

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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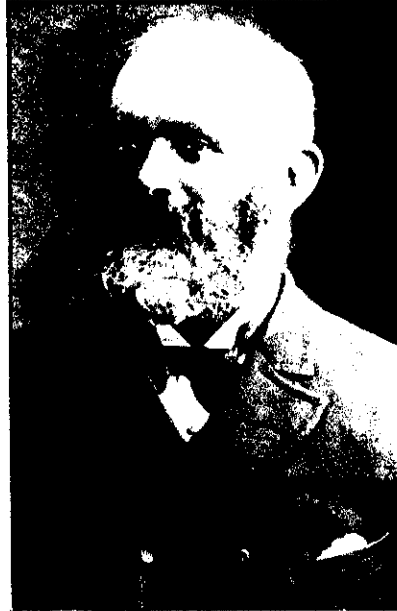
SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

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THE S.S. 'HINEMOA.'

THE Government steamer 'Hinemoa' is one of the most familiar of the boats in our coastal fleet. Owned and worked by the Government, she has been steadily doing her duty (and perhaps a little more) in and out and round about the coast of New Zealand and the adjacent islands for the last twenty years.

I have met those individuals who, with a toss of the head, tell you, 'Oh, yes, fine boat, you know; just kept for the Governor's pleasure, and when he doesn't require her—well, you see the Government people have a good time on her.' But the 'Hinemoa' is very far from a pleasure boat only. She has a great deal of useful work to perform in the course of the year, for the lighthouses of the colony are dependent on her for their supplies, and she is largely responsible for the state of the buoys and beacons in out of the way places not under the jurisdiction of a Harbour Board. As an instance of her multifarious duties, let us glance at some of her regular trips. First there is what is known as the Northern trip. Leaving Wellington, her first point of call is Portland Island, which lies at the Northern horn of Hawke's Bay, about half a mile from the Mahia peninsula. The lighthouse on the extreme south of the island is a tower 28 feet high, and shows a white revolving light. From Portland Island the 'Hinemoa's' course lies round the East Cape, and her next port of call is Tauranga Harbour. Having seen to the condition of things there, she makes for Cuvier Island, off Coromandel, where there is now a magnificent lighthouse. Leaving the island and entering the Hauraki Gulf, the well-known lighthouse of



CAPTAIN JOHN NEALE, S.S. 'HINEMOA.'

Tiri and the Beam rock are inspected, and after a short stay in Auckland the vessel resumes her patrol northward looking in at the Moko Hinou Islands on her way to Whangarei, and the lovely harbour of Whangaroa. Rounding the North Cape, the *ultima thule* of New Zealand, and visiting Cape Maria Van Diemen, where on a small islet is a lighthouse with a revolving white light visible at a distance of 24 miles, the voyage is resumed southward. Hokianga harbour and Kaipia harbour are entered in succession, and then Auckland's other harbour, Manukau, receives a visit of inspection. Further on, the two ports of call before reaching Wellington are New Plymouth and Cape Egmont. The northern trip is made three times a year.

The Southern trip, which is also made thrice in the twelve months, includes a visit to Godley Head, Akaroa, Moerski, Tairaro Head, Nugget Head, Waipapapa, Dog Island, and Centre Island in Foveaux Strait, and Puysegur Point. The needs of all the lighthouses at these places are attended to by the crew of the 'Hinemoa,' whose work besides, the supplying of provisions, etc., to the lighthouse men, consists in cleaning and repairing buoys, etc.

Between these long trips a local trip is made, the vessel visiting Somes Island in Wellington Harbour, Pencarrow Head, Cape Campbell, The Brothers, Tory Channel, Stephen Island, French Pass, Nelson and Farewell Spit Lighthouses. But the work of the 'Hinemoa' is not confined to our coast only. She occasionally ventures further on the deep, part of her duties being to visit the Kermadec Islands which lie in the midst of ocean solitude about 700 miles N.E. of Auckland. The Kermadecs are

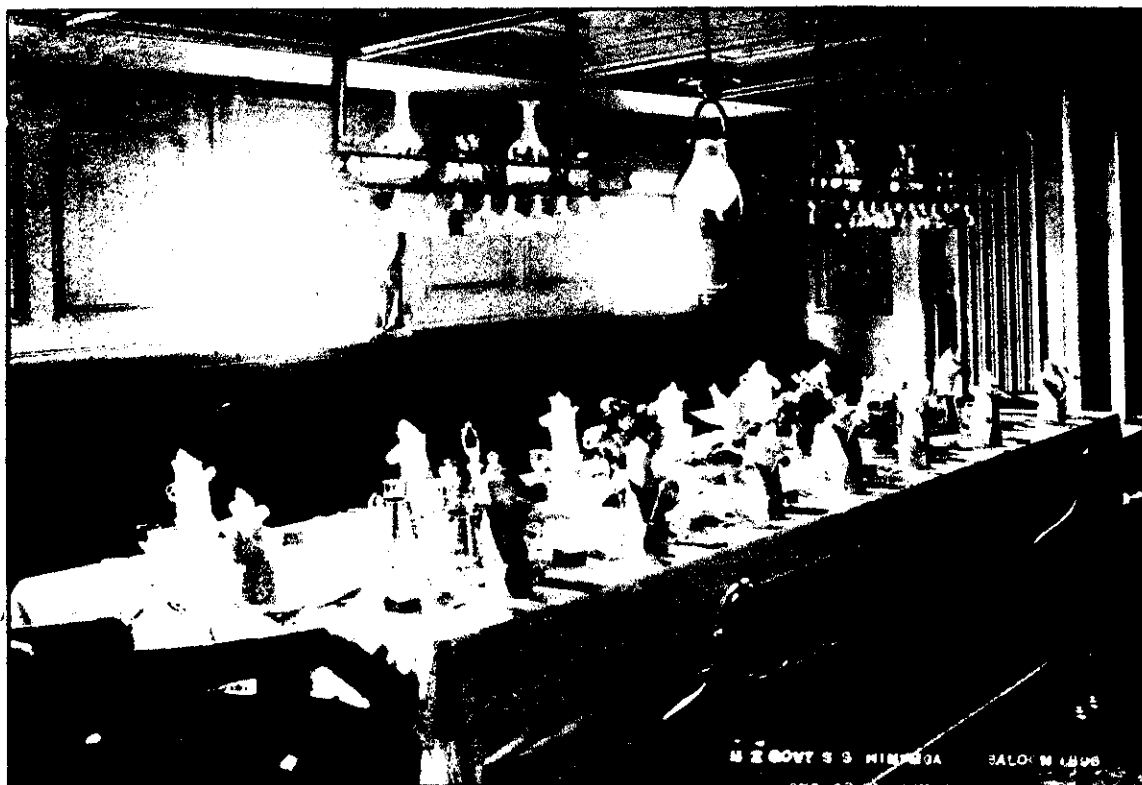


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THE CREW OF S.S. 'HINEMOA.'



THE OFFICERS OF S.S. 'HINEMOA.'



SALOON OF S.S. 'HINEMOA.'—TABLE LAID FOR HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

Photos. by Pagler.

looked up once a year, while the Snarres, Auckland, Campbell, Antipodes and Bounty Islands are visited every six months. The visiting of these distant isles involves a considerable amount of work, as the stations on them for shipwrecked crews have to be thoroughly overhauled and kept supplied with provisions. There are ten depôts on different islands, five boats, and sixty-four fingerposts directing anyone who may chance to be shipwrecked there to the depôts.

Lastly among the 'Hinemoa's' duties have to be reckoned the carrying of the Governor's party from port to port and occasional trips to members of Parliament. The vessel has now been at her work seven years, having taken the place of the 'Stella.' Her average steaming during that time has been 30,000 miles a year.

The present crew number 26 all told, and at present Captain Neale is in command. It is, however, Captain Fairchild whose name is most closely identified with the 'Hinemoa,' which he has steered with great success for many years.

THE CORONATION OF THE TSAR.

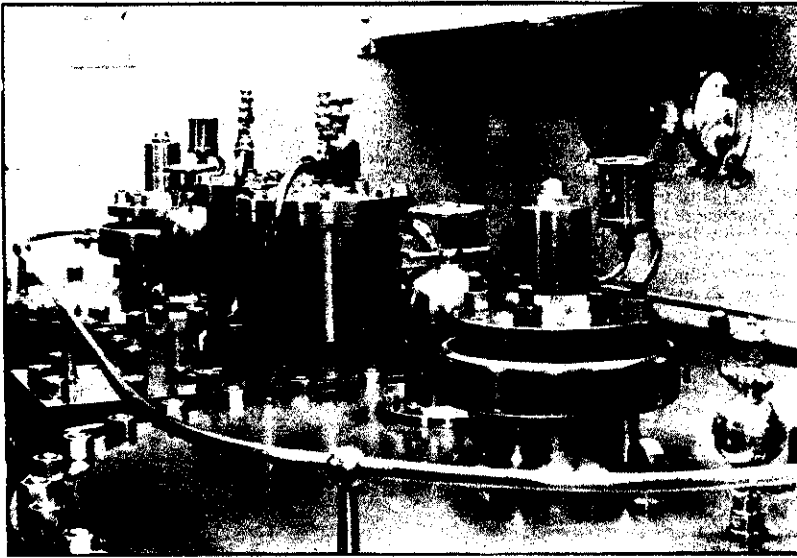
THE festivities in celebration of the coronation of the Tsar of All the Russias was a rare and wonderfully interesting event. The solemn, spectacular entry of the Emperor and Empress of Russia into the city of Moscow—the true capital—in anticipation of their coronation is a sight, said *The Standard*, in an interesting article, to recall the splendours of a Roman Triumph. Europe has other Imperial potentates besides the Tsar, and they, as a rule, get crowned. But though, continues *The Standard*, at Berlin and Vienna troops may be put in procession as numerous, as finely trained, and as richly attired as those which marched in their gala uniforms from the precincts of the Petrovsky Palace to the gates of the Palace within the crenelated walls of the ancient Kremlin, yet what other power can, like Russia, show, side by side, every description of European troops, and, at the same time, semi-Oriental and purely Asiatic levies? Useful infantry of Western type were there, with here and there some historic regiment wearing the garb of the period at which it is raised; formidable artillery; brilliant cavalry, including hussars in tunics of green, blue, and scarlet, uhlan with long lances, dragoons with long swords, glittering cuirassiers with helmets worthy of 'Lohegrün'; and Cossacks

of different degrees of picturesqueness, from the Don, the Volga, the Black Sea; Circassians with their high caps of white or black lamb's wool, and their cartridge cases spread across their breasts; and, finally, squadrons of Kirgiz horsemen from the plains of Central Asia. The Circassian and the Kirgiz Cavalry were not brought to St. Petersburg and Moscow for show purposes alone. They served to remind the nation of the extent of Russian dominion, and of the constant spread of Russian power. Not conscious, perhaps, of such personal might himself, the humblest Russian peasant is proud, on seeing the magnificent and representative Russian Army, to feel that he belongs to one of the mightiest empires in the world. The entry into Moscow was probably the finest, and most certainly the most effective, of all the sights and shows included in the coronation programme.

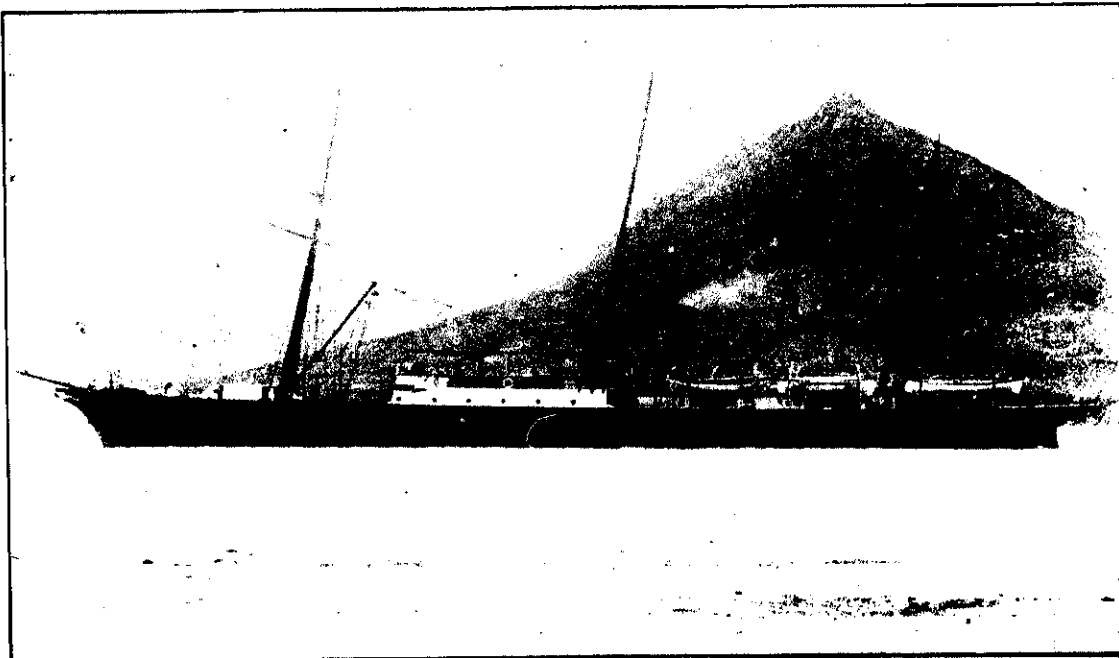
The central ceremony of all, the self-Coronation of the Tsar, under the blessing of the Metropolitan of Moscow, from whose hands he receives the Crown, was very impressive; but only a favoured few could possibly see it. For climatic reasons, no doubt, and to prevent pious congregations from being frozen to death, cathedrals in Russia, like churches generally, were constructed of the narrowest dimensions. In the heart of the Kremlin, four so-called cathedrals stand, not one of which will hold more than a few hundreds of persons. The Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the coronation took place, is not more spacious than the others; and, when places have been found for the clergy, the choir, the august personages immediately interested, with their attendants, the Ministers of State, the high officials, the Marshals of Nobility, representing the territorial aristocracy of Russia, the ambassadors, visitors of the first distinction, including many members of reigning families, the building is filled to overflowing. It is not until the announcement is made by the cannon of the Kremlin that the fact of the Coronation having taken place is known to more than a select few. The illumination, on the other hand, of the city is a sight which the whole population can see. Some are dazzled by the blaze of light. Others love to read, in lines of fire, the architectural design, perfectly marked out, of the churches and monasteries, the towers and belfries, the mansions and public edifices of the most picturesque city in Europe. Moscow stands, like Rome, on hills, and there are points of view from which certain altitudes of illuminated Moscow looks like 'set pieces' in some unusually fine exhibition of fireworks. The illuminations are prepared under the direction of artists, who light up the ancient Russian Capital on artistic principles. From the gardens of the Kremlin, the cathedrals and the belfry of Ivan Veliky can be seen in their fire dress; while, as one looks down from the Kremlin terrace, the whole of Moscow seems to stretch itself out in a sea of flame. Much of all this and what follows was written in anticipation of the event.

An exhibition of fireworks will be given on a subsequent evening in connection with an open-air concert, at which the massed bands of an entire Army Corps will execute the National Anthem with the accented notes marked by that most unmusical instrument, the cannon. Another highly popular entertainment will be the Feast for the People (we know now, alas! how it ended), at which oxen, sheep, and pigs, roasted whole, will form the principal items of the repast, with pies of various kinds to follow, and with *kvass*, beer, mead, and *vodka* as beverages and stimulants. There are, moreover, to be popular theatrical performances; and at the Grand Theatre of Moscow some opera will be performed with red-legged Generals and Civil functionaries in the stalls, Ministers of State, Ambassadors, and visitors of distinction in the *bel étage*, of which the centre box is reserved for the Emperor and Empress, and so on throughout the six tiers of the tastefully-decorated boxes. Wherever seated, all present will be the Emperor's guests, and every place will be a place of honour. But perhaps the most thoroughly characteristic, the most truly Russian, of all the entertainments will be the grand ball in the palace of the Kremlin, to which the Emperor invites his subjects in general; receiving them in person, entering freely into conversation with those around him, and treating his thousands of guests as friends and equals. Merchants, and sometimes peasants, will come to Moscow from the furthest limits of the Russian Empire in order to attend the Kremlin ball, at which neither the lavish display of gold and silver plate nor the luxurious character of the refreshments will be so remarkable as the perfect decorum, without the slightest appearance of self-restraint, which, on such occasions, characterises the demeanour of all present.

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THE ENGINES OF S.S. 'HINEMOA.'



photos by Pepler.

S.S. 'HINEMOA' LYING OFF THE CAMPBELL ISLANDS.

THE LATE BARON HIRSCH.

THE life of Baron Hirsch (says the *St. James' Gazette*) reads like a romance. He was the son of the Count banker of Bavaria, and was sent to the Athénée at Brussels when a lad of thirteen. He left that Academy in 1846, at the age of seventeen, and, with the audacity of genius, started business for himself as a financier in the Belgian capital. He did not distinguish himself at the Athénée, and no one seems to have suspected his striking talents; but once out of tutelage, and free to use his brains as it seemed best to him, he developed an astonishing ability for business, and was attended by marvellous success. He doubled and trebled the substantial patrimony furnished him from Bavaria, and then allied himself to the banking-house of M. Bischoffsheim. Everything he touched prospered exceedingly, and before he was thirty he indulged in speculations as large as any of those undertaken by the richest men on the Brussels Bourse. He greatly strengthened his position also by marriage with Mlle. Bischoffsheim, the heiress of the great Antwerp merchant, banker, and Belgian senator, and, with the means thus at his command, he speedily became a millionaire. Then he looked out for an opportunity to make a startling coup. A commercial crisis was impending, and when it came, in 1866, he was in a position to take the fullest advantage of others' misfortunes. The banking business of M. Legrand Dumonceau came down with a crash as severe as that which befell the City of London when Overend and Gurney suspended payment. The monetary world of Belgium reeled under the shock. Young Hirsch had his pick of the assets, which included the Oriental railways—then consisting of the line from Constantinople to Adrianople, with a branch to Dedegatch. When the reaction came and the revival of confidence, he set himself to work to build up the fallen values. In this he was more than successful, and, extending his financial operations to every capital in Europe, he went on from million to million until he stood in the front rank of the world's plutocrats.

Unlike many rich men who have made their money by finance, he spent with lavish freedom. Personally he was of almost simple tastes, and quite without ostentation of manner. He was of medium height, inclined to be spare rather than stout, with oval face, large and keen dark eyes, and a full but carefully trimmed moustache. To see him was to recognise in him a man of distinctive character and mental powers of no mean order. His frame also bore witness to the fact that his love of sport was not a mere affectation, but had a certain basis in physical training. He was a thorough sportsman, and a capital shot, and was wont to personally organise every detail of the arrangements for the hunting and shooting parties which he loved to collect at his Hungarian mansion, St. Johann, and at Eichhorn, in Moravia. The Prince of Wales was at St. Johann in 1890, and many members of the English aristocracy have at various times enjoyed the hospitality of the Baron at this stately residence, and shot over his famous preserves. His tenants, both in Hungary and Moravia, regarded him as a most indulgent landlord, and his life on his Austro-Hungarian properties was more like that of a

benevolent feudal lord than that of a rich magnate who had bought land for the mere love of possession.

The keynote of the latter life of Baron Hirsch is to be sought in the bereavement which happened to him in 1888. His marriage with Mlle. Bischoffsheim was blessed with two children—a son and a daughter. The daughter died in early girlhood, and upon the son, Lucien, the Baron centered all his affections and hopes. The lad displayed extraordinary natural gifts. He had, indeed, inherited the remarkable mental powers of his father, with a strong bent towards scientific pursuits. His youthful mind, unfettered as was his father's at a similar stage by the claims of finance and the ambition to make a fortune, was attracted by the sufferings of his co-religionists and perplexed by the tragic fate of his race. He followed his sister to the grave at the age of twenty, and henceforth it became a sacred duty with the Baron to give practical expression to his son's ideals. This it is which amounts for the lavish liberality of the Baron during recent years. His son's fortune was estimated at his death to be about five millions, and this sum the Baron allocated to philanthropic purposes. He started plans for the training of Jews in Russia, Hungary, Roumania, and Galicia, in agricultural and industrial pursuits; and many a successful Jewish farmer in South Russia and Eastern Europe to-day owes his start in pursuits for which he was hitherto thought to be naturally unfitted to the munificence of the Baron. Large sums were distributed in the towns to start Jews in business and to counteract the effects of anti-Semitism. He had few intimate friends, but numerous high-placed and influential acquaintances, who appreciated his abilities and probably recognised the depth of character which underlay his careful assumption of *blaise* and indifferent cynicism.

THE TABLE LANDS OF VENEZUELA.

PERHAPS one result of the Venezuela boundary commission's work will be the solving of one of the most remarkable geographical enigmas in the world, and the exploration of what is regarded as a unique natural wonderland. This remarkable region is a number of elevated and isolated areas of land, situated on what the British call British Guiana's southwestern boundary, which is in the disputed territory. It is on the British side of the Schomburgk line.

The region is called by the Indians 'Rorsima,' but the several isolated areas are known by distinctive names. Each consists of what might be called an isolated mountain, but is really a table land, comprising an area of 100 or more square miles, elevated several thousand feet above the surrounding country. The rocky sides of the mountains are bare of vegetation, and have defied all attempts to scale them. The level summits are covered with trees and other vegetation, and down the rocky sides fall a large number of cascades of considerable size, indicating the certain existence of rivers and streams on

the mysterious summits. The summits have been observed with telescopes and are known to be as full of plant life as the tropical plains below, but beyond this nothing is known.

Because so little is known of the condition of these table lands occasion is given for all manner of speculation as to what exists there. That the vegetation is quite different from that on the plains below the telescope shows, and that it should be so is quite natural, as the table lands are 2,000 feet higher than the plains. While the climate of the plains is tropical, that of the table lands must be temperate, not only because of their elevation, but also because of the free play the winds have about them.

Of the geology of the region this explanation is given: This part of South America rose slowly from the sea, through successive and remote ages. The Rorsima Mountains were formed precisely as was the rest of the land and are not the result of volcanic action. Hence they must have been above the ocean long before the surrounding plains appeared. They stood 2,000 feet above the sea level when the neighbouring mountain tops were islands in the ocean. In the course of a period, difficult to appreciate, the adjacent valleys and plains appeared above the water and became covered with vegetable and animal life. But the isolated plateaus of Rorsima had a tremendous start of the plains below. Here comes the alleged ground for the speculation that perhaps on these mysterious summits there exist flora and fauna unlike any found elsewhere, forms of life that long since disappeared from other parts of the world, but remained the same on these summits because unaffected by the influences of communication with the outer world. All sorts of wild guesses have been hazarded regarding the existence of strange reptiles and animals among the streams and forests of Rorsima.

The cascades falling from the summits are among the highest in the world. One is 2,000 feet high and is broad enough to be visible thirty miles away. It falls sheer, without a break. The mountains from which these cascades fall form the dividing watersheds of the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Essequibo, the three great rivers of South America, and the waters of the cascades flow some to one and some to another of these rivers. It is argued that to supply these waterfalls there must be a considerable body of water on the mountain plateaus, and it is natural to conclude that where there are large bodies of water there are fish and reptiles. The resulting conclusion that because these fish and reptiles must have been isolated on the mountain tops for ages they are likely to be different from any known species is regarded as quite natural. The mountain plateaus form practically little countries by themselves like islands, but more isolated, because the ocean of air that surrounds them does not afford the facilities for communication with other islands as do the waters of the ocean itself.

One of these plateaus, known as Kukeham, which is better situated for observation than any of the others, is estimated to have an area of 200 square miles or more. The smallest, which bears the name common to the group, Rorsima, is estimated to contain 80 to 140 square miles.



A NEW ZEALAND RIVER. REPRODUCED FROM A SKETCH.

THE NEW WOMAN IS OLD.

THE coming woman is always coming, without any immediate danger of arriving. Her principal vehicle of transportation appears to be the pen of the humorist, which is particularly busy with her at this, the close of the century. So it was in the middle of the century, when, as now, she was pictured as having acquired man's habits, and particularly his dress.

Half a century has brought little new in this direction. The same imitation of male attire, an incongruous combination of the dress of both sexes, the swagger, cane, and cigar, are all given to woman, as shown by the picture here presented, which appeared originally in

Punch, and was reproduced in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* of August, 1851.

The illustration was accompanied by a pretended communication from a strong-minded woman of Boston, which in part read:—

'We are emancipating ourselves, among other badges of the slavery of feudalism, from the inconvenient dress of the European female. With man's functions, we have asserted our right to his garb, and especially to that part of it which invests the lower extremities.

JAPANESE ENTERPRISE.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the Japanese are determined to make the most of their opportunities along the line of commercial enterprise and development. We have heard more or less during the last year or so of their introduction of manufactures and their successful production of articles which enter into competition with those of English and American manufacture. Recently they have been studying our railway system, with a view of introducing its features into their own country. There are now some thirty-three railroad companies operating in Japan, but of the equipments now in use only an inconsiderable portion is of American manufacture. Most of the locomotives, for instance, have been made in England. It is believed that, as a result of the investigations which are now being made by the experts sent out by these corporations, the railway system of the empire will speedily be adjusted in its methods and equipment to the American pattern, which represents confessedly the best results of engineering science.

Another recent indication of Japanese enterprise is furnished by the organization of a steamship company with a large capital, which is to operate two main routes—one to

New York, the other to Europe. The object of the service to this city is, as we are told, to facilitate the exportation of sulphur, silk goods, and other commodities which are already sent in considerable quantities to the American market. Four steamers, it is stated, of five thousand tons of capacity, will be put upon this route, which is expected to be in operation within a year.

This latest exhibition of enterprise may well challenge the attention of our commercial classes. It ought to stimulate our capitalists, as well as our legislators, to the establishment of a broader and more effective policy in the matter of trade communication with other countries. It does not certainly speak much for the business sagacity or alertness of our people that, with all our vast possibilities and the immense interests at stake, we permit the little empire of Japan, which has only within a quarter of a century come into the family of civilized nations, to set us such an example of vigorous and aggressive enterprise as that which is herein referred to.



A CARTOON OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION AS ILLUSTRATED IN A MAGAZINE WHEN THE NEW WOMAN RAGED IN 1851.

Not only golf and bicycling, but active exercises of almost every description (says *Marjorie in Woman*) seem to be popular just now among all women who pride themselves upon being 'in the movement'; indeed, some of the leaders of Society would appear to be qualifying themselves to take a prominent part in the next celebration of the Olympian games. Those benighted persons who still cling to the fallacy that woman is by nature a timid and delicate creature, 'fair by defect, and amiable by weakness,' may be recommended to pay a visit to the gymnasium at Alexandra House, presided over by Miss Stuart Snell, where pupils of all ages—from four to forty—are daily initiated into the mysteries of fencing, skirt-dancing, musical drill, and gymnastics of all kinds. This new departure may probably be attributed to the fact that sensible women have discovered that mental culture is of little use unless accompanied by physical culture, and that frivolous women have begun to realise that exercise, scientifically directed, has a more beneficial effect upon the complexion than the most subtly-concocted of face lotions, and improves the figure more certainly than corsets of Parisian cut.



Wigglesworth & Sons, photo.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE FIRST ELEVEN CRICKET TEAM, 1895-96.

BACK ROW.—A. Izard, B. Gale, H. Von Dadelson, O. G. Kember, H. Glasgow. MIDDLE ROW.—H. S. Cocks, S. H. Gilmer, I. Mackenzie, J. Bee, W. F. Warl. FRONT ROW.—K. Gilmer, K. Kirkcaldie.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE WOMEN.

THE question of the admission of women to the annual conferences of the Methodist Church is at length in a fair way of settlement. After years of earnest and somewhat vehement discussion, in which the ablest men of the church have participated on one side or the other, the General Conference, in session at Cleveland, U.S., has decided to submit the question of right of women to serve in this capacity to the annual conferences. At the same time it was ordered that the women who were sent as delegates to the Cleveland Conference should retain their seats. The decision of the conference was practically annihilative of the opposition, four hundred and twenty-five votes being cast in favour of the affirmative report and only ninety-eight in the negative. There is no doubt at all that the women will obtain a three-fourths vote in the annual conferences of the country, and this accomplished, they will be eligible, under the terms of the constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights they have demanded. The result will mark another important step in the progress of woman's emancipation from limitations which she has outgrown.

At the same time, in view of the fact that women are coming to the front in all departments of civic life, and that the energies and enterprise of the church very largely depend upon their activity and support; and in view of the further fact that they constitute a very large and decisive majority of every Christian communion, it is amazing that the one denomination which has been conspicuous in all its history for liberal and progressive views should have so long and persistently refused to recognise the trend of events as to woman's admission to all the larger responsibilities of life.

THE CARRIAGE OF GOLD.

BILLIONS of dollars in gold are annually shipped across the Atlantic. It is known to everybody; no attempt is ever made to conceal either the fact, or the names of the ships which carry the precious burden. On the contrary, whenever a large shipment of gold is to be sent to England every paper in the principal cities of the States ascertains the exact amount a day or two in advance, and publishes the news to the world. When a large amount of gold is to be shipped from San Francisco to New York the greatest secrecy is maintained until it has reached its destination. No such sums are ever brought overland at one time as are sent across the sea, and yet men risk their own lives and deliberately sacrifice those of others in holding up trains supposed to carry this golden treasure; and there is not a treasure train running in the country that is not more carefully fitted up with a view to disappointing train robbers than the fastest Atlantic liner afloat.

In fact, to any one who has paid a visit to the specie rooms of any of the modern ocean greyhounds, and seen the insecurity of the same it seems almost surprising that there has not come out of the West some enterprising gentleman of the Captain Kidd type, who, instead of holding up express trains for comparatively paltry sums, would equip a steam yacht with Maxim and other rapid-firing guns and make a business of holding

up transatlantic liners. After breaking open the specie rooms a few times he might regale himself with enough American gold to allow him to pose as a second Count of Monte Cristo for the remainder of his life. But this, in the whole history of steam navigation, has never been done; strange as it may seem, not a single gold coin or brick has been lost from a specie room on a steamship in transit between the Eastern and Western hemispheres, except by wreck or collision.

There are in reality but few steamships afloat to-day which are provided with specie-rooms that so much as deserve the name of 'strong-rooms,' to say nothing of vaults, and among the most lamentable farces indulged in to-day are the stories that have been printed of late of the extraordinary strength of these receptacles for gold, and the length of time it would take a professional bank burglar to open one. It would consume about five minutes of 'Old Bill' Vosburg's time, with his trusty kit of safe-cracking tools, to get into the strongest specie-room on board of our transatlantic steamers, for, in truth, they are but little stronger than those in which the delicacies in charge of the head steward are stored.

