealousy and dislike of Londoners in the past, but the terrible extent to which it might be worked up in case of a conflict between England and Germany, when the faults of that nation would also be in the reckoning, is not pleasant thinking for anyone, least of all for the large German colony in London.

MR CECIL RHODES, of whom a portrait—and a very excellent one—is herewith given, has at the time of writing yet to give his version of the trouble in the Transvaal. And since Mr Rhodes attained his present position no less by his power of keeping silence when it so suited him than by his will power and great

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY—THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

administrative ability, he is not likely to commit himself in any way at present. The heavy loss which the Chartered Company will suffer may possibly ruin the company and its shareholders, but Mr Rhodes is a multi-millionaire, and far too knowing a financier to put all his eggs into one basket. He will be annoyed; so

'THE GOD IN THE CAR'—MR CECIL RHODES.

will Barney Barnato. They may drop a million or so apiece before the matter is settled, but there their financial afflictions will end. The Car, as Anthony Hope has it in his novel, of which Cecil Rhodes is surely the thinly-disguised hero, will move on no matter who or how many are bruised and crushed under the wheels.

TEUTONIC humour is not usually of the brilliant order, and the average German has not commonly a talent for *repartee*. It must be confessed, however, that the German Band fellows in Melbourne scored, and scored heavily, in that street scene reported in Friday evening's cables. It was an admirable idea on the part of the loyal and warlike Melbournians to make the Germans play 'Rule Britannia,' to cheer lustily the while, and to reward the music makers liberally; but the Germans certainly turned the laugh with wonderful adroitness and commonsense when they offered to play 'God Save the Queen' on similar terms. Under similar circumstances, had the offer been made to a Frenchman, he would have spat in the face of the spokesman who proposed such a thing. The German Band wins.

WANTED, Stonebrokers at once!' As might have been anticipated, the above advertisement, which appeared one evening last week in a very large evening paper in the North Island, attracted a vast amount of attention. The week's racing, not to mention keeping Christmas, had provided a very healthy army of *stone brokers*, who literally besieged the house of the unlucky advertiser, who dared not venture forth till the arrival from town of a huge placard (sent for in hot haste), 'I wanted stonebreakers, not stonebrokers.' The crowd then groaned heavily, cursed volubly, and as they say of deputations, withdrew.

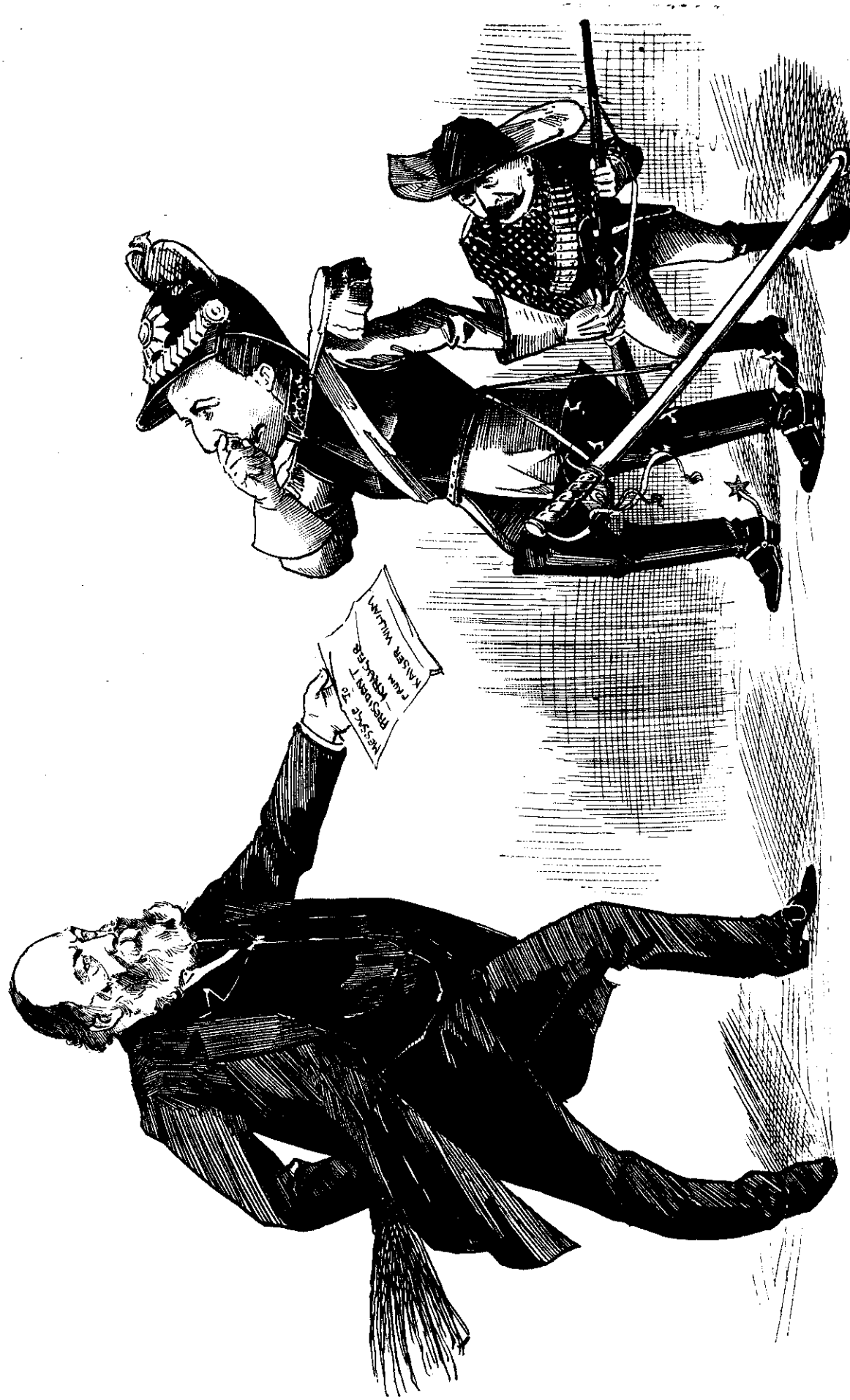
A GENTLEMAN by the name of Yatman, one of the promenading platform preachers who raid this country from time to time to save our souls and collect our tuppences, has pronounced the very extraordinary dictum that 'a man who uses tobacco loses the finer sensibilities of a gentleman.' Now I should like to know which are the finer sensibilities to which Mr Yatman refers. The weather is something too hot for argument, as far as I myself am concerned, but if any champion of the weed cares to enter the lists against Mr Yatman, and to combat his preposterous and very absurd assertion, I shall be pleased to afford him reasonable space in these columns to do so. The value of what Mr Yatman has to say on the liquor question and prohibition may be estimated from his narrow minded dictum on smoking. Which of the finer sensibilities of a gentleman did Tennyson lack, by the way? and is not Sir Walter Raleigh accredited with having been one of the finest gentlemen in the world? Mr Yatman's ideal of the fine old word is probably—Mr Yatman.

MAN never is but always to be blessed! In the piping times of assured peace we are prone to peevish plaints against the dullness and stupidity of the cable colums of our daily paper. Now when the cables are of a nature to stir the pulse of the most phlegmatic, and to rouse the martial spirit of the most unpatriotic and callous colonial, when the press teams with rumours of wars, and all the nations of the earth seem suddenly actuated by a desire to fall upon the busy Britisher and to stop forever his schemes of self-advancement, we shake our heads and sigh regretfully for the dull papers and stupid cable columns, which we sadly recognise meant peace and prosperous times. Now the chances of peace, for any length of time, seem getting more and more remote. The fire may be stamped out temporarily in South Africa, though that seems doubtful, but it will surely burst out in some new and perhaps totally unexpected quarter. As I said last week, I cannot pretend much to regret the fact. It is inevitable, so it would seem, that men must fight, and if they must, why it is better that England should not get out of training by having too long a rest in between.

IT is, however, high time Englishmen realised that under the new conditions of warfare the old idea that one English Tommy Atkins could account for four 'bloomin' foreigners' is a fallacy and a farce, a farce that has already ended in a somewhat grim tragedy. Our men are as brave as ever; they will fight as stubbornly, and they will keep up the tradition that they don't know when they are beaten, but beaten and beaten badly, as Jameson's forces were, they will continue to be if they insist on underestimating the fighting powers of their enemies. Under the new condition of warfare no man, however brave or gallant, can be safely trusted to do the work of four. The quick-firing rifle, the deadly machine gun, the hundred and one improvements in death - dealing instruments have made modern warfare a thing of brains rather than bravery, of generalship rather than gallantry. It is true that a brave and gallant deed may yet occasionally electrify the world and prove that the spirit of our forefathers yet lives within us, but far more often, and oftener still in the future, will gallant but foolish attempts to fight against superior odds result in the disaster and defeat which overtook poor Jameson's ill-fated and ill-advised expedition.

AND in connection with that expedition let us not be in too great a hurry to condemn a brave and gallant officer. With the unwisdom and foolhardiness of the affair it is not now time to speak; the man has his punishment. But we cannot but feel proud of the manner in which he and his band fought during those thirty-six memorable hours. But we must hope it will prove that even the bravest and most determined must come to grief if they insist on trying impossibilities, and still endeavour through a mistaken notion of national superiority to pit one Britisher against four times the number of his adversaries.

THE late Mr John Peter Robinson was one of the unknown millionaires of England. His will has just been proved, the gross value of the real and personal estate being entered at Somerset House at £1,119,660 12s 5d. The executors are Messrs Thomas Peter Clarkson, Philip Goddard, Richard Rabbidge, George James Wenham, and William Hitchins, to each of whom is bequeathed a legacy of £500. The testator leaves legacies of £30,000 each to three of his sons, and, after giving certain specific legacies and annuities, he bequeaths the residue of his estate in trust for his other children. The business will be carried on by the trustees. This is not the only instance of a million of money being made in retail business, but cases of the kind are very rare. The fortune was not made in a single lifetime. Mr Robinson's father founded the Oxford-street shop, which had obtained great prosperity when the late proprietor succeeded to its control. A very interesting article commenting on the advantages of trade over professions, as exemplified by Mr Robinson's, appears on page 49 of this issue.



A ROD IN PICKLE.

LORD SALISBURY: 'Now Sir, Have the goodness to tell me what *this* means?'
WILLIAM: 'Oh, oh, nothing sir, nothing, and please sir I won't do it again.'

ON 'CHANGE.

THE revival of the boom, which we are informed so confidently is coming, has not yet, after the proverbial fashion of coming events, cast its shadow before. In last week's brief par it was remarked that the market opened listlessly. It certainly went on worse. Tuesday was a day for the stockbroker to shudder at, and Wednesday little better. At their first meeting on 'Change sharebrokers and stonebrokers had attempted a sort of 'slap-bang-here-we-are-again' jocularity of bearing, intended no doubt to hearten each other up, but in view of that awful 'board' with its interminable array of sellers to some half dozen buyers, and its microscopic record of business done, what could any self-respecting punter do but quote bitterly from his Shakespeare. 'Oh, monstrous! but one half pennyworth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack.'

The faces of the outside brokers were longer even than those of their clients, for a story had got about that the Association men had determined to exclude 'outside brokers' from the floor. The rumour does not seem to have any more solid foundation than the undeniable fact that the Association would do it if they had the power. But even if, as suggested, they lined the whole building right out, how would they keep the outside broker out while allowing the ordinary public in? The only way would be a turnstile and a janitor, and then it wouldn't act. The general public would betake itself to the new Exchange, which the outsiders would assuredly open.

It is easy enough to understand the feelings of the Association men. They bore the seven years of famine with patience, and when there seems a prospect of a time of plenty, the business is swamped by a perfect deluge of amateurs, so to speak.

On the other hand the 'amateurs' ask with some pertinence why should there be a monopoly of an easy and (while it lasts) extremely lucrative business?

But the difficulty is one which will settle itself very shortly without much trouble. If the boom does not revive in a very few weeks the number of outside brokers will be astonishingly reduced. The small boys, the wastrels, the ne'er-do wells, and hangers on who thronged the sharemarket during the golden days of midsummer madness, which ended in the collapse of Bunkers, will drop out. The fittest only will survive, and the script market will be a more tolerable and a more honest place.

At present there are considerably more than twice as many sharebrokers as there are speculators. One or two of the weakest have already gone under, but there are a considerable number of 'the baser sort' whose loss would, in Ko-Ko's words, be a distinct gain to the community at large.

The news that all the men from Bunkers had been sacked was quickly followed by the announcement that Mr Stubbs had been appointed manager, *vice* Mr Harrison. New managers, new men, new everything, except new gold. However, hope springs eternal. A three-penny call has apparently raised the spirits of speculators in this stock, for they saw a moderate rise at the close of the week over and above the 'thruppence.' But, alas and alack! 5s 6d is mighty long ways from 18s 6d, at which so many hold this once greatly-fancied stock.

The Chamber of Mines meeting was not of an exciting nature, and nothing to interest punters transpired. Several mouths 'outside' watered over the proposed salary of £200, which it was proposed to offer as salary for Secretary. A finance and legal committee (this looks bad for the £200) has, however, got the matter in hand. It was proposed to offer the position to Mr G. S. Kissling. That gentleman was, by the way, dangerously ill at the end of last week, but is now, I am pleased to say, considerably better, though by no means well yet. Of course no one can dispute Mr Kissling's fitness for the post; his qualifications are excellent, but it *is* possible other men might do as well. Would it not be fairer to offer a post like this by advertisement, and to elect by ballot.

Mine managers' reports, as might have been expected, have been more than usually dull. Mostly they consist of news of resumption of work, with the inevitable closing remark that 'something good' may be reported any day. It would be as well to have some abbreviation for this stock remark. 'Selah' or 'Usufruct,' or some such code word would signify all that is needed. It would save time, mean just as much, and inspire just as much hope and confidence.

News from the following mines was, it must be admitted, however, of the better order, though the prices were but little affected. A lot of picked stone was got from Pride of Tokatea, and the Four in Hand people also reported a haul of several pounds; but somehow since Bunkers (at 18s 6d) burst the boom, news of picked stone will not raise a smile on the face of the most sanguine speculator.

The news from Hauraki North is certainly good, of the best indeed. 'Gold at both ends' of a big thick leader is not so bad in a mine which has turned out the gold this one used to in the old days. An excellent report, too, is that from the Central, where eight reefs have, we are informed, already been discovered, with assays of from 18s to £3 16s a ton. A cheering return in these somewhat depressed times was that from the Crown, 337 tons for £1,980 is not so bad, and certainly an improvement on the yield of the former month, when £1,850 of bullion resulted from 442 tons.

ON LAWFUL EXPENDITURE.

(BY MRS LYNN LINTON)

A CONTROVERSY has always raged round the point where lawful lavishness ends and unjustifiable extravagance begins. The dicta of prudence, coupled with the demands of charity, are brought into play here; while there, the general good following on the distribution of wealth is shown to be like the touch of a moral Midas, turning the base metal of extravagance into the gold of a public benefit. In truth, nothing is less positive nor more elastic than this matter of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of expenditure; the whole value or discredit lying in proportion, and the individual conditions of each case.

A great many good people hold expenditure to be wrong as contrasted with charity; and to give seems to them a better thing than to employ. They speak with a fine disdain of certain sons of Mæcenas who will spend say a thousand pounds on the flowers of an entertainment; and they substantially echo the reproach of those who murmured against the use to which was put that 'alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious,' which might have been sold and the money given to the poor, as they speak of the many poor people who are starving, and contrast their destitution with the lavishness which gives so large a sum of money for things which will last only a few days at most. But they do not remember that this sum represents the work and wages of dozens of industrious men; while giving in charity simply helps to breed beggars and increase pauperism. Yet, if this thousand pounds given by a millionaire is represented by five given for the decking of a small dinner-table by one who perhaps has five hundred a year all told, then 'if one will' the extravagance is criminal, and the sneers of a censorious world are not undeserved.

The spendthrift squandering his patrimony on worthless companions and degrading pleasures, till he touches the bare boards, has ever been a figure in human society, and a lawful butt for the shafts of the satirist. Wherever he has been found—in Athens, Rome, Paris, London—he has cut the same sorry figure, and earned the contempt with which his name has been covered. Even when something less than this—when only more free-handed than prudent, and of the kind who is no one's enemy but his own—he has wrought for condemnation; and the wiser thinkers do not even love him for his generosities, nor say other than Dr. Johnson, 'I do not call a tree generous that sheds its fruit at every breeze.' When the astute meet with the soft, the contest is unequal, and the result a foregone conclusion. Those who cannot take care of themselves can hardly expect others to be their guardians. And though we except from this general disdain both sailors and women, and look for neither prudent suspicion from the one, nor resolute resistance from the other, still, even these must lie in the bed they themselves have made; and if that bed be emptied of its feathers and stuffed full of thorns instead, who is to blame but themselves.

Talking of women, the oddest contradictions in the way of expenditure meet in their bosoms. Extravagant beyond all measure, so that they bring husbands and lovers to ruin for mere whims of fancy, they are mean in small things, and crazy for cheap bargains to the extent of a national disaster. She, who will drain an exhausted purse for a diamond necklace worth six thousand pounds, will haggle over a pound more in the yearly wages of a good servant, or fret out her soul over the introduction of an extra scullery maid in her ample kitchen. A millionaire's bill of portentous dimensions is contrasted with the order for Australian mutton and margarine for butter. The golden stream flowing freely from the bunghole is sought to be checked by plugging up the minute trickle at the spiggot. By which the two characteristics are satisfied—the desire for beautiful things no matter what the cost, and the love of small economies no matter what the intrinsic valuelessness of the saving.

Where the revenue is royal, expenditure ought to be royal, too; else is the owner a curmudgeon whose material wealth but the more clearly shows his moral poverty. Of what use to starve his employés to amass those piles which he cannot take with him? Grant that he founds an institution that shall bear his name and perpetuate his memory, how long does the individuality of that memory last? Of all the charities distinguished by the name of their founders, who knows anything, or cares anything, about their personality? Lost in the darkness of backward time, that name is the familiar *vox et preterea nihil*: and of what avail to the dead the mere name that stands for nothing better than a colour, a signpost, an adjective to the living? Doubtless many charities have been founded by men who were sincerely philanthropic; men who thought they could not employ their money better than by making human lives so far brighter and happier for all time. But when not of this purely benevolent kind, these grand donations and the like have been the very culmination of egoism in the desire to be renowned in the future, though at the expense of the present. It is the same spirit as that which makes a man grind the faces of the poor, stint his wife and under-educate his family, that he may 'cut up' well in the Court of Probate, and be quoted as a warm man who left his plum with all the bloom on it.

In nothing is character more convincingly shown than in the amount and quality of a man's expenditure. One goes in for unique curios, for which he gives fancy prices in nowise represented by the intrinsic worth of the article. Another will have his money's worth in material, and looks on taste and pedigree as no better than so many bulrushes in my lady's vase. A third must have bold luxury in the mounting of his household; and a fourth contents himself with a modest plenty in the house, while giving all his strength to his garden, his greenhouses, his outbuildings, his estate. After these, with their lawful lavishness, pants the crowd of feeble imitators; the haunters of old bric-a-brac shops and eager purchasers of rubbish; those who content themselves with cheap imitations of costly ornaments; those who spend on show what ought to go in substance; those who give to peddling little 'improvements' what they take from the butcher and the baker. The millionaire's wife wears sables which cost a king's ransom; and is justified, The extravagant little wife of a poorly paid professional spends half her yearly allowance on a collarette that is out of place in her wardrobe. The wealthy bibliophile with a taste for bindings and rare editions has his imitator in the impecunious connoisseur, who gives the price of his week's food for a book with a damaged binding and illegible text. A youth of 'precious' tendencies will ruin himself on old prints, old lutes, old crucifixes, old altars; and when reproached for maladministration of his slender income, pleads the aesthetic value of his purchases, and the spiritual comfort they give him. And but few recognise the exact relation between income and expenditure, or can draw the line where the lawful ends and the unlawful begins—between, say, the superb splendour of a ducal marriage where nothing is beyond allowance, and the disproportion of a wedding costing fifty pounds, where the income of the young couple is under two hundred a year.

POLLARDS IN 'PAUL JONES.'

JUST on the moment of our going to press come the good news that the Pollards are coming back to New Zealand. They will open in Auckland in 'Paul Jones,' and will doubtless be accorded a great reception.

THE STEINHAUER CONCERT.

THE Steinhauer concert takes place on Monday next in Auckland, and the numerous friends of Madame Steinhauer will doubtless assemble in force to give her and her company a very vigorous welcome. Already there is evidence of the great interest taken in the reappearance of Madame Steinhauer and the *début* of the contralto, of whom so much has been said.

AUCKLAND MINING COMPANIES.

SHARE INVESTORS' GUIDE.

COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	NO. OF SHARES.	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION	MANAGER.
THAMES—		£			s. d.	s. d.	Acres.	s. d.	
Alburnia	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	1 0	54	5 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Alburnia East	N.L.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	Nil.	60	6	H. Gilfillan
Argosy	N.L.	10,000	80,000	70,000	2 6	Nil.	200	1 0	Jesse King
Adelaide	N.L.	20,000	80,000		5 0	Nil.	12½	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Bell Rock	N.L.	20,000	80,000	60,000	5 0	Nil.	100	1 0	S. C. Macky
Broken Hill	Ltd.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	0 2		1 2	R. M. Scott
Cardigan	Ltd.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0			1 6	R. M. Scott
Cambria	Ltd.	22,350	44,700	44,700	10 0		15½	1 6	R. M. Scott
City of Dunedin	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	5 11½	26½	1 7	F. A. White
Comstock	Ltd.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	0 2	100	6	R. M. Scott
Clunes	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	Nil.		1 0	H. Gilfillan
Conservative	N.L.	13,500	90,000	90,000	3 0		100		E. J. White
Day Dawn	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	0 6	21	6½	W. H. Cooper
Freedom	N.L.	12,000	80 000		3 0	Nil.	6½	4	F. A. White
Golden Point	N.L.	100,000	100,000	100,000	20 0	20 0	120	1 2	
Hazelbank	Ltd.	10,500	42,000	42,000	5 0	3 3	16½		F. A. White
Hansen's, Kurunui	N.L.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0				
Kaizer	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	0 6	50		S. C. Macky
Kurunui	N.L.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	Nil.	15	2 1	W. Clarke
Lone Hand	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	31,700	10 0	1 0	27	1 6	R. M. Scott
Magazine	N.L.	10,000	100,000		2 0	Nil.	60		D. G. Macdonnell
May Queen	Ltd.	39,500	79,000	79,000	10 0	1 8	78	8 9	R. M. Scott
May Queen Extended	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	60		J. J. Macky
Moanataiari	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	5 0	94	6 6	F. A. White
Middle Star	N.L.	15,000	100,000		3 0	Nil.			H. Gilfillan
Moanataiari North	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 6	30	10	W. H. Churton
Moanataiari Extended	N.L.	7,500	60,000	60,000	2 6	0 6	30	10	J. J. Macky
Monowai	Ltd.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	1 6	90	5 0	W. Clarke
New Whau	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	14	10	H. Gilfillan
Norfolk	Ltd.	25,000	50,000	50,000	10 0	7 6	37	3 8	D. G. Macdonnel
North Star	N.L.	10,000	50,000	45,000	4 0	1 7	30		J. J. Macky
Occidental	N.L.	6,000	80,000	53,700	1 6	0 2	21	10	S. C. Macky
Orlando	Ltd.	10,000	40,000	40,000	5 0	2 1	15	10	D. G. Macdonnell
Puriri	N.L.	5,500	55,000	50,000	2 0	Nil.	30	9	W. H. Churton
Rangitira	N.L.	10,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100		W. J. Smith
Royal	Ltd.	12,500	50,000	50,000	5 0	0 1¼	30	1 2	W. Clarke
Scandinavian	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	48	9	W. Elliott
Sheridan	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	1 2	50	1 1	D. G. Macdonnell
Tapu Fluke	Ltd.	4,500	45,000	37,750	2 0	2 0	20	1 9	W. H. Churton
Victoria	N.L.	20,000	120,000	120,000	4 0	2 3	41	2 9	J. J. Macky
Waiotahi	Ltd.	18,000	6,000	6,000	60 0	50 0	22	25	F. A. White
COROMANDEL—									
Buffalo	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	10		J. H. Harrison
Bunker's Hill	Ltd.	15,000	60,000		5 0	2 3	4	5 6	J. H. Harrison
Big Ben	N.L.	15,000	60,000	57,500	5 0	Nil.	30	4	W. Clarke
Britannia	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	40	1 0	J. H. Harrison
Conquering Hero	N.L.	8,000	80 000	60,000	2 0	Nil.		1 0	W. Gray
Coromandel Proprietary	N.L.	18,750	150,000	150,000	2 6	Nil.	550	1 3	H. Gilfillan
Eureka	N.L.	1,250	50,000	50,000	3 0	Nil.			W. Gray
Empress	N.L.	4,250	85,000	85,000	2 0	Nil.	16	1 2	J. H. Harrison
Four in Hand	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	6	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Hill	N.L.	7,500	50,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	29	10	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Hill Extended	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	30	3	J. H. Harrison
Golden Lead	N.L.	7,000	70,000	70,000	2 0	Nil.	50	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Great Kapanga	N.L.	12,000	80,000	70,000	3 0		94	8	E. J. White
Golden Tokatea	N.L.	10,000	100,000	100,000	2 0	Nil.		1 0	W. Waters
Good Enough	N.L.	6,000	80,000	80 000	1 6	1 0	14		J. H. Harrison
Hauraki	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.			Chas. Grosvenor
Hauraki Special	Ltd.	52,520	320,000		2 6				
Do. No. 2	N.L.	15,000	100,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	6	1 3	H. Gilfillan
Do. South	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	17	8	W. Clarke
Do. Extended	N.L.	7,000	70,000		2 0	Nil.	10½	7	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. North	Ltd.	100,000	50,000 50,000		20 0	20 0 Nil.	132	2 6	D. G. Macdonnell
Harbour View	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0			11	J. H. Harrison
Katie	N.L.	12,500	100,000	100,000	2 6	Nil.	30	10	D. G. Macdonnell
Matawai	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30		J. H. Harrison
Matawa	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.			J. H. Harrison
North	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	24	8	J. H. Harrison
Napier	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.		1 6	J. H. Harrison
New Golconda	N.L.	7,500	75,000		2 0	Nil.	6	1 2	D. G. Macdonnell
New Tokatea	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	2 6	J. H. Harrison
Pride of Tokatea	N.L.	6,000	80,000	80,000	1 6	Nil.	38	1 0	W. S. Hampson
Princess May	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		E. J. White
Progress Castle Rock	N.L.	9,750	65,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	30	9	W. Clarke
Pukewhau	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	68	9	J. H Harrison
Pigmy	N.L.	13,500	90,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.		8	W. Elliott
Southern Cross	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	4	9	J. H. Harrison
Wynyardtown	N.L.	105,000	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	9¾	1 2	J. H. Harrison
Welcome Find	Ltd.	17,500	70,000	70,000	5 0	1 0	9	2 9	H. Gilfillan
Zealandia	N.L.	7,000	70,000		2 0	Nil.		10	D. G. Macdonnell
TAIRUA—									
Kia Ora	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	30		Jesse King
Nil Desperandum	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	65	6	J. H. Harrison
Rosebery	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.			J. H. Harrison
Ohui	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	30	9	J. J. Macky
KUAOTUNU—									
Ajax	N.L.	13,500	90,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100	8	D. G. Macdonnell
Aorere	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	100	1 6	J. H. Harrison
Aurora	N.L.	6,000	60,000		2 0	Nil.	30	6	R. Waters
A 1	N.L.	11,250	75,000		3 0	Nil.	30	8	W. Clarke
Balfour									
Carnage	N.L.	9,000	60,000		3 0	Nil.	100	8	S. H. Matthews
Diadem (late Sea View)	N.L.	12,000	80,000	75,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	E. J. White
Empire	N.L.	7,000	70,000	70,000	2 0	Nil.	100		C. Grosvenor
Golden Anchor	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	50	1 0	J. H. Harrison
Golden Link (late Gladstone)	N.L.	10,000	80,000	60,000	2 6	Nil.	100	7	S. C. Macky
Gladys	N.L.	10,500	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	30	8	W. H. Churton
Great United	N.L.	7,000	70,000	65,000	2 0	Nil.	30	10	J. H. Harrison
Invicta	N.L.	7,500	75,000	75 000	2 0	Nil.	12	8	J. H. Harrison
Invicta North	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	Nil.	30	4	J. H. Harrison
Jessica	N.L.	9,000	90,000		2 0	Nil.	30		J. H. Harrison
Jupiter	N.L.	10,000	40,000	40,000	5 0	Nil.	300	5 6	H. Gilfillan
Kapai-Vermont	N.L.	25,000	100,000	100,000	5 0	4 4	31	10 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Kuaotunu	N.L.	9 000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	2 0	J. Young.
Maoriland	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	W. Gray
Midas	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 4	D. G. Macdonnell
Mount Aurum	N.L.	80,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100		J. H. Harrison
Mountain Flower	N.L.								W. Elliott

COMPANIES.	REGISTERED.	CAPITAL.	No. OF SHARES.	SHARES ISSUED.	EACH.	PAID-UP.	AREA.	LATEST QUOTATION.	MANAGER.
KUAOTUNU—		£			s. d.	s. d.	Acres.		
Maori Dream	N.L.	9,000	60,000		3 0	Nil.	100	1 9	E. J. White
Otama	Ltd.	20,000	40,000	40,000	10 0	0 3	11		D. G. Macdonnell
Prospect	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	3 0				J. H. Harrison
Premier (late Kuaotunu No. 2).	N.L.	12,000	80,000	60,000	3 0		50		W. H. Churton
Phœnix	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	0 6	30	6	J. J. Macky
Try Fluke	Ltd.	12,500	50,000		5 0	0 6	20	7 6	H. Gilfillan
Waitaia	Ltd.	15,000	60,000	60,000	5 0	0 5½	85	3 8	W. H. Churton
UPPER THAMES—									
KARANGAHAKE									
Asteroid	N.L.	9,000	100,000	10,000	2 0	Nil.	110		J. H. Harrison
Crown	Ltd.	80,000	80,000	80,000	20 0	20 0	100	30 0	
Excelsior	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	6	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Crown	N.L.	10,500	70,000	30,000	3 0	Nil.			W. R. Waters
Golden Fleece	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	30	10	W. Clarke
Golden Giant	N.L.	15,000	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.			W. H. Churton
Hercules	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	200		D. G. Macdonnell
Imperial	N.L.	11,000	110,000	100,000	2 0	0 2	60	1 6	H. Gilfillan
Ivanhoe	N.L.	5,500	55,000	50,000	2 0	0 2	30	7	H. Gilfillan
Karangahake	N.L.	14,000	70,000	70,000	4 0	Nil.	30		W. Clarke
Karangahake Ruby	N.L.	75,000	75,000	65,000	2 0				J. Barber
Mangakara United	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	150		G. C. Morris
Mariner	N.L.	10,500	70,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	60	8	H. Gilfillan
Rob Roy	Ltd.	9,000	60,000	55,000	3 0	Nil.	13		R. M. Scott
South British	N.L.	14,000	70,000	65,000	4 0	Nil.	30	7	W. Clarke
Sterling	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	5	W. Gray
Stanley	N.L.	6,000	60,000	60,000	2 0	Nil.	30	5	D. G. Macdonnell
St. Patrick	N.L.	10,000	100,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	7	S. C. Macky
Talisman	Ltd.	25,000	100,000	80,000	5 0	1 1	60	8 6	D. G. Macdonnell
Talisman Extended	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	118,000	3 0	Nil.	67	1 4	R. M. Scott
Victor	N.L.	110,000	220,000	140,000	10 0	10 0	90	3 0	H. Gilfillan
Waverley	N.L.	6,500	65,000	65,000	2 0	0 2	30	8	D. G. Macdonnell
Wealth of Nations	N.L.	14,000	70,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	90	6	H. Gilfillan
Woodstock North	Ltd.	5,000	50,000	35,000	2 0	0 2	9½	5	J. Barber
Woodstock United	Ltd.	27,500	55,000		10 0		72	24 0	D. G. Macdonnell
OWHAROA—									
Crescent	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		H. Gilfillan
Golden Lion	N.L.	10,500	70,000	55,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Gigantic	N.L.	12,000	80,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100	1 0	H. Gilfillan
Heitman's Freehold	N.L.	12,500	100,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	50	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Inglewood	N.L.	15,000	75,000	65,000	3 0	Nil.	100	8	H. Gilfillan
Maritana	N.L.	10,000	60,000	60,000	2 6	Nil.	100	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Owharoa	Ltd.	37,500	75,000	75,000	10 0	0 5	100	4 3	S. H. Matthews
Rising Sun	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	50		C. G. Morris
Teutonic	N.L.	12,750	85,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	100	8	W. Clarke
Ward Proprietary	N.L.	10,000	100,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100	10	C. G. Morris
WAITEKAURI—									
Alpha	N.L.	7,500	50,000	35,000	3 0	1 0	100	6 0	H. Gilfillan
Beehive	N.L.	8,125	65,000	65,000	2 6	Nil.	30		E. J. White
Byron Bay	N.L.	17,500	70,000		5 0	Nil.	50	1 2	C. Grosvenor
British Empire	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	100	10	H. Gilfillan
Central	N.L.	14,000	70,000	70,000	4 0	Nil.		7	H. Gilfillan
Chelt	N.L.	6,875	55,000	50,000	2 6	Nil.	30	5	E. J. White
Grace Darling	Ltd.	30,000	60,000	60,000	10 0	6 3	50	1 8	D. G. Macdonnell
Golden Spur	N.L.	12,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	30	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Huanui	N.L.	9,000	60,000	60,000	3 0	Nil.	45	1 6	E. J. White
Monarch	N.L.	7,500	75,000	75,000	2 0	Nil.	100		S. C. Macky
New Zealander	N.L.	11,250	75,000	75,000	3 0	Nil.		6	W. Clarke
Oceania	N.L.	10,000	80,000	80,000	2 6	Nil.	100	1 2	E. J. White
Portsea	Ltd.	12,500	50,000	50,000	5 0	2 2	15	10	D. G. Macdonnell
Sovereign (late Golconda)	N.L.	15,000	100,000	100,000	3 0	Nil.	90		D. G. Macdonnell
Waitekauri	Ltd.	15,000	150,000	135,000	20 0		400	90 0	H. Rose
Do. No. 2	N.L.	12,750	85,000	85,000	3 0	Nil.	60	10	W. Clarke
Do. No. 4	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.		2 1	D. G. Macdonnell
Do. South	N.L.	14,000	70,000	55,000	4 0	Nil.	30	8	W. Clarke
Do. Queen	N.L.	8,250	55,000	50,000	3 0	0 2	50	7	E. J. White
Young New Zealand	N.L.	11,250	70,000	70,000	3 0	Nil.	15	1 2	E. J. White
WAIHI—									
Flower of Waihi	N.L.	15,000	100,000	90,000	3 0	Nil.	100		S. C. Macky
King of Waihi	N.L.	12,500	100,000	100,000	2 6	Nil.			D. G. Macdonnell
Mount Waihi	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	100		W. Clarke
Martha Extended	N.L.	10,000	100,000	100,000	2 0	Nil.	100		W. H. Churton
Mataura	N.L.	15,000	100,000		3 0	Nil.	100		W. H. Churton
Queen of Waihi	N.L.	25,000	100,000	100,000	5 0	Nil.	100	2 10	D. G. Macdonnell
Star of Waihi	N.L.	7,500	100,000	100,000	1 6	Nil.	100	0 6	J. H. Harrison
Sir Julius	N.L.	12,000	60,000	60,000	4 0	Nil.	100		W. Clarke
Sea View	N.L.	8,000	80,000	60,000	2 0	Nil	100		D. G. Macdonnell
Union Waihi	Ltd.	200,000	200,000	140,000	20 0	20 0	250		
Waihi	Ltd.	160,000	160,000	160,000	20 0	20 0	600	140 0	R. Rose
Waihi Proprietary	Ltd.	22,500	150,000	150,000	3 0	1 0	117	1 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Monument	N.L.	20,000	80,000	80,000	5 0	Nil.	100	10	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Silverton	Ltd.	60,000	60,000	60,000	20 0		84	60 0	D. G. Macdonnell
Waihi Consols	N.L.	17,500	175,000	150,000	2 0	Nil.	200	1 4	H. Gilfillan
Waihi Mint	N.L.	8,000	80,000	80,000	2 0	Nil.	100		W. R. Waters
Waihi Dredging Co.	N.L.	5,000	100,000	100,000	1 0	Nil.			J. Barber

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC OFFICE, TUESDAY 12 NOON.

BLAND HOLT'S AUCKLAND SEASON.

'SAVED FROM THE SEA.'

AS the end of the Bland Holt season in Auckland has drawn nearer, and his departure for Wellington and the South becomes more imminent, the public have displayed their enthusiasm for melodrama more and more markedly. It is perfectly astonishing where all the money comes from. The houses during the season have always been of the best, but during the past few days there has not been a seat to be had for love or money after a quarter to eight, and the old hands at the Opera House declare that such business has never been done in Auckland before either by Bland Holt himself or by the Comic Opera Company. 'Saved from the Sea,' which was played for the concluding four nights of last week, proved immensely to the public taste. It certainly affords the scenic artists and mechanists admirable chances for the display of their art. The explosive scene and the subsequent *tableaux* are as good, if not better, than anything of the kind given before in Auckland, and were applauded with the utmost enthusiasm every evening. The fun and jollity of the picnic scene, and the fine opportunities afforded Mr Holt and his ever charming wife for comedy were also much appreciated. And also since the public loves to have its flesh creep on occasion, the gruesome scene in Barchester Gaol, where the hero is led towards the scaffold pinioned, and with the funeral procession, hangman and parson complete, proves very popular, and is probably one of the strongest draws of the melodrama. I do not object to murder scenes. Why should I to this mimic representation of an execution? After all the woman's reason—I object *because* I object—is the only one I can advance.

'THE FATAL CARD.'

On Monday evening, before the largest audience of the season, save that of Boxing Night, 'The Fatal Card' was produced for the first time in Auckland. This fine play—for it is a play and not a melodrama—is mainly the work of Mr Haddon Chambers, the brilliant young Australian playwright, who in the last few years has given the stage some of the most powerful dramas and plays of his time. In 'The Fatal Card' Mr Haddon Chambers and his collabertateur have reached a very high point of dramatic art. They have written a play as full of moving incidents and sensations as the heart of the most devoted worshipper of old-fashioned melodrama could desire. But these incidents, these situations, these stage pictures are not, so to speak, stuck on to each other with a thin paste of inferior dialogue, but spring naturally from the grim and stirring story which unfolds itself—a story which for strength, truth, and power I have never seen equalled in any production of the sort. I am sure no offence will be taken by Mr Bland Holt if I say, as the easiest way of expressing what I mean, that 'The Fatal Card' is one of those plays which would seem to fall more naturally into the *repertoire* of Brough and Boucicault than his own. It is essentially not a melodrama, but a drama, and indeed but for the comic relief it might easily be styled a tragedy. Rarely have I seen a play which excited me so keenly and moved me so deeply. From the rise of the curtain on the drinking saloon 'out West' to its fall on the cottage devastated by the terrible explosion which takes place before our eyes, the interest is enthralling; the mind as well as the eye is requisitioned. While the demands made on one's love of beautiful things is at least equal to any of the spectacular and scenic wonders Mr Holt has presented, the intellectual enjoyment provided is of so entirely different an order, and of so much higher a quality, that 'The Fatal Card' stands apart from all other productions of the season.

In the main the acting was well worthy of the play. Mr A. Norman's Marrable claims, I think, first attention. The part is a fine one, and the character complex—one of those very human mixtures of strength, sin, and loveableness which Mr Chambers first introduced us to in 'Captain Swift.' Mr Norman's impersonation was altogether worthy of the part, and when I have said this I don't know that I can praise more highly. Incomparably the most interesting figure in a play where every one is interesting to a greater or less extent, Mr Norman as Marrable carried the audience's sympathies through the entire drama. His was in every way a fine impersonation, a piece of work of which any actor might be justly proud, and for which Mr Norman may be well satisfied. Mr Baker is a fine actor, and has been the central figure of the season, deservedly reaping the greatest share of public applause for a brilliant series of masterly impersonations. In 'The Fatal Card' he has an exceedingly fine part, and on the whole he makes a great deal of it, but here and there Mr Baker seemed to me to fail to convey the depth of character there is in young Marrable. In the quarrel scene with his father he scarcely, so it seemed to me, changed sufficiently at the mention of his mother. The deepest note of emotion was struck, but Mr Baker scarcely fully succeeded in bringing out the fullest and deepest tone. The Jim Dixon of Mr E. C. Corlesse was a very finished and admirable bit of acting, and must be singled out for special mention. The other male parts, and they are many, were all well filled.

Miss Ross, as Margaret Marrable, made an impression on playgoers that is not likely to be effaced. It was a charming and extremely fine impersonation. The Mercedes of Miss Watson was unconvincing to me. Her accent was overdone, and moreover, it was not the Mexican-Spanish accent. Miss Ansted transformed a good high comedy part into burlesque. As for the Holts themselves, they have never done anything better. They played into each other's hands in the most admirable manner. The play was from every point of view a veritable treat, and the public evidently appreciated it as such.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 13.

His Excellency the Governor and party are having, by all accounts, a very delightful cruise in the Hinemoa. They visited Tauranga and Coromandel, receiving in each place a most loyal and cordial welcome. The Ladies Augusta and Dorothy Boyle, properly equipped in oilskins, descended a mine, and enjoyed the little adventure. I do not know when they return to Auckland.

