

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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THE LATEST PARISIAN SENSATION.

For some weeks past the papers have mentioned, first with consternation, then in a spirit of railery, and now in surprise yet obliged to admit reluctantly, that the Deputy of Pontarlier is the sensation of the hour in Paris. That gay capital is not herself unless she encloses within her walls the something or some person over whom the whole world raves. And to-day she is satisfied. One of the provinces has sent her a Frenchman converted to Mohammedanism, garbed in the native Turkish costume, genuflecting, kissing the ground, and performing his religious ablutions in midwinter in the Seine before a gaping crowd composed of hundreds of Parisians for whom the spectacle has more attraction than a new play at the Odeon or a new singer at the Moulin Rouge.

fool, a seeker after notoriety, or honest? Some think one way, some another. After interviewing Dr. Grenier himself, the Deputies who elected him, and his own mother the following facts have been obtained and are here presented:—

Two questions were put to him:—First—'Why did he wear the orthodox Oriental costume? If he were merely content with assimilating with his co-religionists would it not be *de rigueur* were he to wear the 'Stambouline' and fez adopted to-day by the Turks in Europe.'

Dr. Grenier replied that a compromise would not be compatible with his ideas. For him the fact of wearing an Arabic costume served a triple end—first, to proclaim more unmistakably his religious faith; second, to affirm more energetically his intimate association with the Mussulmans of the Algerian race particularly, whose

cause he proposed to sustain in the Chamber; third, to introduce into our country habits of cleanliness conducive to healthfulness. 'Our European clothes,' he said, 'are never washed; their material absorbs and retains quantities of diseased germs; whereas the simple tissues of woollen and linen lend themselves, on the contrary, to frequent laundering.'

But a false note was struck in the muffings of the pseudo Bedouin. The folds of his 'grandoura' becoming slightly disarranged, disclosed heretical undergarments—a jacket, a waistcoat and a pair of pantaloons, all made of up-to-date cloth. The discovery disconcerted him a little, and he explained shamefacedly 'that the jacket, vest and pantaloons all went to the laundry.' The reflection comes to us—what a sorry spectacle those articles must present upon their return from the scurrilous hands of the laundress!

To the second question, 'Why did he practice in this exaggerated form?' This question was prompted by the fact that the new convert showed himself to be more of a Mussulman than the real Mussulman is. Paris contains many Turks, not one of whom gives himself up to these ceremonies.

On this point Dr. Grenier's reply was terse and peremptory. 'I am not,' he declared, 'a simple believer, an ordinary Mohammedan. I consider myself "God's Prophet," an apostle. As my apostolate requires more marked outward demonstration, in order to produce a more profound impression on the crowds and thereby exercise a more direct action upon them and excite poselytism, my prime function is to preach by example.'

Dr. Grenier's dream is to ameliorate Islamism, which has retrograded so much lately, and to convert his countrymen to this religion, and, if it pleases God, all other nations. Too sincere to be found lagging, too philosophical to abandon himself to fanaticism, ardent and yet tolerant, he flatters himself to be able to—if we may so express ourselves—wed civilization to the Turk!

M. Osires, of Paris, who recently bought the castle of Malmaison, is having every room in it carefully restored. Among the best known rooms are Napoleon's study, billiard room and drawing-room, and the room where the Empress Josephine died. La Petite Malmaison, where Josephine had her greenhouses, has already been restored by the Count de Barri, brother of the King of Naples.



THE WHAREPUNI.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

By F. W. Payton.

The sensational apparition of this extraordinary being attracts just as much comment and attention to-day as he did the first time he appeared in the streets of Paris. Whether being interviewed, ridiculed, the subject of topical song, the butt of the pen and pencil of sarcasm, parodied in the posters adorning the walls, the object of curiosity at the Palais Bourbon, where he repairs to his daily duties in burnous, turban and boots, or under the fire of the lognettes of fine ladies, Dr. Grenier, contrary to all expectations, continues to gain in popularity day by day. The world bothers about him, discusses him—therefore he is!

The last aquatic manifestation on the shores of the Seine, near the Pont de la Concorde, in the presence of an astonished and amused crowd, was certainly the most unexpected and extraordinary spectacle of the season. In the beginning of his parliamentary duties he had used the lavatories of the Chamber for the performance of his religious ablutions, but as the members one and all objected to his bathing his feet at stated hours in the basin provided for their common use he was requested to adjourn elsewhere, and hence the daily sensation in Paris of the spectacle of a man bathing in the Seine in midwinter.

Now the question arises in the average mind, Is this man a



ON THE COAST.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

By F. Wright.

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.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

LEFT BEHIND.

SO it has all been nicely arranged, and Mr Seddon and the contingent go Howe to do honour to Her Majesty and to uphold the glory and dignity of this remote corner of her Empire. What lucky fellows they are! I hardly know which—the Premier or the contingent—is most to be envied, but I fancy that it will be the latter whose good fortune will cause most people to break the last but not the least of the commandments. You see we cannot all be premiers, so the chances of our getting an invitation from Mr Chamberlain on that score were too meagre for us to entertain the desire of going Home as the head of the Government. Then again, even had our chances been greater, there is associated with Mr Seddon's visit to the Old Country a large amount of work and ceremony that must be a cause of anxiety to him and detract from the pleasure of basking in the sun of Royalty. On the other hand, anyone of us might have aspired to be one of the contingent, and under favourable circumstances might have belonged to it; and in a sense the advantages of membership are not counterbalanced by any hard work or anxiety as in Mr Seddon's case. All you would have to do if you were one of the contingent, dear reader, would be to look well. You would not be required to make speeches—a nervous business among so many people—or to walk backwards from the presence of Royalty, a ticklish feat to accomplish with becoming dignity; you would just have to sit square on your charger and assume a look of manly courage, which is not at all difficult to do under the circumstances. And then think of the reward! To begin with you would be looked upon by probably the biggest crowd that ever assembled in one city, and cheered by the greatest number of tongues that ever wagged in unison. Not only would you witness the finest show of modern days, but you would be part, and not an inconsiderable part, let us hope, of it. Yes, these contingent fellows are going to have a real good time. Some of them, I am told however, have formed a somewhat exaggerated conception of the part they will play. For instance, I am told that one or two of the men are sanguine that every member of the contingent will be knighted, and that more than one is persuaded that should he meet Her Gracious Majesty's eye, she will stop the procession and demand that there and then he shall be made a captain or a major-general in the Imperial Army. I suppose we are all a little apt way down in our hearts to cherish such dreams. I confess I have a sort of feeling that if I had gone with the contingent it would have been no very wonderful thing to be personally taken notice of by my Queen. But even should our soldiers not receive all the attention they expect in London, just fancy what big men they will be when they come out here. I am a little apprehensive that they will be somewhat difficult people to get on with, they will feel themselves so infinitely superior to their colonial surroundings. The most modest man can scarcely be expected to be quite so unassuming if he has creditably sustained a fiftieth part of the dignity of the colony on his shoulders for a whole week. Such an Atlantean load is not a little thing to boast of. So when our boys get back, depend on it they will be inclined to talk a little big about 'when I was in London,' and as time goes on the feats on that memor-

able occasion will naturally increase in magnitude. What an opportunity we poor folks who have to stay in the colony have missed!

AN AMAZON CONTINGENT.

IN connection with the despatch of the contingent a lady sends me a suggestion which comes somewhat too late to make any practical use of it. 'Why,' she asks, 'should there not have been a few ladies in the contingent?' and, mark you, she asks it in no humorous vein. She thinks that in the case of New Zealand, where the status of the sex has been acknowledged as it has been in no other country, it is only right that we should have the courage of our convictions to take this occasion to publicly proclaim to the world the equality of woman and man. Well, it would be dangerous for me to say anything against such a suggestion, but I would have liked if my correspondent had given me some details as to how the ladies should have gone. When she proposes that they might have formed part of the contingent she must have been aware that the latter was a purely military affair. Does she mean that our women should have taken part in the procession as Amazons? I honestly believe that that was the idea, which a certain modest backwardness prevented her from openly ventilating. And it is a very pretty idea that of, say twenty-five New Zealand Amazons on snow white horses riding through London. At the same time it presents difficulties. Is it not generally opposed to the peaceful conception which the world has of women, and expressly opposed also to that resolution condemnatory of war and armaments which the New Zealand Council of Women lately passed? But waiving these objections, I fear that the presence of twenty-five young ladies arrayed as soldiers in the Imperial procession would be slightly subversive of discipline. It would be a perpetual order of 'eyes front' whenever they came on the scene, and the devoted loyalty of the troops towards Her Majesty would suffer in consequence. Of course, there is no questioning the value of the somewhat circus-like display as an advertisement for the colony. Our Cockney friends would

have the name and fame of New Zealand branded into their brains for ever and ever. We should be the talk of the town. Our exhibit would be the exhibit. From that point of view I almost regret that my correspondent did not make her suggestion a little earlier, when there would have been time to have it carried out if the authorities were agreeable.

THE PREMIER'S TRIP.

IT was hardly to be expected that the New Zealand Premier, popular as he is, could be allowed to depart on his official visit to England without some quips and banter at his expense. As a matter of fact, he has got off very lightly, though one correspondent begs me to answer the following conundrums concerning him:— 'It is apparent from the papers that the Hon. R. J. Seddon has been allowed to go to England with, practically, a free hand as regards his personal expenditure. Is this so? As far as I can see, he has had voted something like £50,000, into which he can dip as freely as he likes. Now I do not wish to be parsimonious, and I do think our colony should be properly represented, but I do object to the Colonial Debt being added to at that rate. An invitation was sent to the Premiers, and I understand "Cecil House" is being put in order for their reception. Now, when anyone invites guests, naturally he provides board and lodgings for them, and would not dream of asking them to pay for these things, would he? Therefore, as the Queen has, through her officials, invited the Colonial Premiers Home, she will feed and house them. This immensely lessens their expenses. If there was any doubt of the sum required for Mr Seddon's travelling expenses, and, of course, a little for pocket money, could we not have telegraphed to Australia to know what was being done over there? I do not, for one moment, impugn Mr Seddon's absolute honesty of purpose, but it is putting more faith in one man than should be done nowadays when we are so continually being deceived in people.' My correspondent is evidently a little mixed in his facts and theories. It is very difficult for anyone outside the House to understand the exact financial



By E. N. Payton.

AFTER RAIN.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

position, and to judge of the circumstances which have determined Parliament to grant the Premier whatever he requires to make his visit to England a credit to the colony. My correspondent's idea of a 'little pocket-money' is delightfully vague. There are some men who would think £300 a year a huge sum for 'pocket-money,' that is, money over and above what they require to spend to feed and board and clothe themselves in a manner suitable to their position in life. There are others whose tastes would lead them to the discovery that £2,000 a year 'pocket-money' was a mere pittance, and quite insufficient for their desires. It is impossible to calculate what Mr Seddon's expenses will be. He will not, as one wit (?) suggested, have to entertain the Prince of Wales at a private supper; but whatever he has to do, no one in New Zealand would wish the colony, if represented at all, to appear in the light of a very poor relation amongst the gay folk at Home.

BEWARE THE PILLS.

THE enterprise of the modern advertiser is proverbial, and the patent medicine vendor probably surpasses all other species of mankind in the energy with which he pushes his wares. At every moment of our lives he is present to remind us of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. If we take a walk to get rid of a fit of indigestion he stares at us from every hoarding and shop, and if we stay at home and strive to banish melancholy with a smart novel the first thing we know is that he is there, too, in some shape or form. I had learned to forgive him all these things, but his latest attempt to force himself on our notice has roused the indignation of several heads of families, who have communicated with me on the subject, and asked me to give publicity to the following facts. It appears that the agents of a certain American manufacturer of 'Life Pills,' not content with distributing free literature on the subject of these marvellous medicines, have seen fit to spread abroad samples of the things. One gentleman informs me that he is picked up in his front garden the other morning a small box containing three of these precious pills and speedily confined them to the fire. A friend of his, however, had a somewhat different and not altogether pleasant experience. One of his children, quite a youngster, discovered a similar box, and his education not being sufficiently developed to enable him to decipher the legend attached to it, he concluded that the pretty pilules were sweetmeats. You see he was not accustomed to see medicine lying on the garden path, and he was not cognisant of the ways of the modern patent medicine advertiser. He might have consulted older heads had the find been larger in quantity, but concluding that three sweetmeats was scarcely a sufficient quantity to bear division, he ate them all himself—with particularly disagreeable results. Now, life pills may or may not be harmless. I remember a case within my own personal knowledge where a rustic ate a pound of a certain medicinal lozenge—warranted to cure all diseases, and to be taken in doses of one, but not more than three if you valued your life—and experienced no evil or good effect. These life pills were, however, not so innocuous, or at least our young friend's digestive organs were not so tough as the rustic's. At any rate the little man suffered pretty severely, while he caused his parents no end of anxiety, as they thought he had got hold of some poisonous substance. The father appeals to me to find out whether something cannot be done to prevent this indiscriminate distribution of medicine, adding that although his boy escaped with a day's sickness, there is no telling what might have been the result had he come across and consumed the contents of half-a-dozen boxes. 'He would certainly have eaten them,' the father declares. I do not know that anything can be done. There is a law against laying poison in a public place, but then, I presume, these pills are not poisonous. What I should suggest is that the agents of these pills, if they are indeed the culprits, should take the packet to the house and deliver it into the hands of some grown-up person, not leave it so that any child may pick it up.

STROKE FOR STROKE.

THERE is a good old saying in the Bible, 'A life for a life,' though that is not exacted always in our modern world, where the utmost penalty of the law—deserved by many a convicted criminal—is commuted into penal servitude, or incarceration in a lunatic asylum. The finding of the jury being based on some clever legal quibble raised by the defendant's counsel, or the too frequent plea of temporary insanity, cheats the hangman of many of his victims. Perhaps it is better to be merciful than too severe; but there are cases of lesser criminals when mercy seems thrown away, and a punishment in kind appears to be the only one likely to convey a salutary and lasting lesson. A case in point occurred last week in Auckland. A man in a state of intoxication applied for some liquor at one

of the hotels. The licensee's wife was in the bar at the time, and very properly refused to serve him. The cowardly fellow then struck her. He was brought up for assault, and fined twenty shillings, and costs thirteen shillings, or the alternative of fourteen days imprisonment. Now, this is a case where a stroke for a stroke, or a good lash with the 'cat' would be more efficacious than a monetary fine or imprisonment. I heard a lady commenting the other day on the modern fad of refusing to administer corporal punishment to children. She was much in favour of the ideal method of appealing to their good feelings, except in the case of any cruelty, when she most strongly advocated 'spanking.' She said that her own parents never whipped any member of their large family excepting for removing the wings from flies, tormenting or injuring birds or beasts, including, of course, the long-suffering family cat. These little misdemeanours were punished by inflicting pain on the offender. And it is in just the same way that boys and men (ay, and women, too, who are cruel!) should be taught what suffering they wantonly, heedlessly, or in some drunken debauch, inflict upon others. There is many a wife-beater who would not be so free with his fists or the leg of a chair, did he know for certain that a few sharp strokes of the 'cat' would be his painful return for the suffering he was causing his wife. Many a boy would be saved from a criminal life by a judicious application of the domestic birch. Isay, and beg to emphasise the word, *judicious*, because a slap or a 'spanking' given by an angry parent is not a wise punishment. The child feels it is more the expression of the parent's own feelings at the moment, rather than a correction of its own fault. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' said a writer in the Old Testament, who, with his thousand wives, can claim to have had some little domestic experience. There are, of course, a few children who are not proper subjects for 'spanking,' but they are few and far between. If a mother has the leisure to devote herself entirely to her children, she can generally succeed, if she cares to take the trouble, in bringing up her bairns without a single thrashing. But few can afford the time and patience, and the quickest colonial way of reform is by the judicious application of the rod.

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.

'ADA.'—It certainly is more convenient in one way to have a dressmaker in the house who does all the sewing of that nature. In another, it is far less worry to go to a dressmaker and select your styles and order your gowns. I see that your remarks about the nuisance of sewing on hooks and eyes has been met by a London firm, who have designed something which sounds as if it would suit you. I cannot tell you whether it has yet reached this colony—at all events I have not seen it. The invention consists in two strips of stiffened material, one being supplied with small circular indentations, and the other with little knobs which fit into them, much after the fashion of the patent glove fasteners.

'Dinander.'—You want some 'Hints on Story-writing.' It is rather difficult to know what to say briefly enough. I must, however, remark that a story-writer, like a cook, is born, not made. In a general way, however, there is this to be said: Let a story tell itself naturally, and do not waste your time on an introduction. Begin at the beginning, and stop when you get through. I have said before, and I here repeat the advice, to read good books. Every girl who has an ambition to write should form her style by reading the best books and thinking them over. A very good plan is to make an abstract of every book you read, and to copy parts you like into a commonplace book of your own.

'Mr Simpson.'—As you give no *nom de plume*, and apparently have no desire for secrecy, I am using your name, as your initials are just a little unfortunate. Many thanks for offer, but our staff of contributors is at present very large, and there is hardly room for anyone else. I will, however, keep your address.

'Little Dorrit.'—Yes, certainly, but take care you do not go too far. In reply to your second question, my first-class dentist can clean and whiten your teeth perfectly, after which, by regular brushing night and morning, you will have no difficulty in keeping them in good condition. The use of a good tooth powder, such as camphorated chalk, will improve, not impair, the colour of the teeth, though my personal experience is that it tends to make them brittle. If I were you I should ask your own dentist to recommend a powder. If you do not care to do this use common soap, and twice a week clean well with powdered charcoal. Use a good brush and ukewarm water.

'Orange Blossoms.'—Rice-throwing is, I am thankful to say, quite going out of fashion amongst the best circles, at an unfortunate 'happy pair.' In lieu thereof, bows filled with rose leaves and orange blossoms, or white petals of some sort, are handed to the bridesmaids and younger men of the party. The bride and bridegroom thus depart in showers of blessing and of comfort.

'M.S.P.'—You will find a cottage at the sea-side a very great comfort. It is nice to allow the children to go there on holidays when you are not regularly inhabiting it. Have it very plainly furnished, though there is no reason why it should not be very pretty. The proper term for the room you describe is 'living room.' Keep the big table rather towards the door. In the bow-window (how lucky you are to have one!) put a deep seat all round, made to open. The top is cushioned with well-fastened-down and rather dark crepon cover. A frill on to this will quite hide the meeting of the valance and this top and the lid opening. The lids must be in three, or even more, if the window be very large. Each, of course, has its separate cushioned top. This receptacle is of immense use in a small house, and it is a much-coveted seat when the window faces the sea. The floor should be stained, and rugs, or easily shaken pieces of carpet, put about. Linoleum can be used, but seems cold to bare feet, and by the sea-side most feet are bare. It is wonderful the amount of sand that gets brought in, and a carpet all over the floor is simply an impossibility. Against one wall I should put a form with a back, and keep the table pretty close to it. This should seat your boys. Plain cane chairs, and a couple of deck chairs, with a small table for writing, should furnish the room. Each side of the fireplace put cupboards, one for a sideboard with well-locked cupboard underneath for cakes, jams, biscuits, etc., the other with shelves on top for books, and games, toys, etc., to go in the cupboard. As I told a correspondent lately, furnish the bed-rooms with three corner wash-stands, single beds with woven-wire mattresses, a looking-glass hung against the wall and a shelf under it. Beside it hang a pretty brush and comb case, and below that a boot bag. In your own room hang up a little holland bag divided into compartments, one to contain linen rags, another scissors, also one for olive oil, carbonate of soda, and powdered starch, or whatever your own pet remedy for burnt backs may be. Though, by-the-by, the sun is hardly hot enough now for such troubles after bathing. Add a packet of needles, a common thimble a reel of 24 white and black cotton, and though you will speedily find these things vanish, you will have the satisfaction of knowing you put them to begin with. Take grey or coloured blankets, and one or two plain sheets to serve for quilts. Pray do not hesitate to ask me anything you think I could help you in.

'Dandy Jim.'—(1) That would not do at all. Try and call once in person. (2) Exercising with Indian clubs or dumb-bells night and morning, will strengthen and develop the muscles of the chest and arms. (3) You could ask her to go for a bicycle ride with you. (4) You are not bound to give an expensive present.

THE CUBAN WOMEN PATRIOTS.

THE women of the better class in Cuba are much more ardent in their sympathy with the revolution than the men, and I am told by a gentleman who has recently spent several weeks in Havana that there is scarcely a Cuban woman who is not seriously contributing to the success of the cause, although her husband may be indifferently supporting the Spanish authorities. Many young men have been driven into the insurgent ranks by their sisters and sweethearts. It is a common thing for an able-bodied young man to receive a woman's chemise with a sarcastic note saying: 'You should wear this as long as you remain at home and refuse to fight for Cuba Libre.'

CLARK'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.—'The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scoury, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.'

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By J. L. Drummond.

A BEND IN THE CREEK.

A FACTORY OF FRAUD.



By G. P. Nerli.

A STUDY.

There exists at the present time in a certain part of London a factory working continually and solely in the interests of fraud, and despite the fact that it is carefully hidden from the public gaze, and its operatives are all pledged to secrecy, the writer contrived to gain an entrance thereto, and has gleaned the following details concerning this factory of fraud.

It is not generally known that for some time past the proprietor of the innumerable and convenient automatic machines placed about the metropolis have been continually defrauded by many persons putting metal discs into the slots in the place of pennies, but it is not so generally known that the manufacturing of the metal discs for this purpose has now developed into a big and profitable business. They are made by the thousand every day, and many of them come from the factory above mentioned. The cost of producing them is comparatively small, and retailed through confidential agents at the rate of four a penny, they command large sales in London and the provinces. Another form of fraud favoured by this factory is the sovereign and purse swindle familiar to most folks who know London. The *modus operandi* is usually as follows:—A purse is offered for sale by the itinerant gutter merchant, who casually informs his bearers that a number of sovereigns are secreted in the purses here and there, as the result of a wager. The purses are offered at a shilling each. They are actually worth about twopence each. There is no sovereign in any of them, but there appears to be one in each purse handed round for inspection, and a phenomenal sale is the result. The supposed sovereigns are clever counterfeits in gilt metal, fastened securely to the bottom of the purse so that they cannot readily be examined. They cost about twopence a dozen to produce, and are a profitable enterprise in this factory of fraud.

Here also is the home of the fragrant fraud, the bogus cigar, which looks like a cigar, smells like a cigar, and passes for one as a rule, but it is by no means what it pretends to be. The only genuine part of this production is the one thin outer leaf, all the rest is brown paper soaked in tobacco water and finely scented. These 'cigars' cost about twopence a dozen to produce, but they are sold retail among the small boy community for a penny and a halfpenny each.

Yet another speciality of this fraudulent firm is the bogus weights conspicuously marked 'one pound.' Though of the usual size and appearance, are purposely manufactured to weigh only three quarters of a pound. 'Half-pound' weights turned out from this factory never weigh more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. The weights are of iron outside, but with wooden interiors. These articles find a ready sale among unprincipled small dealers and costermongers.

Here, likewise, are manufactured those bogus pianos and organs so carefully described in the advertisement pages of the daily papers? Who has not read them? The 'superb and richly decorated' grand pianos of 'brilliant tone' and 'magnificent finish,' to be immediately sacrificed 'by the lady or gentleman who is going abroad,' but never goes. These instruments are made to sell. Their exteriors are most attractive, but their interiors are bogus of the wildest description. In less than three months after the sale they literally fall to pieces, and are practically worthless. So splendidly, however, are they made to appear that they readily fetch prices varying from £20 to £30 each. But—will the reader credit it?—they are actually made, complete in all their parts, for £3 apiece!

Another guileful fraud perpetrated here is what is technically known as the 'bound-book fraud.' Large numbers of books in brilliant bindings are turned out by skilled hands, purporting to be the works of various eminent authors, and frequently bearing their names upon the covers.

These books are hawked from town to town in the provinces, and sold at night in the market-places for sixpence apiece. The only genuine thing about these books is their cover and the title-page inside. The rest is a mass of miscellaneous matter of no interest to anyone.

THE FIRST HANDKERCHIEF.

HERE is a bit of interesting historic information concerning the introduction of the handkerchief to the stage. Before the reign of the Empress Josephine of France the handkerchief was thought to be a shocking object. An actor who would have displayed one on the stage, even in the tearful parts of the play, would have been unmercifully hissed, and it was only at the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mile. du Chesnoise, dared to appear with one in her hand. A few years later Alfred de Vigny played in a translation of one of Shakespeare's plays and used the word handkerchief for the first time on the stage, amid cries of indignation from the audience. It is doubtful if French elegants would carry handkerchiefs to-day if the Empress Josephine had not set the fashion. She had very ugly teeth, and in order to conceal them she adopted the habit of carrying a small handkerchief of costly lace, which she raised to her lips when speaking.

Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest, as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch.



By F. Wright.

CLEARING AFTER RAIN.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE.

A FEW years ago, when the 'safety' first made its appearance, the most enthusiastic devotee of the wheel would scarcely have dared to claim for it a place among the great inventions of the age. To-day, in reckoning the achievements of the nineteenth century, to such epoch making discoveries as the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, and the telephone, we can hardly refuse to add, as the latest item on the list, the bicycle.

The beginnings of the bicycle were obscure, and the early steps in its development were slow. Until a decade ago it was only a curious plaything, which attracted little public attention, and gave small promise of general benefit. Then, suddenly, with the introduction of the wheel of modern pattern, the world at large began to learn its possibilities. The growth of wheeling became rapid, dramatic, almost sensational. Old and young, rich and poor, men and women, boys and girls—all caught the 'bicycle fever.' The manufacture of the slender steel machine has become a colossal industry; its popularity is an important factor in many phases of contemporary life. And the end is not yet; its advance still proceeds apace, and to its future possibilities a limit can scarcely be set.

It is our purpose to present here some of the most interesting points of the history of cycling, and some of the most striking aspects of its present marvellous development.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BICYCLE.

It may be said roughly that the bicycle was born in France, was developed to maturity in England, and has reached its most universal popularity in America. A Frenchman, M. Baudry de Saunier, who has made a special study of its beginnings, has found a historical trace of it as far back as the fifteenth century. The story of the modern wheel, however, may be begun with M. de Sivrac, who early in the present century exhibited in Paris a machine which he called a celeripede. It consisted of two wooden wheels with a perch between them on which the rider sat, his feet touching the ground. He propelled it by striding forward, and steered it with a handle bar operating the front wheel.

At about the same time Baron von Drais, master of the forest to the Grand Duke of Baden, constructed a similar vehicle under the name of the Draisienne. Both it and the celeripede were heavy, clumsy affairs, difficult to manage, and utterly incapable of general service. But a great step forward was taken by another French inventor, Michaux, by trade a carriage maker in Paris, who in 1855 put the first crank upon the front wheel.

The development of that idea has given us the bicycle of to-day, for of all the countless types brought out in the last twenty-five years the principle of the crank and pedal is the only one that has never been lost sight of. Then came Pierre Lallement, who followed up the improvements of Michaux, and in 1866 came to America, locating in New Haven, where he made a machine that has often been exhibited in the last few years, and is still in existence. It was called a velocipede, the word 'bicycle' not having as yet put in an appearance.

In 1866 and 1867, by a freak of Parisian fashion, the riding of velocipedes was the favourite pastime of the *haut ton* of France. Everybody rode, following the example of the Prince Imperial and the fashionable dandies of the third empire. Schools sprang up in Europe and in America—more attention, be it noted, being paid to graceful riding than to racing. In Paris it was the fad to attend the opera on wheels, the management taking care of them during the performance. The Hanlon brothers, the famous acrobats, who were in this country in 1868, did much to promote the popularity of wheeling; but public interest presently flagged, and in a short time velocipeding died a natural death.

CYCLE PIONEERS IN ENGLAND.

Meanwhile various improvements had been patented by McMillan and others in England, and there the manufacture of wheels was first put upon a substantial basis and developed into an industry. Thomas Humber, of Nottingham, was the most conspicuous pioneer in a movement to which many contributed. The first Humber bicycle was made in February, 1869. It had wheels of almost equal size; but two years later a new model appeared, with the front wheel much larger than the rear. This rapidly became the 'ordinary'—a type which prevailed for twenty years, but which has suddenly become almost as obsolete as the mastodon.

During the seventies, cycling received a great impetus in England, and for the first time its practical benefits began to be understood. Factories multiplied rapidly, the midland town of Coventry becoming the especial centre of the industry. Thence the contagion spread across the Atlantic, gradually at first, and later with tremendous impetus.

HOW THE WHEEL CAME TO AMERICA.

Americans are more ready, probably, than any other people to appreciate and adopt a 'good thing' offered to them from any quarter of the globe. Yet for several years the bicycle had an uphill road to travel. In 1876 the 'ordinaries' exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial were regarded with eyes askance, and few considered that there was a future for them. Some machines, however, were imported from England, and an attempt was made to create a demand for them.

It is difficult, in 1897, to realize the difficulties that had to be faced, less than twenty years ago, by the champions of the bicycle. The first makers of wheels had to venture the myriad risks of a new and uncertain enterprise; the first wheelmen had to endure ridicule and overcome prejudice. To secure for the 'monstrosity,' as it was called, the ordinary privileges of the road, legal action was necessary. Under the leadership of Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston—to whom, without question, belongs the honour of having been the



MALTBV IN FEATS OF FANCY RIDING.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE 'SAFETY.'

While not exactly a misnomer, the term 'safety,' as applied to the modern bicycle, is superfluous. It originated when the old 'ordinary' was in the heyday of its vogue, and was used to distinguish the low type of wheel from the high model, which the timid beginner was apt to regard as dangerous. The first departure from the established style was to make the driving wheel slightly smaller than on the average ordinary, giving the front forks a larger rake than customary. Necessarily, the saddle was carried further back and the liability of incurring a 'header' was greatly decreased. The difficulty that had to be overcome in this style of machine was that of reaching the pedals while astride the saddle. After much experimenting it was found necessary to substitute bent levers connecting with the cranks, and attached at their upper ends to short arms working on universal joints at the sides of the forks. This marked the beginning of an era of lever driven bicycles, whose main principle was the transmission of power to the large or driving wheel, without having the rider's weight sufficiently near the centre of balance to cause the small wheel to rise in the air and shoot him over the handle-bar whenever the large wheel encountered an obstruction. This innovation did not interfere greatly with the popularity of the ordinary among those whose temerity emboldened them to chance accidents in order to enjoy the exhilaration of a spin on the wheel. Each distinctive type, however, had its coterie of admirers, and the increasing interest of the public encouraged inventors to persist in the attempt to obtain a practical and safe bicycle.

THE BICYCLETTE.

To whom is really due the credit of introducing the first rear chain driven bicycle, it is difficult to state with certainty; but among many claimants of the distinction, it seems probable that the earliest machine of the type



A FAIR BEGINNER.



THE CELERIPEDE OF 1816.

pioneer of cycling in America—associations were formed and funds raised to move legislatures and courts. We who possess to-day the freedom of every road and path that is open to any other vehicle can scarcely recall the effort required to obtain the passage of the 'Liberty Bill,' which gave the wheelmen of New York the right to pass through Central Park, the Boulevard, and every public thoroughfare of the metropolis. This was accomplished as recently as June 27th, 1887.



MALTBV IN FEATS OF FANCY RIDING.

destined to supersede all others was the 'Bicyclette,' invented by H. T. Lawson, an Englishman, and put on the market by Rudge in 1880. It is noteworthy that it proved a failure, and the 'Crocodile,' as it was derisively titled by cyclists of that time, ceased to live after a few models had been constructed.

THE KANGAROO, MARVEL, AND ROVER.

The next striking departure from the regular model was made in 1883, when the Kangaroo was brought out in England. The Kangaroo was rather a dwarf ordinary than a safety, as it was both steered and driven—with cog wheels and a chain—from the front. In the following year the wheel took two further steps toward its perfected form. One of the new designs was the Marvel, a rear driver with an eighteen inch steering wheel and a curiously constructed frame, and adjustable to accommodate riders of different heights. The other was the Rover, invented at about the same time by J. K. Starley. In appearance this machine was complicated and unwieldy, and with a vertical fork and secondary handles was found difficult to manipulate. Confidence in the ultimate triumph of the principles it embodied, however, spurred the inventor to renewed endeavours, and he finally secured a pattern that was gradually adopted wherever cycling was known. About 1890, the manufacture of high wheels practically ceased, and the safety became the prevailing type of bicycle all over the world.

The old Rover type was hardly an ideal of strength and beauty. At first, many makers built the frame after their own ideas, constructing it of graceful curved tubes without much regard to strength and lightness. Gradually the diamond frame, with all straight tubes, asserted its superiority. At first, this style of frame was a true diamond in shape, with upper and lower tubes joining at the steering head. The lengthening of the steering head, however, led to the slight alteration that changed the frame to a pentagonal shape, since adopted



THE ORDINARY OF 1876.

by manufacturers of bicycles in every country in the world as being of maximum strength with a minimum expenditure of material.

THE PNEUMATIC TYRE.

After the adoption of the safety secured a reasonable degree of stability, the cyclist's worst grievance was the jolting of a ride awheel. Many attempts were made to minimize vibration, but it is rather singular that none of the early ones took into consideration the part played by the tyre in receiving the concussion of surface inequalities. In 1889 an Irish boy named Dunlop, the son of a veterinary surgeon in Belfast, complained so loudly of the joint shattering qualities of his 'bone-shaker' that his father began to experiment, and evolved the idea of a hollow rubber tyre filled with compressed air. His invention revolutionized cycling, and created a new and important branch of industry, for the manufacture of pneumatic tyres to-day employs thousands of hands.

OTHER RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.

Another important improvement is the wooden rim—which is, curiously enough, one of the few bicycle inventions originated in inventive America. It first appeared on a wheel in 1893, and thorough tests proved its stanchness and springiness. Although it has usurped the place of the steel rim in America, the latter being practically obsolete, it is regarded with disfavour in England. This is in great part due to prejudice, which will no doubt be eventually overcome.

In many details and accessories of the bicycle, where constant improvements might have been expected, they have been comparatively rare until within the last year or two. Now, however, the makers, having settled on the diamond frame as a standard, seem to have determined to seek individuality in specialities. Suspension saddles, condemned by physicians, and cumbersome pedals, made way for more modern inventions, and

mechanical experts, laboured incessantly to simplify the machine and avoid the slightest superfluity at any point. The result is that the bicycle of 1897 is indeed a triumph of mechanical skill, as well as an important factor in the world's civilisation.

SEATING GUESTS AT DINNER.

ENGLISH society has adopted an ingenious plan for seating guests at a large dinner luncheon. The idea has been adopted in Canada and has never failed to give satisfaction. In the ladies' dressing-room, conspicuously placed, is a leather tablet made on the extension plan, so that it can be large or small to suit the number of guests. Surrounding each imaginary table—for often several tables are used—are small openings made to hold a card bearing each guest's name, which can slip in and out like a photograph case, so making it usable for any number of dinners. A duplicate one is also placed in the men's dressing-room, near the dinner cards, which are enclosed in a tiny envelope, assigning to each man the woman which his hostess desires he shall take in to dinner. Each guest is expected by this means to study out his or her seat at table, much as one familiarizes oneself with the plan of the theatre when choosing seats. When dinner is announced and the guests enter the dining-room to take their seats they are not obliged to wander ignorantly around the room in search of their places, but are able intelligently to find their particular table and place at once, without the least solicitude on the part of the hostess.

STUDY OF EARTHQUAKES.

