The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL XVI.—NO. XII. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896. [Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance, 20s Single copy—Sixpence.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the Council of the Union was held at Wellington, commencing on the 5th, and concluding on the 11th of February. Close on fifty ministers and delegates from the various churches throughout the colony were present on the occasion. The forenoon of each day was devoted to the consideration of various matters of business affecting the welfare of the churches connected with the Union, and the interests of the denomination generally. The annual report of the Union Committee was read by the Secretary (Mr J. Bowden), in which reference was made to the repurchase, from the Baptist Union, of the Congregational Church at Timaru; to the building of a church at Raglan free of debt, and to the continued success of the work inaugurated at Napier about fifteen months ago under the supervision of the Rev. H. W. J. Miller (late of Onehunga); also to the gratifying fact that all the churches of the denomination in the colony (excepting one) have settled ministers. Other interesting matters were also referred to, all tending to show advancement and progress in the work of the churches during the past twelve months. The treasurer (Mr W. H. Lyon) presented the financial statements of the various branches of the Union funds, and urged increased liberality on the part of all our people in view of the many spheres of work open to the Union, but which could not be overtaken for want of necessary funds. The Registrar's Report (compiled and read by the Rev. C. H. Bradbury) showed the attendances on the ordinances of worship to be well maintained, and the membership of the churches increased by 73 during the year.

The afternoon meetings of the Council were devoted to reading of papers on the following subjects:—'The Ethics of the Land Question' (Mr G. Fowlds), 'The Minister's Attitude in Regard to Modern Biblical Criticism' (Rev. B. Rhodes), 'The Social Outlook' (Rev. C. H. Bradbury), and 'The Denominational Outlook' (Rev. J. R. Glasson). These papers were all followed by interesting and profitable discussions.

The Council passed several resolutions regarding the liquor traffic, and reaffirmed its resolution of last year on the Bible in Schools' question to the effect that in the opinion of the Council it is neither the duty nor the right of the State to teach or control religion, and that in view of open designs and covert attempts to establish denominational education it is not desirable to alter the present educational system. A resolution was also passed to the effect that the Contagious Diseases Acts should be repealed, a copy of this resolution to be sent to the Premier.

Deputations were received and welcomed from the New Zealand Alliance and the Local Ministers' Association, bearing messages of comfort and encouragement from these bodies of co-workers in our common cause.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—Chairman, Mr W. H. Lyon (Auckland); secretary, Mr J. Bowden (Auckland); treasurer, Mr G. Fowlds (Auckland); registrar, Rev. C. H. Bradbury (Dunedin); auditor, Mr J. Elkin (Auckland); and a committee of twenty members of Council.

A pleasant and agreeable break in the meetings occured on Saturday, the 8th February, when a picnic was held at Day's Bay, across the harbour. The members of the local district committee had made most complete arrangements for the occasion, the result being a thoroughly enjoyable outing.

The Wellington friends did their utmost to make the meetings a thorough success in every way, and the visiting delegates will not soon forget the hearty reception and the untiring attention and hospitality accorded to them by their Wellington brethren.

Herrmann, photo.

DELEGATES TO CONGREGATIONAL UNION MEETINGS, HELD AT WELLINGTON, FEB., 1896.

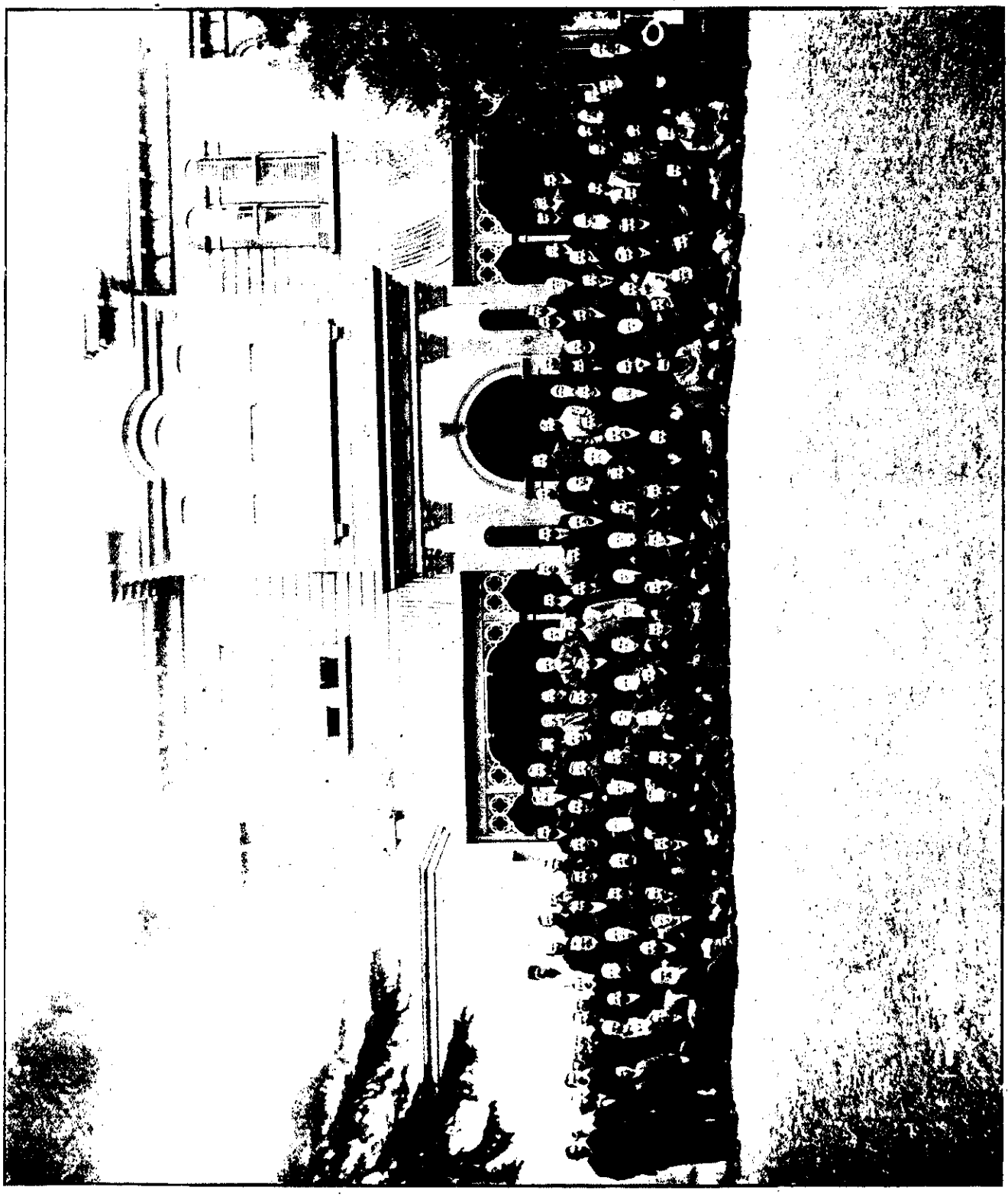
A NOVEL IDEA.

It is well known that each side of the brain is connected with the movements and sensations mainly on the opposite side of the body; the right brain moves the left arm and leg, and *vice versa*. Cases are not infrequent in which with 'a shock' on the right side of the body, the faculty of recalling and reproducing spoken words is totally or almost totally lost. Such loss of speech is technically called aphasia. It was first shown some thirty-five years ago by a French physician that this particular symptom is associated with damage to a limited and very definite part of the brain-substance on the left side, which has since been known, in honour of its discoverer, as Broca's convolution. When the power of speech has thus been lost, it is possible, if the mental faculties are not otherwise damaged, to acquire it again, but just such a course of training as the child passes through in learning to speak at first, even where Broca's convolution has been so damaged as to be quite incapable of performing its functions. In such a case, the portion of the brain on the right side corresponding to Broca's convolution is capable of taking up its work; but only by being educated to do so, just as the damaged portion of the brain had been originally.

It is thus clear that there are two organs or portions of the brain capable of controlling speech; and that under ordinary circumstances only one of them is trained to do so, the other lying fallow. All the education is given to one favoured side, and all the work is done by it; but the neglected one, if called by necessity to undertake the work, can be trained to do it, and to do it, apparently, as satisfactory as the other.

The active speech centre is that on the left side; in the case of the great majority of individuals. But occasionally it is found that the right, and not the left side of the brain, has been educated as regards speech. When this is the case it is always found that the individual has been left handed. Whatever then is the cause of right-handedness, it is closely associated with left-brainedness, and some people go so far as to hold that right-handedness in some cases precedes and determines the use of the left brain for the interpretation and reproduction of speech, both spoken and written, and ask may not a greater use of the left hand lead to a better development of the right brain? There is no proof they say that a man becomes any wiser by being able to use both hands alike. But it is quite conceivable that an education of the two hands in different directions might enable the brain to do more work, or to do it more easily.

The early use of the right hand has, they believe, led to our storing in our left brains all the memories of our mother tongue; and the other languages we acquire are registered on the same side. Would it not be a distinct advantage if the unused side could be made to discharge this office in acquiring a foreign tongue? It seems that it might be worth while to try whether this could not be done. Let the left hand be used for all actions habitually performed by the right while learning French, say: let the book be held with the left hand, and let the right be allowed to be as nearly as possible inactive. It is at least possible that such a method, carefully carried out, would lead to the acquisition of the language by the unused right brain centres; and if this were so, the capacity of the brain for languages would be doubled. We may imagine some future generations keeping their left brains for the Teutonic languages, and storing the Romance languages on the right side.



WESLEYAN CONFERENCE,

HELD AT AUCKLAND, MARCH, 1896.

[See 'Our Illustrations.'

Poplar photo.

1 and 2. Wellington Rowing Club—Winners Junior Fours. 3. Canterbury Rowing Club—Second in Senior Fours. 4. Star (Wellington) Boating Club—Winners of Senior Fours. 5. Wairewa (Little River) Rowing Club—Winners of Senior Double Sculls. 6. Union (Christchurch) Rowing Club—Second in Junior Fours. 7. An Empire City 'rep.'—the Star Boating Club's Custodian. 8. Union (Christchurch) Rowing Club—Second in Junior Double Sculls. 9. View on the Beach. 10. Keepers of the Peace. 11. The 'young idea' take notes. 12. Star (Wellington) Boating Club—Second in Senior Double Sculls. 13. Barrackers. 14. The anxious moment at the judge's post—'Here they come.' 15. Judges in Council, Messrs A. E. G. Rhodes and J. S. Monck, wait for the next race. 16. Snapshot on the Beach.

KING'S COLLEGE, 'THE TOWERS.'—FRONT VIEW.

VIEW OF RANGITOTO AND THE HARBOUR FROM 'THE TOWERS.'

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

MANY Aucklanders are familiar with the pretty building known as 'The Tower,' Remuera, once a private residence, but now converted into a boarding and day school for boys. The pictures represented here will convey a very good idea of the suitability of the house and grounds for its present purpose to those who have not the advantage of making a personal inspection of the place, yet desire to have an impression of their sons' school, surroundings, and temporary home. Probably many of the pupils will take pleasure in possessing this memento of work and pastime enjoyed under the able supervision of Mr Bruce and his staff of assistants.

HOW TO CYCLE SCIENTIFICALLY.

FEMALE INSTRUCTOR TALKS.

SCIENTIFIC cycling is the newest thing in the wheeling world. It has nothing to do with abstruse scientific problems. It is called scientific just as the cleverest and easiest method of landing a knockout blow on the tip of an adversary's chin is called scientific by the deft-handed gentlemen who followed the manly art.

'What do you teach that other cycling instructors leave untaught?' I asked the scientific man up in Forty-second street.

'Everything,' he modestly answered. 'I think you can put it all in one word by saying that we teach safety. When a pupil leaves our hands his or her life is not in danger while riding out on the road. There have been many fatal accidents—one of them only a few days ago—caused by riders being unable to dismount quickly when threatened by danger. The chief trouble is that many wheelmen, and nearly all wheelwomen, are not able to jump off their wheels when they find themselves being carried into danger.

'In the accident I refer to the lady who was fatally injured was trying to go ahead of a heavy waggon and team. She tried to pass on the right side. Two or three of her companions had done so in safety. Just before she reached the horses they swerved suddenly and sharply to the right. The woman either collided with them or was so frightened that she fell off her wheel, and so received injuries that caused her death in a few hours.

'We know that such an accident could not have happened to her if she had known how to dismount and let the wheel go. That is one of the things we teach our pupils.

DUE TO IGNORANCE.

'The president of one of the street railroad companies of this city got a bad fall recently. He sustained painful internal injuries that will keep him in bed for three or four weeks—all because he did not know how to abandon his wheel when it was running away with him. With two friends he arrived at the top of a hill, leading down toward the Hudson. They all thought the grade was too steep for safe going, so they dismounted. Halfway down they all mounted their wheels again, thinking that the worst of the descent had been passed. As a matter of fact, they were on the most dangerous part of the hill.

'Finding that neither the brakes nor back pedalling would stop their wheels, all three riders dismounted. Two of them did so safely. The railroad president didn't know how. He tilted his wheel to the right side and tried to reach the ground with his foot. The result was that he was pitched forward over the handle bar, and received very serious injuries. He said afterward that he was glad he was not killed. Before he ventures out on the road again he will learn the right way to get off a runaway wheel.'

'How is it done?' I asked.

'Like this,' replied the man of science, as he vaulted into the saddle and sped around the long room. When he came near me on the second round he took his feet from the pedals, whirled his right leg above the handle bar, and jumped off to the left, alighting on both feet, bending his knees so as to lessen the shock of the descent. The wheel darted off like a runaway horse. If it had not been caught it would have tumbled in a heap on the floor.

ANOTHER WAY TO DISMOUNT.

'There is another good way to dismount,' said the scientist, as he again put the wheel in motion. This time, having attained a good rate of speed, he thrust his left foot backward, rested it on the little spur at the hind axle that is used in mounting, gave a quick shove with both hands, as he let go of the handles and jumped off backward behind his wheel.

'Isn't that easy?' he asked.

'Not a bit of it,' I replied. 'I have ridden a bicycle for a year, and I wouldn't dare to try that trick.'

'Then what would you do if your wheel began to run away with you going down hill?' he asked with a note of triumph in his voice.

'It couldn't begin,' I answered. 'I walk down every steep hill I come to, and when I'm on a strange road I go very slowly down every hill no matter how easy it is. You can never tell what kind of a grade you'll find around the next turn in the road.'

'Ah!' said the scientific one, 'if all riders would travel like that they would display almost human intelligence. But will they ever do so? I say never. I've been fifteen years in this business. I've ridden the wheel in all parts of the world, and I've never yet found new riders careful. The moment they learn how to run the wheel around the instruction hall they think they know all about it. If you tell them about the necessity of taking a few road lessons, they look at you as if you were trying to rob them or belittle their intelligence. I think a bicycle is much more dangerous than a horse. A rider may forget all about his horse and go jogging along for miles without any harm; but the moment you take your attention off your wheel you are liable to the worst kind of an accident.

'Learners never seem to know the rules of the road unless they are old riders or drivers. In meeting horses or vehicles keep to the right; in overtaking or passing them go around on the left. The vehicle that passes another on the road assumes all the risk. How many new bicyclists pay any attention to these rules? Mighty few, I can tell you. They wait until they've had an accident, and then they begin to learn.'

The scientific man wrinkled his forehead with sad wrinkles. A charming lady of 185 pounds approached.

THE ONLY WOMAN TEACHER.

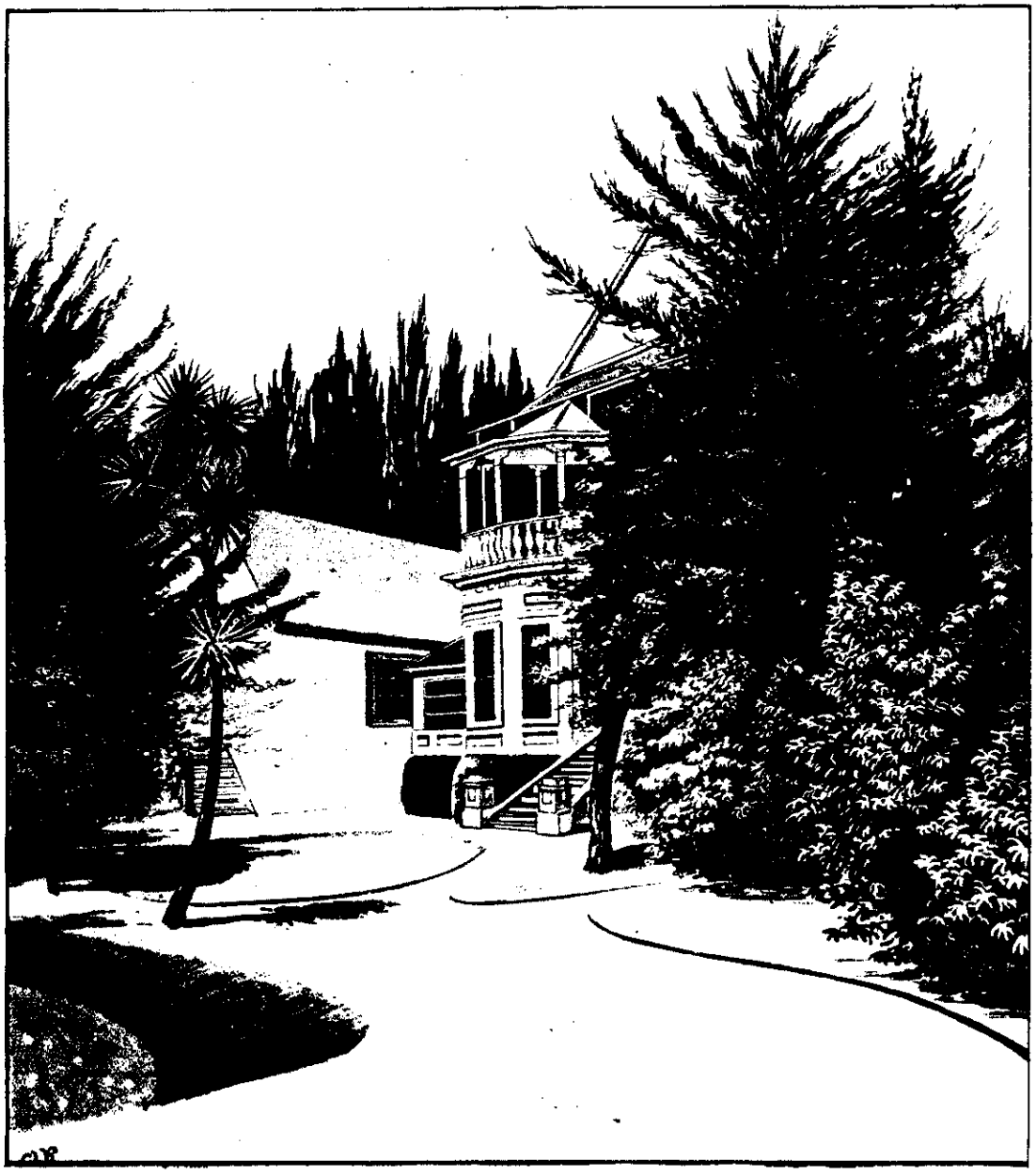
'I'd like to learn to mount and dismount,' said she. 'If the wheel could only start and stop itself like a cable car I'd be quite happy.'

Thereupon the mere scientist retired, and in his place there appeared a high priestess of the science of wheeling. As she is the first female cycling instructor in this country she is worth reading about. She is a coloured woman of about the same complexion as the famous 'Ike' Johnson. She is rather above the medium height, and her step is light and quick, although she looks muscular enough to carry any ordinary wheelwoman along by main strength. She brought forward a wheel of the drop frame pattern and gave it to the charming lady of 185 pounds.

The scene that ensued was painful. You may see its like any fair day upon the Boulevard or the drives of Central Park. With an amiable smile to hide her embarrassment the charming one tugged the wheel forward until the right pedal was uppermost. Then she tilted the frame toward herself as she stood at its left side. The smile vanished now. Serious business had begun. With severe struggles she plucked at the folds of her skirt, and succeeded in laboriously hauling much of the material over to the right side. Then she placed her right foot on the pedal, poised for a moment on tiptoe of the left foot, and sprang forward and upward. By some rare good fortune she alighted in the saddle.

Once she circled around the room and then tried to dismount. Very slowly she let the machine run. She wore a martyr's smile. She tilted the wheel to the left until it almost tripped as the pedal struck the floor. She cautiously extended her left foot and went hop, hop, hopping along the floor until the left pedal struck again and then down sprawled the wheel, with the charming lady mingled in a confused mass of spokes, frame and handle bar.

'I knew it would do that,' she exclaimed, with an air of ill-concealed triumph. 'It always does.' The instructress was at her side in a moment. She administered



'THE TOWERS.'—SIDE VIEW.

a tonic. The so called tonic was a beaming smile.

HOW SHE DISMOUNTS.

'Really,' the smile said, 'you do the most graceful fall I have ever seen. You should be proud of it.' But the instructress herself said :—' If you'll promise, madame, not to be afraid, you can learn to mount and dismount without a bit of trouble.'

Then she took hold of the frame, raised the bicycle and spun the hind wheel until the left pedal was uppermost. Holding the handle bar firmly, she stepped up on the left pedal, stood on it as it descended, and as it rose again settled down easily on the saddle. Her skirts, which fell to her gaiter tops, seemed to drape themselves on either side of the saddle. They flowed away in easy, graceful lines. The instructress sailed, rather than wheeled around the room. She sprinted a little, as she approached—just a couple of hard, quick dabs on the pedals.

As the machine came darting at the pupil the instructress, never relaxing her glittering smile, took both feet off the pedals, swung them sharply to the left and leaped off. It was more like the way a cowboy reins up his pony just before he leaps on you, than anything else I had ever seen. The amiable pupil smiled and said it was 'such a nice way to get off.'

'You can do it now if you only try,' said the instructress. 'Ride around the room and try it when you come near me. I'll catch you and not let you fall.' The pupil tried, but she promptly got her skirts tangled with the saddle. Nothing but the policemanlike grip of the instructress saved her from a bad fall. Encouraged by the dazzling smile, the pupil tried again and again, for half an hour. By that time the teacher had so inspired her with confidence that she actually dismounted in safety; but she threw away the wheel so that it might have been smashed if it had not been caught. The two women had a long chat in one corner, illuminated by giggles explanatory and giggles of admiration. The teacher was waving her skirts and the pupil was exclaiming in amazement. Then the pupil went away.

FIRST WOMAN INSTRUCTOR.

'I believe I am the first female instructor on the bicycle,' said the teacher to me. 'The management of this school think that no one but a woman can teach a woman all about mounting and dismounting from a wheel. You know that the success of both operations depends upon the management of the skirts. There are ever so many questions about skirts and saddles that a lady can't ask a man, but which she has no hesitancy in asking a woman teacher. Have you noticed my skirt?'

The instructress seized the handles of a high frame bicycle, such as men ride. She stood with a foot on either side of the rear wheel. Her skirt fell on either side of the wheel. Stepping up on the spur, she rose lightly into the saddle, mounted and rode away, just as a man would go; yet her skirts did not hamper her movements.

'What have you done with your skirt?' I asked as she dismounted.

'It's the very latest thing for women to wear while cycling,' she answered. 'You see, it's divided in front as well as at the back, yet it doesn't bag like the ordinary divided skirt. When I walk it looks like a solid skirt. When I get on the wheel the halves fall aside. Under it I have on a pair of tight-fitting knickerbockers, such as men wear. That prevents any danger of catching on the saddle. Bloomers, you know, are simply out of the question on the wheel. They are so loose and baggy that they are sure to catch on the saddle as one mounts and dismounts. They are really more dangerous than skirts. No woman who respects herself will be seen wearing knickerbockers in the streets.'

'What do you think is the most important thing for a woman to know who rides a wheel?' I asked her.

'How to get off quickly and safely,' she replied. 'Once she masters that, she will never be hurt while cycling.'

GOLD PRODUCTION.

THE summing up of 1894 showed a total production, in round figures of 180,000,000dols., an increase of 23,000,000 dols. over 1893. This yield was about 30,000,000dol. greater than the product of any year when the placer mines of California and Australia were at their maximum. The indications now point to a yield of 200,000,000dols. for the calendar year 1895, another increase of 20,000 000 dols., and an increase of 43,000,000dols. in the annual output in two years, and of 54,000,000dol. in three years. As the annual supply of gold is not used in the year, but is mostly added to the pre-existing sum, it follows that the world's stock has been increased in the three years named by the enormous sum of 537,000,000dol.

The consumption of gold in the arts is undoubtedly increasing generally, although there was a marked diminution of such use in the year 1894, owing to the hard times. The use of gold for purposes of adornment, which is almost its only use except as money, rises and falls according to the prosperity of the nations. It is an article of luxury. These uses in the United States, according to the calculations of the mint, were about 19,000,000dols. in 1893, but fell to 13,00,000dols. in 1894. Very likely the consumption of the present year will equal or exceed that of 1893. On the other hand, the product of the gold mines of the United States, according to the estimate for 1895, will be 46,000,000dols. against 39,500,000dols. in 1894. The South African product is estimated at the same figure as that of the United States, 46,000,000dols., that of Australia at 43,000,000dols., and that of Russia at 29,000,000dols. These four countries produced three-fourths of the world's annual yield.

INTERPROVINCIAL CRICKET.

WELLINGTON V. AUCKLAND.

AUCKLAND TEAM. [SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.'

BACK ROW.—R. Neill, J. A. Kallender, W. T. Wynyard.
THIRD ROW.—G. H. Broughton (scorer), D. Hay, G. Mills, E. J. C. Greville (Sec. A.C.A.), C. W. Hemery (umpire).
SECOND ROW.—W. Stemson, E. Wright (captain), D. Clayton.
FRONT ROW.—F. J. Ohlson, E. J. Cotterill, W. Hawkins.

WEALTH OF NATIONS MINE. [SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.'

1. Outside of the drive. 2. Cross cut on the reef. 3. Entrance to the drive.

INTERPROVINCIAL CRICKET.

WELLINGTON v. AUCKLAND.

WELLINGTON TEAM. [SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BACK ROW.—S. Tucker, E. Fitzsimons, K. Tucker, V. Waters, E. Upham, W. Gardiner.
SECOND ROW.—F. L. Ashbolt, R. Blacklock (captain), A. Howard.
FRONT ROW.—W. C. S. Levers, Clemenson (umpire), H. Page.

EARL OF GLASGOW MINE.

1. Entrance to No. 1 drive. 2. Mouth of second drive. 3. The mullock tip. 4. Water race. 5. The old battery. [SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTERPROVINCIAL CRICKET MATCH.

OUR illustrations represent the Wellington and Auckland cricket teams, which met in friendly contest at the Domain last month. The match, which was played in fine weather, resulted in a win for the local team by four wickets. The chief scorer on the Auckland side was G. Mills, who made 108 runs not out in the first innings, and on the Wellington side E. F. Upham, who was bowled with 51 to his credit.

Our illustrations this week include some capital sketches of the works at the Earl of Glasgow and Wealth of Nations mines, Karangahake. The former property comprises eighty-eight acres, adjoining the Crown mine, and is now being worked by an English company under the management of Mr T. Shepherd, a gentleman of considerable experience in Australian mining. The engineering department is under the charge of Mr Duffield, who is also supervising works on various Wairoungomai properties. As will be seen by the illustrations, two parallel drives have been put in, the idea being to facilitate the testing of the lodes they will intersect. There is a distance of 300 feet between the drives. The one to the right is being put in to intersect the Adeline run of country and strike the Crown reef near the boundary of the two properties. The left-hand picture shows the second drive, which is well to the South of No. 1. This will go in under the trig station at the top of the hill, and will also penetrate the Adeline country. No. 3 sketch shows the tip from the mouth of the level, also the trolly and tramway. No 4 is a picture of the water-race from the head of the Dubbo Creek, while No. 5 is a sketch of the small 5-stamper battery and single bedan with which Messrs Fleming Brothers commenced operations in this mine. Small as the plant was they took out £1,000 worth of bullion, some of the ore treated being worth 10 oz to the ton.

The other sketches show the works at the Wealth of Nations mine. At the top is shown the smithy for repairing tools, and also the tramway to the tip. In the lower sketch are seen miners engaged putting in the drive through solid rock, for it will be noticed that no timbers are required.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

The 23rd New Zealand Wesleyan Conference, which has just closed its annual sittings in Auckland, has been in many respects the most important, and certainly the very largest Methodist Conference ever held since administrative powers were conferred by the Australasian Wesleyan authorities on the colony. The *personnel* of the Conference strikes the visitor as youthful, and it was this very aspect of it that unwittingly caused, an ex-president of the British Conference (the Rev. Dr. Gervase Smith) to smile somewhat ungraciously at the early age at which one of his ministerial brethren in New Zealand could ascend to the Presidential Chair. The English Conference could never for a moment consent to lose such dignity as to elect a man who had not travelled at least thirty-five years in full circuit work, or passed the meridian of three-score, besides being a veritable Saul amongst his brethren. But the ex-President of the British Conference just blundered where most do who have ventured to criticise New Zealand life and manners on the experience of a six days' flying trip through the colony. It is true that New Zealand Wesleyans have but few hoary-headed captains who still steer the Gospel ship, but there is, nevertheless, a big ship's company of men of vigour, who have shown much adaptability, and achieved much success in the work of their choice.

The annual Conferences as they come round appear like views in a kaleidoscope; the exact same faces are never seen a second time. The indelible law of change has fixed itself at every turn on Methodist customs and usuages. The burning and all-absorbing question of this Conference was, of course, the consummation of union between the Wesleyans, Methodist Free Church, and Bible Christians of the colony. In this respect a big volume of Methodist history has been written. For over fourteen years the matter of union has been discussed, debated, and written about, and it was only at the last General Conference that powers were extended to New Zealand to perfect the scheme and make it lawful. This has now been accomplished amidst much controversy and conscientious opposition. The unity and conformity completed between the three churches is hailed with joyful anticipation by many, while some regret that the day of union was not postponed so as to enable the Primitive Methodist Church to fall into line without humiliation. It may be a matter for fear that the Primitives are now further away than ever. This latter body is growing rich. It owns in the colony

£30,000 worth of church property, has only £5,000 debt on the whole. It has big fire insurance and life assurance fund at its disposal, and these funds yearly add much wealth to the Connexion. Its ministers are now much better paid than formerly, and the 1884 Basis of Union would have secured them for ever if wisely adhered to. It is yet to be hoped that the remaining difficulties may be overcome, and as separation from Australia may be soon granted to the New Zealand Church, fresh overtures may be made and accepted by all concerned.

Home Mission work in the church—from the various reports submitted—is progressing favourably. Still the annual donations to this fund do not come in so fast as the cause demands. Much more might be done. The Foreign Missionary spirit has greatly revived in the colony. It was a matter for regret that the *Advocate*, the Connexional paper, was not thriving as well as could be wished. Its articles are vigorously written, but religious journals in the colony seem to die after a few years of publication. The cause of decay is difficult to detect.

The Conference as a whole was a great success. The visitors were delighted with Auckland, its lovely scenery, and fine weather. Many of the Ministers and laymen brought their wives with them, and many renewed old friendships formed in Auckland many years ago.

THE CHRISTCHURCH REGATTA.

THE annual carnival of the Christchurch Regatta Club took place this year on the Estuary at Sumner, and was one of the most successful the Club has ever had. The weather was delightful, the events interesting, and the public were there in force. Our photographic artist has succeeded in securing some fine 'shots' of the gathering.

A PATENT FOR BLOOMERS.

HEREAFTER, in the United States at least, the new woman will have to pay a royalty on her bloomers. Letters patent covering that up-to-date female wearing apparel have just been granted to Thomas Royce, an enterprising citizen of Brooklyn. The application for this patent was filed by Royce some time ago, when the bloomer craze was at its height. He did not claim to be the originator of this form of feminine trousettes, but based his right to letters patent on the ground that he was the inventor of some of the most essential features of the accepted style of bloomers. He also claimed to be the original applicant for a patent right on the article named.

The delay in granting letters patent to Royce was due to a long-drawn-out and rather humorous discussion among the Patent Office examiners as to whether female trousers, commonly known as bloomers, were patentable. The interesting point in connection with the granting of this patent was the official decision and recognition of the word 'bloomers,' it being held that the term was of novel American origination, without regard to the apparel of females of the Old World or ancient times.

A MONTANA CRITIC ON 'CLEOPATRA.'

THE play of 'Cleopatra' was written by a man named Shakespeare, so he claims, but Ig. Donnelly says that Shakespeare is a liar. Shakespeare is dead and Donnelly can make his bluff stick. Cleopatra lived in Egypt, Africa. We give her full post office address to keep our contemporaries from saying that we are claiming her for our own—the Gallatin valley being called the Egypt of America. Cleopatra was a gay girl. The bull train was the only means in communication with the outside world in her day, and she didn't have to give afternoon teas to keep in the swim. Bloomers were not a fad. In fact, very little clothes of any kind were necessary.