A LARGE MOUNT ALBERT PARTY

to Nihotapu Falls came off last week, numbering about fifty. There were two brakes packed with living freight, besides equestrians. The weather left nothing to be desired, the sun shone brightly but not fiercely, and a charmingly cool breeze blew gently throughout the day. The roads were in perfect condition. The party left Mount Albert about eight o'clock and arrived at their destination at eleven oclock. Mrs McLeod's cottage, a little farther up the ranges than the Nihotapu, whose ho-pitality is well known. Horses were tied in her yard, etc. On these premises now large sawmills are erected, which also prove attractive to visitors. Luncheon was partaken of under two large kauri trees, which afforded ample shade. The party then made their way to the Falls, a distance through the bush of only two miles. Such a glorious walk! The first fall is very pretty, but the second is grander, being of a greater height. To reach the bottom of these falls ropes were adjusted to trees to descend by for the track is perpendicular and so many tourists have gone down here that most of the branches and shrubs have been worn away. The whole party did not attempt this. About half a dozen lazy ones remained at the top watching the rest, who afforded them a great deal of amusement. After loitering about in the bush gathering ferns, etc., till time for tea, the party made a move for the rendezvous, and arrived about five o'clock, famished and ready to do full justice to the afternoon meal, then they wandered *ad lib* through the sawmills, workmen's cottages, etc., while some were so adventuresome as to pont about on a log in the dam. At seven a start was made for Mount Albert. I shall not describe the gowns, though some of the girls were smartly frocked in their best, and as one or two of those while crossing the slippery stepping stones of the stream, which we have to cross two or three times in going to the Falls, slipped in to the water up to their waists, it will be kinder not to mention their names. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs Wright, the Rev. F. Larkins, Miss Larkins, Misses Sellers (two), Mr and Miss Haszard, Mr Kensington, Mrs Chambers-Taylor and two daughters, Miss White, Misses (Cecil) Taylor (two), Mrs Kerr-Taylor and daughters, Mr and Mrs Budd, Mr V. Kerr-Taylor (who was the John of one of the brakes), Messrs Dawson (two), Miss Maier, Miss Bessie Jones, Mrs and Miss Tanner, Misses Wright, Dawson (two), Mrs Wilks and her three daughters, Mr F. Battley, Mr O'Neil, Mrs Motion, Mr C. Motion, Messrs Willis, Wright, Colson, and Mr Sloman (who missed the brake and walked out the whole way from town, appearing on the scene tired and hot just as the party had finished their luncheon, and of course was made the hero of the day).

The children of Mount Albert had their picnic this week at Titiranga Beach, a pretty place covered with Christmas trees in full bloom and a shelly beach. The day was not as pleasant as the senior's picnic, being rather cold and windy, but nevertheless the little ones managed to enjoy themselves with bathing, fishing, etc. A large brake from town was hired to convey the youngsters with their chaperones, while others drove out their own carriages.

THE YACHTING PICNIC

this year was blessed with most satisfactory weather, and was a successful and enjoyable affair. About forty-five yachts made their way during Saturday afternoon to the *rendezvous*, Takapuna Beach, whither the 'Eagle' had already conveyed a large number of visitors. Tea was liberally provided by the Yachting Club, and eatables were carried by the members and friends. Hunter's band added its music to the ripple of the waves, and a capital water tournament, fireworks, etc., aided greatly in passing a pleasant time. At nine o'clock a start was made for Auckland, and shortly after ten o'clock the visitors arrived in town, tired but content. Amongst the many present, I noticed Miss Macdonnick, dark blue costume; Mrs Windsor, white muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss Isaacs, navy and white yachting costume; Mrs Haines, pink blouse, grey skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Masefield, cardinal veiled with black lace, large black hat with feathers; Miss Dunnett, stylish brown costume, hat to match relieved with white; Miss H. Worsp, dark skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Percival, white; Miss E. Percival, navy and white polka dot costume; Mrs W. Bloomfield, stylish grey costume; Mrs Isharland, fawn tweed, black hat with pale green ribbon; Miss Otway, fawn skirt, pretty blue blouse; Miss A. Wylde-Brown, white with heliotrope sash; Miss V. Dacre looked pretty in navy skirt, pink blouse; Miss Bull, white pique, white hat with cerise bow; her sister wore a dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Hughes-Jones, white muslin blouse, black skt, sailor hat; Miss Lena Owen, blue striped gown, gem hat; Miss Winder, white muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss Butters, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss L. Butters, pretty pale blue blouse, dark gem hat; Miss Gordon, black, pink blouse; Miss E. Hughes, grey skirt, white blouse; Miss G. Whitelaw, black skirt, pink blouse; Miss May Sellers, holland costume; Mrs Hudson, heliotrope blouse dark skirt; Miss Dudley, cream blouse, red tie, sailor hat with red band; Miss Kennedy, spotted pongee; Miss F. Hart, striped muslin; Miss Leighton, black skirt, becoming heliotrope blouse; Miss L. Leighton electric blue; Miss G. Bell, pink blouse, dark skirt, Yankee hat; Miss Wilson, grey cape and skirt, pink blouse, etc.

A very interesting

POLO MATCH

was played at Potter's Paddock on Saturday between Remuera and the City. Messrs Hanna, Whewell, Tonks, and Gordon represented Remuera, captained by Mr H. Tonks, and the City by Drs A. C. Purchas, Sharman, and Messrs Purchas and Colegrove, captained by Dr. Purchas. The weather was fine, and a large number of players, as well as spectators, wended their way to polo. The gentlemen being a great deal in the majority. Mrs O'Rorke provided the afternoon tea, which she gracefully presided over. The decoration of the table was *chic*, consisting of red geraniums and green ferns. Now for the gowns: Mrs O'Rorke in a *recherché* gown of brown seaweed crepon with silver thread, the bodice of which was pink and green shot silk finished with lace, brown sleeves also finished with lace, brown silk toque trimmed with shaded pink to match, green velvet bow; Mrs (Col.) Dawson looked well in a neat fitting nil green costume; Miss Elliot, fawn skirt, terra cotta blouse; and her friend, a pink striped gown; Mrs Makgill, terre skirt, bright pink blouse; Mrs Colegrove, dark skirt, cream China blouse; Misses Kerr-Taylor were similarly gowned in white, hats to match; Miss Smith, pretty white spotted muslin, cream hat with ribbons; and her little sister pale blue gingham; Miss Claire Smith, riding habit; dark skirt, illac blouse, hat to match; Mrs Hanna, polo colours; Mrs Hanna, dark skirt, spotted blouse; Miss Ruth Jackson, black crepon, cream sailor hat; and her sister, grey check, white hat with wings; Mrs Ware, grey tailor-made gown; Miss Ware, grey skirt, white blouse; Mrs Harry Jackson, dark skirt, electrique blouse; Mrs Rhodes (Christchurch), light brown tailor-made gown; Mrs Worsp, black silk, black lace bonnet; Miss Wilkins, brown holland, pink vest; Miss M. Wilkins, white pique, red necktie; Miss Courtayne, neat fitting modo grey, white hat; Miss Minitt, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Churton, black crepon skirt, pink blouse with black spots, fashionable black sailor hat with pink flowers; Miss Hanks, navy; Miss Edith Banks, dark skirt, blue blouse trimmed with black velvet; Miss Hesketh, black skirt, canary blouse, sailor hat; and her sister, pretty white pique with cape to match, white Leghorn picture hat trimmed with white ostrich feathers and tulle; and another sister was on horseback; Miss Dowd was also gowned in habit with pink blouse; Mrs Greenway, white pique with black hat, band, boots, and gloves; Mrs Markham, brown holland; Miss Thorpe, cream holland, black lace hat with flowers; Miss M. Purchas, white skirt, heliotrope blouse; Mrs C. Purchas, silver grey cashmere; Miss Morse, dark skirt, cream silk blouse, hat with canary coloured trimmings; Miss Whineter, dark skirt, white blouse profusely trimmed with canary ribbons; Miss Hilda Bloomfield, cream Liberty silk marked with red and blue crescents, white bebe hat; and a few others whose names I did not know.

Tennis tournaments are raging like an epidemic just now, almost every afternoon being spoilt for ordinary and steady play by these exciting contests. They are far too numerous to mention, especially as the scores appear so quickly in the daily papers.

A very pleasant little tennis party was held on Saturday afternoon at Mr Brett's pretty residence, Lake Takapuna. The grass was in excellent order, but the attention of the players was somewhat diverted by a capital game of golf which was going on at the same time just above the tennis court, and at imminent risk to the windows of the house.

WEST END ROWING CLUB'S 'AT HOME.'

There was a large gathering on the grounds of Mr Holmes, Ring Terrace, Ponsonby, on Saturday last, when the trophies presented by Mr T. Peacock, patron of the Club, were presented. The grounds were prettily decorated with festoons of flags. Afternoon tea was served in a large marquee, the members of the Club and their friends being most hospitably entertained by the attendance upon the guests. The various rowing races were watched with interest. Impey's band played a number of musical selections during the afternoon. Among those present were:—Mrs S. Hanna, in a dark skirt, electric blue blouse, gem hat; Mrs S. Hughes, light grey gown, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Holmes, fawn crepon, frill of salmon pink silk over the huge sleeves; Mrs D. Tole, cream crepon with silk striped blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Miss Rita Tole looked well in white pique; Mrs (Dr.) Knight, black crepon costume with heliotrope blouse, black chip picture hat with full frill of black chiffon to form rim, pale pink roses; and her two little daughters in cream Indian silk frocks trimmed with torchon lace, large Leghorn hats; Mrs Peacock, black serge skirt, white blouse, Yankee hat; Miss M. Peacock, cream, black lace hat and pink poppies; Mrs Rees, electric pique, white vest, becoming little black bonnet with pale pink wild roses; Mrs Self, fawn, stylish white hat with white feathers; Miss Harrison, black; her niece, Miss M. Raynes, pale pink with black velvet yoke; Mrs Clark-Johnson, holland costume; Miss Oldham, lemon-coloured blouse, dark skirt, golden brown hat with feathers to match; Miss Blundell, pale pink blouse, holland skirt, white hat; Mrs E. Mahony looked dainty in black surah, white *chic* hat; Mrs Robertson, black; Miss Bach, pure white muslin, shot straw toque trimmed with white; Miss E. Oxley, becoming stripe muslin, white Panama hat; Miss N. Edmiston, electric; her sister in green; Miss B. Girton, tabac brown, burnt straw hat trimmed with brown; Mrs Coe, black crepon, black picture hat trimmed with chiffon and roses; Mrs Cowan, white and black spotted blouse, black skirt, *chic* hat; Mrs Draffin, stylish check costume, white blouse, black velvet toque; Miss Edmiston, white, white toque with silver grey poppies; Miss Clara Edmiston, old rose shot with old rose shot silk bodice, large fawn chip hat trimmed with apricot ribbon and aigrette; Miss Upton, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Graham, becoming silver grey snowflake muslin material, white chiffon with large bows of black ribbon; Miss B. Graham, white ballatone muslin, white hat; Mrs Watt, flowered muslin, white chip hat with chiffon; Mrs Ilwerson, green; Mrs Mouzer, green with cream lace; Mrs Jones, black, heliotrope bodice, etc.

PHYLLIS BROUNE

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 10.

Like the rest of the colony, we have had bad weather, and were therefore quite prepared to enjoy an

AFTERNOON TEA

indoors, given last Wednesday by Mrs James Cargill at her residence, Nevada. It was in honour of her sister, Miss C. Fraser, of Palmerston North, who is at present staying with her. The table was most artistically arranged with vases of nasturtium and grass. The drawing-room looked exceedingly pretty, the whole of the room being decorated with cream lilies. Those present were Mrs J. Cargill, in a neat white spotted print shirt, black crepon skirt; Mrs Gibson, Mrs Turton, stylish black crepon trimmed with black silk, dainty little jet bonnet; Mrs McGowan, black serge jacket and skirt, heliotrope print blouse, small white sailor hat; Mrs Stilling, charming black crepon, large black hat trimmed with black lace and pink roses; Mrs Ogston, neat-fitting fawn Vicuna cloth, black chip hat with yellow roses and chiffon; Miss C. Fraser, dark navy blue print with white spots lavishly trimmed with cream insertion lace; Miss Rattray, black serge jacket and skirt, white shirt, black hat trimmed with bunches of heliotrope and violets; Miss F. Rattray, black costume; Miss Kenyon, neat black serge trimmed with ribbon and jet, small black straw toque; Miss Webster, tailor made fawn covert coating jacket and skirt, pink print blouse spotted with black, dainty yellow toque with bunches of roses and shot ribbon; Miss S. Webster, mouse-coloured tailor-made jacket and skirt, blue striped blouse, small black chip hat with green silk ribbons; Miss Hodgkins, neat black serge jacket and skirt, white shirt, black hat; Miss Williams, black costume; Miss Cargill, black serge costume, black sailor hat. Many others were also present.

On Wednesday Mrs Henry Williams also gave a small

'AT HOME.'

The tea, cakes, etc., were most delicious. Delectable raspberries and cream were kept going during the afternoon. The guests were to have amused themselves playing croquet, but owing to the weather all attempts at playing were put an end to. Those whom I remember present were Mrs Williams, the Misses Peacock (Auckland), Graham, S. Graham, Henry (Wellington), K. Henry (Wellington), Rattray, I. Rattray, Reynolds, V. Reynolds, Turton, Batchelor and others.

On Thursday Mrs MacGowan (Roslyn) gave a

SMALL LUNCHEON PARTY

for Miss Gertie Neill, who is to be married early in February. The table looked very gay, being decorated with sweet peas. Those present were the Misses Rattray, I. Rattray, Williams, Hodgkins, G. Neill, K. Neill, etc.

The same day the Misses Williams (Anderson's Bay) had their usual

'AT HOME.'

The day was bright, but very windy. Nevertheless a goodly number turned up. Tea was served in the drawing room. Some of those I recollect were Mesdames Williams, Grierson, Cutten, Gibson, Turton, Bridgeman, Neill, the Misses Williams, Thomson, (Christchurch) Graham, Henry (Wellington), K. Henry, Pearce (Auckland), Cutten, Rattray, A. Rattray, Greenwood, A. Greenwood, Fuller (Wellington), Mills, Reynolds, Webster, S. Webster, Prosser, I. Prosser, Neill, K. Neill, etc., etc.

Our Christmas holidays were simply perfect, and I am sure everyone must have enjoyed their outing very much, as there is no doubt about it, that if the weather is good, it helps a great deal to the enjoyment of picnics, etc. The weather was not so good at New Year time, but that is not too bad to prevent pleasure trips.

On Saturday (28th) the Bishop and Mrs Nevill, gave

A LARGE 'AT HOME'

for the Sisters, who have lately arrived from the Kilbourne Sisterhood, London. The Bishop and Mrs Nevill received their guests in the hall, the latter being gowned in black crepon lavishly trimmed with jet, tiny white lace cap. The rooms and hall were most tastefully decorated with flowers and pot plants. Croquet was kept going all the afternoon. Those present were Canon and Mrs Robinson, Mrs Walcot, Mrs Davey, Mrs Farquhar, in a handsome silk crepon, pretty lace cloak handsomely trimmed with jet, dainty black bonnet; Mrs Grierson, black crepon with bands of black satin ribbon, stylish fawn straw bonnet; Mrs Manson, handsome navy blue corded silk edged with jet, stylish black velvet hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Driver; Mrs C. Butterworth, dainty pale blue print blouse and skirt, shot straw hat trimmed with pale blue flowers; Mrs Webster, handsome black corded silk mantle edged with jet, frill of lace round neck, pretty jet bonnet with bunches of purples flowers; Mrs Jones, charming black crepon trimmed with black chiffon and jet, black straw bonnet with white violets; Mrs Batchelor, royal

blue cloth, yoke of fawn chiffon, *chic* little fawn bonnet with blue shot ribbons; Mrs Kissling, stylish black and white check, black hat with bunches of white roses; Mrs Richmond, black lace mantle, bonnet *en suite*; Dr. and Mrs Davis, Mr and Mrs Kenyon, Miss Kenyon, fawn costume; Miss Batchelor, pink flowered crepon, unique blue and white hat trimmed with buttercups, daisies, and cornflowers; Miss Roberts, stylish grey lustre, full waistcoat of white chiffon, white straw hat, trimmed with large red roses and white satin ribbon; Miss Robinson, white duck skirt, hellotrope print shirt, large black lace hat; Miss Rattray, holland costume; Miss I. Rattray, salmon pink checked silk blouse, black crepon skirt, white sailor hat; Miss G. Webster, stylish pink blouse trimmed with cream lace, black toque with pink and black roses; Miss Williams, black serge jacket and skirt, large black straw hat; Miss Stephenson, navy blue lustre trimmed with silver brocade, large black chip hat; Miss Prudence (Melbourne), handsome gray silk, yoke of gray chiffon, and the bodice finished at the waist with black velvet ribbon; Miss Driver, Miss Reynolds, stylish yellow flowered silk trimmed with black lace, large black lace hat with feathers; Miss F. Reynolds, Miss Davey, Miss L. Davey, Miss Haggitt, Mr P. C. Neill, Mr Quick, Mr Kissling, Mr Manson, Mr Rattray, Mr Grierson, Mr Graham, and many others.

JOTTINGS.

Dean and Mrs Fitchett left shortly before Christmas for a trip to the Old Country. I hear they intend visiting the Holy Land on the way home. They are to be away nine months, so we hope to see them back amongst the All Saints' congregation early in September.

Miss Carry Fraser, from Palmerston North, is at present staying with her sister, Mrs James Cargill.

The Misses Henry (Christchurch) are again paying a visit to Mrs C. Graham, Heriot Row.

Miss Prudence (Melbourne) is staying with Mrs John Stephenson, Lees street.

Miss Maudie Butterworth is spending a short holiday with Mrs Lindo Ferguson.

We are all glad to see Mr and Mrs Bridgman amongst us once more.

Numbers of families have gone out of town for the summer holidays. Some of those are: Mr and Mrs Hosking, Dr. and Mrs Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs Colquhoun, Prof. and Mrs Ulrich, Prof. and Mrs Sale, Mrs Shand and Miss Shand, Mr and Mrs James Allen, Mr and Mrs Wendhouse, Prof. and Mrs Gilray, Mr and Mrs Joachim, the Misses Wimperis, Mr and Mrs J. Chapman, Mr and Mrs Postlethwaite, Mr and Mrs Sinclair Thomson, Mr and Mrs G. MacLean, Miss Cargill and others.

On New Year's Day a number of picnics were given. Mrs Cutten gave one to Portobello, and Colonel and Mrs Webb gave one to the Maori Kaik in the steam launch, the 'Gordon.' Other picnic parties went down to Broad Bay by the S. S. Omeka, and I believe the S.S. 'Pioneer' was packed to excess on each of its trips across the Bay.

AILEEN.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 9.

The Christmas season has again passed over us and taken its place beside all former Christmases in the dimming turned down pages of our lives. Each period, be it of joy or sorrow, passes thus and is gone, in itself fleeting as a shadow, but leaving in its trail memories which shall cling to us as long as life itself.

In town the holidays have been dull and uneventful, or rather the events were chiefly those which drew everyone out of town. Steamer excursions to Picton, brief pleasure trips across the harbour, picnics by rail, or drives to the various suburban gardens, which, to be added by the advertisements, has bloomed forth in all the beauty and charm of Eden itself all these attractions there certainly were, and each met with a patronage both numerically and pleasurably, which proves the universal spread of Christmas cheer and goodwill.

One of our favourite picnic bays on the other side of the harbour, viz., Day's Bay, has been recently purchased privately, and is now undergoing the transformation necessary to convert natural scenery into the orthodox 'Recreation Ground.' The initial step toward that end is already visible in an unclimbable fence and a life-sized notice claiming one shilling as the price of admittance. The old lady with her apples has also found her way there, in company with the inevitable vendor of ginger beer, lemonade, etc. The enterprising owner has built a small and convenient wharf, and the pretty steamers and other craft take advantage of this long-needed means of landing their passengers, so altogether Day's Bay bids fair to be the favourite resort in future, and then we'll bid a long good-bye to its natural beauty and uncivilised charm.

At Lowry Bay there was a large and merry party, increased daily by casual visitors. Mr and Mrs John Duncan have been there for some weeks, and entertained numerous friends during their visit. Mr and Mrs Arthur Pearce also shared their charming Bungalow with friends, and Mrs Bell had her house full with a succession of guests.

Another favoured resort has been Paikakariki, which is fortunate in possessing a very comfortable hotel. On Christmas day there were, I believe, about forty guests at the dinner table, and since then the number has fluctuated with a kaleidoscopic change of inmates. Among the number have been Dr. and Mrs Adams, Mrs Anson, Miss Butterworth, Mr and Mrs Ferguson, Miss O'Connor, Mrs and Miss Tolhurst, etc., etc.

Mr and Mrs Alfred Brandon have been staying at Pahautanui, and Mr and Mrs Sprot are also spending a few weeks there.

I hear that Miss Elliot's marriage to Mr Murison takes place next week. Miss Elliot has issued a number of invitations to a farewell tea, which she has on Friday afternoon.

The Golf Club at the Hutt have changed their colours. Their warm red blouses were always attractive and bright-looking on a cold winter day, and now I am sorry to say they shall no more be seen, for it is decreed that the ladies shall wear white serge blouses, with ties and hat bands of a triple hue black, red, and green—a supply of which have been specially ordered, and will arrive before the season opens.

Our minds are at last set at rest and curiosity stilled about the long-deferred appointment to the Agent-General's ship. We must congratulate Mr Reeves on having been chosen to fill so high and responsible a position, and trust that the mantle he drops on leaving the colony—the mantle wrought with Ministerial design and Government workmanship—will fall on worthy shoulders, able and ready for the burden.

Mr Otho Fitzgerald intends to go to the Old Country shortly to pursue his clerical studies, and will be absent probably a year or two.

The Midland Railway Arbitration has at last terminated, and the visitors drawn hither on its account are gradually dispersing. Most of them have taken advantage of being in the colony to travel about and see something of it, and we hope will carry away favourable impressions of this distant Isle of the Sea.

Mr and Mrs Charles Johnston celebrate their silver wedding-day on Saturday, and have issued a number of invitations to an 'At Home' in the evening.

Dr. and Mrs Collins are expected back by the 'Gothic,' which will arrive shortly.

