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NEW ZEALAND AS A PARENT.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL SYSTEM AND BURNHAM SCHOOL, CHRISTCHURCH.

NEW ZEALAND shows something of its civilization by the care and consideration it extends to the children of the state. In many old and professedly civilized countries more attention is paid to levying taxes and training soldiers than to the claims of parentless boys and girls. New Zealand recognises that young human life is of vast importance, and she takes care of it accordingly.

By virtue of an Act of Parliament the Government of New Zealand can obtain complete control and act in every way as the natural parent of 'any child found wandering about or frequenting any street, thoroughfare, or any public place, or sleeping in the open air, not having any house or settled abode; any child residing in any brothel, or dwelling with any prostitute, habitual drunkard, or person committed of vagrancy.' It is under this Act that the Government becomes the parent. It feeds and clothes the children, gives them lodgings, educates them, trains them, or sees that they are trained, and all this is done under what is called 'The Industrial School System.'

There are four industrial schools maintained by the Government. One of the largest and most important of the four is Burnham. This institution is situated about 18 miles south of Christchurch on the great Canterbury Plain. The schools and houses are surrounded by a farm of 1,000 acres, which is worked by the boys under skilled management. Besides the farm there is a big vegetable garden and a well-kept orchard, so the boys are able not only to get a good training in agriculture, horticulture, and gardening but they are able to supply most of the food stuff required by themselves and their sister school-fellows.

When I visited Burnham a few weeks ago Mr T. Palethorpe, the director of the institution, informed me that there were 574 children on the books—352 boys and 222 girls. There were in the school itself 84 boys and 35 girls; out at service, 123 boys and 65 girls; boarded out under licence, 89 boys and 77 girls; with friends under licence,



GROUP OF GIRLS TRAINING FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE.

46 boys and 36 girls. There were 10 missing or absconded, and 14, chiefly girls, who were under charge of such institutions as St. Mary's and Mount Magdala, where strict religious training was considered necessary for their welfare.

The figures I have given require explanation. The Burnham School is really the centre of a system with Mr Palethorpe as its legal head. I stated that there were 166 children boarded out. This means that these children, instead of being kept at the school, are placed

with foster parents. Most of them are quite young, some being infants. The foster parents are paid from 6s to 8s per week for the maintenance of their charges, and in some cases, where children require special care, even 10s per week is paid, and every child on entering its foster home is supplied with a stock of clothing by the school authorities. These boarded-out children, if of sufficient age, must attend the State School, and local visitors are appointed to see that this is done, and also to see that the children are properly fed and clothed. These visitors supply the authorities with a monthly report on the children in their district, so that their condition is well known at the school.

The 158 mentioned as being at service have been placed in situations, the girls as domestic servants, the boys on farms or in workshops. This class are the young people who have gone through a course of training and education at the school, and who have proved themselves trustworthy. Their employers bind themselves to provide sufficient meat, clothes, lodging, and all other necessities, and generally to pay a fixed wage. The wages, according to law, belong to the State, which has acted as their legal parent, but as a matter of fact they are generally paid to the worker, and he or she is supposed to remit any savings to the master of the school, who banks the money to their credit. I saw the account sheet of the money received by the director from those out at service, and knowing the usual extravagance of colonial youth, I was surprised to find that some Burnham boys and girls had sums to their credit at the P.O. Savings Bank varying from £15 and £20 to £40 and £50. This money accumulates at interest until its owner reaches the age of 21,



DIRECTOR, ASSISTANTS, BOYS AND GIRLS OF BURNHAM INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Wheeler, photo.

DIRECTOR, ASSISTANTS, BOYS AND GIRLS OF BURNHAM INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CHRISTCHURCH.

when the lump sum is paid over to them. In cases of bad behaviour the authorities can retain all or part of this money to recoup them for the expense of rearing and educating the worker, but there are only about two cases recorded where the money has been kept back. The total number now in the bank to the credit of Burnham inmates is £3,933 13s 4d.

'With friends under licence' describes those children who, after having been placed at the school for some fault, or because of their refractoriness, are again sent to their natural guardians, but the school maintains its legal authority over them, and can recall them if they misbehave themselves.

The few 'missing or absconded' are those who have found the restraint of systematic training too much for them, and have simply bolted into the country, where they are no doubt to be found on some farm, or in some racing stable—a situation some young colonials love above all things.

The fourteen described as failures are girls who have been taken from brothels, and they for obvious reasons are placed in institutions where women teachers of some religious order take charge of them.

The school is well situated. It is miles away from any town, out on the open breezy plain. The group of plain-looking buildings is sheltered by plantations of young trees, but away from the trees there is an unbroken stretch of grass country reaching westward to the majestic Southern Alps and eastward to the Southern Alps. Thoughtless magistrates are apt to threaten children with Burnham as if it were a torture chamber, and one reads of committals to Burnham as a punishment of youthful crimes. This gives a mistaken idea of the place. It is by no means a punishment to children rescued from poverty and uncleanness, from brutal parents or criminal guardians, to have pure country air, abundant food, regular exercise, and useful training.

Life at Burnham is very much like life at some big training college. Boys and girls rise at 6 a.m., bath, and begin certain duties. The elder boys go to fetch up the cows to feed and milk them, and to feed and groom the horses. The elder girls begin household work and assist to prepare breakfast. Breakfast at 7.30 a.m., a good, honest sort of meal, with plenty of milk and bread. At 8 o'clock regular work commences. The boys go out on the farm 'to plough and to sow, and to reap and to mow' as the song says, or to all manner of agricultural work under the direction of Mr O. Stace, the foreman. The boys and one paid director do all the work on the 1,000 acres of land. A flock of 450 sheep is kept, and over 100 acres put into crop yearly. The soil is mostly of poor character, so there is no intense farming. The boys like farm work, especially the handling of horses, and they generally imbibe a practical knowledge of agriculture. One old Burnham boy has now a farm of his own, and has recently engaged a Burnham boy to work for him.

Some of the youngsters go into the orchard or vegetable garden to work under the superintendence of Mr Alex Calder. They get a useful training here, for nearly every kind of vegetable and fruit tree is grown. A system of irrigation is carried on, and the raising of nursery stock tried.

The younger children attend school every day. The elder children attend for a short time between their outdoor tasks, so that they neither miss their education nor have too long a spell at physical labour. Just the same education is given as in the primary State schools. Mr and Mrs Wicks are in charge of the schools, and the Government Inspector in his recent report says; 'The results of the examination are on the whole very creditable to the diligence and skill of the teachers. Standard IV. is particularly strong in reading, drawing, and composition. Spelling, geography, and grammar possess features more or less worthy of commendation. The report all through is favourable with the exception of oral answering in arithmetic and the accuracy and finish of mechanical drawing. I saw the children at their desks. Both boys and girls seemed healthy and clean, and if anything more neatly dressed than the average child in our country schools. Some of the girls were bright-looking, pretty creatures, and I think all through the classes the girls seemed superior to the boys in general appearance.'

While the elder boys are working out on the farm or in the orchard and garden, the elder girls are at work in laundry, sewing-room, and kitchen. In the kitchen Miss Cunningham trains some of them in cookery, and in the laundry Miss Davis is in full charge. In the sewing-room Miss Bowles as mistress and Miss Gilks as machinist, train the girls in the useful art of making and mending. The clothing for the 574 boys and girls is made in the school, so both teachers and girls have plenty of work to do.

In the laundry and kitchen there is every appliance for convenience and economy, and girls going thence to service in small houses may find it awkward to adapt themselves to circumstances. Burnham-trained girls would, I think, be more suitable for service in big establishments. They would give more satisfaction, and



BURNHAM SCHOOL.



GIRLS, ATTENDANTS AND MATRONS BURNHAM SCHOOL.



Photos by Wheeler

BURNHAM BOYS' BAND.



INMATES' DINING ROOM.



THE PLAYGROUND.



Photos by Waverley.

SWIMMING BATHS, BURNHAM SCHOOL.

the more regular work would be better for them than the uneven discipline of some young and perhaps inexperienced housewife.

The dormitories are roomy, bright places, well ventilated, and better fitted up than those of many boarding schools. The girls' dormitory, is especially nice with its gay coverlets and its flowers. There were evidences of refinement and artistic taste shown in a simple manner all through the girls quarters, and these evidences are only part of the influence Mrs Palethorpe, the matron, is exerting among the girls. Mrs Palethorpe has the sensible and broad-minded idea that such girls as come to Burnham will develop a spirit of self-respect more quickly under neat and comfortable surroundings than under the iron system of some institutions. She encourages the spirit of self-respect by giving the girls a pride in themselves and their belongings, by giving them neat and suitable dresses and attractive rooms, and by developing their individuality, thus helping to build up that subtle feminine dignity which we know as womanly refinement.

I am sure there are few girls among the poorer classes who have such pleasant quarters and such advantages of training as the Burnham girls, and if it were not for the foolish fear of antecedents, girls might be as proud of saying they were trained at Burnham as at some College.

If Mrs Palethorpe is doing good work in her departments Mr Palethorpe is doing good work in his. He brings a clear business mind to bear on the innumerable details of school management, and he aims at making the boys practical and self-reliant.

This sketch of mine gives an outline of the industrial school system. It is undoubtedly more liberal and advanced than that adopted by any older country; but whether it is the best we can devise for New Zealand is a question not easily settled. Mr W. P. Reeves, as Minister of Education, took great interest in Burnham. As a man of advanced socialistic ideas who has fought strongly for the advancement of the poorer classes, it was only natural that he should see that even the children of criminals should have the right to food, clothing, and education; but from what I can learn both he and Mr W. J. Habens, the Secretary of Education, who has an intimate knowledge of the working of our Industrial Schools, believe that there is a big error made in mixing children criminally inclined with others whose only crime is poverty, and the latest idea is to place as many children as possible either with foster parents or in service. This seems to me too much like a reversion to the workhouse system which Dickens painted in 'Oliver Twist,' and may be open to many abuses in spite of district visitors and monthly report. The Industrial School is a long way ahead of the boarding-out method, for in the school the children can be properly educated, and trained, whilst the influence of foster parents is often bad, and their rule sometimes cruel. To me it seems that if the children were taught to look upon the school as it really is instead of as an awful reformatory, and if some method could be devised for drafting off the worst characters, such places as Burnham would be among the most useful of our educational establishments.

BALLADE OF BUSINESS LETTERS.

DEAR Sir (or Sirs):—they re-started so—
Your valued favour of—(the date)—
Has come to hand. We give below
Our prices, and beg leave to state.
Upon the terms you indicate
Your order will (no if's or and's!)
Receive attention adequate.
Awaiting your esteemed commands.—

Dear sir:—(or Sirs, if there's a Co.)
To-day we're very pleased to slate
Your kind permission. Goods will go
A month hence by the fastest freight.
We trust you will not hesitate
To order in our other brands—
Each one is better than its mate!
Awaiting your esteemed commands.—

Dear Sir: (or Sirs): Please let us know
How long we must anticipate
The payment of account you owe
Now long past due. While we should hate
(Collection to accelerate)
The matter in our lawyer's hands
To place—we can no longer wait!
Awaiting your esteemed commands.—

Prince, ballads' burdens celebrate
Themes unless as the Ocean's sands:
Trade, one refrain sings early, late—
'Awaiting your esteemed commands!'

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

A 'PENNY DREADFUL' FACTORY.

THE factory in question consisted of a small, low-roofed room situated in one of the many courts adjoining Fleet-street, London. Five flights of rickety stairs had to be climbed before the workshop was reached. The room was badly ventilated and reeked of the odour of stale tobacco. A long deal table, covered with the picturesque ornamentations of various ink stains, and four more or less dilapidated chairs, comprised all the furniture.

Three of the chairs were in use, and their occupants, seated at the table, were writing at full speed. In front of each writer were paper, pens and ink, while at his elbow stood a pewter pot, at which he took a pull as each page was completed and thrown quickly aside. The owner of the fourth chair, to whom the writer of the article was indebted for the introduction, took upon himself the duties of host and explained everything.

'You see, he said, 'there are four of us; we rent the room among us and divide the proceeds of our work each week. How much do we make? Well, not very much. The usual rate of pay for our stuff is from 3s 6d to 4s per 1,000 words, and a story may be anything from 20,000 to 30,000 words long. If we could get the work to do it would be easy for us to turn out 100,000 words in a week.'

'We divide the work up here. I myself do all the plots, such as they are; another does the school stories; a third the Wild West and Indian yarns, and a fourth those dealing with naval or military life. The publishers do not want high class literature; they must have a

thrilling, blood-and-thunder story for boys, and they care not how badly it is written. Plenty of strong incidents, startling situations, hair-breadth escapes, following quickly after one another, put into language full of strong adjectives.

'Scarcely any plot is required, merely a thread running through the story, on which we string the adventures like beads. The hero goes abroad in search of immense treasure, or else devotes his life to discovering the murderer of his father; and, chapter after chapter, he performs marvellous feats of skill and daring, until the last one, in which the villain is killed and all ends happily.

'I have heard it said that a man writes best about that of which he knows nothing, and my experience proves it. For instance, the man who does our sea stories—and pretty good stories, too, of their kind—was never out of London in his life and has, therefore, never seen the sea. He possesses a dictionary of nautical phrases, and slips them in haphazard. I don't suppose the majority of his readers know any more about a ship than he does. The same remark would apply almost equally well to the writer of our Indian stories, who has certainly never been out of the country.

'When the Wild West Show was over here he went to see it, and was greatly surprised. Though he had been writing stories of renskings for over three years, yet he had not the faintest idea of their real appearance.

'Who buys all these books? Boys, of all sorts and conditions. There is an enormous demand for this class of publication. Personally, I think they are exceedingly

injurious, for they fill a boy's mind with utterly wrong and pernicious views of life. Almost every day one sees in the papers cases where boys whose imaginations have been fired and aroused by these books have been led to commit crime. They run away from home with the notion of becoming a pirate captain, and generally steal the money to start them in their new career. Perhaps you may say that my practice does not agree with my opinions. That is true; but if I do not write them some one else will, and I must live.'

A WOMAN OF THIRTY OR TWENTY?

THE *New York World* has started a discussion in its columns on the question, Would a man over thirty secure greater happiness by marrying a woman near his own age, or one ten or fifteen years his junior? The following are a few of the letters which have been received:—

TEMPERAMENT NOT AGE THE TEST.

A man should marry (says 'L. M. O'D.') the woman he chooses, be she young or old. For his wife he wishes a woman whose society and companionship will make him better the longer they are together, yet does not place around his neck the band of slavery for her special benefit. A man should use his own judgment and search for the heart that beats responsive to his own.

EXPERIENCE SPEAKS.

After a married life of over twenty years I have come to the conclusion (remarks 'L'Esperance') that a man of thirty should marry a woman about twenty-six. She has had, or ought to have had, by that time the enjoyment and freedom every girl should have in early life. She will know how to keep house without worrying her husband about every little domestic detail. Her character will be firmly formed, and 'bear and forbear' is more likely to be her first principle in married life.

LOVE IS ALL.

That man is happiest in his marriage who loves with all his heart and whose love is returned by one who is congenial in tastes and compatible in temper. To such a couple (says 'G.W.D.') the years numbered of their past life make no difference in their present happiness, while the coming years shall only draw them into a closer and happier union.

WINSOME EIGHTEEN.

I think a man over thirty years has taken long enough time to feel the darts of Cupid piercing through the tendrils of his heart, if not he needs (says 'A Married Lady') a nice, winsome miss of eighteen or nineteen years to charm him beyond the delights of bachelorhood into those of married life.

TWENTY THE PROPER AGE.

If it be a possible thing that a young man loves both alike, let him marry (advise 'J.M.S.') the girl of twenty for several things. The girl of twenty would no doubt marry him, because she loves him, but the woman of thirty would no doubt marry him just for a home, as every woman ought to marry before that age.

STUDY TEMPER, NOT YEARS.

Love, age, beauty, and all other attributes of wedded bliss have been ruthlessly swept aside by that ungovernable ruler, temper. Where two persons possess fiery tempers age has no power (says 'O. Sauson') to prevent the battle of words which often ends in divorce and sometimes death. Still, a woman ten years a man's junior will be obedient, and through obedience happiness may come.

MARRY THE MAID OF THIRTY.

A man is likely, contends 'An American Girl,' to secure happiness by taking a wife near his own age, as then their ideas of life will be in common with each other, and they will grow old together. One many years his senior would not understand him, and therefore would not so readily sympathise with him. Twenty years of age is hard to suit, and will not decide to forsake 'single blessedness' yet; but the woman of thirty or thereabouts is thinking more of getting a husband. She has added dignity to her maidenly charms, understands somewhat of life's struggles, and has had time to reconnoitre and study character.

THE YOUNG WIFE SOON WEARIES.

A man of thirty and a woman of twenty may love each other at first, but in a few years their ages will make (says 'Thayendenega') such a change in their appearance that love will die out. But if he marries a woman of thirty, as the years roll on there will be but little change in their respective appearance; they will love each other, and to my mind that is the correct solution to the query contained daily in your paper.

TOO ARDENT PHILATELISTS.

THE mania for collecting stamps and the high price which some command has just caused the discharge of a number of minor officials in the United States Treasury, one of whom is an old negro, a well-known character in Washington. There was occasion a few months ago to refer to some old documents in a treasury vault, when the astounding discovery was made that hundreds of valuable papers had been badly mutilated by someone in his efforts to remove old revenue stamps. Suspicion was aroused by certain actions of the negro before mentioned. He was found to be in communication with certain stamp dealers, and when confronted with proof of his guilt, confessed, alleging, however, that a score of employees were in the conspiracy, and that some extraordinary prices had been obtained for stamps thus stolen.



THE ORCHARD (GATHERING APPLES).—BURNHAM INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CHRISTCHURCH.



Photos by Wheeler.

VEGETABLE GARDEN, BURNHAM SCHOOL.

OPIUMISED.

'Aha,' remarked my friend with a sniff, as we walked up Wakefield-street from the Auckland wharf where I had been to welcome him from 'Frisco, 'Aha,' 'there is one of John's favourite vices. I have smoked opium.'

'And still continue to do so?'
'No, thank God; my experience with the drug was short and decisive, but sharp while it lasted. The opium habit,' added Dawson (I call my friend by this name; it will do as well as another) 'is like a quicksand—once in its grasp, escape is almost impossible. Or, it may better be compared to the poisoned shirt of Nessus.'

'You managed to extricate yourself, it appears.'
'But not without a struggle. I feel the effects of the drug even to this day, although it is many years since curiosity induced me to "hit" the first pipe—as a yielding to this seductive habit is slangily called by the recognised "fiends." I'm not a De Quincey, but I will tell you as definitely and clearly as I can my feelings while under the influence of the drug. I had become acquainted with a gambler, a high-toned, expert member of the fancy. I noticed that he often left the place where he dealt, and when he returned, say in half an hour, his manner had undergone a change; he was more careful, and manipulated the cards with greater steadiness and ease. One day I asked him the plain question:

"Wilson"—that was his name—"why do you call on a substitute and quit the table so often?"
'"Opium, my boy," he readily answered. "I can do nothing without it; steadies the nerves, you know. Deprive me of my periodical pipe, and I'm like a fiddle without strings. Ever try a whiff?"

"No."
'"Then you'd better take my advice, and continue to let it alone."

'But my curiosity was aroused by his caution. After

accompanying Wilson to his favourite opium joint several times, I finally concluded to realize the sensations, whatever they might be, derived from smoking the drug. I "hit" my first pipe, as the phrase goes, about 4 o'clock one afternoon, and even now, as I talk to you, there is an involuntary shudder running through my body as the remembrance of the terribly sickening sensation I then felt comes back to me. Yuh! it was a foretaste of what hell is supposed to be. It was hard work, in the beginning, to get the pipe stem properly adjusted to my mouth, and the method of smoking is different from that in using tobacco. Like most beginners, I smoked too much at the start, but hardly felt the power of the drug till I rose from the bunk on which I had lain. Then I became comparatively helpless and staggered like a drunken man, zigzagging toward a water pitcher, from which I drank a cupful or more. Nausea followed, so intense that the same feeling arising from *mal-de-mer* is mild in comparison, and when I reached my wooden couch again my lower limbs gave way and I fell prone, helpless and insensible. Wilson found and brought me to myself. By his help I reached my room in the hotel, where I again fell into a sleep, disturbed by restlessness and horrid dreams. I would awake shrieking and with the idea some one was in the room seeking my life. I swore I would not touch the wretched stuff again, but the time came when I gave way to the craving. I pulled away steadily for about three minutes, and that time I got a glimpse of the opium devotee's paradise, about which so much is written and spoken. With my body and limbs completely relaxed, I dropped into a state of delightful dreamy half-sleep, languidly knowing all that was going on about me, but caring for nothing. I was above and beyond all worldly considerations, all responsibilities. Then there came a change. Restlessness supervened, and this dream of delight was rounded by horrible mental images resembling the harpies that Dore pictures in his illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*. Then I came back in a dazed way to real life again, drank the strong tea, as I had been advised, and went home with all my nerves united in a general protest. I was terribly ill, and suffered fearful pains. Wilson came and offered me an opium pill as the only cure, but I threw the thing away and cried that I would never touch it, and I never have.

JABEZ BALFOUR AND HIS SENTENCE.

MR WILSON, in the *Investors' Review*, is not satisfied with the result of the Balfour trials. He thinks that Balfour has got too much and the others too little; but it is Mr Wilson's habit never to be contented no matter what happens. He says:—

'A popular craving for revenge upon Balfour has been gratified; and in gloating over this the public will forget altogether that Balfour's crimes were as common almost as company balance sheets; that he and his associates have their counterparts all over the country; that frauds of a similar nature are as common in certain regions of finance as hemlock in hedges. The more we think over this aspect of these sentences, the more we feel that something like a miscarriage of justice has occurred. Three classes of individuals required a sharp lesson, a rousing warning. First, there is the company shareholder. He requires to have beaten into his head, as with a club, the all-important fact that the dominant tendency of company finance in our day is to steal capital, on one pretence or another, in order to pay dividends.'

The second class which required punishing was the directors. But there is a third class about which he is still more exercised, and these are the accountants. He grieves over Mr Theobald's sentence as inadequate:—

'What we desire to see is a code of laws framed by the governing bodies of the various accountant societies, by which the hands and backbones of their members will be strengthened to resist the fraudulent intentions of Boards of directors,—always anxious to make things smooth with the shareholders, even when not actively criminal in purpose. The shareholding public, we know by sad experience, never tries to help itself till too late. It is for an honourable body of public auditors to protect the ignorant and the weak by refusing to tell lies in balance-sheets, or anywhere else; and if some good result in this direction is not accomplished by the Liberator trials, they might just as well not have taken place. The mere satisfaction of the passion for revenge does no good to anybody.'

A WARNING TO ATHLETES.

SIR B. W. RICHARDSON, dealing with this subject in the *Young Man*, says:—'Athleticism means competition of a physical kind; the dangers of it lie in the trials so often made of one body testing its powers against another. If all were of the same cast the trial might be fair and to a considerable extent free from risk, because the overstrain even of the weaker might be small, and skill might win. The risk comes in from the efforts made by organs of different qualities, qualities not understood by their owners, and liable to the most serious misunderstandings by them. The heart is usually the first sufferer. Its work is great; it suffers from the direct task put upon it, and it suffers from impulses which are in their way mental in character. In all cases the heart, which is a muscle, wants to be in accord with all the other muscles of the body that are taken into requisition, as well as with the nervous action which excites them into motion. If, in order to supply the muscles that have to be competitively worked with sufficient blood, it must itself overwork, then it becomes damaged in structure and in function. It becomes too large and powerful; it is one organ assisting many, working for all that are demanded immediately, as well as for other organs which have to be kept regularly in play and in repair. Its openings or floodgates become distended. Its valves go out of gear with the parts they have to defend; its muscular structure is overdeveloped, like the muscles of the blacksmith's arm or the dancer's leg; and, in time, it is worn out relatively, or it is too strong for its duty toward the delicate parts it supplies; or it wears out too rapidly, and becomes too weak. I have witnessed all these changes and the damages that follow them, and I cannot too earnestly call attention to them. Even the most skillful and most commanding athletics are not safe. The young athletic does not make an old one. The watch is overwound. If we put an indiarubber band around letter or parcels it holds well at first, and it holds long if it be kept on with no more than moderate firmness. In like manner, the elastic and rebounding tissues of our organs, and specially of our minute channels of circulation, keep strong, and will do so, if they are not too long and too often subjected to tension and pressure. If they are, like the rubber, they give way and rupture and lose their sustaining power. Then we see the athletic engine, the body, destroyed for athletic work, often before its prime. It should last in fine play, say, twenty years; it begins to fail in fifteen, and it is practically dead in twenty. The man is considered to be too old, and must make way for the younger aspirant. If good physical exercise could, therefore, be kept free of competition, it would be far better for the world at large.

ARTEMUS WARD REDIVIVUS.

The following extract from a paper written by Artemus Ward, that inimitable American wit, before the outbreak of the Civil War, may be applied, word for word, to the crisis in the States, which was produced by President Cleveland's unfortunate interference in the Venezuela affair. 'Baldinsvillins: Heretofore, as I have numerously observed, I have abstained from having any sentiments or principles, my pollterics, like my religion, bein' of a exceedin' accommodatin' character. But the fact can't be no longer disigged that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammertory individooals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't; scarcely. But the Krysis is here. She's bin hear for several days, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin' things. She' knockt trade into a cockt-up hat and chanced Bizniss of all kinds tighter nor I ever chanced any of my livin' wild Beests. Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the original caws of her is.'



MY JEANNE.

Has she need of monarch's wand?
Proudest peers in all the land
Bow to that wee, jewelled hand!
She's a queen—my Jeanne!

Has she lack of leal allies?
Every zealous minion flies
At the bidding of her eyes!
She's a queen—my Jeanne!

Royal maiden, yours alone
Is the sovereignty I own;
Take my poor heart for a throne!
Be my queen—my Jeanne!

CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

FAMOUS DIAMOND THEFTS.

DIAMONDS—so easy of concealment, and always possessing a high market value—are, next to cash money itself, most greatly desired by professional thieves, and to getting them much daring, ingenuity and skill are devoted. Besides this, there is frequently surrounding great diamond robberies an air of adventure and romance. For these reasons the stealing of diamonds makes a most interesting chapter in the history of crime.

THE DU BARRY DIAMONDS.

A short time ago a statement in a London paper that one John Francis du Barry, who claimed to be heir to the famous Mme. du Barry, was in that city searching for lost diamonds and other jewels that had been stolen a century before, brought to mind one of the most famous and tragic diamond robberies of history.

As the story goes, in 1791, Mme. du Barry, who had ingratiated herself with Louis XV., and who was a prominent and influential character in Louis's gay Court, and who had possessed herself of great wealth, which had been diverted from the Treasury of the State, was living in the Chateau de Louveciennes.

On the night of January 10, gorgeously arrayed, and bedecked with £60,000 worth of diamonds and jewels, Mme. du Barry attended a grand fete. She returned to her chateau at an early hour in the morning, entered her boudoir, and, wearied by excess, hurriedly placed her diamonds on the dressing-table and sought her bed. Before sleep had closed her eyes she saw the hangings of her window part, and two men, wearing masks, entered the room. One, with a drawn knife, bade her keep silent, while the other gathered up the jewels, and then the two quickly departed, leaving her in a faint.

A scaling ladder was found at her window, and the dagger that had threatened her life on the ground at its foot; but the thieves were never again seen in France. They were, however, seen in London, where they tried to sell the diamonds, and were arrested; but as the theft was not committed in England there was then no way of holding the thieves, and they were allowed to go, with loss of their booty, which was placed in the care of a firm of bankers.

Madame du Barry offered £1,000 reward for the return of the jewels, and when she learned of their fate took

steps to get them; but pending negotiations, which were lengthened by the bankers' code of red tape, was broke out between England and France, and she lost her head as well as her diamonds. The theft of diamonds of such great value only called attention to the ill-gotten wealth of Madame du Barry, and during the excitement of the times she was impeached and guillotined. The hiding place of the precious store of lost diamonds no one knows, and therefore the heirs of Madame du Barry have little hope of their recovery.

AN INGENUOUS PLAN.

Coming down to our own day, a diamond theft with a woman in it, which was much talked of at the time of its occurrence, in 1884, happened in Paris. An Italian gentleman, named Louis Frankmann, and his daughter, Minon, occupied adjoining rooms in an hotel, against the communicating door of which the father had his desk. Many jewellers were invited to take samples of their wares to the father's room, for he wanted to buy some handsome wedding presents for his daughter. When the jewellers came with their goods, he cautioned them not to let their business be known to his daughter, for he wanted to surprise her.

One jeweller, who had a beautiful necklace and a gorgeous sunburst, valued at £1,600, on the father's desk, was on the verge of closing the desired sale when the door opened and the daughter entered. The father quickly closed the desk, hiding the jewels from sight, made excuses for getting rid of the daughter, and finally succeeded.

'I will follow, and see that there is no danger of her returning,' he said, as he went out of the door, and left the jeweller gazing at the desk where he had seen his diamonds hidden.

The jeweller became restless after waiting fifteen minutes without the return of his expected customer. After another fifteen minutes he forced open the desk, and found an opening in its back and one in the door, but did not find his diamonds. Neither did he ever find the bride-elect or her generous father.

STOLEN IN THE POST OFFICE.

Some of the largest diamond robberies occur in the fields where the gems are found, and there, when the thief is discovered, justice is as swift as a leaden ball fired from a pistol.

A noted case was one at New Brush Post Office, in the Cape diamond fields, which occurred in 1871. From that Post Office many thousands of pounds worth of diamonds were sent by registered letters to London, and shortly before the sailing of a ship from Cape Town there would frequently be a large, and therefore valuable, collection of packages ready for shipment. It was on one of these occasions, when £35,000 worth of diamonds, ready for the mail, were left on a table near a window unguarded for a few minutes while the postmaster went to an adjacent saloon that James Harvey, a diamond hunter in ill fortune, who was well acquainted with the premises, stole the package.