Until about a decade ago all specie-rooms were located within the mail-rooms of ocean steamers. These mail-rooms, almost without exception, were located well astern, just abaft the stern hatchway and between the first and second decks, or just above the hold. The specie-rooms were generally made of thin boiler-iron, with a door of the same material secured with two wrought-iron cross-bars, which were padlocked at the ends into sockets. The mail-room was, as a usual thing, lined with sheet-iron over timber on three sides, while the third side was generally the surface of a bulkhead, or one of the solid iron partitions which separate the hulls of all modern steamships into watertight compartments for the sake of safety. The 'Fuerst Bismarck' of the Hamburg line, is about the only vessel whose specie-room is located within its mail-room that can make any valid claim to security so far as this is dependent on steel walls and bolts and bars. The mail-room on this vessel is located abaft the after-hatchway, pretty well to the stern of the vessel, under the intermediate saloon. The specie-room is of steel and the door is well secured, while the mail-room itself is stronger than usual. The heavy steel door of the latter opens directly into the after-hatchway, and the gold, which is invariably shipped in boxes fifteen inches long by twelve inches wide and ten inches deep, is lowered by means of a block and fall, upon the end of which is a common sling, which, as it reaches the door of the mail-room is quickly pulled inside and emptied of its precious burden; then it returns for another box, while the former one is stored away within the strong-room in ship-shape fashion.

WINTER GAMES.

A BUNDLE PARTY.

ON returning from school one day I found a dainty little note awaiting me. It had arrived by private messenger. Upon the upper right-hand corner of the envelope, in the place usually occupied by the postage stamp, was a neat pen-and-ink sketch of a collection of bundles of various shapes and sizes. On removing the envelope I found the same unique device heading the sheet of heavy note-paper, while beneath it was the following neatly-written invitation:—

Miss Ethel Rood presents her compliments to Miss Ella Mayburn and requests the pleasure of her company at a 'Bundle Party' on Saturday afternoon, June 27th.

I studied the pen-and-ink drawing carefully, but failed to gather from it any hints as to the nature of a 'Bundle Party.' So a great deal of curiosity was blended with

my anticipation of a good time as I entered my friend's room on the designated afternoon. There I found many guests, but nothing at all in the shape of bundles. But very soon a portière was drawn aside and our hostess led the way into the adjoining room, where, upon a large table, reposed packages of all shapes and sizes. On the wrapper of each was very distinctly marked a number. To each guest was then handed a slip of blank paper and a lead pencil. And then our hostess gave us the following explanation:—'There are thirty bundles upon this table; each bundle is numbered. Each one of you may handle any or all of the bundles as long and as much as you please, provided that you do not open them nor tear the wrappers. When you have used your sense of touch to your entire satisfaction you must write down the name of the article that you think is in the bundle, and number your guess as the bundle is numbered. Should you find a package, on the contents of which you cannot decide definitely, put its number on your list and make a dash after it. When you have examined all the bundles and recorded your guesses I will open each package and hold the contents up to your view. You will then consult your lists, and those who have hit on the article will hold up their right hands, and I will mark opposite each girl's name the numbers that she guesses correctly. To the one whose name has the most numbers attached will be given a prize.'

As there were only fifteen guests and thirty bundles there was no lack of employment for our fingers, and more than an hour had elapsed before all the bundles had been examined and the guesses recorded. Then our hostess took up a bundle, announced its number, and after giving us time to examine our lists she opened the package and held its contents up to view. When she had credited the number to those who had raised their right hands she asked each unsuccessful guesser to read out the name of the article she had assigned to that particular number. She had opened first what she considered a very puzzling bundle. It was a peacock feather, and as only two of the girls had hit on the right article, while the other guesses were very wide of the mark, the reading of these not only made much amusement but gave the unsuccessful ones confidence to read their failures aloud.

It is possible to vary this 'Bundle Party' by making of it an auction sale instead of a guessing contest, and this entertainment may prove quite as enjoyable as those already described. To do this it is necessary to appoint one of the elders of the company auctioneer, and it is well in doing this to select a person having a ready wit and who is an easy speaker. Provide the auctioneer with a mallet, and place on a wooden table in front of him an assortment of bundles and parcels of varying sizes and shapes. To each guest must be given, on arrival, a small bag, box or basket containing either fifty or one hundred beans. If there are many parcels and a limited number of guests it will be better to give each guest one hundred beans, as they will then have plenty of currency for their purchases. The only point to be especially observed is that each guest must receive the same number of beans, so that there may be no advantage given any individual. The auctioneer, after the guesses have been registered and before the parcels have been opened, will hold the packages up for bids from the assembled guests, the package in each case being awarded to the highest bidder. The opening of the parcels later will add greatly to the merriment and amusement of the guests, who will then discover how wise their bids have been.

'I LOST SOMETHING, SWEET SIR, LAST NIGHT.'

A SONG.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night,
The while we trod our measure;
'Twas something small and troublesome,
Yet often full of pleasure.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night;
'Tis true, I ne'er have seen it,
Yet, lacking it, methinks I'll die;
Laugh not, forsooth, I mean it!

I lost something, sweet sir, last night;
I prithee, help me find it!
And, once thou dost, I prithee, too,
Make haste and safely bind it.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night;
'Twas while the lutes and fiddles
Were twanging soft, and your bold eyes
Read right in mine their riddles.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night;
Methinks mahap thou'st found it!
A little thing, and yet so deep
No plummet e'er can sound it.

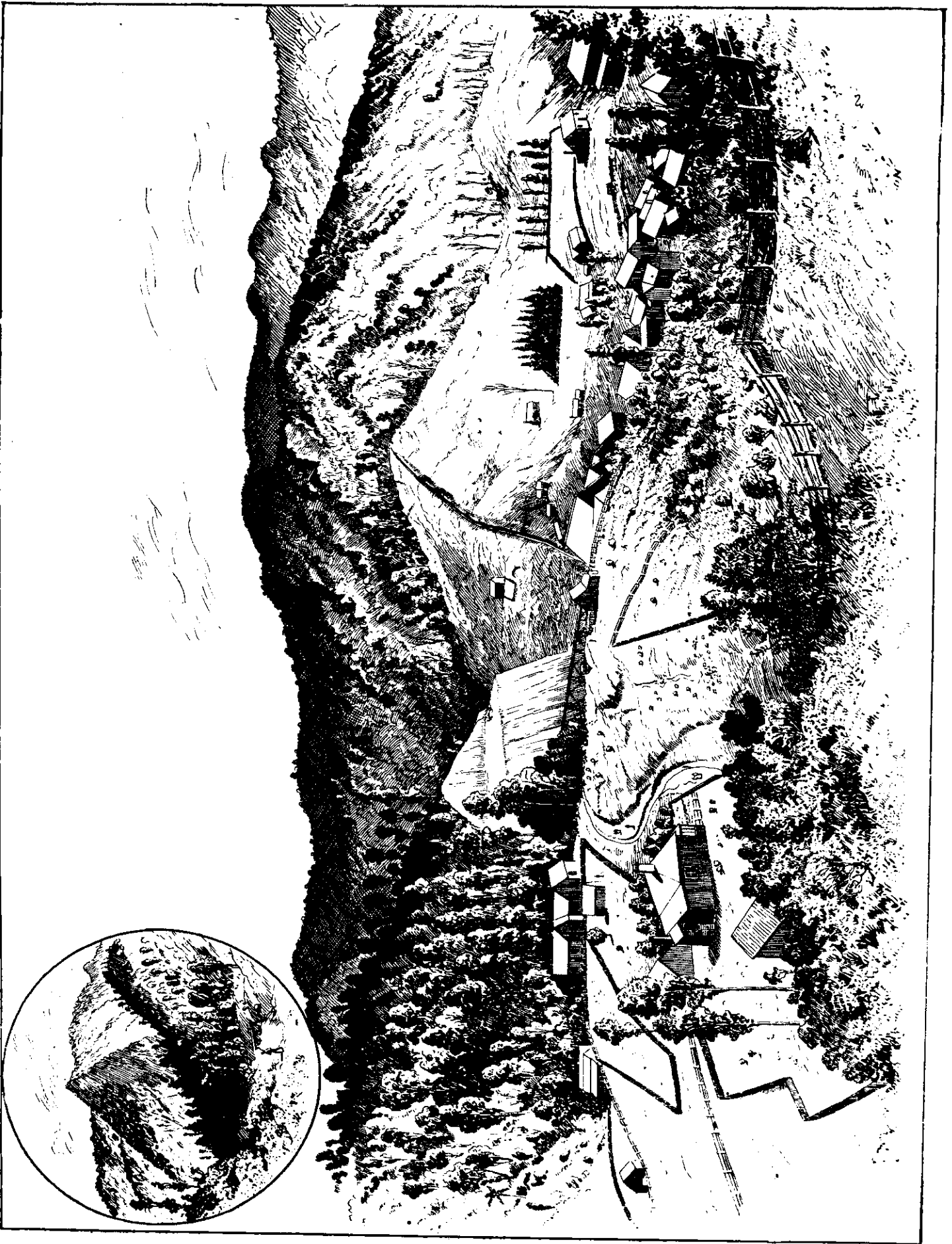
Thou'st guessed aright! I lost my heart—
And to thy sister's brother!—
Yet, in my breast, I feel, all warm,
A-beating now, another.

'Tis thine, thou sayst; in sooth, sweet sir,
Exchange were never kinder;
To lose one's heart at midnight's stroke
At morn reward the finder!

FRANCIS AVMAR MATHRWS.



THE RAMADAN IN ALGIERS — THE PRAYER OF SERBA-OU-ACHERIN.



W A I T E K A U R I .

| See Mining.

THE DIRTIEST PEOPLE.

THE dirtiest people in the world have recently been discovered by an explorer in the Caucasus. They live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black Sea and Caspian, their villages being so snugly hidden away that no Government has yet been able to reach them. As they were 2,500 years ago, so they are to this day. Seen from without there is a certain picturesqueness about a Svanetic village, although it merely consists of miserable stone hovels without any attempt at form or adornment. Within, however, the houses are inconceivably filthy. They are filled with rags, vermin and dirt of every description. They possess no fireplace or chimney. All the cooking, in fact, is done over a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor.

In these houses men, women, and children are huddled together. During the long winter months they are shut up for days at a time, the cattle often sharing their quarters. Every aperture has to be closed, on account of the cold. The long imprisonment is, perhaps, the chief cause of the degradation of the people. Horrible diseases result from it, which are aggravated by an abnormal consumption of arrack, the strong distilled drink of the Asiatics. Besides being the dirtiest they are probably the laziest people on the earth. It is the invariable rule to take four days a week holiday, with Saints' day as extras. Since they have adopted the holidays of every other country with which they have come in contact, it is not surprising that the men find little time for work.

Farming, bee culture and cattle breeding are the only industries of these lazy people. Throughout their territory there is not a single manufactured article, the children marry very young, they attend no school, and, lastly, they have no money.

ALBERT CHEVALIER, THE FAMOUS SINGER OF COSTER BALLADS.



'THE NIPPER'S LULLABY.'



'OH! 'AMSTRAD!'

THE MAD KING OF THE BAVARIANS.

BAVARIA has just been celebrating the forty-eighth birthday of her mad King, Otto, by military parades and religious services, just as though he were not, to all intents and purposes, dead and buried. Time was when these celebrations were something more than official and formal. When most of the loyal Bavarians were chafing under an unpopular regency, the Government looked forward to King Otto's early restoration to reason and to his throne, of which he had been unjustly deprived. But the popular mind has changed, and the popular heart no longer bleeds for the unhappy monarch who has passed so many days in a living tomb. Doubtless men may still be found in Bavaria, especially in the remoter rural districts, who believe that King Otto is sane and that his imprisonment is due to a Prussian plot. But their numbers become smaller every year, and their faith in the King coming by his own has long lost its vigour. Every year physicians examine King Otto and report respecting his mental condition to the Regent and German Emperor. This year, as usual, the report declares that Otto is irretrievably mad, though physically he continues in robust health and will certainly live to a good old age unless, indeed, cerebral apoplexy should follow one of his paroxysms of maniacal violence. An interesting picture for the moralist or satirist is

presented by that lonely Bavarian Castle where this insane monarch is remorselessly secluded from the world. The royal household is complete in every particular and maintained at great cost. The fullest etiquette of courts is observed. Lords in waiting, grooms of the chamber, chamberlains, physicians and the like bend low as they enter the royal presence and retire backward in a strictly orthodox manner. Their positions must have been trying for the courtiers in the earlier days, before their practice in dodging missiles had been made perfect, for Otto has varying moods, not the least infrequent being the childish fondness for throwing things at people. For this, among other reasons, the personnel of mad Otto's court has been unchanged during the eight



KING OTTO.

years he has occupied his present quarters save by death. Otto's aim is often painfully true, but the injured courtier never makes any fuss, and cheerfully returns to his duty as soon as he is out of the surgeon's hands. One of these days King Otto will doubtless kill somebody, but probably the outside world will never know it.

At one time Otto was enormously fat, but he has lost most of his surplus flesh within the last three years, with advantage to his general health. His physical strength is said to be enormous, necessitating the efforts of half a dozen men to restrain him from murder and suicide during his more violent paroxysms. It is needless to say that etiquette on these occasions is not strictly observed, the King being, perforce, treated like any other homicidal maniac.

After these fits of frantic violence King Otto invariably subsides into a state of maudlin apathy, and with occasional degeneracy into bestiality. At rare intervals, becoming rarer every year, he has glimmerings of reason, followed invariably by mental darkness blacker than ever. Why the pitiful pretence of keeping this poor maniac on the throne and rendering him royal honours has been maintained all these years passes the understanding of the average man.

QUICK LUNCHES MAKE FAT MEN.

ANOTHER evil result to the deadly quick lunch has come to light, and the complaint has a foundation of scientific probability.

'I've noticed,' said a man, 'that every person who acquires the quick lunch habit gets fat as soon as he can come under the regular influence of the system. Men who have been thin their whole lives have begun to acquire noticeable stomachs, and others with a disposition to stoutness take on flesh rapidly. It is perfectly plain to see why it happens. These dairy luncheons supply bread, bread, bread, the most fattening thing a man can eat, unless it be the cakes and pastry that supplement the bread. There is sugar in most of the bread, and it is impossible to get any one thing in these places which does not have a tendency to make a man fat. I've watched it in a dozen cases, and there has not been an exception. It's all right for the thin men, but for the fat men it's dreadful. It's so much cheaper for a man to get fat than to keep thin. When he commences to diet and confuse himself to such things as meat and salads, his luncheon costs him three or four times as much as it would if he could eat the sandwiches and the cakes, and the quality of the food is not so good. Some philanthropist ought to open a lunch place where a man can eat cheaply and still keep his figure. But I don't see how he could make it pay.'



'WOT CHRER?'



'WOT'S THE GOOD O' HANYFINK? WHY—NUPFINK.'

ASHBURN HALL, DUNEDIN.
LICENSED PRIVATE ASYLUM.

This establishment is specially designed and adapted for the care and treatment of persons mentally affected. It is under the control of a resident physician, and has a full staff of attendants and servants. It has been thirteen years in existence. The number of inmates is forty. Privacy, home comforts, association with small numbers, with much personal liberty, distinguishes it. Each inmate has a bed-room, and there is ample provision by means of separate buildings for classification of the patients, who receive careful individual attention. Charges: Two and three guineas a week.

STRATHMORE PRIVATE HOSPITAL
FOR DISEASES OF WOMEN

Is now open for the admission of patients.

For particulars apply to

THE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT,
STRATHMORE HOSPITAL,
CHRISTCHURCH.

HAS 35 YEARS
WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

BROWN & POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

PLAN OF

COROMANDEL PENINSULA.

ISSUED BY THE
AUCKLAND CHAMBER OF MINES.

A New Map, taken from Government Plans, recording Gold Mining Surveys in the Hauraki Mining District, has been published by the Auckland Chamber of Mines.

The New Plan gives every Mining Lease granted on the Gold-fields, from Cape Colville to Te Aroha.

Copies can be obtained at the Auckland Chamber of Mines, at the Star and GRAPHIC Office, Auckland, or at the Star and GRAPHIC Branch Office, Custom House Quay, Wellington.

PRICE 7/6

HEADACHE

Readers of this paper should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes.

CURED.



THE LADY SPECULATOR.

IT is amusing to note how much more circumspectly people speculate in mining shares now than they did ten months or so ago. A good many people who speculated then got more or less burned, and now, though the fire has not lost its attractions, they approach it, walking delicately like Agav. Many, I daresay, will get burned again, for wisdom dwelleth not with the multitude, and mining shares claim an extraordinary large amount of that uncertainty which characterises all mundane things. The average masculine speculator, however, does make some pretence of ascertaining for himself the merits of the particular mine, *in esse* or *in futuro*, in which he wishes to invest, and believes himself to be guided by his discoveries; but the average feminine speculator, so far as I have been able to observe her little ways, scarcely knows whether there is a mine at the back of her shares or not. All she is concerned to know—Will the shares rise and will she double or treble her money? And she is ready to take as a guarantee an affirmative answer from any friend who, by virtue of his being a man, she supposes, knows all about shares and such things. And she doesn't require him to give her any reasons for the faith that is in him; indeed, she is rather impatient of reasons, for they are troublesome things to follow. Her faith that she will make money by her shares does not need the support of reasons. It is based as firm as a rock on the feeling that not to make money by her shares when Mrs Smith and Mrs Brown have made so much by theirs would be a too impossible piece of injustice ever to happen to her.

I THINK mining booms must be specially sent to fill a want in the lives of that large class of ladies who feel it against their principles to do a little betting on horse races and that kind of thing—ladies who would not patronise an opera unless the proceeds were to be devoted to the spiritual succour of the heathen or to a similar object. These good people see only too clearly the immorality of racing bets. 'Just thing of it! it is such a bad thing to lose money in that way, you know, and to gain it is almost as bad, for isn't your gain somebody else's loss? Yes, indeed, horse racing tramples Christian sentiment underfoot.' But when it comes to gaining somebody else's money on the Stock Exchange it is curious how blameless the transaction may become. The use of mining shares as a legitimate money investment cannot be called in question, but those pious ladies, as a rule, speculate merely on the rise of shares, irrespective of the merits of the mines they represent, and congratulate themselves when they manage to sell out at top prices before the drop. They are correspondingly disappointed if the shares continue to rise after they have disposed of them—all which manifestly demonstrates that they grudge a gain to their neighbour, and are glad when they have shifted the burden of loss off their shoulders on to his. What part does Christian sentiment play in this, I wonder? Of course I am not wronging those ladies so far as to suppose that they see the matter in the way I have put it. I am sure they don't, and the anomalies we may happen to see in their conduct simply arise from a certain incapacity of theirs to seize the true meaning of such speculation as I have been referring to. Pleasure and dissipation have been always bracketed in their minds with horse-racing, and these danger signals have led them to easily recognise the wickedness of losing one's own money or winning somebody else's over a horse race, but there is to their minds a halo of sober respectability about the word

'business' that disarms a curious inspection of the meaning of certain transactions in mining shares which they embark in with innocent enough intentions.

THE AMENITIES OF FOOTBALL.

THE oft-repeated remark of the French statesman that the English take their pleasures sadly is, singularly enough, almost as true of Britishers to-day as it probably was four hundred years ago when it was first uttered. But it is a remark that is not applicable to Britain's sons in Australasia. Then how, you may ask, do the Australasians take their pleasures? Judging from a recent report of an Australian football match—football undoubtedly is the favourite game of all classes under the Southern Cross; even the ladies delight in it, though they may not take an active part in the field—judging from the report of that match I should be inclined to slightly paraphrase the Frenchman's dictum and say 'the Australasians take their pleasures brutally.' I have often felt inclined to say it before when I have had the pleasure (?) of witnessing our young New Zealand barbarians at play. The amount of unnecessary roughness which characterises the game as played in the northern part of the colony has called forth no end of hostile comments from visitors. One gentleman friend of mine who had endeavoured to get an inkling of the objects and methods of the game at a large town v. country match, left the field with anything but a clear conception of them. So far, however, as he could make clear, the main point of the sport was for each player first to try and secure the ball, and failing in the endeavour, the next thing was to do his utmost to kill the man who had succeeded.

BUT the sanguinary records of New Zealand football—they are sanguinary, to say the least of them—shrink into insignificance with the doings at that Australian match to which I referred, an encounter which may serve to warn us against the tendency to sheer brutality that is manifested more and more in our football fields. The friends of football have always contended that the game was not only healthful, but that it developed the best qualities of manliness and generosity in a lad. I was myself accustomed to defend the sport on similar grounds, but I must confess that my faith is getting more rudely shaken every season. I have long doubted whether football does not merit the epithet 'deathful' just as much as healthful, and since the news of that record Australian match I am afraid to speak of manliness and generosity. And now for that match. It was between two teams known, respectively, as Home-bush and Oriental. 'From the start,' says a contemporary, 'Oriental made the game very "willing," and the referee, Mr H. Hazel, with a commendable determination to enforce the rules regarding rough play, ordered two of the visiting team off the field. This action, coupled with the subsequent defeat of the Oriental team by 12 points to nil, so enraged the players and their supporters that they proceeded to "deal it out" to the referee at the conclusion of the match, kicking and striking him in the most brutal manner, and showering upon him mud and other missiles. In self-defence Mr Hazel was compelled to draw a revolver, with which he had come armed.'

I verily believe this is the first appearance of the revolver in Australasian football, and the fact should be carefully noted, for it marks a new era. Henceforth in addition to the football, powder and ball may come to play an important part in our national game, and the prowess of a team be decided not by the strength of muscle and swiftness of limb of the contestants, but by a quick eye and a sure finger. And as it really appears that the popularity of the game to a very large degree depends on the chances of serious accident which the players run, there is no fear of it waning in the public favour on the introduction of a Colt's pistol into the equipment of a first-class forward or full back. The Australasian football matches of the future will be regular gladiatorial conflicts, and the bloody encounters will apparently be as keenly relished by the ladies as the encounters of a Roman holiday were by the maids and matrons of the Eternal City. What an interest will attach to a match where the goal-keeper stands six-shooter in hand to defend any rush on the goal! What a glorious thing it will be to behold the wounded borne from the field amid the stirring music of the 'Dead March' played by the band on the pavilion! How the scarred veterans of

twenty summers will proudly point to their wounds received in deadly battle with a hostile team! That will be a game worth something, then.

As yet, however, use has only sanctioned the use of pistols on the football field by referees. The players in the game must be content to do what execution they can with their hobnailed boots, and a notice will have to be posted up 'firearms strictly prohibited.' It will not do, however, to take the pistol away from the referee, or if he is to go unarmed it will be necessary for him to deliver his verdict from a position inaccessible to the defeated team, or to obtain the services of a posse of policemen till the conclusion of the match. In time, of course, the natural evolution of football along the present lines will inevitably bring about a time when the employment of lethal weapons in the football field will be sanctioned by law, but at present only referees should be allowed to draw in self-defence.

MARY ANN'S FRIEND.

MR W. KELLY, the member for Invercargill, is 'a ladies' man.' This epithet in Parliamentary language bears a different significance from that usually attached to it in the ordinary social sphere. The ordinary ladies' man is a gentleman who especially lays himself out to be agreeable to the sex and cultivates their society. The Parliamentary ladies' man is cast in a sterner mould. He may be kind and courteous, but he is concerned with more serious things than the mere politenesses of life. He has dedicated himself to the cause of woman, and has joined with the close-lipped austere female whose life's object is the emancipation of womankind. Of course Mr Kelly is not the only ladies' man, or if you would rather have it, woman's man in the House. There are dapper Dr. Newman and Mr Riccarton Russell, who have both got Bills in the interest of woman before the House. But the difference between them and Mr Kelly is that while they have directed their efforts to the general improvement of the status of the sex generally, the member for Invercargill has taken up the cause for a humble class—the domestic servant—and is battling not for privileges, which after all may be questionable, but for a certain amelioration in their lot which a legal half-holiday per week would be.

THEREFORE, while woman in general blesses the name of Newman and Russell, let the voice of Mary Ann and Bridget rise in dulcet trebles from every kitchen in the land. Occupants of the parlour may frown disapproval on Mr Kelly, who dares to introduce disturbance into the domestic circles—for women have a good deal of the tyrant in them, and are curiously blind to the injustices they themselves commit—but there are as bright eyes and as ruby lips downstairs as in the highest drawing-rooms in the land, and Mr Kelly will not mind what they say of him upstairs. Besides, it is only the unreasonable mistresses who will object to their servants having a regular respite from work on one afternoon of the week, and after all is it not the object of all Parliament's legislation to have the world conducted on reasonable lines?

AUSTRALIA TRIUMPHANS AND AFTER.

THERE has been much metaphorical weeping and gnashing of teeth in colonial athletic circles over the Lucifer-like fall of the Australian cricket team in England. The first weeks of their stay in the Old Country was a record of brilliant successes, and ardent young Australasia for a time quite forgot her worship of the great winter god, Football, to sing the victories of her young heroes of the willow. But, alas! Fate, which smiled on the cricketers at first, afterwards withdrew her favour with the direst consequences. The triumphant career was suddenly arrested and crushing defeat followed. The men whose limbs were made in England reasserted their prowess in the great national game and Australia bit the dust. I for one do not altogether regret the humiliation which has befallen her. There was very great danger of her being altogether spoiled if her sons had returned to her bosom unchastened by a single reverse. They are already inclined to entertain a much too high opinion of themselves, and to be inordinately lifted up by the contemplation of their own perfections; but if they had overcome the Englishmen on every field we should hardly have been able to hear ourselves speak for the crowing that would inevitably have arisen from the Island Continent. Goodness only knows what Australia might not have been tempted to do on the heads of such success—anything probably between floating a big loan and renouncing their allegiance to Great Britain. It would have been a bad thing for Australia—would unqualified success. But it was not decreed that her boys should obtain it. England has yet a few sons who have not left their mother's knee, who can uphold her name on the field of sport as well as on the field of

battle. The race is not decadent in its home, but is fresh and vigorous as of yore. And if decadence should come, which God grant it never may, we have the assurance that in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the Cape there are growing up peoples who will perpetuate the virtues which have grown to such vigour in that little island, Freedom's abode.

'WE LEAVE THE CHAIR.'

'A.M.'—I have carefully read both the verses and the story you sent me. You ask me to give you my candid opinion regarding them, and I shall endeavour to do so in short compass. But first let me give you a word of advice which is applicable to a great many young writers. You are anxious, you say, 'to make money by writing (for few of us in this mercenary age can afford to write for the laurel wreath alone).' Now let me tell you at once that beginners who think of the reward for their work, whether in money or fame, more than of the work itself, are not going the right way to success. You do not suppose, do you, that the great poets thought first of remuneration and then of artistic truth and excellence? Can you fancy Dante peaving those terrible passages in the 'Inferno,' or Milton singing of seraphic choirs, or Shakespeare writing the sublime consummation of one of his tragedies—can you fancy any of these heirs of fame working with, as the Americans would put it, 'an eye on the almighty dollar'? I am perfectly sure that you cannot. Nor, indeed, can you conceive any of the lesser lights in the literary firmament who have achieved fame bothering much about the money except as a side thought. The men and women who have done anything in literature, or indeed in any worthy walk of life, have loved the work for its own sake, and troubled themselves, as Matthew Arnold said of a distinguished writer, 'much more about perfection than about glory.' Believe me, I am advising you for the best when I say that you should not be thinking of making money at this stage of the chapter, but of writing something that is really good. From an artistic point of view this is the best counsel I can give you, and even from the monetary point of view it is the best also. The stories which command a price nowadays must be good, and until you can write really good stories you need not enter the market, for in these days of universal education it is glutted with mediocre wares. I have had a good deal of experience in that market, and know how very difficult it is to get a stand in it. If you, like many of my young friends, cherish the belief that it is to be taken by storm, I can only say 'try it.' Your verses are fair. There are one or two good ideas in 'Death,' though I could hardly say there are any which are very strikingly original. The thought is somewhat trite, and the rhythm not always quite satisfactory, the accent of the line shifting about. The verses on the 'Reform Dress' show a facility in rhyme and a sense of humour, but with a little more care you could have given them more point, I am sure. You might also have improved on some of the rhymes. For instance, 'reformers' does not fit very happily to 'enormous.' 'The Ring of Fate' is very much like scores of other stories, a thread of incidents lightly strung together in fair enough English. The incidents are by no means novel in story book life, and cannot claim special attention on the ground of originality. But of course, novelty of incident is not essential to a good story. Some of the best books make use of the very oldest situations and every day plots. Shakespeare borrowed most of his. The component of materials suffice for the master's hand. Putting aside your incidents what is there in the story? You have attempted no particular representation of life, of feeling, of emotion, though in the plot as you sketch it there should be abundant opportunity for elaborate character drawing. I should certainly not care to discourage you from writing if you really feel you have a real bent in that direction. I would not, from the specimen of your work, predict that you will be successful, but at the same time I will not go so far as to say that you may not with practice and the study of the best models attain to something good. If you have pleasure in writing, and leisure, write on. The work will certainly be good for you, giving you a command of English, and cultivating your imagination. I cannot offer you payment for either the verses or the story, but I might, if you like it, find a place for your 'Dream of Fair Women.' Drop me a postcard if you desire it. If I do not receive word from you I shall return the MSS.

'Alice.'—I am sorry that I cannot make use of your MSS. Although I have a great deal of work on my shoulders I have given them my best consideration. The question you ask, 'whether it is worth your while continuing to write?' is one that you must answer for yourself. My advice to young writers has always been, 'write if you feel you must write.' In many respects I have formed a high opinion of your good sense, and for

that reason I am inclined to be more blunt in expressing my opinion than I might be to a young writer whom I feared to discourage. I tell you frankly, therefore, that I doubt whether you can hope to attain to any high poetic standard. Almost anyone, as you are aware, may become pretty proficient in verse-making, but poetry is another thing. With regard to your story, it ranks in a different class from the most of those I receive—and I get a great many. It is the work of a person who has a command of English, and can express her thoughts, which, alas! is not the case with too many of the embryo writers who seek my advice. But as a story it is not deeply interesting. I confess I much preferred your general treatment of the first story, though the subject was against its appearance in the GRAPHIC. I return you the MSS. as requested, and shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

'Penelope.'—If I mistake not Penelope is young and lively. At any rate her story is youthful and lively, and if from a critical standpoint it has a good many faults, still it is not devoid of a certain naturalness and spontaneity which cover a good many shortcomings. As the subject it deals with is at this moment a good deal under discussion, I should be willing to insert the tale later on among the unpaid contributions to the GRAPHIC. Do you desire it?

'C. Clyde.'—Your story shows that you are possessed of no little imagination, and although I regret I can make no use of it just at present, I shall be glad to hear from you some other time.

A STORY OF OLD NEW ZEALAND.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

TO THE EDITOR: Dear Sir,—I notice in the issues of your paper of the 6th and 13th inst. an interesting account of the wreck of the barque 'Harriet,' and as no mention of the fact is made therein, I presume you are not aware that one of the principal actors in the small tragedy recorded, and probably the only survivor, is still alive. I refer to the boy child, who with his mother was held captive by the Maoris. He is now residing, as he has done for many years, at that picturesque spot, Port Underwood, Clondy Bay, and is well-known both here and in the Sounds as 'Old Jack,' or 'Jack Guard.' I have no doubt he could, if asked, give some interesting accounts of events which occurred in 'Old New Zealand' days. It may be of interest to your readers to know that he is still in the land of the living.