PROFESSOR MILNE described to the Royal Institution recently the latest discoveries regarding earthquakes. He said that seismology was now so well developed that he was able not only to study earthquakes which no one felt, but had commenced to investigate their relations, of which there were many, with the most promising results. As far as geology is concerned there are thousands of earthquakes or earth tremors every year, and a half of them came from deep water. The ocean was really the home of earthquakes. Twenty years ago their study was commenced in Japan, with the result that the seismology of that country had revolutionized the seismology of the whole world. As a consequence the methods of building in Japan had been entirely altered, so that the houses erected on new principles stood while their neighbours were shattered.

THE EYE A PERFECT CAMERA.

THE eye is a perfect photographer's camera (says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*). The retina is the dry plate upon which are focused all objects by means of the crystalline lens. The cavity behind this lens is the camera. The iris and pupil are the diaphragm. The eyelid is the drop shutter. The draping of the optical dark room is the only black membrane in the entire body. This miniature camera is self-focusing, self-loading, and self-developing, and takes millions of pictures every day, in colours and enlarged to life size.



A TYPICAL 'SCORCHER'—JOHN S. JOHNSON, THE PROFESSIONAL CYCLIST, IN RACING TRIM.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MYSTERY.

SINGULAR AND UNEXPLAINED ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE late J. Bernard Burke is universally known as the author of 'The Peerage and Baronetage' of England, 'History of the Landed Gentry,' and other standard genealogical works. The general reader is not, perhaps, so familiar with his two volumes of 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy and Episodes in Ancestral Story' (Henry Colburn, London, 1849), in which the author, to quote his own ornate phrase, 'abandons the rugged highways of antiquity for more flowery bye-paths abounding in Legend and Romance.'

These anecdotes and episodes, however strange and startling, says Mr Burke, are invariably the stories not of fable but of truth. 'Many of them have proved valuable to the poet and the novelist; and have been the sources of those beautiful streams of fiction which glitter with the genius of Scott and Bulwer.'

One of the most singular of the 'realities' recounted in Mr Burke's collection is an adventure which befell the second Duke of Marlborough about the middle of the last century, in the time of George II.—an adventure which remains to this day entirely unexplained. His Grace was Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland, and second Duke of Marlborough, grandson of the hero of Blenheim. He had himself attained a high military reputation and had fought with distinction at Dettingen.

The interest of this episode is enhanced by the character-illustration it affords, and by the duke's simple, straight-forward behaviour in an emergency not uncommon before and since his time—the receipt of an anonymous threatening letter—and which nowadays would be summarily turned over to the Chief of Police.

Toward the end of November, in the year 1757, the duke received by the post a letter, directed 'To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, with care and speed,'

ately rode back, and bowing to the stranger, asked if he had not something to communicate to him. The man replied, 'No; I don't know you.' The duke told him his name, adding, 'Now you know me I imagine you have something to say to me;' but he still replied in the negative, and the duke then rode home.

A day or two afterward another letter was brought to His Grace, couched in the following terms:

MY LORD: You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality on Sunday last, though it is owing to you it answered no purpose. The pagentry of being armed, and the esign of your orier, were useless, and too conspicuous. You needed no attendant—the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended.

The writer proceeds to make another appointment:

In the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next. Your sagacity will point out the person, whom you will address, by asking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on inquiry, to be acquainted with the name and place of his abode. According to which direction, you will please to send two or three hundred pounds bank notes the next day by the penny post. Excuse not your curiosity too early; it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite.—I am, etc., F.

The duke, resolving if possible to unravel this mystery, repaired to the Abbey at the time prescribed, and after waiting a few minutes saw the very same person to whom he had spoken in Hyde Park enter the Abbey with another man of creditable appearance. The latter, after having viewed some of the monuments, went into the choir, and the other, turning back, advanced toward the duke, who, accosting him, asked if he had anything to communicate. 'No, my lord,' replied the man; 'I have not.' 'Surely you have,' said the duke; but he persisted in his denial, and the duke again retired. Not long, how-

mentioned, with the circumstance of his father's absence, he said, 'It is very odd; my father was then out of town!' an expression the more remarkable as the letter was without date, and he could not be supposed to know when it was written, if he was innocent. The duke at length dismissed him, but he was afterwards taken into custody and tried at the Old Bailey for sending a threatening letter to the Duke of Marlborough, but was acquitted, having satisfactorily established his innocence. Mr Bernard, proved, first, that on Sunday when he saw the Duke in Hyde Park he was on his way to Kensington on particular business by his father's order, signified to him that very morning; that he dined with his uncle there, in a large company, to whom he related what had passed between the Duke of Marlborough and himself; that his being afterward in Westminster Abbey was the effect of mere accident; that Mr James Greenwood, his kinsman, who had slept the preceding night at his father's house, desired him to dress himself that they might walk together in the Park, and that he did not comply with his request without much solicitation; that he proposed to enter the Park without passing through the Abbey, but was prevailed upon by Mr Greenwood, who no sooner saw that nobleman in the Abbey than he gave notice to Mr Bernard. It likewise appeared, from undoubted evidence, that Bernard often mentioned openly to his friends and acquaintances what passed between him and the Duke in the Park and the Abbey; that he was himself a person of respectability, not in any want of money; that his fidelity was frequently tried; and that his life was irreproachable. To complete the mystery, the Duke of Marlborough died within the year, 'before the session had expired.'

TREATMENT FOR LUNATICS.

THE system of treating demented people in French asylums certainly is progressing if one takes as a criterion of prevailing ideas the experience of Dr. Maraudon de Montyel. In connection with the last budget of the 'Service des Aliénés,' the Conseil General of the Seine has set down opposite the name of the asylum at Ville-Evrard the following item:—

'Purchase of material for demented artists, 400 francs.' 'Some months ago,' said the *Eclair*, 'an epileptic patient confined in the asylum at Ville-Evrard asked Dr. Maraudon de Montyel:—"Why am I forced to dig and cultivate the ground? I am a draughtsman and am more used to the pencil and brush than the spade and the rake. If you won't let me paint, why not let me draw?"

The humane doctor thought the matter over, and on complying with the request of the patient was more than gratified at the result. This privilege of painting and drawing was soon accorded to other patients. Instead of, as many would suppose, a crop of pictures horrible in conception or unspeakably obscene, worked out with all the vagaries of a disordered intellect, the result was a collection of creditable oil paintings, drawings, pastels and water colours. The pictures showed that the artists possessed talent and made it difficult to conceive that their work was that of insane patients.

The Doctor was overjoyed at the result. 'The idea was not mine,' he modestly explained. 'I owe it all to that poor epileptic patient.'

In a word, the treatment recommended by Dr. Maraudon de Montyel is to let a demented bootmaker make boots, or an artist paint pictures, on the principle that the time a patient is at work—really at work with his mind and body—is so much time gained in combating his disease. 'Also,' says the Doctor, 'by decorating the walls of the asylum there is an increased cheerfulness imparted to the places. It gives us *un petit caractère intime*—un air *chez soi*, to the establishment which has the best effect possible on patients.'

Another peculiar feature of this experiment is the avidity with which a patient who knows nothing at all about drawing or painting takes up the study.

In the epileptic ward a young artist was seen working at a pastel of which 'Mater Dolorosa' was the subject. 'Have you been an artist long?' was asked. 'Ah, no,' was the reply. 'I only began since I came here. Before that time I was a cabin boy in the merchant marine, and because I was tired of doing nothing I took up art to pass away my time.'

THE INDIAN WAY OF DRIVING

COMMENTING on the attempt made by the Government, in 1867, to civilize the prairie Indians by supplying them with the garb and food of the white man, Colonel 'Bob' Dodge of Dodge City remarks in the *Kansas City Journal* as follows:—The authorities sent the Indians thousands of sacks of flour, pantaloons in abundance, and a big lot of stiff-rimmed hats, bound around the edge with tin or German silver to hold the rim in shape. They also sent them a few light-running ambulances. The savages, to show their appreciation of these magnanimous gifts from the "Great Father," threw the flour on the prairie in order to get the sacks for breech cloths. They cut out the seats of the pantaloons, and they cut the crowns of the hats and used them as playthings, shying them in the air like a white boy does a flat stone, to see them sail away.

'The ambulances they were proud of. The Government neglected to send any harness with them, so the Indians manufactured their own. They did not understand anything about lines, and instead they drove with a quirt, or short whip. When the near horse would go too much "gee" they whipped up the off horse, and when he would go too much "haw" they pounded away at the near horse again, and so *vice versa* all the time. This unique manner of driving kept the poor animals in a dead run most of the time. I remember taking a ride with Little Raven, chief of the Arapahoes. At first we started off gently, but his ponies did not go straight, so he kept tapping them, now the off horse, then the near, until finally he got them on a rapid gallop, and I thought at one time my head would surely pop up through the roof of the ambulance. The country was very level, fortunately, or I don't know what would have been the outcome.'



CHANCING TO LOOK BACK, HE PERCEIVED A MAN STANDING CLOSE TO THE TREE DESCRIBED.

ever, after this second disappointment, the duke received a third letter, signed 'Anonymus,' to the following effect:

MY LORD: I am convinced you had a companion on Sunday. I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature; but such proceeding is far from being ignominious, and may produce bad effects, whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed. You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to; in consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait upon your Grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers.

After further menaces, the writer concludes:

You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting, but it is quite necessary the outside should be a mask to the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme.

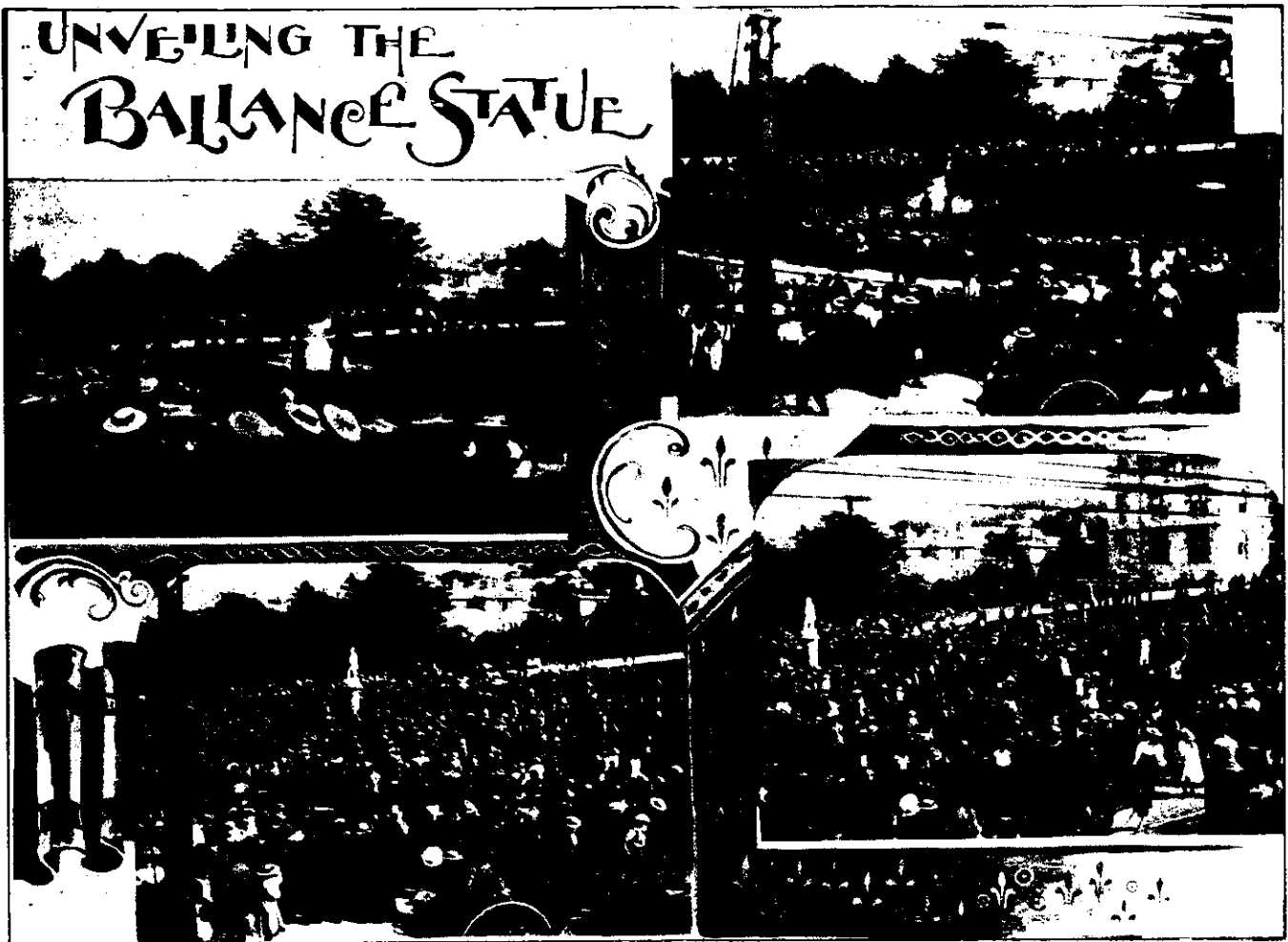
The expression, 'You will see me again soon, as it were by accident,' plainly pointed out the person to whom the Duke spoke in the Park and in the Abbey; nevertheless, he did not see the person again, nor did his Grace hear anything further of the affair for two months, at the expiration of which the post brought him the following letter:

MAY I PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—I have reason to believe that the son of one Bernard, a surveyor, in Abfordon buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety; his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately. It would be useless to Your Grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.—Your sincere friend, ANONYMUS. He frequently goes to Storey's Gate Coffee House.

About a week afterward the duke sent a person to the coffee-house to inquire for Mr Bernard, and to tell him his Grace would be glad to speak to him. The message was delivered, and Bernard himself appointed to wait on the duke the following Thursday. He was punctual in attendance, and no sooner appeared than his Grace recognized his old acquaintance of the Park and the Abbey. The duke, struck with astonishment, repeated the inquiry he had formerly made, but was again answered in the negative. He then communicated to Bernard minutely the whole of the affair, to which he listened with attention and surprise without exhibiting either guilt or confusion. When he saw the fourth letter, wherein his own name was

It was well and forcibly written, demanding of the duke to provide for the writer 'a genteel support for his life, or that his own (the duke's) would be at a period before the session of Parliament passed.' 'I have more motives than one,' said the writer, 'for singling you out upon this occasion; and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic.' He then proceeds to demand an interview with His Grace 'on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday), near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde Park, in the footwalk to Kensington,' and concludes by enjoining secrecy on the part of the Duke. The letter was signed 'Fel'on.' It contained a postscript, intimating that his Grace should come unattended.

The duke, in compliance with this strange summons, appeared at the time and place appointed, on horseback and alone, with pistols before him, and the star of his order displayed, that he might be the more easily known. He had likewise taken the precaution of engaging a friend to attend in the park, at such a distance, however, as hardly to be observable. He continued some time on the spot, without seeing any person that he could suppose to have been the author of the letter, and at length rode away; but, chancing to look back when he reached Hyde Park corner, he perceived a man standing at the bridge, close to the tree described. The duke immedi-



THE BALLANCE STATUE.

THE statue occupies a conspicuous position in the Parliamentary grounds, Wellington, opposite the main entrance gate. It was executed in Florence at a cost of £535, but other expenses were incurred, and the £571 collected has been inadequate to cover the whole disbursements, so that further subscriptions are required. The original proposal was a pedestal with a bust on the top, but the statue is undoubtedly a great improvement on that.

There was a large concourse at the unveiling of the statue, including many members of both Houses. Apologies for absence were read from Mrs Ballance and Captain Russell, also congratulatory telegrams from Mr French, master workman of the Auckland Knights of Labour, Mr Allen, Mr Ward and others. A statement of the steps taken in connection with the initiation and execution of the statue was read. The Premier in his speech on the occasion, referred in earnest terms to the merits of his late chief, colleague and friend. He thought it a reproach to New Zealand that others who had fought and served this country as statesmen were not similarly honoured. New Zealand was behind the Australian colonies in the recognition of its great and good men. He hoped this ceremony would be the beginning of a new era in that respect.

AUCKLAND CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

THE Auckland Chrysanthemum Society may well be congratulated on the success of its eighth annual Show. This year it was held in the Drill Hall, which was an immense improvement on the Choral Hall. There was more space for the exhibits, and, consequently, they appeared to better advantage. Another reason for congratulation was in the general improvement manifest in the Society. This is due to the energetic secretary, Mr Fred Pilcher, whose love for this particular flower is well known. The hall itself was particularly attractive from the fountain in the centre to the inviting afternoon

tea-tables at one end, and the bunting and decorations at the other. The opening day was well attended, and Hunter's Band provided some excellent music then, and on succeeding afternoons and evenings.

The flowers themselves were exceptionally excellent, a result hardly hoped for with the January storm and drought. The blooms exhibited by Mr Alfred Taylor were beautiful, his 36 Japanese taking first honours in that competition. The new varieties, Souvenir de Petite Amie, Madame Chatin, Mrs E. G. Wills, Ivathoe, Primrose League, etc., were much admired. Mr T. Wells, of Cambridge, who showed about 150 blooms, had some new beauties—Mrs T. C. Williams, Wakeley, etc. In the amateur class his twelve varieties of Japanese attracted much attention. Miss Carruth, in the six open class blooms, beat Mr Wells. Messrs D. Hay and Sons, as usual, in the professional class, had some lovely flowers, and secured in the certificate class the National Association's certificate. Messrs Hay and Sons carried off the similar honour in the professional. Mr Alfred Taylor scored first (31 points) for the championship (which carries with it the National Association Jubilee Medal). In pot plants Miss Ada Jacka was first in one *Adiantum fern*—a beautiful specimen.

There were some exquisite cut flowers, Mrs H. Campbell, who took second prize, showing a beautiful gold and crimson *Canna*. The table decorations are always of much interest to the ladies, who are keenly alive to any hints which may be picked up. The prizes for these were determined by ballot, with the following result:—Miss Burningham, of Lake Takapuna, 1st prize; Miss E. Fenton, 2nd prize; and Mrs Harvey, 3rd prize. A quaintly original table was strictly *à la* Japanese with a native of Japan reposing peacefully on one side. Another, made entirely of crinkley paper decorations, was a 'happy thought' for days when flowers are scarce. The yellow and pink chrysanthemums were very cleverly made, and the butterflies artistic.

There was a tastefully-designed fern grotto for afternoon tea, and this part of the show was much appreciated and realised a good sum, being well carried out. At night, when the Drill Hall was lighted up, the general effect of chinese lanterns, fairy lamps, fern

fronds, beautiful flowers, gay dresses, laughter, animation and good music, was entrancing. The blooms were sold by auction on Thursday night, the third evening of the show, when there was a good attendance of interested flower-lovers.

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

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

MADAME MARCELLA,

'GRAPHIC' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

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

'ALPHA.'—Your handwriting indicates a quick and versatile temperament, sanguine, hopeful, and inclined to make the best of things, even the bad bargains occasionally met with in everyday life. You are on those happy terms with yourself and your surroundings which render you capable of extracting amusement from trifles light as air. You thoroughly appreciate fun and humour, enjoy popularity, and never by any chance meet trouble half way. Your imagination is fertile, your ideas flow rapidly, so also do your words. In conversation you can be witty, amusing, perhaps slightly sarcastic, and as music is very perceptible I picture to myself that you can 'tell a good story and sing a good song' equally well. Even argument does not come amiss, and there is much to convince me that you are far more frequently on the side of the victor than the vanquished, for you reason logically, keep your temper easily, and although apparently open and frank, you do not say a word more than you intend, while you possess a genius for rounding sharp corners successfully and 'smoothing down' spirits more easily ruffled than your own. Of ambition, you have an abundant share, nor is energy deficient, unless there be grave obstacles in your path; but you are so rapid that the 'waiting race' will never be one you will ride, unless from dire necessity. Like most of my masculine correspondents, you are a great admirer of beauty, and enjoy comfort with 'a touch' of luxury in your surroundings. While thanking you for all the kind wishes expressed in your letter, I remain perfectly certain that your faith in my graphological power is of the slightest—so slight, indeed, that I am at a loss to understand how you were persuaded to put it to the test.—MARCELLA.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

NOTES AND COMMENTS THEREON.

PERHAPS the most characteristic feature at exhibitions of paintings in this colony is the curious mental attitude assumed by the majority of us who come to see the pictures. Are we not, most of us, apt to regard artists with a patronising and conscious good nature, as a species of grown-up children—clever, admittedly, but still children? Art is the 'play' of these children, and when we visit a local exhibition of pictures is it not consciously or unconsciously our custom to regard the exhibits with an 'enlarged and revised' edition of the condescending appreciation bestowed on the products of the nursery and kindergarten when we are called upon to admire these at the local Industrial Exhibition. That the painting of pictures is Work—with a capital W—real solid, wearing, and sometimes wearying work—we are liable to forget; nor do we always remember that Art, to its conscientious followers, is as arduous and as exacting a profession as that of medicine or the law.

That the good pictures we see are not produced without the same class of intense mental strain, the same infinite pains, the same patient industry, and weary drudgery which barristers must endure and expend before the brilliant speech is made which wins the case, or doctors suffer before they perform the miraculous operation which saves life, is an absolute fact; but it is one we are inclined to overlook. It is good for us to realise and remember these things before we start to admire and criticise the pictures now on exhibition in Auckland, to the end that we may season our admiration with something more like respect than condescension, and that with our criticism we should mix a little remembrance of our own failures and shortcomings in our own professions. It is also well for us to try and realise the exact amount of thought and of labour which have been expended on a picture before glibly and oratorically laying down our opinion. How little any layman knows of what Hamerton calls 'the ceaseless struggle against technical difficulty, which are the price of the charms that pleasantly deceive us' in a well-painted picture. As he says, 'we see a charming result which looks as if it were nothing but pleasure—the mere sensuous gratification of an appetite for melody or colour—but no one,' he reminds us, 'ever eminently succeeded in painting or music without a patient submission to a discipline far from attractive or entertaining.' Again, is it not eminently true that 'not only in the preparations for the work, but in the work itself, do artists undergo drudgery? It is the peculiarity of their work that, more than any human work, it displays whatever there may be in it of pleasure and felicity; putting the drudgery out of sight as much as possible.'

And I think, too, in looking at the year's artistic work as it appears in the Choral Hall, we should endeavour to realise the debt we owe artists. It is an unquestionable fact that while the love of exquisite scenery does produce for us beautiful pictures, that but for the educative influence of landscape paintings, many people—the vast majority in fact—would pass through life blind to the natural beauties and scenic delights. 'Landscape can only be enjoyed by cultivated persons, and it is only by literature, music, and painting that cultivation can be given.' Thus Ruskin: and in another book, 'Aratra Pentelici,' he explains how a painted landscape leads to the love and appreciation of nature itself. Speaking of the picture of the 'Falls of Terni,' where the artist so nearly deceives the eye 'that you may all but believe the foam and the sunshine are drifting and changing amongst the rocks,' he says: 'And after looking a little while you will begin to regret that they are not so; you will feel that, lovely as the drawing is, you would like far better to see the real place, and the goats skipping amongst the rocks, and the spray floating above the fall. And this is the true sign of the greatest art—to part voluntarily with its greatness, to make itself poor and unnoticed, but so as to exalt and set forth its theme, that you may be fain to see the theme itself instead of it.'

An immense preamble to the few notes it is proposed to make on the pictures now being exhibited at the seventeenth annual exhibition of the Auckland Society of Arts; but it is so seldom one gets a chance of speaking on this subject, that the occasion may perhaps make the excuse. On the inevitable question as to whether the exhibition is better than any of its predecessors, I do not propose to enter an opinion. The average of general work is certainly an improvement on that of at least three or four years past, and there is a far smaller percentage of downright bad work than I ever remember to have seen; and though amongst those to whom we look for the best work there are some instances of deterioration, yet there are balancing instances of advance, so that the standard remains much about the same level as it has done for some considerable time.

There are many ways of going through the pictures at an exhibition. As the space allotted me will not allow of individual mention of each separate painting, I shall adopt the most popular method of "a walk round," stopping only for special remark in front of those pictures which seem to me worthy of more than nasal attention. To begin, then, in the right hand corner, after admiring Mr John Gibb's 'Evening in Auckland Harbour' (No. 1), the eye is caught by Mr E. W. Payton's 'Te Awahou' (2), a beautifully painted morning scene full of nice lighting, clever composition, and appreciation of colour. Two Maori whares are on the banks of a creek, the family canoe lying athwart the stream; in the middle distance a fire is being lighted, and the white smoke curls skywards; a willow sweeps the river's brim, and at the back of the wharés tower two poplars. The atmospheric effects of early morning are admirably secured. After looking for a moment or two at Mr Yearbury's 'Old Bush Road,' (3), sit down in front of Mr Wright's large and very successful picture, 'An Autumn Morning' (4). It is manifest at first glance that immense pains have been taken in the painting of this picture. A row of quaintly-shaped but modern-looking thatched wharés stretch along the banks of some broad, smooth, flowing river. On the river banks in front of the wharés crouch a picturesque group of Maoris. Another native woman walks towards us, and into a tiny inlet in the bank a slim canoe is drawn up. The composition is of the highest class, and deserving of special study, while the 'tender tints of morning ere she flushes into day' are beautifully reproduced on the river, on the foliage, and on the low range of hills in the distance. Mr Wright has another picture which, in my opinion, excels this, but 'An Autumn Morning' is decidedly one of the pictures of the year.

Notice in passing the clever flower study (No. 7) by E. M. Walrod, one of many very charming similar pictures by this clever artist, and the stride forward in his art made by Mr Gregory in 'Clearing After Rain' (No. 9), a vivid bit of nicely-managed landscape work, and then look thoughtfully at Signor Nerli's fine portrait, 'A Lady in Green' (No. 11). Note the broad, decisive treatment; every stroke laid on with intention, and with definite effect. See how admirably the figure is posed, the turn of the head giving both originality and freedom. The colouring is good, and the difficult effect of the veil across the face is well managed. Not the least merit in this decidedly clever picture—for, unlike many portraits, it is a picture also—is the fine scheme of green in the costume worn by the sitter. The fur and the fabric of the cloth are most effectively reproduced, though the colouring has been so very boldly and broadly laid on. Altogether we may congratulate ourselves on the advent of Signor Nerli amongst us as a painter of portraits. Next year I hope to see him in genre, feeling sure he would give us something worth study and admiration. 'The Top of the Arstiatia Rapids' (No. 14) and 'After Rain' (20) are good specimens of Mr E. M. Payton's always pleasant and always conscientious work. In the first-named picture there is a fine sense of movement and rush, the water really seeming to move. The latter is indicative of the artist's strong appreciation of beauty, and the facility and felicity with which he can present the beauty he has seen to other eyes. Close to these are two pictures by Mr Drummond, 'Sunset Effect' (No. 10) and 'A Bend in the Creek' (No. 18), the latter being very much the best picture shown this year by this favourite worker in oils. A characteristic New Zealand creek winding between foliage-clad banks to the foreground, which is broken by some of the artist's favourite boulders, makes a very effective picture, and one in which Mr Drummond displays undoubted ability, though it seems to me that this year he has not done such full justice to the fine sense of colour and high talents he possesses as on previous occasions. Mr W. A. Bolland shows improvement in 'A Summer Morning,' and Mr Vivian Hunt's portrait of Rev. Canon Calder will be at once recognised.

Several small pictures of varying degrees of merit, including a nice study of 'Peach Blossom' (28), by E. Hemus, and we come to Mr Payton's large picture of 'Ohinemutu, Rotorna,' the view being the very familiar one from the back of lake house, with hot springs in the foreground, the church, etc., in the middle distance, and Mokoia and the further shore in the distance. The picture is the work of an artist who thoroughly understands his profession in all its branches, and who has a fine eye for colour and effect; and, as everyone knows, the scene is one of the most beautiful in the North Island. It follows that the picture is one of the features of the Exhibition, and is universally accorded the admiration which is unquestionably its due.

Mr L. J. Steele, who deserves a thorough rating for being so remiss—or, shall I say lazy?—is represented only by a portrait of Bishop Cowie. It is a fine portrait, full of that superfluous and exquisitely-finished school of painting in which Mr Steele is so thoroughly a master.

A speaking portrait, full of character, and containing flesh work which art students might study almost *ad infinitum* with advantage, the painting of the Primate is undoubtedly a work of very high merit indeed. But from Mr Steele—undoubtedly the finest painter of genre in the colonies—the man who has an experience and knowledge of his craft which is given to few, and has certainly been experienced by no other exhibiting artist—for a man of such infinite possibilities to present us only with a portrait!! It is not to be tamely endured! The presence of such a man amongst us makes us inclined to demand a great subject painting as a right, since we know he could do it.

Mr Wright's 'Silence' (36), Mr Yearbury's 'Oru-wharo River' and his 'Trout Stream' (52), Mr Perritt's 'Evening in Hooker Valley' (43) are all worthy of attention. The last-named is Mr Perritt's most ambitious exhibit, though it is not the one I admire most. 'Snow-clad Mount Cook and other Alpine kings tower in the background, the icy summits all aglow with the reflected tints of the sunset. In the foreground are scattered the huge grey and blue boulders characteristic of the district. Mr Hering's 'Portrait Study' (No. 48) is a bold piece of work, and I should say the portrait was admirable as a likeness. Certainly it is full of character and force, and has a quality of painting which promises even better things in the future.

Several pictures containing considerable improvement and merit must, from exigencies of space, be passed over without mention. Nor can I give more than a hint that the 'Blue Bonnet' of Signor Nerli will repay careful looking into as a study of brilliant lights and a school of painting new to us in New Zealand. We must turn the corner and take a chair before Mr John Gibb's picture of the 'Among the Reefs, Kaikōuri,' the largest and most ambitious painting I remember to have seen by this well-known marine painter. Mr Gibb has caught for us those lovely semi-transparent shades of green and blue which are met with nowhere save in the sea. His is certainly an exceedingly fine picture, and though here and there there is an absence of 'fluidity,' so to speak, and some degree of paintiness in the surges, yet, taken as a whole, the picture is spirited and successful to a very high degree. It is, indeed, perhaps the best sea picture yet exhibited in Auckland by Mr Gibb.

And now we come to what I think may be fairly pronounced the most beautiful and artistic landscape pictures in this year's exhibition—Mr Wright's 'On the Coast' and Mr Payton's 'The Wharepuni.' Both are full of true beauty, both characterised by a depth of artistic feeling and keen love of beauty as rare as it is genuine. 'On the Coast' is assuredly the best picture Mr Wright shows this year. It goes near being the best picture he has ever shown, and taking it for all in all, is perhaps the most poetical and genuinely artistic picture hung in this year's exhibition. A sandy stretch of sea-girt shore, turning to grass land as it runs inland, a couple of pohutukawa trees throwing the delicate, most fascinating shade, some cattle admirably placed—these treated in the brightest, summeriest, delightfulest colouring imaginable make up a picture to see which is to break the Tenth Commandment, and to keep on breaking it. Now, was it without design that Mr Payton's richly and warmly-tinted landscape, 'The Wharepuni,' was placed near to Mr Wright's, picture and Signor Nerli's clever 'Portrait of a Lady' dividing the two? Both pictures gain immeasurably by the foil supplied by the other. 'The Wharepuni' is close to the river banks. Over all the picture are the rich, deep, yellow and red tints of fading day, and they strike the carved house, the trees, the river, everything indeed, while behind all is one of those sunset skies such as only Ruskin and Meredith have described in prose.

'Snow-clad Egmont Majestically Doth Rise' is without any doubt whatever the picture in the exhibition which shows the greatest advance of the work of the artist in previous years. Mr Gregory is to be most warmly congratulated. The advance made in a single year is nothing less than astonishing. The picture of Egmont is not perfect as a landscape, but it is decidedly good, and immeasurably superior to the work exhibited by this artist in previous years. The faults there are the last remains of those which detracted from the merits noticeable in previous work—a certain photographic tendency, an absence of freedom, and a feeling of unnatural precision in composition. These are far less noticeable in the present year's exhibition, and I mention them only in the full and confident hope that by next year's exhibition Mr Gregory will have been able to eliminate them altogether from his pictures.

The oil exhibits from the South and the water colours will be dealt with in next week's issue. The Southern work is so good, and so numerous are the exhibits deserving special mention, that it would be impossible to do them justice in this article, which has already far outstripped its intended limits.



THE most valuable sword in existence is said to be that owned by the Gaekwar of Baroda. Its hilt and belt are set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and it is valued at £220,000. The Shah of Persia has a sword valued at £10,000, which his father wore on his first visit to Europe. The most valuable sword in England is that which was presented to Lord Wolsley by the Egyptians. It is valued at £2,000.

Liverpool receives some curious shiploads at times. Cargoes of turtles and other live and dead animals, casks of leeches, ship loads of bones from battlefields, of human mummies from the Egyptian tombs and of dead cats from the cat cemeteries of the same country are among the most remarkable.

A German sugar trust has been formed at Berlin with the outspoken object of raising prices. A syndicate will control all sales, and will begin by hoarding a certain percentage of the sugar made. It will fix an international market price, below which German sugar shall not be sold.

The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloons, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, are inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and, when turned forward, the big balloon acts as a sail, oars proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove of the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gunwales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

The coldest part of the globe is the northeast corner of Siberia. There are only ninety-three days in the year when the ground is clear of frost.

In consequence of satisfactory results obtained from experiments conducted on a somewhat extensive scale, Brazilian planters are convinced that tea can be profitably grown in Brazil.

Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly at Athens. Its contents are written entirely in verse, even to the advertisements.

Bullfighters make more money than anybody else in Spain, their salaries being much greater than the incomes of any except the highest of the nobles and comparing fairly well even with the stealings of colonial officials. In the past year a toreador named Goerrita appeared sixty-eight times and pocketed 606,000 francs. Another, Reverte, has made thirty-eight appearances and netted 143,500 francs, while Mazzantini, with twenty-nine battles to his credit, took 131,000 francs, Bombita 129,000 francs and Algabigno 115,000 francs. Taking into account the value of the bulls and the cost of transport, it is estimated that Spain each year spends more than 5,000,000 francs on this so-called sport. Over 1,000 bulls were killed by the chosen few of the public, who only number twenty-three throughout the whole country.

It is said that runaway horses are almost unknown in Russia. No one drives there without having a thin cord with a running noose around the neck of the animal. When the horse bolts the cord is pulled, and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on its windpipe.

It is claimed that more steel is now used in the manufacture of pens than in that of swords. It is even said that the metal annually turned into pens weighs more than all the metal used during a year in the war implement factories of the world.

A mathematician has computed the movements of a rider's feet while working a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles.

Probably the most valuable spots on the face of the earth (as the burial sites in Westminster Abbey cannot be bought with gold) are the four corners where Wall-street touches Broad and the two where it meets Broad-

way (writes Mrs Van Rensselaer in the Century). I cannot guess how large a price any one of these might bring in the market now, but a million dollars and half a million more were recently paid for five lots on Broadway opposite Bowling Green. This was the value of the land alone, as the old buildings it bore were at once to be torn down; yet, says Philip Hone, a lot in just this place sold in 1829 for only 19,500\$. As late as 1840 lots on Cortlandt-street could be had for 1,000\$ or even 700\$. But a year or two ago the corner of Liberty-street and Nassau, measuring 79 feet along the one, and 112 along the other and about 100 feet in depth, brought 1,250,000\$ and this, again, for the sake of the land alone.

Loochop, China, is excited over the recent appearance on her streets of a dwarf, who appears to be about fifty years of age, but is only twenty inches in height. He has a long gray beard, which almost reaches the ground, and talks several Chinese dialects quite fluently. He says that he is from 'the kingdom of the dwarfs' of the western ocean, but further than that no one knows anything about him.