There being no danger of early frost, the folks there did not have to tie up their feet in gunny sacks and shovel a path to the machine when they thrashed their barley crop. As we have before remarked, Cleopatra was a trifle gay. She met Antony at a dance given in the schoolhouse and she straightway made a mash on him. Antony had one wife to his credit, but as she was back east at a place called Rome he got a little gay himself. Things were coming his way like a three-time winner. He took Cleopatra to all the dances, candy pulls and school entertainments in the neighbourhood, and none of the home boys were in it for a minute. He told Cleopatra that his people back in the States were great.

'Why,' said he, one day, 'my people back in Mizzoury are way up.'

'Are they?' said Cleo.

'Well, I should smile,' said Antony, lowering his voice until it was music to her ear. 'Purt nigh nearly every gol darn one of 'em have got a gold fillin' in her teeth.'

Antony's wife in the States died about this time and he had to go home. While he was back there visiting around and telling stories about the big crops they raised by irrigation on the Nile, he married another girl just to please a brother of hers whom Antony used to be chummy with, but who was now working his farm on shares with the railroad and an eastern loan company. His name was Cæsar at the time, but it is probably Dennis now, for they introduced the cash system in all the stores at that place.

Antony didn't have the nerve to bring his wife back with him. So he gave her a song and dance about not having his house chinked up, and promised to send her a second class ticket over the Burlington in the spring. Cæsar got onto Antony through a local paper, which gave several columns of its space to young contributors in order to make things lively in the neighbourhood. This contributor happened to be jealous of Antony, and he got even through the paper. Cæsar came out on a cut rate ticket purchased at Kansas City, and Antony, who was a member of the militia company, dropped onto this and a rusty United States cavalry sabre, dying a sure but slow death.

Before he did this Cleopatra made what she thought was a foxy play, by sending word to Antony that she had committed suicide. She thought this would cause him to rush to her side with a stomach pump. But Antony didn't rush. He pulled out his sabre, and, making a grand stand play, fell on it. Not having any clothes on and being a heavy man, the sabre succeeded in cutting a large-sized gash into his vital system. He died a lingering death to the tune of 'The Band Played On.' Cleopatra, hearing of this, gets a tarantula, which strings her, and then she gracefully floats out of existence.

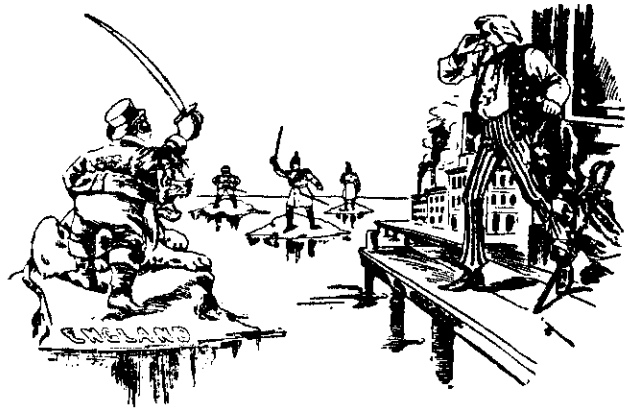
Antony is buried at the expense of the county. The committee of one hundred kick at this, for it is a tax-paying time, but congratulate themselves that it is cheaper than a murder trial and an acquittal. This is the sad story of Cleopatra and Antony, leaving out some of the dry details, wherein red lights and several other things, excepting clothes, figured.

—o—

A certain steamship company in New York, in consequence of the demand for free passes and cheap rates from 'ministerial-looking' men, has had the following Biblical quotations printed :—

Thou shalt not pass.—Numbers xx., 18.
The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum i., 15.
None shall ever pass.—Mark xxxiv., 10.
Though they roar, yet can they not pass.—Jeremiah x., 22.
Suffer not a man to pass.—Judges iii., 28.
So he paid his fare and went.—Isaiah i., 3.

Applicants for free trips are shown these selections, and as a result either give up begging or 'pay the fare and go.'



UNCLE SAM: 'I reckon I'll take off these war trappings and get in trade again.'—*Exchange.*

TURKEY HAS MADE AN ALLIANCE WITH RUSSIA.
(From the Chicago Times-Herald.)

PRESIDENT KRUGER OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC.

(From a cartoon published in a South African paper.)

PRESIDENT KRUGER: 'Neither of you geese laid that golden egg. It was ours before you came, and ours it shall remain.'

AN EXTREME MEASURE.

'What was the trouble between you and young Mr. Softy?'

'Why he said his brain was on fire, and I broke a hand grenade over his head.'

JOHN BULL—'Well, I'll be blowed!'

WELLINGTON EXHIBITION.

THE following is a copy of a circular which is addressed by the Executive of the proposed Industrial Exhibition to manufacturers and others throughout the colony who may be in a position to exhibit :—

'Dear Sir,—No Exhibition having been held in this district since 1885, it is generally recognised that the time has arrived to again bring before the public the various industries and products of the colony. It is admitted that since that date many improvements and new enterprises have been started, which simply require to be brought forward to ensure their success. The present Exhibition is being held with the object of showing the wonderful advance made during the past decade in all branches of native manufacture, and of endeavouring to aid, foster, and encourage the industries and productions of the colony. The Committee have already received such promises of support from the Government and from leading manufacturers that they feel warranted in anticipating that this Exhibition will prove to be one of the largest and most important ever held in the colony. In inviting manufacturers and others to apply for space, the Committee wish to give prominence to the fact that by holding this Exhibition in the months of November, December, and January, they will secure the constant stream of visitors from all parts of the world who pass through the central port of the colony during the summer months. This will of course greatly enhance the value of the Exhibition to manufacturers as a medium of bringing their productions under the notice of a greater number of people than in any other period of the year. The Committee have every hope that one and all will combine to make the New Zealand Industrial Exhibition of 1896 97 a brilliant success, worthy of a colony which is rapidly assuming a position of such importance in the industrial world. The Committee, therefore, earnestly solicit the co-operation of all manufacturers and producers, and ask each to fill in an application form for space, and return it to the Secretary before the 30th June, 1896.'

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

LORD GLASGOW has been making the waste places of the Urewera Country glad with his presence. Wherever the vice-regal party has gone it has been received with the hakas, war dances, speeches, and presentations with which the Maoris delight to honour a distinguished guest. His Excellency has made himself a great favourite among the natives, and has established the most cordial relations with them. They one and all vote *te kawena* a 'right good sort,' and it I mistake not, Lord Glasgow has found among those chiefs some of nature's noblemen with whom, notwithstanding the slight difficulties which an alien tongue and customs present, he can find pleasure as well as novelty in coming in contact. The Governor's predilection for the country districts, and especially the native districts, has been commented on rather adversely by some fashionable townsfolk, who cannot conceive what pleasure His Excellency can derive from mingling among 'savages' in out of the way corners of the country, when he might live in a nice house in the town and enjoy the society of civilized people. It is strange, no doubt, that anyone should prefer a bivouac in the bush or on the hills to a tea-party in Parnell or Remuera—but then there is no accounting for tastes.

THE presence of the Squadron in Auckland this week is a circumstance to stir the patriotic and commercial chords of the citizens' hearts. Probably the latter are most keenly affected, but where there has been sufficient enthusiam to establish a branch of the Navy League, patriotism can certainly not be dead. These are the occasions on which the League can bring itself into prominence, and I trust that the members will make good use of the opportunities presented to acquaint themselves with naval matters. It is incumbent on all of them to learn something of the condition of the navy, and of the character of the ships of war, else how can they expect to advocate with authority the cause they have embraced. The Squadron in port should be used as an object lesson, and every man or boy who has paid his subscription to the League should spend his leisure time on board one or other of the boats examining everything, or if need be testing everything. I am sure that the officers would only be too delighted to have the members manifesting a lively interest in their ships, manipulating the search light, inspecting the marines, and firing off the big guns. In return for their courtesy the League might entertain the officers at little banquets and the like, where patriotic speeches would be the order of the day. The funds of the organisation promise, I understand, to be considerable, and surely no better method of expending them in accordance with the naval taste could be devised than that I have mentioned.

WITH tedious regularity the gambling evil comes up for condemnation before the courts of the Church — Synod, Assembly and Conference. But hitherto the trial has been very much of a farce, for the judges who on the bench denounced gambling with the weightiest emphasis, dispersed only to smile encouragement on it in practice. Their art unions, church lotteries, and so forth were only totalisators in another guise, and ministered just as much as the latter do to the speculative spirit. Perhaps they may have done more real harm at bottom by giving the sanction of religion to what shrewd men could discern to be little else than gambling, and thus laid the church open to a general charge of hypocracy. I see that the United Methodist Free Church, following in the lines of the Presbyterian Assembly, has awakened to a sense of the weakness of the church's position in this respect, and while deploring the gambling mania, has urged on its ministers to give no encouragement whatever to art unions, raffings or chance games of any kind.

THE temptation to make a few pounds by these illicit ways is often hard to resist, especially when the congregation is backward in its subscriptions. One may be excused for not looking a gift horse in the mouth in some circumstances, or even going a step further, as the coloured pastor did in Florida. His church was sadly in need of repairs. It required new shingles for the leaky roof, new windows, and many other new things. On a certain Sunday he prayed most fervently for funds, and then intimated that a special collection would be made for the work, and special blessings asked for the contributors. In answer to his appeal one brother put in a dime. 'A dime from Brudder Jones,' said the collector. 'De Lord bless Brudder Jones,' prayed the pastor. Then a quarter of a dollar was received. 'Brudder Johnson, a quatch. De Lord bless Brudder Johnson.' The collector reached a gambler, who had had a big winning night, and he put a twenty-dollar bill in the hat. The almost breathless collector said—'Wha's de name, sah?' 'Never mind the name. I am a gambler from Ohio.' 'Gamblah from Ohio, twenty dollahs,' shouted the collector. The pastor rolled his eyes up, and raising his hands, said, in a voice choking with emotion—'Twenty dollahs from Ohio. May de good Lord bless and prospah de noble gamblah from Ohio.' Then the harmonium burst forth.

THE prospects of the Wellington Exhibition are decidedly rosy. There is evident a desire to make the thing a big success, and I sincerely hope that it will be so. But there is a danger of attempting too much. Christchurch, which inaugurated industrial exhibitions in New Zealand, scored a complete triumph, and her success has encouraged Wellington to emulate her example. Let the Empire City not be too anxious to outshine her southern sister. In modesty there is safety, in ambition danger. Christchurch was decidedly modest; she made no attempt at great things; and we all know with what a pleasing result. Wellington, I am afraid, is inclined to be too ambitious. She is thinking of that other exhibition scheme she had with the gondolas, and I think there were *cafes chantants* in it, which very properly had cold water poured on it. The gondolas and *cafés* will come in time, Wellington. Your business now is a modest industrial exhibition.

AND when is Auckland going to have her exhibition? Is she wisely lying low till she sees how Wellington gets on? There are enthusiasts by the Waitemata, too, who would like to see a great exhibition in Auckland, but they have never yet been able to enlist the public sympathy and support sufficiently to hatch their projects, which in many cases are now addled. However, when the time is ripe Auckland will, no doubt, show her enterprise and administrative faculty by a successful exhibition. When the mining industry, which promises to make a second Johannesberg of the Northern City, is further developed there will be room for an exhibition if it is only of the products of our mines and mining machinery.

A MISSION to convert the police is something of a novelty, yet such a mission is at present in Australia, and I should not wonder if after it has completed its work there it should pay a visit to New Zealand. It is too early as yet to hear anything of the success of the missionaries, but from the fact that they are ladies, and that policemen have always been of a gallant disposition, I anticipate great results. There are several interesting questions which occur to me in connection with the mission. Why, in the first place, should the police have been singled out for these ladies' ministrations? Is the police more wicked than any other arm of the civil service? Are policemen more unregenerate than postmen or telegraph operators or Government surveyors, or heads of departments? Or is it that the ladies expect by converting the policemen to influence that great class over which the policeman hovers like the terrible vicegerant of justice? Then, as to the particular methods of conversion to be followed: It has been understood from time immemorial that the police were partial to certain viands and liquors, or that with these it was possible to melt their stern hearts. Cooks have been known to exercise an enormous power over members of 'the force.' Will the missionaries descend to such things? I know not.

THERE is every probability now that the friction—always more or less regrettably apparent—between employer and employee in Auckland is about to be rubbed away. The lubricating oil in this case is the tact and common sense of Mrs Hendre, secretary to the Tailoresses' Union. This lady has undertaken the gigantic work of ameliorating the state of the working girls in Auckland, those of them at least who earn their daily bread in the shops and factories of that city. There are about six hundred so employed, and their wages are, in many cases, quite insufficient to give them food, clothing, and lodging. Of course, where a girl sleeps at home her five shillings or so, added to the earnings of the rest of the family is regarded as a welcome assistance in the parents' struggle for a respectable existence for themselves and the responsibilities with which Providence has blessed them. But there are more girls who only earn two-and-sixpence to five shillings a week. They are, perhaps, beginners, and are really not worth more to their employer, and these have no relations living in the place. Perhaps friends from a distance may add a trifle to their diminutive and wholly life-insupportable income; but perhaps they don't. Yet these girls live and dress well. How? And that darker shade of their story cannot be touched upon here. But the man or woman who builds or buys a large central home for these young women, where, without a repelling pressure of goodness, their moral nature will be elevated, whilst their bodily wants are attended

to—without pauperism—will have solved the problem of the mitigation, at least, of an evil the existence of which may sapp the healthy foundations of our cities. Will not the next rich person who is about to die, and has no immediate kin, bear this great want in mind?

Of course these words of mine will bring a storm about my ears. The usual cry will be raised—'Let the girls go into domestic service.' Dear ladies—for it is you who will complain—let me remind you that there are some nice mistresses and there are other kinds; that there are good sensible girls who will go into service and be a credit to themselves and all around them, and there are others who prefer a free-lance sort of life. Everyone, fortunately, is not built on exactly the same principle, and though a want of principle may be noticed occasionally, yet *all* girls who work in shops and factories are not necessarily to be condemned because they don't go as you would wish—into domestic service. Some of them, dear madam, you would not find suited to your establishment. There is, I know, the Y.M.C.A. Buildings. It is very good—too good for many indeed. Out of the six hundred girls working in shops and factories in Auckland over one-third are Roman Catholics, who would not go to the Y.M.C.A. Rooms. At all events, whatever the cause, there are the girls and they want help. All honour, then, to Mrs Hendre and those who are assisting her to make the lives of these young women better and brighter. And all success be to the proposed Fancy Fair which is to be held in three months for this purpose. Money to start the affair is, of course, needed, and donations will be welcomed by Mrs Hendre.

Almost suitable vocation for ladies desirous of earning their own living in an honest and eminently woman-like way has been discovered by some enterprising demoiselle. Alas! I know not her name nor her abode, consequently the Graphic interviewer has sedulously let her alone, and the pioneer of the 'Kiosk' and other suitably-named establishments remains an undiscovered social benefactor. There are one or two, if not more, of these luncheon and tea-rooms in most of our principal cities. Wellington has been blessed with a very taking afternoon tea-room, where the cakes and liquid refreshments are voted 'delicious.' Auckland is well off now in the matter of dainty, light meals at singularly light prices, and Napier is following these good examples. Of Christchurch and Dunedin I am not in a position to speak with gusto, but I have no doubt they are similarly blessed, or, at all events, shortly will be. For there are, unfortunately, many ladies who are much in need of work, and the confectioning of dainties wherewith to tempt the heart of man or woman is especially their work.

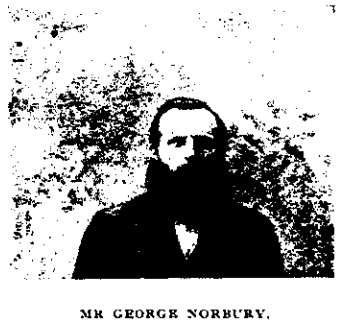
Many otherwise thoroughly good and satisfactory housewives are under the impression that it is only necessary to have a prettily spread table when someone else's lord and master comes to join in the feast. They think that their own particular menkind do not care about flowers and fripperies, which add to the ladies' labours, rooms of the various luncheon and without, as they think, any adequate return. Herein they make a great mistake. Judging from the large proportion of men who daily enjoy the tastefully arranged meals in the charmingly-decorated feeding tea establishments presided over by the newly-arisen lady cooks and confectioners, it would seem that the appeal to the outward man is fully successful as old domestic stagers tell the novices is the appeal to the inner. 'How shall I retain my husband's affection?' pitifully asked an inexperienced young wife. 'Feed the brute,' said her twice-wed aunt. The words are rough, but there is a large amount of truth in them. Therefore, practical wives and mothers, recollect that you have terrible rivals to fear in these pleasant-mannered palate-tempting æsthetic-sense-satisfying Kiosk or Savoy-keepers.

It sometimes is a little hard upon our magistrates that they cannot express their feelings concerning some of the cases which come before them in the few, pithy, and very pointed words which rise to their lips. But they have to support a reputation of absolute fairness and unbiasness, and, consequently, have to wrap up their private feelings in the smooth silk of legal utterances. Occasionally their own view of the character of the person whom they are trying, or the case before them peeps out in an apparently innocent and unconscious manner. This happened in Auckland recently. A visitor to that city went to see the famous man in a trance, paying his silver coin for admission. He had been present but a short time when all visitors were requested to leave the hall, as the doctors were about to make an examination. This particular stranger refused to leave, stating that he was one of 'nature's physicians,' and was interested in the case. He was gently, but forcibly, removed, and brought an action for assault. In dismissing the case Mr H. W. Northcroft, S.M., said that 'it was a queer show where the public, after paying their money at the door, could be turned out every five or ten minutes while the man in a trance could get up and walk about.' Very many people, myself included, would demur to the latter statement of the worthy magistrate, for a large number of us do believe in mesmerism, and in this particular case the man as I said last week, submitted to some hard tests of his unconsciousness. But what I wish to point out is the very neat way in which Mr Northcroft implied that *he* has not much belief in trances or uncanny things of that ilk.

Below is a reproduction of a photo of Mrs Camille Lorcher, now awaiting trial in Wellington for the attempted murder of Mr George Norbury. Mr Norbury's picture is also given. The particulars of the occurrence are well known. Messrs George Norbury and Trevor, builders, of Wellington, had erected buildings for Mr

MRS CAMILLE LORCHER.

Lorcher in Manners-street, and were the mortgagees in the case of a certain section belonging to him. On February 26th, Messrs Harcourt and Co., auctioneers, were about to offer for sale some of Lorcher's sections, the one over which Norbury held a mortgage, being among the number. Lorcher had for some time endeavoured to have the sale postponed, but it is said he eventually allowed matters to take their course. About



MR GEORGE NORBURY.

the time advertised for the sale, Mrs Lorcher entered the auction-room, and without any remark walked straight up to Mr Norbury and discharged a pistol at him. The bullet struck him on the right breast and penetrated the body. Although dangerously wounded, he is still alive at the date we write. Mrs Lorcher, who was promptly arrested, made no attempt to get away. Mr and Mrs Lorcher are Swiss, and came to New Zealand about five years ago.

The man in a trance' novelty seems to be drawing well all over the world, and seeing that it does not necessarily require any hypnotic power on the part of the operator, nor any excessive power of somnolency in the subject operated on, but merely a gullible public for its success, it is not surprising that the number of professors running this particular kind of show is large. The following is an account of an *exposé* of a so-called hypnotic trance in the United States.

During the month of January last Santinelli, a 'hypnotist,' was giving exhibitions in various Michigan cities, in which he claimed to put a young man into a hypnotic sleep and keep him sleeping constantly for from four days to an entire week, during which time it was said all bodily functions were suspended. The young man in each case was Herman Leonard, an employé of Santinelli, who travelled with him from town to town for the purpose of being put to sleep. Leonard was put to sleep on a Monday night for five days at Grand Rapids. Early one morning in the week Dr. Harman, a thoroughly reputable Grand Rapids physician, slipped into the Opera House by the aid of a skeleton key. The watchman employed by Santinelli is known as 'Jim.' Jim was asleep but the doctor declares that Herman Leonard was wide awake. Dr. Harman says that he saw Leonard arise in his bed and throw a pillow into the box where the watchers were stationed, and asked to have 'Jim' awakened. 'Jim' was aroused from his slumber. At 5.22 Jim and the watchman went out of the auditorium of the Opera House, leaving the alleged sleeper alone. Three minutes later a stranger appeared. He brought a long-necked bottle, which he handed to the man on the bed. The 'sleeper' took the bottle and a few minutes later handed it back. Then the same man gave the 'sleeper' some food that looked like bologna sausage and a drink of water. Five minutes later the 'sleeper' asked for a cigarette. It was lighted and handed to him by his friend. The 'sleeper' took several long whiffs from the cigarette and expressed his satisfaction in various ways. All was serene when the hired watchers returned.

The most peacefully disposed persons are liable to catch the war fever when it is prevalent. Mr Fowlds, of Auckland, has never been one who was likely to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, wherever else he might endeavour to find it. According to his own showing he has no foolish fancy to reap glory on the field of battle or to die of

> 'a mortal stroke.
> What time the foeman's line is broke
> And all the war is rolled in smoke.'

As with the majority of us, a plain unromantic death in bed is more to his mind. But these rumours of war that are circling round the world have roused the latent soldier in him, and he is to the front with a suggestion that we should form rifle clubs in all the large centres. Mr Fowld's clubs would not aim at any great proficiency in military evolution, nor would they adopt any of the gawds with which military men make themselves and their profession attractive. The members would be simple shootists, men who could take a straight aim and knock over an enemy at 500 yards. Mr Fowlds would have us take to the rifle range as we take to the cricket field, the golf links, or the bowling green, and become such experts in the new game that no enemy would care to have a match with us.

The idea is good, but the difficulty seems to be to excite that widespread interest in it which is necessary to success. I have no fear that if he were called on to do it every city man would not leap from his counter and till and strike home 'were it but with his yard wand,' but until the rude blast of war blows in their ears they will trouble themselves very little about preparations for defence. Mr Fowlds has as his idea of what these clubs should be the Transvaal Burghers, and he believes we might attain to as great a proficiency as those Boer marksmen who whitened the cannon of the British at Majuba Hill with their bullets and picked off the gunners one by one. He forgets, however, that the circumstances under which that proficiency was attained do not exist here. We have not the opportunities nor the necessity for the use of the rifle which the Boer farmer has on the broad veldt. He has had a weapon in his hand since he was a lad. I am afraid that the kind of people which Mr Fowlds would like to see practising at Mount Eden have never fired a rifle in their lives, and would never take kindly to shooting as a pastime. The supposition seems to be that without the restraints and discipline of volunteering shooting would become popular. I question very much if such would be the case. If we have a difficulty in making the volunteer movement a success I don't see that rifle clubs are likely to prove much better. If men display little interest in volunteering it is not to be expected that they will show much enthusiasm in rifle clubs, or even if, contrary to expectation, they did, I fear very much that they would cut but a sorry figure in their untrained condition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editors of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC *will be immediately acknowledged in this column.*

MR RICHMOND DUNNE.—I have not your story at hand, but will look for it. You do not give the title in your letter. This should always be done, as a change in the Editorial Department makes it awkward just at first to put authors and their works into the proper category.

N. R. Hardy.—Poems received. Will read and consider them as soon as possible.

F. D. Boyd.—I hope you will see this. For the future we intend to reply immediately. Your sketch shall be attended to and commented on.

'Stefan,' Raratonga.—Many thanks for notes. Would be glad of more if you can send them.

'*Soiletre*.'—Your verses will appear in our paper at an early date.

F. Rollett.—Your paper under consideration.

'F.R.'—Your two poems received. They will be read shortly. Thanks for them.

E. J. Hodren.—Will look for music M.S. and return.

Louisa Blake.—Your poem, 'Golden West,' under consideration. Please look in this column for further notice.

R. A. Bullen.—Poem, 'The Blind King,' received with thanks.

Miss Bain.—Will see what answer can be returned.

Miss Lester.—Will see about your poem.

'H.R.R.'—Poems under consideration.

'G.R.'—Your article, 'Hurry Skurry,' under consideration.

F. E. Fox.—Very many thanks for riddles and games.

Miss M. Orr-Hunter.—Music received. Will look it over, but have a good many musical items already in hand.

M. C. Frederick.—Your notes on 'Ranching for Feathers' to hand. They will probably be of use, but I will let you know later on.

Pemberton Pembrooke.—Your story will receive due attention as early as possible.

EVERYDAY RHYMES.

THE 'CYCLIST AND THE MAGISTRATE.

AT the Auckland Police Court the other day a 'cyclist was fined 20s and costs for riding his machine on the footpath. His Worship, in imposing the fine, said he was determined to put a stop to bicycle riding along the footpath. 'Cyclists used the footpaths to prevent the tyres of their machines from wearing out, by avoiding the rough roads, and evidently considered it was better to be fined 20s once in a while than to have to pay £3 for a new tyre. It was a question of tyre versus fine, and if a 20s fine would not have any effect, he would increase the fine until it would.

THE 'CYCLIST SPEAKS.

Dear Mr Northcroft, tell me, sir,
Why you so harshly treat
Those bicyclists who much prefer
The pavement to the street?

Along the sidewalks of the town
Their hoops the youngsters spin,
And though they run the people down,
You never run *them* in.

The nursery maids monopolise
The pavements with their 'prams:'
Why are *they* sacred in your eyes?
Why don't they use the trams?

And ladies with impunity
Drag trains of strange creation;
Has justice no machinery
To drag *them* to the station?

Why do you look with partial eye
On hoop, and 'pram' and train?
And grant them privileges I
Would beg from you in vain.

The 'Cyclists, like the Christians, may
Desire to save their souls;
Why turn them from the 'narrow way'
To where destruction rolls?

Were not the lion of your wrath
By city by-laws tethered,
The rider on the tarry path
Would soon be tarred and feathered.

As 'tis, in fines you vent your ire—
Your zeal is past admiring—
And those discourses on the tyre
To me are somewhat tiring.

Grant that I trespassed as I did,
I think that I could show
That costs when added to the 'quid
Is more than "*quid pro quo*."

But, knowing what strong views you hold
About this modern craze,
I think no man, however bold,
Could win you from your ways.

Unless you first had learned to fly
Upon a 'cycle's wings;
Then you would never more deny
What joy the pavement brings.

WELLINGTON JOTTINGS.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THERE was a large attendance at Thomas' Hall on Wednesday evening last, the occasion being a complimentary concert tendered to Miss Marion Sampson prior to her departure for England, with the object of studying for the operatic stage. Miss Sampson's rendering of the various numbers she was set down for gave evident satisfaction. She was assisted by Madame Eveleen Carlton, Miss Gage, Messrs H. Wright, Dyer, Mackintosh, etc., and altogether the concert was a very enjoyable one.

Members of the Wellington Bowling Club have under consideration an invitation from the Nelson and Blenheim Bowling Clubs to send a team to those places at Easter in order to play a series of matches.

Very general regret was felt in Wellington that during the recent visit of the Squadron the Municipal Council did not rise to the occasion, and, as the representatives of the citizens generally, entertain the Admiral and officers. This want of courtesy practically amounted to an open act of discourtesy, and the sole cause appears to have been a lack of unity between the Mayor and the members of the Council. It is for many other reasons, unfortunate that the Mayor and Council of the Empire City are not a happy family. There is so much urgent need for reform and improvement in connection with many public matters under the jurisdiction of the City Council, that all personal feeling should, as a matter of duty, be suppressed. As evidence of the state of affairs at present existing, the following notices of motion were lately given:—Councillor Smith to move 'That the statements of the Mayor *re* Councillors be reviewed'; while the Mayor tabled a notice that he would move, 'That the statements of Councillors Harris, Harcourt, Devine, Myers, and Smith *re* the Mayor be reviewed.'

The recklessly overcrowded manner in which the tramcars have been allowed to travel through the city daily hitherto has been truly disgraceful, and the wonder is, not that an accident has occurred, but that there has been such immunity from accidents. Various efforts have been made to have the evil stopped. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has on several occasions had the matter under consideration, and have sought to get the City Council to interfere with a view to its suppression. The City Council, it is scarcely needful to state, have ample powers to put an end to this overcrowding evil if they would only enforce them.

The Salvation Army have now in course of erection in Vivian street a fine new Barracks, to cost over £2,000, whilst the site involved an outlay of £900. The memorial blocks (three) in connection therewith were laid at the beginning of the month by Messrs J. Duthie, one of the Wellington Ms H.R., C. Luke, ex-Mayor, and Brigadier Hoskins. The Army are doing a grand work in this city, apart altogether from street and other preaching, by seeking out and relieving the sick and needy. In rescue work also they are doing an amount of good that comparatively few are aware of, or at all realise, and as they are ever ready to extend a helping hand, irrespective of nationality, creed, or past career, they well deserve hearty support from all sections of the community.

CYCLING FOR WOMEN.

MR E. B. TURNER, in the *Humanitarian* for January, discusses cycling for women. He deals both with cycling riding and racing. He hold very strong views adverse to cycle racing. Women, he thinks, by their sex, are disqualified from keeping up the continuous training which is absolutely necessary for success. He sums up what he has to say to wheelwomen as follows:—

'That the rational use of the cycle is one of the very best forms of exercise which can be obtained; that for many functional ailments it is a cure, for some organic a palliative; that if abused when the rider is in an unfit state, it can do as much harm as over-walking, over-riding, over-climbing; that over-fatigue is always bad, but much worse when the rider is out of condition; that girls and women unaccustomed to bodily exertion require a longer time to become habituated to it than a young man or boy of the same age. That condition will come by constant practice, and cannot be hurried or forced by overwork. That as condition improves, so longer distances and a greater speed may be safely attempted. That it is not worth while to strain up a very steep hill. That for women racing cannot be good, and the feminine motto should be moderation—and yet again moderation, and loose clothing.'

Footlight Flashes.

BY THE PROMPTER.

A CROWDED house was drawn to the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on the 19th of February by the announcement that the much-talked 'Land of the Moa,' which has made a reputation for itself in New Zealand, Sydney, Brisbane, was to be produced. It was also announced, in defiance of Mr Leitch's protests, that there would be *hakas*, war dances, *tangis*, and by real Maoris, and that new and great effects would be introduced. Mr Leitch, being announced as the author of this new arrangement of his work, which had cost him the labour of years, protested against the production, but in defiance of this the play was given. The Melbourne *Press*, commenting upon the production, gives it anything but commendation. The introduced dialogue, and re-arrangement of scenes, the absence of the real Maoris and the introduction and pretensions of imitation ones, did not only confuse the story, but provoked ridicule and disappointment. Apologies had to be made for the absence of the greatly advertised sensational effect—a jumping horse—which could not be induced to jump. It had not jumped when the Wednesday's mail left. Mr Leitch, whose contract with the Wellington syndicate ended in Sydney, has issued proceedings against the management for introducing a mutilated edition of his work under his name and as the original production.

PROFESSOR W. A. AND MADAME STELLA DAVIS have just toured Southland and the Otago goldfields, good business following them right through. Their Dunedin season (six nights) began on Wednesday last. Afterwards they visit North Otago and South Canterbury *en route* to Christchurch and the North.

LAWNS & LINKS.

NOW that the heat of midsummer has passed, people seem to be roused to fresh energy and go in strongly for outdoor games. Tennis and croquet claim equal honours, and are played in tournament fashion all round. The croquet tournament in Wellington, as being the first for so many years, is creating great interest. It is played in sides, Hutt *versus* Town, twelve players on each side. The Hutt contingent includes Mr Burnett, Mr E. Bunny, Mr and Mrs Fitzherbert, Miss Fitzherbert, Mrs Howden, Mr Mowbray, Mr Rees, Mr and Mrs Scales, and Mrs Williams, while the players for town are Mr Butter, Mr Brown, Mr Goring, Mr Hadfield, Mr and Mrs Maxwell, Mr and Mrs Moorhouse, Mr and Mrs C. Johnston, Mrs Newman, Miss Williams, and Miss H. Williams. The games are played partly on the Hutt lawns and partly in town, and the eighteen games will probably all be played off some time next week. So far the town is winning easily, but the crisis is not passed yet, and it must not begin to crow too soon.

The Wellington Golf Club still lives and enjoys life in spite of an overwhelming number of resignations from last year's members. Of course many others have joined, and as new members pay the entrance fee as well as the subscription, the change of members is good for the finances, and should be encouraged.

At Miramar last Saturday the monthly competition for the Boyle Medal was played, Miss Ethel Cooper being the successful player. The medal has now undergone six combats, and changed hands as many times, though one winner—Miss Siddie Johnston—has been successful on two occasions.

AN INTERNATIONAL FLIRTATION.

THE Kaiser smiles at Russia, while England smiles at France;
The Spaniard treats with England, while Cuba looks askance;
Your Uncle Sam is 'guessing,' and keeps others 'guessing' too;
For not a single nation knows what the next may do.

The Czar speaks well of England, but Wilhelm gets a smile,
And France sits on the fence post and watches them the while;
Your Uncle Sam is thoughtful, and wonders now if he
Should cast his lot with Cuba or make Armenia free.

There's turmoil in the Transvaal, and Kruger flirts with all;
There's sport in Venezuela, from Turkey comes a call;
The warships are made ready to go at once to sea,
But Uncle Sam's uncertain just where they ought to be.

Exchange.

BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

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

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

It is requested that only those who find it impossible to procure books through the ordinary channels should take advantage of this offer.