Yours, etc., PONEKE.

Wellington, June 14th, 1896.

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.

'TRILEY.'—It is not at all necessary for any one to be a correspondent of Cousin Kate in order to send money in aid of the Cot Fund. Cousin Kate assures me she is very much pleased when anyone, beyond the cousins, shows sufficient interest in it to send her a contribution. Would you like a collecting card? They cost the collector nothing. In reply to your second question, I was at first going to give an immediate 'Yes,' but on thinking the matter over, I see it would have to depend on one or two points. First, is the gentleman considerably older or entitled in any way to any special consideration? And again, does she wish to leave from any sudden caprice or whim. If for either of these reasons she desires to leave theatre, dance, or any place of amusement, I think she is wrong, especially if he would prefer to remain. But perhaps you only mean can she be the one to suggest going? Most certainly she can; but she should ask him if he has any more engagements on his programme, or if he would object to leaving the theatre as she is cold, or indisposed, or must be home by a certain time? If she proposes leaving in a pretty pleasant manner, thanking him for the pleasure he has afforded her, no man would feel annoyed with her. You ask, thirdly, how to start an Amateur Dramatic Club? If I were in your place I should run over in my mind and then make a list on paper of all the people you know who have sufficient talent and would be likely to prove good members. Then get one or two of the best together—in your own drawing-room—and talk the matter over. First settle on a place for general rehearsals; if possible where no payments will be wanted. Choose a good manager (who could also be secretary) and a treasurer. Fix your subscription as low as possible—or have none at first if you can manage to get books for your first play—and let each copy his or her part (you must allow extra time for this). Have a very small committee who will arrange a piece, and decide on the various actors—who shall be asked to personate a character, fix the rehearsals, and the date of performing. If in public, they will hire the hall and issue tickets. You ought to pay expenses by a good piece, and have something in hand towards buying extra wigs, costumes, etc., which must be the property of the Club. Be sure your committee are good-tempered and likely to work well together. If I can help you in any way further, I shall be very pleased.

'Vivian Arden.'—Your manuscripts received.

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 readers 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.

* Allan's Reels, Strathspeys, and General Dance Music. * Morven's Collection of Scottish Songs, Part IV. * Allan's 110 Songs of Scotland, Without Words.

WE have received those three works from the well-known publisher of Scottish music, Mr Mozart Allan, of 70, South Portland-street, Glasgow. In the first book there is, among other dance music, such a wealth of reels and strathspeys that even a Scot, little versed in the musical lore of his native country, could not fail to find among them some that are familiar to him, and touch him in this far land of his adoption, like a breeze from Scottish hills laden with the notes of the bagpipes, now maddly merry, now piercingly sad. Even the Sassenach ear, that loves not the melodies of the bagpipes, will surely catch the charm of such music as 'The Duchess of Gordon,' 'Tullochgorum,' 'The Wind that shakes the Barley' when the piano interprets it to them in a simple arrangement like the one now before us.

Part IV. of the "Morven" Collection of Scottish Songs is composed of many familiar, and some not so familiar, Scotch songs which are widely loved throughout the world by music lovers of all nationalities. The accompaniments are very simple and harmonious.

*Allan's 110 Songs of Scotland Without Words' is a capital arrangement for the pianoforte of the airs of well-known Scottish songs. Its simplicity would make it very suitable for those beginning to learn the pianoforte.

Indeed, the simplicity and cheapness of these three collections bring them within the compass of almost everyone's skill and purse.

Joaquin Miller's new book of poems, 'Songs of the Soul,' is the result of the poet's ten years' hermit-like meditation on the Heights. In the preface Joaquin Miller says: 'It may be a bold thing to sing by our own great sea bank instead of abroad, as before, but I have faith in my own people, and believe the time has come to keep our work at home.' The volume contains, besides a large number of poems that have appeared in the public prints, though never before in book form, many new productions of the poet's genius, notably 'Sappho and Phaon,' embracing 'The Songs of the Soul.' The poet dedicates the work 'To Mother,' and the prelude is in the following beautiful strain:

Long years, long years apart, a one,
Despite man's rage or woman's ruth,
I kept my cloud-capped heights of stone
To watch for light, to toil for truth.

And oh, the voices I have heard!
Such visions when the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty every where;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing in the air.

The love in all, the good in all,
The God in all, in all that is;
But oh, I stumble to my fall,
To try to tell a title of this!

Poor fall'ring tongue! Each rambling tale,
Save here and there a ray of light,
Rends as some tavern of the vale,
Instead of God's house on some height.

But take these flowers; tears and toll
Have meshed them in most sad array;
Yet if some weed, some wood, some soil,
A tear may wash the mold away.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle has been writing letters to the *Westminster Gazette* from Cairo on the British campaign in Egypt. Here is a description of one of the parting scenes as the troops board the train for Dongola: 'A crown of red-fezzed Egyptians and sun-helmeted Europeans are looking silently on without much sign of sym-

pathy. A long-legged, red-coated dragoon wanders through the ranks looking for a pal. He finds him at last, just in front of me—a stocky little infantryman, all hat and knapsack. "Bye, Bill!" says the dragoon. "Bye!" says the other, hardly glancing at him. Two Frenchmen would have been in each other's arms. Yet it cannot be want of feeling, or why should the dragoon wander about in that blazing Cairo sun looking for his pal?

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Not all of the truly worthy authors of past times have been condemned to penury and vagabondage. Some of them, on the contrary, have acquired fortunes by reason of the liberal compensation they received for their work. Scott was paid for one of his novels at the rate of £5 per day for the time employed in writing it, and his total literary earnings aggregated £300,000. Byron got £4,000 for 'Childe Harold' and £3,000 for 'Don Juan.' Moore sold 'Lalla Rookh' for £3,150, and his 'Irish Melodies' brought him £9,000. Gray received only £40 for his poems, and not a cent for the immortal 'Elegy,' out of which the publisher made £1,000, but that was because he had an eccentric prejudice against taking money for writing. Tennyson had an annual income of from £8,000 to £10,000 for many years, though in the early part of his career, when he wrote 'Maud' and 'In Memoriam,' he realized next to nothing. Longfellow sold his first poems, including some of his best ones, at very low figures, but he lived to receive £800, or £4 a line, for 'The Hanging of the Crane,' and when he died he was worth £70,000. Whittier left an estate of £40,000; and several of the leading American prose writers have done quite as well. These are exceptions, it is true, but they serve to modify the general rule, and to show that, in cases of superior merit, literature has proved to be notably profitable.

Mr Arthur Waugh has been explaining (says the *Literary World*) the true inwardness of a practice that is getting common among certain London publishers:—'It would appear that nowadays no book can be called successful which does not pass through several editions before it is published at all. This morning's papers are full of advertisements of a new book by a well-known purveyor of sensational fiction, whose story is not to be issued till Monday, and will then be in its fourth edition. Whether the public is taken in by this sort of thing or not, it is difficult to say; but it is certainly the cheapest kind of manipulation. It means either one of two things. The publisher may, firstly, have underrated the number of copies likely to be sold upon subscription, and so given a first printing order inadequate to the demand; or, secondly, he may have printed the words 'First Edition' upon the first few thousand, "Second" on the next batch, and so on. In neither case do the additional copies constitute a genuine edition, which means, if it means anything, a reprint rendered necessary by the exhaustion of stock placed upon the market in the usual course of business. It is really time that these tricks of the cheap hucksters were discarded by self-respecting writers. Soaps and mustards have their methods, but one wishes better treatment for even the most vulgar and incompetent of novels.'

The June number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which we have just received, maintains the usual high excellence of style and matter characteristic of that magazine. An interesting article in it on the deservedly popular Australian poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon, will be sure to attract the attention of Australasians and of all lovers of horseflesh. Amongst much else that is good is an article, suitably illustrated, on Emile Wanters, the first Flemish artist of the present day; another on 'The New Photography of the Invisible,' by A. A. C. Swinton; a chatty paper on 'Early Romances of the Century,' by the Countess of Cork and Orrery; also the continuation of Sir Walter Besant's 'City of Refuge,' and a couple of crisply-written stories, one dealing with a ghost, the other with an elephant's tusk. The numerous illustrations, headed by the frontispiece—a charming etching from a painting by A. H. Schram, entitled, 'A House of Call, Venice'—are each and all very good of their kind.



ONE or two letters of complaint about the non-running of trams and omnibuses on Sunday have reached this column, but as they are very short and sharp, they may be all condensed into the one sentence: 'Let all public vehicles ply for hire on Sunday as on other days.' One writer, indeed, goes so far as to say, 'abolish the observance of Sunday entirely.'

On the other hand, I have received the following letter, signed 'One Who Knows':—'Kindly permit me to say a few words under your heading of "Plain Speaking" re the now too common custom of running the ferry boats on Sunday. I do not, at this moment, recollect whether this is done in other ports besides Auckland, but at all events in that city the ferry steamers do run on Sundays, affording no rest to the men who are employed on them—the skippers, ticket-collectors, and engineers. This is a very great hardship, and in most cases is gross selfishness on the part of the travelling public, who, as a rule, have no need whatever to go over to Northcote, Birkenhead, Devonport, or Takapuna, or from any of those ports to the city of Auckland on Sundays. Of course, some of them say they leave those charming marine suburbs for the sake of attending their own pet and particular place of worship in the city, and hearing the gospel preached by their own popular parson. These very good people are in reality not one whit less sabbath-breakers than the ordinary holiday-makers, over whom they upraise holy hands of righteous indignation, sorrowful remonstrance, and Pharisaical horror. The townships lying across the water are singularly well provided with an assortment of churches and chapels—sufficient, an unprejudiced observer would imagine, to supply spiritual nourishment for a much larger and more religiously varied population than exists on those shores. And yet these professing Christians—who, Sunday by Sunday, have impressed upon them the duty of keeping the Sabbath day holy, and loving their neighbours as themselves—regularly and systematically disregard both these scriptural injunctions, and do evil that good may come—to their own souls, regardless of the moral effect on their children and the sceptical public. At present the ferry steamers plying between the North Shore and Auckland make nineteen trips each way on Sundays—that is, thirty-eight trips on God's Holy Day, and the steamers going to Northcote and Birkenhead run fourteen times each way, that is, twenty-eight voyages in all for those small places. There are three men employed on each steamer. On the Northcote-Birkenhead service the engineers work in shifts as follows:—Sunday, 7 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., or 1 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. On week days, 6.30 a.m. to 6 p.m., or 1.30 p.m. to midnight. This does not include getting up steam, the engineers having to work about two hours longer than the skippers. This hard Sunday labour is entirely for the benefit of the general public, and, I also suppose, for the good of the purse of the Company to whom the steamers belong. But the remedy for this state of things rests entirely with the public, who ought, on principle, to refuse to make their fellow-creatures work on the usual day of rest. Very soon, if no protest is entered against Sunday work, we shall have trams and omnibuses and all other vehicles running on Sundays the same as on weekdays, and then, good-bye to our prosperity as a nation. For it is a well-established fact that countries where the Sabbath is duly observed as a day of rest show a healthier, wealthier, and happier population than those where the people work seven days a week, either laboriously or luxuriously.'

A 'New Woman' writes:—'It is being freely stated that the best women in New Zealand have refrained from voting at the elections of members for Parliament, either the general one or bye-elections. If this be so, all the more shame to them. They have the privilege of voting, and they have no right to refuse to exercise it. They will probably urge that they did not wish to have this honour; they did not seek the position; it was thrust upon them. Possibly, but this in no way lessens their present responsibility. Quite as sensibly they might remark that they had no choice as to their existence, no say in the matter of their birth. And as to the laws by which they are governed, and which they have to obey, why they might just as well rebel against them all as against female franchise. Some of the married ladies who object to women's suffrage may say they do not wish to have children, and since they have them against their wish, they have no responsibility in regard to them to bring them up properly. This is quite a mistake. The children are there, and the mothers have to see that they are duly fed and decently educated from babyhood. Just the same, they have the franchise thrust upon them, and they have to see that proper and good men represent themselves and their helpless children in Parliament—men who will frame the best kind of laws for them. It is now the clear duty of every woman to see that her name is duly inscribed on the electoral roll, and that when election day comes she is prepared to exercise her vote in a common-sense manner so that the men returned to Parliament are no disgrace to the enfranchised women of New Zealand. To shrink from such a plain duty is not what one would expect from the 'best women' in the colony. Rather would one be prepared to find them bravely, nobly, and heartily performing the duty which the general voice of the colony has laid upon them.'

THE WEATHER. SUDDEN CHANGES. ALCOHOLIC DRINKS. WANT OF EXERCISE, etc., frequently produce biliousness, headache, etc. A gentleman writes:—'I have used ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" for six years, and I willingly endorse the statement that ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its use many kinds of food will agree which otherwise would produce wretchedness. CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitator.'

Sold by all Chemists and Storemen.

In the Smoke Room.

AN enterprising firm of American bicycle manufacturers have presented Miss Lillian Russell, the *prima donna*, with a golden bicycle. This is the second presentation of the kind to the singer. The manufacturers themselves are the authority for the statement that this 'bike' cost complete £280. Every part of the wheel that could be plated has three layers of gold, and the value of the bullion used in the plating process was £160.

I have been asked a curious question. 'Is it painful to die?' From my own experience, and I have been given up many a time and oft, here and abroad, I should answer 'no, in ninety cases out of a hundred.' The doomed patient is tired and weary, and faint would sleep. Albeit that sleep will be a long one—

'To die, to sleep, perchance to dream.'

but we have only to trust to the goodness of the Father, who will, I believe, measure our sins by our temptations and idiosyncrasies.

We read the other day of a Californian woman who, in weary resentment of the fact that her husband remained away from home all night, tied that gentleman up by the thumbs and administered chastisement with a horsewhip.

Dr. Conan Doyle, speaking of cycling, says:—'When the spirits are low, when the day appears dark, when work becomes monotonous, when hope seems hardly worth having, just mount a bicycle and go and have a good spin down the road, without thought of anything but the ride you are taking. I have myself ridden the bicycle most during my practice as a physician and during my work in letters. I can only speak words of praise for the bicycle, for I believe that its use is commonly beneficial, and not at all detrimental to health, except in the matter of beginners who overdo it.'

In the long run—that is to say, at the end of the long run—the chief difference between the rich and the poor is in the material out of which the coffin is made.

There is always something to look forward to, even though it be only the millennium.

There is a gentleman in Holland (Mr Boomgardt) who has lived, and is still going on, up till the age of 107, and has all his life been an outrageous smoker.

Imagine Paris without her trees. Still, at the present moment, it is hinted gloomily that this may happen. The fact is that the sewer gas is oozing into the ground and poisoning the roots, with the result that many are withering away.

I like stories of dogs, even when I am compelled to take them with a pinch of salt. I love the dog so much that I am willing his friends should tell the rankest falsehoods to illustrate his intelligence, but I must strongly assert that, while there are many men who know more than any dog, there are also a few dogs who know more than some men. The dog of which—or, shall I say of whom?—I speak went to a doctor's office and set up the most piteous whine. The doctor tried to make him chase himself away, but the dog stuck like glue. When all the other patients had gone the dog presented his front foot to the doctor, who saw that it was broken. Being a decent sort of fellow, the M. D. got some splints and began to work on poor doggy's foot, and although the operation was painful, the pug licked the doctor's hand through it all.

In the west and west central districts of London there are constantly in evidence several professional billiard-players who actually describe themselves as 'billiard tutors,' and who, week in and week out, do fairly well at the occupation, for there is no doubt that the popularity of billiards is ever increasing. These 'tutors' have an arrangement with a certain number of publicans, and are privileged when the tables are otherwise unoccupied, to take pupils up for instruction, for which the usual fee to the tutor is sixpence for a good quarter of an hour, though the instructor undertakes to teach one easy stroke, say, for twopence. Sometimes the pupil will elect to play a game with a slight stake at issue—the latter being to recompense the tutor for his loss of time. The sixpenny lesson generally also entails refreshments for the tutor and the marker. One marker said that he had known a tutor to give as many as twenty short lessons in one day, but of course this is very unusual.

The Greek and Italian fishermen of the Columbia River have some ideas of trades unionism peculiarly their own. They have made a rule that no fisherman may catch fish except for his own consumption, and that if he takes more than he can use he must divide the spoils with his neighbour fishermen who have not been out. No fishermen will be allowed to sell to the markets or to private trade. It is further ordered that all non-union fishermen shall refrain from casting a line into the

river either for pleasure or business, and certain penalties are supposed to be visited upon such misguided persons with a taste for piscatorial pursuits.

Here is an account of the Mexican jumping bean, a curiosity of the vegetable kingdom, until the reason for its peculiar gymnastic properties was found to be due to the animal kingdom. The bean is the seed of a plant belonging to the Spurge family, and its peculiarity consists in the fact that specimens of it are often found which are capable of making short leaps forward and of turning themselves over by a sidelong movement. If some of these beans are put into a box and examined the following season it will be seen that they are no longer capable of movement, and small holes will be found gnawed through the shell or pod, and in the bottom of the box some small moths will be noticed. On opening one of these active beans a small larva will be found in the interior. The grub does not entirely fill the space that was occupied by the seed, so that by suddenly changing its position it is capable of giving movement to the lighter seed pod which it occupies.

There has lately arrived in Egypt a French trader who was expelled from Abyssinia at the instance of the Greek traders with that country. Shortly before the recent crushing defeat of the Italians he had supplied 20,000 rifles, similar to those in use in the French army, to the troops of the Negus. On learning this, and fearing lest they should lose their monopoly, the Greek traders denounced their rival as an Italian spy, whereupon he was condemned to be shot at sight, unless he left the country at once. At great peril he made his way from Harar to Djibouti, in Somaliland, from whence he took steamer to Suez. It is probable that the Abyssinians owe their recent victory more to the number and quality of their arms than to anything else.

This is an agony column advertisement in a London paper:—'MAGGIE D.—Dear sweet little Peepie, do come back to me or to your mother and forgive my unkindness. This will be a lesson to me, and I will forget everything. I will only live to do everything to make you happy. I see now how much I really love you, and you do love me, don't you? Everyone wants you back, and your mother shall live with us.—WILLIE.'

The dullness of the English Sunday has become too great a burden for the active members of the New Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall. An extraordinary meeting of the members has been called to decide upon the propriety of opening the members' billiard-room on Sundays.

Are American murders increasing? No one has yet attempted to refute the recent and startling assertion of Hon. Andrew D. White, that more murders are committed in the United States than in any other civilized country in the world. In 1889 the number exceeded 3,500; in 1895 it was almost three times as great! Jurists attribute the increase to the lack of restraining fear which, they believe, would come through prompt trial and adequate punishment of the criminals, and to the sentimental objection of the public to the infliction of capital punishment.

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

A TERRIBLE COUGH. A TERRIBLE COUGH.

'94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.
'Dear Sir,—I am a poor head at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your Lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, that God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, do you could possibly have had a more violent cough: it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL.'

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY. A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

'Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1893.
'I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,
A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M. Edinburgh, L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.'

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

'It is 75 years ago' since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in Tins by all Chemists.

Men and Women.

IT is often imagined that German is the language chiefly spoken by the Royal Family at Marlborough House and Sandringham; and a story is current that a lady, often honoured by invitations to the latter place, set to work to learn German, so that she might be able to speak in the preferred tongue. But all this is mere idle rumour, for, in reality, our 'Royalties' talk English as a rule, although they are most excellent linguists, and have the enviable gift of acquiring foreign tongues with great ease.

The Empress of Austria has to give a written receipt for the State jewels every time she wears them, and as a result she therefore usually contents herself with her private collection, which is of great value.

Quite the newest occupation for women is that of bull-fighter. Two enterprising Spanish sisters have been touring through Spain lately as picador and matador. The wind, as it ever is for the favoured sex, was tempered for these bold yet cautious maidens, and they were confronted not with mature bulls but with mere calves and steers. At Xeres bulls three parts matured were permitted to contest them, and the consequence was that one of the daring damsels was ignominiously tossed, and in consequence lost the sight of her right eye. This, however, will be but a trifle compared to the glory of wrestling one more occupation from the grasp of that terrible monopolist man. There is one disadvantage about bull-fighting as an occupation. There is only one country in which it can be pursued.

Many people in these days are asking why men seem so much less inclined to marry now than they formerly were; but the solution of the question lies in the fact that in nine cases out of ten the girls of their acquaintance are not capable of making life attractive, and of being happy and satisfied on small means.

The dear girls are not to be trusted when they swear to lead single lives, for, sooner or later, they break the vow and go to housekeeping with one of the abhorred sex. Only a short time ago a girl's bachelor club, out in Michigan, had for president a fair maiden who never spoke of a man except to belabour him with offensive adjectives. She marry? Not until the stars should all come tumbling down into her father's potato patch. A little later on she was missed. The president's chair was vacant. The little man-hater had eloped with a youngster who had red hair and a pug nose.

The costliest piece of lace in the world was recently to be seen at A. T. Stewart's, New York. It consists of a flounce, five yards long and a yard and a quarter in width, of the finest Brussels points ever made. It cost, according to an American paper, £5,000 a yard, or £20,000 for the entire flounce or dress.

The bicycle on Sunday is so natural that one seems made for the other. To hundreds of thousands of toilers Sunday is the one day and the bicycle is the one means for country air and exercise. No one else is more grateful for Sunday than the cyclist. He may not think of the familiar text, but it expresses his feeling—'This is the day the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.' Ministers have had, as a rule, too wholesome a feeling about the wheel to make much outcry against Sunday riding; doubtless many of them love the wheel on week-days too much to want to deprive their fellows of the happiness on Sunday. Nevertheless, the wheel does thin out the summer congregation. Sensible clergymen in a number of cities have adapted themselves to the new habit. In Boston, the Immanuel (Episcopal) Church has on Sunday mornings an 8 o'clock service, especially for bicyclers, where they may begin their enjoyment of a day of God's air by an hour in God's house. The People's (Methodist) Church of the same city has a 'bicycle entrance' where wheels can be left at any service. Recently, in Chicago, Rev. Jenkyn Lloyd Jones, a Unitarian minister, caused a sign to be exhibited, 'Checks Given for Bicycles.' Why not? Why not the bicycle costume freely in church as well as the soldier uniform, or as any other kind of fashion? People will wheel on Sunday; many of them would also like to enjoy an hour of worship in church. Why, then, do not all clergymen make an immediate effort to render it possible for them to do both? What a chance the country church has for showing hospitality to cyclists! A sign displayed, giving invitations to wheelmen and wheelwomen to come in and rest for an hour would give direction to many Sunday routes.

Women of all colours, from white to chocolate, and thence on to charcoal, are coming to the front. Now, here is a Sioux girl, the true daughter of a true Indian, with not a drop of white blood in her veins, who took the prize in the Indiana State oratorical contest.

According to a London paper, young girls in want of pocket-money manage to secure some by taking pet dogs for daily walks, teaching them tricks, and doing everything to make them companionable, save and except diverting their affection from their lawful owners. Others take charge of birds, seeing to their housekeeping for them, the daily supply of seed, water, and sand.

MUSIC.

Plays and Players.

ABBEY, the American *impresario*, blossomed from the obscurity of a town in Ohio—Akron. His father was a jeweller, and Abbey fell was apprenticed to the trade. Abbey had a slight musical bent, and played an indifferent cornet in the orchestra of the Akron Opera House. Edwin Adams, the Titan of the romantic actors in his day, played at Akron, and being short of an advance agent, he employed Abbey, a youngster of genteel presence, companionable nature and voluble tongue. This was the preface to the many spirited and entertaining chapters in the biography of Abbey. When the fame or notoriety—or what you will of the Bernhardt was chortled through America about fifteen years ago Abbey went over to England unbeknown to his friends. Rich in what Mr Gilbert calls modest assurance and gaunt of wallet, Abbey reached London plus a few hundred dollars above his passage. He sat down and wrote to the prominent American managers that he had secured Bernhardt for an American tour, and in order to secure her for a certain number of weeks, America would have to put up so much money. What would Mr Manager pay? Reply post haste, for the tour must be booked in a hurry. At such palatable bait as Sarah the American managers hungrily bit. Their guarantees were simply fabulous. Their money was deposited in the bank. And Abbey, when this was done, went in quest of Sarah's English representative, Jarrett by name. 'Mr Jarrett,' said Abbey, 'I want Bernhardt for an American tour of so many nights. I will guarantee her so much money.' Jarrett wired Sarah, who insisted on so much more—a figure well within the limits of the amounts guaranteed by the American managers, with a handsome profit to boot for Abbey. Abbey consented, and so he became the introducer of the great tragedian to America and a man of money.

Johannes Brahms has been nominated one of the foreign associates of the French Academie des Beaux Arts, in place of Fiorelli of Rome.

Katherine Bartho, late of the Henderson Company, has made a hit at the Trocadero, in New York, with a new dance entitled 'Cuba Libre.'

A special performance by the Grand Opera Company in New York for Abbey and Grau's benefit had a great scene. Melba, Calve, Nordica, Saville, Jean, and Edouard de Reszke, and all the principals and chorus marched on in different costumes and sang the soldiers' chorus from 'Faust.' It made a tremendous effect.

I like this epitaph upon the tombstone of a musician:—'He has gone to the only place where his music can be excelled.'

It is stated that the personal profits of Paderewski in America are £46,000. That must mean this season, as he was supposed to get all the receipts.

Mrs Sophie Keller is the first woman orchestra conductor in Denmark. In 1895 she retired from the operatic stage after a brilliant lyric career of twenty-five years and began to teach. Last autumn she founded an institution called the Women's Private Society for Concerts, which opened with about 1,000 active and associate members.

The Wellington Festival Choral Society give their first concert of the season on Monday night, when 'Beethoven's Symphony in D. Major' and Dvorak's 'Stabat Mater' will be works produced.

A sacred concert and recital of music will be held in the Devonport (Auckland) Roman Catholic Church on Wednesday next, July 1st. Several talented vocalists and instrumentalists have offered to take part. As it is in aid of the choir fund, a subscription will take place.

Numbers of Wellington lovers of Scotch music wended their way to the Exchange Hall, on the night when the Burns Societies gave their annual concert. His Excellency and Lady Glasgow had announced their intention of being present.

A very fashionable Christchurch audience assembled at the Temple of Truth on Thursday evening for the Gemischter Abend of the Liedertafel, and being the last of the season no one liked to miss it, so in spite of its being an Arctic night there were few empty seats. Under the galleries was artistically curtained off, and people settled down comfortably, expecting not to feel the Siberian breezes, but the curtains waved about occasionally, revealing the dainty refreshment tables which were laid down one side, making all long for coffee time. The part songs and solos were splendidly given, several encores being insisted on. A 'Serenade,' with vocal accompaniment, the solo by Mr Lovell, was a charming item. Mr F. M. Wallace's two violin solos by Riess were another treat. Mr Lovell sang Tosti's 'Good-bye' with great expression, and as a *finale* the members sang 'The Students' Parting Song,' as a farewell to Mr Lovell, who is shortly leaving for England.

The ladies' night of the Christchurch Liedertafel went off most successfully, Mr Wallace conducting, and Mr R. Trist Scarell playing the accompaniments. Among the performers were Mr F. Barkas, Mr Miller, Mr W. A. Day, Mr H. H. Loughnan, and Mr R. Trist Scarell and Mr Wallace.

ONE of the treats which New Zealand play-goers are looking forward to is a Shakespearean season with Mrs Brown Potter, and Mr Kyrle Bellew. The presentation of 'As You Like It' at the Melbourne Princess, with the lady as Rosalind and Bellew as Orlando, has been a success, though perhaps not quite the success one might have expected from the



MR. KYRLE BELLEW AS 'ROMEO.'

reputation both the actor and actress have acquired in the States. Perhaps the fault may be with the Melbournians. Speaking of Mrs Potter's Juliet, an American critic said: 'There never was a more beautiful creature in human guise than the Juliet at Daly's Theatre. It is quite impossible to conceive anything more delicious in colouring, more graceful in figure, more splendid in raiment than was Mrs Potter's Juliet. Leaving aside all criticism of the acting of the part, it was well worth anyone's time to go to Daly's simply to gaze at Mrs Potter's physi-



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS 'JULIET.'

cal perfections as Juliet. If one had nothing else to do in the world it would be a fine thing just to spend the rest of one's days in looking at Mrs Potter's Juliet. Some painter has said, so Mrs Potter's press agents aver, that in Juliet she is "a Botticelli painting." Here is praise indeed! The *Sydney Bulletin*, which is only complimentary to Mrs Potter in a qualified sort of way, admits that 'she is fascinating, also very much in earnest, and fascinating earnestness strikes the scoffer dumb, otherwise she would soon be up a tree in the Forest of Arden.'

The death last week in London of Sir Augustus Harris removes from the theatrical profession one whose fame

has travelled into all parts of the earth. Sir Augustus Drinolans, as he was sometimes called in tribute to his wonderful productions at the old theatre, was the prince of English managers. His pantomimes were magnificent affairs, surpassing any other representations of their kind, for he was brimful of good ideas, and never spared expense so long as he could furnish his public with a first-class entertainment. In early life he was



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

in business, but eventually drifted on to the stage, and in 1879, at the early age of twenty-seven, became lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. He revived grand opera there in 1887, and at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in 1888. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1891. In addition to being a most successful manager, Sir Augustus collaborated with Messrs Pettitt, Hamilton, and others in the authorship of 'The World,' 'Youth,' 'Human Nature,' 'A Run of Luck,' 'Armada,' 'A Million of Money,' 'The Prodigal's Daughter,' and 'A Life of Pleasure.' He was born in 1852, and was therefore only forty-four years old at the time of his death.

A message from New York gives an account of an unusual presentation which was made after the first act of 'Lohengrin,' at the Metropolitan Opera House recently, to Madame Nordica. Certain lady admirers formed themselves into a committee and collected subscriptions, limited to £2 each, for the purchase of a tiara of 233 diamonds, and valued at over £1,000. The coronet is described as of Adams' pattern, of the period of the first Empire. There is a band of gold at its base, but the setting of the stones is in platinum, a new device which is said to impart extra brilliancy to the diamonds. There are seventy-five stones in the lowest row, and sixty-six larger diamonds are arranged as a cluster of sprigs and flowers, each sprig tapering off to a large single stone.

One of the quickest and most remarkable bounds into popularity has been that of Yvette Guilbert, the famous French singer. Very few years ago she could hardly keep body and soul together by posing as an artist's model. She tried the stage, says *Hearth and Home*, with no better success, and finally made a sudden leap into fortune after appearing in a second-rate Paris music-hall. Her peculiarly original style of singing, or rather chanting, her songs caught on, and now all the world worships at her shrine, and she can command almost any fees she likes to demand.

The times and the manners change. When 'Nana' was first put on the stage in Paris, the public was dumb at its audacity—noticeably over that scene where the Marquis de Chouard foully attacks Nana. To-day the play is revived, and no one says a word, while thoughtful French critics are pointing out the lengths it is possible to go to now without comment.