Mr and Mrs E. J. Reid were among the 'Tainui's' passengers to-day.

A party of Wellington folk have gone for a driving and riding tour down the South Island. They took steamer to Picton, from whence they go to Christchurch, and as much further as the spirit of the hour may move them. Given fine weather, this should prove a delightful excursion.

The Misses Chapman (Melbourne) are paying a few week's visit to their uncle, Mr Martin Chapman.

MEYE.

[Kindly put orange blossoms and engagements on separate pages from the letter.—BEE.]

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 9.

There is not very much social gossip for you this week I am sorry to say, in fact for some time I think we will be in this state of dullness; however, there are the races on the 22nd to look forward to, and I expect by that time a great many people will have returned to town life, and so will, I hope, set the ball rolling again.

Last Saturday afternoon a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled by invitation on board the ship 'Oamaru' to witness the

ARAWA YACHTING CLUB'S RACES.

The ever acceptable cup of tea and sweets of all kinds were thoughtfully provided and duly appreciated. Mr and Mrs Wardrop were there (the former is the Commodore of the Club), also Miss Palmer, of Christchurch, who wore a black skirt and hat, and black and white blouse; Mrs and the Misses Lingard, the latter wearing pretty white frocks; the Misses Tuckey, Rose, Aubrey, Reid, Moeller, and others.

The Misses Wilford, of the Lower Hutt, entertained a number of their friends at a

PICNIC

on New Year's Day. A large drag and several smaller vehicles conveyed the party to the Upper Hutt, where a very jolly time was spent. Among those present besides Mrs Wilford and her daughters were Mrs T. M. Wilford, the Misses Hector, Fitzherbert, Riddiford, Broad (Nelson), Burnett, Lee, and Messrs Wilson, Burnett, Fitzherbert, and Hector.

Mrs Levin and a few of her friends drove out to McNab's Gardens one lovely moonlight night last week. On their arrival there the guests sat down to a very dainty supper, and after a stroll round the lovely grounds returned to town between eleven and twelve o'clock.

The Wellington

AMATEUR OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY,

opened their season of 'Princess Ida' last night in the Opera House, which was only moderately filled. On the whole the opera went off very successfully. The choruses were rather weak at times, however, and I thought the orchestra was too loud throughout, especially when accompanying a weak voice, which at times could not be heard at all. On the first night I fancy there are frequently defects of this kind, which as the season advances disappear when the performers gain more confidence. Madame Carlton made a splendid Princess Ida. This was her first appearance as an actress before a Wellington audience, who soon showed by the loud applause that they were as pleased with her in that capacity as they were with her as a vocal soloist. Princess Ida first appears in a lovely white satin robe, much trimmed with beautiful jewelled embroidery, and the long train from the shoulders was partly lined with crimson, and on her fair curly hair she wears a glittering crown. In the last act the March of the Amazons was very good. The uniforms worn were short dull green skirts, over which hung a silver network ornamented at intervals with large spangles, and corsets and helmets of steel—at least, what was meant to represent steel. Princess Ida wore a similarly-made costume of gold and green, which became her admirably. The parts of Cyril and Hilarion were taken by Messrs E. J. and J. W. Hill, whose singing and acting were excellent. Mr G. Parsons, as Florian, was also good. Miss Jessie Newton took the part of Lady Blanche, Miss Mabel Hill was Melissa, and Miss Curtice made a very good Lady Psyche. The parts of King Hildebrand and King Gama were taken by Messrs Lyon and Levi. In the audience I saw Dr. and Mrs Adams, the latter wearing old rose pink silk; Mr and Mrs Rhind, the latter in black; Mr and Mrs T. M. Wilford, the latter wearing a pretty pale pink silk gown; Miss Rees, grey and black striped silk trimmed with steel; her sister wore black; Mr and Miss Blundell, the latter wearing a black gown with pale blue silk sleeves; Mr and Mrs W. Ferguson, Miss Holmes, black silk and lace gown; the Misses Lee, wearing soft white gowns with lace frills; Mr and Mrs Travers, the latter wearing a pretty black gown with pale pink bodice trimmed with white lace; Miss Coleridge, white silk with berthe of lace; Miss J. Richardson, pretty white gown; her sister wore a soft red frock with white chiffon frills; the Misses Rose, white silk; Mrs Captain Gaw (Lyttelton), becoming white silk gown trimmed with chiffon; Miss Gore, cream silk with shoulder frills of lace; Mrs and Miss Turnbull, the latter wearing white pompadour silk trimmed with bright pink; Mrs Levi, pale pink gown with pale green sleeves and frills of white lace; Miss Leetham, white figured muslin; Mr and Miss Duthie, Mr and Mrs E. W. Mills, Mr and Mrs Gibson, the Misses Gibson, Miss R. Hamerton, the Misses Barker, Mr and Mrs Geddis, Miss M. Fisher, Miss Newton, Mr and Mrs Parsons.

Mrs E. W. Mills gave an

AFTERNOON TEA

last week for her daughter, Mrs Gray (Lyttelton), who is staying with her. The guests included Mr and Mrs R. M. Simpson, Mr and Mrs Russell, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs and Miss Seddon, Mr and Mrs C. Milward (Wanganui), Mrs and Miss Seed, Miss Stafford, Mrs Bristoe, Mrs Wemyss, Miss Simpson, etc.

Mr and Mrs E. J. Reid and family left this afternoon in the 'Tainui' for London. Mr Reid was manager of the Colonial Bank here for a number of years, and recently retired, having decided to return to his native land, much to the regret of his many friends in New Zealand, many of whom assembled on the wharf to wish Mr and Mrs Reid and their children *bon voyage*.

We will have Dr. and Mrs Collins among us again very soon now, as they are passengers by the 'Gothic,' which is expected to arrive either next Saturday or Sunday. I am sorry to see that Dr. Collins is among the heavy losers by the wreck of the 'Halcione,' which occurred at the Heads on Wednesday night.

Mrs Rhind gave an afternoon tea last Tuesday.

Miss Fancourt has gone to Nelson to pay a long visit with friends there.

OPHELIA

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 7.

For the first time in seven years we can boast of a fine New Year's Day, and in consequence the residents and visitors to our town had quite a surfeit of amusements.

THE REGATTA

was, of course, the centre of attraction, though, excepting Wellington, there was no outside competitors, and both the Blenheim and Picton crews were beaten by those redoubtable Wellingtonians, who bore away a second wreath of laurel in this season's events. In addition to the regatta there was a merry-go-round, which was largely patronised. This affair is being run by a local syndicate, who expect to make a fortune out of this whirligig craze, also boat-races, which drew a great number, a Maori *haka*, which was held in a section off High-street, and attracted a great deal of attention by the novelty. The Maoris processed round the town dressed in European costume, the *wahines*, under Mrs Love's guidance, wearing white muslin blouses with blue and red sashes crossed from shoulder to waist. They were tatooed with paint, and inside the enclosure wore their native mats, feathers, and all, the visitors drew a great number.

In the railway goods-shed the Catholic's held a

SALE OF REFRESHMENTS

and a bran-pie, which was largely patronised, and at the corner of High street and London Quay the same committee held a

DOLL SHOW

in a marquee. Much interest was taken in this affair, and competitions sent in from the North Island, though the number was very small considering the amount of the first prize, £10, which fell to Miss Bessie Greensill for her beautifully dressed bride, which though there were many brides in that class, was *facile princeps* of them all. The most original doll in the same class was a Maori girl, dressed and exhibited by Miss Nora Allen, and the next best a pretty little child doll, dressed all in white, by Miss Rose, of Wellington. In the second class for children under fourteen Miss Louise Miles won the prize with her bride, though Miss Bell Allen's 'Red Riding Hood,' and Miss Pearl Grace's (Wellington) sweet 'Little Maid' were more generally admired. In the third class Miss Edith Waddy (Blenheim) took nearly all the votes for her pretty doll and neat needlework, and in the fourth class Miss Delia Godfrey carried everything before her with her Fishwife. Canvassing for the votes was largely gone into, and all the fun of a general election kept public interest centred in the Doll Show. The day's proceedings were evidently too much for everybody, as only fifteen couples put in an appearance at the annual

REGATTA BALL,

which, in consequence, fell flat and unprofitable to the Rowing Club, the Committee of which had worked most indefatigably for the affair. The night was exceedingly hot and dancing, and several small picnics were initiated, and people sat on the beach and enjoyed the moonlight, the gentle evening zephyrs, and a restful attitude, and pitied those unfortunates compelled to dance on a tropical summer's night. The 'Tarawera' brought over from Wellington about seven or eight hundred excursionists, and part of the fun of the day was to meet friends and see them off again.

ODDMENTS.

Mrs Cleghorn and family are spending the Christmas holidays here, having taken Mrs Linton's house on the Wairau Road.

Mr L. F. Allen, Manager of the Bank of New Zealand, Dunedin, is also here on a visit, spending his holidays with his people at 'The Wilderness.'

Mr and Mrs Stoney have been staying at the Terminus for a few days.

Mr Seely, who has had survey work in the Taranaki district for the past year, is also at home for a brief holiday.

Mrs J. Wilford (Marton) is visiting her people, Dr. and Mrs Scott.

Mrs Gudgeon, widow of the late J. B. Gudgeon, is to be appointed Postmistress, with a salary of £80 and residence. Where, has not transpired.

Mr and Mrs Philpotts have gone to visit their eldest son, who is stationed on the coast.

Miss Duncan (Christchurch) is visiting her cousins, Mr and Mrs A. Duncan, of the Railway Department.

Mrs Douglas (Wellington), has been spending a few days with Mrs (Captain) Baillie at Para.

Still another change in the Bank of New Zealand. Mr W. Baillie has been moved to Blenheim, and Mr Wiggins, from Christchurch takes his place here. Mr Baillie is a great favourite here, and we all regret his departure.

Mr and Mrs Sedgwick, Mr and Mrs Seely and family, and Miss H. Darbare away camping out at Double Bay. A picnic party are to 'surprise' them to-morrow.

JEAN.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 8.

Since Christmas everything has been very quiet with us, so many have gone away. We had beautiful weather for the holidays, though some thought it too hot. I am afraid we are never all satisfied.

Services were held on Christmas Day at most of the Churches, which were decorated, and all looked very beautiful, especially the Cathedral, which was perhaps more elaborately done. Only pure white flowers and greens were used, and the effect was lovely. In the evening

MUSICAL RECITALS

were given at the Cathedral and St. John's Wesleyan Church. At the former several very pretty carols and anthems were sung by the choir, also solos by Miss Campbell, Messrs Giblen and A. Maginnity, and several of the choir boys. At St. John's Herr Balling charmed his hearers by playing two solos on the viola alta. Mr Kidson was also most successful in his song, a romance by Wagner. Miss Pratt sang sweetly and the choir rendered several anthems. Miss Melhuish is to be congratulated on the way she played the accompaniments, also her two organ solos. She is an able organist.

On Boxing Day the

REGATTA

attracted many people to the Port. It was a beautifully fine day, but very hot. Some of the races were very interesting. In the afternoon the Misses Cock entertained a few friends at afternoon tea in their pretty garden, where a beautiful view of the harbour is obtained.

CAMPING PARTIES,

are quite the order of the day just now. Mrs Leggatt and family, with Miss Wood, are in the pretty little bush at the back of the Cable Station. Not far from them, at Bishop's Peninsula, Mrs Tomlinson, Misses R. Atkinson, N. Jones, and several others have a very cosy camp. Then at Paramatta Flat, also near Cable Bay, on a most romantic spot, Mrs Blackett, Mr and Mrs E. F. W. Cooke, Miss Pitt, Miss Biackett (Wellington) and several children are also under canvas. From all accounts they are all having a most enjoyable time, in spite of the gale on Saturday night.

Mr and Mrs Fell and family have gone, as usual, for a month to Totaranui. Dr. and Mrs Mackie and family with Misses Handcock, A. Bell, and Mules, are also at that pretty little bay.

OUR PEOPLE.

We are all so glad to welcome Miss Mabel Fell back again after her long visit to England of over three years. She is looking well and bright. I noticed her the other day wearing a very pretty gown of dark blue, the bodice trimmed with cream lace, stylish white straw sailor hat trimmed with ribbons and wings to match.

Mrs Worthington (Invercargill) is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs Preshaw. All her old friends are glad to see her again.

Mrs Pearson was in Nelson for a few days staying with Mrs Pitt, 'Muritai,' on her way to Christchurch, but we hope to have the pleasure of seeing her again before she returns to her home in Australia.

Misses N. Levien and G. Wither are also spending their holidays amongst us.

Mrs and Miss Broad are on a visit to Wellington and the Wairarapa.

Mrs Sealy has gone to Christchurch for a few weeks.

Mrs Watts and Mr and Mrs Percy Adams have gone to Blenheim.

Miss Huddleston is in Wellington.

A serious accident occurred last week to Cecil Preshaw, son of Mr J. A. Preshaw of the Bank of New South Wales. The lad, with others, was teasing hair, when by some mischance his right hand was drawn into the machine up to the wrist, and was so much injured that the two first fingers had to be amputated. He is now progressing as favourably as possible towards recovery, and we hope that in a few weeks he will be about again. Very much sympathy is felt with him and his parents.

I have to record the death, after a very short illness, of Mrs Jennings, which occurred on Monday 30th December, at her late residence, Washington Valley. Great sympathy is felt with Mrs Alfred Grace, her daughter.

Rather a sensation was caused here last week when it became known that a

FEVER-STRICKEN VESSEL

had put into Nelson for medical assistance and fresh provisions. The barque, 'Lothair' by name, was on its way to Callao from Hong Kong when the disease broke out. Several of the crew died, and some are still very ill. At first it was thought the fever must be 'dengue,' but that is contradicted, and it now seems difficult to tell what it is. The 'Lothair' is at anchorage outside the Boulder Bank, so there cannot be much fear of infection.

PHYLLIS.

[Very well.—BEE.]

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 9.

Christmas week has come and gone with all its attendant festivities, and which is really only a joyous time for our young people, for as we journey along in life there is usually too much sadness mixed up with the 'Happy Christmas.' The New Year has also dawned, and, as usual, the

LYTTELTON REGATTA

takes premier place of all gatherings on the first day of the year, the crowd of visitors on this occasion eclipsing any previous one, with an excellent display of fireworks to wind up the evening. An immense number of people spent the Christmas holidays out of town. At the Hanmer Plains Mr and Mrs Habens (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Cutten and daughters (Temuka), Mr, Mrs and Miss Tregear (Wellington), Mr and Miss Brittan, Mr and Mrs G. Helmore, Messrs Mathias, Cowlishaw, Murray (two), etc., were

among a large party. Mrs Palmer entertained a large house-party at Burnham Mr and Mrs Wardrop (who have returned from Australia), Mr and Mrs Ogle, Miss E. Tabart and others. At Sumner, Mrs and Miss Garrick, Miss Fairhurst, Captain and Miss Anderson and Miss Smith, Mr and Mrs R. Brown, Mr and Mrs T. Garrard, Mr and Mrs Bruce (Opawa) and family, Messrs Hargreaves, Deamer, Garrick, and unlimited campers. Mr and Mrs W. J. Meares and family, with numerous others, patronised Springfield.

For those who stayed in town there has been

MUCH ATHLETIC EXCITEMENT,

the cricket match filling us with pride over our glorious victory. We seem to have lived at Lancaster Park lately, but Saturday, the last day of the sports, finished with a violent hurricane, raising such a dust storm that it was quite impossible to see anything across the course, and almost blinding those competing. But amongst the few who braved the elements were Mr and Mrs Harley, Mr and Mrs A. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs Lyne, Mr and Misses Wynn-Williams, Mrs Wilder, Mrs C. Clark, Misses Murray-Aynsley, Russell, Cotterill, Reeves, Messrs Cotterill, Douglas, Hoyle, &c.

On New Year's night a

BALL

was given in honour of the cricketers in the Art Gallery, but it is a pity some friend of cricket with a suitable garden did not suggest a garden party instead. Many even of our cricketing enthusiasts could not think of the ball with the thermometer nearly ninety, so in point of numbers it was not a success, though all the arrangements were perfect, and some elegant gowns were worn. If all cricketers had been invited to appear in tennis costume a few more might have ventured; at any rate a few more of the visitors. Mr Beswick (Mayor) received the cricket teams, and among those present were Judge and Mrs Denniston, the latter wearing white satin and garlands of pink flowers; Mrs Wilding, in trained dark green velvet, with front petticoat of Oriental silk; Mrs R. Harman wore her bridal dress; Mrs A. Rhodes, steel grey brocade with black silk and chiffon; Mrs P. Campbell, black satin and jet; Mrs H. Wood, heliotrope brocade; Mrs K. Turner, white satin prettily trimmed with black lace and jet; Misses Reeves, Hill, Rossiter, Beswick, the latter in a pretty gown of canary satin and heliotrope; Miss Courage, handsome white brocade; Misses Cowlishaw, pretty white brocade frocks trimmed with lace; Mr and Mrs A. M. Ollivier, Mr and Mrs Wynn-Williams, Mr and Mrs Bruges, the latter in a lovely gown of black and green satin; Miss Tabart, Messrs Cuff, Wilding, Campbell, Harman, Rolleston, A. Rhodes, Drs. Palmer and Campbell, etc.

Last Friday at Thorrington Mrs C. Clark entertained the athletes at a

GARDEN PARTY,

and though the afternoon was very gusty, we soon forgot our woes in the lovely shady, sheltered garden with its cool stream, the music, pretty frocks, and dainty tea tables all so tempting and refreshing after the glare and dust of town in a nor'-wester. Mrs Clark received in a becoming French grey with black lace flounces, lace mantle and bonnet. The guests included the Hon. Mrs Parker, in pale blue and white silk; Mrs George Gould, green and white *chine* silk and chiffon; Mrs Hamer (Auckland) wore heliotrope of two shades; Mrs Arthur Rhodes, apricot and black costume; Mrs R. D. Thomas, black relieved with heliotrope; Mrs H. Wood, white and mauve, large white hat; Mrs Wilding, in grey; and numbers more. Croquet and tennis went on briskly, and several sets of Lancers were danced.

Yesterday (Wednesday) Mrs Wynn-Williams gave an

IMPROMPTU TENNIS PARTY,

but about 5 o'clock a terrific and sudden hailstorm converted it into an indoor party, which as quickly became a musical one. The Misses Beswick, Fulton, Cowlishaw, and Helmore, Messrs Garsia, Turrell, Dinwiddy (Napier), and Clark were some of those present.

Mrs Turrell, I am glad to say, is rapidly improving in health, and is at present the guest of Mrs Stevens (Englefield), where she is able to enjoy the beautiful shady garden.

The Misses Blakiston, Robison, and Hennah are gone to the Chathams for a stay with the hospitable Islanders.

Mr and Mrs G. Lee are expected out shortly by the s.s. 'Tainui.'

DOLLY VALE.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 8.

Although an unusually hot Christmas, yet a gay one has it been in our little town with polo meetings, three private dances, circus for children, visiting cricket teams, etc.

Mrs Charles Nairn's

BALL

went off with great *eclat* at 'The Lawn.' All the arrangements were so complete, and Mrs Nairn herself is such an excellent hostess. Miss Nina Tanner was the *debutante* of the evening, and looked very pretty in her beautiful white gown. The Misses Nairn (two) were also much admired. Amongst the many there were Mrs Coleman and the Misses Watt, Mr and Mrs Harry Smith, Mr and Mrs Wenley and Miss White (Scotland), Mrs Williams, the Misses Gertrude and Elsie Williams, Miss Annie St. Hill, Miss E. Simcox, Miss Balfour, etc., etc.

OTHER GAIETIES.

Mrs Wenley gave a private dance on the 28th, which was largely attended, and went off brilliantly, and on New Year's Day, to celebrate the coming of age of Miss Watt, a big ball was given by Mr and Mrs Coleman, at their beautiful residence, 'Waititiraa.' Carpeting was stretched tightly across the floor, and proved very pleasant for dancing purposes. A fashionable county gathering were present.

A large billiard and progressive euchre party was given on New Year's Eve by Mr and Mrs John McVay. Both host and hostess strained every effort to make one and all thoroughly at home. The occasion was in honour of it being the silver wedding of Mr and Mrs John McVay. The prizes (all silver) were unusually handsome, and the lucky recipients were the Misses Williams and Neal, and Messrs J. Parker and Williams. Miss Rena Williams contributed two songs during the evening, her pure voice being much admired. Other musical selections were rendered by Messrs Maginnity, Davidson, and Hughes, and the Misses Neal and Jago. Some of the ladies proved to be no amateurs in the fascinating game of billiards.

The H.M.S. 'Katoomba' has been and gone, but we hear rumours of the 'Orlando' and 'Ringarooma' being here together next week.

HITHER AND THITHER.

Miss Ringwood has left Napier and gone to Auckland for some months. Her sister, Miss Elly Ringwood, was married to Mr Norman Gurr at Hawera last week.

Miss Nina Tanner has arrived from the Old Country, and looks well in neat navy serge.

Miss Cox, from Christchurch, is visiting Mr and Mrs Willie Anderson.

Mr William Dunwiddie has been enjoying his Christmas holidays in the City of the Plains.

Mr Clarke has gone to Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs Edward Crowley have returned from their honeymoon tour, which they spent in an ideal manner, viz., up the beautiful Wanganui River. Mrs Crowley is wearing a neat white drill costume.

Miss Moeller, from Wellington, is on a visit to Mr and Mrs Frank Moeller.