The bulk of the French warship 'Marengo' tells the story of the tremendous costliness of naval armaments. Only six years ago, in 1891, that 'Marengo' was the flagship of the French squadron which went to Cronstadt and received a tremendous welcome from the Russians. It was this reception which initiated the Franco-Russian alliance. The 'Marengo' is an ironclad of more than 10,000 tons displacement, a finer ship than any the Russians possessed in 1891. She would be a giant in their fleet to-day. But in comparison with ships having Harveyised armour she is obsolete, and therefore has been sold for the old iron and wood that are in her.

The returns of the Municipal Council of Rome, now published, far from showing any signs of improvement, demonstrate, on the contrary, a steady diminution in civic prosperity in the Eternal City. Thus, while the number of private carriages kept is diminished by 1,000, and the number of horses by treble that amount, the number of summonses from the rate collector served upon families unable to pay their municipal taxes shows an increase of no less than 60,000. The number of pledges in the municipal pawnbroking establishment has risen to 997,000, on which the yearly interest amounts to no less than 14,000,000 lire.

Germany is forging ahead in an altogether phenomenal manner with her mercantile marine. In 1871 it consisted of 147 steamships, with a total tonnage of 82,000, whereas last year the Government returns showed a total of some 1,200 steamers, with a tonnage of over 1,000,000.

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MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

OWING to the Exchange being closed for the Easter vacation from Thursday evening until the following Wednesday morning, it naturally follows that very little business has been transacted. Apart from the dullness on the Exchange, the outlook for our mining industry is certainly promising, notwithstanding the fact that the depressed state of the London market is causing some options to be surrendered. At first blush this would seem to be anything but promising, but it must be borne in mind that there is a vast difference between syndicates that are merely formed to secure properties and sell them as soon as possible in London, and syndicates that carefully select really genuine mining ventures, spend considerable sums in development work, and then later on make a handsome profit by selling shares in a going concern at good prices. While the boom was on in London small syndicates were formed simply to get an option and sell it to some stronger company as soon as possible, and with as little expenditure as could be done in the shape of development of the mine. Such syndicates rise or fall, according to the London market. If it is difficult to sell properties then the syndicate forthwith forfeit the small deposit paid and relinquish the option held. Had the boom continued in London these syndicates would have perhaps reaped handsome returns. European complications, however, created a slump, and these syndicates promptly disappeared off the scene. It is probable that this will result beneficially to our goldfields, for now the local shareholders, seeing that properties cannot be readily sold, will have to face the question of working their own mines. Many properties have been locked up for months while options have been running, as local shareholders did not care to expend extra money on development works. Now the mines that will give ore worth working will get developed, and those that are not will be abandoned. This week alone evidence has been shown that local people are beginning to rely less on English capital. For nearly eighteen months the Alpha mine at Waitekanuri has been under offer on the London market, but at last local men have decided to erect a 20-stamper battery, being satisfied that the property is a good one. The same may be said of the Puru Consolidated mine. This also was under offer to London syndicates, but as the directors refused to accept lower terms than those offered when the market was brisk, negotiations were broken off, and now local men are about to find money to erect the requisite crushing plant. The mines that were sold to strong English companies are being steadily developed, and are shaping well. The Kurunui-Caledonian Company completed its first crushing this week since the property was taken over by the London purchasers, and 200 tons of ore returned over £1,000 worth of gold, which may be considered highly satisfactory. The returns from the mine from mail to mail, as shown by the list compiled for the monthly summary, give a total output of gold worth £24,033 19s, to which requires to be added yields from the Kurunui-Caledonian, and also from the Tararu Creek Company's mines, which brings the amount up to over £25,000. This is gratifying when it is borne in mind that several batteries are at present dismantled in order to make way for the erection of more powerful and modern crushing mills.

TARARU CREEK RETURN.

Cleaning up for the month took place on April 10th at the Tararu Creek Company's battery, the result being £301 5s 5d worth of bullion from 250 tons of ore. A 50-ton cyanide vat has been added to the plants, so that future returns should show an improvement.

KURUNUI-CALEDONIAN.

£1,067 FROM 200 TONS.

A very satisfactory return was obtained this month from the Kurunui Caledonian mine at the Thames, a fact that is particularly pleasing, as this is the first since the property was taken over by an English Company. In all 200 tons of ore were treated, the yield being 40oz 9dwt of melted gold, valued at £1,067 3s 9d. The ore was taken from the stops on Darby's and the cross reefs. As this mine includes the old Caledonian ground, it is to be hoped that this may prove the commencement of a series of successful crushings.

MAY QUEEN RETURN.

The result of the crushing at this Thames Company's battery was made known on Thursday night. Only 60 loads of quartz were treated, but the return was very satisfactory, as 108oz of bullion, valued at £292 15s, were obtained.

KAISER RETURN.

A trial crushing of 20 loads of ore from the new reef cut on this Tararu Company's property has just been completed for the payable yield of 180oz 4dwt of gold, valued at £58 7s 10d.

WHITE STAR CONSOLIDATED.

This property consists of 750 acres situated at Cabbage Bay in the Coromandel district. During the past nine months this property has been held under option of flotation by an English syndicate represented here by Messrs Bewick, Mooring and Co. In that time the syndicate has expended £3,180 in development works. Owing to the present depressed state of the London market the option has been further extended.

ROYAL STANDARD.

The English Company that acquired this property is pushing forward development work on an extensive scale with all possible speed. Already 179 men are employed at the mine. The rough formation of a water-race, a quarter of a mile long, is almost completed, and in this short distance a little over 200 feet of vertical fall was secured, being sufficient to give 400 horse-power. During its construction several reefs were cut, varying in width from one or two to fifteen feet. In some places the strikes of reefs outcropped on the surface. The tram-line for the conveyance of machinery, etc., is being constructed, and its formation already extends for about two miles, about half the distance proposed. Several acres have been partially cleared for the battery site on a gradual slope extending to the bank of the Wharekerapunga stream, and preparations are being made for laying the foundations for eighty head of stampers. The manager's residence, assay and other general offices, near the battery site, are in course of erection. An assay of ore from No. 1 reef, which is an immense body of stone, has been made by the Bank of New Zealand, and gave a return at the rate of £22 per ton.

IMPORTANT FIND AT HIHI.

What bids fair to prove a discovery of some importance is reported to have been made near the head waters of the Hibi at the Thames. A trial parcel of ore from the place has just been concluded with highly satisfactory results at the Thames School of Mines. The stone assayed at the rate of £25 6s per ton, and 875lb when treated yielded 372 7dwt 23gr of melted bullion, worth £2 12s 6d per oz. This is equivalent to a saving per ton of £23 3s 8d.

ALPHA AND RAINBOW.

CRUSHING PLANT TO BE ERECTED.

Mr D. E. Clerk, who held an option for the flotation of these Waitekanuri properties, has now succeeded in making arrangements by which a complete crushing plant will be erected forthwith and the mine systematically worked. The syndicate, which is a local one, has agreed to erect the crushing plant for an interest in the property.

CROWN MINES RETURN.

£3,185 FOR THE MONTH.

At a time when several of the companies show a slight falling off in the monthly output of gold it is pleasing to be able to record the fact that the New Zealand Crown Mines' yield for the past month shows that a larger amount of bullion was obtained from a less quantity of ore, as compared with the March return. During the month the quantity of ore taken from the mine was 1,250 tons, and the amount treated 1,150 tons, which gave a return of £3,185. The average assay value of the ore milled was £3 3s 9d. During the previous month 1,161 tons were treated for £2,873.

VICTORIA RETURN.

£457 FOR THE MONTH.

Although a number of men were discharged from this mine a month ago owing to an option having been granted to an English syndicate, still the return of gold is well up to the average. This is due to the fact that the other men were really doing dead work. During the past month, although only 75 loads of quartz were treated instead of 140, as compared with the March output, still, 161oz 10dwt of retorted gold was got value about £457, whereas last month only 178oz were obtained from nearly double the quantity of quartz, the value being £510.

NEW ZEALAND TALISMAN.

Important developments have taken place in this Karangasake mine lately at No. 4 level where what appears to be a new shoot of ore was found, which contains a good deal of visible gold, and is altogether of far higher grade than the average hitherto met with in the mine. It is thought probable it will run considerably over £3 per ounce, as against 19s per ounce, which is about what the bullion has averaged up to now. Over 102 of gold per ton has been obtained all along, but

there is a distinct improvement in the value of the bullion itself. At the present time the shoot mentioned is from one foot to 18 inches, and is independent of the main reef in course of exploration. The new battery will not be ready, it is anticipated, for another couple of months, owing to the delay in getting timber, but when once started it is expected an average of nearly £5 per ton will be obtained from the ore. All the ore hoppers in the mill and the kilns formerly used for drying the ore are filled (about 500 tons being in readiness here), while the paddocks at the mouths of the adits are assuming a large size, so there will be no scarcity of ore. When the mill is working there will be 20 stamps, of which 10 will be 850lb each and 10 1000lb each. The mortars to be used for the latter will have double discharges, which will bring the output up to 30 tons a day. A parcel of ore has been sent home for decision as to treatment. This came from the No. 4 level, but it has been found that at the No. 6 level the quartz is purer than in the upper levels, containing far less clayey matter. It is therefore likely that the Tailman will be able to adopt wet crushing at no distant date, certainly when the Nos 7 and 8 levels are in.

MINING NOTES

Diamond.—The leasehold of this special claim was sold by public auction during the week for £50.

Karaka Queen.—When breaking down the main lode this week gold was freely seen. The reef is three feet in width.

Harp of Tara.—About 40lb of ore from a 50 feet reef in this Tairua mine was sent to Mr G. Fraser to ascertain its value. A general assay gave a return at the rate of £1 16s 8½d per ton.

Thames Mauraki.—Work in connection with the foundation at the Queen of Beauty section is being pushed forward. The boiler foundation is ready, and good progress has been made with the erection of the chimney stack and flue connections, also with the capstan and winding engine shed. The pump is working very satisfactorily in the Deep Sinker section, and the sinking of the shaft is being proceeded with.

Waitaiia (Kuatunu).—Mr D. N. Shaw, Chairman of the Central Finance Corporation of Glasgow, arrived this week to look after the Waitaiia mine at Kuatunu, which is being worked by his Corporation.

Waitekauri Junction.—A large body of ore was cut this week in No. 2 level driving east.

Pukewhau.—Work is confined in this mine to driving the main level on the hanging wall branch of the Pukewhau reef. Outside the level some 70 or 80 tons of quartz are paddocked of believed payable value.

Hauraki No. 2.—A 6-inch quartz leader was cut this week in the west crosscut.

Prospect (Kuatunu).—The reef is now 18ft wide with no appearance of any other wall. The ore is kindly, and shows gold at every test.

Golden Anchor (Kuatunu).—During the last few days there has been a great improvement in the face.

Aorere (Kuatunu).—The reef is 18 inches wide and showed gold at last breaking down.

West Derby (Kennedy Bay).—A small leader, 9in. wide, was cut this week on the footwall which carries a finer quality of gold.

Invicta (Kuatunu).—The reef looks very promising and portions of the stone show gold freely.

Adelaide (Thames).—The quartz coming to hand from the stope on the reef show occasional colours of gold.

Welcome Find (Coromandel).—When breaking down the southern lode in the stope this week colours of gold were seen.

Great Barrier.—A ton of ore from this mine has been treated at the Thames School of Mines. The return was £12 19s worth of bullion.

MEETINGS OF SHAREHOLDERS.

Monarch of All.—A special meeting of shareholders was held at the office of Mr Wm Elliot, when resolutions were passed ratifying arrangements made by the directors in amalgamating the Monarch of All, Superb, and Premier Companies in a company to be called the Bucklebury Goldmining Company.

Superb and Premier.—At special meetings of shareholders of these companies held at the office of Mr W. H. Churton, resolutions were passed ratifying arrangements made by the directors as to amalgamating the companies with the Monarch of All. Mr W. H. Churton was appointed manager. Mr A. E. Devore was elected director for the Superb.

Monument Extended.—At an extraordinary meeting resolutions were passed by shareholders authorising the winding up of this company.

Zion.—The meeting of shareholders lapsed for want of a quorum. The statement of accounts showed total receipts, £405 5s 3d, and the credit balance was £59 18s 10d.

Scandinavian.—The meeting of shareholders lapsed for want of a quorum. The statement of accounts showed total receipts £988 19s 9d, of which £216 11s 11d was expended in wages.

Gladys.—An extraordinary special meeting of shareholders was held in Mr W. H. Churton's office, when Mr W. Johnston presided. Resolutions were adopted authorising the directors to sell the mine and property upon such terms and conditions as they shall think fit, to amalgamate with any other property.

Pigmy.—The half-yearly meeting lapsed for want of a quorum. The balance sheet showed receipts £715 16s 6d, and the expenditure £99 14s 1d; leaving a credit balance in the bank of £616 2s 5d. This property has been worked for six months on option by an English Company.

Pride of Mauraki.—The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The statement of accounts showed receipts £267 2s 3d, and expenditure £265 8s 1d, leaving a balance in hand of £1 15s 2d. Of the expenditure, £200 9s was for wages

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SPORTS & PASTIMES.

(BY ARGUS.)

TO SECRETARIES OF SAILING, ROWING, SWIMMING, CYCLING, CRICKET, BOWLING, TENNIS AND GOLF-CLUBS.

It having been suggested to the editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC that members of athletic clubs are desirous of better representation in the press, as to their doings, we have decided to set apart a special space for the purpose of chronicling the events in the several branches of sport mentioned, and will be obliged if our secretaries will forward each week any interesting items of news. Our columns will also be open at all times to correspondence relative to matters affecting sport, and we will be glad to answer queries of a similar character.

ROWING.

Many feminine hearts sank (figuratively) with disappointment on Saturday, when the morning broke cold, gusty, and threatening, and it appeared probable that the great whaleboat race would have to be postponed. About mid-day, however, the clouds disappeared, and the wind lulled somewhat, so it was decided to row the race. The sea was too choppy in the open harbour, so the 'Osprey,' with about 150 people on board, steamed to Kohimarama, where the water was comparatively smooth. A course of about three-quarters of a mile was arranged upon, and the starter, Mr S. E. Hughes (who also acted as judge), soon got the ladies away to a splendid start. The Waitara ladies opened out most vigorously, and gained quite a quarter of a length in the first half-dozen strokes. Auckland settled down to steady work, and pulling faultlessly, prevented an increase of their opponents' lead. Waitara reached the mark-boat first, but took too short a turn, and so lost a great deal of way; the Auckland coxswain, taking a wide sweep round the mark-boat, kept way on all the time, and when the boats straightened their course for the home pull it was seen that Auckland were about six feet ahead. A grand and plucky race ensued from this out, and it was not till within 50 yards of the winning post that Auckland were able to increase their lead. Condition told its tale, and the home crew, rowing the same vigorous stroke, passed the judge a length to the good. The excitement among the people on the 'Osprey' was intense, and all were surprised at the plucky and able contest they had witnessed. It was hard luck for the visitors, but I fancy they would not have been beaten by so much—if at all—if they had rounded the mark-boat with a long turn. Mr W. Cossar acted as umpire, and Mr Mercer kindly lent his steam launch, 'Beatrice,' for the occasion. Appended are the crews: Auckland:—Miss A. Smith (stroke), Miss M. Evers (4), Miss Gretta Evers (3), Miss Nellie Ruth (2), May Evitt (bow), G. Moore (cox). Tararaki:—Miss Eva Tatton (stroke), Miss Blanche Tatton (4), Miss Stuart (3), Mrs Sofie (2), Miss Bella Nicholls (bow).

At a large meeting of rowing men held in Melbourne last week, it was resolved to sent an eight-oar crew to compete at Henley in July.

A deputation from the New Zealand Rowing Association waited on the Premier on Friday afternoon, urging the removal of the duty of oars. They had, so Mr W. H. Field, the spokesman, said, no desire to go outside while the article manufactured in the colony was equal

to the imported, but at present it was not so, and the duty of 20 per cent. militated against the encouragement of athletic sport. Mr A. G. Johnson, Chairman of the New Zealand Rowing Council, urged that if the duty was removed from oars so should that on the raw material for oars and boat building purposes. Upwards of forty clubs were affiliated to the New Zealand Rowing Association with a membership ranging up to over 300, therefore the question was one which interested a very large portion of the community. Mr Seddon, in replying, said that they could not expect a definite reply to day, as a question of public policy was involved. It was necessary that the fullest information should be obtained from both sides, and he would then consult the Cabinet. The sum involved was not great, but the principle had to be considered. His sympathy was with the youth of the colony, and every encouragement ought to be offered for physical and mental exercise.

The West End Rowing Club wound up their rowing season on Saturday, with an outing at Lake Takapuna, but owing to the unfavourable weather the function was poorly attended. G. Stephenson, Harris, Bach, and Sands won their respective heats in the first round, and in the second round Harris and Sands were put out. Stephenson and Bach then fought out the final, and after a fine race the former won. The crews were as under:—G. Stephenson, J. Hickson, F. M. Shortt, G. Main; E. Carter (cox). Bach, Young, Mills, Bigelow; D. Hanna (cox). The prizes were trophies presented by Professor Carrollo.

Most right-thinking rowing men will hail with satisfaction the proposal to form a Rowing Association for Auckland, which question is to be discussed at a meeting on Wednesday evening, convened by Mr C. C. Dacre. If such an association is formed on a proper basis, there is plenty of scope for its operations. No one can deny that rowing has reached a very peculiar stage in Auckland, and it is time that a properly-constituted governing body was organised. Let the association be a court of final appeal in all matters affecting rowing, and also a court of arbitration in cases of dispute, and there will then be hope that rowing will be elevated to its true place in our catalogue of sports. I trust Mr Dacre will meet with the success his efforts deserve.

The ninth annual contest for the Eight-oared Championship of Victoria took place on the Lower Yarra on March 27th, when three crews, representing the Mercantile, Banks, and Yarra Yarra Clubs took part. Mercantile went to the front shortly after the start, and kept there the remainder of the journey, winning a good race by a length and a half from the Banks' crew, Yarra Yarra three lengths behind Banks. The time was 17 min 55sec, and the course 3 miles 110 yards. The race carries with it the title of Club Championship of Victoria, and, in addition to the silver medal to each member of the crew, the winning club receives the championship pennant presented by Mr G. E. Upward, one of the association's vice-presidents.

Constable Stephenson, who is reported as missing in a boat's crew at Napier, is a brother of Stephenson, the oarsman, now in London.

By late files I learn the following particulars relative to the recent Oxford-Cambridge boat race:—The Oxford crew was composed of Whitworth (New) (bow), 11st 3½lb; G. O. Edwards (New), 12st; C. K. Phillips (New), 12st ½lb; C. D. Burnell (Magdalen), 13st 12½lb; E. R. Balfour (University), 13st 10½lb; R. Carr (Magdalen), 12st 12½lb; W. E. Crum (New), 12st; H. Gold (Magdalen) (stroke), 11st 10½lb; H. R. Pechell (Brisenose) (cox), 5st 7½lb. Cambridge:—D. E. Campbell Muir (Trinity-hall) (bow), 11st 4½lb; A. S. Bell (Trinity-hall), 12st 1½lb; E. J. D. Taylor (Caius), 12st 10½lb; B. H. Howell (Trinity-hall), 13st; W. A. Bieber (Trinity-hall), 12st 13½lb; D. Pennington (Caius), 12st 8½lb; W. Dudley Ward (Third Trinity), 12st 6½lb; W. J. Fernie (Trinity hall) (stroke), 11st 12½lb; E. C. Hawkins (Caius) (cox), 5st 5½lb. It will therefore be seen that the aggregate weight of the Oxford was 7¼ lb more than that of Cambridge. The average weight of the Oxford crew was a shade over 12st 6½lb, and as there was only 7½ lb difference between the aggregate weights, that would show Cambridge to be less than a pound lighter per man. This was the fifty-fourth race between the Universities, of which number Oxford has won 31 and Cambridge 22, one event resulting in a dead heat. The time of last Saturday's race was 19min 12sec, which is the fastest except in 1893, when the course was covered in 18min 47sec. The year before that it was 19 min 21sec, which is the next slowest to this year. Last year, just before the race, Cambridge in a trial covered the course in 19min 15sec, and were made favourites first at 5 to 4 on, and at the start of the race at 2 to 1. The struggle that year was one of the keenest ever known in these races. The Cambridge led for the greater part of the distance, but the rough water at the finish, to which Oxford were more accustomed, enabled the dark blues to assume the lead in the last mile, and they won by two-fifths of a length.

FOOTBALL.

The annual meeting of the Auckland Rugby Union, held on Tuesday last, did not reveal anything startling. Sec. Dixon had a pleasant report to submit, and, as usual, his excellent management was visible in the satisfactory financial position of the Union. The profits for last year were over £600, £500 of this being wisely allotted to the credit of the Ground Fund Trust Account. The Union starts the year with a credit balance of over £100. The Management Committee for this season are:—Messrs Henderson, Cotter, Webster, Airey, and Langsford. Mr Airey gave notice of motion to rescind the present rule re Selection Committee, and to substitute a rule providing that representatives should be chosen by one man only. With reference to this question, I must say that I think Mr Airey is on the right track. All who play football know what bitter feeling is caused by apparent partisanship on the part of a selection committee, and it is only human nature (deplorable, of course) that each committeeman should desire to include in a team as many players as possible from his own club. Mr Henderson tapped a sore point when he stated that each club expected to be represented in a big match, irrespective of the fact that they had no men of sufficient ability. One competent gentleman, not associated with any club, and entirely free from bias, is what is necessary to ensure a thoroughly representative team in our outside matches.

The coming football season does not promise anything startling in the way of big matches. The local clubs are grafting hard to get their teams fit for the fray, and some rattling games are anticipated.

ATHLETICS.

A Melbourne paper is responsible for the subjoined par:—"While Mr T. J. Comber was riding into Melbourne from Coburg one day last week, he had just reached the summit of a rise, when a big dog rushed out on the road and sprang at his leg, tearing the trousers from the knee downwards. The dog then made a second rush, and this time got his head through the frame, causing the machine and rider to turn a somersault. The rider lay stunned for 15 minutes; when he came to, the dog had vanished, and a tram man was bathing the cyclist's face, which had an ugly wound near the eye."

Says the *Australasian*:—"The old cricketers of Warranbool endeavoured unsuccessfully on Saturday last to turn the tables on the ladies of the Forget-me-Nots Club at Allansford. About 1,000 people assembled to witness the match, which was played on Mr F. W. Gazzard's land. The gentlemen were termed "the bell-topper brigade," for each player appeared in a silk hat. The ladies were allowed to bat first, and they compiled 74 runs, of which Miss Ruby Gazzard made 25 by capital play, and Miss E. Dallimore contributed 10. The old cricketers fell easy victims to the "lobs" sent down by the ladies, and the last wicket fell when the score stood at 32 runs. The Forget-me-Nots thus defeated the "Bell-topper Brigade" by 42 runs. During the interval between the innings the visitors were entertained at Mr and Mrs Gazzard's residence, and the lady cricketers, borrowing their opponents' headgear, took round "the hat," with the result that £7 8s 1½d was subscribed for the Allansford Mechanics' Institute."

At Newcastle (England) last month, the Scotch pedestrian (born in Jamaica), A. R. Downer, unexpectedly won a big 120yds. handicap for £50 and a sweepstake of 10 sovs. for each competitor. He was conceding starts in each heat, and odds of 2 to 1 and of 7 to 2 were laid against him. His time for the final (with 1½yds. start) was 11 3/5th sec.

The South Counties Senior and Junior Cross-country Championships were decided at Wembley Park (England) on February 20th, when the weather was fine, but the going was somewhat heavy owing to rain having fallen during the morning. There were 102 competitors in the senior event, and the first man home was G. Martin (Essex Beagles), who covered the ten miles in 65min. 37.2-5th sec. He was followed home by T. Bartlett, of the same Club, who completed the distance in 66min. 4 1/5th sec. J. G. Gibb (Ranelagh Harriers) and C. S. Sydenham (Ranelagh Harriers) finishing third and fourth respectively. The Club Championship was won by the Finchley Harriers, who were also successful the two previous seasons, while the Ranelagh Harriers were second and the Essex Beagles and Bristol Harriers tied for third place. A field of 187 started for the Junior Championship over the same course and the first man home was C. S. Silsby, of the Hampstead Harriers, J. Webb, of the Bath and Somerset A. C., being second, and J. J. Mayhew, of the Tee-To-Tum Club, third. The winner's time was 67min 10sec. The Club placings showed the Cavendish Harriers to be easily first, the Tee-To-Tum Club second, and Bath and Somerset A. C. third.

'Sprinter,' in the *Canterbury Times*, writing on the Canterbury A.A. Club's recent meeting, says:—"The 120yds. Hardie Race was robbed of some of its interest by the fact that Harley was disqualified in his heat.

Moir and Harley were running neck and neck from the last obstacle, and the latter, making a dive at the worsted, missed it altogether and fell underneath it. As he did not breast the tape the judges very properly refused to place him, and I trust it will be a lesson to him to discontinue a habit which was never very beneficial to him. As matters eventuated Harley would not have won the final heat, as Moir, who was holding him in the preliminary heat, could not do better than finish second to Garais, to whom he was conceding 15yds."

The Council of the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association met at the City Hotel, Christchurch, on Tuesday, 6th April. Present:—Dr. Thomas (in the chair), and Messrs C. Hood Williams (Ashburton), W. G. Garrard (West Coast), H. Frost (Te Awamutu), F. S. Harley (Taranaki), G. P. Gully (Nelson), G. B. Ritchie (Auckland), and L. W. Harley (Wellington), hon. sec. The St. Andrew's Caledonian Society, Kaipoi; Star Football Club, New Plymouth; Foresters' Sports Association, Thames; and Rissington Meeting, Hawke's Bay, were permitted to include amateur events at their sports. The Auckland and Wanganui Clubs suggested that New Zealand should be represented at the athletic portion of the coming Royal celebrations at Home. The latter Club named Holder, and guaranteed towards his expenses. The same Club suggested that New Zealand should be represented at the next Australian Championship Meeting. The Council approved of Holder being sent Home, and it was decided to communicate with the various Clubs on the subject, and to meet on Tuesday next to receive reports. It was decided to grant the application provided all the members of the Club were amateurs according to the rule of the Association.

YACHTING.

The Prince of Wales' yacht 'Britannia' has won her first two races in the Mediterranean (off Marseilles) this season, Mr A. Barclay Walker's 'Ailsa' being second on each occasion.

TENNIS.

In Picton the Misses Greensill had their usual fortnightly afternoon for tennis on Wednesday last. Play was kept up till almost dark, and the young people hardly liked to stop even then, as, in all probability, it will be the last time for this season they will be able to use the court. Mr Greensill is most enthusiastic, and enjoyed the afternoon as much as the younger ones did. The players were Mr and Miss Greensill, Misses H. C. Seymour (three), Phillpotts, Nora Allen, and Messrs Rutherford, Riddell, J. Greensill, and S. C. Allen. Others present were Mrs J. Greensill, Mrs H. C. Seymour, Mrs Allen, and Misses Allen, E. Greensill, Western, L. Greensill, etc. etc. Everybody will look forward to next season for tennis, though Miss Greensill's winter musical afternoons will be equally appreciated.

CRICKET.

A team of cricketers from the Bay of Islands played a match on the Auckland Domain on Friday against the United. The visitors went to the crease first, but could do nothing with the bowling of Cuff and Stenson. The former secured 5 wickets for 6 runs, and the latter 3 for 6. The innings closed for 12 runs. United scored 95, Stenson being the highest scorer with 23. In their second attempt, the Bay knocked up 56, Willis (15), being the highest scorer. Cuff was again unplayable, and bowled 4 wickets for nil, sending down 10 maidens. Walton 2 for 20, and Stenson 3 for 17, also bowled well. United thus won by an innings and 27 runs.

Looking back on the cricket season just closed, one cannot feel any sort of satisfaction at the advance our cricketers have made in the art. Here and there are players of exceptional brilliancy, and these stand out with the prominence of isolation. I have on a previous occasion noted this, and I am firmly convinced that Auckland will never be noted as a fostering place for aspiring cricketers while the present conditions relative to grounds are in existence. When it is possible to confine matches on the Domain to only four teams, then there will be a chance of the latent superiority of our cricketers asserting itself.

On Saturday the Bay of Islands team played a team from Gordon, the latter scoring 137 in their first attempt. The Bay responded with 80, and the match was decided on the first innings, Gordon winning by 57 runs. For Gordon, Fairburn got 5 wickets for 30, and Kiasling 2 for 13.

That underarm 'sloves'—well pitched and well spun—are not to be despised, even in these days of lightning deliveries and mammoth scores, is proved by the fact that Alec Bannerman secured the bowling average for Paddington this season. To be sure he only captured four wickets at 13 runs apiece, while M. A. Noble, with an average of 13.69 accounted for forty-nine wickets. Noble's club batting average of 68.88 for 10 innings, his intercolonial average of 68.80 for 6 innings, and

his aggregate of 964 runs in intercolonial and premier-ship fixtures, stamp him as having been the finest all-round cricketer in Australia during the season 1896-97.

Big scoring was witnessed in a recent match in Melbourne, between a junior team of the Melbourne Club and a College eleven. The latter kept the wickets for two days, and scored 749 for nine wickets. Stewart contributed 311, and Dinmore 174 towards the total.

A team of the Melbourne Club scored 702 on March 25th and 26th, against a team from the Wimmera district (in Western Victoria). Young T. Trumble scored 157, Blackham 153, and Leith 106 not out. The partnership of Trumble and Blackham carried the score along from 307 for six wickets to 509 for seven. Wimmera only scored 134 and 70.

Against Kew on March 24th, Blackham took seven wickets for 26 runs with underhand slow.

CYCLING.

The Auckland Amateur Athletic Club, at a meeting held on Wednesday evening, decided that the proposal to send Mr E. Reynolds to Scotland, to take part in the World's Cycling Carnival, to be held at Glasgow, in August, must be abandoned. It was argued that Reynolds could not get into form in time, but the real reason was that there was not sufficient time for the A.A.C. to make the necessary financial arrangements. When the project was first discussed, it was thought that a sum of £100 was available in New South Wales, but this amount has been allocated to Goodson, an amateur cyclist of Sydney. The local amateur club donated £50 towards the scheme, but have concluded that the full amount needed (£200) cannot be raised in time. On Thursday morning a wire was received from the Christchurch Cyclists' Alliance, offering £10 towards Mr Reynolds' expenses.

Mr Frank Ross and his sister, Miss Maud Ross, of Wellington, cycled from Christchurch to Akaroa (60 miles) on Saturday week, doing the whole journey in good time, though the roads are not in very good condition, and a hot nor'-wester had to be endured, and which unfortunately lasted throughout the next day for the return journey. The little seaport was much admired, and the trip a very enjoyable one, though there are some stiff hills to negotiate.

The committee of the Blenheim Cycling Club held a meeting last Friday evening, when it was unanimously decided to hold a sports gathering on the Queen's Birthday. A sub-committee was appointed to interview the Rugby Union at the meeting called for Saturday night and arrange about the formation of a bicycle track on the football ground, where it has been decided to hold the sports. The Secretary to the Club was instructed to obtain the services of a surveyor to lay out a 440yds. track as soon as possible. It was decided to hold another meeting on Tuesday night for the purpose of drawing up a programme. There is very little doubt that if the weather is fine there will be a very successful gathering.

B. Goodson, of Queensland, who won the test races held in Sydney last year, and thereby became qualified to represent Australia on English tracks, left for the Old Country on April 5th. If Goodson had not gone to England, it is a certainty that Teddy Reynolds would have been sent.

Melbourne gives another big prize on April 24th, when the Anniversary Wheel race will be decided. The winner receives £200, second man £100, and third £35. In the same week the Druids give £200 for the Druids' Wheel race. There must be a great deal of public support to make the sport profitable when such large figures are maintained, for the bulk of the gate money is made up in shillings.

A correspondent sends me the following:—"A well-known dude cyclist was one night last week riding slowly along an unfrequented street in one of the suburbs, when on passing a lamp-post, he happened to catch sight of a smile on the face of a golden-haired, plump little damsel on the footpath. "Won't you give me a ride?" she asked. The amorous youth was on the ground in an instant, placing his bike at the girl's disposal. "Oh! I didn't mean it seriously," protested the giggling maiden. "I don't think I could ride; and besides, what would people say?" The cyclist explained that he would teach her the art of balancing, and as far as people saying anything, well, they needn't know. "But how can I get my skirts over that bar?" protested the budding cyclist. But she ultimately took the advice of her companion, and raised them "just a little" as she allowed him to lift her on to the saddle. "Are you right?" he asked. "Yes," she replied. "You let me go when I push my foot down," and, as he obeyed, he was surprised to see her pedal along the street in the style of a finished rider. The loving owner of the machine then leaned against the lamp-post to await her return, and after awaiting it for an hour and a quarter he made his way to the local police station, and related his tale of woe. Up to date neither the innocent little damsel nor the bike has been seen in the locality."

Men and Women.

MISS PAULINE WOODWARD is one of the few women who have made a great success of floriculture. Not many years ago she borrowed sufficient money to equip herself for this purpose. She owns a plot of ground near Poughkeepsie, where she raises violets exclusively for a certain New York florist. Her income from the sale of these flowers was £1,600 last year.

Nicola Tesla says that the cause of the curious sunburn effects upon the hands by X-rays is not the rays themselves but the ozone generated by them in contact with the skin. The hands may be protected by immersing them in oil beforehand and thus preventing an access of air.

There are in France 2,150 women authors and journalists, and about 700 women artists. The provinces contribute most of the writers—about two-thirds—while Paris is represented in the same proportion among the artists. Among the writers 1,000 are novelists, 200 are poets, 150 educational writers, and the rest of various kinds. The artists comprise 107 sculptors, and the others are painters, ranging over all branches of the pictorial art.

In England about one in twenty-one of the population have an account in a savings bank; in Wales, one in forty; in Scotland, one in twelve, and in Ireland one in 100. The average amount owing to English depositors is £1 11s 4d; to the Welsh, 18s; to the Scotch, £1 17s 5d; and to the Irish, 7s 10d.

A newly rich American sent this order to a bookseller: 'I have sixty feet of shelving. I want ten feet of poetry, ten feet of history, ten feet of science, ten feet of religion, the same of novels, and fill up the rest with any kind of books.'

The German gentlewoman's accomplishments are of the domestic order; she is the reverse of intellectual, and possesses none of those graces of mind that are feminine accomplishments in the strictest sense of the word.

Jules Verne is at present busy in the execution of a plan to publish a series of stories bearing on different countries. Unlike many authors he thinks of the plot last, letting it form in his mind as he reads up geographical, historical and other books of scientific nature on the part of the world he is going to treat.

One of the Duke of Wellington's postboys has just died at the age of 89 years.

More than thirty members of the Chicago bar are negroes. The first negro to be admitted to the bar in the State of Illinois was Lloyd G. Wheeler, who was admitted in 1869.

There are ten newspaper editors in the House of Commons, six printers, four tailors, three stationers, two butchers, three hotelkeepers, six tenant farmers, one coal merchant and one cab proprietor.

Ruskin has spent in good deeds a fortune of more than £150,000, and his present income depends almost wholly on the royalties of a recent popular edition of his works.

William Waldorf Astor owns 4,000 houses in New York City, and has an income of more than £1,200,000 a year.

An enterprising Scotch minister in Melbourne has arrayed his male choristers in highland dress, while the ladies are attired in the costume of the 'Lady of the Lake.' The hymns are sung to the strains of the bagpipe, and these innovations are so attractive that the church is crowded.