Harvey was cunning enough to play poverty, and even borrowed money to pay his way to Cape Town and to London. Two months later, while at Cape Town, and on the eve of sailing for London, while in convivial mood, he made a display of wealth that led to his arrest and conviction. Being outside of the diamond fields when arrested, he saved his life at the time, but shortly afterwards lost it by disease while in prison.

A WOULD-BE THIEF SHOT DEAD.

Two years afterwards there was a £40,000 diamond robbery near the same place, but the thief enjoyed his booty only for a few seconds. Three brothers named Robbins, who had had remarkably good fortune, went to sleep in their little tent on the eve of their departure for London, with the accumulation of their joint labour for six years, under the pillow of the middle one, when a Spaniard, named Marc Martano, entered.

He came through an opening made by a stiletto, which he carried in his hand to murder with if one of the three sleepers moved. Fortunately for the brothers, they did not move until the robber had secured the diamonds and was parting the tent to retreat, when the three on the same instant awoke. With a quickness born of years of watchfulness they aimed their cocked revolvers, and with the moon to light their human target, fired. Martano fell dead, with three bullets in his body, any one of which would have caused death.

A THIEF AT A WEDDING.

Some years ago there was reported from San Francisco a theft of wedding presents, where a woman was the thief, but who, through absolute rashness, failed in her



VIEWS OF THE KARANGAHAKE MINE.

[SEE MINING NOTES.]

1. The entrance to the Karangahake.
2. South British (No. 2) drive.
3. Taking a spell (South British).
4. End of No. 1 drive, Karangahake.
5. The Forge (South British).
6. Manager making up his weekly report.
7. Starting a drive, Karangahake.
8. A Glimpse of the Mariner.

purpose. It was at a wedding, and the bride, who honoured a guest by escorting him to see her presents in an empty room, was surprised to find empty cases where she had seen diamonds early in the evening. But few of the diamonds were left. She said nothing aloud, but quietly informed her father of the loss, and as he entered the room to assure himself that the diamonds were gone, he saw a lady friend, his guest, pick up a case holding a solitaire ring, and return the case to its place empty. The woman was invited to an adjoining room,

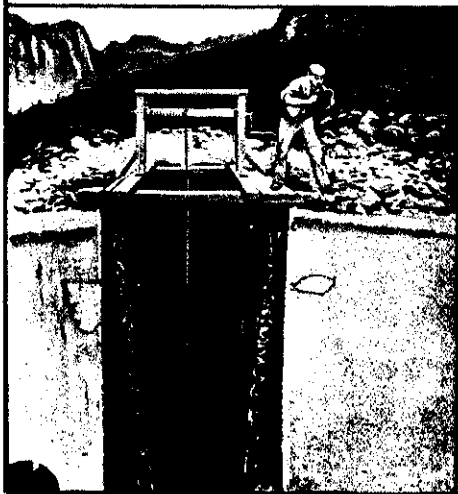
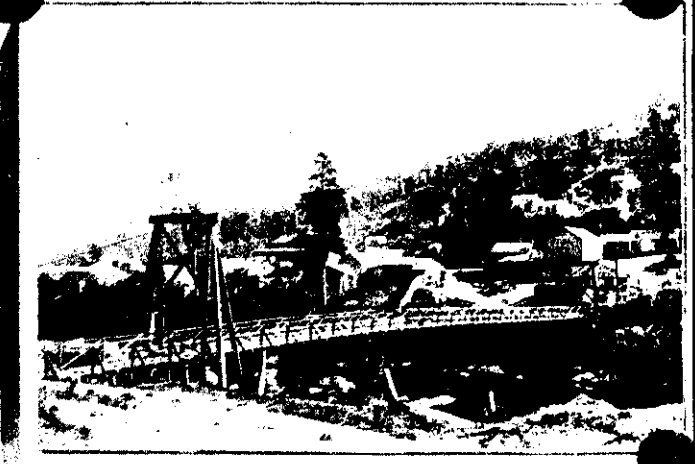
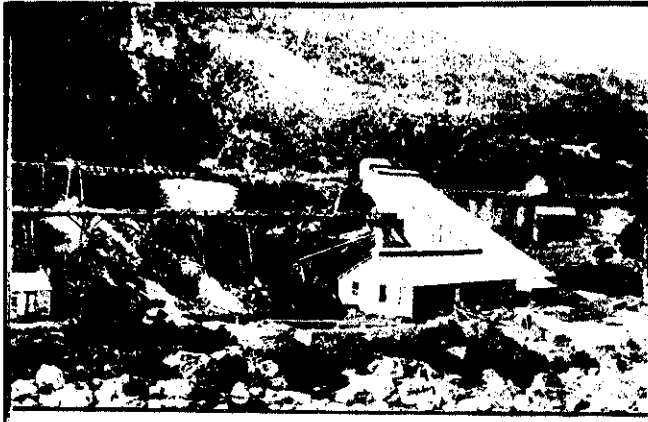
the diamonds recovered, and a promise made to mention no names.

A BRIDE ROBS HERSELF.

Four years ago there was a yet more strange case of robbery in St. Petersburg, where all of the diamonds presented to a bride—who was of the nobility, and whose name the paper suppressed, as such things are done in Russia—were stolen immediately after the departure of the wedding guests. The cause of their disappearance

remained an absolute mystery for two months, when the bride was discovered selling some of them. She had actually robbed herself. She said that she preferred ready money to the diamonds.

Jewellers tell of many small robberies that the police never hear of. An invitation into the jeweller's private office, or the suggestion that the lady has made a mistake in slipping a diamond into her pocket in the folds of her handkerchief, is frequently sufficient to insure the return of the gem, without more being said.



VIEWS AROUND KARANGAHAKE.

[SEE 'MINING NOTES.'

1. Karangahake—Woodstock Battery.
2. Tramway through Waitawheta Gorge.
3. Waitawheta Gorge, showing tram line and dam supplying Talisman Battery.
4. Karangahake, from suspension bridge over Ohinemuri River.
5. At the Winze.
6. Taking a spell.

THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

THE harem of the Moslem autocrat is a sealed book to the outer world. What goes on behind its ever-closed doors, what has gone on for generations past, will never be told. Fifteen hundred inmates make up the harem of the Sultan, and it is a remarkable fact that the scraggly is constantly recruited at an enormous rate, slave girls being continually brought from all parts of the Turkish dominions, particularly Georgia. Children are also secured, taken in at a tender age and placed under the charge of women of experience to be trained in manners, music and dancing, and fitted for the position of harem favourites. What becomes of the older inmates in many cases may be readily surmised. A harem is a little world, in fact, by itself. Its constitution is peculiar and known by few. Into four classes the women and girls are divided. At the head stand the Kadines, who are more or less legitimate wives, though never officially espoused. It should be remembered that it is not the custom for the Turkish Sultan to marry, though instances of Padishahs having done so are matters of history. These women of the first class—the Kadines—number four. They are the grandes dames of harem life. Each has her equal court in every detail, from mistresses of robes down to scullions. Though seemingly equal in rank, there is some slight difference in title. The first is called the Bach-Kadine. Then comes the Skindji-Kadine, or second lady; the Artanie-Kadine, or little lady. Over all these, however, the mother of the reigning Sultan (or his foster mother if his own mother be dead) has pre-eminence. She is called Valide-Sultane, and her title is Tatch-al-Mestourat, or 'Crown of the Veiled Heads.' The whole harem acknowledges her as complete mistress of the household. The second class of women of the harem are the Ikbals, or favourites, from among whom the Kadines are usually selected whenever a vacancy occurs in their ranks. The third class of harem beauties are the Guiezdes, literally, 'The young ladies who are pleasant in the eyes' of their master, who may in their turn attain to the dignity of Ikbals. The fourth class is known as the Alaiques, and consists of the children who are gradually trained in the ways of the harem. Contrary to accepted belief, the Turkish harem woman is not altogether the indolent individual. These women are continually watched by spies, and should they venture to cast even a look upon any man they might pass their case is dangerous. The account of an eye-witness of the tragic death of one of the Sultan's harem favourites would seem to show that the monarch of Turkey has no idea of mercy. He says:—'I have a friend, a man in place and power, who had been detained in the palace of one of the Ministers until three hours past midnight, and who, on passing across the deep bay near the Castle of Europe, was startled by perceiving two caïques bearing lights, lying upon their oars in the centre of the stream. His curiosity being excited, he desired his boatman to pull towards them, when at the instant he came alongside he discovered that they were filled by police officers; and at the same moment a female, closely shrouded in a yasmak and with the mouth of a sack, into which her whole body had been thrust, tied about her throat, was lifted in the arms of two men from the bottom of the furthest caïque and flung into the deep waters of the bay. As no weight had been appended to the sack, the miserable woman almost instantly reappeared upon the surface, when she was beaten down by the oars of the boatmen, and this ruthless and revolting ceremony was repeated several times ere the body finally sunk.'

THE DEVIL'S CURRENT.

IN the Bosphorus, flowing dark, deep, and swift past the gilded minarets of Constantinople, there is one dread ribbon through its entire length known as the 'Devil's Current.' Reddened with tragedy this ribbon of water has long been the scene of the most dastardly, cowardly, and always silent crimes of the world. Two bridges of iron bind together the two halves of the Sultan's town. To the north-east is Pera, the foreign quarter, the city, as good Moslems term it, of the Franks. Across the Horn is Moslemdom, properly Stamboul, and on the great rounded point where Horn and Bosphorus meet are the many palaces of His Majesty the Sultan, amongst them his seraglio of white and gold. Seraglio Point, on whose shores Horn and Bosphorus mingle their waters, is but a few yards distant from the 'Devil's Current,' which at this point narrows the land. In the dead of night, its waters lit only by the pale stars, time and again swift, long black caïques have glided out with muffled oars pulled by black-garbed servants bent on their master's cruel bidding. Here crimes of horror that it is hard to picture have been perpetrated unwittingly. Plash, down in the deep, dark waters, struggling, but voiceless, unwept, unconfined, and unsung, form after form has gone to death. The ghastly whims of the Commander of the Faithful have thrown to it dainty women, valiant soldiers, ardent statesmen, and youths whose only fault was that they loved their country too well. Abdul Hamid, though he seems from his presence to be the most relentless of all the Sultans, is but following in the footsteps of the Padishahs that have gone before him. Within the past month he deliberately drowned like dogs a score of brilliant and patriotic youths whose one aim was the betterment of their country, and during the last few years wholesale sacrifices to the 'Devil's Current' have been going on with the virulence of seventy years ago, when with one swoop the Janizaries were wiped off the face of the earth. Down by the water's edge, along the sea wall of the old city, and on the beach below the palace terraces, the little gate or door, with its arched top, from which the Janizaries were thrown one by one after they had been hoisted by order of the reigning Padishah, is still to be seen. When the Janizaries were sent to their death a gun boomed forth as each body was cast into the Bosphorus, signalling to the imperial despot that vengeance had been wreaked on his enemies.

PATRIOTS STILL.

PESSIMISTS are not lacking to tell us that the Army and Navy have fallen in the estimation of the youth of Britain, and that the red coat and the blue jacket no longer fascinate them. This were and is true; for, in the last analysis, it would mean the decay of patriotism. But those dyspeptic patriots are not to be taken seriously. A Highland regiment may scour the Highland glens in search of men and secure only one or two, and the business of the recruiting sergeant may drag drearily most days of the year. That only means that patriotism slumbers. You may gaze at a drowsy lion through the bars of his cage; rattle a stick across them, and he may not deign even to wink at you. Do not argue from that that his spirit is broken. He will show differently if you get on the inner side of the bars. Patriotism slumbers when swords remain sheathed for lack of argument, and slumbers because of its very earnestness. Sentiment that is real and strong never displays itself in fussy activity. When 'the blast of war blows in our ears,' the glens will not be scoured for men in vain, and the recruiting sergeant sweats from exertion. No better proof of this—if proof were needed—could be furnished than the martial ardour that leapt into flame from Land's End to John o' Groat's House a few weeks ago when the peace of Britain seemed threatened. True the blast of war on that occasion was not very terrible. A little flare by a black king; a President's message in grandiloquent prose; a doctor's ride over the Transvaal border; and a little telegram from a little king. Still, it led to the stiffening of British sinews. From the beginning of the war scare, recruiting for the army and navy went up enormously. In one month more men were enlisted at the Army Recruiting Depot in Glasgow, for which we have the figures, than for the three months previously. The greater number of recruits were Scotsmen, but it may be interesting if not pleasing to learn that not a few of them were Irishmen. The rush at the Naval Recruiting Depot was probably even greater. Every day considerable crowds of young fellows surrounded the doors of the depot. Its accommodation was often severely taxed. It was quite filled with youths eager to enter the Queen's Nave—stalwart-looking chaps most of them were. In this display of patriotism Glasgow may be taken as typical of other places throughout the kingdom. In London the rush on the army and navy recruiting stations was so great that the staffs were at times unable to cope with it, which is a sufficient answer to the pessimists of British patriotism.

A REAL EASTERN CHRISTIAN.

I QUICKLY found lodgings, after my arrival in Sinna, that bright little Oriental city, in the house of a Roman Catholic Nestorian, or Chaldean as he would be properly called, who soon arranged a most comfortable, even luxurious, apartment for myself, and stabling for my three horses. A good fellow he was, too, in his way, a fanatical Christian, making the signs of the cross at all moments, muttering his prayers at all hours, and living, as it did not take one long to discover, in absolutely disreputable immorality. In this, however, he was typical of the greater part of his co-religionists in Persia, who seem to have adopted all the vices of the Persian, to which they add not a few of their own. In fact, the Oriental Christian is a strange creature, a hot-bed of immorality and deceit, with a deep-rooted fanaticism and hatred of all other creeds. My friend at Sinna told me with uplifted eyes that he had never missed a Sunday or a Saint's-day from church for fourteen years—and yet!—but enough.

A POET'S ROMANCE.

A ROMANTIC story (says the London *Star*) has just become known in connection with Sir Lewis Morris which is worthy of treatment by Mr George Meredith. The poet is a man of fifty-five years of age, and has always been looked upon in his native Carmarthen as a rigid and austere bachelor. It has just come to light, however, that he has been married since 1868, and that he has a family of three children—one son and two daughters. The son—also a Lewis Morris—is about to be married, and will take up his residence at the family seat near Carmarthen, where the poet's brother, Mr C. E. Morris, has hitherto resided. It is stated that not even his nearest relatives were acquainted with Sir Lewis's marriage before last Christmas. Sir Lewis Morris is descended in a direct line from Mr Lewis Morris, of Anglesea, who was the leader of the Welsh literary revival in the last century, and who set up the second printing press in Wales. It is not generally known that Sir Lewis distinguished himself at Oxford as a prose writer. He did not take the Newdigate prize, but the Arnold prize for an English essay. He took a brilliant first in Literæ Humaniores, and was for some years a Fellow of Jesus College.



1.—ENTRANCE TO OLD DRIVE, COPPER MINES, GREAT BARRIER. 2.—KAIBARA, PORT FITZROY (RESIDENCE OF MR MATHEW BLAIR, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE). ACROSS THE BAY TO THE RIGHT IS THE SITE OF SAWMILL ERECTED BY GREAT BARRIER CO. Photos by Chas. Wickham.

TE ARO HOUSE, Wellington, keeps up its reputation for up to date specialities in all departments. The many ladies who patronise this establishment find it pleasurable and to their advantage to examine and purchase from the very heavy stocks always on hand of the latest London and Paris fashions. Mantles and jackets in the newest and most stylish shapes meet the eye in rich profusion; indeed, every novelty in season is the motto of Messrs James Smith and Co., of Te Aro House, and the autumn fashion show is now on, and evidently attracts great numbers of the elite ladies of Wellington, who purchase early and secure the pick.

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MR. C. E. BUTTON, M. H. R.,
MR. C. E. BUTTON, M. H. R.,
WILL
ADDRESS THE ELECTORS OF AUCKLAND CITY
AT THE CITY HALL,
ON FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 27,
At Eight o'Clock.
Dress Circle reserved for Ladies and their escorts.



THE other evening when there was a sound of revelry at Government House, Auckland, and bright the gas jets shone o'er fair women and brave men, the same gas jets, or at least those of them in the main building, went out, and the place was in darkness till candles and lamps could be obtained. The mishap caused very slight inconvenience, and rather added to the amusement of the evening than otherwise, but I am told that some of the guests would just have been as well pleased if no substitute for the defective gas had been found. A dark corner for a quiet flirtation is never amiss, and how Cupid shoots his arrows when there is no light whatever to dazzle his eyes! He loves the dark, I am sure, whatever poets may say to the contrary, and is no friend to our modern methods of illumination. Have I not seen, both in Auckland and Wellington, what havoc the electric search light plays with ripening courtships? When Corydon is sporting with his Amaryllis in the shade on the wharf end on the esplanade some evil genius puts it into the mind of the gallant Jack tars to turn their wretched electric light on the scene and reveal the lovers to a curious and ridiculing world, and probably just at the moment when Corydon, under the shadow of the blessed night, has mustered up courage to ask the maiden the question of questions.

Appropos of the gas incident at Government House I remember a story which may be new to many. The occasion was a dinner party, and the guests were numerous. Some toasts had been drunk, and the company were lazily lingering over their wine. The remnants of the dessert lay on the table, and among them was a solitary fig. Many had eyed that fig and thought they would like it, but as it was the last no one cared to annex it. As time went on that fig began to exercise a fascination on half-a-dozen who felt they could reach it by merely stretching out their hands, and they sat looking at it and mentally anticipating its luscious flavour. Suddenly the lights went out, and then, despite the confusion which ensued, six hands reached stealthily forward and met over the coveted fruit. When the lights went up there was no fig, and each man, including the one who had it hidden in his watch pocket, looked most consciously unconscious.

EVEN in these matter-of-fact days adventures may be met with in countries that can boast as high a civilization as New Zealand, that is, if they can boast such an acute police force as that which guards the rights and liberties of the citizens of these islands. Messrs Mounsey and Austin, two Australian tourists who arrived in Auckland last week from the South Sea Islands, probably thought that after having seen the wonders of savagedom in the Pacific, the novelty and romance of their tour was at an end. Tiny New Zealand could add little to their experience of the world, they conjectured, and in a blasé sort of spirit they visited Rotorua. But they did not know, as they know now, that there is a police force in New Zealand. During their stay in the vicinity of the Wonderland Mr Austin became acquainted with two men - decent sort of fellows they seemed - and in the good Australian fashion cemented the friendship with a drink. Nay, I understand he bathed in the same bath as these gentlemen. As this last statement would convey an impression to some people of a degree of intimacy that is rarely if ever attained to among Anglo-Saxon gentlemen, let me explain in parenthesis that the bath was not a private one in a hotel, but

a semi-public hot spring. To return to the story, later on after the bath and the drink, or the drink and the bath, Mr Austin's two fellow travellers were arrested on a charge of robbing the Rotorua Post Office. This little incident did not, however, shake Mr Austin's faith in the colony, and he continued his journey to Rotorua, where he was joined by his friend, Mr Mounsey. After they had seen the wonders of Whakarewarewa they retraced their steps to Auckland, where greater and unexpected marvels awaited them.

WHEN they stepped on to the Auckland platform they were accosted by a faithful guardian of the peace, who requested the pleasure of their company as far as the station. Like well trained citizens, they went, wondering what they had done to merit such attention from such an escort, but it was not till they were safe inside the police office and their baggage had been searched that they learned that they were suspected of complicity in the Rotorua robbery. That night they spent beneath the hospitable roof of the Government, and next morning were marched handcuffed to the Court. Here the sapient police asked that they should be remanded to Rotorua, and although the poor tourists protested their innocence, got friends to prove their identity, referred the police to the Bank of New Zealand, on which they had letters of credit, their whole story was discredited, substantial bail refused, and they were driven to Mount Eden gaol. After a day and a night spent in that salubrious locality they were brought before the court again, and finally discharged, their being no evidence whatever to connect them with the crime. It is hardly to be wondered if Messrs Austin and Mounsey are not inclined to speak of the Queen of the Waitemata in those complimentary strains we are so pleased to listen to. They have been unfortunate in their experience of Auckland, but still they owe to her an adventure which will give them an added interest in the eyes of everyone they tell it to. In these days of commonplace it is something to have a story like theirs to relate; and there is a lesson, too, for them to learn. Be careful of the company you keep. Don't 'shout' for every Tom, Dick, and Harry when you are in a strange land, and above all, be wary what companions of the bath you choose. I own it is difficult in this century, when people judge by the outward trappings and clothing of a man, to tell an honest man from a knave when you meet him in a bath, so perhaps the best plan is to make your ablutions in private.

WE poor Australasians have grown so accustomed to banks and their winning, or rather losing ways, that no disclosures regarding them will appear sufficiently startling in our eyes to merit the epithet 'sensational.' The newspapers use the word because it makes a good cross-heading, and sub-editors are often pushed for cross-headings, but they - the sub-editors - have long since ceased to be shocked by anything a bank may do, and they have little hope that they will be able to shock the public, which is one of the chief aims in a sub-editor's existence. If, however, the public have still left in them some capability for being shocked, I think the disclosures in regard to the City of Melbourne Bank should 'fetch' them, as the saying is. Here we have in real life an institution which almost rivalled in the wildness of its transactions the financial institutions of the stage, where in the space of one act enormous sums are dissipated to the four winds and the hero and heroine reduced to beggary. How the mouths of some New Zealand speculators must water when they read of the way the City of Melbourne Bank distributed its golden favours among its friends. Its a good thing, they say, to have a friend at court, but give me the friend in a banking company. The one may introduce you to a sovereign; the other can put a hundred thousand of them at your disposal. Haroun Al Rashid, when any story struck his imperial fancy as particularly good, used to have it written up in letters of gold in some prominent place in the palace. I really think that the banking companies which emulate the Caliph in the splendour of their dealings, might follow his example and spare a little of the gold they have in some cases spent like water, to inscribe the tale of the City of Melbourne Bank on their walls in letters of bullion. It would be a golden legend in more senses than one.

LET us see how it reads. First comes the general

GOUT

Readers of this paper should know that to effectually cure Gout the great thing to do is to eliminate the urates from the system, which are the cause of the malady, and nothing does this so effectually as Bishop's Citrate of Lithia, which is strongly recommended by the "Lancet," and "British Medical Journal." Supplied by all Chemists in two sizes. Agents, Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., Collins Street, Melbourne.

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

KILLS (BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES).

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

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

KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.
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A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTESTINAL or THREAD WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins, by all Druggists. Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

manager of the institution with a modest little advance of £75,000. Another gentleman when we first hear of him is the fortunate possessor of an overdraft of £130,000. He has evidently given up all thought of reducing it. He is on the other tack, and so in a brief three years he is down for £216,000. Another individual 'sported' an overdraft of £215,000 in 1891, and so industriously employed his time in simple addition, that he increased the sum to £291,000 in a very short time indeed. But these favourites of fortune were nowhere compared with the Monro Company, which got advances to the tune of £400,000, or just four-fifths of the Bank's paid up capital. And—but why go on? I am afraid that the legend will have to be written in shorthand after all if it is not to interfere with the gold deposit of the banks, and then, unfortunately, the people would not understand it. But would they understand it if written in letters a foot long? I doubt it. I doubt still more if they would learn the lesson it teaches.

THE Auckland Women's Liberal League discussed a somewhat knotty question at its last meeting and settled it. It has been the rule with this body to open its proceedings with prayer, but some of the members who take exception to this introduction of religion into politics, desire to have the practice discontinued. A motion in that direction was accordingly tabled by them and discussed at the meeting in question, the result being that only seven out of twenty-seven present voted for politics without prayer. I think that I should have voted with the minority, not that I think it unnecessary to ask for heavenly guidance in the management or discussions of our public affairs—we all know we want such guidance in New Zealand as much as anywhere else—but because it has always seemed to me that prayer on such occasions was very like a long grace before a banquet—a bit of a farce that were better left out. If the members had come together in that same devotional spirit which we may suppose characterised the councils of Cromwell and his friends; if they were inspired with a sense of the divine hand leading them to their conclusions, it would be altogether another thing. But with most of them I think I can say the repetition of a prayer is a mere form, and the question is whether it is not derogatory to religion to introduce it into public affairs merely that it may give a greater 'respectability' to them. As political meetings are conducted at this present day there would be something incongruous in opening them with prayer, for we know that they not unfrequently end in a free fight and in showers—not of blessings, but of immature chickens and vegetables. It is quite probable that the ladies intend to improve the character of the modern political meeting as they hope to improve the character of modern politics. Still, I am of opinion that the mere formal repetition of a prayer—for, I repeat, however sincere a few may be the majority of the meeting are not in a prayerful mood—will do nothing to advance the objects of the League. This is a case in which the monk's wise motto, *laborare est orare*—to work is to pray—might be well applied.

WHILE the ladies of the Auckland League have decided that it is inadvisable for them to dispense with prayer, the ex-president of the Wellington Women's Institute, Mrs Jones, has decided that it is impossible for the Institute to exist now that she is out of it. She has made her views public in a notice witnessed by a Justice of the Peace, so there is no mistaking what they are. The Institute, she declares, is defunct—dead as a door nail—under its charter of constitution, and further, she tells a public, aghast at her intrepidity, that she 'has taken this step in consequence of the desertion by the officers and members of the Institute against the authorities and powers vested in her (Mrs Jones) as President and against her commands.' There is an autocratic ring about the above that makes me tremble for those of my sex who shall be left on this earth when the reign of woman is begun. I think Heaven that I shall not be living when the Jones' dynasty sways the sceptre.

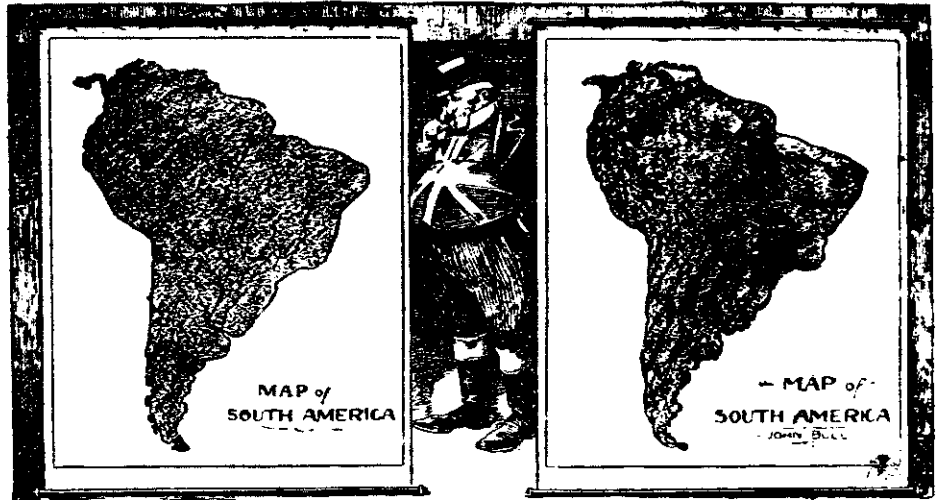
AMONG the many excellent ways of passing a Sunday afternoon which a more enlightened interpretation of the character of the day has provided for our friends in the old country, a course of free lectures on the British Empire, is one that commends itself to us very strongly. All during last winter these lectures were delivered every Sunday afternoon to those Londoners who had sufficient interest to walk as far as the South Place Institute, Finsbury. The lecturers were conversant with the subjects they spoke on, and in many cases the lectures were made doubly entertaining and instructive by the introduction of a magic lantern. Our own New Zealand, I notice, was twice to the fore, Mr H. B. Vogel singing her praises. There is surely no excuse for our friends at Home being ignorant of the great empire they are part of with such advan-

ages at their doors, nor need they find the Sunday hang heavy on their hands when they have such easy means of entertainment. Could not we here inaugurate some similar way of spending a portion of the first day of the week?

THROUGHOUT all the Venezuela bother, which, it appears, is soon likely to end, there has been manifest among the people of the United States a certain distrust of England. Uncle Sam has got the idea into his head that John Bull is an aggrandising animal—as indeed he is—and that his whole soul is bent on grabbing whatever he comes across. He is worse even than the

the world an unshaken, undivided front? Alas! everywhere there is schism where there should only be unity; jealousy where there should be generosity; hatred where there should only be love. The Salvation Army has not escaped the fate of every creed and sect, because its soldiers are just as human as the rest of us, and as Juvenal has said, 'There is more agreement among serpents than among men.'

A CORRESPONDENT interested in this break in the Salvation Army sends me a number of queries regarding the organisation. She—for it is a lady—wants to know



Scotchman who, according to the Yankee definition, is a man who keeps the Sabbath and every other 'darned' thing he can lay his hands on. Perhaps nothing expresses this American view of England more happily than the above caricature. On one side is the map of South America as it is; on the other as John Bull would like it to be. Observe in the second map how the great continent has assumed the unmistakable physiognomy of the British Lion.

THAT is a somewhat extraordinary request the infirm and aged porters of Wellington have made to the City Council. Give them a monopoly of the business and refuse licenses to all able-bodied men! The result might be very well for the porters benefited, but how about the many men with families to support who are forced to take to the profession in the absence of any other work? And how, too, about the poor public, who would be forced to employ men physically unfit for their work. For my part I had rather carry my luggage myself than see an old infirm man struggling under it, and if I did out of charity employ him, the probability is that I would do most of the work myself while he pocketed the pay. It is astonishing in this democratic country what unreasonable demands men will make.