Mr J. Maginnity is in Wellington.

Miss Maggie Cotterill, from Christchurch, passed through Napier last week *en route* for Auckland, and inadvertently missed the steamer, and had to stay a week in Napier.

Mrs Somerville is on a visit to Mr and Mrs George Donnelly at their station at Waimarama.

GLADYS.

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

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

MADAME MARCELLA,

'GRAPHIC' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

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

TAWHERA.—In some points your character much resembles the one under the *nom de plume* of 'Enhora.' You also have wonderful strength of will and determination. You have keen perceptive faculties and your judgment is excellent, but you are never hasty in forming your opinions, although when formed you are most tenacious in maintaining them, and I fear I must say a little obstinate. You are very warm-hearted and ever ready to perform a benevolent action, but at the same time you possess both prudence and discretion and you are very seldom deceived or imposed upon in any way. You have a large share of ambition, and are well calculated to succeed in life, and also to take care of yourself, but you are neither selfish or egotistical. Your tastes are intellectual, and your mental powers above the average. You are liberal and thoroughly sincere, neither imaginative, sensitive, or restlessly energetic. You have a decided love of rule, but nevertheless I am sure you are a general favourite, especially with the Lords of Creation.—MARCELLA.

'C.C.'—The handwriting under this *nom-de-plume* is difficult to delineate, and I am also doubtful as to the sex of the writer. However, the characteristics would be the same. 'C.C.' is affectionate, and in many respects unselfish, but he is wanting in firmness, decision, and stability of purpose. He is quick and active in mind and body. His intentions are kind and good, but he has not the necessary strength of will and perseverance to carry them out and bring his plans to perfection. He is imaginative, and prone to fancy himself slighted, and notwithstanding the feeble will power, it is almost impossible to eradicate an idea which has once taken possession of his mind. His judgment is defective, and although kind-hearted, his affection is not of a durable type. He is economical and industrious, has much pride of a certain kind, and is by no means easy to understand; while at times he can keep his own counsel admirably.—MARCELLA.

THE engagements are announced of Miss Ida Nelson to Mr Lean, both of Hawke's Bay; and Miss Gertrude Williams, daughter of Mr J. N. Williams (Frimley), to Mr Guy Russell, of Hastings, Hawke's Bay.

ANOTHER engagement is that of Miss Fanny Miller, daughter of the Hon. H. J. Miller, to Mr Buckley, of Redcastle, Oamaru.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR KNIGHT TO MISS DAVY.

A QUIET but pretty wedding took place last Saturday afternoon in St. Paul's pro-Cathedral, Wellington, when Miss Selina Davy, third daughter of Mr G. B. Davy, chief Judge of the Native Lands Court, was married to Mr Charles Prendergast Knight, eldest son of Mr Godfrey Knight, of Sydney, formerly of this town, and nephew of Sir James Prendergast.

THE bride who was given away by her father, wore a pretty and simple white merveilleux gown, trained, and trimmed slightly with lace, and her veil was thrown back from her face and fastened with a spray of orange blossom.

THERE were three bridesmaids—the Misses E. and L. Davy, sisters of the bride, and Miss K. Knight, sister of the bridegroom, who wore pretty white muslin frocks trimmed with lace, and white hats brightened with yellow.

AMONG the few guests were Sir James and Lady Prendergast, Miss Knight, and Mr and Mrs Reid. The Rev. T. H. Sprott officiated, and Mr Percy Knight attended his brother as best man.

THE going-away costume was of fine fawn-coloured cloth with brown velvet collar and revers, and large hat to match.

AFTER the ceremony the guests adjourned to Judge Davy's house to partake of the usual wedding cake, etc., and tender their congratulations to the happy pair.

MR PEACOCK TO MRS MCRAE.

THE wedding of the Hon. J. T. Peacock and Mrs McRae took place very quietly at Hawkesbury, Christchurch, the residence of the bridegroom, on the last Monday in the old year. Only a few special friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was solemnized in the drawing-room, most beautifully decorated for the occasion, so there is very little to tell of guests or gowns, though the wedding itself is very romantic.

THE bride wore a lovely heliotrope brocade trimmed with cream lace, and has several lovely gowns, which will be worn later.

THERE are two weddings in the near future, both Opawa demoiselles—Misses Hassal and Beadell.

MR CHAMBERS TO MISS SINCLAIR.

ON Tuesday a very pretty wedding was solemnised at Pohokura, Stratford, the contracting parties being Miss C. E. Sinclair, eldest daughter of Mr John Sinclair, late of Wainui-o-mata, and Mr Walter Chambers, third son of Mr Richard Chambers, of Cambridge, Waikato.

THE ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, the Rev. A. English, of the Anglican Church, officiating.

THE bride was given away by her father, and looked charming in a handsome gown of ivory silk, with the customary veil and orange blossoms.

SHE was attended by her sisters, the Misses Isabel and Jeanne Sinclair, who wore pretty dresses of pale green nun's-veiling trimmed with white silk. Mr Stanley Chambers, of Hawke's Bay, attended his brother as best man.

AFTER a most enjoyable breakfast, at which some very good speeches were made, the bride and bridegroom drove away amid showers of good wishes, rice, and old shoes for their home near Oakura, New Plymouth, the bride wearing a stylish costume of grey trimmed with iridescent beading and yellow silk, with cape to match, and white hat trimmed with buttercups and black feathers.

A GREAT number of handsome and useful presents were received by the young couple from friends far and near.

MR WINTER TO MISS COWPER.

A VERY pretty wedding took place at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Auckland, when Mr N. A. Winter, B.A., of Beresford-street School, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Eleanor Cowper, of Milton Avenue, Mount Eden. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Dudley.

THE bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr Fred Cowper, looked lovely in a handsome dress of white cashmere, prettily trimmed with lace and ribbon adorned with orange blossoms, over which fell the veil. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white flowers and maiden-hair fern.

THE bridesmaids in attendance were Miss Augusta and Miss Evelyn Cowper, sisters of the bride, who wore becoming costumes of cream nun's veiling, cream lace, and heliotrope ribbons, silk hats to match, each carrying a lovely bouquet; also Miss Ivy Maitland and Miss Gladys Coates, two tiny dots daintily attired in cream and pale blue, wearing pretty cream hats with blue trimmings. They held crooks of white daisies and ferns with blue ribbon streamers.

THE newly-wedded pair left the church amid showers of rice and good wishes from their numerous friends. Between thirty and forty presents were received by the happy couple.

CUSTOMER (in dry goods store): 'Will the stuff wash?'
Clerk (from Boston): 'No, madam.'
Customer: 'Well, I don't want it.'
Clerk: 'But it can be washed, madam.'

THE NABOB

OF SINGAPORE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

A PAGE TURNED DOWN.

A few days glide by. The work progresses rapidly—still it takes a certain amount of time to accomplish such a vast amount of business, and at the end of the third day they are not yet ready, though the Iris again floats upon the bosom of Singapore Harbour.

Major Max has taken up his quarters on board, so that he can personally superintend the various preparations. As the recognised leader of the expedition, much depends upon his judgment. He personally hires the crew, and as there is a premium offered to the right sort of men, he has a chance of securing a full complement of sturdy Jack Tars before sailing time comes. Most of them are English sailors, and the spice of danger in the engagement serves as an added inducement to such brave lads.

The soldier has almost entirely abandoned the field in favour of Nat, and it is certainly the Nabob's own fault if he does not improve these golden hours. The divine spark is glowing in his heart, and at last he is deeply and madly in love; so he tells Max very often.

It is not very pleasant news to Major Max, of course, but he has experienced many strange things during the course of his eventful life, and can smile calmly while listening to the handsome young Nabob going into rhapsodies over his lady love.

When Max makes no remark, he flies into a little rage, and demands imperiously whether the major has any objection to the match—if he does not think Eulalie good enough for him. This so tickles the soldier that he bursts into a roar of laughter, and in a cynical voice says:

'I have been in doubt about it, but have hopes she will, after a while, attain the high pinnacle that the wife or sweetheart of a royal Nabob should reach. Seriously speaking, you conceited young Apollo, I think Eulalie ten times too good for you in your natural state. If I were sure this sudden reformation would not soon peter out, and the last stage be worse than the first, I might feel justified in believing all would be well.'

Then he gives Nat such a lecture as the gay young dog never received before—shows him his faults and Eulalie's virtues and finally winds up by saying:

'If you are lucky enough to win her, it will be a hundred times more than you deserve. See that you are always gentle and true with her. We may not find her father, but, please God, I am bound to look after her happiness, for the love I bore Tom Thorpe.'

Nat Mayne looked fixedly at the other a minute, as though a sudden idea were forcing itself through his brain. Men upon whom fortune ever smiles are not accustomed to prolong reflection, and it comes hard upon them when circumstances throw them upon their own resources.

'H'm!' he says, but there is a world of significance in the expression.

Major Max holds his ground—he is a soldier by profession and not used to flight in the face of danger; but he has turned very white.

They are alone in the cabin of the ship, and it is evening. The carpenters and painters have gone home, the captain is ashore, and the men mostly on deck, fraternising in the dog watch.

'Uncle Max, I am astounded,' says Mayne.

'At what, pray?'

'You have revealed your secret.'

'My secret?' calmly.

'You love Eulalie Thorpe yourself.'

Some men would have perjured themselves indignantly denying the truth of this accusation, but Major Max says nothing—he knows it is so; he can no longer conceal the fact from himself, and even Nat's eyes have discovered it.

The Nabob waits, but hears no denial. He even allows himself to show anger, just as though he has the right to monopolise the love-making of the world. He has stood the lecture of the major meekly, and grinned while his pet sins were being paraded before his eyes; it is his turn now to chide—yes, to taunt.

'I am amazed to think a man of your age would allow himself to be enchanted by a pair of dark eyes belonging to a girl only a few years beyond the short dress period. Why, bless your poor heart, she isn't near half your age, sir, and could well look up to you as her father.'

Major Max preserves his temper.

'Ah, my dear boy, the divine spark of love does not think of age. It has always been so. You will at thirty-five or forty be just as apt to go into rhapsodies over a charming ballet-dancer of sixteen. Some people think men get more foolish in love matters the older they grow; but I can say, without any conceit, that I have never caused a woman to shed a tear. You accuse me of loving Eulalie. Well, what of it? She is a charming girl—she comes nearer my ideal of a true woman than any one I have yet met. Yes, I love the girl with all my heart and soul. If I were fortunate enough to win her, I would be the happiest man on earth.'

He says this solemnly, but Mayne shows intense excitement.

'Confound it all,' he says, 'will you step in between and ruin the one true love episode of my life? She belongs to me. Why, I met her fourteen months ago in Paris. I told you all about it that night. The fact of our coming together again proves the existence of a fate binding our hearts together. Everything combines to make her mine, enthusiastically, as he snatches out her picture and kisses it again and again.

The major frowns at this.

'I presume the fact of your having flirted with her at a Parisian hospital a year ago, and accidently meeting her again out here, does give you a pre-emption claim; but what should I say, I who have thought of her sweet face for three long years? See! here it is in the locket on my watch chain. Twice have these arms strained her to my heart and snatched her from the eager grasp of a cruel death. Would it not be natural for me to say Heaven meant her for me; and, were I twenty years younger, and as homely as a scare crow, a dozen Nabobs, were they combinations of Adonis and Lothair, could not force me to yield one iota of my claim.'

'Twice, you say? echoes Nat, aghast at the tiger he has aroused.

'Ay, twice; for Eulalie Thorpe was no other than the girl I bore down the mountain side of Mont Blanc, the girl whose pictured face has haunted me ever since.'

'Then am I undone. I could hold my own against one rescue, for in regard to that you promised secrecy; but two—never. Heaven help me, I've lost just when I thought I had won.'

The Nabob is a sorry-looking individual in his despair—such a contrast to the high-stepping dandy usually seen upon the streets, the observed of all, the admiration of women, the envy of men. He is simply crushed.

'Wait!' says Major Max, slowly, and the distracted Nat, ceasing to run his fingers through his yellow hair, raises his blue eyes to the face of his companion.

He suddenly remembers something.

'Your promise!' is what he mutters, breathlessly.

'Yes, my promise. It was given off hand and under a blind misunderstanding. I never dreamed when I said I would advance your interests before my own, that Eulalie was the child of the Alps.'

'Still, you did promise.'

'And I shall keep it.'

'Heaven bless you, Uncle Max.'

'Under one condition. You shall have the first chance to win her. I will stand aside, agreeing to do nothing to sway her mind one way or the other. You shall have, I say, a certain time, weeks if you will, or months. If at the end of that time you have won her heart, and she consents to be your wife, I shall go on in my way just as though nothing had ever happened. If, on the other hand, you fail, then it must be you who shall step aside and let me try my fate. Is this just, Nat Mayne?'

The other has turned red and white alternately.

He knows he is dealing with a man of honour—Major Max has done for him more than any other person on earth would.

At the same time, he understands that Max Lee is dead in earnest—that he has not been aroused like this since the time he was in love with Nat's mother, and was outgeneraled because of a treacherous handsome friend and a woman's fickle heart.

He must clinch matters—put the soldier in a hole, so to speak, and tie his hands.

All this is considered—it only takes a short time to mentally view the incidents of the past.

'I don't know why I should hesitate to tell you—I have improved each shining hour. It has been quick work, I'll admit, but many a fort is captured by assault as well as by a long siege. Well, I have won.'

Major Max starts violently.

'Do you mean that you have already asked her to be your wife?'

'She's going to redeem me. Oh! I'll make a paragon of a husband yet, if there can be such an anomaly on earth. I never dreamed I should ever come to it. Why, fortune has been so prodigal with her favours that hitherto I have been reckoned a heart smasher, and I say it without meaning to boast. But at last I have met my Sedan—I have been obliged to capitulate. It's a deuced serious business to a fellow like me.'

The soldier sticks to his point and is not to be swerved from his course.

'Have you told her you love her?' he continues, hoarsely.

'Yes,' returns Nat, doggedly.

'And asked her to be your wife?'

'I did.'

'Tell me her answer.'

'She was a little coy, but I am a diplomat in love matters, and I finally made her confess she returned the affection, and would in course of time make me happy for life.'

He stretches the truth a little, to cover the case, this young gentleman whom fortune loves to honour, and who trembles in his elegant patent leathers, lest the plain man he has called 'aged' distance him in the race for a young girl's heart. Eulalie has asked for time to search her heart, while she gives him some encouragement. He 'anticipates the market.'

With him the old motto, 'all's fair in love or war,' has always held good. Like all men of his class, the handsome Nabob is selfish. He has never known the exquisite pleasure of giving up his own comfort to another, and in this matter he does not give a thought as to what is to become of Major Max, for his whole time is taken up with bother about the future condition of one Nat Mayne.

And the major believes him.

He does not give way to any emotion, for he is a man who has learned to control his feelings.

Quietly opening his locket charm, with the point of a penknife he takes out the small bit of card-board containing Eulalie's face, and, walking over, tosses it through the open bull's eye. The Nabob watches him curiously.

'Far be it from me to carry around the likeness of another man's promised wife. That page shall be turned down. Let us talk of another subject, my dear boy,' he says, resolutely; and Nabob Nat secretly admires the man whose life his father wrecked, but whose nobility of soul even adversity could not diminish.

'There's one good thing about the melancholy days of autumn,' said Sneersby. 'What is that?' 'When a man gets a plain, ordinary cold he can't go about calling it "hay fever."'

'What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the arctic regions?' asked the inquisitive man. 'Getting back home,' was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.

'Are you married?' said the manager to a man who was looking for a situation. 'No, sir.' 'Then I can't employ you. We find that married men know better how to obey than bachelors.'

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUEEN OF THE MALACCA STRAITS.

After this the major marks out a line for himself, and walks along it with soldierly precision. He continually looks upon Eulalie as lost to him. While courteous in his manner, he at the same time is formal. In a word, he endeavours to be gentle and kind while manifesting a sort of paternal interest in the girl.

Perhaps she wonders at his action, but her mind is full of the great work upon which they are about to start, and the change in his manner is not enough in itself to excite inquiry.

The Nabob waits on her assiduously. She never expresses a wish but that he is off to execute it. It would only be natural that this homage on the part of a handsome man must be pleasing to almost any girl; but Eulalie is a sensible young woman, and too much of this sort of thing sets her to thinking.

There is always an unpleasant idea connected with devotion from an Adonis—one is often tempted to estimate how many other girls there were in the past for whom he had shown the same undying affection.

It takes away from the satisfaction of the victory. After all, your sensible girl of to-day is a jealous creature, and would rather know she is the first and last and only love of a man's heart, than to discover herself to be only one of a dozen to whom he has sworn eternal fealty.

The preparations go on, and the Iris is rapidly reaching a point when she will be ready to sail. Nothing that will tend to their comfort or further the object of their business has been neglected, and it looks as though the major has carried out matters with his usual thoroughness.

Meantime, unknown to our friends, other complications are arising which may cause them trouble. Lord Aleck and the Jew have endeavoured to argue the matter—to make Thaddeus unbend and let him in as they agreed; but the American is not that kind of a man. They were ready to ruin him in order to save themselves, and it is not in his nature to give up a million or so in order to gratify two such unscrupulous plungers.

When they find him inexorable, they turn their minds in another direction and begin to plan revenge.

Thaddeus has so arranged his business that he can see his way clear, and hence decides to accompany the pilgrims on their voyage.

Perhaps, after all, he has love in his heart for his winsome niece, and can think of her happiness until some other gigantic scheme intrudes itself upon his mind for consideration.

Such an enterprise cannot be kept a secret, and all Singapore is interested in the voyage of the Iris. Everywhere Eulalie is an object of interest—people stare at her in the street—at the hotel, until it becomes perfectly embarrassing. Whether this comes from the fact that her intended undertaking is known, or because she is the niece and heiress of the American prince of finance who so recently scooped in a million or two, is never understood.

They come to what probably will be their last night at Singapore. Major Max has received assurances from the captain and Aiva Green that the ship will be ready to sail by the following afternoon.

As there is no telling when they may enjoy solid land again, our friends do not go aboard; they will spend this, their last night at Singapore, ashore.

Major Max is satisfied. A score of little things have been done that will add to Eulalie's comfort aboard the ship, and the English captain declares no sailing vessel ever left Singapore looking half so fine.

They expect to spend their last night in the strange city of Singapore at the great wooden caravansary a few blocks from the new harbour known as Tangong Pagar, where steamers draw in to load with coal, and some of them to discharge and receive freight.

In most foreign parts of the far East, the transportation steamers anchor in the stream or harbour, and only assume charge of their passengers while they are on the ship.

They must come aboard and leave in their own way, and at their own expense.

Hence, an arriving steamer is at once beset by a regiment of Chinese, Malayese, and other native boatmen, clamouring for patronage, and, in point of noise, together with a stiffness of price that can only be supported by strict organisation, they equal any band of piratical hackmen New York or Niagara ever knew. Ordinarily a Spanish dollar is necessary to enable one to get ashore with a small amount of luggage.

The hotel does not equal a Parisian caravansary, but the rooms are large and comfortable, and the service very fair.

Chinese are everywhere; in Singapore they seem to almost monopolise business.

At the table they wait on you, cook your meals, serve you as guides around the city; you enter a bank and find all the officials Chinamen; in trade you bargain with them. It is astonishing, and shows what we have really escaped in at last awakening to the evil of Chinese immigration. No nation can compete with the Celestials; let them get a foothold and they are bound eventually to monopolise things.

The singular vehicle in general use amuses our friends. This equipage, as in India, is known as a garri, and is drawn by one diminutive horse. Sometimes the driver has a seat, and again he is compelled to trot alongside his strange steed.

Probably it is Phineas who has the best time at Singapore; when Belinda has an hour off, the two can be seen wandering about the city in search of strange sights, and they find plenty of them. Anon they take a ride in a garri, and put on as much style as though they were members of some royal family.

The music on the Esplanade, in front of the museum, has been a pleasant feature of their stay in the so-called 'city of lions.' Of all the Europeans in Singapore the British predominate, though the Germans are not far behind; and after them come the Italians, French, and a few scattering others. Of Americans there are virtually

none, and yet a Yankee has just carried the whole place by storm.

It can be easily understood that with such a cosmopolitan population, there is an undercurrent of vice and crime rampant.

Thaddeus has shown a remarkable bit of business ability, but he is not a beloved character in Singapore. Those who have not profitted by the stupendous deal are angry at him, while the men who sold at a large premium want to kick themselves for not demanding more.

It would be hard to find a friend of the American in the whole place. If the defeated schemers want to institute some sort of revenge upon the American they will be able to discover plenty of available assistants for the business.

Thaddeus has placed his affairs in the hands of the best legal firm in the city, so he cannot be injured financially. The deal has gone through, and for a time he is king of the coffee trade; all the world must pay him tribute.

Hence, if injured at all, it must be with regard to his body or his mind.

Men who are unscrupulous do not hesitate to descend to dishonourable practices. Lord Aleck Pemberton is doubly sore, since he has not only been a loser by the clever work of Thaddeus Thorpe, but at the same time has suffered severely at the hands of the Nabob of Singapore, who is of the party.

He sees a chance to kill two birds with one stone, and through the agency of—Eulalie.

Thus, this last night at Singapore may after all turn out to be one of excitement.

The major has been roaming the streets as the afternoon wears away. There are several favourite nooks of his, which he has haunted. One of these is the mosque where the Mohammedans worship. All sorts of religions are tolerated at Singapore, for the nations of the earth meet here, naturally fall into sects, and worship as they are accustomed to at home. The Buddhists, Brahmans, Mohammedans, followers of Zoroaster, Confucius, and the various sects of the islands, all mingle in business, but worship according to their custom.