M. Zola is going to keep on trying to get into the French Academy. Perhaps he will break the record of Laujon, the song writer, who was a persistent candidate for half a century, and was finally elected at the age of 82, 'because,' they said, 'he would soon go to heaven, and it was well that he should go thither by way of the academy.'

Waltzes are prohibited at the court of Berlin, as well as at the courts of most of the minor rulers of Germany, and consequently a great sensation has been created among the younger generation of the Teutonic Empire by the announcement that henceforth the ban against the waltz is removed as far as the court of Wurtemberg is concerned. This is due to the influence of the young Queen, a woman of rare beauty, who is passionately fond of dancing, and who has been backed up in the matter by young Princess Pauline, daughter of the King by his first wife, and who, barred from the succession to her father's throne by the Salic law, is destined one of these days to ascend that of Denmark in consequence of her marriage to the eldest son of the Crown Prince of that kingdom. The Queen and the Princess joined in the waltzes at the last court ball at Stuttgart with manifest enjoyment, and hopes are entertained at Berlin that the example thus set will be followed at the court of Emperor William. For the present (says a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*), the polka and a slow sort of galop are the only round dances tolerated there, the waltz having been forbidden ever since one of the young royal Princesses was tripped up by her partner and fell at the very feet of the late Empress Augusta while in the act of waltzing. The Empress, who was a terrible despot on the source of etiquette, could not bear the idea of a dance which could have the effect of placing a Princess of the blood in such an undignified position, and, turning a deaf ear to all arguments to the effect that the mishap was due rather to the awkwardness of the dancers than to the dance itself, vetoed the appearance of the latter henceforth on all programmes of court balls.

WELLINGTON folk have been experiencing the first foretaste of winter, and of necessity been making provision therefor. All the shops are showing new seasonable goods, and the display made by Te Aro House this year is really grand. In every department the latest novelties and designs are to be found in great variety, and at most reasonable prices, and whether ladies visit the millinery, dress, or mantle department they will find this enterprising firm have made ample provision to suit a wide variety of tastes and requirements. Special value is also being offered in the ladies' underclothing and glove department. In both ladies and gentlemen's waterproofs the new season's goods offer a grand selection; whilst the range of new season's suitings and West of England goods are exceptionally good. The capabilities of Te Aro House modiste and cutter are of a very high order indeed—a fact fully recognised by their ever extending list of town and country clients. To those living at a distance Te Aro House are always ready to forward patterns, prices, and every information necessary for the transaction of business by post.

The other day an old gentleman was crossing the road when a youthful cyclist ran into and nearly upset him, and came off his machine himself. The old gentleman was vigorous despite his years, and he promptly grabbed the cyclist by the ear. 'Confound you,' he exclaimed; 'I've a great mind to take you across my knee and give you a jolly good spanking.' But, despite his words, he did, as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind. He just held the cyclist for a moment, and then let him go again. 'Why didn't you spank him?' said a bystander. 'Well,' said the old man, 'I was just a little afraid that perhaps it was a girl.'

WHY SUFFER LONGER WITH THAT COLD, COUGH, SORE THROAT?

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

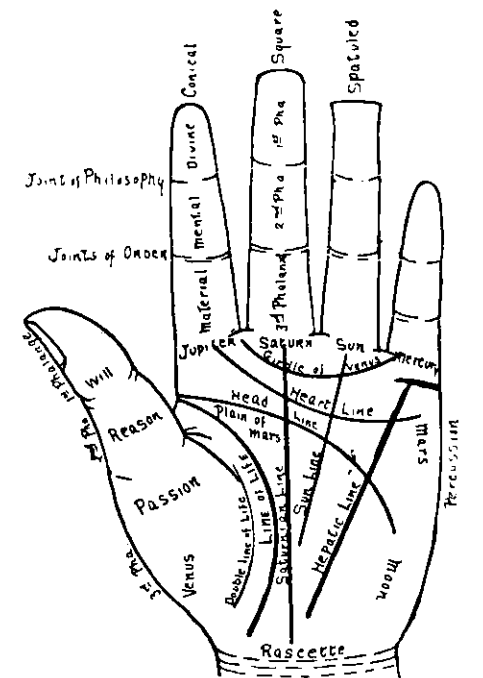
Has a record of nearly 60 years in curing affections of the Throat and Lungs, Colds, Coughs, La Grippe, and Pneumonia. Pleasant to take, sure to cure.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Gold Medals at the World's Great Expositions. Accept no Cheap and Worthless Substitute.

CHIROMANCY, OR THE SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

THERE has been so much interest taken in the Graphology Column, that it has been decided to start a 'Chiromancy' Column, under the able guidance of Madame Vero. This lady has devoted a great deal of time and thought to this very interesting subject, and has thoroughly studied it in all its branches. Her 'readings' have been extraordinarily successful, and **THE GRAPHIC** is fortunate in securing her services. A sketch of a hand with all its lines given, as a guide to those wishing their hands to be read. No one has all the lines indicated on the specimen hand, but some few of them will be found on each hand. The following suggestions will help in drawing the hand:—



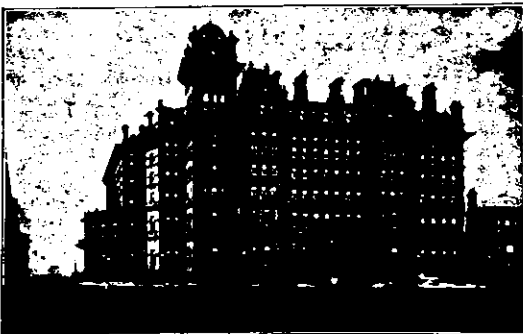
Lay your hand, palm downwards, on a piece of clean white paper, the fingers as far apart as they will comfortably go. Then with a pencil trace all round it. Next hold it up against the window, and reverse it so that it will appear with the palm uppermost, as in the sketch. Then ink it carefully all round, taking pains to have the fingers the exact length. In the first sketch indicate the joints as you come to them by dots; this makes it much easier to get the correct distances when filling in the lines. Draw all the lines you see, as far as possible at correct distances from each other. Put no names in. Then send your hand with two shillings in stamps, to

MADAME VERO, care of the Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland.

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SOME
VERY SEASONABLE
GOODS



FOR
COLD WEATHER
WEAR.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER UNDERCLOTHING

Is now being shown in immense quantities, in unrivalled variety, and at wonderfully low prices, by

JAMES SMITH & CO.,
TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

FLANNELETTE UNDERCLOTHING

Was never presented in such wonderful assortment as on this occasion. All qualities are there, some beautifully trimmed and perfectly finished garments being included. The prices are unusually low, the value in all cases being wonderful.

CHEMISES, from 1/6; KNICKERS, from 1/6; NIGHTDRESSES, from 2/11.

WHITE UNDERCLOTHING.

In addition to the ordinary stock, which comprises a rare selection of all garments in every quality up to the finest and most delicately trimmed, there has been imported this season a Special Job Line of strong, well-finished Garments which will be sold much below ordinary prices.

CHEMISES, from 1/6; KNICKERS, from 1/6; NIGHTDRESSES, from 1/11.

LADIES' WOOL AND MERINO UNDERCLOTHING.

Merino Combinations, from 3s 11d.

Wool and Merino Vests, 1s to 7s 6d.

CORSETS IN ALL THE BEST MAKES.

"CARMENIA" CORSETS, in fawn, very well made and durable .. 3s 11d
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"TALCONIA" CORSETS, in grey, long-waisted, beautifully finished 4s 9d
"P.D." CORSETS, and all favourite makes in immense variety 6s 11d to 25s.

A Special Line has been Imported of

LADIES' CORSETS, in small sizes, really wonderful value at 1s 11d per pair.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY

Is shown in enormous quantities, all lines being sent out to special orders sent home. The most reliable makes, which have been tested by experience, are now stocked in all sizes. The most durable Stockings for Boys' wear have been imported, and a charming assortment is shown of Fancy Hose for Ladies' Wear.

LADIES' PLAIN AND RIBBED BLACK CASHMERE HOSE 1s to 3s 6d
LADIES' RIBBED BLACK CASHMERE HOSE, with seamless feet (special) .. 1s 6d
LADIES' TAN AND BLACK EMBROIDERED CASHMERE HOSE 1s 6d
LADIES' BLACK EMBROIDERED LACE HOSE, lovely goods .. 2s 3d

GIRLS' PLAIN AND RIBBED BLACK CASHMERE HOSE, "MABEL," "EDITH," and all best makes.
BOYS' EVERLASTING STOCKINGS, "DREADNOUGHT," "ETON" AND KAIAPOI KNIT.
CHILDREN'S SOX AND 1/2-HOSE, in black, white and tan—all qualities.
CHILDREN'S GAITERS, in cloth, corduroy, lambskin and wool—fine assortment

In the Ladies' Glove Department

The stock is replete with all the novelties of the season. Messrs Dents' famous Gloves are kept in constant supply, and the well-known French and English Makes of the utmost reliability may always be obtained. A Specialty is being made this season of the

TE ARO HOUSE HALF-CROWN GLOVE,

Which can truthfully be described as presenting the best value ever offered in this colony. This Glove is the "CLIMAX," tan or brown kid, with four buttons. It is a beautifully finished, beautifully fitting, and most durable Glove, for which 3s 6d would readily be paid in the ordinary way. At half-a-crown it is a real bargain.

JAMES SMITH & CO., TE ARO HOUSE,
WELLINGTON.



A CONVICT in Sing Sing Prison, New York, is now engaged in constructing what is claimed to be the largest church organ of the reed type yet known. It will contain (says the *New York Times*) sixty-eight notes more than the largest standard reed organ of which there is any record. The instrument was designed expressly for one of the chapels in the new administration building, and its designer's plans and elaborate music scheme have been examined and approved by some of the best organ-makers in the country. The designer and builder of the organ is an intelligent young German, who, after mastering his trade of organ-building, got into bad habits, committed a felony, and is now serving a few years' term in the State Prison. Warden Sage learned of the young convict's capabilities through some drawings which he made, and, finding him competent and eager to ply his trade, fitted up a small room for his use, provided the necessary materials, and set him to work. This employment caused a visible change in the demeanour of the man. Naturally frank and free from viciousness, the moment he found he was trusted with the responsibility of an important piece of work the chronic sullenness of prison life left him. He is now working zealously; his artistic pride is aroused and he proposes making two first-class organs—the larger one for the Roman Catholic Chapel, and the smaller one for the Protestant Chapel.

That 'example is better than precept' is nowhere better exemplified than in learning to sing. The intelligent student will gain much more from hearing good music well sung than from the lessons of a teacher with a system of his own, and a contempt for that of every one else, which is the rule with most 'voice builders.' Lately there have been many opportunities for students to study the effects of years of labour and application, added to the gifts of nature, and resulting in such artists as Yaw, Nordica, Scalchi, and Trebelli. Money expended in hearing these artists is well spent, and if the only lesson learned is to appreciate the smooth, clear note as opposed to the 'wabble,' then, indeed, the teaching has not been in vain. J. D. Mehan, in answer to a question, says: 'No, the vibrato is not a pet of mine. The habitual employment of this infirmity should be firmly discountenanced, no matter who the offender happens to be. The fad is not musical, neither is it musically nor artistic. Mr Charles B. Stevens, of Detroit, wittingly alludes to it as "cluster singing," as though one individual were trying to make an ensemble of himself.'

M. Gaston, Paris, of the Academie Francaise, has struck a deadly blow against Germany in declaring that many of Wagner's plots are not German. 'Tannhauser' is an Italian legend of the fourteenth century, 'Lohengrin' is French, while 'Parsifal' and 'Tristan' are Celtic tales from the King Arthur cycle. Max Nordau calls attention to this fact in his 'Degeneration.'

The most gigantic harp ever constructed was made in Switzerland in 1787. This colossal musical instrument was 320 feet in length and on that account was constructed in an open lot instead of in a harp factory. It was most simple in construction, consisting of fifteen wires strung tightly between two poles. These wires were of different sizes, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in diameter, and the smallest one-twelfth. This queer instrument was made for the purpose of foretelling changes in the weather, which were calculated by Professor Veritan, the inventor, according to the different tones the instrument made when the wind was blowing through it.

The death is announced from London from pneumonia, at the age of 43, of the well-known stage manager, Mr Charles Harris. The deceased was a younger brother of the late Sir Augustus Harris, and has been known for the past twenty years as one of the best stage managers in London. The public is familiar with his many triumphs in the mounting of operas and plays at the principal theatres.

The National Opera House in Paris is given free to its managers, and they receive in addition a subsidy of £32,000. But the management gave only one absolute novelty last year, although it is said that they are required by their contract to produce every year three new works by French composers. The new opera sung was 'Helle' by Duvernoy. The work was not a great success. At the Opera Comique, in Paris, which is generally a much more progressive theatre, two new operas were sung. This theatre is likewise given rent free to the manager, who receives a subsidy as well.

The *Gazette Musicale* of Milan reminds its readers that some time ago the 'Barbieri' was performed at various places in Italy with all the parts sustained by women. The director of an opera house in Buenos Ayres has, it seems, reached a still lower depth by giving the second act of the same opera with the male characters impersonated by women, and the female parts by men.

Here are some of the eccentricities of famous musicians: Gosnod declared that his finest inspirations came while he was having a quiet game of cards—'Patience' for choice. Sir Arthur Sullivan finds his ideas flow most freely in a railway carriage, the rapid motion and the clanging and whirring noise exciting his imagination and supplying material for a host of harmonies. Gluck so loved beautiful surroundings that he used to have his piano moved into a lovely field when he felt the fire of his genius burn, and there, amid scenery which delighted his eyes, and with a bottle of champagne at his right hand and one at his left, poured out his soul in harmony. Beethoven was a slave to two habits—that of moving his lodgings and that of walking. Scarcely was he settled in a new lodging than he became dissatisfied and began looking for another. Mendelssohn was like a child in his love for pastry. He could never resist it, especially cherry pie, and it always disagreed with him. Rossini was one of the most indolent of men. On the very day the opera 'Gazza Ladra' was to be produced not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene-shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the window to copyists beneath. Verdi, the veteran composer, is a great lover of horses; his stables near Genoa contain some of the finest horse flesh in Italy. His equine friends are his hobby, and he cares as much for them as for music. Haydn always dressed in his best clothes when he wished to compose, had his hair freshly powdered, and put on his finger a ring given him by Frederick II, without which, he used to declare, he had not an idea in his head.

The Wellington Orchestral Society gave the third concert of their seventh season in the Theatre Royal on Tuesday last. Taking it as a whole the concert was very good, though in parts the orchestra showed a want of rehearsal. The violin solo played by Herr Clemens Lehmann with orchestral accompaniment was excellent, the soloist proving himself to be a thorough master of the instrument. In the Cantabile for violincello and orchestra, the solo part was taken by Mr S. R. Kennedy. The only vocal soloist was Mr R. S. Gibson, who sang 'Stars of the Summer Night' (B. Tours) and 'Across the Minster' exceedingly well, the latter being enthusiastically encored.

BEER-DRINKING JUNKET.

No one but a German would ever have originated the idea of such a pilgrimage as is about to be undertaken by a band of beer-drinkers of Berlin. It will certainly be the most novel kind of pilgrimage ever organised. Under the patronage of St. Gumbrius these pious votaries will set forth to visit all the great brewing centres of Germany, from Munich to Pilsen. It is proposed in the space of one short week to halt at Nuremberg, Dresden, Leipzig, Culmbach, and as many more towns as possible on the way where the cult of malt and hops flourishes in all its pride. The work of the pilgrims is therefore cut out for them, and though there will be many nights of 'bier koenigs' among them, not a few may be expected to fall by the wayside. This, indeed, is the principal fear which haunts the minds of the promoters of this unique pilgrimage—that the zeal of their followers may overmaster their prudence. For this reason there has been appended to the programme, which has already appeared, a warning, in type bigger and blacker than the rest, to the effect that the eyes of the empire will be upon them, and that it is hoped they will bear themselves in a manner worthy of citizens who hail from the imperial capital.

It is said that these novel pilgrimages will have the blessing and sanction of Prince Bismarck himself, and there are deep regrets that old age and failing health will prevent him from heading the procession, as he certainly would have loved to do in the days of his prime.

What particular object these beer-loving Berliners have in view, except that of not knowing their thirst for a whole week, is hard to discover. They doubtless are able to give the best reasons to their families, however, for their projected pilgrimage. 'A pilgrimage, indeed, without some good reason or sanction back of it would be no pilgrimage at all,' once said Geoffrey of Monmouth, an old English chronicler. According to him, it was no end of a joke to go on a pilgrimage, for everybody was witty and had something screamingly funny to tell to keep the spirits up.

'YALUMBA' VINEYARDS, Angaston, South Australia. The wines from these vineyards are celebrated for purity and delicacy of flavour. Have secured gold medals at *Bordeaux, Melbourne, Calcutta*, and numerous prizes at Dundee and Tasmanian Exhibitions. Claret, Rich Constantia, Red Frontignan, Muscat, Special Old Port (80 vintage), etc. Obtainable from leading Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all first-class hotels.—S. SMITH AND SON, Proprietors. (Adv't.)

OPERA HOUSE.
Lances and Manager..... MR JAMES BELL.
TON-NIGHT! TON-NIGHT!
and every evening this week.
ADA DELROY COMPANY.
A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS.
Cher upon cher created Miss Delroy's original Creation, the
COBRA DI CARABELLO DANCE.
MADAME BELL, THE WHITE MAHATMA.
Caused a feeling of awe and bewilderment in her
WEIRD DREAM VISIONS.
Season positively terminates on
SATURDAY, APRIL 24th.
Frequent change of programme.
Admission—Dress Circle and Orchestral Stalls, 3s; Stalls, 2s
6d; 1s.
Early Door open at 7 o'clock at 6d extra. Ordinary Doors, 7:30
Carriages at 10:40 p.m. **JAMES MORGAN, Advance Manager.**

Plays and Players



MISS ADA DELROY.

THE large promise of entertainment which the Ada Delroy Company held out to Auckland lovers of 'variety' was fulfilled to the satisfaction of crowded houses on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday last; and so far as one can judge there is no reason why the popularity of the Company should wane. The show is a particularly bright combination of amusements and in its lightest moods is characterised by a modesty that should commend it to every one. The skirt dancing by Miss Delroy is very charming indeed, the skilful manner in which the young lady manipulates her wide silken draperies being very remarkable indeed. Under the coloured lights and against the black hangings of the stage her graceful moving figure is a vision of loveliness. Mr Teddy Ford provokes shrieks of laughter by his facial contortions, and Mr Bell was just as happy in his 'Sene-gambian Oddities.' The singing is good and the farcical pieces better still, and the whole performance winds up with an exhibition of so-called thought-reading, which, whether a clever bit of trickery, or as some may prefer to believe, the result of clairvoyancy, is very interesting and very bewildering. The Company continues to occupy the Opera House all this week.

THE GREENWOODS.

An enormous audience greeted the appearance of the Greenwood Family in the Auckland City Hall on Easter Monday evening. Long before the curtain rose the building was packed from floor to ceiling, and scores were unable to obtain admission. This was the more remarkable when it is considered that there were three large rival entertainments going on at the same time. The programme opened with 'Barbara,' in which Miss Maribel Greenwood took the title rôle; Miss Agatha the part of Lillie, Mr J. Linden that of Cecil, and Mr Walter Steins that of Finnian. The piece was cleverly played, and at its conclusion Miss Maribel gave the grand scena from Wallace's 'Lurline.' The crowning success of the evening, however, was the burlesque of 'Romeo and Juliet,' a beautiful and extremely amusing extravaganza. The chief characters in the cast were Miss Agatha Greenwood, Romeo; Miss Roberts Greenwood, Mercutio; Miss Nora Greenwood, Juliet; Mr Robin Hay, Capulet; Miss F. Maxwell, Paris; Mr A. Carrington, Tybalt; Mr Walter Steins, the Apothecary; Mr G. Linden, Friar Laurence; Miss M. Brierley, the fat boy; Miss Eagleson, Lady Capulet; and Mr J. Collins, the nurse. The young ladies, whether as boys or girls, looked particularly charming in their elaborate costumes, and played their respective parts very gracefully. Mr Collins as the nurse was a pronounced success.

Etelka Gerster, the noted prima donna, has just opened a school for singing in Berlin.

Olga Nethersole will, next spring in London, marry a certain Dr. Oliver of the English East India service.

Three versions of Marie Corelli's novel, 'The Sorrows of Satan,' have been put on the stage in England, and none seems to have been received with any especial favour.

Hermann Sudermann is writing two new plays. One, called 'The Three Heron Feathers,' has its scene laid in his native country, East Prussia. The other is a Biblical drama called 'Johanna.'

Emille Moreau, who is said to have written more of 'Mme. Sans Gene' than Victorien Sardou did, has written a play in which Jane Harding will appear at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. It is called 'The Accursed Mountain.'

Arthur Pinero's new play will be called 'The Princess and the Butterfly or the Fantastica.' It will be given by George Alexander at the St. James Theatre when he is ready for a new play. It is described as a comedy by the author.

'John Gabriel Borkman,' Ibsen's latest play, fell flat at the first performance in Christiania, the stage management, which Ibsen had taken into his own hands, being particularly bad. This fact is explained by the statement that the author is too silent and too polite to manage the actresses.

Probably no young actor of these times labours under more disadvantages than Joseph Holland. He is as bald, and he is as deaf as the axiomatic door post. During rehearsals he learns by counting numerals exactly how long each actor requires to finish a speech. Thus, by counting fifty at one time, ten at another, one hundred at a third, and so on, Mr Holland knows exactly when his own turn for speaking arrives. The actor has carried his system of numerals to such perfection that he has never been known to speak too soon or too late in the play.

'What will happen next?' is the question which the theatrical managers and the theatre-going public of Paris are asking just now. And no wonder, for verily some strange sights have been seen on the French stage of late. Psychological plays are no longer a novelty, and M. Sardou has shown how the theatre can be made an effective instrument in the work of popularising the doctrines of spiritualism. Now, however, the theatre is to undergo a still greater metamorphosis, or, rather, one theatre is to be used for a purpose which is strikingly novel and which smacks of the old days when mystery and miracle plays were in fashion.

A Christian theatre is to be established in Paris. This is the news in the French theatrical world. It will be erected in the *faubourg Poissonnerie*, and will be known as the Theatre Corneille, this name being chosen because Corneille was not only a great dramatist but also a devout Christian, as can be seen from the many pious utterances in his plays, as well in 'The Cid' as in 'Polyeucte.'

The theatre will be directed by Mme. Nancy-Vernet, and will have as patrons the following well-known persons:—Urbain Coheir, editor of *Le Soleil*; De la Tourrasse, editor of *La France Nouvelle*; De Merolles, president of the Society of Christian Publicists; Albert Monnoit, secretary of the *Libre Parole* newspaper; Nemours Godré, editor of *La Verité*; Edmond Turquet, formerly Under Secretary of State, and Charles Vincent, editor of *La Gazette de France*.

The theatre will open with Rostron's play entitled 'Saint Genest,' and this will be followed by several new plays, all of a strictly moral and religious tendency. Carefully selected plays will also be performed from the works of Corneille, Racine and Alfred de Vigny.

The news that this novel theatre is to be established has given rise to a lively discussion in the French press. Thus *La Libre Parole* says:—'The Catholics of France will at last have a theatre in which they will run no risk of hearing their faith insulted or of seeing the professors and ministers of that faith turned into ridicule.'

Le Gaulois looks at the matter from a practical point and simply asks, 'Will this new theatre succeed?' Then in reply it makes some suggestions. 'The people,' it says, 'may flock to see a play on spiritualism, but that is no proof of their willingness to support a Christian theatre. Still, they might like to see such religious plays as their forefathers delighted in, especially plays based on the picturesque traditions of religion. Again,

the "Passion" of Oberammergau would be quite as successful in Paris as it is in Bavaria. M. Bouchor played for some time in a mystery of this kind in a small Parisian theatre, and for a long time drew immense crowds.'

But then Le Gaulois naturally points out that if plays of this kind once become thoroughly popular any manager would be glad to produce them, and, consequently, there would be no logical reason for the existence of an exclusively Christian theatre. If one can see a Christian play at any theatre, why go out of one's way in order to see a similar play at a Christian theatre?

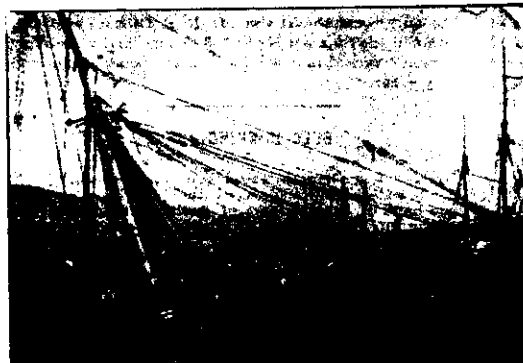
'And we have to-day,' says Le Gaulois, in conclusion, 'a theatre in which we can see the most sublime and touching sights of Christian art. This theatre is the Church. There the people can see the King of Kings and the Court of Heaven, with all its pomp and all its ceremony. Golden copes, silken garments, flowers, marbles and lights are there to gladden the eyes and soothe the heart, and while the incense floats toward the many coloured windows, on which are pictured images of the Holy Family and of the saints, the ears are charmed by sounds of music, whose sole aim is to fill the soul with the highest conceptions of love and duty.'

Time alone can tell whether this Christian theatre will be a success or not. That the utmost will be done to make it a success is certain.

Mr Geach, agent for Carl Hertz, was fined 5s and costs in the Christchurch S.M. Court for allowing the Theatre Royal to be overcrowded. Hertz continues to do splendid business in the South.

THE BARQUE 'COROMANDEL'

THE barque 'Coromandel,' of which a photo is reproduced, has now been lying in Wellington Harbour for more than a year. The trouble began at Greymouth, where she went ashore while being towed out of port coal-laden. The vessel was got off and taken up to Wellington, but while lying alongside the wharf she capsized and turned right over, only the bottom of the hull appearing above the water. Several efforts have, from time to time, been made to raise her by pumping the water out of the interior of the vessel, but the operations have hitherto been frustrated by the deck planking giving way under the pressure. She was



BARQUE 'COROMANDEL' AS SHE LIES AT WELLINGTON HARBOUR.

turned right side up, and more than once was almost out of the water, when something would give way and the vessel sank again. The most recent attempt was made about a week ago, but it proved no more successful than the previous ones. Altogether it seems as if the unlucky barque is destined to remain in its present peculiar position for some time to come.

WHAT MECHANISM WILL DO.

WITH the assistance of the latest machines a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three people and through fifteen machines.

OBITUARY.

GR^{EAT} sympathy is expressed for Mr and Mrs William Sinclair in their sad bereavement.

Their little daughter, Sibyl Geraldine, who was taken suddenly ill at her parents' residence, Lichfield-street, Blenheim, last Friday, expired on Sunday morning. She was a beautiful healthy child, of a little over a year, and her death was due to convulsions caused by dentition.

A very well-known figure will be missed from Christchurch in the death of Mr Samuel Smart, the great asphalt contractor. He arrived in the colony in 1859. He was a builder by trade, and almost his first work was the construction of the Government wharf, Lyttelton. After a few years he introduced asphalt, his first contract being to asphalt all the footpaths in Lyttelton. About 1870 he went to Wellington and did successful work there for several years. Returning to Christchurch, he took a large contract of between £12,000 and £13,000 to asphalt all the footpaths not already done in the city, after the completion of which a further one to keep them in repair for seven years. He has served on various road boards, and quietly helped in many ways as a good citizen, and he will be much missed. He leaves two sons and four daughters, his wife having died about two years ago.



SOCIETY *ON* DITS.

THAT owing to the wet and stormy weather, Good Friday was more quietly observed than usual by the majority of pleasure-seeking colonials.

That the enormous traffic across the Pahiatua range this season is shown by the fact that a Sunday or two ago, 37,000 sheep arrived in Palmerston from Hawke's Bay en route to Waitotara. These all travelled across the range, followed by as large a number bound for Palmerston itself.

That Mr J. J. Dixon was amongst the first to commence the shooting season.

That Mr Charles Taylor, with his wife and little son, paid a flying Easter visit to Mount Albert from Te Awamutu. Mrs Taylor and Master Guy will remain until May.

That as all the Picton people intend spending Easter Monday on the beach and zig-zag, strangers will have the town to themselves.

That Mrs E. P. Houghton, of Dunedin, has been the guest of Mrs Garrard (Merivale), for a week or two, and joined the ranks of cyclists during her stay. She was in town wearing a very pretty navy costume with fawn vest edged with military braid, fawn toque trimmed with black velvet and crimson braid.

That another mysterious attempt at fire-raising occurred in Picton last week. The Anglican Sunday-school was found on fire at 10.30 on Wednesday night. It had not been used since the Sunday previous, and some timber stacked in it for use of the new building had been carefully removed. Fortunately the Vicar, returning home from a friend's house, saw the fire, and calling assistance, put it out, otherwise an unpleasant suspicion would have rested on the trustees, as the building was insured for £100, and was to be pulled down.

That a ball will be given by the Marlborough Tennis Club, Blenheim, on April 30th.

That some Picton larrikins lately robbed an orchard and afterwards stuck up a notice board with the following legend inscribed in good round text 'Help yourself to fruit!'

That in anticipation of the arrival of Butler in the s.s. 'Mariposa,' a newspaper artist and four press representatives, all attached to Sydney papers, came to Auckland in the 'Alameda' to await the incoming mailboat and travel with her back to Australia. A second artist, also representing a Sydney journal, has been here for the past week, part of his mission being to voyage with the noted criminal.

That Mr E. N. Hoyte, traveller for Messrs Sharland and Co., Auckland, was on the eve of his approaching marriage, presented by Mr H. E. May, chairman, on behalf of the directors, with a handsome silver cigar case, accompanied by a cheque. Miss Carter, for several years in charge of the patent medicine department, and who is leaving with the intention of being married, was also the recipient of a suitable present.

FOR CARDS, CIRCULARS, BALL & CONCERT PROGRAMMES, MENUS, WEDDING, MOVING & VISITING CARDS.

SEND ORDERS TO—

MANAGER, GRAPHIC OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

SORE THROATS.
 "You cannot do better than gargle with
CONDY'S FLUID."
Sir Merrill Mackenzie, M.D., Late Physician Throat Hospital, London.
 SOLD EVERYWHERE.
 Condy & Mitchell, of London, are the sole manufacturers.

Personal Paragraphs.

LORD RANFURLEY, the new Governor of New Zealand, sails for that colony in June.

THE Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, will pay a visit to Gisborne shortly after Easter.

A GOLD sovereign case was presented to Mr S. L. Partridge, who has been connected with the firm of Bing, Harris, and Co., of Wellington, for the past nine years, on the occasion of his leaving the firm to join that of Messrs Sargood, Son, and Ewen.

It is pleasant to learn that Dr. Scott, of Onehunga, is making a good recovery from his recent serious illness.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Wilson, of Melanesia, arrived in Auckland from Norfolk Island last week by the mission yacht 'Southern Cross.'

THREE Canterbury ladies—Misses Newton (of Lyttelton) and Miss Gardiner (of Christchurch)—have gone to Melbourne to undergo a special training for Indian mission work.

A GENEROUS gift towards the proposed Auckland commemoration of the Record Reign by the establishment of a Children's Hospital has reached the Mayor. Mrs Ellen Browning has sent him a cheque for £50 for this purpose.

MISS E. M. DAVIES, who recently resigned from the staff of the Clyde Quay school, Wellington, and is shortly to be married, was the recipient of handsome presents from the school committee and the teachers and scholars.

CAPTAIN F. AMODRO left Auckland for Sydney last week.

CAPTAIN C. G. SMITH is now in command of the Union Company's steamer 'Poherna,' vice Captain J. Abram, who has been transferred to the new steamer 'Hawea.'

In order to cope with the immense demand for Government billets an order has been issued making five feet two inches the minimum height for lady clerks in the Post Office.

PARLIAMENT has been prorogued, and the members are returning home. Sir G. M. O'Rorke and the Hon. McCullough and Swanson arrived in Auckland early last week.

AN Australian poet, Mr Henry Lawson, is coming to live in New Zealand. He says he likes this colony better than all others.

DR. SHARMAN, of Auckland, met with a buggy accident last week. The horse bolted in Symond-street, the driver being thrown out, and the vehicle smashed to pieces.

MR JAMES MILLS, Managing Director of the Union Steamship Company, who has been on a business trip to Australia, arrived from Melbourne at the Bluff yesterday by the 'Talune.'

MR WALTER WRIGHT, the well-known Auckland artist, has returned to that city after an absence of two or three years in England.

A PRESENTATION was made in Wellington to Mr W. T. Dodds, who has for a considerable number of years filled the position of inspector of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited. Mr Dodds' connection with the Company extends over a period of more than 20 years, and the high esteem in which he is held by the staff was manifested when he was the recipient of an address signed by the branch managers throughout New Zealand. Accompanying this document was a draft (subscribed by all the members of the New Zealand staff) with which Mr Dodds was requested to purchase in London a memento suitable to the occasion and to his own taste. Mr Dodds has gone to England via Australia.

MR J. C. FIRTH, of Auckland, has gone to Napier.

A YOUNG boy named Macken, son of Mr F. W. Macken, broke his left arm a few days ago through a fall from a pony in the Whanauki School-ground.

MR S. LUKE has been elected Chairman of the Board of Education, Auckland.

THE many friends of Captain Bongard of the Melanesian steamer 'Southern Cross' will be grieved to hear of his serious illness. He was suffering from fever and ague a year ago, and though he voyaged to the Islands, his health was far from satisfactory. In fact, on reaching Norfolk Island, Bishop Wilson decided that as Captain Bongard was so ill, it was better to return at once to Auckland, which was accordingly done.

THE Hon. W. J. M. Larnach is to represent New Zealand at the Brisbane Exhibition, opening in May. Mr Meadows, who is his secretary, leaves for Sydney in a few days.

MRS DAVID ROBERTSON, of Auckland, and her daughter met with an unpleasant accident in Symonds-street last week. They were driving in their dog-cart, when the horse bolted. Both ladies were thrown out. Mrs Robertson, who sustained concussion of the brain,

was carried into Dr. Sharman's residence, and is now nearly recovered. Miss Robertson escaped with a few facial scratches.

THE Earl of Dunmore has left Sydney for New Caledonia. His tour comprises Australasia.

MR ALFRED H. WHITE, of Auckland, is now in the office of Messrs John Chambers and Son.

THE land purchaser for the Public Works Department, Mr H. Thompson, has gone to Whangarei. His business there is in connection with a portion of the Whakapara section of railway. He has just returned from Paeroa and Te Aroha.

MRS CARL SCHREFF was, unfortunately, unable to be present at her niece's wedding in Auckland last week, as she was ill at Waiwera.

THE Misses Bowers, of Onehunga, had a narrow escape on Wednesday night, taking refuge in the tower of the firebell only just in time to avoid the furious onslaught of a wild bullcock just landed by the 'Gatloch.' The animal slipped on the pavement or it would have gored them.

THE Hon. R. J. Seddon left Auckland last Saturday by the mail steamer 'Alameda' on his voyage to England, via 'Frisco,' to represent New Zealand in the forthcoming Record Reign Celebrations. He was accompanied by Mrs Seddon, two daughters, and Mr Crow. A number of friends accompanied the party as far as Auckland to farewell them. Amongst them were Miss May Seddon, Masters Seddon (two), Mrs and Miss Crow (Dunedin), Mesdames Wilson and Schoch (Wellington Women's Political League), Kennedy, McDonald (Wellington), Brown (Dunedin), the Hon. W. J. and Mrs Larnach, Mr Geo. Fisher, M.H.R., and Mrs Fisher, Mr and Mrs T. Hamer, etc. As was anticipated, quite a large crowd gathered on the wharf to witness the 'Alameda's' departure, and bid her voyage to the Premier's party.

