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A DAY AT SUMNER, CHRISTCHURCH.

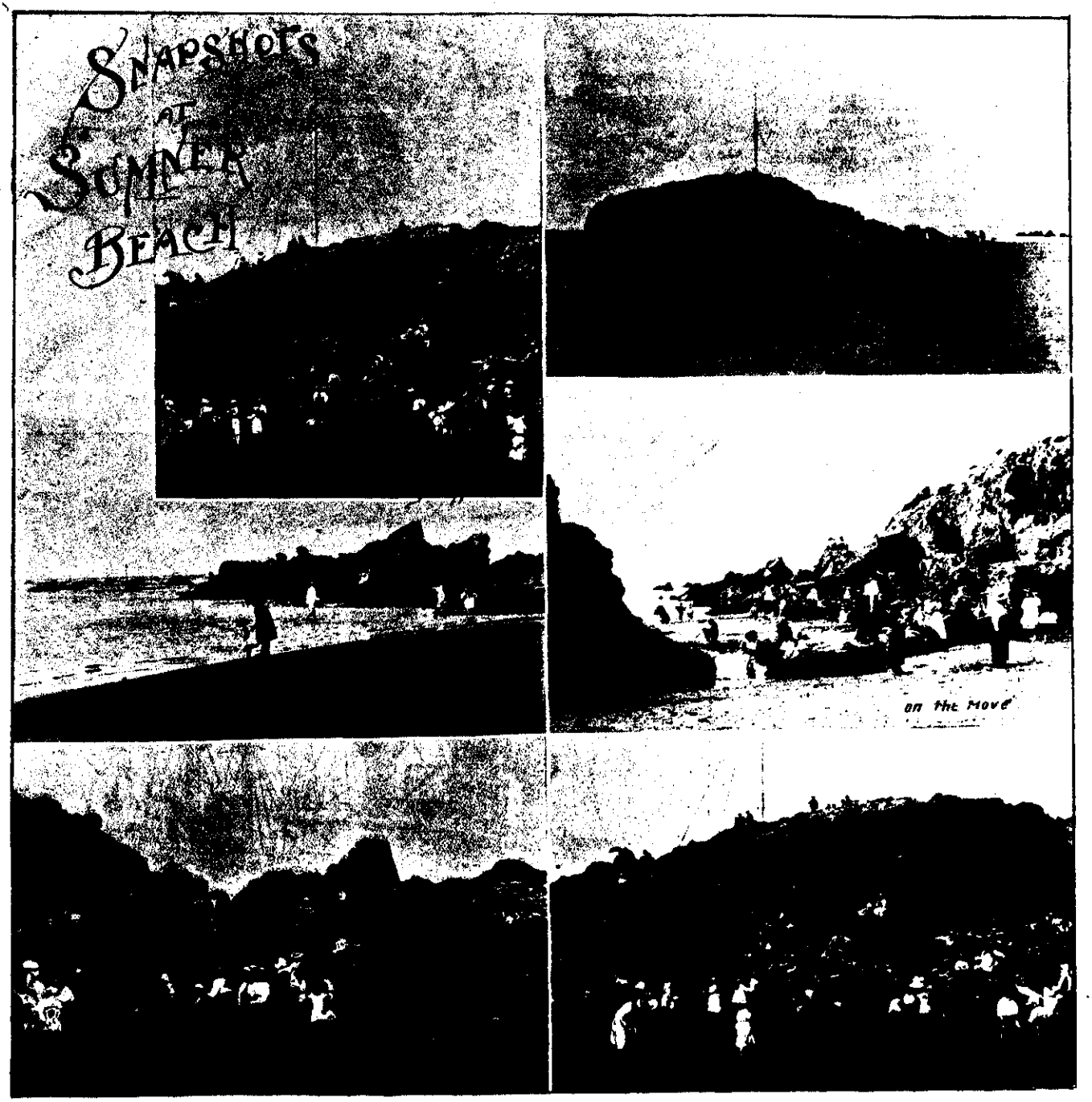
OF the many seaside resorts in New Zealand Sumner is undoubtedly one of the most delightful. Situated as it is about eight miles from Christchurch, and reached by steam tram, it becomes the rendezvous of some thousands of pleasure-seekers during the summer months, anxious to enjoy the refreshing sea breeze. Leaving Cathedral Square, the tram hurries through the busy streets, passes suburban residences, and is soon crossing the Heathcote River, when the line follows the seashore with high frowning basaltic cliffs on the right, till the little township of Sumner is reached. Hurrying to the sea beach the crowd disperses, the majority 'anchoring' on Cave Rock for the day. Fishing, sea-bathing, swinging, and riding on the donkeys and ponies are among the attractions for children, and often even the elder members of the female sex may be seen galloping along the beach enjoying 'a threepenny ride on a donkey.'

Many people remove to Sumner for the summer months, hiring houses for the occasion, while others pitch their tents in sheltered places, pursue their ordinary occupations in town during the day, and return to camp in the evening. It is a wonder that people in New Zealand do not adopt this delightful picnic mode of existence more. In Sydney there are hundreds of families who live under canvass during the summer months.

MEN WHO HAVE EARNED SUCCESS.

MR WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT—THE MAN WHO PUT 'THE MIKADO' TOGETHER.

MR GILBERT is about as easy to interview as the Mikado of Japan. There was a young man on this paper once who spent almost a week hanging about the stage-door of the Lyric when 'His Excellency' was being produced. No good. Mr Gilbert used to go to lunch through an 'extra exit,' and return by a skylight. There was a middle-aged American lady interviewing, who went and camped outside his place at Harrow for a week, and determined to catch him. At the end of the week she was



SUMNER, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

[ALSO SEE PAGE 289.

informed that Mr Gilbert had gone around the world. There was an aged, carked individual from a Uruguayan periodical—but why continue these reminiscences?

The night winds were howling in a tempestuous chorus, and the elements in general were combining in making sounds far more weird than those emitted by the Savoy orchestra when it tunes up, as a cloaked, chuckling stranger, splashed through the mire on his way to Græme's Dyke, Harrow Weald, Mr Gilbert's estate of 110 acres. Arrived at the lodge, he asked for the lord of the manor.

'E's gorn to Mister John 'Are's bangkwitt,' explained the keeper of the lodge, 'at the 'Otel Metropoly. But as I take yer (judgin' by yer clothes, that is) for one o' them newspaper coves, I shall be ready to give you any information you may be in purticler need of.'

'Thank you.'

'Come in, and I'll start my yarn.'

Explaining, as he tottered back to the fireside, that Mr Gilbert had laid out two miles of paths on his estate, that Græme's Dyke was famous for its thoroughbred Jerseys, that the house was originally Mr Goodall, R.A.'s, and that the master of Græme's Dyke is quite an astronomer in his way, the old man proceeded to give me all the information I happened to be 'in purticler need of.'

I gathered from his chat that Mr Gilbert

CELEBRATED HIS FIFTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

just twelve days ago. He was born in a street off the Strand in the house of his grandfather, who hobnobbed with Johnson and called Sir Joshua Reynolds 'Friend.' He was one of the last men in London to wear a pigtail. The author of 'Pinafore' received his first schooling at Ealing, his master being a gentleman whom Thackeray satirised in one of his works. Mr Gilbert, as a boy, wrote endless little plays and back drawing-room melodramas, and when he was quite a youth indited a burlesque which a shocking ignorance of stagecraft caused him to set forth in no less than eighteen scenes. He offered this tax on any stage carpenter's ingenuity to every theatrical manager in London, and could not for his life understand why the asses rejected it. Since that time he has been informed that an eighteen-scene burlesque written by a boy of eighteen is neither a desirable nor a wise thing for the stage. It was during the Crimean War that Mr Gilbert began to read for the Army, and was much disappointed that that sanguinary piece of warfare could not be extended in order to give him a chance of dipping his virgin sword in Russian gore. It came to an end just as he was prepared to go up for examination. Then he refused a line commission, but eventually, in 1868, was appointed captain in a corps of Scottish militia, whose martial kilt he allowed the breezes to fan for sixteen years. For what he describes as 'five miserable years' he was

A CLERK IN THE PRIVY COUNCIL,

as, of course, Militia duties (as Mr Owen Hall explains in his musical comedy at Daly's) 'only occupy one month of a fellah's year.' Mr Gilbert must have been good at his books, for he took his B.A. degree at the London University before he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1863. He was at the Bar four years, but was not fortunate in his clients. In connection with one of these he was once the victim of a very enthusiastic salute. His client was a Frenchman, who was short, and built like a football. Owing to Mr Gilbert's knowledge of French the man of Gaul won his case, and was so grateful to 'W.S.' that meeting him in the Hall he rushed up to him, threw his arms round his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks. But save for this kiss Mr Gilbert received no payment whatever for his trouble. On another occasion, after making an impassioned speech in defence of an old lady who was accused of picking pockets, the ungrateful old hag took off her heavy boot and flung it at his head. That was his second fee.

Mr Gilbert's first literary effort appeared in *Fun*, which was at that time edited by Henry J. Byron. Byron asked him to send him a column of stuff with a half page block every week, and for six years the author of the 'Bab Ballads' faithfully executed that commission. Just about this time he wrote his first play, 'Dulcamara,' which was produced at St. James' Theatre by Miss Herbert. He got £30 for it. He never took £30 for another. After turning off half a dozen comedies of moderate calibre he got a great idea. He spent six months over that idea, and produced his celebrated 'Pygmalion and Galatea.' The piece that he took most pains over—'Gretchen'—only ran a fortnight. That was because he wrote it to please himself.

Mr Gilbert is an exceedingly strict stage-manager. Not even his old enemy gout keeps him away from rehearsals, for he sits in a bath-chair and issues directions between the twinges. He is not at all nervous on a first night. Instead of pacing wildly up and down and across the Strand, locks bared to the breeze, and cloak dragging artistically in the mud, he goes to his club,

FILLS UP HIS FAVOURITE BRIAR,

and calmly smokes until he thinks the piece is nearing its end, when he knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts his tie straight, assumes a look which plainly says, 'Bless you, it isn't my work—it's Sullivan's!' and betakes himself to the Savoy stage to acknowledge his 'call.'

It is very interesting to learn that nearly all the subjects which Mr Gilbert has dealt with so successfully in his comic operas have been mainly due to accident.

A leader in the *Times* on the subject of the late Mr W. H. Smith's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty suggested the idea of 'Pinafore.'

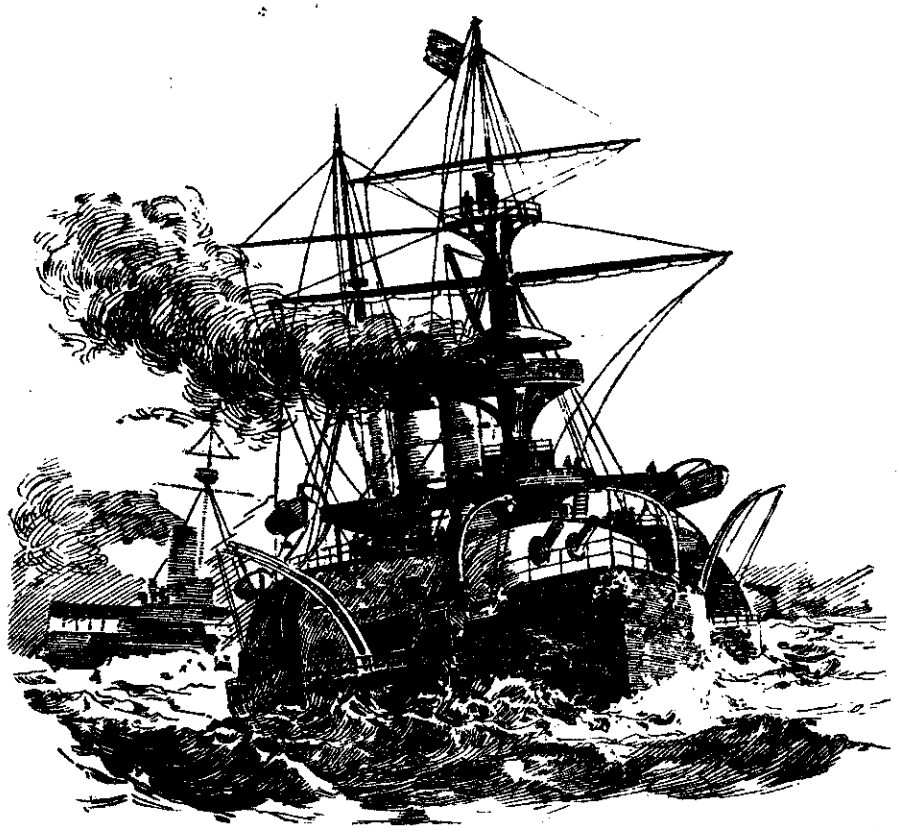
'The Mikado' was suggested by a huge Japanese executioner's sword which hung in Mr Gilbert's library—the identical sword, by the way, which Mr Walter Passmore carries on the stage as Koko.

'The Yeoman of the Guard' was

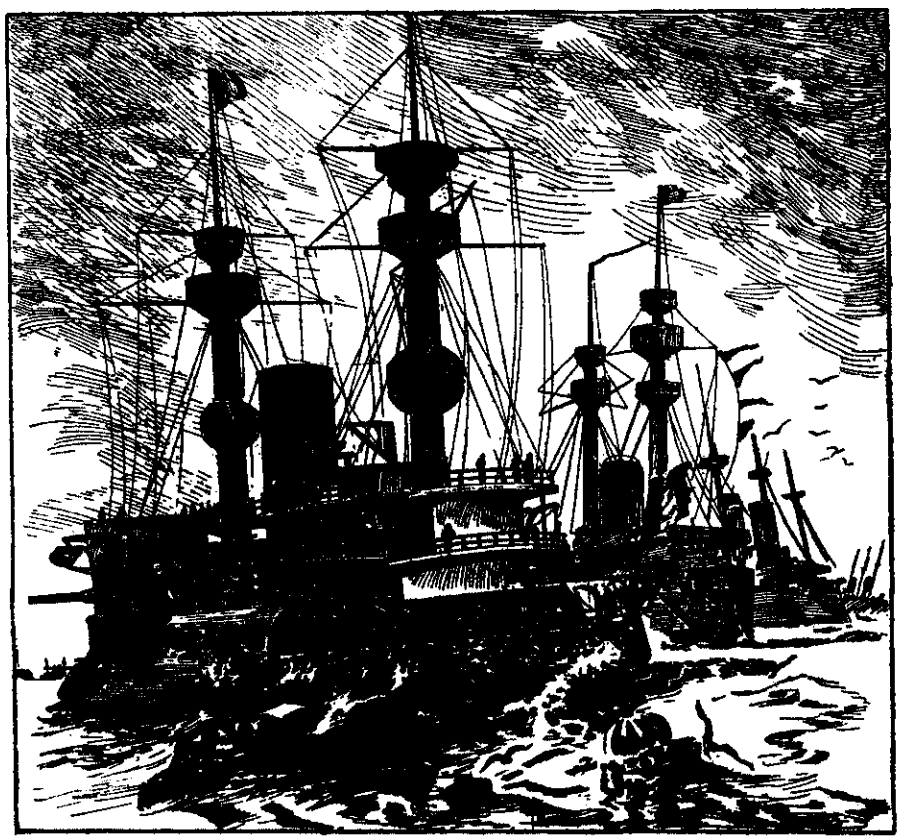
SUGGESTED BY THE 'BEEFEATER' POSTER

which at one time met the eye on every hoarding as an advertisement of a big furnishing company.

As a judge of form Mr Gilbert is unequalled. He has a quick eye for detecting talent, and having detected it



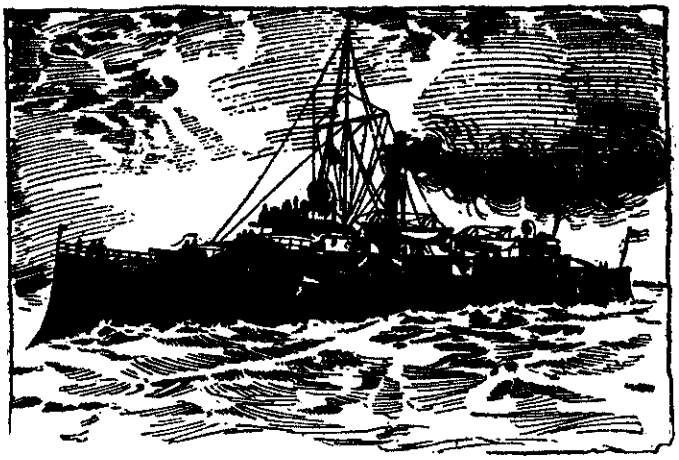
THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP DVENADSAT APOSTOLOFF.



THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP LA HOCHE.

he doesn't fail to encourage the possessor. Among those who have made their first appearance under his auspices and acting on his advice may be mentioned the late Corney Grain, George Grossmith, Miss Nancy Macintosh, Miss Jessie Bond, and Mrs Bernard-Beere.

Mr Gilbert has many interesting, quaint, and funny possessions. He has a parrot which can talk one better than any other bird in England. Among many other achievements it can whistle a hornpipe, and when last heard of was making great headway with one of its master's patter songs. It takes young parrots as pupils, and gives lessons in dancing and whistling hornpipes. As Mr Gilbert puts it, 'They read with his bird.' There is a possession recalling the shedding of blood—a possession suggestive of 'Ruddigore.' This is a sideboard put together early in 1600 for a certain Sir Thomas Holt, 'described (as the police court reports of the day put it) as a cavalier.' This gentleman one day fell in a great rage with his man cook, and hit him on the head with a cleaver to such purpose that one side of the head fell upon one of the unlucky wight's shoulders, whilst the other half fell in the contrary direction. Sir Thomas (doubtless after much expostulation on his part, for surely a gentleman and a cavalier could hit his cook on the head if he liked!) was brought to trial, and got off because the warrant for his arrest did not mention anything about killing, but simply said that the head fell in half in the manner indicated. The law of England in those days did not make any provision for the punishment of cavaliers who made their cooks' heads fall in twain, and so Sir Thomas got off and went home like Umslopogas to talk to and purr over his cleaver. Therefore it will be seen the sideboard has a certain gory interest attaching to it which fascinates Mr Gilbert in a manner that is perfectly irresistible.



GERMAN BATTLESHIP SIEGFRIED.

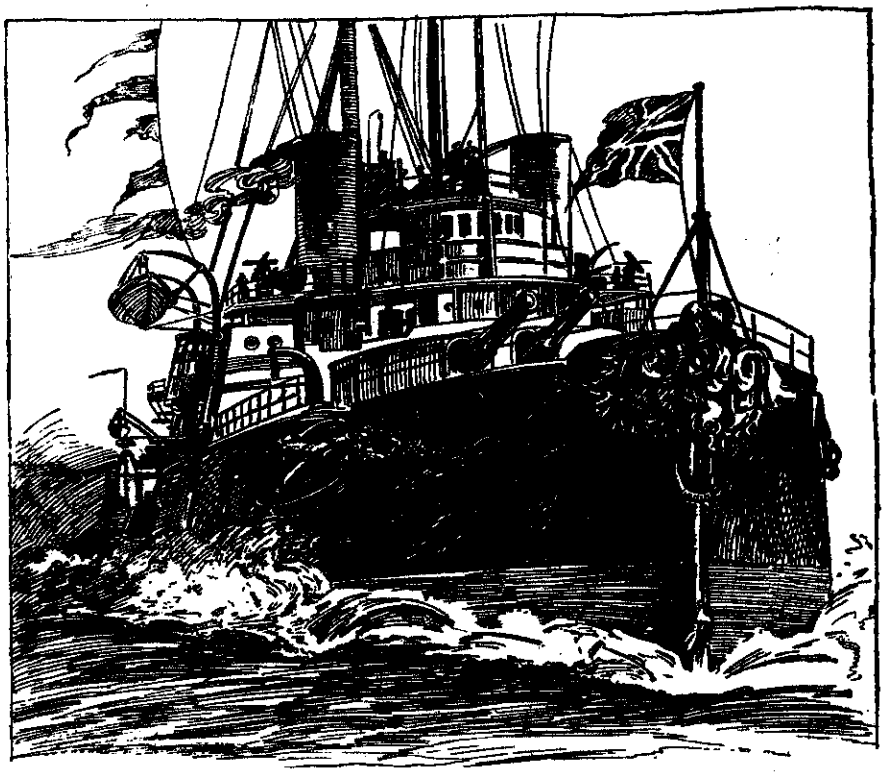
Another very curious relic is an ancient timepiece which executes a dozen melodies at the shortest notice. It is more than a century and a half since this triumph of horological skill was constructed. When the hands are set going a march begins to play, horse soldiers pass over the bridge, skiffs glide along the water, and ducks gambol among the eddies of this timeless and tideless stream. Another curio is a two-centuries-old Japanese cabinet about which its present possessor tells a strange story. In the days when this cabinet was cunningly fashioned, whenever a child was 'born into this world alive' (or rather into the realms of the Mikado) its father, if he could afford it, gave the nearest Blundell Maple a blank cheque, and told him 'go make one nicee cabinetee.' Making a 'nicee' cabinet at that period,

OCCUPIED A SKILLED WORKMAN FIFTEEN YEARS

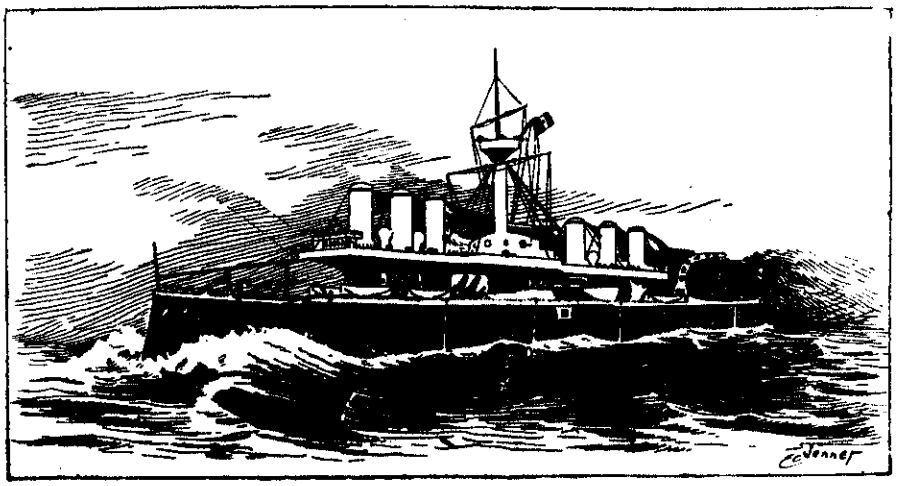
—a fact which proves that in the time they take over a job workmen have ever been the same the wide world over. The strange part of the proceeding was that the cabinet was always finished on the young Jap's fifteenth birthday. It will be seen therefore that this cabinet of Mr Gilbert's is a very extraordinary cabinet.

Mr Gilbert, as is well known, has frequently dipped his pen in satirical ink at the expense of gentlemen who are apt to forget the laws of *meum* and *tuum* and we have no doubt that the final fate of Jabez will give him inspiration for an ode, which, in his melodious turn, Sir Arthur will set to a tuneful measure, with a clinking of handcuffs *obligato*.

TANTALUS.



BRITISH BATTLESHIP SANSPAREIL.



THE ITALIA OF THE ITALIAN NAVY.

THE WORLD'S LEVIATHANS.

THE great feature of the next war will undoubtedly be the contest between the navies of the different Powers, and it will be a feature of which very little can be predicted with certainty. We can pretty well imagine what a great land battle will be like, for though enormous improvements have been effected in the equipment of armies, still these have not been so great as to make a land fight to-day utterly different from those of the past. But on the sea the human element has given place more and more to the mechanical, and national prowess has come to count for much less than it did in the days of Drake and Nelson. Human ingenuity has devised wonderful floating fortresses, but no one knows exactly how they will behave when they encounter each other. The Chino-Japanese war has certainly taught European naval experts lessons which they will endeavour to profit by, but even the glimpses we had of modern battleships in action in the East will not be much to guide us in forecasting a naval engagement of a few years hence, so swift are the new inventions which are being applied to render the old vessels still less invulnerable and destructive, and to construct new ones that are far more terrible. Many forecasts have been made, and they all agree in depicting the struggle as stupendous and awful beyond imagination.

There also seems to be a general consensus of opinion that victory will be with the Power which has the strongest navy under its control. England is especially alive to this view, for in her case it is much more true than it is in that of any of the other nations. She must be invincible on sea or she is undone. The present Government have shown that they quite recognise this by the vigorous naval programme which they submitted to the House of Commons the other day; and the nation at large shares in the belief that no effort or money must be spared which can make the Mother Country and her colonies safe from an invader. Nor do the other Powers underestimate the value of a strong sea force. Although from their position they are forced to keep up huge armies at immense expense and inconvenience to themselves, and will most certainly have to depend on their land forces chiefly when they go to war with their neighbours on the Continent, still they all have learned by this time that a strong navy is a great factor either for protection or aggression. We see them accordingly building huge men-of-war, although the taxation necessary to keep up a big navy in addition to a big army presses most severely on the people.

The available records of the navies of Europe, so far as the number of men enlisted and the reserves on which, in the event of war, the various nations can draw, are very incomplete. There are, however, nearly 300,000 men in actual service in the European navies, and in all countries except Great Britain a system of conscription to obtain recruits for the navy as well as the army in war time is in vogue.

The navies of the six nations most directly involved in the present complications in Europe comprise the following number of vessels:—

Country.	Armoured.	Unarmoured.	Auxiliary.
Great Britain ..	92	206	26
France	64	101	—
Germany	34	40	10
Russia	45	38	8
Italy	23	49	—
Austria	15	26	—

Russia has also a volunteer fleet of eleven vessels.

Besides the foregoing, Great Britain has 271 torpedo boats; France, 242; Russia, 190; Italy, 184; Germany, 156; and Austria-Hungary, 76. In our illustrations we give pictures of some of the great leviathans of Europe.

120 MILES AN HOUR ON AN ELECTRICAL BICYCLE RAILWAY.

IN *Lippincott's Magazine* there is an interesting article by the author of 'Wonders of Modern Mechanism.' It is a description of the railway which, if he is to be believed, is destined to revolutionise all our ideas of rapid transit. An application is at the present moment lying before the United States Senate for making a line between New York and Washington which is to be worked on the Brott Rapid Transit System, the one condition of its construction being that the scheduled time is not to be less than one hundred miles an hour, which necessitates a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour to cover loss of time from stoppages.

The General Electric Company of New York is willing to guarantee all the mechanism necessary for working such a road, and also to undertake that they will maintain a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. The central principle of the Brott railway is that the cars run upon one wheel in the centre instead of two wheels at the sides. There is only one wheel on an elevated track. The traction wheels have small flanges, and there are small side wheels which touch the side supports with pneumatic tyres if the cars should oscillate.

The electric current will be taken from a conductor on the trolly principle; but the conductor will be carried under the cars. Power stations will be erected every fifty miles. An absolutely straight line will be preserved.

Light trains of two cars will be run, and the supporting poles will be twenty-five feet apart. An experimental line of thirty miles is to be built between Washington and Chesapeake Bay. No iron or steel is required excepting for the track rails:—

'The centre rail will have normally an elevation of about two feet, except at road-crossings, where it will be elevated to afford passage underneath. The cross-ties may lie on the ground or be elevated, as the nature of the ground renders desirable. A steel-truss construction will be used in crossing rivers or deep gullies. The wood used in the construction is to be subjected to a preserving process. The peculiar storey-and-a-half design of the car should be noted, the half-story being below, and constituting a room forty feet long, six feet wide, and four feet high, suitable for carrying baggage, the mails, etc. It is reached by outside doors. Above is the compartment for passengers. Another line is projected in the vicinity of Minneapolis.

'The simple construction would seem to be well suited for pleasure railways and light passenger traffic, and the success of these lines would undoubtedly lead to the construction of express lines between the great business centres of the world.'

THE CABLE-ROAD BETWEEN LOSCHWITZ AND WEISSER HIRSH MOUNTAINS, GERMANY—SEEN FROM BURGBERG, IN LOSCHWITZ, GERMANY.

THE ATTACK UPON ARMENIANS IN STAMBOUL.

THE ANGER OF THE CZAR.

ON one occasion, during a parade of his Horse Guards, the Emperor Paul of Russia was extremely dissatisfied with the manner in which the troops performed their evolutions.

At length, after a more than ordinary stupid blunder on the part of the troops, the Czar could stand it no longer, and he decided to preside over the drill in person. The troops were well aware that the Czar's temper was on the verge of bubbling over; and the knowledge so unnerved them that things went from bad to worse, until at last a blunder supervened (a blunder in which officers and men shared alike), which proved the climax. Galloping up to the disorganised lines, and reining up his charger at their head, livid with the fury which he no longer attempted to suppress, Paul gave vent to the following original and effective speech: 'Officers and troops of the Imperial Horse Guard, right about face! Quick—march—to Siberia!' The entire regiment, with unbroken composure and dignity, wheeled to the right, and started off then and there upon their terrible march into exile. By the time they had arrived at a point lying some few days' march from the capital, the Czar's temper having cooled down, swift couriers were dispatched after the exiled guards with news of the Imperial clemency, and the troops were allowed to return.

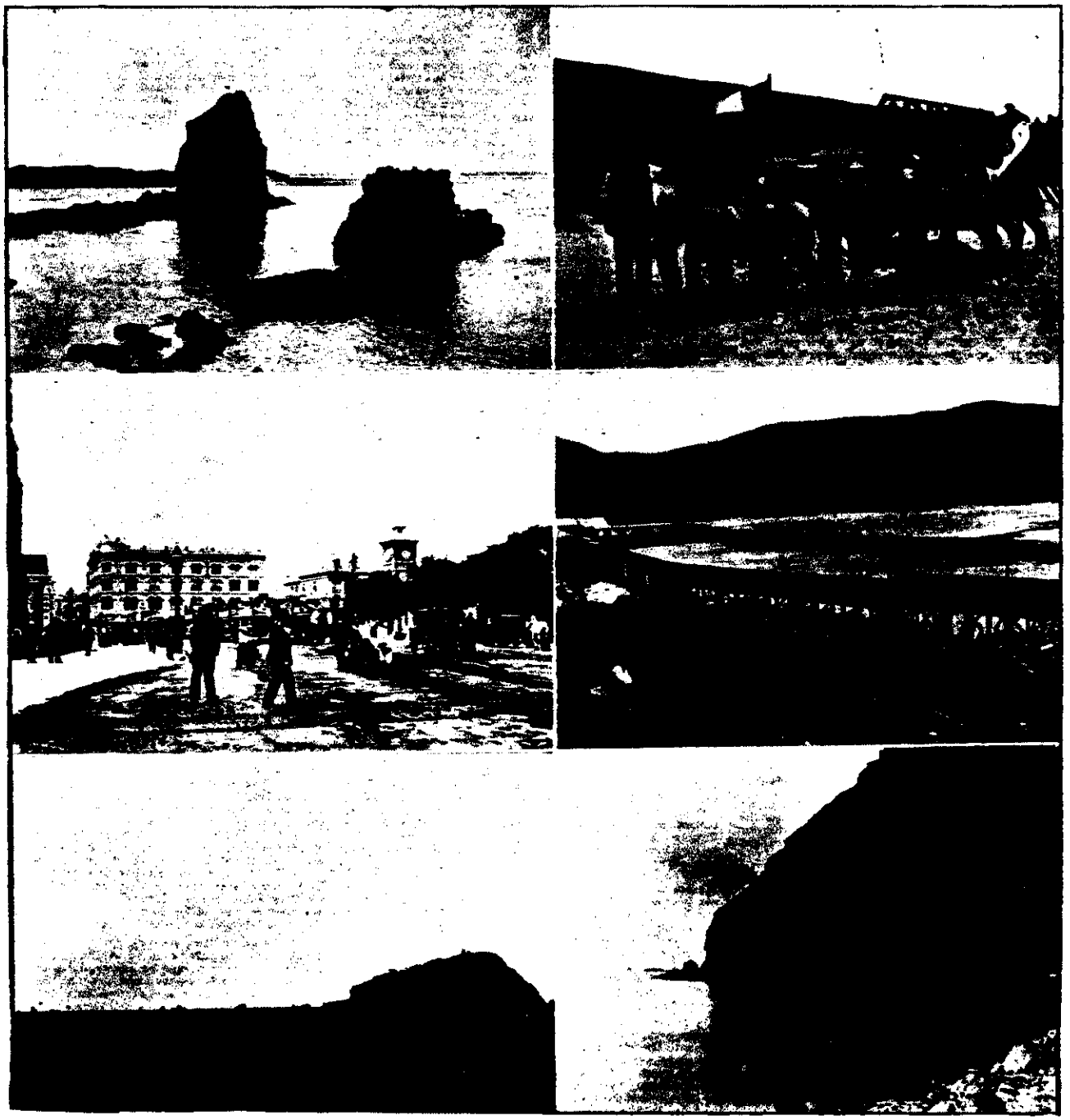
'Jabber's son, they say, could talk when only two weeks old.' 'That's nothing. The Bible says Job cursed the day he was born.'