WHO would have thought that discord could ever have succeeded in throwing her hated apple into the camp of the Salvation Army? She has pitched and tossed it as she liked among nations and the best regulated families we know, but it is a matter of surprise that she ever got it through the close phalanx of Christian soldiers without its being 'well fielded,' as the cricketers say, and thrown back to her before it had done any damage. As it is, the jade did succeed, and the Army, once one and indivisible, is now broken in twain. Commander Ballington Booth leads the secessionists, who have assumed the new and picturesque name of 'God's American Volunteers,' and it is clearly understood that this new army has 'no connection with the one over the way.' The two march under the same banner of the cross, towards the same eternal city, with the same songs on their lips; their objects here are the same, and their hopes for the hereafter. There is no good reason in heaven or on earth why they should be divided, yet the probability is that they will continue to march in rigidly parallel lines to the end of their journey. No doubt, too, the seceders will adopt new watchwords and wear new uniforms, and in other ways differentiate themselves from the older body, and it will not be till their marching days are over that they will mutually recognise the folly of division.

Is their case so very different from that of other religious bodies? Does the Christian Church present to

why it was that Commander Ballington Booth would not give up his keys to Commandant Herbert Booth, and why the latter demanded them, and lastly, 'what the keys had to do with the matter, anyway?' My dear young lady, you puzzle me, I admit. I believe that Commander Ballington Booth and his wife accepted their dismissal owing to the peremptory demand of Commandant Herbert Booth for their keys, because the cablegrams told me so, but with regard to their private reasons for making so much of a bunch of keys I am as ignorant as you. I don't even know what keys are referred to—their latch keys, their watch keys, or their bed keys. At first I thought they might be duplicates of the papal keys, but these are strictly papal possessions, and Ballington Booth could not possibly have come by them in an honest way, nor could Herbert have taken them from him without being guilty of receiving stolen property. As I, of course, cannot conceive of either the Commandant or Commander stooping to such dishonesty, I am still at sea as to what keys are referred to. I quite agree with my correspondent that there is a little difficulty in the matter. One does not know whether the keys are a mere insignia of office or not. If they are one can understand their importance, but as I never heard of such insignia in the Salvation Army, I am inclined to believe that they are real keys 'made for use,' to open the military chest where the dollars are kept, for instance. If so why so much fuss about them? Could Herbert not have got other keys, or at the worst, if the lock was a patent one could he not have forced it?

HERE is an item of interest to 'cyclists—a section of the community which is now so considerable that its interests cannot be ignored. A certain district council in Scotland has declined to support the proposed taxation of 'cyclists on the ground that they constitute such a numerous and influential body that they will, if taxed, insist on a much heavier expenditure on the roads. One councillor pointed out that if the tax were imposed cinder paths beside the highways would be demanded and the Council would gain nothing. As it is I think there is every prospect of cinder paths. If Mr Northcroft drive the poor 'cyclists from 'the narrow way,' as a writer in these pages complained last week, and force them to take to the rough roads, the time will certainly come when they will demand as much consideration as is given to pedestrians and vehicles.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

HOW civilised and polite the world is becoming! Far away even in the Cook Islands, where once upon a time the natives used to dine, not with, but on each other, they do things quite in the European fashion. The other day, I am informed, they sent a letter of condolence to Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice expressing sympathy with them in the bereavement they had suffered through the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Just fancy the change that has come over our little world when Pacific Islanders, who not so very long ago hardly knew of the existence of Great Britain, have now advanced so far as to send 'their sincerest condolences.' The inhabitants of these groups consider themselves bound to observe all forms of courtly etiquette—*noblesse oblige*, and they would feel it derogatory to their own dignity to ignore a royal birth, death, or marriage in any other part of the world. The King of Karatonga must keep in touch with his royal cousins. Was it not he who, on the threatened outbreak of a European war, allayed the fears of the Powers by declaring that he had resolved to maintain a strictly neutral attitude, and to favour the pretensions of neither one party nor the other?

I HAVE often been amused at the number of persons who, when they come across a description of a robbery, a swindle, a murder, or even a suicide, in which the culprit bears the same name as themselves, feel it incumbent on them to write to the papers and assure the public that they are not the parties referred to. Of course the inference is manifest. Unless a man considered himself open to the suspicion of guilt he would hardly take the trouble to draw public attention to his innocence. Occasionally the newspaper paragraphist, in his haste, makes matters worse, as he did in a small town in Australia the other day. "We have been requested," said this journal, "to state that John Smith, who was charged at the Supreme Court on Monday last with embezzlement, is not John Smith, of Moores, who follows a like occupation." If all the John Smiths in the district had been so fearful of their reputation as this one, the newspaper would have been hardly equal to the demands on its space.

WHEN one considers the confusions and misconceptions that may result to a man from the mere commonness of his name, it is easy to understand that it is not always foolish vanity that leads to changing it in whole or in part. It is seldom that a man cares to discard his patronymic; he evinces a clinging respect for it even when it has been dragged in the gutter. You will notice that criminals, when they are forced for business purposes to take an *alias*, very often choose something of the same sound as their original name. They do not, somehow, like to destroy every vestige of their ancestry. The individual who, either from vanity, or to avoid inconvenience, alters his surname, is usually content with a slight and not a radical change. If he is Smith, he becomes Smiths, or Smyth, or Smythe. On the stage where it is popularly, though erroneously, supposed no one goes by his or her real name, partial changes in names are very common. This is especially the case in the lower ranks. For instance there was a certain young man named Frank Dillon who used to be conductor on a street car, and Frank Dillon he was to all who knew him. But he discovered that he possessed a talent for acrobatic song and dance, and now he figures on the bills as 'Mr Franklyn Dyllyn.'

A FEW months ago Edith Conners made her triumphant debut in a lady's wood-sawing contest at one of the dime museums in the States. Later on she discovered that her histrionic genius was better adapted to fights. So now the gifted maiden is carrying a shield and spear and is known to fame as 'Miss Edyth Conners.' Others in the cast are Haryet Nelsyn, Mr Wyllys Fyscher, Kathryn Klyby, Mr Myrtyl Gylbyrt, Gwynn Gyfford and Olyve Rhynes.

UNINTENTIONAL jokes are frequently the most amusing, but there is a grim suggestiveness about one which recently came under my notice that provokes a passing comment. A gentlemen well-known in one of our principal cities, but whose name, for obvious reasons, I will withhold, recently died. As far as could be judged from his external manner and usual way of life and conduct, he was an average sort of man—one with quite as good a chance of going to the 'Happy Land' in the hereafter as anyone in the town. Yet, passing down a side-street a day or so ago, I saw the following legend in a shop window:—'To Let.—Apply to Mr — (the name of the deceased), a little below.' The implied descent into lower regions is a little rough on Mr — and on his friends. As a rule, we act up to the good old motto—'De mortuis, nil nisi bonum,' and unless the theosophists have betrayed secrets, there seems no need to depart from it in this case.

THE position of an Acclimatisation Society in this colony is not altogether an enviable one. It is called upon to please a dozen different sections of the community, and generally does not succeed in pleasing one. Its work is mainly experimental to begin with, and it is consequently liable to make mistakes now and again. But the public has no sympathy with it on that score, and not only blames the members in office for all their errors of omission and commission, but saddles them with the shortcomings of their predecessors. The introduction of the sparrow, for instance, is always cast up against the present *personnel* of the Societies, as if they had harboured that bold and prolific bird merely to injure the farmer, who is often heard hurling shot and curses at the pheasant, whose acclimatisation in the colony is considered by some sportsmen to be the only good thing the Society has ever accomplished.

AT this moment the Auckland Acclimatisation Society is having a warm season of it. A whole host of sportsmen are up in arms because the Society, on the plea of the scarcity of game, has issued a *wake* deferring the opening of the shooting season for native game till May instead of allowing it to open in Easter, as usual. I never knew there were so many people interested in shooting till now that the decision of the Society has drawn them from cover. They are assailing the poor members on all hands, and for the last fortnight one could not take up a paper without finding some anonymous 'sport' taking a pot shot at the Society from behind the correspondence column. The great grievance of these Nimrods is that they will not be able to get any shooting during the Easter holidays, and as killing ducks has been their favourite method of celebrating the blessed season, they will be deprived of a great deal of pleasure by the Society's action, and probably may be reduced to going to church *pour passer le temps*. For the most part the complainants appear to be men of little leisure who can only get a chance of a holiday at Easter, and some of them declare that game is very plentiful this year, and that the postponing of the shooting season is only a base contrivance of the leisured sportsmen to get better bags for themselves. I confess I cannot ascertain which side is in the right. The truth would seem to be that in some districts there are lots of game, and in others that the reverse is the case. I should think that the Society has a better opportunity of judging what is the wisest general course to pursue than the occasional traveller who may chance to come across some good flights of ducks, or the city tradesman who has no knowledge of the matter whatever. As to the charge that the members of the Society are making the change for selfish ends, I can hardly think they would be guilty of such ungenerous and unsportsmanlike conduct.

THE sequel to the Little Barrier eviction case was very amusing. It seems that Tenetahi, driven from the halls of his fathers, has refused to acquiesce in the justness of the proceedings, has abstained from lifting the purchase money due to him, and has declared himself 'agin the Government.' He has no intention to remain a wanderer on the face of the earth, but is determined to return to his old home, which in his eyes is evidently 'the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.' According to one account he or his friends have since their eviction made several attempts to land on the beloved spot, but were repulsed by the guard. Eventually, however, they succeeded in their invasion, and were not removed till a police force from Auckland had gone down to the island and forcibly brought them to town. Tenetahi and his friends have been charged with trespassing on the island, and as I write their case is under consideration. Probably by the time this is in print the matter will have been settled, but, however it is arranged, I cannot see how the Government are to prevent Tenetahi visiting the place as a Maori tourist, in which capacity his solicitor inferred he went. On the other hand there is nothing to prevent the Auckland police arresting tourists if they take it into their heads. So between arresting Australian tourists and Maori tourists the force is likely to have its hands pretty full.

THE enterprising spiritualist who finds the spook business played out among the whites should try his skill among the Maoris, who in the North have lately developed a great interest in ghostly manifestations. Far away in the Hokianga they are having nightly *anes* in their big *wharés*, where they sit in darkness awaiting the advent of the spirits. The latter come sure enough and reveal their presence by a kind of whistling. Who the Mrs Mellin is in this case, or who does the whistling has yet to be found out, but the Maoris have so little of European scepticism where ghosts are concerned that the man who is running the show runs little chance of exposure. I daresay he will go on raking in the dollars or their equivalents in kumeras and pipis till he grows sleek and fat. The poor clergymen in

the district seem quite unable to shake the faith of the natives in these 'manifestations' by any amount of reasoning, and I don't wonder. Moses had to make an extra big serpent out of his walking stick that could swallow all the serpent-walking sticks of the wizards before he could make Pharaoh believe in him. What the clergymen in the North really require is a little training in legerdemain in addition to theology. A few neatly-performed tricks in which 'the quickness of the hand deceives the eye,' or still better, a clever representation of Professor Pepper's optical illusion, would do more in this case than all the sermons in creation.

THE observance of St. Patrick's Day in this colony is a remarkable phenomenon, for New Zealand does not profess to be an Irish or a Roman Catholic country. Indeed, statistics show that the Romanists are not the most numerous of our religious bodies, and, as everyone knows, the English nation—of which we are part—is professedly Protestant. How comes it, then, that St. George's Day and St. Andrew's Day are slurred over, whilst strangers would imagine, from the honour paid to his memory, that St. Patrick was the patron saint of New Zealand. A good many of our schools, private and public, gave the children a holiday on that day—a most unnecessary proceeding seeing that Easter is so close at hand, with its usual rest for lessons for pupils and teachers. As it is the accepted belief in this colony, and indeed throughout Australasia, that every possible excuse for a holiday must be seized upon, we shall, in common justice to the beneficent spirits which watch over England and Scotland, find now that St. George and St. Andrew are also accorded their due, and that English and Scotch children are being taught to duly reverence their patron saints. There is just as much reason for the observance of these two days as there is of the 17th March, and, as far as I know, St. George and St. Andrew are fully as entitled to respect as is St. Patrick. Indeed, had I to choose amongst these three gentlemen, I should certainly take St. George.

A ROBBER-PROOF TRAIN.

A ROBBER PROOF train of mail cars has lately been placed on one of the United States railway lines. It is not armour clad or mounted with turret guns, yet it is strong enough to stand a heavy strain, and there are no places on it where a train robber can find a footing.

This postal train is a curious sort of an affair. Most trains look like a procession of turtles. This has the appearance of a big centipede. There are no platforms, and there is so little space between the cars that the joints of the big centipede do not show except when the train goes around a curve. On a straight track it looks like one long car.

In the stories of train robberies the outlaws usually leap on the platform of the postal cars and shoot the clerks through the glass in the doors. In this new car this performance could not be carried through. There are no platforms, and only one end door, which is solidly barricaded. There is a small trap door of solid wood at the other end, but that is hardly big enough for a man to crawl through. There are two doors on each side for the delivery and receipt of mail.

The car is built of heavy and solidly joined timbers, and bullets could hardly penetrate it. The sides and top are strongly braced. If there were a smash up on the road this car could be in the worst of it and perhaps not suffer much.

The ends are strengthened by heavy timbers and iron braces, which protect the carriages from being telescoped. When there is an accident on the railroad the postal cars, which are in front, have to bear the brunt of the smash-up. They are demolished first, and the lives of many postal clerks are lost. These new cars ensure the clerks, to a large extent, against the dangers of robbers and accidents.

COMFORT BESIDES STRENGTH.

The cars are comfortably furnished. They are light, well ventilated, and are more comfortable than many a post-office in government buildings. Each car carries three tanks for gas, under a pressure of thirty-six atmospheres. The light is furnished from twelve chandeliers, and the travelling post-office is as light as day even at midnight.

The general election is already casting its shadow before. Mr C. E. Button, M.H.R., is going to address the electors of Auckland on Friday evening, the 27th.

Of all the fashionable fads of to day that accentuation of domestic grief which shows itself in a black shirt, black collar and cuffs, and white studs, white cuff buttons, and white necktie, is about the most ridiculous. Fashionable London says a metropolitan journalist will soon be promulgating piecefully with miniature coffins for jewellery and artificial tears painted on the cheeks. It is doubtful whether such people could really shed any other kind but genuine hand-painted tears. When women put their tolding children in deep mourning and role in the park with their poodles dressed in crape, it seemed that this sort of thing could go no further. Now that men have taken to black shirts and sable handkerchiefs, however, the onus of timidity is removed from the shoulders of womankind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

PEMBERTON PEMBROOKE.—Your story has been duly read and commented upon by our reader. I regret to say that the verdict is not altogether favourable, but I will quote the opinion given:—Pemberton Pembroke is evidently quite a 'prentice hand in story writing. The tale under consideration does not run as fluently and easily in style and expression as one could wish, and unfortunately, the spelling and punctuation are such as, despite the masculine *nom de plume*, lead me strongly to suspect a feminine hand guiding the pen, and, in the interest of the story, forgetting her third standard lessons. For instance, cruel is spelt cruul; testily, testly; reigned, reighd; being, beiaing; nervous, nervious; foam, foun; saddle, saddel; passed, past; crisis, cricis, etc. In the last case the heroine was dangerously ill, and no one could be expected to have time to attend to such minor matters as spelling. It is hardly correct to say, 'he was terrible lame,' yet Pemberton Pembroke does use this expression. Possibly it is only a slip of the pen. The actual idea of the story is not at all a bad one, and is, in fact, a very interesting occurrence in the heroine's life, and I feel sure all who begin to read the tale will certainly finish it, in order to find out how she escapes from the terrible dangers which threaten her life. But if Pemberton, etc., sends the editor any more MSS., I would humbly suggest that he—for the name is that of a man—should leave a margin on the left side of the paper, and sufficient space in the corner to secure the leaves together without interfering with the writing.'

EVERY-DAY RHYMES.

COURTSHIP OF IRENE.

OLD STYLE: IRENE THAT WAS.

HE stood at the gate of the garden, as often he'd waited before
In the golden days, gone for ever: the mystical years of yore
When the earth was young, and life was gay, and man seemed brave and true,
And woman soft as an azure sea, and bewitchingly gentle and new.

And he thought of the changing years since then—the years that had rolled away
Since Irene came to the garden, like a fawn, at the close of the day,
Timid and shy, yet confiding, and innocent as the dove;
Nestling and sighing and listening to eloquent words of love.

Gone are those visionary times! The sun and the stars look down
On a troubled world, and restless men, in every throbbing town;
And the Girl that Was has passed away: Irene sleeps by the sea,
Where, all night long, the snow white surf sings a wild weird melody.

NEW STYLE: IRENE THAT IS.

But grief dies too, and he waited again, and, heralded, she came—
The beautiful Irene—by a dull red lamplight's flame;
Like a will-o'-the-wisp it swept along, glinting and glowing still
In the moonlight, and the gaslight, or what other light you will.

Onward and noiselessly slid the machine along roads dusty and brown,
The wheels all the time going round and round, the fair one's legs up and down.
A 'bike' Irene called the thing! two wheels, a seat, and a lamp,
And tied in front, the print, *Woman Free*, fresh from the printing, and damp!

She had steered through traffic and gazing crowds, by road and by railway line;
Her collar and cuffs were starched and stiff, her shirt front just like mine;
Nor lawn, nor lace, nor flower she wore; her coat, and petticoat too,
Proclaimed her to all men, the Girl that Is—the woman exceedingly new.

But presently the little feet of this curious modern lass,
Were tripping, and beating time with his upon the avenue grass;
And then they sat down, and she spoke for long, of Huxley, and Darwin, and Hume,
Who had swept such rubbish from off the earth, with a long scientific broom!

She touched his cheek with her glove tip, and mentioned, *appropos*,
That the woman's tide was rising, and was now quite on the flow.
'It will rise, and rise, and rise,' she said; 'and lave each coast and strand.'
Said he, 'let it rise, my only love,' and he squeezed her small white hand.

She spoke of Wallace and Besant, and thought there was no hell,
And he said she was a darling, most angelic infidel:
And she thought there was no heaven; but a haven of calm rest
Might be found—upon occasions—on a pretty woman's breast.

So he knew that he was in it! Presently his arm was placed
Round an unbelieving body, and a truly graceful waist;
But she went on, never minding what he did, or what he said—
And then upon his shoulder fell a dainty, godless head.

And she babbled about Darwin, beautifully, all the time,
And some friends of female freedom whom I can't fit into rhyme:
So then he knew his chance had come, and, not at all remiss,
He sealed upon her ruby lips a glowing burning kiss,

She wasn't vexed a bit. In fact, when he looked down again,
Her pouting lips were waiting, as the parched bud waits for rain;
Yet she said 'Emancipation for the female sex was nigh,'
Then he pressed her still more closely—and he winked the other eye.

By and bye he led her, gently, to things she could understand;
The perfume of the violet, the rot of Sarah Grand;
The pale moon, of course, he mentioned, and he pointed out the stars,
And the love of Venus spoke of—and the chivalry of Mars.

She clasped her arms around his neck, and then the thing was plain—
She loved this whiskered fellow, who kissed her once again;
And she whispered such soft whispers as poor Eve did, I suppose,
(But Eve, of course, lisped Hebrew, and wore rather different clothes.)

He said he'd wed Irene, and he swore he didn't care
A hang who nursed the baby, or who filled the boss' chair;
So she rode away elated, on her bike she made a bound—
Her legs again went up and down—the wheel went round and round.

Wellington, March 8th, 1896.

H. R. R.

THE NEW POET LAUREATE'S GUILT.

WHAT I want to know now (writes Mr Labouchere in *Truth*) is whether the poet Austin is going to be put on his trial along with Dr. Jameson and the other participators in the 'ride' lauded in the verses published by the *Times* last Saturday. Jameson, according to Sir Hercules Robinson, was ordered in the Queen's name to return. He replied that the message would be 'attended to,' and at once ordered his men to saddle and ride towards the Boers. From the point of view of an Alhambra audience this may have been a very fine and noble thing to do, but it was a flat defiance of the Queen and her Government; and if it had not ended in disastrous failure it must have exposed the country and the empire to incalculable complications and danger. Ordinary poets are, of course, at liberty to write jingo verses to raise cheers in the music-halls without regard to their political significance. But an official rhymester, paid so much a year to sing the praise and glory of Her Majesty and her Government, though he may privately approve of any act of rebellion against the Crown or of piracy against the Queen's allies, can hardly be allowed to express such sentiments in his public capacity. This should at once be explained to the poet Austin, and if he is not prepared to confine his heroics in future to such events as the birth of Royal babies or the reception of foreign potentates, he should be required to give up his 30s a week to some more loyal bardlet.

THE FASTEST RAILROAD RUN.

McClure's Magazine for February contains a graphic account of 'The Fastest Railroad Run Ever Made,' written by Harry Perry Robinson, one of the official time keepers on the occasion when the train made its great record over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern from Chicago to Buffalo, and from Buffalo to New York over the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. The ambition on that occasion was to beat the English record just made on the West Coast Railroad by a train which ran 540 miles at an average speed of 63.93 miles an hour. The attempt to lower this record in America was coupled with the disadvantages which came from carrying extra weight; for the total weight of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern cars was 304,500 pounds, as against 147,400 pounds in the English train. Moreover, the American run was to be interrupted by four stops, and although the actual time of rest was, of course, allowed for, still there is a great deal of time lost just before and after the stop, owing to the lower average rate of speed in slowing up and starting off. As a matter of fact there were five stops in the American run, one of which was unanticipated.

A NEW TYPE OF LOCOMOTIVE.

Each of the several divisions of the thousand-mile course, the machinery of the various engines, and all the arrangements for recording the trip are described by Mr Robinson in the story of this wonderful railroad run. The last engine was of a different type from the rest, and made the most magnificent showing of speed. It was a 56½-ton ten-wheeler, with driving wheels of only 68 inches in diameter, and very unlike the machines specially devised for fast speeds. This driving wheel is, indeed, ten inches less in diameter than the Caledonian locomotive which did the best work in the English races. 'For those who had misgivings as to the possibilities of this type of engine, there was a surprise as soon as she picked up the train. She must have reached a speed of a mile a minute within the five miles from the first movement of the wheels. The first eight miles were finished in eight minutes and forty-nine seconds; from there on there was never an instant of slackening speed.'

It happened in a large hotel; the table d'hôte had reached coffee and cognac when I ventured to inquire what opera was announced for that evening. A zealous waiter volunteered at once the information. 'It is the "Barber of Seville." ' That is no kind of an opera!' growled my vis-à-vis, a well-nourished gentleman with a very red face. 'But I beg of you,' I asked modestly, 'you will surely give credit to Rossini?' 'No!' he cried furiously. 'Anyone who writes two-act operas is no composer at all!' 'What! then Mozart with his "Don Juan," and also Beethoven do not count with you as composers?' I asked, surprised. 'That they are not! I assure you an opera with only one *entr'acte* is simply a monstrosity!' answered the fat one, as he halved with furious cut an apple, looking at the pieces as if they represented to him two acts of 'Fidelio.' 'My dear sir,' he continued, 'I am a judge on that point; I myself am of the theatre. Look you: Meyer beer and Richard Wagner; these I call composers! You must know that I have the lease of the theatre restaurant these twenty years past, and know all the operas and their worth. For instance, the 'Africaine' is one of the best operas. The public staring constantly at the scenery of tropical countries are beset by a sharp thirst. The *entr'acte* in which they build the ship is a long one; everybody rushes for the restaurant, and streams of beer and hundreds of sandwiches are consumed. I must say that I have experienced *Gotterdammerung* and *Huguenot* representations when we had to cut six hams, 400 sausages, and five Swiss cheeses; with these go, if you please, six barrels of beer and uncounted seltzers. Yes; this is what I call operas!' 'One evening I will never forget it; it was a *Meistersinger* performance, with the tenor celebrating the hundredth repetition of his rôle, when eight hundred and seventy-five sandwiches found their Sedan. Now, this is what I call classic music!'

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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.

New Music. 'When I am Dead,' 'My Fairest Child,' 'Wilt Thou be my Dearie?' By Alfred Hill: Frederick Jones and Co., Lambton Quay, Wellington, New Zealand. 'When I am Dead' is published both in the key of F. and of D. Mr Hill has here succeeded in giving a very true and effective setting to some well-known lines of Christina Rossetti's, which are so much the more pathetic because of the subdued accent of life-weariness that runs through them. He has been not less happy in the way he has made music for Charles Kingsley's often quoted verses, beginning 'My Fairest Child.' The setting betokens the skill of one who thoroughly understands the art of music. 'My Fairest Child' is also published in two keys—C and D. The music of 'Wilt Thou be My Dearie?' (key of C) has a light, tripping effect, which consorts admirably with Robert Burns' charming little love lilt. In these three songs, Mr Hill is to be congratulated on his choice of the verses which he has set to music. They may be old and well-known, but they have that freshness which makes a thing of beauty a joy for ever, and are infinitely preferable to the erotic twaddle on which good music is so often wasted.

'The Palotta March,' 'The Valerie Valse,' by Harvy Barnett: Gordon and Gotch, Sydney. 'The Palotta' is a fairly well-written march, and the air is decidedly pleasing. 'The Valerie Valse' has nothing strikingly original about it, but the time is well marked, and the melody smooth and vivacious enough to win approval in the ballroom. It has also the merit of being simple, and within easy compass of youthful players.

'Katoomba Waltz,' by Mary McCarron-Maguire: Gordon and Gotch, Sydney. This waltz is likely to become very popular. Its bright, tuneful notes catch the ear at once, and if played at a seasonable time in a seasonable place, is sure to prove to all lads and lasses an irresistible invitation to the waltz.

The author of that wonderful romance, 'She,' is not heard of quite so much now as some years ago when he began to work the literary mine he had discovered. Still, although he has not added to his popularity by any of his latter work, his early still command shoals of eager readers. The recent complications in the Transvaal will, no doubt, lead to some of his books dealing



MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

with Boer life being more widely read than ever. Mr Haggard has not a very high opinion of the Boers, and his pictures of their ways have done a good deal to prejudice

English readers against them. It has been said that he has dealt very unjustly with the Boer in his romances, in representing him as unreliable, cruel, and revengeful. Mr Haggard is about forty years of age.

Mr Zangwill and Mr Gissing are two novelists of quite recent appearance in the literary firmament. The former has given us some masterly pictures of modern



MR. ZANGWILL.



MR. GISSING.

Jewish life, and the latter is well known for his vivid, though occasionally depressing, delineations of the meaner and more sordid aspects of civilisation in our crowded centres.

THE LOST ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

LETTER-WRITING, as understood by our forefathers, is rapidly becoming a lost art. We write letters still, it is true—though in the immediate future typewriting will probably entirely supersede the use of the pen, as it is already said to have done in America, even for private correspondence—but we write them curtailed as much as possible, in the style of a postcard or telegram, and generally because we are obliged to communicate some information, not because we take pleasure in exchanging ideas with our correspondent. The days when people sat down leisurely to impart the news of the day to a distant friend, turning their sentences carefully, and expressing as many fine sentiments as could be got into the allotted space, are for ever gone by. Nobody has time for writing or reading fine sentiments nowadays; our very handwriting has undergone a remarkable change, and the delicate 'Italian hand' once in fashion has given place to the bold, dashing caligraphy characteristic of modern bustle, for among the many advantages of our time one privilege enjoyed by former generations has been hopelessly lost. The privilege of leisure hours have disappeared with travelling by coach and making fire by means of a tinder box. Our very amusements partake of the restless spirit of this crowded century; we live in an atmosphere suggestive of perpetual attempts to catch a fast train, and in such an atmosphere it would be impossible to compose one of the long-winded epistles dear to a bygone generation.

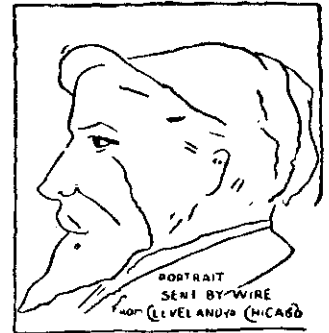
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WRITING BY WIRE.

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF GRAY'S TELETYPE GRAPH.

SEVEN years have been spent in perfecting the telautograph so that it would transmit and receive messages written by the sender and bearing his signature. The method of transmitting telautograms is quite simple. The average speed of a writer is thirty words a minute but many write faster than this. The telautograph can easily send forty-five words a minute. Probably the most difficult test of the efficiency of the telautograph for long distance service was conducted recently by the Chicago Times-Herald between Cleveland and Chicago, a distance of 431 miles.

The writer sat down at the transmitter and found a self-feeding pencil case waiting for him. The lead used is like that one finds in an ordinary pencil, and is preferred to ink because it is cleaner. The transmitter is a neat little machine, but is as full of small delicate wheels as a watch. The pencil is attached to two thin rolls of



steel which meet at an angle of ninety degrees. The contrivance is somewhat like the pantograph. Taking the pencil the statesman wrote on a strip of paper four inches wide, which was drawn up from a feeder below and stretched tight along the writing pad. As he began to write the upward and downward strokes, the curves, the punctuation marks and the flourishes acted on the two steel rods.

At the end of each rod a piece of thin cord was attached, giving it the appearance of a violin bow. The cord was fastened around the drum, which regulated the interrupter wheel below. The movements of the pencil were thus chronicled and the electrical impulse was sent along the wires running to Chicago. Even when the pencil was drawn back to dot an 'i' or cross a 't' the movement was transmitted and repeated by the receiving machine at the other end of the wire, the bow making a pleasant murmur as it rubbed against the drum. When the writer got to the end of a line he had simply to turn a crank with his left hand and the paper shot upward and onward about an inch.