THE 'Tutanekai' (Government steamer) arrived at the Mannkan at 6.30, on Saturday morning, despite the gale of Friday night. To do due honour to the Premier, a special train at 7.45. met the party and conveyed them to Auckland.

Mrs Sprott's many friends both in the North and in Wellington will be pleased to hear that she has greatly benefited by her Australian trip, and continues to keep very well.

MRS PILLING passed through Hamilton last week en route for Auckland, where she intends spending some days.

DR. FITCHETT, Crown Law adviser and draughtsman, is paying a short visit to Auckland. He accompanied the Premier from Wellington in the 'Tutanekai.'

MRS R. M. MACDONALD, Christchurch, has decided not to accompany her husband Home, as his trip is purely a business one, consequently very hurried.

MRS M. MCCALLUM (North Shore) and Miss Moses (Auckland) are on a visit to Mrs C. A. Davis, 'Silverdale,' Hamilton.

MRS JACK SHARP (Nelson) has gone to Kaikoura to see her mother, Mrs A. Collins, who is seriously ill.

CAPTAIN AND MRS HUMPHRIES (Hutt) and their little boy leave for a trip to England as soon as Mrs Humphries' health will allow. Her many Wellington friends hope to soon see her better.

By the 'Penguin' last Tuesday night quite a detachment of Christchurch citizens left to join the 'Tongariro,' which left Wellington on the 15th—Captain McClatchie, Mr George McClatchie and the Misses McClatchie (two), Mrs Peter Cunningham, Mr and Mrs F. Waymouth, and Miss Lewin.

THE 'Lizard' arrived in Picton on Sunday night, but left again early on Tuesday morning. It was hoped she would remain till after the regatta, as an application had been sent in to the authorities for the presence of a war ship in the port.

MRS LESLIE (Motueka) has been staying with Mrs Greenfield, Maxwell Road, Blenheim, and intends to leave for Nelson on Wednesday, accompanied by her daughter, Ruby, who has spent some weeks here, partly with Mrs Duckyworth, and partly with Mrs Greenfield, and whose sojourn in the Wairau has greatly benefited her health.

MRS JOHN WILLIAMS and her daughters (Christchurch) leave shortly, and have left their residence, 'Laumae' to Mr and Mrs Alex. Boyle.

MRS ABBOTT (Wellington) is going for a trip to the Hot Lakes for the benefit of her health.

MRS TAYLOR (Gisborne) is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs Alfred Carter, Charles-street, Blenheim.

MRS ANSENNE, who has been staying for a couple of months with her sister, Mrs Spodgrass, at the Bank of New Zealand, left for her home in Auckland last Thursday.

ON Sunday the Hon. T. Thompson entertained a number of those who had journeyed from the South to Auckland to bid farewell to the Premier and party for Home. Amongst those were: Miss May Seddon, the Masters Seddon (two), Mrs and Miss Crow, and Mrs Brown (Dunedin), Mesdames Wilson, Schoch, and Kennedy McDonald (Wellington), Hendre (Auckland Tailor-esses' Union), Keats (Democratic Union) Rule (Liberal League), Weiss, Dobbie, etc. The party was driven to

Otahuhu, where a warm welcome was extended by Miss signor Walter McDonald. Mr Thompson's hospitality was greatly appreciated.

MR AND MRS ALFRED OTTERSON (Christchurch) left last week for Sydney, from whence they journey to England, and I hear they intend being away about two years this time.

THE Rev. W. Beatty, M.A., vicar of St Mark's Church, Remuera, Auckland, was on the morning of Easter Day the recipient of an envelope containing 50 guineas. It was placed on his breakfast table as an Easter offering from St. Mark's parishioners.

GREAT preparations are being made for the Picton Rowing Club's social to take place on Easter Monday. More enthusiasm is being displayed in the affair than has been the case for some years past.

THE Bishop of Wellington (Dr. Wallis), accompanied by Mrs Wallis, was a passenger by the outgoing San Francisco mail steamer. The Bishop of Melanesia remained in Auckland till Monday, when he was present at a farewell early communion service at St. Sepulchre's prior to leaving for the islands. He preached at Epiphany Church on Easter Sunday morning, and at St. Sepulchre's in the evening.

MISS FRASER-TYTLER, Christchurch, is to be seen on her wheel making the acquaintance of the lanes and roads about her new home, Merivale. General Sir Fraser-Tytler is also a wheelman, I hear.

MISS CARRIE WALNUTT returned to Hamilton last week from a visit to Raglan.

MRS AND MISS MARTIN, of Mount Albert, Miss Secombe and party, of Auckland, spent Easter week at Waiwera.

MRS W. MACGREGOR HAY is at present on a visit to Mrs Hume, Hamilton.

COUNT AND COUNTESS OF VANDERVELDE (née Miss Nicholson) are going to Fiji.

MISS AND MR RAVNOR (Stoke) have just accomplished another long bicycle ride, this time to Westport and back.

MRS H. C. SEYMOUR and the Misses K. and I. Seymour have gone to Tynesfield for a few days, but will return to Picton for Easter.

THE Hon J. McKenzie has taken Mrs Abbott's house in Hill-street, Wellington, for the winter.

MR AND MRS RICHARDSON and the Seymour crew have taken a furnished house in Picton for a week, so that the crew may train on the course.

MISS MURISON, who has been the guest of Mrs H. Elliott, Wellington, for some months, left for her home in Danedin last week. Before her departure Mrs Elliott gave a very enjoyable euchre party as a farewell.

MISS WVLDE-BROWNE returned to Auckland on Wednesday last from Hamilton.

MR W. M. BANKART, Te Mata, passed through Hamilton last week on his way to spend Easter with his sister, Mrs H. Cox, Shaftesbury.

THE warmest good feeling prevailed during the whole time between the rival lady crews in the Auckland-Taranaki match whaleboat race.

MR S. C. ALLEN returned to Wellington on Friday after spending his four weeks' leave with his people in Picton.

MR AND MRS MURRAY BAGSHAW (England) are the guests of Mr and Mrs Percy Adams, Nelson. Mr Murray Bagshaw has had some most successful deer-stalking while in Nelson.

THE Fort Chalmers crew, so far, are the Picton favourites for the Championship Four.

MRS GREENFIELD has removed from her late residence next to Dr. Nairn's, Blenheim, to the house just vacated by Mrs Waddy, who, in her turn, has just taken the house lately occupied by Mr Weetman.

THE Auckland-Taranaki ladies' crews were provided with tickets by Mr P. R. Dix for the sacred concert on Good Friday, and by Miss Ada Deiroy on Saturday, so that the visitors were well entertained in Auckland. After the race at six o'clock on Saturday the ten young ladies had a cup of tea together at Mr Wright's tearooms, Queen-street, with Mr Alfred Cox and a few personal friends. On Sunday afternoon the Waitemata-City Boat Club entertained the crews to a drive round Remuera and Otahuhu, finishing up with afternoon tea. The Taranaki ladies, having selected their trophies, left by the twelve o'clock train for Onehunga. The Auckland ladies were presented by Mr Cox with their trophies at the Carnival in the Auckland Drill-shed on Tuesday evening.

THE Vicar of St. Luke's, Mount Albert (the Rev. F. Larkins), received a small purse of sovereigns on Easter Sunday morning as a slight token of affectionate esteem from many of his parishioners. Miss Larkins was presented by some of her co-workers at socials, mothers' meetings, etc., with a book, Raster card and address, also a handsome large doll's house for her little nieces, the Misses Baker, in Waitara.

TERRIBLE floods have been experienced in the Hawke's Bay district. Loss of human life, as well as of cattle and sheep, is, unfortunately, reported.

NEW ZEALANDERS AT HOME

THE Most Rev. Francis Redwood, Roman Catholic Bishop of Wellington, and Primate for the colony, has arrived in England, and is highly spoken of by the daily papers.

THE new play, 'A Life Policy,' by Mrs Harrison-Davis, founded on a domestic tragedy in Canterbury, New Zealand, some few years ago, appears likely to succeed well in England.

THE death is announced of Mr William Henry Pickett, who was formerly a purser on the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's steamer 'Taiui.'

THE cold weather in England sent Sir Westby and Lady Percival to the south of France. They are now back in England.

SCOTLAND is at present the country of the Hon. J. B. and Miss Whyte, and from all accounts they mean to make a long visit to the land o' the leal.

MR HENRY GRAY, accompanied by Mrs Gray, proposed to leave England by the 'Ionic.' He has resigned his position as London Produce Surveyor to the New Zealand Government.

THE interviewer find has again got hold of Mr W. P. Reeves, and actually succeeded in button-holing him for two hours. A representative of the Daily Chronicle, Mr Harold Cox, was the hunter, and says he has got some interesting matter for an article from his victim.

THE present Lord Gardner, Lady Onslow's cousin, is said to have married a black girl, and, in consequence, has not sent in the necessary certificates to prove his title. Gossip says that the next Lord Gardner might be of a too dusky hue to suit his relations.

MR HENRY REYNOLDS should be in New Zealand by now. His visit to the colony is in connection with the business of the Hauraki Development Syndicate.

A FORMER manager of the Wellington branch of the Colonial Bank, Mr Edward J. Reid, has begun business in London as a financier and stock broker.

MR C. Y. O'CONNOR, formerly one of the chief Government engineers for New Zealand, and now Engineer-in-Chief for West Australia, arrived in London a few days ago.



NOTE.—This column is open to all, and the Editor is in no way responsible for the opinions expressed in it.

LADY correspondent writes as follows:—'Will you allow me to suggest another way of disposing of the fund collected for the proper celebration of the Queen's Record Reign?'

THE Wellington Rowing Club's art union was a very great success. The sale of tickets was exceedingly large, not only throughout New Zealand, but also in Australia.

BOWLING.

REMURUA BOWLING CLUB.

ON Easter Saturday, April 17th, on the Remuera Green, there were full risk competitions for four pairs of bowls, presented by Messrs George Court, T. Finlayson, F. W. Wingate and Colonel Dowell.

Table of bowling results for Remuera Bowling Club, including matches for No. 1 Rink (First Draw), No. 2 Rink, No. 4 Rink, and No. 1 Rink (Second Draw).

Table of bowling results for the FINAL match between Colonel Dowell and v. Sibbald.

The final was a very closely contested game. On the 20th head Ruddock's team led by one point, but on the 21st head Holden's team put in three, thus winning the final by two points.

The following Pairs' Matches for trophies were also played:—

Table of bowling results for Pairs' Matches, including matches between Fallon and v. Stevenson, Macky and v. Dinison, Dr. Eron and v. A. Walsh, and Dinison and v. Moore.

The tournament for bowls presented by Messrs Gordon, Dingwall, Rhodes, and Brown commenced at 9.30 a.m. on Easter Monday. There was a very large attendance on the green. The following are the results:—

Table of bowling results for the FIRST DRAW and SECOND DRAW matches, including participants like McLean, Maxfield, D. E. Clerk, Steele, Heriot, Southwell, and Rev. G. B. Moore.

Ruddock's team thus carrying off the prizes. The Pairs Matches for trophies were also continued with the following results:—

Table of bowling results for Pairs Matches, including matches between Maxfield and v. C. Rhodes, Macky and v. Kent, and Hull and v. Rev. Beatty.

The Remuera Easter Tournament proved such an interesting and enjoyable event that it will no doubt become an annual tournament with this new and promising Club.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S BAL PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. OPEN TO-DAY AT CERIAL HALL. Exhibition opens from 12.30 to 5, and 7.30 to 10 p.m. E. STUART, Secretary.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM, B.C., 2s 6d, all Booksellers. —Trade supplied by Walker, May and Co., Printers, Melbourne.

WELLINGTON ROWING CLUB ART UNION

Table of winning numbers for the Wellington Rowing Club Art Union prizes, including Prizes No. 1 through No. 5.

We hereby certify that the above numbers are correct. (Signed) FRANK J. MARSHALL, ARCH. D. STEWART, D. MCKELLAR, J. H. PAGNI. Exchange Hall, Wellington, 10th April, 1897.

Holder of successful numbers please communicate by post with the Hon. Treasurer (Mr J. Patterson, 252, Willis-street, Wellington), from whom orders can be obtained for delivery of prizes.

IMPORT YOUR BULBS DIRECT.

We, PETER VAN VEUSEN AND SONS, Bulb-growers Haarlem, Holland, beg to intimate that Illustrated Catalogue can be had on application, post free, from our agents, MESSRS A. MILLAR AND CO. Auckland.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION. Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s bottles Made in London—(Advt).

NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

STORY COMPETITION PRIZES—XMAS 1897.

Table of prize amounts for the Story Competition: FIRST PRIZE £7 10 0, SECOND PRIZE £5 0 0, THIRD PRIZE £3 0 0, FOURTH PRIZE £2 0 0, FIFTH PRIZE £1 0 0.

The stories must not be less than 4,000, or more than 5,000 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers.

It will be seen by Rule 5 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subject is unlimited.

RULES.

- 1. Each MS. should be prepaid, and if left opened at the ends will be carried at book post rates. It should be addressed to the Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland Street, Auckland.
2. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in an envelope addressed to the editor, bearing the motto and the words 'Story Competition' on the top left corner.
3. Any Competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage.
4. All contributions must reach the office before May 15th.
5. Choice of subject rests with the writer, but the scene must be laid in New Zealand, and be of special interest to New Zealanders.
6. Write clearly, and on one side of paper only. In case of equal literary merit, preference will be given to stories lending themselves to illustration.

The award of the Judges will be published in the weekly GRAPHIC as soon after the close of the Competition as possible. NOTE.—The names of the second, third, fourth and fifth prize winners will not be published unless at their express desire.



MISS EVELYNE NEWITT, of Inglewood, Taranaki, is engaged to Mr Tawden Forbes, eldest son of the late Colonel Forbes.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR J. HUME TO MISS GLADWYS POWELL.

AN exceedingly pretty wedding took place at St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, when Mr Jack Hume, son of Colonel Hume, of Wellington, was married to Miss Gladwys Powell, niece of Mrs Alfred Merton, from whose house the wedding took place.

THE bride looked charmingly sweet as she came in on the arm of her uncle, Mr Alfred Merton, who gave her away, gowned in ivory satin, the bodice a folded one finished at the left side with a spray of orange blossom, the yoke of folded chiffon and sleeves gathered with satin puffs and chiffon frills. A handsome Honiton lace veil, given her by the bridegroom's mother, with a lovely shower bouquet completed an exquisite toilette.

MISS EDITH THOMAS was her only bridesmaid, and wore a very pretty gown of cream silk delaine with long fichu of chiffon, black velvet hat turned up at one side trimmed with cream tips and black satin ribbon, bouquet of pink flowers and pink streamers.

Two little flower girls, twin cousins of the bride, made a sweet picture in cream smocked frocks of soft nun's veiling, cream felt bonnets of the early Victorian period with cream tips at one side, white satin shoes and stockings.

MR KENNETH HUME acted as best man, and Mr Philip Hume, groomsmen, the Rev. Canon Harper performing the ceremony.

ABOUT fifty guests were present, whom Mrs Merton received at her residence for afternoon tea, when the beautiful three-tier cake occupied a prominent position, and the numerous choice presents were on view.

MRS A. MERTON was gowned in black silk, yoke and collar of white surah covered with silk net, bonnet *en saute*; Mrs Grierson, *senr.*, black silk, white silk lace shawl; Miss Grierson, figured alpaca; Mrs Reginald Foster, black silk relieved with white fichu, black bonnet trimmed with violet; Mrs R. D. Thomas, black silk, Toby collar of violet velvet, jet bonnet trimmed with violet; Mrs A. W. Bennett, covert coat and skirt, black lace bonnet relieved with red; Mrs Bourne, black silk, yoke of white surah with jet trimming, bonnet to match; Mrs J. Grierson, mauve silk costume, hat to match; Mrs (Colonel) Gordon, cream serge with violet toque; Mrs H. H. Cooke, grey costume, black hat; Mrs J. V. Ross, black silk grenadine; Mrs G. Merton, black silk grenadine over white silk, toque of pink and white; Mrs Hawkes, black silk; Mrs Macbeth, handsome gown of figured vieux rose trimmed with sage green surah, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs Lewin, brown costume; Mrs Moorhouse, black silk grenadine; Mrs Wilcox, Mrs Brown, the Misses Foster (two), E. Ross, Miss Deamer, in black skirt, grey and turquoise blue bodice; Misses Nedwill (two), grass lawn costumes; Miss Hargreaves, handsome costume of black crepon, with red velvet and jet, large picture hat, posey bouquet of autumn leaves and crimson dahlias; Miss Mears, white drill skirt, chine bodice of figured silk and chiffon; Miss Kintsey, cream gown, pink and cream hat; Miss A. Way, red and black tweed, large hat; Miss Henderson, black skirt and mauve silk blouse; Colonel Hume, Messrs G. Merton, J. Grierson, Dr. Moorhouse, Rev. Harper, Messrs Day, Way, G. Brittain, Macbeth, Lewin, R. D. Thomas, Nedwill, Webb, Professor Cooke, Col. Gordon, etc.

OUR compliment to the bridegroom a detachment of the Christchurch Artillery formed a guard of honour at the church.

THE bride's travelling dress was green cloth coat and skirt and Tattersall vest, small toque.

THE bridegroom's gift to the bridesmaid was a gold curb bangle, and to the tiny maids curb chain brooches.

AMONG the presents were two entrée dishes, oak silver-mounted biscuit barrel, pair silver candlesticks, silver salver with coffee pot, milk and sugar, half-dozen teaspoons, two jam spoons, two Doulton vases, Doulton cake dish, claret jug, salad bowl, carvers, nutcrackers and sugar-tongs, silver cream and sugar basin, Bombon dish, picture, two oak photo frames, hot water kettle, jam dish, two glass dishes, half-dozen fruit knives, bread fork, worked tea cloth and tray cloth, china tea-set, afternoon tea-set, double silver cake stand and dishes, oval entrée dish, silver candlestick, pair brass candlesticks, set of jugs, hand bag, alligator purse, prayer and hymn book in case, Doulton dish, two silver thimbles, pair gold links, two Venetian vases. A splendid of the wedding group was taken by Messrs Standish and Preece, but as it was a very large one, and as there was great pressure on a space this week, it has been found impossible to reproduce it.

MR HANSEN TO MISS SCHERFF.

FORTUNATELY for all concerned, Wednesday last was a fine day, the threatening rain holding aloof for such an auspicious occasion as a pretty wedding. St. Paul's Church, Auckland, presented an unusually gay appearance for that time of year, when a number of smartly-dressed guests, and crowds of interested outsiders thronged its portals and occupied the seats reserved, in comfort, or wedged themselves in masses, in discomfort. The arrangements were, as usual with this family, excellent, and the gentlemen ushers played their parts to perfection.

A few white flowers on the communion table were the simple but all-sufficient church decoration.

THE bridegroom, Mr Paul M. Hansen, son of Dr. Hansen, Chief Court Chaplain to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh), supported by Mr McKellar, was over punctual, and waited for his *fanette* at the chancel steps. Mr Wilson Smith was the other groomsmen.

MISS HELEN FRANCES SCHERFF, a radiantly lovely bride, presently appeared, leaning on the arm of her father, Mr Franz Scherff, who gave her away.

THE bride was beautifully dressed in rich white duchesse satin with chiffon, the bodice slightly open at the throat, showing the rounded white neck. A most becomingly arranged veil and spray of orange-blossoms completed her toilette. She carried an exquisite bouquet—the gift of Miss Speight—composed of tuberose, jessamine, stephanotis, etc., and wore the bridegroom's present—a lovely pearl brooch.

THE bridesmaids were two—Miss Dolly Scherff, sister of the bride, and Miss Rich. Both were charmingly attired in pink silk, admirably toned down by narrow black velvet bands, which bordered the skirts and bodices, traversing the front of the latter, and outlining a glimpse of the neck; the dresses being thus cut like the bride's. Each wore black Welsh hats trimmed with pink flowers to match the gowns. The bridegroom's gifts—tasteful gold brooches with ruby hearts surmounted by horseshoes of pearls—were also worn by the bridesmaids, who carried shower bouquets.

THE marriage service was read by the Rev. Canon Nelson, the organ being manipulated by Mr Philpotts.

IMMEDIATELY after the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to 'Glenalvon,' the residence of the bride's parents, situated a few hundred yards from the church. The house and large grounds were looking most attractive. A prettily-decorated trellis arch, suspended from which was a white floral bell, led from the verandah to the front door. Mrs Scherff received her guests at the entrance to the drawing-room, which was a study in gold and white, the graceful white cosmos, calypopsis, and miniature golden sunflower appearing in specimen vases on the mantelpiece, in the foliage-hidden fireplace, and in fact in every available corner. In the bay-window a pretty arch of white flowers had been arranged, and under this stood the fair bride and her husband, receiving with graceful blushes the congratulations of her friends.

THE very handsome wedding cake and all the decorations were the work of Miss Eva Scherff, whose marvellous taste and skill elicited great praise from everyone who admired and tasted her handiwork. The cake was really a work of art, and the designs were beautifully imagined and equally well carried out; it was difficult to realise that it was not the creation of a first-class confectioner.

A DELICIOUS afternoon tea in the spacious dining-room, and an inspection of the handsome presents having been duly enjoyed by the guests, a move was made to the verandah to watch the departure of the bride. Mr and Mrs Hansen came down-stairs rather

more quickly than was expected, and made a dash for their carriage, to the disappointment of many, skilfully avoiding the one with the old boot attached. However, they were cruelly pursued with rice, and the boot dexterously transferred to the back of their carriage.

THE bride's travelling dress was of green and brown tweed, tailor-made. Black straw hat with red band.

AMONGST the many and varied gowns it is somewhat difficult to particularise. The bride's mother looked extremely well in black silk and beaded grenadine, finished with revers and collar of faint heliotrope watered silk edged with passementerie, becoming bonnet of shades to match; Mrs Seager, elder sister of the bride, looked very pretty in a pink and buff striped blouse bodice, black satin skirt, bonnet with pink blossoms, suiting her to perfection; Miss Eva Scherff was much admired in a beige dress with collar and plastron of a lovely shade of sunset orange silk, rich silver passementerie trimming it; the hat was Welsh with clusters of roses the exact shade of the silk; both sisters carried handsome bouquets.

FRANZ SCHERFF amidst the smart gowns of the guests shone out a magnificent purple-satin worn by Miss Bullen. There was no bonnet, only a faint indication of jet. Another smart dress was that of Miss Agatha Greenwood, copied from a recent Parisian wedding, and looking as if it's creator had been out of the Paris salons. The dress was bright pink with ruffled green satin sleeves finished with shoulder frills of pink, a green satin sash fastening in front secured the flowing drape. The *chapeau* was exceedingly picturesque, a pink and white in pink Lyrie cloth with alevaceous bodice of pale pink spotted with black, light bonnet with pink flowers; a dress of elegant simplicity was a rich royal blue and white striped silk, broad velvet lining and suiting Mr. Hansen extremely well; her hat was black with feathers; Mrs Nelson, black silk, black bonnet with touches of scarlet; Mrs Pritt, handsome black silk and lace, black bonnet; Mrs Hill, black silk and lace, bonnet of black velvet; Miss Hill, same, hat trimmed to match; Mrs Jameson, black figured lustre, finished with silk, black bonnet with pretty joggles; Mrs Motion, stylish black grenadine, black bonnet; Mrs Hall, black, exceedingly well in a brown velvet hat with large bow and ends, brown velvet picture hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Hill wore white with lace; Mrs Tabbot-Tubbe looked pretty in a dark grey with autumn brown brocade silk vest and trimmings, toque with brown, yellow and red flowers; Mrs Egerton, green fancy cloth trimmed with check silk, black toque with violet flowers; Mrs Ashton Bruce, electric grey, frothy black hat with blue flowers and blue bows; Miss Bullen, heliotrope lustre; Mrs Ingall, very stylish cream lustre edged with black velvet, black hat with feathers; Miss Rose Laird, brown d'or silk veiled in white muslin, tall hat *en saute*; Mrs Hill, black hat with blue flowers and blue bows; Miss Hill, same, hat trimmed to match; Mrs Andrews, greeny-grey fancy lustre, toque of pink flowers; Mrs Shirley-Baker, black merveilleux handsomely trimmed with beads, black hat, black bonnet with blue flowers; Mrs Murray, navy silk skirt, white silk bodice with blue bows, black hat with feathers and bows; Mrs Abbott, grey lustre with sequin trimmings; Mrs Cottle, black silk relieved with lace, black bonnet; Mrs Grier, black and greenery; Miss Bursill, heliotrope crinkly crepon, white satin Medici collar edged with lace, white satin belt awathed the waist, large white lace black silk bonnet, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, pink vest relieved with touches of white lace; and her sister wore a striking black and white striped costume edged with lace, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Choesman (Marquise), black and white striped silk picture hat trimmed *à la suite*; Mrs Martin (Mount Albert), handsome black silk, bonnet with flowers; Miss Maud Martin was much admired in a cream Miss Laird, black can-can cloth relieved with narrow bands of black braid; Miss Bellairs, pink spotted *mouse-line*, black hat; Mrs (Pill), white chine silk, white hat *en saute*; Mrs Ashley Hunter, white Liberty silk relieved with green, white hat; Mrs Hunt, dark green, green and white striped crepon blouse, black hat; Mrs Wright, green wave-traced serge, twice-coloured black zouave, toque of flowers; and her married sister wore a dark white lace black bonnet, black hat; Mrs Maxwell, black silk, skirt, dahlia coloured silk blouse; Miss Grier, black silk, bonnet with flowers; Misses Kerr-Taylor, pinky grey crepons; Mrs Isaacs, handsome black silk, cream point lace collar, black bonnet; Mrs Kate Isaacs, cream serge trimmed with black silk; Mrs Elizabeth Isaacs, Mrs Lewis, black silk, fawn vest; Miss Lennox, electric grey lustre, white vest, black velvet hat with touch of pink; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, a combination of pink and black; Mrs Grey, apricot silk, black hat; Mrs Grier, white and black; Mrs Grier, dark skirt, dahlia shot silk blouse; Miss Lusk, all green nun's veiling, black hat; Miss Percival, white muslin frock, burnt straw hat with poppies; Mrs Craig, slate grey tailor-made costume; Miss Craig, mode grey lustre; Mrs Ailie, black and white striped crepon; her sister wore grey; Mrs Atkinson, black silk; Miss Atkinson, pink lustre, white chiffon frills; Mrs Devore, dahlia shot green with gold striped silk and trimmed with purple velvet and sequins; Miss Grier, black and white; black cream taffeta silk blouse; Mrs Collins, white Liberty silk, black hat with feathers; Mrs McArthur, mauve and white striped crepon silk with passementerie and lace, bonnet with floral decorations; Miss White, black and white; Mrs Grier, costume of white flowered crepon silk with Empire esch *en saute*, white hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Baxter, white skirt; Mrs Strickler, brown gown trimmed with gold gold silk; Mrs Grier, dark skirt, grey flowered velvet blouse; Miss Grier, white silk crepon; Mrs Pritt, black silk; Mrs John Smith, green silk broadened in pink, floral bonnet; Mrs James (Mount Albert), black moire with chiffon, pretty blue boucraut, black hat; Mrs Grier, black and white; Mrs Grier, black and white, white hat with feathers; Miss Ethel Dixon, white cambric, black hat with black feathers; Mrs Waldrick, grey lustre, pink vest, Canon Nelson, Messrs Ingall, Henderson, Atkinson, Baxter, Grier, Jameson, Smith, Abbott, Hill, Valle, McKellar, Hunt, Col. Craig and Son, Professor Segar, Professor Tubbe, etc., etc., were amongst the gentlemen present.

MR GREEN TO MISS NEVILLE.

A WEDDING in which considerable interest was evinced took place in the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, when Miss Annie Neville and Mr George Green, son of the late Mr Green, 'The Sand,' Nelson, were united by the Ven. Archdeacon Grace.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, Mr S. Neville, looked charming in royal blue velvet dress, deep lace and muslin collar, and *caic* hat, and carried a lovely shower bouquet.

HER chief bridesmaid was her twin sister, Miss Nellie Neville, who wore a light flecked grey tweed with shot blue silk yoke, black hat with pink roses and black sigrrette, and also carried a shower bouquet; Miss Alice Neville wore a black serge dress with trimmings of blue

velvet and jet, hat with Tam o'Shanter crown trimmed with black and white; the Misses Amy, Amuri, and Ella Neville were attired in white muslin frocks and large white hats.

MR BERTIE GREEN, nephew to the bridegroom, performed the duties of best man.

AFTER the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to the residence of the bride's father, where Mrs Neville received them. She wore a black dress, with silk and passementerie trimmings.

AFTERNOON tea and many dainty cakes were handed round, and about four o'clock the carriages were in attendance to drive the bride and bridegroom, and such of the party who wished to see them off, to the railway station, whence they left for Picton en route for Nelson, which is to be their future home. The bride's travelling dress was of black flecked with red, hat to match.

AMONG the guests were Mrs J. B. Green, who looked well in black dress, graceful fichu of soft white embroidered chiffon caught at the waist in front with heliotrope satin ribbon, which also formed part of the trimming of a very becoming bonnet; Miss Green (Nelson), black and heliotrope costume, hat to match; Mrs Cross (Wellington), very handsome costume with ornate ornamentations of jet, stylish hat; Mrs Webster (Wellington), Gobel blue costume; Miss Bell, black crepon dress, white net and lace fichu, black velvet toque; Miss Sinsted (Westport), cream dress, Gobel blue silk on the bodice and on the black lace hat; Miss Dixon, black skirt, Trilby muslin blouse, black hat with plumes and pink roses; Miss Smith, black and cream; Miss F. Smith, black and heliotrope dress, white hat; Mrs J. Smith, black dress and bonnet; Mrs Grace, black lace dress trimmed with jewelled passementerie, bonnet en suite; Mrs Barlow, dark tweed costume, black hat with yellow roses; Miss Ormiston (Lyttelton), black skirt, white silk blouse, white hat; Mrs J. Bell, shot grey dress, pretty front of cream lace over pale blue; Mrs S. McAllister, handsome black satin and cashmere dress; Miss A. Rayner, becoming dress and white hat; Mrs S. Connolly, black skirt, blue blouse, and pretty bonnet; Miss Girdwood, fawn costume; Miss Mills, grey, with silk of darker shade, white hat; Miss Blanche Mills, black crepon skirt, very pretty pink silk blouse, white hat; Miss E. Mills, black crepon skirt, rich old gold silk blouse, straw hat in which the colour of the blouse was repeated; Miss Grace Mills, white frock, white lace hat; Mrs Ball, black satin dress and handsome satin cape much trimmed with black lace; Miss Ball, black dress with watered silk trimmings and sleeves, white hat with pink chrysanthemums; Miss E. Ball, black and heliotrope, black lace hat; Miss K. Ball, navy blue dress and satin trimming of the same colour, boat-shaped hat with blue band.

THE presents were numerous and handsome.

MR PARISH TO MISS GRAY.

CONSIDERABLE interest was exhibited last week at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, Mr Alfred Parish being married to Miss Jessie Gray, daughter of the late Mr Gray, who was Postmaster at Foxton. The Rev. T. H. Sprott officiated, Mr T. Ward acting as best man.

THE bride, who was given away by Mr George Gray, of Foxton, looked very nice dressed in white silk, with trimmings of lace, and wore the customary wreath and orange blossoms, also carrying a lovely shower bouquet.

THE bridesmaids were Miss Kathleen Gray and Miss Clara Feek, sister and cousin of the bride, in pink Sicilienne with chiffon trimmings and veils to match, and they carried baskets of flowers.

THE bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome crescent brooch set with pearls, and to each bridesmaid he gave a gold brooch with the bride and bridegroom's initials.

MR NAYLOR TO MISS JUDD.

A very interesting wedding was celebrated in the Port Albert Wesleyan Church recently, a large number of people assembling to see it.

THE bridegroom was Mr John Naylor, settler at Pukekohe, and the bride, Miss Harriette Merton Judd, third daughter of the late Mr C. Judd, of Port Albert, formerly of Coventry, England.

THE wedding was celebrated by the Rev. W. Worker, of Wellsford, who has not been taking active work for some time, and whose presence on this occasion was much appreciated. Mr Sydney Gubb was an efficient best man.

THE bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr Charles Judd, looked exceedingly well in a cream tinted dress, orange blossoms and veil.

THERE were four bridesmaids, nieces of the bride—the Misses Lily, Daisy, Lena, and Beanie Gubb. Another sister, Miss Hilda Gubb, was to have been bridesmaid, but was unfortunately absent from home. The two elder bridesmaids were in pink nun's veiling, the dresses of the other two being of the same material in a pretty shade of green. The blending of colours was much admired, and the wedding party looked extremely nice.

THE church was effectively decorated by the bride's friends. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's mother, the guests being limited to intimate friends and relations.

WHEN the breakfast had been discussed, the happy pair left for their new home, overwhelmed by good wishes and hailstorms of rice.



AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 19.
We had such a gay week, it hardly seemed like Lent. There was so much going on that I hardly know where to begin. However, I must make an attempt.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW

(described elsewhere) was held in the Drill Hall, and was hugely better than previous affairs. The afternoon tea was excellent, and I think charging for it must have been a financial success. The ladies who presided in this line were Mesdames Lewis, Hugh Campbell, Ruck, Howard Greenway, Theo. Kissing, etc., etc., with several young ladies who assisted them. The table decorations were especially pretty, Miss Burningham carrying off 1st. This table was a study in yellow; it was draped with yellow satin, and had dainty vases of miniature sunflowers, and the silver epergne candlesticks at each corner made it very effective. Miss Fenton's table (2nd prize) was also very artistic with scarlet flowers—salvia, bouvardia, sweetbriar berries, and scarlet ribbons, which made it very bright and attractive. Mrs Harvey's (3rd) was a harmony in yellow and brown, the autumn leaves strewn along the table and intermixed with the yellow flowers, and fairy lights dotted here and there. Amongst the many there on different occasions I noticed Mrs Kempthorne, in black and crimson costume, bonnet to match; Mrs James, black costume with blue bonnet; Mrs Kempthorne, pink, black hat with pink roses; Mrs White, black and magenta; Miss Bersill, lavender dress, white silk belt and collar, hat to harmonise; Miss Fenton, blue cambric; Mrs Hope Lewis, green gown, black toque with clusters of pink roses; Miss Hesketh, Gobel blue silk blouse prettily trimmed with lace, dark skirt, large black hat; Miss Mary Upton, brown costume, small brown felt hat to match; Miss Kennedy, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse, small white hat; Miss Hart, black and white; Miss Francis George, mourning costume; Miss Pierce, brown, and her sister wore navy; Miss Warner, cream dress, scarlet belt and tie, small white hat; Miss McLachlan, grey skirt and jacket; Mrs Bach, bronze mervelleux; Miss E. Gee, black relieved with scarlet; Miss Lewis, black Eton jacket and skirt, pink blouse; Miss Mabel Hanna, black skirt, pompadour

blouse, sailor hat; Miss Burningham, black and white stripe blouse, dark skirt, etc.