THE TURKISH OUTRAGES IN TREBIZOND, WHERE OVER SEVEN HUNDRED ARMENIANS WERE MASSACRED.

PENAL SERVITUDE AT PORTLAND.

TIGHE HOPKINS IN 'THE LEISURE HOUR.'

CHAPEL muster is at a quarter to seven, and immediately after service comes the general parade for labour. Here the men are mustered in gangs according to the work they are employed at. While the principal warder in charge of the gang counts his men, an assistant warder searches them; each prisoner standing with his jacket unbuttoned and arms outstretched, holding his cap in one hand and handkerchief in the other. This is to prevent the men from carrying food or any other article out of their cells. When the warder in charge is assured that all is right with his party, he salutes the deputy governor, who presides at the parade, gives the number of his party and the number of men in it, and the figures are checked by the chief warder. There are some thousand men to be searched and numbered, but the work is quickly despatched, and at about quarter-past seven all is ready for the march to the works. The members of the civil guard, who form the outlying sentries, shoulder their rifles and are the first to leave the parade ground. They are followed by the military guard, whose scarlet coats are the only cheerful colours in the place. The prisoners march out two abreast by gangs, and remarkably well they step; the parties for the quarries leading the way. Standing on the rampart in front of the governor's office, which commands a prospect of the varied and extensive works, quarries, and outbuildings enclosed within the prison walls, one may take note of the different classes of prisoners as they troop out to labour. A certain number of men will be seen wearing the ordinary convict dress without facings of any kind. These are probationers. Every prisoner passes his first twelve months in the probation class, during which time he must earn on public works 720 marks. If he has earned that number and has been well conducted, he is eligible at the end of his first year for promotion to the third-class. Those are third-class men with the black facings on their jackets. They must earn during their second year 2,920 marks, and they may then be promoted to the second class. The second-class men are those with the yellow facings. At the end of another year promotion may be obtained to the first class, with blue facings. In the first class an industrious prisoner of good behaviour remains until within twelve months of his discharge, when he may perchance be received into the 'special' class, the members of which are distinguished by a full suit of blue. While he remains in the probation class, the prisoner is allowed to receive no visits from friends nor to receive or write letters, except one letter on reception from separate confinement. The third-class men may receive a visit of twenty minutes' duration once in six months, and may receive and write a letter once in the same period. The second-class man may be visited and may receive and write a letter once in four months. In the first class the prisoner is entitled to receive a visit of half an hour, and to receive and write a letter every three months. In respect of diet, prisoners in the first class are allowed the choice of tea and two ounces additional bread in lieu of gruel for breakfast, and baked instead of boiled beef for dinner. Two hideously distinctive dresses remain to be described. One is a parti-coloured dress of black and drab, one side one colour and one the other. The second is parti-coloured drab and brilliant yellow. The black-dress men have been flogged with the cat-o'-nine tails for an assault on a warder, or some other flagrant offence against discipline. The yellow-dress men have attempted an escape from prison. Both wear a chain 6½lbs in weight, held up to the waist by a strap and riveted on each ankle. These fetters are worn night and day, sometimes for six months together, and the wearers are in the penal class and on restricted diet, with other discomforts, all that time. They walk alone at the rear of their respective gangs, their chains clanking at every step, grotesque and painful objects.



C. F. Edwards, Sumner

SNAPSHOTS AT SUMNER, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

1. A group of barren rocks within a mile of Sumner. 2. The donkeys. A short distance to the right are the swing-boats. 3. Cathedral Square Christchurch. 4. Sumner Baths. 5. The Wharf. 6. A view on nearing Sumner.

A Phantom of the Mines

WE were discussing our cigars and coffee, after a bachelor dinner given by a gentleman prominent in the medical profession, and in the course of conversation the doctor recounted a singular accident which occurred in one of our leading hospitals, and which will doubtless be recalled by all newspaper readers. A patient was to be transferred from the operating-room, at the top of the building, to one of the wards on the lower floor. The stretcher was placed on the car used for the purpose, and taken to the elevator by the two men who usually performed this duty. One of them opened the door, and then turned and helped his companion to push the stretcher, with the helpless patient on it, into the empty shaft, where he met his death—by falling to the bottom of the building. 'The carelessness which caused this accident,' concluded the doctor, 'was no less than criminal. Both men insisted positively that they had seen the elevator in the shaft, but of course they shoved poor —— off without even looking.'

'You are wrong, doctor,' said Mr Argentine, who had been an interested listener to the doctor's narration. 'Although I never saw the men and know nothing of them, I am ready to swear that they saw that elevator. Its ghost was there. This rather startling announcement calls for an explanation,' continued Mr Argentine, 'and if you would like to hear it, I will tell you a story bearing on the subject.'

There was a murmur of encouragement from the guests, and drawing his cigar to a fresh light, the narrator began: 'I am, as you all know, a mining engineer; and in my life underground I have seen and heard many queer things; and one of them is the fact that elevators have ghosts. In most mines, where vertical shafts are used, the cage or skip is constructed just like an ordinary freight elevator. The mines are worked from a series of tunnels or levels, one above the other, which run in both directions from the shaft, like the hall-ways of a house. The ore is brought to the shaft in iron buckets, holding a couple of tons, which are transported on flat cars by "tram men" or "muckers" as we call them. The car tracks run to the edge of the shaft on both sides, and on the platform of the "cage" there is a section of track so arranged as to be continuous with that of the "level." In this way a car can be pushed upon the "cage" and hoisted, or run across the shaft and out on the track at the other side. In early days it was customary to give the "mucker" no other light than the lamp which, like all miners, he wore in his hat; but the men were forever thinking they saw the cage in position, and running their cars off into the shaft, where gravity made a disposition of them not altogether to the liking of their owners. So now when a level is being worked, a big flare light is placed at the shaft, and in the inky darkness the effect is almost like that produced by an arc-light in a city street. Every detail can be plainly seen, and any error arising from the confusion of shadows, etc., is eliminated. Still, men "see the cage" as much as ever. This effect is not produced on ignorant miners alone; everyone who comes often to the place is sure, sooner or later, to experience it. I have come out of a tunnel, after making a survey, and seen the cage waiting to take me up; the gleam of the rails in the midst of the bits of broken ore on the platform, the strong bracing of the sides, and even an end of candle plastered to one side with a ball of clay, and forgotten by some workman. And, behold! when I tried to step on board my foot has gone down into the darkness, and I have saved myself from falling only by clutching at the timbering. You can imagine nothing more uncanny than the feeling such an experience gives one. The illusion is never continued an instant after you have discovered the error, but the solid frame of wood and iron vanishes like a bursting bubble, and leaves you gazing into the black throat of the yawning shaft. I have lost many a car and more than one good workman by this mysterious phantom of soulless matter, and while I cannot explain the phenomenon, I know that it takes place, and most certainly believe that it is in some way a materialization of that persistent malignity which sometimes seems to pursue men and dog their every step, and which, in its more usual form of manifestation we are accustomed to call "luck," but which is, to my thinking, a much more personal thing.

'When I first visited Leadville the town had already attained a considerable size, and during the few months of the year when the climate permitted ladies to honour the place with their presence, society was very pleasant there. Of course, you know that the mines catch the riff-raff of all trades and professions, and in a place like that, where elements so very objectionable are likely to intrude, the men who bring their wives and sisters there are doubly careful to whom they introduce them. Cliques are formed which guard most carefully against any but the best, and society is really much more select than in older and more firmly established communities. I had the good luck to be well introduced, and found myself among charming and cultured associates.

'The circle was, of course, a small one, and I soon became well acquainted with every member of our little set. Wherever I went calling I found that one name was sure to come up in the course of conversation, and although always spoken of in a way that left no doubt that he would have been a welcome guest, I never met the owner of the name. It was always one of the ladies who asked the news of Arthur Cinnabar, and whoever the gentleman of whom she asked he was sure to have seen Arthur within a day or two and to say something about his work.

'The thing rather mystified me. Who was this man? If he was so well known and near at hand that the gentlemen saw him so often, why did I never meet him? And since he was evidently a friend of all of them, why did he never call on any of the ladies who seemed to take so flattering an interest in his fortune and his work? Moreover, why were they so particular to speak of him as Arthur, and never simply as Mr Cinnabar? My idle curiosity on the subject was fanned by every mention of the man, and grew with every day that failed to bring him forth. One evening, by a stroke of unusual good fortune, I found the belle of the town without her usual circle of admirers; and, in great peace of mind, I seated myself to enjoy my first *tête-à-tête* with her. After the usual greeting had passed, almost her first words were, "How is Arthur Cinnabar?" I replied that I had not never Mr Cinnabar, and could not give her any information. "Oh, yes," said she, "you came since—" then suddenly checking herself, she branched off on another subject in a way that made it very apparent that I was not to be further enlightened.

'At the first opportunity after that I took my most intimate friend aside and abruptly asked him, "Who is Arthur Cinnabar?" "The best man God ever made," he answered with a promptness and an air of conviction that rather nettled me. Was this fellow who sneaked and sulked in some corner to win every girl in the place, and even to rival me in the affections of my best friends? "Well," said I, "he must be worth meeting. When am I to have the pleasure?" "I don't know," replied he; "we have been talking it over together and all the boys think you ought to know him; but of course we will have to get his permission before we can bring you up. I will go to-night and ask him." That evening I remained at the mine writing letters and working over the maps until quite late, and was just closing up the office when my friend came in and said: 'Old man, bring your pipe and come out and walk in the moonlight, I have something to tell you." I followed him out on to the path than ran from the offices to the machine shop. The moon was bright as day, and under its soft light the scene was inexpressibly beautiful. On the hillside below us stood the machine shops and shaft-houses looming dark in shadow, then came the waste of valley, the pale gray of the sage bush looking misty and unreal, and the far distant mountains, capped with snow and skirted by the black pine forest, seemed almost to be floating above a mist-enveloped lake. We seated ourselves on a projecting boulder, and I heard the story of Arthur Cinnabar.

'Two brothers had come to the town, about three years before my advent, as officers of the mine at which I was now working. The elder, Charles, had been a great social light and had immediately assumed the position of a Beau Brummel. His friendship was prized as an honour, and no hostess whose invitation he did not accept felt her position quite assured. Arthur, on the other hand, was a jolly, good-tempered boyish young fellow, a general favourite in every circle, but quite eclipsed by the radiance of the brighter planet. He joked about "King Charles," as he called him, but in secret was immensely proud of the triumphs and standing of the brother whom he almost worshipped. Charles was engineer of the mine, and Arthur, who had just graduated from Harvard, was the secretary. All money paid or received by the mine passed through Arthur's hands, and although a rather careless fellow in most things, he seemed to realize the gravity of his position of trust, and was most scrupulously exact in all his dealings.

'Just after a large shipment of ore had been made and when the money for that and the wages of the men were on deposit, making a total of several thousands, Arthur heard a rumour regarding the bank in which the funds were deposited, which frightened him to such an extent that he mounted his horse and rode post-haste to town to withdraw the account. He was just in time to do this before the closing of the bank. Then came the question of disposal of the money. He had meant to carry it straight back to the mine and lock it in the safe there; but now that the money was in his hands the thing did not seem so easy. The mine was about three miles from town and the road notoriously unsafe. Several "hold-ups" had taken place within a short time, and the gathering twilight of the winter's day made the prospect look anything but cheerful to the nervous boy. Moreover, he was known and had possibly been watched at the bank. After mature reflection he resolved to remain in town and trust to meeting some friend who would accompany him back in the evening. Arthur dined at the most public of Leadville's *cafés* and then wandered up and down the main thoroughfares, looking for someone with whom he could trust his secret. His money was in a belt in which he was accustomed to carry their pay to the miners on the outlying claims, and it seemed to him that he was puffed up like a balloon with the rolls of bills, and that everyone must guess his secret. In the crowd was his safety, as he well knew; but in it lay also his chief dread. Every glance that turned on him seemed to penetrate his coat and to be directed at the belt beneath, and every wayfarer who jostled him seemed to feel the unusual girdle and inspect him covertly.

'What a villainous set they were, those miners! Mexicans, lowering under the broad shadow of their sombreros, cowboys driven to the mines to winter, gamblers, Indians, roughs and toughs of all descriptions; and each one armed with a great revolver, conspicuously displayed. It was certainly an awkward box; he dared not leave the main thoroughfare to find any of his town friends, and it was most unlikely that any of them would take the dangerous ride with him if he did. Besides, had he a right to trust them?

'The evening wore on and the throng began to grow less dense. Fewer and fewer were the arrivals from the mines, and more and more numerous the riders who shot out into the darkness of the desolate roads. And now his steps were really dogged. It was no longer fancy. Three men had marked him and were watching his movements. Twist and turn as he might, one of them at least was always on his trail. It had grown too late to hope for the arrival of aid, and it was time for action. Should he remain any later, the deserted streets would serve the purpose of the highwayman as well as the lonely road. No hotel in that lawless place was safe, and the town was one great trap. He thought the situation over and could see but one chance. In the gambling dens and dance-halls the pack was still undiminished, and he would try to throw his pursuers off the track by a stratagem. Keno Bob's was the largest and best patronised resort in town, and it had a back door which opened in the alley where the boy's horse was stabled. He would enter a neighbouring dance-hall, wait till the men followed, slip out, run to Keno's, out again by the back door, get his horse and revolver in hand, make a dash for the mines. With as careless and convivial air as he could muster, he walked into Indian Bell's, and, slipping behind a brawny labourer near the door, waited for results. Sure enough, in came two of his pursuers and stood looking for him in the crowd. A half-clad girl on the stage was singing a popular song, and the audience joined in the chorus with much stamping of feet and clinking of glasses. Aided by the noise and confusion he slipped out, almost running into the third villain, who had been left on guard, and crossed the street at the top of his speed. The watcher uttered a shrill whistle, which Arthur hoped was drowned by the noise of the roisterers, and followed without the least attempt at concealment. In Keno's huge bar-room were several card-tables and two roulette wheels, around which was seated a group of players, and back of them stood a pack of interested spectators.

'As Arthur elbowed his way through them, he heard the "roller" in the keno-room call a number. "Twelve!" said the voice. Arthur pushed on, keeping as many men as possible between him and the street door and watching for his enemy. The door opened, and the man entered and then stood looking for him. "Twenty-six!" said the voice. Stooping low the boy slipped into the keno-room. Here was a different scene. The players were ranged at long tables along the walls and each was intent on the card before him. The way was clear, a few steps would bring him to the door, and in a moment he would be mounted and away. Just as he reached the door, it opened and he was confronted by the men who had followed him into the dance-hall. The boy was in despair. "Fourteen!" said the "roller." "Keno! Head her off!" shouted a voice that thrilled Arthur like an electric shock. It was Charlie.

'The fact that Charles was gambling and was not quite himself did not impress Arthur. It was enough that he had found the big brother whom he had always looked upon as a being of a superior race, and was to have his help in guarding the treasure, the loss of which would have meant his dishonour. He told his story in a whisper, and being now relieved of the nervous strain of his fear, was surprised to see how terribly the news seemed to excite his listener. The men as soon as they had witnessed the meeting had slunk away, and the two brothers reached the stable unmolested. Here Charlie severely lectured Arthur on the danger he had incurred and insisted on taking the money-belt himself. Only too glad to be rid of the cause of his anxiety, the younger brother made the change, and the two, pistol in hand, rode rapidly to the mine. When they reached the mine stable the man on watch handed Charlie a note. It was from the underground foreman, asking directions for some work in the neighbouring mine; and Charlie said he must go at once to the captain of the night-shift, which was then at work on the second level. The two walked to the shaft-house together, and Arthur, who had on his working clothes, provided his brother with a bit of candle which he found in his pocket and exchanged coats and hats with him.

'The candle is rather short, Charlie,' said Arthur.

'Oh, I guess it will last,' replied Charlie; 'Wait here till I come up'

These were the last words exchanged between the brothers. Charlie went down the ladders, gave the captain of the night-shift a few directions, started back, and went, no man knows where. After waiting till he became anxious, Arthur procured a light and went down the shaft. He found the workmen, and learning that his brother had long ago left them, he promptly sent an alarm to the office and the workmen's quarters.

A fruitless search was kept up till daylight, although as soon as the story of the money-belt was known, no one but Arthur expected to find the missing man. The mine had a water tunnel opening on the mountain side, and communicated with several abandoned workings, all of which had exits, and it would have been an easy thing for Charles, who knew every inch of the workings, to have walked off with the snug little fortune in his belt. It was found that he had been gambling for a long time and losing heavily, and that not only had he dissipated his fortune, which had been considerable, but that he had incurred heavy debts among his friends. The latter circumstance Arthur never knew. The owner and manager of the mine, a pig-headed Dutchman, was the only person who suspected Arthur of complicity in his brother's crime, and he at once dismissed him. The two boys were orphans, and each had inherited a considerable sum of money. Arthur at once came forward with his entire property and paid it to the mine, at the same time offering to work for his board and let his salary be withheld until he had made up the full amount, of which some hundreds of dollars were still lacking. He was refused any position in the office and then offered himself as a common labourer to the underground foreman.

'He had now been at work for nearly a year, holding drills for the hammer men, shovelling rock and pushing the cars. Every month he reserved barely enough out of his wages for necessary expenses; all the rest he paid back to his employer, and at the time of which I write had almost completed his self-imposed task of restitution. The pathos of his faith in Charles was touching. All the damaging facts in his brother's latter history were surprises to him, but did not in the least degree serve to convince him that the popular theory was the correct one. Often he had been urged to leave his menial position and take a situation in the office of another mine, but his answer was always this: "Charlie told me to wait here till he came back, and I must stay." At first Arthur had shunned all society, but the men soon made him understand that they believed in him, and made a weak pretence of faith in the lost king, and by this means won him back from his gloomy broodings over his brother's fate and the cloud of dishonour that shadowed his name. First, out of charity, and after-

wards, out of pure enjoyment of his society, the men made the old log-cabin where he lived a rendezvous, and no fair and gentle maiden in the town was the object of as much attention, nor half as much genuine, hearty admiration, as the brave boy fighting so nobly for his honour. With these friends he forgot his own luck of life, and was his own happy self again, but of women he had a morbid dread. "When a man's down they're not like men, you know," was all he ever said of them, and, perhaps, all he ever thought. I was the first stranger whom he had consented to meet, and before he would let Louis bring me he had manfully insisted that he should tell me the whole story.

'The evening after hearing this history I was taken to the cabin and duly installed as a member in good standing of the fraternity who frequented the place. Arthur met me without the least embarrassment and played the host with a manly heartiness that enlisted me at once as his friend. He was a splendid specimen of the college athlete, tall and handsome as an Apollo, and through his course labourer's clothing the gentleman showed as clearly as in any of his trig and dapper guests, clad as they were in the height of fashion. There were two chairs, a table, and two rough beds in the one room which the cabin boasted, and as these were entirely inadequate to the number of guests who gathered there the furniture had been eked out by the addition of a dozen soap boxes. I had expected to find Arthur a sad-eyed, broken-spirited wreck, and to see his friends gathered in stiff and mournful sympathy about him; and the merry gathering and the jolly evening we passed were a great surprise to me. At intervals a twinge of inward pain would dull the twinkle of his eye and sober the merry frankness of the handsome face on which a look of strained expectation would settle, for an instant, if the sound of horse's hoofs was heard on the road. Save for these slight and momentary changes he was the merriest of us all, and one would have believed his life had been one long and careless holiday. I was charmed with my visit and my host, and from that time forward let scarcely a night pass without spending a few minutes with him.

'Several weeks went by and we were nearing the Christmas holidays. The next payment would enable Arthur completely to refund the missing money, and we had arranged to give a grand celebration at the cabin in honour of the event. On the day of the intended fete, it happened that Louis and I were both at work in the Moyer mine. We were sinking the shaft and at the same time "stopping ore" out of the second level, where Charles had held his last intercourse with living men. It was in the level that my work lay (I had taken Charles' place of engineer), and as I stepped off the ladders I found Arthur, who was "tramming" the ore, on his knees beside the shaft brushing the edge with his hands. "What are you doing, Arthur?" said I. "Louis and twelve men are at work in the bottom of the shaft six hundred feet below," replied he. "and I am clearing the stones away from the edge, for fear someone should kick one down. Even a pebble falling that far would be a serious thing." I went on to my work and in about an hour returned to the shaft to go up. There stood the cage waiting and I was just about to step aboard when I heard the rumble of the car coming, and waited to be hoisted with it. As he neared the shaft Arthur hung back to check the car, glanced over the top, but seeing the "cage" in position and that all was right put his shoulder to the ponderous machine. Had my hands been empty I would have helped him, but I had the transit. With a dull rumble the car moved over the few remaining feet of tunnel, then, to our horror, slipped in silence through the phantom platform, add shot down the shaft with a sound like rushing wings. We had "seen the cage!"

'My first thought was for the men below. Dropping the transit, I sprang to the ladders and went down faster than I have ever done before or since. From beneath me rose the echoes of crashing timber and rending iron and a faint, far-off shout, and from above came Arthur's horrified cry, "I have killed them!" By wonderful good luck it happened that the party were just in the act of firing a blast when the accident occurred and so escaped being crushed beneath the fearful weight of falling rock and iron. They tell me that when I found them safe I laughed and cried like an hysterical girl and hugged and kissed the great, bearded men, in the frenzy of my relief.

'As soon as we were calm enough to think, we went in search of Arthur. He was gone. On a set of timbers near the shaft hung his coat and dinner pail, showing that in his horror at the dreadful accident, he had fled, not daring to hear how many he had crushed to death in the dark caverns of the lower mine. On the day which was to have seen his emancipation from the burden under which he had been struggling, and when he was to have thrown off the dark shadow of his brother's guilt and taken once more his rightful place among his fellows, he was wandering like a rabid beast over the mountain passes, or among the deserted tunnels, haunted and half-crazed by a horror worse than guilt. A crushed and shuddering mass that had been his friend and the torn and mangled bodies of the labourers whom he had killed, were ever before his eyes, and his reason was tottering under this last unmerited stroke of fate. This we knew, and each one of us vied with every other to find him and be the bearer of the news of the marvellous chance which had saved him from a life-long nightmare of remorse.

'We separated into two parties, one to search the mine, and the other to mount and ride out on the trails that wound up the snow-capped mountains and away across the lonely passes to the wild regions of the valley mining camps. I took charge of the underground party, and after searching every nook and cranny of the new mine, led the men into the deserted workings that opened from it. Nothing can be more ghastly than such a place. The walls were caving and crushing the rotting timbers, from which hung long hair like growths and great balloon-shaped fungi, white and mouldy, the wood glowed, faintly phosphorescent, and a damp, tomb-like chill pervaded the gutted stopes. Being unfamiliar with the place I had had the maps brought down, and with these guides we ferreted out every corner of the loathsome place. Finally, there remained only one spot unvisited, a "winze" or short shaft, which had been sunk from the old level and communicated with a winding tunnel about a hundred feet below, which had no other outlet. The ladder had long ago rotted out, so I procured a rope and had the men lower me into the black pit. The moment that my feet touched the bottom I was conscious of a feeling of dread that required all my will power to overcome. As I looked about me I saw by the dim light of my miner's lamp that I was not alone; close against the wall, directly beneath the winze, sat the figure of a man. As I approached the light to him I nearly screamed with horror. From under the broad tarpaulin hat a skull grinned at me. His coat and hat were such as an engineer would wear, the rest of his garments were a gentleman's full dress, and around his pelvis hung a thickly padded money-belt. In one shrivelled hand was a ball of hardened clay in which a candle had burned out. Beyond a doubt it was Charles Cinnabar. His light had gone out before he had reached the shaft on the fatal night, and lost in the darkness he had wandered here and fallen, bruised and dazed, he had crawled beneath the winze and perished, his cries lost in the blind workings above.

'Tenderly, we carried up the poor remains of the wronged gentleman and laid them to rest in the bleak cemetery beneath the hill. The belt and its contents we sealed and placed in the keeping of the bank.

'Meanwhile, the other searching party has discovered Arthur and convinced him that his error had caused no loss of life, and at night they brought him back looking aged and broken by the suffering he had been through. We feared the effect of the news of our discovery in the mine, upon his strained nerves, but knew that he would hear the rumours regarding it, that filled the town, and so decided to tell him at once. Charlie's death affected him deeply, but the clearing of his name removed the keenness of the blow.

'A few days later Arthur bade us good-bye, and with his recovered fortune left forever the scene which his struggle with fate had made intolerable to him.'

* * * * * * *

After Mr Argentine ceased speaking, we smoked in silence for a few minutes; and as the guests one by one quietly withdrew, it was evident that the strange story they had listened to, and the sincerity of the narrator, had roused unusual speculation in their minds.

SPINSTERS WILL ALL WAGE WAR.

1896 THE LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN OF THIS GENERATION WHO WOULD WOO.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CALENDAR.

THUS far in the world's history marriage has been one of the inevitable concomitants of human existence. Considered from a purely secular standpoint it bids fair to continue its career for cycles to come. Whatever may be the idiosyncrasies of a few women and more men, who did or didn't, the great majority accept the law of marriage as necessary.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-six is the rallying time of the century for spinsters. Immemorial use accords to woman in leap year the right to usurp man's privilege and woo her a blushing mate. For the year one motto would be, 'Woman proposes, man disposes.'

Hitherto in the annals of our century the leap year records show no extraordinary results from the spinsters' efforts. Eighteen hundred and ninety-six will, however, more than compensate for past failures. Spinsters will array themselves for a supreme endeavour.

In the ordinary leap year the woman hardly moves into the work with all her powers concentrated. There is the lurking suspicion of another leap year to come if this be unsuccessful, and the secret expectation that in the intervening time some man may woo her. In view of these things she prosecutes her undertaking without the desperation born of lack of hope in the future. In other words, she is unmanned.

We have changed all that for the leap year 1896—or, rather, the calendar makers changed it for us centuries ago. The year 1896 is not to be an ordinary leap year. In it spinsters must lead a forlorn hope. They must mass their forces for one great final assault upon the citadel of masculine indifference to their winsomeness.

Blandishments, strategy—aye, force, even—must be employed if need be for the gaining of success, the gaining of a man. The reason of the vast importance of the year to spinsters is found in the fact that it has no successor until 1904. When the bells ring in the year 1897 their clamours will toll the inability of woman to propose for seven years. In other words, the year 1900 will not be a leap year. There will be seven years without any grant of special privilege to the fair sex.

THEIR LAST CHANCE.

Bachelors who love their liberty must beware, for never before in their history were the signs of capture so alarming. The new woman has plans for the new year, looking toward a man—a new man or an 'old man.' Not only will the new women themselves present a dauntless phalanx of Amazonian wooers, but the emboldening effect of their example on their less assertive sisters will be such that any bachelor had best beware the shyest maid, or he may lose his hand, if not his heart. Seven years without opportunity means for the ordinary spinster no other opportunity. She will be in the retired list when another leap year comes. If it is to be done at all it must be done quickly—the getting of a husband. An artist has conceived of the symbolic spinster, lariat in hand, watching for the moment when the fearing man may be caught by its clinging loop. The picture is the precise representation of the fact.

The spinster will employ force to the utmost. The unveiling strands of the lariat will be hurled by no wavering hand, and there will be no escape for him over whose shoulders the resistless noose falls. The spinsters will look in the glass and see there in the shadow pictures conjured up by sorrowful anticipation, the pictures of spinsters seven years hence, when the battery of charms will be routed by the arms of Father Time. Spinsters will not fail in 1896 if their utmost strength can avoid defeat. If, after all, they do fail, they will anathematise the calendar makers.

It is a curious prank those same calender makers have played, on the women directly, and on the men indirectly.

The introduction of an additional day into the calendar once in four years is necessary to prevent the average year from being too short. At the the same time it makes the average year a little too long. This additional length is so slight that it accumulates very slowly. Nevertheless, it does accumulate, and by the end of a century it amounts to nearly a day. For that reason once in a hundred years the additional day which marks a year as leap year is omitted, and the average length of the years is reduced

The English law determined in 1751 on reforms in the calendar, and from those we draw and use. The original determination of the calendar was made by the Pope, and afterward it was adopted by all the countries except Russia and the East. From January 12th, 1752, the civil year was made to begin on that date, and not on March 1st, as many had it. In the same year eleven days were dropped from the calendar, from the third to the thirteenth, inclusive, so that what would have been the fourteenth became the third.

With this change effected the remainder of the calendar followed its usual course. By this change the day which would have been December 25th became January 5th. It was from this that the latter derived its name of Old Christmas Day.

The further regulation of the calendar occurred in omitting the year 1800 from the number of leap years. Therefore in 1801 Old Christmas Day fell on January 6th, and from that time until this that is the day of the month called by that name.

In Rider's 'British Merlin' for 1801 we find it stated that 1900 is not to be a leap year, while 1901 is to be the fifth year after bissextile, or leap year, and the first year of the twentieth century. For this century the first leap year was 1804, which is described as such in the almanacs which were then current.

One old almanac for 1800, Moore's, names the year as the fourth after bissextile, or leap year, and then states that in spite of it being the fourth year from leap year 1796, the month of February had only twenty-eight days. Following this fashion 1802 is called the sixth year after bissextile, and 1803 the seventh.

Curious as all this appears to us it is precisely what we will soon do. Throughout seven years there will be no February 29th after 1896. All of the births and other events which occurred on that unfortunate day of the month will have no opportunity to celebrate their anniversary. That eccentric date, February 29th, will then have an opportunity for renown brought on by its absence.

CALENDAR OF THE FUTURE.

The calendar adjustment by which these matters were arranged reaches forward to a distance that is startling to one whose term of life is the seventy years of man. It declared that the years 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, or any other hundredth year in time to come shall consist of 365 days and no more. But the fact also remains that this adjustment of the calendar was not quite accurate. The one day omitted once in the century made the average year a very little too short.

To remedy this defect the adjusters made the following exception to the rule making the hundredth years of 365 days, except every fourth hundredth year beginning with the year 2000. These years will be leap years, that is the years 2000, 2400, 2800, 3200, will have a February 29th. But their days are not of great concern to us.

VARIOUS DRINKS.