The question of hats of ladies in theatres has been decided at Bordeaux in a peaceable manner. The mayor having been desired to use his authority to suppress the wearing of hats, he gallantly answered that he could not undertake any such crusade against the weaker sex. The affair became known in the town, and the ladies of Bordeaux, desiring to testify their gratitude to the mayor for the delicacy of his action, arrived in the stalls and other seats of the Grand Theatre without head-covering, and now the reform is said to be completely adopted.

North New York is to have a theatre and roof garden that will cost £80,000. It is to be built on the south side of 142nd-street. There will be an auditorium for the legitimate drama, a music-hall, a café, a roof garden, lodge rooms, reception rooms, business offices and stores on the ground floor. It will be ready for the public about New Year.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has confessed that he does not always work with the rapidity ascribed to him. 'When

the fever is on me and the subject excites my fancy I can turn out four numbers in a day. On the other hand, I have spent a week over a single song, setting it over and over again, until I felt the melody interpreted the story of the words.'

They had been talking of peculiar wills, when the popular baritone remarked: 'I never knew of but one man to leave his voice to another. That was Jimmie Love, who had been a great baritone ballad singer in his day, and was a member of a minstrel troupe when he died. Sher Campbell and William E. Castle, afterward the best of our opera singers, were members of the same troupe. Jimmie Love got sick while travelling out West and knew he would soon die. The members of the troupe had to go on to another town, so they made a formal good-bye call. "Boys," said Love, "I wish I had something to leave you in my will, but, like many another ballad singer, I did not manage to gather much of this world's goods." Campbell had been a tenor singer, and had become tired of singing tenor ballads. "Yes, you have," he answered the dying minstrel, "will me your voice." "All right, Sher, my voice goes to you," responded Love. The troupe started on their road, and during the night Love died. The next morning at rehearsal Campbell found that his voice had changed from tenor to a fine baritone, though he did not learn of the death of Love for several hours afterward. Campbell, as every one knows, became one of the great baritones of the stage, and with Castle and Caroline Richings made popular English opera a great success in this country.' The listeners said nothing.

One of the most curious things in connection with theatres is the number of employes about them—check-takers, hall-keepers, attendants, and so on—who have never seen a play for above a moment at a time for many years. The writer could mention many cases of old hall-keepers—the 'hall-keeper' is the grim janitor of the stage-door—who have never seen a play at all. For years and years the voices of the actors and actresses and the strains of the band have come to these men in fitful bursts when a swing door has been opened; they have seen generations of theatrical people pass and repass; they have seen eager crowds come and go to see the plays produced, and have heard the incidents of the latter perpetually discussed, and yet they know no more of these incidents than they have gathered from the pictorial posters. There is one very well-known attendant in uniform—an old soldier—at a London theatre who has been in attendance every working night when the theatre has been open for twenty-five years, and has never during that period had the opportunity of enjoying one moment of the play.

Mr G. R. Sims calls attention to another illustration of the fact that there is a great religious boom in the show world just at present. A popular actor, it seems, has lately been performing in a sketch at some of the halls as an unbeliever. He declares he does not believe in God. His child is taken ill and lies at death's door. A clergyman comes in and tells him to pray. He refuses. There is no God, and therefore it is useless to ask God to interfere. But there is a church opposite to his dwelling, and presently the organ is heard, and the choir sing a hymn. The unbeliever's heart is touched: he falls on his knees and prays. The child rises from its pillow and says, 'Daddy, I'm better.' The clergyman enters and sees the atheist on his knees, and clasps his hand. Both raise their eyes to heaven, and the curtain falls amidst the frantic yells of delight, cat-calls and applause of the gallery—which (Mr Sims, best of authorities, advises us) is always patriotic, always virtuous, and always deeply religious.

Messrs Williamson and Musgrove's Royal Comic Opera Company are now in Christchurch steadily working their way North. The Melbourne season resulted in a clear profit of £3,500.

The 'Scrap of Paper' Company (says our Christchurch correspondent) are to be congratulated on their efforts in aid of Herrick's Home, when I hear the substantial sum of between thirty and forty pounds will be available to hand over. The piece went from beginning to end without a hitch. Mrs Marsh as Helen Hartley, Mr Guise Brittan as Lord Ingram, Mr Alpers as Colonel Goring Blake, Mrs Isaac Gibbs as Mrs Jenkins, the housekeeper, and Tom (Mr Nicoll) were even better than on their first appearance.

Professor Davis is drawing good houses in Auckland with his fantasies and clever exposure of spiritualism.

'And who is this?' asked Aunt Clara, pointing to the picture of a chubby child in skirts. 'That,' said Robby, who had been wearing knickerbockers for some time, 'is me when I was a girl.'

SCIENCE.

A PERSON in good health, with fair play, says the *Lancet*, easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach, or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold or pneumonia, or, it may be, jaundice. Of all the causes of 'cold' probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily 'doing the season,' young children overfed and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of 'cold.' Luxury is favourable to chill-taking; very hot rooms, feather beds, soft chairs, create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the 'cold' that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst 'colds' happen to those who do not leave their house or even their beds, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation. Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fog end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting-rooms or underheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks.

The King of Portugal and his entire court are rejoicing over the zeal and industry with which Queen Amelie is devoting herself to the study of the Rontgen light. Her Majesty puts in all her time now in photographing King Carlos and the ladies and gentlemen of the court, in order to discover what their skeletons are like. For several years the Queen has been a rapt student of medicine, and in her enthusiastic pursuit of medical science and by her experiments has reduced some of her ladies-in-waiting almost to death's door. Now that the Queen has a new hobby the Portuguese court rejoices, especially the King, as the Queen was always insisting upon his trying new methods, discovered by herself, for reducing his growing corpulency. It is even said that in consequence of the King's gratitude to Rontgen the professor is to be invited to the court at Lisbon and will receive a high decoration from His Majesty.

A FAST BICYCLE BOAT.

Charles Flint, of Brooklyn, New York, thinks he has solved the problem of ocean rapid transit. He has designed a bicycle boat, which, operated by three men, he believes can be made to cross the Atlantic from Sandy Hook to the Lizard in seventy hours, an average speed of forty-five knots per hour. He calls his boat Dolphin, and it has somewhat the shape of that speedy fish. His design, however, is not an effort to construct a hull on the lines of the dolphin, but an outgrowth of long observation of the sea and study of forms to which it offers least resistance. Besides the bicycle machinery, which is the most conspicuous feature of the boat and is Flint's own invention, there is another novelty in the form of the propeller. This consists of continuous flanges resembling in shape the figure 8 placed horizontally. The machinery embraces a treadle action, three sets of fly wheels operated by cogs and a shaft balance wheel. The forward fly wheels are 3½ feet in diameter, the middle 7 feet in diameter and those aft 5 feet. The balance wheel, which sets

well aft on the shaft, is 4 feet in diameter. One man operates the machinery with his feet and at the same time steers the boat with his hands. About a year ago Flint built a twenty-foot boat according to his design and tried it at Bayonne. He says he succeeded in making thirty-one knots per hour with it. That boat was accidentally burned, but the model was saved. Flint is now preparing to build a boat 40 feet long, 5 feet beam and 11 feet deep, to draw five feet of water. It will be a turtle-deck craft, without any upper works, except a knob-like protuberance amidships for a pilot-house. The machinery will weigh 700 pounds, and 700 pounds of lead will be put in the keel to give the boat stability. The boat will carry a crew of three. It will take two men to start the machinery, but, once started, one man can run it at full speed for hours. Flint will navigate the boat himself. The machinery can be operated by steam or electricity, but Flint proposes to make his first voyage by foot-power.

Some idea of the vast extent of the surface of the earth may be obtained when it is noted that if a lofty church steeple is ascended, and the landscape visible from it looked at, 900,000 such landscapes must be viewed in order that the whole earth may be seen.

The disposition of the typical young lady to have 'a good cry' seems to have been found physiologically proper. Medical authorities assert that crying is the best exercise for young children. One hospital superintendent says that a healthy baby should cry three or four times a day at least, and from ten to fifteen minutes at a time.

Dr. W. W. Jacques, of Boston, an electrician, connected with the Bell Telephone Company, announces the discovery of a method of taking electrical energy direct from coal.

CYCLING.

BY G. LACV HILLIER

(Joint Author of 'Cycling' in the Badminton Library.)

THE CHOICE OF A CYCLE.

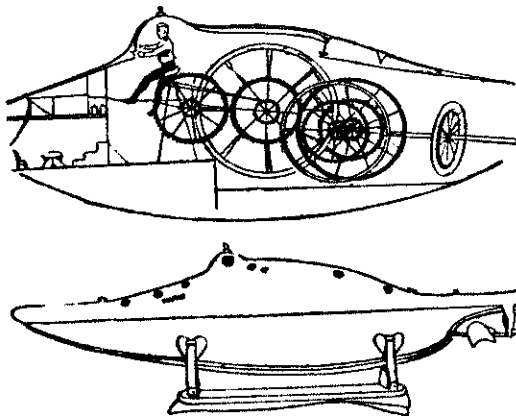
THE choice of a cycle is necessarily a matter to be decided in the main by financial considerations, but these considerations should not always weigh exactly in the manner which they would appear necessarily to do at first sight, for it may be at once laid down as an axiom that the more a man is dependent on his own personal labours for his livelihood, the less can he afford to ride a cheap and nasty cycle, and run the risk of a disabling accident; this is why it may be noted in passing that the English cycle makers need never fear competition from abroad in the matter of very low-priced bicycles.

Obviously, therefore, if by any means possible, the cyclist who can ride, and who desires to get the utmost satisfaction out of his riding, should purchase a first-grade make of machine.

There is not, nowadays, the vast difference which used to exist between the qualities of the machines turned out by various firms, because the cycles now made are adjustable, and are consequently turned out in standard patterns, and made from standard parts, and these parts are supplied by big firms, whose sole business is the making of such component parts of cycles; and as it thus happens that very much the same parts are put together by workmen who are equally skilled in the labour they undertake, the result is, of course, a general average of excellence all round.

It is not wise, either, to purchase absurdly high-priced cycles—that is, cycles especially dubbed high-grade, and listed at prices far in advance of those fixed by the acknowledged leaders of the cycle trade. Such listing is only arranged to catch the newcomer in the sport—of the new class which is likely to pay a fancy price, on the off-chance that the machine is really that much better; nor is it wise to purchase from persons who, unacquainted with the trade, are simply handling cycles because there is a boom in them. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is an excellent quotation in this case, and I doubt not that the advisability of adhering to it will come home to many people at the end of this season.

Thus the reader will note that the very first thing to do in the choice of a cycle is to go to the local representative of a well-known firm identified with the making of high-grade cycles, and to take his advice in the matter. It will be noted that I specially said about 'the cyclist who can ride' is to purchase a good machine, and my reason for that cautious statement is that the novice, the beginner who is in the throes of his early struggles, would



RATLOR FLINT'S BICYCLE BOAT.

be very ill-advised to go through these early stages on an expensive machine, because the damage that is bound to be done to such a mount by the falls which it would encounter, would be certain to do it a very great deal of harm. It is as well to get through these early stages on a hired bicycle, or upon a strong second or third-grade mount, which will be heavy, clumsy, and ill-finished, but quite good enough for the novice who knows no better, until the point of comparative expertness is reached, and then the cycle for habitual riding may be purchased.

Nowadays there is really but one type of machine—the rear-driven safety—and the variations of pattern are in the main only variations of detail. The only exception to this rule is the Bantam, a cycle which, in some ways, stands by itself, and is very popular with many riders, so that, with the exception referred to, the chooser has the one point pretty well settled for him. A fallacy which is often found amongst purchasers, in the earlier stages of the sport, is that of supposing that lower wheels will make them safer, 'because they will be nearer the ground.' As a matter of fact, within reason, the size of the wheels has absolutely nothing to do with the matter, but the height of the crank-bracket from the ground is the determining factor, for the user, to ride comfortably, must have his leg at reasonable stretch, and therefore must sit at a certain height above the pedals.

Were the crank-bracket placed lower, so as to bring the rider lower, there would be, of course, the ever-present danger of the pedal striking the ground. Another minor point may also be noted in this connection—viz., that the higher above the ground the rider sits the less appears to be the liability to side slip. Opinion is much divided between equal wheels, and a steering wheel bigger than the driving wheel, and it is usually suggested that if the wheels were of equal size, one spare air tube would serve for either wheel; but the matter is not of any vital moment, and the choice may be made irrespective of any special consideration of the point.

It is always advisable to take a standard pattern cycle, rather than wait whilst all the buyer's special ideas are put into it. In fact, just now the cycle-making trade is much too busy to worry over special orders, and in the same way the chooser should take very great care not to ask for out-of-the-way, or eccentric fittings, all of which give trouble, and upset the machine as thought out by its original designer, this latter being a point which should not be lost sight of.

The designer of a modern cycle is not a man who works simply by rule of thumb. He does not, as bicycle makers did at the start of the trade, just take so much material and put it together. He designs the machine on the drawing-board, and thinks out all its details, and the resulting vehicle should not be pulled about by the first novice who comes to buy it; I therefore plump very emphatically for taking standard pattern machines, from the depot of the local agent for the make chosen.

The choice may be guided in some degree by the advice of expert friends, but here again much caution should be exercised, for, beside the class of cyclist who is interested in some make or other, and the man who is what is called a 'maker's amateur,' there is an if possible more dangerous class still to the novice, composed of persons who are constantly discovering phenomenal makers of cycles, of whom one never heard before and never hears again. There are of course geniuses in cycle-making who blush unseen, in out-of-the-way corners, but their talents only serve to enable them to occasionally approximate the results attained by the big

makers, with their splendid machinery which secures mechanical accuracy, their expert workmen to handle that machinery, and their long, and in many cases dearly bought, experience. Let the chooser of a cycle be careful to take advice from none of the former.

The question of purchasing second-hand cycles is one which also needs consideration under this head, and it is certainly of considerable importance. Many riders who cannot afford to buy a new machine of the highest grade are content each year to purchase second-hand a first-class cycle of the previous year's pattern, and thus secure a good mount at a moderate price. This is an excellent plan, with one reservation. The purchaser of the second-hand machine must himself be sufficiently expert to know exactly what he is buying, and the novice does not possess that expert knowledge, and is consequently likely to be hoaxed in a very unpleasant manner. This is especially the case when the machine offered in an advertisement is described as a 'something pattern' Safety bicycle. This form of advertisement can only deceive the unwary and the ignorant. A *bona fide* seller of a *bona* good cycle will describe it by its actual name, and will not describe it in the ambiguous terms which are set forth above. The word 'pattern' means practically nothing nowadays, because, as has been pointed out above, the actual variations in general design are very small as compared with the general agreement or the outlines of any safety bicycle of the rear driving type.

To sum up, the general result of this paper is to advise the beginner, when he chooses his cycle, to buy only a well-known make, to buy it locally, so as to have the assistance of the local agent, to adhere to standard patterns, to avoid fads and the ephemeral novelties of the hour, to let someone else be the 'vile body experimented upon' with all such novelties, and there to leave the matter. No advice is here tendered to the expert, for the all-sufficient reason that the expert knows exactly what he wants, has definite views on all points, and can size up entirely to his own satisfaction the merits of any one of the marvellous contrivances offered to him by sanguine inventors—contrivances of such merit, according to their inventors, that, if but 50 per cent. of their claimed efficiency materialised in use, cycles would soon run by themselves—which I may add, for the novice's information, they at present do not.

At the general meeting of the delegates to the New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance held at Christchurch last week, the following records were passed:—Road—Christchurch to Dunedin, J. O. Shorland 22h 13min; Dunedin to Invercargill, R. McKenzie, 9h 54½min; Napier to Wellington, F. F. Fabian, 22h 40min. Track—Ten miles, S. Macdonald at Dunedin, 26min 19 2-5th sec; quarter mile, C. H. Jones at Christchurch, 32 2-5th sec; one and a-half miles, S. Macdonald at Dunedin, 3 min 39 4-5th sec; two miles, H. Thompson, 4min 32 4-5th sec; three miles, H. Thompson, 6 min 52 3-5th sec; one mile and a-half, H. Thompson, 3min 26 1-5th sec; one mile, H. Thompson, 2min 13 2-5th sec; half mile, H. Thompson 1min 5 3-5th sec; one mile, H. Thompson 2min 12 1-5th sec; fifty miles, J. O. Shorland 2h 14min 40sec; 100 miles, J. O. Shorland 4h 39min 55sec; twenty-five miles, J. O. Shorland 1h 0min 40sec; five miles, J. O. Shorland 11min 55sec; ten miles, J. O. Shorland, 24min 1sec; five miles, H. Thompson, 11min 45sec; ten miles, H. Thompson 23min 35sec; twenty-five miles, H. Thompson 59min 30sec; one hour, H. Thompson, 25miles 36yds, all at Christchurch.

A useful suggestion has been acted upon in Wellington, where stables for standing bicycles in, where they will be cleaned and oiled for a fixed fee per week, have been opened.

OUR LEGISLATORS
IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY RANGATIRA.)

WELLINGTON, June 25.

THINGS are generally very dull. Members complain that even in the lobbies there is nothing of any interest discussed. The fact is, the resignation of the Colonial Treasurer and the proposed banking legislation are still uppermost in men's minds, and they seem unable to evince any enthusiasm over other matters.

On Friday the debate on the address-in-reply still held sway, and members came and went indifferently. Many went down the wharf during the afternoon to say good-bye to Mr and Mrs Ward, who left for the South. This afternoon the Premier asked for a fortnight's leave of absence for his late colleague, and it was generally understood that the time would eventually be indefinitely extended, and we feel we have seen the last of the late Colonial Treasurer for some weeks.

Mr Crowther gave us his opinion on things in general, while speaking on the 'address.' He thinks that present day speeches savour of the maxim, 'It doesn't matter about politics; blacken one another's characters.' Mr G. W. Russell speaks in the same regretful strain of the former glory of debates, and tells us he considers that some of the speeches we have listened to were degrading. Mr McGuire also aired his views on the 'address.' His speech lingers in my memory chiefly on account of his allusions to the Lands for Settlement question. A very vexed question it appears to be, and members forget to be courteous in the warmth of their contradictions. Mr McGuire scoffingly told us of the 'Hon. J. McKenzie's Swiss Milk Settlement,' a special Government settlement where cows are unknown and the inhabitants are reduced to the use of preserved milk. Then up rose the Hon. the Minister for Lands, and in mighty wrath he spoke. He becomes so emphatic and earnest when roused that we cannot help listening. It was during one of his hottest speeches that we noticed a most unusual visitor in the Gallery, a youthful granddaughter of the Minister for Lands, who is evidently being trained in a political world, and was brought early to view the great arena of political warfare. Recognising her grandfather, she hailed him excitedly. 'There's my dada,' in clear treble, came as a somewhat timely and altogether unexpected interruption, and the whole House smiled audibly. The Hon. John calmed down and finished his speech in good-humoured banter of certain bachelors of the House. One there was of fifty-seven summers, while he of the same age had a grandchild. I regret to add that the childish follower and friend of the Government was forcibly removed, and has not been seen since.

The new allotment of the portfolios does not appear to give such general satisfaction as one would suppose. Members think the Premier takes too much upon himself, and talk of the 'two strong men' in the Government, viz., the Premier and the Minister for Lands, the rest being classed collectively as the 'tail.'

Some of our members are strong on *simile*, which often proves anything but complimentary. Take, for instance, Mr G. W. Russell, who is sometimes referred to as Riccarton, or even 'Rickyety Russell.' He calls unlimited metaphor to his aid when reeling off a speech, and talks exhaustively of Don Quixote on his famous horse Rosinante. We dimly grasp the likeness to the leader of the Opposition, Captain Russell, astride the National ass, but we trace no resemblance in character, and I must confess I failed to see the point of comparison. My neighbour is quite hopeless in her confusion, and comes to the conclusion that it was in reference to his arguments that men have called Mr G. W. Russell 'Rickyety.'

The new Ministers, Mr Thompson and Mr Hall-Jones, have both been on their feet. The former spoke for a very short time, and what he said in favour of Mr Seddon's administration sounded more like a testimonial of good conduct on behalf of his chief than anything else.

And so the debate on the 'address' ends, a copy is formally presented to His Excellency at Government House, and with a widely-echoed sigh of relief the members brace themselves for more congenial work. A breeze of expectancy stirs the Gallery, but dies away immediately, for few of us take any interest in Imprest Supplies, Juries Act, or Second Hand Dealers. We listen more attentively to the discussion on our almond-eyed visitors from China, who evidently are not accorded much geniality of welcome, and the Asiatic Restriction Bill finally passes through all its stages.

The Premier suggests that the House should sit in the mornings. The motion does not find much favour generally, nevertheless, the chief gives notice of a resolution to that effect, and it is expected that a compromise may be arranged by which the House will meet on two mornings in the week.

Being the easy, early days of the session, Wednesday

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AUCKLAND

DESIGNS SUBMITTED.

and Thursday evenings are given over to members to do the work, or play, they may individually please, and we have all sorts of small and private Bills brought forth. Mr Kelly champions domestic servants. He has promised some of them a weekly half holiday, and means to get it. He feels the burden of unwashed dinner dishes, and therefore times the holiday for 3 p.m., when everything pertaining to the midday meal should be cleared away. During the discussion that followed there was many a smile in the Ladies' Gallery, and they gave a unanimous expression of opinion that 'men knew nothing of such things, and should leave it to their wives.' Lady helps are also included in the Bills as assistants.

Then Mr Mills rises, and draws our thoughts far from kitchens and dinner dishes to the High Court of Justice. He is at war with the Criminal Code. His arguments chiefly centre round the case of Chemis, now imprisoned for the murder of Hawkins some eight years ago. Mr Mills wishes the law amended in so far as to enable Chemis to have a new trial. The Premier, who was strong in opposition last year, no longer protests against the measure, for which he is taunted from the opposite benches with inconsistency. My neighbour reminds me most opportunely of Ruskin's remark on this subject—that no one is worth listening to who does not alter his opinion and change his mind sometimes.

It is really a thousand pities that those in the galleries are not allowed to join in the debates as the spirit moves them. I feel sure that Mr Seddon would be pleased to feel that in changing his opinion he had Ruskin with him.

The women of the colony are to be well treated this year. They can claim no end of champions for their rights. Mr Russell has been fathering his Women's Disabilities Bill all the afternoon, and it has met with warm support from both sides of the House, though it is predicted that the Lords will kill it. This Bill provides that women shall be eligible for all positions held by men. They shall sit in both the Houses of Representatives and the Legislative Council; they may practise Law or anything else for which they have passed the necessary examinations, and it is quite probable will be sometimes appointed Judges of the Supreme Court. Dear me, if the Bill should pass what a time there will be among the women!

To-night is devoted to Revaluation of Land, Defamation Bill, and Slander of Women Bill. A kindly friend has warned us that it will be dull and dreary, so we do not go to hear. On such occasions it is wiser to accept the judgment of one who is more likely to know than ourselves.

I see I have said nothing about the Legislative Council, and this is simply and purely because there is so little to say. The Upper House is in a great measure waiting for the work which comes from the Lower House, and the first few weeks are necessarily uneventful.

I notice Messrs Bell and George Hutchison again in their places. They both look well, and are prepared for any amount of hard work. Sir Maurice O'Rorke has also taken up his wonted duties, much to the satisfaction of the House in general.

There are many gaps in the ladies' gallery. The one I notice with chief regret is that caused by the sad death of Mrs Menteth. One of our cleverest politicians and most regular attendants at the House, her absence is keenly felt both in the gallery and by those below who were ever conscious of her sympathy.

Mrs Hutchison and Mrs Thomson will also be much missed, and Mrs Bell and Mrs Newman, though in Wellington, have not yet visited the gallery. Mrs Seddon and her daughters are constant attendants in the Speakers' Gallery, also Mrs Larnach, Miss Russell, and the Misses Hutchison.

OBITUARY.

CAPTAIN MOORE, whose death resulted from an accident at Lyttelton, was the mate of Captain Levy in 1865, when, on the 12th of March, they rescued the Rev. T. S. Grace from Opatiki by means of a boat. There was a £1,000 reward offered for the rescue of the reverend gentleman, but neither received a shilling of that amount.

Very great sympathy is felt by Mrs C. Earp's friends in Blenheim and elsewhere for her recent loss in the death of her little boy, Howard. His mother had taken him to Napier in the hope that a change might be beneficial to him. He had been in delicate health for some months, but the immediate cause of death was meningitis.

Mr and Mrs J. Wright, of Dunedin, will, unfortunately receive sad news on their arrival in Sydney, their little baby having died in Dunedin during their absence. Their many friends are sending messages of condolence and sympathy.

HUNTING.

BY ONLOOKER.

THE Pakuranga hounds met last Saturday at the Monument, Otahuhu, and thence they went on to Grey's farm, about two miles farther. The day was a beautifully warm one, almost too hot for winter. There was a really good field of sportsmen, and a great number of our steeplechase horses were out. Some capital runs were indulged in. The fencing being trappy, brought many to mother earth. Slip panels with nasty take offs, and landing and gates, etc., were cleverly negotiated by a few. Especially the jumping of the ladies attracted my attention, as they flew over in their usual business-like style, seeming perfectly callous to fear. Hares were very numerous. Amongst those present mounted I noticed Mrs Bloomfield (Blue Peter), Miss Gorrie (Jimmy), Miss McLaughlin (on her pretty jumping grey Cattlan), Miss Percival (Tommy), Miss Roberts (Molly Hawke), Miss Cornelius Taylor (Tim), Miss Kerr-Taylor (Nimrod), Misses Gorrie, Tanner, Dunwoodie, Sellers, Messrs O'Rorke, B. Dawson, Carminer, Harrison, Bloomfield, Nolan, Tonks, Wynyard, Rae, Ireland, Buckland, Gordon (two), Colonel Dawson, etc. Driving were Mrs (Colonel) Dawson and Miss Elliot, Mrs Dennis O'Rorke, Mrs Greenway and Mrs Hope Lewis, Mr and Mrs McLaughlin, Mr Tanner, etc. A splendid spot was chosen by us, the onlookers, on top of the flag station hill, where every move could be faithfully watched, and the hounds looked very picturesque when in full cry across the green paddocks, followed by the huntsmen in red and the gay cavalcade.

The Poverty Bay hounds met on Thursday at the Freezing Works paddocks for hare-hunting. There was a large field, and the hounds worked well. Two hares were started, but only one was got away into the open. After a smart though rather short gallop, this one, too, got back into the big manuka paddock, and after some time the hounds were drawn off and a drag started. The ladies following were Miss Reynolds (Kildare), Miss N. Reynolds (Lofty), Miss R. Reynolds (Ginger), Miss Conny Reynolds (Primrose), Miss R. Rees (Paddy), Miss Sherratt (Angus), Miss L. Tucker (The Flea). Amongst the gentlemen present I noticed Mr Buckland (Jim), Mr Speedy (Oaklands), and Messrs Dewing, Evans, Bennett, Martin, Tucker, and a good many others.

The Christchurch Hunt Club has decided to have a week for the purpose of holding races for farmers' horses.

Mr E. D. O'Rorke, of Auckland, and Mr Herbert Jackson, of Hawke's Bay, have presented some hounds to the newly-formed Egmont Hunt Club, which is rapidly increasing in strength.

The Dunedin Hounds had a fine muster at the Broadacres the other day, among those present being Messrs Gourley, McKay, Richie, Ellis, T. Godfrey, L. Hazlett, Oldham, Mill, T. McKay, J. Smith, the Whip (J. Bamber), Paget, McKelcher, Reid, Newman, Lang, G. Smith, Misses Wood, Fagan, Fortescue, and Mrs Swanston.

The Rangitikei Hunt Club and Brackenfield Hounds meet on the 4th inst.

The next meet of the South Canterbury Club is on the 9th, at Saltwater creek.

The members of the United Hunt Club entertained the farmers of the Hutt and Taits at dinner last night, when Mr D. G. A. Cooper proposed the toast, 'The farmers of the Hutt,' and Mr Milne gave the toast of 'The United Hunt Club.' Songs, recitations, and dancing followed, and 'all went merry as a marriage bell.'

LAWNS & LINKS.

GOLF.

ANOTHER ladies' golf club is to be started in Auckland on ground at Epsom, which is admirably adapted to the purpose. A meeting is being held to-day to arrange matters in connection with it. Mrs Lucas Bloomfield is the prime mover in the getting up of this club.

The following officers have been elected by the Dunedin Golf Club for the ensuing season:—President, Mr W. Hutchison, M.H.R. (re-elected); vice-president, Mr R. Chisholm; captain, Mr John Laing; hon. secretary and treasurer, Mr E. S. Paterson; committee—Messrs H. Coull, R. Smith, D. Campbell, and T. Brydone.

At the Links at Miramar, Wellington, on Saturday, the second competition was played for the silver cleeck

presented by the captain, Mr W. Moorhouse. Mr A. Duncan came first, followed very closely by Messrs Jackson and Dymock.

At the Hutt Links the ladies were engaged in keen competition for their captain's medal, won by Miss L. Wilford. I believe the youthful caddies of the Hutt take a keen interest in the game. Among them the Miramar players are familiarly known as the 'Canaries.'

Mr Musgrove, the manager of the Australian cricket team, told the following story to a *Cricket* reporter when asked if he had any chance of playing cricket when on tour with the Williamson and Musgrove Opera Companies:—'Oh, yes. In our own opera company—the Williamson and Musgrove Opera Company—we have seven really good cricketers, and can always get together a fairly strong team. We arrange matches beforehand at places where we are to stop right through the tour. One of our best players was Sid Deane, who is very well known in Australian cricket. We had rather an amusing experience when we went to Dunedin, where we had arranged to play the town club, which was pretty strong. We won the toss and put them in, much to their surprise. They had heard very little of us, and could not understand our move at all: in fact, I am afraid that they thought we must have more impudence than sense, or else that we did not understand the game, being merely theatrical people. But as we were only to play for a short time it seemed to be the only possible way of winning the match, and we did not want a draw. As it happened we got them out for about 38, and made 180 ourselves in our one innings. They took their beating in very good part, and were very anxious to play us a return match, which would have come off if the weather had held good.'

