



## CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post-office as follows:—Not exceeding 40s, 4d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondents to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

## GOT FUND.

The Editor of the GRAPHIC, £1.

Per Cousin Kate:—Mr Caughey, 2s 6d.

Per Cousin Sinclair (Auckland):—A friend, 6d; from Nelson, J.H.C.B., 6d; C.C., 6d; J.C., 6d; W.T.C., 6d; P.C., 6d; E.B., 6d; Auckland—C.B., 6d; A.J., 6d; J.R., 6d; 5s.

Per Cousin Winnie: Miss N. Godkin, 1s; Mrs Allen, 1s; Mr Foote, 1s; Mrs W. P. Hill, 1s; Mr Friend, 6d; Mr W. P. Hill, 1s; 5s 6d.

Carried forward £16 0s 7d. Add 2s 6d, 5s, 5s 6d, and £1 = £17 13s 7d.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I really don't know what you will think of me not to have sent you your subscription-list before now. During the Christmas holidays I had an old school-chum from Nelson visiting me for a month, and we were so busy going to picnics and parties that I regret to say I quite forgot it. I am so sorry not to have thought of it before, and I feel it has been very selfish of me. I now forward the amount to you, and trust you will accept my apology. I must now close with love to yourself and the cousins.—COUSIN WINNIE.

[Many thanks for the collection. It was not at all 'selfish,' for I am quite sure you have been very much occupied. Indeed, as I said some time ago, I did not expect the cousins to do much during the holidays, for there is always a great deal of pleasure going on, which makes collecting difficult. Besides, Christmas and New Year demand a much larger outlay of money than at any other time of the year. Have you been suffering from the heat and dry weather? We have had welcome rain.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have not written to you for so long, I am afraid you will think I am lost, but I am writing to you now. The work that Cousin Paerau did must be beautiful. I have a very severe cold just now, but I think it will soon be better. I am learning Latin at school this year, and I mean to try for the prize. I am trying for French, arithmetic, botany, and conduct prizes. I shall be satisfied if I get one, but I hope to get more. Do you know how old the child is, or what is her name? I must say good bye, as it is ten minutes to seven p.m.—With love to all the cousins and yourself from COUSIN AMY.

[You are working hard. Surely that is sufficient excuse for not writing; but really you are a very good correspondent. I wish you success with your prizes. I have not a child yet for the cot. You see it would never do to keep a little patient waiting from week to week until we got enough money to keep her. So as soon as I have the next quarter I am going to see about the cot. I shall try, indeed, to go to the Hospital this week. As we are so well advanced I might safely risk it. Therefore, I hope to have something definite to put in this page next week.—COUSIN KATE.]

## COOL FRIENDS

IN A WARM COUNTRY.

'O PALM-TREES, wave your fans,' said Maude,  
'And keep the weather cool;  
Umbrella-trees, please make a shade  
Along my way to school.'

Annoyed by the brevity of her nap, Grace's mother asked somewhat impatiently 'why she awoke so soon.' Looking up in childish wonderment she said, 'Why, I slept all there was!'

## CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

(BY 'PHIL'.)

I THOUGHT some of you people might like to hear about a trick which we tried to play on our cousins, Geoffrey and Dick Wilmot. The year before we played the trick, my brother Don and I had been staying at our cousins', and they had put a whole lot of thistles in our bed. I can tell you it isn't very pleasant to get into bed when you are dead tired on to thistles. So when Geoffrey wrote to ask mother if she would put Dick and him up for the night, while they went with us to a party, which was to be held on New Year's night at 'The Hall,' a large place owned by a Lord and Lady Cromar, Don said to me, 'Phil, we must have our revenge on them and play some trick. What can we do?'

'Can't we frighten them in some way?' I said, 'because you know Dick is an awful baby.'

Well, we thought and thought but we could think of nothing which we thought good enough. At last Don exclaimed, 'Phil, I've got it! I've just thought of a capital plan!'

I was not very excited at hearing this, because Don had thought of so many capital plans before, but they had all failed for some reason or other.

'Well,' I said, 'what is it?'

'Let's dress up as ghosts and frighten them at night,' he exclaimed, excitedly.

We went on arranging about this plan, till at last we settled that Don, who suffered from toothache very often, should pretend to have it in the middle of the party, and that he and I should leave. We had to pass through a wood to get to 'The Hall,' so we arranged that we should go with a bundle of sheets and leave them in the wood on our way to meet Geoff and Dick at the station.

The day arrived, and we, after having deposited the sheets and met the two boys (or as we called them, 'The City Dandies') went home to tea.

'It's about time we got topped up. We have got half-an-hour,' cried Don, and so we went off and donned all our 'wraiths.'

'Goodbye,' we all cried to mother, who came to the door to bid us adieu.

'Mind you come home in good time,' she said.

'Yes,' we answered, and off we went.

'Come on, Phil, are you ready?' cried Don.

'Yes,' I answered. 'Is it time to go?'

'Rather,' replied Don. 'It's half-past eleven. Come on.'

We went up and apologised to Lady Cromar for leaving so early, but I said that Don's wretched toothache had come on so we had to go. She was very sorry, and begged Don to come and have some stuff rubbed on his tooth, but he wouldn't, and at last we got away. We had told Lady Cromar to tell Geoff and Dick why we left so early, and to tell them they needn't come home till twelve.

Once outside toothache and everything else was forgotten. We tore along, and at last reached the wood. Just as we were going into the wood we saw a light, and, ugh! a horrible figure with flames darting out of its mouth and eyes ran in front of us and disappeared in the darkness. Wherever we went this horrid thing ran in front of us. If we stood still then it would disappear. I can tell you we were just frightened out of our wits. We tried to get out of the wood, but no, this beastly thing stopped us every time by darting at us, and then it would vanish.