AQUA ARDIENTE, made from the agave tree, in Spain.

Arrack, made from coarse sugar, in India.

Mahwah Arrack, made from the juice of the palm, in East Indies.

Arraka, made from mare's milk, in Tartary.

Arrika, made from dates, in Egypt.

Arika, made from cow's milk, in Iceland.

Brandy, made from grapes, figs., etc., in Europe and America.

Frustung, made from sloes, in south of France.

Gin, made from barley and juniper, in Holland.

Goldwasser, made from barley and anise seed, in Dantzic.

Kirchwasser, made from cherry berries, in Switzerland.

Lau, made from rice, in Siam.

Maraschino, made from cherry berries, in Zara.

Curacoa, made from oranges, in West Indies.

Plante, made from cactus, in Mexico.

Rakai, made from the husks of grapes, in Dalmatia.

Rassolio, compounded in Dantzic.

Seskis Kavavodka, made from fruit, in Scio.

Slakavia Trava, made from sweet grass, in Kamschatka.

Schowcho, made from rice, in China and Japan.

Rum, made from sugar-cane, in West Indies and America.

Tuba, made from palm, in Phillipine Islands.

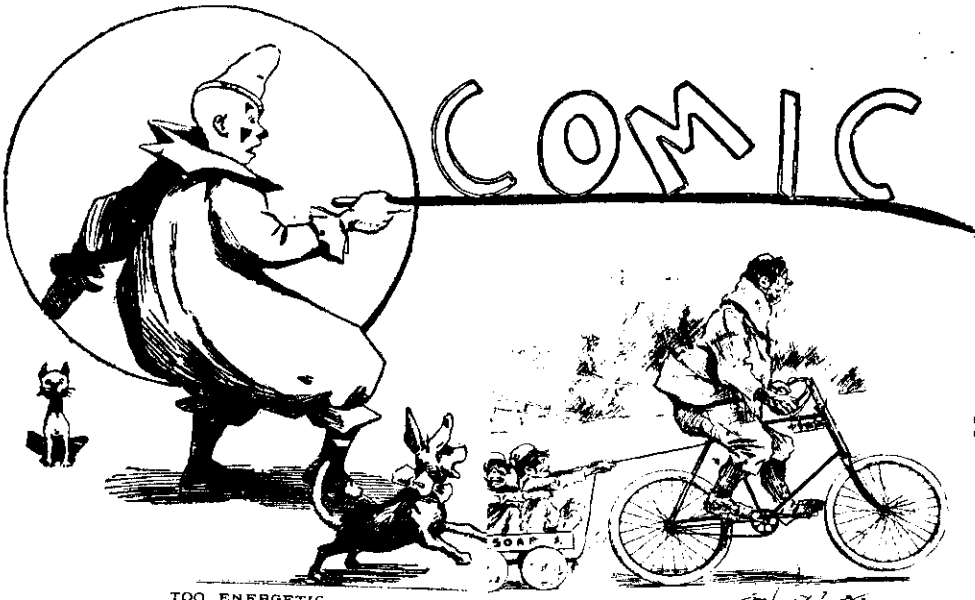
Whisky, made from molasses and grain, in Europe and America.

Woohah, made from herbs, in Africa.

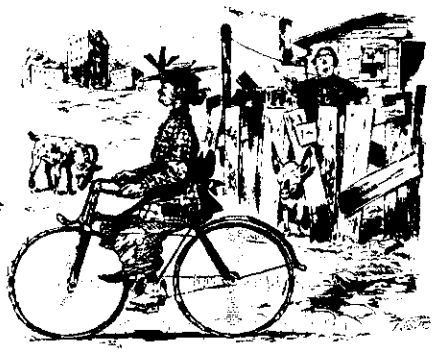
Y-wer-s, made from the root of the turoot, in Sandwich Islands.

Yrostir, made from grapes, on the Rhine.

COMIC



TOO ENERGETIC



ENVY.

Mrs. Doolan—"It's too proud yez are t' talk, Norah Foley, since yez won th' bolcycle in th' tin-cint raffle; but if thim ain't yer ould man's pants O'm a nagur."

He—I will work day and night to make you happy.
She—Nay, don't do that. Work during the day and stay home at night.

HANDICAPPED.

Grant Hamilton—"Phew! This is the worst hill I ever tackled."

TRUE.

She—I think Miss Solo has a miserable voice.
He—Yes, it's not what it's cracked up to be.

STRANGERS NOW.

Belle—Did I tell you I took a prize at the beauty show?
Nell—The booby prize?

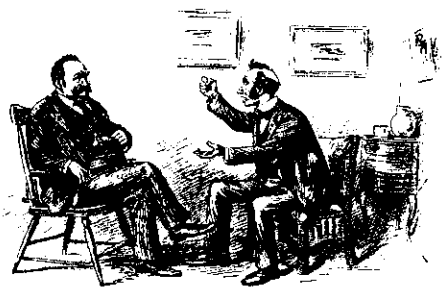
DESCRIPTIVE OF IT

Miss Mobile.—Well, Auntie, how is Uncle Mose these days?

Aunt Chloe.—Po'ly, Miss, po'ly; he 's dun got dat exclamatory rheumatism.

Miss Mobile.—You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Auntie "exclamatory" is to cry out.

Aunt Chloe *(with solemn conviction)*.—Dat 's hit, Miss, dat 's dat—he don't do nuffin but holler!



CONCLUSIVE PROOF

Excited Citizen.—I tell you sir the one great trouble with this country is over-production.—*that* 's what ails us—over-production!

A DUDE HUSBAND

Mrs. Ladylike.—Now, tell me, Bridget, why you have us (*Bridget*.—Well, mum, it's not Bridget O'Flynn who kin stray in a house wid two misthresses.

Oldest Boy.—Pop, won't you take us to the Park? We want to see that new Chimpanzee

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Australasian Medical Congress, which has just concluded its session in Dunedin, must assuredly be attended by good results. The assembling together of the leading members of the medical fraternity of Australasia, the interchanging of ideas that must necessarily take place, and the strengthening of that spirit of comradeship that should exist, will eventually be for the benefit of the public in general and suffering humanity in particular. The syllabus prepared embraced a variety of subjects, and, albeit some of the papers were a trifle heavy for the laymen (mayhap even beyond the comprehension of the younger members of the Congress) they contained much valuable information, and were listened to with rapt attention.

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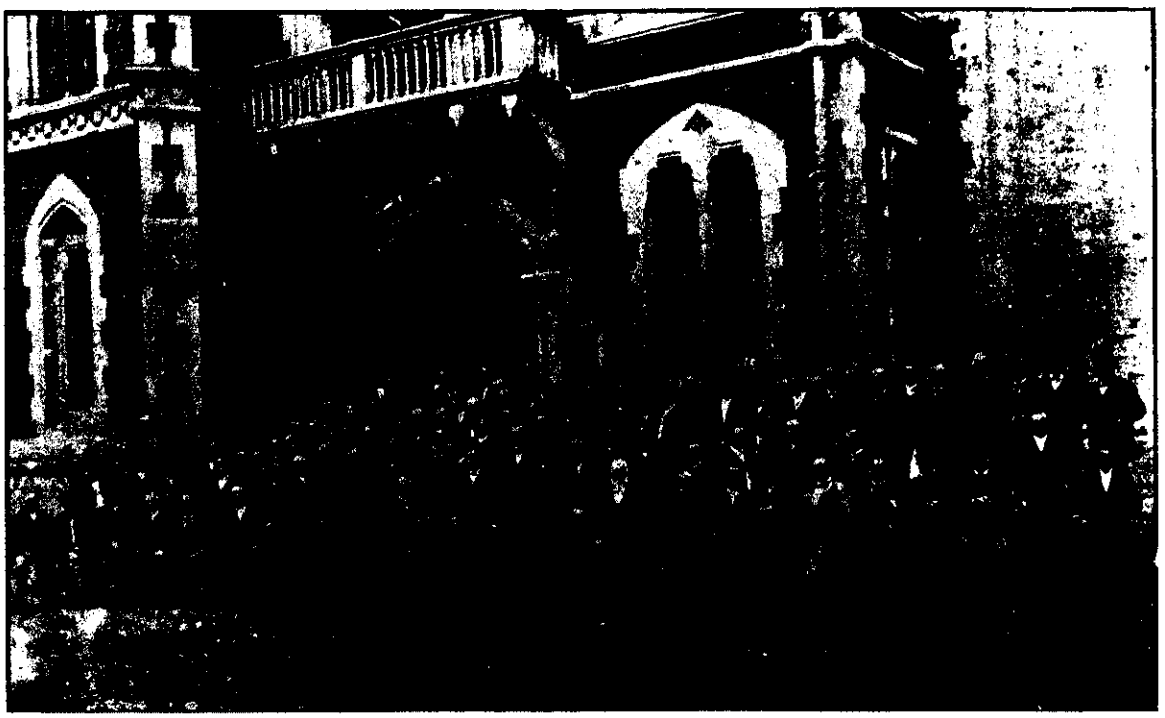

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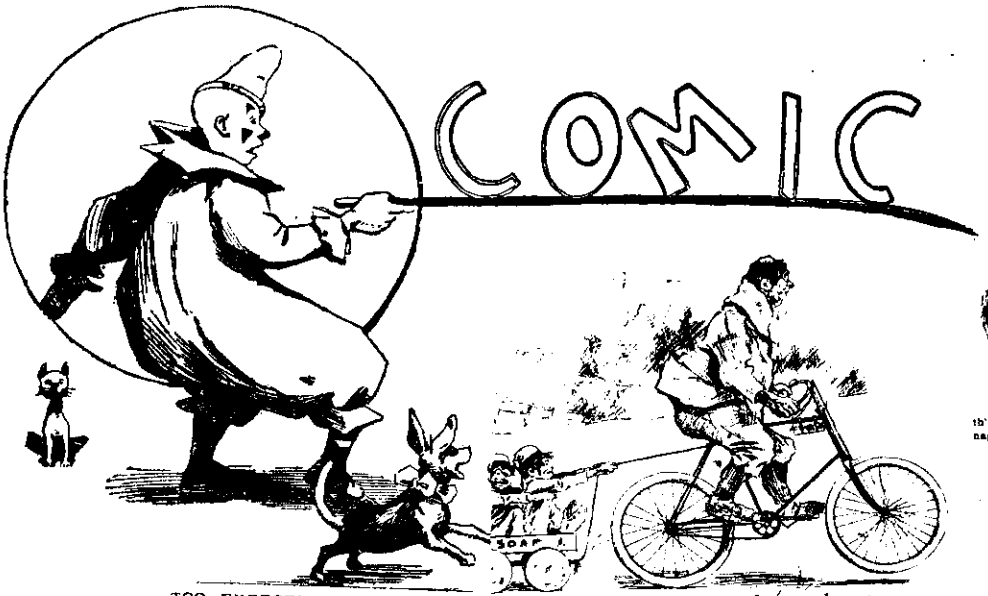
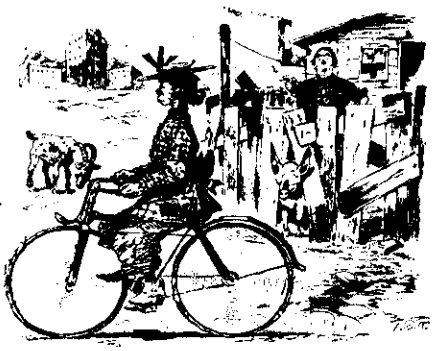
COMIC



TOO ENERGETIC



ENVY.

MRS. DOOLAN—"It's too proud yez are t' talk, Norah Foley, since yez won th' boicycle in th' tin-cint raffle; but if thim ain't yer ould man's pants O'm a nagur."

He—I will work day and night to make you happy.
She—Nay, don't do that. Work during the day and stay home at night

HANDICAPPED.

GRANT HAMILTON—"Pshew! This is the worst hill I ever tackled."

TRUE.

She—I think Miss Solo has a miserable voice.
He—Yes, it's not what it's cracked up to be.

STRANGERS NOW.

Belle—Did I tell you I took a prize at the beauty show?
Nell—The booby prize?

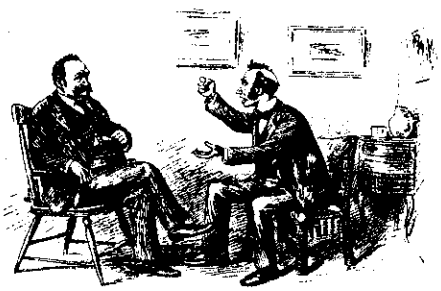
DESCRIPTIVE OF IT

MISS MOBILE.—Well, Auntie, how is Uncle Mose these days?

AUNT CHLOE.—Po'ly, Miss, po'ly; he 's dun got dat exclamatoes rheumatism.

MISS MOBILE.—You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Auntie "exclamatory" is to cry out.

AUNT CHLOE *(with solemn conviction)*.—Dat 's hit, Miss; dat 's dat—he don't do nuffin but holler!



CONCLUSIVE PROOF

EXCITED CITIZEN.—I tell *you* the one great trouble with this country is over-production.—*That* 's what ails us—over-production!

A DUDE HUSBAND

MRS. LADYLIKE.—"Now, tell me, Bridget, why you leave us?"
Bridget.—"Well, mum, it's not Bridget O'Flynn who kin shtay in a house wid two mistresses."

OLDEST BOY.—Pop, won't you take us to the Park? We want to see that new Chimpanzee

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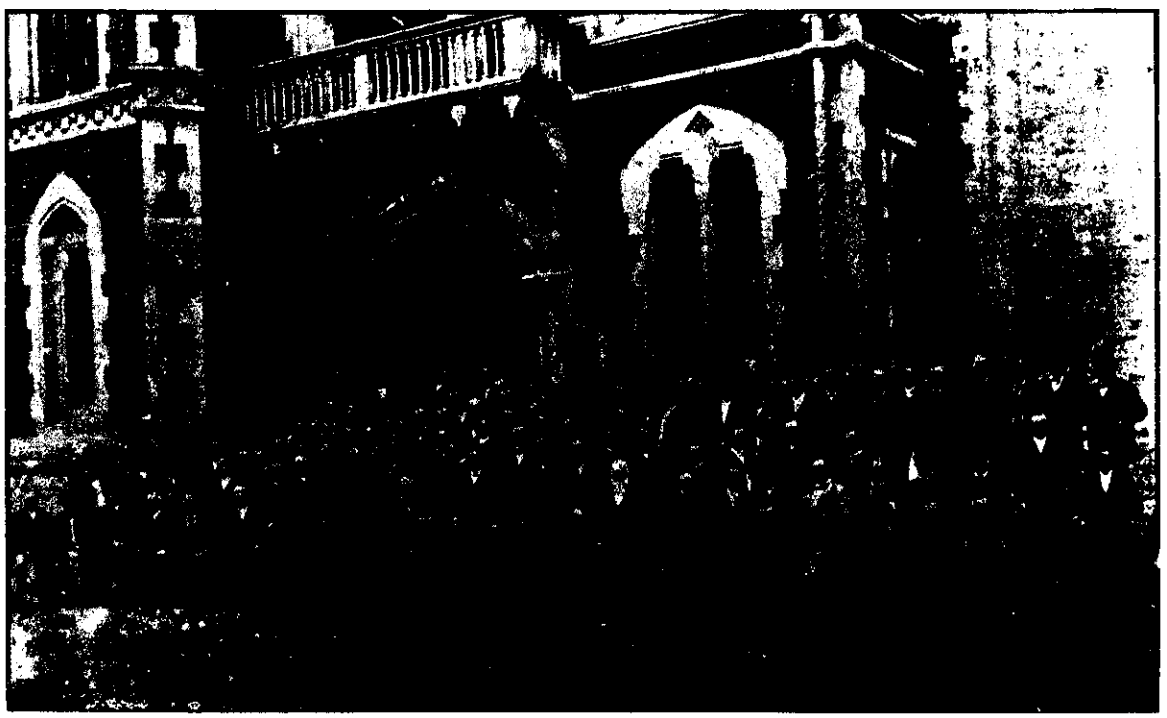

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in his body, or with a skin like a rhinoceros to remain immovable while a feather was being skilfully applied to the under cuticle of his foot. The tickling convinced me, and if I have after all been deceived, I shall feel that I have seen quite as great a wonder as if doubting Thomases who were not even convinced by the the man had actually been in a trance. There were tickling experiments. They would have liked to have had the sleeper bastinadoed, and then put on the rack for a few hours, and finally operated on with red hot pincers. If he had stood all these tests there would still have been sceptics who would not have believed till they saw him hanged, drawn, and quartered; and even the believers would feel more satisfied if they were allowed to carry away a bit of the man as a memento. I would not like to be the subject the Professor selected. I would be afraid that when I awoke I would find that some enthusiastic idiot had carried off my foot or a morsel of my ear.

IT looks as if the people of the United States believed they had a divine mission to worry Europe. Only a few weeks ago they were amusing themselves by twisting the British Lion's tail, and they only desisted when that good-natured animal, instead of getting furious, firmly rebuked them. Now they have turned their attention to Spain, and are bent on giving that country a short time of it. Spain has been maintaining a very unsatisfactory war with her subjects in the West Indian island of Cuba, because they do not wish to remain her subjects any longer. There is really very little chance of the Mother Country bringing the colonists to their knees, but she goes on trying to do it all the same, like a mother with her unruly boy. It is certainly very aggravating when she is exercising her maternal rights to have Uncle Sam looking over the fence and saying to rebel Cuba, 'Go it, my boy; don't mind the old woman. I'll stand by you. I did it myself once.' Spain feels she has very good cause to complain of the action of Uncle Sam. Quite true that he 'cheeked' his mother and cut the apron strings in his young days, but really he should have arrived at years of discretion by this time, and understand that however wild he may have been as a boy, it is a very reprehensible thing to encourage youngsters round about him in unfilial acts. This is Spain's way of looking at the matter. Cuba and the United States regard it somewhat differently, and I confess that I am very much inclined to take their side when I remember what an unnatural mother Spain has been to Cuba, and how she has mismanaged the affairs and squandered the resources of the Queen of the Antilles. Cuba is a magnificently fertile island about one-third the size of New Zealand, and in proper hands might be made a wonderfully prosperous place. It is a significant fact that during the ten months the English held Cuba

OVERTHROW OF THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

more than a thousand vessels visited Havana, as against a dozen, which was the yearly average before.

MR CECIL RHODES may be as innocent as a sucking dove of any complicity in Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal. He has persuaded a good many people in the Old Country that he is, but I have my doubts still. Jameson's trial may bring many things to light as to the part the Colossus of Rhodes played in the unfortunate adventure, and it may reveal nothing, for the doctor and his men are loyal souls, and will not implicate their friends if they know it, but it is pretty loudly whispered that Jameson's expedition—however little is made public of its private history—has been a very nasty thing for the Napoleon of South Africa. Before that event he had many accusers, and curiously enough among the most vehement of them has been a woman. Miss Olive Schreiner—to call the author of 'The Story of an African Farm' by her maiden name—has waged war on Rhodes with all the fervour of which she is capable. She writes against him, speaks against him, and has banded the women of South Africa together to keep him out of the Government. He has, she declares, made money the god of South Africa, and has during his regime introduced and intensified all those evils and appalling inequalities of station which the lust of gold has been responsible for in old communities. The witty, outspoken editor of *Truth*, Mr Labouchere, was another of those who denounced Mr Rhodes and applied some rather uncomplimentary, though not unromantic, epithets to him and his followers. Now both Olive Schreiner and Labby have cause for extra jubilation, for I see by a recent telegram that Mr Hofmeyer, who was associated with the late Premier, has brought a series of the gravest charges against him. He declares that Rhodes was quite cognisant of Jameson's movements, and kept the start of the expedition secret for 36 hours when he might easily, by opening his mouth, have prevented the advance. The situation looks serious for Napoleon.

A SYDNEY politician has just been telling his audience that New Zealand has treated the question of Australasian Federation 'with icy coldness.' I fancy he is quite right in the main, although he has, I am sure, exaggerated the degree of cold. That, however, is excusable in a man who has been accustomed to the Sydney standard of heat. We *have* kept aloof from the movement to join all these colonies into one, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that our neighbours should construe our indifference to their overtures into a hauteur worthy of Poo-Bah. One must be careful how one treats a colony like New South Wales. It is naturally touchy, and very sensitive to anything that may have the appearance of a slight. We should be the same if we had a disagreeable past like theirs. If our great grandfathers had been ——s and ——s and so forth, we

N.Z. TO AUSTRALIA: 'GO AWAY LITTLE GIRLS.'

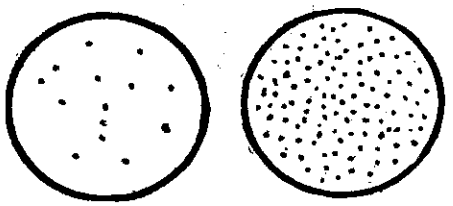
should always be suspicious if a highly respectable neighbour, as our colony is to New South Wales threw cold water on our attempts at a closer friendship.

I WONDER whether we shall one day join our fortunes to those of Australia! I suppose we shall. But there are some of our colonists who have dreamt of a much more important future for the colony. They resent the idea of our burying our individuality in Australia, which would simply swallow us up. They want to see Zealandia standing alone on her island throne, emulating the 'glorious isolation' of the Mother Country, and shaping her own destinies without being encumbered with the interference of our bulky neighbour. It seems to them that it would be criminal folly for this rising young country to embarrass itself with poor relations, of whom it might be ashamed, or to form connections that could in any way detract from the brilliancy of its career. If we want Australia afterwards, say these enthusiasts, we shall conquer it for ourselves as our great prototype in the Northern Hemisphere once conquered France. To enter into a confederacy with the Continent now would be to deprive our descendants of one of the finest chances they will have of adding to the lustre and the possessions of New Zealand. Although a loyal colonist, I own I have no desire that the colony should grow great in this way. I am domesticated in my ideas, and would rather see New Zealand one of a happy family gathered round the Australasian hearth than standing coldly alone like Mount Cook.

THE ladies are making their way steadily to the front, and jostling and elbowing in their own bewitching fashion the men into the street. The latest triumph of the sex has been the appearance in Auckland of a real lady stockbroker, who has actually opened her office, and invites her clients, be they men or be they women, to tempt fortune under her guidance. The Stock Exchange is almost the last place where I would have looked to see a lady plying her business. The proverbial lamb among wolves would not be a stranger sight. But there is no gauging the intrepid spirit of the sex. When they once take an idea into their pretty heads they usually can put it into practice. That stupid word 'impossible' is not in their vocabulary. I am anxious to know what effect this innovation will have on the Stock market. Will it create a boom such as we have never heard of before, or will the changeableness which has—rightly or wrongly I know not—been ascribed to womankind react on the shares and cause an instability that will drive us all crazy? I am afraid the entrance of a lady on the scene may confuse the brokers or lead them to neglect their business, and even if they should not lose their heads, they will often find it a trying matter to talk business with or in the presence of a lady. At the same time that I have these apprehensions I must confess a sincere admiration for the lady who has had the courage to strike out a new path for herself, and I hope that there will be others equally enterprising. Given a bevy of lady stockbrokers, and the present Exchange would not hold a tenth of those who would seek entrance to it, and the mines would go ahead as they have never done before in any part of the world.

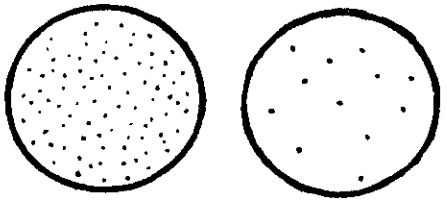
IT has generally been believed that it was only the ladies who missed the 'matrimonial coach,' as the French say. If a man failed to take a seat on it, it was understood that he preferred to walk along the road of life by himself; but it is hardly ever supposed that a woman should elect such a solitary promenade. The popular idea is that every girl would jump at the offer of a seat on the step of the vehicle if there was no chance of a comfortable place inside. In the name of the sex I protest against this exceedingly low and vulgar estimate of women. No doubt a very large proportion of girls look on marriage as the end and aim of a woman's life, and some would give their hands to Tom, Dick, or Harry and commit their lives to the least desirable of males rather than remain single. But I am certain that the majority of girls do not belong to this category. It would be a poor lookout for the men if they did. Very many young women—and the number is increasing every year as new avenues for female labour are thrown open—look at the marriage question exactly as men do, and are just as particular in their choice. They will not rise to every fly, and have plans for life as independent of marriage as the most pronounced misogynist that ever lived.

Here is an interesting diagram showing a woman's chances of matrimony. It will be seen that the marriage microbe is most prevalent between the ages of 20 and 24:—



1.—At ages 15 to 19 fourteen women marry within twelve months out of every thousand husbandless women of these ages.

2.—At ages 20 to 24 one hundred and seven women marry within twelve months out of every thousand husbandless women of these ages.



3.—At ages 25 to 34 eighty-six women marry within twelve months out of every thousand husbandless women of these ages.

4.—At ages 35 and older twelve women marry within twelve months out of every thousand husbandless women of these ages.

THE desperate struggles which a woman is supposed to make to secure a husband, especially when she has passed the age at which she is a most attractive bait to the lords of creation, have formed the foundation of many a joke. The picture might occasionally be reversed to show how men behave in their search for a

wife. They are not always the noble and chivalrous creatures they would have the women believe, but are actuated by the meanest of motives—far meaner, indeed, than those of the women. The investigations which the Home police have been making into a company called the World's Great Marriage Association, throw some light on the amusing side of this question, and show that a very comfortable income could be made by anyone who went into the match-making business on a big scale. The number of persons of both sexes who are tired of single blessedness is a guarantee that a marriage agent would not lack clients. The registration receipts of the World's Great Marriage Agency for nine months was £3,307, and the receipts in the free marriage department during the same period £2,095.

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.—'The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light.' Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 9d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

A FAIR GRADUATE.

IN a mist of white, like a flash of light,
She dawns on my dazzled eyes;
And my soul bends low where her footsteps go—
Timidly, violet-wise.
For this is the maiden who soon shall speak—
Her red lips mincing their way through Greek!

What rose hath burned in her soul and turned
Those lips to a living red?
What sunset gold from the west skies rolled,
Hath haloed her Grecian head?
O maiden! however those red lips speak,
I shall read their way through a world of Greek!

And now they speak, and the roses wreak
Their red on the dimpled face;
O eyes, love-beamed! I had never dreamed
Of roses running a race!
But so they run, and the red lips speak
And smile their way to my soul in Greek!

FRANK L. STANTON.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—A gentleman called in yesterday. He is a constant sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of mineral waters. I recommended him to give your 'FRUIT SALT' a trial, which he did, and received great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he tried your 'FRUIT SALT,' and for the future shall never be without it in the house. M. HERAL, 14, Rue de la Paix, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. (51)

IN BANKRUPTCY.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, HOLDEN AT AUCKLAND.

Notice is hereby given that ALOYS JOHN GUSTAVE SCHMITT, of Clevedon, Waira South, Farmer, was this day adjudged bankrupt; and I hereby summon a meeting of creditors, to be holden at my office on the 13th day of March, 1896, at 11 o'clock.

J. LAWSON,
March 5th, 1896. Official Assignee.

STRATHMORE PRIVATE HOSPITAL

FOR DISEASES OF WOMEN

Is now open for the admission of patients.

For particulars apply to

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GOUT

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CURED.

MINING NEWS.

SHORTLY before Christmas, when mining stocks had fallen considerably in value and buyers were few in number, speculators were warned by the GRAPHIC not to sacrifice their shares because another upward movement was certain to take place about March. Results to-day have verified the soundness of that advice. March has come, and with it brought a wonderful improvement in business on the Stock Exchange. A comparison of the prices ruling to-day with the rates at which the same stocks were offered a few months ago, would show a wonderful increase in values generally. During the past week business has been unusually brisk, high-priced stocks having sold freely at an advance, the result being that cheaper stocks have also improved in value all round. One pleasing feature of the present upward movement on the Stock Exchange is the absence of that feverish excitement so prominent during the boom. Investors have learned by experience, and now act more cautiously, the result being a steady advance in prices which points to more permanence in the market. The general revival of public confidence in our mines is shown by the fact that the advance in price has been distributed over all the sections of the goldfields. That this renewed confidence is warranted is shown by the returns received from some of the leading mines during the past few days. First on the list is the famous Hauraki mine at Coromandel, which cleaned up on Saturday after crushing 350 tons of ore for the excellent yield of 2,398oz 13dwt of retorted gold, valued at £7,200. This gives an average value per ton of six and four-fifth ounces, and is an increase on the previous return of £1,083, although only 34 tons of ore extra were treated. The profit for the month accruing to the lucky shareholders may be estimated from the fact that in cabling a previous yield to London when 1,694ozs. of gold had been obtained the manager added: 'Approximate cost, £1,500; profit, £3,700.'

Turning from Coromandel, with its rich reefs, to Waitekauri, where the lodes are larger, but still payable when properly treated, we find that the Waitekauri Goldmining Company this month obtained 1,104ozs. of bullion from 135 tons of ore, the total value being £896 7s 4d. This gives an average value per ton of £6 12s 9½d. Last month a large quantity of ore was treated, but the average value was £5 3s 9½d per ton, so that the increase per ton is 23s which is an important fact when treating with large lodes. At present only a ten-stamper battery is available at this mine, but towards the middle of the year the large crushing plant now in course erection should be in operation, when it is fair to assume that the result will cause a boom in Waitekauri stocks all round. The returns from the Kuaotunu district this month are also satisfactory. The Kapai-Vermont obtained 400 ozs of gold from 308 tons of ore, the Try Fluke 235ozs from 450 tons, and the Great Mercury 292oz from 480 tons, all of which are payable yields. Some of the more recently-formed companies are now having trial crushings made in order to test the value of the ore before procuring crushing plants. The first to come to hand is from the Pukewhau at Tiki, seven loads having yielded an oz to the ton, the gold being worth £3 per oz. The Cardigan at the Thames also crushed 12 loads for 50zs 15dwts of gold, worth about £2 15s per oz.

English investors are now fairly turning their attention to New Zealand mines, and inquiries are almost daily received for suitable properties. Already during 1895 the aggregate capital of New Zealand mines floated abroad totalled £4,526,100 in 38 companies. Several others have since been floated, the Southern Star with a capital of £75,000 being the last added to the list. Another company has also been formed in London with a capital of £100,000 to purchase New Zealand properties. That the influx of foreign capital has only just begun is shown by the fact that a celebrated German expert is now examining mining properties on behalf of foreign syndicates, and news was received by cable this week that the representative of a powerful South African syndicate had also started for Auckland with a similar object. It is thus manifest that the investors on the Stock Exchange are fully warranted in the renewed confidence shown during the last few weeks, and there can be little doubt that those who are now buying at almost bedrock prices must later on reap a rich harvest.

Before Mr Rathbone, Editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, left for England on Friday, he was presented with a very handsome gold star, a large diamond being in the centre. The Editor of the *Star*, Mr T. W. Leys, made a very felicitous speech in offering the valuable trinket to Mr Rathbone, speaking of the very cordial relations which had always existed between the late Editor of the GRAPHIC and his *Star confreres*. This memento was from everyone in the *Star* Office. The GRAPHIC staff presented him with a tasteful ornament for his watch-chain—a greenstone set in gold. Mr Brookes was spokesman on this occasion. Both souvenirs were suitably inscribed.

Horses, Sheep and Cattle Ailments

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Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 9.

His Excellency the Governor, Captain Elliot, and the others of the party are back this week from their trip into native country.

Lady Glasgow and her family went over to Rangitoto Island last week and camped there for two days. Colonel and Mrs Goring were also of the party.