At the Chicago end the receiver bore out the pantograph idea more plainly. Two rods similar to those on the transmitter repeated the movements of the pencil in Cleveland, the mechanism being identical. The receiver, however, writes the message in ink, the pen being a hollow glass tube with a fine point. The pen occupies the same position at the angle of the shaft as the pencil, and moves rapidly across the paper. A small rubber tube—attached to the glass pen—carries the ink from a well at the side of the machine. Line sketches were also reproduced, the pen zigzagging from side to side until the pictures were completed. The paper on the receiver was moved automatically when the pen reached the end of a line. The telautograph is the latest invention of Professor Elisha Gray. It was first exhibited experimentally in 1890, but the instrument did not give satisfaction, and a corps of experts was set to work to perfect and develop the invention.

NEW VERSION OF THE PARABLE.

SOUTHERN PREACHER REHEARSES THE ADVENTURES OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

A PREACHER, a simple old countryman preaching on the subject of the prodigal son, told the story in this wise— 'I am going to take this text, my brethren, because it is just as applicable now as it was in the old days gone by. Here to-day, as of yore, the prodigal, anxious to see the world and enjoy himself, goes to his old father, who has loved him for many, many years, and asks him that he be given his portion that he has been saving for many, many years. And the old father who has loved him for many, many years, gives him a portion, and he goes away and spends it in riotous living. He has a 'Delmonico at Six' time of it, my brethren, and that prodigal was glad enough to eat with the swine he herded. Then the prodigal repents, as many of us are apt to do on an empty stomach, and he went back to the old home, where he had lived for many, many years. And he saw the blue smoke curling out of the chimney, as it had done for many, many years, and his old father, who had loved him for many, many years, and he fell upon his father's shoulder and wept and begged to be taken back to his heart. Then the father loved him again, as he had done for many, many years, and went out and killed the fatted calf that had been on the old farm for many, many years.



BROTHER ADINO knelt at the foot of the cross which towered high above the rank growth of grass spread in front of the mission buildings of Santa Maria del Mar. Behind him were the gray stone walls, which looked so hard and cold now that the red evening light came down and rested on the mountains in the background. A few yards in front of where he knelt ran the clear water of the San Lorenzo River.

Brother Adino's head was bare and his face was buried in the loose sleeves of his robe. He knelt and prayed earnestly—prayed as he never had before, for he was sick and weary and troubled, and in despair he had thrown his arms about the great stone cross and clung to it, crying for relief. The vesper bell rang out from the tall adobe belfry, and a beautiful, sad-looking Spanish senorita drifted down the river in a canoe. As she passed she sang a low, soft song in her own tongue and looked long at the mission buildings. The high grass hid the object by the cross from her view. The brothers were all filing into the chapel, and when the last one had disappeared she sighed, ceased her singing, and rested on the paddle that she might gaze longer at the picturesque walls of Santa Maria del Mar.

Brother Adino had been ill. His handsome face was pale and thin, and Father Benedicto had said that for one so young it was strange, and that he must rest and pray for renewed strength. There was a sad, sad look in the old father's eyes when he spoke of their young brother. But the others did not notice it, for often the good old priest would grow pensive and sigh, saying that worldly thoughts always brought the soul unrest. Then he would glance uneasily at Adino, bring his ebony crucifix to his thin lips, and hurry to the seclusion of the altar. He was there now, kneeling quietly; but out from beyond the tall grass, which hid the cross from the buildings, came a choking, sobbing sound, and then Adino's voice, weak from suffering, cried:

'Oh, my God, my God! Teach me the right way—deliver me from this sin. It is hard—so hard—and his voice sank as he slowly lifted his white face toward the light. There was no answer from the sky and no echo from the earth, but the long grass was pushed aside in front of the cross, and Brother Adino, looking up, beheld what to him seemed a beautiful vision. He stretched out his arm to make sure, and his hand rested on the shoulder of Carmen, a Spanish maiden whose mother the fathers had rescued from the Indians.

She was pretty, as most of her type are. Her dark, liquid eyes were wide open, for she was startled to find that the cries she had heard while in her little canoe came from the mouth of Brother Adino. His hand rested on her delicate shoulder for a moment. Quickly he arose from his knees and muttered something hurriedly.

'Oh, I didn't know it was you, or I wouldn't have trespassed,' she said. Brother Adino looked up very much confused. 'Is it late?' Have the bells for vespers rung, I wonder?

'Yes, and Father Benedicto was looking from the window a while ago.'

'Ah!' said Adino, 'I must go in. He knows not where I am.'

His face became sad for only one brief moment while he stood with his eyes fastened upon those of the girl in front of him. There was an awful conflict within himself. The muscles around his mouth and eyes twitched, and the expression on his face changed to mercilessly hard, bitter defiance. He stepped nearer, held out his trembling hand, and, almost hissing, said desperately,

'Carmen, do thou be near here to-morrow night when the bell rings for vespers.'

From the quiet bay a heavy fog came rolling inland. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and the night was coming on with silent speed. The bell which hung over the chapel had struck for prayers, and the priests, young and old, filed out of the large building and entered the smaller one for worship. Their heads were all reverently bowed—all except that of him who came last in the line. His was turned with nervous anxiety toward the field of waving grass, and on to where the grey cross stood out indistinctly through the fog. He was Brother Adino, and, being the last in line to pass

through the door, he took a seat back and a little apart from the others.

He neither glanced at his prayer book nor followed in the chanting. There was a strange, satisfied light in his blue eyes and the ghost of a sarcastic smile upon his lips as he looked around on the kneeling men, lost in their devotion. Old Father Benedicto was nearest him. Once he turned and saw that Adino's head was erect. The same hopelessly sad look came upon him again, and he clutched his beads more tightly. Adino moved his lips mechanically and watched for a chance to slip out. When they sang he crept to the aisle, then to the door, and made his way out through the darkness to the place where he had prayed long the night before. The fog was now dense, and stare as much as he would, the object he sought could not be seen. When he reached the little beaten down patch of grass by the cross he stopped and listened. There was no sound. He looked around once more and then softly called:

'Carmen—oh, Carmen!'

There was a little rustle of leaves and then the grass was parted, and a neat figure, clad in black, stepped quickly up to him.

'I tried so hard to get here on time,' said Carmen. 'Aunt Berta told me it was too late to go out in my boat, so I pretended I wanted to see a sick woman, and then ran over here as fast as I could. Oh, I'm a dreadful hypocrite! I must be back in a moment,' and she ended with a nervous little laugh.

The faces of the two were just visible to each other. Carmen's was not as rosy and happy as usual. She looked wonderingly at Adino, and said anxiously, 'You look so solemn, Brother Adino. You're not going to be romantic and run off—escape—are you?'

'Yes, I am,' he answered. 'What! Adino, Adino, not going away!' she cried. 'Oh, you're only jesting! No, no, I see it in your face.'

'Hush, Carmen, some one will hear you. I told you that you must keep my secret,' he said firmly.

The shoulders of the Spanish girl shook, and she stepped away from him, back into the darkness, that he might not see her cover her white face with her hands. But he did see it, and followed after her, snatching her hands from her moist eyes. 'Yes, Carmen,' he began. 'I'm going. It's useless for me to stay here longer. You must know why I tell you this. You must know why I go away. I love you so much.'

She had not resisted when he took her hands, and he still held them tightly.

'Yes,' she said slowly; but if that's the reason, why do you go away? I'll never see you again then.'

Her voice faltered. 'Why, Carmen, you innocent little angel; I'm going away so that I can take you; take you away—over the mountains and from the ocean, and off to my old home. You'll go, won't you, dear?'

She sprang back from him, her beautiful dark eyes flashing and her cheeks growing crimson.

'Do you think for one instant that I would stay here without you? No, when I love, I love!'

He drew her towards him with a happy little cry. 'Well, then, next week I ring the bell, and on the night when I strike three times instead of two, you meet me here, ready to go. Eleven will be the best and safest time.'

He stooped down to kiss her, and there was a cautious step dangerously near by. Some one was passing carefully through the grass. Carmen's hands grew cold within his, and she slipped quickly out by the way she had come.

Adino went back, reaching the chapel before the priests had left it. They were all there. No—Father Benedicto! Where was he? If he had heard them, every thing was spoiled. There would be such a cruel watch put upon him that escape would be impossible.

In a few moments prayers were over and the fathers returned to their bare rooms for the night. They were weary from the work of the day and were soon fast asleep. No one but Adino, as he sat in the darkness at his open window, heard old Father Benedicto enter at the front door and draw the creaking bolt as he locked it behind him.

It seemed as if the bolt never made such a grating, rasping sound as it did that night. Surely the locking or unlocking of the door was enough to arouse the sleeping inmates of the house.

Adino glanced out of his window and looked down into the inky blackness below. There was no possibility

of his getting out that way, for the small court below was surrounded by an immense adobe wall which it was impossible to climb. But all that was of the future. Now he could sit at the little window with the delicious cool night air coming in upon his hot brow, and think and dream exquisite things about his love. Before it had been a sin for him to think of it—now he was certain it was right, and a new life thrilled through his veins at thought of it. Why had it not come to him before, he wondered? Perhaps it was because he had always been used to the monastery and its influence since his boyhood. There had been no chance for him to choose the life he wished to lead.

When his parents died the fathers had taken him, bringing him with them out into the frontier, and only now, after dull years of study and work, did he realize that there was another life, and that he was his own master. Father Benedicto had indeed been a father to him, and now he was beginning to totter when he stepped, and Adino sorrowed at leaving him. His good old voice, which had comforted and cheered so many, was now feeble, and his hair was white—so white that it seemed a halo around his head. What would he do when he found that Adino had gone? Would he turn against him and denounce him as a sinner? Adino had never heard him speak an unjust word, and he did not believe he would.

The coyotes howled from the near mountains, and Adino came to himself with a start. The wind had turned colder and he was chilled through, so, with only the moonlight to see by, he disrobed, lay down upon his narrow couch, and slept.

He waited patiently until the second night of the next week, and then he walked out to the chapel and ascended the narrow stairs to the belfry. He grasped the rope and pulled so vigorously that the old bell rang out its three notes louder than it had for many a day. Then he descended the stairs and walked quickly over to the main building and up to his own room. He snatched up his worn prayer book and hurried out to join the others on their way to service.

This would be the last time he would kneel in the mission chapel. He gazed all around, taking farewell of all the old familiar objects, but in his heart he was impatient to get out into the air.

Father Benedicto was in his regular place, and upon his face there rested a happy, contented look. Surely there was nothing to fear from him.

The prayers were finally over, and Adino, with mechanical movements, went back to his room and sat, again looking out of his window, until the big, old-fashioned clock down in the lower hallway struck eleven. He listened at his door. There was no sound except the heavy breathing of the priests who had left their doors open. He needed no light to gather up the few articles which belonged to him. He lingered for a moment at Father Benedicto's room, his head bowed, and then went on noiselessly down the stairs and to the heavy door. This was the only place where he was afraid of being heard. The bolt always creaked, and on this particular night it would be sure to awaken some light sleeper. He tried to push it back. It would not move. Then he grasped the door, thinking that if he pulled at this with one hand and pushed at the bolt with the other, it might move. And it did move. The great door swung noiselessly open, for it had not been locked.

He had no time to stop and wonder. His only thought was that perhaps some one had gone out before him, so he rushed to the edge of the high grass and pushed on through it to the opening around the cross. He hardly dared think Carmen would be waiting for him. It would be too good. But she was, and gave a low, happy little cry as she advanced to meet him.

'Oh, I'm so glad you're here,' she said, drawing a long, relieved breath. 'I've been so nervous that I'm faint.'

Adino took her cold hands between his.

'Carmen, dear, you're trembling,' he said gently, pulling her wrap more closely around her. 'We'll sit down here just a moment until you are rested.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'we have plenty of time. I brought the boat, and we can row to the next town and catch the train which comes through there shortly after midnight. And oh, Adino, Aunt Berta told me something so strange this afternoon. I know you'll be surprised. She said that when my mother was very young she paddled on this creek just as I do, and one day—I don't exactly understand how it was—some Indians waylaid her, and Father Benedicto—he was a young priest then—rescued her—and, Adino, what do you think? He fell in love with her and told her so. I expect maybe they would have run off just as we are doing, but she was so proud that, although she knew she loved him, she would not listen, and after a while she married my father. He was the handsomest and richest man in the town then, but mother, poor mother—she died, and then my father left me with Aunt Berta—'

There was a sound, and they both sprang to their feet. Adino put his arm around Carmen, and was just going to push her into the shadows when a third figure stepped feebly out beside them.

Carmen gave a smothered scream. The figure came closer, and then Father Benedicto—for it was he—put a hand upon the shoulder of each, and, looking first at one and then at the other, said:

'My children, may the peace and blessing of the Father rest upon your souls.'

He turned as slowly and as quietly as he came, and disappeared in the darkness before anyone could speak. He went back to the old, cheerless life which he had led from duty, and Adino and Carmen went forth, beyond the mountains and away from the seas, seeking a new life and taking his blessing with them.

CORINNE UDEGRAFF.

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AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

WHEN the maid left her to seek the person for whom she had inquired, she took a long, curious look around the plain, stiffly furnished room. The parlour it evidently was, and that the parlour of a boarding-house. She found herself wishing that she could rearrange the chairs, which were set around the walls as if for a funeral. Then she smiled to herself—half nervously, half humorously—as if she were someone else and there was something ludicrous in her present call.

The room was dark and cold, and she walked over to the fireplace and held out one small, daintily gloved hand toward the blaze. She was a dainty little person altogether; rather below the medium height, with a slender but perfect figure, and carrying her head haughtily, as if to make up in dignity what she lacked in stature. Her hair and eyes were a brilliant brown; the eyes proud and a trifle hard in their expression, though just now the red lips—a little too thin for beauty perhaps—are quivering with suppressed nervousness. Her dress is plain and simple, as is also the cloth cape she has loosened at the throat, thus revealing a pretty silken waist with faint touches of red in it. There is a suggestion of red at one side of the small, dark hat. The hand holding her muff has dropped to her side, but she raises it as though to shield her face from the fire when she hears the door open. A man came forward, part way to the fire, but as her face was in shadow he did not recognise her.

'A woman wished to speak with me,' he said with polite surprise; then, as she turned toward him, 'My God! Anne!'

The woman looked at him calmly, seeing almost at a glance that the clustering dark curls were tinged with gray, that there were deep lines around the firm mouth

was as hard as the expression in her eyes when she replied:

'I should not be here if it were not that I would do anything for Eleanor. She is your child too, you know; she has some claim on you still, even if you have given me up.'

'Then why not send Eleanor, since you are so loath to come? To be sure, I should not know her.' He spoke carelessly, indifferently.

'I think you would; as I said, Eleanor is very like you.'

'Ah, she is!'

The woman wondered whether it was merely an exclamation or a question. Suppose it were the latter? Well, she would answer it.

'Like you, Eleanor is tall and dark, with beautiful gray eyes; they are softer in expression—though she has also your disposition—and temper.'

'Ah, she has!'

This time it was only an exclamation, and as such she let it pass unanswered. At length he spoke again.

'How unpleasant for you that she did not inherit yours,' he said ironically.

The woman moved her muff uneasily.

'I am glad she did not. Still, it has been hard. It was bad enough to have been—but to have a—'

She stopped abruptly, and walked over to the window. He noticed that she moved quietly, without the usual accompaniment of silk rustle. He liked that; the silken rustle had always jarred upon him. As he stood looking at her, silhouetted against the gray light of the window, it took no great stretch of his imagination to fancy her young again. The day he asked her to marry him she had worn some such little hat. How well he remembered it! They had been out walking, and the crisp autumn winds had brought the bright colour to her cheeks, and the confession of his love to his lips, even before they had returned to the cosy little parlour of her home. What a fool he had made of himself! And the last time he had seen her—twelve years before—he had noticed the usual hat with its scarlet wing, though he saw it through a mist of heartbroken anger. Now she turned

'Why should she? I try not to give her a chance. But for her sake—'

'Yes?'

'For her sake I have come here. I do not wish, if anything should happen to me—if I should die—you must know that Eleanor is married.' She hesitated and then went on hurriedly. 'I wish you to know that Eleanor is married, and to know before, so that you can never blame me. I will give you the young man's name; and if there is anything you know or hear about him you do not approve—well, Eleanor is your child, too, you know.'

'This is very generous, Anne,' the man said gently. 'And you are willing to abide by my decision even if it be contrary to your wishes—yours and the girl's?'

'It is nothing,' said the woman, forcing herself to speak quietly. 'There was no one I could come to but you—but her father. A man has so much of a chance to find out things about other men, and a young man shows only the good side of his life to the girl he loves.'

'Was this the only reason for your coming, Anne? What did the note of pleading in his voice expect for an answer?'

'Certainly,' she said brusquely. 'You, as Eleanor's father, had to be told; and I could not send her.'

'No, I suppose not,' he said, ironically again. 'It would not be proper for a child to come to see her father; and in this case it would be especially embarrassing, as we might not recognise each other.'

The woman did not reply, but she drew her cape up around her shoulders, as though she were cold.

'I suppose you have given the girl a pretty lively impression of my character?' he continued.

The mother shivered slightly.

'I have not talked about you,' she said coldly.

'No? Well, what else could I expect?'

He did not look at her, so she did not feel it necessary to answer him. They stood in silence for some minutes. When a piece of coal dropped with a slight noise in the grate, they both started, and the man said abruptly:

'Have you had enough for your needs? I am richer now, you know.'

'I have heard of it,' she said. 'We have had enough, but—' She hesitated, and turned slowly, painfully red. He looked at her inquiringly, but his masculine mind failed to grasp the situation.

'Eleanor is going to be married,' she added lamely.

'Yes; you said so before.'

Then, for the first time during their interview, she smiled.

'But,' she said bravely, 'a hundred dollars a month will not provide a very elaborate trousseau; and Eleanor is your only daughter.'

The man smiled too.

'Ah! I see. A financial difficulty! Eleanor must have clothes.'

'Yes. The girl is fond of pretty things, and has not had many of them in her life. I would like to have them for her now.' She spoke impulsively, looking at him with frank, appealing eyes.

'Yes?' He looked slowly, thoughtfully, over the daintily clad figure before him. 'Do you wish me to give her the wherewithal for them?' he asked.

The girl's mother drew back.

'I have no wish in the matter,' she said, without a trace of her momentary impetuosity.

'Then why did you come to me?' he asked, almost angrily.

'Because I think it is your duty to provide for your daughter. I believe I told you I would do anything for Eleanor—even coming to you.'

There was a hint of petulance in her tones, and he looked at her intently for a moment before he asked:

'How would a thousand dollars do?'

'If you can spare it,' she paused, then added, 'it will please Eleanor.'

By the soft light in the woman's eyes he saw that she was pleased too; but he asked in pretended surprise:

'Would she be pleased with anything coming from me, a hated father?'

'She does not hate you,' the woman said gently. 'I have not talked to her about you at all in the past twelve years. She probably has a natural fondness for you deep down in her heart.'

'I hope so,' said the girl's father buskily, as he turned away half regretfully. 'Will you take a cheque for the thousand dollars?'

'Now?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Very well.'

'May I trouble you to wait here for it?' He moved toward the door.

'It will not trouble me.' The woman made her answer quietly, but she felt oddly oppressed, as if she had found something lacking in the interview, aside from its being painful. With his hand on the door knob, the man turned to say lightly:

'Of course I may expect an invitation to the wedding?'

The woman gave a little start, and dropped her muff. He came and handed it to her.

'You will come?' she asked.

'I should like to see her again; besides, a man generally likes to be present at his daughter's wedding. I am sorry—' he paused—'I am sorry she does not resemble you more.'

The woman raised her head, looking at him with a strange earnestness. Something compelled her to say:

'She does not resemble me at all. She loves this young man.'

The man came nearer her.

'Did you never love me, Anne?' he asked softly.

A shadow lingered across her face, and her voice trembled as she said:

'I never did. You know I married you for your position.'

'I know it,' he said bitterly. 'And because you did not love me, you had no patience with my faults. I have overcome some of them, Anne.'

'I was too ready to find fault, I am afraid,' she said.

'I have grown wiser, too, Albert.'

'Anne,' he said abruptly, fiercely—'Anne, despite it all, I love you—I have always loved you.' She leaned heavily against the table. 'I shall always love you.'



'A WOMAN WISHED TO SPEAK TO ME.'

and piercing gray eyes. After a moment she said, quietly:

'You are surprised to see me here. I did not send up a card. I was afraid, if you knew, you might not come down.'

He did not answer her; he gazed at her with a sort of dazed astonishment, while she looked out of the window. The blustering March afternoon was drawing to a close; the few straggling pedestrians seemed to move in the midst of a thin, gray mist. The woman turned her head slowly, and held her hand out to the fire again, saying:

'It is bitterly cold.'

'How beautiful you are still, Anne!' the man replied. 'Not a gray hair, and you are almost forty.'

The woman's eyes softened in their expression, but only for a moment. Still, she had enjoyed the compliment.

'I see you have grown gray, Albert,' she said calmly. 'Twelve years make changes in most people. Eleanor is nineteen now.'

'Eleanor!' repeated the man.

'Yes, Eleanor; my daughter and yours. Have you forgotten her? It is twelve years since you have seen her.' The woman spoke slowly, his evident confusion keeping her calm. 'Time does not stand still with children; and Eleanor has grown quite pretty. I think'—with a quick glance at him—'I think she resembles you.'

The man gave himself a little shake, and came nearer the fire. He seemed to shake off his astonishment at the same time, for he said with a cynical smile which came so easily that it must have been habitual.

'May I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?'

The woman's cheek flushed painfully, but her voice

her head a little, and he saw that her cheek was no longer rounded softly; it had grown thin. Yet she did not look faded to his eyes; he saw the reflection of her youth.

She walked back from the window, and stood leaning upon her muff on the table.

'Eleanor is going to be married,' she said, slowly.

'Yes?' he said, absently. He seemed not to be interested; he was thinking not of the girl, but of the girl's mother.

'He is a very nice young man, and will, I think, make her a good husband—as husbands go.'

'You were unfortunate in the choice of yours,' he suggested.

'I like the young man,' the woman continued, ignoring his remark. 'We have seen a good deal of him, and he has fancied Eleanor from the first. She—she loves him.'

'That last is, of course, necessary,' said the girl's father, with a light laugh.

'It is,' said the woman, firmly. 'My daughter would not marry without it. And I hope she may never suffer as I have suffered.' She spoke bitterly, and as if to herself. The man looked at her earnestly, and said more gently than before:

'Has your life been so hard, then?'

'A divorced woman does not lead a particularly pleasant life. You have been quite generous—she looked at him gratefully—but you could not make some things any better, you know. I don't wish to complain; I did not come for that. We agreed to it long ago, and it is better so; you have done your share, and I should not ask for more.'

She paused. The man raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

'Does Eleanor complain?' he asked.

Anne,' he continued more quietly, 'though we have been separated twelve years, and may live so to the end.'
 'You love me still?' she asked, looking at him with wide-open eyes. 'After all these years?'
 'Yes, Anne,' he replied bitterly. He was not looking at her now. 'You may think me a fool, but I do.'
 'After all I did?' she continued contritely. 'Listen'—as he looked at her in surprise—'I knew—after our divorce—I knew then that I loved you; I must have loved you all the time. My wretched pride kept me from telling you then; besides, I had Eleanor to live for, while you—you had nothing.' She stopped with a little catch like a sob in her voice.

'You loved me, Anne?' he asked, scarcely believing what he heard.

'I have loved you for twelve years, at least, she went on softly; 'and shall, I think, forever.'

He took her hand quickly, firmly.
 'Do you mean it, or are you trifling with me?' he demanded, almost fiercely. She looked up into his troubled face, and he saw something new and very tender in her moist eyes. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Presently she drew herself gently away from her husband.

'It is growing late. Eleanor will be expecting me,' she said.

'Had you not better have some tea before you go?' he asked.

She looked round the dreary parlour.
 'Wouldn't you rather,' she asked with a tender smile—'wouldn't you rather come home?'

When he put on his great-coat, and they stood equipped for the windy night, he said, looking down with a little laugh:

'I did not bring the cheque I promised you; I can pay Eleanor's bills so much better as they are sent in.'

LOUISA WASHINGTON.

KISSING.

A CORRESPONDENT who describes himself as 'a man of mature years, but of limited social experience,' wants to know 'if there is any trustworthy record as to the origin and practice of kissing. I have been told,' he says, 'that every tribe of people that have been found anywhere in the world are addicted to the practice. I should like to know if that is so, and also who were the first people to begin kissing.'

So far as our investigations show, the first kiss on record is the osculatory salute between Isaac and his son Jacob, mentioned in the 27th chapter of Genesis; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that Isaac had kissed the mother many times before he exchanged kisses with the son.

The ancient Hebrews seem to have reduced kissing to an exact science, and to have given it a nomenclature. We find from the Old Testament that they had the kiss of homage, of subjection, of reconciliation, of approbation, of welcome, of love, and joy, of sorrow, of peace, of idolatrous worship, of valediction, of gratitude and many others. We read also in the Scriptures of hypocritical kisses, like that bestowed by Joab on Amasa when about to slay him; and worst and foulest of all, of the traitorous salute by which Judas betrayed the Saviour.

The primitive Christians interchanged kisses before receiving the communion, as a token of religious fellowship. An attempt was made some years ago at a certain place of worship in New York to revive the practice, but owing to 'modern degeneracy,' or some other cause, the 'kissing church' was far from being a moral and religious success. Scandal's envenomed tongue soon began to wag against the brothers and sisters, and the experiment was given up.

It is not true that every tribe of people indulge in kissing. Some of the lower tribes do not seem to know anything about that 'token of affection' which is so dear to the more enlightened races. But among people who have risen a little above the savage state, it seems that kissing, as Dogberry says of reading and writing, 'comes by nature.'

As a sign of affection, kissing was unknown to the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Papuans, the Esquimaux, and other races. The Polynesians and the Malays always sit down when speaking to a superior. The inhabitants of Mallicollo, an island in the Pacific Ocean, show their admiration by hissing; the Esquimaux pull a person's nose as a compliment; a Chinaman puts on his hat where we take it off, and among the same curious people a coffin is considered as a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if he is in bad health.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S FRIEND.

MANY are the devices which have been tried by religious people of all sects in America to convert Colonel Ingersoll. Among those who are in the habit of sending tracts and letters to the Colonel is a near-sighted old lady who is in the habit of sending him each week the Bible lessons from her copy of a country paper.

In cutting out the Bible lessons to send him one week, she pasted the clippings on a sheet of note paper. Inadvertently she reversed one of the clippings, and when Colonel Ingersoll got his letter the Bible lesson read like this:—

'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii., 16.

'And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

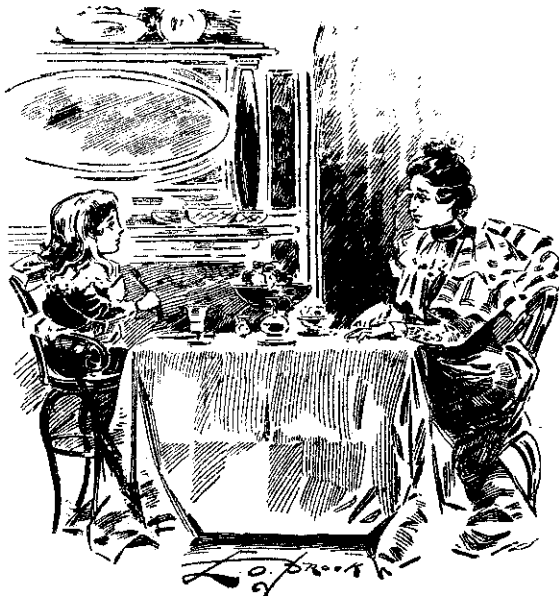
'Drink ———'s brand of Rock and Rye, warranted pure; only 50 cents a pint.'

Colonel Ingersoll wrote the old lady a strong letter of condemnation for attempting to convert him to drink. She was horrified to learn what she had done, and every letter she writes now—they still arrive each week—she apologizes for her mistake of reversing the Bible lesson copying and sending the rock and rye advertisement. She has stopped taking that country paper, because, she says, it led her into such 'grievous error.'



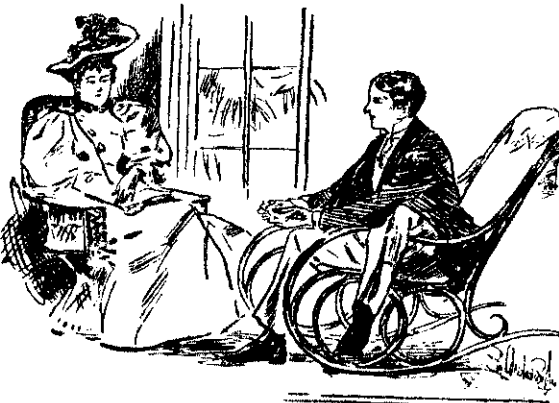
AT THE PANTOMIME.

DOLLY—'The idea of the creature exposing herself like that! I should be ashamed of myself.'



IMPROVING HIS MANNERS.

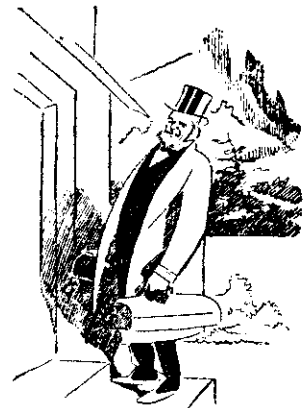
BOBBY: 'Auntie, pass me the butter.'
 AUNTIE: 'If what?'
 BOBBY: 'If you can reach it.'



Good-looking young girl—'Will you do something for me, Mr. B?'
 'With pleasure, my dear Miss A. What is it?'
 'Well, I wish you would propose to me so that I may crow over my cousin. I promise I won't accept you.'

FATHER IS WILLING TO PAY.

I'm just that glad o' gettin' home
 I don't know what to do.
 For I've been off a boardin' all
 The long, warm summer through.
 Uncomfortable swell tailor suits
 I've been obliged to wear,
 And patent leather p'inted shoes
 That almost made me swear.
 I've had fer eatin' little dabs
 Of poor digestin' stuff,
 Served up on doll sized dishes
 What would never hold enough.