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MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

THE past week has been a busy one on the Exchange, and the volume of business has steadily increased, prices having in many instances advanced considerably. The purchase of the Try Fluke mine outright for cash, and the almost certainty of £68,000 being paid for the Kapai-Vermont, coupled with the successful floatation in London of the Irene, Maoriland, Maori Dream, and Waitaita mines, has had the effect of once again creating interest in Kuaotunu stocks generally. There can be little doubt but that those who are now quietly picking up cheap Kuaotunu stocks will gain a handsome reward later on, as these English Companies expending thousands of pounds to develop their properties must materially improve values of adjacent mines. The activity is not, however, confined to Kuaotunu alone, for desirable properties at Karangahake and Waitaikauri are being quietly secured by the agents of foreign syndicates. There have been some quite sensational runs on the market during the week. Last report quoted Waitaikauri No. 4 shares at 38 8d, but since then sales have been made as high as 78 6d, and even now there are still firm buyers at 78 1d. The cause of this sudden advance is that the Waitaikauri United Company, which will shortly absorb the Waitaikauri No. 4 adjacent properties, is popular with London investors, and those shares are already at a premium, which on the basis of the sale should make No 4's worth nearly 10s each. Hauraki South advanced from 28 6d to 38 7d and are hard to get now even at an advance upon that price. Maorilands from 18 2d to 28 1d, and Kuaotunu from 18 6d to 28, while Try Flukes jumped in one day from 11s to 13s 3d, but eased off a little later on. Kapai-Vermont also rose from 9s 9d to 10s 6d, at which price there have been free sales, and there are still steady buyers. Other advances are as follows:—Cardigan, 18 10d to 28; Monowai, 48 9d to 58 3d; Broken Hill, 6s to 11s; Alburnia, 8s 3d to 8s 6d; Puru Consolidated, 4s 10d to 5s 4d; Victoria, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; Alpha, 7s 9d to 8s 6d; Grace Darling, 28 8d to 28 11d; Hercules, 11d to 18 6d; Portsea, 18 1d to 18 8d; Talisman Extended, 28 11d to 38 3d; Waihi Silverton, 62s 6d to 66s; Woodstock 41s 6d to 43s; Bay View, 18 to 18 7d; Hauraki North, 48 6d to 58; New Tokatea, 18 to 18 6d; and Balfour, 7d to 10d. Bunker's Hill shares on the other hand, fell from 10s to 8s 6d; Moanataiaris, May Queens, and Talismans maintained their previous values, but few sales took place in these stocks during the week. At the time of writing the market has a distinctly upward tendency.

HAURAKI RETURNS.

INCREASED OUTPUT OF GOLD.

£6,282 9s FOR THE MONTH.

The regular and excellent yields of gold obtained monthly from the famous Hauraki mine, should have the effect of dissipating to some extent the too prevalent idea that Coromandel is merely a pocket-hunting district. Instead of showing a falling off, the yield this month is £163 in excess of the previous one, although only the same tonnage of ore was treated. From 350 tons of quartz 2,094ozs. of gold was obtained of a total value of £6,282 9s od.

TRY FLUKE MINE SOLD TO A LONDON COMPANY.

FOR £50,000 CASH.

An important transaction in the shape of purchasing a mining property outright for cash was arranged this week through the agency of Mr Seymour Thorne George. For some time past negotiations have been pending for the floatation of the Try Fluke mine at Kuaotunu, but a week ago Mr George, on behalf of the London Syndicate offered to purchase the mine outright for £40,000 cash. The directors of the Company, however, declined to accept that sum, and the result was that this week £50,000 was offered and accepted. The terms agreed to were:—£10,000 down, and the balance within two months. It was further arranged that the £10,000 should be forfeited in the event of the balance not being paid in the time specified. The Try Fluke mine comprises 106 acres at Kuaotunu, and its sale will result in giving a great impetus to this district, which so far has not had the advantage of having foreign capital expended in developing the ground. It is now looked upon as a foregone conclusion that the same Company will take the Kapai-Vermont mine for £68,000 cash, as an option for that price was agreed to a fortnight ago.

CROWN.

The additions to the Crown Company's battery at

Karangahake are now nearly completed, and it is expected that the extra 20 head of stampers will be ready by the 1st of August. A large water race one and a half miles long has been constructed from the Waitaita River. It gives a fall of 74 feet, and is estimated to furnish 180 horse power. The Earl of Glasgow and Crown Companies are now practically amalgamated.

ALPHA.

This property has at length been withdrawn from the hand of the agent in London who had been negotiating its floatation. The reason for not granting a further extension was because a better offer had been made for the property by a local agent of a powerful London Company. Ultimately the following terms were accepted:—That a company be formed with a total capital of £150,000 in £1 shares, vendors to receive 73,000 fully paid-up shares. The working capital to be provided is to be not less than £25,000. A free option is to be granted until the 17th of July, subject to extension for two months upon payment of £1,000 deposit, to be forfeited if the Company is not floated by the 17th of September. The Rainbow claim is included in the offer, the combined area being 97 acres. Under these terms Alpha shareholders will get one share and a third for every share held in the present Company.

MAORILAND.

TRANSFERRED TO THE ENGLISH COMPANY.

This Kuaotunu property has been floated on the London market through the agency of Mr S. W. Philips. A cable was received from that gentleman notifying that the Maoriland gold mines (Ltd.), which is the name of the new company, had been successfully floated, and that shares were at a premium. No time was lost at this end, as the directors of the local company signed the transfer of the property to the English Company on Friday. The terms are that the new company shall have a capital of £110,000 in 880,000 shares at 28 6d each. The working capital is £15,000 and £5,000 reserved. The vendors receive £500 cash, and 244,000 shares, which is equal to 350 shares fully paid-up for every 100 at present held in the Maoriland Company. During the week shares in this Company advanced from 18 3d to 18 11d.

GRACE DARLING—PORTSEA.

The directors of the above companies this week accepted an offer made by Mr Leo Myers (Austral-African Syndicate) for the option of floating these Waitaikauri properties on the London market. The terms are that a company be formed with a capital of £175,000 in £1 shares. The Vendor and Prioress holdings are included in the area offered. A working capital of £25,000 is to be provided. Grace Darling shareholders are to receive £3,500 cash, and Portsea shareholders £500. To the local shareholders in the above properties 60,000 fully paid-up shares are to be allotted. Mr Myers pays a deposit of £500, and a similar amount in three weeks time.

MONOWAI.

Cable advice was received this week that the Monowai Gold Mining Company, with a capital of £150,000, was offering £25,000 worth of shares on the London market. This mine is situated at Waiomo, a few miles from the Thames. Large gold-bearing reefs exist upon the property, but until lately the ore was so refractory that the gold could not be saved. An English expert, however, claims to have solved the problem of how to successfully treat the ore, and it is through his agency that the property was placed on the English market.

KAURI TIMBER FREEHOLD.

Operations are to be commenced at once by the London Company which purchased from the Kauri Timber Company several blocks of land at Whangapoua. The batteries at Owera and Opitaniui are to be repaired at once, and the mines in their vicinity developed. Colonel Burton, Messrs W. S. Wilson, S. T. George, and A. G. Horton are the local Board of Advice, and Mr Rhodes, of the Bank of New Zealand, has been appointed manager. The object of the company is to open up reefs and float subsidiary companies.

MINING EXPERTS.

Every week brings along some new mining expert who has been sent over to spy out the land and report upon the value of New Zealand mines. This week the Rev. Joseph Campbell, M.A., F.G.S., F.C.S., and M.I.M.E., arrived from Sydney in order to report upon certain properties. Mr Arthur Dieseldorff, manager of the International Gold Syndicate (Ltd.), of London and Paris, is also on his way to take up his residence permanently in Auckland as the Company's representative.

IRENE.

News was received from London by cable during the week that the shares in the Irene Goldmining Company

had been allotted. This company takes over the Irene mine at Kuaotunu, which adjoins the Great Mercury, Aurora, and Gladys mines.

PROGRESS—CASTLE ROCK.

A parcel of picked stone, which showed gold very freely, was forwarded during the week from this Coromandel mine and placed on view at the office of the Company. Shares advanced in price in consequence.

MINING NOTES.

Waihi Consols.—Two offers have been made this week for the option of floating the property upon the London market. The working capital offered was not, however, considered large enough, so the matter was adjourned.

Karangahake.—A few pounds of stone showing gold freely, that was taken from a small leader in this mine, was on view at the company's office this week.

Gladys (Kuaotunu).—The leader in the winze has opened out, and the ore obtained is considered by the manager to be worth saving for treatment. There is also a marked improvement at the low level.

Golden Giant.—The reef on this property is 30 feet wide at the crown of the hill. A level is being put in to ascertain its value deeper down.

Ohui (Tairua).—Colours of gold are being obtained in this mine.

June (Kuaotunu).—Quartz of good grade is being obtained in this mine, and occasionally a few pounds of picked stone are selected.

Maori Dream (Kuaotunu).—Excellent prospects are being obtained from the No. 2 reef in this mine.

Waverley (Karangahake).—Another quartz vein which showed gold freely was cut in this mine during this week.

Bay View (Kennedy's Bay).—The manager telegraphed this week:—'Gold showing freely in the winze at the intermediate level in the No. 2 reef.' Shares advanced from 18 to 18 5d during the week.

Broken Hill (Tairua).—A second instalment of £1,000 was paid this week on account of the purchase of this property.

Madge (Coromandel).—A reef 8 feet thick, which gives prospects of coarse gold, has been discovered on this property.

Hercules (Karangahake).—The outcrop of a large reef has been examined on this property, and the stone shows colours of fine gold. Shares have changed hands freely in large parcels during the week, and prices advanced from 18 to 18 6d.

Heitmann's Freehold (Owharoa).—A new pump capable of lifting 3,000 gallons of water per hour is to be put in position at this mine.

Sceptre.—Another 40 feet of driving should intersect the Tavistock lode in this mine.

Victoria (Thames).—During the week Mr C. M. Pielsticher, a German mining expert, inspected the Victoria property with a view to making an offer for floatation.

Hazelbank (Thames).—The reef is improving in this mine. Gold is now freely seen in general ore, and during the week 15lbs of picked stone were obtained.

Sovereign (Waitaikauri).—The reef has been proved to be 11 feet wide.

Mauraki North (Coromandel).—The directors of this Company received an offer during the week to float the Union Beach section of the mine separately. The area is 90 acres adjacent to the well-known Coromandel gold-producer.

Maritana (Owharoa).—The reef formation is 21 feet wide, and gives prospects of gold right across from wall to wall.

Tamahana (Whangamata).—The Phoenix lode, which is fully 12 feet wide, has been cut in this mine. The prospects are considered highly payable.

Golden Crown (Karangahake).—It is reported that a large reef has been discovered in this mine.

St. Patrick (Karangahake).—The main reef is improving, and the cross reef is widening out.

City of London (Tairua).—A deposit of £250 has been lodged in the bank in connection with the purchase of this property.

WHANGAREI NOTES.

SOME RICH ASSAYS.

Mr G. Burna, assayer to the Bank of New Zealand, obtained the following excellent results from samples of stone submitted to him which were taken from mines situated at Whangarei. From Dr. Jim special claim sample No. 1 returned, gold, 13dwt 1gr, value £2 12s 2d; silver, 1,509oz at 28, £150 18s; total value per ton, £153 10s. From the Cecil Rhodes special claim: No. 2

sample, gold, 9dwt 19gr, value £1 19s 2d; silver, 7oz 7dwt at 2s. 14s 8d; total value per ton, £2 13s 6d. No. 3 sample, a trace of gold and silver.

DICKSON'S LEAD, GRAND UNION.

The London Syndicate that has taken an option for floating this Owharoa property telegraphed the remittance of the deposit, together with cash for development works that are to be undertaken. Under the terms agreed upon the syndicate agree to expend £2,000 in developing the ground during the period of the option.

HAURAKI SOUTH.

A press association cable came to hand this week stating that the above Company had offered 50,000 shares on the London market. As the total capital is only £90,000 in £1 shares, and local vendors receive cash as well as shares for their interest, there has been a steady demand for Hauraki Souths during the week, and prices advanced from 2s 6d to 3s 7d. Even at the latter figure these shares should be a good investment, as the mine is peg and peg with the Hauraki mine at Coromandel.

GOLDEN POINT.

Free sales took place in shares in this Tapu company during the week, owing to the fact that a reef 12 inches thick was cut which showed gold freely. Another 25 feet of driving should intersect Bulls lode, and if it also is found to be gold bearing, shares in the Golden Point will make a sensational advance. With gold in two leaders already cut, and also in a 12 inch reef, Golden Points should be a fair investment at the present figure.

CABBAGE BAY.

Several claims have been pegged out on Moehau No. 1 block, Cabbage Bay, recently. It is reported that a reef 30 feet wide has been discovered, the stone from which gives good prospects.

OCCIDENTAL.

A crushing of fourteen loads of quartz from this Thames mine yielded 3202s 10dwt of retorted gold. There is a probability of this and an adjacent property being taken up by a London Company.

NEW COMPANIES

Sybil.—Capital £3,000 in 80,000 shares at 2s each. Directors, Messrs J. Eudean, H. R. Cook, T. J. Steele, W. P. Guthridge, and James Harrison; legal manager, Mr J. H. Harrison.

Fortuna No. 2.—Capital £7,500 in 75,000 shares at 2s each. Directors, Messrs A. Edmonds, B. T. Hawkins, J. B. Fairs, O. Humphreys, and G. W. Basley; legal manager, Mr J. H. Harrison.

Tararu Extended.—Capital £3,500 in 70,000 shares at 2s each. Directors, Messrs W. Ledingham, A. Hanna, A. B. Spera, and Captain Harris; legal manager, Mr W. R. Waters. Area, 95 acres on the seaward boundary of the Tararu Creek Company's property.

Ohinemuri.—Capital £10,000 in 100,000 shares at 2s each. Directors, Messrs J. R. Gray, A. Kidd, J. A. Pond, H. C. Wick, and J. J. Craig; legal manager, Mr G. W. C. Morris.

Champion Syndicate.—Capital £3,000 in 60,000 shares at 2s each. Directors, Messrs W. Ledingham, H. C. Bell, and Captain Harris; legal manager, Mr W. R. Waters. The mine is situated at the Puru, Thames.

Waihi Pinnacle.—Capital £11,000 in 220,000 shares at 1s each, 100,000 paid up, and 120,000 nil paid up. Directors, Messrs W. Gorrie, C. C. McMillan, H. Johnson, W. Shaw and John Chambers; legal manager, H. Gilfillan.

THE WAITEKAURI MINE.

Our illustration this week is of special interest, as it gives an idea of a mine that is expected to do as much for the Waitekauri district as the Waihi has done for Waihi, or the Hauraki for Coromandel. The view gives some idea of the work being done by the great Waitekauri Company. The fact that fully 400 men are at present on the pay-sheet of this company will also show the value of these large English companies to the wage-earning community. For something like a quarter of a century Waitekauri was, comparatively speaking, neglected, but when the Waihi Company plainly demonstrated the fact that low grade ore could be worked to pay a handsome profit, it caused attention to be turned to this hitherto neglected district. Soon afterwards the rich discoveries in the Komata and Golden Cross mines took place, and about 18 months ago the Waitekauri Company was formed in London to take over these mines. Since that time a large staff of men have been kept in constant employment erecting a 40-stamper battery, excavating kilns for roasting the ore, constructing water races, and tunnelling in the mines. During that period the small ten-stamper battery at the Golden Cross mine has been crushing the ore won from that section of the property, the average value of the ore treated being from £4 18s 4d per ton to £5 12s 9d, one month alone being as low as £3 10s. The new

battery is now about ready to commence work, so that before long ore from the various sections of the property will be treated in much larger quantities. In the picture may be seen the excavation for the kilns at the end of the small spur at the left hand side, and just below near the centre are the battery buildings. The gable-ended building to the left is the new schoolhouse, and the square building nearer the front is the office of the Company. Below the battery are the cottages of the miners. From the battery running up the hill may be seen the tramway of the Golden Cross section. Some idea of the magnitude of the operations may be gained from the fact that this tramway is seven miles in length.

The circular sketch in the corner is a general view of Karangahake taken from the Jubilee Hill, Waitekauri. Up this gully are situated the young New Zealand, Sovereign, and adjacent properties.

SHARE LIST.

LONDON COMPANIES.

Table with columns: CAPITAL, COMPANIES, SHARES ISSUED, MARKET RATE. Lists various London companies like Achilles, Blagrove's Freehold, Blue Spur, etc.

AUCKLAND MINES.

Table with columns: CAPITAL, COMPANIES, SHARES ISSUED, MARKET RATE. Lists various Auckland mines like Alburnia, Alburnia East, Adelaide, etc.

Main table with columns: CAPITAL, COMPANIES, SHARES ISSUED, MARKET RATE. Lists a wide range of companies including Golden Lead, Golden Tokatea, Golden Link, etc.

CAPITAL	COMPANIES	SHARES ISSUED.	MARKET RATE.	£	s.	d.
5,000	Woodstock North, Ltd., 2s	50,000	0 0 8			
17,500	Wynardton, N.L., 5s	70,000	0 1 3			
10,000	Ward Proprietary, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 6			
12,750	Waitekauri No. 2, N.L., 3s	82,700	0 0 10			
12,000	Waitekauri No. 4, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 7 1			
14,000	Waitekauri South, N.L., 4s	55,000	0 1 0			
8,250	Waitekauri Queen, N.L., 2s	55,000	0 0 4			
7,500	Waitekauri King, N.L., 2s	75,000	0 0 7			
22,500	Waiki South, Ltd., 3s	150,000	0 1 2			
20,000	Waiki Monument, N.L., 5s	100,000	0 0 8			
17,500	Waiki Consols, N.L., 2s	150,000	0 1 1			
8,000	Waiki Mint, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 6			
5,000	Waiki Dredging, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 4			
150,000	Waiki Extended, Ltd., 20s	100,000	0 1 2			
12,400	Wonder, N.L., 3s	70,000				
11,250	Young New Zealand, N.L., 3s	65,000	0 1 11			
12,000	Zion, N.L., 3s	65,000	0 0 11			
20,000	Zealandia, N.L., 2s	150,000	0 1 8			

TUESDAY, 12 NOON—JUNE 30.

Personal Paragraphs.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR is to open the Wellington Poultry, Pigeon, and Canary Society's annual show on July 2nd.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR and Lady Glasgow entertain frequently round the dinner table in Wellington, and everyone hails with delight an invitation to a Government House dinner.

WELLINGTONIANS are pleased to note that Lady Augusta Boyle is able to take part in all the pleasures of the day with her old time enjoyment. Even dancing is not a forbidden exercise, and her many friends heartily congratulate her on her complete return to health.

MRS HOSKINGS, of the Whangarei district, is staying with her mother, Mrs Dickson, at Birkenhead, Auckland, for the benefit of her little girl's health.

MAJOR ELLIOT left for the North by the Ohinemuri, and will spend some days watching the whaling operations at Whangamumu.

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD will probably visit Europe via 'Frisco, early this month.

MR JOHN BOYLAN, C.E., has gone to Gisborne to report on that city's water supply.

CAPTAIN SMITH, late of the schooner 'Annie Hill,' is to take charge of the barque 'Helen Denny,' which was recently purchased by a Southern firm.

THE Rev. Joseph Campbell, M.A., F.G.S., F.C.S., M.I.M.E., Principal of St. Nicholas' College, Randwick, Sydney, one of the leading geologists of New South Wales, and University Extension Lecturer in Geology and Chemistry, is paying a short visit to Auckland for the purpose of examining some mining properties, and considering the treatment of some of the refractory ores. He is staying at the Grand Hotel for a few days.

MISS KENNY, nurse at the Waikato Hospital, has been granted three months' leave of absence. She is suffering from typhus fever.

MR STOTT has taken the position of chief officer of the 'Talune,' owing to the promotion of Captain Wald to the command of the 'Te Anau.'

MR D. W. VIRTUE'S request for leave to hold religious services on Sunday evenings in the wharves waiting room has been refused by the Wellington Harbour Board.

MR HOWARD CHAMBERS, Northcote, Auckland, has gone to Fiji. Mrs James Miles has also gone there.

THE well-known lady lecturer, Mrs Clara C. Hoffman, of America, has been warmly invited by the New Zealand W.C.T.U. to come over to this colony next month and help the Prohibition movement. The *White Ribbon Magazine* says that Mrs Hoffman is a truly gifted woman and a great platform speaker. She is also a woman who knows of what she is speaking.

MR GEORGE BANNERMAN, of the office staff of the Auckland Kauri Timber Company, has been presented with a very handsome box of stationery, together with office requisites, by his fellow clerks, as a slight token of the high esteem in which he is held by them.

MR JAMES COUTTS, late manager of the Victoria mine at the Thames, passed through Auckland last week en route for Wellington to take part in the meeting of the Mining Board of Examiners. Mr Coutts leaves this week for his important new position of general

manager of the Taitapu Gold Estates Company at West Wanganui.

MR AND MRS WYNN-WILLIAMS (Pelorus Sound) have gone to Blenheim to visit Mrs Wynn-Williams's mother, Mrs Waddy.

MISS KERR, from Greymouth, is staying with Mrs Seddon, Wellington. She appears to have caught the prevailing infection of politics, and is frequently to be seen in the gallery of the House.

MR AND MRS BARKER, of Christchurch, were in Hamilton last week on a visit to Captain and the Misses McPherson, and were amongst the guests at the euchre party last week. They left next day for Rotorua.

MRS COX, of Christchurch, is staying in Wellington with Mrs Acland. Mrs Stevens and Mrs Collins have also accompanied their better half (or should it be halves?) to the Empire City.

MISS L. BEAUCHAMP (Anikiwa, Picton) has gone to Blenheim to stay with Mrs Lucas for a few days.

MR DACRE, of Christchurch, has been appointed one of the judges at the forthcoming Auckland Poultry Association Show.

MR IZARD and **MR CHARLES IZARD** were expected in Wellington last week after an absence of three weeks, only a brief glimpse of Australian shores being their portion.

MISS LETTY GITTS, Grafton Road, left Auckland by the 'Tasmania' on a visit to Sydney.

MRS AND MISS MOORE, from Wanganui, have been in Wellington for some time, remaining for Mrs Pharozyne's ball, which took place last week. They have also been several times in the Ladies' Gallery.

MRS (CAPTAIN) BAILLIE left Picton for Wellington on Thursday for the session.

MRS MEREWETHER, sister to Miss Rees, Matron of the local Hospital, is in Blenheim on a visit to her sister.

MRS HENRY HADFIELD has come into Wellington and will stay with her parents, Mr and Mrs Tuckey, during the session, Mr Hadfield being of necessity in town for that time fulfilling his duties as interpreter to the Legislative Council.

MR AND MRS JOHN DUNCAN (The Grove, Picton), have returned from their *wanderlehre* this week, and are relating their adventures to their numerous friends.

MRS ABBOTT has returned from her Wanganui visit. She does not intend to stay long in Wellington, but will probably pay a visit to Auckland and the Hot Springs district during the winter.

COLONEL FOX and the Hon. E. Mitchellson and J. B. Whyte have arrived in Wellington.

CAPTAIN CHRISP, ex-President of the Gisborne Bowling Club, who has been on a visit to Rotorua for his health, has returned to Gisborne.

MR T. A. DUNLOP, Manager of the Thames Hauraki mine, has gone to Wellington to attend the Mining Board of Examiners for the issuing of mine managers' certificates, of which Board he is a member.

MISS WILKIE, of Taranaki, is visiting Auckland, staying with her sister, Mrs E. Robertson.

MRS J. J. ROACH, Mount-street, is leaving Auckland for Sydney in about three weeks' time to stay with her sister, Mrs Carey, for change of air.

MANY of the Wellington people will be sorry to hear that Mr C. Minnitt has been moved to Calcutta. He has gone to Auckland to spend a short time with his people before leaving New Zealand.

MR AND MRS SYDNEY NATHAN are leaving Auckland for England in a few days.

MOST people are very sceptical about the photograph of the phantom riders and horses described in the *New Zealand Times*. It most likely was taken on a plate that had already been exposed. At anyrate, many persons would very much like to see it.

THE Misses Churton are leaving Gisborne shortly for their home in Auckland.

MR ISITT is in Wellington, prosecuting his temperance crusade. He and Pastor Taylor are also delegates to the Conference being held in that city.

MR E. A. RERS has left Gisborne for Wellington, where he intends staying for a few weeks on business.

MRS CYRIL WHITE has returned to Gisborne from Auckland.

THE Rev. Mr Sedgwick and **Mrs Sedgwick** returned to Picton from Nelson on Thursday. Both are looking well, and just as glad to get back as Picton people are to have them.

MRS E. C. J. STEVENS, Christchurch, has gone up to Wellington for a short visit.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR invited the members of the Municipal Conference to a luncheon at Government House last week. Among the guests were Messrs J. J. Holland (Mayor of Auckland), Mr P. A. Philips (Town Clerk) and Mr Adam Cairns.

MRS ERNEST GRAY and her daughters returned to Christchurch last week from their Sydney trip.

MR JOHN I. PHILIPS, who has served 18 years field officer in the Auckland Survey Department, has begun business as an authorised mining and land transfer surveyor in Auckland. Before severing his connection with the Government office Mr Philips was presented with a smoker's companion—a handsome case containing pipes, cigar case, etc.

MR HARDING, of this department, is also leaving to enter into partnership with Mr Adams, surveyor, Thames. He received a beautiful silver-mounted biscuit jar.

MR RIGG, another gentleman leaving the survey office, was presented with a handsome souvenir. Mr Mueller, Commissioner of Lands, made some appropriate and complimentary remarks to each of the three officers, as he handed them the little remembrance of kindly esteem.

MR F. COWLISHAW, of Christchurch, has gone to Ashburton to reside and follow his profession of solicitor.

THE Misses Horne give a dance in the Bonaventura Hall, Auckland, on the 11th July.

CHRISTCHURCH people will regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr P. Cunningham and Mr E. C. Latta.

MR E. W. EDWARDS, of the staff of the Wanganui Collegiate School, had his leg broken while playing Association football in the school grounds.

SEVERAL handsome articles of jewellery were presented, before his departure from Westport, to Mr Kerr, teller of the Westport branch of the Bank of New Zealand, who has been transferred to Wellington.

MR GILMOUR, a student from the Three Kings' Wesleyan College, Auckland, received a unanimous call to Kuatunu. Mr Cowan, proprietor of the Town Hall, allows Mr Munro to hold services there free of charge.

MR MABIN, purser of the 'Mawhera,' has been promoted to the position of accountant in the Union Steamship Company's branch at Westport. Mr Morrison, late of the 'Mararoa,' will fill the vacancy on the 'Mawhera.' Mr O'Meara, of the Westport branch, has been transferred to Napier. Captain Nordstrum, of the 'Grafton,' has taken charge of the 'Dingadee.' Captain Gibb going on holiday leave.



FIELD MARCHAL YAMAGATA, Who Represented Japan at the Coronation of the Czar.

The Mayor of Auckland returns to that city from Wellington, via the West Coast, this week.

The 'Kingdove' arrived in Auckland last week.

PROFESSOR GORDON SAUNDERS, musical doctor, Oxon, registrar of Trinity College, London, is to come out to New Zealand and Australia this year, to conduct the examination in vocal and instrumental music.

MR AULD'S house, at Long Bay, beyond Lake Takapuna, had a narrow escape from a shell, fired whilst one of the warships was indulging in shell practice in the Hauraki Gulf.

MR MAYO, one of the Government Pomologists, is at present on a visit to the Blenheim district for the purpose of inspecting orchards and giving information to fruitgrowers.

MISS MACGREGOR left Wellington on Wednesday for Christchurch, where she will probably stay some time.

MR BOWDREN, of the Railway Department, was presented with a gold watch on leaving Hastings for Wellington.

MR G. H. GILROY, of Stirling entertained the Committee of the Otago Agricultural and Pastoral Society and the directors of the Agricultural Hall Company in the Grand Hotel, Dunedin; Mr Gilroy being for the second time the winner of Sir John Bennet Lawes' shield for the best managed farm of from 100 to 400 acres.



Portrait photo. MR. JAMES MUIR,
Chairman of the Auckland Board of Education.



Success photo. MR. HUGH MCCORMICK,
The Picton Sculler.



THAT there was a large afternoon tea at Government House on Friday.

That Major Elliot is absent from Wellington on pleasure bent with gun in hand. We wish him good luck.

That the heavy fogs in the mornings last week have considerably delayed movements of vessels in the harbours and along the New Zealand coast.

That the surveyors, at present camped in Picton, think that the suppers at all the functions in that lively little town are A1.

That when Lady Glasgow was at Rotorua, she evinced much sympathy in the sufferings of an aged native named Keapa Ngakau, living on Mokoia Island, and sent him a case of cordials. In return for this, his relatives have handed to Mr Macdonald, for transmission to the Countess, a quaintly carved toki or adze, and a very old piece of Maori carving, taken from an ancient pataka or storehouse.

That the third annual Otago Reunion has been arranged to take place on the 3rd July, when a very attractive programme will be presented.

That Tutanekei (the legendary lover of Hinemoa) is the name of the new Government steamer to replace the 'Hinemoa.'

That Lady Augusta Boyle has gone to stay with Mr and Mrs Dan Riddiford, and Lady Alice Boyle and Captain Preston to stay with Mrs Walter Johnston, to attend the well-known 'meets' of the Rangitikei Hounds.

That it is estimated that over £3,000 worth of damage has been done in the Ohinemuri district by the floods. Other parts of the country have suffered severely, both in the North and South Islands, from the recent heavy rains.

That there is on exhibition at the Waverley Hotel, Auckland, a wonderfully carved model of a *waka tana* or Maori war canoe. It is without doubt the finest sample of native carving ever seen in the colony. It has been carved by Patara te Tuihi, one of the chiefs of the Ngati-mahuta tribe, and it has taken him six years to complete it. This model is a representation of the canoe called 'Tainui,' the first that, according to Maori tradition, arrived in New Zealand about twenty-two generations ago.

That the work-meeting arranged by Mrs G. G. Stead in Christchurch on the Dorcas principle continues its successful career, the members attending very regularly. Already some of our deserving institutions have benefited by large parcels of clothing, and through them, the unfortunate poor.

That a whale, disporting itself in the Picton harbour the other day, caused much excitement in the town. The creature, which was chased by the whalers from the station, managed to escape.

That Mr and Mrs Jan Duncan are expected back in Wellington this week after a full month's 'honeymoon.' They are to be 'welcomed' by a dance at 'Uplands' on Tuesday evening, given by Mr and Mrs J. G. Duncan.

That Mr Wiggins (Bank of New Zealand) has been moved to Blenheim from Picton, and now the young ladies sing, 'We Shall Meet, but we Shall Miss Him,' at the euchre parties, etc.

That the performance of 'Our Boys,' for which Lady Glasgow has so generously offered the use of the Wellington Government House reception-room, has been fixed for the 29th and 30th of July.

That last Saturday the Mission schooner 'Southern Cross' left for her second cruise this year to Melanesia. She is due back in Auckland in September, and it is expected that Bishop Wilson will be a passenger.

That there is plenty of gaiety forthcoming in Wellington, as Mrs Robertson, Claremont Terrace, intends to give a large children's dance in the Masonic Hall shortly, and Mrs Mills has issued invitations for a euchre party next Wednesday evening.

That a dance at Bulls is on the cards in honour of the Ladies Augusta and Alice Boyle. Mrs Walter Johnston and Mrs Willis are the chief among the organisers.

That the Masons of Blenheim have been very liberal with their invitations to their annual ball, and many Picton ladies have accepted the invitation and intend to go to the ball to-morrow (Wednesday).

That Mrs McMillan gives a large 'At Home' on Tuesday, July 7th, at her residence, 'Ardstrath,' Remuera, Auckland.