HITHER AND THITHER.

Some of the visitors competing in the bowling tournament were entertained on Monday by Mr Hardie at his pretty residence in Remuera.

Mr and Mrs Scott West have returned from the South.

The Rev. C. Larkins has been suddenly summoned to New Plymouth, owing to the serious illness of his son-in-law—the Rev. T. Baker, vicar of Waitara.

The Chrysanthemum Show comes off in the Drill-shed next month. The very dry summer we have had will interfere with the show somewhat.

The Misses McMillan (two) have gone away up to their country house at Hagley, at which they will spend two or three months. Mrs McMillan and her youngest daughter intend to join them next week.

Mrs Cheeseman is still away at Lake Takapuna.

Mrs Ruck left Auckland on Monday for Sydney, where she will spend some months with her friends there.

Mrs Ireland, of 'Marlborough House,' St. Stephen's Road, Parnell, is giving a garden party to-day. I sincerely hope the weather will be fine.

LAWN TENNIS.

The principal event of this season in the tennis world of Auckland came off on Saturday afternoon, when Mr J. R. Hooper (ex-champion of the colony), played Mr A. Peel, the present holder of the Auckland cup, for the championship, which resulted in a win for the former. This match was played on the Eden and Epsom Lawn, as also was the final for the Ladies Championship between Miss Spiers and Miss Nicholson (the present holder of the cup), which resulted in a win for the latter. Both the lady players were gowned in white, and sailor hats. Miss Spiers wore a black satin sash, and her opponent a band of orange and black stripe. A charge of admission for onlookers was made at the entrance gate. There was a large number of interested spectators. Tea, with delicious cakes was handed round during the afternoon, supplied by the hospitable members of that lawn. Amongst those present I noticed the Misses Paton, in dark frocks; Miss Mowbray, cream piqué; Mrs Walker (Parnell), white cambric; Mrs Denniston, grey cloth tailor-made gown, bonnet to correspond, her little daughter wearing red; Mrs Burton, dark skirt, *bouton d'or* crepon blouse, bonnet with floral decorations; Mrs Richmond, dark skirt, grey silk blouse; Mrs A. Carrick, navy lustre; Mrs E. W. Paton, dark skirt, cream blouse; Mrs Hooper, black silk; Miss Hooper, blue delaine; Mrs Hooper (junior), black mourning costume; Mrs Cotter, navy silk relieved with cream appliqué lace, bonnet to correspond; and her two daughters were gowned in buttercup and nil green crepons, respectively; Mrs Mahoney, black gown, white hat; Miss Colbeck, navy and white striped silk; Mrs Dargaville, black gown, black toque trimmed with white feathers; Mrs Dargaville (Sydney), widow's weeds; Miss Dargaville and Miss Hay were similarly gowned, riding habits; Mrs Connolly, black and white check silk finished with black lace; Mrs Scherff, black silk, finished with violet silk; Miss Eva Scherff, simple white muslin, pink band round neck; Miss Eva Rich, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs Horace Walker, black mourning gown, and her two little daughters were mode grey finished with lilac; Misses Bull, dark skirts, light blouses; Miss Gorrie, white; Miss M. Gorrie, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss — Nicholson, navy, light blouse; Miss Stewart, dark skirt, white shirt; Miss Bladen, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Blair, *bouton d'or* gown veiled in white spotted muslin, black lace toque with white flowers; Miss Marche, pretty pink delaine; Mrs Clark, black silk; Miss Clark, dark skirt, canary blouse; Miss Snell, very handsome reseda green cashmere, hat *en suite*; Miss Meta Aicken looked pretty in dark skirt, white shower muslin blouse, white lace hat; Mrs Elliott, black silk gown, black bonnet relieved with orange-coloured flower; Mrs (Col.) Dawson nil green trimmed with ecru lace; Miss Elliot, Italie coloured pique; Miss Johnston, fawn gown with black spots; Mrs Churton (Sydney), black silk with heliotrope bodice veiled in black, large black hat profusely trimmed with variegated roses; Miss Hardie, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Heywood, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Chapman, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Batger, grey tailor gown; Miss Chapman, blue; Mrs Upton, black; Miss Upton, black gown with fawn cape; Mrs Egerton, fawn tweed with bodice of blue veiled in ecru lace; Miss Rice, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Dudley, dark skirt, red and white striped blouse; Mrs Ashton Bruce, black seaweed crepon skirt, flowered art muslin blouse; Mrs Charlie Baker, white cambric, green bonnet; and her little daughter wore pink; Miss Hesketh, nil green, and her sister, white, and another sister, absinthe green; Mrs Holland, black; Miss Holland I think, wore a pink gown, square edged collar with white torchon lace, picture hat; Miss Shuttleworth, grey skirt, white blouse; Mrs McFarland, white muslin; Miss Noakes, and many others whose names I did not know.

The usual practice matches of the

POLO CLUB

were held at Potter's Paddock on Saturday, which was the last Saturday before the representative team left for Palmerston to take part in the Annual Savile Cup Tournament. The representative team consists of Messrs H. Wynyard, O'Rorke, Bloomfield and Gordon. Afternoon tea was given by Mrs Charles Haines, who presided in her usual charming manner over the table, and was ably assisted by the Misses Isaacs. Mrs Haines was tastefully gowned in coral pink cambric; Miss Kate and Miss Edith Isaacs, dark skirts, light blouses. The Ladies Alice and Dorothy Boyle were present, having both ridden out attended by the groom and looked charming in their neat-fitting habit skirts, and blue and white blouses, respectively. The tea-table was picturesquely laid, being draped with canary silk, and finished with autumn-tinted leaves and yellow ribbins. It was quite a gala day, for there was a large attendance of visitors. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Ware in a dark gown; Miss Ware was riding; Miss Edith Banks, absinthe green skirt, reseda green blouse; Miss McLaughlin, white; Miss Wilkins, brown holland; her sister, white pique with lilac vest and sleeves; Miss Shepherd, black silk veiled in net; Mrs Harry Tonks, lilac cambric; Mrs Hanna, lilac delaine flowered with black; Mrs Harry Jackson (Wellington), grey tweed; Mrs Worsp looked very well in white piqué, pink vest; Miss Worsp, cream lustre; and her sister, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Bloomfield, white; Mrs G. Bloomfield, fawn gown with red stripe, tweed cape; Miss Griffiths, riding skirt, white blouse; Mrs Scott, very stylish light grey plaid, white silk trimmings; Mrs Hathorn, fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Percival, white skirt, pink blouse; Miss Edith Percival, white cambric; and her younger sister wore a blue delaine; Miss Dunnett, black silk skirt, cerise flowered blouse; Miss MacIndoe, grey; Miss Ettis Ireland, dark green; Miss Kilgour, white piqué, black cape; Miss Thompson, white embroidery gown, and her sister beige; Miss Thomson (Parnell), fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Churton, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Cotter, black silk with yellow trimmings; Miss Cotter, *bouton d'or* crepon; Miss Claire Smith, blue, and her sister wore a dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Alfred Buckland, navy and white striped gingham; Miss Brigham, white muslin, with white hat profusely trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs Hope-Lewis, black crepon; Mrs Markham, blue cambric; Mrs Greenway, black crepon; Miss Firth, lilac zephyr; Miss Courtayne, pink muslin; Miss Hush, blue cambric, and her sister, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss Devereux, navy and white striped zephyr; Mrs Makgil, grey silk veiled in black net; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, pale green cambric, bonnet with floral decorations; Mrs Elliot, black; Miss Elliot, cream; Miss Ainsley, black mourning costume. Amongst others mounted on horseback I noticed Misses Buckland, Bull, Morrin, Hesketh, Dowell, Dargaville, Hay, and

Bailey. I forgot to mention Miss Thorpe, in twine-coloured holland; Mrs Challinor Purchas, mode grey tweed; etc.

Dresses worn at the

EDEN AND EDSON LAWN

for Saturday. Mrs Denniston looked well in grey tweed costume trimmed with velvet toque to match; Miss Preece looked *chic* in a pretty white costume, feather hat to match; Miss K. Preece looked well in a becoming pink costume, white hat; Miss G. Hesketh looked pretty in white, and her sister looked well in green, hats to match; Miss Lucas looked charming in pink, hat to match; Mrs Blair, white muslin trimmed with yellow ribbons; Mrs Hooper looked well in black relieved with heliotrope; Miss Hooper, blue costume, white hat; Mrs Sharland, white muslin; Mrs Clayton, stylish black crepon bodice trimmed with silk and chiffon, black skirt; Mrs Egerton, grey tweed relieved with blue, toque to match; Mrs Burton, black skirt, yellow blouse, etc, etc.

THE NORTH SHORE AMATEUR, CYCLE AND OTHER SPORTS

came off at the North Shore on Saturday, and were fairly well attended. The wharves were gay with people for this and the picnics going on as counter attractions. The weather was lovely. Amongst those at the sports were Mrs Goring, in a stylish black serge costume, Paisley blouse, black and white bonnet; Mrs McArthur, black crepon, vandykes and sleeves of white silk veiled with black lace; Mrs S. Hesketh, white and black striped gown, black bonnet with sterlions; Mrs Frater, floral blouse, dark skirt, black chiffon hat; Miss Frater, cream floral muslin over pink, black hat trimmed with cream lace and pink chiffon rosettes; Miss — Frater, heliotrope; Miss Barton, white blouse with black pin spots, dark skirt, Yankee hat; Mrs Diddams, stylish grey tweed, white blouse, black toque with yellow flowers; Miss G. Whitelaw, pink floral gown, black gem hat with black wing; Miss M. Whitelaw, heliotrope pongee; Mrs Dacre, black, black bonnet with white tips; Miss V. Dacre was much admired in pink shower muslin; Miss Steel, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Parr, black skirt, white shower muslin blouse; Miss Hanna, amethyst frock, large picture hat trimmed with polyanthuses, cream ribbon strings; Miss Kennedy, heliotrope; Miss Lusher, silver grey costume; Miss Hill, brown, white blouse; Miss Williams, floral muslin; etc., etc.

The Misses Witheford left by the 'Manapouri' on Friday *en route* for England and the Continent. Mr Witheford having cabled for his daughters.

Mrs and Miss Macindoe are leaving Auckland in a week to join Mr Macindoe in Invercargill.

The garden fete and sale of work to be held at the very pretty residence of Mrs Wilks, 'Hollingsworth,' Mount Albert, on Thursday, March 26th, promises to be a great success. Amongst other attractions is a procession of pets, the latter to consist of children's treasures, either animate or inanimate, donkeys, dogs, cats, etc., with their little girl or boy owners, all under thirteen being eligible. Some boys are going to ride their bicycles or tricycles, the little girls to wheel perambulators with dolls or babies, all prettily and amusingly decorated. The entrance fee is very low, and a band and an evening dance are on the programme.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 5.

The town has been dressed in all its brightest festive colouring for the last week. The arrival of four warships in port was a signal for a sudden burst of hospitality, which I regret to say appears to be scarcely appreciated by the would-be honoured guests. Dr. and Mrs Grace gave a

CHARMING PARTY

on Tuesday evening, partly a musical, and partly a garden party, and altogether delightful. I hear that a number of officers from the men-o-war were invited, but on account of the high wind and raging sea were unable to come ashore. This fact, however, did not spoil the enjoyment of those present, and the members of the Senate reigned supreme as guests of the evening. The house was beautifully decorated with palms and other pot plants, the conservatory being in itself ample decoration, looking as it is, lovely with varied begonias and lilies and graceful plumes and maidenhair ferns. All through the fernery and garden a soft radiance shone from swaying rows of Chinese lanterns, suspended in mid air beneath the thick green foliage. Inside Mr Prouse sang one or two songs, which were much appreciated, and Miss Hilda Williams also sang. The supper was most *recherché*, and the table was very tastefully decorated with Gallardias and calliopsis, with light feathery sprays of fern. The whole evening passed without a hitch, which must have been highly gratifying to the host and hostess, who had spared no pains to entertain their guests in every particular. In one room the necessary requisites were laid out for the convenience of those who wished to indulge in a game of cards, and several took advantage of the opportunity to have a 'rubber' of whist. Mrs Grace was most handsomely gowned in a rich black and white striped silk trimmed with broad frills of real lace softly draped on the bodice and front of the skirt; Miss Grace wore a very becoming white gown of brocaded silk, with pearl trimming; Miss Alice Grace wore a striking dress of black silk, the bodice being loose and fastening with glistening jet ornaments. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs Baldwin, Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mr and Mrs Beddard, Professor Brown, Miss Burnes, Mr Douglas Burnes, Miss Calder, Mr Chapman, the Misses Chapman, the Misses Cooper, Dr. and Mrs Collins, Mr and Mrs Duncan, Miss Duncan, Messrs Ian and Arthur Duncan, Lady Douglas, Mr Dymock, Dr. and Mrs Fitchett, Miss Fowler, Mr Fraser, M.H.R., Miss Gore, Messrs Gore, Mr Grieve, Mr E. Hadfield Sir James and Lady Hector, Miss Hector, Miss Holmes, Mr and Mrs Habens, Mrs Higginson, Mr W. Higginson, Mr and Mrs C Johnston, Misses H. and E Johnston, Mrs and Miss Joseph, Mrs and the Misses Menzies Mrs Macartney, Dr, and Mrs Newman, Mrs Parfitt, Mr and Mrs Parfitt, Miss Pearce, Mr Pearce, Mr C. Pearce, Mr and Mrs Rhind, Mr and Mrs Rolleston, Professor and Mrs Sale, Professor and Miss Shand, Dr. Scott, Mrs Tilley, Mr and Mrs Tolhurst, Miss Tolhurst, Mr M. Tolhurst, Mr Tripp, Miss Turnbull, Misses Williams, Mr G. Williams, etc. Mrs Baldwin wore a lovely white silk gown handsomely embroidered with pearl trimming, which composed the corsage; Mrs Barron wore black velvet, the bodice being relieved by white lace; Miss Barron, pale blue Liberty silk trimmed with lace frill and spray of pansies on the shoulder and on the skirt; Miss E. Barron, pale pink gauze; Mrs Beddard looked exceedingly well in a lovely gown of deep cream satin, the bodice edged and softened with full chiffon frills; Miss Burnes wore white striped satin with blue turquoise ornaments; Miss Calder, black satin, with folded bodice of pink velvet; Miss Collins, black silk relieved with diamond stars among the lace on the bodice; Miss Cooper, soft pink gown; Miss Ida Cooper, black velveteen with deep collar of real lace; Miss Chapman, pretty dress of figured yellow silk; her sister looked well in a delicate pink gown of crinkled silk trimmed with lace; Miss Duncan, pale grey brocaded silk trimmed with creamy lace; Lady Douglas wore an exquisite gown of figured black silk, the bodice of pink silk with full sleeves, and lovely lace and ornaments; Miss Fowler was in cream—a soft material trimmed with gold braid and lace; Miss Gore looked well in pale blue velveteen with folded belt; Miss Holmes, a handsome black silk with black and white lace; Lady Hector, grey brocaded silk with cream lace; Miss Hector, pretty white dress; Mrs Higginson wore a black lace dress, the bodice being relieved with white; Mrs Johnston, cream satin sprayed with red flowers pompadour fashion, and bows of red velvet on the shoulders and skirt; Mrs Joseph, black silk; Mrs Menzies, rich black corded silk, sleeves and revers of stamped brocade; Mrs Newman, black satin with large bows of green velvet; Mrs Parfitt, black silk, bodice filled in with folded chiffon; Mrs Rhind, black silk, full sleeves of black and white silk and jet edging; Mrs Rolleston, rich black silk; she wore a lovely necklace, which caused universal admiration; Miss Shand, yellow gown emphasised with touches of dark velvet; Mrs Tolhurst, black figured silk; Miss Tolhurst, white satin embroidered with pearls; Mrs Tilley, black silk, with front of lovely red lace, and handsome diamond ornaments; Miss Turnbull, dove grey gown, with full sleeves of pompadour silk; Miss Williams, white; Miss H. Williams, pink silk, the bodice being folded from the shoulder showing a vest of cream lace, and finished with a high collar at the back.

The Wellington

GOLF CLUB

held a meeting on Monday, which was well attended. The election of officers resulted chiefly in re-election of those who have been in office during the past year. Mrs Bell still captains the ladies, but on the other side Mr Wardrop has given place to Mr W. Moorhouse. Miss Duncan is too good a secretary to be easily replaced, and still wields the pen, and the others are much as they were before.

Miss Alice Martin is staying with Mrs Gilbert, Lower Hutt.

Mrs H. Tilley left for Wanganui on Monday.

Miss Shand is a guest of Lady Stout, having accompanied her father, Professor Shand, when he came up to attend the Senate.

Mr and Mrs Rolleston are staying with Dr. and Mrs Grace.

Miss Ella Johnston is staying with her sister Mrs Baldwin.

Mrs Til ey, senior (Wanganui), is also a guest of Mrs Baldwin.

Mrs and Miss Greenwood have been staying with Miss Greenwood.

Miss Webb (Ballarat) paid a short visit to Mr and Mrs Barron, Hobson-street.

Mrs and Miss Gibson have returned from Nelson, where they have enjoyed a short visit.

Miss Lingard has returned home after a few weeks spent in the neighbourhood of Blenheim.

Mrs Abbott has also returned to town, and Miss Izard came back about the same time.

Dr Anson is back in town for a few days to see his brother, who is on board the 'Orlando.'

Mrs Hislop has returned home from a prolonged visit to her relations in Sydney.

Miss Davy came up from Christchurch on Sunday, where she has been paying a number of visits.

The Sketching Club open their annual exhibition on Saturday afternoon in the Art Gallery. Report speaks very highly of the work on view this year, which continues to improve in a most gratifying manner.

We are to have another musical treat from the Court singers, who will be in town about the 12th instant, and are making arrangements for giving another concert.

Miss N. Rose has issued invitations for Saturday evening, when I hear a good time will be passed with cards and other games.

Miss Pearce gives an afternoon 'At Home' to-morrow, which I suppose will be her last entertainment to her Wellington friends.

The Athletic Club hold their autumn meeting on Saturday, when if the weather is all that it should be, I have no doubt there will be a large attendance.

Miss Tuckey opens her Assembly dancing class on the 8th April. These dancing classes, fortnightly through the winter months, are very popular, and are always well attended. Small and early is their motto, which after all seems the best way of retaining popularity.

The old fashioned game of whist has again worked itself into favour, and is much affected by a number of young people here. I hear rumours of a whist tournament about to be played shortly. Among the devotees I may mention Mr and Mrs Baldwin, Mr and Mrs Beddard, Misses Grace, Williams, Messrs Hadfield, Tripp, etc.

Yet another child of the Press, the *Southern Cross Log*, is claiming our literary notice. This deals almost entirely with the work carried on in connection with the Melanesian Mission, and really supplies a lot of interesting and hitherto unknown information. Miss Hadfield seems to be one of the Sailor Bishop's aids in connection therewith, though whether she acts as editor, agent, or what I do not know.

MEVE.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 6.

It turned out a nice fine day last Saturday, so that a large number of guests availed themselves of Sir James and Lady Hector's kind hospitality and spent a very enjoyable afternoon wandering about their pretty and spacious grounds

AT PETONE.

An early afternoon train conveyed a number of town people out, and Sir James Hector had thoughtfully arranged that it should stop at their gate, which is immediately beside the railway line, so that you see we had no distance to walk. The same arrangement was carried out on the return journey. The afternoon tea-table, which was laden with all kinds of good things, was artistically decorated with bright red flowers and green drapery. In one part of the garden a brass band, which always, at least to my idea, sounds nice in the open air, was stationed, and played several stirring selections during the afternoon. Outlandeys were a handsome black silk gown trimmed with jet, pretty black and cream bonnet; Miss Hector wore a pretty white Liberty silk, white hat with feathers; her two tiny sisters were prettily dressed in white figured muslins and drawn hats of the same. Among the guests were Mrs Andrews (Carterton), wearing black corded silk trimmed with lace and jet bonnet to match; Miss Andrews, white figured muslin with lace frills, large black hat with pink flowers and shot ribbon; Lady Buckley, beautiful black crepon gown prettily trimmed with coffee lace, small gold bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Bunny, black striped crepon trimmed with bright green silk, black hat trimmed to match; Miss Burnett, pretty light grey gown trimmed with white satin and jet, black lace hat with white feathers and ribbon; the Misses M. Burnett, white muslins with lace frills, mauve silk sashes, and white chiffon hats with mauve flowers; Mrs Bodmin, light brown tweed, bonnet to match; Miss Bodmin, white spotted muslin. Leghorn hat with bows of brown brocaded ribbon; Mrs Beattie, dark blue gown, black floral bonnet; Mrs Colbeck, very stylish peacock blue gown trimmed with silk to match, velvet and jet bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Chapman, biscuit-coloured silk trimmed with bands of green ribbon under biscuit lace, burnt straw hat with black feathers; Miss — Chapman, pretty pale green muslin, white hat trimmed with green wings and tulle; Miss Clinton, brown skirt, silk blouse to match with deep ecru lace collarette, small white hat; Mrs Fitzherbert, very pale fawn trimmed with light mauve and ecru lace, bonnet to correspond; Miss Fowler (Masterton), light fawn jacket and skirt, silk blouse, black hat with feathers; Mrs Firth, stylish brown crepon, with pretty fichu of pale heliotrope muslin frilled with lace, brown straw hat with mauve flowers and ribbon; Mrs Fitchett, light drab crepon with pompadour silk sleeves, black hat with tips and magenta roses; Mrs Foster, Miss Foster, dark skirt, white blouse and sailor hat; Miss Fraser, light grey and white striped crepon, black floral hat; Miss Greenwood, black figured gown, silk and lace mantle, black bonnet with yellow and red roses; Mrs Grace, handsome dark blue and yellow striped silk trimmed with gold passementerie, gold and pink bonnet; Mrs Gore, black crepon with epaulettes of lace, small jet bonnet with tips; Miss Gore, pretty white gown with folded collar and belt of yellow satin, hat to match; Miss Hamilton, Mrs Heaton, black costume slightly relieved with white; Miss Holmes, the Misses Harding, white duck costumes; Mrs Humphries, soft grey gown trimmed with black satin, pretty black and pink bonnet; Mrs Howden, dark smoke grey tweed; Mrs J. Innis, white spotted muslin, black toque with jet ornaments and brocade ribbon; Mrs Jackson, Miss Jackson, pretty green crepon costume; Miss Johnston, black skirt, pretty yellow muslin blouse, sailor hat; her sister wore white; Mrs Jones, black gown trimmed with white, black and white bonnet; Mrs Lee, Miss Lee, soft white gown much trimmed with lace, large white hat with feathers; Miss Munro, Mrs Maskell, pretty black crepon with a vest of pink silk striped with black satin, jet bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Medley, black silk; Miss Medley, white duck costume, sailor hat; Miss Manning, black and red figured gown trimmed with Gobelin blue silk, black chip hat with pink roses; Mrs McGowan, Mrs Purdy, becoming black crepon and silk costume; Mrs H. Pharazyn, Mrs and Miss Powles, the latter wearing blue and white, Mrs E. J. Riddiford, black crepon skirt, very pretty pale green and heliotrope silk blouse trimmed with cream lace, black hat trimmed with green ospreys and heliotrope flowers; Mrs Rees, Miss Shand (Dunedin), pretty white costume; Mrs and Miss Sladden, Mrs Stowe, Miss Stowe, a pretty green gown with pink silk folded collar, black hat trimmed with pink; Mrs Scales, black crepon skirt, and pretty pink sprigged blouse trimmed with lace, black hat; Mrs Turnbull, Mrs Travers, cream piqué, becoming black lace hat with pink shot ribbon loops and jet ornaments; Mrs Treadwell, neat blue tailor-made costume; Mrs Tolhurst, handsome black gown trimmed with bands of black satin ribbon, short velvet cape, and pretty black and pale green bonnet; Mrs Tolhurst, yellow striped crepon, hat to match; Mrs Wilford, Mrs T. Wilford, the Misses Wilford looked very nice and cool in white muslins and white feathered hats; Mrs Ward, smoke grey covert coating skirt and jacket, soft white silk blouse and small white hat with wings and tulle rosettes. Also the Bishops of Auckland and Dunedin, Rev. J. Jones, Professor Shand (Dunedin), Brown (Auckland), Brown (Christchurch), Drs. Fell, Purdy, Harding, Palmer (Christchurch), Grace, Messrs Pharazyn, Fitchett, Scales, Turner, Maskell, Jackson, Rolleston, Howden, Gore, Buller, Chapman, Lewis Lee, Foster, Fitzherbert, Treadwell, Riddiford, Tolhurst, Powles, Richmond, Sir Patrick Buckley, Sir Robert Stout, and many others too numerous to mention.

Dr. and Mrs Grace entertained a number of their friends, including the members of the Senate, at

A RECEPTION

on Tuesday night. Several rooms were thrown open and beautifully decorated with all kinds of flowers and pot plants. The large conservatory was lighted up, and attracted many admiring guests, for it was looking its best. Another attraction was the beautiful fernery, which is situated down the garden under high trees, from the branches of which hung numbers of large Chinese lanterns. I can assure you the scene was quite fairy-like. A splendid champagne supper was laid out in the dining-room, and in another room coffee, teas, and grapes were to be had. Dr. and Mrs Grace received together. The latter wore a handsome black velvet with panels and sleeves of white satin striped with black velvet, the corsage softened with lace and fastened with diamond ornaments; Miss Grace wore a very pretty white striped satin and moire with chiffon sleeves; her sister wore black satin with a pouch bodice of sparkling jet-work, and pink chiffon sleeves; one of those present was Mrs Andrews (Carterton), who wore a rich black brocade with a bodice of yellow silk striped with jet; Mrs Beddard looked very nice in thick white satin with pearl embroidery; Miss Hector, soft cream crepon with satin sleeves; Mrs Habens, black brocade trimmed with jet; Miss H. Johnston, very pretty old gold brocade with chiffon to match; Miss S. Johnston, black merveilleux with white chiffon frills; Mrs Joseph, black brocade much trimmed with beautiful white lace; Miss Joseph, pretty cream and pink figured silk; the Misses Menzies were dressed alike in cream crepon trimmed with silk to match; Mrs Maskell, lovely black brocade, trained and trimmed with jet; Mrs McCarthy, becoming cream brocade gown; Mrs Paterson, black with pretty cream lace frills; Miss Pearce, pretty black trimmed with deep silk lace; Lady Stout, black brocade with prettily trimmed white fringe; Mrs A. Smith, handsome pompadour silk; Miss Shand (Dunedin), black silk skirt and pale yellow silk bodice trimmed with jet embroidery; Mrs Tolhurst, handsome brown plush gown, with wide panel down the front of the skirt of lovely gold and cream brocade, the sleeves and high collar were also of this material; Miss Tolhurst, soft white silk trimmed with lace; Mrs Tilly, handsome black velvet, trained and trimmed with jet, white lace fichu and cape; Miss Turnbull, pretty gown of old rose pink material, with pompadour silk sleeves to match; Mrs Travers, black and pale pink; Miss Williams, becoming pale blue satin trimmed with soft white lace; Miss H. Williams, black satin skirt, pretty pale pink silk evening blouse with wide lace epaulettes; Mrs Wardegrave wore black silk. I must not forget to add that during the evening we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. J. Prouse sing several times. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter.

Unfortunately Lady Stout's

'AT HOME

was somewhat marred by the rain and cold wind, which came on just before the appointed time—3.30. However, over a hundred guests were present, and though at times the rooms were somewhat crowded, we managed to spend a very pleasant afternoon. A string band, which occupied a portion of the verandah, kept things merry with bright and tuneful music. Tea was laid out in the dining-room. The table decoration consisted chiefly of tiger lilies. Lady Stout received in the drawing-room, and wore a pretty blue and red shot silk gown trimmed with black lace; Miss Shand (Dunedin), who was helping to entertain, wore white spotted muslin, with lace frills. Among those present I noticed Lady and Miss Hector, Mr and Mrs Rolleston; Mrs Lyndon, who wore a handsome black satin gown brocaded with mauve flowers, bonnet to match; Mrs Goring, pale blue silk spotted with black and trimmed with black satin, small black bonnet with pretty pink flowers; Mrs and Miss Blackett, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, Mrs Butts, in black crepon with yoke and sleeves of black lace over white satin, black and white bonnet; Mrs and Miss Barclay, the latter wearing fawn tweed; Miss W. S. Reid, in black merveilleux; Mr and Mrs W. Field, Dr. and Mrs Tripe, Mrs and Miss Blair, the latter looking very nice in a black skirt and black and white striped silk blouse, large black hat with feathers and black and white bows; Dr. and Mrs Fitchett, Mrs Duncan, in a black and white costume; Mrs Andrews also in black and white; Dr. and Mrs Grace, Mrs W. R. E. Brown, Mrs Fisher, in black, pink and red bonnet; Mrs and Miss Seed, Mrs and Miss Hislop, Mr and Mrs Finday, the latter wearing black crepon, with bodice of pink shot silk trimmed with chiffon and jet, small black toque with butterfly wings of jet and scarlet roses; Mrs C. Izard, brown tweed, small straw hat to match; Mrs and Mrs Whitall, Mrs Tuckey, Mrs and the Misses Harding, Mr and Harcourt, in white pretty blue costume; Miss Pearce, handsome gold and red shot silk, green straw bonnet with mercury wings and brown and green flowers; the Misses Williams, Mrs Gore, handsome brown silk trimmed with blue, brown bonnet with blue and brown tips; Miss Gore, black crepon with ecru lace insertion; Mrs R. M. Simpson, pretty grey alpaca jacket and skirt, revers of black and white striped silk, jet bonnet trimmed with black and white ribbon; Miss Simpson, Gobelin blue crepon with collar and belt of black satin, black hat with pink roses; Mr and Mrs Tolhurst, Miss Tolhurst, a pretty costume of pale heliotrope and white checked material, the cape finished off with a wide collar of pale heliotrope velvet, floral toque to match; Mrs Leckie, Mr and Mrs Quick, Dr. and Mrs Henry, Mr and Mrs Hudson, Mrs H. Rose, light grey skirt and jacket, black silk waistcoat, pretty white and gold bonnet with white tips; Miss Rose, black crepon trimmed with jet and mauve chiffon; Miss A. Rose, very dark blue gown, with a wide collarette of coffee lace, yellow silk folded collar, black hat with pink flowers; Mr and Mrs C. P. Knight, the latter wearing light brown covert coating skirt and jacket, pale blue blouse, and becoming brown straw hat with ribbon bows and sprays of forget me-nots; Mrs Somerville (Napier), and Mrs Rhind, Mrs Gavin, Mr and Miss Duthie, the latter wearing a pretty Gobelin blue crepon gown with jet trimming; Mrs McTavish, light grey gown and black bonnet with lilac sprays; Rev. J. Paterson, Mrs and Miss Paterson, Mrs Joseph, black silk skirt and handsome red and black figured silk blouse trimmed with black chiffon; Miss Joseph, the Misses Brandon, Mrs and Miss Griffiths, the latter wearing a black skirt, and black and white silk blouse, large black hat with flowers; Dr. and Mrs Fell, the Misses Halse wore grey; Miss Drausfield, Count and Countess d'Albans, the latter in white and pink figured silk, large floral hat; Mrs and Miss Edwin, Mrs and Miss Stafford, the latter wearing a pretty pale pink costume; Professor Brown, Admiral Bridge, and several officers of the Squadron.