I'M JUST THAT GLAD OF GETTIN' HOME.

My high priced 'airy' room was so
 Execructia'n hot
 That in the future I can't wish
 My host a warmer spot;
 And if I used relievin' words
 After we'd gone to bed,
 Why, mother'd say, 'Sh! sh! there's
 folks
 All round and overheard.'
 I went 'cause mother said we must
 Give our Estelle a show
 To see society and learn
 Its oddish ways—you know.



SERVED UP ON DOLL-SIZED PLATES.

Since Uncle Billy died and left
 His 'Frisco pile to me
 I'm jest the same old customer
 I allers used to be.
 But mother, lor! when she's rigged out
 In satin, lace and fur,
 She's most as like them high-up folks
 As chestnut barr to burr.
 She and Estelle have started now
 On one of Cookie's tours,
 To rush through noted cities, over
 Mountains, lakes and moors.

FOR THE BRIDE OF '96.

PROSPECTIVE brides with a vein of superstition in their make-up may be inclined to follow the advice given in the following lines:

Married in pink,
 Your fortune will sink;
 Married in blue,
 Your husband is true;
 Married in brown,
 You'll live in the town;
 Married in green,
 Your husband is mean;
 Married in red,
 You'll wish yourself dead;
 Married in white,
 You're sure to be right.

DETECTIVES' METHODS.

'WHAT are your first methods in dealing with any case of mysterious crime?' What are the agencies at your command?' asked an interviewer of a detective officer.

The officer thought a moment before he answered. Then he said: 'Methods differ with every special case. But, in a general way, this might be an answer to your question. Suppose a robbery occurs. When the first alarm reaches us we send up whoever happens to be present. He inspects the locality, interviews the people concerned, collects all the available clues, and reports to us. Then a selection is made from the force, according to the magnitude and the difficulty of the case. Much depends upon getting the right man or men detailed upon the case. Some men are good at one line, some at another. Some have a special aptitude for tracking a safe burglar, some are up to the ways of the petty thief; some are especially clever in catching forgers. Upon the character of the case depends the character of the detective detailed to work it up.'

'Well,' said the interviewer, 'take the case of an ordinary burglary. Suppose certain valuables have been taken, and that there are no apparent clues to the robbers.'

'Even that,' said the detective, 'is a rather vague and general description. Only a vague and general answer is possible. The detective must first try and determine whether it is an inside or an outside job. That is, he must bend his energies to finding out whether it was done by some one of the inmates—servants, members of the family, etc.—or with the assistance of some one of these, or whether it was done by a professional cracksmen on his own responsibility. He must be a shrewd judge of character; he must be ready to catch up and

follow with every bit of gossip and personal detail. Meanwhile, he must make a tour of the pawnshops to find out whether the goods have been pledged. If they have he must secure, if possible, a description of the person who pawned them, and follow up such clues as the criminal may have dropped. The most meagre description will probably direct the suspicions of an expert detective on the right person, if he is a professional, and an arrest may lead to the securing of incriminating evidence. Or our book of photographs of criminals may furnish a basis of recognition by the pawnbroker or other interested party. The searching of all places believed to be kept by 'fences' or receivers of stolen goods is also a necessity. But these are only the most obvious and necessary precautions. By the time they have been taken something will probably have developed which will bestow a special individuality on the case. Individual features in a case develop individual methods for meeting them.'

'Are there any methods in use which are unknown to the public?'

'Certainly, and it is necessary for the public welfare that they should remain unknown. If they were known to the public they would be known to the criminals. A large part of a detective's business must be carried on under the veil of secrecy.'

'MAN OVERBOARD!'

THE following realistic account of a man who had fallen overboard is interesting as showing the great difficulty there is in affording him assistance in such a case. The rescued man in this instance was the captain of a small fishing schooner, and this is how he relates his experiences—

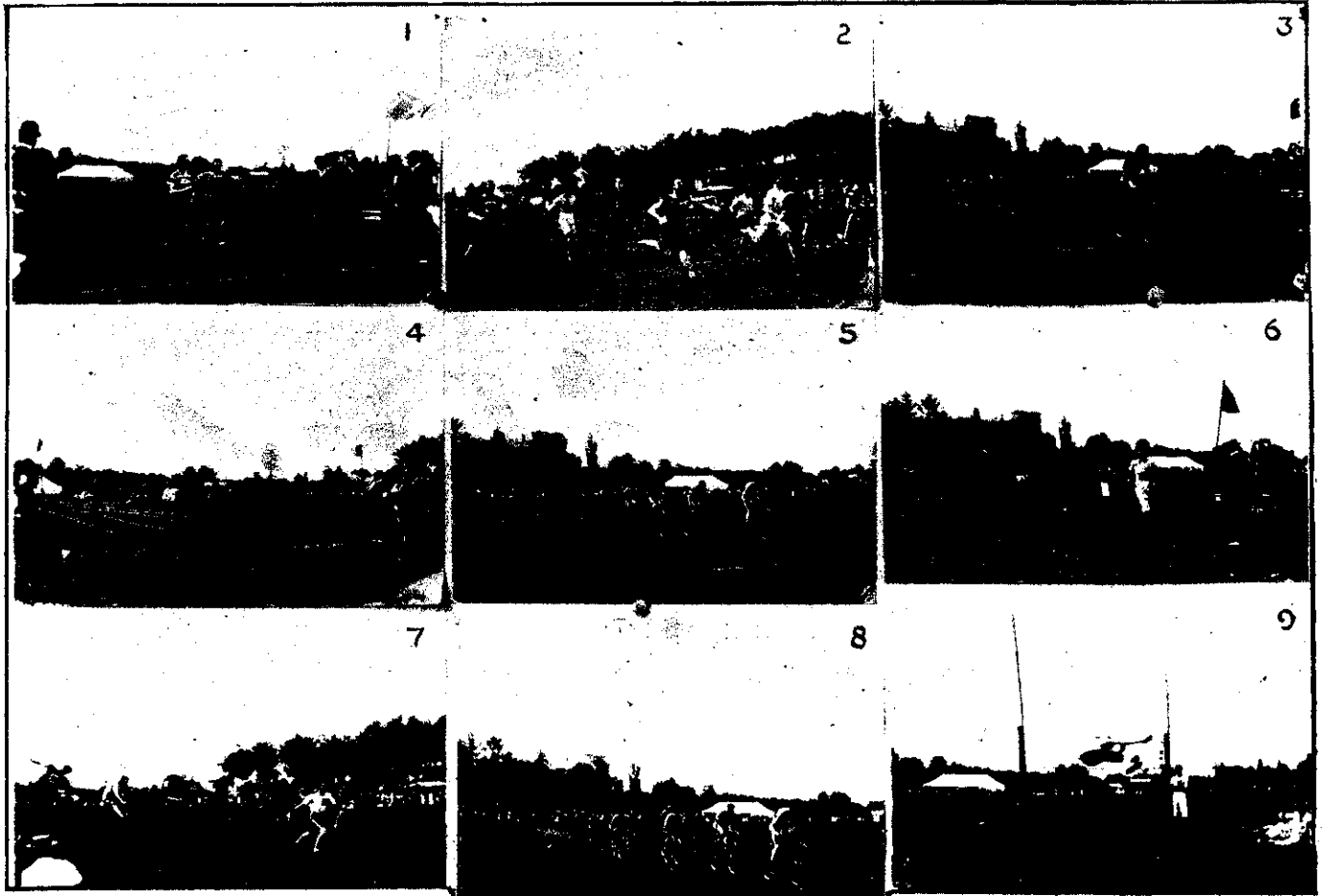
'When the crew had cast off the stops, I reached for

the downhaul to clear it as they hoisted. The wind just at that moment caught the canvas, and with a slam it came to the leeward, striking me in the back, and in an instant I was twenty feet away and overboard. I struck the water face down, but fortunately I was to the leeward, and as I came up I saw the craft broadside on drifting toward me. One of my men, named Marion, saw me disappear, and quick as a flash sent a coil of rope spinning after me. His aim was true, and as I came up the rope lay against my arms, and I grabbed it.

'I was soon alongside, but in the worst part of my scrape. The vessel was rolling fearfully, while the cross seas threw me around like a ball—one moment I would hang against her side and the next be far away. The reef tackle soon swung toward me, and I grabbed it; but I didn't find my new hold any improvement. I was thrown in all directions, but held on. I swallowed lots of water, and the wrenching I got was fast using me up.

'My men would have had hard work lifting me up with my wet clothes had the vessel been at the wharf, as I weigh more than 200 pounds, and, excited as they were, it was useless for them to try it there, I told them I couldn't hold on much longer, and to make fast a rope and launch a dory. After many unsuccessful attempts they managed to get a boat over the rail, but no one came in her. I knew I could not get in alone, and shouted for some one to come in her.

'They hauled the boat back as near as possible, and making a daring leap, two brothers, August and Manuel Louis, reached the dory, which the others rapidly let drift down to me. There was still danger of a capsizing, and having three men in the water instead of one, but the boys, after a struggle, got me in, and we were soon on the deck.



THE A.A. CLUB'S CARNIVAL.

THE Auckland Amateur Athletic and 'Cycle Club's thirty-third carnival came off in the Auckland Domain last Saturday. The weather was magnificent, and the attendance large. Great interest was manifested by the public in the various events, and in the case of the most keenly-contested races there was often immense enthusiasm. In the above snapshots our artist has been successful in obtaining some very good pictures with his camera. No. 1 represents the finish of the One Mile Walking Handicap, which was won by J. Carrigan. Rush came in a splendid second, being only a few inches behind the winner. Brady, the champion, was too heavily handicapped to overtake his opponents; as it was, he lowered his own mile record of 6min. 41secs. by 2-5secs. No 2

shows the final heat of the 120 yards handicap. No. 3 is a snapshot at the Half-Mile Bicycle Handicap. Picture 4 represents the contestants in the 100 Yards Club Championship approaching the tape, and No. 5 is a snapshot at the Two-Mile Bicycle Handicap just as the bell is ringing to tell the racers they have only one more lap to do. The finish of the Half-Mile Handicap is shown in No. 6. Bell, of Cambridge, was victor, being 20 yards in advance of the second man—Brown, of Te Awamutu. In No. 7 the camera has caught the men in the final of the 120 Yards Hurdles just as they are crossing the last obstacle and making for the tape. Rutherford was the winner. No. 8 is a snapshot at the 'cyclists in the Three-Mile race just as they are passing the post for the eighth time. The race was finally won by A. J. Pilkington. Nos. 9 and 10 are pictures of C. C. Laurie, who came first, in the high jump, clearing 5 feet 4 inches.

MINING NEWS.

THE past week has seen smart business in shares in companies either sold or under offer in England.

The most transactions have undoubtedly been in Talisman shares, and what looked very like a 'bear' failed, owing to ready buyers being found for the several thousand shares that were suddenly thrown on the market. The climax came on Friday, when at the evening call shares advanced from sales at 10s 4d to 11s 2d, with firm buyers left at 11s, a finish that no doubt surprised the steady sellers of the past few days. From the firm attitude shown by buyers it is safe to assume that the sale of this property in London is practically assured. Waitakauri shares have also met with steady demand during the week, and buyers now freely offer £4 12s, while holders ask £5. A short time ago these shares were 80s, and no one seemed in a hurry to buy. For Waihi-Silvertons there has been steady sale during the week at from 70s to 72s, and these shares are not now likely to sell at lower rates for the long-expected crushing should soon be commenced, though most of the mine managers are just now as eager for water as the average Prohibitionist, but for a different purpose. The reports from the various sections of the field point to a large amount of work being done which must ultimately result in important discoveries. The Pride of Tokatea mine at Coromandel continues to get regular hauls of specimens, and some samples sent to town this week were very rich, and had the effect of causing shares to advance a little. A most encouraging cable was also received from Liverpool pointing to the immediate floating of the property on that market on satisfactory terms; a deposit having been paid.

An offer was also received from London this week for the Victoria mine at the Thames, but the directors did not consider the terms sufficiently good, and at a meeting of shareholders held later on it was agreed to offer the property on a basis that would be better for local shareholders, not increase the number of shares too

much, and provide for the placing of £20,000 cash to the credit of the Company as a working capital. The shareholders have, I think, acted wisely in stipulating for the placing of the working capital to the credit of the Company, because then no matter what the condition of the London market is that money will be there to work with, whereas these large working capitals promised to be raised as required in the future may, in the event of a collapse in the London mining market, vanish into thin air. Just at present, however, the London market seems very firm, and, as the option for a number of properties now under offer at Home must be closed by about the middle of next month, there should be a good prospect of reliable ventures being successfully floated, though of course there is an almost certainty that some must be rejected.

The German expert has finished his flying visit to our goldfields, and it is to be hoped good results will follow, as he is an authority in London. News by cable this week was to the effect that Mr Ziman, the South African mining expert, was now on his way back again with several other experts in order to commence operations in this colony. So far Mr Ziman has confined his attention principally to Reefston, but it is now an open secret that upon his return the Auckland goldfields are to be the next scene of his negotiations.

The Favona-Brilliant property at Waihi, which adjoins the Waihi-Silverton and Grand Junction mines, is now evidently floated in London, as news was received by cable this week that shares were being allotted. Hazelbank shares have also advanced in a way that points to some buyers having a prophetic knowledge that this property will be successfully floated in London shortly. The returns from the various mines from mail to mail totalled close on £25,000 worth of gold, despite the fact that shortness of water was seriously felt by several companies and in the case of the Waihi in particular reduced the return this month by fully half. This monthly return may be fairly calculated to show a decided increase later on when the several large crushing plants now approaching completion are in full operation, and I think that the end of the year will show such

a decided advance in the gold export from Auckland that foreign speculation will be prepared to pay good prices for shares in really gold-producing companies. Already this demand is setting in, for large parcels of high-priced stocks have been sent to London during the past week or two, and this simply means having more cash at this end to be invested in cheap priced stocks now, that in a month or two must sell at much higher rates.

ANGLO CONTINENTAL SYNDICATE.

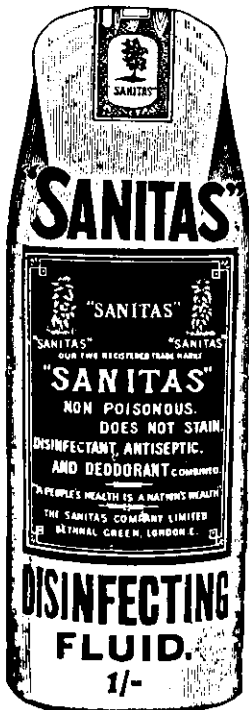
HERR WICHMANN'S OPERATIONS.

MESSRS GORDON AND PARK UNDER ENGAGEMENT.

That the outlook of our mining industry is very promising is further demonstrated by the action of Herr Wichmann, the Chairman of directors of the Anglo-Continental Gold-mining Syndicate, and also of the United New Zealand Exploitation Company. This gentleman, it will be remembered, arrived here a few weeks ago in company with Dr. C. Schmeisser and Dr. Vogelsang, the two German scientists who occupy the position of Royal Mining Commissioners in their own country. The visit of these last mentioned experts has been principally in connection with the West Australian gold measures, the German Government having sent them out to get information with a view to reporting on West Australia as a field for the investment of German capital. They spent about five months in that colony, and then decided to run and visit New Zealand goldfields. Dr. Schmeisser and Dr. Vogelsang, after spending a fortnight on our goldfields started on the return trip to Germany. Herr Wichmann, however, is still in Auckland, and has evidently not been idle, for he has secured the services of Mr H. A. Gordon and also of Mr Park, F.G.S. These appointments are significant, as showing that Herr Wichmann's syndicate mean business, otherwise the services of two of our head mining experts would not have been obtained, and as both these gentlemen are giving up lucrative Govern-

DISINFECT WITH

"Sanitas"



DISINFECTION WITH "SANITAS."

A searching investigation recently made by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S.E., F.C.S., the well-known Bacteriologist, has established the fact that very minute proportions of "Sanitas" Fluid, "Sanitas" Oil and "Sanitas" Emulsion suffice to quickly destroy the microbes of Cholera, Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Measles, Influenza, Puerperal Fever, Glanders, Yellow Fever, &c.

It has also been shown that the vapour of "Sanitas" Oil, as generated from the "Sanitas" Disinfecting Fumigator, has a most destructive action on the germs of disease, and that, consequently, its inhalation must be most beneficial in the treatment of Diphtheria, Phthisis, and all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat.

When used for fumigating sick rooms, Dr. Griffiths' experiments show that a short time serves to destroy all the germs that are present in the air.

His experiments also demonstrate that when "Sanitas" Fluid is sprayed about dwelling rooms, the microbes of disease are entirely and quickly destroyed, and that small quantities of "Sanitas" Emulsion equally well destroy the same germs when present in water. Of great importance is the further fact which is brought out by Dr. Griffiths' investigations, namely, that not only do "Sanitas" Disinfectants kill all disease germs, but they exhibit this great advantage over other preparations—namely, that they also destroy the poisonous substances which are produced by disease germs and to which they largely owe their fearful character.

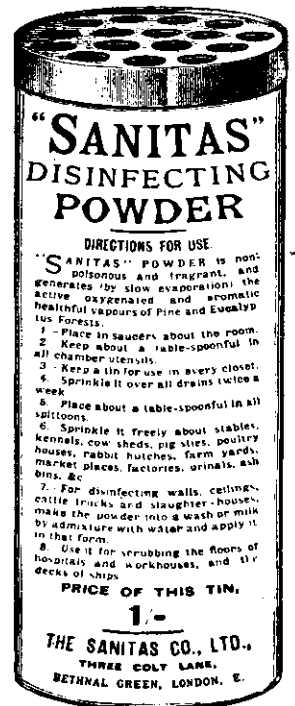
Dr. Griffiths concludes his Report with these words:—

"There is no doubt that 'Sanitas' Oil and 'Sanitas' Fluid are most powerful disinfectants; consequently, they should not only be used for disinfecting rooms, hospitals, barracks, prisons, &c., but also employed in the treatment of infectious diseases, such as cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, glanders, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, puerperal fever, &c."

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CAPTAIN TOM.

A NOVEL

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

CHAPTER VI. (Continued).

The girl suddenly starts and listens. "I hear voices—they come! An *error*, Monsieur Tom, and remember I may be near when least you expect it. You will see strange things. The good Father above protect you and save poor, unhappy France!"

She is gone as suddenly as she appeared; these words have been breathed into the ears of the American rather than spoken, and he is left there alone.

Not for long; already he has caught the sounds that frightened away his good angel and it is evident that the speakers approach, so he once more lies in his chair as though bereft of his senses, his head resting on his left shoulder.

They enter the room. A man's voice sounds among the others, and its full, rich tones arouse a warm feeling in the heart of the American.

It is Mickey McCray. The latter is a man of considerable education, and as smart as he is witty. He has looked up to Captain Tom as his saviour, and would lay down his life if need be for the American. Like his employer, Mickey is a rolling stone, a soldier of fortune, ready to float with the wind, but when once set in his way, impossible to move.

The manner of their meeting was singular, and may be briefly mentioned. Strange things occur in Paris every day, and none may wonder that an impulsive Irishman like Mickey McCray usually found himself in a scrape with each revolving twenty-four hours.

Months before, when the siege was only talked about as a mere possibility, Captain Tom found himself one of a crowd of thousands pressing around the Tour de St. Jacques in the Rue de Rivoli, and going upward. From mouth to mouth word went that a crazy man had gone to the top of the tower to leap off as the result of a foolish bet. The excitable French temperament showed itself, and there was as great a commotion in the neighbourhood as though the ghost of Bonaparte had appeared.

Then a man was seen on top of the tower. It was from this place history tells us the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots was given nearly three hundred years before. This figure advanced to the edge above and then seemed appalled at the sea of faces below. A thousand tongues shouted out to him, arms were waved to keep him from his mad purpose. Then several gendarmes made their appearance on the high tower of St. Jacques, and the madman was in custody.

Captain Tom, urged by curiosity, fought a way in to see the prisoner, as he suspected he was a foreigner, an Irishman, and when he heard Mickey McCray's story he was tempted to laugh, only that the poor fellow looked so downcast in the hands of the officers.

It was only a wager. A companion had made a bet that he could have two thousand persons gathered around the tower in the time it took Mickey to mount the stairs, giving five seconds to a step. He had circulated this startling report, and won the wager, but afraid of the fury of the crowd, he had fled, leaving the victim of his practical joke in the toils.

Captain Tom took to the Irishman on sight.

He recognized a kindred spirit, and following to the police headquarters had interceded for the now alarmed Mickey. By some secret power the American got him off with only a warning never to attempt such a last affair, for the authorities seemed determined to believe that his wager was really a make a jump from the Tour de St. Jacques, trusting to the good luck that hovers over fools and Irishmen to save his life.

From that hour Mickey McCray had been the devoted friend of the American. There is nothing under the sun he would not attempt if Captain Tom expressed a wish.

Why he is in the service of the fair Alsatian, the spy of Von Moltke, the reader can doubtless guess with little trouble. It has not been done without a deep purpose, and the American now seems in a fair way to reap the full benefit of his strategy.

Three persons enter the apartment. They are Linda, the Irishman, and a nun. As the German spy has so great an influence over the Lady Superior, the lay sisters and nuns are ready to obey her slightest request.

"You see," says the fair Alsatian, "it is as I told you. He appears to be dead, but in truth he only sleeps."

Mickey takes up one of the American's arms and lets it drop; it falls heavily.

"Beggonia, if I could gabber French like a parrot I'd be after giving ye my opinion of this business, ballack—murder," dancing like a dervish in a Constantinople mosque.

"What ails you?" demands Linda, saying the man suspiciously, as though she fears that he may have taken leave of his senses.

"Sure it's my belief a rat bit me toe, or else I stepped on a darned tack," roars McCray, all the while perfectly aware of the fact that it has been the foot of Captain Tom that has so suddenly descended upon his own with a grinding emphasis.

The effect is gained. Stopped in the middle of his tirade, Mickey does not again attempt to free his mind, and the disclo-

sure of his own relations with the American is for the time being at least rendered obscure.

The nun has not a word to say; perhaps she is under a vow of eternal silence, and though ready to hear and do whatever there is a position to order may command, she must never again allow her voice to be heard.

She is as large and strong as Mickey himself, and is apparently used to lifting burdens, which would explain why Linda has brought her to this place. At a word from the Alsatian, whose stay in Paris is limited to 24 hours, unless she wishes to die, these two raise up the seemingly senseless form of Captain Tom.

Linda leads the way, light in hand, her sombre garments causing her to look like some strange priestess. The lamp-light

falls upon her handsome face, and a close observer would notice the various emotions that play by turns there. Evidently she has deeper interests in this game than any one suspects.

Even as they wind their way along there comes a crash that makes the solid walls quiver, a shell has struck the convent, its tower of gray stone has been hurled down a wreck, but the voices from the cloister instead of ceasing in deadly fear appear to grow louder.

Linda Dubois smiles grimly. These shells cannot fall too often or work deadly destruction upon fair Paris too rapidly to suit her humour. She hates the city, hates all in it, but one, and he is now seemingly helpless and in her power.

Under the orders of the imperious woman, Mickey and the nun deposit their burden on the stones. Then they raise a large flag in the corner of the collar, which act reveals a flight of steep steps.

In going down Mickey carries the burden alone, and is not surprised to have a whipper waited in at his ear:

"Say little, but notice" everything. Above all, stand by to aid me."

He presses the arm of Captain Tom to prove that he understands, then with the help of the nun the American is carried along a corridor cut in the rocks, until Linda finally gives the word, and he is laid down.

Watching his chance, Captain Tom takes a glimpse above. What he sees is well calculated to make a less venturesome man shiver. The walls of the cavern are covered with thousands of skulls and bones from the arms and legs of human beings. An inscription is over all. He reads even with that one glance what many travellers have seen.—"Tombeaux de la Revolution."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CATACOMBS.

They have brought him to the Catacombs of Paris, in whose great caverns it is calculated the bones of some three million human beings have accumulated. At periods like the Revolution deaths occurred with such alarming frequency, a thousand or two a day, that even the churchyards were full, and some wise statesman conceived the idea of emptying them and removing the burial grounds outside the city. So the bones of the hundreds of thousands were collected and carried on funeral cars amid religious ceremonies to the great caverns which had once been stone quarries, but were henceforth to become the Parisian catacombs.

These underlie about a tenth of the city, and in some places houses have been known to sink into the caverns. At all times they are esteemed gloomy places, and have been the refuge of more than one desperate gang of thieves, whose ultimate destiny must be the galley at Toulon.

Captain Tom recognizes the place. He has been in the Tombs of the Revolution before. It does not surprise him very much to learn that the secret cabal of foreign spies have their rendezvous here; really, a more fitting place could hardly be selected.

There is one main entrance to the catacombs, with some 80 odd steps, but a score or two minor entrances afford ingress. At times these have, for various reasons, been closed up by the police authorities, and thus far during the siege the people have been kept out of the caverns.

Should the Prussian shells continue to fall as they have been doing this night in the Latin Quarter the distracted populace will demand that the catacombs be opened, in order that they may seek refuge there from the storm of iron hail rattling about them.

When they have deposited Captain Tom upon the cold rock they stand there listening.

Sounds from above are but faintly heard in this underground place—even the heavy discharges of cannon a few miles away seem to be but a vibration of the earth, very delicate.

They are out alone in this city of the dead. Another light flashes into view, persons advance towards them. Linda holds the lamp, and eagerly she makes signals.

They are returned. The fair Alsatian breathes a sigh of relief, and then, as if seized by a singular impulse, she bends down and looks in the face of the man lying there. Captain Tom's nerves are wrought up to a high pitch by the exciting events that have already occurred, and these impending, but he has proved himself a cool commander, and does not flinch under her close observation, even with the lamp held near his eyes.

Men advance, and the American hears the deep guttural German. It would be fatal to a person to speak it upon the boulevards or in the pensions and cafes chantants of Paris at this time, when everything German is hated so bitterly, because the guns of Von Moltke are knocking at the gates of the proud capital.

They come up, and although Captain Tom knows the risk he takes he cannot resist partly opening his eyes and peeping at

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them, these daring spies who have risked their lives in Paris in order to send word daily to their countrymen.

He has expected to see Germans, and the shock is therefore all the more severe. Not one of them would be taken for a Teuton upon the streets. They are apparently Frenchmen, but the manner in which the Northern tongue is spoken proclaims their true nationality.

Captain Tom sees much in that one look. The man upon whom his startled eyes fall first of all is a prominent officer connected with the defence of the city, one of Trochu's right hand men, and upon whom suspicion has never once fallen.

One of the others the American also recognises, while two are total strangers. He believes he would know them again, though.

Strange greetings pass between them. The nun has vanished, perhaps retiring through the dark corridors to the convent, her mission done. Mickey McCray stands there with a blank look upon his face. It is astonishing how foolish the Irishman can appear when he desires.

The men watch him suspiciously, but Linda sees all fears at rest by declaring that Mickey cannot speak or understand more than a word or two of the German language, so that his presence would not interfere with their consultation.

With that they launch forth, plans are discussed, comments made upon the defences and weak points in the French lines, and confidences exchanged concerning the positive end that now seems so near at hand.

Little do they suspect that a pair of ears are drinking in every word eagerly. Captain Tom has allowed himself to be brought here for this very purpose. He is French in heart, though an American by birth, and in this bitter war between Gaul and Teuton all his sympathies are with the race of Lafayette, his grandfather's personal friend.

What he hears may cause those four men to be shot some fine morning at the city gates, or under the French ports. The chasespots of the National Guard have sent more than one spy to his long account since the siege of Paris began.

Presently the talk becomes personal. The officer in authority demands to know how the American comes here, and what are his

relations with the government. His tone intimates that he would also like to understand what concern Linda has in his welfare.

She tells much of the story—at least they know that Captain Tom is a secret agent of the French.

This seems to be enough. Captain Tom hears a peculiar click-click. It sets his teeth on edge, knowing that this means the drawing back of a revolver's hammer.

'It is only a question of expediency,' says the confidant of Governor Trochu, for it is he who has drawn the weapon.

In a moment it will touch the ear of the American—a pressure of the finger and his doom is sealed. Still he moves not; his wit is simply astounding, since almost any man must have sprung into life at such a menacing peril.

Captain Tom is ready to take the risk. He banks upon a human emotion, and that is love. Nor has he made a mistake.

Mickey McCray has drawn a long breath, and is just on the point of hurling himself upon the general in his impulsive, Irish way, when his quick eye notes something. A small, white hand has clutched the weapon of the officer, and with the firmness of iron turned it aside.

'What would you do, madman?' asks Linda, looking into the man's face. He mutters an exclamation.

'Rid the world of a dangerous man—one who has given our people much trouble I am sure. Come, Linda, release my weapon. It is but the fate of a spy at any rate.'

'You forget, general, he is my prisoner, not yours. I choose to spare his life.'

'I believe you are in love with him,' cries the other, with some show of passion.

'You are at liberty to believe anything you like. This man saved my life. I shall not see him injured by you.'

Her manner is superb. Captain Tom never came so near being in love with her as he does at this moment, when she keeps the eager revolver of the traitor general from ending him.

'Do you know what I've a great notion to do?' rates the man, grinding his teeth.

'Let us hear, general.'

'To tear my hand away from your clasp and finish him where he lies.'

'You will not do it, general. I will tell you why. It is because you are a coward,

and you know that I would avenge such an act on the spot.'

He shivers under the look of this woman, for she has spoken words of truth. Although daring much in his capacity of a spy in the councils of the French leaders, he dares not arouse Linda Dubois to do her worst.

'Would you shoot me?' he asks, reproachfully.

'Try me and see.'