So Major Max has experienced some pleasure in looking up these strange facts, whenever he can spare time from the business of getting the ship ready for her expedition.

It is just sunset.

The voice of the priest is heard from the little platform of the stately minarets, chanting the *ladzu* or call to prayer, and the faithful may be seen in the mosque or on the street, it matters not which, bending their bodies to the earth, and facing nearly west, for in that quarter lies the sacred city of Mecca.

There is at least a solemnity in their worship, no levity being allowed, though Mohammedans drop this piety just as soon as they leave their mosque.

Major Max has always been attracted by such scenes; he has an eye for colours, and the Orientals love to display the most gorgeous tints in their rags and dress.

He turns away from this scene; it is time he made for the hotel. Singapore will soon be in the embrace of night, and it is not the safest place in the world to be wandering in after darkness has set her seal upon the strange city that guards the entrance to the Malacca Straits.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHASE OF THE PALKE GARRI.

So the soldier quickens his steps, as he has to pass through a number of streets before reaching the broad verandah of the hotel.

The evening is pleasant, as a cooling breeze springs up at sunset, and gives promise of continuing most of the night. While he stalks along the major keeps his eyes about him, and notes many things of interest, which a less observant man would never have seen.

A palke garri passes him — the lithe driver is beating his horse in the endeavour to make the little beast go faster, running alongside. It is a common sight, and yet Major Max cannot but smile at the spectacle, as he wonders what a sensation it would cause upon Broadway.

Who called him? Surely he heard some one in an indistinct voice say, 'Oh, major!'

He looks all around; no one seems to be paying the slightest attention to him. The garri is rattling down the street; he see a white hand thrust out from it; perhaps his eyes deceive him, but it seems to beckon. He rubs his eyes, as if to make sure he is not dreaming. When he looks again there is no hand in sight; the garri is disappearing in the shadows of evening, and Major Max laughs at himself.

There are madcaps in Singapore who might not object to having a little amusement at the expense of a foreigner; Spanish senoritas eager for a flirtation, Italian maids with eyes full of mischief. Pshaw! some one who knew his name called out on the spur of the moment. What a fool to let his old heart give such a bound. Every girl in Singapore is not Miss Thorpe; and, besides, she is the Nabob's Eulalie.

So he walks on, straight to the square, where much of the city's business is done.

The hotel at last.

Major Max heaves a sigh of relief—he has had a busy day—it has been quite warm—he is weary, and anticipates a good dinner. When a man nears fifty the comforts of life are always apt to be appreciated.

For once the soldier loses his dinner. As he steps upon the piazza he sees some one flying toward him, recognises the phenomenal habit of tripping at a certain time, braces himself, and awaits the crisis.

Sure enough, Belinda, with a little hysterical scream, seems to catch her foot upon some obstacle just before reaching him, and in another instant the soldier gallantly has his arms full of crinoline.

'Well done!' he says, deliberately, as he deposits his burden on the verandah.

'Oh, Major Max!' she gasps.

'Another lost letter?' he asks, smiling, as he looks about for the cuffed coolie.

'No, no! Something worse, infinitely worse. I'm afraid it's my sweet mistress that's lost this time!' she wails, hysterically, snatching out a dainty web of a kerchief, and wiping her eyes vigorously.

Major Max straightens up.

His levity leaves him; he becomes once more the soldier—alert, stern, with an eye to duty.

'What do you mean?' he demands, seizing her wrist.

'Oh, Major Max, you hurt me!'

'Excuse me; but explain. What has happened to your mistress? Is she sick—has she been poisoned—did the boat upset again?'

His fierceness alarms the girl; she hardly knows how to answer.

'There comes dear Phineas—ask him.'

'We are afraid there's something gone wrong with Miss Eulalie,' he exclaimed. 'Her uncle is like a madman, and as for the nabob, I'm afraid unless he's restrained, he'll clean out the whole hotel.'

'Fools, fools! What good would that do? Tell me plainly what has happened to Eulalie.'

Phineas realises that he faces a master.

'I'm glad one man keeps his senses. Thank Heaven, there's some hope then. In a word, major, the young lady has disappeared.'

'What?'

'She's been kidnapped.'

The man who hears this astounding intelligence shuts his teeth hard; the muscles of his jaws can be seen to swell.

'Tell me the particulars, as briefly as you can, for every second may count.'

That is the man of action who speaks. Somehow his manner inspires the secretary.

'Listen, then. She had forgotten some little thing she might want on this ride—ahem—delightful journey to the pirate dens of the Siamese coast. It would not do to wait for morning. She called to Juliet—my Huggins here—to follow and join her at the fountain. This Juliet did, as far as her part was concerned. She reached the fountain—it was almost evening—Eulalie was not there. She waited, not knowing where to go. The doves were feeding before seeking their roosts—the water was gurgling beside her. Several girls and women came and filled their jars; they talked and laughed, but Miss Eulalie was not visible.

'Juliet is brave, but even she became anxious, for there were many rough fellows on the streets of Singapore just at dark. Then she heard a woman cry out; she saw some parties about a carriage, one of those indescribable things they call a garri. Her name was called—she had a glimpse of a white face—it was that of her mistress. She did not comprehend, yet she ran forward, faithful Juliet, and called aloud for the men to desist.

'The garri dashed down the street, the horse going at a gallop. It is no unusual sight in Singapore. Juliet ran and shouted, people blocked her way, and she was gradually being left behind. Presently she tripped and fell into the arms of a handsome gentleman who chanced to be going the other way.'

'Ah!' smiles the major.

'It was an accident,' murmurs Huggins, turning furiously red.

'That gentleman, sauntering along and swinging his cane,' continues the dramatic secretary, 'was no other than Phineas Shadrach Tuttle—myself. I endeavoured to get her to tell me what her agitation meant, but all she could do was to point and cry, "The garri! the garri!" As there were a dozen in sight, I could not comprehend what she meant.

'At length she revived, and in jerks, as she regained her breath, she told me the whole story. It was too late to follow; we hastened to the hotel to find her uncle and the Nabob, who acted like wild men when they heard of the outrage.'

'Where are they now?'

'Mr Thorpe is in the hotel, raging around and threatening to clean out the whole of Singapore unless his niece is found. As for Mr Mayne, I believe he ran off to discover the police, and buy the whole force, body and soul.'

'Just like Nat, for all the world. How long ago did this outrage happen?'

Phineas looks at the girl.

'It was just half-past five,' she replies.

'What makes you so sure?'

'I remember I had just heard a bell sound the half hour when the noise and the crying of "Huggins!" drew my attention.'

'That would be just twenty minutes ago. Yes, you are right, I believe. Now, try and remember—did you notice the horse?'

'I saw it.'

'Was it a white animal?'

'Oh, Major Lee, what a good guesser you are. Sure enough, it was a white horse.'

The major is grinding his teeth in rage, while to himself he mutters:

'My ears—my heart did not deceive me. That was *her* voice I heard calling "Oh, major!"—it was *her* little hand waving to me, beseeching help—from that accursed garri that went rattling down the street in the gloaming. Fool! fool that I was not to spring after it. They would have fared badly at my hands, the wretches. But I am not impotent. I have saved Eulalie twice; please God, I will try and save her again—for another.'

There is not a nerve or muscle in his whole body that is not alert, ready for action.

Looking up as some one comes running along, he sees Mayne. The Nabob is actually excited—he has thrown aside his usually placid demeanour and his face is flushed.

'Good Heaven! have you heard the news, Uncle Max? Don't be alarmed—I've aroused the police force. In an hour or two I feel confident we will have the whole of them here ready to begin work. Something desperate had to be done, and I've promised 'em five hundred dollars a man if they run the rascals down.

'One or two hours—that may be too late. We must to work ourselves. Fortunately, I have a clue. If you are not already armed make haste and get a weapon.'

'I have a revolver—I'm with you.'

'Then you and Phineas follow me. We'll see if they can abduct a lady with impunity in this heathen country.'

They hurry away from the square, the soldier aiming for the Mohammedan quarter, where stands the mosque in which the followers of the prophet worship, Mayne and Phineas following.

It was here he saw the garri drawn by a white horse, and from this point he may pick up the chase—here he saw the hand that appealed to him in vain, and heard her dear voice call aloud his name. He groans at the remembrance, but otherwise shows no emotion. How different from the dashing Nabob at his side, who carries on at a rate that is distracting, bemoaning the fate that has snatched his latest love away, until the major, tortured beyond endurance, turns upon him and sternly asks him to keep silent.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGAIN MANUEL'S BOAT.

THEY reach the scene, and come to a halt upon the very spot where he stood when the mysterious vehicle passed and was gradually swallowed up in the gloaming. Max points out the quarter where he last saw the garri. It is really below them—nearer the water. This gives him an idea.

He can only conceive of one positive reason for the kidnapping of Miss Thorpe—whether it has been done at the instigation of Lord Alock, or some party unknown, the object is revenge. A large ransom will be demanded for her safe return.

'They descended!—they were heading for the harbour,' is his immediate conclusion.

The street leads directly to the quay, and although night has set in, they do not find this place deserted by any means.

Many lanterns and a few electric lights serve to give those who labour a chance to see. It is like a hive of bees—swarthy porters carry burdens on their backs; vessels are loading and being unloaded, and most of the night the same bustle may be found at this point in Singapore.

This is the place where they will have to make inquiries, and the soldier begins at once by accosting a party who seems to be keeping tally of a cargo coming ashore in boat loads. The man is French—a dapper little fellow, and possibly the supercargo of some steamer running to Havre.

'Monsieur, have you noticed the arrival here of a vehicle, drawn by a white horse, with the driver running alongside—a garri that contained one or more men and a young lady.

The Frenchman laughs, and looks at Major Max curiously.

'Ah! you are the aged lover from whom she was escaping. I am full of pity for you, monsieur, but you should know better.'

'Better than what?'

'To marry a young girl against her will. I have one great notion to wipe up ze dock wif you!' exclaims the Gaul, a man about half the size of the soldier he addresses; but that never enters the wild calculations of a Frenchman.

'They have given you a yarn to allay suspicion. She is being stolen for a ransom, this young girl. We are her friends—this, the Nabob of Singapore, whom you must know, is her lover. Those who took her are wretches who will demand a ransom. Tell me, did you see her face?'

'*Parbleau!* did I: It haunts me still. I shall dream of it forever—so lofely—so beautiful.'

'If she was with her lover, she should have been happy—tell me, was she so?'

'I fear me not, monsieur. She appear ver' much frightened. He explain sat it was because enemies follow. She start to speak; she cry "No, no—teli ze major!" but zey stop her. It occur to me later how ze devil I know ze major!'

'She referred to me. You are—'

'Jacques St. Cyr,' drawing himself up.

'Monsieur St. Cyr, in the name of the girl you love the best, or the mother whose memory you revere, assist us in this our effort to rescue one who is very dear to us.'

'Ah, she is my life, the light of my existence, the star of all my hopes,' murmurs Nat, with a hand upon his heart.

'Messieurs, I believe you. I am at your service. Command me.'

'How many were with her?'

'Two men.'

'Did you know them?'

'I did not.'

'Were they French?'

'No, sare—English,' indignantly.

'Would you know them again?'

'Only by zere voices—zey keep hats down over ze eyes. But if I hear ze speech I should be able to swear by 'em.'

'It is enough. Tell me now, my dear monsieur, which way did they go?'

'Who keeps his boat there?'

'Ze vehicle drive away to ze town—but zey were not in it. All of 'em go down ze steps yonder to a boat.'

'I seem to recognise the locality,' declares Nat, rubbing his eyes and looking around.

'Manuel,' replies the Frenchman.

'Ah! a Spaniard—I know him. What a strange fatality that he should be the one. 'Let's go and see if he has returned.'

They do not find him. The wooden stairs lead down to a float, but no boat is there. This is a bitter disappointment—they dare not go away, lest he may return and take the alarm if he hears they are looking for him.

All they can do is to wait. As the minutes slowly pass on an awful fear comes over the major that Eulalie may have been taken to some ship that has immediately gotten under way and departed.

'There comes a boat,' says the Nabob, and they see a dark object creeping along. It lands at the platform, and Major Max is down alongside almost instantly.

'Is this boat for hire?' he says, quietly.

'Oh, yes, senor,' eagerly.

'It is Manuel!'

'*For Dois!* who are you?' a little troubled.

'I will engage your boat to take myself

and friends out to the same vessel you have just left.'

'Mercy senor! Now I know you. Praise the Virgin you have come! Tell me, was the lady all muffled up, she who fell out of my boat?'

'It was no other. Come, Nat—Phineas. Are you ready to row, Manuel?'

'Si, senor. If I had only known before.'

Major Max does not trust him beyond reach of his arm—he believes the man to be a tricky customer.

'What kind of a vessel did they go to?'

'Why, the same one, senor.'

'The steam-yacht?'

'It is so. I am not able to understand what it all means, but I am ready to serve you.'

'All I ask is that you take us to the yacht, and make no noise.'

'Si, senor—you shall see that Manuel can do what you wish.'

They are all in the boat now, and he begins to use the oars in a way that proves him an adept: the blades split the water, they rise and fall with never a sound.

Major Max leans over so that he can speak in a low voice to his companions.

'This tells me it is the work of that Englishman. He doubtless means to hold her for an immense ransom. I fear only one thing—that they will get up steam and leave the harbour before we can prevent them. That would be disastrous.'

'I'll blow them up with dynamite first, says the Nabob, fiercely, just as though he carries a bomb or two in his pocket.

'Manuel?'

'Well, senor?'

'What were they doing when you left the steam yacht?'

'Getting up steam,' comes the prompt answer.

A chorus of groans is heard.

'Phineas, do you know how long it usually takes to get up steam? You have travelled on the yacht some months, I believe.'

'Under ordinary conditions, just half an hour.'

'Then we have a good chance, thank Heaven! Both of you be ready for business. There is no time to depend on the authorities—before we could move in that direction our enemies would be twenty miles away. I wish we had with us a few of the good fellows from the Iris, but that's out of the question. There are three stout pairs of arms ready to do battle in the interest of Eulalie Thorpe. She can be saved—she must be saved.'

'She will be saved,' echoes Mayne.

'Bravo! With such determined knights in the field success is certain,' exclaims Phineas, who has leanings toward the stage.

Then they lapse into silence—each man is thinking of what may be before them. It is a serious business, this boarding a vessel with arms in their hands, and yet not one of them flinches.

Even upon the water there is a certain amount of noise and confusion—sailors can be heard talking on board the various ships at anchor—men are singing during the dog watch, and boats move to and fro.

The boatman knows where he is going, and his manner of rowing proves that something was indeed wrong with him on the evening he upset his boat and almost drowned his fare.

All the while Major Max is saying in his heart, "May Heaven enable us to arrive before the engineer has steam up.'

Their suspense cannot last long. Manuel ceases rowing.

'Senors, I believe we are rather close now,' he say, slowly, glancing. Then he suddenly exclaims: 'So ho, my hearty!—there you are! Senors, we are yet in time. See that light! there is an officer lighting his cigar; but was a close shave.'

They all see what he draws attention to.

'Head that way, Manuel, and be careful.'

So they creep up—the outlines of the steam yacht loom between them and the heavens. The moon will soon be rising, but fortune is kind to allow them a chance before this occurs.

Will they be discovered? Each man crouches low. Manuel has his orders—if hailed by those on board, he is to dash alongside and give them an opportunity to board the yacht. It is a desperate chance, but they are bound to get there, peaceably if it be possible, by force of arms if necessary.

(To be Continued.)

OUR REGARDS TO MR RUSSELL.

THE writer of these lines hereby tenders to Mr W. Clark Russell the assurance of his thanks and appreciation. I have always loved sea stories, and those of Mr Russell stand at the head of their class. From 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor' to 'List, Ye Landsmen!' I have read them all. Yet salt water, and the things therein and therein, are not the only things he knows about; not by many degrees of latitude.

In his last book he makes a sailor talk thus: 'I have suffered from the liver in my time, and know what it is to have *felt mad*. I say I have known moments when I could scarce restrain myself from breaking windows, kicking at the shins of all who approached me, knocking my head against the wall, yelling with the yell of one who drops in a fit; and all the while my brain was as healthy as the healthiest that ever filled a human skull, and nothing was wanted but a musketry of calomel pills to dislodge the fiend,' etc., etc.

So much for what Mr Russell's sailor (or Mr Russell himself) says; and there are plenty of people who can testify that this is not a bit overdrawn. One fact in particular it helps us to realise, namely, that the life of a sailor does not guarantee good health. Indigestion and dyspepsia—of which liver complaint is a sequence and a symptom—is as common among sailors as among landsmen.

One of the latter, however, may now tell of his experience. 'All my life,' he says, 'I had suffered from biliousness and sick headaches. I would have an attack about every three weeks. At such times my appetite left me, and I could neither eat nor drink for days together. I suffered from dreadful sickness and straining, and vomited a greenish-yellow fluid. My head felt as though it would burst. I had a bad taste in the mouth, sallow skin, and the whites of the eyes turned yellow. I was recommended to adopt a vegetarian diet, and did so, but the attacks were just as frequent and violent. I consulted doctors and took their medicines, but was none the better for it. In this way I went on year after year.'

Well, we shall agree that there could scarcely be a worse way to go on, and it all came about thus: The overworked stomach put more work on the liver than the latter could do. Indignant and disgusted at this the liver refused to do a stroke more than its proper share. Hence more bile accumulated in the blood than the liver was able to remove. This surplus bile acts as a slow poison—and not so very slow either. The tongue is furred; the head aches and feels dull and heavy; the eyes and skin are greenish yellow; there is dizziness and nausea; cold hands and feet; spots before the eyes; a pungent, biting fluid rises into the throat; constipation; high coloured kidney secretion; prostrated nerves; irritability; loss of ambition; fears and forebodings, etc., etc.

This is 'biliousness' or 'liver complaint' in its simplest form. When long unchecked it produces irregular action of the heart, rheumatism, gout, and any, or all, of a dozen other organic disorders. There is no more certain or powerful impulse to misbehaviour; suicide and other crimes often resulting.

What to do? To get rid of the poison by starting the skin and bowels into energetic action; then to keep them going at a healthy and natural gait. How to do this? Let our friend, Mr F. Widger, 4, Portland Square, Plymouth—whom we have just quoted—speak on that point.

In his letter, dated March 3rd, 1893, he adds:

'Two years ago, after all medicines had failed to help me, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I procured it from Mr R. S. Luke, Chemist, Tavistock Road, and began to use it, and nothing else. After having consumed one bottle I found myself vastly better, and by continuing with it I got rid of my old trouble altogether.'

We should mention that Mr Widger is a tailor and outfitter at Plymouth, and well known and respected in that community. He permits us to use his name out of gratitude for his recovery. The potency of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup over liver disease is due to its ability to cure indigestion and dyspepsia, which is (as we have said) the cause of liver disease.

Every house on the land, and every ship on the sea, should have this remedy as a necessary part of their stock and stores. Perhaps Mr Russell may recommend it in his next book. But no 'musketry of calomel pills.' Oh, no.

REAL.

GREAT events are happening around us all the time, if we were only simple hearted enough to see them.

'Well, well, Mary. I hear you have been travelling.'

'Yeth, uncle; I went in a weal wall-wood twain of cars.'

'A real train of cars, was it?'

'Yeth, thir. It went wifout a stwing.'

MRS PALEY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

MRS JAMES STANTON, who is of a very philanthropic turn of mind, has always made it a custom to send a good Christmas dinner to her washerwoman, Mrs Paley, besides some small gift to each of her three children. Old Sammie, who does the gardening and odd chores about the Stanton place, has been the bearer of the good things heretofore, but this year, being taken suddenly with rheumatism, he is unable to go, and, after considerable persuasion, Mr Stanton is pressed into service early Christmas morning.

Mr Stanton (drawing on his gloves): 'Now, what is the address, my dear?'

Mrs Stanton (tying up a small bundle hurriedly): 'Why, I really don't know the *number*. It's 14½ or 17½, or something like that. But you won't have a bit of trouble in finding it. It's a little street that opens off Locust, just beyond Vine, or it *may* be beyond Fort; I'm not quite sure. It's Ewing-street, or Deering-street, or something like that, and the houses are about all alike—little shanties, most of them, with small yards in front; I think Mrs Paley's has. Hers is about middle way of the block. 'No, I believe it's up towards the further end; but, anyhow, it's very easy to find. Those people all know each other, and anybody can tell you which is Mrs Paley's house. And you may as well just take the car there and go right to the depot. You will hardly have time to come back to the house first.

Mr Stanton (putting on his silk hat with some misgivings): 'You say it's beyond Vine-street?'

Mrs Stanton: 'Beyond Vine or Fort, I don't know which. I never was there but once. But it's right in that neighbourhood. The conductor can probably tell you. It's something like Ewing-street or Deering-street. He'll know. And be sure you are back in time for that 10 o'clock train, for if we have to wait for the 2 o'clock it will make us late, and auntie will be so disappointed.'

Mr Stanton tries to feel philanthropic benevolent and as he picks up the big telescope basket and starts down the street.

(Half an hour later).

Mr Stanton, turning into Hillman-street, the only small street the conductor knows of in that vicinity. There is no No. 14½, but a small boy is perched on a rickety gatepost at No. 14.