The labour involved will be heavy and entirely unremunerative, no fees or commission being taken.

Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited.

All Communications and Commissions must be addressed

THE BOOKMAN,' Graphic Office, Auckland.

Some Modern Novelists.

There is no need to introduce Mr Rudyard Kipling in any part of Her Majesty's dominions or in any land where the English language is spoken. He is known the wide world over by his daring verse and no less daring stories which lifted him almost in a day into the front rank of our most original literary men. Though only just over

RUDYARD KIPLING.

thirty years of age, he has contributed to our literature a great deal of work that has the true ring of genius in it. He has been a distinctly new force among versifiers and novelists, and his vigorous style has been copied by hundreds of literary aspirants, who, unfortunately, not

CONON DOYLE.

having the mental vigour and originality of which Kipling's style is the natural outcome, lapse into feeble forcibleness, unmusical numbers, and vulgarity. Kipling was born in Bombay, and it was as a depicter of Anglo-Indian life that he first won fame. He is also the soldier's poet *par excellence*. Tommy Atkins never had a real bard who could see things as he saw them, and tell them as he would tell them till Kipling came on the scene. The children too owe a deep debt of thanks to the author of 'The Light that Failed,' for in his last works, 'The Jungle Books,' he has opened up a new enchanted land where not only they, but their elders too, may delight themselves for many an hour with the conversations of the crocodile, the hyena, and the other denizens of the Indian forest.

∴ ∴ ∴

Dr. Conon Doyle is the creator of that paragon of detectives, 'Mr Sherlock Holmes,' whose disappearance we deplore when we finish each of his wonderful adventures. Dr. Doyle was intended by nature for a storyteller, and although for some years he administered boluses and wielded a scalpel, at last nature had her way and the physician laid aside medicine for literature. No one will regret that he did so, and without detracting from his reputation as a doctor, one may say that he is certain to have done more good to his fellowmen by his pen than he could ever have hoped to do with his black draughts and pills. The novelist is a grandson of John Doyle, the famous political caricaturist 'H.B.,' and is a Scotchman by birth. He is now in his 36th year, and has a very high standing among the storytellers of the day.

∴ ∴ ∴

Another author who mistook his vocation in early life is Mr Stanley Weyman. Born in 1855, he followed the law till 1889, when his first novel, 'The House of the Wolf,' appeared, and led to his abandonment of the wig and gown. As a historical novelist Mr Weyman holds a very high place, and among the writers of the present day who have been successful in truthful presentation of events in history he easily

STANLEY WEYMAN.

bears away the palm. 'The House of the Wolf,' which we have reviewed in these columns, won recognition as soon almost as it appeared, but the star of the novelist dates its rise from the publication of 'A Gentleman of France,' a book which has been translated into German, French, and Swedish, and commands a large sale on the Continent and America as well as in England. Mr Weyman is a bachelor.

∴ ∴ ∴

* 'Casa Braccio.' In his latest work Mr Marion Crawford is again in Italy where has been laid the scene of all his most striking novels *Casa Braccio* has won high commendation from the English critics who with few exceptions place the book in advance of this author's previous best. Possibly they are right. The novel is persistently gloomy, yet never have certain types of the Italian character been so realistically portrayed. The groundwork of the book, including all the minor characters, and the style in which the theme is treated are wholly admirable, and it is only when the reader begins to consider the actions of the leading figures that there arises anything at which he feels disposed to cavil. *Casa Braccio* is primarily the story, and the consequences of the seduction of a Carmelite nun from the Convent of Subiaco. A young hot-blooded Scotch doctor, on a visit to the town, is summoned to the convent on the occasion of the severe illness of the Mother Superior. He is thrown daily into contact with Maria Braccio, otherwise Maria Addolorata, a young and beautiful nun, with what consequences the reader of novels—if not of life—may easily foresee. Not less pasionately enamoured than himself, the girl is induced to leave the convent and fly to an English man-of-war, where the couple are duly married. There are some peculiarly horrible features associated with this flight, which, however, have the effect of covering up the traces of the deed and postponing almost indefinitely its poetical consequences. This story forms Book One. In Book Two we have passed on a generation, and find ourselves in the company of the only child of the marriage, a beautiful, high-spirited, but somewhat vulgar-minded girl, whose career in expiation of the deadly sin of her parents makes up the remainder of the novel. The 'revenges' of time are shown to be truly appalling. None of those whose lives have been in any way affected by the ill-fated marriage but suffer disastrously through the contact, and poisoning by misadventure, suicide, and murder are among the resulting consequences.

Is the novel, then, intended to bear a moral? At any rate it is not one likely to affect the conduct of the reader, whose chances of marrying a Carmelite nun are probably remote. Then, too, it would be possible and also interesting to treat the same theme from an entirely opposite standpoint with a moral at least equally conclusive, for though religion has its sacrilege, so also has natnre.

Casa Braccio is a finely-written. absorbingly interesting story full of character-drawing of a high type, and embellished by all those subtleties and beauties of language in which Marion Crawford is a master.

* 'Casa Braccio,' by F. Marion Crawford: Macmillan and Co. Paper 2s 6d.

RUNNING A PAPER IN TURKEY.

WITHOUT doubt the most peculiar newspapers in the world are published in Turkey. The press is a comparatively new thing in the land where the Sultan rules, and the Turks did not take kindly to the innovation at the start. It was only by means of bribes and the assistance of foreign powers that the newspaper proprietors were allowed to get any foothold at all, and even then the editor was in constant fear of his life whenever the paper went to press.

Every man whose name was mentioned felt at liberty to demolish the plant, and it was an everyday occurrence for the editor to be called to account at the point of a sabre. After many editors had been killed and many attacked and intimidated, the papers adopted a new method, and for some years ventured to publish nothing about a person unless it was highly complimentary. But the Turks finally took offense at this, too, and fresh raids were made on the newspaper offices, with disastrous results. The Government then stepped in, and after subduing the riots, publicly encouraged the establishments of newspapers, relying upon the institution of a censorship to render them harmless. Under this censorsbib the Turkish press has existed until the present time, and, notwithstanding the terrible handicap, the newspapers have gradually increased in numbers.

Most of the newspapers are published in the Turkish and Arabic languages, and the most important are naturally located at Constantinople and Boyroot. The latter place has now fifteen publications, all in Arabic. Each issue is as good as a comic opera, and how they manage to find readers for the matter they publish is a mystery, for they contain little more than a few articles eulogistic of the Government. The censors placed in each newspaper office by the Government are supreme, and are held solely responsible for every item that appears in it from one year's end to the other. In the event of a prohibited line slipping in unawares the censors pay for the oversight with their lives.

It is expected—in fact, it is almost looked upon as law—that writers shall take advantage of every possible opportunity to flatter the Sultan. Thus, an editor was recently severely called to account for speaking of the Sultan as merely 'His Imperial Majesty, the Prince of the Faithful, and the Shadow of Allah upon Earth.' This was regarded as positively disrespectful, and it was only by the utmost pleadings and promises to do better that the editor was allowed to continue his paper. What he should have said, to appear at all loyal, was: 'His Most Holy, Noble and Imperial Majesty, the Greatest and Most Powerful of all Princes of the Faithful, the Shadow of Allah upon Earth, the Finest Pearl of the Age and the Esteemed Centre of the Universe; at Whose Grand and Mighty Portals Stand the Camels of Justice and Mercy,' etc.

To mention the Queen of England as the 'Empress of India' is almost worth a man's life, for the Government cannot bring itself to recognise any Christian woman, and cannot permit the papers to allude to her as the ruler of a country that contains so many Mohammedans.

A GOLDEN CITY.

PRESCOTT in the United States is now the nearest approach to the New Jerusalem, as it is described in the Holy Writ, as the streets are being paved with gold. It is true it is not of a degree of fineness equal to that to be found in the next world, but it is the best that can be done on this mundane sphere. Gold, however, is one of the ingredients of the granite pavement used in the 'city among the pines,' and one may not be surprised some day, if the panicky times should ever reach that locality, to see the pavement run through a quartz mill to secure the gold that might be extracted by the leaching process. Each ton of the rock used contains 16s in gold and 10d in silver, and this typical mining city enjoys the proud distinction of being the only one in the world with golden streets.

MINING NEWS.

A PECULIAR feature of the Stock Exchange during the past week has been that, while the shares between 1s and 5s in price were somewhat neglected, there has been a steady demand for high-priced shares, and many stocks below a shilling have advanced in value. This may be looked upon as a very reassuring sign. The demand for higher-priced stocks shows that a enquiry from abroad has set in, while the quietly picking up of very cheap shares proves that far-seeing men are purchasing either to average shares already held at higher figures, or else in faith that in a month or two there will be a steady advance all round. This week Waitekauri shares touched the highest price yet reached on this market, transactions being reported on more than one occasion at 9os, with steady buyers at half a crown under that figure, and no sellers under 95s. This is not a bad price considering that about eighteen months ago the shares could have been obtained at about 14s. During the week there have also been regular sales of Woodstocks at from 24s to 25s. These shares are the new register in the English Company, and as original holders get a share and a-half in the new Company for each old share, the present price is a considerable advance upon the rates ruling before the allotment was made. The most transactions during the week have, however, been in Talisman shares at from 9s 9d to 10s, some thousands having changed hands. The battery at this mine will be ready to commence crushing very shortly, and there is already plenty of ore at grass, which, should it crush as well as the bulk test some time ago, will pay handsome interest on present prices. Fresh negotiations are still going on for the sale of this mine in London, but once the battery gets to work the shareholders will perhaps not be so anxious to part with the property. At the Thames the most interest just at present centres in the Victoria mine, in which what appears to be a new run of gold has been discovered in the old Prince Imperial section. As the present find is in close proximity to where a rich haul was made years ago, from which about £86,000 was paid in dividends, shareholders are in hopes that another similarly rich patch will be unearthed. A stope was commenced this week, and in a few days 50lbs of picked stone were secured, which caused these shares to be firm at from 4s to 4s 3d. A start has now been made to sink on the gold, and I fancy these shares will shortly see higher prices, more especially as there seems every chance of the property being also floated on the London market on satisfactory terms. A meeting of shareholders has been convened to empower the directors to dispose of the mine. The famous Waihi Company cleaned up for the month during the week, but the return was not as large as usual. I am happy to be able to state, however, that this is not due to any decrease in the value of the ore treated. The fact is that the prolonged dry weather is somewhat hampering the mining industry at present, and in consequence of the shortage of water all the stampers at the Waihi battery were not in operation this month. Added to this was the fact that the battery was stopped for several days to effect certain repairs to the machinery. On account of these two causes not quite two-thirds of the quantity of ore put through for the previous return was crushed this month. The result was, however, very satisfactory, £6,602 worth of bullion being obtained from 1,950 tons of ore. An additional £664 was also obtained from tailings by the cyanide process, thus making the total yield for the month, in spite of stoppages, £7,266. For the previous crushing 3,060 tons were treated. At Coromandel the Pride of Tokatea Company (one of the new ones) got another 38lbs of specimens this week, making a total on hand of 208lbs. The Hauraki North Company which adjoins the famous Hauraki had also its first crushing return this week, 960zs. of gold, worth £3 per oz., being obtained from about 70 tons of ore. This will no doubt encourage the shareholders to erect the requisite pumping machinery and winding gear in order to work the mine systematically. Good accounts are received from the mine itself, a small leader showing rich gold having been cut running near the reef with which it should junction later on, when important developments may be expected. A Tairua property called the Maori Dream has practically been sold to an English syndicate, the first deposit of £500 being distributed amongst shareholders during the past week. The German Mining Expert, Herr Schmeisser, is at present visiting our goldfields, and has inspected the Central mine at Waitekauri, and other properties, on behalf of probable Home purchasers. The immediate result was to central those shares to advance from 1s 3d to 2s, but the market closed with sellers at 1s 6d. Shares in another Waitekauri company, the Sovereign, have sold freely this week, owing to a good reef, which is reported to be showing gold freely, being cut. A fortnight ago these shares went begging at 5d, but sales have since been made at 1s 1d. The long-looked-for clearing up at the Monowai mine is now expected to take place towards the close of the present month, and the result will be awaited with keen interest, as its success means a big thing for the Waioma district, where the ore has heretofore been neglected as too refractory to accommodate itself to the system of quartz reduction hitherto tried. An English expert, has, however, started a new process, and is very sanguine of its success. Professor Black, who has visited the mine and watched the process, has, I understand, reported that from 80 to 92s per cent. of the assay value of the ore will be saved. Should this prove to be the case, and the cost of the process is not too high, Monowai shares will be worth much higher prices than those at present asked for them, and the whole of the surrounding country will at once be taken up by other companies, as the ore lodes are large, and there are plenty of them in the district. Accounts from Te Puke are also of a very satisfactory nature, and there seems every probability that another large stretch of goldfield will be opened up in the Tauranga district. Already reefs have been cut, the stone from which, it is stated, gives good prospects by mortar tests, but the real value will not, of course, be known until a bulk parcel has been treated.

The Sydney *Trade Journal*, in its last issue, publishes details of the gold exports of the Australasian colonies for the year 1895, which are of interest as showing that New Zealand heads the list as far as the increased output for the year is concerned, with 71 968ozs in excess of the yield of 1894, while Western Australia's increase is only 24,382ozs. These figures should convince the most sceptical that the New Zealand goldfields offer a fair investment for foreign capital.

VANISHED GOLD MINES.

AN interesting chapter in the history of gold and silver mining which still remains to be written is that relating to lost mines—that is, mines of fabulous richness, once discovered by some lonely prospector, and then lost by some fateful incident or chain of accidents. In every gold and silver bearing district stories of these marvelous 'finds' are current, and West Australia, the latest gold field of all, is not without its crop. There is no inherent improbability about the better known mine myths, if we may so term them, because in a wild country where there are practically no land marks it is by no means a difficult matter for an uneducated man, with his tremendous secret to keep, to make a mistake as to his location

The 'Lost Cabin' mine is a good specimen of the kind of thing we have in mind. One day, forty years ago, three men named 'Kit' Carson, James Kinney and a half-breed Blackfoot came into Fort Randal, on the Missouri river, with a bagful of nuggets and a story of gold deposits of incredible richness in Cabin creek, a branch of the north forak of the Cheyenne river. Everybody went crazy. No white man was supposed to have been within 500 miles of the place, and indeed men were (at that time) being cut off by Indians within five miles of the fort. Carson and Kinney went on a week's 'spree,' and soon gambled away their gold, but showed no disposition to take a party to the new El Dorado. The United States officers at the fort discredited the whole thing, and dissuaded the crowd from following it up; but men started out and none returned. Presumably, the Indians saw the last of them. The redskins, no doubt, knew of the existence of gold there, and, of course, wanted for several reasons to keep the whites out, and they did effectually for thirty years. A thousand lives and a mountain of treasure were spent in seeking for the Lost Cabin, but in vain; and it was only quite recently that other gold discoveries were made along the same creek.

The story of the lost 'Lake of the Golden Bar' in Alaska is one of the strangest ever narrated. There is an expedition even now on foot to look for it. In August, 1884, three adventurers, named Hamilton Galt, Charles Ulrich and Walter Stanford, went tramping north from Butte, Mont., and at the end of eight weeks found themselves near the Yukon River in Alaska. There were well-watered valleys, where game was abundant, and traces of gold were found everywhere on the 'bars' and shores of the streams. The sun was shining gloriously, when suddenly a small lake came into view. In the words of Galt himself: 'Its rays struck with a slanting flood upon the bar, and scintillated in a thousand golden slivers directly across the water into the dazzled eyes of the thunderstruck men.' There were bad Indians roaming around, but what cared they now? All three yelled with delirium. They threw down their rifles and swam for the bar—a small island in the lake, thirty feet from the bank. The first nugget weighed six pounds, and was almost pure gold. This was Galt's catch. Stanford, whose nickname was 'Ole' gathered up nuggets and scooped up 'dust' as fast as he could transfer the stuff from the ground to his pockets. But it remained for Ulrich to make the biggest 'find.' He had landed a little lower down. In walking through the shallows toward the shore he struck his foot against a sharp rock as he thought. But as he lifted it out of the water there was discovered a nugget of almost pure gold, estimated at fifty pounds, or not much less than that figure in weight.

Their ideas was to gather gold enough in the cache to make them all rich before the actual cold weather set in, and then to go south and to return again with a proper equipment. Just as preparations had been made for this move, a large body of Indians attacked the prospectors, killed 'Ole' and burned their hut; the two others got separated, and had to leave most of their treasure behind them, and pick their way south as best they could. Ulrich, it turned out afterward, contrived to reach Fort Wrangel penniless. Galt, who was afraid to go near the camp because of the Indians, kept in the neighbourhood for two days, and then commenced his lonely tramp back. There was no sun to point him right. The long winter nights had commenced. It became colder and colder; the thermometer ranged far below zero. Snow came in masses and blinding blizzards. 'I wandered on and on,' he says, 'always with the instinct of self-preservation strong within me. I never thought of giving up. Hunger, cold, snow, ice, fever, delirium—nothing mattered; but life—sweet life. I went on this way for weeks. Through that terrible winter of 1884 I wandered in that awful wilderness.' Paralyzed, bleeding from wounds on the body, head and face, frozen, the sight of one eye nearly gone, attenuated to the mere shadow of a man, he at last came to a human habitation on March 25th, 1885, about twenty miles from Bonner's Ferry; but he means to see the 'Lost Bar' lake again.

The story of the 'White Cement' mine is a curious one. One day a gold-seeker named White came into Horse Head gulch, California, from Northern New Mexico and took out of his pack a number of pieces of what looked like hard white clay glittering with specks of metal. Before night it was known in the camp that White's specimens showed 1,000 ounces to the ton. The excitement was intense. In the morning a party called on the owner of the specimens and told him that he must pilot the men to his find. He should have the pick of the claim and help to work it, but go he must; and on his refusal was warned that his life would not be worth shucks if he 'stood off,' the camp. Then he consented. The trail went down and across the Rockies. It led along rocky trails, up and down canyons and across mountain creeks. On the evening of the third day White said the miners were near to their journey's end. Everyone lay down that night expecting to arise a millionaire. In the morning White was gone and had left no trace. One-half of the party, after incredible suffering, got back to life and civilization; and yet, despite their story, 100 men started back over their trail two days later. Three years after, White re-appeared in Salt Lake City with his cement specimens as before, incredibly rich, and again disappeared, and from that time to this has never been heard of. But men still wear out their lives in seeking this 'Lost Cement' mine.

For many years there has been a legend prevalent in Port Hickson and in the country round about that somewhere in the Shawangunk Mountains in that vicinity there is a cave or mine containing deposits of wealth in gold and silver.

The legend of the hidden treasure is, in effect, that years ago—nobody knows how many—an old Spaniard or an Indian lived somewhere in the Shawangunk Mountains near Port Hickson. This person was known by the name of Ninety-nine. Why Ninety-nine the misty record does not pause to say. But of this thing the legend is positive: Ninety-nine was over partial to whisky, and it was his favourite pastime when he was drunk to scatter gold pieces about the settlements, to pull a handful of diamonds from one pocket, and a string of pearls from another, and from other parts of his opulent person clusters of rubies and glittering lots of other precious stones, and parade about among the Dutch settlers an animate and inebriate Golconda. No one could ever find where Ninety-nine lived. He never permitted anyone to accompany him from the settlements except once, and that was a short time before he disappeared forever from those merry scenes. The exception was a boy named Benny Depew, and it was when he was in his cups that Ninety-nine took him blindfolded to the mountain home and showed him over his treasure house. Heaped in glittering confusion on the floor were bars of gold and silver and domes of coin. From every side resplendent jewels glared at him with myriad eyes, while Ninety-nine thrust his hand into a cask, and taking it out and holding it above his head released what he held within it. A stream of flaming diamonds fell back into the cask. These were some of the things that Benny said he gazed upon in Ninety-nine's cave. But the greedy custodian of all that fabulous wealth permitted him to feast his eyes but a short time. Then he blindfolded Benny again and led him away. When the bandage was a second time removed from his eyes, Benny was standing on the top of one of the highest peaks of the Shawangunk overlooking the Mamakating valley. Ninety-nine was gone. And he was never seen again. This story has an unmistakable suggestion of the 'Arabian Nights,' but only a few years ago a company was formed with a capital of $25,000 to search for the lost treasure. Half the capital was paid up. However, the only exhaustive work done was by the treasurer of the company. He did it on the company's treasury. When his work was done the treasury was exhausted of the $12,500, and he had gone elsewhere. The company turned its attention away from hunting for the lost cave, and went to hunting for the lost treasurer.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 16.

As our American friends would say, matters social are beginning to 'hum' a little with us. The

ARRIVAL OF THE SQUADRON

about half-past eleven on Thursday morning brightened up the harbour, and very speedily the town also. Four men o' war with their complement of officers and men have a wonderfully cheering effect on the ladies whose duties lead them to entertain much. The Countess of Glasgow has taken the initiative, and two dinners at Government House, one on Friday and one on Saturday night, head the list of gaieties. The dance on Tuesday night, nominally

AN 'AT HOME' AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

takes place too late for me to describe this week.

At the

VICE-REGAL DINNER PARTY

on Friday night there were present besides His Excellency the Governor, the Countess of Glasgow, her daughters, and the staff, His Excellency Admiral Bridge (H.M.S. 'Orlando'), Captain Fisher (flag captain), Lieutenant Duff (flag lieutenant), Captains Meryon, Brown, Graham, Colonel and Mrs Goring, Mr and Mrs Bloomfield, Mesdames Menteath and Kilgour, and the Misses Firth, Chambers, and Griffiths.

At the Government House dinner-party on Saturday night the guests were:—His Excellency the Admiral, Lieutenant Duff Hon. Mr, Mrs, and Miss Devereux, Mr and Mrs Morrin, Dr. and Mrs Hope Lewis, Mrs Menteath, Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, Miss Shepherd, Miss Wilkins, Miss Plunkett, Commander Anson, Lieutenants Hibbert and Greatorex.

The usual formal calls between Government House and the Flagship were exchanged with cordiality during the week.

His Worship the Mayor had a sort of official picnic on Tuesday, this week, comprising their Excellencies the Governor and Admiral, with their staff officers, etc., etc.

A large

LADIES' PICNIC

was given by the lady members of the Eden and Epsom lawn to the lady members of the various other clubs. It was a very big affair, and there must have been over fifty guests present. A most substantial luncheon was provided for the visitors in the large pavilion. Tea, cakes, fruit, etc., was handed round during the afternoon. Tennis matches were indulged in for trophies. A gentleman gave two pair of gloves for the winner of the ladies' doubles. This was won by Miss Nicholson (Auckland) and Miss Russell (Devonport), their last opponents being Misses Mowbray and Davy (Parnell), the *finale* being a very exciting and close game. The Eden and Epsom members presented the two last vanquished opponents with two charming little baskets of grapes, which were much appreciated. The weather though threatening kept comfortably fine, and everything passed off without a hitch. The promoters of the tennis picnic deserve and obtained, much praise. Members from nearly every lawn in Auckland were assembled there, which showed the good feeling which exists amongst them. The Eden and Epsom lawn is very large and roomy, and capable of holding many onlookers without encroaching on to the lawns which makes it the best lawn for entertaining on a large scale. Another point in its favour is its picturesque location, the pretty peeps from it adding to its attractiveness. Dark skirts and light blouses were very much worn, and really to see the lawn full of them at steady work, as it was often during the afternoon, you would have thought it was some regiment. Now for the gowns: the Misses Paton (two), dark gowns; Mrs Clarke, black; Miss A. Clark, dark skirt, canary blouse; Miss Dudley, brown tweed tailor-made gown; Miss Dolly Dudley, black skirt, cardinal crepon blouse finished with black braid; Miss Davy, white; and her sister, white relieved with red; Miss Kenderdine, black; Miss Rich, dark skirt, light blouse with black shoulder ribbons; Miss Colebrook, white batiste muslin with black lines; Miss Mowbray, dark skirt, cream blouse with orange rosettes; Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, light blouse; and her sister, heliotrope; Miss Snell, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Sloman, dark skirt, white shower muslin blouse; Mrs Goodhue, black delaine with lilac ribbons; Miss Devereux, dark skirt, buttercup-coloured blouse; Miss Bull, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss E. Bull, white piqué finished with black; Miss Hesketh, dark skirt, light blouse finished with emerald green ribbons; and her sister, dark skirt, white muslin blouse; Miss Hardie, pretty white muslin trimmed with embroidery; Miss Hall, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Gorrie, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Chapman, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Charles Baker, black gown, dainty green bonnet; Mrs Hudson, becoming pale pink shower muslin; Miss Shuttleworth, grey tailor-made gown; Miss Baber, pink cambric; Miss Mason (North Shore), pink; Miss Ring, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Bellairs, mauve cambric; Mrs Mahoney, black gown, black tulle hat; Miss Nicholson, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Blair, pink gingham; Miss Chapman, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Rice, beige gown, black lace mantle, black bonnet; Miss Rice, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Heather (jun.), dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Garland, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss McFarlane, green plaid skirt, nil green blouse; Miss Russell (Devonport), white muslin with yellow ribbons, black sailor hat with yellow ribbon band; Miss Lizzie Stewart, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Kempthorne, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Burton, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Spiers, white pique; Mrs Duncan Clerke, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Frost; Miss Bleazard-Brown, lilac; and her sister, pink; Miss Lain (Christchurch), cream serge finished with blue ribbons; Misses Philcox (two), biege skirts, pale blue blouses; Mrs Harrison, brown gown; Miss Courtayne, lilac; Mrs Laurie, very handsome nil green silk, black lace cape, black bonnet with nil green ribbons; Miss Laurie, grey tailor made tweed costume; and her sister, navy tailor made serge, white vest; Mrs Clayforth, very handsome navy serge trimmed with ecru lace, bonnet *en suite*; Miss Eastham (Devonport), black; and her sister, dark skirt, grey blouse; Miss Herrold, grey gown; and her sister, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss Heywood, white batiste muslin; Miss Jessie Savage, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Preece wore a black and white costume and pretty white hat; her sister, pink and white; etc., etc.

POLO.

Notwithstanding the departure of the representatives for Wanganui, there was a large attendance on Saturday of visitors at polo, which was held as usual in Potter's Paddock. In addition to the usual games between picked sides there was a match between City and Remuera. The City team consisted of Messrs C. Purchas, A. Purchas, Clark, and Colegrove; the Remuera team Messrs Hanna, Tonks, Whewell, and Jackson. The Misses Percival (three) gave and charmingly presided over the afternoon tea. Miss Percival was wearing a dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Edith Percival, white, their younger sister wore a pretty blue cambric; Miss Ryan, who assisted them in dispensing the tea, wore a dark skirt and light blouse. Amongst the visitors I noticed several officers from the squadron; Mrs Col. Dawson, dark skirt, canary blouse; Mrs Worsp, white pique; Mrs Haines was looking extremely well in cream flowered silk, bonnet *en suite*; Miss Wilkins looked pretty in a canary gown veiled in white, white Leghorn hat with ostrich feathers; and her sister, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse; Miss Hay, dark skirt, chocolate blouse; and her sister, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Dunnett, stylish fawn lustre; Miss Lily Ireland, elegant lilac costume finished with white, parasol to match; Miss Thompson, white embroidery muslin, and her sister cream lustre; Miss Claire Smith, white shower muslin, and her sister blue cambric; Mrs Hope Lewis, black crêpon; Mrs Markham, black tailor-made gown; Mrs Greenway, white gown finished with green; Miss Firth, lilac; Miss Bush, blue; Miss Esme Elliot, pink zephyr; Miss Ainsley, black mourning costume; Mrs Lyons, beige Cheviot tweed flecked with green and trimmed with silk to match, and her little niece wore grey; Miss Kate Isaacs, brown gown; Miss Edith Isaacs, cream; Mrs Andrew Hanna, lilac muslin; Miss Jackson, lilac cambric; Miss Churton, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Meta Aicken, white muslin, white chiffon hat; Miss N. Churton, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Hesketh, white; Miss Ada Dixon, stylish fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Eva Scherff, white muslin; Miss Whyte, very stylish beige lustre, white vest; Miss Eva Firth, heliotrope cambric; Miss Dowell, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Hull, muslin gown; and her sister wore grey cashmere; Mrs Mulvaney, dark skirt, pretty mauve blouse; the Misses Bull, Ware, Dowell, Tanner, Griffiths, Torrance, Bleazard-Brown, Hesketh, Messrs Lyons, Aubrey, Dixon, Percival, and a great many others whose names I cannot recall at this present moment were on the ground.

Mrs Scherff gave a most

ENJOYABLE DANCE,

the first of the season, I believe, at her pretty residence 'Glenalvon,' Symond-street, on Friday night. Major Elliot was present. The lovely outdoor walks could not be enjoyed on account of the heavy mist which lay like a shroud all over Auckland during the night. The ballroom was capitally decorated with green ferns, ivy and bracken. The floor was in excellent order, being so slippy that we had to be careful how we treaded the lancers. Mr and Mrs Scherff, with the able assistance of their daughters and sons, made perfect hosts and hostesses. The Misses Scherff were untiring in their exertions for the welfare of their guests. The supper-table, which was weighed down with good cheer, was prettily decorated with canary-coloured crêpe paper, and finished with vases of small sunflowers. The music was all that could be desired, being supplied by those travelling Italians on their stringed instruments. Most of the gowns were very handsome and rich. Mrs Stewart-Monteath came over after the Government House dinner; she was wearing a lovely cream brocaded satin finished with lace and at the corsage with red flowers and brooches with glittering red stones. Our hostess, Mrs Scherff, wore a handsome black silk with lilac trimmings; Miss Scherff, black velvet with white bébé sleeves and ropes of pearl beads finished the corsage; Miss Eva Scherff looked well in pink relieved with white; Miss Dolly Scherff, white *debutante* silk; Mrs A. Gilmore, white silk; Miss Brabant, white trained silk finished with white tulle; Mrs Armitage, creamy white silk profusely trimmed round the neck, sleeves and waist with cocquelicot red tulle, and finished with glittering diamonds; Miss Hume, white cashmere trimmed with lace and ribbons; Miss Ella Baker, white merveilleux; Miss Vaile, white silk; Miss Seccombe, very handsome coral pink silk finished with white lace; Miss Eva Rich, stylish cream silk; Miss Bellairs, white silk with canary satin sleeves; Misses Kerr-Taylor (two) wore white; Misses Chambers-Taylor (two), white striped cashmeres; Miss Percival, pink crepon; Miss Edith Percival, green or blue silk, I do not know which, as these colours are so deceiving at night; Miss Bursill, pink silk profusely trimmed round corsage and sleeves with fawn lace; Miss Ada Dixon, orange-coloured silk; Miss Nora Greenwood wore the most striking gown in the room—a pink crinkley silk *en traine* wreathed with pink roses; Miss Agatha Greenwood, cream silk flowered with pink rosebuds, made in Grecian style; Miss Devore, very handsome nil green silk; Miss B. Devore, dark pink costume; Miss Hill wore a pretty pink. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed Messrs McKellar, Martin (two), Motion, Dixon, Shera, Coney, Vaile, Hill (two), Bursill, Kerr-Taylor, Harrison, Grierson, Dawson (two), Hume, Mr Batger, and Miss Batger looked remarkably well in a canary coloured bengaline. A great many others were present whose names I did not hear. Mr McKellar sang to the accompaniment of the harp. His good voice was never heard to better advantage.

Mrs G. Bloomfield gave a garden party last Thursday, the same day as the tennis picnic. Some of the younger members of the vice-regal party were present.

The Northern Club gave a dinner on Monday night to Their Excellences the Governor and Admiral Cyprian Bridge.

The following is a list of some of the prettiest dresses worn at the

HIBERNIAN SPORTS

on Saturday, March 14th. Mrs Dignan, a pretty black dress, large black hat with trimmings of black ribbon; Mrs O'Brien, a handsome black silk dress, pretty jet bonnet with sprays of violets; Mrs J. Tole, a stylish costume of white pique, pretty black bonnet, pale green trimmings; Mrs (Capt.) Blackmore, stylish costume of black and white check, pretty black jet bonnet; Mrs McVeigh, a *chic* brown shot satin dress, brown hat, shot sunshade; Mrs A. Seccombe (*née* Miss Buckland), a pretty dark fawn dress, brown hat with ribbon trimmings; Mrs J. Earle, a nice black crepon dress, large black straw hat with black trimmings; Miss Coffey, a very pretty pale pink dress, white gem hat; Miss — Coffey, a very neat costume of navy blue; Miss Rita Tole, a very pretty white muslin dress, white gem hat; Miss Winnie Goodwin, navy skirt, pretty white blouse, gem hat; Miss M. Williamson, black skirt, white blouse, pretty black hat; the Misses Atkinson wore pretty white dresses, white hats; etc., etc.

I noticed Mrs Thornton (*née* Miss Hilda Worsp) in town last week. She was looking very fetching in a most becoming new toilette.