With that she casts his hand from her, and at the same time draws a small revolver from her bosom.

The man looks into her face, sees something there that tells him to beware, and puts away his own weapon.

'As a favour to you, *ma belle*, I spare the American's life, but if he lives let him beware how he crosses my path.'

Her lip curls in derision, for Linda has a very poor opinion of this man, by whose side she has worked in the interests of her king.

'Depend upon it, Captain Tom is able to take his part, as you will find to your cost if ever you run across him,' she replies.

'But why have you brought him here?' he continues, watching her suspiciously.

'I have my reasons. Listen, and I will tell you as much as I choose. In the first place I wished you all to recognise my zeal in behalf of our cause, for, although I will not allow you to murder this brave man in cold blood before my eyes, it is, nevertheless, my intention that he shall no longer be of service to the enemy.'

'By making him your husband, Linda, you might take him into camp,' suggests the general, with a sneer.

She ignores his presence, or at any rate pays no heed to his words.

'I have brought him here for another reason. If our plans hold good, in two days more the German engineers will have succeeded in reaching the catacombs in their underground operations; then, while the darkness of night hangs over all, whole brigades will pass through to appear with the rising sun in the centre of Paris, whose doom will then be sealed. For reasons of my own, I desire that this man, my prisoner, general, should be secreted in this tomb at that hour.'

'You do not say what your reasons are; perhaps I can guess them.'

'You are at liberty to do as you please,'

she replies, coldly. 'As for myself, I have been warned to leave Paris inside of twenty-four hours; when the gates shut to-morrow night at seven my fate is sealed if I am found.'

'And they know you to be a spy? This is singular forbearance. Ah, I see, you owe it to him.'

'That is why I save his life. I have some sense of gratitude if I am Linda Dubois.'

'What favour do you wish to ask of me?' 'You are quick to guess that I desire anything! Still it is true. Can you spare a couple of your men? Francois at least will no longer dare to show himself upon the streets.'

'I see you have heard of his narrow escape. He has become alarmed. The rope was very near him a few hours ago. Jacques also is a marked man. Both are at your service.'

'A thousand thanks. I wish to leave them with my man to watch over the American. They are faithful.'

'As true as the magnet to the pole,' declares the general, while to himself he adds, 'so far as my personal interests are concerned.'

'Then I accept your offer, general. Give them orders to obey me, while I speak to Mickey.'

The officer took his men aside; by accident they are close to the form upon the rock, so that Captain Tom hears every word that is spoken, and it may be set down as certain that he listens with the deepest attention, since the conversation so closely concerns his interests.

'Listen, Francois, Jacques. I will leave you to guard this American. See to it that by morning he is a dead man.'

'How shall it be done?' asks the fellow called Francois, who hates Captain Tom on his own account, since he has recognised in him the man who turned the fury of the populace from Myra upon himself in the streets of Paris.

He has hardly recovered as yet from that terrible peril, and will never forget his fright.

'It will be easily accomplished. Pretend that he is trying to escape, fall upon him, and give him the knife.'

'And if the Irish devil interferes—'

The general shrugs his shoulders:

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'Parbleu! there are two of you; what mors do you want?'
 The men nod grimly.
 'One word more, general—the pay?'
 'Twenty gold Napoleons to each if you succeed. Failure may mean your death, for I chance to know something about this man. He is a hard fighter when aroused,' giving the form of poor Captain Tom a touch with his boot.
 'Consider it done,' says Francois, 'and I only wish the time was at hand now.'
 'Patience, man. Revenge is all the sweeter for being delayed. Here comes the fair Linda. All is arranged,' he said to her; 'my men are transferred to your service. Order them as you will. As for myself, with Antoine I will accompany you to your hiding place, and there look over the latest maps. Then we can signal the news from the old quay. The police may see the rocket ascend, but when they rush to the scene the place will be deserted.'
 'That is satisfactory, general. I see you are determined we shall be friends for the benefit of the flag under which we fight,' taking out a minute German banner and kissing it.
 'We will forget everything save that we belong to the Fatherland, and are sworn to the service of our king, Wilhelm. I have something to show you, sent by Bismarck himself. Come.'
 She turns and gives Mickey one look.
 'Remember!'
 Then she moves away.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN TOM ON DECK.

WHEN Linda is gone the tomb seems to have lapsed back to its original darkness, for her presence has brightened it. The heaps of skulls, the cryptogram formed of human bones upon the walls, whose meaning few can decipher—those things stand out with hideous distinctness under the blaze of the lamp which has been fastened to a bracket in the wall.
 Captain Tom is satisfied. He has been amply repaid for what he has endured, and although his eyes have seen little, his ears have been open.
 In one thing he is disappointed: he has not yet been able to fathom the secret of Linda's aboiss and Myra. He remembers the latter exclaiming, 'I am blind!' and yet her eyes have at another time dazzled him with their brilliancy—strange eyes, indeed, they must be to change their nature at the will of their owner.
 This is a personal matter; it will do to ponder over at some future time, but just at present other things demand attention.
 His own situation is precarious, since his

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guards have received instructions to make away with him as soon as possible; but Captain Tom worries little on that account.
 Cautiously he opens his eyes and surveys the scene. The two guards are whispering together near the pile of skulls, while Mickey watches them suspiciously.
 The American moves his foot a trifle and taps the Irishman's toes. In an instant the latter bends over him.
 'They mean to murder me. Take care of one when the time comes, and leave the other to me,' whispers Tom.

Already the guards have seen Mickey's move. 'Get up there. We understand—you would go through his garments? That shall be our pleasure after'—and a suggestive nod completes the sentence, spoken in French.
 Mickey obeys orders without a word, but he is on his guard, and when these fiends of the tomb attempt to carry out their plan of murder they will be apt to believe they have run up against an Irish buzz saw.

The general's orders were explicit. He desires that as little delay as possible may occur, and hence it is expected that in a short time Francois and his companion will get to work.
 Inch by inch Captain Tom is pushing his arm down. The movement is so slow that it does not attract attention, but all the while it draws nearer his pocket where lies the faithful weapon which in more than one desperate encounter has never failed him.

Once he gets that in the firm grasp of his hand, and he dares defy double the number of foes that now confront him. All he asks is a fair show. A brave man needs no more to prove his courage.
 By this time Francois and his colleague have determined to earn the forty Napoleons without any further delay. They exchange a glance that means volumes.

Jacques places himself between the Irish man and Captain Tom, but as soon as Mickey sees that the decisive moment is at hand he jumps at the burly spy with the fury of a stag hound.
 It is a circus to watch Mickey fight. He uses every muscle in his body, and although he has an antagonist much larger than himself, his agility amazes the enemy, who finds it hard to understand whether Mickey means to stand upon his head or climb on his back.

At any rate, Jacques is wholly taken up here, and cannot offer any assistance should his companion require it.

On his part Francois has leaped toward the prostrate form of the American, and as he thus advances he gives vent to the cry: 'He recovers! he would escape! Death to the American spy!'
 Francois' alarm is all moonshine, of course, for as yet Captain Tom has not moved at all, but it serves the purpose of the man from Abasco, who desires to make it appear that he is about to leap upon a desperate enemy endeavouring to escape, and not a helpless man lying there senseless and still.

There is enough French blood in him to give the desire for dramatic show.
 When he utters his cry of alarm he is not a dozen feet from the prostrate American, and advancing at such a pace that the latter will have no more than sufficient time to sit up ere his enemy is upon him.

The man is in deadly earnest, for he has drawn a cruel-looking knife shaped much like a Malay crescent, and with this he doubtless intends to earn the Napoleons that are dancing before his eyes in such mad glee.
 At this critical instant from out the gloom beyond the range of the lamp-light a figure flashes. It crosses the intervening space with the speed of a spirit of the air.
 Francois sees and he recoils.
 'Myra!' falls from his lips.
 'Coward! poltroon! you are only brave enough to stab a helpless man. Stand back! you shall not lay a finger on him!'
 Captain Tom is sitting up now, but no one pays any heed to him.
 Francois glares at the girl, who, like a spirit of light, has intervened between himself and his intended prey.
 Once he has professed to love this girl, but subsequent events have caused him to change his mind, and he hates her most cordially. We have already seen how, in the blackness of his fury, he attempted to set the mob on her, under the pretence that she was what he really turned out to be—a German spy, and how a bomb from the Krupp gun at Chatillon was the only thing that saved him from the fury of the enraged populace.

Now he looks as though he could tear her to pieces. She stands between his vengeance and Captain Tom, as if her small figure could defend the American.
 'Out of the way, viper!' hisses the man.
 He brushes past her. She clings to his arm with loud cries of alarm.
 'Captain Tom, awaken! arouse yourself! The saints preserve you, or all is lost! Awaken!'
 Her voice resounds through that weird place where the bones of the victims of the Revolution lie.
 Francois, so enraged that he knows not and cares not what he does, gives his arm a

desperate swing. Unable to maintain her hold, Myra is thrown to the rocky floor.
 The brute has conquered the weak girl, but his triumph is short lived. One more step forward, flushed with his recent exertion, and he comes face to face with—a man.
 Captain Tom, as he sees Myra swung around so roughly and cast to the floor, feels every muscle and nerve in his whole

athletic frame swell with renewed animation, eager to avenge the injury.
 As though made of steel springs he bounds to his feet. To the astounded Francois he seems just eight feet in height. The coward shakes as though he has theague. It is one thing to slay Captain Tom in his sleep and quite another to meet him face to face with that black look upon his face.
 He walks directly up to Francois, his eye glaring in its intensity, boring into the other's very brain. True, the German spy holds a terrible weapon in his hand, but his arm must have forgotten its cunning—at any rate he does not make the slightest movement toward using the weapon upon his enemy.
 Captain Tom's bearing awes his craven soul; he acts like a man agonised.
 His master deliberately plucks the knife from that murderous hand, and tosses it over among the grinding skulls, where it falls with a ghastly clatter.
 In so doing the American has one glimpse of Myra rising to her feet and grasping a cobweb of a kerchief to her cheek. It is only a scratch, to be sure, but her precious blood has been shed by this microscop.

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Between the shakes the American athlete growls out words something like these: 'Strike a lady, you miserable whelp! Try to turn the Amazons of the faubourg upon her, will you? I would shake the last breath from your carcass unless that I have a better fate in store for you. Do you hear, you coward? I am going to hand you over to Trochu, who has longed to make an example of every known German spy in Paris. He will soon have you fit food for the fishes of the Seine. That shall be your doom, you insular of women, you valiant jackal, bold enough to put a knife in the back of a sloping man. Why don't you shriek a ood for mercy? Are your lips palsied, or do you scorn to ask a favour of me?'

He gives his victim one last shake, and then looks into the man's face, to discover that it is growing black under his terrible grip. This causes Captain Tom to remember that all of his power has been thrown into this effort, since the indignation aroused by the cowardly act of Francois has nerved his arm.

He tosses the wretched man aside as one might a cast-off glove, and then turns around, to discover that Myra has vanished again, while the Irishman is dancing a hornpipe or a jig near the body of his fallen foe.

Mickey has almost killed the fellow, but when his antagonist humbly deists, seeing the wretch helpless at his feet, the man has an opportunity to recover his breath.
 As he desires to make prisoners of them both, Captain Tom draws some stout cord from his pocket and fastens it around the neck of the man who has become sullen. It is possible that the treatment to which they were subjected had something to do with the matter. At any rate, they look ugly, as though realising what their doom will undoubtedly be.
 The American pities them not; they knew the rickie they were taking when they accepted the hazardous duty of serving as spies upon the movements of the Parisians, and now that fate has come upon them, the best they can do is to meet it with as much fortitude as they possess.
 Captain Tom does not care to remain longer in the dismal catacombs. If one of these prisoners can be influenced to confess everything in order to save his life, which is very likely, Governor Trochu and his generals are likely to hear some very interesting facts concerning the effort of the shrewd German engineers to bore under the hills a passage that shall connect their camp with the underground city of the dead.
 Even as it is though has been learned of the plan to defend it, although it has already become patent to the Americans that the doom of fair Paris is near at hand, since the anachronistic toils of the besieging armies have been so constructed that they are now able to throw shells into the city on one side of the Seine, and must speedily convert it into the most gigantic ruin of the century, unless the obstinate spirit of the half starved inhabitants is crushed, and a white flag sent out asking for terms from the Prussian field marshal or the king's son, Frederick.
 Mickey McCray, under orders from the other, speedily arranges the two prisoners. They are fastened together, for Francois has recovered now, with not one word to say. Then the Irishman drives them before him like a yoke of oxen.
 It suits his humour to amuse himself from time to time at the expense of the wretches, and even Captain Tom has to smile at some of the witty fellow's sallies.
 They leave the Tombeau de Revolution, and by a passage reach other similar

caverns where the bones of the victims are piled high, until one stands aghast at the multitude of relics, and comes to the conclusion that Paris has more dead to the square acre than any other city extant, not even excepting Rome.

In this way they gain the corner of the triangle; from this point their course changes, and in making for the main entrance they keep going farther away from the hills.

"Halt!" exclaims Captain Tom, and as the strange procession brings up he places his ear close against the wall of rock.

Strange sounds are borne to him—the pick-pick-sick of determined workers in the bowels of the earth. Have some of the old convicts who were once upon a time wont to labour in these quarries returned to the scene of their life work?

He knows that these sounds proceed from the German engineers, who have already bored a way under the city walls. In two days, he remembers, the plot must culminate, but it may be sooner; no time is to be lost.

They move on. At length the entrance is gained, which to them must be an exit: Here they find a strong guard, and questions are asked, but Captain Tom answers them all. The officer begs them to proceed to headquarters, and escorted by several soldiers they leave the darkness of the catacombs behind, and in the early dawn of that January day once more walk the streets of beleaguered Paris.

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE AFFAIR UNDER THE WALLS OF PARIS. GENERAL TROCHU, in command of the defence of Paris, can seldom be found at the house where he has made his headquarters during the earlier part of the siege, having of late betaken himself to the forts on Mont Valerien. Perhaps he has a deep reason for this. The story of repulse has become so old by this time that doubtless even the patience of a Parisian mob must be worn threadbare. Once the people of the faubourgs cheered Trochu whenever he appeared, for in their eyes he was the hero who was to teach the impudent vandals how not to take Paris. Now, months of this business, with scanty food that grows less day by day, and a consciousness that partiality is shown to the rich in the distribution—these things put the people into an ugly state of mind.

Paris is getting in its condition for the horrors of the Commune.

At any hour it may raise its hydra head, and the first object of its hatred will be the chief of the army.

Doubtless Trochu knows this, and being a wise as well as a brave man, he feels safer at this desperate period among his Franco-tireurs in the forts than upon the boulevards.

On this occasion, however, they are fortunate in finding the general at headquarters, where he has come to secure certain papers.

The great man looks wearied, but greets Captain Tom with warmth; he has great respect for the American who proves his friendship for France at the peril of his life.

An audience is granted, and the story, so far as it relates to matters in which General Trochu can have an interest, is soon told.

A fierce light shows upon the governor's face.

It is impossible to dislodge the determined enemy who has settled down around the gay capital, he can at least find some satisfaction in dealing him an occasional severe blow. A success once in a while will keep up the spirits of the people, and make them have confidence in him.

For months the daily talk has been of an army from the provinces that would come up in the rear of the German forces, give them a dreadful blow, and raise the siege, but since the bombardment began this hope has dwindled away to a mere nothing.

The general thanks Captain Tom in the extravagant style that is so natural to a Frenchman, and reveals enough of his hastily formed plans to give him an idea as to what he means to do.

Then the two culprits are taken to prison, from which they will come out later and see a file of soldiers accompanying them to the Bois de Boulogne, or somewhere outside the city gates—a few brief orders, a double roll of musketry, and Paris will be rid of two men who have long been secret foes.

Captain Tom seeks rest.

The bombardment about ceases with the coming of morning, but in the evening the iron spheres will again begin to fall upon the half of the beleaguered city nearer Châtillon, to be kept up with great regularity all night long.

At a certain hour Captain Tom awakes and refreshes himself with cold water, of which, thank Heaven, these greedy Germans have not yet been able to cut off the supply.

Then he proceeds to a restaurant near by, and partakes of a frugal meal. Few persons can afford to patronise such places now and many of the eating houses have closed, but along the Champs Elysees there are a

number that still keep open and make a brave show with a scanty larder and slender patronage.

When he has satisfied the inner man as thoroughly as can be done in a city which has been consuming itself for the last few months, Captain Tom hails a fiacre. Few of these are to be seen on the streets; the reason is very plain, since horses are in demand for food. Funerals, even of the

rich, are limited to one vehicle.

Thus he picks up Mickey McCray at a certain place, and together they seek the mouth of the catacombs.

All is quiet here, but ever and anon, a company of Franco-tireurs, or one, perhaps, belonging to the National Guard, passes down the step.

Having the pass-word, our two friends find no difficulty in entering, and when they reach a certain point witness the

preparations that have been made to repulse this shrewd game on the part of the Germans.

Trochu is not personally present, but he has his representative in a smart young officer. Soldiers are massed in waiting and eager to pounce upon the luckless engineers who have done such wonderful work.

The utmost silence is imposed. They can hear the throbbing blows that indicate the near approach of the enemy. At any time now it may be expected that the German engineers will break through the wall and enter the cavern.

An order passes along. All lights are put out, and the French soldiers wait like restless hounds held in the leash while the game is near.

It is not for long. The indomitable power of perseverance that has carried the Germans thus far in their tunnelling operations brings about the final act in the drama.

There is a sudden burst of light and a rattling sound, as of fragments of stone falling. Then low exclamations of delight in the deep voices of Germans are heard.

Not a man among the French soldiers



When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
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moves or makes a single sound. If they were formed of the solid rock they could not remain more silent.

Captain Tom watches the thin wall being battered down; he sees a dozen Germans in the glare of their lanterns; but these men do not as yet suspect their danger. Just back of them can be noticed a company of Uhlans, brought into this place for an emergency, as they are esteemed the most determined fighters among the host that surrounds Paris.

It is a strange spectacle, especially when one considers that this thing actually occurs at a point inside the walls of the French metropolis.

Captain Tom is close beside the officer who has been left in charge. He knows that the other is a dashing soldier, and has his orders, hence this silence does not surprise him.

Colonel Duprez awaits the moment when the German engineers have knocked away enough of the wall to widen the breach and allow the passage of several men at the same time.

When this has been done he gives the signal—it is one single word:

'Now!'

The Franco-tireurs, those tigers of the battle, who know not the meaning of the word fear, leap forward, as if shot from a cannon.

They spring through the opening; they are upon the astounded engineers before the stolid Germans can imagine what is the matter; some shots are fired, then the French soldiers rush down upon their inveterate foes, the Uhlans.

Now comes the tug of war. A volley stretches a number of the Franco-tireurs low, but over their bodies sweep others; on they rush, coming in contact with the Uhlans. There is a distinct concussion, fierce yells, shots, and all the awful sounds of a terrible battle.

How strange it seems, such a desperate engagement under ground, and in the catacombs at that, living men engaged in deadly work here in the tomb of millions.

The Uhlans fight like brave men, but one by one they are cut down. Their leader is a large, handsome man. Captain Tom believes he has seen him before somewhere, for surely his face is familiar.

When all seems hopeless this man is noticed to give some signal—perhaps a soldier is waiting back in the darkness to carry it on.

An instant later the Uhlans captain goes down with half a dozen Franco-tireurs at his throat. If these fierce fighters allow him to live it will only be because they respect bravery even in a hated enemy. These free fighters take few prisoners in battle, for with them it is death.

'Forward!' shrieks the little colonel, who fancies he has a chance ahead to achieve immortal renown.

If his men can rush along this tunnel, perhaps they may create consternation at Châtillon, providing it extends so far. Who knows but what it may be the turning point in the whole siege, and looking back men will speak with pride of the valiant Jules Duprez, colonel of the Franco-tireurs, who by a bold stroke brought consternation into the ranks of the foe, and drove the first nail into the German coffin.

He leads his men on through the rude tunnel which these unlucky German engineers have spent long weeks in boring. Lights are carried by many, others stumble along as best they can, but all are animated by the one mad desire to burst into the enemy's works and strike a blow that must create consternation, perhaps by spiking the great Krupp siege guns that nightly send their iron hail into the devoted city.

They make fine progress, and each soldier's heart burns with the desire to create havoc in the midst of the foe.

Without any warning the lights are all suddenly extinguished, and each man is thrown down by a strange concussion of air—a great wave seems to rush through the tunnel, accompanied by a frightful roaring sound. It is as if the earth were groaning.

Can it be one of those terrible convulsions of nature—an earthquake?

All is still, then the voice of the little colonel is heard in the loud command:

'Lights!'

Men pick themselves up, some more or less bruised by the fall; matches are produced, and one after another the lanterns, such as remain whole, are once more made illuminating agents.

The colonel has already guessed the truth, for his keen sense of smell detects burned powder in the tunnel.

'Comrades, we have lost the game; they have exploded a mine—our passage is blocked. Nevertheless, we will go on and ascertain the worst. Forward!'

It is just as he supposed—an explosion has taken place, and the tunnel rendered a ruin. Soon their passage is blocked by masses of rocks; the powder smoke almost stifles them. There is nothing for it but to turn back. They are terribly disappointed, but at any rate break even with their German foes—indeed, the advantage would appear to be on their side, since they have not only frustrated the crafty design of the

enemy, but taken prisoner the engineers and those of the Uhlans left alive.

Captain Tom is with them, desiring to witness and participate in the affair. He was thrown down with the rest, but has received no injury.

When he comes out of the catacombs he has an idea in his head, which he desires to put into practice. His first inquiry is for the Uhlans captain—is he dead or alive?

To his satisfaction, he learns that the brave man has not been killed. With other prisoners, he was at once dispatched to the prison known as La Roquette. Some ambulances had been in waiting, which bore the wounded to a hotel, now used as a hospital. As one was left over the captured Prussians, as far as possible, were stowed away in it and driven to prison.

Accompanied by the faithful Mickey McGray, he saunters along, noting here and there the damage already done by the bombardment. France has lost much of her gay humour of late; upon the faces of her citizens can be seen an ominous expression, as though they are worried over the outcome. From a matter of pride it has now grown to be a serious business, and many haggard faces attest this fact.

Crowds there are upon the streets, for your true Parisian is nothing if not in-judicious, and a herver a shell has done damage scores of people gather to point out each detail, secure mementoes, talk of the siege and air their opinions.

Some keep up bravely. Ladies are even seen walking along clad in their seal-cloaks, viewing the sights as calmly as though this were a gala day instead of Paris in her death-throes.

Sad scenes greet the eyes also, and Captain Tom inwardly groans when he notes how many small coffins are being carried in the direction of the cemetery, whither his feet lead him. It is hard on the children of Paris; deprived of milk and the nourishing food which their systems require, they are stricken down by hundreds.

Horses being so scarce, as a general thing the little coffins are carried by hand.

Captain Tom mounts the Boulevard de Charonne, and enters the cemetery, desiring to get a view from the summit of the hill Charonne, on whose slope the famous Pere la Chaise is laid out.

Reaching the mortuary chapel on the crown, he sweeps the scene with interest. Far away can be noticed the points where the Prussian batteries are posted; occasionally a wreath of smoke is seen, after a certain time comes the distant hollow boom. Perhaps Issy or Valerien will reply, but no general engagement is on.

A bell is tolling mournfully. Below a number of men are digging a long trench and at the other end therein coffins are being piled three deep, to be covered by the cold earth.

Snow lies around. It is the most dismal period of the year at ordinary times in Paris.

Fancy the darkness that has fallen upon the great city after months of sieges, with her lines gradually contracting, and her food supply reaching the starvation point.

The end is not far away, and ever gallant Frenchmen must realize that there can be but one result, and that further resistance against fate is folly.

Captain Tom borrows a telescope and scans the distant hills, looks down upon Belleville, where the poor inhabitants are daily put to great tribulations in order to keep from freezing, and have cut down every tree on the boulevard; then he calls Mickey, and the two walk down the hill to the exit that will bring them to the gloomy Prison of La Roquette, in front of which stands the terrible guillotine, soon to do its work at the hands of the Commune.

It seems appropriate that the condemned in La Roquette should look from their cells upon the slope of the cemetery; perhaps it has been more through design than accident that this building has been placed next the grave-yard. At any rate, it saves time—prison, guillotine, grave, in quick rotation. Captain Tom shrugs his shoulders as he passes the instrument of death and mourns the prison estate.

CHAPTER X.

THE PRISONER OF LA ROQUETTE.

The prison looms up before him, its cold walls grim and remorseless. Over the door might well be written, 'He who enters here leaves hope behind,' for many have passed in never to emerge until the day of their execution arrives.

It is now under military rule, as is nearly everything in poor Paris, even the bake-shop having a guard to see that the daily rations of so many ounces of black bread are doled out to the hungry people as their names are called.

Captain Tom salutes the guard and demands to see the officer in charge. Ordinarily the soldier might ignore such a request, but there is something about the American that impresses him. Besides, he mentions the name of General Trochu, the governor of the city.

He calls to a companion, who glances at Tom, and moves off. In a few minutes an officer makes his appearance, with whom the American enters into conversation.

A little note which he carries on his person, signed by the general, gives him the entire he desires, and the officer begs to know how he can serve the friend of Trochu.

'There were some Uhlans prisoners brought here a short time ago?' says Tom.

'We have received all sorts and conditions of men.'

'But these were captured in the catacombs under the walls of Paris. I myself had the good fortune to learn that German engineers had run a tunnel under the walls, meaning to turn the horde of vandals into the midst of the city; we surprised them, a number were slain, and some prisoners taken.'

'Oh, yes, I remember now. The thanks of all Paris are due you for your noble work. We might have been surprised and the city taken had their plan been carried out.'

'The Uhlans were brought here?' persists the Yankee soldier of fortune, paying little attention to the officer's suave flattery.

'That is so, monsieur.'

'The officer in charge was a large, fine-looking man—am I right?'

'His name is Captain Johann Straus. I had met him before.'

'Indeed?' Captain Tom believes he is in a way to pick up what information he desires before seeking the presence of the Prussian, with whom he has determined to have an interview.

'Captain Straus has been in La Roquette before—only last evening he was exchanged. Behold! with the coming of dawn he is once more a prisoner.'

'Brave men must be scarce in their ranks if they have to use one soldier so frequently. It is my desire to have a private interview with this Uhlans giant. Can I be accommodated?'

The officer twirls the piece of paper in his hand, and shrugs his padded shoulders. 'He twists each end of his waxed moustache and bows.'

'With this document we can refuse monsieur nothing in the line of reason. Be pleased to follow me.'

With that he leads the way along the corridor. Their boot-heels cause a peculiar clanking sound in that grim place, where all is so silent. Here and there sentries pace up and down, carrying each a chasse-pot at the shoulder. Every soldier salutes the officer in turn.

At length they pause before a cumbersome door.

'When monsieur is ready to come out, knock twice on the door. You hear, guard?'

The soldier salutes. The heavy door is thrown open. Captain Tom strides in, and from the click at his back he knows he is locked in the cell.

Coming from the glare of the sun upon the snow without, his eyes are at first unable to distinguish anything save the fact that the cell is of good size and lighted by a single small window, across which run iron bars.

Gradually his eyes grow accustomed to the semi-gloom, and he discovers the tall form of the prisoner standing there surveying him.

The Prussian looks like a caged tiger. He has been overcome and made a prisoner when he endeavoured to fight to the death. His appearance is that of a desperate man, who cares little what becomes of him.

Captain Tom, while he stands there, makes up his mind that something besides threats will be necessary in order to make this man talk if he takes a notion to remain silent.

'I beg your pardon,' he says, in excellent German, 'but the sunlight on the snow has almost blinded me. You will excuse my rudeness.'

The other shows surprise, and when he speaks it is in a deep, musical voice.

'You speak German; you are not a Frenchman, then?' is what he says.

'I am a countryman of brave General Phil Sheridan, who rides with your leaders to see war as it is conducted in Europe.'

'An American?'

'Yes. You are Captain Johann Straus?'

'Such is my name.'

'Recently exchanged?'

'Even that is so.'

'You must like La Roquette, to come back so soon, captain.'

The Uhlans giant laughs good-naturedly now.

'It is the fortune of war, that is all. At any rate it will only be for a short time.'

His meaning is significant. Paris is doomed, and when King William's army takes possession the doors of every dungeon that holds a Prussian or Bavarian prisoner must fly open as if by magic.

'You passed through the streets when captured here. I saw you, the people rushed to stare like so many spectators at a show; they marvelled at your size, for Frenchmen are not generally large. I heard many remarks made complimentary to your brave manner, and Captain Johann, I saw you turn red with anger, shake loose the hold upon your right arm, point your finger to a beautiful lady near by, and call out in German, denouncing her for proving a traitress to her country.'

The Uhlans giant is strangely affected; he presses his hand against his head, and his look is one that even a brave man might dislike to see upon the countenance of an adversary.

'That lady was Linda Dubois, a native of Alsace Lorraine, whose mother was a German. I am interested in her past. I have come here to exchange confidences with you, Johann Straus. I can tell you something that will, I believe, give you much joy, but I desire, in return, to have the veil lifted from certain mysteries, if you are able to do it.'

His earnest manner holds the attention of the giant who bends down to look in his face, an expression of puzzled wonder marking his own countenance.

'You love Linda Dubois?' says Tom, boldly.

The other nods his beaming head eagerly.

'I would die for her. I had y adored her. She has been the one bright star of my life. When I discovered her in Paris, and realised that she had deserted the country of her mother, my heart turned to fire. I cared not then how soon death found me out. You see my history, perhaps you have come here to mock me, but, by heavens, you shall not go hence to tell that traitress, who loves you, it may be, that Johann Straus writes because a noble woman broke his heart as I twist your accursed neck!'