Mr Stanton (trying to smile genially): 'Hello, bub.'

Small boy (surlily): 'Hello, yourself, and see how you like it.'

Mr Stanton: 'Does Mrs Paley live here?'

Small boy: 'Naw.'

Mr Stanton: 'Do you know where she lives?'

Small boy: 'Naw.'

Mr Stanton, his enthusiasm somewhat dampened, crosses over to No. 17 and raps

Small boy (appearing at the window): 'Say, ma, here's the mishner.

Woman's voice within: 'Who?'

Small boy: 'The mishner. Tain't the old un; it's the red-headed feller what sings sometimes.'

Mr Stanton, amused at being mistaken for a missionary, but resenting the libel on his hair, shakes his head affably at the youngster and motions towards the door.

Woman's voice within, sharply: 'Well, he can just go long o' his business then. He needn't go fill hisself up with turkey, and them come prayin' an' singin' to folks as hasn't got nuthin' but stew for Christmas. You tell him we don't want no tracts.

Small boy (bawling from the window): 'We don't want no tracts.'

Mr Stanton (bawling back): 'I haven't got any tracts. Does Mrs Paley live here?'

Small boy: 'No, she doesn't.'

Mr Stanton: 'Do you know where she lives?'

Small Boy: 'Nop.'

Mr Stanton, discouraged, turns away and walks to the end of the street, where he stands looking about vacantly.

Snub-nosed boy (appearing from nowhere in particular, grinning facetiously): 'Hello, Doc.; looking fer Santy Claus? He ain't got around to this neighbourhood yet. Been delayed by the bad roads, I guess.'

Mr Stanton (producing a silver quarter): 'Do you know a family by the name of Paley living anywhere about here?'

Snub-nosed boy (growing sympathetic and respectful at once): 'Paley, sir? No, sir, don't know as I do. There's some folks named Haley down at the corner; perhaps it's them yer looking for.'

Mr Stanton: 'This woman goes out washing, and has three small children.'

Snub-nosed boy (shaking his head): 'Tain't none o' the Haleys then. You got on the wrong street, I guess.'

Mr Stanton (handing him the quarter): 'Do you know of a Ewing-street or Deering-street anywhere near here?'

Snub-nosed boy (scratching his head and wrinkling up his face): 'No; there ain't no streets o' them names anywheres round here.'

Mr Stanton (nervously): 'Well, anything that sounds anything like either one of those?'

Small boy (shaking his head reflectively): 'Nop; nuthin' that I can think of.'

Mr Stanton (desperately): 'Well, are there *any* small streets right round in this neighbourhood?'

Snub-nosed boy (slowly): 'Well, there's *Billing*-street. Maybe its Billing-street.'

Mr Stanton: 'Where's that?'

Snub-nosed boy: 'It's off of Lucas-street, about two blocks furder down. But if yer in a hurry you kin cut across the lots here and save time.'

Mr Stanton: 'That's the street, I guess. Much obliged to you, bub.' (Hands him another quarter.)

Snub-nosed boy (touching his hat with increased respectfulness): 'Hold yer basket for you, sir, till you git over the fence?'

Mr Stanton: 'Ah, thank you.' (Clambers over with cheerful alacrity and starts briskly across the lot.)

Snub nosed by (with a sudden shrill whistle): 'Hi, boss, look out for the goat!'

Snub-nosed boy (four seconds later, helping to haul him over the fence): 'Whew! but you're a sprinter, ain't ye? B'long to the perfesh? I forgot all about that old staver. It's Teddy McGinty's goat. You better go round by the street, I guess. It's safer.'

Mr Stanton, feeling considerably shaken, and aware that several articles in the basket have changed places during the rapid transit across the lot, thanks the boy again feebly, and starts out afresh, and after fifteen minutes' walk, arrives at Billing-street.

Two small urchins (racing down the side-walk on rival express waggons): 'Hi, there! Get out of the way. Hi! Hi!'

Mr Stanton jumps agilely off the narrow walk into the mud.

Big boy (on the opposite side of the street with an air-gun): 'Hi, Tommy! Take a shy at the hat.'

Tommy takes a 'shy,' with the result that Mr Stanton's tile is sent flying into one of the shabby little front yards of the shabby little houses that line the street, where a little yellow dog immediately pounces upon it.'

Big Boy (with a smothered laugh, rushing over to recover it): 'Ain't you ashamed, Tommy Jones, knockin' a gen'leman's hat off like that? Here it is, sir (rescuing it from the dog, and handing it to him innocently.)

Mr Stanton (exasperated enough to throw the basket at him, but endeavouring to control his voice): 'Do you know whether there is a family by the name of Paley living on this street?'

Boy: 'Paley? Yes, sir. They lives at No. 19. The third house from the last. Carry your basket for you, sir?'

Mr Stanton (shortly): 'No.'

Old Woman (opening the door of No. 19 in response to Mr Stanton's rap): 'Howdy, sir?'

Mr Stanton: 'Mrs Paley, I believe?'

Old Woman: 'Yes, sir, that's my name.'

Mr Stanton: 'Here are a few little things that Mrs Stanton sent you with her Christmas greetings.'

Old Woman (looking puzzled): 'Mrs *Who*, sir?'

Mr Stanton (in sudden dismay): 'Mrs Stanton. You wash for her, I believe.'

Old woman (her face clearing): 'Oh, it's Betty you're looking for, sir. That's my darter-in-law. She lives right back here on River-street. You just go down the next block here to Myrtle-street and you'll find it easy. It's a little street that opens off of that.'

Mr Stanton (trying to look cheerful): 'And what is the number, please?'

Old woman: '29½, sir. And I'm sure it's very kind of you, and Betty and the childer thinks the world and all of Mrs Stanton.'

(An hour later.)

Mrs Stanton (tearfully pacing up and down the platform of the depôt, eight minutes after the 10 o'clock train has pulled out): 'I don't see how you *could* have missed it, James, when I explained everything so plain; and here we have missed the train, and everything will be put off on account, and auntie will be *so* vexed. Oh, dear!'

Mr Stanton (gloomily, realising that his best hat is ruined, his shoes past any bootblack's art, and his whole general appearance a discredit to the law-abiding community in which he lives): 'My dear Emily, it is useless to discuss the matter further. I am simply more than ever convinced that "Charity begins at home."'

MARIAN ARTHUR.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

MOST likely if a lady were to take it into her head to 'do' the Park in a Puritan-shaped bonnet with long, broad ribbon ends floating at the back (something like the caps worn in comic opera) nobody would think her at all strange in appearance; for at present every sort and condition of headgear seems *de mode*. Lilliputian-sized *capotes* tossed up with a jet wing and a posy of flowers—flimsy creations that scarcely deserve the name of coverings—broad-brimmed and low-crowned sailor hats arranged with white quills and snowy tulle rosettes, and round waved shapes with substantial straw centres and borders composed of wired frills either in lace, chiffon, net or gauze. An example of this fashion heads my column. The crown is in rough, yellow-tan straw, and on a very light frame-work of cream net and wire is laid a finely-pleated frill of cream gauze, waving in and out so as to form a very artistic and flattering frame to the

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS.

face. Lavender ribbon in a first-rate quality of *gros-grain* is manipulated into bows just poised to perfection about the crown. This hat is essentially a dressy one, and rather suggests visions of a smart foreign *Plage* or Casino. For it is quite the rage now to turn out in one's smartest and best at the popular French sea-side towns.

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First-rate tailor-made gowns were conspicuous on the coaches at some of the smart races, and some of the dust-cloaks really deserved a name less utilitarian and infinitely more suggestive of artistic beauty. There was, for instance, a silver-grey alpaca mantle built domino-wise, with the addition of a round pleated shoulder cape. It was lined throughout with rose-pink silk, this delicate summer colour revealing itself at the gathered cuffs, that formed a wavy frill beyond the elastic that confined the fulness of the very wide sleeves. At the throat long ribbon streamers united in a shot effect the delicate tones of the silver and pink.

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An Ascot gown, designed for a popular society beauty, is composed of rich cream *gros grain* silk, rather broadly striped with dark green. As a contrast to these lines, and to the moiré sash, which shows the same 'watercrest' colouring, the light blue gauze waistcoat, gathered

THE ASCOT.

softly under the folded ribbon, is supremely effective. Deep frills of the gossamer material are slightly toned by vandykes of deep cream lace, more of the cerulean gauze being pressed into service for the fanciful collar and furbelows on the sleeves. With this *distingué* dress cream suède gloves are to be worn, and a sunshade is to be carried, in the making of which green moiré and light blue gauze unite to form a parasol of most captivating qualities. As the heat increases there is every probability that there will be a great run on grass muslins and piqué skirts, with a baby-cape to match.

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My third sketch is a *chic* ball gown. It consists of a wide skirt, mounted with three box pleats in Nile green taffeta, shot with white and adorned round the hem with embroidered festoons in mauve beads, smartened

BALL GOWN.

up with choux bows in pink gauze. Other festoons and trails ornament the upper part of the skirt; the low bodice, as well as the puffed elbow sleeves, in pink gauze, in harmony with the kerchief drapery. Pink and white aigrette in the hair.

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Silk and brocade seem much out of the way for children's dresses, yet at the last silk exhibition, a charm-

CHILD'S FROCK IN BROCADE.

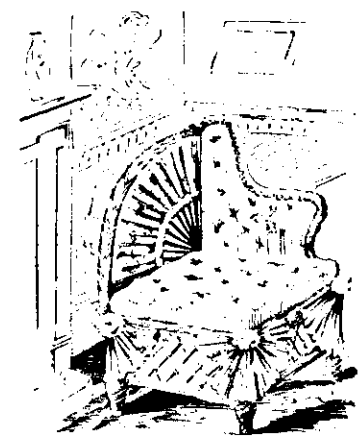
ing little girl's toilette in these materials attracted a good deal of attention. It was a very pretty child's frock in richest thick satin brocade, pearl colour, with a small floral spray in pale pink and green. Square neck, with pale green satin border and stitching; full sleeves of soft apple-green satin. Of course, the idea and style is new and good, and could be effectively copied in any other and more useful materials.

My last illustrations show some race gowns. Fig. 1, princess gown in white mohair spotted with blue. Close-fitting sleeves and winged epaulettes in taffetas, trimmed with blue velvet. Short puffed sleeves in Venetian lace. Hat in Leghorn straw, ornamented with chine ribbon, white ostrich feathers, and aigrette. Fig. 2, gown in silk canvas over yellow silk. Vest fronts and scarf ends in yellow linon, accordion pleated. Rice straw hat, with shaded roses and lace wings. Fig. 3, skirt in white alpaca striped with lettuce-green. Jacket bodice in white Gismonda satin, smartened with draperies in green miroir velvet, together with bow and jabot in Bruges lace. Marie Antoinette hat in coarse green straw, displaying in the centre a huge lace bow. Fig. 4, gown in ecru spotted muslin, relieved with belt and streamers in pale green satin shot with pink. Black hat, enlivened with pink roses and feathers.

HELOISE.

THE FAN CHAIR.

THERE is quite a craze for little basket corner chairs upholstered like a fan, and as these make charming garden seats at this time of the year, I have caused one to be sketched for the benefit of my readers, who will find it very easy to cover one themselves. Cretonne, with a plain coloured background covered not too closely with a Japanese design, will be the best to choose, as it is more easily made into the semblance of a fan. The seat cushions and one side of the back is upholstered in the ordinary way, but the lower part is decorated with three fans, pleated up with cretonne, previously lined, arranged much as one would make an impromptu paper fan. It is then sewn very strongly at one end, a *chou* of coloured silk is placed over the fasten-



THE FAN CHAIR.

ing, and the fan spread out, the two ends being tacked to the seat, as will be seen in the sketch. On the other side of the back there is another fan, which requires more careful manipulation to keep it in its place. It must be almost flat at its extreme outer edge, going into folds towards the centre, the slats being assimilated by half-inch wide ribbon, drawn into a corner of the seat and then spread out, after the fashion of a half-open fan.

'Mary, how is it that the chairs are all covered with dust?' 'Why, ma'am, no one has been sitting on them so far to-day.'

'Throw up your situation?' 'Certainly, as I am about to marry.' 'Do you propose to live on love?' 'No; on my love's father.'

Visitor (to wife): 'Is your husband as regular as he used to be?' Wife: 'Not quite so regular, because he was twice sober last week.'

Late hours tell on a man, but he doesn't seem to care so long as they don't tell his wife.

FRENCH COSTUMES AT THE RACES.

PROBLEMATICAL.

HE: Will you marry me if I ask your father?'
She: 'Yes, if you don't get disfigured too badly.'

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.

BROILED PORK CHOPS.—1½lb pork chops, salt, pepper. Trim the fat off the chops, and broil them before before a clear fire, turning them two or three times so that they may be thoroughly done, but not dry; they will take about 15 minutes to cook. Tomato sauce is very nice served with chops; an economical way of making it is to heat some tomato ketchup, thicken with a little flour, and add ½oz butter. Serve very hot.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Lettuces, 1 hen lobster, 2 eggs. Well wash and pick the salad, let it drain in a cloth for 10 minutes, then chop it up rather finely, turn the meat out of the shell of 1 hen lobster and place all the small pieces among the salad, pour over some mayonnaise sauce, boil 2 eggs hard, pass the yolks through a sieve and lay some on the top of the salad; chop the whites, and arrange on the salad in some design, ornament with cucumber and beetroot, place on the best pieces of lobster; rub the coral through a sieve, and put on top of the whites of eggs.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Take four ounces of flour, two ounces of pounded sugar, one tablespoonful of salad oil, one gill of warm water, a pinch of salt, the whites of two eggs, three apples, one lemon. Pare the apples very thinly and remove the core by means of an apple-corer or a small fork; cut the apples in thin rings, lay them on a plate, and sprinkle one ounce of sugar over them. also the grated rind of the lemon. and set aside while you make the batter. Put the flour and remaining ounce of sugar in a basin, mix together with a wooden spoon, press to the side of the basin, leaving a hollow centre; pour in the oil and warm water, mix with the flour and sugar very gradually so as to avoid having knots, then beat quickly for ten minutes; break the eggs and carefully separate the yolks from the whites; put the yolks away for other use; have the whites upon a plate, add a pinch of salt, and with a long-bladed, broad knife, beat high and quickly until it is so stiff that a whole egg will rest on the top without sinking; mix this lightly with the batter in the basin. Take each apple ring and dip separately into the batter, and when thoroughly covered throw them into hot fat, as a bluish steam appears; cook on one side for about a minute and a half; turn and cook on the other till of a bright golden colour; remove with a slice on to porous paper, shake some sugar over, and keep hot; and when all are cooked pile high on a clean and hot napkin and serve at once.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.—1 pint cream, 1 pint milk, 4 eggs, ½lb sugar, 2 lemons, a teaspoonful vanilla essence. Beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar together, add the milk, cream, juice of 2 lemons, and vanilla essence, put them in a stewpan, stir over the fire till sufficiently thick, but on no account let the mixture boil; strain through a hair sieve, let it cool, and then freeze.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

VALUE OF ICE IN TEETHING.

I WISH all mothers knew of the wonderful value of ice during baby's teething period. Keep for the purpose remnants of fine, firm table napkins, and tie securely inside bits of ice, making a bag of ice, which will fit comfortably into baby's mouth, and leaving enough of the dry linen hanging below for him to hold it by. A child will press hard and bite down eagerly upon this with gums so fevered and swollen that he would not allow anything else to touch them, so soothing is the cool, hard substance to them, while the water trickling slowly from the ice into a hot mouth becomes so warmed before reaching the stomach that no fear of harm need arise from that source. I have used this with two children most successfully. My little girl was teething through the months of June, July, and August, and never had a wakeful night nor a 'hot head,' mainly, if not wholly, due to the fact that I kept her feet warm and her mouth cool.

MOTHER.

MARRIAGES IN CANADA.

THE chief social event of the lives of Canadian peasants is a wedding—almost the only set occasion for festivities. The priest then permits dancing among relatives, and allows unusual expenses to be incurred. Courtship is very short and circumspect. It generally lasts but a few months. Engagements are made very much after the pecuniary interests followed in France, and the marriages generally occur at from eighteen to twenty-two years of age.

A widower recently went to spend an evening with a neighbour, whose sister was an old maid whom no one had thought of marrying. When he left the house her brother suggested that he should marry her. They returned to the house, and went together to her bed in one corner of her room, and woke her up. Holding the candle up to his face, he said:

'Mdlle. G., take a good look at me; I'm rather worse than I look by candlelight, and I've nine small children, and not a great deal of land. Will you marry me?'

She rubbed her eyes, still half asleep, looked him over for a moment, and said:

'Yes.'

'Then be ready next Tuesday.'

In another case, the day after the banns of marriage had been published, the intended found his betrothed crying by the window.

'What's the matter, Maria?'

'Well, Baptiste, my sister Louise wants very much to marry, because she's older, and it's her turn first. And it makes me sad to see her disappointed. Now, if you would only marry her! Everything is ready, you know, and it would be such a relief.'

'Well, well, don't cry about that,' said he, with a moment's surprise. 'I don't mind if I do. Go and tell her to get ready.'

ARE FINDINGS KEEPINGS?

THE finding of concealed wealth is now an event of rare occurrence, except in tales of romance and adventure. It was once not uncommon. For when civilisation was comparatively rude, and the ways of keeping valuables were imperfect, the earth was a favourite hiding-place for treasures, especially in times of war or invasion. The title to such valuables when discovered has been often the subject of dispute. Money, gold, silver or plate found hidden in the earth or in a secret place is termed treasure-trove—from the French *trouver*, to find. Such treasure, according to the law of England, was the property of the king, and in this country, strictly speaking, once belonged to the state in which it was found; but the title of the state has not, for a long time, if ever, been strongly asserted against a fortunate finder.

Lost articles of value found upon the surface of the earth, or in the sea, are, so far as concerns everyone but the owner, the property of the one who finds them. If they are afterwards taken from him by another, the finder can reclaim them as if he were the owner.

A chimney sweeper's boy, living in England more than one hundred years ago, had the fortune to find a jewel of unusual value. He took it to a goldsmith, who, after looking at it and weighing it, tried to buy it from the boy for a trifling sum. The lad refusing the offer, the goldsmith returned to him the setting, but would not give back the gem.

Upon the trial of an action brought by the boy against the goldsmith, the value of the jewel was concealed by the goldsmith, and he was directed by the court to pay the boy the price of the finest jewel which could be fitted to the setting. This incident resulted in settling forever the right of a finder to the possession of his findings.

In order to give the finder such a claim, however, the article must have been truly lost. If it has been simply mislaid, or put in a particular place by the owner, and afterwards left there through his carelessness, it is not legally lost.

A lady who leaves her purse on the counter of a shop where she has been trading cannot be said to have lost it; and if the purse is afterwards picked up by another, the proprietor of the shop is said to have a better right to hold it than the one who found it.

But if the purse had been accidentally dropped on the floor of the premises, and afterwards found there by a customer, that would have been a real case of losing, and the customer—if the owner cannot be found—would have as much right to keep the purse as if he had found it in the street.

In order to be a finder one must be aware that he has the thing in his possession, and he must show an intention of keeping it.

The purchaser of an old secretary or bureau sometimes finds put away in a secret drawer money or jewels long forgotten. To whom do they belong? The seller did not know that they were there, and showed no intention of claiming them when the furniture was in his possession. They cannot, therefore, belong to him, but are rightly claimed by the person who first discovers them, whether he be the purchaser, a servant, or anyone else who is not a trespasser.

To keep what one has found is not an absolute but a special right, which the true owner may dispute by demanding his property and proving his claim to it, to the reasonable satisfaction of the person who holds it.

When the owner has offered a definite reward, the finder may keep the lost article until the reward is paid to him. But he cannot demand a reward where none is offered, nor can he hold the lost property as security for any expense incurred in keeping it, though he would be entitled to be paid by the owner for such outlay.

One who is so fortunate as to find what belongs to another must always act honestly and with what the law calls 'good faith' toward the owner. If, at the time of the finding, he knows, or has the means of knowing, or believes he can find out, who the owner is, and makes no effort to discover him, but intentionally keeps or disposes of the lost property, the law regards him as no better than a thief.

On the other hand, if the owner does not appear, the finder acquires, at common law, an absolute title to the thing found, though by statute some of the states have in various ways limited and regulated the gaining of such a title.

Occasionally you see a very rich man who is so ecomomical that he would enjoy being poor.

ONE USE FOR WEALTH.

LORD ABERDEEN is reported as telling the following story of himself. He left London at midnight in a sleeping-car for the north. In the morning when he was awakened he saw a stranger opposite him.

'Excuse me,' said the stranger, 'may I ask if you are rich?'

Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well-to do.

'May I ask,' continued the stranger, 'how rich you are?'

'Well, if it will do you any good to know,' was the reply, 'I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds.'

'Well,' went on the stranger, 'if I were as rich as you, and snored as loudly as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others.'

TOO MUCH EMOTION.

IT is seldom that anything really funny happens in a criminal trial in court. Such proceedings are generally melancholy enough. But in France, where the people have a genius for comedy, the courts often supply amusing episodes. Lately a man was brought before a Paris tribunal for stealing a flute out of the window of a musical instrument dealer, and making off with it under his coat. In France the judge cross examines and really prosecutes the accused person; and the judge asked this man:

'What is your occupation?'

'Flute,' answered the man, in a tearful tone.

'What do you say?'

'I say flute, sir—the little flute.' The prisoner sighed deeply, and his voice all through the examination was full of sorrow.