THE BALL

given by the members of the Wellington Club to the Admiral and officers of the Squadron last night was voted by all as being perfect. The floor was in excellent condition, and the music from King's Band of the performers left nothing to be desired by the dancers. A splendid champagne supper was most beautifully laid out in the billiard-room, and you may be sure was done full justice to. There was plenty of sitting-out accommodation, and just enough guests present to be able to move about comfortably. There were some very handsome frocks worn, so I must proceed at once to tell you about some of them. Mr Edward Pearce, the President, arrived at the top of the first flight with his sister, who wore a lovely pale blue brocade gown trimmed with soft white lace, and she carried a beautiful white bouquet; Mrs Abbott's gown was very much admired: it was of thick black merveilleux brocaded with pink, red, and yellow flowers, and trimmed with pale pink satin; her daughter, Miss Daniell wore black satin trimmed with jet and embroidered with white chiffon frills; Mrs Cornwall, black brocade with yellow brocade bodice edged with jet; Miss Armitage (Melbourne), pretty white silk, with bodice of pale blue silk under white lace; her sister wore a stylish black satin gown with lovely white lace fichu; Mrs Butler, sky blue silk slightly trained and trimmed with cream silk lace; Mrs Bell, very pale green brocade trimmed with lace; Mrs A. Brandon, pretty grey and pink shaded brocade, with white lace bodice; Miss Burdan, lovely shaded pink brocade, with light mauve embroidered chiffon; Mrs Buddle, black silk, with full sleeves and frills round the corsage of pale pink chiffon; Mrs Bliss, pale pink silk and striped gauze gown; Mrs Barron, black velvet; Miss Barron, pale blue silk and white lace; her sister wore soft white net with corded silk bodice edged with pearls; Mrs A. Brandon, pretty grey and pink striped merveilleux trimmed with pink ribbon and white lace; Miss Blair, crushed strawberry silk prettily trimmed with white lace insertion; Miss A. Brandon, blue silk with a cluster of pink roses on one shoulder; Mrs Collins, very lovely brocade, the ground of which was oyster

colour, brocaded with a design of pink and green flowers, the bodice trimmed with lace; the Misses Cooper wore pale pink silk gowns; Miss Calder (Australia), black satin trimmed with cerise velvet and ecru lace; Mrs H. Crawford, lovely white brocade trimmed with quantities of white lace, and red roses brightened the corsage; Mrs A. Crawford, very pale mauve satin with narrow gold passementerie; Miss Chapman, white duchesse satin, the bodice trimmed with lace: Miss — Chapman, white brocade trimmed with lace and pretty paste buckles; Lady Douglas, handsome black brocade; Miss Duncan, pretty white silk figured with tiny bunches of pink rosebuds and trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Duthie, mauve silk, lightly trimmed with black chiffon; Miss Dransfield, pale pink moire with jet trimming; Mrs Edwin, Miss Edwin, pink silk trimmed with white lace frills; Mrs Elgar (Featherston), very pretty white pompadour silk gown trimmed with coffee lace; Mrs Findlay, black silk, with puff sleeves of pink shot silk; Miss Fowler (Sydney), very pale pink silk trimmed with white lace; Miss Fairchild, black net over glace; Miss N. Fairchild, white silk with chiffon frills; Mrs Gosling, black satin with berthe of pretty white lace; Miss Gore, pale blue satin trimmed with yellow lace over pink silk; Miss Hislop, white surah trimmed with white chiffon and pink roses; Miss L. Hislop, light mauve silk with berthe of very wide white lace; Mrs Harding wore black brocade; Miss Harding, pretty cream pompadour silk; Miss D. Harding, black brocade skirt and sleeves, white satin bodice edged with jet; Mrs C. Izard, maize satin; Miss Izard, sky-blue silk, the bodice veiled with pink chiffon; her sister wore pale lemon silk and chiffon; Miss Krull (Wanganui), white corded silk, with berthe of lace under pale blue silk; her sister wore a similar gown, except that it had pink silk instead of blue on the bodice; Miss Morrah, white silk; her sister, pale blue silk and white lace; Miss Medley, cream satin; Mrs Parfitt, black brocade slightly trimmed with white lace; Mrs Rolleston, very handsome black satin much trimmed with jetted tulle; Mrs Rhind, pale yellow silk prettily trimmed with black lace and jet; Miss Richardson, black satin with chiffon sleeves; Lady Stout looked very well indeed in pearl brocade slightly trimmed with blue on the bodice; Miss Morrah, fringe and embroidery; Miss Shand, cream silk trimmed with pink striped gauze; Miss Skerrett, very pale green brocade with pearl trimming; her sister wore lemon brocade; Mrs Tolhurst, Miss Tolhurst, white muslin figured with pink and trimmed with pink silk; Miss Townend, pretty white silk with frills of chiffon; Miss Williams, pale pink gauze trimmed with ecru point lace and pink roses; Miss H. Williams, light grey corded silk, with pale pink chiffon bodice; one lady whom I did not know looked nice in white satin. Among the gentlemen I noticed the Admiral and about thirty officers, Sir Robert Stout, Sir Arthur Douglas, Messrs Rolleston, Tolhurst, Izard, Williams, Werry, Pearce, Rhind, Webster, Hodson, Gore, Duncan, Hanna, Dymock, Skerrett, Beddard, Anson, Turnbull, Harcourt, Butler, Dr. Martin and others.

Mrs Wallis gave an

AFTERNOON TEA

at Bishopscourt last week for the members of the Senate. Mrs Wallis received in a pretty smoke blue crepon trimmed with shot pink silk and lace. Some of those present were Sir James and Lady Hector, Miss Hector, Sir Robert and Lady Stout, Miss Pearce, Mr. Mrs and Miss Fancourt, Mrs C. Johnston, Mrs and Miss Duncan, Mrs H. Hadfield, Mrs and Miss Quick, Sir John and Miss Hall, Mrs and Miss Izard, Mr and Mrs Tuckey, Mr and Mrs Sprott, the Misses Greenwood, Mrs Elgar, the Misses Williams, Mr and Mrs Tisdall, Mrs and Miss Ashcroft, etc.

A few of those present at the

CONVERSAZIONE

given by Dr. Walters at St. Patrick's College were Sir James and Lady Hector, Miss Hector, Sir Robert and Lady Stout, Mr and Miss Shand, Dr. and Mrs Grace Mr and Mrs Rolleston, Mr and Mrs Maskell, Miss Grace, and others. A nice musical programme was gone through, and duly appreciated by the guests.

Bishop and Mrs Wallis have gone for a trip to the Southern Lakes.

AUTUMN FASHIONS AT TE ARO HOUSE.

Although we can scarcely be said to have bid farewell to summer yet, signs are not wanting that, as far as fashion is concerned, autumn is upon us. On Friday evening last the first important display in the new season's novelties was made at Te Aro House, usually the first on the field on these occasions. The fine frontage of the establishment presented a brilliant appearance, the large window, brightly illuminated, being filled with a wonderful variety of beautiful goods most tastefully arranged. Perhaps the admiration of the crowd of visitors was most attracted by the lovely show of trimmed millinery. James Smith and Co. import very largely in this line from some of the most famous Parisian houses, and many of the model hats and bonnets shown on the occasion were literally marvels of beauty. There were also displayed novelties in the shape of the new 'Trilby' toque, sailor hats with beefeater crowns in wonderful shot straws, and an admirable selection of untrimmed shapes. The mantle window contained a profusion of handsome garments. Much admired were the new golfing jerseys, which are certain to be extensively worn this season, combining as they do a most elegant appearance with the greatest amount of comfort to the wearer. Golf capes, beautifully trimmed and in the newest styles, lace and silk mantles of most apparent richness, jackets handsomely trimmed with many varied furs, went to make up a really splendid effect. There is no space to describe the wonderful new dress materials. Nothing need be said beyond the assertions that the show indicated that the coming season will be remarkable for the beauty and novelty of the fashionable dress fabrics. The trimmings exhibited included a magnificent stock of the new 'Trilby' velvets, in some patterns of exquisite beauty, and an exceptionally fine lot of gimps and edgings. The exhibits have not been even mentioned, but enough has been said to show that the incoming season bids fair to be one of joy to the fair devotee of fashion.

OPHELIA.

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 5.

On Thursday Mrs Griffiths was

AT HOME' FOR TENNIS,

and a very pleasant afternoon was spent by those present, among whom were Mesdames G. Robinson, Kellas, Johnson, Farmer, etc., Misses Leach, Farmar, Horton, etc., and several gentlemen.

On Friday evening the Blenheim Rowing Club held

A FAREWELL SOCIAL EVENING

at the Royal Hotel for Mr H. A. Sharp, who is leaving the district very shortly. The chair was ably filled by Mr G. B. Richardson, the club's president, who with a few well chosen words presented Mr Sharp with a purse of sovereigns on behalf of the members of the Rowing Club, who wished him every success in his new venture. There was a large muster of members, and with songs, speeches and supper a very jolly evening was spent. Hitherto Mr Sharp has helped to coach our crews for any important event, and his services will be much missed this year with the Championship Regatta so near at hand. The Cricket Club hold their farewell social, and make their presentation to Mr Sharp later on.

Mrs Orr gave tea at the tennis on Saturday afternoon, but there were not so many present as usual, owing to an important cup cricket match being played that afternoon. Those present were Mesdames Griffiths, Stoney, G. Robinson, Kellas, McIntosh, Snodgrass, Seccombe (Auckland), and C. Earp, Misses Harris, Kitto, Waddy, Fell (Picton), Bull (two), Smith (two), Horton (two), B. Farmar, E. Carey, Messrs Stoney, Black, Wytchell, H. Horton, Baillie, etc. Miss Fell was admired in a black crepon skirt and cape lined with apple green silk, pale pink blouse, and sailor hat; Miss Mildred Fell looked handsome in a well-made blue grey tweed with a pretty arrangement of Maltese lace on the bodice, sailor hat.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs McIntire issued invitations for

A LARGE GARDEN PARTY,

but unfortunately the afternoon was wet and showery, therefore out of the seventy guests expected only a few braved the elements. A very pleasant time was spent on the verandah and in the drawing room. Mrs Hiley amusing us at the piano. Mrs McIntire's parties are always looked forward to, and the morning was fine, which made the afternoon's rain all the more disappointing both to hostess and guests. Mrs McIntire received in a black crepon with lace and shady hat: Mrs Weetman was much admired in a handsome gown of black plush, with cream bonnet and gloves; Mrs Griffiths, black satin, and becoming jet bonnet with cowslips; Mrs Howard, stylish black striped crepon with silk bodice and jet, black and pink hat; Mrs Lucas, well-fitting black crepon; Mrs Stoney, grey gown with string-coloured guipure, pretty bonnet with pink; Mesdames Conolly, Hubbard, G. Robinson, Kellas, J. Redwood, Sharp, Hiley, C. Earp, Misses Conolly (Auckland), L. Clark, Waddy, Messrs McIntire, Stoney, Teschmaker, Litchfield (Wellington), Crawshaw, Sharp, Black, Scott, Bunting, etc., were also present.

SINCERITY.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 3.

The Misses Greensill invited a large party on Wednesday to

AFTERNOON TEA AND TENNIS,

but a downpour of rain put a stopper on the tennis, and only a few were adventurous enough to brave the elements for the afternoon tea, which was served in the drawing room. It was a very jolly little party who met there, and included Miss May Greensill, who looked very pretty in a pale green cloth costume; Miss Ethel Greensill, fawn skirt, and a fashionable blouse of soft cream crepon; Miss Bessie Greensill, in black; Miss Howard, fawn tweed trimmed with brown velvet; Miss Nellie Allen, brown; Mrs Allen, Messrs Greensill, J. Greensill, and Howard, etc.

Small affairs are the order of the day. As I said last week, meetings are so prevalent just now that ladies are too busy to attend anything else. Most of us are on committees for bazaars, balls, concerts, and other amusements for Easter, so that only a few can meet at society affairs. On Friday Mrs Duncan ('The Knoll'), who, I am glad to say, is able once more to receive her friends had

A SMALL AFTERNOON TEA

for Miss Nellie Allen, who returns to Christchurch on Thursday next to continue her studies at the University. Those present were Mesdames Duncan, Smith, Hazlett, Allen, Duckworth, and Misses Nellie Allen, Eyes, Speed, and Marion Speed.

Another small afternoon tea on Friday was given by the Misses Seymour (three) at Cam House, those present being Mrs John Conolly (Blenheim), Miss Conolly (Auckland), Misses Gard (two), Philpotts, Greensill (two), etc.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs and Miss Philpotts entertained a very merry party at 'Ascham,' tea and tennis being the order of the afternoon. Mr and Mrs Stowe, Mrs John Conolly (Blenheim), Misses Gard (two), Miss Conolly, Misses Seymour (three), Messrs Mirams, Wiggins, etc., were present.

The Presbyterian Sunday-school fête, postponed from Wednesday on account of the rain, eventuated on Thursday up Esson's Valley—the ever-favoured spot for picnics—and was, as usual, a success, the ladies of the congregation and teachers working in their hearty way together for the benefit of the little ones.

On Friday evening the Countess Wachtmeister lectured on

THEOSOPHY

in the Forester's Hall. You will smile when I say there were only five present, three of them being ladies, but the Countess was so pleased at the interest taken in the subject by those three ladies that she gave her lecture and much interesting information on the science of Theosophy for their benefit alone. The weather again, I must say, was accountable for the sparse attendance.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A party consisting of Mr McCrorie, of the Union Company's office (Dunedin), Mrs McCrorie, family, and Miss Stoneham, are camping out at Torea. They say that no description they ever heard or read of equals the reality in regard to the beauty of the scenery of Picton and its surroundings.

Mr J. M. Hickson, clerk of the S. M. Court, Havelock, has been promoted, and will proceed to Paeroa, Thames, shortly. Mr H. G. Hoddinott, of Wellington, takes his place in Havelock.

Mr Arthur Fisk, eldest son of Captain Fisk, second officer of the 'Rakaia,' writes an interesting account of his adventures after the steamer went on the rocks. His people suffered much anxiety when first news arrived.

The Easter ball and other entertainments are for the benefit of the Literary Institute this year. We all hope it will be a 'bumper benefit,' so that a new building may be erected ere the winter gales set in. The present building is the most ancient in the town, and the young lady who acts as librarian fully expects her remains will have to be collected from among the *debris* some stormy evening unless something is done.

JEAN.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 7.

On Saturday Mr Bill Edmonds gave a large

DRAG AND RIDING PARTY

to Wairongoa Springs, at Mosgiel. There were about fifteen riders, three waggonettes, and a large drag. The party left town at eleven o'clock, and arrived at the springs between one and two o'clock. Lunch had been already prepared, and those who had driven out felt very ready for the feast, as the weather was rather bad for driving, a cold southerly wind blowing all the time. During the afternoon games were indulged in, whilst many of the visitors went round and saw the springs and tasted the water, which savours rather of sulphur. The party arrived back into town at eight o'clock. Some of those I recollect were Mesdames Stephenson, Burns (Blenheim), MacGowan, Stock, W. Neill, Reynolds, W. Reynolds, Edmonds, Misses Stephenson, K. Stephenson, T. Stephenson, Edmonds, Reynolds, H. Dewer, M. Wright, Batchelor, Neill, F. Sise, Messrs Edmonds, Stephenson, Morris, C. Morris, J. Roberts, Hawley, Wright, Sievwright, Cheeseman, B. Neill, G. Sise, Reynolds, G. Sievwright, Burns, Stock, W. Neill, Macgowan, Gray, Woodhouse, etc., etc.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs Sise gave a

LARGE 'AT HOME'

at her residence, Queen-street, for some of the Bland Holt Company. Cakes with sweets of all kinds, were most plentiful, and, as usual, were very delicious. Songs, etc., were kept going, which whiled away the afternoon very quickly. Our hostess was tastefully frocked in black crepon trimmed with jet and black satin ribbon; Mrs Reid (Elderslie), handsome black brocade, black corded silk mantle edged with jet, black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs MacLean, black crepon, stylish gold bonnet; Mrs Driver, black crepon, cape to match; Mrs Grahame, black lace mantle, bonnet with heliotrope and yellow flowers; Mrs Reynolds, black costume; Mrs Wright, black, green bonnet; Miss Sise, black skirt, white blouse; Miss M. Sise, black cloth dress, pink accordion-pleated silk sleeves and yoke; Miss Reid, navy blue serge jacket and skirt, electric blue cloth waistcoat, black sailor hat; Miss C. Reid, black serge costume; Miss MacLaren, blue satin blouse, black chiffon ruffle, burnt straw hat; Miss L. MacLaren, blue shot silk blouse, brown hat with blue trimmings; Miss Batchelor, grey costume trimmed with bright blue silk, black hat with yellow poppies; Miss S. Graham, black striped cloth trimmed with rose pink flowered silk, black hat with red roses; Miss B. MacLean, black, pink trimmings, gauze hat to match; Miss Wright, black cloth, collar of blue satin edged with lace, large hat with blue; Miss G. Roberts, brown and pink costume, hat *en suite*; Miss L. Roberts, navy blue cloth, yellow straw hat with buttercup trimmed; Miss Reynolds, black crepon trimmed with black satin ribbon, black lace hat with ostrich tips; Miss R. Reynolds, black serge jacket and skirt; Miss V. Reynolds, royal blue crepon, full vest of black silk, large blue velvet hat; Miss Coleridge (Wellington), black serge jacket and skirt, pink shirt, white sailor hat; Miss Williams, black serge, white waistcoat, large black hat; her sister also wore a black costume; Miss Roberts, black crepon, gray ostrich boa, black toque trimmed with black flowers and torra cotta velvet; Miss Handyside, heliotrope costume, black velvet hat; and numerous others.

AILEEN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 5.

What a dissipated week is mine to record! For excuse, of course, the Australian squadron! There has been quite a little whirl of gaiety in their honour, and our reputation for hospitality really well upheld, in spite of Lent in the Cathedral city.

OUTDOOR FETES.

On Monday Mr Saunders gave a lawn party at 'Almorah,' her guests comprising among others the Hon. Mrs Parker, Mrs Hamer, Mrs and Miss Mellish, Mrs George Gould, and Miss Malet.

On Tuesday there was a large garden party at 'Chaddislaw' in honour of the officers. Mrs Cowlishaw wore a handsome black gown; Misses Cowlishaw, pretty silk blouses, checked, and dark skirts. Among beautiful gowns I noticed Mrs A. Hoyle, in grey and white costume; Mrs Westmacott, smart brown tweed; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, grey coat and skirt, with revers of black moire, picture hat; Hon. Mrs Parker, heliotrope muslin; Mrs Lascelles, costume of fawn and orange; Misses Bridge (Lumsden), Tabart, Aynsley, Nedwill, etc.

The same evening an intended river party given by Mrs Williams[1] revoked itself, owing to the cold night, into a pleasant little evening at Tranmarl.

On Wednesday came the

CLUB BALL,

a truly magnificent affair, in which neither expense nor trouble had been spared in the arrangements throughout. Admiral Bridge and his officers were, of course, all present, and in compliment to the honoured guests' red, white, and blue were much *en evidence* in the decorations. The latter were mainly floral, the upper table being one mass of lovely red and white flowers mingled with ferns and palms, and the programmes and menu cards also had suggestions of the colours in the shape of dainty red, white and blue strings. The floral part of the decorative design was due to the exertions of a number of ladies, among them Misses Palmer, Cowlishaw, and Nedwill, who worked most assiduously during the day at this arduous work, and they were much to be congratulated on their success in the results. The ball room, specially erected for the night, was a splendid one, and the floor perfection. Indeed, with plenty of partners, kind hosts, the delightful floor, and supper, and music, no wonder that every one has pronounced the Club ball one of the best given in our town for years. Among such a host of exquisite gowns it is really difficult to particularise, but of course some struck me more than others. Hon. Mrs Parker wore grey and pink. Mrs Dalgetty (Greymouth), an elegant white brocade, with ostrich feathers; Mrs T. B. Barker (Geraldine), striking gown of white and grey; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, geranium satin and diamond ornaments; Mrs Arthur Rhodes, quiet Parisian dress of shot grey and pink satin, with chiffon and carnations, and Mrs Pitman, in pearl brocade with bands of dark fur, were some of the loveliest dresses worn. Among many who looked well were Miss B. Campbell, in pink; Misses Henry, in black satin and jet; Miss K. Wilson *débutante*[1] in pretty white corded silk; Miss Nedwill, white satin and chiffon; Miss Wynn-Williams, pale green satin; Miss Ella Harley, white satin and lilac; etc., etc.

On Thursday evening we all went to hear the

'KINGAROOMA MINSTRELS'

at the Opera House, who gave a capital Christy entertainment, and made a fine sum to hand over to the Destitute Patients' Fund at the Hospital. The fun, which was graced by the Governor's presence, I believe, at Napier, is immense, and we enjoyed a good laugh at the Minstrels, who are really very 'smart' in Yankee phraseology.

There was cricket, too, in the afternoon, but I was a little too tired after the ball to go to that, though from all accounts it was very jolly with the 'Orlando' band playing and such nice tea provided by the Misses Raphael.

On Friday a hot nor'-wester, which increased to the dimensions of a gale, rather took the edge off our enjoyment of Mrs Dennistoun's

GARDEN PARTY AT FENDALTON,

and the cricket on the Hagley Ground. Miss Wynn-Williams gave tea at the latter, wearing a pretty neat black costume, silk blouse, and apple green collar and cuffs. Mrs Charles Clarke, Mrs Hamer, and Miss Nedwill were among those who partook of the dainty refreshments and watched the match. At Mrs Dennistoun's a band was playing, and the pretty lawn was gay with tennis, croquet, and punting players. Mrs Hemistan wore a dark skirt, with pretty blue green silk blouse and black guipure and jet; Mrs Henry Wood wore pretty striped pink gown, and pink picture hat; Miss Guy wore black and pale green; Mrs H. Burnes, black lace and velvet, flowered bonnet; Mrs Gibbs, black gown, handsome mantle; Mrs Ranald Macdonald, dainty dress and sunshade; Mrs Meeson black and white costume; Mrs Murray-Aynsley, fawn drill, with brown hat and feather; Mrs Helmore, brown silk; Mrs Mearns and her daughter, Mrs Stoddart and her daughter, Mrs and Miss Turrell and the Misses Turrell, Dr. Campbell and Miss Campbell, Miss Von Haast, Mr and Miss Northcote, Mr and Mrs Neave and their sons, Miss Neil (Dunedin), Misses Ainger, Hoss, Nedwill, Beswick, and Macpherson and several of the officers from port were also present. Tea was served on the verandah, and every care was taken for the welfare of their guests by the kind host and hostess.

And we just got home when the wind swung round to the south and down came the rain. However, I don't suppose this interfered very much with the concert given in the evening by the Liedertafel in honour of our naval friends, which judging from masculine accounts, was very enjoyable. It was a 'Hobson's choice,' so poor me! I have only seen the programme. This tells of nautical songs and love songs and drinking songs and part songs, and contains the names of Messrs Wallace, Day, Hadnas, Millar, Reeves, Lovell and others, a list in itself sufficient to account for the variety and excellence of the concert.

Then on Saturday, away sailed our visitors at an early hour in the cold dawn of day, thereby escaping many of the sighs that would doubtless have accompanied a later departure.

There was the usual gathering at

POLO

on Saturday, when Miss Beswick gave tea for her brother, and in the evening the week's dissipation wound up with another dance, a little private one at 'Merivale House.' Mrs Mulch wore brown relieved with pink; Miss Mulch, a black gown with white fichu. There were some pretty gowns worn, and Mesdames George Gould, Helmore, Mathias, Misses Rose, Courage (Culverden), Mellish, Ainger, Tabart, and Helmore, were of the guests. The whole evening passed off with great spirit.

Quite a gloom fell on the town on Saturday, when news came from New Brighton of the shocking yachting fatality in the Sumner Estuary, of which doubtless the daily papers have given you all the ghastly details. Mr Warner, of Warner's Hotel, was the victim, and by none here was he more loved and respected, that the news of his sad and sudden death came like a paralytic blow to the community. There cannot be many people in New Zealand, indeed, who had not heard of Warner's Hotel, Christchurch, and its kindly, genial host. The funeral took place on Monday, and also that of Mr Murray, of New Brighton. Unfortunately, the body of the third man who was drowned has not yet been found.

I have no record with regret also the untimely death of another old colonist, Mr G. W. Hall, who died at the residence of his nephew, Mr T. W. Hall, Park Terrace, on Thursday last. The deceased gentleman was a brother of Sir John Hall, of Hororata, and his loss is felt by many in the city and province.

PERSONAL.

The residence of Mr John Baker, 'Philcombe,' has been let to Mr G. Lyon-s, Master of the Christchurch boys.

Hon. W. Rolleston, Mrs Rolleston and their daughters were in town this week for the ball and gaieties, and are still the guests of Mrs Williams, 'Hanmarl.'

The Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis are staying at Bishop's Court, having returned with Bishop Julius from Wellington last week.

Miss Murray-Aynsley has issued cards for tennis on Thursday—that is to-day.

DOLLY VALE.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex. Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in boxes, 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Sole Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG Co., Lincoln, England.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 4.

Last Saturday afternoon Judge and Mrs Robinson gave a

LARGE GARDEN PARTY

at 'Ronaki.' The day was beautifully fine, and warm enough to allow one to sit under the trees and admire the pretty view. Judge and Mrs Robinson received their guests in the large entrance hall. Delicious tea, cakes of all descriptions, and fruit were served in the dining-room, and also on tables out of doors. During the afternoon Mrs Howie sang two songs, which were listened to with much pleasure. Mrs Robinson wore a handsome gown, the skirt being of black silk, and the blouse of black silk with mauve spots trimmed with ribbons of the same colour, stylish bonnet to match; Miss Bowlby, pretty pink muslin blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat. Amongst the many guests I noticed Mrs Mules, in black crepon, lace mantle, black bonnet with a touch of pink; Mrs Sclanders, pretty grey costume; Mrs Howie, black trimmed with black and white ribbons, black toque with white up-standing bows; Mrs Broad, grey and black striped silk lustre, black jet bonnet; Mrs Percy Adams, handsome grey silk, the bodice covered with black accordion pleated chiffon, large black hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs Roberts grey crepon, yoke and front of bodice of pale blue handsomely trimmed with steel passementerie, toque to match with pink roses; Mrs Kissling, flowered muslin trimmed with electric blue ribbons, large black hat; Mrs Cooke, pretty combination of black and white; Mrs J. Sharp, grey tweed skirt and jacket, white blouse, toque to match; Mrs Vining, black gown, delicate cream lace fichu, large black hat trimmed with green velvet and black ostrich tips; Mrs Renwick (Blenheim), black and grey striped silk lustre with black ribbon trimmings, black bonnet; Mrs L. Adams, light tweed with bodice of electric blue, toque to match; Mrs Bunny, navy cloth, yoke of silver grey, toque to match; Mrs Hanby, handsome black crepon; Mesdames Glasgow, Sealy, Blackett, Pitt and Cock all wore black; Miss Richmond, pretty black crepon gown with ecru lace collar, large black hat; Miss Bell, flowered chine silk, large hat trimmed with blue forgetme-nots; the Misses Fell (two) were similarly gowned in white pique with pretty white muslin fichus, black hats with upstanding bows of shot blue ribbon and blue cornflowers; Mrs Wood, fawn tweed, sailor hat; Miss Gribben, black and white striped zephyr gown, becoming white picture hat; Miss Webb-Bowen, fawn chine silk, toque trimmed with yellow ribbons; Miss Pitt, flowered silk with brown silk sleeves, toque to match with pretty pink roses; Miss Broad, white silk blouse trimmed with cream lace, black serge skirt, black hat; Miss Glasgow, grey silk with hat to match; Miss Sealy, pretty flowered silk blouse, black skirt, black toque with coloured flowers; Miss Poole looked well in black lustre; her sister in white with green trimmings; Miss A. Catley wore a stylish gown of light brown lustre, waistcoat of dark green silk, large collar of white muslin, boat-shaped hat; Miss M. Catley, white muslin blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Miss Boon, white; Miss Cuthbertson sailor hat, cream gown; Miss Gibson, blouse of white muslin over green, black crepon skirt, black hat; Miss Watt, light tweed trimmed with red, white straw toque also with red trimmings; Miss Marsden, heliotrope costume; Miss Rayner, grey tweed, yoke of ecru lace, toque to match with pink roses; Miss B. Atkinson, electric blue costume with large hat to match; Miss Heaps, pale green trimmed with ribbons of a darker shade, white lace hat with green poppies; Miss Tomlinson, white muslin, sailor hat; Miss Higgins, black costume with bonnet to match; Miss Jones looked well in black crepon with yoke of cream silk, black beefeater hat with black bows and white wings; Miss Wright, pink muslin blouse, dark skirt, large white hat. There were others present. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Sclanders, King, Duncan, Mules, Levien, Hanby, Raine, Howie, Preshaw, Browning, Blythe, De Castro, Trent, Cook, Pitt, Revs. Kempthorne and Chatterton, Dr. Roberts, etc., etc.

On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs Roger Kingdon were

'AT HOME,'

when music, cards, and a new form of 'table turning' were indulged in, and thoroughly enjoyed by all present, who were Mesdames Oldham, Stafford, Percy Adams, Thornton, Roberts, J. Sharp, Misses Pitt (two), Curtis, Jones, Worsley, Oldham, Dr. Roberts, Messrs J. Sharp, Thornton, Oldham, Glasgow, Wither, Lunn, Percy Adamas, etc., etc.

OUR PEOPLE.

Miss Agatha Catley has returned home after a long visit of over two years to England.

Mrs Renwick is paying a round of visits amongst her friends, who are all delighted to see her again.

Miss Higgins is giving up her position at the Girls' College after Easter. She will be very much missed.

PHYLLIS.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 2.

Captain Forster, Clerk of the Court, was the recipient of two presentations prior to his removal to Dunedin. Mr Turnbull, S.M., on behalf of the officers connected with the Courts and Police Department, presented a marble clock with silver plate, engraved, and also asked his acceptance of a silver watch and chain to be given to his son Frank. Captain Forster feelingly replied. Later in the afternoon a number of leading townsmen assembled at the Criterion Hotel for the purpose of bidding farewell to Captain Forster and presenting him with an address and purse of sovereigns. Mrs Forster and the young members of the family have gone to Dunedin, and Miss Forster has gone to Auckland to stay with her sister, Mrs Gooch.

A pleasant

SOCIAL

was held at Stuart's Hall on Thursday, and about a hundred guests spent the hours in music and dancing most agreeably. Miss Denholm was servering her connection as headmistress of the school, and during the evening she was called upon to receive a hand-some cut-class cruet and sugar basin, silver mounted, subscribed for by the school children and parents. All those who spoke bore testimony to the sterling qualities of the young lady, whose work has always received favourable comment from the inspector.

The representative

INTERPROVINCIAL CRICKET MATCH

against Wellington has been the event of the week, and ideal weather was vouchafed to this fixture. The match, I hear, was A. L., and if the visitors were pleased, as I hear they were, we are content. It is a pity the match was unfinished, but our representatives made a bold stand, and the play of Messrs Lusk (captain), Ludbrook, Staite, and Bruce calls for special comment. The Association generously allowed ladies free, and everyone could partake of afternoon tea *gratis* so the inducements to attend were great. Mesdames Logan and Sainsbury presided over the tea table on Friday afternoon, assisted by Misses Cotterill and Locke. Mrs H. Lusk, assisted by Misses Rees and Heath, dispensed tea on Saturday to the thirsty multitude. It was impossible to see every one on the ground, but I have jotted down those who came within my gaze.