He advances a step; his demeanour is terrible, and Captain Tom knows that in a personal encounter he would have his hands full to keep this mad giant from fulfilling his threat.

Still he does not snatch out his revolver; he has not come to that point when he dares not face a single unarmed man, no matter whether he be athlete or giant.

'Hear me, Captain Straus! If, when I am done speaking, you still have the desire to twist my neck, I'll give you an opportunity to do it, if you can. Meanwhile let us be men, and reason together. I see no cause why we should be mortal enemies, nay, rather our circumstances should make us friends.'

The giant calms down, though he still glowers upon Captain Tom.

'One thing,' he snarls, 'are you her lover?'

Captain Tom does not hint that Linda has become infatuated with him. It would throw the German in a paroxysm of rage, and utterly spoil any chance of sacking him quiescent. He can truthfully reply in the negative.

'I have known the Ma'mselle Linda for some time. We have been good friends; I respect her for her good qualities, nothing more. She is brave, and devoted to the cause she loves, as was her mother.'

'Bah! why, then, came she to Paris, where our enemies are? Those women who love the Fatherland are over the Rhine,' cries the prisoner.

'Listen, Herr Straus. That is the secret. Will you promise to answer any question I may ask, provided that I remove your suspicions?'

'I promise—if it does not concern the army.'

'It is a mere personal matter. You shall see. As to Linda Dubois, if you want to befriend her, I would tell her she was a traitress, he would laugh in your face. Hear me, madman! That beautiful girl loves her country's cause so well that for many weeks she has risked her life in Paris as a secret agent of Von Moltke.'

'A spy?' gasps Johann Straus, eagerly.

'That is the plain American of it. To my knowledge, she has sent many messages beyond the walls to the besiegers, and when it was no longer possible to write

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Sold by All Chemists. Beware of cheap imitations of every bottle. Condy & Mitchell, of London, England, are the sole makers. Insist on buying "CONDY'S FLUID."

Use "Condy's Fluid."

Linda has made signals with coloured fire. On a dark night red, white, and blue balls could rise from some lonely hill-side, soldiers rush either, but they would find nothing, for Linda or her agent had flown. Thus she has kept the enemy informed in one way or another as to how we poor devils inside the walls were getting on. I tell you all this, Johann Strauss, because you love her.

'And you, are you a German in heart?' asked the Uhlán, quickly.

'That cuts no figure in the game, mynher. I am, as I said, an American. I had influence with the governor, and he agreed to spare the life of this beautiful woman if she would leave Paris by the hour of seven to-night. I have given her this warning—if Linda Dubois is found inside the walls after the gates close there is no power under heaven that can save her from the common fate of a spy.'

The big Uhlán shivers at this—his heart has had new life given to it by the intelligence that the woman he loves has not been false to the country he fights for, and now this strange American, who seems to know so much and yet so little, coolly tells him that she must die unless she flies from Paris within a few hours.

'Can I do anything to save her?' he asks, thinking he reads a peculiar look upon the face of his visitor.

'Perhaps—I will carry a note to her from you, begging her to fly, on condition that you answer my questions.'

'I have already promised.'

He seizes the paper and pencil Captain Tom hands him, and sitting down, hurriedly writes for several minutes. Then he hands a note to the American.

'Read it if you like, monsieur.'

'It is none of my business. I shall endeavour to place this in her hands at once. Now, my good friend, pay attention.'

'I am ready.'

He waits the questions of the American with the same cool indifference that would probably characterise him should he be holding a point that was a coin of vantage in a military way, holding it with twenty men, and a thousand devils of Franc tireurs rushing up on all sides of the hill to annihilate them.

'You have known Linda a long time?'

'Since childhood.'

'And loved her, too?'

'Always. We roamed the woods together. I fought for her as a boy. I am ready to do it as a man. Heaven made us for each other, and the man who takes her from me—if I live, I will tear his heart out at her feet! Linda is mine!'

'I simply asked that to make sure that you knew her and her family well.'

'I think I can say no one knows them better.'

'Then you must be aware of the fact that there is a mystery connected with Linda Dubois?'

The big Uhlán is silent.

'Captain Tom knows he has struck the right nail on the head, and with quick, strong blows he proceeds to drive it home, after the vigorous manner that is a part of his nature.'

'Linda Dubois left her home before you went to the front—she was known to be in Berlin, to have apartments in a fine house on that famous street Unter den Linden, a little more than a stone's throw from the palace. There was much that was strange in her actions while there. She came and went at all hours, messengers brought her letters; in the light of present revelations we can understand that she was in communication with Bismarck, preparing to act as his spy in Paris, to feel the public pulse here and keep him posted.'

'But this is not all. Linda Dubois was at the same time engaged in another business, because it is connected with one I love.'

'Ah! you, too, love?' cries the Uhlán, as if delighted to discover this fact.

'Yes, and it is on this account I am here. I desire to know the secret of Linda's power over the young girl Myra.'

Johann Strauss shows signs of uneasiness.

'Is it Myra you love, monsieur? I am sorry to hear it. You have heard of the fatal opus true—so your love may prove fatal to that child.'

CHAPTER XL

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

CAPTAIN TOM hears these words with the utmost astonishment, and not a little consternation creeps into his heart.

'Are they prophetic? Can this Uhlán giant raise the veil of the future and see what is about to happen? It is absurd. Johann Strauss has the appearance of an ordinary man, and would never be taken for a seer.'

Perhaps he means something else; the American's face turns red, and then pale.

'You do not intimate, Herr Strauss, that I would injure that young girl? I have seen much of the world, and been concerned in many strange adventures, but, as Heaven is my witness, never yet have I—'

'Say no more, monsieur. I am not guilty of meaning such an evil thing. You

do not know—you cannot know—'

'Then suppose you tell me,' says Tom, coolly. 'You promised, and this has no bearing on the movements of the army, I am sure.'

'Captain Strauss seems puzzled.'

'I would like to, in order to save Myra, but I hardly know whether it would be proper. Still, you are a man of honour, I believe, and you will do what is right. Yes, I will speak.'

'Sensible man,' declares the other, stoutly.

He prepares to hear something strange, and yet what comes to him almost takes his breath away from its character.

'You can understand the feeling that has animated all Germany, in this war; the people are in it heart and soul—even the women. Societies have been organised for all manner of purposes, for the national feeling runs high, but the strangest of all, perhaps, was the one which Linda Dubois organised while at the house on Unter den Linden.'

'This secret band was composed of young women—unmarried women, anyway. They took upon themselves a binding vow never to marry any one but a German.'

'So earnest were they in this that a terrible punishment was to be visited upon the head of any one who was unfaithful enough to wed a man who belonged not to the Fatherland.'

'Now, you understand my meaning. If you will poor Myra's heart you wreck her life, for her fate is pitiable, whether you marry her or not. I warn you in time, I hope, monsieur.'

'Captain Tom almost gasps for breath; he has never dreamed of such a thing. What could he do to induce a young girl like Myra to enter into such a terrible league? What was the consequence of marrying a foreigner? Would death ensue?'

He had heard of such leagues among the socialists of Germany and the nihilists of Russia, but never believed that even in the heat of war times sensible women in Germany would bind themselves by such a vow. 'Are you sure of what you say—that Myra is a member of this society?' he asks, looking for a loophole.

'I am almost sure of it. Linda once showed me the list. She keeps it concealed in that house in Berlin. I believe it contained Myra's name. Myra has been true-hearted for Germany all the while; her cousin, Meta, and some of her friends, took sides with France. It was this fact that caused Linda to arrange this society. We Germans approve it, of all but the terrible penalty; but then we never believed that any true German fraulein would dream of taking a husband outside. Make your mind up that this is a terrible reality, and if you love blind Myra, see her no more.'

'Drowning man grasps at a straw, and so Captain Tom sees something to seize hold of in the last words of the German.'

'You say Myra is blind?' he asks, his eyes glued upon the other's face.

'Certainly, you know that?'

The American is doubly mystified. He remembers what the girl cried out on the street when the mob threatened, and yet Captain Tom is ready to swear that he has looked into as bright a pair of eyes as ever a girl played havoc with among the hearts of men. He knows not what to say, he feels as if his breath were taken away.

Can Johann Strauss help him? He does not fancy any man reading the actual pain in his heart, so he crushes the feeling, and tries to penetrate no deeper into the mystery.

Later on he calls himself a fool for not having questioned the Uhlán more closely when he had the opportunity.

He must give Myra up, but the thought causes him a pang. Who would dream that a man who had seen so much of the world as this soldier of fortune must finally fall in love with a little Alsatian girl, so that his heart receives a severe wrench when fortune snatches her away from him.

He pursues the subject a little further with respect to this singular band or society, and learns several interesting things that make him wish he could be in Berlin just then to ease his mind, and read that fatal list.

Then he says good-bye to Johann Strauss.

'We may meet again; who can tell the fortunes of war? I shall deliver your note, and endeavour to influence Linda.'

These are his last words. He shakes hands with the prisoner, and as his eyes take in the Uhlán giant's magnificent form, Captain Tom mentally figures on what chances he may have, if at some future time fate decrees that they two shall struggle for the mastery.

A double knock on the door brings the guard.

'Captain Tom leaves the cell in a more thoughtful mood than when he entered it; and his heart feels sore over what he has heard.'

Myra is lost to him then. He has seen many a beautiful flower in his day that only needed the stretching out of a hand to gather, but he refrained; now that he would

secure this little wild rose, it is plucked from his grasp.

He does not quite despair, for Captain Tom has more than once fought with fate, and beaten his adversary in the game. The future may develop some gleam of hope.

Mickey McKay is found waiting in the corridor, and silently follows the captain. He is an anomaly of an Irishman, for he knows when to keep his mouth shut.

Try as he will, Tom cannot keep his thoughts of the subject that is uppermost in his mind.

'I could swear that her eyes were the brightest I ever saw, and yet, when she looked up at me in the street—my God! she was blind! What can I think—see there two Myras? If so, am I in love with Myra who can see or the one who is blind?'

Reflection only causes deeper perplexity, and at last, realising the hopeless condition in which his love affairs are entangled, he makes a violent effort, and for the time being dismisses the subject.

Other things demand his attention, for Captain Tom has become mixed up in several little affairs of moment in his earnestness to serve the French Government.

Calling Mickey to him he confides an errand to his care, and presently the faithful Irishman is cantering down the Champs Elysees.

Then the American calls to the owner of a hack near by; the man asks a fabulous sum for the use of his vehicle, as horses are scarce in a city where the people are living upon horseback. Making a bargain, Captain Tom is soon flying along in the direction of the Latin Quarter.

He is choiced several times on the road thither, as excellent individuals, noting his speed, fancy that he must be a Government messenger carrying important dispatches. The influential people are always looking for the 'grand movement' that never comes.

Ruin meets the eye here and there; really, those German gunners have got the range fairly well, and are doing much damage. A few weeks of this steady work will be apt to lay one half of Paris in ruin, and it is certain that these stolid Prussians will keep up this everlasting hammering, now that they have begun, until something gives way. Ah! the convent at last.

He seeks the entrance. The lay sister admits him, and again he awaits the coming of Linda in the same room where his strange adventure of the preceding night took place.

Captain Tom manages to seat himself in a darkened corner; the thick walls of the building, with its numerous angles, keep much light from entering through the peculiar windows.

Presently there is that flutter of a dress again, and some one enters. It is the lovely Alsatian. Linda looks around her in a manner that betrays some nervousness, for she cannot imagine who her visitor may be; perhaps the secret agents sent by the government to make an arrest, for they may have reported their reports.

Now she discovers the dark figure of a man; he advances toward her. The Alsatian is thrilled to hear him speak, her limbs almost give way beneath her weight.

'Ma'm'selle Linda, I greet you.'

She finds her voice, but it is only to gasp:

'Captain Tom!'

(To be Continued.)

TO THE DEAF.—A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address, H. CLIFTON, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England.—(Adv't.)

HOW 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.' As one time I went to the Infirmary at Shrewbury, 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 dyspepsia. 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 Pentrevel, 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 Heakin 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.

WHAT AN ADVERTISEMENT PRODUCED.

WHEN the present writer announced the arrival of a son and heir in the birth column of one of the dailies the other day, he had no notion that he possessed as many friends as he certainly does. Congratulations poured in from various well-known commercial houses, and these were accompanied in many cases by substantial presents. There were about a dozen different kinds of soap, nine samples of various infant foods, three bottles of beef extract, a powder puff and seven boxes of violet powder, four or five different bottles of night lights, eight babies' bottles, three elaborate works on how to bring up young children, specimens of linen and hannel for infant attire, and advertisements innumerable of everything that a baby could possibly need. Besides these there came proposals from a dozen insurance companies to insure the life of the baby and the whole family on especially advantageous terms, proposals from a Californian emigration society anxious to ship the baby and the rest of the family to the land of peaches and pumpkins at the lowest possible rates, leads from private gentlemen who wanted to lend any sum of money from £5 to £50,000 on no security whatever, together with advice, sympathy, and good wishes enough to last a family a hundred years.—London 'Evening News.'

Time to Go.—Widow: Do you know, Mr Caller, that you remind me very much of my late husband? Mr Caller (looking at watch): Why, it is late, isn't it? Excuse me. I really had no idea of the time.

'Johnny,' said the school teacher, 'what is the meaning of a compromise?' 'Well,' said Johnny, 'a compromise is what a boy tries to make when he has a pocket full of apples and a good deal bigger boy comes along and tells him that if he doesn't give up those apples he will get his face pushed in.'



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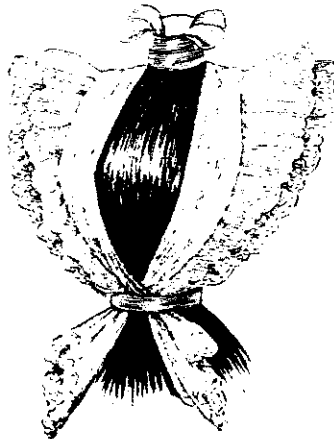


URR, pussy, purr. For we are beginning to think of soft furs, which are so cosy for you to cuddle on. But first to hats. The majority of these very fly-away *chapeaux*, well tilted over the brow and turned up boldly at the back, hardly suits the ordinary sweet English face, especially as for the most part our smart English girls dress their hair in the neat style adopted by the Princess of Wales, and not in the loose waved *bandeaux* affected by every second woman one meets in Paris. Something



PICTURESQUE.

more of the 'picture' character suits the 'Fair Daughters of Albion' much better. Here is a delightful shape in grey-blue felt, curved in a manner to exactly suit the features beneath. The only trimming on this very picturesque confection, which will be warmly welcomed



MARIE ANTOINETTE FIGEU.

on the first crisply cold days is a generous clump of black ostrich feathers, falling most gracefully about the crown, a couple standing up erect some way above the others. I cannot warrant the success of the latest toque

made of wired chenille in two colours, with a large bow of glace ribbon repeating the two shades.

My second sketch is a most useful *fichu* made of sprigged net or chiffon, edged with graduated flounces of lace or embroidered muslin. The two ends are made to cross at the waist under a ribbon belt. It is a charming addition to a velvet or satin dress, or over a dark material, giving it a summer look.

A feminine coat is no longer synonymous with hard, uncompromising lines and a perfect lack of the beautiful and picturesque, especially the jacket according to our sketch, which has been inspired at the great 'Trilby' source. The name of George du Manrier's sympathetic heroine being already famous throughout the literary and theatrical world, and 'Trilby' feet and 'Trilby' hands being the order of the day, it is but appropriate we should follow the current of the times and illustrate a smart little coat, built, though with decided and numerous improvements, on the same lines as the quaint garment in which 'La Grande Trilby' puts in her initial appearance. Here we have a delightful confection com-



JACQUETTE A LA TRILBY.

posed of habit cloth in a discreet shade of *gris-souris*, but cut so jauntily and so closely to the figure and treated with so charming a touch of *fin-de-siècle* femininity that this 'Jacquette à la Trilby' only carries out the prettiest features of the original affair. Having stated the material, we may proceed to mention that this cloth is lined throughout with buttercup surah silk, shot with pearl. The double row of buttons down the front are smoked ones in *naere*, while the flat epaulettes or 'Jockies,' are outlined with gold cord. Some more of this trimming, in a rather narrower quality, gives a trim military finish to the 'Musketeer' cuffs and cloth belt, two lines of the same garniture edging the stiff high collar quite soldierly in cut. This will be a little jacket welcomed *à bras ouverts* by those in quest of something new, something unique, and something that will make people remark, 'What a smartly-dressed girl.'

The wondrous gowns in 'Cheer Boys Cheer' at Drury Lane are attracting enormous attention. And no wonder, considering they were principally designed by Worth, though some were planned and executed in London. It is from the English capital that the magnificent evening gown worn by Miss Fanny Brough in the



COSTUMES WORN IN ACT IV. OF 'CHEER BOYS CHEER.'

fourth act emanates. I here give an illustration of this charming frock, carried out most effectively in pale mauve satin with bunches and trails of gigartie violet pousies fading off from this deep rich colour to a faint tone of heliotrope. At the back there is a Watteau train, while in front and round the hips is some exquisite white lace glittering with steel spangles. In the same scene Miss Calhoun scores marked success

with her black crepe gown built a *la princesse* and simply smothered in a shower of jet points. The actress's fine bust and shoulders are displayed to perfection above the band of jet passementerie and in contrast to bands on the arms. There is a pretty apology for a sleeve in the shape of triple frills of accordion-pleated net, a diamond buckle fastening them to the jet straps. Amongst the most admired of the gowns designed by the great sartorial artists of the Rue de la Paix, is Mrs Cecil Raleigh's last toilette in black satin richly embroidered with jet spangles. The corsage is quite unique, being half in the handsomely sequined Duchesse, and half in white net dotted with silver sequins. Some glossy sable-hued ostrich plumes, broad hoops of black satin ribbon, and a small quantity of costly cream lace, deftly introduced, complete a perfect triumph in black and white.

HELOISE.

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

RULES.

- No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.
- No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.
- No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

RECIPES.

TOMATOES STUFFED.—(1) Take as many tomatoes as there will be people to eat them; cut a round piece off the top of each, and with a small spoon remove all the pips, which put on one side. Then make a stuffing of shallots, mushrooms, and breadcrumbs, in the proportion of ten shallots and half a pound of mushrooms for every ten tomatoes; mince the shallots separately and very small, and toss them in a saucpan with some butter. When cooked, add the mushrooms, also cut up small, with parsley, salt, and pepper, and enough breadcrumbs to make a good thick paste. Strain the tomato pips, and, with the juice, moisten the stuffing, after which divide the latter into as many portions as there are tomatoes, inserting one into the hollow of each tomato. Then re-cover the vegetables with the round pieces cut off the top; place them in a dish large enough to contain all, near one another; pour over them two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, bake in the oven for half an hour, and serve. (2) Dip some tomatoes in hot water, peel them, cut them in half, and remove the pips. Rub a baking sheet with shallot, butter it well, and lay the tomatoes in it, filling each half with the following composition:—Two parts breadcrumbs, one part ham finely minced, and, according to taste, parsley and sweet herbs also finely minced, and pepper and salt. Put a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and bake them a quarter of an hour. Have ready some round pieces of buttered toast; on each of these put half a tomato and serve.

SALMON CUTLETS.—If fresh salmon is not procurable a good tinned quality does excellently. After having cleansed the cutlet of fish tie it into a nice shape, and wipe it quite dry, then fasten a buttered band of paper round it, and place it on a baking tin which has been previously well buttered, and pour a little sherry over the fish, and cook it in a moderately hot oven, remembering to baste it from time to time. A cutlet of salmon, weighing half a pound, will take about twelve minutes to cook. When cold remove the band of paper and garnish the cutlet with aspic jelly, which has been chopped and forced through a forcing bag with a rose pipe, and sprinkle a little lobster coral or coraline pepper over the chopped aspic. Mayonnaise sauce should be quite thick when properly made, and it is quite wrong to use hard boiled yolks of eggs to make it with, the raw yolk of one egg is sufficient to make half a pint of sauce.

VEGETABLE MARROW AS GINGER.—Take a marrow that is not too ripe; wash it, wipe it, and peel it; then cut it lengthwise down the centre, and remove all the seeds with a silver spoon; after this, cut it into zigzag, uneven pieces, as much as possible to resemble ginger, put these into a bowl or tureen, having first weighed them; make a syrup of Demerara sugar in the proportion of a pound to a pint of water, pour this boiling over the marrow, and leave till morning; then drain it off, and boil it over again, and pour it over it a second time; next morning drain through a colander (that syrup is no longer of any use), leaving the marrow to drain. Make a fresh syrup of loaf sugar; to every pound of marrow (½ lb of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, the rind of two lemons very thinly cut, 1½ oz of ginger, bruised (not too much, or the preserve will not be clear). Let all boil till the marrow is perfectly clear; when done, add the juice of the two lemons, having first strained it. Many add a glass or two of whiskey or brandy, which is decidedly an improvement.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 13 bottles. Made in London.—(Advt).

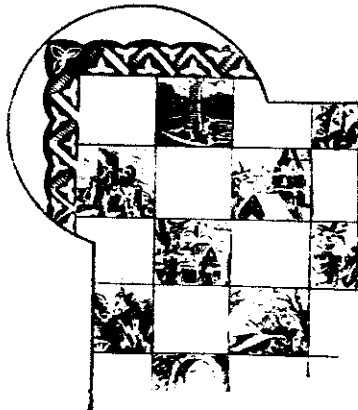
IN THE HOUSE.

FLOOR PASTE.—Adhesive floor paste should be boiled. A good article is composed of wheaten flour, one ounce; powdered tragacanth, half an ounce; powdered gub arabic, half an ounce; salicylic acid, 30 grains; oil of wintergreen, three drops; water, 12 ounces. Mix the powders and gradually add the water, then bring to the boil. Allow to simmer for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. When cold, add the oil.

SACHET POWDER.—Orris root powder, in shilling packets from a good perfumer, I have found to last longer than any other kinds. But white rose and sandal wood in paper sachets are strong and fragrant. The perfume comes out strong when the sachet has been kept in a drawer for some time. It must be sprinkled plentifully on the wadding of the sachet, or (if a small one) slipped in, in its cover, with the outer one of glazed paper taken off.

TO USE UP ONE'S SNAP SHOTS.

NEARLY everyone who travels about nowadays possesses a kodak, and very nice it is to take mementos of one's 'walks abroad,' but it is not so easy, when one gets home, to know what to do with them all. One may fill scrap-books for one's self, for one's friends, and for hospitals, but still the photographs increase. I saw a series very prettily utilised the other day, by a number of small landscapes being used alternately with squares of white paper, so as to form an ornamental chess table. They must be cut and fitted with extreme precision, and very thoroughly fixed at all the



A NOVEL CHESS TABLE.

corners by means of strong glue. When finished lay a clean sheet of paper over all and press evenly under a heavy weight; the table should then be varnished. Some kind of black and white border would be required to finish it off well, but there are various ways of adapting head-lines or cuttings from illustrated papers to this purpose, so that with a little ingenuity something really original may be evolved.

COMPLEXION HINTS.

SPOTS ON THE SKIN.

ANY one whose skin is covered with blackheads, pimples and red spots needs first of all to be treated by her doctor, and after this she can apply some of the simple external remedies. The giving the face a Russian bath by bathing it first in hot then in cold water, is a special treatment which I advise at night. For other times bathe the face in water that has the chill well taken off it, which means water that is tepid. A good soap should be used upon the face and then thoroughly washed off, or else the face will not be clean. Exposed as it is to dust and all the little particles of which the air is full, it really needs soap more than any other part of the body, and yet it seems to get less.

A PRETTY AND USEFUL DIVAN.

AN extra bed in a small house or flat is an almost indispensable article. A contrivance of mine for this purpose may prove of interest and help to some other house-keeper who has not the luxury of a spare chamber, and in whose home the parlour is the only available room for a chance guest.

I bought a good strong spring cot bed, the folding legs and frame of which were of ash and very firm. The headboard was adjustable and there were no raised side pieces and the springs were of woven wire. Removing the castors I sawed off about two and a half inches from each leg and refitted the castors as before. To the ends and on one side of this I tacked a straight strip of dark brown cloth, wide enough to reach to the floor, and on each end a strip the width of the cot and about three-quarters of a yard long, to pull up over the bed when made. Next, I put on the mattress and made it up as is usual with any bed; after that I drew up the extra end pieces, stretching them neatly over the bed, and to the front corners of these I fitted a narrow strip as wide as the thickness of the mattress and blankets together, sewing them in firmly. Now my divan was ready for a long Indian blanket which I laid over the whole, letting it fall half-way to the floor on the front side. A heavy,

bright-coloured rug is the best thing for this covering as it does not wrinkle when lounged upon, but a strip of felt or heavy flannel to match the valance would answer. Upon this finished divan I placed three square pillows covered with silk of harmonizing colours. This impromptu lounge afforded a most enticing and comfortable couch, and many are the compliments I have received for my pretty divan from strangers who never dreamed it held any other mission in life than that of furnishing a temporary lounging place. When, however, a friend came to pay me a short visit, the secret was disclosed, and at night, when the rest of the family had retired, the bright rug was folded away, the sheets were turned down as on any bed, the headboard was slipped into its place, two of the pillows were dressed in dainty white slips, and in a minute's time the couch was turned into as comfortable and inviting a bed as any guest need ask for.

MUSIC-STAND DRAPERIES.

SHRETT music in any quantity is liable to have a ragged effect, even if neatly piled. On this account a closed receptacle is convenient. Small stands similar to open bookcases, but shorter, deeper, and narrower, can be utilised. A shoe box may be made into a music stand by placing it in an upright position and putting in two shelves. The wood may be ebonized and ornamented with short brass posts screwed into each corner of the top. Across the front may be placed a rod and ring to support a curtain. If the top of the home-made stand is not smooth enough to bear inspection, a pretty cover may be added. A conspicuous feature of the music stand is the curtain made of art sheeting in a fawn-coloured shade. A band, a deeper shade of the same colour in Tudor velvet, crosses the upper part, being put on without any visible edge stitching. Across the lower part of the curtain is a line of music, which can be drawn by the aid of a ruler. Both the straight and the upright lines that divide the bars are worked in outline stitch with black silk, the note stems with little dots for the heads. Above this line is a guitar worked in outline with brown silk. The strings are made with Japanese gold thread, worked solidly with light blue silk, or a real ribbon may be basted on and hemmed down upon each edge.

CHICKEN-POX.

CHICKEN-POX, or varicella, as is well known, in some respects resembles variola, or smallpox. A failure to discriminate between the two may subject the patient to the contaminating atmosphere of a smallpox hospital, or, on the other hand, endanger the health and lives of many of his neighbours. It is, in fact, solely for the purpose of deciding this important point that the physician is usually called to see cases of varicella.

So common are epidemics of chicken-pox—as a rule, one and sometimes two such epidemics occur each year—that it is rare for any one to reach adult life without having contracted it. Those who have never had it must enjoy some peculiar immunity, since it is probable that every adult has many times been exposed to its contagion.

In the city of Leipzig an epidemic of chicken-pox has been noted to occur regularly after the opening of the infant schools.

Notwithstanding the frequency of chicken-pox, and the usual mildness of its course, it should not be dismissed as of no importance. The child should be directed to stay in the house while the eruption lasts, and during the time in which there is fever he should remain in bed.

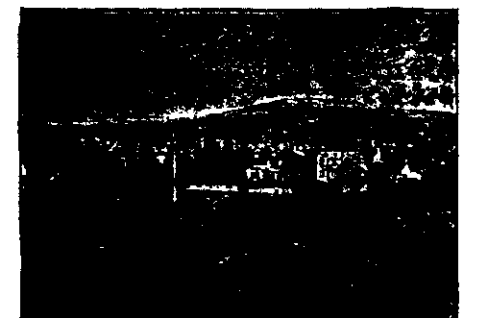
An eminent writer on the subject recently emphasized the fact that the disease may leave a tendency to enlargement of the lymphatic glands of the neck, which may then become the focus of tubercular infection. Cases of a severe type should subsequently be treated with appropriate tonics.

Pallor, which sometimes follows the disease, should receive a physician's care. The eruptions on the face should be looked after in a careful way in order that scars may not result.

After all cases an abundant supply of nourishing food and pure air should be provided, in order that no physical weakness may continue as a sequel to the disorder.

ASHBURN HALL, NEAR DUNEDIN.

For the care and treatment of persons mentally affected. The buildings are specially constructed in extensive grounds commanding a good view. There are general and private sitting-rooms, with separate Bedrooms for each inmate. This Establish-



ment provides specialised accommodation for those for whom the advantage of home comforts and association with small numbers are desired. A carriage kept for the use of inmates. A visiting Physician and a Chaplain.

THE GRAPHIC COUSINS' COT

A PHOTO. OF COUSIN PARRAU'S GIFT FOR THE HEAD OF THE COT.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

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

DEAR COUSINS.—I am just going up to the Hospital to see a poor little child who has been put into our cot. The Lady Superintendent tells me they fear the leg will have to be amputated. If this child is, as I believe, the one we want, we will keep it in our cot. I am going to take some flowers and the scrap-book up. The head-piece is not finished, the framer being very busy. Yesterday's holiday and I imagine the early closing to-day interfering with work. However, that can be sent up. I will see about this child and tell you all I learn next week. The courteous secretary of the Hospital Board desires me to heartily thank all the cousins for the cot, which is a most welcome addition to the children's ward. The Lady Superintendent has most kindly marked all the linen and blankets 'GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot.' Is not that kind of her? She also most kindly says she will take any cousin any afternoon to see the child. So please go.—COUSIN KATE.]