A very

LARGE GARDEN PARTY

was given by Mrs Ireland last Wednesday at her pretty residence, 'Yarborough House,' St. Stephen's Road, Parnell. It was the intention of our hostess to set the afternoon's refreshments beneath the cool trees, but the wind was so boisterous that she thought it wiser to have them in the dining-room. The table was prettily draped with buttercup silk and finished with vases of flowers *en suite*. Mrs Ireland received her guests on the lawn with the able assistance of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Ireland, both making such excellent hostesses, as they were assiduous in their endeavours to promote the comfort of their guests. A band of stringed instruments provided us excellent music, which was very much appreciated. Some of the guests wandered round the garden, while others took possession of the numerous seats arranged for the visitors. A croquet lawn was laid out for players, but none were energetic enough to avail themselves of the privilege of using it. Mrs Ireland was dressed in black delaine with white spots, trimmed with white lace, black bonnet relieved with white; Miss Ireland, pink cambric profusely trimmed with flounces edged with white lace, black hat trimmed with pink bows and flowers; Mrs Hope Lewis, absinthe green lustre finished with cream lace; Mrs Egerton, grey tweed with blue bodice veiled in ecru lace, toque *en suite*; Mrs O'Rorke, brown tweed with silver thread, shot silk trimmings, becoming toque with flowers; Mrs Robison, grey crinkley trimmed with royal blue, bonnet with large blue bow in front; Misses Kerr-Taylor looked well in pink and white, respectively; Mrs Street, black silk relieved with lace; Mrs Sydney Nathan, black silk with bodice of cherry colour veiled in black net; Mrs S. Kissling, navy blue Liberty silk; Miss Kissling, blue spotted zephyr, and her sister wore pink; Mrs Devereux, Gobelin blue seaweed crepon; Miss Muriel Devereux, blue muslin; Mrs Thorpe, black silk; Miss Thorpe, cream coloured piqué; Mrs Bull, black; Miss Bull, lilac flowered muslin; Mrs J. Mowbray, black skirt, chocolate silk blouse with blue spots; Mrs Heywood, black; Miss Heywood, white batiste muslin striped with grey; Mrs R. Bloomfield, black silk relieved with purple; Mrs Duthie, black silk finished with celery green trimmings, bonnet to match; Mrs Pollan, dark green corduroy; Mrs Fairburn black silk with white satin sleeves veiled in black lace, bonnet to match; Mrs Goodhue, lilac flowered delaine, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Fred Ireland, widow's weeds; Miss White wore a very striking maize-coloured gown profusely trimmed with chiffon to match, black lace hat with yellow filled daisies; Mrs Chambers, black; Mrs Brigham, black silk skirt with absinthe green blouse; Miss Brigham looked exceedingly well in white; Mr and Mrs Thompson, the latter gowned in black; Mrs Tisdale, black; Miss Tisdale, pink cambric, white chiffon hat; Mrs Ridings (who is staying in Auckland for a short time), was looking exceedingly well in black; Mrs Dargaville, flowered delaine finished with black lace; Mrs Dargaville (Sydney), black mourning costume; Mrs Robison, black and white striped batiste muslin; Miss Alexander, blue zephyr with red flowers, boat-shaped hat; Mrs Beale, white, pink and grey striped muslin; Mrs Ware, fawn cloth trimmed with canary silk, very becoming cream bonnet with cornflower trimmed in ear style; Miss Stevenson, pink cambric with black spots, and relieved with black ribbons; Mrs Dewes, mourning costume; Miss May Chambers, dark grey; Miss Eva Rich, a very handsome cream silk, hat to match; Mrs Rich, black silk, with dolman of lace; Miss Winnie Rich, dark gown, grey silk blouse; Miss Sheppard, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Mrs Kilgour, nil green fancy lustre; Mrs Kenderdine, tabac brown lustre with brown silk vest brocaded in blue; Mrs Arnold, cream; Mrs Thomas Wood looked well in a dark silk skirt, lilac silk blouse, becoming bonnet with lilac flower ear trimming; Mrs Walker, black silk gown and dolman, black bonnet with fawn ribbon trimmings; Mrs Robert Walker, black skirt, cream blouse; Mrs Macdonald (Ponsonby), black crepon, black lace dolman, black bonnet; Miss Flora Macdonald, boreal silk, fawn hat with white flowers; Miss Rorke, Gobelin blue seaweed crepon, stylish black hat trimmed with black ostrich feathers and carnations; Mrs George Bloomfield, grey tailor-made gown; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, slate grey crepon, with brown chip straw hat and grey velvet beefeater crown; Mrs Barstow, black; Miss Amy Barstow, blue check; Mrs Hugh Campbell, black skirt, lilac check spot blouse; Mrs Salmon was very much admired in black silk, mauve sleeves veiled in black net, bonnet to match; Mrs Colbeck, black silk, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Colbeck, black gown trimmed with *bouton d'or*, sailor hat one mass of violets; Miss Fieda Kissling, fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Winnie Kissling, grey trimmed with brown; Miss Mulvany, grey tailor-made gown; Misses Moss (two) were similiarly gowned in shot lilac and purple blouses; Mrs Peacock, black; Mrs Tewsley, black silk with grey sleeves. The gentlemen were Messrs Eller, Ward, Rose, etc., etc. There was one lady who particularly attracted my attention; she was very pretty, and wore a black velvet gown and corselet, lilac yoke, sleeves, and parasol, but I could not find out her name.

THE BACHELORS

gave the afternoon tea on the Eden and Epsom lawn last Saturday, which was of an excellent character. The cakes, too, were very tasty. Progressive tennis was played during the afternoon. There was a large number of the fair sex. The gentlemen carried the tea round with charming alacrity. Amongst the fair I noticed Miss Parsons in white; Mrs Hudson, electrique slate crinkley dress; Mrs Snell, white piqué; Mrs Clayforth, Mrs Heather, Mrs McFarland, Misses Bull, Stewart, Clarke, Gorrie, and a great many others, whom I have already mentioned at the tennis picnic.

Perhaps, dear Bee, you, like myself, may hear rumours of wondering surprise on the part of some of our society dames that they have not been invited to Government House. I will let you into a little secret which will throw light on that mystery. A lady—well up in matters of colonial Vice-regal etiquette (!)—has told me that the proper and correct thing is to go up to Government House as soon as ever His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Glasgow arrive there, and, as a mark of respect to the Queen's representative, write their names in the book at the door. They need not ask if Lady Glasgow is at home. As a matter of fact her ladyship only receives such visitors as she sends for, and is not called upon like our own society friends and acquaintances. And you see, and I am sure will kindly let your friends see also, that unless the names are written in the visitors' book each time the *aide-de-camp* has no one to invite to dances, etc. This is a pure matter of etiquette, but is as binding as are our ordinary social laws, such as bowing to acquaintances, and raising one's hat, etc. One more hint, as I am writing on these topics, but I am nearly sure you all know this. In answering an invitation to Government House you should say 'Mr and Mrs So-and-So have the honour of accepting the polite invitation of the Countess of Glasgow,' etc. I know one or two people who object to 'polite'; under pressure I have always to put 'kind,' though it is not so correct.

JOTTINGS.

I regret to tell you that the Hon. W. Jennings, M.L.C., met with a serious accident last week at Waitekauri. He was flung from his horse, and is suffering from a fracture of two ribs, a cut finger, and a sore shoulder and arm. Dr. Forbes is attending to his injuries, which, it is to be hoped, will soon prove amenable to treatment.

The squadron leave for Sydney on the 18th.

Mr and Mrs O'Rorke left this week for Wanganui, where the polo players have adjourned to take part in the tournament. Mrs O'Rorke will then lengthen her tour by visiting Christchurch.

The Parnell Lawn presented a gay scene on Wednesday on the occasion of Mrs Sealy's afternoon tea, and again on Saturday, when Misses Rich and Bellairs provided the afternoon tea.

Possibly you may remember Captain B. W. and Mrs Chadbourne, who made us several visits in the 'Elinor Vernon' from New York. Captain Chadbourne's vessel, the 'Fred P. Litchfield,' put in for cargo last year at Port Chalmers and Nelson. This barque arrived on January 20th at Barbadoes carrying the dead body of its captain, whilst Mrs Chadbourne died the next day. The cause of death has not been telegraphed.

Mr Humphrey Haines left Auckland for Sydney *en route* to England on the 18th of this month.

The Avondale concert on the 20th promises well, the programme containing the names of favourite Auckland and local singers.

The garden fête at Mount Albert on the 25th is being highly spoken of.

The Rev. J. Bates, Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Devonport, was presented with a purse containing 150 sovereigns, prior to his departure for England, the change being necessitated by ill-health. The school-house was prettily decorated by Mr Queree, and was crowded with people all anxious to wish their much-esteemed pastor God-speed. Mr Cameron, who made the presentation, said that it was the spontaneous gift of the parishioners, who were not personally canvassed for the money. The Rev W. M. Edwards takes charge of the parish during Mr Bates' absence. Some capital music was given during the evening, and the refreshments, presided over by Mrs Goring, were much appreciated.

Black-garmented and white-tied gentlemen have been numerous in the town lately, owing to the Wesleyan Conference which has been held here. A

CONFERENCE PICNIC

combining Wesleyans and Free Methodists took place on Wednesday afternoon at that pretty spot, Lake Takapuna. I should think nearly six hundred people were present. Messrs Alison Bros. kindly offered their famous picnic grounds, and the committee of management—the Rev. W. Sinclair, Messrs F. A. White, T. Buddle, and W. Gunson—must be congratulated on the success of their arrangements. An amusing cricket match—Ministers v. Laymen—was played at Mr W. Thorne's, the former winning by 31 to 30 and 8 wickets to spare. In the evening a large number of the picnic party helped to fill the Pitt-street Wesleyan Church to hear the Rev. W. Ready's interesting lecture.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 12.

The reaction has set in, of course, after our week of delirious excitement. It is always so. No rose without a thorn, no plum pudding without indigestion, and no pleasures without reactions—a great argument (and the only great one, I think) against enjoying oneself in this wicked little world, provided of course the enjoyment is rational. For indeed I am no partisan of the frolics of the so-called stronger sex, and never can repress a chuckle to myself when I hear of the headaches and the ills consequent on an unusually heavy and 'toasty' banquet the preceeding night. 'Nature's little reminder,' I murmur exultantly. But how wonderfully few people profit by Nature's lessons! Here we are in our little city to-day most busy and eager in preparing fresh dissipations for Easter now. The latest topic is

A TENNIS BALL

in the Art Gallery on Easter Monday to welcome our tennis visitors. A large and influential committee of ladies was at work yesterday afternoon settling all preliminaries. Then there is the polo meeting at Palmerston North (a tournament for the Saville Cup), to which several of our Polo enthusiasts are going. I was shown a lovely gown by a friend for wearing up there. It was sage green with great velvet collar and revers, and lined throughout with rich yellow silk. Dresses fit for the race-course seem to be much used now for Polo wear.

Bycicling slowly and surely is coming to the front at last. We are always some of the slowest to take up a rage in Christchurch, yet some of the most enthusiastic when once '*off*!' There is a wise old maxim I long ago heard that we are pretty consistent in carrying out, I think.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Very worldly and wise no doubt, old maxim, but where then would all our noble reformers come from? But we are digressing. To return to our sheep, or rather our bicycles. Among those already on the wheel are Mesdames Lomax-Smith, Wallace, Barkas, Tendal, Saunders, Misses Gordon, Malling, Townsend, Julius. Miss Robinson looks neat and well in a navy coat and skirt and sailor hat; Mrs B. Portal, very smart in a tweed costume. Nothing could be more suitable than this plain style of dressing

for lady bycicliste, and let us trust that the days of blouses and veils for bycicling are gone by, finally and for always.

Now I come to recall the doings of the week I begin to think we are not suffering so much from reaction after all. There has been nothing exciting, of course, but the fact of the H.M.S. 'Rapid' being still in port has given a little remnant of stimulus, so to speak, to more than one social gathering.

News of Mrs Otterson's

LITTLE RIVER PARTY

on Tuesday reached me too late for my letter last week. It ought to have been very jolly but two slight mishaps seemed to have interfered somewhat with the enjoyment of the guests. Mr Perry capsized into the water, and Mr Rolleston tore his hand on a rusty nail—a very nasty wound. However, in spite, of accidents the row from the hospital boatsheds to Mrs Otterson's house and merry supper-party at the latter were very good fun from all accounts. Some of the lady guests were Misses Nedwill, Turnbull, Gould, Neil, etc.

The rain, too, prevented me from seeing the pretty table decorations at the Flower Show on Wednesday, but it did not prevent my enjoying Miss Gould's

DANCE

in the evening. The supper, music, and floor, were lovely, and a happy evening was spent by all the guests. Mrs Gould wore a handsome black gown, and her daughter *eau-de-nil* and pink; Miss Neil was in white; Mr and Mrs George Gould, Mr and Mrs Otterson, Mr and Mrs Hanald Macdonald, Misses Tabart, Malet, Cowlishaw, Wynn-Williams, etc., and Messrs Matthias, Rolleston, Lane, Palmer, etc., were among those present.

On Thursday there were two pleasant little functions. Mrs Henry Cotterill gave a ladies' luncheon, among her guests being Mrs and Miss Ronalds, Mrs and Miss Malet, Mrs Fereday, and Miss Macpherson. Misses Cotterrill and Nedwill, and Misses Wilson. Then in the afternoon there was a delightful

CROQUET GATHERING

at Riverlaw. Miss Murray-Aynsley wore white silk crepon and pretty picture hat; Miss Lizzie Aynsley, soft white muslin and sailor hat. The garden, always gay and pretty, was looking particularly bright, and dainty refreshments (tea-cakes, claret-cup, fruit, etc., spread on various tables about the lawn) added to the charm of the scene. There were many pretty dresses worn. Mrs H. Murray-Aynsley wore a holland coat and skirt, cream silk vest, black lace hat; Mrs W. P. Reeves, a neat covert-coating costume with boat-shaped hat; Mrs Lascelles, grey tweed with sailor hat; Mrs George Gould, elegant pale grey alpaca skirt and silk blouse, toque and tie of rose colour; Miss Leach, pretty blue and brown costume, cape and hat *en suite*; Miss A. Moorhouse, grey alpaca and steel trimming; Miss G. Thomson, pretty pink washing frock; Miss B. Campbell, vieux rose with lemon vest, black toque with poppies; Miss Guy, handsome black silk and jet with violets and violet velvet in her large picture hat; Misses Tabart, Misses Harley, Messrs Reeves, T. Gould, T. G. Thomson, Captain Greenstreet and many more guests were present.

Miss L. Aynsley and Mrs Lascelles were the hostesses on Friday at the

GIRLS' BOATING CLUB.

Among the visitors were Misses Wilson (Culverdin), Miss Neil (Dunedin), Miss Baker (Napier), and Miss Mickie (Melbourne).

POLO

on Saturday was particularley well attended. Mrs Arthur Rhodes gave tea, and the play was capital between the Ashburton and Christchurch teams. Mr and Mrs Allster Clark, Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mr and Mrs Archer, Mrs and Misses Gerard, Mr and Miss Todhunter, Hon. Mr and Mrs Parker were among the players and spectators on the ground. On Tuesday another match was played, not quite so well attended, but much appreciated by the few enthusiasts who rolled up. The Ashburton team are practising hard for the Saville Cup Tournament at Palmerston North, for which they shortly leave.

Next week there will be concerts and more tennis parties to tell you about, that is, if this dreary rain ceases, which, judging from present appearances, it has not the slightest intention of doing.

PERSONAL.

Archdeacon and Mrs Thorpe have returned to Christchurch after a very pleasant stay in the Old Country.

Mr and Mrs Henry Wood leave shortly for a winter trip to Sydney.

Mrs Turrell has returned from the Convalescent Home much improved in health.

Dr. Jennings, we are glad to hear, is now quite convalescent.

Mr George Humphreys has returned from his trip to America, which he greatly enjoyed.

Miss Philips (Melbourne) is the guest of her aunt, Mrs Embling, at Opawa.

Mrs Guy Mannering has returned from the country looking much stronger for her stay in the mountains.

Miss Wilson (Culverdin) is the guest of Miss Malet at Merivale, and her sister, Miss Kathleen Wilson, is staying with Miss Russell, Park Terrace.

Mrs John Baker and her daughter are staying at Okener with Mrs Neave prior to leaving for England shortly.

Miss Neil (Dunedin) is the guest of Miss Gould, Colombo-street North.

DOLLY VALE

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 14.

On Wednesday Mrs McGowan gave a

LARGE AFTERNOON TEA

for Miss Robertson and Miss McKenzie, who leave shortly for England. The dainty tea was served in the dining-room. The tables were decorated with yellow flowers in white vases with pretty autumn leaves and red berries scattered carelessly amongst them. Mrs McGowan wore a pretty blouse of pale green silk trimmed with black chiffon and jet, black crepon skirt; Mrs Williams, black serge dress, black toque; Mrs Morris, black crepon dress, bonnet of sunburnt straw and heliotrope flowers; Mrs Webster, black dress, silk cloak, bonnet of black chiffon with white flowers; Mrs Sale, blue fancy tweed, black straw hat with quills; Mrs Brent, grey tweed costume large black and white straw hat, black feather tips, and red roses; Mrs Batchelor, light brown dress trimmed with pale yellow, bonnet to match; Mrs Scott, black dress, velvet hat with black feathers; Mrs Ritchie, brown tweed jacket and skirt, small brown straw hat; Mrs Cunningham Smith, black crepon skirt, bodice of black with large pale blue sleeves of silk and handsome Maltese lace falling over them; Mrs Cameron, black crepon dress, silk cloak, pretty bonnet with mauve flowers; Miss Lily MacLaren, black dress trimmed with blue, sailor hat; Miss Helen Williams, black, small toque with black wings; Miss Mary Williams, black serge dress, white sailor hat; Miss Robertson, black and white checked tweed, black velvet hat; Miss McKenzie, bright blue crepon with jet trimmings; Miss I. Webster, covert coating jacket and skirt, pink shirt, small black jet toque with pink roses; Misses Morris, grey tweeds trimmed with silk, white hat; Miss Haggitt, black, jet bonnet with cream roses.

The same afternoon

THE AUTUMN FLOWER SHOW

was held in the Garrison Hall, but did not prove nearly so good as usual. Many of the exhibits looked quite past their best. The grapes and apples, which were very fine, deserved much praise.

On Thursday, although the weather was very cold and miserable, a large number of people went out to Anderson's Bay to Mrs Williams'

'AT HOME.'

Tennis and croquet were the pastimes indulged in. The delicious tea and cakes helped one to forget all about the wintry weather prevailing.

AILEEN.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 10

On Wednesday last the Anglican Sunday-school held their

ANNUAL FETE

at Para, Captain Baillie kindly lending his grounds for that purpose. All the world and his wife, not forgetting the children, journeyed out by train and on pleasure. The affair was voted the most successful one ever held in the district, all denominations joining in heartily, testifying to the esteem in which Mr and Mrs Sedgwick are held. After lunch a rather severe thunderstorm passed over the valley, but Captain Baillie had the sheds all clear, and everybody took shelter till the storm passed over, then games of all sorts were entered into with spirit till tea time. Old and young joined in the games, and helped to make a really jolly time for the children. The teachers, with Mr and Mrs Sedgwick, worked indefatigably, and to attend to the wants of so many was not an easy task. All sorts of funny races were initiated, and contests for the prizes were pretty keen, yet the losers accepted their defeat with great good humour. On leaving the station for home three cheers were given for Captain and Mrs Baillie, and on arriving at the Picton station three more were given for Mr and Mrs Sedgwick, who are receiving no end of *kudos* for their management of the affair.

On Friday morning the Renwicktown cricketers arrived here to play two

CRICKET MATCHES.

The one on Friday against Koromiko was won by the latter club by five runs, and was not very interesting to us, but the one on Saturday played against our own club (the Waitohiki) made us feel very much elated indeed, and I wish that our cricketers had distinguished themselves earlier in the season. Mr Riddell carried his bat out with 111 runs amidst the applause of the field, winning the match himself. The captain's wife, Mrs Rutherford, gave afternoon tea to all the ladies looking on at the match at her residence in Nelson Square. Needless to say it was much appreciated.

Mrs A. P. Seymour had a pleasant little gathering of friends at

AFTERNOON TEA

on Monday at 'Penrose House' to meet her sister, Mrs Pasley, who is here on a visit from Gisborne. Some of those present were Mrs Duckworth, Mrs Scott, Mrs Baillie, Mrs Fell, Mrs Linton, etc., etc.

ODD THINGS.

The circular received by the Championship Regatta Committee from the Wellington Rowing Clubs re the winning fours going to Australia, has given the local club the desire to distinguish themselves, and some of the young men have asked Mr George Richardson, who so capably coached the Seymour crew last year, to coach them. It is rather late to begin, but it is always better late than never. Mr Fortescue Seymour has already arrived from Christchurch, and his brothers will be here next week. Mr J. Mackaine, who was bow oar last year, and the weakest in the Seymour combination, is, so those in the know say, the strongest of the team this season, so it will take something to beat them. Our faith in the single sculls is pinned on to Mr Hugh McCormick, of Watamonga, our own athlete.

The Misses K. Seymour, Nora Allen, and A. Scott returned from Lyttelsfield last week, having enjoyed themselves immensely.

Miss Nellie Allen has returned to Christchurch to continue her studies at the University.

The Misses Philpotts and Western's party returned home on Saturday, looking all the better for camping out.

Mr Chaytor is, as everybody is glad to know, getting about again after his accident, and Mr Gard, who is at Rotorua, is receiving much benefit from the baths.

Mrs Potts, of Kaparoa, Wellington, who has been staying at the Terminus and at Mrs Beauchamp's, 'The Grove,' during the past fortnight, returns to Wellington to-night.

Mr Riddell, the A1 champion cricketer of Picton, who made the highest (111) score of the season in the cup matches, boasts that as yet he has never failed in making a 'century' in any season since he blossomed forth into a full-blown cricketer. Some seasons, he says, he has made four 'centuries.'

JEAN.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 11.

The opening of the

'KIOSK,'

the new tea rooms, has been quite the event of the week. The two young ladies who have made the venture are Miss Kayll and Miss Vennell, both Wellingtonians. After a great deal of trouble and delay these two ladies eventually decided on taking for their 'Kiosk' the old museum room in the Athenæum Buildings. It is capacious and centrally situated, and looks most artistic now; in fact, quite a transformation scene the room presents with its art green papering, Japanese screens, tables, photographs, flowers, and pretty crinkled paper on the tables, to say nothing of the fragrant tea and delicious home-made scones and fresh cakes in abundance. The crockery and silver is all of the best, and Miss Kayll and Miss Vennell wear very becoming uniforms of blue drill with spotless aprons. It is a great success from the artistic point of view, and all hope that it may prove to be so pecuniarily, to repay these young ladies for their efforts to please one and all. There was a fashionable attendance the day I was present.

GOLF

every Saturday and Wednesday attracts a number of ladies and gentlemen, amongst the general frequenters being Mr and Mrs G. Wenley, Mr and Mrs G. Morris, Mr and Misses Buchanan, the Misses Dymock, Mrs Fairfax Fenwick, Miss Watt, Miss Ormond, Mr and Mrs P. S. McLean, Mr and Mrs R. D. McLean, Messrs C. D. Kennedy, McLeod, Ashcroft, McHard, and Greenwood.

POLO

was played at the Napier Park Grounds on Saturday, and the game was very interesting. Afternoon tea was given by Mr J. Gethin Hughes, who takes a keen interest in this fascinating game. Amongst the many present were Mrs Ike Cato, Misses Bennet, Dacre, Heywood, Smith, Humphries, Russell, Heslop, Hamlin, Bower, and Rhodes. The latter two were riding, and looked well on their respective mounts.

THE JUNIOR CLUB'S SOCIAL

was a great success, due principally to the united efforts of Messrs Faulkner and Shirley. The evening quickly passed away with songs, recitations, and unlimited coffee and cake. The latter was supplied and dispensed by Miss Faulkner and Miss Shirley, and the performers were Messrs Cuthbert, Leigh, Mitchell, Clarke, Edwards and Grainger.

Still yet

ANOTHER SOCIAL

I have to tell you of—this one in connection with the Port Presbyterian Church, at which Miss and Master Redward sang a duet, and Mrs Conner and the Misses Redward, Robertson, and Larkin also played some pleasing selections on the piano.

HITHER AND THITHER.

Miss May Rees, from Gisborne, has returned to her home.

Mrs Charles Ewen passed through Napier *en route* for New Plymouth.

Miss Heath has gone to Gisborne for a few weeks.

Mrs Lanauze has gone South to visit friends.

Messrs Ribson and Trotter are contemplating giving up sheep farming and trying their luck at the Coolgardie goldfields.

Miss Hilda Hitchings has gone on a visit to Christchurch.

Mrs Dewes and Miss Rhodes have returned from Auckland.

Mrs A. C. Lang, who has been staying with her relations at Hastings (Mr and Mrs G. Tanner) ever since the death of her husband, left last week for her former home in Timaru. After a short visit there Mrs Lang proceeds to Australia for a prolonged visit.

Mr and Mrs W. Baddeley, have returned from their honeymoon tour to Rotorua. Mrs Baddeley is wearing a stylish gown of checked material, with black and white cape, and small bonnet.

Miss Ruth Foster is the guest of Mr and Mrs Turnbull.

Miss Gleadow, from Melbourne, is visiting her relations at Port Ahuriri.

Miss Roach is staying with Miss May Neale for a few days.

Dr. Emily Ryder is lecturing here.

GLADYS

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 12

The squadron has sailed away again, as they always do, going with a stately dignity not to be imitated by the sea craft of more ordinary description. Various parties were given in their honour, chiefly in the garden, or round the dinner tables. Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas varied the monotony by a delightful luncheon party.

I hear that the Wellington Cricket Club talks of opening the dancing season by an invitation ball sometime next month.

There is also a rumour of a

GOLF BALL,

which will probably not take place till the beginning of August, when the championship meeting is to be held here. The idea was suggested as a subscription ball to raise funds for improvements on the links and erection of a caretaker's house, but this was quickly squashed, and the ladies strongly urged the preference of giving an invitation ball to entertain our golfing visitors who come to take part in the championship strife.

I regret to learn that Dr. Anson has been very ill, and returned from his three weeks' holiday only to go to bed with a form of blood poisoning. Now, however, he is progressing favourably towards recovery.

Mr A. H. Turnbull returns on Saturday from a six months' trip to England.

Several of the ladies most keenly interested in polo go up next week to Palmerston North with the team who represent Wellington in the tournament, beginning on Wednesday. It will be quite a gala week for Palmerston, as festivities are sure to follow in the train of so many visitors.

Mr and Mrs Williams (Hawkestone street) leave for England shortly, and will be away six months or more. In the meantime their house will be occupied by Mr and Mrs Friend, from Karori.

Mr and Mrs Paul Hunter are in town staying with Mr and Mrs Maxwell.

Mrs Gibson is having a large euchre party this evening, which promises to be a great success. It is given in honour of Mrs Gibson's nieces, who are paying her a visit.

Mrs Tilly, senior, has returned from Wanganui.

Mrs MacArtney is staying with Mrs Duncan, Uplands.

THE EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES

in the Academy of Fine Arts Gallery was opened by Sir Robert Stout on Saturday afternoon and was very well attended in spite of the many attractions out of doors. The exhibition itself is well worth a visit, and has drawn numbers of people each day. Among those present at the opening were Miss Holmes, Misses Lingard, Mrs Mason, Misses Mason, Mr and Mrs Millward, Miss Parsons, Mrs Pynsent, Miss Smith, Mr and Mrs C. Wilson; Mrs Habens in black silk, with lace mantle; Miss Mason, stone grey coat and skirt, light blouse; Miss Newton, pale blue spotted muslin dress, brown hat with pale blue flowers; Mrs Pynsent, dark cloth coat and skirt, soft silk vest of deep purple, small black bonnet with roses; Miss Shand, white muslin dress with lace insertion, large hat covered with roses; etc.

THE SPORTS AT THE BASIN RESERVE

on Saturday were very successful, and being fine and bright, there were great crowds on the ground during the afternoon. There is one thing about the sports which is nearly always good, and that is the tea and cakes. I heard them particularly praised on Saturday. Everyone seems to appreciate a cup of tea so after sitting in the air for so long.

MEYE.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 13.

The annual exhibition of the Wellington Art Club was opened last Saturday afternoon by Sir Robert Stout, when there was a very good attendance. Tea and nice cakes were handed round during the afternoon, and were quite appreciated. A life size portrait of Mr D. M. Luckie, painted by Mr J. Nairn, was attracting a good deal of attention, and was voted by all to be a speaking likeness. Lady Stout was present on this occasion, and looked very nice indeed in a maroon shot silk dress with broad black lace epaulettes, small jet bonnet trimmed with flowers to match her gown. Others were Mrs W. Ferguson, who was wearing a stylish bottle green and black figured gown, small burnt straw toque with black tips; her sister, Miss Moorhouse, wore a cream muslin gown, large black hat with flowers; Mrs Goring, pretty pink and white figured muslin gown trimmed with white lace, small jet bonnet with wreaths of tiny pink flowers; Countess d'Albans wore a handsome black gown, large black lace wings and deep crimson roses; Lady Hector, black gown and lace trimmed mantle, black and cream bonnet; Miss Hector, black skirt, pale pink blouse and sailor hat; Miss Blackett, neat grey gown trimmed with dark green velvet, large hat with cream roses; her sister wore a pretty very pale biscuit-coloured gown trimmed with lace and insertion, large cream hat; Mrs Collins looked nice in cream muslin, black hat with flowers; Miss Calder (Australia) also wore a cream dress and becoming black lace hat with cornflowers; Miss Burnett, a pretty grey and black costume; her sister wore white muslin trimmed with lace; Mrs Millward, neat black costume, floral bonnet; Mrs Prouse, brown tweed skirt and jacket, light blouse, and brown straw hat with feathers and yellow flowers; Mrs and Miss Percy Smith, the latter wearing a pretty light grey gown trimmed with silk to match and jet edging, black lace hat with crimson and yellow roses; Mrs Wilson, Gobelin blue gown trimmed with silk the same colour, burnt straw hat with lace wings and pink flowers; Miss Turnbull, light grey tweed, pretty Leghorn hat trimmed with tulle and flowers; Miss Stowe wore a pretty cream dress trimmed with ecru lace; Miss Rose, white muslin, black hat with large cornflowers; Miss Shand (Dunedin), white spotted muslin, pretty floral hat; the Misses Menzies, dark skirts, pretty light blouses, sailor hats; Miss Kebbell, in a dark costume; Miss Gore, white costume, sailor hat with black band; Miss M. Lingard, pretty blue and white striped gown, white sailor hat; her sister looked nice in white spotted muslin; Miss G. Parsons, Miss Parsons, Mrs Habens, Mrs Stowe, Mrs Williams, and others. A stringed band of four or five performers played several pretty pieces during the afternoon.

Miss Medley and the Messrs Alfred and John Hill gave their

FIRST MATINEE

in Mr Hill's music room on the top storey of the Exchange Hall on Wednesday. The concert, though first-class, was only fairly well attended, but I feel sure when it is better known that the above-mentioned artists intend giving these delightful little concerts once a fortnight, the audiences will increase, as well they should. Among those present on this occasion I noticed Mrs Medley, Mrs Pynsent, Mrs Goring, Mrs and Miss Ross, Mrs Leckie, Mrs M. Burnett, Mrs Martin, Countess d'Albans, the Misses Holt, Sprott, Daniell, Douglas, Lingard, Pickering, Williams, etc.

Some of those who drove out to Polo on Saturday were Mr and Mrs Butler, Mr and Mrs Baldwin, the Misses Armitage, the Misses Cooper, Miss Beddard, the Misses Skerrett, the Messrs Hanna, A. Cooper, Skerrett, Mills, and Buddle.