This thing went on for ever so long. At last we hid, and then dodged it. We got out at last and away we ran home, had some supper, and got into bed. We wondered whatever it could be.

Next morning Geoff came into our room and told us all about it. He said that Dick and he thought they would play a trick on us again as they had succeeded the year before with thistles. They had got a large turnip, hollowed it out, cut a mouth and eyes, stuck lighted candles in the holes, put it on a stick, and draped the stick with a sheet. Geoffrey got under the sheet and carried the stick about, and when he wanted to disappear he would blow out the lights and go to Dick to get them lighted again. Geoff had said good-bye to Lady Cromar and told her not to tell us they had gone.

We could only laugh, and admit that we had been 'caught very cleverly in our own trap.'

## A GOOD WAY TO GO.

A CERTAIN farmer had an orchard of very choice apple trees, which was often visited by youthful raiders, who were fonder of apples than of honesty. On one night, when the farmer was watching in a secluded spot for some of the suspected thieves, he was astonished to see, proceeding cautiously in the direction of his favourite apple trees, the well-known son of a neighbour.

'Hey, Jack,' cried the farmer, in surprise, 'where are ye goin' to, my lad?'

Jack stopped abruptly, in utter dismay. Then he turned and started for the gate. 'Going back, sir,' he shouted.

## GENERAL MOURNING.

THE Hindu, if not inventive, is a capital imitator, and not without a wit as refined as anything to be found among English-speaking peoples, as is plain from a story related by the Rev. J. Ewen. Many years ago, when the Mogul emperors reigned in the imperial city of Delhi, a policeman, walking along one of the streets, met a potter in mourning.

'O potter, for whom do you mourn?' he asked.

'Sadamiya,' was the reply.

'Dear, dear! Is Sadamiya dead?' cried the policeman, and he hurried off to the corner where the barbers sat plying their trade.

'Shave my head and beard,' said he. 'I am going into mourning for Sadamiya.'

Shortly afterward duty took the policeman to the kotwal—chief of police—and at once the kotwal asked for whom he was mourning.

'For Sadamiya, that illustrious person.'

'Ah, dear me! Is he dead?' exclaimed the kotwal.

'Well, well, all die in turn! Call the barber.' Presently the kotwal had occasion to visit the vizier, who was surprised to see him in mourning; the more so as he did not know that any of his family were ill.

'Who is dead?' he inquired.

'Alas! your honor, the illustrious high-minded and dignified Sadamiya has been called away.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the vizier. 'I am sorry to hear you say so. What a loss! Will you please call the barber?'

The barber came, and the vizier went into mourning. Duty took him into the presence of the emperor, who was startled at his changed appearance.

'Who is dead?' he asked.

'Your Highness, I grieve to inform you, but that sublime custodian of goodness, of honour and learning, Sadamiya, has been taken.'

'Call the barber,' said the emperor to his attendants, and soon he was mourning with shaven head. When he appeared before the empress she inquired, 'Who is dead?'

'Alas! that I should have to say it! Sadamiya is dead.'

But who is Sadamiya? she asked, for even in India women are endowed with curiosity.

'Sadamiya! Sadamiya! I never thought of asking, but the vizier knows. I shall ask him.'

The vizier was summoned, and the emperor demanded, 'Who is this Sadamiya we are all in mourning for?'

'Really, your Highness, I never thought of asking; but the kotwal knows: I shall ask him.'

But the kotwal could not tell: no more could the policeman, but he would ask the potter.

'Who is this Sadamiya we are all in mourning for?' the policeman inquired of the potter.

'You—you—do—not—mean—to—say—you—are—mourning—for Sadamiya?' he stammered.

'Yes, I am; and so is the kotwal and the vizier and the emperor.'

'Dear, dear! Whatever will become of me?' cried the potter. 'In mourning for Sadamiya! Why—Sadamiya is my—donkey!'

## NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLE.

A SMALL boy had been diligent in studying punctuation. As a reward his father took him to see the trained lions and tigers.

Boy: 'Father, why is a sentence with a comma like that lion?'

Father: 'Dear me! yes, to be sure. Capital! something about t-a-l and t-a-l-e? Good! Give me something harder next time.'

Boy: 'No. You are way off.'

Father: 'You don't say so! Well, what is the answer?'

Boy: 'A sentence with a comma is like a lion, because the first has a pause at the end of its clause, and the other, claws at the end of its paws. See?'

## TOM AND THE DENTIST.

SURELY this is the golden age for domestic animals. Our horses and cows and dogs are attended in sickness by doctors who have received their diplomas from a university; there are homes for lost dogs, and retreats for stray and friendless cats. Everything is done to make these humble friends of ours happy.

The latest departure is that of cat dentistry, a story of which is told in a recent paper. It runs as follows:—

Mr Wright's Tom at one time was the possessor of a full set of false teeth. Two years ago the cat was kicked in the head by a drunken rough; the lower jaw was completely broken, and only the two large fangs were left in the upper jaw. A friend of Mr Wright's, a young student of dentistry, took a cast of the cat's mouth with great difficulty. He manufactured a set of teeth and a rubber plate for the upper part of the cat's mouth, which it fitted perfectly. In time the cat grew accustomed to its new teeth, and wore the plate for more than a year. Last autumn, however, in a battle with a neighbour's cat, Tom's set of teeth dropped out just at the critical moment, and besides the breakage of the plate, he received a tremendous thrashing.

Since that time the cat has been practically toothless, but he manages to flourish in spite of his loss, being a fine-looking fellow weighing nearly thirteen pounds.

A certain young lady from Turkey Found London decidedly murky;

So she sat on a steeple,

And mocked all the people,

Then ran with all speed back to Turkey.