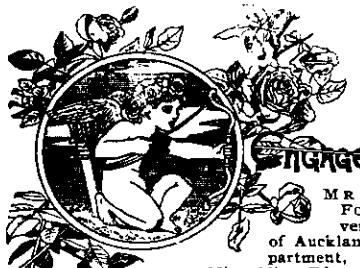
DRESSES WORN AT WELLINGTON V. HAWKE'S BAY CRICKET MATCH.

Mrs G. Morris, handsome black crepon with satin blouse and cream lace collarette; Misses Dymock, crepon skirt, one wearing a green surah blouse, and her sister a blue; Mrs Fairfax Fenwick, black and white blouse and white skirt, sailor hat, pretty white parasol; Mrs J. H. Coleman wore the richest costume on the lawn: it consisted of a Gobelin blue and black striped silk crepon trimmed with nude black lace and satin ribbon, dainty bonnet with pink roses; Miss Watt, pink crepon, white hat and quills; Mrs Nairn, black; Mrs J. W. Carlile, black with orange brown velvet; Mrs East, white; Miss Peake, white muslin; Mrs Lowry North, tweed skirt, blue brocaded blouse; Miss Lowry, grey crepon; Miss A. Lowry, biscuit crepon with blue, stylish toque with blue satin ribbon; Mrs H. Smith, black crepon, picture hat; Mrs F. Gordon, white pique; Miss E. Tanner, pretty white costume with black sash; Mrs Kinross White, a blue figured pongee with white silk and insertion bodice: the Misses Lyndon, light gowns; Mrs H. B. Lusk, white pique, white sailor hat with tulle and wings; Miss May Ross Gisborne, stylish blue with black moire sleeves and revers, picture hat; Mrs G. Marshall, tailor-made gown; her sister, Miss Cole, in green beige and cream lace; Mrs E. Crowley, green with white silk and black trimming, large cream hat with black wings; Miss Seale, pink; Mrs H. Gifford looked well in white with black ribbons; Miss Hitchings, white pique; Miss Una Hitchings, blue and navy striped costume, stylish hat with buckle and violets; Miss Heywood (Wellington), a white pin spot muslin, with large black hat with roses; Mrs A. Gore, blue gingham; Miss Gore (Wellington), crepon skirt, pretty blouse; Miss Mason, dark blue; Mrs Bowen, cream crepon; Mrs Davis Canning, crepon skirt, brown cape; Lady Whitmore, black satin with stylish chiffon cape, bonnet with forget-me-nots; Mrs Dixon, black; Mrs A. Kennedy, grey with lace collarette, white chip hat with feathers; her sister wore dark skirt and blouse; Mrs Hartley, black crepon and jet; Miss Begg, cream crepon; Mrs Milne Thomson, fawn costume; Mrs Wenley, grey alpaca, with toque of black and red roses: her sister, Miss White, in fawn and pink; Miss Wallace, fawn skirt and blouse; Miss Locke, blue muslin, white hat; Miss Cotterill, terra cotta tweed and bonnet; Mrs Moeller; Miss McVay, grey and black check; Miss Jago, blue alpaca; Miss Ludbrook, striped coat and skirt; Miss Williams, white sprigged muslin; Mrs Williams, white; Mrs Claud Cato, brown well-fitting tweed; Mrs I. Cato, fawn costume; Miss Peacock, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Michie, grey; Mrs Logan, handsome grey brocade; Miss May Neal, white; Miss Kiel, grey skirt and light blouse; Miss Vennell, dark skirt and white blouse; Miss Mackenzie, pink; Miss Glendinning, black mourning gown; Miss Roach, white; Mrs Sainsbury, black crepon, and bonnet; Miss Balfour, navy blue.

A small musical party was given on Friday evening by Miss Matthews at the High School. Misses Wallace, Spencer, Hall, and McHarg were present.

Mrs (Colonel) Fox is staying with Captain and Mrs Russell.

GLADYS



Engagements

MR HERBERT FOUNTAIN, Invercargill, late of Auckland Postal Department, is engaged to Miss Alice Edmonds, of this city.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ISABEL MURCHISON.—I hope you will see this acknowledgment of your kind contribution. Have you any more of that sort in your fertile brain? If so, I hope you will let us have the benefit of them.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR GIESEN TO MISS E. C. KNOWLES.

A FASHIONABLE and pretty wedding was celebrated at St. John's Anglican Church last month when Miss Emma Constance Knowles, second daughter of Mr H. H. Knowles, of 'Makino,' Feilding, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr Walter Baxendale, fourth son of Mr Edward Giesen, also of Feilding.

THE ceremony took place at two o'clock in the afternoon, and for some time before that hour a large number of friends and onlookers congregated at the church, which, it may be mentioned, had been very prettily decorated by a number of friends of the bride. Amongst other decorations was a large arch of evergreens interspersed with marguerite daisies, which was erected at the steps of the chancel. By the time the bridal party arrived the church was filled, there being present a very large number of friends and relations of both families, who are well known and much respected in the district.

THE bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, looked very pretty in a handsome costume of white surah silk trimmed with chiffon and caught with sprays of myrtle, with the orthodox veil and orange-blossom; she carried an exquisite shower bouquet of white roses and myrtle, relieved with maiden hair ferns.

SHE was attended by six bridesmaids, namely, her three sisters, Miss and the Misses Ethel and Nina Knowles, Miss Giesen, Miss Lockett, and Miss Macarthur. These were followed by two pretty little children—Master Leonard Leary, dressed in an old English court dress of black velvet and lace, and Miss Ida Carey in a very pretty blue crepon dress. The bridesmaids all wore exceedingly pretty dresses of cream crepon trimmed with gold-coloured silk, with hats to match, and each carried shower bouquets of marguerite daisies, and wore gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr P. Giesen acted as best man.

THE service was full choral, as both bride and bridegroom were members of St. John's Choir. The Rev. Iunis Jones conducted the impressive marriage ceremony. The 'Wedding March' was played by Miss Goodbehere, who presided at the organ. As the bridal party left the vestry they were preceded down the aisle and along the carpeted pathway to the gate by the two dear little children, who strewed flowers before the happy couple.

THE guests—considerably over one hundred in number—were hospitably entertained at 'Birnam,' Mount Stewart, the future home of Mr and Mrs Walter Giesen, by the parents of the bride and bridegroom, and two or three hours were most enjoyably spent in the pretty grounds surrounding the residence. A very pretty picture was that when all the guests were assembled on the lawn to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, which was proposed by Mr C. L. Maclean in his happy and humorous manner. The toast was responded to by the bridegroom in a neat little speech. A photograph of the wedding-party was then taken, and shortly after 5 o'clock Mr and Mrs Giesen left for Palmerston, accompanied by showers of rice, flowers, and leather, and hearty good wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

MRS GIESEN wore a travelling dress of fawn poplin trimmed with shot silk, hat to match.

THE following is a list of wedding presents, which were both valuable and handsome:—

Bridegroom to bride, carriage and opossum rug; Mrs H. Knowles, silver fish knife and fork; Mr H. Knowles, silver cruet; Mrs Giesen, cheque; Mr Giesen, cheque; Mr and Mrs Herbert Knowles, afternoon tea service; Mr and Mrs Arthur Knowles, tray cloth; Miss Knowles, work basket; Miss Ethel Knowles, silver jam spoon and set dish mats; Miss Nina Knowles, wall ornament; Miss Irene Knowles, toast rack; Mr E. Knowles, jam dishes; Mr J. Knowles, bracket; Messrs G. P. and H. Giesen and Miss Giesen, silver spoons, forks and knives; Mr and Mrs J. P. Leary, tea service; Mrs R. Leary, brass fire irons; Mr Maclean, gold and pearl horseshoe bangle; Mr and Mrs Kirton, silver salt cellars and pepper pot; Mrs Macarthur, cushion; Miss Macarthur, worked nightdress bag; Misses L. and M. Macarthur, trays and tray cloths; Mr and Mrs Richmond, afternoon tea trays; Mrs Aldrich, handsome Japanese vase; Miss Aldrich, cake stand; Mr and Mrs Barton, basket chair; Mr and Mrs Owen, carved foot-stool; Members of Polo Club, silver-mounted carvers and silver fish knife and fork; Mrs Percy Clark, silver tea-pot; Mr Carty, silver and glass jam dish; Mrs Beattie, brush and comb bag and handkerchief sachet; Mr and Mrs Hemington Jones, set of jugs; Miss Fry, cushion; Mr and Mrs C. Armstrong, silver and pearl butter knife; Miss Bagnall, silver bread fork; Mr and Mrs J. C. Hill, picture; Mr Percy Giesen, picture; Mrs Robertson, hand-painted tambourine; Miss M. Lockett, fire screen; Miss A. and J. Lockett, Venetian water jug; Mrs Lockett, church service; Miss J. Clarke, wall ornament; Mr and Mrs Carey, carved emu egg candle shades; Mr, Mrs, and Miss Greenwood, cheese dish; Mr and Mrs James Stevens, silver and pearl jam spoon; Mr A. Jack, breakfast cruet; Mr and Miss R. Holmes, silver and glass fruit stand; Mr and Mrs J. Fisher, Japanese hot water kettle; Mr and Mrs E. J. Allan, salad bowl and silver servers; Miss K. Holden, worked toilet bags; Miss A. Wilks, Japanese bowls; Mrs Gregory, Japanese bowl; Miss Macarthur, cup and saucer; Mrs and Misses Burnell, pair vases; Mr F. Burnell, Japanese cabinet; Miss Gibson, water colour picture; Mrs Smart and Mr Sherwell, photo frames and ornaments; Mr and Mrs W. Nicholls, mincing machine; Dr. and Mrs Sorley, pair pictures; Mrs S. Goodbehere, night dress and brush and comb bags; Miss Goodbehere, silver butter knife; Miss E. Goodbehere, glass basket; Miss Dyer, tray cloth; Mr and Mrs Lethbridge, ivory and silver serviette rings; Mr Judkins, Venetian pitcher; Mr and Mrs Curtis, album; Miss McCulloch, plush wall pocket; Mr and Mrs C. Giesen, cheque; Miss N. Young, picture; Mrs C. Hill, Doulton jug; Master G. Hill, silver bread fork; Mrs Mountford, wall bracket; Mr O. Pleasants, wall bracket and mirror; Mr F. Saxon, silver bread fork; Miss Saxon, tray cloth; Mrs L. Holden, bronze tea kettle; Miss Gregory, fancy work.

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.—In many of the smoking or coffee rooms of the English hotels, especially in large cities, there is on the mantel a box for contributions to some charity. On the top is a card on which is inscribed: 'Please give a penny, and it will thank you.' Drop a penny in the slot, and up comes another card, 'Thank you, sir,' is printed. It pleases the half-befuddled cheap swells immensely, for even automatic politeness has its effect.

TO THE DEAF.—A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address, H. CLIFTON, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England.—(Advt).

District Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, 8th February, 1896.

THE undermentioned clumps of dead timber, situated in the Puhipuhi State Forest, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at this office, on Tuesday, 7th April, 1896, at 11 o'clock a.m.:

Lot.	Number of trees.	Approximate number of feet.	Upset Price. £ s d.
		Kauri.	
1.	243	486,000	182 5 0
2.	675	2,147,000	806 5 6
3.	686	2,053,000	773 12 6
4.	283	556,000	208 10 0
5.	796	4,776,000	1,791 0 0
6.	559	1,118,000	419 5 0
7.	161	483,000	181 2 6
		Totara.	
8.	28	—	28 0 0
9.	42	—	42 0 0
11.	82	—	82 0 0
12.	42	—	42 0 0

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One half of the purchase money to be paid on the fall of the hammer, the balance to be paid within twelve months. Timber to be removed within three years from date of sale. Plans can be seen and obtained at this office, at the County Office, Whangarei, and Post Offices Whangarei, Hikurangi and Kawakawa.

The railway rate for carriage of kauri timber from Whakapara to Whangarei, will be 1s 3d per 100 superficial feet.

G. RHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

A WIFE'S PERIL.

BY MRS M. E. HOLMES.

Author of 'A Woman's Love,' 'Her Fatal Sin,' 'The Tragedy of Redmount,' Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE bump of inquisitiveness, in spite of the popular idea, is quite as fully developed in man as in woman, and Bob, Lord Glenferris, had food for wonderment for many days. He wondered how it was that Ralph Sefton's name and Ralph Sefton's history were known so well to Mispah and Noel; but, being a fellow not over and above clever at putting two and two together, no gleam of the truth came to him. Then he wondered why Ralph was so determined to know their name, and why, when he had told it, he seemed scarcely to believe it. They had lived all their lives in California; he could know nothing of them. Then he thought of the strange visitor to the armory in the bright light of day. He laughed at the idea of its being supernatural, though he confessed to himself that he had been frightened enough at it at the time of its appearance. It puzzled him that the spirit, ghost, or what ever it had been, should be so like Mispah Kepple, and he wondered, most of all, why Ralph should have fainted when he called attention to the likeness.

Then, it was strange that Mr Kepple should resolutely avoid society. Some secret there was evidently, and greatly he would like to find it out. He was not inquisitive—oh, dear, no; he simply only wanted to know. Mispah, Noel and Humpy had been to his place many times fishing and shooting; Mr Kepple not once.

He was standing by the gate watching for them, or, perhaps, to speak more truly, watching only for Mispah. The first moment he had seen her he admired her: and Mispah's face, though beautiful, was the least of her charms. Now he knew that he was scarcely happy unless she was near him; that the moments spent away from her side were long indeed—long and weary and unrestful.

He wished with all his heart that there was not this mystery about her father, that he might woo her and ask her to be his wife. No one could have a sweeter or more beautiful one; and yet—and yet up till now the wives of the Glenferrises had been women of family, and she was but a gold-digger's daughter.

Reason may war with love; but, if love is deep and true, it generally comes off conqueror. It is a pity that it is so; but love is a madness, and madness casts out reason.

He was watching anxiously, and at length he saw Humpy's curiously deformed form turn the corner of the road. The others would soon follow. But he was mistaken. Humpy came onward, his great, awkward arms hanging down, his hands almost touching the ground. When he got close to the young man he raised his hat.

'You'll be disappointed,' he said, 'to see me alone, but I've brought a message from Jack—that's Mr Kepple—to ask you to step up to the cottage and take tea there.'

Bob flushed with mingled pleasure and surprise.

'I will come with great pleasure,' he said. I would have called upon Mr Kepple some time ago, only I understood that he did not care for strangers.'

'Neither does he,' Humpy answered. 'But he has heard so much of you from the children that he scarcely considers you a stranger now.'

They were walking along together, making a strange pair—the tall, athletic young man, and the dwarf hunchback. People who saw them coming from afar off smiled at or pitied Humpy; but, when he drew nearer, they could only wonder at the beauty of his face.

'Are all of this mysterious family beautiful?' Bob wondered. Will the father have a face like a god?'

'Do you find time hang heavily on your hands here?' he asked. 'The life must be very different from what you have been accustomed to?'

'Different to what I was accustomed to in California,' he answered; 'but before I went there I had been used to a life of ease and luxury. I gave it up because I found that among the ladies and gentlemen with whom I mixed, my misfortune was made a subject for ridicule. In a drawing-room my hands were tied; I could not chastise even the men who made game of my deformity; in the diggings, after I had showed that my strength was greater than that of most men, that I could punish an insult, I was respected.'

'And now you are content to come and live in England again.'

'I am content to live anywhere where Jack, and Noel, and Mispah live.'

His face softened, his voice grew more tender as he said the girl's name.

The young man looked at him quickly, and guessed his secret.

'You love her?' he said, impulsively.

'Yes,' Humpy answered, almost sadly; 'I love her. Nature, which deformed my body, left my heart much like the heart of other men. I love her as men love women they would make their sweethearts—their wives; I love her more than the digger loves gold, more than the diamond seeker loves diamonds—with every fibre of my nature, with every beat of my heart.'

The young man looked down upon his face, at his wondrously beautiful eyes, and owned with a pang, that, despite of his deformity, a woman might well love him.

'And you have wooed or will woo her?' he said.

A look almost of horror crossed the dwarf's face.

'I have said that I love her,' he said, simply. 'Do you think, that, loving her, I would link her life with such a misshapen lump of humanity as myself? Not I. She will never know that my love for her is other than the love of a father, a brother. When she weds, she must wed some one young and beautiful like herself — some one whom she can love. I marry her? I would rather kill myself; but, if God had seen fit to make me as other men, and to give me a form of which I need not have been ashamed, then she would have loved me, she would have been my wife.'

The young man reached out his hand, and took Humpy's long fingers within his.

'You are a noble fellow,' he said. 'Many men, loving as you, would let that love selfishly have its way; for a girl well might love a man with a face like yours, and forget all else in looking at it.'

'You flatter me,' the hunchback said, smiling. 'I know, of course, that my face is not so repulsive as the rest of my misshapen body; but it would be horrible for a sweet young girl like Mispah to love one like me. It might have happened had we not left the gold diggings, for it is in a woman's nature to lavish love upon something, and her father let her mix with none of the other diggers; but it is not likely now, and I am—am glad it is not.'

It was difficult to say, but he got the words out bravely.

Life had been hard to him indeed, bereft of its greatest joy—love.

They had reached the cottage. Mispah and Noel stood watching for them.

The girl came forward with a half-shy smile upon her face, and a bright colour on her cheeks.

'You've brought him, then, Humpy?' she said, giving the young man her hand. 'I wonder,' turning a pair of half-bashful eyes to his face, 'if you were very surprised to see him alone.

'I was very much disappointed,' he answered, 'until I heard the reason; then I was glad, for I have wanted so much to know your father.'

'Come along, then, and have your wish gratified,' Noel said. 'My father is waiting indoors to see you.'

With a heart beating high, Bob followed the boy.

What would this mysterious man, the father of the girl whom he loved, be like? Would he look simply the rough digger, or would there be the stamp of crime upon his face—a crime from which he was hiding from the eyes of man?

He felt nervous—almost frightened.

What this man was, meant so much to him.

He entered a small, low room: the air was heavy with the scent of flowers, which stood in great bowls in every available place. Jack was lounging in a low chair, but rose as the stranger and Noel entered.

'Dad, this is Lord Glenferris,' Noel said.

'I am pleased to meet you,' Jack answered, holding out a hand so slender and white that it seemed impossible that it could have wielded a pick. 'I have wanted to thank you for your kindness—your great kindness to my children.'

'The kindness has been upon their side,' Bob answered, looking at the courteous, handsome man, and colouring a little at the remembrance of the thoughts he had had of him. 'They have made my life twice as bright as it used to be; I have only regretted that you would not come with them sometimes.'

'Sometime in the future, if you will allow me, I will,' Jack answered; 'but at present, I do not wish my presence here known. You must not think,' smiling a little, that I am flying from the law; but I have an enemy in the village, and I am not quite ready for him yet.'

His hands clenched spasmodically, and his face grew dark as he spoke.

Bob thought to himself he would not like to be the man who had injured him.

'You must tell me of the people who live here now,' he went on, 'of the changes which have taken place within your memory. I have gleaned some little news, but not much.'

'Would it not be better,' Bob said, leaning forward, 'to tell me exactly what it is you wish to know? You may trust me; your secret shall be as a secret of my own. Tell me whom your enemy is, and, unless he is a friend of mine, I will do all I can to help you; if he is a friend, I will keep your secret.'

Jack looked at him a moment steadily.

'I think I can trust you,' he said; 'and friends are good at all times. Probably you know my enemy well. Like yourself, he has a great property here, though, if there were such a thing as justice in the world, not an acre would be his. His name is Ralph Selton.'

'Ralph Sefton!'

'Yes; is he a friend of yours?'

'Friend—no! I know him, of course, but I have no love for him. What is the wrong he has done you?'

'Every wrong,' Jack answered bitterly. 'He robbed me of all life held dear—my wife and my home!'

'Your wife—your home! Is it possible that you are—Lord Radcliffe?'

'Yes, I am Jack Radcliffe,' he said, quietly. 'My wife went to him willingly, I suppose. It was curious how she could for she seemed to love me. When my father died, and my cousin took everything under his will, leaving me penniless, she left me. But I would have worked, and kept her, at least, in comfort. I went abroad a broken-hearted man. I worked hard with an end in view, at the diggings; at last, when luck came to me, I came home.'

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'And the end you had in view?'

'To dispute my father's will—to plead undue influence. I have the means of war now, and I will fight.'

'And your wife? Have you heard anything of her?'

'Yes; I read in a paper that she was ill, and I have tried to forgive her, but I cannot. She feigned love for me for three years, and then left me for my enemy.'

'Did she write to you?'

'Yes, a heart-less letter. I have read it again and again in the hopes of discovering one glimpse of the wife I so loved in it, but I could not.'

'Will you let me see it?'

Jack hesitated a moment, then took a faded, yellow looking envelope from his pocket.

'That is the letter,' he said. 'I pray some of my wife's sins are in my children.'

Bob drew the letter from the envelope—where it was folded, it was almost torn through—then read it carefully.

'It is a heartless letter, and written in a firm hand throughout—written with elaborate carefulness. One would have thought that a wife and a mother would feel some little remorseless—some little pricks of conscience which would render her hand unsteady in penning a letter which should part her forever from husband and children. Did she seem to love the little ones?'

'She seemed to adore them,' Jack said, bitterly. 'Sometimes I was half jealous of my own flesh and blood. She was a good actress, doubtless.'

'This thumb mark,' Bob said, pointing to a dark stain upon the age stained paper, 'is yours?'

'No,' Jack answered; 'it was there when I received the letter. I remember, even in my horrible grief, thinking vaguely that Muriel must have sat down to write the letter with soiled hands. It was curious that the thought should have come: but she was always so particular.'

'It is a large thumb mark for a woman to make.'

'Is it? She had such tiny hands.'

Bob put his own thumb upon it. It scarcely covered it. A flush rose to his face.

'You will think it a mad thing for me to say,' he said; 'but I do not believe your wife ever wrote that letter. I believe it is a forgery.'

'A forgery!'

Jack's face grew white as death.

Humpy and the children came near to Bob.

'A forgery! What makes you think so?'

'Firstly,' he said, 'because I do not believe any mother, however vile a woman she was, would have left her children without some fond word of them in the letter she wrote her husband, some wish that he would not tell them of her shame: secondly, because the writing is too firm; but mostly because that stain is the mark of a man's—not a woman's—thumb.'

'A forgery!' Jack said, once more. 'If it is I will kill him: for he did worse than steal my wife—he killed my faith in her. But first, for my children's sake, I must get back my lands.'

'Have you ever seen your father's will?'

'Never.'

'Do not think me impertinent; but had your father reason to be very angry with you?'

'No; I married against his wish, where I loved. He was hastily angry, but very forgiving. Had it not been for my cousin I am certain we should have been friends long before he died.'

'Did he threaten to disinherit you?'

'Never!'

Lord Glenferris was silent for a moment; then he took up the letter again.

'If this is a forgery, your father's will is probably a forgery also,' he said.

'It is possible,' Jack said, slowly. 'Thank you greatly, Lord Glenferris; you have more brains than I have. I was simply stunned with all my sorrow, which came upon me at one time. My loved wife false, my dear old father dead, myself disinherited. I was simply hopeless. You will help me, and Humpy will help me find out the truth.'

'I will help you so far as is in my power,' Bob answered. 'It is sad that you can get nothing but revenge—that those you love are all dead.'

A sudden light leaped into Jack's eyes, his face grew pale with emotion, his hands trembled.

'It is possible,' he said, in a trembling voice, 'that the printed notice of my wife's death may also have been a forgery if the letter and will are. Perhaps my wife still lives.'

Bob started a little.

If that was so, might not the announcement of Gerald Le Breton's marriage be also a forgery? Might not Ralph Sefton be working wickedly once more to gain his end?

But the thought was with him but for a moment: he remembered the strange sight he had seen in the armoury.

'Did your wife resemble your daughter?' he asked.

'Yes,' Jack answered; 'Miepah is the living image of what her mother was.'

'Then, Bob returned, 'for once Ralph Sefton has spoken the truth. Your wife is dead indeed.'

Jack's face shadowed almost as though he had heard the words for the first time—as though the knowledge of his wife's death, and the belief that she had been faithless to him, had not been his for years.

'How do you know?' he asked.

'Because,' Bob answered, lowering his voice, 'I have seen your wife's spirit.'

'Her spirit?' Jack repeated, while the faces of Miepah and Noni grew white indeed.

'Yes,' Bob returned. 'It is shocking, I know. But the spirit of your wife—a ghost with the face of your daughter, walks in the armoury of Radcliffe Castle. I have seen it myself.'

CHAPTER XIII

Most people would say that a woman should no longer love a man who has been faithless—tired of one's uninterrupted society. It is a long while since you came to see me.'

'A very long while,' he answered; 'and you may tell me what I have come about to-day is an impertinence: but we are very old friends, are we not, Hope?'

'Very old friends,' she answered.

'And you will forgive me for saying what I am going to say because of that old friendship? It is of Gerald Le Breton. You know that we were friends. I loved him like a brother, and I cannot believe this thing they say of him.'

A crimson flush swept over her face, then it faded leaving her very pale.

'It is hard to believe,' she answered, 'but it is true. I have seen the announcement in the paper.'

'I have seen it also,' he answered, 'and yet I cannot believe it. Hope, I am going to ask you a strange question; but I implore you to answer it. Did not Ralph Sefton once propose to you?'

'Yes,' the girl answered.

'And since you heard this news of Gerald, has he again made love to you?'

'Yes.'

'It was he who showed you the paper?'

'Yes.'

'You have had no letters from Gerald for some time?'

'No; not for a very long time.'

'Did Ralph know of this?'

'He seemed to.'

'Then, take my word for it, he put the announcement in the paper, and is trying to part you. I am certain that Gerald is not married.'

A glad light leaped for a moment into the girl's eyes, then faded slowly away, leaving her very pale.

'How can you be sure?' she said.

'Because,' he answered, 'I knew Gerald too well to think he would do such a thing; because I know how truly, how intensely he loved you; and because a forged letter, written by Ralph Sefton, parted a husband and wife years ago, just as with a forged letter he parted Gerald and you. But love that is strong, that has grown with our growth, that has twined itself around our hearts, and become a part of our being, cannot be cast out in a moment. It was strange, perhaps, but it was true. Hope Carthew loved Gerald, though day after day she told herself that it was a sin to love him, since he had made some other woman his wife. But the love could not, try as she would, be cast out of her life.

Time might make her grief for her faithless lover less, but never could she forget him. She had given him her whole heart. He had seemed worthy of love—noble, good, brave, and handsome: she had set him upon a pedestal, and poured out before him all the wealth of her young affection, and now it was thrown back a worthless gift. It had been pleaded for, prayed for, and when given soon tired of. It was very hard.

A trial like this would have soured many girls, but not Hope. She shut her sorrow up as much as possible, and kept a cheerful face for the world; but her brave heart was breaking slowly, and she could not help the colour leaving her cheeks, and the happy bright light fading from her eyes.

> Time heals all wounds, scars alone remain,
> Yes, staying, ache no longer.

Poets talk a lot of nonsense. The scars remaining bring back the remembrance of the old wounds, the old pain; and the ache at the heart is every bit as keen as when the blow was first struck.

Mrs Carthew did not make the girl's burden any easier to bear: she was always urging her to marry Ralph Sefton, if only, she said, to show Gerald Le Breton that she was not wearing the willow for him; but a good woman who has been disappointed in love thinks little of revenge.

Hope was sitting at the piano one afternoon when Lord Glenferris was announced. Mrs Carthew was out making some calls.

'I am glad to see you,' she said, giving her hand to the young man. 'One gets notice of your lover's marriage, he has tried to part you now.'

She leaned forward.

'Are you sure of this?' she asked.

'In my own mind, perfectly,' he answered; 'but I have to prove it certainly, and that I mean to do. Now, what I propose in the first place, is to send a telegram to Gerald. I have written out what I think we had better say.'

He took a paper from his pocket and read:

'News received here of your marriage. Is it true? Telegraph. Hope has had no letter for three months.'

'We shall get an answer from him within three days,' he continued, 'and I am sure it will be to say that it is not true. Keep your spirits up, Hope.'

In spite of Bob's cheering words, Hope found it difficult enough to keep her spirits up. Uncertainty is never cheering: and, when at last the sharp legs of the telegraph boy did come, she felt as near fainting as ever she had in her life: when the servant brought it, her hands trembled so that she could scarcely take it.

For a little while she sat looking at it, then opened it and read:

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'Of course it is not true,' it ran; 'it is some plot. Believe nothing against me; I am as true to you now as ever I was.'

'Thank God for that!' Hope said, fervently.

— — —

CHAPTER XIV.

It was evident to all those who were taking up arms against Ralph Sefton that by some means he had managed to intercept Gerald's letters to Hope—but how, was the question, and that Bob had made up his mind to discover; with this end in view he waylaid the postman one evening as he was returning from delivering his last batch of letters.

'Good evening, Gubbings,' he said.

'Good evening, your lordship,' the man answered, touching his hat.

'A fine evening,' Bob went on, keeping step with the postman, much to his embarrassment; 'how does this weather suit you?'

'Nicely, thank your lordship,' Gubbings returned; 'though it makes the bag seem heavier. Since the parcels post has come in I've felt the summers greatly; you see, it ain't like London, where the carts deliver the parcels; we have to take them ourselves, and, when it comes to a rocking horse and a feather bed by the same delivery, it's no joke.'

'No joke, indeed,' Bob said, laughing; 'the letters, I am sure, would be enough. How long have you been postman, Gubbings?'

'Ever since I worked for myself,' he answered; 'we're all old hands down here with the exception of Mrs Graham, the postmistress: she used to be servant up at the castle once.'

Bob started.

'Do you mean to Ralph Sefton?' he asked.

'Yes,' the man answered. 'Mr Sefton's been very good to her; he got her the place, and once a month in the evening she goes up to the castle, and they do say supe with him in the armory.'

'That seems strange.'

'Yes; some say she has done him a service, and that this is his return.'

'Is she a young woman?'

The postman laughed.

'Oh, no,' he answered; 'quite old—too old for anyone to make a scandal out of his kindness, which folks are fond enough of doing. Next Thursday is her night for going up to supper at the castle; she's been talking of it for the last day or two.'

'Well, good evening,' Bob said, reaching a place where two roads branched off, and not wishing, since he had got out of the postman all he could, to spend any more time with him.

'Good evening, your lordship,' the man answered, and they took the different ways, getting farther and farther from each other as they went onward.

'I begin to see my way a little more plainly,' Bob said to himself. 'Of course this woman is in Ralph Sefton's pay, and has been bribed to suppress Gerald's letters. I begin to understand things a little; but I should like to be an unseen witness of this supper party.'

As he said the words a sudden thought came to him. His face flushed, his eyes danced and he walked on hastily in the direction of Jack's cottage; he had almost reached it when he overtook Mispah.

'Were you coming to see me?' she asked, giving him her hand, and not looking up lest he should see how dreadfully glad she was to see him.

'Yes,' he answered; 'I was coming more especially to see your father; but I am glad—very glad to see you. I think we are getting on famously.'

'Yes,' she returned. 'I am so glad! If only my mother's name can be cleared, I shall care for nothing else. I have no wish to go up to the castle; I think nature never intended me for a great lady.'

'She made you a very perfect one,' he said, softly, bringing a brighter flush to the girl's face. 'But, even if your father gets his rights once again, and the castle is his, I prophesy that you will not live there long.'

'No?' she said, interrogatively.

'No,' he answered, smiling; 'some one will run away with you. Some other man will want you to make his home perfect. I think a home never is that unless there is a perfect woman in it.'

'A perfect woman?' she repeated, smiling. 'Is there such a thing?'

'I know one, at least,' he said, looking at her.

She grew a little frightened. What would he say next did she linger with him? She half feared and half wished to know.