THE GERMAN COURT SINGERS

gave a farewell concert in the Exchange Hall last night, when there was a very large audience. The Company was assisted by Madame Merz and Mr Alfred Hill, who gave great pleasure by his viola playing, and was loudly encored, as indeed were all the items on the programme. Madame Von Vahsel was wearing a lovely pale pink and white brocade gown, trained and trimmed with lace and handsome bead embroidery; Miss Fisher wore a becoming black velvet gown with a spray of scarlet flowers on one shoulder. Madame Merz, black satin relieved with white lace; Miss McHurney, soft white gown trimmed with lace and pink ribbons. In the audience I noticed Mr and Mrs H. Rose, Dr. and

Mrs Grace, the Misses Grace, Mr and Mrs Prouse, Mr and Mrs Ashbolt, Mr and Mrs Kohn, Mr and Mrs S. Castendyke, Miss Parsons, Mr and Mrs Fisher, Mrs Eberle, Madame Carlton, Mrs and Miss Rose, Miss Heywood, Mr and Mrs Martin, Miss Pickering, Mr and Mrs Ritchie, Mrs and Miss Grimes and others, Miss Pearce's

GARDEN PARTY

was enjoyed by a large number of guests, which included the Admiral and several officers from the Squadron then in port. Afternoon tea was laid out in the dining-room, which opens out on to a large verandah, and the table was decorated with artistically-arranged vases of tiger and Japanese lilies. Miss Pearce received in a handsome gold and red shot silk gown trimmed with black lace and jet, small bonnet to match. Among the guests were Mrs and Miss Duncan, the latter wearing white muslin figured with green sprays, small black hat with white flowers; Mr and Mrs R. Pharazyn, Mrs Baldwin, in a neat dark tweed costume straw hat trimmed with wings and flowers; her sister, Miss Johnston, wore a white duck skirt, and pretty silk blouse trimmed with lace, white straw hat with tulle rosettes; Mrs Pynsent, black brocade handsomely trimmed with jet and white openwork lace, small bonnet to match; Mrs and Miss Morrah, the latter wearing yellow and white spotted muslin, black hat with yellow flowers; Miss Fairchild, grey trimmed with black satin; Miss N. Fairchild, neat dark blue jacket and skirt, light silk blouse, black feathered hat; the Misses Krull (Wanganui) looked very nice in white silk blouses with a narrow black stripe, and trimmed with white lace and tiny black ribbon velvet, black silk crepon skirts, and velvet toques trimmed with white ribbon and yellow flowers; Mrs Collins, black crepon skirt, black accordion silk blouse with folded collar and belt of mauve satin ribbon, large black hat with tips and mauve ribbon loops; Mrs and Miss Medley, the latter wearing a pretty drab embroidered gown trimmed with pale blue, black lace floral hat; the Misses Harding wore pretty white costumes; Miss H. Williams, becoming soft cream gown, black velvet hat with feathers; Miss Barron, white and heliotrope figured gown trimmed with lace and heliotrope ribbons, pretty white hat; Mrs Gore, in brown silk with revers of electric blue silk, pretty bonnet trimmed with blue; Miss Gore, cream skirt, and muslin blouse with satin collar and belt large hat with ribbon loops and flowers; Mrs Lackie, Mrs H. D. Bell, very stylish light drab gown with sky blue silk collar and cuffs, pretty little bonnet to match; Miss Fowler (Sydney), royal blue crepon trimmed with white satin, becoming floral hat; Mrs Goring, dark blue braided gown, and black straw hat with wings; Mrs H. D. Crawford, pretty white dress trimmed with butter lace, cream straw hat trimmed with black velvet and scarlet flowers; Mrs A. Crawford also looked nice in white; Countess d' Albans, Miss Dransfield, in a pretty heliotrope muslin gown trimmed with ribbons to match, pretty grey and heliotrope toque; Mr and Mrs Mantell, the latter wearing a black crepon skirt, and stylish black and white check silk blouse, large black hat with feathers; Mrs C. Izard, in brown and white figured silk; Mrs Tilly, Miss Calder, cornflower blue crepon, small toque to match; Lady Stout, Miss Shand (Dunedin), very pretty Gobelin blue crepon trimmed with white satin and jet, pretty white hat; Mr and Mrs Tolhurst, Miss Tolhurst in white; Mrs and Miss Edwin, Mrs McKenzie, who wore a becoming black costume; and others. During the afternoon Miss Hilda Williams and Mr Hopkins (H.M.S. 'Orlando') sang, and Miss Medley played some pianoforte solos, which were very much enjoyed.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 12.

On Friday evening Miss King gave a

SMALL CARD PARTY

to a few of her friends at her mother's residence, Collingwood-street. Those present were Mr and Mrs Fraser, Dr. and Mrs Roberts, Mr and Mrs Cooke, the Misses Gibson, Heape, A. Bell, Messrs King, Duncan, and Minitt (Wellington). Miss King wore a handsome gown of black silk and lace, with trimmings of gold satin.

PROGRESSIVE TENNIS

was played on the Nelson Club's lawns last Saturday afternoon. It is quite a novelty, founded on much the same lines as progressive euchre, and proved a great success, giving much enjoyment to the onlookers as well as the players. Those taking part in the game were Mesdames Percy Adams, Burns, Roberts, Misses Pitt, Levien, Fell, Leggatt, Moore, Wright, Messrs Burns, Clarke, Duncan, Levien, Corrigan, Lunn, and Patterson. The winners of the first prize were Miss Leggatt and Mr Corrigan, the lady receiving a very pretty silver jam spoon.

The same afternoon Mrs Cock gave a large children's party. Games of all description were played, and after tea a capital 'magic lantern' was shown by Mr Cock, which much delighted all the little ones.

POLLARD'S OPERA COMPANY

is here again for a short season. They opened on Monday evening with 'Paul Jones,' which is quite new to Nelson. Our little theatre was so crowded that some could not get seats, but all who were fortunate enough to see the opera pronounced it a great success. The skirt dancing was much admired. Some of those present were Mrs Burns, in very handsome opera jacket of yellow brocade trimmed with lovely brown fur; Mrs Roberts, white silk, bodice being trimmed with black jet; Mrs Glasgow, black silk; the Misses Glasgow, pretty pink evening blouses; Mrs Levien wore black; Miss Levien, black crepon, bodice of white satin veiled with black lace; Miss Pitt, cream striped crepon, bertha of cream lace with bows of yellow ribbons; Miss G. Pitt wore white silk evening dress; Mrs Percy Adams, pretty light evening blouse dark skirt; Mrs Trask, handsome black gown; Miss Trask also wore black; Mrs Thompson, Mrs A. Glasgow, Misses Fell (two), Webb Bowen, Moore, Atkinson, Boyle, and many others.

On Tuesday afternoon some of the members of this clever company were entertained by the Bishop and Mrs Mules at their pretty residence, 'Bishopdale.' Tennis and fruit were alike enjoyed.

BUSH FIRES

are doing a great deal of damage. I cannot imagine why people will be so careless and thoughtless as to light fires when the bush is like tinder and the grass is as inflammable as a powder magazine. Much regret was felt when it became known that the beautiful bush at the Reservoir had been destroyed. However, when the Mayor and members of the City Council visited the spot next day they found the damage done not so great as was at first expected, though it is bad enough. Some bush a East Takaka, owned by Mr Catley, has also been destroyed.

OUR PEOPLE.

Mr and Mrs A. Burns have returned from Dunedin, where they thoroughly enjoyed the visit, being there just at the gay time.

Mrs Watts leaves for England shortly.

Mr and Mrs Browne Wood have issued invitations for a garden party next Saturday, that being their golden wedding day.

I have to record the death, after a long illness, of Mr Leslie Wix, eldest son of Mr McKellar Wix, of this city.

PHYLLIS.

Engagements

MR M. MCCALLUM is engaged to Miss Gaudin, of Auckland.

The engagement of Miss Laura Baker, Auckland, to Mr George Mills is announced.

THE latest engagement comes from the Hutt—that of Miss Annie Mowbray to Mr Barraud.

MR FRANK MORRAH, who though he has lived in the South for some years is well known in Wellington, is engaged to Miss Royce, of Dunedin.

MISS STEVENSON, of 'Glenholm,' Remuera, is shortly to be united in holy bonds of matrimony to Mr Rose.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR PRINGLE TO MISS PILLIET.

QUITE one of the noticeably pretty Nelson weddings occurred the other afternoon when Miss Lena Pilliet, youngest daughter of the late Mr W. H Pilliet, M.H R., erstwhile R.M. of Akaroa, and granddaughter of Mr D. Johnston, late collector of customs, Napier, was married to Mr William Pringle, manager of the Bank of New South Wales, Westport.

THE ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. Chatterton in All Saints' church, and Mr D. Johnston gave the bride away.

SHE was dressed in a lovely white silk, with dainty trimmings of lace and orange-blossoms, a *chic* hat of white, with ostrich tips and orange-blossom, and bouquet of falling sweet peas and maidenhair completed her toilette.

MISS LAURA JOHNSTON took the part of bridesmaid, very becomingly frocked in pale heliotrope crêpon, large picture hat to harmonise. Her bouquet was of the same material as the bride's.

THE bridegroom gave his bride a gold watch and chain, and a bracelet to the bridesmaid. Both presents were rich and handsome.

THE best man was the bride's brother—Mr Charles Pilliet. Many valuable gifts were bestowed on the happy couple.

MR A. M. LABATT TO MISS G. ROWE.

ON Wednesday afternoon a bright and pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Paul's Church, Auckland, between Miss Gertrude Rowe and Mr A. M. Labatt, the well known Christchurch cricketer. A large gathering was present to witness the ceremony, which was conducted by the Rev. Gillium.

THE bride looked charming in a dainty trained gown of white nun's veiling trimmed tastefully with white silk, wreath and long tulle veil. She carried a shower bouquet of white blossoms, and wore a gold brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

MISS TWINAME and Miss Rita Moritzson were bridesmaids, the former wearing a frock of soft white shower muslin, large white chiffon picture hat with flowers, and the latter in a frock of a lovely shade of pink silk. The bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaids consisted of gold sleeve links and gold bangle.

THE bride, who was given away by Mr Moritzson, was immediately followed by a small page, Master Louis Moritzson, in blue velvet, and large point lace collar. Mr Twiname acted as best man.

AFTER the ceremony the guests were entertained to a delightful afternoon tea at Mrs Moritzson's residence. Mr and Mrs Labatt left for St. Helier's Bay, where they intend spending their honeymoon, the bride leaving in a becoming travelling gown. The presents were numerous and valuable.

AMONGST the guests I noticed Mrs Moritzson, in a deep cream crepon trimmed with blue, forget-me-not bonnet; Mrs Virtue (Christchurch), black silk and lace; Mrs Haslett, black mervelleux and old gold, bonnet to match; Mrs J. M. Geddes, white alpaca trimmed with white satin, light bonnet; Mrs J. J. Craig, white crepon finished with heliotrope; Mrs Ponsford, black satin, black picture hat; Mrs J. Craig, black silk and lace; and many others whom did I not know.

CRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

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

MADAME MARCELLA,
'GRAPHIC' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

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

'REMO.'—I am delighted to hear that I have given correct delineations of your friends' characters. I believe graphology is always correct, but although I try to do my best, I may occasionally misinterpret rules. Your handwriting indicates a most generous and rather impulsive temperament. You are warm-hearted, very affectionate, and full of genial kindness. You are truthful, sincere, and conscientious, but you have a happy facility for saying 'the right thing at the right moment,' and a perfect genius for smoothing away difficulties and making others feel satisfied with themselves. You have a vivid imagination, and although you possess both good sense and penetration, your generous impulses sometimes carry you away and lead you into extravagence. Nevertheless, you have a firm will and plenty of determination. You enjoy popularity, and your keen sense of humour, quickness of comprehension, vivacity, and excellent conversational powers combine to render you a particularly agreeable companion. Your temper is good. You are sanguine, cheerful, and generally disposed to take the brightest view of a case and make the best of things. Your conclusions and judgments are rapid, but never severe. You are a great admirer of beauty, and a steadfast friend in whom trust and confidence can never be misplaced.—MARCELLA.

WHAT BECOMES OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

SOME AMERICAN EXPERIENCES.

DR. C. F. THWING summarises in the *North American Review* for November the result of some interesting investigations which have been made as to the future of the college women of the United States. He says:—

'About fifty-five per cent. of the woman graduates of our colleges marry. Twenty per cent. of all women who become of a marriageable age do not marry, and it is apparent that about forty per cent. of college women, who have become of a marriageable age, have not married. The question, therefore, is what work are the unmarried women doing? Are they doing a work of value sufficient to justify the time and money spent in securing an education? Are they doing a work of the highest educational or ethical or civil value? The number of women who enter public employments is increasing, and these employments are usually inconsistent with the life of a wife and mother. We therefore shall find an increasing proportion of the distinguished women who are college graduates unmarried.

FAME.

'I have recently had an examination made of *Appleton* to discover the nature of the early training and also the character of the employment of the persons therein named. The work contains between fifteen thousand and sixteen thousand names, of which only 633 are names of women. Of these 633 women 320 are authors; seventy-three are singers or actresses; ninety-one are sculptors or painters; sixty-eight are educators; twenty-one may be called philanthropists; fourteen are missionaries; thirteen doctors; twenty-eight may be described as having their places in this article because of heroic deeds. There are also three who are described as engaging in business, one in nursing, and one in following the profession of law. Of these 633 persons also nineteen have had a college training; of the 320 women who are named as authors, only nine are college women; of the ninety-one artists only one; of the actresses also one; of the educators seven; of the missionaries one only is college-bred. It is evident that the college woman has not become famous. From the great field of literature the college woman has been absent as a creator for the last twenty years. The number of books, of every sort, written by college women, is very few.

MARRIAGE.

'The effect of marriage upon the winning of distinction is not so great as first thought would lead one to believe, for of the six hundred and thirty-three women named in *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, one-half are married and one-half are unmarried.

'The American college has given us great scholars, great philanthropists, great administrators, great teachers. It has given us Frances E. Willard and Lucy Stone. It has not given us great writers. It has given us no great novelist. It has given us one or two, and only one or two, essayists. But all exceptions aside, it is certainly true that the graduates of the colleges for women have not made that contribution to literature that they have made to scholarship, or to teaching, or to administration.'

THE TONTINE SYSTEM.—Lorenzo Tonte, a Neapolitan, introduced his system into France about 1650. A certain number of persons subscribe to a general fund. Each draws an annuity according to his age; the annuity of the survivors increases as each member dies. The last survivor receives the total annuity during his life. This is the general plan, altered and improved on since it was originated.

EL VERDUGO

(BY HONORE DE BALZAC.)

THE bell of the little town of Menda had just rung midnight. At that moment a young French officer, leaning upon the parapet of a long terrace which bounded the gardens of the castle of Menda, seemed buried in meditation more profound than befits the carelessness of a military life; but it must be said that never were the hour, the prospect and the night more suited to reverie. The beautiful Spanish sky extended its azure dome above his head. The quivering light of the stars and the soft moonlight illumined an exquisite valley which lay unrolled at his feet. As he leaned against an orange-tree in blossom the young officer could see, a hundred feet below him, the town of Menda; it seemed to be sheltered from the northern winds at the foot of the cliff upon which the castle was built. Turning his head he saw the sea, whose gleaming waters framed the landscape in a broad band of silver. The castle was illumined; the festive confusion of a ball, the harmony of the orchestra, the laughter of the officers and their partners came to him, mingled with the distant murmur of the waves. The coolness of the night infused a sort of energy into his body, wearied with the heat of the day. To crown all, the gardens were planted with such sweet flowers and trees of such fragrance that the young man was, as it were, plunged in a bath of perfumes.

The castle of Menda belonged to a grandee of Spain, who occupied it with his family. Throughout the whole evening the elder of his daughters had regarded the officer with an interest marked by such sadness that the feeling of compassion, expressed by the Spanish girl, might well be the cause of the thoughtfulness of the Frenchman. Clara was beautiful, and, although she had three brothers and a sister, the property of the Marquis of Léganès appeared large enough to persuade Victor Marchand that she would have a considerable dowry. But how dared he dream that the daughter of the nobleman proudest of his birth in Spain could be given in marriage to the son of a Parisian tradesman. Moreover, the French were hated. The marquis had been suspected by General G——, governor of the province, of stirring up a movement in favour of Ferdinand VII., and the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been stationed in the little town of Menda to restrain the neighbouring regions, which looked up to the Marquis of Léganès as their lord. A recent despatch from Marshal Ney had aroused a fear that the English might shortly land upon the coast, and named the marquis as a man who had had correspondence with the cabinet at London. Consequently, in spite of the kind welcome which the Spaniard had given Victor Marchand and his soldiers, the young officer held himself continually on his guard.

As he approached the terrace, from which he had just examined the state of the town and the districts intrusted to his care, he asked himself how he should interpret the friendship which the marquis had constantly displayed toward him, and how the tranquility of the country could be reconciled with the anxiety of his general; but for a moment these thoughts had been driven from his mind by a feeling of prudence and natural curiosity. He had just noticed in the town a large number of lights. Though it was St. James' Day he had commanded, that same morning, that all fires should be put out at an hour named in his orders. The castle alone had been excepted from this measure. He saw, indeed, the bayonets of his soldiers gleaming here and there at the usual posts; but the silence was ominous, and nothing indicated that the Spaniards were indulging in the celebration of a holiday.

After having tried to explain to himself the disobedience of which the inhabitants were guilty, he found in their actions a mystery the more incomprehensible, since he had left certain officers in the village charged with the patrol and the rounds.

With the impetuosity of youth he was about to pass through an opening in the hedge, in order to decend the hill more rapidly; in this way he could arrive sooner than by the usual road at a little post-station at the entrance of the town in the direction of the castle; a slight noise, however, stopped him in his course. He thought he heard the sand of the path grind under the light step of a woman. He turned his head and saw nothing; but his eyes were attracted by the extraordinary brightness of the ocean. He suddenly perceived there a thing so appalling that he stood motionless in consternation. The moonlight was bright enough to disclose to him distant sails. He trembled and endeavoured to convince himself that this sight was an optical delusion produced by the fantastic combination of the waves and the moonlight. At this instant a hoarse voice pronounced the officer's name; he looked toward the opening, and

saw slowly rising there the head of the orderly who had accompanied him to the castle.

'Is that you, Captain?'

'Yes. Well?' said the young man to him in a low voice. A sort of presentiment warned him to act with caution.

'Those villains are as restless as worms, and I am anxious. Will you allow me to tell you what I have seen?'

'Speak!' answered Victor Marchand.

'I have just been following a man belonging to the castle who has come this way with a lantern in his hand. A lantern is very suspicious! I don't believe that any Christian needs to light candles at this hour. They want to destroy us! so I said to myself, and I started to follow his tracks. And, Captain, I discovered, three paces from here, upon a bowlder, a heap of firewood.'

A terrible cry, which suddenly rang out in the town, interrupted the soldier. A light flashed about the officer. The poor private received a ball in the head and fell. A fire of straw and dry wood was burning fiercely ten feet from the young man. The instruments and laughter in the ball-room were no longer heard. A silence as of death, interrupted by groans, had suddenly succeeded the murmurs and the dance music. A cannon-shot sounded over the surface of the sea. A cold sweat broke out upon the forehead of the young man. He was without his sword. He understood that his soldiers had perished, and that the English were about to disembark. He saw himself dishonoured if he lived; he saw himself arraigned before a court-martial; then he measured with his eye the depth of the valley and sprang a step toward it, when he was stayed by Clara's hand.

'Fly!' she cried. 'My brothers are following me to kill you at the foot of the cliff—there—you will find Juanito's horse. Go!'

She pushed him from her. The young man gazed at her a moment. Stupefied, but obeying quickly the instinct of self-preservation which never abandons even the strongest of men, he sprang into the dark in the direction indicated, and ran across the rocks that goats alone had climbed till then. He heard Clara cry to her brothers to pursue him; he heard the steps of his assassins. Several bullets whistled by him, but he came safely to the valley, found the horse, mounted and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

In a few hours the young officer arrived at the quarters of General G——, whom he found breakfasting with his staff.

'I bring you my head,' cried, he as he appeared, pale and unnerved.

He seated himself, and recounted the horrible occurrence. A deathlike silence greeted his story.

'I find you unfortunate rather than culpable,' the terrible General answered finally. 'You are not to blame for the breach of faith of the Spanish; and, unless the Marshal decides otherwise, I acquit you.'

These words gave but small consolation to the unfortunate officer.

'When the Emperor knows,' he cried.

'He will wish to have you shot,' said the General; 'but we shall see. Well, then, let us speak no more of this,' added he, in a severe tone, 'except to wreak a vengeance which shall excite a salutary terror in this country, where they make war like savages.

An hour later a whole regiment, a squadron of cavalry, and a battalion of artillery were on their way. The General and Victor marched at the head of this column. The soldiers, informed of the massacre of their comrades, were possessed by an unexampled rage. The distance separating the town of Menda from the General's headquarters was traversed with wonderful swiftness. Upon the way the General found whole villages under arms. Each one of these miserable hamlets was surrounded and the inhabitants decimated.

By an inexplicable chance, the English vessels had not landed their men; but it was learned later that these ships only carried the artillery, and that they had had a quicker passage than the other transports. Consequently, the town of Menda, deprived of the defenders it expected, and which the appearance of the English sails seemed to promise, was surrounded by French troops almost without striking a blow. The inhabitants overcome with terror, offered to surrender unconditionally. Acting with a nobility not rare in the Peninsula, the assassins of the French, forseeing from the General's cruelty that Menda would perhaps be burned and the entire population put to the sword, proposed to inform the General against themselves. He accepted the offer with the condition that the inhabitants of the castle, from the meanest servant to the marquis, were to be surrendered to him. These terms were acquiesced in, and the General promised to pardon the rest of the inhabitants and prevent his soldiers from pillaging and burning the town. An enormous contribution of money was demanded, and the richest citizens gave themselves up as surety for its payment, to be made in twenty-four hours.

The General took every precaution necessary for the security of his troops, provided for the defence of the surrounding region, and refused to lodge his soldiers in the houses. After having pitched camp, he rode up to the castle and took possession. The members of the family of Léganès and the servants were carefully guarded from view, bound and shut up in the hall where the ball had taken place. From the windows of this room the terrace which commanded the town could be easily seen. The staff established itself in a gallery near at hand, where the General discussed the measures to be taken to oppose the disembarking. After having despatched an aide to Marshal Ney, and ordered batteries to be placed upon the seashore, the General and his staff considered the cases of the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards, whom the inhabitants had surrendered, were immediately shot on the terrace. After this military execution, the General gave the order to erect upon the terrace as many scaffolds as there were people in the hall of the castle, and to summon the village executioner. Victor Marchand availed himself of the time which was to elapse before dinner to see the prisoners. He returned shortly to the General.

'I come,' he said to him, in a broken voice, 'to ask certain favours of you.'

'You!' answered the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

'Alas!' replied Victor, 'I ask sad favours. The marquis, seeing the scaffolds erected, has hoped that you would change this form of punishment for his family, and begs you to have the nobles beheaded.'

'Granted!' said the General.

'They ask, in addition, that they be allowed the comforts of religion, and that they be unbound. They promise not to attempt to escape.'

'I consent,' said the General, 'but you will be answerable for them.'

'The marquis also offers to you his entire fortune if you will pardon his youngest son.'

'Indeed!' answered the General. 'His property already belongs to King Joseph.' He stopped. A sudden thought came to him, and he added: 'I will grant more than their desire. I understand the importance of his last request. Ah, well, let him buy the eternity of his name; but let Spain forever remember his treason and his punishment. I leave life and fortune to that one of his sons who will fulfill the office of executioner. Go, and speak no more of it.'

Dinner was served. The officers, seated at table, were satisfying an appetite which fatigue had increased. One of their number, Victor Marchand, was absent from the feast. After having hesitated for a time he entered the hall in which was the proud family of Léganès. He cast sad glances upon the sight presented to him by that hall, where the evening before he had seen whirling in the dance the two daughters and the three sons of the house; he shivered at the thought that in a short time their heads must be severed by the executioner's sword.

Bound to their gilded chairs the father and mother, the three young men and the two girls remained in a state of complete immobility. Eight servants were standing, their hands tied behind their backs. These fifteen persons were looking at one another gravely, and their eyes scarcely betrayed the feelings which animated them. Complete resignation and regret at having failed in their enterprise were to be read upon certain faces. Motionless soldiers guarded them, respecting the anguish of these cruel enemies. An expression of curiosity lit up their faces when Victor Marchand appeared. He gave the order to release the condemned, and went himself to loosen the cords which bound Clara to her chair. She smiled sadly. The officer could not resist the temptation, and touched lightly the young girl's arms, admiring her black hair, her lithe form. She was a true Spaniard; she had the Spanish colour, Spanish eyes, long, curling lashes, and a pupil blacker than a crow's wing.

'Have you succeeded?' she asked, with one of those gloomy smiles in which there was yet something girlish.

Victor could not repress a groan. He looked at Clara's

*Translated by John Van Brugh, from the French, for Short Stories.—Copyrighted.

three brothers one by one. The eldest was thirty. Small, rather badly built, with a fierce and haughty air, he did not lack a certain nobility of manner; nor did he seem a stranger to that delicacy of feeling which rendered Spanish courtesy formerly so celebrated. He was called Juanito the Second. Phillip was about twenty. He resembled Clara. The youngest was eight. A painter would have found in Manuel's features a hint of Roman determination. The old marquis had a head covered with white locks, and seemed to have stepped from a picture by Murillo. The young officer shook his head, despairing of seeing the General's offer accepted by one of these four; nevertheless, he ventured to confide it to Clara. She trembled for an instant, but immediately resumed an air of calmness and knelt before her father.

'Oh,' said she to him, 'make Juanito swear that he will obey faithfully the orders you give him, and we shall be content.'

The marchioness trembled with hope; but when, leaning towards her husband, she had heard Clara's horrible disclosure, the mother fainted. Juanito understood all. He bounded like a caged lion. Victor took it upon himself to dismiss the soldiers, after having obtained from the marquis a promise of perfect submission. The servants were led out and delivered to the executioner, who hanged them. When the family had only Victor for spectator, the marquis rose.

'Juanito!' said he.

Juanito only answered by an inclination of the head, which was equivalent to a refusal, fell back into his chair, and regarded his family with a dry and terrible eye. Clara seated herself upon his knee with a gay air. 'My dear Juanito,' said she, as she slipped one arm around his neck and kissed him upon his eyelids, 'if you knew how sweet death at your hands would be to me! I will not have to submit to the odious contact of the executioner. You shall free me from the evils which await me; and, my good Juanito, you would not wish to see me in anyone's power, ah, well—'

Her dark eyes cast a fiery glance upon Victor, as though to arouse in Juanito's heart his hatred of the French.

'Courage!' said his brother Philip to him,' otherwise our almost royal line is extinct.'

Suddenly Clara rose, the group which had formed about Juanito separated; and this son, a rebel with reason, saw standing before him his old father, who in a solemn voice cried:

'Juanito, I command you.'

As the young count remained motionless, his father fell upon his knees. Involuntarily Clara, Manuel and Phillip followed his example. All held out their hands toward him who was to save the family from oblivion, and seemed to repeat his father's words:

'My son, would you lack the strength of a Spaniard? Do you lack reason? Would you leave me long upon my knees, and ought you to consider your life and sufferings? Is this my son, madam?' added the old man, turning toward the marchioness.

'He consents!' cried the mother, despairingly, as she saw Juanito slightly move his eyelids—an act whose significance was only known to her.

Maraquita, the second daughter, remained upon her knees, feebly clasping her mother in her arm; her little brother Manuel reproached her for weeping. At this moment the castle chaplain entered; he was immediately surrounded by the whole family, and led to Juanito. Victor, unable longer to endure this scene, signed to Clara, and hastened out to make a last effort with the General. He found him in good humour, in the midst of his dinner, and drinking with his officers, who were beginning to converse gayly.

An hour after, a hundred of the most prominent citizens of Merida came to the terrace, in accordance with the General's orders, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes. A detachment of soldiers was stationed to restrain the Spaniards, who were placed beneath the gallows upon which the marquis' servants had been hanged. The citizens' heads almost touched the feet of the martyrs. Thirty paces from them rose a block, and by it gleamed a heavy sword. The executioner was present in case of Juanito's refusal. The Spaniards soon heard, in the midst of the deepest silence, the footsteps of several persons—the measured tread of a platoon of soldiers and the light rattle of their pieces. These varying noises were mingled with the joyous voices of the officers at dinner, as earlier the music of a ball had disguised the preparations for an act of treasonable slaughter. All eyes turned toward the castle, from which the noble family was seen to advance with incredible composure. Every face was calm and serene. One man alone, pale and haggard, was leaning on the priest, who gave him all the consolations of religion—that man who, alone, was to survive. The executioner understood, as did every one else, that Juanito had accepted his place for a day. The old marquis and his wife, Clara, Maraquita, and their two brothers went and knelt at some distance from the fatal spot. Juanito was guided by the priest. When he came to the block the headsman, drawing him by the sleeve, took him to one side and probably gave him certain directions. The confessor placed the victims in such a position that they could not see the execution; but they were true Spaniards, and held themselves erect with no signs of weakness.

Clara started first toward her brother.

'Juanito,' said she to him, 'have pity on my lack of courage; begin with me.'

At this moment a man's hasty steps were heard. Victor appeared.

Clara had already knelt; already her white neck was inviting the sword. The officer paled, but found the strength to hasten to them.

'The General will grant you your life if you will marry me' said he to her, in a low voice.

The girl flashed upon the officer a glance of scorn and pride.

'Come, Juanito,' said she, in a low, deep voice.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet. The Marchioness of Leganes allowed a convulsive movement to escape her at the sound; it was the only evidence of her anguish.

'Am I all right like this, dear Juanito?' was the question little Manuel asked her brother.

'Ah, you weep, Maraquita!' said Juanito to his sister.

'Alas! yes,' answered the young girl. 'I'm thinking of you, my dear Juanito; you will indeed be unhappy without us.'

Soon the grand face of the marquis appeared. He gazed upon the blood of his children, turned toward the motionless and silent spectators, extended his hands toward Juanito, and said, in a firm voice:

'Spaniards, I give my son my paternal blessing! Now, marquis strike fearlessly, for you are without reproach.'

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the confessor, 'She nursed me!' he cried.

His voice drew a cry of horror from the assembly. The noise of the feast and the gay laughter of the officers quieted at this terrible clamour. The marchioness understood that Juanito's courage was exhausted; she sprang at a single bound beyond the balustrade, and her brains were dashed out upon the rocks. A shout of admiration arose. Juanito had fallen senseless.

'General,' said an officer, half drunk, 'Marchand has just been telling me something of this execution. I bet you didn't order it——'

'Do you forget, gentlemen,' cried General G——, 'that in a month five hundred French families will be in tears, and that we are in Spain? Do you wish us to leave our bones here?'

After this speech there was no one, not even a subaltern, who dared empty his glass.

In spite of the consideration with which he is regarded, in spite of the title of *El Verdugo* (the headsman), which the kings of Spain have given as a title of nobility to the Marquis of Leganes, he is completely overcome with grief—he lives alone and is rarely seen. Crushed beneath the burden of his terrible sacrifice, he seems to await with impatience the birth of a second son, which will give him the right to rejoin the shades which accompany him always.

WHY THEY WON'T INSURE HIM.

He is hale, and stout, and hearty,
He is sound in wind and limb;
His cheeks are bright and rosy.
And he is not adipose. He
Had never one day's sickness,
And his eyes possess the quickness
Of strength, and youth and vigour;
He's a herculean figure.
And is quite as strong as Sandow—
He can lift with ease a landau.
Of health he is the picture;
And at feats of great endurance
Not one can equal him.
On his diet's placed no stricture,
And at any kind of party
He can shift a lot of food.
He is hale, and stout, and hearty.
And his appetite is good.
Once he went to some insurance
Firm to get his life insured.
They read the application,
And the M.D.'s assev'ration
They with eagerness perused.
They were filled with admiration,
But 'twas changed to consternation,
When they heard his occupation;
So, without much hesitation,
Then and there his application
They immediately refused.
To more companies he's written;
He has searched each place in Britain—
To refusals grown inured.
He has fetched his testimonials;
Gone through awful ceremonials;
Still appears quite cool and calm, and
Never think that it's a bore;
Though the doctors have examined
Him a thousand times or more.
And they all, with keen precision,
Give the very same decision—
That such a healthy fellow they
Had never seen before.
Yet despite his health and vigour,
And his herculean figure;
Though he's strong as any 'nigger,'
Still uninsured is he.
And, although it may seem funny,
Yet for neither love or money
Will a company insure him—
He's a Football Referee!

CROCKETT'S COALS.

Mr S. R. Crockett has been telling in the new weekly magazine, the *Minute*, how he used to raise the heat when a hard-up student in Edinburgh. He lodged with a friend over a great coal station, and he used to go out in the evening and pick up the coals which the carts had dropped in the streets. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'I grew so bold as to chuck a lump of coal at a driver, who invariably looked for the biggest lump on his load to hit back with, which was what I wanted. Thus the exercise warmed me at the time, and the coal warmed me afterwards. And occasionally we got a large enough stock to sell to our companions, and buy a book or two. But I wish, here and now, solemnly to state that I never, *never* condescended to lift a lump off a cart—at least, *hardly*. . . . Well, unless it was manifestly inconveniencing the safety of the load, or overburdening the safety of the horse, you know!'

A MODERN ATLAS.

Monsieur Canon-Berg, the 'Colossus' of a man whom all go to look at nowadays, is as long as he is broad. He measures six feet and three-quarters of an inch from the sole of his foot to the top of his head and exactly as much across the chest from the right to the left arm pit. His upper thigh measures four feet and one inch around; his calves measure two feet and eleven inches, and his upper arm is one foot and eleven inches around. He weighs exactly 52olbs, and there is no deception possible, for all the figures quoted are from the city weigher's office, properly attested by signatures, seals, and Government stamps. Around the waist M. Canon-Berg uses up seven feet four and a-half inches of the tape. The brasserie, in which he is financially interested, does a tremendous business all day, but between the hours of one and eight o'clock at night it is hardly possible to secure a 'standup,' not to say a seat, there. The big man occupies a specially-built platform at the rear of the establishment, the platform being constructed of solid beams, and supported underneath the floor by iron pillars. This was done by order of the police. He sits on two benches—one placed in front of the other. Every half hour he takes a constitutional and walks from the platform to the entrance door over a strip of carpet that covers a portion of the floor supported by pillars the same way as the platform. Canon-Berg rises slowly, supporting his weight by placing his hands firmly against the arms of the bench and at the same time, making a few jerking motions with the upper part of the body. Then he begins to set his feet down deliberately, one before the other. He does not look exactly as if he were going to topple over, but his trembling, uncertain steps and the way his corposity quivers suggest a dire physical catastrophe. Meanwhile the audience is requested to keep to their seats, so that all may have 'a chance to observe the Colossus from the front and rear' as he goes up and down. He is 45 years old, has full black hair, somewhat sprinkled with grey, a black moustache, and kindly grey eyes. He has never known a sick day in his life; he is a very moderate eater and drinker; his only small vice being an extraordinary love for tobacco. He sleeps well, and makes no complaints. Until a few months ago he acted as inspector of breweries in the Netherlands, having learned the trade in Germany. He was a strong, healthy, and corpulent boy and man, fond of athletics, swimming, and dancing. To reduce his weight he made a tour of Holland on foot, but meeting with an accident, had to return on a freight car, none of the passenger coaches having doors large enough to admit him. In this way he travelled to Paris. Only the Swiss passenger cars are roomy enough for the Colossus.