That 'The Door of Hope' Night Refuge and Home for Women in Auckland, is to be opened next Saturday at 3 p.m. by Mrs Holland, wife of the popular Mayor, J. J. Holland, Esq. A reception and afternoon tea, with musical selections by the brass band of the Helping Hand Mission, is announced, and all true sympathisers with rescue work should aid the same by their presence. Sister Francis deserves every credit and encouragement for her energetic work in this direction since she arrived but three months ago. The house purchased is well known as the property at one time of Mr Fisher, Cook-street, Freeman's Bay. It is detached, and contains 12 rooms, which are now being gradually furnished for inmates.

That the many friends of Miss Mabel Tucker (Gibborne) will be sorry to learn that, owing to an accident a few days ago, her shoulder has been dislocated. However, in a week or two she will probably be about again.

That a presentation of a silver hot-water jug was made to Mrs Hislop by the members of the Knox Church

choir, Dunedin, on Thursday evening, on the occasion of her silver wedding. Mr A. J. Barth spoke in the highest praise of the valuable assistance Mrs Hislop had been to the choir for many years.

That Miss Florence Stewart, daughter of Mrs Andrew Stewart, of Home Bay, Ponsonby, Auckland, has been appointed to the position of probationer nurse at the Waikato Hospital. Miss Stewart leaves for Hamilton early next month to take up her duties.

That it was noticed last week at Rotorua that the large pool of boiling water known as the Kuirau, has been undergoing some changes. The water had cooled in a remarkable manner, and at six o'clock in the evening it was down to about 90 degrees. Several times in the course of the day the water rose and fell most peculiarly, and the outflow from the main pool, which is calculated at a million gallons per 24 hours, almost entirely ceased. Such rapid changes in the temperature and level are only known to the oldest residents, who state that about 15 years ago, the pool was used for bathing in. A slight shock of earthquake was felt by persons living near the Kuirau, at about three o'clock on Tuesday morning.

That there is some talk of the Maori Parliament holding their next meeting at Hastings. It is to be sincerely hoped that such will be the case. The last—or, rather, the first—Parliament held there some years ago is still fresh in the minds of the business people. Trade fairly boomed; in fact, the natives are the main support of the town, and without them the storekeepers would have to close up.

That a pleasant working party for the Melanesian Mission was arranged by Miss Larkins at St. Luke's Vicarage, Mount Albert, last Thursday, to meet Mrs Fookes, wife of the present Medical Superintendent of the Avondale Asylum, and her sister, Miss Huxtable, of Wellington.

That Mr W. Baillie, Bank of New Zealand, son of Lieutenant J. W. Baillie (Picton) has been moved to Taranaki. He will be missed.

That the Rotorua-Te-Teko Road is now open to vehicles as far as Tapuacharuru, at the head of Lake Rotoiti, about eighteen miles distant. The first buggy went through on Saturday, returning here in the evening. The road is a good one, and is bound to be a favourite route with tourists next season, as it passes through Tikitea and along Hongi's track between Rotoehu and Rotoiti.

That Mrs T. Cotter, Auckland, gives a large dance on Wednesday, July 8th, in the Remuera Hall.

That at the usual quarterly speed examination of the Auckland Shorthand Writers' Association, last evening, in the St. George's Hall, the following candidates obtained certificates—Mr W. H. Leese, 80 words per minute; Miss E. Jones, 100; Misses H. K. Smith and A. Tarry, 120. The examiners were Messrs Jarrett and McLean.

That an exceptionally beautiful meteor was observed in Auckland last Wednesday night at about half-past ten. It appeared about half way between the horizon and the southern cross in the eastern sky. It was visible for two or three seconds (some people describing its appearance as round rings of fire, then it burst in magnificent fiery sparks).

That the proposed cookery classes in the Napier High School have been abandoned, only eight pupils and two outsiders evincing any desire to cultivate this very important branch of science.

That the Otahuhu Mutual Improvement Society much appreciated Mr Theo. Cooper's able lecture on 'The Religious Beliefs of the Ancient Egyptians.'

That the proposed mortuary chapel at O'Neill's Point Cemetery, North Shore, Auckland, shall be deferred building until next October.

That the silver wedding of Mr and Mrs Tapper, of Longburn, was celebrated on the anniversary of their son's birthday. The young people were entertained at an excellent tea in the Oddfellows' Hall, and later on in the evening the adults enjoyed a dance. A few Maori friends were present.

That Miss Grant, the fiancée of Mr Robert Fraser, is one of the wealthiest heiresses in Victoria. She is a cousin of Mrs Crosby Graves, and a niece of Mr David Blair, the Australian litterateur.

That the Wellington Diocesan Synod will meet in September. The triennial election of lay members takes place next month.

That at the Brisbane Diocesan Synod a resolution was adopted, suggesting to the Australian Board of Missions that the time has come for the appointment of a Bishop exclusively to the New Guinea mission.

That the popular winter excursions to the South Sea Islands will commence with the 'Ovalau,' which left Auckland July 1st.

That the river Wairoa, Nelson, has the reputation of being one of the brightest and purest rivers in the world.

HOT CLIMATES.—I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the great efficiency of your "FRUIT SALT" here. I have a store and as numerous travellers are constantly passing, and the climate being extremely hot, frequently hiding in the shade, there is naturally much drink consumed. It is a colonial custom that if a traveller drops in your store, to ask the proprietor to "liquor" I did "liquor" for some considerable time, and found my liver gradually increasing in consequence. Having been recommended your excellent "FRUIT SALT," I steadily applied myself to six bottles in accordance with the instructions given, and I feel my self better than the rest, not only satisfactory, but I believe, has permanently reduced my liver to its normal state. Since then I invariably use your "FRUIT SALT" when asked to "liquor" in place of the beverage which inebriates and doesn't always clear and charge the customer as per usual.—I remain, Sir, yours truly, W. SCHMIDT, Barkly Road, Griqualand West, South Africa. J. C. ENO, Esq.

THE PREMIER'S BIRTHDAY.

PRESENTATION TO MR AND MRS SEDDON.

A LARGE crowd assembled in the Wellington Skating Rink to wish the Premier of New Zealand—Hon. R. J. Seddon—many happy returns of his birthday, and to present him with an album of signatures and an address, both arranged in New Zealand woods. Very complimentary speeches were made, and then Mrs T. K. Macdonald, on behalf of the women of the New Zealand Liberal party, presented Mrs Seddon with the following articles of jewellery and an address:—A handsome diamond and pearl necklet, with a diamond and pearl pendant. The pendant consists of a beautiful six-pointed star set with brilliants and scrolls set with pearls between each point. This lovely jewel can be worn as a pendant brooch or hair ornament, and was manufactured by Mr Frank Grady, of Wellington, and certainly reflects great credit on his establishment. A beautiful bangle with fine opal set round with diamonds was also presented to Mrs Seddon. On the case containing the necklet, etc., was a silver plate bearing the following inscription: 'From the Women of New Zealand of the Liberal Party to Mrs R. J. Seddon, the true helpmate of her distinguished husband in all his great public work. June 22nd, 1896.'

This was Mrs Macdonald's speech:—'Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been felt by a large number of women belonging to the Liberal party that this would be a fitting opportunity to show their esteem for Mrs Seddon. On the West Coast of the South Island Mrs Seddon's name is a household word for all that is kind and helpful. We in Wellington have not had the same long experience of her. Since she has come amongst us we, however, have learned to love and esteem her, and I know she has many warm and true friends, not only here in Wellington, but all over New Zealand, as the resolutions passed by the various associations show. As a slight recognition of her own labours in the Liberal cause, I have been requested to ask her acceptance of a diamond and pearl necklace, and also a diamond and opal bracelet. These will be souvenirs of this great gathering, and I am sure that you will join with me in the hope that she will long live to wear them on many anniversaries of Mr Seddon's birthday.'

Mrs Macdonald clasped the necklet and bangle on Mrs Seddon, who wore them the rest of the evening. The jewellery was much admired by the ladies present, proving a source of great interest to them.

A NEW MUSICAL SOCIETY FOR AUCKLAND.

ANOTHER evidence of the wide-spread taste for music in the Northern City is a movement now on foot to found a musical society in the suburb of Remuera. There is undoubtedly plenty of talent in that district, and several residents, enthusiastic in the cause of music, have decided that that talent shall not be allowed to go to waste. They have accordingly been discussing the advisability of forming a society in their suburb, and the first result of their deliberations was the calling together of a large and influential meeting in the Remuera Hall on Monday last. The Rev. Mr Beatty, who was voted to the chair, pointed out the benefit such a Society would confer on the district in many respects, and he was followed by Mr Arch. Clark, who spoke very strongly in favour of the scheme. The idea owes its initiation to this gentleman, and he has never ceased to urge it on the people of Remuera, but as he said on the occasion, although there had been a general desire for a musical Society, nothing has been done in the matter. He hoped, he said, that the residents of Remuera would support the project now before them. On the proposal of Mr Clark, seconded by Mr H. Johnston, it was decided to call the organisation the Remuera Musical Society, and the following officers were elected:—President, the Rev. Mr Beatty, M.A.; Vice-Presidents, the Rev. Mr Monro and Mr C. C. McMillan; committee, Messames Beatty, D. E. Clerk, C. C. McMillan and Sanderson, Misses F. Thorpe and Tilley, Messers A. Clark, F. Finlayson, C. Hesketh (junior), H. Johnston, W. A. Ryan and F. D. Winstone. The committee was empowered to draw up rules and deal with all matters relating to the constitution of the Society. We sincerely wish the new Society every success, and the thanks of the district are due to the gentlemen who have been so indefatigable in forwarding the scheme.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B-41 PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex. Gleet, and Pain in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in boxes, 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Sole Proprietors: THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LONDON, ENGLAND.



The engagement is also announced of Mr Alex. Burt, of the well-known firm of A. and T. Burt, Dunedin, and Miss Marguerite Rainey, of Fendalton, Christchurch.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR WHITE TO MISS TAIT.

A VERY quiet wedding was solemnized at the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral, Christchurch, on Wednesday, when Mr A. T. White, only son of the late Mr A. J. White, was married to Miss Edith Tait. The bride wore her travelling gown of electric blue cloth, hat and feathers to match, and looked exceedingly pretty.

MR H. T. LOVELL TO MISS GINGER.

THE marriage of Miss Lily Ginger and Mr Harold T. Lovell, of Auckland, was a very quiet affair, being solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents, Home Bush, Manutahi, by the Rev. C. C. Harper, vicar of Patea.

THE bride was most becomingly dressed in cream brocaded lustrette, long veil, and wreath of orange blossoms, bouquet of white narcissi, maidenhair fern, and blush rosebuds. She also wore the bridegroom's present—a lovely gold brooch.

THE bridesmaids were the Misses Nellie and Katey Wright, who were prettily costumed, the bridegroom's gift to them—gold name brooches, being worn on this occasion. The bride's cousin, Mr H. A. Wright was best man.

AFTER the ceremony Mrs Ginger entertained a number of friends and relations to afternoon tea, who all gave the happy pair every good wish as they drove off to Hawera, en route for New Plymouth.

MRS LOVELL looked very nice in her travelling dress of navy astrachan cloth, black fox fur trimmings and Gainsborough hat to harmonize.

THE presents were many and handsome.

MR STANLEY TO MISS HITCH.

THE marriage of Mr W. F. Stanley, of Fowlers', to Miss Alice Emily Hitch, of Timaru, took place at All Saints' Church, Palmerston, the officiating minister being the Rev. H. Hunt.

THE bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr D. Pringle, was tastefully and orthodoxly dressed, and looked charming.

HER two bridesmaids were Miss Amy Rockstrow and Miss Vera Archer, in pretty costumes, her little nephew being page.

THE happy pair went in the evening to Feilding, en route for their future home at Fowlers'.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE celebration of the golden wedding of Mr and Mrs Knight, of Clive, near Napier, eventuated at the residence of Mr W. F. Knight, Taboraita. The children and grandchildren were present, and many friends, amongst them being Mr and Mrs Cowper (senr.), of Wanganui. There were numerous gifts, the most noticeable being that of Mr W. F. Knight—a handsome phaeton in which the two principal personages of the afternoon were seated and drawn around the lawn by their grandchildren.

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

BABY'S WANTS.

A CREEPER.

CREEPING-APRONS are made with high neck and long sleeves to thoroughly protect the clothing underneath. Gingham is a suitable material. It is not wise to use too heavy a fabric, as the child may take cold when the apron is removed. One can be bought ready made, or two yards and a half of gingham will make one. I made mine like combinations, with baggy trousers. These are much easier to crawl in than a long apron which catches in the feet.

RESTLESS BOYS.

If your boy is very restless at night and uncovers his feet make him Canton flannel night-drawers with feet. Two yards and a quarter will make one pair for a child three years old. If you do not like these, make his flannel nightgown very long, half a yard below his feet, sew tapes on the bottom and tie the edges together.

BABY'S CARRIAGE.

Lap-ropes for baby carriages are made this winter with an opening at the side, near the middle, for convenience in placing or removing the child. The flap is buttoned over, effectually excluding the air. One of white lamb costs £3.

SMART CLOTHES FOR BABY.

The handkerchief bib is made of a hem-stitched cambric handkerchief cut in two diagonally. One point have embroidered with forget-me-nots in blue, a dainty vine, or tiny wild roses. The other two points tie behind. They are pretty over a cloak in the street, but are too delicate for everyday wear.

A fur-lined garment is warmer and more comfortable than one where the fur is on the outside. It is not necessarily clumsy. The pelisse itself should be plainly cut, without much fullness, and a wide fur-trimmed collar or small cape added to relieve the plainness. If your climate is severe, the sleeves of your coat should be lined with fur also.

GOING TO BED.

The following suggestions may help to induce little brothers and sisters to go to bed more willingly. The parlour is always very enticing to the little ones in the winter evenings and it is hard for them to leave it cheerfully. No matter how well behaved children may be, the fatal words, 'Bed time,' are almost invariably productive of disastrous results. In all the families except one where I see children ordered to bed, the mandate has been followed by pathetic requests to stay up a little longer, or by downright disobedience, when the poor little victims were borne screaming to the upper regions. It is of the one exception that I wish to speak. In this house there is a flock of little ones, whose birthdays only come a year or so apart, and the mother believes in sending the babies to bed with the birds. It was not easy at first to enforce this rule until she hit on a very successful plan. At half-past seven she sits down to the piano and plays a few chords. The children all stop their play and run to her. The one who touches her first is 'leader' for the evening. The others all form in single file behind him or her, the mother plays a march, and the babies march twice around the room and then up to bed, the mother running after as soon as the last little footsteps reach the uppermost stair. This performance seemed almost Utopian to me, and I asked the mother how she thought of it, and how she managed to train the children. She replied, 'The children suggested it themselves. The two older ones go to a kindergarten, and like to teach the little ones who stay at home the various games they learn at school. They are particularly fond of marching, and one night when they were marching around I led them for awhile, and finally led them up to bed before they realized what I was about. Since then the plan has been carried on, till now I don't lead them myself, but play for them instead.'

THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED.

MRS PARVIE-NEW: 'I trust, Reginald, that at college you are not neglecting your social training.'

Her Son: 'By no means, mother. I devote two or three hours a day to the Marquis of Queensbury's rules.'

Mrs Parvie-New: 'I'm so-o-o glad!'

PATEA.

DEAR BEE,

At last out

JUNE 18.

COMPLIMENTARY MALL.

to Mrs and the Misses Christie has eventuated, and I am glad to say was a marked success. The Harmonic Hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion—drapery, ferns, palms and flowers all being effectively pressed into the service. The music—piano and violin—supplied by the Misses Espagno and Bowles, was all that could be wished. The supper, under the arrangement of a ladies' committee—was exceedingly appetizing and excellent. During the progress of the repast Mr W. Wilson proposed the health of Mr and Mrs Christie and their family, saying how much esteemed they all were, and how greatly appreciated was their abundant hospitality. Mr Christie heartily thanked the speaker and all present on behalf of himself, his wife and family. Dancing was resumed after supper, and continued until early the next morning. The dances were particularly effective, that of Miss Christie, a *debutante*, being specially admired.

MYRA.



SOCIETY Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, JUNE 29.

We have managed to be tolerably gay this past week, despite the fogs in the early mornings...

AT LUNCHEON

at 'Fairview' Ponsonby, on Friday last. The lunch was given for Miss Wilkie of Taranaki...

A PARNELL PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION DANCE

took place on Thursday evening last in the Bonaventure Hall, and was in every way successful. The night was a brilliant moonlight one...

PROGRESSIVE WHEAT.

This was a departure from the usual euchre, and proved most successful. The spacious dining-room lent itself readily to tea tables...

TWO MOST ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTIES

at her residence, 'Raro Maunga,' Epsom, on Friday and Saturday. It was her intention to issue invitations for one...

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY.

combined with a musical evening, at her charming residence, Heppur-street, Ponsonby...

AFTERNOON TEA

last Wednesday at her pretty residence, 'Stadocora,' Remuera, receiving the guests in the drawing-room...

Patric, buttercup silk frock; Miss Rita Toke, pale blue crepon and lace; Miss Peacock, blue veiling; Miss - Peacock, cream frock...

AFTERNOON TEA

at her residence, Epsom, on Friday afternoon. The table looked very pretty with a mirror down the centre and yellow silk and flowers...

PHYLLIS BROWN

HAMILTON.

DEAR BEE, JUNE 26.

The long-looked-for

MASONIC HALL

has come and gone, and can now be numbered with events of the past, but an event which will not soon be forgotten by those who were present on Thursday evening...

PROGRESSIVE WHEAT.

This was a departure from the usual euchre, and proved most successful. The spacious dining-room lent itself readily to tea tables...

Last Friday evening the second of the series of progressive euchre parties came off under the management of Mrs Oldham...

ZILLA.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, JUNE 26.

Mrs Walter Reid gave a very enjoyable

AFTERNOON TEA

last Wednesday. Her sisters, the Misses Hale, were helping to entertain. The decorations on the tea-table were composed of vases of white daisies and ferns arranged among red crinkled paper...

MOTHERS SHOULD REMEMBER when selecting an artificial Food for their babies THREE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF



It is easily Digestible and very Assimilable and Nourishing. It is readily soluble and may be prepared in a few seconds. It is free from husks and indigestible matter, which would cause irritation.

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A HUNTER HUNTED.

I WAS lost. This appalling conviction was forced upon me as soon as I discovered that I was travelling in a circle. I was in a pitiable plight. The sun was hidden; the trees were still dripping from a tropic downpour that had barely ceased. I was drenched, hungry, bewildered, and in despair—almost, I can never quite give up. At last coming to a cliff which overhung a stream and gave some shelter, I saw down to think it over.

Beneath the cliff there was a cave, dry and quite deep, which offered a retreat for the night, if it should chance that I could not reach home. Placing my gun far in out of the way, I sat in the cave's mouth and abandoned myself to gloomy reflections. I was rudely aroused, however, by a sound quite near me, and looking up, I saw the animal which of all four-footed creatures, I dreaded most to meet at such a time and in such a place. It was a beast, short and sturdy in shape and dark in colour—a miniature hog, in fact. A peccary—I recognized him at a glance. I knew, too, that there were likely to be others not far away. Meanwhile he stood staring at me, as if to inquire by what right I had taken possession of his den. He did not even move when I rose and reached in for my gun, but spread his legs apart and shook his vicious-looking head in a manner that indicated a determination to attack rather than retreat a single step. It was then very clear to me that I was occupying the entrance to his habitation, and that he was very anxious for me to get out of the way. He made several feints and lunges as if to pass me, and dodged about so rapidly that for a while I could get no good aim at a vulnerable spot in his tough, hairy hide. But at last as he halted a moment beneath the cliff, seemingly about to charge upon me, I gave him a load of coarse bird shot back of the fore shoulder. This, however, was worse than useless. It did not kill him, but merely infuriated him. He fell, to be sure, but with his snout toward the enemy, and gave utterance to such unearthly sounds that I was much alarmed. And with good reason; for either his horrid squeals or the report of my gun caused a whole herd of peccaries to start up—they seemed to come right out of the ground. They became perfectly frenzied at sight of their wounded companion, and, after rubbing noses with him a moment or two, and inquiring, brute fashion, the cause of his trouble, they all made a dash at me. I was then both barrels of my gun loaded with large shot and let the ugly brutes have them, right and left, howling over two of the largest. I then scrambled up the cliff as far as I could go.

It was not very far—not far enough, in fact, for they came after me pell-mell, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to avenge their friend. There was one old 'tusker,' whose white teeth gleamed wickedly through his parted lips, and he led the charge, getting so near to me that one of my leggings was ripped up, and a small gash cut in one leg. A well-put kick in his jaws sent him tumbling down amongst the others, though he was instantly up again and at me, the fire fairly flashing from his eyes and his lips dripping foam. In the brief interval I had drawn myself as far up as the narrow ledge I was on would permit; but this was only a few inches beyond the reach of the old boar in his desperate lunges, and I even there I could only hold on with great difficulty.

The cliff above me was very steep, and my foothold so precarious that I was in constant danger of falling; but, projecting from a rent in the rock not more than twenty feet away, I saw a large tree overhanging the bed of the stream. If only I could secure refuge in that tree! There I should be safe, at least for the time; but the trouble was to get there without slipping and falling into the midst of that herd of savage pigs beneath me. Slinging my gun over my shoulder I began the perilous experiment. My motions, of course, attracted the attention of the herd, and they all dashed wildly at the rock, but the foremost fell short by nearly a foot despite his most frantic efforts. My feelings at that moment were indescribable; but I shut my eyes to the possibility of a fall and concentrated all my powers in my finger tip, clinging to the wall of rock like a limpet and worming my way along inch by inch. My porcupine guards below continued to inform me of their presence, grunting their disapproval of my rights and gnashing their teeth in expectation of a chance to whet them on my bones. I was keenly aware of their every motion, yet dared not look in their direction, but kept my eyes fixed upon a friendly llama which reached out toward me; and this I finally grasped after what seemed to me an age of anxious expectation.

Safe in the tree at last, I seated myself among a spongy mass of wildpines and dripping, broad leaved plants. It was not the pleasantest seat in the world, and I felt as Crusoe once said, that I had found a

'dreadful deliriance,' though I had escaped immediate death. From its almost horizontal position, hanging over the ravine, the tree gave me but little shelter, and I was exposed to the full force of the rain, which fell at intervals throughout the day. But I had chosen what seemed to me the lesser of the two evils, and must abide the consequences. The 'evils' from which I had escaped now came up to some twenty in number. They no longer seemed animated by any special fury, but they did seem to consider it their duty to await my descent, and there was something parti-

cularly discouraging in their attitude of sullen, dogged determination to stay right there till I came down, whether it were next day or next week. No amount of shooting or shouting seemed to affect that determination, and so, after laying out several of them with charges of the largest shot I had, I desisted from my attempts to drive them away, for I had not cartridges enough to exterminate the whole gang. So there they sat all day long, grimly watching. I pictured to myself the horrors of the situation, if they should persist in the siege until fatigue or starvation should cause me to succumb, for I knew that they were capable of prolonged wait-

ing, their nature being so vindictive that they could stay for days in order to gratify their rage. Even after it became so dark that I could not distinguish their forms, I could still hear them lunging at one another, keeping up their vengeful appetite by frequent quarrels among themselves.

I did not dare attempt to sleep, and to prevent myself from falling in case sleep overcame me, I passed my waist belt around a perpendicular limb. Finally the moon came out of the clouds and looked down through the branches, but only succeeded in faintly lighting up the ground below, where the moving forms were converted

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into veritable tracts of darkness. How slowly those night hours dragged along. It seemed as if daylight would never come, but at last it appeared, sweetly heralded by the twittering of birds, but greeted, too, with grunts by my black jailers, who glanced up at me anxiously to assure themselves that I was still in evidence.

A new fear seized me as I tried to stretch my legs, for they were so stiff that there was an imminent danger of my falling if I should endeavor to escape from the tree. Daring pains, also, warned me of the dreaded fever, which would doubtless hold me in its grasp on the morrow. I was not very hungry, but ate the single biscuit that my haversack contained, and obtained a refreshing drink from a water lily that stretched across the tree. These water lilies are nature's reservoirs for the benefit of the woodsman, the great vine, many feet in length, being filled with a clear liquid, held within its jointed sections. If you need a drink, you have only to cut off a joint, and there it is, pure and sweet, cool-drawn from the depths of the soil.

As the sun rose above the tree tops its heat soon dried my clothes; yet still I sat there, cramped and weary, undecided what to do, but revolving many plans for escape. A sudden disturbance in the herd beneath me drew my attention. The peccaries were all facing southwards, sniffing the air suspiciously, evidently startled. Two or three of the old boars started out to reconnoitre. They returned in a few minutes with some information, apparently, that caused every member of the gang to gather himself on his feet as if electrified.

Eagerly turning my attention in the direction toward which they looked, I soon heard a faint noise like the barking of a dog; and as this became more distinct the peccaries charged nervously hither and thither, grunting at each other in great alarm. A dog, of course, implied a master. I shouted and fired off my gun; and after a while came an answering human voice—the first I had heard in many weeks—but I could not distinguish the words. Soon after, the crashing of bushes and branches announced something approaching, and I shouted out a warning of the danger that might be incurred by advancing incautiously. My warning was not heeded, for there suddenly burst into view a man with several dogs, on the cliff above me.

The man, who saw the peccaries almost simultaneously with his appearance, levelled his gun and fired. At the same time the dogs barked vociferously, and after a moment's hesitation my enemies turned tail and scurried away. It must have been a dreadful disappointment to them, after their long vigil; but they didn't wait for a farwell.

As the last one of them disappeared in the forest gloom, I realised that my deliverance had come, and tried to descend from my perch. This, however, I found impossible without the assistance of my deliverer, a negro, whose kindly black face was the most welcome thing I had seen in a long time. He made a fire and a cup of coffee for me while I was striving to regain the use of my limbs; and as soon as I was able to walk, guided me to his camp, which we reached without further adventure.

FRED A. OBER.

PHIL MAY'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

PHIL MAY was seventeen years of age when he decided that he had had enough of the provincial life of Leeds and would go to London. His sole possession was a sovereign, and bang went 15s 6d for his fare. He arrived in the Metropolis with the balance.

"But I was there," he said, "and I made for an agent who lived in John Street Road, Clerkenwell. But I don't think my uncle was glad to see me, for he gave me my supper and a bed, and next morning took me to the railway station and put me in the train for Leeds. But I didn't mean to return. I got out at the first stopping-place and walked back. All my hopes were in London."

It was a wretched time for him, though—a heart-breaking experience. Moneyless, homeless, and friendless, he wandered about the streets of the city. He begged broken biscuits at the public houses, quenching his thirst at the street fountains. And it was winter! Many weary miles were tramped in search of work, that deadening, sickening experience which demoralises so many.

But the real grit was in Phil May's heart. He struggled on; he changed his walking-stick with a child on Hungerford Bridge for a piece of bread and bacon; he slept on

the Embankment, in the parks—indeed, anywhere he could. Good fortune came to him first through a print-seller near Charing Cross, who took a drawing he had made of three well-known actors and published it. The man lost £5 in the venture, but he believed in the artist, and treated him to dinners of beef *a la mode*.

At last Phil May got an introduction to Mr Lionel Brough, who purchased the original drawing of the actors for £2 2s, and passed the artist on to the editor of *London Society*. For this paper he did a few drawings, but poverty still hung closely to him. He was introduced to the editor of the *St. Stephen's Review*, but he did not want any work done just then. After a year had passed, broken down by a long illness, he returned to his mother at Leeds.

He had hardly settled down when a telegram arrived from the *St. Stephen's Review* asking him to go back to London. He went, to find that he was wanted to do the whole of the illustrations and design the cover for their Christmas number, all in a week! He did it. Day and night he worked till it was finished. Then came another period of weary waiting. His money was again all spent, and he used to leave his lodgings in a very humble hotel to "go out to his meals"—in other words, to walk the streets fasting. His landlord—kindly soul!—discovered the farce, and insisted upon his having supper with him, and although he knew his guest had no money, let him stay on. After some time the *St. Stephen's Review* gave him regular employment, and the dark days were over. Then came the grand opportunity of going to Australia as artist for the *Sydney Bulletin*. He accepted it, and came back with his art as we knew it in 1890.

PRICELESS HIDDEN TREASURES.

KING MENELIK of Abyssinia has promised that as soon as peace is restored within his dominions, he will permit a commission of European scientists to make an exhaustive examination of the vaults of the cathedral church of Axum, where the monarchs of Ethiopia have been crowned from time immemorial. A wide-spread tradition of the Moslem world asserts that it is within the

ancient vaults of this structure that the Ark of the Covenant is preserved, along with the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments, and which Moses brought down from Mount Sinai.

The seven-branched candelstick of gold, which figured in the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem, is said to be preserved in these vaults, which are also known to contain a mass of ancient papyri and other manuscripts that are in an excellent state of preservation, but have never been translated or annotated.

It is no mere vague tradition handed down from father to son which has transmitted to generations of Abyssinians the story of how these priceless treasures came to repose in the Cathedral of Axum. The story of their procurement by the rulers of the country and of their being deposited within these sacred vaults is specific, particular, and detailed.

It is told how they were brought from Jerusalem to Abyssinia by the founder of the present reigning dynasty, the first of the Emperors, Menelik, who was the son of King Solomon of Israel and of that Biblical Queen of Sheba, who is on record as having carried on a very pronounced flirtation with the ruler of the Jews. This original Menelik is frequently referred to in the Song of Solomon, to be found in the Protestant Bible.

Although, as authentic history teaches, born after the return of his mother to her own dominion, he was brought up at the court of his father at Jerusalem. He remained there until the first destruction and sacking of Jerusalem and the pillage of the Temple of Solomon by Shishak, King of Egypt.

Immediately before the destruction of the Temple Menelik fled back to Abyssinia. He carried with him for safe keeping the treasures of that structure, which were threatened with seizure and despoilment.

It is positively asserted by Abyssinian tradition that he carried back with him the tables of stone, the Ark of the Covenant, and the seven-branched candelstick. These he deposited in the interior of that huge granite pile which constitutes the pedestal of the ancient Abyssinian temple of Axum, long ante-dating the Christian era, and where the rulers of Ethiopia have been crowned from the earliest times. The present Cathedral of Axum is al-

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The Queen

AND



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leged by a pious tradition of the people to have been designed by no less a personage than St. Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary. It is a quadrilateral building of considerable height and grandeur.

It is built on the summit of a species of granite pyramid, the remnant of a heathen temple that formerly occupied this site. It is within the interior of this pyramid that the vaults are situated which King Menelik has now promised to throw open to the inspection of European archaeologists, and where Biblical treasures of untold value are almost certain to be found.

According to the dusky monarch's own account the vaults of the monastery, which is of enormous size and built upon rock, are filled with papyri and parchments and books of every description. The books are believed to have been sent thither at the time of the Mohammedan invasion of Abyssinia, in the Sixteenth Century, but the parchments are declared to hail from the world-famed library of Alexandria, which was dispersed in the Seventh Century by the Mohammedan calif Omar.

The papyri evidently date from a much earlier era, and probably relate to that period when the Emperors of Ethiopia ruled not only over Abyssinia, but also over Egypt, their dominion of the latter country being pictured by many a sculpture and painting on the pyramids and temples of the Land of the Nile.