'You are a musician, then. You are here charged with theft.'

'Oh, your honor, have pity on a poor man encumbered with a family—encumbered with three children, sir!'

'It is true that you have three children, but you abandoned them five years ago.'

'That was because I was so soft-hearted, your honor; I could not bear to see them suffer.'

'However that may be, on the seventeenth of July last you took a flute from the window of a dealer in the Rue St. Denis, and made off with it under your coat.'

'It was a very little flute, sir—almost a flageolet!'

'What made you take it?'

'The desire to earn my own living, sir, by playing it. I took a prize once, sir, at the Conservatory, for playing a flute; and if I had a flute now I might be a celebrity at this moment—I might be earning my three francs a night.'

'Indeed!' said the judge. 'Bailiff, bring in the flute which was found in this man's possession.'

The flute was brought in and placed in the prisoner's hands. He began to weep softly.'

'Then you are going to—to give it to me?' he blubbered.

'You are going to have pity on a poor man?'

'We are simply going to hear you play,' said the court.

'Me—play?'

'Certainly. A prize-winner at the Conservatory ought to be willing to give us a specimen of his skill.'

'Before all the court? Why, I don't like to play here—I'm so embarrassed!'

'Oh, the court will be indulgent. Don't play anything operatic—just give us "In the Moonlight," or some simple ditty.'

'Without an accompaniment, your honor?'

'Yes.'

The prisoner ran his fingers over the flute uneasily. 'I can't do it, your honor, I really can't—my emotion is too much for me!'

The man was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

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 ½oz, ½d; 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 Lily :—Robert Isaacson, 1s ; Mrs A. Isaacson 1s ; Mrs R. May, 1s ; Mr C. Summersville, 2s 6d ; Mr Thomson, 1s ; Mrs Worrall, 2s ; Mr J. Reiper, 1s 6d ; Mr McKay, 1s ; A. Ingram, 1s ; a friend, 1s=13s. Carried forward, £4 15s 3d ; total, £5 8s 3d.

Per Cousin Florrie :—S.G., 2s 6d ; Mrs J. J. Dixon, 2s 6d ; Mrs Garlick, 2s ; A.O., 1s ; W.K., 1s ; R. J. Parry, 2s ; J.M., 1s ; B.B., 1s ; E.E.G., 1s ; E.J., 1s=15s. Carried forward, £5 8s 3d ; total, £6 3s 3d.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am afraid I am rather late in wishing you a 'Merry Christmas' and a 'Happy New Year.' What lovely weather we have been having lately! I have a friend staying with me, and this afternoon we went for a bathe in the Waipawa river. It looked very dull when we started, and as we arrived at the place the rain began. We undressed very quickly, and covered our clothes with our towels. We put on our bathing things and ran into the water. It rained very hard indeed, and large hailstones came on to our heads. When we came out of the water we found our clothes and everything soaked. We had to go home in wet things. Fortunately, we met no one, and so far we have no colds. I hope this letter is not too long. Good-bye.—From KITTIE. Waipawa.

[You might just as well have done what I saw a little scamp of twenty months old do last week—walked straight into deep water with his clean clothes on. I hope you will escape any danger from colds. Probably the walk will have kept you warm and well. It is not at all too late for good wishes. Many thanks, and the same to you. Will you take a collecting care for the Cot Fund? If so, please send full name and address, and I will gladly send you one.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is such a long time since I wrote to you last. We broke up a fortnight ago. We broke up on Wednesday afternoon. Mr Blair, the chairman of the Board of Governors, gave out the prizes. Some pretty songs were sung during the afternoon by the girls. After the distribution of prizes afternoon tea was served on the lawn. The front corridors and the central hall were prettily decorated with flags, palms, treeferns, and cabbage trees. On Friday afternoon the Wellington College broke up, and I went to see the distribution of prizes. Their corridors were also prettily decorated with palms and flags, and the guns and swords of the Wellington College Cadets were arranged along each side of the entrance to the hall. Thursday, the day after we broke up, being my birthday, I gave a small croquet party. I invited about — girls, Cousin Elsie being among them. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 26th, the 27th, and 28th December, the Championship Tennis Tournaments took place on the Thorndon Tennis Club's Courts in Murphy-street. Each day there was a large number of people present. Mr H. A. Parker won the gentlemen's Championship Singles. He beat last year's champion—Mr Hooper, of Auckland. Miss Nunneley won the ladies' singles. Mr Collins and Mr Harman—both of Christchurch, won the gentlemen's doubles, and Miss Nunneley and Miss Trimnell, both of Wellington, won the ladies' doubles. I must now close my letter. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,—I remain your affectionate COUSIN LAURA. Wellington.

[Thank you, indeed, for the very pretty Christmas card you sent me. Many and Happy may your New Years be! You Wellingtonians were lucky in the tennis line this season. You do not say *how* many girls you asked to your party, and I could not supply the number, though I felt much inclined to say *80!* How surprised you would have been! Please let me wish you many happy returns of your birthday. You must have enjoyed the breaking up parties. How are you getting on with your collecting?—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—As I have never written to you before, I would like to do so now, and hope that you will accept me for a cousin. I am sending stamps for a badge, and will be pleased when I receive it. I am fourteen years old, and I go to school, and am in the Seventh Standard, and at the end of next year (1896) I am going up for the Pupil Teachers' Examination. I had a large number of silkworms this year, the last of which finished spinning this week. I have unwound countless yards of yellow and white silk from the cocoons. I have a grand collection of coloured pictures and foreign stamps. With best wishes for A Happy New Year.—Yours, BELLE. Puketotara.

[I have much pleasure in adding you to my list of cousins. I have sent you a badge, and have also ventured to send you a collecting card for the Cot Fund. Perhaps you may be able to get a few shillings for it. You are lucky with your silkworms. On what did you feed them? How many stamps have you? Every now and then I start collecting, but give it up when I am very busy. I hope you will be successful in your examination, and also send good wishes for the New Year.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Please don't think I have forgotten you, because I have not. My mother being a cripple I have to help her, so I have not much time. I received the card on a Friday, and it was filled on the following Tuesday, and I did not go to half the places, so if you would care to send me another one, I would gladly try and get it filled for such a grand purpose, and I think it is a really good idea. I must now close my letter with love and best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and all the cousins—From COUSIN LILY.

P.S.—Please excuse such an untidy letter, as it is past my bedtime and I am tired.

[It is good of you to collect for the 'cot' when you have so much else to do. I am afraid your mother will feel this very hot weather; even strong people seem knocked over with it. I keep wishing I was in the ocean all day instead of on the warm land. I have sent you a second card, and thank you very much for the first one. Do you see how nicely we are getting on? A Happy New Year to you.—COUSIN KATE.]

DANGEROUS MOOSE.

STORIES are told of killing moose with an axe, after running them down in the deep snow. 'This may have been done in Maine or Canada,' writes the author of an article on 'Moose-Hunting in the Rocky Mountains,' contributed to 'The Big Game of North America,' 'but, if so, it proves to my mind that the moose there do not possess the same wild, savage, pugnacious natures as those found in the Rocky Mountains. No sane man would dare to attack one of our vicious mountain moose, single-handed, with any weapon short of a repeating rifle.' The writer tells this story to support his assertion:—

'A party of river men wounded a large moose near the bank of Clear Water River, in Idaho, and it took to the water. The eager, but unskilled, hunters rushed upon the wounded animal with a batean. It was a large boat, and was manned by six strong and fearless men. They were either without a gun, or scorned to use it, and determined to kill the moose with axes, cant-hooks, and other woodsman's implements.

'They bore down by the side of the swimming moose, which was kept in the current by walls of rocks, and dealt him a blow. He turned to fight. The men rushed to the battle with shouts of defiance.

'The moose struck the boat with his antlers, raised it clear out of the water, and turned it upside down so quickly that the men were all frightened, and two of them were either killed or drowned. The other four were rescued by their companions on shore, after the moose had been shot several times.

'The writer himself once narrowly escaped being killed by a moose he had shot and thought dead. He had chased, on snow shoes and down a decline two large moose, and, at thirty feet above them, fired at the larger bull. He staggered, and kept on; but a ghastly line of blood on the trail told of the deadly effect of the shot.'

'The second shot was aimed at the smaller moose. He fell at the crack of the rifle; but the other struggled on, bleeding, snorting from a deadly shot through the lungs. Four shots were fired into him before he fell and buried himself in the snow.

'The hunter, standing exhausted above the fallen moose, gave no thought to the animal that he supposed to be lying dead three or four rods back. Suddenly he heard a loud snort and felt a rush from behind. As he dodged on one side, the moose he had thought dead charged upon him and buried him in the snow.

'His rush carried the moose past the fallen hunter, but he turned to charge again before the man could shoot. His broken shoulder failed him, however, and he tumbled downhill. Again he rose and charged again; but the hunter, having recovered himself, placed a bullet between his eyes. Although the snow was seven feet deep, and the moose had a broken shoulder, it was more good fortune than any advantage the hunter had, that saved him from being cut to pieces by the enraged animal's feet.'

RESOLUTE.

ENGLAND has been made by men of resolute and uncompromising character, who had both the courage to express their convictions, and the willingness to sacrifice themselves at the call of duty. One of this class was the Rev. Richard Venn, of London, who, during the reign of George II., actually vetoed the appointment of an improper person to be bishop, by threatening to appear publicly and oppose the confirmation.

Venn's decision of character was so well known that the Lord Chancellor, whose interest at court had procured the appointment, sent a gentleman to threaten or bribe the resolute clergyman into silence. The man found Venn in his study, with his wife and little boy, the afterwards famous Rev. Henry Venn, and hinted that he might be appointed to the Deanery of Wells, provided he would desist from his opposition to the appointment.

'Let the Chancellor know that I scorn his bribes,' answered Mr Venn. Whereupon the gentleman changed his tone.

'You will be ruined, Mr Venn, you will be ruined and all your family!' said he.

Mr Venn calmly turned to his wife, who was sewing, and said, 'My dear, could you not support yourself and me by your needle?'

'Yes, if it were necessary.'

Then turning to his son, he said, 'Harry, would you not like to be a waterman?'

'Yes, papa, very much.'

'There, sir, report what you have heard to the Chancellor, and tell him I defy him.'

The appointment was cancelled.

THE SAND-MAN.

THE sand-man lives down on the beach,
Where the waves roll on and on,
He always keeps just out of reach
Till the day is past and done.

I look for him and dig and delve,
But he never can be found,
Yet six hours after half past twelve
He is sure to come around.

I wish he'd show himself to me,
And not wait until the night,
When it's so dark I cannot see
Anything that is not light.

I want to ask him why he takes
Little boys and girls alone,
And leaves the big folks wideawakes,
Until half the night is gone.

I'm going to dig for him some day
Right down through the miles of sand,
Until he's found, or I cut a way
Clear through to some foreign land.

FLAVELL SCOTT MINES.

AMONG THE WALRUSES.

THE walrus in the water is the noblest and most courageous game in the Arctic seas. It is a huge creature, often more than fifteen feet in length, with an average weight of a thousand pounds. Its tusks are from one to three feet long, and when full grown weigh about five pounds. Walrus hunting has its dangers, as in this instance, related by Dr. I. M. Mills in *Outing*. One or two walruses, it appears, had already been killed.

Suddenly we saw the walruses coming for us in all directions, and we had been warned of their desperation.

Vorse grasped a gaff. He would hold the boat near the ice, he said, and I must keep the beasts at bay with my Winchester. Shot after shot was fired into their ranks. They could not stand such a fusillade, and finally turned and left us.

Thinking they had departed for good, Tom calmly proceeded with his work of chopping off the dead monster's head. But the wounded walruses had merely gone to gather reinforcements, and soon we found ourselves again in danger.

The fierce, ugly beasts were coming from all directions, bellowing discordantly, lashing the water with their strong, heavy flippers, raising their gleaming white tusks, and glaring at us with bloodshot, revengeful eyes.

Tom sprang into the boat and Vorse pushed off, and as they came within twenty feet we gave them a volley, trying to make each shot tell, as we found we had only six or eight rounds apiece. We saw a mother carry her two offsprings away, one under each flipper, and then return to the battle.

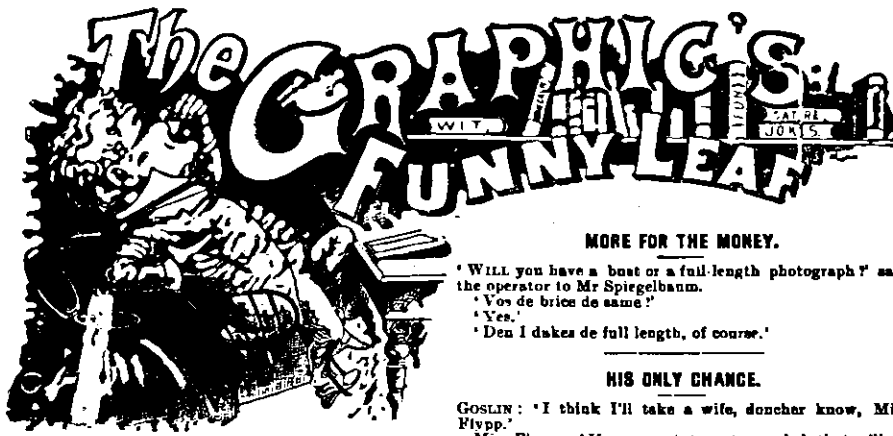
Again the herds retreated, only to return and make another charge still more furious and determined. One fellow attempted to raise his tusk over the side of the boat, but was prevented in time.

At last, when we had almost despaired, for our ammunition was falling fast, they could no longer withstand the leaden shower, and turned and fled in terror-stricken disorder. We also turned the other way, and beat a hasty retreat, proud of our success in capturing two gigantic seahorses.'

A DISPUTE.

TOM and Joe quarrelled
I've heard people tell;
About a queer animal
Hid in a shell.
'I tell you, it walks, sir!'
Said Tommy to Joe;
'It swims!' cried Joe, loudly,
'I've seen, and I know!'
'It walks!'—'No, it swims!'—
And the boys grew quite wroth,
But the turtle peeped out,
Saying, 'I can do both!'

AGNES LEWIS MITCHILL.



'BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.'

BUT

If you believe this little tale,
Just come with me.
I know a nest not far from here,
A bowered nest, with woodlet near,
Where —— You shall see.

A happy pair, a year ago,
They nested there.
Nor care nor strife could gain a lease,
To enter in and banish peace,
Where all was fair.

A month ago and all was changed;
But why the fuss?
The mother-bird her mother brought,
And father-bird new quarters sought—
'T was ever thus.

PROMPTLY RESENTED.

FRIEND: 'Ah! This is the little one, eh?'

Papa (indignantly): 'Little one? He weighed fourteen pounds when he was born, and he's been growing like a weed ever since.'

NO REPORTS.

DR THIRDLY: 'How long is it, Mr Weed, since your wife joined the silent majority?'

Weed: 'Poor Maria died a year ago; but I have yet to learn that she joined any such organization.'

COMFORTING.

'Do you believe,' said one young wife to another, 'that half the time my husband can't remember my first name?'

'That's nothing,' answered her friend, 'half the time my husband can't remember his last name till the next day.'

AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

A HUMOROUS contributor wishes us to believe that the following is an average specimen of a schoolboy's letter to his parents:—

'Dear Mother,—Another boy and I went out in a boat yesterday. The boat tipped over. Some men rolled me on the ground till I recovered. They will bury the other boy when they find him.

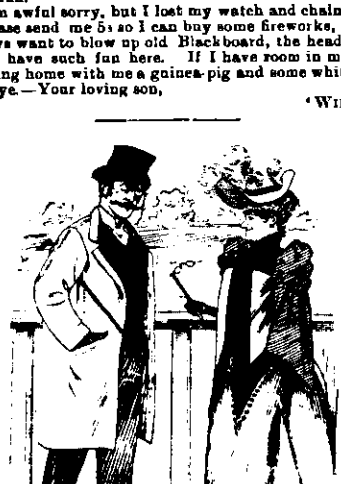
'We are going to set a barn on fire to-night and have lots of fun.

'I am awful sorry, but I lost my watch and chain.

'Please send me 5s so I can buy some fireworks, because the boys want to blow up old Blackboard, the headmaster.

'We have such fun here. If I have room in my box I will bring home with me a guinea-pig and some white mice. Good-bye.—Your loving son,

'WILLIE.'



SHE: 'How is it that you were not at the Westend's reception?'

He: 'I stayed away on account of a personal matter.'

She: 'May I ask what it was?'

He: 'Will you promise to keep it secret?'

She: 'Yes.'

He: 'Well they failed to send me an invitation.'

MORE FOR THE MONEY.

'WILL you have a bust or a full-length photograph?' said the operator to Mr Spiegelbaum.

'Vos de brice de same?'

'Yes.'

'Den I dakes de full length, of course.'

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

GOSLIN: 'I think I'll take a wife, doncher know, Miss Flypp.'

Miss Flypp: 'If you want to get married, that will be your proper plan. I don't suppose that any woman would ever take you.'

AFTERWARDS.

ETHEL: 'What did papa say, Algie, when you asked him for me?'

Algie Softe: 'Your papa, darling, is a very naughty man, and I would not repeat his language in your hearing for anything.'

A SURPRISE ALL ROUND.

TOM: 'Was the surprise party at your house the other evening a surprise to you?'

Jack: 'Yes.'

Tom: 'A genuine one?'

Jack: 'Yes.'

Tom: 'How surprised the surprisers must have been.'

REFRESHING.

THE Count, although poor, loved the girl with tropical warmth and Oriental fervour. 'Darling,' he whispered to her, 'there is nothing you could ask of me that I would not willingly grant.'

'Well, Count,' she responded, 'give me a chance to marry somebody who has a little—just a little bit—more money than you have; there's a dear fellow.'

HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.

HE: 'Will you—will you—will you——'

She: 'Oh, this is so sudden.'

He: 'Don't get excited, please; I am making it just as slow as I can.'

HE CONVERTED HER.

'It's all right, Mary,' he said patiently. 'Go into politics and run for office if you want to. But remember one thing, the cartoonists 'll be after you as soon as you're a candidate.'

'I don't care.'

'And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked.'

'Do you think they would do that?' she inquired, apprehensively.

'Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like ten cent calico and say that your sealskin cloak is imitation.'

'William,' she said, after a thoughtful pause, 'I guess I'll just stay right here and make home happy.'

WHY THE EDITOR WAS ILL.

'If anybody inquires for me,' said the editor feebly, 'you can say I have gone into the hospital.'

After he had tottered out of the office they looked on his desk and saw that he had just opened a letter from 'Old Subscriber,' containing these questions:—

'Which is correct, "To-morrow is Friday," or "To-morrow will be Friday?"'

'What were the causes that led to the Franco-Prussian war?'

'Will you please give, in as brief outline as possible, a history of government by Cabinets up to the present time?'

THE MILLENNIUM.

WHEN sermons are ten minutes long, and never stale or flat;
When congregations rise and pay before they pass the hat.
When silver jingles everywhere and banks go not to smash;
When bill collectors are to spare and people buy for cash;
When politicians join the church and cease to plot and plan;
When there are fifty offices to every blessed man;
Then will the great millennium dawn brightly, but alas!
You'll die while you are waiting for these things to come to pass!

CROSS PURPOSES.

LADY: 'If you will send the parcel at once I shall be ever indebted to you.'

'Cute Tradesman: 'But our terms are cash on delivery, madam.'

THE DOCTOR GOT EVEN.

'THAT horrid little Bimley boy!' exclaimed Dora, pouring tea. 'He was just as insulting to Dr. Craver as he could be.'

'What did he do?'

'Why, the doctor was walking quietly along, and, meeting Willie, put his hand on his head and said, "How do you do, Willie?" just as nice, and that boy up and made the horridest face, stuck his tongue out at the doctor, and said, "Yah! Yah!" in the hatefullest way possible. I declare if he was my boy I'd whip him. I wonder what Dr. Craver thought?'

'You needn't worry about Craver,' David said complacently. 'I met Bimley just now, and he had his bill.'

'The doctor's bill?'

'Yes.'

'What for?'

'Five shillings for looking at Willie's tongue.'

JUST THE THING.

IT is told of Sir Walter Scott (with how much truth we need not inquire) that he was sitting in his library one day when a tall Highlander, who had been building an inn near by, came in and said—

'May it please you, Sir Walter, I'm going to call my place "The Flodden Inn," and as ye've writ a poem on Flodden Field it struck me and the guid wife that you might gie us a line for a motto.'

'Have you read the poem?' asked Sir Walter.

'No, I'm nae reader.'

'Then you know nothing about it?'

'Nothin', but I've heart them say as knows that it's a vera fine thing.'

'Well, I would advise you to take a verse from the poem itself.'

'And what'll that be?'

'"Drink, weary traveller, drink and pray."'

'But my inn's nae tae be a kirk,' said the man; 'and the more prayin' there is the less drinkin' there'll be, and I dinna want that.'

'Oh,' laughed Sir Walter, 'I think I can alter the verse to suit you by leaving out one letter—an "r."'

'How will it be then?'

'"Drink, weary traveller, drink and pay."'

'Be Ailsa Craig, that's just the thing,' shouted the man, and he went away delighted.

COOL.

LANDLADY: 'I really do hope that you will settle this little account to-day, sir. I have a big bill to pay to-morrow.

Captain (indignantly): 'Confound your impudence! You go and contract debts and come dunning me to pay them. Get away, or I'll give you in charge.'