BISMARCK AND THE ASSASSIN.

In 1866 Bismarck, then at the height of his unpopularity, was returning from an interview with the King. Riding down the Avenue of the Linden, he heard two shots, and, turning, saw a young man coolly aiming at him with a revolver. Bismarck seized and grappled with him, but the assassin managed to fire three more shots, grazing him on the breast and shoulder. The guard coming up, he handed the man over into their charge. Some guests were assembled to dine at his house; he greeted them as if nothing had happened. 'They have shot at me, my child,' he whispered to his wife; 'but don't fear, there is no harm done. Let us go in to dinner.' During the meal the countess remained silent, but in the drawing-room she gave way to an outburst of indignation. 'If,' said she; 'I were in heaven, and saw the villain on the top of a ladder leading down to hell, I would give him a push!' 'Hush! my dear,' whispered Bismarck, tapping her gently on the shoulder, 'you would not be in heaven yourself with such thoughts as these.'

TOBACCO-USING TEETOTALERS.

I have had under my care (says Mr Kerr in his new book on 'Inebriety') a large number of abstainers who were smokers, snuffers, or chewers. Some of these had used tobacco to great excess, and had been excessive smoke-consumers for long periods of years. Though I have no doubt whatever that tobacco is a poison, that its use is necessary to no one, and perilous to many, that it is the occasion of not a few enfeebled hearts, not a little loss of vision, not a small amount of nervous excitement, melancholia, and dyspepsia, not a limited number of premature deaths, and though I have as little doubt that everyone would be healthier by abstaining from tobacco, with the exception of a few cases, I have not been able to come to the conclusion that the use of tobacco as a general rule implies much liability to inebriety. At one time, before my opportunities of observing cases of inebriety were so extended, I entertained an opposite opinion, believing that tobacco was one of the chief predisposing causes of the inebriate habit; but loyalty to truth compels me to add that not only have I changed my mind as to this, but I have actually seen a few cases of inebriety in which the sedative influence of tobacco has subdued the craving for the moment, as it sometimes lulls for a time the sensation of hunger, and has thereby prevented an inebriate outbreak. Tobacco, however, operates as a contributory factor in the development of that neurotic diathesis, which, in some constitutions, sets up the diseased condition of inebriety, either in the offspring or in the succeeding generation.

CAPTAIN TOM.

A NOVEL.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBURNE.

Author of 'Doctor Jack,' 'Doctor Jack's Wife,' etc.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE SHELLS FELL IN THE QUARTIER LATIN.

At exactly one o'clock on the morning of the ninth of January, 1871, a great shell hurled from the Prussian stronghold at Chatillon drops upon the roof of a house in the Quartier Latin in doomed Paris. A mournful, rushing sound is instantly followed by a ripping and tearing, in turn succeeded by a muffled explosion, then comes a dreadful silence.

In a corner of the upper room a man fully dressed has been sleeping on a cot. The tremendous shock arouses him; he flings back the covers and sits up, looking around with a coolness that is amazing.

Darkness everywhere save above, where a ragged hole in the roof marks the route taken by the iron intruder. The man gives a whistle to indicate his surprise.

'A close shave, by Jove! That was meant for me. Confound those Prussian gunners, to break my rest in this way. Ugh! that is a cold wind coming in through the new entrance. It is impossible to sleep longer. Perhaps I may find something to interest me outside.'

Listening, strange sounds come to his ears. The French forts answer the Prussian guns. Mont Valerien is aflame, and the thunder of artillery makes the very earth tremble. Besides there is heard the weird shriek of passing shells, their awful bursting, with perhaps the falling of innumerable bricks or stones.

Astonishing as it may seem, this man takes a match and lights a candle with a hand that never so much as trembles. Surely he must be made of ice, or have nerves of steel, to show so little emotion during such a tumult.

Shielding the flame as much as possible from the current of air that rushes in through the rent in the roof, he surveys the desolate scene. The rafters hang downward, plaster lies broadcast over the floor, which in turn is torn and wrecked where the iron sphere passed downward.

A fine dust fills the air; the house would perhaps fall only for the support given on either side. As it is, the building is ruined.

While the cool inmate of the upper floor thus surveys the wreck of his quarters, the light falls upon his own face and figure. It reveals a tall, well-knit form, and an American countenance, more remarkable on account of its firmness than because of any claims to manly beauty, although Captain Tom Pilgrim has never been accounted a homely man.

Satisfied that his den is no longer habitable after this remorseless visitor from the Prussian guns at Chatillon has ploughed a passage through it, the American dons an outer coat, together with a soft hat, and picking up a few little articles, such as a revolver, etc., walks toward the staircase.

He remembers for the first time that there are others below, and wonders whether the iron monster has done more than bring damage upon the property.

On the stairs he meets Monsieur Blanc, his host, a small but voluble Frenchman, who denounces the Prussians for ruining him, and expresses gratitude that 'monsieur le capitaine' is safe, all in one breath.

Everywhere is seen wreck and ruin, for the shell seems to have dropped as perpendicularly as though coming from the clouds.

Even the door is out of plumb, and only by a muscular effort does the American tear it open.

He passes out upon the streets. The Quartier Latin is receiving an undue proportion of the enemy's projectiles, and on this night in particular the citizens are fully aroused to a realisation of their perilous situation.

Until recently the Parisians have laughed at the siege—they saw so little of its horrors as the battles have been fought at a distance—and the official reports published each day predicted a Prussian retreat immediately.

Now the bombardment was begun, and houses, bridges, and churches lie in ruins. Starvation is not the only fate that threatens. There is a terrible death flattering in the air, accompanying each hurtling bomb. The humour of the populace has changed, and actual fear is seen upon many a face.

The streets are not crowded, but here and there stand squads of men and women, discussing the last terrible phase of the siege, hurrying this way and that to note the devastation caused by a bursting shell—perhaps to collect relics at the same time, for their fear has not entirely overcome their curiosity.

Lights are seen; for the great city is not yet reduced to darkness. Fires burn in three distinct quarters, but whether caused by bursting bombs or through the carelessness of pillaging vandals, it is impossible to tell.

Captain Tom saunters along, taking in the strange sights to be met with on this night of the hottest bombardment yet experienced, and keeping a watchful eye for friends, of whom he has a number in the beleaguered city.

Several cabs rattle along the paved streets. Each bears the significant red cross, and, no doubt, contains a wounded man from the front—an officer of rank, perhaps—whose position set him to a seat in the Necker Hospital on the Rue de Sevres, though from the reckless manner in which the shells descend it would probably be safer to have kept the wounded leaders in the forts outside the city.

Here and there are nuns hastening to give their assistance to the wounded, each under the protection of the red cross.

The scene is full of excitement. He is a house in ruins, just beyond a shell tears a gaping hole in the street, sending the debris all around in confusion, and killing several citizens who chance to be near. Through a side street that debouches upon a boulevard a company of mobiles march amid the cheers of the Parisian crowd, which is nothing if not demonstrative.

The glare of a bonfire lights up the scene, and gleams upon the polished chassepots carried upon the shoulders of the soldiers from the provinces. All around are evidences that the war has come home to gay, thoughtless Paris, and yet her citizens, half starved as they are, never dream but that it is a hideous nightmare, and some fine morning the enemy will awaken to find himself in a trap—when the army of rescue that is always coming, but never arrives, reaches the scene.

Thus sauntering along, the American finds that he has reached the Boulevard des Capucines. Near by towers the hotel generally sought, after the Louvre, by foreigners, and known as the Hotel de la Paix.

Even in this quarter Paris is alarmed. The Prussian guns seem capable of reaching every point in the city, and at any hour the deluge of iron may be hurled upon this section. Indeed, one shell has already shattered a house not a stone's throw from the caravansary.

Captain Tom has had an object in heading for the boulevard. He looks into each face he meets, as though under the belief that here he will find the one he seeks. Sometimes it is a well dressed citizen, again a man of the bourgeoise stamp, wearing a blouse and Tyrolese hat, or perhaps a military individual, strutting along with the importance that only a French petty officer can assume.

While thus engaged he reaches the hotel, and a hand presses his arm, while a voice says:

'What does this mean, Captain Tom. You declared you were bound to sleep the night through in spite of the bloody racket, and yet here I find you on the boulevard.'

The speaker is, like himself, a foreigner, but his voice and language betoken the Briton. Others besides the daring American have allowed themselves to be shut up in Paris, from motives of curiosity, love of adventure, or something else that may be developed later on.

Captain Tom laughs. It is a cheery sound, and has won him many a friend in time past.

'I give you my word, Lord Eric, I slept as sound as a dollar as long as the affair was confined to screeching and smashing all about in the Latin Quartier, but when a beastly shell dropped into my room, and left me exposed to the weather, I drew the line at that, and concluded that there might be some queer things to be seen on the streets. Something—I can't explain what—drew me to your hotel. Perhaps it was because I saw our friend, Colonel Julas, being carried in an ambulance to the hospital, or it may have been just a notion on my part.'

'Pardon me, my friend, it was more. Yes, even the hand of fate.'

'I am far from being a fatalist, Lord Eric,' returned the American, at the same time giving his companion a queer glance, for he hardly knew how to take him at times; milord is a peculiar combination—a puzzle to those who know him.

'Listen! At this very moment I have issued from the hotel here with my mind set upon seeing you. Behold! the first person against whom I run is Captain Tom. What do you call that but fate?'

'It is a queer coincidence, certainly—I admit that; but what has occurred to make an interview with me so essential? Has anything happened since I parted with you at nine at the Champs Elysees?'

The Englishman twists his neck around as if to make sure that there is no one near to spy upon their movements. Then he takes hold of his companion's sleeve and draws him into a niche formed by the hotel wall.

It not only screens them from the observation of passers-by, but serves to keep off the chilly January night wind that sweeps down the elegant boulevard.

There is something mysterious in the very action of the Briton, and the adventurous Captain Tom anticipates a revelation that will arouse his sluggish blood. The man has seen so much of life in his time that ordinary events do not move him.

Having fully satisfied himself with regard to their security, milord speaks, and even his voice seems to be full of deep mystery, so low and strained is its tone.

'What I have to tell you concerns a certain lady friend of yours. Perhaps you can give a guess as to her name.'

'Let me see. Is it the fair Alsatian, Linda?'

'Hit it the first shot! Shows where your heart must be, captain. I have not come any too soon to warn you.'

'Bah! I have passed unscathed the battery of brighter eyes than hers. Linda is beautiful. It amuses me to play the gallant once in a while, though I am more at home in the woods, or on the deck of my dainty little yacht, than in the presence of ladies; but as to warning me of the danger, my good friend—'

'Wait! You do not understand, me, captain. It is not danger from her eyes, of which I warn you. The peril comes from another quarter, but in connection with the fair Alsatian.'

Captain Tom puffs at his cigar while his companion thus speaks. He seems to be pondering the words.

'Ah! you have reference to a jealous rival. I shall have to meet him some morning at sunrise in the Foret de St. Germaine, or perhaps the Bois de Boulogne, with swords or pistols. I suppose I can depend on you, my friend, to second me, for I shall fight, if challenged, just for the adventure.'

'Blast the luck, Captain Tom; you run on like a Derby winner. Hark man! This danger does not come from within, but from without. It is the military authorities you have to fear.'

The words, though thrilling in their nature, do not seem to arouse any alarm in the breast of the American, who merely shrugs his shoulders in the French style he has learned so well, and remarks:

'I—that all? Please explain, milord.'

'It is known that you have been intimate with this beautiful lady for some time. You have sent her flowers, driven her in a carriage, and even forced her to accept presents of food that are worth their weight in silver during the seige.'

'In brief, I have treated her as a lady friend for whom I have a warm admiration. I am rich. Whose business is it if I choose to send flowers to one of the fair sex?'

Captain Tom is indignant. He feels that some one has been meddling in his private affairs, and this is an interference he never will brook without being heard from.

Before speaking further the Englishman pokes his head out from the niche, and takes a survey of their surroundings. A fiacre dashes past as though containing a messenger who bears important tidings. Down the boulevard a crowd of citizens advance, singing the 'Marseillaise,' and shouting that the Republic has come. 'Vive la Republique!'

In another quarter a detachment of gendarmes, under a commissaire of police, sweep the boulevard of all gathering crowds. Already the authorities of Paris feel the mutterings of the coming storm. The enemy within will play greater havoc than the Prussians ever can. The dreaded hydra-headed Commune is nearly in the saddle, after a retirement of over twenty years. Paris will soon be under the heel of the oppressor.

In their immediate vicinity all is quiet, and Lord Eric sees no cause for apprehension. What he has to say can be told without danger of being overheard, at least so far as he can discern.

The American has had his natural curiosity aroused by this time, and the strange actions of his friend are calculated to augment such feelings on his part.

Still he asks no more questions, satisfied that Lord Eric will tell all when he has gone through his little stage business. Perhaps the American has seen him carry on in this way before, and make much out of a mole-hill.

'I need not tell you how I have obtained my information, my friend. It is a beastly shame, you know, but, all the same, I have no doubt regarding its accuracy. When I tell you that the secret police have received positive instructions from military headquarters to watch your every movement, you can understand why I am so particular about being seen in your company, and at this hour.'

'Confusion! Lord Eric, you harp on in the one strain. Tell me why I am under suspicion.'

'Because you admire the fair Alsatian. You send her costly presents, ride with her; in a word, because you are her friend.'

'Answer me plainly, man. What do they say she is?' and his hand grips the Briton's arm until he winces under the pressure.

'Listen, then, my friend. They have learned that the lovely Alsatianis a German spy!'

CHAPTER II.

'GIVE HER UP, OR YOU SHALL SHARE HER FATE.'

THE words 'German spy' are almost hissed in the ear of the American, who has maintained his clutch upon Lord Eric's arm.

'The deuce you say!' he answers, and it is evident that milord's announcement has not awakened as much wonder as the other had expected.

'Whether you are guilty or innocent will not matter much, once you fall into the hands of the authorities, Captain Tom. It is a march to the Prison La Roquette, and the guillotine by morning, or perhaps a file of zouaves, a box for a coffin, a brief order, and you are no more. These are stirring times in Paris. See these citizens approaching. If I were to step out and denounce you as a Prussian spy, do you think they would ask for my proofs or wait to hear your defence. The chances are your head would adorn the end of a pike carried by some rough from Belleville inside of thirty minutes.'

'Perhaps,' returns the other, quietly, 'unless I put the whole of them to flight.'

The Englishman surveys his companion in the dim light of the distant bonfire, as though astonished at his nonchalance.

'Bless my soul, Pilgrim, I believe you would be equal to it. I haven't forgotten your adventures in the catacombs with the gang of robbers. But make your mind easy. Eric Bullard is the last man in Paris to betray you, even if you are guilty. I'd sooner cut my hand off than prove false to a friend.'

'A thousand thanks, milord; those words do you honour. I need not question your motives in seeking me.'

'They were to warn you so that you might visit the fair Linda no more, since death lies in the cup, pleasant though it may seem.'

'From my heart I thank you. One favour I have to beg, rude though it may seem.'

'Name it. If in my power——'

'There is no question about that. Since I am under suspicion I beg that you will no longer appear to be my friend.'

'You fear that I may be dragged in also?'

'No good can come of it. If we both live through the siege we may renew our friendship.'

It is a singular request, but milord understands that something underlies it.

'As you say, my friend. It would be better if you accompanied me to the Minister of the Interior, explained your position, and gave your solemn word of honour that you would never again see the lovely Alsatian.'

Captain Tom shakes his head.

'That were impossible, milord.'

'Why so?' impatiently.

'Because I go from this spot to see the woman the authorities have declared to be a German spy.'

The Englishman seems shocked.

'It is a shame for such a bright, jolly fellow to invite annihilation, for that is the inevitable result when a man runs against the machinery of the Paris police. I am bound to believe that you are either a reckless dare-devil, ready to risk your life for a sou, or else what they suspect is true.'

'And that I am a German spy!' laughs the American, carelessly.

'Hush! for Heaven's sake, man. If the ears of that rabble caught your words nothing could save us from their fury.'

'Bah! they are a lot of jackals. A few well-directed shots among them would scatter the pack and send them howling down the boulevard. However, I have no desire to invite such attention. While I thank you again for your friendly warning, milord, do not believe that I am insensible to the fact that for three days and nights I have been shadowed; at the Mabille, such as it is in these desolate times; dining at the Cafe de Madrid, where conspirators are wont to meet; even when accompanying the remains of my friend Duval, who fell in the last useless sortie, to Pere la Chaise, the noble cemetery, risking the fire from the Prussian guns—I have been aware of the fact that some one was watching me.'

'Yet you will defy fate by visiting again at the house of that enchantress. Well, man is a strange creature,' remarks the other, in a philosophical way, that draws out another of those cheery laughs from Captain Tom.

'Perhaps at some future time, when you know all, you will understand what now seems a dark mystery,' he says, soberly.

'Then you confess there is a mystery? Why not take me into your confidence? Make me a sharer in your secrets.'

'That is generous of you, milord, but I must firmly decline your offer. We part here. I know not whether the fortunes of war will ever bring us together as friends again. Remember your promise to cut my acquaintance until such time as this affair is all over.'

'Do you mean to hold me to that?'

'Most religiously, milord. If we meet again I shall scowl at you like an Italian bandit, and expect you to do the same.'

'Perhaps so,' mutters the puzzled Englishman, as he returns the warm handclasp.

Standing in the niche he watches the stalwart form of the American moving down the boulevard, and shakes his head sadly.

'Blast the luck! I like that chap. He is a man any one might go wild over; strong as a horse, bold as a lion, and yet no woman could have been more gentle than Tom Pilgrim when he handled my wounds after that boar hunt in the Black Forest. Yes, confound it, I love him because he is a man after my own heart; but I'm afraid he's been foolish enough to mix up in some business here that may cost him his life. It is not love that takes him to the side of that fair Alsatian, but what then? I can't even guess, unless— Great Heaven! I wonder if he is in the employ of the French general? Nonsense. The idea is too absurd I'll go inside and get a little sleep, though the poor devils in the region of the Latin Quartier will have small peace with that infernal din about their ears.' Saying which the philosophical Briton once more re enters the great caravansary and seeks his desolate room. Provisions have long since grown so scarce that the hotels could not supply their guests, who may still lodge in them, but must seek their food elsewhere.

Captain Tom saunters along with the same careless step. He again approaches the region where the German shells are falling at the rate of one a minute. In spite of the danger, crowds are in the streets, and each explosion is the signal for a great rush toward the scene.

Various sights greet his eyes, and he finds much to engage his attention. All the while he is advancing with a certain object in view.

He meets groups of soldiers hurrying in the direction of the forts—mobiles, zouaves, or it may be a squad of mounted chasseurs. There has been secret word brought in of a contemplated Prussian advance from the north, while the Krupp guns on the heights of Chatillon keep up the bombardment, and Governor Trochu seeks to strengthen the defences there.

Excitement grows as the night becomes older.

Down the street comes a howling mob of men—yes, and women, such Amazons as the Revolution made notorious.

What is the cause of the tremendous racket?

A single, exhausted figure flies before them.

Hear what they shout—'Death to the spy. To the lamp-post with the Prussian.'

Now they overtake the wretch. He is a coward, and shows no fight. Innocent or guilty, it matters not; the game is as good as the game to these desperate communists, and in a twinkling the poor devil is swinging from the nearest lamp-post.

Captain Tom sees and shrugs his shoulders, for he remembers what his friend Lord Eric has warned him of. Such a fate as this would be his should the mob find out that he has been signalling to the Germans in any way—by the use of coloured lights, for instance.

He does not avoid the terrible figure, but walks straight forward. No one knows the nature of a Parisian crowd better than this man, who has made a study of them. Some of the leaders glance at him, but he bears his American citizenship in his face, and they do not question him. Americans are, as a general thing, the friends of France in this unhappy war.

A new clamour breaks out, and Captain Tom turns his head to discover the cause. He is electrified to see a number of the mob, mostly the Amazons, chasing a female.

Where she has come from, what she has done, he cannot say. All that he knows is the fact that the poor creature flies toward him. She does not shriek or fill the air with her cries, but looks like a fluttering bird endeavouring to escape its tormentors.

The American feels all his manhood aroused by the sight. Whenever he has been appealed to for help, especially by a woman in distress, he has generously thrown himself into the breach.

Straight up to him the girlish figure flies, as though she has an intuition that here she may find a rock of refuge.

Captain Tom feels a wave of indignation sweep over him when he takes note of the delicate figure that crouches at his feet.

'Oh, sir, you are a gentleman! Save me from these terrible creatures!'

She speaks in French, but Tom is almost as familiar with the language of diplomatic correspondence as with his mother tongue. He sees the beseeching attitude, and imagines a sister of his own in such a position.

In an instant his decision is taken. He will save this poor girl from her enemies, no matter what the personal risk. At times like this a really brave man never stops to consider the danger. He does not say 'how many,' but 'where are they?'

With an involuntary movement he steps in front of the poor girl and faces her foes, who by this time have almost overtaken her.

At the sight of a man before them instead of a weak, terror-stricken girl, the mob abruptly pauses and glowers upon him. The constituent members of this mob are like a lot of wolves, hungry and desperate. Already the horrors of the siege have been felt among the lower classes. The rich were wise enough to lay in a supply of food in time, but the poor have to take the pitiful allowance doled out by the authorities, and upon the faces of many a haggard look has come—the imprint of famine's gaunt hand.

To face such a crowd of half crazed, vengeance-seeking people is something few men would care about doing.

Captain Tom might be averse to it under ordinary circumstances, but men are often brought into action through certain means over which they have no control.

His manner is that of a gladiator. With the girl behind him he stands there and waves back the dozen 'citizens' who have pursued.

'Stop!' he cries, in French. 'What has the girl done? Why do you chase her?'

A Babel of voices answer him. Each Amazon shrieks out some accusation, and the hoarser voices of the men join in.

'She is a witch. We would burn her!'

'She is a Prussian spy! The governor would shoot her on the Trocadero.'

'We must have her. Give her up or you shall share her fate!'

The clamour grows in volume. It is perfectly terrible now, the shrill voices of the Amazons cutting the air like knives.

Captain Tom is unmoved. He stands there like a rock, with the object of their wrath between the wall of the house and himself.

His hand is no longer raised to warn them back, but it now grasps a revolver, while the light of battle shines in his grey eyes. The American is on his mettle. He has been appealed to by one in distress, and stands here as the champion of helplessness.

Let the waves of Parisian communism beat against him. They will be dashed back as from a rocky barrier.

Perhaps the sight of the revolver has something to do with the mob halting. At any rate the Amazons and their backers come to a stop, forming a ragged line before him, which a neighbouring bonfire lights up in a fantastic manner.

The picture is one an artist might seize upon to make his name famous. The crouching figure of the poor girl, her indomitable defender, the dozen awful creature from the slums of Paris, rendered doubly desperate by the want of nourishing food, upon them all the flickering firelight playing in fantastic humour. Captain Tom himself could never get the picture out of his mind.

It looks just now as though they are bound to come to blows, that another little engagement will be fought upon the streets of Paris, such as becomes more frequent with each passing day of the siege, for the iron of the Prussian host is pressing closer and closer upon the throats of the beleaguered citizens as each sun sets behind the wintry hills.

The American does not await the storm. He seeks to bring matters to a climax.

The sooner these things are over the better. Captain Tom believes in prompt action, for on more than one occasion he has seen the side that takes an aggressive part, though inferior in numbers, come out with victory perched upon its banners.

'Listen, fellow citizens of Paris. The enemy is thundering at our gates, and every man is needed to save the city. This is no time to make war on the helpless, or to cut one another's throats. You accuse this girl of being a Prussian spy. Prove it, and I will no longer defend her, but until you do, I stand before her, and death to the one who dare molest her!'

Mutterings arise.

These hardened creatures admire courage, but at the same time they are averse to giving up their prey.

Having had a taste of blood, their appetites are whetted, and it really matters little to them where their next victim comes from.

No country in the world has been so covered with the blood of its people as poor France. When scourged by the Revolution her rivers ran red with the slaughter of her citizens. In the city of Nantes alone thirty thousand were put to death with every conceivable torture.

A mob in Paris is about as ugly a crowd to manage as the world can produce. Captain Tom, who has been all over the globe, feels he would rather face as many bigoted Hindoos on their native sod as these inflammatory elements from the lower dens of the city.

There are as yet no signs of giving way. Instead, the scowls grow blacker, and gleaming knives are seen in the begrimed hands of the human panthers who form the half-circle around the spot where the American stands at bay.

He shoots one glance up and down the street. It is a narrow thoroughfare which he has taken in order to make a short cut to his destination. Above tower the houses, and from numerous windows heads are thrust, some of them adorned with the red cap indicating the Commune.

What Captain Tom seeks is the presence of troops. If a squad of the National Guard armed with their Snider rifles, would only appear, he feels that all would be well. Up to this time there had been troops in every quarter. They had even become monotonous in his eyes. Now, when he would give a great deal to see the red trousers of the zouaves, not a soldier is in sight. One could easily be led to believe that the city is destitute of them, and ready to be given over to the mercy of the mob.

Plainly, then, if Captain Tom is to save the girl who has appealed to him for her life it must be done by the power of his arm alone, since no outside assistance is near.

After his little speech the line presses even closer.

His eye is ranging along the crowd marking the man who seems to be the evil spirit, urging the Amazons on to an awful crime.

This personage is a sinister looking man, with a brown face and snapping eyes. He has a way of inciting the hags onward, though it takes little to do that.

When the American demands the proof, numerous eyes are turned upon this man, and the hands of the nearest push him forward.

'This is her accuser. Francois, speak! Tell the American what you know!' they cry, all the while glaring at Tom's charge as though ready to tear her to pieces.

The man seems very unwilling to be thus brought to the front rank. Still it is only a poor, weak girl whom he has to face, and he puts on a bold front characteristic of the swaggering gamester of the boulevards.

'Monsieur le American, your motives are honourable. We admire bravery, but it can avail yonder wretched creature nothing. She has refused the only chance of life, and she must die.'

The poor girl makes a move as if to face her accuser, but Tom places a hand on her head as if to reassure her.

'Monsieur, your charges! your proof?' he asks, in a steady tone that sounds like the ring of steel smiting steel.

'You shall have it, monsieur. Then we will execute the judgment of Paris upon the traitress. Look! here is a letter written in German. It is addressed to "My Friend," and in it the writer sends thanks for the information received. Listen, citizens, while I read two lines. "The King Wilhelm will reward you. All Prussia rejoices in so true a friend. Let us hear again from you."

A roar greets the reading of this effusion, and it looks as though the tigers can no longer be restrained from their prey, but Captain Tom waves them back with his revolver.

'Wait!' he thunders.

It is a voice to command, and these jackals cringe before him, just as Tom said they would when talking to Lord Eric.

Francois has become emboldened. He feels that victory is within his grasp, and waving the fatal document above his head he looks like a disciple of Satan urging his hosts onward.

'Let me see the document, Francois.'

The man holds back, dismayed, but those nearest urge him to comply.

'Yes, let the American read her death warrant! Then he will defend her no longer,' they cry.

Captain Tom's hand grasps the paper. The fire burns fiercely enough for him to see the odd German characters upon the page.

'It is true. This letter has been sent to a Prussian spy in Paris. Do you swear you saw this girl reading it, Francois?'

The man sees no trap, for excitement has a hold upon him. Eagerly he cries:

'I swear it, monsieur—on my life!'

Captain Tom's face is grave. He realises that the situation has become such that he may be drawn into the toils, accused of befriending a German spy, but not once does he shrink from what he believes to be his duty.

'What say you to this accusation, mademoiselle? This man swears he found you reading this traitorous letter sent from the Prussians! Are you guilty or innocent?'

The crouching figure springs erect now. The clustering curls are swept back by a quick movement of the head. Captain Tom will never in his life forget what follows.

'Monsieur, fellow citizens, hear me! That base man has sought to make me his wife. Because I loathe him I have refused. He then persecutes a friendless girl, and now brings this accusation against me. In his haste to condemn he has forgotten. He swears I was reading that paper. That is false. Look at me. I am blind!'

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTERY OF THE CONVENT.

A CONVULSIVE shudder passes through the frame of Captain Tom when he finds a pair of apparently sightless eyes fastened upon him. They seem to appeal to his heart for help.

A groan goes up from the crowd, and angry glances fall on Francois. The caprice of a mob is as changeable as April weather. It takes but a little thing to veer it around like the vane on the stable roof.

Captain Tom is quick to note and take advantage of this change in the tide. He sees how swarthy Francois trembles and looks scared.

To strike while the iron is hot is his motto.

'Messieurs, look at yonder craven beast! He has assailed the character of this young girl. He is a coward, and no Frenchman. Let me tell you my belief. If he were taken and searched perhaps evidence would be found that would prove him a spy.'

Hardly are the words out of Captain Tom's lips than with a roar the Amazons hurl themselves upon the giant. He fights like a demon, and at one time threatens to escape, but others come to the assistance of his enemies, and down the street they capture him, holding his arms while the search is made.

Ere five seconds more have gone a shout is heard. Hands are raised aloft, bearing papers that have been taken from the person of Francois—papers that contain mystic marks, plans of the fortifications, and figures estimating the number of troops in Paris.

'Hang him!' is the cry.

A rope appears as if by magic, and the noose is slipped over the man's neck. Then with jest and shout they drag their intended victim in the direction of the nearest lamp-post.

Captain Tom makes no effort to save the man. Indeed, after having learned that this wretch had insulted the blind girl, and sought to make her the victim of the mob's fury, he even feels a savage satisfaction in the thought that justice is about to overtake the fellow.

Just at this moment occurs something not down on the programme.

A shell, cast from a Krupp gun on the heights of Chatillon, drops into the street not forty feet beyond the surging crowd. There is a blinding flash, a terrific explosion, cries of horror and alarm.

The bonfire still burns.

Captain Tom has been knocked down by the concussion, though from the way in which his head aches he at first imagines that a piece of the shell has brained him.

He struggles to his feet.

Such a sight as that which confronts him. It is enough to fill one with horror. That particular Prussian shell has done more damage than any yet sent into the doomed city.

Half a dozen of the Amazons lie upon the street maimed or killed; others crawl away, or, rising to their feet, hasten to the shelter of doorways, as though fearing a repetition of the disaster.

Down the street a flying figure catches the attention of the American. It is the giant Francois. Satan looks after his own, and this engine of destruction, sent from the earthworks of his friends, had passed by, leaving the German spy unscathed.

'We may meet again,' mutters Tom.

Then he suddenly remembers the blind girl. He fears that she may have been injured by the terrible explosion, and turns to find that she is no longer at his side. He looks around in bewilderment, not able to tell where she may have gone. It is too much to believe that she could have passed out of sight down the street in this short space of time.

He eyes the houses near him suspiciously, as though under the impression that one of them may have given her ingress.

Then, marking the locality in his mind, he leaves the scene of the explosion. Already people are flocking to the spot from every quarter. Just as buzzards scent carrion afar off, so these vultures of the great city flock to feast their eyes on the sight of blood.

Captain Tom has been greatly agitated by the recent events. As he walks along he mutters to himself, and certain words let fall in a voice above a whisper give an indication to his thoughts.

'It is the irony of fate. Surely that voice, that figure, was Myra's; but blind. Great heavens! what does that mean! Is this a dream! Am I awake? Perhaps the continual roar of the great guns has unsettled my reason. Nonsense. Things are perfectly clear before my eyes. Either that girl was Myra, whom I met so strangely at Rome, or else one who strangely resembles her. What could bring her here? It was under the shadow of the obelisk on the Monte Pincio that I last saw Myra, and she was not blind then, for the bright eyes made sad havoc with the battered element I call my heart. There is a mystery here, and I cannot solve it now, but I will come again to this place and look for the girl I saved from the mob's mad fury. Just now I have something deeper to play.'

He ceases to commune aloud. If his thoughts are still on the subject there is no outward manifestation of the fact.

Thus he finally finds himself in front of a convent. The grey walls rise before him cold and pitiless. He looks up the street and down to see whether the 'shadow' is in sight; the dark form that for days and nights has followed him wherever he may have gone.

Nothing can be seen of a suspicious nature. Perhaps the pursuit has been given up.

He faces the convent. The door is near by, and ascending the few steps he pulls the bell.