TAVERN-KEEPER AND KING.

QUEEN VICTORIA is about to confer the Order of the Garter upon a hotelkeeper. True, the hotelkeeper is a kung, but he is none the less a boniface. It is his majesty William of Wurtemberg, and the hotels which he owns are the 'Marquardt', situated right opposite the Royal Palace at Stuttgart, and the 'Königsbau' located under and over the Arcade of the Königsbau. In running these hotels as a source of profit to his private exchequer, the King of Wurtemberg is merely continuing the traditions of his predecessors on the throne. There is a story as old as the time of Peter the Great in connection with this peculiar source of royal income.

It seems that the Czar, who was determined on retaining his *incognito* in travelling through Europe, absolutely declined to take up his quarters at the Royal Palace at Stuttgart, but insisted on going to an inn. Having learned of this prior to his arrival, the Wurtemberg sovereign sensed all the hotel and inn-keepers to remove their signs. Over the principal doorway of his palace he had a huge sign hung out, stating that within there was cheer for man and beast at cheap prices, and that the name of the hotel was the Königsbau.

On the Czar's carriage and retinue entering the city, the postillions, previously instructed by the Wurtemberg officials, drove straight to the palace, and there, standing at the main entrance, was the sovereign, fat and burly, arrayed in the traditional costume of a boniface, with white apron and cap, while the various princesses, princes, nobles, and dignitaries of his court were costumed as waiters and waitresses, hostlers, and other servants. Peter the Great, greatly amused by this witty and kindly manner of humouring his wishes, entered thoroughly into the joke, which was kept up until the following day, when he proceeded on his journey.

Noticing that the postilion mounted on the wheeler of his travelling carriage was a man of singularly unkempt appearance, his clothes ragged and covered with mud, he made the remark to one of his attendants that there was at least no mistake as to the social condition of that man and that there could be no danger of his being a nobleman of the first stage. When the postilion came to the carriage door to receive his gratuity and raised his cap from his head, the Czar, to his astonishment, recognized in him the heir of Wurtemberg's throne, who had assumed the disguise for the purpose of speeding his father's Imperial guests.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

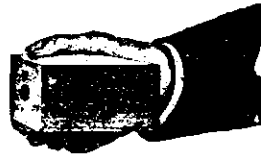
THAT there is some deep mystery in numbers must be evident to everyone who studies them in connection with the name of the late distinguished theosophist, William Q. Judge. From the ancient Kabala we obtain certain rules on the subject, and these rules, applied in this instance, yield curious results.

The number 13 is unusually conspicuous in his case. There are thirteen letters in the name by which he was known to his friends and the public, and he was born on the thirteenth day of a month—April 13th, 1851. In his name, as given at baptism, William Quan Judge, there are sixteen letters, and this number added singly to the month, the day of the month and the

year of his birth, which amounts to twenty-three (4—April being the fourth month—plus 13, plus 1851, equal to 23) gives us a total of 28, which, divided by 3, again gives us 13.

Again, the sun was in the twenty-fourth degree of Aries, the first sign of the Zodiac, on the day of his birth, and if we add singly the degree, the sign and the year of birth we obtain 23 plus 24 plus 1851 equal to 22. According to the Kabala every letter of a man's name has a certain numerical value, and thus, William equals 84, Q equals 4 and Judge equals 52, which, added together singly, gives us 23. Now if we add this 23 obtained from the name to the 23 obtained from the degree, sign and year of birth, we obtain 45, and Mr Judge was in his forty-fifth year at the time of his death—1896 minus 1851 equal to 45.

THE TRIALS OF A PAGE.



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Purifies, Vitalizes, Enriches the Blood; Gives New Life, Health and Vigour.



Mr. Alfred C. Jolliffe, of Granville, So. Australia, whose portrait we give above, writes:

"I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in England for years before coming to Australia. At times I was much troubled with boils and other eruptions of the skin, caused, the doctors told me, by the running down of my system and general debility. The only medicine that has ever done me lasting good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has always cured me—purifying my blood, and giving me new life and health and vigour."

The wonderful success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood and restoring health and strength to systems enfeebled by disease, or the enervating effect of a warm climate, has led to the placing on the market of other preparations called Sarsaparilla. Remember that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and be sure that you get **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** which has stood the test of time, has won the highest awards at the world's great expositions, and has been a blessing to the people of Australia, and all civilized countries, for more than a generation. No other medicine operates so effectually in removing general debility, languor, and all outward symptoms of the grave mischief caused by disordered nerves and impure blood.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Known all over the World for its Excellence.

AYER'S PILLS, Sugar Coated—Mild but Effective.



TO THE DEAF.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noise in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the cure, free of charge. Address, H. CLINTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England.—(A.D.V.)

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COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

SCIENTIFIC London is now deeply interested over the latest discovery in colour photography, by Professor Gabriel Lippmann, member of the Institut de France and professor of natural sciences at the Sorbonne. Professor Lippmann recently explained his discovery at the Royal Institution, before a most distinguished scientific audience, which included among others, Lord Kelvin, Sir G. Stokes, Sir Frederick Abel, Sir James Clerk Maxwell, Sir Benjamin Baker, Professor Dewar, Dr. Frankland, and many others. A number of coloured photographs, embracing figures, flowers and landscapes were exhibited by aid of the magic lanterns and created such a sensation that loud applause followed as the brilliant colours were thrown on the screen, a most unusual feature in a lecture at the Royal Institution.

I called on the Professor and subjoin the following information from his own lips, which has not yet been made public.

As a practical man the Professor evidently realized that seeing is believing, and therefore began operations by showing me the very plates he had used for illustrations at his recent lecture. There, sure enough, when viewed at the proper angle, I beheld the dream of photographers for the last fifty years realized—photos. coloured by natural process. A strange sensation this—the first glimpse of a fresh secret wrung from the unknown recesses of nature—a sensation, indeed, fraught with reverence.

You will observe that the colours shown on the plate are not due to coloured substances, not to pigments. They are of the same nature as those of the soap bubble, so called interference colours. Note how they change when you hold them up to the light, and the picture before me, as I held it up, underwent all the changes of the rainbow.

The Professor proceeded to explain that in order to obtain coloured photographs by his method it was first necessary to have a transparent, grainless photographic film, capable of giving a colourless fixed image by the usual means. The preparation of such a film had been the most difficult part of his work, for, once this attained, the second necessary condition once hit upon was easily carried out, namely the employment of a metallic mirror placed in immediate contact with the film during the time of exposure.

This mirror was formed by means of mercury, the plate being first enclosed in a camera slide, with the film side, contrary to the method usually employed, turned against the back wall of the camera—thus not in direct contact with the object.

Mercury was allowed to flow in behind it from a small reservoir connected with the slide by India rubber tubing, thus forming a layer of mercury right over the surface of the plate. After exposure the mercury flows back into the reservoir, which is lowered for the purpose. The plate is developed in the usual way, and, when dry, the colours are seen by reflection.

The scientific process Professor Lippmann further explained thus:—During exposure in the camera, the light from the lens is reflected back on the film by the mercury mirror. In consequence of this, the luminous vibrations from stationary waves, which imprint their forms (*à cet*, colours) upon the sensitive film. The particular colour of rays of light is known to depend upon the particular form or length of the light waves. Without the mirror these waves, travelling through the camera at the rate of 186,000 English miles per second, would leave no record on the plate as to their wave length.

That is to say, they would leave no record of the colour which they might produce to the human eye.

And here Mr. Lippmann remarked that there is some analogy between his invention and that of the phonograph. In the phonograph the sound vibrations are imprinted in the wax of a cylinder and are reproduced afterward. In his invention the vibrations are made to imprint their form in the body of the photographic film, and this film, when viewed by aid of white light, reflects precisely the colours which it has received on its surface. The exposure necessary to produce this effect is one to two minutes in sunlight and ten to fifteen minutes in the shade.

The colours are as minutely reproduced as the monochrome effects of photography, the Professor assured me. This is evident when they are projected on a screen—as minute and distinct as a Holbein picture.

I ventured to ask whether he has yet succeeded in reproducing or in multiplying on paper the coloured photographs he had shown me.

"Not yet," he replied. "That is the problem I am now occupied with. I have not yet reached the paper printing stage. At present I have attained what I would venture to call the stage of the daguerrotype in colour. For, as you know, at first Daguerre was not able to multiply his photos. But I now feel certain that the transference of coloured photographs is theoretically possible, whether I may be the first to succeed or somebody else."

"But surely, monsieur," I put in, "there is an enormous fortune for the one who first carries this beautiful idea into practice. It seems almost a pity for you to come over here and tell all you know, perhaps for the benefit of others."

"Well, you see, Lord Kelvin asked me to come to London. Besides, being a professor at the Sorbonne, I am not supposed to work for anything else but the advancement of science. Money making is not part of our programme. I came upon this idea in my laboratory at the Sorbonne, after the subject had been in my mind over fifteen years. Those transparent films have given me a lot of trouble."

SALVATION ARMY IN THE YEAR 1403.

THE Salvation Army, which, through its far reaching practical work for the benefit of humanity, has gained support throughout Christendom, and the later volunteers are not without their prototype in pre-Reformation days. Though this fact is not generally known, it has been preserved by John H. Blunt in his history of the sects. The ancient Salvation Army, which existed five hundred years ago, had its lot cast in far less tolerant times than now, and met its destruction by the hands of persecution.

It was during the latter years of the Fourteenth Century that little bands of religious men and women began to gather in Italy under a leader whose name has not been preserved, though the tradition is that he was a Scotchman. These enthusiasts adopted a uniform, not of blue, but of white, a garb typical of their purity. They were known as the 'White Brothers,' and called themselves 'Penitents.'

From village to village and from city to city they marched, playing on musical instruments, singing, praying and exciting the people to turn from sin to righteousness. The noises they made were loud, and they were complained against as disturbers of the peace. Their methods were not approved of, yet they continued the work among the poor, the helpless, the

outcast, in the alms and prisons. They drew the high as well as the lowly, and many in the church joined their increasing ranks.

As the little bands marched about with song, dance, prayer and preaching, they gathered arms for their support and added greatly to their numbers until they became a real salvation army. Then, in companies of thousands, they continued their work, and so rapidly did they increase that the Pope at Rome began to fear they might intend to usurp his throne. In 1403 he sent his troops against the largest corps, that numbered more than 10,000. The troops met the army of religious enthusiasts at Viterbo, scattered it with great slaughter and captured the leader, who was burned as a heretic. This persecution destroyed the first salvation army.

A STORY OF DICKENS' NERVOUSNESS.

M. JULES CLARETTE, the manager of the Comédie Française, a man of wide and kindly sympathies, and a keen observer, is fond of England, which he understands extremely well, and where he has enjoyed hospitality. Above all, he likes to visit London and its galleries. He is just back in Paris from such a journey, and in the *Figaro* he relates, in the course of an article on London past and present, the following anecdote about one of the English writers of stories—I speak only of the dead—who is the best-known in France, Charles Dickens:—

"I have thus seen disappear Charles Dickens, who now lies in Westminster Abbey like Lord Tennyson. My last recollection of the latter was receiving his plays, in one of those little editions which charm the book-lover's heart, with his handsome signature on the first page. I never saw him, but Dickens, whom I have always profoundly admired, I had met, not in London, but in Paris. I still see him, as on a certain summer evening he sat at one of the tables in front of the café, which, in the Place de la Bourse, was then hard by the Vaudeville Theatre, now, alas! demolished. The Vaudeville of the Place de la Bourse was giving on this particular evening a piece by Charles Dickens which he had had played in his own house with a few friends among whom was Wilkie Collins, the author of 'The Woman in White.' In Paris the piece was called 'L'Abime.' Charles Dickens had taken the trip from England to Paris for the express purpose of being present at the representation of his work before the French public. There he sat in front of his table taking a glass of wine while the *tout Paris* of the first night was entering the theatre, and passing by this man in a grey hat, with a beard, the long hair, and the little twisted tuft of a beard, little imagining that there was in Paris that summer evening one of the master novelists, the most original of writers, one of the geniuses of the Nineteenth Century. As for him, he looked at the people as they entered, but did not go in himself.

"Speaking to a friend Dickens said:—'I am waiting for the first act to be played. Besides, it is so pleasant in Paris in the evening. How can one shut oneself up in a theatre?' The truth is he was afraid of the result of the evening. He dreaded the Parisian public. It seemed to him that he had become the little unfortunate reporter of former days, the little Boz, but now intimated. He was seeking a pretext for not facing a French house. This man who was afraid of nothing, who managed to finish a piece while talking to the workmen, smeared with coal dust, about pity, about duty, about resignation, about the smiles of babies, and about the consolations of the stars, as in 'Hard Times'—himself, who braved the mob and whose utterances were a charm, trembled before a dozen Parisian critics and a public of Parisian ladies.

"'Come, let us go to Mabile,' said he to his friend, 'I will come back to know the result when the fate of *L'Abime* is sealed.' So there he was finally at Mabile. But in the presence of the *dansesuses*, then famous, he thought of nothing else but *L'Abime*, his actors, and the Vaudeville. The time drew near when the play must have either triumphed or gone down. Charles Dickens takes a carriage and flings an address at the driver: 'Théâtre du Vaudeville, Place de la Bourse;' but between the Champs Elysees and the Place de la Bourse the peculiar fear which agitates the author of 'David Copperfield,' that fear of the Parisian which is all to the credit of his modesty increases, and suddenly he exclaims, after having looked at his watch: 'No, I shall not drive to the Northern Railway Station, we have still time to catch the

Boulogne train." And he took it after having urged his friend to send him a telegram immediately announcing the result of the representation of *L'Abime*. It was from Boulogne-sur-Mer that Charles Dickens thanked the successful actors of his piece, players whom he did not know in a French play that he never saw."

ECONOMY IN CIGARETTE SMOKING.

I OBSERVE (says a correspondent) the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in his Budget speech that about a million pounds were lost annually to this country owing to the ends of cigars and cigarettes being thrown away. This need not be the case as far as cigarettes are concerned, because the ends of the smoked-out ones can easily be fastened by means of an inch or so of postage stamp paper on to the ends of fresh ones, and the whole afterwards smoked as if it were one cigarette.

This method of smoking cigarettes has also the great advantage of keeping the tips of one's fingers from being stained with the juices of the tobacco, as the cigarettes need not be smoked so close to the end when they are to be fastened to fresh ones with postage stamp paper. Smokers should ever keep in view the fact that by throwing away the ends of their cigarettes they are really throwing away one cigarette out of every three they smoke.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer also pointed out that the consumption of tobacco in the form of cigarettes was increasing enormously in this country. That being so, it seems to me that cigarette smokers are standing in their own 'light' if they do not use up their ends, especially seeing it can be done with so little trouble, and at no expense whatever, the Government, in fact, bearing the expense by giving the postage stamp paper gratis.

A WARM BATH WITH CUTICURA SOAP



And a single application of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, economical, and permanent cure of the most distressing of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp diseases, after physicians, hospitals, and all else fail.

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OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

A NOTABLE OMISSION FROM THE GOVERNORS' SPEECH.

EVERY true colonist must have felt a glow of pride when reading in the Governor's Speech that the rating power of the people had been increased, but the Speech omitted to give the reason why there had been a saving last year of over £20,000 in the cost of tea consumed in New Zealand.

The reasons are obvious to every housewife who considers her tea expenditure—

1st—It is because Suratura tea has come into such general use in consequence of its strength, flavour, economy, and purity.

2nd—That it goes so much farther than ordinary brands.

These characteristics are so generally acknowledged that it is remarkable that in the Governor's Speech there was no indication of a Bill to authorise the purchase by the State of the whole growth of Suratura Tea, with the object of supplying the inhabitants of New Zealand, and thereby decreasing the burden upon the necessaries of life.

The characteristics of SURATURA TEA are PURITY, FRAGRANCE, STRENGTH, ECONOMY, and it is NOT blended with Indian or China teas.

COLDS, COUGHS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral



Will relieve the most distressing cough, soothe the inflamed membrane, loosen the phlegm, and induce refreshing sleep. For the cure of Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the pulmonary troubles to which the young are so liable, there is no other remedy so effective as

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Made by Dr. J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

In Half-size Bottles, And also in large 4/6 size.

Gold Medals at the World's Chief Expositions.

The name, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, is prominent on the wrapper, and is blown in the glass of each bottle. Take no cheap imitation.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Purest Dentifrice one can use; it whitens the teeth, prevents decay, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

A soothing, healing and emollient milk for beautifying the skin; removes freckles, tan, sunburn, redness, roughness, etc., and is warranted harmless.

ROWLANDS' ESSENCE OF TYRE

Dyes the hair a natural and permanent Brown or Black. Ask Druggists and Store for Rowlands' articles of 10, Hatton Garden, London, England, and avoid cheap poisonous imitations.

MONTERRAT SAUCE.

A delicious sauce. Only the famous Montserrat used in its preparation. Agents: Chrystall & Co., Christchurch.

NEW HEALER IN SWITZERLAND.

AMAZING as are the predictions made by the young Frenchwoman who claims to be the mouthpiece of the Angel Gabriel, they are considered by thousands to be of slight importance when compared with the cures which are said to be effected daily by M. Vignes, in the little town of Vialas, in the Cevennes district.

A simple peasant, this man is of the stern old Huguenot type. He is about seventy-two years old and comparatively well off. His neighbours respect him, and for many years have sought his advice in all emergencies. There is nothing of the charlatan about him. For many years he has given his neighbours such counsel as they needed, whether it regarded their bodily or their spiritual health. He has quoted the Bible freely and has given them medicines for all their ailments. In a word, he has been doing what good he could, but without blazoning it abroad, and the chances are that the world would never have heard of him if a Swiss pastor named Schlachter had not made his acquaintance, and discovered him to be a marvellous healer.

Schlachter at once began to spread his fame throughout Switzerland, and thence it quickly spread through France. As a consequence, hordes of invalids are flocking to Vialas, confident that their maladies will be dispelled by the healer's magic touch. A company has even been started for the purpose of providing proper accommodation for the pilgrims, large numbers being expected to arrive at Vialas during the spring and summer. Hundreds have already gone there, some from Bern, Basle and Zurich, and others from more distant places.

The healer's present method of cure is extremely simple. He is said to have used medicines in former days, but now he simply says to his patients, 'Have faith and you will be cured.' His words are believed, and the story goes that he has effected many wonderful cures. Cripples, it is said, have at his bidding thrown away their crutches, and paralytics have regained their pristine strength and health. Even venomous animals, like snakes, we are told, are rendered powerless in his presence.

So say his disciples, but, on the other hand, certain scientists who have made a searching investigation, say that it would be extremely hard, if not impossible, to find a single case of a genuine cure. However this may be, pilgrims are flocking to Vialas, and it is not impossible that in a short time the little hamlet will become quite as well known as Lourdes.

Mrs Musieus: Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beautifully? Miss Frankly: Yes; especially with the neighbours.



SENIORITA FEDESVIDA SANCHEZ, NOTED FOR ACTIVE EFFORTS IN AID OF WOUNDED CUBAN SOLDIERS.



1.—PROFESSOR CROSS PUTS AN XER BY THE AID OF THE X RAY I GET A LITTLE DUST BEHIND THE PUPIL.



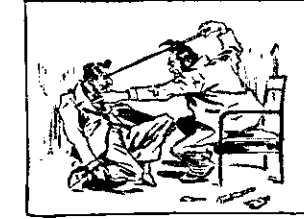
2.—"LET ME SEE IT A MOMENT."



3.—"HISSE."



4.—"YES, A LITTLE DUSTING WILL FIX IT. I THINK."



5.—"LOOK OUT, IT'S COMING BACK!"



"FIVE SHILLINGS!" PLEASE.

Miss Bell: I'm so taken with bloomers that I think I'll wear them altogether hereafter. Miss King: In the hereafter, dear, we'll not need bloomers.

Other springs the young man's yearning Straight his thoughts of love reveals But these days his ardent fancy Lightly turns to thoughts of wheels.

A GREAT MACICIAN'S ART.

THIS is a story of hands. Not hands cast in the mould of fashion, or of labour, or even of manual toil, but hands trothed by jugglery. Hands in which little muscles are developed here and there, and in which hollows are scooped out for the concealment of rabbits and pigeons and other peccaminous things that are usually conjured into visible existences by wizards.

In short, the hands are those of Herrmann, that arch conjuror with the cold X ray eyes. Thirty-seven years ago a slender, thin-faced boy with a Mephisto nose stood before a mirror in a little room on the Rue Montmartre in Paris. His door was locked according to his daily custom, because the good lodgers round about thought him crazy. The youth was Herrmann, and the glass was his audience. It is hard to describe a mirror, either in the matter of bad looks or bad tricks, late or fingers.

Yes Herrmann tried to deceive that mirror for one long year. The mirror with the image of Herrmann in it saw everything, and the youthful conjuror was dissatisfied. As this stage he went out on the street and lured one of those sharp featured chattering street gamins of Paris to his room. Then he put forth the charm of his magic, and the boy, thinking him the devil, fled. While the mirror had revealed faults, the street boy had not detected them.

Then the youth with the Mephisto nose felt discouraged. He went to work again, but he let the mirror alone, and devoted himself to his acquaintances. There is nothing so gullible as a man willing to be gulled, and Herrmann found it out.

Some years ago Herrmann sat at the right hand of James G. Blaine at a banquet given in Washington. He picked up in champagne glass, threw it in the air and it apparently disappeared. Then the wizard, turning to the statesman, drew a brimming glass of champagne from the lapel of his coat. 'That beats any political jugglery I ever saw,' remarked the Maine man.

At this time the joggling bumps and hollows on Herrmann's hands were fully developed, and he had won a fortune with them.

A reader of hands would call the wizard's palm remarkable for its lines. They are zigzagged from thumb to little finger, and are crisscrossed in every direction, yet the life line is long and pronounced. This fact should comfort the magician unless by some other sleight of hand or eye he may be able to cheat death.

'Yes,' said Herrmann after it was all over: 'I have been on the stage for thirty-seven years, and have never missed a performance. All that I have ever accomplished has been in the line of finesse. Position is everything, and almost every trick is performed solely by the dexterity of the hand. Many people claim that the hand is quicker than the eye, and that therein lies the secret of so-called magic. 'Why, I can do many tricks very slowly simply because I can make an audience look where I like. This is more than half the battle. I think that one very prominent factor in my success has been the fact that I try my best to please the ladies. I never do anything to offend or shock them, and consequently they come to see me.'

'I suppose you have heard of my Indian venture. I have just put in £2000 on a commission to be sent to India. The purpose is to prove that the Yoghia, or Indian magicians, are not what they are represented to be. I shall soon represent all their tricks on the stage without the aid of a rabble of ample skirted women as confederates.

'I shall do the basket trick, the mango trick, and the disappearing boy trick. In the latter, as you know, the boy is placed in a basket, which is securely fastened. Then the magician runs a sword through the basket, and moans are heard. When it is opened, however, the boy is not there. 'I am not much of a believer in Indian magic, and will not believe it fully until the camera tells me that it is true.'

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

'MAY I offer you a stick of gum?' asked the travelling man in the skull cap, by way of introducing himself to the passenger in the seat directly in front of him. The other man turned around, looked at the proffered slab, and shook his head.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I manufacture that gum, I never chew it. But if you will join me, I will open this box of candy I bought just before I got on the train.'

The travelling man looked on the label on the box and shuddered.

'We made that candy,' he remarked, shrugging his shoulders. 'I never touch it.'

Subsequently they became better acquainted over a small bottle, of whose contents they possessed none of the secrets of manufacture.

WHAT IS THAT ONE THING?

IT seems like an absurdity, yet it is true all the same. I mean that you might have a cellar full of wood and coal and still shiver with cold; and you would if it were not for one thing. 'Oh, that is so obvious,' you may say. 'It was hardly worth while to hint at it. Anybody can see it with his eyes shut.' All the better for me then; I shan't have to explain. And by the same sharpness you will be able to pick out the important points in two short letters I am about to copy for you.

The first runs thus: 'In December, 1890, my daughter (Mrs M. J. Mather) got into a low, weak, nervous condition. Do what she could she could not get up her strength. Gradually she wasted away until everyone thought she was in a decline, and had not long to live. In fact, she was so low and dejected she did not care whether she lived or not. She was under a doctor for six months, but his medicines did her no good. My husband then said, "My daughter, I will now see what I can do for you." What he meant was that he would have her take a medicine called "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup." He had used it himself when he was ill, and thought that it might prove as beneficial to her as it had to him.

'Mrs Mather said she was willing to try the Syrup, although she had little or no faith in its helping one as bad as she was. For if she really had consumption we know there is no cure for that. My husband, however, got a bottle from Mr Hulme, the chemist in Rochdale Road, and my daughter began taking it. After the first bottle we saw a great improvement. She could eat, and the food caused her no pain. She continued with this remedy, and gradually gained strength, but it took some time to bring her round, she was so very low and weak. After a time she was able to get about, and never looked behind her. Since then she has been strong and well. We have told many persons how Mother Seigel's Syrup restored her to sound health, and are willing you should publish this statement of the facts. (Signed) (Mrs) MARGARET WATSON, 11, Ruby-street, Bury, October 8th, 1895.'

'In March, 1895,' says the second letter, 'I began to fall in health. I could not say exactly what ailed me. I felt low, weak, and tired, and had no strength for anything. My appetite fell away, and what little food I ate gave me great pain at the chest and side. My hands and feet were cold, and nearly all the colour left me. I was often in so great pain I could hardly do any work. I was frequently sick, and could keep no sort of food down.

'I got weaker and weaker, in spite of all that was done, and had to be off my work for seventeen weeks. In this way I went on until November of the same year—1893. Then I happened to read about Mother Seigel's Syrup and what it had done for others suffering like me. I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr W. Heywood, grocer, in Oldham Road, and after taking only the half of it I felt much better. I could eat without pain, and was stronger and brighter every way. When I had finished the bottle I was quite cured, and have had no return of the complaint since. I have told many others about what the Syrup did for me, and out of thankfulness I am willing my letter should be made public. (Signed) MISS LYDIA E. MORTON, 1, Greaves-street, Middleton Junction, near Manchester, October 10th, 1895.'

Both these ladies say that they were very weak, and that their food—of which they could take but little—did them no good. In the midst of plenty they were actually starving. So much wasted was one of them that it was believed she had consumption. The event showed that they both suffered from dyspepsia, and nothing else. But that was quite enough; and besides I often run into consumption and other fatal maladies. By setting the stomach right Mother Seigel's Syrup fully cured them both.

Coal and wood are useless without means to light a fire; and bread and meat are as nothing unless we can digest them and make them part of our flesh and bone. That is easy to see and important to remember. And it is in its power to help nature work this transformation that makes Mother Seigel's Syrup so wonderful a remedy.

PARADOXICAL.

'Tis hard to be so good as the poet. As his mantle about him he hurried: So he sank, but well did he know it Is the easiest thing in the world.

Nell: Chollie told me last night he thought my face would stop an angel in its flight. Belle: Don't you think you'd better practise on a clock first, my dear?

Nervous Passenger (on steamship that has run aground): What on earth is the matter with this ship? Captain (sorrowfully): That's just it.

Dashaway: I have an idea that Mrs Hightower has asked me to dinner in order to fill up. Cleverton: That's what we are all going for, old man.

To Cure Sore Throats

WOUNDS, PUSS, SORES, and all DISCHARGES are best purified drinking WATER, and CONDY'S FLUID. Sold by all Chemists. Each of directions on every bottle. Condy & Mitchell, of London, England, are the sole makers. Insist on buying "CONDY'S FLUID."

Use "Condy's Fluid."



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LOT II.

20 dozen LADIES' FANCY RIBBED FINE CASHMERE HOSK, guaranteed to wear, and marked to meet the times, 1s 6d.

LOT III.

40 dozen LADIES' FANCY RIBBED WINTER CASHMERE HOSK, a really fine line, well worth 2s 3d per pair, but marked 1s 11d.

Any of these lines will be sent to any part of the colony POST FREE, as an additional discount to the country customers of

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Gowns, Habits, etc.

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Auckland.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



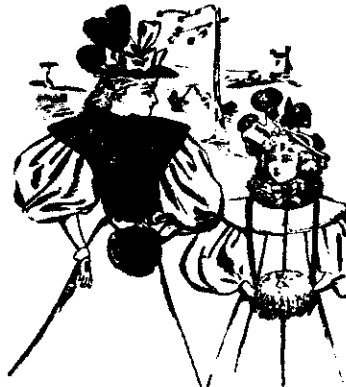
PERHAPS one of the prettiest hat shapes which has been popular for so long, and that bids fair to be in favour for many a long day to come, is the *Canotier* hat. Its popularity is no doubt due to its simplicity of style and unexaggerated lines, which will always prevent it from being classed among those *confections* that look really hideous when seen in a photo a year or so after they are out of date. The French, who usually exemplify so great a discrimination in matters of dress, especially favour the neat little shape that may be trimmed to any height of afternoon smartness. Here is a very *à la mode* little *chapeau*, noted recently at a 'P.V. Tea,' as are now called the light refreshments that smart hostesses offer to their friends on these days when new art exhibitions are open to visitors. By the way, one is inclined to think that it is the 'Derby Tea' idea, which has inspired womenkind with this latest innovation so welcome these cold wintry days, when the 'Ceylon' and muffins at the galleries themselves generally follow the



LE CANOTIER.

chilly example of the weather. But to return to our hat: it is an uncommonly soft silky felt of that bright 'Sienna' brown so fashionable at present, and is armed with taut little quills seamed very erect, and mixed with upstanding loops of stiff satin ribbon of the same shade. The great style about this shape is given by the full artistic draping of some 'cachemire' velvet. The Oriental *velours* combines rich tones of old world blue, the new deep orange, and a certain moss-green tint. Those who have not seen this particular picturesque blending of colours can perhaps hardly realize what an altogether delightful effect is obtained by the association. 'Sienna' brown is by the way, quite *de mode*, and having a fair dose of yellow in its composition, is equally as becoming to brunettes as to those of a fairer complexion. Another stylish hat that would do for reception wear is made of 'Sienna' net, a bunch of holly duly glistening, and seasonably berried, nestling on one side.