At the

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS

I noticed the following ladies:—Mrs Payton wore a black evening gown with touches of red; Mrs T. Morrin wore a stylish blue and white striped silk gown, puff sleeves caught up with shot sequin trimming; Miss Bleazard, white silk trimmed with black ribbon velvet; Mrs (Dr.) King, black silk with emerald green velvet sleeves; Mrs (Prof.) Egerton, white silk bodice, black skirt; Mrs S. Morrin was gowned in a dark blue brocade; Mrs Devore wore an effective stripe silk gown which was a harmony of mulberry and fawn; the velvet bodice was finished with sequin trimmings; Miss Devore looked dainty in white figured lustre, full vest of yellow silk with stoles of white lace; Mrs A. Clark, black satin, pink and black striped velvet evening bodice, black chiffon rucked on sleeves; Mrs Alfred Nathan wore an exquisite magenta and blue chiné silk evening blouse with butter-coloured lace zouave, black satin skirt; her sister looked exceedingly well in black, white jabot veiled with sequin net; Mrs (Dr.) Dawson, black mervelleux, red silk ruffle; Mrs Upton, black gown; Miss Upton wore a striking black and sultan red evening gown; the red silk bodice was trimmed with black lace; Miss Fenton, white silk; Mrs W. Rathbone wore a smart Parisian gown of white silk with a floral design of pink flowers, shirred white chiffon yoke; Miss Hemus, grey figured lustre finished with white lace; Miss A. V. Hemus, soft white crepon; Miss Moss Davis, yellow silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs J. R. Hanna, rich gown of terracotta brocade and slate grey ottoman silk; Miss Hanna, white Indian silk; Mrs Sylvester Brigham, rose pink silk blouse strapped with jet, black mervelleux skirt; Miss Valle wore an effective gown of white and pink silk finished with chiffon; Mrs F. B. Weststone, black and white floral muslin; Miss Gorrie, blue figured silk evening bodice, black skirt; Mrs (Prof.) Segar looked pretty in a white Valencese bodice over pink silk, fawn skirt; Miss Peacock, green and pink striped silk blouse, front and sleeves veiled with black chiffon, black skirt; Mrs M. Clark looked well in black ottoman silk with white silk bodice; Mrs Bleazard-Brown, black with lace, lace Vandyke collar; Miss Outwaite, black silk grenadine over red silk; Mrs Buddle, a combination of black and pink; Mrs Berry, black, black net collar with appliqué of white; Mrs Holland, black brocade, jabot of pink chiné silk; Miss Holland, pink floral silk blouse, grey skirt; Mrs Hudson Williamson, shot gown, bodice veiled in chiffon; Mrs Oxley, grey trimmed with white net and lace; Miss Kennedy, pink lustre evening gown; Mrs Cheesman, yellow silk blouse, dark silk skirt; Miss Aubrey, white figured lustre, heliotrope folds of silk over shoulders; Mrs Donald, black, écaré lace over bodice; Miss Walker (Cambridge), dark costume; Miss May Henderson, black velvet trimmed with yellow satin; Mrs Jackson, white; etc. Hunter's Band discoursed some excellent music. Quite a large crowd assembled, as this function is a popular one.

THE WEST END ROWING CLUB

held their final outing on Saturday at Lake Takapuna. There was not such a large gathering as was expected. Most people are away for their holidays, and it being a very cold and windy day, not many ventured out. The races were rowed on the Lake, Stephenson's crew being the winners of the medals presented by Prof. Carollo. The 'Eagle' left the Lake wharf at about half-past six for home. Among those present were Miss Gordon, in black skirt, blue and white striped blouse; Miss E. Berry, dark green; Miss A. Berry, black skirt, brown jacket, green straw hat with pink roses; Mrs Jos. Ausenne, black, black chiffon fichu, black hat; Miss Dunnet, fawn tailor-made gown, black sailor hat with red band; Miss B. Devore, blue cloth dress, black leather boa, black and white straw hat with red poppies; Miss Windsor, black skirt and jacket, red blouse, sailor hat; Miss F. Hart, black skirt, white piqué blouse, sailor hat; Miss Mabel Hanna, black skirt, terracotta blouse, sailor hat; Miss E. Hanna, blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss R. Goldie, green tweed, black hat; Miss George, black costume, sailor hat; Miss Muriel George, black dress, black hat; Mrs S. Hanna, black; Miss Lusher, red gown, black jacket and hat; Miss S. Jones, grey dress, brown jacket, white hat.

AT THE EASTER CARNIVAL.

held in aid of the Mission to the Laues, which was opened in the Drill Hall on Monday by Mr Holland,

MOTHERS SHOULD REMEMBER

when selecting an artificial Food for their babies

THREE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF

MELLIN'S FOOD

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.

MELLIN'S FOOD for Infants and Invalids may be obtained of all Dealers throughout the World.

G. MELLIN, MARLBORO' WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, ENGLAND.

M.H.R., acting in the absence of His Worship the Mayor, some very pretty costumes were worn. I shall have to give you the bulk of the description next week. To-day I can only jot down the following from the Japanese Pagoda, the handsome dresses for which were lent by Mrs James Russell, Remuera. They are quaint old costumes, the intrinsic value of some of them being upwards of £250. The whole of the ladies—in number ten—at this very attractive stall were in correct Japanese costume. The following are their names:—Mesdames J. Russell, Ware, A. Clarke, R. Browning, G. Bloomfield, and Misses Russell, Devereux, Ware, and Griffiths. The others were also excellent, but there is so much going on to-night that it is absolutely impossible to see all. The waitresses are all in Swiss and contradina costumes, and the whole affair is brilliant in the extreme. Special flower costumes have been designed, some purely of chrysanthemums, others of various hues. For months this affair has been worked for, and upwards of one hundred ladies are taking part in it. The doll stall was presided over by Mesdames Pritt, R. Dargaville, and Ching. At the refreshment and oyster kiosk Mrs Goodall and Miss Doonin dispensed all the delicacies of the season. There was always a crowd at the bonbon kiosk, which was presided over by Mrs Davies, Misses Brett, Porter, and Reeve. A very attractive stall, replete with children's clothing, was that of the Ponsonby ladies—Mrs Masfield and Mrs (Dr.) Bedford, assisted by several young ladies. Mesdames Herrold, Morrin, and Cotter, and Misses Barley, Herrold, Hay, Clayton, and McLachlan had charge of the produce stall, and in their capable hands it was a great success. The fish pond was a feature of the evening, and caused endless amusement. Misses Westwood (two), Hewin, and Black officiated, and they were pretty fishwife dresses. Mesdames W. R. Bloomfield, F. Hull and Carr and Miss Colbeck were in attendance at the cake stall. It was extremely difficult to pass the attractive fairy grottoes on the right, which are devoted to the mystic art of fortune-telling by Mrs Platt and Miss Husband, and to pass on ignoring the charms of the phonograph, in charge of Mr H. A. Neilson, and the fairy post presided over by Miss Austin. But when we had withstood the temptation by the way, we came to an enchanting flower dell. The young ladies—Misses Tye (two), Percival and Haliday—were dressed as flower girls and looked very bewitching in their paper hats. Another attractive flower stall was presided over by Mesdames Ormiston, Smith, Ashton, and Watson. Miss E. Bullen was editress of the press agency. The Easter Carnival Bulletin, issued in connection with the fair, and edited by Mr Alfred Cox, was on sale, and seemed to enjoy a large circulation. No stall was in charge of Mrs Reed, assisted by Misses Sharp and C. Morrin. At the general stalls were Mesdames Moore-Jones, Kenny, Watson, and Goodhue. The Misses Plumley, Kenderdine, and Hughes were at a stall containing miscellaneous articles, and Misses Witchall and Salmon at the parcel store. The smoking parlour is under the capable management of Mrs Davies, and Misses Eastwood (two), Kiely, Alexander, and Murray. Mr Dix, who manages the affair, is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts on the undertaking, and from which the charity will derive substantial benefit. The carnival closes on Wednesday. Some of the dresses of those present I noticed were Miss Larkins, who wore a shot lustre gown, black hat with white ribbons and wings; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, fawn cloth skirt and coat, glacé silk vest, brown felt Tyroless hat; Mrs Devore, striped silk velvet bodice, pretty bonnet with chiffon and sequins; Miss Devore, pink floral muslin, black hat with crimson flowers; Mrs W. Bloomfield, white figured glacé silk, bodice veiled with chiffon, yellow silk sash; Mrs R. Dargaville, white spotted muslin blouse, black skirt; Mrs Goring, black figured gown with black satin sleeves, red silk jabot trimmed with cream lace, black bonnet with red rosettes; Mrs Porter, fawn check gown trimmed with silk of the same colour, black feathered bonnet, shot green straw hat with bows of ribbon; Mrs Cooper, black skirt, black chiffon toque; Miss M. Macdonald, pink striped grass lawn with touches of Nil green silk, shot green hat; Mrs Blair, grass lawn, black hat with flowers; Miss Brett, check silk trimmed with ivory-green ribbon velvet; Mrs T. Morrin, white with pink striped cambric; Mrs Fairburn, black striped gown, black bonnet with white tulle rosettes; Mrs Hope Lewis, black crepon, black velvet cape, Vandyke collar of cream lace, scarlet and black velvet toque; Mrs Pritt, black; Miss Devereux, grass lawn; Mrs Holland, black gown, black fichu; Miss Holland, pink cambric, white fichu, shot green hat with shot ribbon and flowers; Mrs Greenway looked stylish in blue lustre bodice veiled with black lisse, large black velvet hat; Mrs Kenderdine, smart fawn cloth skirt and jacket, white corded silk vest, black hat with clusters of red flowers; Mrs C. Baker, pretty grey gown; Miss Blades, white piqué blouse, dark skirt; Mrs St. Paul, mourning; Mrs Upton, dark blue, brocade sleeves, bonnet with accordion pleated lisse; Miss Upton, green cloth gown; Mrs Hitchcock, black, sleeves of Trilby velvet; Mrs Hunter, amethyst and black boucle cloth, black hat with cluster of shaded roses; Mrs Upfl, green lustre gown, brown hat; Mrs J. R. Hanna, black, black toque with pink flowers; Miss Dunnitt, black, bodice of red and black brocade, red straw hat with black plumes; Miss Kempthorne, white spotted muslin; Mrs Watt, fawn check tweed, small white hat; Mrs Oxley, grey; Miss Westwood, pink; Miss Bush, black skirt, light blouse; Miss Florrie Thorpe, white, large black hat; Miss McLachlan, grey silk; Miss Wylde-Brown looked pretty in white; etc.

Easter Monday turned out a really lovely day, and everyone in the place, except a few unfortunate press people, and those good ladies and gentlemen working in the Drill Hall, turned out somewhere either picnicking up the ranges or near Potter's Paddock, or over to the Lake or North Shore. Hundreds wended their way to the race-course, and in the morning and again at night the streets presented a most animated appearance.

On Easter Monday the

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB

held their first day of the Autumn Meeting. There was a large attendance, as the day was brilliantly fine. Many of the ladies had donned their warm winter costumes, but they repented it during the early part of the afternoon, as it became very hot, and made some feel rather uncomfortable. Amongst the most charming costumes were Mrs Henry Lowry (née Miss Helen Watt, the bride from Napier), who was attired in her travelling costume of mauve wave silk crepon, with two rows of violet velvet on the edge of the skirt, violet velvet bodice trimmed with Point de Venice lace, black velvet hat with black ostrich feathers and white bow; mauve parasol with violet velvet tabs; Mrs Thomas Morrin, violet navy and white silk stripe, black velvet high crowned hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, Italie lustre trimmed with silk of a brighter hue, brown straw hat with yellow tufts; Mrs Alfred Nathan, black mouir let in the neck with azure blue silk finished with point lace, brown velvet hat with effective azure bow on one side and a bunch of purple violets on the opposite side; Mrs Arthur Nathan, bronze green fancy cloth figured with pink, pink cone-shaped hat with black ostrich tips; Miss Nathan, fawn tailor-made gown, white felt sailor hat; Mrs Windsor, heliotrope stripe silk crepon, bonnet with flowers; her sister, black and mauve velvet gown, bonnet with mauve flowers; Mrs George Bloomfield, black lustre, pink vest, black velvet hat with black ostrich feathers and pink flowers; Mrs Alfred White (née Miss Lily Hamlin), electric blue lustre finished with écaré lace, black tulle hat; Mrs Holgate, purple navy silk, red straw toque trimmed with black jet; Miss Sæge, grey fancy cloth trimmed with Nil green silk, large black hat with white flowers; Mrs Isidore Alexander, black silk with silver bead trimming and black jet; Mrs McLaughlin, black mourning costume; Miss Hay, pinky grey lustre, white lace fichu, large black hat with flowers; Mrs John Smith, green figured silk, bonnet with mauve pink feathers; Miss Clayton (Sydney), black silk skirt, blouse of pink silk with a mauve shade, black velvet hat with violets and black ostrich feathers; Miss Percival, fawn and blue striped canvas cloth, black straw hat with pink bows; Mrs E. Buchanan, grey lustre with silk trimmings, bonnet en suite; Mrs Lyons, lovely white Indian silk with handsome embroidery work, black hat with flowers; Miss Aubrey was much admired in a figured lustre, black hat profusely trimmed with pink flowers and green ivy leaves; Mrs Nelson Gamble, fawn striped silk; Miss Davy, dark skirt, green blouse, butterfly toque of green silk; Mrs Tom Beale, heliotrope with chiffon, black hat; Miss Dunnitt, black satin, red crinkley straw hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs Clifton, black silk with yoke of pink, large black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Kingswell, black silk; Miss Binney, purple navy lustre with white let in the neck and relieved with twine-coloured lace, black velvet hat; Miss Alice Binney, electric blue lustre trimmed with cream applique; Mrs Black, dark skirt, royal blue silk blouse; Mrs Andrew Hanna, very handsome dark costume; Mrs Wilfred Rathbone, myrtle green tailor-made costume, pink vest, black hat with feathers; Miss Esme Elliot, mode grey crepon, etc., etc.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 15. AT THE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT

there were a number of ladies in the orchestra. Among them I noticed the Misses Kennedy (two), wearing black silk gowns trimmed with lace; Miss Henry, black velvet with jet trimming; Miss Pletcher and Miss Moran also wore black with white lace frills; Miss Holt wore a soft white muslin gown; Miss Dogdale wore pale blue with bodice of white accordion chiffon; Mrs Holt, who was at the piano, wore a black lace gown slightly trimmed with white. In the audience I noticed Mrs E. Goring, wearing a pretty white chine silk gown with lace on the bodice; Mrs Nathan, a pretty pale pink pompadour silk blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Moleneux, black silk, and white fur-trimmed cloak; Miss Moleneux was in white; Mrs Stuart, black; Miss Stuart, pretty pink silk gown with frills of white chiffon; Mrs Whittall, pink silk evening blouse trimmed with passementerie; Miss Halse, black and red gown; Miss E. Halse wore a white silk gown slightly trimmed with blue; Mrs Seed, black silk with sleeves of red silk under black lace; Miss Seed, black watered silk; Mrs Percy-Smith, black gown; Miss Percy-Smith wore a black silk skirt and stylish blouse of black and pink velvet softened with folds of pink chiffon; Mrs Wilson, dark skirt and pink silk blouse; Miss Parsons, cream satin and lace; Mrs Martin, black, pretty white cloak; Miss Medley, black gown, and bright blue velvet opera cloak; Miss G. Henry, pale blue silk with collar of black silk; Miss Burnett, deep yellow silk evening blouse and dark skirt; her sister wore a pretty white muslin blouse with lace frills, black skirt; Mrs Mee, black, white cloak; Miss Mee, black skirt and bright pink silk blouse with écaré lace yoke; Miss J. Richardson wore a very pretty white silk gown with lace fichu; Mrs Anderson, black lace; Miss Anderson, white; Miss Reid, black gown; Mrs Prouse, black, and velvet cape with fur collar; Miss Laisley, black, white cloak with fur binding; Miss Rolands, black skirt, and pale grey silk blouse; Madame Merz, black silk; Miss Kirkcaldie, very pretty soft white silk gown with frills of lace; Miss Hammetton, black and red brocade blouse, black skirt; Miss Harcourt, cream silk; Miss G. Rose, white gown, brown cloak with beaver; Miss F. Holt, cream gown, and cloak with fur; Miss E. Pickering, white muslin and lace; also Mesdames Parsons, Jones, Richardson, Lackman, Grady, and Misses A. Rose, O'Conner, Davy, Allan, Gill, Liddie, Richardson, Barber, Cohen, Heywood, etc.

Last Tuesday afternoon Miss MacGregor gave a very

ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON TEA

as a farewell to Miss Daniells and Miss Abbott, who are leaving shortly for Wanganui. During the afternoon Miss Abbott and Miss B. Gibson sang, and Miss L. Tolhurst and Miss Tuckey recited. Miss MacGregor received her guests in a pretty white muslin gown finished at the waist and neck with green ribbon; Miss M. MacGregor also wore white finished with yellow; Miss Daniells and Miss Abbott were dressed alike in stylish costumes of blue serge with vests and collars of scarlet satin, large black velvet hats trimmed with feathers and brightened with red; Miss Tuckey, green and red shot lustre, the front of the bodice trimmed with cream chiffon, cream straw hat trimmed with black velvet and pink roses; Miss Tolhurst, fawn costume; Miss L. Tolhurst, black crepon trimmed with scarlet satin ribbons, toque to match; Miss Fraser, pale grey gown trimmed with white satin, felt hat to match; Miss Harcourt, fawn costume, black velvet hat with quills; Miss Rose, green cloth jacket and skirt, felt hat; etc.

Mrs Simpson entertained a few young people at

A KUCHER PARTY

last week. The winners of the first prizes were Miss N. Rose and Mr F. Didsbury. A few present were the Misses MacGregor, Gibson (two), Reid, Tuckey, A. Rose, Hesketh (Auckland), Young, Campbell, Stuart, and the Messrs Rose, Young, Reid, and others.

Mrs Grace gave a very small afternoon tea last week for Mrs Russell (Hawke's Bay), who was her guest.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 14. THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

on Saturday at Lancaster Park were favoured with charming weather, almost too hot for those taking part in the events, but the spectators, of whom there was a great crowd, enjoyed the afternoon immensely. Mrs Heaton Rhodes had the management of the afternoon tea, and with her many willing assistants proved quite one of the attractions; but the greatest excitement was the Ladies' Bracelet race, which was won by Mr K. Neave, and the second to Mr H. DeMans. Mrs Heaton Rhodes looked extremely well in a black and white striped silk, the bodice of pink silk covered with lace, pink floral toque; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, navy blue coat and skirt, large hat with feathers; Mrs (Judge) Denniston, cream canvas, bodice trimmed with black lace insertion and jet, jet bonnet; Mrs W. Stringer, electric blue cloth coat and skirt, red straw hat; Miss Freeman, a similar costume with white vest and cuffs; Mrs Wilding, black silk crepon and large hat; Mrs Common, black crepon, the bodice covered with cream guipure lace, toque with pink flowers; Mrs W. D. Meares, black crepon skirt, yellow silk blouse covered with chiffon; Mr and Mrs I. Harley, Mr and Mrs Bruges, Mr and Mrs D. Matson, Mesdames J. Matson, Babington, Misses Matson, Meares, Martin, Turn bull, Reeves, Falmer, Cowlishaw, Wynne-Williams, and hosts more were present. The prizes were presented at the finish by Mrs Heaton Rhodes, for whom with Mr Rhodes (the President) three cheers were given, and three more for Mr Kerr, the energetic secretary.

DOLLY VALR.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 12.

As we are not to have a steamer here on Thursday this week, I shall have to post my budget much earlier than usual, so am afraid there is very little in the way of news to give you.

The Nelson Jockey Club held their

ANNUAL RACES

last Wednesday and Thursday. The weather kept beautifully fine, though a southerly wind made it rather cold. The races were on the whole very good, and all passed off successfully. There were a large number of people present, but, sad to relate, small gowns were conspicuous by their absence, so I shall only be able to record a few. Mrs Douglas looked well in a stylishly-made fawn costume, with small bonnet en suite; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, a very pretty cream serge coat and skirt, vest of white silk and lace, becoming white felt hat with black feathers; Mrs Percy Adams wore the most handsome dress on the lawn, namely, twine-coloured cloth, the skirt and bodice alike being richly embroidered with moss green silk and gold, large black hat profusely trimmed with pink flowers; Mrs Bagshaw (England) was much admired in a smart English-made costume; Mrs T. Glasgow, pretty white muslin and lace blouse, black crepon skirt, white straw sailor hat; Mrs Roger Kingdon looked exceedingly well in black; Mrs A. Burns, well-made grey costume, black hat with bright coloured flowers; Mrs Renwick (Blenheim) wore stylish black crepon, bonnet to match; Mrs Robertson (Blenheim) also wore black; Mrs R. McRae; Miss Wood wore a pretty gown of green with hat to match.

Those who did not go to the races spent a pleasant afternoon on the

TENNIS GROUND,

when delicious afternoon tea was provided by Mrs Howie, and some very exciting games of tennis were played. Mrs Howie wore black silk crepon, small black bonnet relieved with red flowers; Mrs L. Adams, black serge skirt and coat, sailor hat; Mrs A. Glasgow, black crepon trimmed with jet, large black hat with feathers; the Misses Fell (two), black and white striped blouses, black skirts, sailor hats; Miss Heap, light blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss Leggett, Miss Browning, black serge, sacque jacket, skirt of same material, hat en suite.

PHYLLIS.

MEXICAN CORPSES EVICTED FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT.

How, in a certain Mexican city, the dead are buried only temporarily, and are disinterred at the expiration of a fixed period unless the family pay a stated fee; and how the evicted tenants of these tombs, manumitted by the heat and dryness of the climate, stand in grewsome rows along the walls of the catacombs where they once reposed—all this is told in *La Nature* (Paris) by M. Charles Marillon, whose interesting article the *Literary Digest* thus translates:—

Even at the present time there exist in many countries singular and fantastic customs that are apt to surprise strangers who visit these localities. Such are in particular the usages relating to burial that are met with in certain parts of Mexico, notably in the little city of Guanajuato.

Contrary to the customs of all European peoples and also those of the New World, the dead man has no right, in the cemetery of this city, to more than a temporary period of repose, not exceeding five years. The family can, it is true, at the expiration of this first concession, which the community gives to all alike, rich or poor, hire another for the same period of time. But persons of wealth alone, by payment of a considerable sum, have the chance of obtaining for their families and themselves a perpetual right of burial. Thus the cemetery of Guanajuato does not resemble the vast burial grounds that great cities and small villages alike consecrate and reserve for their dead.

Outside of the city, in the level country, the traveller perceives, not without surprise, bizarre constructions whose purpose and destination he cannot understand at first. Long rows of massive walls surrounded by arched ceilings extend in parallel lines everywhere. There is no projection to interrupt the uniformity of the masonry, whose whiteness is dazzling under the rays of a brilliant sun.

Stone crosses surmount the upper part of these walls at intervals. On approaching, the general aspect changes, and the visitor sees that what he took, at a distance, to be a line of solid masonry forms rather a sort of tunnel, to whose interior access may be had by means of a low narrow door at one end.

Each of these catacombs has a total width of eight meters (twenty-six feet), and is composed of two walls, each three meters (ten feet thick), joined, as we have said, by a vaulted roof, and having between them a passageway two meters (six and a half feet) wide. To the right and left of this central way may be seen, pierced symmetrically and superposed one on another, an innumerable quantity of horizontal niches, six to eight feet deep, whose rectangular openings are about eighty centimeters (two and a half feet) square.

Each of these cavities, sunk in the solid masonry of the walls, is a tomb into which the body is slid, after which the orifice is

hermetically closed with a stone carefully sealed. An inscription placed outside shows the name, age and rank of the defunct. During the next five years he may rest in peace and receive the frequent visits of his relatives and friends. Access to these catacombs is allowed from morning until nightfall.

But if, at the expiration of this period, which is regulated by law, the family does not come to time, and neglects to pay the fee imposed by the municipality, amounting to 125 francs, the corpse must leave his temporary resting-place and yield it up to another. The latter will be in turn expelled, after the same period, if his relatives do not pay the customary fee.

According to the Rev. J. C. Cartwright of the Methodist Episcopal mission at Guanajuato, who reports these facts, the corpses deposited in these singular tombs, instead of decomposing manfully rapidly, the American missionary attributes the transformation that takes place to the constant action of the sun, which heats the exterior surfaces of the walls, and transforms the niches in which the bodies lie into furnaces or ovens of desiccation.

One might suppose that the mortal remains of these unfortunate forgotten and disposed ones would then be laid in consecrated ground, but it is not so. The sextons, after they have removed the mummy from the tomb, take it and lean it up against the interior walls, without respect for the rank of the deceased. They take care, nevertheless, to hang on its breast a little inscription setting forth the name of him of whom naught remains but the dried debris.

The family has the right, it appears, to dispose of these remains as it seems good to it. It can carry them away whole or in pieces, or may leave them exposed in the places where they have been ranged in rows.

Those who abandon them thus still come religiously to visit their defunct relatives. The drying of the bodies reaches such a degree that mummies are often found intact after a period of more than twenty years. It frequently happens, however, that, stricken with remorse to see one of their relatives thus exposed to the gaze of the public, the family club together and hire for him a new temporary refuge.

The missionary tells a very characteristic anecdote about this. At Guanajuato lived, and still lives, a woman belonging to the best class of society. She was left a widow, but married again several years later. One day she was seized with a desire to visit in the company of her second spouse, the tomb of him whose successor he had become. She had forgotten one thing, however, and that was that number one had been dead and buried more than five years.

Her feelings may be imagined when she perceived staring at her with a horrible grimace the mummy of her first husband. A terrible attack of nerves followed. It was ended only on the promise of number two to hide his unfortunate predecessor forever in a new tomb. This was done, but the lady vowed never to repeat her imprudent excursion into the kingdom of the dead.

'Tired of Mother.'

A visitor inspecting the charities of a manufacturing town came at last to the Home for Old Ladies. Being young and kindly, he thought that if he were to build such an inn for tired souls while they waited the coming of the Shadow, it should be set in the midst of quiet woods or gay and friendly flowers. This Home looked out on dusty streets and brick-yards.

Within the managers had fulfilled their duty. Each inmate had half of a clean,

warm chamber, a bed, a chest of drawers, and a chair. She was given so many ounces of meat and bread for breakfast, of meat and potatoes for dinner, of bread and butter for tea. The food never varied throughout the year.

The house was kept spotlessly clean, yet there was in it a flavour of decay and hopeless sadness. The withered old women sat silent, or talked feebly of yesterday's wind or to-day's rain. No other changes came to them. They had no home nor place nor work in the world. Nothing but this little

A YOUNG LADY'S STORY.

Her Blood was Out of Order and She was all Run Down.
Read what Ayer's Sarsaparilla Did for Her.



No one to look to-day at Miss Sophie Kiefer, a pretty and stylish young belle, whose portrait is given above, and who lives at the northwest corner of Fourth and Queen streets, Philadelphia, would imagine that she had ever been in anything but the pink of health. Her skin is clear and creamy, her teeth are white and even, she has luxuriant dark hair, and her eyes are large and bright, of a lustrous brown. Yet, notwithstanding Miss Kiefer's splendid appearance, only a year ago she was in extremely poor health, and her blood was in a very bad condition. Miss Kiefer's story is best told in her own words:

"When I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was not only run down, but I was thoroughly discouraged. Doctors and proprietary medicines both failed to help me. My blood was disordered. But the first bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla helped me so much that I decided to keep it up, and did so. Then, inside of a month, I began to think that the Sarsaparilla was a wonder. It cleared my skin completely and restored my appetite to its former condition. My general health was recovered and the third bottle removed every appearance of disorder from my blood. Not only that, but it left me better than ever. For several months I had been ill and complaining. My health in general, aside from the condition of my blood, was very poor. I remember one day, after attending a ball the night before, when I felt so miserable that I was afraid I was going to die, almost. My appearance, of which I always took considerable care, was the thing that worried me most of all, I will acknowledge. But as I tell you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla rejuvenated me. I would take it any time in preference to toilet preparations and skin soaps and washes, for it worked wonders with me. I can recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to anyone whose blood is poor or whose general health is unsatisfactory."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

The Only True Blood-Purifier.

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

Makes the Finest Beverage in the World.



FOR MAKING
NON-INTOXICATING
BEER

IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.

One Tablespoonful of Mason's Extract of Herbs makes One Gallon of splendid Non-Intoxicating Beer.

The Most Refreshing and Pleasantest Beverage obtainable.

Mason's Wine Essences

for making NON-INTOXICATING WINE, produce in a few minutes a delicious Temperance Wine or Cordial—Ginger, Orange, Raspberry, Black Currant, etc.

NEWSHALL & MASON, Nottingham, England.

AGENTS—Messrs. Chrystall & Co., Christchurch, N.Z.

ANSWERS

TO

OLD NEWSPAPER OWNERSHIP.

DRESDEN, one of the German capitals, owns a singular piece of property, says the *Fourth Estate*, though one most admirably managed; it is a morning newspaper, the *Dresdener Anzeiger*. This daily, upon the death of its last proprietor, was willed to the city upon the condition that all profits arising therefrom should be spent upon the public parks. This year a large playground of nearly eight acres was purchased from Prince George, the King's brother and heir apparent, and it will be ready for use next spring. The paper continues to hold the respect of all citizens, for the trust has been carried out in its broadest spirit, and the power has never been employed to foster any school of opinions—social, political or religious.

EPPS'S COCOA

ENGLISH
BREAKFAST COCOA

Possesses the following
Distinctive Merits

DELICACY OF FLAVOR.
SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY.

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING
TO THE NERVOUS or DYSPHEPTIC.

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED

1/4 lb. Quarter-Pound Tins only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & Co. Ltd.,
Homeopathic Chemists, London,
England.

EPPS'S COCOA

CORRESPONDENTS.

A.B.—Consult a lawyer. We do not advise on legal points.

FANNY X.—Your father should ask the young man's intentions.

X.—If the young lady insists upon having SURATURA TEA it is evidence of vanity.

TAXPAYER.—It is a simple calculation. If 1 lb of SURATURA TEA at 1s 10d per lb lasts you four weeks, a whole 1 lb of ten you mention at 1s 10d was used in a week. It stands to reason that you pay in four weeks for the tea you have been using—4lb at 1s 10d, 7s 4d; as against 1 lb, a saving of 6s 6d in a month by using SURATURA.

WAUER—You win, SURATURA is not prepared by hand, but by machinery.

ENQUIRER—Eight hours from the time it is growing, it has been packed in boxes and packets. Quite right; there is no more necessity to blend tea than there is to blend butter or pepper. SURATURA TEA is sold to the public as pure and as fresh as if it were grown in your own garden.

ABOUT TO BE MARRIED.—It's a good suggestion, and will be considered.

NEWS.—A written guarantee that SURATURA is not blended with China or India can be obtained if necessary.

bars space in which to sit and wait for death.

'Do you know anything of them?' the stranger asked of the matron. 'That tall old woman, now? She has a strong, noble face. Who is she?'

'That is Ann Miller,' she said. 'I happen to know her story. Her husband died, leaving her penniless with three children. She opened a little school for small children. She did tailoring at night. The baby, a girl, was sickly. For years this woman sat stitching by the cradle until midnight or early morning.'

'She had great ambition for her children. She worked and starved herself to keep them at school, to make their lives happy and full. One is now a merchant; the other edits a newspaper. The girl married a wealthy farmer.'

'And their mother is—here?' said the stranger, amazed.

'Yes,' said the matron. 'Her children took her to live with them in turn. But she was not pleasant to look at, and her manners were out of date. The grandchildren, striving to be fashionable, found her in the way. Grandmother's seat at the table and her chamber were needed for more stylish guests.'

'Her sons and daughter tired of her old stories, of her love, and of her. They paid the sum necessary to place her here, and they never come near her.'

The visitor went to her and talked cheerfully for a few moments. He happened to mention his home.

Her withered face flushed and trembled. 'Are you from A——?' she cried. 'My son John lives there! I am expecting a visit from him. He has not been here for more than a year. But John is so busy, you know!'

'Did you ever see his little boys? I was so fond of them! I dream about them every night almost. They loved me so. They would climb on my knees and beg for stories, and hug and kiss me.'

'Their mother disapproved of it. She said an old person's breath was unhealthy. It may be so. But if I could only see them once!' she said, rising in her excitement.

'Tell her I will only look at them. I will not touch nor kiss them. My children have outgrown me. But the little boys loved me. Tell John it is near the end.

Oh, I'm comfortable enough! But I want my own! And I am so lonely! Beg him to come—to bring them once before I go!'

When they had left her the stranger said, 'Surely you have no other such case? The children who could so abandon a mother are monsters!'

'You are mistaken. Many ambitious men and women, pushing into society, find "mother" a weight. They put her out of sight in a home, and forget her.'

The stranger, looking back, saw Ann's hungry eyes following him. 'But God,' he said to himself, 'God does not forget the cruelty of the one and the loneliness of the other.'

BIRTH MONTH STONES.

THE very latest craze in many of the fashionable capitals is the wearing of birth month stones, and, strange to say, it emanated in remote Poland. Women there, according to an old legend, are saved all manner of ills by wearing the guardian charm of the month in which they were born; and men, too, if given such gems by a woman, are also saved and benefited. Here is the true list. There are varieties, but the one given is direct from Poland:—

- January—Garnet; constancy.
- February—Amethyst; sincerity.
- March—Bloodstone; courage, wisdom.
- April—Sapphire or diamond; free from enchantment, innocence.
- May—Emerald; success in love, discovers false friends.
- June—Agate; health and prosperity.
- July—Ruby; corrects evils of mistaken friendship, discovers poison.
- August—Sardonyx; meaning conjugal felicity.
- September—Chrysolite; antidote to madness, free from sadness and evil passions.
- October—Opal; hope.
- November—Topaz; fidelity, prevents bad dreams.
- December—Turquoise; prosperity.

Stone: I'll bet that young fellow yonder is wearing his first silk hat. Job Lett: How can you tell? Stone: Didn't you see how he ducked his head on entering the passage?'

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND KALAKAUA.

A GUEST of the Hawaiian Hotel has a good story to tell about King Kalakaua and the Prince of Wales, which was narrated to him (says the *Hawaiian Star*) by Colonel George W. Macfarlane, who, until Queen Liliuokalani's accession to the throne, was Lord High Chamberlain at the celebrated Honolulu court.

'Colonel Macfarlane,' said the California visitor, 'told me how, when King Kalakaua, together with members of the Hawaiian family and suite, visited England a few years back, to join the gathering of the crowned heads of the world, the Prince of Wales was placed in a peculiar position, but one that tended to fully set forth his kindness and genial nature. Inasmuch as the King came from a petty kingdom, it was thought that it might not be according to the code to have the Prince of Wales, as the heir apparent to the greatest kingdom and possessions of the world, be called on instead of calling upon. The master of ceremonies and court chamberlains and powers that have the matter of court dignity and etiquette that govern kings and rulers of nations on state occasions, wrestled with the momentous question for three days, until, finally, it was decided that rank was everything, and that the King of the Sandwich Islands was above Edward, Prince of Wales, and therefore the latter must be the first to call.'

'Colonel Macfarlane says that the occasion was one he will never forget. The Prince came, was presented, and then walked right up to his dusky visitor, and, holding out his right hand, gave the other an old-fashioned British grip, and quietly exclaimed: "Your Majesty, I see our old foggy court etiquette-makers have settled the question to their satisfaction, but my principal regret was that the delay prevented my paying my respects to you sooner, as I had intended coming as soon as possible after your arrival. Welcome to England."

'The amiable Prince was most gracious and soon a great friendship was established between the two. Colonel Macfarlane is sure that over in Albion they have a kindly feeling for the ex-Queen, and he thought that Liliuokalani would soon sail for Europe.'

BETTING ON THE RAIN.

ONE of the most curious forms of gambling in the world is 'rain gambling,' which at this season of the year is at its height in Calcutta. The principal rain gambling den is in Cotton-street, Barra Bazaar.