Paris no longer knows silence. Her citizens sleep with the distant growling of the Prussians siege guns, the heavier detonations of Mont Valerien, and the bursting of shells among the houses, as their lullaby.

The evil days have come when 'children cry for bread, and there is no bread in Israel.' Famine threatens to be a worse foe than the foreign foe encamped about her walls.

In this quarter an occasional shell drops, and already the convent has been badly used. By some accident its grey walls have been picked out by the German gunners miles away as a good object at which to right their guns in the day time.

In answer to his ring a black-robed figure comes to the little wicket in the door, exchanges a few words with the American, and then opens the heavy iron barrier, inviting him to enter.

He has been here before, and the way is familiar; so he passes on to a small parlour or reception-room, where the gas burns low.

Here he awaits the coming of one for whom he has inquired. It is a strange hour to make a call, but of late Paris has known no night since the terrible bombardment began.

While he sits there Captain Tom allows his thoughts to range backward. He finds his curiosity regarding the young girl very keen.

What could bring a blind girl out upon the streets at such an hour? Had a shell demolished her home? How could she run to him and beseech his assistance if blind? How did she know he was an American even before he had uttered a single word?

These are pertinent questions.

They worry Captain Tom immensely.

With an impatient gesture he turns away from the contemplation of such mysteries, and glances around at the walls. Then he picks up a book lying on the table, and idly turns the pages.

It is an album. Faces interest him deeply and he looks from page to page. At the very last he finds himself gazing upon the picture of a young girl. Back of her can be seen dimly the walls of the famous ruin, the Coliseum.

The man holds his breath. He has made a discovery that appals him. Under the figure is written the name 'Myra.' It is the girl whom he left in Rome, who has eluded his search so long, and whose counterpart he has rescued on this very night.

Why should the picture of the pure and artless Myra be found in the album of this plotting German spy, Linda Dubois?

CHAPTER IV.

'WINE IS A MOCKER! TAKE CARE, CAPTAIN TOM.'

THE rustle of a woman's drapery arouses Captain Tom from the reverie into which he has unconsciously fallen while gazing at the sweet face in the album.

He looks up. In the narrow door-way stands a woman. She wears the dress of a nun, but it is a mockery, for her cheeks are aflame with the roses of health, such as can never be seen on the face of a sister who denies herself the pleasures of the world, and fasts in the solitude of her cell.

The veil will hide these tell-tale cheeks should she choose to go abroad upon the streets, and even the lower classes, the *canaille*, respect the dress of a sister and the red cross she carries when upon an errand of mercy in war times.

Captain Tom is not surprised at anything this remarkable woman might do, but he pretends to show astonishment.

'The dress becomes you, Ma'm'selle Linda, but why assume it? Do the rules of the convent require such sacrifices from each guest?' he asks, accepting her white, shapely hand.

She laughs merrily.

'Dear me, no, monsieur. It is mere caprice on my part. I am curious to see how the siege goes on. I would travel the streets unmolested, and in this garb I am able to go and come where I please. Most of the nuns are out now looking after the wounded, of whom the hospitals are full. They threaten to turn the churches into hospitals, and Notre Dame as well as this convent may echo with the cries of the wounded. The Lady Superior is an old friend of mine, and would do much to assist me, knowing that I mean to write a book on the siege of Paris.'

She is seated near him now, and he continues to survey her closely.

'Ma'm'selle, pardon me, but you are a remarkable woman, the most gifted lady I ever met. This wonderful book, when it appears, for whose reading is it intended—the French who are shut up in Paris, or the Germans who surround her walls?'

The fair Linda takes no offence, but smiles and shakes the truant veil back from her face.

'Wait and see, monsieur. You may be surprised to find your ideas permeating my book, for I honest y confess that much of my knowledge of military technique was gained through you.'

Captain Tom winces. At the same time he smiles inwardly, if such a thing can be, for he has been grossly inaccurate in all things pertaining to the defence of Paris when engaged in conversation with the fair Linda.

'You are a complete mystery to me, ma'm'selle. Think how strangely we have met. First, months ago, long before the siege began, I had the pleasure of stopping your runaway horse on the Boulevard Montmartre. Our acquaintance began there.

'Later on we met by chance at the Louvre, in the Musee Egyptian, where I find you deeply engrossed with the relics from the pyramids, and especially some curious little metal vials said to contain love powders, strange poisons, and the like, used in the times of the ancient Pharaohs.

'A third time we lose sight of each other, and again our meeting is brought about by fate in a singular way. Walking with my friend, General la Croix, in the Faubourg St. Honore, we see a string of captured Uhlans being brought into the city. The fortunes of war have thrown them into the hands of the French, and all along the streets they are the subjects of curiosity and insult.

'I see a lady in a carriage draw near. Behold! it is you, ma'm'selle. One of the Uhlans, an officer, a splendid specimen of manhood, attempts to break from the ranks; he shakes his fists at you; he cries out that you are a traitoress, and deserve death; that you have deserted your lover and the native country of your mother's people to seek the delights of Paris.

'I see you shrinking back, appalled. I realise that this officer has once been your lover. He is dragged back into line, and the procession moves on. Later, influenced by more than mere curiosity, I endeavour to find him in order to hear more about you in whom I am so deeply interested, but he has already been exchanged. Some hidden power has set the wheels in motion for him.

'I see you often after this. We ride and walk together. You take me into your confidence with regard to your book. When last we parted you told me this was to be your future address, and that I could see you at any hour. I have come.'

While the captain speaks the fair Alsatian has regarded him closely. She is playing a deep and dangerous game, and this man has entered it in a way she had not calculated upon when arranging her plans.

At first he has been, as she believes, her dupe; her dupe now she loves as only one of her country can. The stalwart and brave American has become a hero in her eyes. All other games must play a minor part to the one in which she would make him her slave.

She thinks she has captured him with her charms of face and figure. That like other men before—the Uhlan officer, for instance—she can hammer his heart to suit her humour.

This proves what a poor judge she is. Perhaps she may be able to read her own sex better.

'It is a strange hour, Captain Tom. Tell me why you have sought me?' she says, in her round, velvety voice, so like the soft purring of a cat.

He hardly dares to tell her all, but may say enough to appease her curiosity. Quick wit is needed, so that suspicion may not be aroused.

'Listen, ma'm'selle, and let me tell you something that may interest you. We have seen much of each other during this time of siege, and you will pardon me if I say I have taken unusual interest in you—and your book.'

The woman in the nun's dress taps her foot on the floor nervously, and shrugs her shapely shoulders as she listens. This reference to her book sounds like sarcasm. It may be possible that Monsieur Tom does not have so much confidence in the production of the volume as he has given her to believe.

'Proceed,' she says, lightly.

'Under such circumstances, you remember, I obtained for you a steady and faithful body servant, one Mickey McCray, who has, I understand, served you faithfully all this while.'

'Devoted Mickey. He is a diamond in the rough,' she murmurs.

'Nor has my friendship ended there, my dear Ma'm'selle Linda. I have come here at this strange hour to prove that, though my heart beats not in sympathy with the cause you love, I still regard you highly. In a word, ma'm'selle, I am here to save you.'

The woman shows emotion. Her eyes glitter like stars, and even in this moment of supreme trial her thoughts are more for the man than connected with her own danger.

'To save me!' she repeats, in her velvety voice. 'How good of you, Captain Tom. No doubt you risk much in coming. What danger threatens me now? Has the count decided to raid my fortress, the convent, and carry me off, or does my military admirer, the general, intend to fight a duel with you because of my poor flirtations?'

'Neither, ma'm'selle. The warning I bring you concerns yourself alone. You must leave Paris.'

She laughs in a strange way.

'What you say is absurd, Captain Tom. Leave Paris, indeed! Why should I go; how can I pass through the lines?'

'You will have no difficulty up to seven to-morrow night, when the gates are closed, provided you show this passport from Trochu. If you remain after that hour it is—death!'

'Death!'

'I have said it, ma'm'selle. The governor, who gave me this pass, will insist on the full penalty of the law if you are found within the walls after the gates close.'

She awakes to a full sense of the danger menacing her. All thoughts of love are put aside. The woman gives way to the patriot.

'Monsieur le Captain, you can tell me

what is it they accuse Linda Dubois of being?'

'They say you are a spy, ma'm'selle. That, instead of gathering facts for a book, you transfer them to the hands of the enemy. I believe one of your tools has been captured.'

'Poor Francois!' she says, musingly. 'He always said the guillotine would be his fate, but now it may be a sergeant and his file.'

Francois! It is the name of the man who led the mob after the girl: he who had so narrowly escaped annihilation at their hands.

Captain Tom realises this; remembers that the fellow chased the girl whom he believes to be Myra, and putting things together, glances toward the album holding her picture. Dimly he attempts to form a theory, but it falls to pieces for want of connecting links.

'Do you admit the fact, mam'selle? You need have no fears of me, for the document you hold proves my friendship.'

'Yes,' she says, boldly, endeavouring to magnetise him with her sparkling eyes. 'I admit she truth of the charge. I am a spy.'

'You are as bold as you are beautiful,' he says, with something of irony in his tone.

Although Captain Tom can admire a woman like Linda Dubois she is not the kind of being to capture his heart. The girl Myra, whom he had found and lost in Rome, and whose image has haunted him ever since, is of an entirely different type, and appeals to softer feelings within his heart.

'Tell me, Monsieur Tom, what induced you to spare me? You, whom I have learned within six hours to be in the employ of the French government. Why did you secure me this chance of escape?'

She hangs her whole existence on this sentence, holding her very breath while awaiting his answer.

If he will only say, 'Because I love you,' what cares she that the heavens are black above her; that the nature of her mission to Paris is no longer a secret, and an ignominious death very near? Love with a woman reaches beyond all else, and Linda Dubois possesses a heart of fire, coquette though she may have been.

Captain Tom does not fall into the trap. His regard for the lovely woman has never gone beyond the admiration point, though he would think it poor policy to say so now.

'It does not matter, ma'm'selle, what the motive may have been, I am enough interested in your welfare to intervene when the authorities have declared your life forfeited. I come with this paper. I warn you of the danger. You can quietly leave Paris and be safe among your friends.'

'And if I refuse to go.'

He shrugs his shoulders in the French way.

'That is your lookout, ma'm'selle. I should be sorry to hear you make such a decision,' he says, solemnly, 'for as sure as the French forts are thundering their defiance at the foe just now, Governor Trochu means to have you pay the penalty of your—indiscretion, if you remain in Paris.'

Her manner changes.

'Captain Tom, twice have you saved my life. Tell me what I can do in return. There is nothing too great to ask, if it lies in my power to grant.'

He is deceived. Forgets the nature of the woman with whom he deal; falls into a little trap, as it were, headlong.

'I know of nothing, ma'm'selle, unless you would tell me who the young girl is whose picture is in yonder album—she at the Coliseum. How you became acquainted with her. Where she may be found at present——'

He stops abruptly. Something in her face and eyes warn him. Just as the rattlesnake whirrs its note when strange feet draw near.

'You are deeply interested in Myra?' she asks.

He assumes indifference just in time.

'She makes me think of a sister whom I lost years ago. Her name was Myra, too. Never mind, ma'm'selle, another time will do as well.'

His words appease her. The angry look vanishes, and a smile covers her lovely face.

'Then you expect to meet me again some day, Monsieur le Captain?'

'It would be strange if fortune did not bring us together again,' he replies, rising.

'You are not going so soon, monsieur?'

'It is as well. I have finished my business here; why delay? Besides, my duty calls. It is as you say, I am in the government employ. My grandfather was Lafayette' fearest friend, and I seek to repay the debt we owe to la belle France.'

'You will drink a glass of light wine with me?'

He looks into those glorious eyes. He is lost!

'Certainly, ma *belle*, with pleasure,' he murmurs.

The woman in the nun's dress leaves the room, and Captain Tom seats himself again.

He is yawning behind his hand when a very singular thing occurs.

A figure glides into the room noiselessly, and lays a folded paper on the table at his elbow.

Turning, the girl places a finger on her lips, motions to the table, and vanishes.

Captain Tom jumps to his feet.

'Bless my soul! This is odd! That was Myra herself or her wraith! What next, I wonder? Nothing wrong with those eyes. Jupiter, how their glance thrills me. What does this paper mean? Quite dramatic, I declare!'

He tears it open and reads:

'Wine is a mocker. Take care, Captain Tom!'

CHAPTER V.

THE SNAKE THAT LAY IN THE AMBER GLASS.

There can be no mistaking the nature of the note.

It comes in the form of a warning, proving that a man may be in double danger within the walls of besieged Paris.

The fact that Myra has sent it gives the brave American a peculiar feeling. He is threatened with a rush of blood to the heart, a very dangerous symptom among young persons.

'Bless her,' he murmurs, 'beautiful mystery that she is. I save her from the mad populace, and now she returns the favour. Something within tells me this is not the end.'

It may at any rate be the end of him unless he heeds the warning conveyed in Myra's note, for danger hangs heavy over the head of Captain Tom, danger from more than one source, threatening to drag him down into the maelstrom which is about to rend fair Paris.

Being a man of action instead of a dreamer, the American immediately sets his mind upon the game that is upon him.

In one sense it is not a very great surprise, this fact of his being threatened by the fair Alsatian. She has been playing a desperate game with Captain Tom as an antagonist, and, as present appearances would indicate, has lost.

What her object may be in endeavouring to drug him he does not pretend to analyse just now, but it must be a deep one.

She knows he is in the service of the French government, while she works in secret with the German flag next her heart. This alone makes them foes; but Captain Tom has seen much of the world, and unless he makes a terrible mistake the fair Linda cares more for him than an ordinary individual. This fact adds another strange link in the chain that is being forged around him.

These things pass through his mind with great rapidity, and he has about made up a plan of action, when he hears the rustling of feminine garments, that indicates Linda's return.

She comes with a bright smile, bearing a small silver salver, on which is a bottle of wine and two glasses. Her guest is sitting just where she left him. Linda glances at him keenly, but reads nothing upon that impassive face, for Captain Tom is not in the habit of betraying his thoughts.

While she sets the salver on a small table, he endeavours to make up his mind how his wine is to be doctored. Surely, as it comes from the bottle it will be pure, for Linda means to drink in company with him.

Thus he decides that the drug must already have been dropped into the goblet intended for him, or else her white fingers will manipulate it as she pours out the wine.

Keen though his eyes are he fails to detect any such action on her part, and yet when she passes the amber goblet toward him, keeping the opal tinted one herself, he is quite certain the thing has been accomplished.

Now comes the trying moment. He knows it may be death to him to swallow the contents of that glass, but in what way will he avoid it. With such a beautiful temptress smiling in his face, it were almost impossible for the ordinary man to resist the decree of fate—he would be strongly urged to seize his glass, clink it against her own, and swallow the decoction prepared by her fair hands.

Men have gone to their death with their eyes wide open before now, when the blow has been struck by a woman they loved, and history will continue to repeat itself many times ere this hoary old world of ours gives way to the ravages of decay, and drops back to the cold, cheerless order of a moon.

In this instance one thing saves Captain Tom—he is not in love with the fair Alsatian, no matter what the state of her feelings toward him may be. Thus he is able to control his actions and work out the plan for his own salvation.

As he takes the glass she offers him his hand touches hers, and it seems as though a flash of electricity must have passed through his whole system, such is the strange feeling which he experiences.

Not by a single sign does he betray the fact that he is aware of the danger menacing him. He takes the fatal goblet—the rich odour of the wine reaches his nostrils—it gives him the idea he has been hunting for.

'Pardon, mam'selle, but unless I mistake, you have respect for a vow, however lightly taken.'

He says this gravely. The Alsatian turns pale. Is he about to refuse to drink?

'Merci, monsieur, you have not forsworn all our native wines—you have not become a teetotaler since last we road past the *cafes chantants* on the Champs Elysees, stopping to taste the best poor Monsieur Jacques can put before his guests in these troublous times?'

The American laughs lightly.

'Oh, mam'selle, it is not so bad as that. I have not forsworn the wines you Parisians drink like water, but once upon a time I made a solemn vow that never again would I taste this particular vintage unless it had that peculiar piquancy which a little grated nutmeg alone can give.'

Linda utters an exclamation—her face at once loses its frown—she is again smiling.

'I fear you may think me foolish, but an old bachelor like myself sometimes falls into the evil practice of indulging these idle fancies—no doubt they are selfish——'

'Say no more, Monsieur Tom. Why should you apologise for such a simple thing? It is I who should beg pardon for not anticipating your wants. Have the goodness to excuse me for a moment and I will see whether they have such a thing in the house.

He is about to murmur, 'With pleasure,' but thinking the words too significant, merely bows and smiles. The fair Linda sweeps out of the room, only too anxious to obey a bachelor's whim.

Ah! the coast is clear. Captain Tom has been reclining indolently in his easy-chair, but he speedily looses that look of apathy. Hardly has the rustle of feminine garments passed beyond his range of hearing than he bends forward, takes the glass that he has deposited upon the tray, smells of its contents, holds it up so that the light shines through the rich wine held within, and then shakes his head, as if baffled in the attempt to discover the identity of the drug it contains. In addition to several other accomplishments, Captain Tom is interested in the strange elements of the science of poison—toxicology—and he fancied it would be easy to discover the nature of the scheming Alsatian's drug.

He does not mean to stop there. Danger lurks in that amber goblet, and cannot be dislodged any too soon. Already he has seen the opportunity. There is an open fire-place in the room, where a fire, made down for the night, smoulders. He turns toward it, glass in hand, bends down, empties the wine in among the ashes, and then rises with a grim smile of satisfaction.

Taking out a snowy pocket-handkerchief he ruthlessly thrusts it into the goblet, which he instantly cleans with the neatness and dispatch of a high toned waiter at the Hotel de Louvre.

Still he has not done.

The glass must be filled again just as the fair Alsatian left it. Captain Tom's hand is as steady as a rock while he allows the ruby fluid to escape until a certain imaginary line upon the goblet is reached.

Then he sets the bottle down with a grimace at its lightened condition, and inwardly hopes Linda will not have her attention called to the lower line of its contents.

He is careful to place things just as they were, and then leans back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction. Fortune has smiled upon him. It was not so very difficult a matter after all.

Thus a short interval passes, and then, attracted by a rustle of the curtains in the quarter where Myra had vanished, the American looks up to see that sweet face among the folds of the portiere. One finger is pressed upon her lips, indicating silence; she shakes her head, blows him a kiss, and is gone.

Captain Tom feels strangely agitated. There is a volcano within his veins that threaten a speedy eruption. Somehow the presence of the girl whom he has so singularly met on several occasions always thrills him in this way. His thoughts are interrupted, for he hears Linda coming. She enters the room, breathing hard, as though it has been something of an effort to reach the culinary department of the sacred convent.

Still her face is marked by triumph, and she holds aloft a nutmeg grater as a victor might the spoils of conquest.

'Ah, Captain Tom, cruel tyrant, see what I have done to humour your caprice—reddened my cheeks by the exertion until I look only fit for the kitchen.'

The bachelor thus brought to the bar, vehemently protests, and declares that he never saw her look more charming, which compliment from the man she loves has the effect of making her eyes sparkle, though she rattles on:

'You are like the rest of your sex, monsieur—gay deceivers all. You have learned in Paris to flatter. Do not shake your head and look displeased. I am not a silly girl, but one accustomed to reading men.'

All this while she has been scraping the nutmeg into his wine, until the surface is covered with the floating dust, at which stage Tom firmly but gently clasps her wrist.

'Enough mam'selle. A spoon, if you please, and then we will drink to our meeting again, when this cruel war is over.'

'I shall never forget that it is because of your regard for me, Captain Tom, that I am indebted for my life. But for that these Parisians, who are shut up like rats in a trap, would before this hour have taken me to the Prison La Roquette, and perhaps to the guillotine in front.'

Her dark eyes are fastened upon his while she thus speaks, and the man of nerve who has hunted tigers in the jungles of India, feels more uneasy under this glance than he ever remembers has been his lot when facing a striped Bengal devil among the tall grasses beyond his bungalow.

This woman is dangerous, whether she hates or loves; her dazzling beauty renders her doubly so; she has a keen mind, and when battling for some object which has become sacred in her eyes, whether country or lover, will not allow any scruples to stand in the way to success. With her 'all's fair in love or war.'

Captain Tom idly stirs the contents of his glass, but his mind is at ease; he puzzles over the meaning of this scene, and resolves to make a desperate attempt to solve it.

He is afraid of no danger, and once he has made up his mind nothing of an ordinary nature can cause him to change it.

The time has come; he removes the spoon and raises his glass.

'Mam'selle, you and I, by the fortunes of war, chance to be on opposite sides, but that should not makes us foes, any more than it prevents us from each toasting the cause dear to our hearts. Here, then, is to the Right; may it succeed no matter on which side it lies.'

'I can drink to that toast, Monsieur Tom,' the fair Alsatian cries immediately.

They drain their tiny glasses.

'I pity you, monsieur,' she laughs, evidently noting the grim look which he cannot keep from showing upon his face as he quaffs the villainous compound; but Tom is game to the backbone, and at once boldly declares:

'Ah, that was nectar fit for the gods! and all the more delightful because it has been brewed by such lovely fingers. I don't wonder some of the ancient worthies we read about thought it a privilege, when about to commit suicide, to have the fatal glass handed to them by one they loved. I should imagine, as you must perceive, mam'selle, that it—what the deuce was I about to say—well, it doesn't matter anyway, for really I must be going. You see, the fellows in the works on Mont Valerien will be out of

ammunition, and I chance to know that provisions are being received in Paris by the underground passage. Jove! what ails me, anyhow? Do you know my wits seem wandering. I believe you must have intoxicated me with one of your divine glances, my dearest Linda,' he rambles on, while he clasps her white hand, raising it to his lips several times in a sort of maudlin way. 'I can't remember ever having experienced this strange sensation before. Why, my eyes are like lead—my senses reel! Confusion take it, I fail to see anything but dancing lights. I shall not let you go, Linda. This must be a vertigo, caused by anxiety and improper food during the siege. It will soon pass. Just now I would give all I possess for a wink—of sleep.'

The Alsatian's face is gleaming with triumph, but she looks upon the American with love, not hate; a troubled expression might also be seen upon her face, as though in her mind she is uneasy concerning the future.

She passes the free hand caressingly over Captain Tom's white brow. How tenderly it lingers among his thick locks.

'Sleep and fear not, Tom. Your Linda is here. She will watch over you. Sleep—sleep.'

The soft tone of her voice alone is a lullaby; how she lingers upon his name; it thrills the man to know that this scheming beauty loves him; he thinks of the rattlesnake of his native country, so velvety soft, and yet quick as lightning to resent the coming of an intruder. Somehow this fair German spy makes him draw a comparison with the serpent, whose warning rattle has been the last sound in many a poor doomed wretch's ear.

Murmuring low words, disconnected and in reality meaningless, poor Captain Tom finally lies back in his chair as in a stupor. Mam'selle Linda ceases her caressing movement—she bends down and looks into his face.

'At last, my king!' she murmurs.

A fascination draws her down close to his moustached face, then turning she suddenly leaves the room.

Hardly has she passed beyond the portals of the door than the apparently sealed lids of the American's eyes fly open, and he breathes:

'That was a treacherous kiss; but in the discharge of his duty I trust Tom Pilgrim can endure much. I impatiently await the siren's next move.'

A great surprise was in store for Captain Tom.

CHAPTER VI.

MICKEY M'CRAY.

THE man who thus breathes his thoughts half aloud is a peculiar mixture. He has never known what fear was in the face of a human or brute foe, and yet his heart is troubled when he thinks of the lovely Alsatian, who has expressed her love for him. A woman might make him tremble where no other power under heaven could have the same effect.

He lies in the chair perfectly motionless, but his mind is very busy endeavouring to solve this strange enigma.

One thing is evident; it has not been poison which Linda placed in the amber glass. The snake that lurked there was only calculated to steal his senses away and leave him powerless.

Why?

Captain Tom has decided to adopt a bold course, and discover, if he can, what the motive of the Alsatian spy may be. He does not believe she is acting wholly from her own will; some power there is behind the throne that forces her to thus make a prisoner of him. He has already made up his mind with regard to one point. It has been suspected by Governor Trochu and his generals, for some time past, that in Paris there is a certain league banded together with the purpose of conveying information to the hated enemy.

These spies have thus far managed to outwit the keenest detectives in the city, which has for long years had the reputation of possessing the shrewdest officers in the world.

From time to time their dire influence has been felt, and always at the expense of the brave men who defend poor Paris. A sortie is made at a point believed to be weak, and lo! the desperate Frenchmen rush into the jaws of a blind battery; they are mowed down, and the retreat becomes a panic. It is planned to blow up one of the Prussian forts on Chatillon, but at the hour arranged for the explosion a regiment of Uhlans drops into the secret works, and behold, every engineer is gobbled—the plan is a failure.

These little incidents have a depressing effect upon the French forces; they know their plans have been betrayed by some one who is trusted; they are ready to meet the Prussians of King William and Bismarck face to face, and fight to the death, but the consciousness of foes within the councils of their leaders unnerves them, rank and file.

It is with the great hope of learning something about this secret cabal that Captain Tom resolves to take the risk, and allow himself to be the creature of circumstances.

He is not long left alone, for again the rustle of the curtain tells him some one comes; then he feels a soft hand passed over his face.

What is it that drops? Tears! Great heavens! who cares enough for him to weep over his fate?

He is tempted to partly open his eyes, but a low voice comes to his ear—he will wait. The words that fall are in French, but Tom understands it as well as his mother tongue; his ears greedily drink in all that is said.

It is Myra, and she mourns over him as a mother might over a wayward child. A queer comparison, perhaps, and yet there is something in her words and manner that make Captain Tom feel a culprit.

'Poor Captain Tom! It is as I feared. Her eyes have bewitched him. He forgot my warning, and like others before, he has paid the penalty. He saved me, and in spite of his folly I must keep him from this dreadful fate. How noble he looks, and, how brave. No wonder she loves him in her tiger way, but she shall not have him; his fate does not lie that way.'

The soft hand passes over his brow. For the life of him Captain Tom cannot refrain from suddenly opening his eyes.

She sees him, and starts back with a little gasp of alarm, but the bold adventurer has already imprisoned that fugitive hand, and is pressing it rapturously to his lips.

'You — are — not drugged, Monsieur Tom?' she whispers, astonishment and delight struggling for the mastery.

She makes a faint show of dragging away the little hand he is figuratively devouring, but he will not allow such a thing.

'Yes, drugged with happiness when you are near, *ma belle*. I believe if I were dead and you touched me life would come again.'

'Fie, monsieur, you rave,' she breathes, placing a hand over his mouth, which he promptly kisses.

'Plainly, then, ma'm'selle I heeded your warning.'

'And the drugged wine?'

'Was soaked up by the ashes in yonder fireplace. It was a pity to waste it so, but,' with an expressive shrug, 'under the circumstances I thought it best. How can I thank——'

'Say no more, monsieur. This is no time for wasting words. Your life is in danger.'

'I know it,' he replies, laconically, looking up into her sweet eyes, as though he would turn her words to another meaning.

Blushing, the girl goes on:

'You must leave this building—at once.'

'Impossible, ma'm'selle. I am drugged, you know,' he replies, grimly.

'You will fall into the power of the secret league that all Paris knows about and fears, yet cannot put a hand on a single individual member.'

'For that reason only I remain.'

She catches his meaning at last, and a look of mingled admiration and alarm shows itself upon her face. She lets fall a little French exclamation of despair.

'Can nothing turn you from this determination, Monsieur Tom?' she entreats, wringing her hands, which at last she has freed from his clasp.

'Nothing—save death.'

He says it quietly. Captain Tom is far from being a boaster, and can hardly be influenced to speak of adventures in his career which would make other men heroes.

'It is a pity, and you so handsome, so brave. But you may succeed—*mon Dieu*, who knows?' with a sudden inspiring thought.

'I mean to,' says the captain, quietly.

(To be continued.)

REASONABLE.

A STURDY little German had stood in line for an hour without making, it seemed, much progress toward the ticket-office, which was the goal of his ambition. The place was uncomfortably warm, and at last he stepped out of the line—having first bestowed searching glances on the men directly in front of and behind him, to fix their faces in his memory.

He was gone about twenty minutes, and returned looking much refreshed by his outing. He was evidently gratified to see what progress had been made during his absence, and with a beaming smile approached his old place in the line.

The guardian of the peace stopped him.

'Hold on!' he said. 'You can't go in there. Go down to the foot of the line!'

'But dis is my *blace*,' said the little German.

'Can't help it,' returned the policeman. 'You shouldn't have gone away. You've lost it.'

'I say you hafe not right! you hafe not right!' cried the foreigner, in mingled indignation and perplexity. 'When a man goes out and comes in again, does he vent away?'

NOW DID THE THIEF GET IN?

YOU wake up some morning and miss your watch, your purse, your best clothes and other valuables. Yet neither you nor any member of your family heard a sound during the night. Neither is there a sign of how the thief got into the house nor by what road he decamped. You rush round and tell the police, and also decide to keep a dog and a shot gun. You will let thieves know they mustn't come fooling around your premises after this. A sensible procedure. Meanwhile your watch, your money, etc., are gone. Quite so.

Now suppose I should tell you that the thief who stole your property never entered your house at all; that he was born in it; had lived twenty years in it; never had been out of it till he went off with the things, albeit not a soul of you had ever seen or heard of him. What would you say to me? You would call me an idiot and threaten to have me sent back to the asylum. But don't be too sure.

'Later on,' says Mr Heakin, 'rheumatism struck into my system and I had pains all over me. I was confined to my bed for three months with it and could not dress myself. In this general condition I continued for five years. One after another I was treated by *fourteen doctors* in that time, but their medicines did me little or no good. At one time I went to the Infirmary at Shrewsbury, where they treated me for heart disease; but I got worse and feeling anxious, returned home.'

How he was finally cured we will mention in a minute. First, however, about his rheumatism. Every intelligent person knows that rheumatism and gout (its twin brother) is virtually a universal ailment. It does its cruel and body racking work in every country and climate. No other malady causes so vast an aggregate of suffering and disability. Whatever will cure it is worth more money in England than a gold mine in every country.

But does rheumatism 'strike into' the system as a bullet or a knife might strike into it? No. Rheumatism is a thief who steals away our comfort and strength; but it is a thief, as I said, who is *born on the premises*. In other words, it is one—and only one—of the direct consequences of indigestion and dispepsia. And this is the why and wherefore: Indigestion creates a poison called uric acid; this acid combines with the chloride of sodium to form a salt; this salt is urate of sodium, which is deposited in the form of *sharp crystals* in the muscles and joints. Then comes inflammation and agony, otherwise rheumatism. Thus you perceive that it doesn't come from the outside but from the inside—from the stomach. Our friend's cold, caught in the mine, didn't produce his rheumatism, it clogged his skin and so kept all the poison in his body instead of letting part of it out.

Here is our very good friend Mr Richard Heakin, of Pentervin, Salop, who expresses an opinion in this line. Let us have his exact words. He says: '*Rheumatism struck into my system*.' Of course we understand that he speaks after the manner of men. You know we talk of being 'attacked' by this, that, and the other complaint, as though diseases were like soldiers or wild beasts. 'Doesn't make any odds,' do you say? Beg pardon, but it does—heavy odds. *For it teaches us to look in the wrong direction for danger.* Do you see now?

Thirteen years ago, in the spring of 1880, whilst working in the Roman Gravel Lead Mines, Mr Heaken took a bad cold. He got over the cold, but not over what followed it. He was feeble, without appetite, and had a deal of pain in the chest and sides. His eyes and skin were tinted yellow, and his hands and feet were cold and clammy. Frequently he would break out into a cold perspiration, as a man does on receiving a nervous shock caused by something fearful or horrible. He was also troubled with pain at the heart and had spells of difficult breathing—what medical men call asthma.

Mr Heakin adds: 'I was cured at last by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and without it I believe I should have been dead long ago.'

Very likely, very likely; for this thief, although he may wait long for his opportunity, isn't always satisfied to run away with our comfort and our money; he often takes our life too.

First Detective—Strange that I didn't recognise him! I thought I'd know him in any disguise. Second Detective — But when he was caught he had no disguise.

THE SECRET OF ENDURING STRENGTH.

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you.—1 St. John ii, 14.

THE most obvious, the most distinctive, the most striking of all the qualities of the Lord Himself, when on earth, was His separateness of character. When we read the Gospel record we feel that there was nothing which so profoundly impressed all who came near Him: whether they were disciples drawn to Him by love, or Scribes and Pharisees repelled by hate and fear, they could not but feel His separateness, His independence. His first power among men was this power of the separate life, combined, as it was, in awe inspiring union with the spirit of sympathy and self-sacrifice. Consequently the first word which the life of the incarnate Son seems to have to say to those of us who, by our upbringing or otherwise, are steeped in the world's influences or enfeebled by them in character or tone, is none other than the old prophetic declaration: 'Come out and be ye separate, and I will cause you to walk in a straight way, and ye shall not stumble therein, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' In Christ there was sympathy, but no subservience to the conventional, no spirit of conformity, but the presence among men of a soul that dwelt apart, in communion with the Father, and He is our example. So He spake as one having authority and not as the Scribes; so He inspired men with awe; so He taught us the everlasting, unchanging, strength giving lesson that we do not win the world by endeavouring to be like it, but by the power of a separate and independent life, with the Word of God abiding in it.