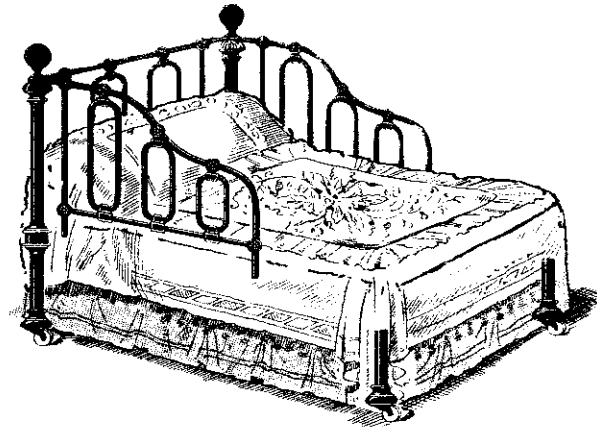
DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am very sorry not to have sent my collection before, but 'better late than never,' even if the amount is as small as mine is. Would you like to know where I spent my Christmas holidays? I spent them at Mr F. G. Brett's farm, Gore Grove, Normanby, where I enjoyed myself thoroughly. At the time I was staying there the hay was being cut and stacked, and I had such lots of rides on the sweep. Mr Brett's farm is not very far from Mr Baton's, so I went up to the latter place, and stayed there for a few days. Mrs Baton is very fond of gardening, and has a very lovely fruit and flower garden. While there I tasted raspberries for the first time in my life. Mr Brett has also a very nice fruit garden at his place. I went home on Saturday, after having spent eight most delightful days on two very beautiful farms. Next time I write to you I will tell you all about the picnic of St. Joseph's School, Hawera, which is to take place on the 17th of March. I believe they are going to Patea. His Grace Archbishop Redwood has been up in Hawera holding a mission. He has been here for a week. On Sunday, the 1st of March, the First Communion and Confirmation were held. A very large congregation assembled at both services. The Confirmation sermon was most impressive. At three o'clock on the same Sunday the new convent was opened by His Grace, assisted by the Rev. Father Mulvihill. Previous to the opening there was a large procession, in which I walked. First there was carried a large banner, and then the smaller boys and girls, followed by the bigger boys and girls belonging to St. Joseph's school. After these came the choir, who sang hymns while the procession walked. Some ladies and gentlemen came behind the choir, then the altar boys, who preceded His Grace and the Rev. Father Mulvihill. When the procession reached the foot of the new convent steps it stopped, while a passage was made for His Grace, the Rev. Father, and the altar boys. Then the convent was opened with the usual ceremony which attends matters like these. They then went into the convent. After some little time they returned, and came on to the verandah. Miss K. Whittaker went up and read an address to His Grace. When she had finished she knelt and received his blessing. Then he said a few appropriate words to the many people gathered in the grounds, and the affair was over. All the school girls in the procession were dressed in white, with wreaths of white flowers attached to white veils, which looked very pretty. The Rev. Mother from Wanganui came up for the occasion. Now, my dear Cousin Kate, I think I had better end my letter, so I will say good-bye.—With love from COUSIN ILMA.

P.S.—I have enclosed Post-office order for the amount of 7s 6d in this letter. Please excuse blots, as I am in a hurry.—ILMA.

[Many thanks for your nice interesting letter, and also for your collection, which you see helps to build up our fund again. I shall soon, I hope, have to withdraw £6 5s for the first quarter's payment for a child. Please tell us about your picnic. I am sure all the cousins will be interested in your letter this week. Did you have cream with your raspberries? When I was down South about

five years ago I had raspberries and cream, and I think them superior to strawberries. In England we used chiefly to eat the white ones, leaving the red for cooking.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am going to tell you all about my holidays. I left Auckland on Thursday, the 10th of December. Having some friends on board, I enjoyed the trip very much, but I was very sorry that they got off at New Plymouth. My father met me at Wellington on Saturday, 21st, and I stayed there till Monday evening. I got to Lyttelton the next morning early, and then by train to Christchurch (we go through a tunnel and it takes five minutes to go through it), and then we went straight to Sumner, where I stayed a week, then I went and stayed a fortnight at Christchurch, and then went back to Sumner and stayed a fortnight there again. Sumner is by the sea, so I was down on the beach nearly every day. On the beach there are donkeys, and you pay threepence for a ride. There are boat-swings and see-saws and a merry-go-round and you pay the same for a ride on one of these. There is also a big rock with a cave right through it, and a long jetty to walk up and down. Then I left there and went by train to Timaru. There was a beach there also. I have four cousins there, such nice children. One was only six, and her tongue is never still. I stayed there a month, and then came home. I enjoyed my holiday



A PHOTO. OF 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT IN AUCKLAND HOSPITAL.

very much. I hear you have got the cot. Is it true? if it is may I go and see it in the hospital? Now I must say good-bye to you and all the cousins.—From your loving COUSIN AGNES, Auckland.

[What a very pleasant time you seem to have had! Yes, we have actually bought the cot, as you will have seen by the GRAPHIC ere this. I should have liked to get all the cousins to help in choosing it, but of course that was impossible, so I thought the one who first suggested it had the best right to represent the cousins. Do you not think so? Yes, you may go and see it, but wait until I have been up and put the title over the top. It is at the framer's now, but when it comes back, I will take it up.—COUSIN KATE.]

MY DEAR COUSINS.—I am going to write and tell you of a very interesting event which occurred this week, namely, the buying of the Cousins' Cot, so it is now an accomplished fact. I received a very nice note from Cousin Kate, telling me that she had enough money to buy the cot and pay for six months' maintenance at the Hospital, and asking me if I would not like to go with her and buy it. Of course I was only too pleased to do so, and make Cousin Kate's acquaintance. So behold me at 2.30 on Wednesday last at Mr Garlick's in Queen-street. Cousin Kate soon arrived. After talking for a little, we proceeded to the important business of buying the cot, bedding, etc. I was not much assistance in that way, but Cousin Kate selected a nice iron cot painted brown, and I am sure when it has its nice head piece with its design 'GRAPHIC Cousins Cot' put on it, it will look quite swell. This drape was worked by a boy cousin. Now we want a child to put in it. After this business was satisfactorily settled, Cousin Kate brought me down to the Star office, where she showed me the whole process of printing the GRAPHIC, and especially drew my attention to the Children's Column. Cousin Kate then took me up to her room, where she writes and receives the cousins' letters. Shortly afterwards I bade her good-bye, thanking her for her pleasant afternoon, and she asked me to write

and give you an account of it. Now, dear cousins, I must say good-bye with love to you all and Cousin Kate.—FROM COUSIN MURIEL.

[Thank you for writing the description of our day's work for those cousins who could not go with us. Do you like the hot weather we are having, and did you have a holiday on St. Patrick's Day and go for a picnic? I wrote some cousins' letters quietly at home, whilst everyone round had gone, in various conveyances, to the Waitakeri Falls.—COUSIN KATE.]

'MY DOLLY.'

THERE's one thing about my dolly
That no other dolly's got;
What it is I'm going to tell you,
And you'll see it can't be bought—
Like the dress, the shoes, the stockings
And everything so neat
That go to make the *tout ensemble*
Of a dolly all complete.

Of course most dollies have bright hair,
But whose has hair like mine?
And all have eyes like heavenly gems,
But none like dolly's shine.

Her rosebud mouth so plump and sweet,
Whose can with it compare?
There isn't such another mouth
No, not anywhere.

Around that mouth, when dolly's laid
In bed and fast asleep,
The fairies love to sit and dance
And kiss those dimples deep,
And whisper in her tiny ears
Sweet fancies for her dreams,
So when my dolly opens her eyes

And smiles a smile no other doll
Can smile—I'll tell you why—
Because it is my dolly's smile
And lives within her eye.
But I know why my dolly smiles
With such a joy supreme;
The fairies made her fancy she
Was with me in her dream.

But this is what my dolly has
No other doll can keep;
It isn't dress or hair or eyes,
Or even dimples deep.
For many dollies have them, too,
And glory in them all;
But then you see, 'twixt you and me,
My heart is in my doll.

HENRY STANLEY.

PUZZLE COLUMN.

TRANSPOSITION.

I've found inscriptions on a —
Some curious — that do relate
How — lead water to the wheel,
To run the mill and grind the meal.
Such stories may be —, but true;
I'll — the time to read them through
And if they should not turn out well,
At — I'm not responsible.

The omitted words are all spelled with the same five letters, by transposing.—A FRIEND.

[I have put your riddle in, but rather protest against the third line.—COUSIN KATE.]

LEARNING TO WRITE.

ETHEL, according to her own schoolgirl phrasing, 'hated' to write compositions, and her dislike was about evenly divided between the burden of selecting her own subject and the embarrassment of having one chosen for her. In the first case, she never knew what to take, and in the last, the teacher, according to her prejudiced fancy, seemed bound to select the very topic about which she knew nothing, and in which she had no interest. Finally, on a miserable Saturday when her composition was, after much tribulation, finished, she freed her mind to Aunt Laura. 'Nothing to write about!' said auntie. 'Dear me, what a pity, in this big world full of interesting things!

I suppose you have such a dull time that nothing worth telling ever happens to you."

"Oh no, it isn't that," said Ethel. "Lots of things happen, but nothing important enough to write about. Why, our compositions have to be read before the whole school, and how the girls would laugh if I should get up and give an account of some of our larks!"

"Now I'll tell you what I'd do," said Aunt Laura; "I'd keep a note-book."

"Like Hawthorne's?"

"Well, I dare say it would be rather different from his, and so it ought to be. You must write in it the interesting things that happen to you, and put them down in your own way. Make up your mind not to show the book, and then you won't be tempted into affectation. Don't moralize, and don't indulge in reflections, if you can help it."

"Why, I shouldn't even know how to begin!"

"I'll show you. A dozen times a day you tell me things that interest me greatly. Think of that country walk you were so happy over last week. When you got home, you described the blue sky with its little tufts of woolly clouds, the bank where you found hepaticas; you told me exactly how you scraped away the dead leaves, and what a ridiculous time you had in trying to beg a string at the farmhouse."

"Then you repeated the story of the poor little girl you met on the way home, and said she remarked, as she took some of your luncheon, that she liked fruit cake better than sandwiches."

"But I couldn't put that in a composition!"

"Perhaps not, but the habit of writing will not only help you to gain fluency in the use of your pen, but it will teach you to observe."

"Besides, you will have in your note-book a stock of material to which you can turn when you have nothing to say."

"Remember, above all things, to put down only the exact truth—for nothing that is not the ring of reality is worth preserving—and not to indulge in general reflections that had become commonplace before you were born."

The book was bought, and Ethel, with a few relapses, kept it zealously. At the end of six months she declared that the plan was a 'splendid' one. Perhaps other young folks, forced to become writers against their will, might think so, too.

GILL NABBY AND THE WONDERFUL MARE.

(BY IDA PRESTON NICHOLS.)



ONCE upon a time when this country was young, in the days of magic and witchcraft, when all sorts of unusual things were really expected to happen, there is said to have lived in the woods bordering a little river not far away an old woman who had a very beautiful daughter.

The old woman was supposed to be a witch—a state of affairs, we are told, quite usual in those days.

This witch, then, lived far back in the deepest part of the forest with her daughter, and as she was seldom seen by the inhabitants of the village, no one exactly understood how it was she became possessed of the mare-with-a-bell-to-every-hair. But it was well known that those persons who slept lightly during the small hours of the night when the moon was in its last quarter, had often heard the tinkling of the bells above the chirruping of the crickets and the call of the more-pork.

In the mountains lived the charcoal-burners, dark, swarthy men with decidedly sooty exteriors. Many strange tales were told of these men, and of the wonderful power they possessed of picking up diamonds from the ashes under the charcoal—tales which we should consider somewhat exaggerated in these days of geological research; but, as I have told you, strange things were really expected to happen in those early times.

Now there was a young man living in the village named Gill Nabby, a stalwart, handsome young fellow, fond of fishing, hunting, and all sorts of manly sports.

He had heard from childhood of the reputed treasures of the charcoal-burners, how they dug silver and gold out of the mountains by night and hoarded it in vast caves, the walls of which were hung with jewels which gave light like the stars, and as he grew to manhood he determined to possess some of it if possible.

One day Gill Nabby was hunting in the deepest part of the forest, and chanced to see a maiden sitting upon the mossy bank of a spring.

The maiden was so beautiful and smiled so sweetly upon him that from that day he forgot all about the treasures of the mountains and thought only of her.

Unfortunately, Gill Nabby was poor, very poor; but the maiden, as he could see from her attire was rich. 'Possibly,' thought he, 'the daughter of the Governor.'

But, as they met very often by the spring in the days that followed, it happened that in course of time the maiden told him that her rank was no higher than his own: that she was the daughter of an old woman who lived far back in the deep forest, quite at the foot of the mountains.

"My mother," said she, "always has plenty of gold and silver, although we live in such a shabby little hut. She often goes up among the mountains on a wonderful horse which the charcoal-burners have given her, to do cooking and mending for these strange men, and always returns with a small bag of gold slung to her saddle-bow. Now I am tired of living so far in the dark gloomy forest. I would rather be out in the sunlight, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing, and since I love you quite well enough to be your wife, I will do all I can to help you get some of the treasures from the mountains, and then we will go away together to the Land of Sunshine and be happy."

Since this plan exactly corresponded with Gill Nabby's wishes, of course he was quick to agree to all that the beautiful maiden proposed. So he replied, heartily,

"Only tell me what to do, and I will defy all the mountains men if necessary."

"Well," returned the maiden, "it seems to be a very simple matter. You have only to catch the mare-with-

a-bell-to-every-hair and mount her, when she will rush away with you as swift as the wind to the caves where the treasures of the charcoal-burners lie. While there you must manage to get whatever you can, then mount the mare again, and whisper the direction which you wish to take in her left ear. I am sure of this, because I overheard the person who gave the mare to my mother tell exactly how to manage her."

"And now I have told you all that I know of the matter, and if you are not able to accomplish it I will have nothing more to do with you; but should you be successful, meet me at this spring as you come down from the mountain, and I will go away with you and become your wife."

Saying this the maiden left him, and Gill Nabby at once set his wits at work as to how he should gain possession of the wonderful mare.

As soon as it was night he crossed the river which came tumbling down between the mountains and ran through the forest, and after walking about a mile found himself close by the hut of the witch.

He listened, but hearing no sound, concluded that she must be sleeping soundly; so he went quietly around to the rude stable adjoining where the mare was kept. Stealing up beside her, he gently placed the bridle around her neck, and began to lead her out of the stable, thinking all the while that if the witch's daughter thought she had set him a difficult task she was greatly mistaken.

As Gill Nabby turned the mare around, one of the tiny bells with which she was covered broke off and fell to the floor with a soft tinkle. Hearing it fall, he groped around in the straw till he found it, and slipped it into his pocket, when all at once his courage rose still higher, and he began to whistle gayly in defiance of the witch.

But although everything seemed to go so smoothly at first, no sooner was the mare outside of the stable door than suddenly all the little bells, which had before been silent, began to ring with a will. The sound awoke the witch in a trice. She jumped up and ran to the door, and perceiving that someone was leading her mare away, ran up and whispered in her ear, "Return to the stable." Whereupon the mare turned back again in spite of all that Gill Nabby could do, for he had entirely forgotten to whisper anything to her.

Of course the old witch was in a towering rage, and, being by her witchcraft possessed of great strength, she threw a rope around Gill Nabby's waist, let him to the tallest oak tree in the forest, and proceeded to tie him up to it.

"I'll teach you to come stealing my mare," she exclaimed, angrily. "You shall stay here till the crows come and pick your bones." Then she went back to her hut and to bed.

Now Gill Nabby soon began to feel hungry, and as he felt in his pockets for a crust that might have been left over from his supper, his fingers accidentally touched the little bell which had dropped off the mare-with-a-bell-to-every-hair.

Instantly he felt his muscles increase in size, and as he took the tiny plaything from his pocket and held it in the palm of his hand, a wonderful strength seemed to pass up his arm and diffuse itself throughout his whole body, so that he soon found himself wondering why he should stand stupidly tied to a tree when he might as well go home and get his breakfast.

This he at once proceeded to do. On Gill Nabby went without once glancing behind him, and the tree, pulled up by its roots, came dangling and scraping after, hewing down other trees in its path, till a roadway was made through the forest wide enough for a general and his army to ride one hundred abreast.

This was all very well so long as he remained in the forest, but as he approached the open fields the reapers began to shout to him in the greatest alarm to stop and not ruin their corn fields. Whereupon Gill Nabby looked behind him, not having once thought of the tree in his eagerness to get home to his breakfast. But now, perceiving the mischief it was doing, he seized the rope with his hands and broke it off as easily as if it had been pack-thread, thus leaving the oak at the edge of the forest.

The next night Gill Nabby resolved to make another attempt.

When the old witch was fast asleep, as before, he stole softly around to the stable, and succeeded in getting the mare as far as the door, but, as on the preceding night, she had no sooner stepped over the threshold than all the little bells began ringing like mad, which again awoke the witch. This time her rage was even greater. Seizing Gill Nabby, whom she had supposed to be safely tied to the tree, she cried,

"Oho! so you are at it again, trying to steal my mare! And she took some stronger rope than before, and dragging him into the village, tied him up to the church steeple, saying, 'You may stay here till the crows come and pick your bones,' then went back to her bed in the hut."

Now it so happened that Gill Nabby had forgotten all about the little bell. In fact, he did not even know that it was a magic bell, or that it had given him his extraordinary strength of the night before; but as soon as the witch left him he began to search his pockets for a knife with which to cut the rope, and in doing this he accidentally touched the bell, when, as before, his muscles grew till it seemed that there could be no feat of strength too great for him to accomplish.

He could not find his knife, but just then perceiving faint streaks of dawn across the eastern sky, and feeling hungry, he said to himself: "What a goose I am to stand here so idly! It is morning; I must go home to my breakfast."

So he began to whistle, and started gayly off with his hands in his pockets, still unconsciously grasping the little bell. And so eager and impatient was he that he never noticed that the church steeple fell crashing to the ground and came bumping and ploughing along after him.

Very soon he met some people, who called out: "Stop, stop! Don't you see you are tearing down the whole village? What can induce you to be so destructive?"

But when Gill Nabby looked around and saw the

church steeple trailing along the ground behind him, he only laughed, and replied, good-naturedly: "Oh, never mind! I'll mend it in a moment, and pay for the damage it has done just as soon as I get some of the gold from the charcoal-burners' caves." Whereat everybody laughed at him for a boaster. But never heeding, he quietly lifted up the church steeple, placed it carefully in position again upon the steep roof of the church, and marched gayly homeward to his breakfast.

This time nobody laughed, but all stood staring after him in speechless astonishment.

Now when the witch heard that Gill Nabby was at large again, and when the news of his wonderful strength reached her ears, she exclaimed: "Surely he must have one of the magic bells from off my mare. Next time I catch him he won't get away so easily."

So when night came, and Gill Nabby went, as twice before, to the stable to lead out the mare-with-a-bell-to-every hair, she lay in wait, and caught him before he had time even to open the door.

"Now, my fine fellow," said she, "I think you will whistle a very different tune before I am through with you this time!" and thrusting her hand into his pocket, the witch drew out the little bell, and placed it in her own, so that now Gill Nabby was helpless indeed.

Then she dragged him to her hut, and producing a canvas bag, very large and very stout, she pulled it over poor Gill Nabby's head and down around his feet, and then sewed up the bottom fast and tight. Next she threw the bag down upon the floor, and muttering direful threats, which Gill Nabby could only half understand, muffed as he was in the bag, she left the hut, and went out to a swamp near by to cut some of the stout willow whips which grew there in abundance.

"Now is my chance," cried Gill Nabby to himself as soon as the sound of the witch's footsteps died away in the distance. And he took out his knife, which was fortunately in his pocket this time, and making a slit in the bag with it, crawled out.

Then he looked around to see what he could find to fill the bag with, so that the old witch should not suspect that he had escaped. First he put in all of her dishes which he saw in the cupboard. Then he went out behind the hut, and found her turkeys and chickens and her little pig, which was fast asleep in its pen. There was exactly room enough in the bag for everything, and after it was quite full Gill Nabby carefully sewed up the opening, so that it looked the same as before. Just as it was ready he heard the witch coming back. He glided quickly in behind the open door, and peeped through the crack to see what would happen.

In her arms the old witch carried a bundle of whips so long and so stout that Gill Nabby trembled to think what he had escaped, and selecting one at a time she began to beat the bag with all her might. Immediately there was an uproar. The chickens began to squawk.

"Oh, you may squawk!" cried the witch. "I'll teach you not to come stealing my mare!"

The turkeys began to gobble.

"Oh, you may gobble, gobble. I'll teach you not to come stealing my mare!"

Then the pig began to squeal.

"Oho, then, I'll make you squeal if you will come stealing my mare!"

After a while the squawking, gobbling, and squealing were still, and the dishes began to break.

"Aha, now I'll break your bones!" cried the witch.

Now while all this noise and confusion was going on in the hut, Gill Nabby quietly stepped from behind the door and crept noiselessly out to the stable. In a trice he had bridled the mare and led her out. The old witch could not hear the bells this time, amid all the hubbub she was creating, so he had no difficulty in mounting and riding away as swift as the wind up the mountain.

When she became tired, and the whips were all used up, the witch thought she would open the bag. But when she did so, and found, instead of Gill Nabby, her chickens, her turkeys, and even her dear little pig dead and almost beyond recognition, and her dishes all broken into bits, her anger and chagrin know no bounds.

She rushed to the door, but was only in time to hear the last tinkle of the bells as the mare flew up the mountain side.

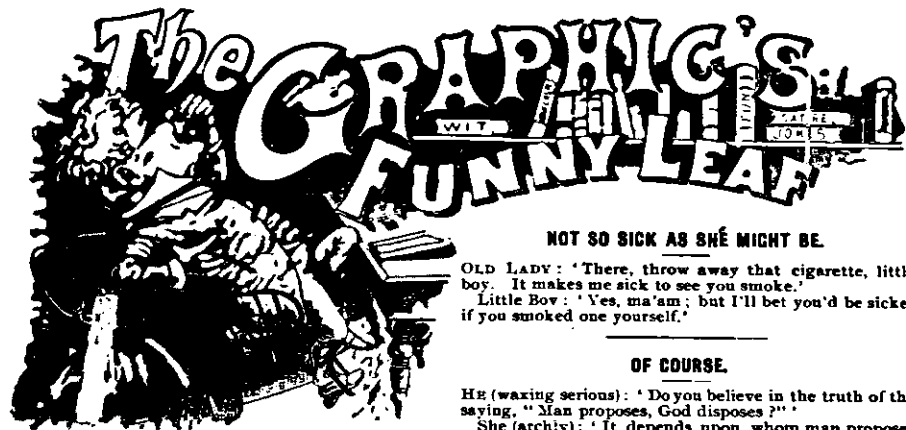
On, on rushed the mare, with Gill Nabby on her back till they finally arrived at the caves on the mountain. The charcoal burners were all out of work in the forest, so Gill Nabby looked around and found huge chests full of gold and silver and precious stones—more wealth than one could count in a lifetime. And since there was no one to hinder, he filled a bag with as much of it as he could lift, slung it across the back of the mare, and rode merrily down the mountain.

True to her promise, there sat the witch's daughter by the spring. She mounted behind him, and together they crossed the river, and rode triumphantly into the village.

Gill Nabby placed a part of the gold and silver into the hands of the village pastor, to be distributed among the poor; then he whispered softly into the ear of the mare-with-a-bell-to-every-hair, and she bore them swiftly and gayly out into the Land of Sunshine, where, I have no doubt, they are still living.

A greedy young fellow named Jake
Ate a pound and a half of fruit cake;
'Good gracious!' he said,
When he found he was dead,
'I wish I had eaten beefsteak.'

'ENOS' FRUIT SALT.—Rosina Cottage, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Mr. ENO, Dear Sir.—The effects in my case are astonishing, as I am constitutionally bilious and am now 52 years of age. My mother and youngest sister were never cured of sickness (biliousness seems hereditary), and I quite expected to suffer like them for the rest of my life. I am now taking my fourth bottle, and was joined in the others by some of my family, so that I have taken warmly three bottles. I feel I ought to make some acknowledgment, so trust you will excuse this. ELIZA FELLING. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.



IN 1900.

'You advertised for a coachman, sir?' said the applicant.
 'I did,' replied the merchant. 'Do you want the position?'
 'Yes, sir.'
 'Have you had any experience?'
 'I have been in business all my life.'
 'You are used to handling gasoline, then?'
 'Yes, sir.'
 'And you are posted on electricity?'
 'Thoroughly.'
 'Good. Of course you are a machinist also?'
 'Certainly.'
 'And I presume you have an engineer's license?'
 'Of course.'
 'Very well. You may go around to the barn and get the motorcycle ready. My wife wishes to do a little shopping.'

THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

LAURA: 'Er—George?'
 GEORGE: 'W—well, Laura?'
 LAURA: 'I—I think we understand each other, George, but—but is it my place or yours to put the question, and ought I to speak to your mother about it, or ought you to go and ask papa?'

ACREE TO DIFFER.

OLD GREYBEARD: 'It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage.'
 Mrs De Style: 'Isn't it a shame! How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look on a hat!'

A NOCTURNE OF THE NILE.

'Ah! my Tony, you will always love me, won't you, dearest?'
 Notwithstanding the fact that Cleopatra's taper fingers were held fast in his strong right hand, and her brick-bronze hair floated around him like a golden dream, a shadow of annoyance passed over Antony's face.
 'Yes,' he said at length, 'I shall always love you, unless—'
 She gazed up at him with a strange fear in her eyes.
 '—you become a victim of that hateful biking habit.'
 Reassured by her expressed belief that she was not built that way, he clasped her tightly in his arms, and through the long, dusky twilight they sat in happy silence, drinking in the lotus-laden breeze from the sleepy Nile.



EXCHANGES.

HE: 'Do you think that blondes have more admirers than brunettes?'
 SHE: 'I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have experience in both capacities?'

NOT SO SICK AS SHE MIGHT BE.

OLD LADY: 'There, throw away that cigarette, little boy. It makes me sick to see you smoke.'
 LITTLE BOY: 'Yes, ma'am; but I'll bet you'd be sicker if you smoked one yourself.'

OF COURSE.

HE (waxing serious): 'Do you believe in the truth of the saying, "Man proposes, God disposes?"'
 SHE (archly): 'It depends upon whom man proposes to.'

HIBERNIAN

HOGAN: 'Ye should have seen dther foight betchune Cassidy and Reagan!'
 HAGGERTY: 'Who got the worst of it?'
 HOGAN: 'The both av thim!'

RESTRAINED BY PRIDE.

MAGISTRATE: 'What's the charge against this man?'
 OFFICER: 'Beating his wife, Your Worship; but here's a statement from his wife that he didn't hurt her.'
 MAGISTRATE: 'Why isn't she here to testify in person?'
 OFFICER: 'She doesn't like to come into court with two black eyes and a broken nose, Your Honor.'



LANDLORD: 'Look here, Sykes, when I called at your house this morning for the rent that boy of yours was very impertinent; I hope you will punish him as he deserves.'
 SYKES: 'Yaas; I'll cut him off with a shilling.'

ON THE BALL.

THERE is nothing so stimulating or so barbarous, not even a bull fight, as a game of football as conducted nowadays. Here is a biographical notice of one of the fellows who just came out of one:—

He had a crutch, a single eye;
 His arm a bandage carried;
 Had half a nose, the marks of blows,
 As one by cyclone harried.
 They gathered round this hero grim
 With yells that jarred high heaven,
 While all who saw beheld with awe
 The star of their Eleven.



THE WAY NOT TO TELL FIBS.

'DID you tell your sister I'm waiting for her, Dolly?'
 'Yes, Mr Sophty; she told me to tell you she was out.'

FEMININE COURAGE.

'DEAR me,' said Mrs Wickwire, looking up from her paper, 'but women are getting brave nowadays.'
 'Brave?' echoed Mr Wickwire.
 'Yes. Here's a story about a woman who shot a mouse. Pahaw! I read it wrong. It was only a moose.'



A PRACTICAL DOCTOR.

WIFE: 'Well, doctor, how is my husband now?'
 DOCTOR: 'Very poorly indeed; he wants rest above all things. I have written out a prescription for an opiate.'
 WIFE: 'And when must I give him the medicine?'
 DOCTOR: 'Him? The opiate is for you, madam.'

VERY MUCH AT SEA.

EIGHT Irishmen were emigrating to America. For the first three days out they were very ill. On the morning of the fourth day, when in mid-Atlantic they appeared on deck, and all being in a fearful fright, they went up in a body on to the bridge where the captain was. The captain wanted to know what they wanted. One of them said, 'Shure, your honour, we are a deputation come to ask you to keep as near the side as you possibly can, for not a divil amongst us can swim.'

THE AGE OF NEW VANITIES.

'PRISONER at the bar,' demanded the judge, sternly, 'have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?'
 'No, indeed, your Honor,' replied the prisoner, bowing and smiling pleasantly, 'I've had a delightful trial, and the newspapers have very kindly given me seventeen columns more than any murderer has got this year. Don't let me detain you, judge?'

EXPERIENCE.

CUSTOMER: 'Waiter, bring me two boiled eggs.'
 WAITER: 'Beg pardon, sir, couldn't you have them poached? It has been found more satisfactory all round to open the eggs in the kitchen.'

A MATTER OF TASTE.

NEW missionary to the South Sea tribe: 'Surely you remember Mr Twaddles, who preached the gospel to you ten years ago?'
 Natives in chorus: 'Oh, yes! we remember him well. He was delicious.'

WICH-BRED HENS.

NEIGHBOUR: 'What beautiful hens you have, Mrs Stuckup.'
 Mrs Stuckup: 'Yes, they are all imported fowls.'
 Neighbour: 'You don't tell me so! I suppose they lay eggs every day?'
 Mrs Stuckup (proudly): 'They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.'



THE MODERN SHE: 'Don't stay up for me, George. I'm going for a night with the girls.'