'Dad is indoors,' she said, irrelevantly; 'he will be pleased to see you: but you know we are always that, do you not?'

'Are you pleased to see me?' he asked. 'Tell me the truth, Mispah.'

It was the first time he had called her by her sweet, curious name. She looked at him, startled.

'Yes,' she answered; 'I am pleased. Did you not know it? Has my welcome been less kind than that of the others?'

'No, no,' he said, quickly; 'only it has been more anxiously looked for, perhaps. When I have finished the task I have set myself, I am going to ask you for a reward.'

They had reached the cottage, and he left her without another word—left her with a curious new gladness at her heart, wondering, yet knowing full well what he meant.

For more than two hours Bob and Jack sat and talked alone. When they parted Jack's last words were:

'On Thursday, at five.'

CHAPTER XV.

THE evenings were drawing in: autumn was enjoying his reign: the leaves upon the trees were changing from green to brown, and red and gold, and dropping crisply to the ground. A high wind swept great black clouds over the sky, and hid the lingering rays of the sun: rain, which was falling rapidly, was blown aslant across the earth. It was scarcely a pleasant evening to be out.

So thought Mrs Graham, as she made her way up to the castle. She had, to put it mildly, donned her best bib and tucker, and it was annoying to be blown about and rained upon. However, she was sure of a blazing fire and a good supper, and that is something.

When she reached the castle, she was shown straight into the armoury. Ralph was not there, but he entered just as she was taking off her bonnet and replacing it with a most elaborate cap, using the breastplate of a Henry the Second knight for a looking-glass.

'Good evening, Mrs Graham,' he said; 'I'm pleased to see you to-night. I think we will not spend the evening here; the place'—looking round with a frightened air—'is uncanny and ghostlike. Let us come into a more cozy room.'

He laid his hand upon the great brass door handle, but she stopped him.

'This room is my delight,' she said. 'When I sit here, I do not feel like a servant—a postmistress, but like a lady, born and bred. I look forward to sitting among the gleaming armour once in every month, every bit as much as I look forward to receiving what you, in your goodness, give me for faithful services rendered. Let us stop here, Mr Sefton; I should feel that some misfortune was going to happen if we went from our old habit.'

'So be it,' he answered, sitting down and touching a gong; 'but I am beginning to hate this place. You will scarcely believe it, perhaps, but Muriel Radcliffe walks here.'

Mrs Graham gave a start, and almost it seemed that, at the same time, some of the suits of armour rattled as though something had shaken them. Both the woman and the man started.

'What was that?' she asked, under her breath.

'I don't know,' he answered, with lips which trembled. 'I told you it was an uncanny place. Let's come out of it.'

'No, no!' the housekeeper said; 'I tell you, I love the place. No wonder I felt a little nervous when you said that Muriel Radcliffe walked here, when I know she has been dead these many years. What can have put such an absurd idea into your mind?'

'It is not an idea. I have seen her.'

'Seen her?'

'Yes; seen her many times. Lord Glenferrie saw her as well as I but a few nights ago.'

'Great Heavens, you can't be serious!' the woman said, growing pale; 'and yet, Heaven knows, she suffered enough to make her restless after death. I have often repented of the hand I had in that business.'

'It is late for repentance,' Ralph said, with a sneer; 'and she could have been happy enough had she been reasonable. I offered her wealth for poverty, love for love, a castle for a cottage—what more could a woman want? She was as great a

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fool as her husband. What man in his senses would have gone off as he went?'

Mrs Graham smiled a grim smile.

'He did not go without letting you first feel the weight of his arm—the strength of his anger,' she said.

Again the strange chinking of the armour sounded through the great room; once more they started, and looked round frightened.

'We're nervous,' Mrs Graham said to her host, forcing a smile; 'it can't be anything, but I never heard the sounds before.'

Just then a serving-man brought in the supper tray, and, after a long drink from tumblers of foaming champagne, their spirits began to rise.

'We're as timid as a couple of children,' she said. 'I'm ashamed of myself, and I'm ashamed of you, Mr Sefton. As for ghosts walking, I don't believe in them; it's some trick. Let me catch any ghosts walking—I'll show them. Have you any fresh instructions for me to night?'

'No—no fresh ones,' he answered. 'If Miss Carthew writes any more foreign letters, though I fancy she will not, continue to keep them back. It was a great idea of mine getting you into the post office, Martha.'

'A great idea,' she agreed; 'though I fancy you would have worked your end better if you had written a letter from her lover breaking off the engagement.'

'Perhaps,' he answered: 'but I feared detection. If once a forgery was traced home to me, the genuineness of my uncle's will would be doubted, and that would mean simply ruin.'

'And you have made up your mind to marry Miss Carthew?'

'If I can,' he answered; 'but as yet I am not very hopeful. Her mother is upon my side, but the girl will have nothing to do with me. There is a new girl who has come into the place, too, who has taken my fancy—a Miss Kepple; I could love her, only she is the living image of Muriel. I half feared that she might be her daughter, and that Jack might have come back from abroad.'

'Surely he would never come back. What is there for him to come back for?'

'Revenge!'

'Revenge! Surely he had that before he went.'

'I hope he thinks so,' Ralph said, with a shudder. 'I most devoutly hope he thinks so; I never wish to see his face again.'

He pushed back his plate as he spoke—they had been waiting upon themselves.

'And you have no more instructions to give me?' Mrs Graham said, looking up at the great old clock.

'None,' Ralph answered. 'I only have to give you the usual amount, and to thank you for all you have done.'

As he spoke again the armour seemed to clank. Ralph and the woman looked wildly round, and distinctly at the far end of the armoury, where the lights burnt most dimly and the shadows fell with most ghostly dimness, they saw two of the suits move, the arms moved themselves, the steel-cased fingers pushed the visors up, and where there had been nothing, there were faces, firmly set mouths, and flashing eyes. For a moment they looked at the frightened man and woman, then, while their hearts froze with horror, while their eyes glared from their heads, and their limbs became paralyzed, the armour-cased men stepped down from their pedestals, and advanced up the room.

It was enough to frighten any one with the strongest nerves, that empty cases of armour should suddenly be endowed with the power of walking, that human faces should look out of the steel setting; but, as they drew backward, a new horror met their gaze. Rising from the floor was the same figure Ralph had seen many times before—the ghostly figure of a woman with a beautiful, pale, sad face. Slowly she rose till she stood at her full height, then glided forward. The men in armour paused and looked; Ralph and Mrs Graham, growing whiter and whiter, shrank further backward.

Onward the figure went, with a slow, gliding motion, until within a few feet of Ralph; then it paused.

'Scoundrel, and you, the tool of a scoundrel,' she said, turning to the frightened woman, 'forbear—pause before you try to work more mischief; for, as there is a Heaven above me, I will unmask you. All your wickedness, all you misdeeds, are known to me. Thief, liar, murderer, forger judgment is upon you. This heart, which you have broken, shall have its revenge.'

She moved a step nearer; the woman threw up her arms, and fell fainting to the ground. Nearer still—Ralph kept his eyes upon her as though fascinated.

The armed men took a step forward; then one stood still, and the other, with a swift movement, came onward, threw his arms around the ghostly woman, drew her close to his heart, and cried, as he kissed her:

'Muriel—Muriel, my wife!'

A shrill scream rang out through the armoury. For a moment Ralph gazed upon the picture; then something in his heart seemed to give way, an idiotic laugh broke from his lips, and he ran a madman from the armoury.

CHAPTER XVI.

'MURIEL—Muriel, my wife!

Strange words to address to a spirit—a ghost; but it was no supernatural being that Jack held in his armour cased arms: but a creature of flesh and blood—his love, his long-lost wife.

She looked up at him; her face grew paler than ever; she trembled like one struck with an ague.

'Jack—Jack!' she whispered in an awed voice, 'is it really you?'

'My darling, yes,' he answered, stooping to kiss her and finding his helmet in the way. 'Bob, take this confounded thing off.'

Bob did as he desired, then discreetly retired to the other end of the armoury, while, after years of separation, and doubt, and sorrow, the lips of husband and wife met.

What a kiss it was—long, lingering, sweet! With it was given once more all the love of youth—all the stored love of long, long years spent apart; to both it was like receiving one back from the dead.

'Is it really you, Jack?' she said—'really you in the flesh? I thought you were dead. He told me you were dead.'

'He lied!' Jack answered. 'It is really me, my wife, in the flesh. But I have my doubts of you, my love. Look at this little white hand—surely, surely it belongs to a spirit woman?'

'I am no spirit woman,' she answered; 'though for years I have been thought one. Oh, husband, love, we have much, much to tell one another. But first tell me, have we still two little children, Jack?'

'We have still two children,' he answered, smiling; 'but Mispah is as big as you, Muriel, and Noel a great boy.'

'Take me to them,' she whispered; 'let me see my children.'

'Not yet,' he answered; 'we must prepare them first. Remember, love, they thought they lost their mother years ago, as I thought I had lost my wife. Let me get out of this armoury, then tell me all that has happened since that dreadful day when I thought you had left me.'

'You doubted me, then, Jack.'

'God forgive me—yes; and yet how could I help it?—I had the news in your handwriting.'

'I never doubted you,' she answered, 'though he told me you had let me go willingly, in exchange for two thousand pounds. He showed me your receipt for the sum; but I knew it was a forgery, and I told him so.'

'You were more faithful than I,' he said, humbly; 'but you know it was not because I did not love you that I doubted. I left England a broken-hearted man. I could scarcely ——'

A groan from Mrs Graham interrupted him; they had quite forgotten her in their new-found joy. She sat up; then, seeing Muriel, hid her face once more.

'Spare me—spare me!' she said, in a trembling voice.

'You shall be spared if you will confess all you know,' Jack said—'all about the forged will and the rest of Ralph Sefton's wickedness.'

The woman hesitated; Muriel moved a little nearer to her; she shrank away.

'Keep off—keep off!' she said loudly. 'I'll promise anything, only do not come near me. I will write all I know, and send it to the clergyman—only let me go now.'

'You can go,' Jack answered.

And, covering her face, the woman went.

'Now to hear the whole history,' Jack said, sitting down and drawing his wife to his side. 'Bob, come here and hear the history, and be introduced to my darling—my wife.'

Bob, who had meanwhile got rid of his armour, came forward.

'To my friend,' Jack said, 'I owe more than I can ever repay. He was the first to make me doubt that the letter seemingly in your handwriting was genuine; it was he who found out that Mrs Graham, the postmistress, was making one of her usual monthly visits here to-night; it was he who devised the plan of getting into two of the suits of armour. Had it not been for him, perhaps I should never have held you in my arms again. I shall ever owe him a debt of gratitude.'

'And I,' Muriel said, putting out her hand, and looking up at him with eyes like Mispah's—'I wish I could thank you properly.'

'For anything I have done I shall ask you to pay me over and over again some day,' Bob answered.

Muriel looked puzzled, but Jack smiled.

'I think you will have your payment,' he said. 'Muriel, he wants our daughter for his wife.'

'What! Baby Mispah?'

Both men laughed softly.

'Mispah is no longer a baby,' Jack said. 'She is a beautiful girl, the image of her mother. And now, love, the story.'

'Let me begin from the beginning,' she said; then went on without waiting:

'You know, Jack, when you asked me to be your wife, I refused, thinking a marriage with me might ruin your prospects. Then you went to your father, and, though he did not approve, which was natural, perhaps, he did not forbid you to marry me. You came back to me, told me this, and I promised to let things be as you wished.

'Well, we were married; your father did not come to the wedding, but your cousin did. Then we went abroad. When in Paris we had a letter from your father, saying that, as you had disobeyed him (which you had not) by marrying beneath you (and I was beneath you, dear), you were no longer a son of his, and he should make your cousin Ralph his heir.'

'A forgery, of course,' Bob said.

Jack started.

'Do you really think so?' he asked.

'Undoubtedly.'

'You wrote to your father, and had the letter returned unopened; you were high-spirited, and you did not write again.'

'We stayed abroad; Mispah was born, then Noel. We were very happy. You sent your father the papers with the births of the children in, but he took no notice. After a time you grew homesick, and we came back to England. You heard your father was ill, and tried to see him; but the servants—new ones since you had left home—would not let you in. Now comes my story.

'I was walking down the village when one of the carriages from the castle passed me, and stopped a little way ahead. Ralph Sefton got out, and came to me.

'"My uncle is very ill," he said; "he has asked to see you—it may mean much to Jack. Will you come?"

'I never thought of foul play; I never doubted for a moment; I stepped into the carriage, and we were driven off. I thought only of you, and what it yet might mean to you if your father should consider me worthy of being his daughter.

'We reached the castle; Ralph led me up four flights of stairs. I thought it strange an old man should care to sleep so high up, but said nothing; it might be a fancy of his.

'He opened a door at last; we went in; then he turned and locked it.

'"My uncle is dead," he said; "his will leaves me everything; Jack is a beggar. You are a woman; therefore you love the good things of this world. I can give you all your heart desires; Jack can have a letter this evening in so good an imitation of your handwriting that he will not doubt but that it comes from you, to say you have left him for me; he will never doubt but that it is true. You are my prisoner, my captive, but your chains will be chains of gold, for I love you."

'You may well imagine my horror, and how powerless I was to escape from this man. He tried to kiss me, but I snatched a knife from the table, and I have kept it ever since. I have been his prisoner—nothing more.

'More than a year passed by; he told me you were dead, and asked me to be his wife. I refused. I tried all I could to escape, but I could not, I was too safely guarded. He told me my name was a by-word of shame—that everyone thought I had left you for him—that I should be hooted and stoned out of the village if I did escape.

'More years passed onward. I fell ill, and I wished with all my heart that I could die. The doctor was called in—a strange doctor. He ordered me to be moved down stairs, and I was moved. He was kind and attentive, and in spite of my wish I began to mend. I would have told him my story, only I was never alone; an old woman named Stifle was always with me. Ralph was afraid to come near me. It was scarlet fever I had.

'The fever left me, and the doctor came no more. I heard he had gone abroad for his holiday. I was still very weak, but getting better fast.

'One day, when Mrs Stifle was sitting by my bedside, I began to cry. She asked me why I was crying, and I said I would I were dead. "Why?" she asked. "So that I might get away from here," I answered.

'She seemed to think for a little while.

'"Do you want to get away from here so much?" she said.

'"I would give all I possess to get away from here," I answered.

'I saw her glance down at my fingers, on which your rings were still flashing, Jack.

'"Would you give the pretty diamonds?" she asked.

'"Yes, yes," I answered; it seemed horrible to part with your rings, Jack, but more horrible to be there.

'"I will show you a way of escape," she said; "but you must let me say that you are dead. I can manage everything. My son-in law is an undertaker; he will tell no tales if the coffin has nobody in it; it will be a job for him. The doctor is a friend of master's and will send the certificate right enough. Give me the rings, and I'll get you away to-night."

'Then I felt a little frightened. Where could I go when I escaped? There was simply no home open for me.

'I said I scarcely thought I felt strong enough to go at once.

'"You can stop where I am going to put you for a day or two, if you like," she said; "but you must get away from this room to-day, or not at all. The master's gone up to town, and the servants are mostly out."

'So I dressed myself, with her help; then she gave me her arm, and I managed painfully to drag my limbs along. She led

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me to the armoury, touched a hidden spring, and a panel revolved, leaving room for us to pass through to the darkness beyond. I followed her, fearing and trembling. She led me down, down, down—down stone steps which were so steep and high that, had it not been for her help, I must have fallen. We reached the bottom at length. She struck a light and lighted a small lamp she carried. I looked around, and saw we were in a great stone room. There was furniture in it, but so covered with dust that it was evident that the place had not been inhabited for years.

"'Stay here until you are a little stronger,' Mrs Stiffe said, not unkindly. "I will bring you food once a day. From this room there is a passage which leads you along under the land for a mile, and brings you out by the sea. You shall have plenty of lights, and I will not forget to feed you."

'In the evening she came again with bedding and food.

"'I have brought you enough food for twenty-four hours," she said; "to-morrow night I will come to you again. It is dangerous getting here; I cannot come too often; the revolving panel only works one way. I have to go back through the very floor of the armoury. I cannot see whether any one is there, and, if I were seen, I should be taken for a ghost, and frighten whoever saw me into fits. I have telegraphed to Mr Sefton to say you have had a relapse, and have told every one in the house that I do not think you will recover. They are afraid all of them to come near your room. To-night I shall telegraph again to say that you are dead.'

'When she left me, I dragged myself after her to watch her go. She went down a passage, then stood on a sort of lift, touched a spring, and the thing moved slowly upward. When she reached what must have been the floor of the armoury a small piece of it opened outward. She stepped off it, the flooring closed, and it came slowly down again.

'In three weeks I was strong enough to get away; but where was I to go? Ralph Sefton's words came back to me—that my name was a by-word and a shame in the village.

'All believed me an unfaithful wife. Who would take me in? Who would believe my story? Many, many times I went to the end of the cavern, only to turn back. I had been so long a prisoner, I was afraid of freedom. Mrs Stiffe was very good and patient, though afraid that she would be caught coming to me.

'She had given out that I was dead, suggesting to Ralph that he should write to the doctor who had attended me for a certificate.

'He sent it, demurring a little. Her son-in-law brought the coffin. It was filled with stones and buried; no one doubted but that I was dead.

'After a time Mrs Stiffe ceased to visit me, and I wanted for food. For two days I was without it. But at last I could stand the horrible hunger no longer.

'I remembered that it was Ralph's fancy to sup always in the armoury; I knew that the tray was not taken away till the morning; I would go up the secret lift and help myself.

'I watched at the mouth of the cave where the sea rolled up till night came on—watched it grow darker and darker, and the stars come out; waited until I thought midnight had come, then stepped on the lift.

'Slowly it rose; slowly a portion of the polished floor lifted, and fell back noiselessly. The room was empty; the moonlight came in through the stained glass windows and gleamed upon the armour. I moved toward the table; there was bread and meat and wine upon it. I took some of each, sitting down like a ghost among the old knights; then I filled a jug I had brought with water, took some bread with me, and went back to my hiding place again through the panel.

For two or three months I did this without being seen; but one night, whether I was earlier, or Ralph was later, I do not know, but I came up the trap and found him sitting there.

'I stood still with fear; I forgot for the moment, till I saw him shivering with terror, that he would probably be more frightened than I; but one look at his face showed me that he took me for a supernatural being. I spoke to him in a deep, low voice, then glided across the room, and away through the panel. More than once I did this, but not intentionally; I was too much afraid of being discovered. Generally he was alone—once he had a young girl with him; he was making love to her; I heard him before he saw me—once a young man. To-night, as you know, there was Mrs Graham with him; she, I know, has helped him in all his evil ways, and now it is our duty to punish both.'

'Be sure they shall not escape,' Jack said, drawing Muriel close to his side. 'Oh, love, love! you have a strange, dreadful past; but, if my love can make you so, you shall be happy yet, my wife!'

CHAPTER XVII.

'Bridget, did you ever have a valentine?'

'Did ever I have a valentine?' Bridget repeated, looking at Mispah, with half-offended dignity. 'Me! And wasn't it twenty-three I was last February?'

'Does that mean that you have had valentines?'

'Sure; and if it does not, I don't know what it does mean,' she returned. 'Why, I've had them every year regular since I was a girl of fourteen.'

'And were you ever offended when you got them?'

'Offended! Dear Heaven bless your heart, no. Faith, it's a compliment to have one sent. I had one this morning. Maybe, avourneen, you'd like to see it?'

'That I should,' Mispah answered, 'if you don't mind showing it me, Bridget.'

For answer the girl went to a drawer, from which she produced a white paper box; this contained a paper lace-work arrangement, trimmed with white satin bows, and a painting representing a bright red heart, at which a fat cupid was shooting. Under the picture was written:

To My Valentine.

I love thee more than words can say.
I love thee better every day:
My life, my love, are wholly thine:
Oh, will you be my Valentine?

'And shall you send any answer?' Mispah asked.

'Faith, and I must; or it's a badly brought up, impolite girl I'd be thought,' she answered.

'You know from whom it comes, then?'

A broad smile widened the Irish girl's mouth.

'Sure and I can guess,' she answered.

'And what will you say?'

'Something like this,' the girl continued. '"Begorrah, and it's like your impudence, that it is, to be sending Bridget Murphy a valentine, and it's angry she'd be with you if it wasn't that you're a neat laddie; so under the circumstances she'll take you for her valentine, and you may take her for yours."'

'That would be the right thing to say, would it?' Mispah asked, gravely.

'Under the circumstances—yes; but it's not well to be eager answering such things—I mean I shall not be writing till to-morrow; it is well to keep the spalpeens in suspense a while.'

'Thank you.'

She left the kitchen where Bridget resided, and went up to her bed room to meditate over what the girl had said.

She, too, and for the first time in her life, had received a valentine. There was only one person who would send her one. It was not so elaborate as Bridget's, only a box of roses, with the words, 'Be my valentine,' written in blue forget-me-nots.

Mispah wondered where he had managed to get such beautiful flowers even at that time of the year: she never doubted from whom they came—her heart whispered that they were from Lord Glenferris, and she was glad—very, very glad.

It seemed a wonderful thing to her that he should have thought of it; no other man would have—no one else would have been so kind.

She wondered vaguely, if she should consent to be his valentine, what the duties of a valentine were; she ought to have asked Bridget that.

Should she go and ask her mother. Her mother? What a wonderful and beautiful thing it seemed that she had a mother whom she could run to—a mother who had been a martyr, a saint—not a sinner, as they had thought! Should she go to her? She took up the box of roses almost shyly, and left her room once more.

In the hall she met Humpy; his eyes fell upon the flowers at once.

'What have you there, Mispah?' he said, in his sweet, deep toned voice.

'Flowers,' she answered, looking up at him. 'My valentine, Humpy,' changing her mind, and deciding to take him into her confidence. 'Did you ever have a valentine?'

'Never,' he answered, a flush sweeping his face. 'I never had a love-token in my life. 'And so,' sighing softly, 'you have had a valentine—little one. From whom?'

'There is no name upon it,' she said, coming a little nearer to him; 'but I think, I am almost sure it is from Lord Glenferris.'

'Why?' he asked, a little harshly

'He is so kind,' she said, simply, without a shade of deeper colour stealing into her face. 'Will you look at it, Humpy, and tell me what you think I ought to say?'

He took it in his hands, and, under the slight weight, the strong hands trembled.

'It there anything for you to say?' he asked.

'Yes,' she returned. 'You see, he asks me the question: "Will you be my valentine?" What shall I say, Humpy?'

A little shiver ran through him.

'Don't ask me, Mispah, he said. 'I cannot advise you; and I think the lady is not meant to answer a valentine. It is enough that you accept it.'

He turned and left her as he spoke. She caught a hat from the stand in the hall, and, with the flowers still in her hand, went out into the cool fresh air. The sun was shining warmly; she scarcely felt that it was cold.

'Will he think me ungrateful,' she thought, pondering to herself, 'if I say nothing at all? I wish I knew what was right. I—'

Her thoughts were interrupted; she heard footsteps coming behind her. She looked down at her flowers, and wondered if anyone passing would think it strange that she carried them. She did not look round until a voice called her by name:

'Mispah!'

She turned quickly. Lord Glenferris was at her side. She would have to speak of the valentine now; she must, since she held it in her hand.

She scarcely noticed that he had called her by her short, curious name; while she wondered what she should say he spoke again, and saved her the trouble.

'You had the flowers, then?' speaking as though he thought they would probably have miscarried. 'Did you like them?'

'So much,' she answered; 'it is the first valentine I have ever received. Bridget has had them ever since she can remember, but I had scarcely heard of them before to-day. You ask me to be your valentine; I hardly know what that is—will you tell me?'

He grew a little pale, then took the girl's hand, flowers and all, in his. There was no one near.

They had strolled away from the cottage among the great, gaunt, life'ess trees which bordered the road.

'What I would have you be to me,' he said, striving to keep calm lest he should frighten her, 'is my lifelong companion, my second self. I would have you always near me; I would have your greatest contentment, your greatest happiness, in being my companion, as mine would be in being yours.'

'And that is what you mean you wish me to be when you say, "Be my valentine."'

'Yes; that is what I mean.'

'It means as much as that, does it' she said, softly; and yet I fancy it cannot always mean as much as that. Bridget has valentines every year she tells me, and never answers the question with a no. How can she be a second self to so many?'

'Bridget would have different views upon the subject to yours and mine,' he answered. 'I have never sent a valentine before, just as you have never received one before.'

'Why have you never sent one before?'

'Why,' repeating the word, 'because I have never loved before. Mispah,' bringing her to a standstill, 'did you never guess that I loved you? Sometimes, sweet, I have thought—I have hoped that you did, and I have wondered if it could be possible that you gave me a little love in return. Darling,' coming a little closer, 'I love you with so great a love—not with a love that has been given here and there, frittered away in fleeting passions, but with the one great love of my life, the only love. Mispah, sweet, can you love me in return? Will you be my wife?'

Will you be my wife? It is a question which makes most girls lower their heads and drop their eyes.

Mispah raised here, and looked him full in the face—looked at him long and earnestly, as though she would read his very soul, her colour deepening a little.

'Will it mean so much to you?' she asked.

'It will mean everything,' he answered. 'Just the little word "Yes" from you, love, will make me the happiest fellow upon earth, just as the little word "No" would make me the most miserable. But you will not give me a "No," will you? You will promise yourself to me, will you not? It will please everyone—your father, your mother, Noel, and—yes, I think, even Humpy. Mispah, dearest, you will not say "No" to me.'

He put his arms around her, and bent his head close to here; his eyes looked straight into hers, questioningly, lovingly. She gave a little half sigh; he bent his head still lower and kissed her.

'Mispah,' he whispered, 'Mispah, say it is "Yes." Kiss me back, and say it is "Yes."'

For a moment she was still, then the sweet lips were shyly lifted, and then there was no need for words.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It took but a little while to prove the will, by which Ralph Sefton had inherited, a forgery, and after a long search the right one was found.

Mrs Graham, under promise of pardon, confessed all she knew, and Jack and his beautiful wife and children installed themselves in the castle.

The shock of seeing two whom he believed dead robbed Ralph of his reason, and doctors despaired of his ever regaining it. Perhaps it was well. He escaped punishment, and he could work no more ill toward his fellow creatures; his punishment for evil came from God instead of man, and was just in its severity.

Muriel soon regained her health and spirits, the love and companionship of her husband and children working wonders. The romantic story became public property, and those who had spoken of her as

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[illegible] home, [illegible], made much of her, and fed all [illegible].

As for Jack, he was as happy as the days were long; his youth seemed to have been given back to him. He had his wife—his wife once more—the wife whom he had thought faithless and dead was alive and true—had been true to him always. No wonder that care had left his face, and that joy had replaced it.

He was glad, too, that Megan had given her heart to the one who had been the means of bringing so much gladness to him; probably, had it not been for Bob's faith in a woman's truth, he never would have had his darling back again; certainly, had he not suggested their concealing themselves in the suits of armour, he never would have heard that conversation between Ralph and Mrs Graham, or seen and recognised his wife.

Even Humpy, after a fierce fight with himself, wished the engaged couple happiness in all sincerity.

Hope Carthew was a frequent visitor at the castle. Her mother, pocketing her disappointment, had been one of the first to call and congratulate Minnie and Jack on the happy ending of so many sad years, and Megan and her daughter had struck up a firm friendship at once. They had one feeling in common, which is necessary between friends—one subject upon which they never tired of talking—they were both in love; they were both going to take upon themselves the responsibilities of wives when the summer came round again.

Mrs Graham had been forced by Jack to resign her position at the post office, and from that time there had been no weary waiting for letters for Hope. Those that had been suppressed had been destroyed, but Gerald wrote by every mail now. The year of probation was over, and soon—very soon—as quickly as steam power could bring him, he would be home.

The March winds were whistling through the trees, bending their bare branches low, and howling round the castle. In the armoury, lighted by bright, crackling with merry laughter and bright, happy voices, gathered round the wood fire, which blazed, and crackled, and glowed, were Jack, his wife and children, Humpy, Bob, and Hope. Megan's hand lay clasped in Humpy's; she was very tender and gentle with him now—perhaps love had opened her eyes and taught her how much she was to the hunchback.

Bob looked at the small hand now and then a little enviously, but not jealously. He was sorry for Humpy—honestly sorry, though he could not wish things otherwise than they were.

'Who would have thought a year ago,' Jack said, putting up the cushion which had slipped down in his wife's chair, and settling her comfortably, 'that I should be living in my own house a perfectly happy man, and all I love around me? Sometimes I think it must be a dream, and that I shall wake up in the gold diggings once more, with the light shining through the little window of my hut.'

'I have that feeling sometimes,' Megan said, softly. 'I think that, when we experience great joy after great sorrow, we always mistrust it. But this is reality; and yet, contradicting herself, 'I am sure that our present happiness is no dream, but real and substantial.'

'I trust so,' Bob said, smiling. 'What should I do were I to awake as from a dream and find this great armoury empty, excepting for the silent men in armour, with no dear friends and no Megan beside me?'

'You would go to California and seek me, surely!' the girl said, laughing. 'But do not fear, Bob; I am no mere creature of a drowsy brain.'

As she spoke the great bell of the castle clanged out.

'A visitor!' Jack said. 'A late hour for anyone to arrive. Who can it be? Some benighted traveller, perhaps.'

They heard the massive door open, then a servant came along the oak hall.

'A gentleman to see Miss Carthew,' he said.

'For me?' she said, looking up in surprise. 'Did he give no name?'

'No, miss.'

'It is curious,' she said, turning and looking round. 'Who can have come to see me at this time of night?'

Jack and Bob exchanged glances.

'The best way is to go and see—that will solve the question,' Jack said. 'Where have you shown him, Mason?'

'In the drawing-room, sir.'

Half reluctantly Hope left her warm seat by the fire; the servant threw open the door, and closed it after her.

Some one was standing at the window—some one who turned as the door opened, and came toward her with glad, outstretched arms.

'Hope!'

'Gerald!'

Just the two words, then a kiss, which made up for the long year of waiting, the grief and sorrow of that struggle.

For a time no questions were asked, no words were spoken; it was quite enough to be together, lips to lips and heart to heart.

'Why did you not let me know?' she said, at length.

'I wanted to surprise you,' he answered. 'And the ship made a quick passage. I went to your house; but your mother told me you were here, and I could not wait all to-night without seeing you. Darling, are you pleased to see me?'

'So pleased!'

'You look a little pale, love; but we will soon alter that; we will get the roses back once more. How good it is to be with you again!'

'And you will not have to leave me to go abroad any more?'

'No; I will never leave you again, even to gain a fortune; it is too costly. Either you shall come with me, or the money can go; but I am rich enough now, even richer than we thought. Your parents need not fear but that I can keep you in comfort. Is [illegible] Sefton no better?'

'No; they say he never will be.'

'He has been a wicked man; he has caused so much sorrow; he tried to do us a great wrong, sweetheart; and yet from my heart I pity him. Mad! Could anything be more terrible; but we must think of nothing sad now, in this first night of our meeting after so many sad, sad months.'

'Sad months, indeed,' she answered. 'Sometimes, dear, I thought that I could not bear my life. But it is over now. Come, Gerald,' with a little half sigh, 'we must join the others now.'

He held her in his arms and kissed her till the roses bloomed more vividly than ever, then, laughing, drew her arm through his, and led her to the armoury.

What an evening they had! Even Humpy, in spite of the pain at his heart, felt their mirth and happiness infectious. He was glad—more than glad that, since Megan could never be his—and he had always known that—she had found one who would love her truly, devotedly, fondly. He would be near her always so long as his life lasted. Jack had insisted upon his living with him always at the castle, and Minnie had said that she could not be quite happy if her husband's friend left them. Nolan, too, would miss him terribly, and feel lonely if he lost him and his sister; and so he promised to stay.