No one who has not visited the place can have any conception of the vast crowds which at every hour of the day and far into the night pass in and out.

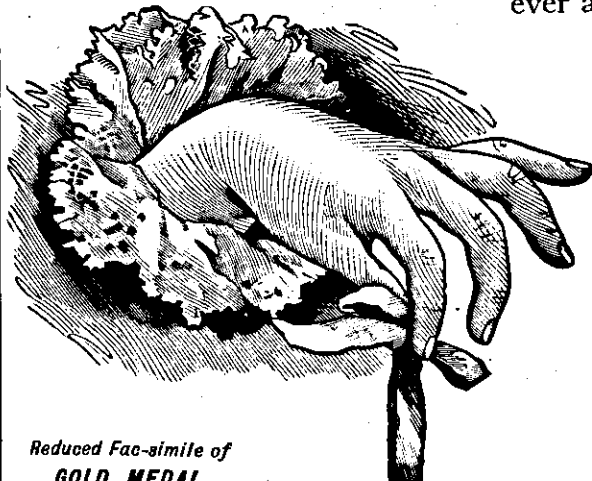
The great majority are Mawaris, who are born speculators, but there are as well plenty of well-to-do Europeans, Eurasians, Jews, Armenians and Greeks, and women, too. All swarm into the small courtyard where this strange form of gambling is carried on, through a narrow entrance barely three feet wide. The courtyard is about two hundred feet square. The far-famed tank with a spout falling into the courtyard is the one spot where all eyes are fixed. The tank stands at the edge of a second floor roof. It is about six feet broad by four feet wide, and nine inches deep, with the spout opening inward, some three or four inches from the bottom. From this it will be seen that it requires a pretty heavy downpour for at least ten minutes to cause the spout to flow. Intermittent drizzles, which partly fill this tank, do not count, as the shower to fill it must pour down uninterruptedly, and then the bets are down or lost.

Chances are taken either for or against the spout running. A gray-haired, wizened old man is the owner of the den, and there is another similar place across the road, only smaller. On the roof, over the fifth floor, there is a small, square watch tower, in which are stationed five or six men, whose duty it is to scan the horizon closely and report on the formation of rain clouds. On these reports the odds rise or fall.

A bet made and won one day is always paid the following morning. Everything seems to be 'on the square,' and, indeed, there is little chance for cheating. The odds range as high as 1 to 75 on some days, even in the rainy season. Many have made a fortune in a single day. One person recently won over £5,000 in the course of a few weeks. But he worked the system on scientific methods.

The ONLY GOLD MEDAL

ever awarded at any International Exhibition in the world for Toilet Soap was obtained by



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Pears

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen,

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE Prince of Wales.

IN THE ZULU WAR:

A STORY OF BUSH AND BATTLE.

THE TALE OF AN OLD
CAMPAIGNER.BESIEGED IN A MISSION EKOWE—
FEEDING ON WEEVILS AND OXEN
—ON THE VERGE OF A GRUE-
SOME GRAVE.

He was a bronzed and bearded soldier—an old warrior of the Zulu campaign—and had much of interest to tell.

His name is Mr R. Groves, of Hyde Park, Rookwood, and the representative of the "Star" found him one morning in his well kept orchard, spending the evening of a stirring life amidst his fruit trees, reading his paper in the coolness of a shady porch, that, covered with blossoming bougainvillea, rose as a splendid splash of purple and green in contrast to the brilliant sepia of powdered clay around.

"I'M FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE," he said, making room for us beside him, "and when I left my regiment, the 3rd Buffs, I held the rank of quartermaster-sergeant."

"And the Zulu campaign?"

"Ah, yes! I was through that," he replied, shaking his head at the recollection. "The campaign of '79. Yes, that's what knocked up."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, our column was in six detachments, and Oetwayo's impi

MASSACRED FIVE OF THEM.

Ours was the sixth, and we made for a deserted mission station ekowe, and kept the dusky troops at bay. They couldn't carry our building, and we held out till help arrived."

"You must have had an awful time!"

"Awful! My God, it was. We were herded together there for 13 weeks without ever being able to get a proper sleep. We had no bedding, and the air was filled with heat and stench. The only food saved was weevils biscuits, and then we had to kill the half starved trek oxen to help keep life together. Should ever dare to show ourselves for a minute to snatch a breath of air."

AN ASSEGAI WOULD WHIRL
THROUGH SPACE,

and the man was dead that it struck."

"Did this conclude your perils?"

"No, not by a long way. For fourteen months we had nothing to sleep upon, and had to lie down in the open air—in the dry heat and the cold pouring rain—it was all the same. Fever and sickness carried off many of the men, and when our tattered remnants reached the coast I left the regiment, having served my time."

"What effect had the campaign upon you?"

"A terrible effect, that till last Christmas I was never without. As a result of the exposure and starvation I found my digestion ruined. For seventeen years I've had twitching pains under the shoulders and in the arms; the nerves of my arms were weak, and caused me agony whenever I moved them. I suffered from cramps, and at times

A DEADLY NUMBNESS PERVADED
MY BODY."

"How about the doctors?"

"Ah! well, I tried them," he replied, in a tone tinged with contempt, "and they never did me any good. Some said it was one thing and some another; others just said it was general weakness, and couldn't or wouldn't state what they meant."

"So you never progressed?"

"No, not a bit. I gradually got worse, and of course I lost interest in everything. I could never walk far, I never slept properly, and I hardly ever ate anything except dry toast and tea. I was miserable and restless, and always in pain."

"How long did this last?"

"Till last December. Several people who saw how bad I looked said they thought

I WAS GOING TO DIE,

And I felt just like it, and a doctor I consulted told me the same thing. I was in a state of collapse then. Even ordinary conversation would take all my breath away, and I'd sink back exhausted on the sofa. A lady doctor told me it was all through my digestive organs, and that's what it was."

"Well, what did you try next?"

"That's the point. I picked up a pamphlet one day in December that a man had thrown into the house. It was an advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I there read a case just like my own that had been cured."

"What did you do?"

"Why, the only sensible thing. I got some of the pills."

"Did you try 'em?"

"I should think I did."

"Well, you don't seem very dead now," we commented, looking at the grey-bearded

face and starchy military figure of our friend.

"No, and I DON'T FEEL VERY DEAD either, young man. I feel very much alive. Why, do you know," he said impressively, "that I've increased twelve pounds in weight since I took those pills of Dr. Williams'."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I have. I improved gradually from the first dose. First, I took a pill at a time, and later on increased the dose. Up to now I've taken about thirteen boxes, and I feel so well that I intend to discontinue them altogether. As it is, I haven't had any for over a week, and I feel first-class."

"Have you a good appetite now?"

"Rather," he laughed out. "I'm always ready for my meals now."

AND SLEEP LIKE A TOP.

And when I wake up I feel like a man instead of the weary wreck that I was three months ago."

"How about the pains?"

"Oh! they've all left me. I haven't felt them at all for a couple of months."

"I suppose you walk better now?"

"Yes. Before I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I'd have to rest two or three times just walking into Rookwood. Now I go straight in at a good pace, and only yesterday I carried parcels home—a thing that I couldn't have possibly done before," and the old soldier's eyes twinkled at the humor of the idea.

"I had to knock my cold baths off, too," he said, "because I was getting so weak, but now I take 'em regular every morning. My digestive organs are in perfect order, and all the functions of my body do their duty."

"And I'm only doing mine," he added, "in telling you this."

"Do you feel as well as you did before the war?"

"Yes. I honestly feel better to-day

THAN I DID TWENTY YEARS AGO,

and that's saying a good deal, as I'm getting an old man now."

"You firmly believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, then?"

"Believe in the pills?" he queried. "I should think I do. They've done a hundred times more for me than all the doctors and medicines I've seen and taken for nigh on eighteen years. That's saying a good job, but it's true. Believe in the pills? I should think I did."

Then we shook hands with this gay old veteran and bade him "Good-bye," and wished him a long and happy life.

As we went up the garden walk, "I say," he called after us, "look at this." We turned round, and found him vigorously going through a number of army extension movements with his arms. Then he held his legs straight, and bending his body touched the ground easily with either hand.

"I couldn't do that before," he said. We closed the gate and left him there amidst his fruit trees and his blossoming vines.

It is not only in cases like those described above, however, that Dr. Williams' Pills are so valuable. They have cured paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica; also all diseases arising from impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, rickets, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs, anemia, pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, influenza's evil after effects, palpitations, pains in the back, nervous headache, early decay, all forms of female weakness, and hysteria. These pills are a tonic, not a purgative. They are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold by chemists and storekeepers generally, or the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Wellington, New Zealand, will forward on receipt of stamps or post order one box for 3s, or half-dozen for 15s 6d.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, strengthens, beautifies the Hair, prevents baldness, eradicates scurf and produces a luxuriant growth. Authorities all positively assert that oil is absolutely necessary to nourish and preserve the hair; therefore use ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL; also in a golden colour for fair-haired children and ladies.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

A pure, fragrant, non-gritty tooth powder; it whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath. Ask Druggists and Grocers for ROWLANDS' OIL, of 30, Rastock Garden, London, England, and avoid cheap poisonous imitations.

EARNING APPROVAL.

He was a very, very little boy, and he had come to school, that morning, puffed up with pride because he had a new accomplishment. "I can do 'em all myself, now," he said to the teacher, and her praise was unstinted.

"I am very proud of a little boy who can dress himself," she said, "I'm sure he will be a great comfort in school, he can do so many things now, and he is so anxious to do them well."

Little Tommy drew a long breath of delight, and trudged off to his seat. He never meant to be naughty any more; he was sure he never should be. But alas! school grew tiresome, and Tommy fidgety. He forgot his reputation, and indulged in several remarkable antics behind the teacher's back; then he was discovered and condemned to exile behind the door.

Time passed, and Tommy was forgotten, but the Inspector drove up, and while he was alighting, Tommy was remembered. The teacher bashed behind the door, to release him from discovery and disgrace.

There he stood with nothing on but his little shirt, and his little shoes and stockings. His eyes shone; his round face was smiling and eager. He looked up triumphantly, waiting for approval. He had been praised once for a similar deed; why not again?

"I can undress me, too!" he cried, in glee.

SCHOOLBOYS IN SIBERIA.

THE military rule that governs all Russia extends to the schools and colleges. They are free public schools, almost as fully as with us (says *Harper's Round Table*), and are attended by the children of the peasants and poor townspeople, as well as by the sons of Government officials and rich merchants, who later are to go to the University at Tomsk, or perhaps to Moscow, for their college course. But here, though

some are nobles by birth and others are more peasants, all are treated exactly alike, and all dress in a uniform closely copied from that of the army. Even the girls—who always have separate schools from the boys—wear a simple regulation dress, so that there is no heartburning in little Anna, from the cottage in the back street, because little Lady Anna from the great house on the square has a finer dress. The teachers are all regarded as officers of the Government, and wear a military uniform. The school is drilled in tactics every day, and conducts all its exercises after military models, training its boys into soldierly young men. Even their play is mixed up with this.

The uniform is not so pretty as that worn by the cadets of our own military schools, and it is comical to see a little chap, with a round, roguish face under his flat cap, wearing big boots and a gray overcoat belted about with white laces long enough to touch the ground. But when he has earned the rank of corporal or sergeant in his school battalion, and feels the mark of his rank on his collar, he struts about as proud as a peacock.

Gymnastics are cultivated everywhere, and each school has a large hall devoted to calisthenics and to exercises upon the bars, ladders, vaulting horse, swinging rings, trapeze, etc., while many schools have out-of-door apparatus to be used in warm weather. Everybody must go through these exercises, and some excel greatly in them, as you would expect of the sons of Cossacks, as many of them are.

Young Wife: Oh, John, the rats have eaten all of my cake. John: What. All of it. Young Wife: Every piece. I feel like crying. John: Oh, don't cry over a few rats.

The Pope, although reported in feeble health, was strong enough, February 7th, to celebrate Mass before 57 persons, representing different nationalities.

VINOLIA (SOOTHING) CREAM

(EMOLLIENT)

FOR ITCHING, SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, FACE SPOTS, Etc.

The 'Baby' reports:—"For acne spots on the face and particularly for Eczema, it is undoubtedly efficacious, frequently healing eruptions and removing pimples in a few days."

IT RELIEVES ITCHING AT ONCE. (In 4 Sizes.)

VINOLIA (SOLUBLE) POWDER

(SAFE)

FOR REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, TOILET, NURSERY, Etc.

The 'Ladies Pictorial' reports:—"Superseding the old-fashioned toilet powders which are apt to cause acne spots on the face by blocking up the pores of the skin."

IN WHITE, PINK, AND CREAM TINTS. (In 4 Sizes.)

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP (For Sensitive Skins).

A DISH FOR PRINCES.

Custard with the luscious Fruits of New Zealand, and all Imported Fruits.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Produces the Richest Custard,
without Eggs.

POWDER

TINNED FRUIT is Delicious with BIRD'S CUSTARD. The Fruit with Syrup should be emptied into one glass dish and the Custard poured into another. A portion of the Fruit and Custard when served upon each plate forms a most attractive dish.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER can be obtained wherever Tinned Fruit is sold.

The best resource for every housekeeper—affording a constant variation in the daily menu.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard and Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Baking and Bird's Baking Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

MINIATURES A FAD AGAIN.

It is not often that anything relating to the fine arts attains to that exclusive popularity that entitles it to be considered a society fad. Yet in a certain way this is precisely what has taken place in connection with the old and aristocratic art of miniature painting. In point of fact, the art has had of late a brilliant though comparatively unheralded awakening, and it is now quite the thing, if you belong to the fortunate and exclusive class that does not have to look too closely at cheques that go above two figures, to sit to a miniaturist rather than to a photographer.

All this, of course, relates to portraiture, and in this respect most of the newer manifestations of the art do not differ materially from the old. It has remained for an American to realize that the art had larger possibilities in a pictorial way and to first endeavour to fully present them.

Like everything else that comes very close to human sympathies, the art dates far back into the past. Even in its modern sense it runs back to Holbein and the time of his visit to England. Following in his wake and in that of the still more illustrious Van Dyke, all the early English painters tried their hands at it. It is but natural that among all these brilliant exemplars of the art some should have seen that there were possibilities in it beyond mere portraiture. A number of them did drift occasionally into something approaching imaginative art in their miniatures. But even then it was usually by way of varying the formality of their portraits, as when Reynolds used to arm his very British maids with bow or lyre and call them Dianes or Muses.

It was, of course, the English tradition that found its way to America when the aristocrats of the colonies turned their thoughts towards the fragile immortality of the miniaturist's art. As a result, to the American sense the art seems somewhat indelicately connected with portraiture—with patches and powder and the later fastidious grace of Restoration gowns and dawn-of-the-century frivolities. Much of the later miniature work has not got entirely away from the leading strings of photography, but it needs no comment for anyone to realize that nothing could be further away from any suggestion of the camera than these personal, sympathetic productions.

SECOND SIGHT AND MEMORY.

A PROFESSOR'S METHOD.

It is a significant fact that the belief in witchcraft and divination is always greatest among ignorant nations, and decreases in proportion to the intelligence of the people. That it lingers at all is due to the fact that some people inherit from their ancestors not only their lineaments but their mental traits.

For this reason there are still so-called intelligent people who are believers in witchcraft, spells, and omens. There is even a class who actually think that the magicians, like Kellar and Hermann, who exhibit for hire, are possessed of supernatural power. To these people, the exhibitions of second sight, or mind reading, as they are now generally called, are awful marvels.

Robert Houdin, the prestidigitator, who for many years was recognised as the greatest magician of his time, was the inventor of the 'mind-reading' trick, which his followers are still using effectively, even to this day.

Houdin and his wife, who assisted him in his performances, devised an elaborate and intricate series of questions, each of which, when propounded, suggested the proper answer to be made. The care with which this system was arranged may be inferred from the fact that Houdin had memorised three hundred and sixty-eight different ways to ask questions of his wife, and each question furnished her a clue to the answer she should make.

Leaving the stage, Houdin would step down into the audience and request a spectator to hand him any object whatsoever. Then he would ask his wife, who remained

on the stage, what the object was, and she would instantly name it. He would question her further about it, and she would answer inquiries accurately.

For instance, if the magician asked, 'What object do I hold in my hand?' his wife instantly understood from the form of the question that the answer should be, 'A silver watch.' If he asked, 'What object do I have in my hand?' the answer should be 'A gold watch.'

After months of careful drilling and rehearsal in private, Houdin and his wife were ready to introduce the trick to the public. They did so in Detroit.

After the audience had been informed as to what the performers proposed to do, Houdin stepped down from the stage to make the test. He picked out a farmer sitting in an aisle seat, and said—

'Will you kindly give me some object for a moment—any object whatsoever—whatever you may happen to have in your pocket?'

The farmer instantly complied. Houdin took the article, placed it in a dabiously, shook his head, and returned to the platform.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I regret to find that the mental and electrical conditions to-night are not satisfactory for our experiment and we shall have to postpone it.'

As soon as the performance was over, Houdin hurried to the box office and intercepted the farmer as he was passing out.

'Say,' he remarked, 'what was that thing you handed to me to-night?'

'Nothin' but a buckle,' replied the granger, 'I've carried that one golt' on seven year now. Sure cure for rheumatism. If you're bothered that way, I'd advise ye to git one.'

That night Houdin's list of three hundred and sixty-eight questions was expanded to three hundred and sixty-nine.

ROSA BONHEUR AND THE EMPRESS.

IN 1858 Rosa Bonheur bought the estate of By, where she lives to-day. It is in the heart of the forest of Fontainebleau, and she paid £2,000 for it, building her own studio. There she has since lived happily, removed from the world and surrounded by her beloved animals. In 1865 she was busy painting when her maid rushed in, crying, 'Mademoiselle! The Empress! The Empress is coming!' The artist just had time to throw a skirt on over her woollen trousers and exchange her long blouse for a velvet jacket, when the Empress entered, bearing the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which she bestowed on the artist, who was afterwards invited to breakfast at Fontainebleau, where she was most kindly treated by the court.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Cleanse your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the most thoroughly reliable alternative ever compounded. For scrofula, boils, ulcers, sores, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, and all disorders originating in vitiated blood, this medicine is a specific. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is equally beneficial as a remedy for catarrh, rheumatism, and rheumatic gout. As a Tonic, it assists the process of digestion, stimulates the sluggish liver, strengthens the nerves, and builds up the body when debilitated by excessive fatigue or wasting illness. Physicians everywhere consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best. It is a skillfully-prepared combination of the most powerful alteratives and tonics. No other blood-purifier gives equal satisfaction or is so universally in demand.

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GOLD MEDALS at the World's Chief Expositions.

Ayer's Pills CURE BILIOUSNESS

NOW ENGLISH GIRLS STUDY.

THE English student's power of concentration is remarkable. They respect perfectly the study hours of their friends, and will tolerate no interruption of their own. The English excel (says *Popular Science Monthly*) when tried by two of Professor Kraepelin's tests of mental capacity: Amount of work done in a given time and power of concentration. Wherein lies their advantage? They will tell us that their strong and necessary ally is vigorous outdoor sport. The English girl has, of course, known from childhood the habit of outdoor life. At college she plays hockey or hand polo, cricket, fives, and the games with which we are more familiar for at least two hours a day, and oftener for a longer time. Two hours is a minimum of time spent in exercise. At frequent intervals, usually at the end of each week, she seeks recreation from past and preparation for future effort by spending many hours in the open air; in boating on the river, it may be, or in taking a tramp of thirty miles or so. During vacations she not infrequently makes walking tours of longer or shorter duration.

If an English girl finds that her mind is inactive and unresponsive she recognizes this as an indication that she needs recreation. She drops her books and puts her brain in fit condition for study by some vigorous play. Under like conditions, the American student, not recognizing nature's signals, mentally scourges herself for dullness, and urges her jaded mind on to over-exertion. I once heard an English girl assert that she could dawdle all day, but could not study for more than two hours at a time.

THE QUEEN AS AN IDOL.

REMARKABLE STORY FROM THIBET.

IN addition to being Queen of England and Empress of India, it appears that Her Majesty is a goddess.

An Englishman named Stuart Majoribanks has recently returned from a five years' sojourn in Thibet and Bengal, and he is the authority for the following remarkable story.

When he was journeying in Thibet in 1895, Mr Majoribanks says that he heard through the natives of a white goddess worshipped by a sect whose place of habitation was in the most mountainous section of that rugged country.

With two guides and a native servant Mr Majoribanks started for the mountains that had been described to him, and on reaching them, found that he was the first white man known to have made his way to this spot. The treatment accorded him by the members of the sect for whom he had been searching was amazing.

He had been told that he was going to certain death, and that no man's hand could save him. To his surprise he was treated as a most welcome visitor. He was received with profound salaams, and with his escort was assigned quarters in a hut for the night. In response to his request for information, he was courteously told that all he wished would be made clear to him in the morning. The villagers kept their word to the letter. After the morning meal the visitor was escorted to the house of the principal official of the town, who is termed the Khan.

Two priests appeared by order of the Khan, and conducted Mr Majoribanks to a building located at the crown of a high hill. Entering the traveller found himself in a dimly-lighted apartment furnished with all the evidences of a barbaric religion. But the most amazing thing of all was that, seated in a delicately-carved chair was the figure of a woman wearing a golden crown, apparently attired in European costume, and looking not unlike a specimen from Mme. Tussaud's.

Closer inspection, necessarily of a very respectful nature, disclosed the fact that the figure was intended to be a representation of Queen Victoria. Careful scrutiny showed that the imitation, so far as the clothing was concerned, was very crude indeed, but the likeness of the face to the original was startling in its faithfulness. After leaving the temple, Mr Majoribanks had another interview with the Khan, and from him learned how the Queen of England came to be the goddess of a heathen tribe. It seems a few years ago the tribe was sorely beset by enemies, and a deputation was sent from the village to Calcutta to appeal to the English Government to interfere and cause the Indian marauders to remain at home. The mission was entirely successful.

When the Tibetans returned from Calcutta one of the men had secured a photograph of Queen Victoria, and apparently out of gratitude, as good an imitation as it was possible for them to construct of the Great White Queen was fashioned, placed in the temple, and worshipped as the chief of all the tribe's gods.

**Unable to Work!
NO APPETITE!
COULD NOT SLEEP!
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
COMPLETELY CURED HIM.**

Mr. T. J. Cline, of Walkerville, Ade-
Laid, South Australia, writes:



"Six years ago, I had an attack of Indigestion and Liver Complaint that lasted for weeks; I was unable to do any hard work, had no appetite, food distressed me, and I suffered much from headache. My skin was sallow and sleep did not refresh me. I tried several remedies and consulted a doctor, without obtaining any relief; finally, one of my customers recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It helped me from the first,—in fact, after taking six bottles I was completely cured, and could eat anything and sleep like a child."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA
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AYER'S PILLS, Mild but Effective.



DR. WALLACE, the Eminent Specialist in all Nervous Diseases, Registered in England and the Colonies as a Physician and Surgeon.

Having a reputation second to none for curing complaints of a NERVOUS character, from whatever cause arising.

Old and obsolete methods discarded; the New American remedy for Debility proved absolutely effective, known only to Dr. WALLACE. Cures cases, pronounced hopeless, thirty years' experience in Europe, America, and Australia. My BOOK has opened the eyes of numbers of both sexes to their true condition. A perfectly readable book. Send Six Penny Stamps as order. Write your case freely and confidentially.

As ONE POUND usually suffices, this amount should be enclosed with first letter.

Morbid fancies eradicated, and the future made bright. Don't waste valuable time. If you suffer from any of the following symptoms, don't delay a moment. Write and receive prompt reply.—Depression of spirits, headache, inability to look frankly into the eyes of another, weakness, hair coming out, dim sight, noise in the head and ears, weak memory, forgetting dates, persons' names, places, etc., loss of voice, taste, or smell, sunken eyes, pimples on face, painless or face and lips, look old for years, situated in growth, palpitation of heart, pain in or under breasts, shortness of breath, indigestion, with oppression after food, constipation or irregular bowels, Stabulary, gravel, weakness or pain across small of back, loss of muscular power, gloomy, remorseful, fearful of something going to happen, disturbed sleep, moaning, talking, grinding teeth, fearful or wast to laugh.

I have known instances in which most of these symptoms were present in one patient. As a rule a great many are present. In no case are many absent.

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NATURE'S
GREAT DISINFECTANT.
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FLUID, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
Valuable book, "HOW TO DISINFECT," free on application.
The SANITAS Co., Ltd.,
BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON.

GRAY HAIR FASHIONABLE.

'SILVER threads among the gold' is the latest fad among young women who wish to appear intellectual and thoughtful. Wig makers will deny it, but the fact remains that there is an alarming prevalence of girls with gray hair on their temples. From time immemorial it has been the habit of the fair sex to weed out the gray hairs carefully from their heads. One swallow cannot make a spring, but it is a well known fact that ten gray hairs will make a year's difference in a woman's age. This is why in former times they pulled them out so carefully.

Times have changed, however, and it is the fashion just now to appear very metaphysical and very philosophical, and with just a dash of the 'ologies' thrown in. It certainly gives a young woman an air something above the average giggling and gum-chewing matinee girl.

If you want to stimulate the proper thing just go to a wig maker's and give him a small wisp of your hair, with instructions to match it in a shade of grey in a small toupee affair, to be worn after the fashion of false bangs. Then train the gray hairs carefully through your own locks, and there you are.

Take a walk down Fifth avenue to-day and see the stream of gray headed girls coming from church or school. One of them, unless convinced by indubitable evidence, will confess to over eighteen.

MYSTERY OF A SWISS VALLEY.

SOME interesting notes on the population of the Anniviers valley in Switzerland are given by a German authority quoted in the *Revue Scientifique*. This is a long, narrow, deep valley, opening into that of the Rhone and traversed by the Navisence, a rapid torrent. It includes several villages, among others Chandolin, which, being situated at a height of 5,376 feet, is one of the most elevated in Europe. Its population has given rise to lively controversy. Desor considered it as of Arabian origin and Frobel and Tschudi regarded it as Celtic. A. K. Fisher, in a recent work, is of another opinion. He considers that the inhabitants of the Anniviers are Huns, conformably with local tradition. A small band of Huns was separated from its main body and established itself in the Fourmiche valley. Afterward, at the time of the Lombard invasion, in the second half of the sixth century, they fled into the valley of Anniviers, then uninhabited, and have held their position there ever since, being very much isolated from their neighbours, and being converted to Christianity towards the twelfth century. Many characteristics of the dialect used by the people and many of their customs seem to indicate, according to Mr. Fisher, the accuracy of this interpretation.

SHOD WITH SILENCE.

ACCORDING to Mr Hornaday in his 'Two Years in a Jungle' the phrase 'As still as a mouse,' may be changed to 'as quiet as an elephant.' The writer says that he has often wondered at the perfect stillness in which the elephant goes through the densest jungle. His foot is like a huge, India-rubber car-spring, and he literally shod with silence. One day Mr Hornaday and one of his men walked in dangerous proximity to a group which included three female elephants and two calves.

Out of a thick patch of underbrush, forty yards from us, there came up the end of a huge trunk with the tip bent in our direction. Then another trunk came up, and sniffed the air suspiciously, first in one direction and then another. Presently two of the elephants emerged from the brush and stopped short, scenting the air in every direction.

Every moment we expected to be discovered and charged by both the elephants, which would have been disagreeable if not fatal. At last, one of them started straight in the direction of the other men, who had climbed trees, fifty yards off. In returning, he came directly by the spot where we were concealed, paused, and stood motionless as a statue for about two minutes, then quickly but noiselessly vanished in the thicket, and all was silent.

We moved up and waited to see what the herd would do. Not a sound came, not a movement was seen.

At last we stole up cautiously, and to my utter amazement I found that the entire herd had taken the alarm and stolen off through the thick undergrowth, without making a sound that we could hear at a distance of fifty yards; not a rustle, not a broken twig nor a noisy footfall.

I was amazed at this exhibition of sagacity and almost military manoeuvring. We saw them deliberately reconnoitre dangerous grounds, communicate intelligence by signs, retreat in orderly silence from a lurking danger, and march off in single file, like the jungle tribes of men.

How different was this stealthy noise-

less retreat from the wild stampede which follows an open attack, in which the crawling and tearing through the jungle is as first appalling. This time the foe was still in ambush when discovered, and the order signalled was, "Retreat in silence and good order."

DAILY CUSTOMS OF THE MIKADO.

THE *Japanese American Voice* describes the daily customs of the Mikado as follows:—

His Majesty's daily customs are very regular. He always goes to his study at 9 a.m., and remains at work there until 4 p.m. He reads and signs all parliamentary laws and decrees.

When a Cabinet Minister addresses His Majesty about any public matter he inquires about the subject, the purpose and condition, and decides it. He is firm and not changeable. When he decides a matter once he cannot alter that decision.

At the beginning of the Matsukata's Cabinet Parliament decided to reduce the salaries of the Cabinet Ministers and other Government officers. The Prime Minister, Count Matsukata, addressed His Majesty about it. His Majesty did not consent, and he said: 'Many officers cannot live upon a fixed salary. Some Cabinet Ministers have been obliged to borrow money, and I have advanced money from my treasury to support them. If the present Cabinet Ministers retain their positions by borrowing money all Cabinet Ministers hereafter cannot do so. Therefore I cannot consent to the reduction of salaries.'

Count Matsukata retired from His Majesty. However, the Cabinet once more debated the question with the Count, and Matsukata went again to consult the Emperor.

His Majesty was not inclined to see him again, and sent an attendant to say to him: 'I have already commanded about the reduction of salaries. I can not see you any more.'

The salaries were, therefore, not reduced. His Majesty understands the condition of the lower classes, and familiarises himself with the private conduct of the Cabinet Ministers. When he reads newspaper articles relating to the private misconduct of any Cabinet Minister, and attacking him, His Majesty sometimes smiles.

His Majesty is fond of reading books and newspapers. He is especially fond of German books. He likes to compose Japanese poems, which he can do very readily. His ability in that respect is much admired by his attendants.

His Majesty dislikes all pretence and hypocrisy.

When it has been reported to His Majesty that some of his subjects have given their lives in time of flood or earthquake to preserve His Majesty's picture, he has been much touched; but he is anxious to discourage his subjects from such Quixotism, and to preserve them from any but necessary danger.

Withal, the Emperor's life is a very happy and peaceful one, blessed by the love and respect of grateful subjects; and when His Majesty makes a tour anywhere in Japan, without his guards, he is in no danger, but is received everywhere with reverence and joy.

A SLAVONIAN MANGLE.

THERE was once a girl who, as an old song put it, 'sold her mangle and bought a blanket,' but she lived in England, not in the south-eastern part of Europe, so it is probable that her mangle was less primitive than the queer instruments of torture still in use by the women of Slavonia and Servia, and its operation of a less heavy task.

Slavonia is in Austria, or rather in the extreme south of Hungary, but its people are nearly all Servian. Its plains stretch for miles in an endless expanse of perfectly flat country. Its mud is fathomless. Its women's daily task of scouring and fighting against the dirt that the 'men folks' bring in from out of doors on their shoes is never done. Between times there is the mangle.

This is a stout plank, about seven feet long, raised to a height of two feet upon rough hewn legs. The middle of the plank is gripped by a framework rising from the floor to a height of five feet, with three great beams running across it, the whole fastened together with pegs. Upon the plank are laid two rollers, and on these rests a half log of wood, just fitting between the sides of the frame. This weight is smooth on its under service, rough hewn wood above, and is provided at each end with three pegs, which serve as handles.

The ironer, when ready to begin, takes a sheet for instance, winds it tightly around one of the rollers, and puts an old ironing cloth around the outside. Then lifting one end of the log and placing the roller under it, she works the weight to and fro, until the wrinkles are all presumably smoothed away. Then the sheet is removed, folded, and put away, and the next 'ironing'—perhaps another sheet or three

or four towels, or half a dozen handkerchiefs—substituted. The second roller acts merely to balance the log, although two ironers can work the machine, one at each end. As for 'starched things'—the *blanchisserie de la*, with which Trilby was concerned in another story—not yet published in rural Slavonia.

The women who iron in as picturesque as her tools when she wears the Slavonian peasant costume. Her shoes are flat and heeled; she has no stockings, but winds linen about her lower legs and binds it in place with thongs, leaving a space of two inches or so bare below the edge of her killed skirt of coarse, undyed linen. Her yellow sheepskin jacket is ornamented with patches of red and purple leather, quilted on with bright yarns, and her head is covered with a gaudy kerchief. Almost as often, however, she is stripped of her finery except on Sundays, and wears at her work bedraggled clothing of Western Europe's unattractive work-a-day pattern.

HOW MOUNTAINS WERE MADE.—Mountain ranges are mere wrinkles on the surface of the earth. Scientifically we measure these wrinkles by finding out how high they are above the sea level. There are two classes of mountains—the table and the folded mountains. As to the individual points or peaks, which are the highest, they are of two classes: those which are volcanic and those which have defied weathering or denudation. When the country was raised above the sea there was a natural slope towards the ocean, and the water from the melted snows or the rivers cut through the land. The watershed then was ploughed by these streams. There used to be held, in accordance with the Murchison idea, the general theory that mountains were mainly due to cracks which took place in the earth's surface in remote periods, but this idea is no longer entertained. As to form of mountains, the one known as table mountain finds the best example at the Cape of Good Hope. It is believed that this mountain is due, not to upheaval, but to the sinking of the surrounding districts. Why these peculiarly defined areas did not sink is based on the theory that the ground under them cooled before the rest of the section, and so the table mountain had an earlier foundation, and has long retained its place. There always would be denudation, however, but proportionate with its surroundings, and so, being higher at the start, it still keeps to its approximate elevation.

THE ODOUR OF FLOWERS.—The various pleasant or disagreeable odours of plants generally reside in the flowers, though in some their seat is in the leaves or stems. In either case the odour is due to the presence of volatile essential oils of a more or less resinous nature. The number of these is unknown, and their nature is so complex that any slight variation in the temperature or in the amount of light falling on them is sufficient, as has often been experienced in the laboratory, to cause a rearrangement of its component elements, resulting, so far as odour is concerned, in a totally different compound. Prophylactic ether, which is an example of these unstable compounds, can by a slightly different arrangement of its elements, be made to yield an odour resembling ether, pineapple or dead fish. The reason, therefore, why each kind of plant has a different odour, is the ease with which one odour can be transformed into another. There can be found a sufficient cause for such transition in the mode of the life of each variety of plant and the difference of their chemical constitution. Whatever in any way affects the life and growth of a plant rapidly shows its effects upon the flower and its perfume. The nature of the soil and its humidity, the variations in temperature, or the intensity of the sunlight will sooner, or later, transform the nature of the plants. For one plant to produce the same perfume as another, it must live the same life, absorb the same elements from the earth as from the air; it must breathe the same, which necessitates similar leaves; it must build up its tissues in the same manner—in short, it must be the same plant.

Mother: Willie, as you come home from school, stop at the grocer's and get me two bars of soap and a half-porth of sweets. Father: What in the world do you want sweets for? Mother: So that he shall not forget the soap.

Pat: 'Hallo, Mick! phwat's the matter?' Mick: 'Hay fever.' Pat: 'How did you get that?' Mick: 'Bhlapin' on a straw bed, as coorse, as any fool 'ud know that.' Pat: 'Be aisy, me hosey! That'll be how you know to yourself.'

Setting him right.—'I understand that you have some intellectual canine here,' said the learned professor with a pleasant smile to the proprietor of the show. 'Naw we hain't got nawthin' of the kind. This is a 'igh moral exhibition given by nine educated dawgs.'

PLUMP AGAINST A BIG FACT.