Every year—and the little ones may be thankful for it—young people's dress is becoming simpler and more practical. The great object of their elders should be to see that the children's clothes combine lightness with warmth, especially where under-garments are concerned. There should be as little weight as possible from the hips; indeed, some of the latest stocking-suspenders begin from the shoulders as braces. The question of *lingerie* is easily settled, what with patent combinations and other sensible inventions; but it's in the planning of original yet simple cloaks and frocks that mamma's skill is put mostly to the test. For a young girl, just in her teens, we present the model of a charming walking cos-



PRETTY CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

tume in deep bluish-grey vicuna, the only pretence to trimming being some strappings over the seams. The bodice is very cosily lined with Italian cloth and porous flannel, the girlish frock being crowned by a pointed Victorian cape in soft black glossy fur, very similar, we fear, to the coat of a sleek sable 'Tom'. This tippet is double with bright crimson satin, the neat muff only being

a repetition of peltry and this glowing material. Next to Miss Thirteen-year-old we give a smaller girl in a pelisse of a charming design. The cosy garment is built in serviceable box-cloth of a vivid 'Mephisto' red with full Bishop's sleeves and a smooth cape that requires to be cut to perfection to look really well. There is no lining to the coat as the material is so thick, but round my little lady's neck there is a comfortable throatlet in grey Mongolian fur tied under the chin with a knot of scarlet velvet ribbon. The muff is of course *en suite*, and is lined with 'Mephisto' satin and secured over the shoulders with reins matching the bow at the throat. To be worn with this mantle is a hat so sweetly juvenile that it must be described. A dove-grey felt 'flop' is twisted into the prettiest curves, a scarlet rosette nestling under the front peak, while some black plumes are secured gracefully here and there, the centre one being lightened by a knot matching the little bow under the brim.

Balls and dances are in full swing just now, and it is sometimes difficult to know what to wear at these many gay receptions, especially if one wishes to do a variety of rig-outs at a comparatively small outlay. This season tulle in all colours is voted good form for evening corsages; in fact, for a whole frock, and the old mode of wearing white net over, for instance, a sky-blue or a pink silk slip has revived with the '1830' bodice. The '1830' cut isn't, however, so very much in vogue for dinner and theatre gowns, that generally have their corsages made to come well over the shoulders, with important melon shaped sleeves. To complete my weekly information, I give the illustration of a dress turned out in the very



COSTUME DE SOIRÉE.

latest cut of the gay capital. The principal portion of this toilette is composed of rather deep cream gros-grain, sprinkled with dainty, faintly-coloured sprigs of roses. This silk forms the vest, and the ample sleeves, while the basqued corselet, elbow-bows skirt and revers are in white velvet. Across the bust a full ruching of black velvet is introduced, by way of softening the outline. Fur is still added to evening frocks, but its popularity has waned rather since last winter, and it is only considered smart for married women, or those of a solid age.

My very last sketch is a cape suited for travelling or a walking tour. The original is made in fawn coloured



USEFUL TRAVELLING CAPK.

faced cloth, trimmed with pouch shaped pockets; large gimp buttons and froggings simulating buttonholes. HELOISE.

"PERFECTION," says the Court Journal.

HIGH-CLASS

PRIESTLEY'S

BLACK

DRESS FABRICS.

OF ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

TRADE MARK: THE VARNISHED BOARD.

WORK COLUMN.

THE fact that there are corners in every house just as there are corners in every life cannot be denied. Corners that we love to revert to in memory which become so hallowed in our thoughts as almost to materialise into niches filled up with the various figures of friendship, which, alas! we can only conjure up by the imagination. Awkward corners that we have turned in our lives and recollect with a somewhat smug feeling of self-congratulation; how our diplomacy grows with years, what clever things we did to get round them, and how our self-importance grows with each recital of our adroitness in managing under such difficult circumstances. Corners there were too, which in getting round, we have somehow managed to get badly scraped, and have left bits of the best parts of ourselves behind; but that we now acknowledge, with a kind of philosophical regret, could not be helped after all, so we may as well make up our minds to a kind of deformity which thus becomes essential to our nature until the end of life. Of course, this is all sentiment, and we know that as such it has no possible place in a column given over to practicalities, for even if we admit the existence of sentiment it is, as a rule, the kind of thing that hovers round and does not interfere with any immediate action of ours; nevertheless, we know these corners, and I make no apology for stirring up my readers' memories of them. And all this amount of retrospection was brought about by a friend who dilated to me on the merits of cupboards and the utilisation of corners until I verily believe I began to nod my head and dream of all sorts of corners which of course had practically no existence at all. She, dear soul, had no such wandering ideas, but managed to keep her mind swept and garnished just in the same orderly manner as she did her household, and it was one of her ideas for a corner cupboard that I thought would fit nicely in here.



A CORNER UTILISED.

In the first place you require to know a nice cheap carpenter, that is to say if none of your men-kind are handy in this respect. He must get a half-inch board in the triangle, 25 1/4 inches across two sides and 36 on the third side, also two pieces of one inch board, 4 inches wide and 24 inches long—these are to be used as supports for the triangular piece which is the top of the cupboard. Then get another board which will project from the corner just an inch less than at the top, and place it about a foot and a half below; this will make a most valuable shelf for cardboard boxes, which seem to accumulate in everybody's rooms with a positively alarming quickness. Below this will be found room for something like a dozen hooks, which must be screwed into a wooden support and these will take quite a number of shirts, coats, and wraps or any article of clothing you may wish to hang away in this corner. Some sort of ornamentation at the top is needed, and one of the cheapest is to get a dozen empty cotton reels, all of course matching in size, and glue these to the larger board at the extreme end, when they will be ready to receive the charitable coat of enamel or paint that

covers such a multitude of sins. A brass rod is then required 35 1/4 inches long, which must be fixed up with brass screw rings, into the top shelf and curtains hung from it; these should just escape the ground, and then they will not gather dust.

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.

MULLET WITH LOBSTER SAUCE.—Procure a medium-sized mullet, and soak for two hours in salt and water before boiling. Do not cut off the fins, and rub the fish all over with lemon. Lay it in the kettle with sufficient warm water to cover it, and add a handful of salt. When boiling draw the kettle to the side and see it keeps simmering gently for twenty minutes; take out the fish, drain it well, and dish it on a hot napkin. Garnish with tufts of parsley and slices of lemon.

LOBSTER CREAMS.—1/2 pint milk, 3 eggs, 1 lobster, 2 teaspoonfuls anchovy sauce, a little cayenne, a teaspoonful of cream, 1 teaspoonful breadcrumbs. Boil the milk, pour it over the breadcrumbs, beat the eggs, and add to the breadcrumbs. When the latter are nearly cold, chop the lobster meat very small, mix it with the breadcrumbs and anchovy sauce, and a little cayenne; stir in the cream, and mix well. Butter some small dariole moulds, fill with the mixture, cover with buttered paper, and steam for 20 minutes.

CHARTREUSE OF APRICOTS.—2lb. stewed apricots, 6 oz. sugar, 1/2 pint water, a glass of sherry, 16 sheets French gelatine, 3 eggs, 1 pint of cream, vanilla essence. Turn the apricots into a saucepan, add the sugar, water, and sherry; let them boil up; strain off the syrup, and add to one pint of it the gelatine; when it is dissolved, add the well-whisked whites of three eggs; let it boil and remove all scum. Have a border mould ready, pour in a little of the jelly; when it is quite set add some of the apricots cut in rather small pieces, and fill up with the jelly. Stand aside till set, then turn it out on to a glass dish, and fill up the centre with the remainder of the apricots, and the cream whipped to a stiff froth, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla. Tinned apricots do excellently for this dish. First soak them for an hour or two in cold water, then stew.

BIRTHDAY PLUM PUDDING.—The following ingredients for the pudding are sufficient for a party of twelve. The pudding should be made beforehand, as it improves by keeping. Put on a very large pan half full of water before you commence preparing the pudding; have also a smaller pan full of boiling water to replenish the large one as the water evaporates. Ingredients:—One and a quarter pounds of beef-suet, one pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of flour, one and a half pounds of muscatel raisins, ditto of currants, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of lemon peel, half a nutmeg glassful of brandy. Mode:—Free the suet from the skin and chop it very finely; a little flour sprinkled on the knife and suet will prevent its sticking to the knife. Have a large basin ready and put in the suet when it is fine enough. Cut the crust from a stale loaf, and rub it through a moderately fine wire sieve till you have the required weight of crumbs, and put these into the basin. Dry the flour before the fire. Mix all the dry ingredients together well first, then beat the eggs very lightly for ten minutes; add them, and next the lemon juice and brandy. It is now necessary that the whole household have a hand in stirring the pudding, 'for good luck.' The pudding-basin is now well buttered, and the pudding put in. It is then tied rather loosely to allow for swelling. It is then taken out, and hung by a loop in the larder. When required on the birthday it is boiled for four hours, then turned out of the basin, and blanched sweet almonds stuck all over it. A little brandy is often poured round the pudding, and lit before it is carried into the dining-room, so that the pudding is wrapped in a sheet of flame when it is placed on the table.

CURING AND PRESERVING MEATS.

To many householders the care of the year's or half-year's supply of meat is thoroughly understood and consequently is not a dreaded task, but to many just beginning housekeeping it seems a vast collection of unknown terrors. If we learn more from our failures than our successes, as someone has said, I have certainly learned a great deal since I first attempted this piece of work. At any rate, though I do not 'know it all' I think I may be able to help some one a little.

Taking the unromantic hog for discussion first, we will suppose that the carcass is cut into hams, shoulders and side-meat, with the lesser excesses of a rib, backbone, etc. The hams should be trimmed into a neat rounded shape. These trimmings are to be reserved for sausage.

The shoulders must be cut rather square. You can trim off more or less from these parts, as you want more or less sausage. I would advise packing the hams and shoulders carefully in dry salt. I have found this by far the most reliable method, whether for immediate use or for summer meat. In the former case your pork is safe against sudden changes of the weather; in the latter you can take it out of the salt in the spring before the weather has become warm enough to cause the salt to penetrate too much, and smoke it, returning it afterwards to the salt as a safeguard against the foes the summer brings. But to return to our work. The hams and shoulders being out of the way, the side-meat next requires attention. Part of this will look almost like clear lard. Trim the lean from such pieces for the sausage jar, and throw the rest into the vessel destined for the lard. The best of the side-meat should be left in large pieces to go with the hams and shoulders for bacon.

There are two ways of cutting up pork; one is to split the backbone in the centre. The other is to cut on each side of the backbone. I prefer the latter method, though there is really not much difference. In either case, you can have the bone chopped apart into convenient lengths for cooking.

This meat is best eaten fresh, unless you desire to trim closely for sausage. If you do this, you can then boil the bones and use every tiny bit of meat for the famed pork pies. You may make large ones with seasonings of various kinds and slices of hard-boiled egg; this is to be eaten cold. Or you may make little affairs in pattypans of piecrust, with only a spoonful of meat and broth in each. These are best, served very hot. If you do not use the backbone meat for sausage, it will make excellent roasts. Some can be trimmed off for frying, and some can be boiled with vegetables. The ribs are best roasted, though they may be boiled, and some people make pies like chicken pie of the boiled ribs, placing them crisscross in the pan to hold up the crust, and pouring over them the thickened broth in which they were boiled. The feet should be kept in a cold place until leisure is found to clean them. This is done by singeing them and scalding in lye water, scraping thoroughly and trimming off hairy portions. Put on in cold water and boil until very tender. They may be eaten thus, hot or cold, or may be pickled by covering them with vinegar while hot and letting them stand over night before using. The heart and tongue are simply boiled and cut in slices, cold. Some put this in with the headcheese. The liver and kidneys are thrown away by some and highly appreciated by others.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

INK STAINS FROM MAHOGANY.

PUT a few drops of spirit of nitre in a teaspoonful of water, touch the spot with a camel's hair brush dipped in the mixture, when the ink will disappear; after which rub it over immediately with a cloth steeped in cold water. If this is not done immediately after the application of the mixture, there will be a white mark, which will not easily be removed.

WASHING.

One of the best bleaching agents in washing is common, refined borax. Dissolve in hot water 1/2 lb borax to five gallons of water. A great saving of soap is effected by its use. The borax should be pulverised first. It may be procured in the form of crystals at any druggist's, and will not injure the most delicate fabric, and laces, as well as most other fine tissues, may be washed in a solution of borax, with great advantage to colour.

FOR A COLD.

Procure 6d of spirit of turpentine from a good chemist, put a drop or two on your handkerchief. It not only relieves cold, but prevents infection to others.

HOW TO ESCAPE CONTAGION.

THE sad case of Dr. Stebbins, of the Boston City Hospital, who died from diphtheria contracted while pursuing his professional duties as admitting physician to the Hospital, may have brought to the minds of many the often repeated inquiry as to the manner in which immunity from contagion is secured by doctors, nurses, and others, whose business brings them so often in direct contact with infectious diseases.

The answer must be somewhat general, as well as the repetition of what has many times been given, but it is not the least worth heeding on that account.

The two greatest safeguards against infection are a strong vitality and carefully selected hygienic surroundings. The perfected human organism, constantly and properly nourished, and with plenty of fresh air, is almost invincible against the invasion of disease. It is simply a question of survival of the superior. Disease, which is the weaker, is put to rout by good health, just as darkness vanishes at the approach of light.

The strength of disease lies in taking its victim off his guard. In fact, its attacks are mostly made in ambush, as it were, insidiously and against the weakest spot in the armour of its victim.

Let a person, in no matter how good health, contract a slight cold or get over-fatigued, and immediately his very strength becomes a source of weakness. The stronger and more virulent types of disease find a vantage ground, and a fight begins which lasts the longer, and is the harder, as the opposing forces are the more equally matched in strength.

It is easy to see that even a physician, over-taxed with work and suffering somewhat from a consequent neglect of hygienic laws, may finally succumb to the disease amid which he lingers.

TO DARKEN GRAY 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.—(Adv't)

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.



GIRLS' FRIENDSHIPS.

THERE is nothing so beautiful as a faithful friendship between two women. Nothing is quite so unselfish and nothing in life lasts quite so long. This friendship, however, must have the trial test of years; it does not grow up in a day, or a night, but it is cemented and made perfect by the gradual learning of each to understand the other, by the willingness to help bear each other's burdens, and by that greatest of all virtues in friendship, the never asking a question, but the waiting until the confidence is given. Young girls very seldom form such friendships. They are, as I have said, the outgrowth of years of confidence, and you, who are sixteen, seventeen or eighteen, have not had the time to try, or be tried, to prove your worthiness as a friend. You look at me with a bit of indignation, and you tell me of 'the dearest girl that ever lived' who sympathizes with you in everything, to whom you tell all your hopes and ambitions, who loves you dearly, and whom you have known exactly one week. You know it must be a real friendship because you were attracted at once, and because immediately you began to tell one another things that you wouldn't have had the other girls know—not for anything. And you think this friendship is going to last forever. You have planned it all out in your own mind. You two, after you leave school, are going to marry two brothers, the handsomest and best men that ever were born, and you are all going to live in one house, and you will tell each other everything and life will run along as smoothly as possible for both of you. That is what you say this week.

THE WEEK AFTER.

Next week I ask after your bosom friend and you don't seem inclined to talk about her. When I insist upon hearing about this feminine Damon I hear that she has rather neglected you; that a new girl has come whom she finds more sympathetic, and you find to your horror that she has told her the secrets which you whispered, believing that they were as sacred as if they had been told in the confessional. But you brighten up a little and tell me that after all you suppose one must make mistakes, but that now you have discovered a real friend, one who loves you simply for yourself. She has such a lovely name, too. You think you never heard a more musical one—Florence. And then you show me the little notes she has written to you, notes that are as sentimental as possible, full of 'darling' and 'sweetest,' and making protestations of love such as Romeo might have made to Juliet. And then you tell me how on your desk you find a rose from her; and you show me the ring you are wearing which is hers, and which she begs you to kiss every day. As a profound secret you hear from another girl that she has sent to the city and is having a locket made in the shape of a heart with her picture inside it, and that this will reach you on Easter Day. And then you look at me and say, 'Isn't this beautiful? Isn't this real friendship?'

WHAT I THINK.

I don't like to hurt your feelings by laughing at you, and I know, my dear, that you are quite in earnest, but this is all very silly. A veritable friendship between women doesn't express itself in that manner, and you are not old enough yet to have friends. The pleasant acquaintance among the girls will last a thousand times longer than that with the gushing admirer. Florence is as jealous as if she were your sweetheart, and you pride yourself on this. She writes you most despairing notes because some afternoon you take a walk with some other girl, or because you broke an engagement with her to go out with your mother. You think it is very desirable to be known among your girl friends as 'Florence's crush,' but if you will take a little trouble and enquire, you will find that you are only one among a number of whom Florence has expressed this great admiration at various times, and to whom she has shown this marvelous devotion. This may last three months or even a year, but great emotions have sudden endings, and some day you will be surprised to get a letter from Florence inclosing the photograph which you gave her, and begging you to return the little locket. That poor little locket! If you have the sense I credit you with you will wonder who the girl is who is going to get it next, for you may be very certain that it will answer for several people.

Violent cases of dyspepsia are often cured by refraining from liquids entirely. Never drink at meals, and if thirsty between times sip a little hot water slowly. Little by little, as the person grows better, be or she can take coffee, or even tea, at their meals. Where chronic dyspepsia exists, generally the person must be guided by what is found by experience to agree. Simplicity in cooking and a plain diet are necessary. Pastry, fried articles, meats cooked a second time, and nearly all sweets are to be avoided. The following are some of the foods easy of digestion: Mutton, sweetbreads, chicken, partridge, beef, tea, mutton broth, milk, fish, oysters, stale bread, rice, tapioca, asparagus, French beans, baked apples, oranges, strawberries and peaches.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 18 bottles Made in London—(Adv't),

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

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

FACE TO FACE.

My mother's great-uncle was Alexander Faith, of whom the following story has come down through three generations. He served in the Revolutionary War, and received a grant of land for his services, somewhere in what was then the West. It was in the woods, and wild animals, especially bears, were plentiful. My kinsman was a tailor. It was his custom to go from house to house, and do whatever lay in his line for the widely-scattered settlers.

One very dark night, as he was approaching a clearing, he suddenly tumbled into a pit which a farmer had dug as a bear-trap. Such traps were covered with rotten sticks and a little earth, and were pretty deep.

The bruises from his fall and the prospect of spending the night in the pit were bad enough, but worse was to come. This was the advent of a big bear, which crashed through and tumbled in a few minutes after him!

Our friend had no weapons; escape from this deep pit was impossible. It was a situation to make the bravest despair. But the tailor kept his wits about him.

I have said that he had no weapons; he had what proved to be quite as useful in the emergency—his big tailor's shears. Drawing back into a corner of the pit, he put his shears out in front of him, and kept them going *snip, snip, snip*, all night.

The bear was dazed and hurt by his fall; the sound of the great pair of scissors bewildered him still more; he drew back into his corner—and there the two remained all night, each in his corner, facing each other, with no let-up in the savage and ominous *snip, snip, snip*, just in front of bruin's nose.

And there the farmer's sons found them at daylight; when the bear was speedily killed, and the brave tailor rescued. His black hair had turned as white as snow.

'HAMLIN, THE BAKER.'

REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, was the first man to establish a steam flour mill and bakery in Turkey. In spite of the opposition of the whole guild of bakers the enterprise was highly successful, for the reason that Mr Hamlin sold good bread always above weight.

During the Crimean War Lord Raglan established his military hospital in the Selimieh barracks at Scutari, which had been built by the great Moltke. One day Mr Hamlin was asked by an orderly to call upon Doctor Mapleton at the hospital. After some demur, he did so. As he entered, the doctor asked brusquely, without salutation:

'Are you Hamlin, the baker?'

'No, sir, I am the Rev. Mr Hamlin, an American missionary.'

'That is just as about correct as anything I get in this country, I send for a baker and I get a missionary.'

There happened to be two loaves of bread on the table and Mr Hamlin said, 'I presume it is bread you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary.'

Exactly so, answered the doctor. After some sparring between the American missionary and the English officer, Mr Hamlin agreed to furnish bread for hospital use, and taking up the printed contract to do this, in order to sign it, noticed that it said,

'To deliver bread every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such other hours as might be agreed upon.'

Doctor Hamlin paused a moment and then said, 'It will be necessary to insert in this contract the words, "except Sunday" after the word "morning." The bread can be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset.'

'The laws of war do not regard Sunday,' replied the agent of the English government, curtly. 'I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract.'

'Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business.'

To the hospital this refusal meant the loss of fresh food, to the missionary a loss of hundreds of pounds for the cause for which the good missionary had given his life. Nevertheless, he did not flinch, so the other had to give way.

'The chief purveyor,' said the doctor, after a pause, 'is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that.' So Mr Hamlin furnished bread on his own conditions.

Later, a large camp of the English army was formed at Hyder Pasha, and again Mr Hamlin was engaged to supply bread at the rate of twelve thousand pounds a day.

The first delivery at the camp was dramatic. The soldiers were waiting impatiently to receive it. They seized the loaves ravenously and tasted them. Then the bread was hurled high in the air, and the joyful cry rang through the ranks:

'Hooray for good English bread!'

The provost of the camp was overbearing and rude, and some trouble was anticipated over the double Saturday delivery. On the first Saturday at sunset, Mr Hamlin, preceding the long line of carts, saluted the provost and said:

'As it is Saturday I deliver the supply of bread for Sunday; as at the hospital, so at the camp.'

This was met with a volley of oaths, and the order to take the bread back, and deliver it in the morning. Mr Hamlin unheeding the order, left the bread and departed quietly. To the missionary's astonishment the next Saturday morning the provost wrote on his receipt,

'Remember the double Saturday delivery.'

MADE THEM 'LOOK PLEASANT.'

WITH no disparagement of the aspirations of our Southern sisters there are but three civilized republics in the world—the United States, France, and Switzerland. During a brief sojourn in the last-named country, this fact was brought very forcibly to my mind by a trifling but picturesque incident.

We were a small party of Americans stopping at a pension in a little village of the Canton Vaud—a spot where English was never spoken and seldom heard. One day there arrived for the night a landscape photographer who had been 'taking' the mountains. Next morning, of course, the house must be photographed, and we, with the other guests—all active Swiss—were rallied into the pretty garden in front to form a part of the picture.

The photographer was a big, hearty fellow from the east of France. When, with much bustle and energy, he had marshalled us into what he considered an artistic group, and had duly focused his machine, the ridiculous expression of conscious solemnity, so inevitable before a camera, settled upon us all.

The good fellow was in despair. 'Everything is splendid,' he said, 'except the expression. That is frightful.'

Suddenly he raised one hand and shouted, 'Vive la Republique!' while with the other hand he pressed the little rubber ball that gives an instantaneous exposure.

His words were a charm. On his lips they were the cry of France, but in the ears of the young Swiss enthusiasts at our side they rang for the oldest republic in the world; while in spite of their foreign sound, they bore our Yankee hearts like a flash across the great water to the home of the stars and stripes.

The expression of our faces was as bright as could be desired, and the picture was a great success.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

AN artist says that in the spring of 1841 he was searching for a studio in which to set up his easel. His 'house-hunting' ended at the New York University, where he found what he wanted in one of the turrets of that stately edifice.

When I had made my choice the janitor, who accompanied me in my examination of the rooms, threw open a door on the opposite side of the hall, and invited me to enter. I found myself in what was evidently an artist's studio, but every object in it bore indubitable signs of unthrif and neglect.

The statues, busts and models of various kinds were covered with dust and cobwebs; dusty canvases were faced to the wall, and stumps of brushes and scraps of paper littered the floor. The only signs of industry were a few masterly crayon drawings and little studies of colour, pinned to the wall.

'You will have an artist for your neighbour,' said the janitor; 'though he is not here much of late. He seems to be getting rather shiftless; he is wasting his time over some silly invention, a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very good painter, and might do well if he would only stick to his business. But,' he added, with a sneer of contempt, 'the idea of talking by a little streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it. His friends think he is crazy on the subject, and try to dissuade him from it, but he persists in it until he is almost ruined.'

Judge of my astonishment when he informed me that the 'shiftless' individual, whose foolish waste of time so excited his commiseration, was none other than the President of the National Academy of Design,—the most exalted position, in my youthful, artistic fancy, that it was possible for mortal to attain.—S. F. B. Morse, since much better known as the inventor of the electric telegraph!

Only a little while after this his fame was flashing through the world, and the unbelievers who had voted him insane were forced to confess that there was at least 'method in his madness.'

Said the little Jap doll on the mantel,
Addressing an art-loving bear
Who was whittled from wood by a Swiss lad,
'You're bearish enough, I declare!'

'You keep your back turned ever toward me,
Nor care if I laugh or I weep!
The little wood bear never answered
—'Twas winter and he was asleep.

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EVIDENTLY FAITHFUL PORTRAITS.

'I THINK Nell's new photographs must look exactly like her.'
'Why?'
'She hasn't shown them to a living soul.'

MUST HAVE BEEN IN STYLE.

SHE: 'Was she stylishly dressed?'
He: 'Yes; I suppose so.'
She: 'Don't you know?'
He: 'Well, I never saw a costume like it before.'

EXCITED HIS CURIOSITY.

'It beats me,' he said as he laid down his newspaper, thoughtfully. 'I dunno's I ever thought of it afore, but now that it does come ter my mind, it certainly beats me.'
'What air ye talkin' about?' asked his wife anxiously. 'Literator,' he answered. 'Course we've seen it showed up in the newspapers time an' agin how all an editor does is ter set down weth a pot o' paste an' a pair o' scissors an' cut out things ter put inter 'is paper.'
'Certainly. I don't see nothin' so beatin' about that.'
'But this is the question. Some feller hez ter git them pieces up in the first place. It never struck me afore; but I'm blest ef I wouldn't like ter know who the feller is thet starts in an' gets up them there things fur the editors ter cut out.'

CYCLE WORSHIP.

This story has a bearing on the passion among girls for cycling. A seven-year-old urchin, saying his prayers at aunty's knee, had to be gently reminded—'But you didn't pray for grandma's safety, dear!' 'What!' burst from the kneeling little figure, 'has she got one too?'



SHE: 'A man is a fool when he is in love.'
He: 'Not always. All men who fall in love do not marry.'

Many a man makes a good reputation on what is not found out about him.

It doesn't do to be too careful. The man who bit a shilling, and found it was bad, left it in such a shape that he couldn't pass it anywhere.

A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in his paper, says, 'For the effects of Intemperance, see our inside.'

The man who sits down to wait for his opportunity will sometime discover that it passed that way several hours before he sat down.

Highwayman: 'Throw up your hands and hand over the cash!' Paying Teller: 'Sorry I can't accommodate you, but the cashier left Europe last night.'

Cholly: 'What's youah hand bandaged for, old chap?' Archie: 'Weumatism, old man. Me bwute of a man brought me a cold saush with me coffee this mawning.' Cholly: 'The wascal!'

Insurance Superintendent (suspiciously): 'How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount?' Widow: 'He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums.'

MISS GIDDISH: 'It is curious how one sees a lot of divorced women around, but rarely a divorced man. I wonder what becomes of them?' He (a married man): 'They die of joy.'

First Teacher: 'I am very much annoyed by my pupils coming late.' Second Teacher: 'I used to be annoyed in the same way, but I have found out how to put a stop to that.' 'What is it?' 'I come late myself.'

'You shouldn't mind his comparing your cooking with his mother's,' said the elderly friend, 'all husbands have that trick.' 'It wasn't his mother's cooking,' sobbed the indignant young woman, 'I could have stood that. He said I couldn't make as good pies as his mother's hired girl.'

A tourist in Switzerland, who was about to make the ascent of a mountain, thought best to ask some questions as to the capabilities of his guide. 'Is he a thoroughly skilful climber?' he asked of a hotelkeeper. 'I should say so!' exclaimed the innkeeper. 'He has lost two parties of tourists down the mountain side, and escaped without a scratch both times!'

During an examination of non-commissioned officers who were qualifying for promotion the following question was asked of a sergeant—'What is strategy? Give me an instance of it.' After reflecting for a moment or two, the man gave this reply—'When in battle, and you are out of ammunition and don't want the enemy to know it, it is a good strategy to keep on firing.'

UNROMANTIC.

I WATCHED you when the merry dance
Went down the lighted hall,
I met your bright and happy glance,
Fair belle of all the ball,
And, while you danced in blameless glee,
In lovelorn mood I sighed,
And thought, 'How happy will he be
Who wins her for his bride!'

I watched you during supper, when
You lightly fared on lamb,
Three-quarters of a good sized hen,
And galantine and ham;
Then ices followed thick and fast,
And then a greengage tart,
Which finished up your slight repast,
And gave me back my heart.

AMBIGUOUS.

MISS SWEETLY: 'How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?'
Mr Plainman: 'I saw it in the papers this morning.'

NOT A WATER COLOUR.

BRUCE: 'Old Soak's nose is really a work of art.'
Gryce: 'Well, you can be sure it isn't a water colour.'

TO FIT THE APPETITE.

'WHAT do you charge for board?'
'Do you ride a bicycle?'
'Yes; what difference does that make?'
'It'll be \$1 more a week.'

ILLUSTRATED.

PASTOR: 'Ah, Miss Smartley, things are not what they seem.'
Miss Smartly: 'No; that's true. Now, for example, your sermons are not in reality very long and yet they seem interminable.'

DIFFERENT NOW.

'PAPA, what is a historical epoch?'
'It is a period of time that used to cover ages, but now it runs along anywhere from a week to ten days.'

WHERE MEN ARE SCARCE.

LITTLE BOY: 'The preacher says there is no marrying in heaven.'
Little Girl: 'Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men to go round.'



NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF.

GEORGE: 'But if you love me, Ethel, why won't you consent to become engaged till next year?'
Ethel (firmly): 'Because this is Leap Year, George; and if we become engaged this year, all the nasty, horrid people we know would say I proposed to you.'



FIN DE SIECLE.

THE GROOM (very wealthy): 'Why did you marry an ordinary fellow like me?'
The Bride: 'I haven't the slightest idea; mamma managed the whole affair.'

GOOD OLD SCIENCE.

The latest dictum of medical science is to the effect that a very large number of cases of insanity are due to getting up early.

'Twas the up-to-date slygadd, I heard him complain,
'If you call me so soon you will make me insane;
I vow that it thoroughly addles my head
Unless I am suffered to breakfast in bed.'

I passed by an imbecile tapping his head;
'It's perfectly empty,' he dolefully said,
'Because I contracted, I'm pained to relate,
The dangerous habit of rising at eight.'

So, my dear Dr. Watts, though the gist of your song
Went to prove that our science was morally wrong,
When breakfast is served I intend to be found
Still snoring serenely and slumbering sound.

QUICKLY LOST INTEREST IN IT.

THE WIFE: 'Here is a description of one of these women bicyclist's costumes.'

The Husband: 'Indeed? Read it.'
The Wife (reading): 'Her costume was calculated to show off any physical attractions she might have. It consisted of long black stockings showing the lower limbs to the knee—'

The Husband: 'Ha! Proceed.'
The Wife (reading): 'A pair of extremely neat low shoes—'

The Husband: 'Hum.'
The Wife (reading): 'There were no leggings. The bloomers were fastened at the knee and were of the same material as the jaunty jacket she wore—soft white flannel—'

The Husband: 'Black stockings and bloomers of soft white flannel—H'm. What a delightful combination!'
The Wife (reading): 'Although fifty-seven years old, the lady looked—'

The Husband: 'What's that?'
The Wife (re-reading): 'Although fifty-seven the lady looked not more than fifty—'
The Husband: 'Oh, the d—! Read something else.'



MUTUAL FRIEND: 'It is really shocking, dear, the way in which you and your husband quarrel and carry on. I wonder you don't separate from him.'
Injured Wife: 'What I go away and leave him alone to do just as he likes? Not I!'