Every generation has to meet its own dangers. We breathe air laden with the influences of wealth and luxury, and troubled by the spirit of unrest. We are subject to many fascinating attractions of the external materialistic life, which loome so large that we can see almost nothing beyond it, and thus the old battle between flesh and spirit has to be fought out under new conditions. We are exposed by our circumstances to an insidious so vent of spiritual power—a solvent that infects our nature and tends to unfit us for the life of spiritual sacrifice and self denial. How, then, are you to avoid or to lessen the risks? It will help you if in your youth you bear in mind how largely a man's ruling purpose determines not only the character of his life but even the character of his trials and temptations. Again and again we have seen how marvellously men are uplifted and changed; how they are strengthened and illumined so as to grow into new men by their self-dedication to some good purpose in life, as by the right choice of profession, or by the conciousness of some call, or by the responsibilities of some office. So the spirit works in us for our salvation.

Some men of great promise have seemed to drift ineffective: the promise of their youth has come to nothing, because they have gone forth lacking the dynamic force of an uplifting purpose, and had no abiding strength in them. And some have fared even worse—following some low or mean conception of life, they have sunk to the level of it. But some, on the other hand, starting apparently with no better endowment have risen and expanded as on the wings of a new spirit; and these are they who, seeing the vision of some high purpose, never cease to grow in strength as they follow it upwards. While the others drift or stumble in the crowd and are powerless to cast out any evil spirits that rule there, these climb the Mount of Transfiguration and become new men in Christ. May you young men, who read, be such as these in your journey through life. We pray that you may be strong with this kind of spiritual strength, strong in moral courage, strong in freedom from materialistic influence, strong in that separate life of prayer and thought in which men dwell with Christ, and walk in His footsteps, and feel His power, so as to face their temptation, and pass through their hours of weakness or gloom in the spirit of the ancient psalmists and prophets. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom then shall I be afraid?' 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.'

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

THE winter is upon you, I suppose, and with it the gloomy fogs. One of the greatest mistakes made is to think that because the atmosphere is grey and dim it is necessary we should don the dingiest and most neutral of garments. In my opinion, on the other hand, it seems as if luscious reds, in all the tones and semi-tones of crimson, terra-cotta, and glowing ruby, together with the whole scale of rich greens and deep strong blues, with more grey than green in their composition, were the right *nuances* to adopt in artistic contrast to the dull weather. Why, either, should we revel in the morbid delights of a gloomy-looking hat when there is delicate lace and velvet flowers that Fashion now decrees may be employed on *demi-saison*? Quite up to date in style is the delightful wire

A DRESSY DEMI-SAISON HAT.

shape covered with closely-gathered black lace, and trimmed with frills and fan bows of the same, which I herewith present to my readers. Some vivid crimson roses, slightly shaded, are perched on the hat *en couronne*, and suit this species of confection much better than would anything heavier in the way of trimming. This is a charming half-season *chapeau*, and just the right thing for smart afternoon visiting.

∴ ∴ ∴

My second sketch is a very new kind of hat, eminently

THE FLORIAN HAT.

suitable for a wedding or a smart garden fête. It is made in chamois-coloured straw, wreathed with white silk flowers with black hearts and three red poppies. Louis XVI. bow of chiné ribbon, with a large chou on the right side under the brim.

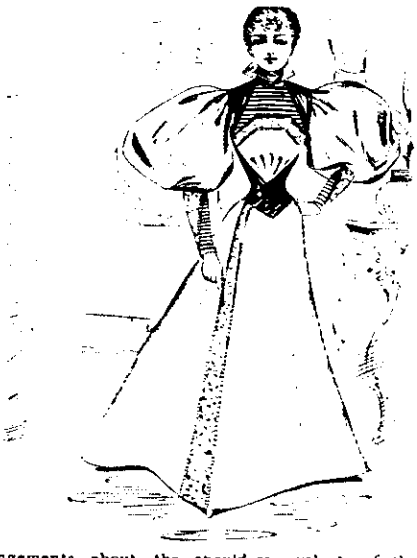
∴ ∴ ∴

Every season seems to bring in its train some entirely new art shade. This winter, one of the latest and, at the same time, most delicate tints grouped amongst the *aenus* terra cotta is a certain soft melting hue, which hovers between *chaudron*, a mellow tone of apricot, and russet brown. This colour, sufficiently indefinite to suit every style of beauty, appears especially adapted for those jaunty little elbow long capes, cut very full to fall all round *en godets*. The third sketch supplies a first-rate model for one of these charming mantles that are essentially convenient just because they can be donned so easily, and they possess the excellent quality of immediately brightening up the appearance of a dingy gown. The tippet under discussion is made of very smooth habit cloth of the new shade in question, with applications of black satin, worked in with seed jets. A very original style of yoke, built in corduroy velvet, of

the same art *nuance*, is bordered with Mongolian fur, very thick, fluffy, and altogether winter-like in texture. Just underneath the fashionable Medici collar is a smart bow of satin, matching the *velours*. It seems as if this season Madame Modus can hardly be sufficiently lavish in the building of the stylish arrangements which are to encircle our throats, and supply our faces with that background deemed by painters as so essential in enhancing the beauty and softness of the features. But to pursue the question of our cape; it is snuggly wadded throughout, and lined with a satin Duchesse, in which the black and the new tint are repeated in the shape of a coloured background, patterned with faint broken lines.

∴ ∴ ∴

For those who fight shy of the *Directoire* skirt with its front panel cut in a fan shape, and for those who cannot become reconciled either to the *jupes* slit up on each side to reveal insertions of another material, there is a new *mode* which, securing all the artistic lines of the simply-hung gown, supplies at the same time something essentially novel in the way of treatment. This new fashion consists in braiding the skirt vertically on one side so as to form a kind of long *blade*, in some cases, of course, the cording being supplanted by a shaped application of plush, velvet, or satin. The gown sketched as the *finale* of this column illustrates the novelty. Here we have a delightful afternoon frock made of livery-coloured woollen satin, the *jupe* being braided with fine silk cord of a rich chestnut shade. To carry out the folded band and drawn



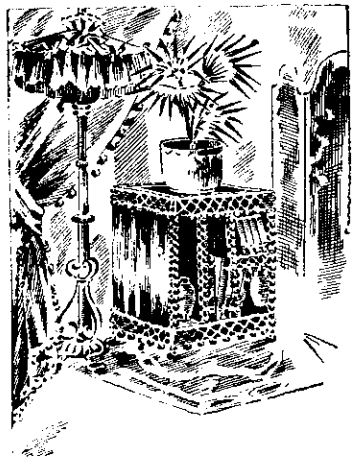
arrangements about the shoulders, velvet of the same deep *marron* shade is pressed into service. At the back the soft dark material is folded in a similar manner, only behind the woollen satin is cut quite simply and flatly, and not after the style of the front, where we find a gathered 'pinafore' corselet duly braided and laid on a finely pleated yoke. These sleeves with their long, tight cuffs appear to be more popular than the 'Bishop,' which has quite failed in 'catching on' in Paris. Round the throat there is a note of vivid colouring in the shape of a folded turquoise blue velvet ribbon enframing the neck under the modified Medici collar. This, like the cuffs, is braided with the brown cord.

HELOISE.

WORK COLUMN.

CURTAINS require to be of the thinnest lightest, description at the present moment, mere fripperies of soft drapery with just enough substance to be puffed out by the wind, giving the effect of coolness, even should none exist. Delightful muslins, figured with a colour and edged with a ball fringe to match, are now to be had by the yard. They save a great deal of trouble, as one has neither to run on frills or edging of any kind, and the colour of the little bobbles exactly matches the colour in the pattern. Pale, pinky, terra-cottas, soft lettuce-greens, and ambers, are perhaps the prettiest shades amongst them. When thick curtains are required in the summer, plain dyed linens are newer than cretonne and perhaps more restful to the eyes than any patterned material can be; at the same time they are much more easily soiled, and this must be taken into consideration as well.

We cannot all afford revolving bookcases, and yet everyone is agreed that they are the most charming inanimate companions when sitting in a cosy arm-chair on a wet afternoon. It brings so much within reach, and you don't have to go and sit by the bookcase, but can make the bookcase come and stand by you, which is a very great advantage. I am not at all sure that not being able to afford what one wants is not the mother of quite as many inventions as necessity; at any rate my especial pet bookcase was the outcome of a great deal of wishing for what I could not have. I have had the bookcase sketched for you, and in its finished condition it is a very compact and pretty article of furniture, as well as being exceedingly useful. And yets its actual foundation is nothing more or less than a common square wooden packing-case, which any grocer will send you on receipt of a sufficiently large order to fill it. The first thing to be done is to plane all the rough outside and inside parts into some degree of smoothness, and then stain it with mahogany and rosewood stain mixed (I find this produces a far better tone of colour than either stain used separately). As I wanted the bookcase for use in a general morning-room I covered it with dark terracotta silk laid on in tightly-drawn flutes from top to bottom, making all the edges neat with a double meshed ball fringe, tacking it on with small brass-headed nails. Castors are, of course, a necessity, for they enable the little case to be moved about where it is required, and very useful



A UTILITARIAN BOOKCASE.

it is for popping in work in one division, the book you may happen to be reading in another, and sundry newspapers and scrap-books between the two long narrow divisions. It does not make a bad resting place for an afternoon tea-tray, though mine is the home of a large pot of Benares brass, holding a palm.

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.

EASY TOMATO DISHES.—(1) Cut half-a-dozen tomatoes in halves, remove the pips, and fill the inside with a mixture of breadcrumbs, pepper, and salt, in due proportions; place a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and then lay them close together in a well-buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half an hour and serve. They may be eaten hot or cold. (2) Proceed as in the preceding recipe, using instead of breadcrumbs a mixture of one part grated Parmesan cheese or two parts breadcrumbs.

BOUDIN OF FOWL (*creme de volaille*).—Pound the white flesh of a fowl into pulp, pass it through a tammy, put it back into the mortar, add the yolks of three eggs and a gill of cream, flavour it with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, and a suspicion of shalot. Then, having well worked the mixture, pour it into a buttered shape, which should be only half filled. Tie a piece of paper on the top, place the mould in a saucepan half filled with hot water, and steam for an hour. Serve with Bechamel truffle, or tomato sauce.

BANANAS WITH RUM.—Peel six or seven large bananas, or about ten small ones, cut them across in thick slices. Put an ounce or two of butter in a saucepan (the amount of butter used must vary according to the quantity of banana—the size of the fruit varies); when it is melted, throw in the bananas. There should be just enough butter to moisten and soak into the fruit. If any floats in the saucepan after the fruit is stewed, it should be drained away. Stir in two good tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Heat a gill of double cream, and add to it a tablespoonful (or more if liked) of rum. When the bananas are thoroughly cooked in the butter, stir in the warm cream and rum. Draw the pan to the side of the fire, and be very careful that it does not boil after the cream has been added. Mix quickly, and serve hot with sponge rusks or Wilson's extra toast. This make a small dish, as bananas shrink in cooking. This recipe can be varied by adding to the cream instead of rum a good-sized tablespoonful of the syrup of preserved ginger.

BAKED VEGETABLE MARROW, WITH SAGE AND ONIONS.—Cut the marrow in halves lengthways, and scrap out all the seeds. Then take three onions and parboil them; then chop 4 sage leaves; add 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper; mix all together, fill the large marrow, close the two sides, and tie up. Dredge with flour, put some dripping in a dish, put in the marrow, and bake for half an hour in a pretty hot oven. Serve with some brown sauce.

VEGETABLE MARROW JAM.—Take the greenest marrow, the yellow are the most insipid. Wash and dry it, peel it carefully, and cut it into thin slices; weigh it, and to every pound of marrow put 1½lb of loaf sugar, the rind of a lemon cut very thin. Boil for an hour, at the end of which it should be quite clear; if it is not, let it boil a little longer; when done, add the juice of the lemons, having first strained it, or a little essence of lemon. The flavour should be strong of the lemon. A glass of brandy or whisky many think a great improvement.

CARING FOR LINEN EMBROIDERIES.

THE process of washing and pressing coloured embroideries is very simple, yet only too frequently are mistakes made through ignorance or carelessness, that are certainly calculated to injure, if not destroy embroideries that with proper care should stand the test of many cleanings. The process of washing must be gotten through with all speed. Have everything ready beforehand, including hot irons. Take any pure laundry soap, make some suds in tepid water, rub the articles lightly and as little as possible, rinse thoroughly in clean water, squeeze the water out at once, place the article on a slightly padded table, face down, and iron until perfectly dry. No stiffening is required; ironing the linen while wet will give all the firmness required. Should the embroidery be puckered in the working do not iron at once but stretch it until perfectly smooth by pinning it out on a board. Leave it until dry, then remove the pins, place a wet cloth over it, and iron rapidly until the article is steaming with dampness; then remove the cloth and finish the pressing on the article itself. Perfect success in cleaning must, perforce, depend greatly on the quality of the washing silks employed in the working, and their right to the claim of being fast colours. There are some so-called washing silks that no amount of care or skill in submitting them to the test of soap and water will prevent from running. I have found those known as the Asiatic dyed silks exceedingly reliable; in addition to their fast qualities these silks possess a beautiful satin gloss, very closely resembling in the finished work the effect of the raw silks used by the Chinese in their incomparable embroideries, presenting, as they do, so even and smooth a surface that it is difficult to distinguish where the threads begin and end.

HABITUAL POSTURE.

COMPARATIVELY few persons have both sides of the body of perfectly similar proportions. One leg or one arm is shorter than the other. The two sides of the head are often of unequal size. Few persons have ears of an equal size and symmetrically placed. The size and position of the eyes vary. In the mouth and throat also we find inequality, and the cartilage separating the two nasal cavities is oftener deflected than vertical.

This condition of inequality in the two sides of the body is called asymmetry.

Those who have observed the effects of school life on bodily development must have noticed the influence of habitual posture on the symmetry and health of the body.

There is a tendency among school children, and especially among school girls, to assume habital postures both in sitting and standing. The habit of throwing all the weight of the body on one leg produces a corresponding throwing of the upper part of the body toward the opposite side in order to establish the necessary equilibrium. This tends, of course, to curve the spinal column, on which the upper part of the body is supported.

In this position the body and all the internal organs are thrown out of their normal vertical position, and the force of gravity still further exaggerates the result. Thus the muscles of the neck are unevenly exercised in the unconscious balancing of the head upon the vertebral column. Even the muscles of the face tend to become unevenly contracted, and this, in time, develops a condition of asymmetry of the face.

It is a well-known physiological law that the use of a muscle causes an increase in its size, while neglect causes it to become smaller.

The steady use of the same arm in carrying a set of heavy books to and from school, the propping of one arm on a table, or the excessive use of one arm or leg and the disuse of the other—each such habit slowly but surely brings about its own result, unless effort be made to counteract it.

The growing age is more subject than any other to such influences but every age is directly and powerfully influenced by any occupation or habit which tends to the exclusive exercise of certain muscles, or to the habitual taking of a certain posture.

CLAY EATERS OF GEORGIA.—That the oily white clay consumed by these strange people possesses life-giving qualities is proved by the fact that they are very long-lived, many reaching the age of ninety and above. Upon arising in the morning the first thing they do is to eat a considerable quantity ot clay, which seems to stimulate them. Later in the day, if they happen to have it, they partake of a very small quantity of nourishing food.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz, 1d; not exceeding 4oz, 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, ½d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only'

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT.

MY DEAR COUSINS.—At last I have the great pleasure of giving you some definite news of the cot, for which some of you have worked so well and so faithfully. I had better begin at the beginning, had I not? Well, last Friday I went up to the Auckland Hospital and interviewed the Lady Superintendent. She was most kind and courteous, and said she was well pleased with the idea of the Cousins' Cot. We went into the children's ward, which is not at all what a ward for suffering little ones should be. It has the wrong aspect, to begin with, and is too small; so the children do not get nearly sufficient sun and air. However, this they hope to remedy. I measured the required size for the cot, five feet, and hope to get blankets and sheets also. One cousin is kindly making a quilt. All these shall be marked 'GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot.' I also saw the Medical Superintendent, who was as courteous and pleasant as the Lady Superintendent, and that is saying a good deal. They most kindly promised that the cousins should be able, on visiting days, to see the cot and its occupant. So wear your badges, or show them, and you will be easily admitted. I have written to cousin Muriel to ask her to meet me to-morrow at Mr Garlick's furnishing establishment, when we can choose the cot. I only wish all who have and are collecting could also come. I will add a p.s. to this letter after our shopping expedition. It must be short, though, as we go to press earlier this week. Now, as regards the cousins who have not yet sent in their cards, do not hurry if you think you can get more. I have enough to pay for the cot and the first quarter, and there should be some over towards the second quarter. But I must tell you about expenses next week. We hope to publish then a photograph of Cousin Paerau's pretty heading for the cot. It is also proposed to frame it, very simply, so that it shall not get soiled with dust.—Your affectionate COUSIN KATE.

P.S.—I have just bought the cot with everything complete—blankets, sheets, and counterpane (a pretty white one). Cousin Muriel, whose acquaintance I have just had the pleasure of making, has helped me. Mr Garlick has most kindly made a most substantial reduction in the price, for which the cousins owe him a hearty vote of thanks. The cot altogether cost £3 18s, thanks to Mr Garlick's liberality.—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Will you accept me as one of your cousins? We get the GRAPHIC from a shop in town, and I like the letters very much. I am a boy, five foot four inches in height, age 15½ years, and in the Seventh Standard. I have a bicycle, also my sister Molly, who wears bloomers (do you approve of them?). The boys do chaff her so. My special friend at school is Bill Smythe. He has a lot of relations in Auckland. I showed a begonia and a maiden-hair fern at the last show. My cousin Gwen is going to give a large boating party down the river to morrow. Bill and I are going, and we intend to have some fun with the girls. Like all other boys we are very found of the girls, and they are fond of us. Papa has a pretty chestnut horse called 'Little Katie' after an acquaintance of his young days. Of course, mamma does not like this. I enjoyed reading that interesting story entitled, 'Two days' 'Cycle ride through Cheshire.' I ride my bike every day, and am going to ride through to Picton at Easter and stay a few weeks. There are eight boys and two girls in our family. Their names are Molly, Edith, Jack, Archibald, George Augustus, Henry Besley, Vincent Wallis, Ralph Lumley, Mervin Throp, and Francis Alexander Gilbert. Jack goes to the Wellington College, Archie and Edith go to the Nelson College, and the rest of us go to the Borough school excepting (?), who has a governess. Do you like my brother's names? I must leave off now as I have my home-lessons to do.—Your would-be COUSIN GEOFFREY. Blenheim.

[I have much pleasure in adding so deliciously frank a correspondent to my list of cousins. Please send me your surname, and I will send you a collecting card for the Cot Fund—unless, indeed, I have already sent one to your family. I have not my book with me, so cannot tell. You *are* a large family. What a capital time all you boys must have! I do hope you are good to your mother and sisters. I know you are to the 'girls' generally. It's weak of them, though, to let you know they appreciate you! They ought not to betray their admiration of your pluck and courtesy, but describe you as a 'horrid tease,' or something of that sort! Would you not like to have the pleasure of 'paying me out' for that! I know what boys are! Didn't I have to chase one all over the house last week for the candied peel when I was making some buns for the school feast! And wasn't my cat put in the bath for the 'benefit of her health,' to her great discomfiture and mine. I hope some of the 'girls' will write and tell me what they think of you, really. When you take that bicycle trip please also take notes, mental or pocket-book, and write us an account of your goings and doings.—COUSIN KATE.]

FUN WITH FIGURES.

AN ODD NUMBER.

EVERY other number is an odd number, of course, but one of the oddest of all the odd numbers is 7. I could not detail all its peculiarities in the space that the editor would permit me to occupy; but I can call attention to one, at least, which is worthy the notice not only of boys and girls who like to deal with the curiosities of numbers, but of mathematicians also.

Take any two-figured multiple of 7—that is, any number of two figures that is produced by the multiplication of 7 by another number—say 14, 42, 98, 35, 63, 56; multiply the left-hand number by 5, the right-hand by 4; add the products, and the sum is another multiple of 7. Thus, take 21 (a multiple of 7):

$$2 \times 5 = 10$$
$$4 \times 1 = 4$$
$$14 = 2 \text{ times } 7.$$

Take 98, a multiple:

$$9 \times 5 = 45$$
$$4 \times 8 = 32$$
$$77 = 11 \text{ times } 7.$$

Take 35, a multiple:

$$3 \times 5 = 15$$
$$5 \times 4 = 20$$
$$35 = 5 \text{ times } 7.$$

In the case of a multiple of three figures, as 105, 413, 315, 203, etc., multiply the *two* left-hand figures by 5, and add 4 times the right-hand figure. The sum of the products is a multiple of 7. Take 833, which is a multiple of 7:

$$83 \times 5 = 415$$
$$3 \times 4 = 12$$
$$427 = 61 \text{ times } 7.$$

Take 525, which is a multiple:

$$52 \times 5 = 260$$
$$5 \times 4 = 20$$
$$280 = 40 \text{ times } 7.$$

Now here is something that you may use as an arithmetical puzzle, while at the same time it may prompt you to look into the properties of numbers—a subject that has been wofully neglected, not only by our teachers, but by those who make arithmetics for our teachers as well as for us youngsters.

Let your companion write down a string of figures—as many as he pleases—and read them to you slowly. Suppose you have asked for a string of five, and suppose he reads '10,039.' You follow the reading, and as it proceeds you divide by 7, paying no heed to the quotient, but watching the remainders, so as to find whether the number is divisible by 7. Let me explain: He reads '1, 0;' this to you means 10. You silently divide 10 by 7. The remainder, 3, you hold until he reads the next figure, 0. This, with your 3, is 30, which is 4 times 7 with 2 to spare. The 2 you hold, and he reads the next figure, 3, which with your 2 is 23. Divided by 7, it gives 3 and a remainder of 2. You hold this till he reads 9. Here you have 29 to deal with. This is 4 times 7, with a remainder of 1. Now, to make 10,039 an exact mutliple of 7, all you have to do is to subtract this remainder. Ask your companion to do this. Next say to him, 'Cast out the last figure, multiply the rest of the number by 3, and add the number cast out.' This he does in silence. Do the same with the result, casting out the unit figure, multiplying the rest by 3, and adding the rejected unit. Let him continue this process as long as he can, 'and,' you tell him, 'your last result will be 7.' Suppose we look at the work as it will stand:

1003.8 = the number, with the unit out.
301.7 = the number × by 3, + 8, unit out.
91.0 = the number × by 3, + 7, unit out; and so on to the end.
27.3
8.4
2.8
1.4
7

If the figures read to you form a number that is divisible by 7 without a remainder you need make no change. If the number be too great, make it smaller by the difference between it and the nearest multiple. If the figures given are 1, 2, 3, 4, you find 1234 too great by 2, so you cause your companion to subtract 2 as the first step in the game. If the number be 43504, you find it too small by 1; so you tell him to add 1.

But, remember, the number *must be* a multiple of 7, and it behoves you to practice short division in order to identify it as quickly as possible. Let your mind and not your fingers do the figuring. Your teacher may be able to help you discover the why and wherefore of this peculiarity of 7. I should like to be able to explain it myself.

Now as you always know the result of your companion's figuring—if it is correctly done—you can vary your prophecy in various ways, and puzzle even the great mathematicians. For example, after directing your companion as to casting out, multiplying, adding in, etc. you may say, 'When you come to your last figure—whatever it may be—multiply it by the product of 3, 11, 13, and 37, and the result will be a number of six figures—all alike.'

Or, 'Square any number that contains your last figure as a unit, subtract 1, and the remainder will be a multiple of 8.'

AN EXPERIMENT WITH A CORKED BOTTLE.

THE next time you go boating in deep water carry a glass bottle three-fourths full of water and stoutly corked. By means of a string lower the bottle as far as possible. Then draw it in, and you will find that the cork has been pushed inside the bottle, which is full of water. Who can explain the cause of this?

HOW TO DO IT.

JACK SPRIDE
Liked nothing fried,
Which made his faithful wife decide
To boil the doughnuts quick and hard
In a pot of hot and hissing lard.
He found them on the pantry shelf,
And ate them, holes and all, himself.
'I can't abide a thing that's fried,
But these are boiled,'
Quoth Mr Spride.

ANNA M. PRATT.

DISARMED BY A WHIP-LASH.

ONE of the dangers which menaced travellers in the early history of California was an attack by highwaymen. An old stage-driver who drove over a part of the long line between San Jose and Los Angeles relates an interesting incident of those early days. He says:

I remember once, in a lonely coast-range canon, through which the road wound, we had a little experience that was thrilling for the moment. It was a moonlight night, and I was pushing ahead at a good speed, with a stage full of passengers, and a heavy treasure box.

Just as I got around a bend in the road I saw the figure of a man on horseback beside the road. He yelled out for us to stop, and I saw a gun barrel gleam in the moonlight.

The horses were going at a speed that might be called breakneck, and I made up my mind to take the chance of getting through. I saw the gun raised to the fellow's shoulder as we approached. I had my long whip in my hand, and with a desperation born of the peril of the moment, I made a vicious swipe at him.

I don't know how it happened, but the lash wound itself around the gun, and as we dashed by, the whip was drawn taut. I was nearly pulled off my seat, but I held on, and the gun was dragged out of the robber's hand and fell to the ground. At the same moment it was discharged by the shock.

It rattled along the road for quite a distance before the whip lash unwound itself. I don't know what the highwayman thought, but I'll wager he was surprised.

ON EVEN TERMS.

BARON HAUSSMANN, the celebrated French administrator, who may almost be said to have made Paris a new city, used to relate the following anecdote by way of illustrating the feeling of many country gentlemen toward the prefects:

One of these gentry entered the prefect's office, having some complaint to make, and proceeded to state his errand in a pretty lofty tone, and without taking off his hat. The officer was equal to the occasion.

'Wait a moment,' he said, and he rang a bell. A servant answered the summons.

'Bring me my hat,' said the prefect.

The hat was brought, the officer put it on, and turned to his caller.

'Now,' said he, 'I will hear you.'

HOW TO BREAK A BROOMSTICK.

HERE is rather an odd experiment. Place a broomstick horizontally, allowing the ends to pass through two paper rings held by two persons, one at each end of the broomstick, on two razor blades, in such a position that the rings rest on the razor blades. Then hit the broomstick in the middle with great force. The broomstick will be broken, but the rings will remain unchanged.

A SELF-DECEIT.

He thinks he's a cynic and closes his eyes
To the sun which is faithfully shining,
And he vows that to carp is the way to be wise,
And that life is but slumber and dining,
Persistent he struggles his conscience to throw
Into states that are called cataleptic
He wants to be 'modern and wicked,' you know,
When in fact he is only dyspeptic.

In silence he winks at himself with a leer
In the presence of gaiety harmless.
His sigh is a growl and his laugh is a sneer
As he vows that existence is charmless,
And he looks on himself with a pitiful pride
As a vastly superior skeptic;
His claims misanthropic he won't hear denied,
When in fact he is only dyspeptic.

AN INTERVIEW.

After an hour's passionate struggle with himself the old gentleman became more calm; he arose, and, stepping to the door of his private office, summoned the office boy, to whom he gave a message. Then he returned to his desk and bowed his head over a letter that was lying upon it.

'Did you wish to see me, sir?' A beautiful young girl appeared at the threshold of the room. A racking tremor shook the old gentleman as he heard the voice, and he pressed his moist hand against his brow, to still its throbbing. Hoarsely he addressed the young woman, 'Miss Smith, there is something you have concealed from me.'

The lovely girl started and blushed.

'Why—I—er—well, sir,—I think—'

'Ah, it is as I feared.' His voice rattled in his throat; but with a great effort he regained his self-control.

'Miss Smith, you have brought to this office a refinement that it had never known before. While I did not approve of sachet packets being concealed among my noteheads, nor of ribbons bedecking the telephone, still on the whole I was greatly pleased with your presence and your work. But now, Miss Smith, you——' Again his self-restraint was greatly taxed. 'This letter—you wrote this letter, Miss Smith! Read it! Read it aloud!'

Trembling, she took the paper and read:—

'Messrs Jones and Jones.—Darling,—Your letter of the 5th inst. at hand. In reply I would say that we do not consider your claim is justified, and certainly the damage sustained could not possibly be as great as you state; even admitting all the facts as you represent them. We cannot consider the matter further until full proofs have been submitted to us.—Believe me, sweetheart, your own loving Maud.'

The merchant's head was lowered, and great veins stood out upon his hand.

'Miss Smith, that young man has come between us. Leave me, Miss Smith—and forever!'

'Why, Bill, thought as how yer was locked up?'

'No! the Beak he says ter me: "You are bound over ter keep the peace towards all Her Majesty's subjects for six months."' Well, all as I says is: 'Even 'elp the fust furriner as I comes across.'

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Lea (despondently): 'By George, my luck is tough; I just consulted an oculist about my eyes, and he has ordered me to stay in a dark room for two weeks.'

Perrins: (Kodak fiend): 'Hurrah, the very thing, old man. Take advantage of it. I've got a hundred and fifty plates I'd like you to develop.

REALISM.

The realist trembled with passion. 'Only £2 for my picture?' he shrieked. 'Why, sir, are you aware that the land there portrayed never sold for less than £5 a front foot' Doubtless an oppressive silence would have intervened but for the roar of a storm at sea depicted upon a near-by canvas.

PARADOXICAL.

She: 'Dr. Honeymoon said in his sermon this morning that there will be no quarrels or misunderstandings in heaven.'

He: 'And yet only last week he preached about the angelic choir.'

Council for the Defendant (sarcastically): 'You're a nice fellow, aren't you?' Witness for the Plaintiff (cordially): 'I am, sir; and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of you.'

He: 'What is your favourite melody?'

She: 'Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."'

METHODICAL.

I pressed a kiss upon her hand,
And there I put the ring;
She blushed, and softly murmured,
'There's a place for everything.'

If Napoleon had not been a good boy and gone home to five o'clock tea, there would have been no Austerlitz, no Wagram, no Waterloo. This is a little story for your benefit, young gentlemen of Sandhurst. Certain military students were in 1791 skating on the moat of the ford of Auxonne. One of them took off his skates at five o'clock, and said that he was going home to tea. The others laughed at him. Half an hour later the ice broke and the others were drowned. Temperance journals and military historians please copy.

AN UNBIASED OPINION.

'Now, professor,' said the ambitious young man, 'you have tried my voice, I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to.'

And without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician responded: 'Whispering.'

THE GENEROSITY OF IT.

'Owing to you not having screens in your train windows,' said the traveller, 'I got a cinder in my eye going up to Masterton the other day, and it has cost me £2 to get it out. I want to know what you propose to do about it.'

'Nothing, my dear sir,' said the genial Minister of Railways. 'We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. On a strict construction of facts you did go off with our property—the cinder, of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make trouble for you in so small a matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought.'

WE ALL CHANCE IT.

Fred: 'All the articles about the danger of contagion from kissing are very alarming, don't you think?'

Dora: 'M'yes—but we women greatly admire courage in a man.'

NICE LOOK-OUT.

She: 'It will be a pleasure to me to share your troubles and anxieties.'

He: 'But I haven't any.'

She: 'Oh, you will have when we are married.'

A UNIQUE OBITUARY.

In chronicling the funeral of a highly respected citizen, the report of a contemporary thus concludes: 'He leaves a daughter and three sons, his widow having pre-deceased him.'

EMPEROR BILL.

Monarch, Musician, Soldier, Statesman too,
Whate'er man did *he* was the man to do.
Poet and Actor, Dramatist and Clown,
With Song and Sermon both he took the town.
All arts were his! A modern Crichton hailed,
High o'er the heads of common kings he sailed;
To acrobatic feats did then aspire,
But came to grief upon the lofty wire.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLILOQUY.

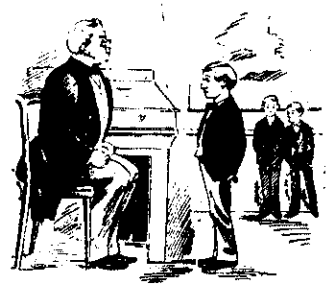
We're a very simple nation
And not burdened overmuch
With the bump of veneration
For dead deities and such.
Yes, we're simple, but assuming
We can read our title clear,
As the children of Jehovah,
To this western hemisphere,
Then I say, without presuming
To be caustic or severe,
That in spite of every blooming
Transatlantic buccaneer,
Who, with avarice consuming,
Hopes or helps to engineer
Any scheme in—well, no matter.
Talk is cheap and time is long,
Words are but the parrot's chatter,
Acts alone may right a wrong.
What's the use in bootless kicking?
Heaven, perchance, has willed it so.
England's doomed to get a licking
Every hundred years or so.

Oh, 'busy bee,' exalted so,
We'd work like you, we vow,
If we could loaf six months or so
As you are loafing now.

COLD COMFORT.

She: 'Oh! John, this ship is going down.'

John: 'Never mind, my dear, it isn't ours.'



'There is but one kind of rock that grows,' said the schoolmaster. 'Can you mention it, Pat?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the Irish boy; 'the shamrock.'