The logs crackled, the white ash dropped from them in feathery, lace-like flakes, the red lights shone upon the gleaming armour, and the moonlight came in through the stained glass windows. All was so beautiful, so cheerful, and bright, a smile upon every face, good fellowship in every heart.

'Sing to us, Megan,' Bob said, leaning toward her, and touching for a moment the little white hand upon which his ring glistened.

'What shall I sing?' she answered, smiling.

'Sing us "Home, Sweet Home,"' Jack said.

'There is no place like home, is there, Mr Le Breton?' turning to Gerald.

'None,' he answered.

'But you are not at home,' Hope said.

'Am I not?' he whispered. 'I think I am. My home is where you are, sweet.'

'You are right,' Jack said, catching the whispered words. 'Our home is not made of bricks and stone, but by the affection of those who love us. Sing us the dear old song, Megan.'

And, while hand rested in hand, and eyes looked lovingly into eyes, the sweet, simple words and the sweet, simple tune rang purely and melodiously through The Haunted Armoury.

[THE END.]

BABY'S BELONGINGS.

The old-fashioned long dress with tight, short sleeves are quite out of fashion. Loose, high-necked flannelette or woollen garments which fit comfortably, yet allow baby the free use of its limbs, are the only ones used.

Napkins are made of cotton or linen diaper, Canton flannel, and stockinette; the latter is the best material when it can be obtained, but it must not have a coating of rubber. Canton flannel is absorbent and very satisfactory. The finest napkin requires three-quarters of a yard of this fabric.

Dainty little wrappers are made of flannel, cashmere, eiderdown flannel, merino, cloth, and nun's veiling. The latter two have an interlining of cotton batting, and are tufted with zephyr. Flannel wrappers may be worn, or smarter cashmere ones. One can be made from two yards of material a yard wide, and ornamented with feather-stitching, lace or ribbon.

Although not worn at first, bibs soon become a necessity. They are made of nainsook, lined with cambric with a layer of cotton batting between and quilted in diamonds or any pattern desired. Three-eighths of a yard of nainsook will make covers for half a dozen. They can be trimmed with lace or embroidery.

Creeping aprons have supplanted the old-fashioned creeping skirts. They are made with high neck and long sleeves; a wide elastic is run in the hem at the bottom. They are cut long enough to turn up under the skirts, bringing the elastic around the waist, and are made of gingham or any serviceable cotton material.

Knitted socks can be crocheted or knitted at home at much less expense than bought ones. They can be made of eider down flannel with the single sole turned out. A quarter of a yard will make a pair. Kid moccasins for older babies come in tan, white, black, pink and blue. These, too, can be made at home of kid or chamois and ornamented with feather stitching in silk.

The first long cloak is usually of cream cashmere decorated with embroidery in silk or rows of narrow cream ribbon with feather stitching between. If made of bengaline silk or of faille silk trimmed with narrow ribbon they are rather expensive. About three yards of material forty-four inches wide is required to make one. Cream silk and wool flannel can be used instead of cashmere. Cotton Bedford cord, duck or any of the pretty new cotton fabrics, the lighter flannels, cashmere, silk and China silk, are suitable for summer cloaks for older babies.

Three-eighths of a yard of material twenty seven inches wide will make the little cap in which the baby makes its first appearance out of doors. The summer ones are of nainsook or lawn with bands of lace insertion or clusters of tucking, with a full ruche of Valenciennes lace around the face and with strings of lace trimmed muslin. Those of silk have an embroidered crown and band of embroidery on the head piece. The same full ruche surrounds the face and the strings are of ribbon or silk hemmed on the edges. In winter they have an interlining of wadding, and a Shetland veil is provided to cover the face.

Many mothers use only the pinning blanket until the baby is two or three months old. If petticoats are desired they should be made with shoulder straps and buttons so that there is no fulness to be gathered in at the neck. A yard of cambric will make one.

It should be held as part of the ethics of family honour never to speak slightingly of any member of the family to outsiders. The old and somewhat vulgar proverb, 'Wash all your soiled linen at home,' contains the gist of an obvious truth. Parents should impress this family loyalty upon their children, and teach them that it means dignity and strength and happiness to be guardians of their own hearts—as it were the staunch defenders of the honour of the family.

Prisoner: 'What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!'

INDIGESTION
And Liver Complaint
CURED BY USING
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Mr. T. J. CLUNE,
of Walkerville, S. Australia, writes:

"Some years ago, I had an attack of Indigestion and Liver Complaint that lasted for weeks. I was unable to do any hard work, had no appetite, food distressed me, and I suffered much from headache. My skin was

sallow and sleep did not refresh me. I tried several remedies and consulted a doctor without obtaining any relief. Finally, one of my customers recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It helped me from the first—in fact, after taking six bottles I was completely cured, and could eat anything and sleep like a child."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Has cured others, will cure you.
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

WHY NOT LIVE A CENTURY.

'In the coming time,' said a famous English poet, 'a man or woman eighty or one hundred years old will be more beautiful than the youth or maiden of twenty, as the ripe fruit is more beautiful and fragrant than the green. These ripe men and women will have no wrinkles on the brow, no grey hair, no bent and feeble bodies. On the contrary they will have perfect hearing, clear eyesight, sound teeth, elastic step, and mental vigour.'

Does this sound absurd and impossible? Why should it? People over one hundred years old are frequently met with in these days, as they have been as far as human records go back. A man is of no real value until he is past fifty and has gained control of his passions and acquired some practical wisdom. After that he ought to have from fifty to seventy-five working years before him. Who dies short of one hundred he violates, dies of his own folly or that of his ancestors. One chief thing, however, we must learn. What is it? Take an illustration—such as we see multitudes of on every side.

Mr Richard Legrave of New Bolingbroke, near Boston, Lincolnshire, is a man now somewhat over seventy. He is a farmer, well known and highly respected in his district. In the spring of 1891 he had an attack of influenza from which he never fully recuperated. The severe symptoms passed away, of course, but he remained weak. Nourishing food would have built him up, provided he could have eaten and digested it. Yet here was the trouble, his appetite was poor, and what little he took, as a matter of necessity rather than of relish, seemed to act wrong with him. Instead of giving him strength it actually produced pain and distress in the sides, chest and stomach.

Then again—which is a common experience—he would feel a craving for something to eat; yet on sitting down to a meal, in the hope to enjoy it, the stomach would suddenly rebel against the proceeding, and he would turn from the table without having having swallowed a mouthful.

Nothing could come of this but increasing weakness, and in a short time before it was all he could do to summon strength to walk about. As for working on his farm, that, to be sure, was not to be thought of. He had a doctor attending him, as we should expect. If the services of a learned medical man are ever needed they must be in such a case—when nature seems to be all broken up, and the machinery runs slow, as the family clocks do when we have forgotten to wind them at the usual hour.

Well, Mr Legrave took the prescribed medicines, but did no better. He asked the doctor why that was, and he appeared to be puzzled for an answer at first. Naturally enough a doctor doesn't like to admit that his medicines are doing no good, because he expects to be paid for them; and then there is his professional pride, besides.

However, he finally said, 'If my medicines fail to make you better it is owing to your age.' That idea was plain as a pikestaff, and if the patient had never got any better afterwards, why, who could dispute what the doctor said? Nobody, of course. It would look just as though Mr Legrave were really going to pieces from old age. But something subsequently happened which spoils that easy theory of the case. What it was he tells us in a letter dated February 3rd, 1893.

'After doctoring several months without receiving any benefit, I determined to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr G. H. Hanson, Chemist, New Bolingbroke. After taking the Syrup for a week I was much better. I had a good appetite, and what I ate digested and strengthened me; and by the time I had taken two bottles I was well *and strong as ever*. You may publish this statement if you think proper. (Signed) RICHARD LEGRAVE.'

So it proved, after all, that Mr Legrave was not suffering from old age *at seventy*—but from indigestion and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's great discovery routed that, he felt 'well and strong as ever.'

Now for the moral: It is not Father Time who mows people down thus early in life; it is the Demon of Dyspepsia. Keep him away, and—barring accidents—you may live a century.

It is stated that a ham sandwich has been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii in a perfect state of preservation. When tasted it was pronounced to be very similar to those to be got at the railway refreshment-rooms.

'Are you the new woman?' 'Yes.' 'Well, come in and I will give you some of my husband's old clothes.'

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WELLINGTON

— THE —

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OLNEY'S WHOLESALE STOCK - - -

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LADIES' SAILOR HATS.
Trimmed and Untrimmed. 9D 1/- 1/6 EACH.

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CHIP, LEGHORN, AND TUSCAN HATS.
All the Season's Shapes. 1/- AND 1/6 EACH.

Lot 2.
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Formerly	3/6	5/6	7/6	10/6
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Lot 3.
CHILDREN'S WHITE STRAW HATS.
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Standard Makes. Reduced from 4/11 2/11 PER PAIR.

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MESSRS A. MILLAR AND CO.
Auckland.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

HAT we may prepare some autumn garments is true on the cards now. Here is the illustration of a kind of improved 'Deerstalker' which makes an ideal travelling hat in every way, and is so plain that it does not require the deft fingers of a professional milliner to turn it out fit for wear. This is one of the newest of the fresh autumn felts and in tone is a dark grey. Round the border is an edging of cerise silk carried out in a wider style of ribbon about the crown. On one side there is a knot by way of finish, and some speckled quills, very suggestive of the moors and the game one kills on the wide expanse of heather. Those ayems, therefore, who follow the gun would find this hat very appropriate to don with a shooting gown.

FOR THE MOORS.

Being on the subject of autumn holiday clothes, we may as well mention that the white or blue flannel sunnies and the brown holland coats and skirts that looked so very fine two years ago, and even *manage* last season, now look hopelessly ordinary unless turned out in a new shape by a first-rate tailor. The recent Bank holiday indeed gave the final blow to this mode. Arrest was here there and everywhere in cotton toilette evidently picked up at the summer sales for something like four shillings and elevenpence half-penny.

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Now that we have pronounced our weekly opinion on hats and their pendants, let us proceed to the ever-important theme of seasonable dress, that at this time of the year should to some extent partake of the early winter, being withal quite weather-proof. The good old-fashioned navy blue serge, originally evident of course in the much approved up-to-date style, always looks supremely ladylike and altogether excellent form if cut by deft hands and arranged in an unobtrusive manner. Something entirely diverging from the modern packs of work-a-day tailoring and dressmaking is our one-piece gown of to-day. It would be suitable either for the

A CITY GIRL.

heather, the Thames, the Continent, a premature fight through London, or what not, in the way of holiday resorts. Built in a soft navy diagonal *manage* it has the baby bodice bodice, so eminently becoming to slight girlish figures. This charming little corsage lays slightly over a drawn belt of deep orange coloured velvet, the warm *Monsoon* tone finding repetition in the ground of the damart rose checked with dark blue. A band of the *velours* cleverly finished off with a taut little bow and moderately sized Musketeer ruffs of the fancy silk, complete an ideal between season toilette thoroughly Parisian in its colouring and general smartness. The narrow watch-spring steel inserted in the hem of some of the light summer dresses affected a trim

JACKET OF SHEPHERD'S PLAID.

or vests. The vest represented is of white Duchesse satin, with drawn collar and large bow at the back. The front is pleated and fastened with diamond buttons. The coat is lined with white Duchesse satin. The skirt, which is only partly shown, is cut very full, with three box-pleats at the back, the edge showing a band of black velvet about an inch deep.

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Every day the first and evening matinées are becoming more and more things of sartorial beauty, and the modified Directoire shape appears to be the favourite cut for these long circles so essentially picturesque. A very *élégante* overall noted at one of the autumn race meetings was made of rich rustling silk shading from a deep crimson to electric blue. Over a large frilled cape of

A CAPE-COAT.

shot coloured gaiguet was set a pointed collar in cherry velvet which matched the streamers knotted in

front. From neck to waist fell a jabot of lace. Of course this smart cloak could be very effectually copied in a good quality of alpaca or lustre and would look nearly as well. For later on, as an opera cloak, it might be made of Liberty velvet with a collar of satin, and lined with some pretty inexpensive silk.

HELOISE.

"PERFECTION," says the Court Journal.

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DRESS FABRICS.

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

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Unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCK ROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS in FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that every package of the genuine powder bears the autograph of THOMAS KEATING; without this any article offered is a fraud. Sold in Tins only.

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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.

CELERY SALAD.—Break a head of celery in short pieces; let it lie in ice cold water one hour. Beat the yolks of four eggs, one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, and half a teaspoonful of black pepper together; add one gill of vinegar, and stir over the fire till thick as custard; set away to cool. When cold, add one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter or sweet cream. Drain the celery, pour the dressing over it, garnish with celery leaves and serve.

GALATINE OF FOWL.—For galatine of fowl, bone the bird, season it inside with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Mince or pound about 10 oz. of veal, the same of fresh pork, a little ham or tongue, a few pistachio nuts and almonds, three or four truffles, and five or six olives, season to taste. Spread this out about an inch thick, put on it a few pistachio nuts and almonds, blanched and shredded, roll it up, and carefully push it into the boned bird at the neck end, using a little cold water whilst doing so to bind the meat. Butter a cloth, tie up the galatine, lay it in a stew pan with carrots, turnips, celery cut up, some beets, a leek or two, peppercorns, and some stock, and cook for about an hour and a half, then remove it from the cloth, tie it together again, and put it under a weight till cold and firm. Garnish with aspic, and butter forced through a forcing bag.

WILD DUCK WITH RED CURRANT JELLY.—Prepare two fat wild ducks for roasting, place them in a baking pan, sprinkle the breasts with a little flour and seasoning, cover with a piece of buttered paper, and bake about thirty minutes in a hot oven, removing the paper a few minutes before they are done, to let them brown nicely. Place in a stewpan one pint of stock broth, one bay leaf, a few allspice, a sprig of thyme, a small cupful of red currant jelly, a little roux, and some salt and pepper: boil all together ten minutes, strain through a fine sieve, and add the juice of half a lemon. Dish the ducks on a hot dish, pour some of the boiling sauce over them, place the potato balls neatly around the dish; send the rest of the sauce to the table in a boat, and cut one lemon into small pieces on a plate, to be handed round with the duck.

POTATO BALLS.—Boil six large potatoes; when done, pass them through a sieve, and work into them, in a bowl, one gill of cream and the yolks of three eggs; add a little finely-chopped parsley, and pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. When well mixed and smooth, take them up by tablespoonfuls, roll each into a ball, flatten it a little, and flour it slightly. Lay them all in a frying pan with plenty of melted butter; cook them slowly, when one side is done, turn them over and cook the other. Serve very hot as soon as top and bottom are nicely browned.

LITTLE CAKES.—Put in a stewpan four eggs, half a tablespoonful of very strong coffee and 6oz of castor sugar; place the pan over boiling water and whip its contents till just warm, then remove from the water and continue till the mixture becomes cold and stiff, add by degrees 4oz of fine flour. Brush over the insides of some small tins with warm butter, dust them with sugar and flour mixed in equal quantities, knock them on the table to remove any superfluous flour, fill with the mixture and bake for about fifteen minutes. Dust them when turned out with castor sugar.

DAINTY D'OYLEYS.

DAINTY d'oyleys that will go to the wash and come home again with their faces smiling, are things we all require, and original designs are what money will not purchase: they must be thought and worked out by the housewife herself. I was much delighted by a set of d'oyleys which an American friend of mine has just completed, two of the designs of which I have had drawn for my readers' benefit.

There were six; two I give here and a wall-flower, a buttercup, a daisy, a cornflower, and a violet, all of which flowers lend themselves especially well to this kind of treatment. The material used was a very fine linen lawn, and they were embroidered with 'Asiatic Filoselle silk Flos.' The scroll work of the outer edge should be buttonholed with white flos silk, thereby rendering it quite neat and free from ravelling. Of course, after it is worked, the material must be cut away with a pair of very sharp scissors. Let us take the nasturtiums first: these should be carried out in shades of yellow, orange, and red, using the latter very sparingly and being careful that it is of a terra cotta tone, otherwise it will not harmonise well either with the yellow or the orange. In fact, the strong shade should be used more to heighten the character of the whole than as a leading feature, each of the petals should be shaded with a dark brownish colour where it joins the calex, the stems, leaves, tendrils, etc., should be worked in soft shades of grey-green silk. Each of the scrolls round the edge are treated altogether by means of a single blossom which, though it is worked, so to speak, full faced should be shaded carefully so as to lessen the look of flatness it otherwise would have. Much individual taste may be shown in the pansy d'oyley, as of course these flowers have such an immense variety of colouring that the worker must be

D'OYLEYS.

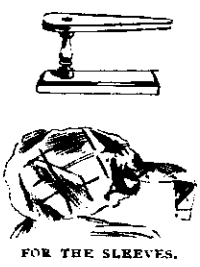
chiefly guided by the surroundings of her dinner table; even when these come to be considered it is often very hard to make a choice when working such small flowers as these must necessarily be. It is found better not to employ too many colours; two rich purple shades at the back petals, the three lower ones being carried out in a light yellow with dark veinings of the purple shades have an excellent effect, a rather more reddish colour may be substituted in the place of the purple, which will effect a pretty contrast without being too strong. Mauve pansies, those with brown backgrounds and yellow lower petals are exceedingly effective, and almost white blossoms with dark veinings are extremely pretty. Either yellow or bronze may be used for the stems or leaves, and it is as well not to keep them too dark.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

TO IRON SLEEVES.

THE Princess in the fairy tale derived a great deal of annoyance from a crushed rose-leaf, but I am quite sure it was nothing to equal the worry that we have to suffer under this summer from crushed sleeves; it is quite impossible to cram such a vast amount of material as is now used in the construction of our sleeves into a jacket, or even under the sheltering folds of a cloak without making them look as if they had been sat upon for a week. And they are exceedingly difficult to iron. The contrivance that I am bringing before you will mitigate some of these difficulties; it is made of quite ordinary wood, something after the fashion of an invalid's table. The top is quite plain, and about an inch and a half thick, and the edges may be sloped if it is thought better, as they are not so liable to catch in the material then. The foundation part should be about ten inches long, and quite two thick, in order to give weight and solidity to the whole. An old banister or table leg may be utilised to form the support of the top part, which is shaped after the fashion of a skirt board, and is some five inches wide at the widest part, graduating down to two inches, and is twelve inches long. It should be carefully covered with flannel, and over this a piece of linen must be sewn: it is found to be simply invaluable for neatly pressing out bodices and sleeves, and is a most desirable invention in these days of silk and muslin blouses.



FOR THE SLEEVES.

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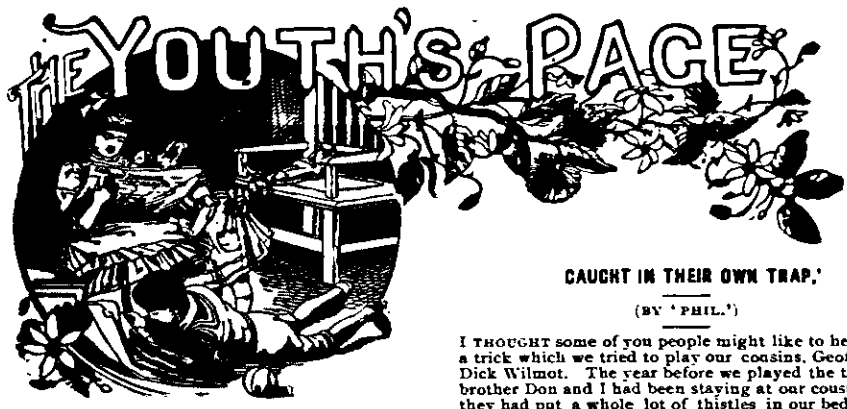


CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post-office as follows:—Not exceeding 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.

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 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 togged up. We have got half-an-hour,' cried Don, and so we went off and donned all our 'war paint.'

'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 no, 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-i-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.

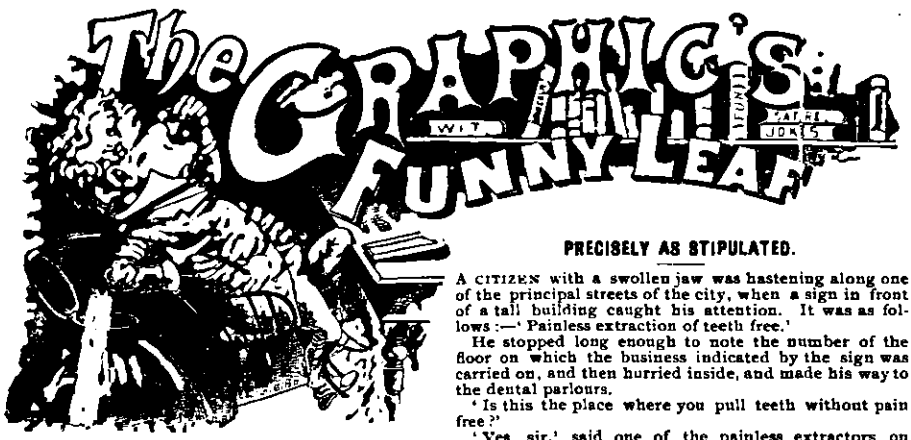
SURELY this is the golden age for domestic animals. Our horses and cows and dogs are attended in sickness by doctors who have received their diplomas from a university; there are homes for lost dogs, and retreats for stray and friendless cats. Everything is done to make these humble friends of ours happy.

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.



LEAP YEAR FOREVER.

WHEN men propose
Each mortal knows,
That all things go away,
For lovers meek
Oft fail to speak,
Though maidens softly sigh.

They make mistakes
And cause heartbreaks
In every walk of life!
They choose, and yet
They often get
The wrong one for a wife.

They lack the nerve
That ought to serve
In trying times like these;
And so, world o'er,
One year in four
The girls do as they please.

They have one year—
The one just here—
In which to prove they're 'new;'
When they may court,
Like men disport,
And do all men may do.

In days of old,
As we've been told,
This proved a pleasing plan;
But now, alas!
It's come to pass
They're rather crowding man.

So it is plain
With might and main
To all these 'rights' they'll cling,
And leap year'll be,
As you shall see,
A most unending thing.

TASTES DIFFER.

'POCKET flasks? Yes, sir. Here is a very nice little affair; holds half a pint.'

'Half a pint? By gad, sah, when I want to buy toys I will go to a toy stoar, sah!'

EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.

'ALBERT rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a squirrel over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the palings, flew like a hawk to the arbour, crept up to her all unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself; was, however, immediately heard, seated himself in blessed delight at her side, sank on her bosom, swam in a sea of bliss—all this was the work of a second!'

FELINE AMENITIES.

CLARA: 'So you are engaged at last.'

Maude: 'Why, how did you know I had accepted him?'

Clara: 'I heard he had proposed.'

PRECISELY AS STIPULATED.

A CITIZEN with a swollen jaw was hastening along one of the principal streets of the city, when a sign in front of a tall building caught his attention. It was as follows:—'Painless extraction of teeth free.'

He stopped long enough to note the number of the floor on which the business indicated by the sign was carried on, and then hurried inside, and made his way to the dental parlours.

'Is this the place where you pull teeth without pain free?'

'Yes, sir,' said one of the painless extractors on duty.

'Well, I've got a grinder that's been giving me a good deal of trouble, I wish you'd yank it out.'

The sufferer took his place in the chair and opened his mouth. The operator, after applying to the swollen gum a pungent lotion of some sort, speedily relieved him of the offending molar.

'Thanks,' said the caller, climbing down and picking up his hat.

'That will be half-a crown,' remarked the dentist.

'Half-a-crown?' echoed the other. 'I thought it was free. That's what you told me a minute ago, and its what you say on your sign.'

'Just so. Did it hurt you any?'

'Yes, it hurt a little.'

'That's right. We do our painless extractions free, exactly as we claim. When it hurts we charge for it. Half-a-crown, please.'

MISS PRISCILLA VANE (of Chicago): 'And what is your brother doing, Lord Temple?'

Lord Temple: 'I fancy my brother will take orders when he leaves Oxford.'

Miss Vane: 'Oh, why don't you tell pa, he would take him as a traveller at once?'

PERSIFLAGE.

'I SHALL need quite a good many clothes this summer,' said the young man, who seemed to have sauntered in casually. 'I needed a good many last summer; in fact,' he continued, 'I'm not sure but the ones I shall need this year are the ones I needed last year.'

'Ah, ah!' said the salesman, as politely as he could.

'Yes. I just came in to look around. You can buy an overcoat pretty cheap now, can't you?'

'Oh, yes!'

'I thought like enough you could, being right in the business as you are. You're lucky. Say! I want to ask—seems to me I smell smoke.'

'I think not.'

'Something smoking in here, sure.'

'I don't think so.'

'What are those things on the counter over here?'

'Smoking jackets.'

'Ah! I was about to ask a question. If I should order a suit of clothes to be at my house this day week, would it obey orders?'

'Deliver a suit at any time you say,' said the salesman, glancing involuntarily at the 'Strictly C. O. D.' placard.

'Would you send it up quietly and without ostentation of any kind?'

'Of course.'

'I ask you because the last time I ordered a hat here, you sent a band up to the house with it. By the way, a hat is one of the things I need. I've been waiting for my ship to come in until my yachting cap is a little unseasonable. Think of my being reduced to one hat! I generally wear seven or seven and an eighth. Hot, ain't it?'

MUSICAL METAPHOR.

HE: 'What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?'

She: 'I should think, love, that you were a lyre.'

IN HARNESS.

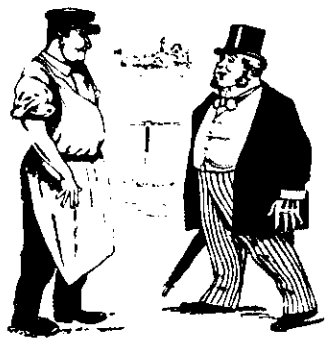
HUSBAND (airily; they had just returned from their wedding trip): 'If I am not home from the club by—ah—ten, love, you won't wait——'

Wife (with appalling firmness): 'No, dear; I'll come for you!'

He was home by 9.45 sharp.

THE ART OF POETRY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: 'Believing that I have a faculty for rhyming, I am ambitious to be a poet. As I have heard a great deal about the poetic license, I am anxious to know whether or not it is necessary for me to take out one of these licenses, and if it is, where shall I apply for one?'



EXPLICIT.

'WHERE'S your foreman, my man?'

'Oh! he's gone—opened a shop.'

'Doing well, I suppose?'

'No; doing time—got caught in the act.'

A FATAL MEETING.

THERE was a terrible noise in the back room, and many things were destroyed by a great explosion.

The gas escaped. It was laughing gas when it came out and whispered:

'I always knew that some day the paraffin would meet its match"

MAL-APROPOS.

JONES attended a wedding the other day, where the bridegroom was an infantry officer.

'One of the best branches of the service,' he remarked, as he congratulated the bride. 'Deaths are so frequent that advancement is certain and rapid.'

THE YOUNG FATHER WILLIAM.

'YOU are young, Father William!' old John Bull said,
'Your moustache, it is hardly full-grown;
What suddenly made you take into your head
To telegraph all "on your own?"'

'In the days of my infancy,' William replied,
'I was taught if I wished to aspire
To success, I must advertise freely,' he sighed,
'And that's why I sent off that wire.'

THE SILENT CAME.

'WHAT is that awful noise in the next house?'

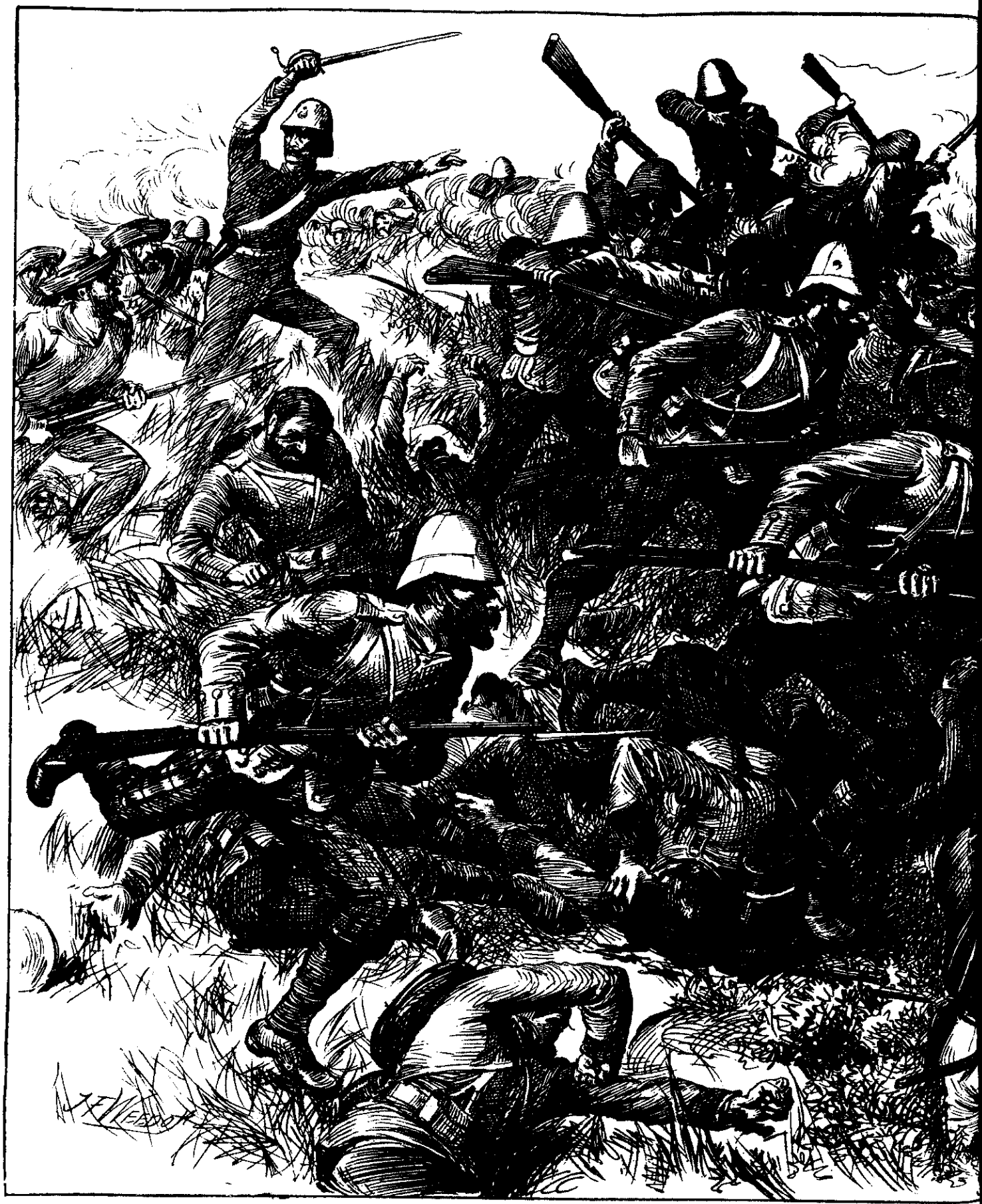
'That's a ladies' club engaged in a game of afternoon whist.'

AMBIGUOUS.

MAUDE: 'Why, what's the matter, Mr Sophty; you look quite scared?'

Mr Sophty: 'Oh! you see, I twied to save my dog, just now, and only just escaped being wun over myself.'

Maude: 'Really; I am sorry.'



THE TUG OF WAR:

LISHMAN v. BOER,

[SEE LETTERPRESS.