It is not properly any part of my business to enforce lessons in ethics; therefore I commonly leave that responsible task to those whose vocation it is. But no man can continually write on the subject which constitutes the burden of these essays without now and then running plump against a mighty fact in morals. If you will be good enough to read the following short letters I will then try to show why I was moved to speak as I have spoken.

'My daughter Annie Jane,' writes that young girl's mother, 'now five years of age, was a fine healthy child up to March, 1891, when she began to sicken and fall away. She had no appetite and every particle of food she took came up. She lost strength rapidly and within a fortnight she was thin as a rake, being not much else than skin and bone. For days and days she lay in a half-conscious condition, scarcely moving hand or foot, and to all appearance lifeless. I had a doctor attending her for several weeks, and he said the child was suffering from indigestion, yet, so far as we could see, his treatment had no effect. My husband and I, and all that saw the poor baby, thought she was slowly dying, and we were almost heart-broken at the thought of losing her.'

'Nothing that we gave her did the slightest good, and the child was fading away, when one day, towards the end of April, a lady called, and after seeing Annie Jane, advised us to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. She said she had known the lives of many children saved by this medicine who were down with the same complaint. I hurried to get a bottle from Mr Rowley, the chemist, in Susan's Road, and began giving it in small doses. In less than twenty-four hours the child began to eat, the sickness stopped, and we could see a change for the better. We kept on giving the Syrup, and in two weeks Annie was as well as ever, and fast getting back her flesh. Since that time—now four years ago—she has never been ill. We consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved her life. You can publish this statement and refer anyone to me. (Signed) MRS ALEXANDER, 35, Melbourne Road, Eastbourne, August 1st, 1895.'

'My son Joseph,' writes Mr Joseph Bond, of Salter's Green, Mayfield, Sussex, 'is never strong. He did not come on like other children. He was weak, sickly, and puny. He ate but little, and was usually in pain until he vomited most of it up again. Nothing gave him strength. In February, 1894, his feet and ankles began to fester. Next three abscesses formed on his neck and under the chin, making deep holes. He was merely skin and bone. The abscesses seemed to be exhausting his life's blood. He was in a doctor's care five months, but got no better. From July (1894) he had four months' treatment as the Tarnbridge Wells Hospital, without benefit. The doctors gave him medicines and cod-liver oil, but nothing strengthened him.'

'In December (1894) I concluded to take the case into my own hands, and gave him a medicine that had cured my wife—Mother Seigel's Syrup. To our astonishment and delight he began to improve in a few days. He could eat, and was stronger for it. We kept giving him the Syrup, and he grew better every day. The abscesses soon healed, and he is now a fine healthy boy, nine years old, and strong for the first time since he was born. Publish this letter if you wish and refer inquiries to me. (Signed) JOSEPH BOND, July 26th, 1895.'

What, now, is that mighty fact in morals? Ask yourself the question. What justice was there in the suffering of these two little children? For whose sake was it? Why do the majority of the human race die in infancy and childhood? That bundle of laws and forces called 'nature' has no pity, no mercy. Obey and live; disobey and perish, that's the whole story.

Then how does Mother Seigel's Syrup cure? It enters by bringing the diseased and suffering body back where nature's hand can reach it. It puts the derelict coach back on the metals, it re-launches the stranded ship. The radical trouble of both Annie Alexander and Joseph Bond of the digestion, the first (a mere baby then) having been seized with acute indigestion, and the boy having, as his father tells us, been born with a feeble stomach. Hence, in his case, the bad blood and the abscesses by which nature sought to remove it. Will parents take warning from these instances? I hope so. Watch the little ones and use Mother Seigel's Syrup whenever you see them inclined to droop or languish.

Madge: They say he proposed to her while out boating, and the poor fellow had to row her back four miles after she had declined him. Marjorie: That's facing the enemy with a vengeance.

He (telling a hair-breadth adventure): And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves. She (breathlessly): Oh, how glad you must have been that they had muzzles on!

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 163 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

**A TERRIBLE COUGH.
 A TERRIBLE COUGH.
 A TERRIBLE COUGH.**

94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.
 "Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand 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, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucous, 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 can safely 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.
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"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.
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Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES are sold in Tins by all Chemists.

TEN PUDDINGS can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR—
BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—
 is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. BROWN AND POLSON have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.

We make a Specialty . . .

Of Finely Engraved

**CARDS, CRESTS, . . .
 MONOGRAMS and
 WEDDING INVITATIONS**

N. BRET, Graphic Office, Shortland Street, Auckland.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

(FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT, REGENT-STREET).



LL admit that this season the visiting and matinee toques are simply unsurpassed as regards trim daintiness and bright, yet harmonious, colouring. For these little fancy shapes such a comparatively small quantity of material is required that it seems foolish to spoil the whole effect of the confection by endeavouring to economise as regards the quality of the velvet or satin one uses. About the first-rate toques there is always an air of richness. A certain glowing cerise and a warm orange, extremely suggestive of the scented tangerine, are the favourite tints for the little draped or 'Beret' head-dress, on which knife-shaped quills, birds' wings, and glittering buckles play so important a part this autumn.

In the Bois and on the Boulevard just now the prettiest design is the charming shape which heads our column. It may be observed that the brim is slightly turned up all round, and be concluded from the particular set of the trimming, that the crown is shaped rather high and softly rounded to do away with those sharp outlines that often spoil the effect of an otherwise delightful *chapeau*. To be extremely explicit, we might sum up this special shape as a large and very much improved 'sailor'



MODELE PARISIEN.

model. It is fashioned in smooth, silky 'bishops' violet felt, with the brim lined flatly with velvet just a suspicion darker than the cloth. On one side are pinned three ostrich plumes, deliciously shaded from the deep purple to a faint shade of 'parma' mauve. Then comes an arrangement of broad fluted faille ribbon, the design being a violet pattern *de fantasia* on a daffodil yellow ground. Here and there, catching down a fold or clasping the stem of a feather, is a brilliant paste medallion supplying that slight touch of flamboyant glitter without which no piece of millinery seems really complete in these times when jewels are quite the order of the hour.

Good boots and gloves, with an accompanying hat of first-rate style, contribute more to a ladylike appearance than all else; and, while there is nothing smarter in the way of gloves than immaculate white kids, nothing looks worse than a pair that have lost their pristine snowiness. Only those with ample pin money should indulge in such daintiness in the daytime. However, this winter, dark 'brick' brown and 'cigar' coloured dog-skins for walking purposes are to be *demande*, as well as white. From the question of gloves to that of outdoor wankies there's but one step. To redeem the new black cloth elbow capes from anything like dowdiness, or rather dinginess, they are piped either with clean white, delicate green, scarlet, faint blue, or, better still, pink *lainage*. The effect of the narrow, light pipings on a sombre background is altogether chic and most striking.

Of course, the pet colour for our new tailor coats is the Russian green, which the French are at present very fond of associating with white—the tone of their traditional *leur-de-lys*. Here is a most practical, three-quarter long jacket in faced cloth, of the 'Vert Russe' shade. This coat is double-breasted—such as the latest fashion decrees it should be; smoked pearl buttons ornament it from breast to waist; while a beautifully-sitting collar



LADY-LIKE AND SERVICEABLE.

in extremely dark green velvet—nearly black—sets off the lighter tone of the woollen material. The garment is lined throughout with shot cardinal and green surah, and has buttonholes pierced through the cloth revers; these apertures suggesting the addition, say, of a spray of cheery scarlet geranium, or a little nosegay of Nice violets. The narrow, daintily shaped cuffs are *en suite* with the turned-down collar which enfames a stand-up one in starched lavender linen, with the 'bachelor' tie in satin of the same delicate colour.

In Fig. 3 I give a charming gown that would be immensely successful for dinner, an 'At Home,' or small dance. It is of Japanese, or Mikado silk, a white ground with various coloured flowers. The bodice fastens at the back, and is shaped in front by pleats into the centre.



A DINNER WRAP.

A square collar of jewelled passementerie heads a broad frill of white lace. Armlets of the passementerie draw the puffed sleeves into the arm just above the elbow, from whence falls the broad frill of white lace again. A pointed band of the passementerie completes this lovely frock for evening wear.

Some of the new winter dresses at Te Aro House, Wellington, are so good and pretty, that one longs to invest in a complete costume of each. Clad in a Kaiapoi dress tweed, one can brave inclement weather in comfort. Ladies should especially note the warm underclothing to be seen in this establishment.

HELOISE.

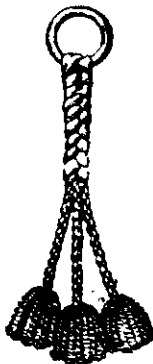
TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

MOTHERS' COLUMN.



If baby toys there are very few that are not immediately conveyed to the little mouth or banged hard against any object that may take the fancy of the tiny owner. There are playthings in plenty, but baby relies very much on the ingenuity of those in whose care he is, as regards their composition and manufacture. Some kind person or other is likely to present baby with a silver and coral rattle, which will please the child immensely, until, having poked it into its eyes and rammed it half way down its throat, it ceases to be a thing of joy, and the infant is willing to put up with something more homely and comfortable. I give here a drawing of what has proved an invaluable soother of many babies' tempers. All that is required is a large, firm india-rubber ring and one ounce of white or any pale shade of single Berlin wool. I think white, myself, is preferable, as I do not like the idea of any colour coming in close contact with so young a child. No. 14 knitting needles and three little bells, such as are sold for pet dogs or children's harness. Cast on 28 stitches—on two needles 8 and on the other 12. Then knit 14 rows, each row consisting of 2 plain and 2 purl alternately. For the fifteenth row knit 2 together all round; then break the wool off long enough to thread through and draw up tight instead of casting off. For the border on the lower edge of the bell cover, resembling somewhat a tulip in shape, take a small bone crochet hook and work one row thus: 1 single stitch, 3 chain, miss one all round. For a single, just take up a stitch and draw the wool through that and the loop on the needle at once. Work three rows in the same way, then take the remainder of the wool and cut it into three strands, measuring half a yard in length; pass them through the ring and plait in a three-plait, tightly, for about two and a half inches. Fasten the small plaits, one into the top of each flower, and fix the bells to them and the dangling flowery bells hanging on their flexible stems tinkling of themselves with the slightest movement, gives the utmost satisfaction to the baby mind.



A SENSIBLE BABY COMFORTER.

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.

RACE LUNCHEON. Except a variety of sandwiches it is difficult to suggest anything if one does not want to have any trouble about plates, etc. Of course, game or fish raised pies and galatinies are very portable things, and salads of different kinds are simple things to take, but dishes and plates must be in attendance. Sandwiches made of brown bread and shell fish finely chopped, and placed between them, are very excellent; also, when made with toast and sardines, a pleasing variety can be obtained. But sandwiches are by no means very substantial, and I always think that the fresh air on racecourses is apt to make one's appetite unusually keen. Raised pies are very little trouble to eat or to carve, and the same may be said of galatinies. Cutlets of salmon, which have been cooked in paper, and basted with sherry, are very excellent when cold, and will travel well in a tin box.

CURRIED POTATOES.—Curried potatoes make a nice dish in cold weather, when meat is not required, and a tasty dish needed. First fry two onions in this slices, add some boiled potatoes cut into thick pieces, dredge them with curry powder, add a gill of good gravy, salt, and a squeeze of lemon. Allow all to stew for a quarter of an hour, and serve with or without a border of broiled rice.

CABBAGES AND TURNIPS are very good, particularly if cooked in the following way, one much used abroad.—Cut the turnip into cube pieces, and boil until tender. Drain it and put it into a saucepan with a little milk, pepper and salt, and simmer for a few minutes. Then mix a dessertspoonful of cornflour with a little milk, and stir this into the turnip, with an ounce of flour. Boil

this until the sauce thickens, then pour it into a pie-dish. Grate a little cheese for it, and bake until the top is nice and brown.

CROUSTADES.—Cut the crumb of a loaf of bread in slices two inches thick, and then with a round paste cutter, about two inches in diameter, cut out of each slice as many pieces as you can. With another paste cutter, about one and a half inches in diameter, make a mark on one side of each cylinder of breadcrumb. When all are ready, fry them a golden colour in very hot lard. A deep frying pan should be used, and plenty of lard, so that the crostades fairly swim in the fat. When done, lay them in front of the fire to drain, and afterwards remove the cover (marked with the smaller paste cutter), and with the handle of a teaspoon scoop out all the inside of each crostade; then fill them with minced chicken prepared as for croquettes, but without flour; the crostades being filled with it after the yolk of egg and lemon juice are mixed in.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Oil of peppermint painted over the affected parts is an excellent means of relief for neuralgia; but no remedy is so generally useful as hot fomentations.

FOR WEAK EYES.

When the eyes stick together in the morning, a little vaseline applied to the edges of the lids before going to bed is better than any patent eye-salve. Crusts forming on the edges of the lids may be readily removed by gentle friction with the tips of the fingers dipped in warm water.

HOW TO MIX MUSTARD.

The common practice of making mustard for the table with vinegar or with boiling water is wrong. The mustard should be mixed with lukewarm water, and if any flavouring matter is to be added, this should be done after the paste is made. A little salt being added acts as a preservative. The following is a much esteemed recipe for mixing: Rub mustard with lukewarm water to make a stiff paste, then after half an hour add very finely powdered salt—about a fourth the quantity of mustard used—and then mix in lemon juice or vinegar to thin it sufficiently.



SCIENTIFIC POULTICES.

I HAVE been practising lately the art of making poultices in a truly scientific manner, and it occurs to me that as the season of colds and coughs, of bronchitis and influenza etc., is approaching with slow but sure steps, it might not be amiss to describe to you the proper medically-authorized way of making a poultice, for there is a proper way, and a very considerable difference it makes in the comfort and relief of the patient that the poultice is well made or not! First have ready a basin and a wooden spoon or knife, or a spatula, such as is used in hospitals. Fill the basin with hot water, and let the knife rest in it until both are thoroughly heated. Then pour away this water, and put into the basin about a third of a pint (for a fairly large poultice) of quite boiling water, having previously mixed two tablespoonfuls of mustard smooth with a little hot water, add this to the water in the basin, stirring it smoothly. Then add crushed linseed, stirring all the time, until the linseed ceases to sink. After this stir the whole thoroughly for a few seconds, and turn it out on a piece of unbleached calico spread on a board; spread the poultice quickly out (dipping the knife now and then in boiling water will facilitate this) to within an inch of the edges of the cloth all round; turn up these edges all the way round, sprinkle a few drops of glycerine or of pure olive oil over the surface of the poultice, and apply as quickly as possible to the patient. If a mustard plaster pure and simple is ordered, mix the mustard as if for table use, and spread it thin on brown paper, and cover the surface with thin tissue paper, then apply. A mustard blister should never be allowed to remain on long enough to break the skin; about twenty minutes is usually quite long enough to produce the desired effect. I forgot to add that in the case of the poultice, after it is applied, it should be covered with cotton wool, and held in place by a soft flannel bandage, not too tight.

REMEDY FOR STOMACH CRAMP.

And while we are upon this subject let me mention an excellent and most effectual remedy for severe cramp in the stomach, for inactive liver causing pain, for the aching of rheumatism and neuralgia, etc., a remedy simple and within everyone's reach. Take a small roller towel, insert two sticks as far as they can go, and place someone in charge of each stick. Lay a piece of flannel about half-a-yard square flat in the centre of the roller towel; then let the centre, that piece containing the flannel, be dipped into a basin or tub; over this pour boiling water until the vessel is three parts full. Then let them turn the sticks, still keeping the roller extended, in opposite directions until they have wrung the roller towel with the flannel in so tight as possible, without taking it quite out of the water, then take it out and rapidly complete the wringing. Take out the flannel, which will be moist, but not wet, if the wringing has been effectual, shake it loosely and apply it in a heap to the part affected, covering it over first with a piece of mackintosh, then with folds of dry flannel to keep in the heat.

CYCLING.

CYCLING is ever with us; even during the winter months the tinkle of the bell is heard, women riders as well as men refusing to be deterred by the weather. One must dress, however, according to the season. Furs are being much worn in Paris, says the French correspondent of that excellent paper, *The Cycle and Motor World*. One of the smartest and prettiest riders in the Bois on one fine day recently was dressed in a nice shade of blue cloth with silver for trimmings. The coat was a tight-fitting one, the sleeves also being tight from above the elbows to the wrist, and the shoulder *poys* of the moderate amplitude now so fashionable. The collar of ivory-leaf shape stood up close round the neck, and the revers were of the same pattern, edged with the fur. Large buttons of blue enamel a shade lighter than the cloth. The coat had beautifully cut skirts just covering the hips when seated on the machine. Knickers, of course, and leggings fastened by innumerable small enamel buttons.

This correspondent, who is a lady by the way, pronounces against the skirt, which several of the larger houses have unsuccessfully tried to introduce. Parisiennes decline to be beguiled into a desertion of the knickerbockers which they find so comfortable, especially in muddy weather. Whether they are wise or not is not for me to discuss here, as each fair woman must have her way and decide according to her own taste and inclination. If the knickerbocker is to come out here my fervent prayer is that we may be spared a perpetration of the atrocities now called rational. Be rational if you please, but be smart at the same time.

A MISSING DISH.

THE story is told that a certain speculator, exceedingly unlearned, took a fancy to the entertainment of literary people, when he had made his fortune and set up a house; and of course he wished to have and to do all the fine things that other rich men had and did. After dinner one day one of his 'literary' guests chanced to remark:

'I dined at X's, the poet's, the other night, and he gave us a capital epigram at dessert.'

The speculator was humiliated. He had no epigrams! After his guests were gone he called his cook.

'Didn't I give you *carty blandy* for this dinner?' he demanded.

'Yes, sir; you did, sir,' said the cook.

'And didn't I tell you to have everything that anybody had?'

'Yes, sir; you did, sir.'

'Well, now, it seems that at X's they have epigrams for dessert, and good ones, too, and folks miss 'em when they come here. Now I want to know if you don't know how to cook epigrams.'

The unfortunate cook was compelled to acknowledge that he could not cook epigrams, and was discharged on the spot.

MODERN INVENTIONS AND THE COIFFURE.

PRESENT day coiffures demand such extravagant structures and such an apparent abundance of hair that women who follow the fashions have resorted to devices which to one who is not convinced of their utility seem preposterous in the extreme.

Then, as few women have naturally curly hair, the overwhelming majority of straight-locked maidens is forced to adopt more or less effectual measures for producing the much desired curl or crinkle. And finally it has been decided that even this generous amount of innocent deception does not suffice.

Perhaps the most astonishing bit of hairdressing apparatus that the market affords is called the pneumatic handle. It was not invented especially for the bicycle girl, though she will probably be quite as prompt as her sister to adopt this beautifying device. The pneumatic handle speaks for itself. The advantages of a coil that is flexible,

EASILY DISTENDED OR DIMINISHED

in size, and which can in an instant's time produce a coiffure that is not only stylish but exceedingly natural in appearance, needs no recommendation to make it popular. Uncomfortable though a pneumatic handle may be, it is seized as a long-coveted means of salvation by women who yearn to follow the fleeting fashions with locks whose aggregate bulk would hardly fill a walnut shell. In using this truly admirable device positively no skill is necessary beyond that which is required to twist the hair around the handle. The coiffure, so to speak, makes itself.

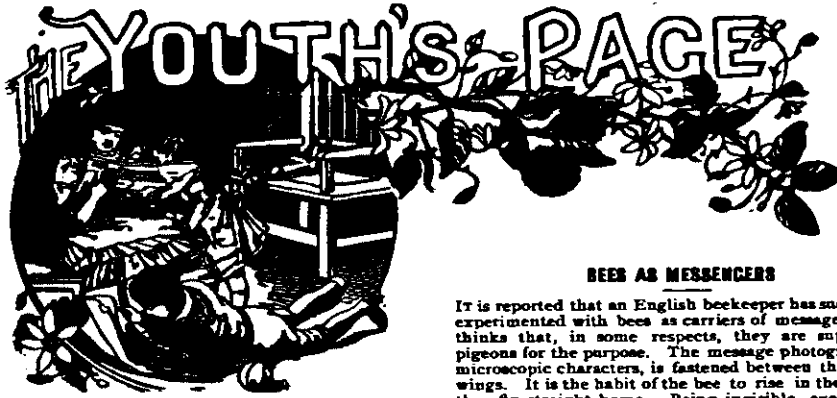
Akin to the pneumatic arrangement is another device the nature of which its patronesses would fain keep secret. It would never do, they think, to allow the imitating multitudes to become possessed of the secret of so admirable an invention. This may be said to have temporarily displaced the switch from its position of triumph. It is a long, hollow, tubular frame which is light, pliable, and incapable of detection. The woman who tenderly cherishes only a few remaining wisps of hair winds them round the tube, and is then at liberty to

ARRANGE A COIFFURE OF ANY SIZE

and shape that she may fancy. What age-end invention can produce a more glorious result?

A still more highly valuable invention for the woman who wears jewels in her hair is the 'coronet frame.' This is made of some light wiry material, and is composed of a circular frame from which branch out four hook-shaped tubes. A maid must be extraordinarily clever to know how to arrange coils of hair over this elaborate structure, but the finished result is said to justify the time and skill expended on it.

And, finally, there are minor accessories in the way of adjustable fringes and curls that are in still greater demand because they are not so costly. One of these devices supplies a covering for the entire top of the head, giving a prettily curled crown, a becoming parting, and a loosely curled fringe gracefully parted at the side.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelopes and turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 10z. 1d: not exceeding 4oz. 1d: for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof. 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words, 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 1/2d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

THIS fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the GRAPHIC cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food, and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

COT FUND ACCOUNT.

Per Cousin Jack:—A friend, £1 1s. Total £22 11s.

I have to thank 'a friend' most heartily for this very generous donation to our Cot Fund.—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Father's garden is in better order than when we first came. There is a great deal of growth on it, but the garden will be in full bloom next spring. I have four sisters and three brothers. My two cousins' names are Edith and Vivian. They say they enjoyed themselves very much at the cousins' picnic. I would like to have a badge. I have so many lessons to learn that I cannot take a card just yet.—COUSIN RUTH.

[I am glad your father's garden is in better order. Have you a little garden of your own? If not, you should ask your father to give you a small piece of his, and then you could grow some flowers that would be your very own. You are lucky to have so many sisters, as they are better than brothers, are they not, Cousin Ruth? I am sure that your cousins enjoyed themselves at the picnic. Everyone did so. I shall be glad to send you a badge, and I shall be pleased to send you a card when you have holidays and no lessons to learn.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I AM at last writing. The Thorndon Baths now being open, I often go down. On St. Patrick's Day a swimming gala was held in Meech's Baths by Professor Pannell's pupils. I have been learning since the beginning of the season. In the fancy swimming contest I came second. For my prize I received a little silver bookmark and paper-cutter shaped like a trowel, and a silver fruit-knife with a mother-of-pearl handle. I would have liked very much to have gone to the picnic. I hope Florrie is better. Did she go to the picnic? Carl Hertz has been here and has drawn very large houses every evening. The statue of Mr Ballance is to be unveiled to-morrow by Mr Seddon. I must now say good-bye.—From PHOEBE ROYANNE.

P.S.—Please excuse the writing.

[I am so glad to hear you are getting on so well with your swimming. It is such a very useful and necessary accomplishment. I also congratulate you on your pretty prize. No, Florrie did not go to the picnic. She is only just beginning to walk with her crutch, and we could not have managed to get her over to the Lake. Her mother called to see me this morning, and begged me to thank all the Cousins most heartily for their great kindness to her poor little girl. She says Florrie is so fond of sewing, and begs for needles and cotton to sew scraps together. We must send her some up, and a little case, made of cretonne or something very plain, please, to keep her needles and cotton in. Now who will do this? I can send up scraps, but have no time to make the case.—COUSIN KATE.]

ONE THING OR ANOTHER.

A CERTAIN amount of crying is believed to be necessary, or at any rate beneficial, to small children, and they act, generally, as if they were not disposed to lose any of the benefit of this exercise.

Little Tommy sat on the floor one day, weeping long and bitterly. All at once he stopped.

'Mamma,' said he, tremblingly, 'wh-wh-what was I crying about?'

His mother smiled. 'Because I wouldn't let you take the bronze horse off the mantel to play with, I believe,' she said.

'Boo-hoo-hoo-boo!' Tommy began to cry again harder than ever, but presently he gasped:

'No—'twas n't that, I 'member—it was 'cause you wouldn't—let me go out—in the cold—but I'm goin' to cry about the horse now—boo-hoo-hoo!'

THE DOG KEPT WATCH.

A PAPER quotes the talk of some telegraph operators who were amusing themselves by capping stories. Said one of them:—

'I was sent one night to play substitute at a little station called Gordon. There was a hotel of four rooms a mile from the telegraph station, with two or three cabins about the same distance off. The regular operator had his rooms over the station and freight-house, where supplies were received for the coal-mines several miles away.

'It was the loveliest place I ever struck; but I had to work. After fixing things I lay down on a bench to wait for the next freight. I suppose I dozed, for I jumped up with a start at feeling a cold, wet nose shoved into my face. There stood a big Newfoundland dog, wagging his tail as merrily as a buzz saw cuts through soft wood.

'Well, that dog ran first to the lighted lantern on the floor, then back to me, and then pretty soon I began to think something was wrong. Up I got, and he led me all through the freight-house, up to the operators' rooms and back to the office, then calmly went to sleep with one eye open, and one ear pricked up. I waited for the train, but before I heard it he began to bark.

'The next night the same performance. Well, after that I used to go to sleep, and for the week I was there that dog kept watch. You see, the regular was fond of sleep at night. I never told on him, but that was a well-trained dog.'

UNANSWERED.

The farmhouse windows are open wide
To the breezes lightly stirring,
But no laughter floats on the quiet air
To blend with the crickets' whirring.
A wee gray kitten lies fast asleep,
Curled up in dreams beguiling.
One paw stretched out on the pictured page
Where little Bo Peep is smiling;
And a little lad with thoughtful eyes
Looks up from his book to the cloudless skies.
Some troubled thought renewing,
Mother, you say he has gone away,
That he cares no more for my merry play;
But what is the baby doing?

Hush! little lad, like a shower of rain
Your mother's tears are falling;
Her soul cries out in its grief, yet finds
No answer to its calling.
Ah! simple question to rouse such woe,
But her gentle heart is fain to know
Where the baby feet are straying,
And your faltered words like echoes ring
Across her troubled praying.
Oh not for a glimpse of the angel throngs,
In the glory and bliss of heaven, she longs,
With passionate, vain pursuing,
But to look but once, with vision free,
Through the gleaming gates of gold, and see
What the baby she loves is doing.

We know what he did while he tarried here.
When the cunning baby fingers
Went fumbling over the window-pane,
Chasing the pattering drops of rain,
Where the careless sun now lingers.
The flowers bloom and the brown bees hum,
Lazily going and coming,
But he laughs no more as he laughed before
At the sound of their funny humming.
He has folded his wee hands, dimpled and small,
That vainly reached for the lilies' tail,
With a glee each day renewing.—
The lilies nod on their slender stems,
And the dew-drops gleam from their hearts like gems
But what is the baby doing?

Oh, common lesson that comes to all,
Too grave for careless scorning,
The king and the beggar alike must learn
What the baby knows this morning.
One by one with footsteps hushed,
They must come to the Silent River,
One by one alone must cross
While the white waves moan and shiver.
And you, dear mother, so sadly wise,
And you, O laddie, with startled eyes,
Your question still pursuing,
You shall learn some day, in a fleeting breath,
The hidden secrets of life and death,
And passing in through the gates aglow,
Shall know, as God and His angels know,
What the baby you love is doing.

ANGELINA W. WRAY.

BEES AS MESSENGERS

It is reported that an English beekeeper has successfully experimented with bees as carriers of messages, and he thinks that, in some respects, they are superior to pigeons for the purpose. The message photographed in microscopic characters, is fastened between the insect's wings. It is the habit of the bee to rise in the air, and then fly straight home. Being invisible, except when close at hand, it is suggested that such a bearer of despatches in war would be quite safe from the bullets of the enemy.

A RECOVERED TREASURE.

I HAD a sort of throbbing in my head,
And felt a tiny bit too tired to play,
So mother came and put me into bed,
Although it was the middle of the day.

Then everything grew very dark and hot,
And in my ears I heard a humming sound;
I did not know if it was night or not,
Because the room went reeling round and round.

But I kept dreaming, dreaming all the time
About my garden, and the robin's nest;
About big trees I should have liked to climb,
And my new engine that I love the best.

And in my dreams a man would hold my hand,
And ask me kindly, 'Had I any pain?'
And do strange things I could not understand,
And then his face would fade away again.

The sun was shining brightly when I woke;
I said to mother who was by my side:
'I want my engine, mother.' When I spoke
I cannot think why mother should have cried!

It was so nice to leave that tiresome room,
And run into the garden on my feet;
I found my red carnations all in bloom,
And oh; my mignonette *did* smell so sweet.

Now father brings me crowds and crowds of toys,
And rides me when I like upon his knee,
And *never* says, 'not good for little boys,'
So mother tells him he is spoiling me!

FRANCES WYNNNE.

STRANGE MISTAKES.

THE errors made by ignorant people, and the blunders of those who resemble the famous Mrs Partington, are not half so surprising as the errors and mistakes committed or overlooked by those whose main business it is to speak and write correctly.

It was once announced in the *London Publishers' Circular* that John Stuart Mills' inaugural address before the University of St. Andrews had been 'republished by him in the form of a five-shilling elephant.' The article had been through several hands, but the substitution of 'elephant' for 'pamphlet' had passed unnoticed until it appeared in print.

At another time a printer discovered in the report of a speech which had been corrected, read and re-read, that what was intended as an allusion to Cato and Brutus had been metamorphosed into a reference to 'cats and brutes.'

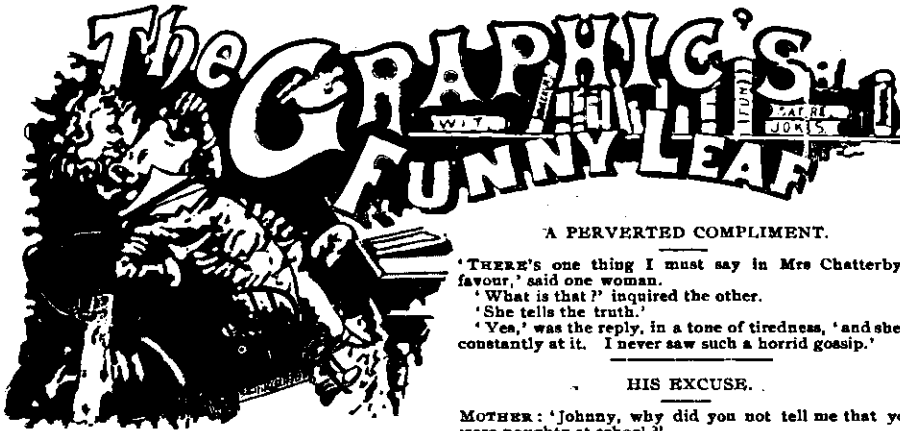
One of the most amusing errors was discovered in an issue of an English Government blue book, containing documents relating to the Russian War. In this blue book the statement that 'Our troops had marched across the Belbek and drawn up in front of the north ports,' figured as follows, to the intense bewilderment of its first reader:—'Our troops had marched across the Baltic and drawn up in front of the North Foreland.'

THE DIFFERENCE.

A DEAR little boy who was hard at play
Sat down on the ice one day, one day,
Sat down on the ice in a sudden way,
His hands flew up, and his feet flew out,
And he felt very sad I haven't a doubt;
But he swallowed hard, and he winked quite fast,
Till as much as a minute or two had passed,
And never a tear did he shed—not he.
For he was a boy, with a big, big B,
For he was a boy, you see.

Then a dear little girl went down, kee-thump!
And up came the ground with a sunny jump
And gave her forehead a wee little bump.
Then, oh, the walling that filled the air!
And auntie and mamma were hurrying there:
To find what the noise was all about!
And she ran to be cuddled and kissed, did she,
For she was a girl, with a small, small g,
For she was a girl, you see!

CARA WATERMAN BRONSON.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mr Sissons stammered outrageously. Especially difficult to him was the pronunciation of his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and unprovisionally one night and to account for it before the magistrate at the police court next morning.

'What is your name?' asked Justice McGowan.

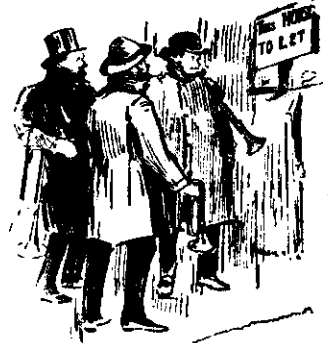
Sissons began his reply: 'Sis—sis—sis—sis—'

'Stop that noise and tell me what is your name,' said the judge, impatiently.

'Sis—sis—sis—sis—'

'That will do,' said his Honor, severely. 'Officer, what is this man charged with?'

'I think, your Honor, he's charged wid soddy-water.'



A WAITY DISAPPOINTMENT.

'LOOK'ERE Bill, blowed if we ain't been a busting ourselves this last half hour to an empty house. Why, it has been to let for months.'

THE SAME GIRL.

THE sudden strain of an old refrain
Will oftentimes reveal,
Like a flash at night, some previous plight—
And this is the way I feel.

Ages ago, I somehow know
That I was a crocodile,
And I frittered away the livelong day
On the banks of the ancient Nile.

And it seems that there, 'neath the burning glare
Of the sun on its daily track,
As I idly strayed, I was loved by a maid
With a corrugated back.

I died, and then, incarnate again,
I passed to another life—
In the form of an ape my brain took shape,
And lived with a chattering wife.

In a later span I became a man,
And a web of love I spun;
Yet I feel it's true that the girl I woo
To-day, is the self-same one.

Who in ages past with my lot was cast,
For I often hear her declare—
As they have done since the world begun—
'I haven't a thing to wear!'

A SURE SUCCESS.

'I AM writing a play which cannot fail to be a great success,' said Foyer.

'What is its chief feature?'

'In the last act the comedian who has perpetrated all the chestnuts dies a miserable death.'

RUBBING IT IN.

'You don't even dress me decently,' she cried. 'I'm going home to papa.'

'All right,' replied Doolits; 'you might say to him also that I need a new suit myself.'



A BROKEN VOW.
(A Children's Party Tragedy.)

A PERVERTED COMPLIMENT.

'THERE's one thing I must say in Mrs Chatterby's favour,' said one woman.

'What is that?' inquired the other.

'She tells the truth.'

'Yes,' was the reply, in a tone of tiredness, 'and she's constantly at it. I never saw such a horrid gossip.'

HIS EXCUSE.

MOTHER: 'Johnny, why did you not tell me that you were naughty at school?'

Johnny: 'Tian't best to tell women everything.'

OBSTACLES.

It is very difficult to court a girl with a wealthy father.
'Yes; or with a handsome mother.'

RAPID READING.

HE: 'That is just like a woman—reading the end of a novel first. It seems to be the nature of a woman to jump at a conclusion.'

SHE: 'I didn't jump in this case. I skipped.'

FOR A STARTER.

'Now,' said the lawyer, 'I cannot take your case unless you tell me the whole truth.'

'What shall I tell first?' asked the client, peering between the bars.

'Well, you might let me know fully how much money you've got.'



HE: 'What is the name of the bicycle your father has given you for a Christmas box?'

SHE: 'Do you mean the name the maker gives it or the name papa called it when he fell over it in the hall the night before last?'

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

SHE: 'Have you noticed the clear, cold quality of my sister's upper notes?'

He: 'Yes; quite a frost seems to have settled over the room.'

CHARITY.

'DID Mrs Flyhigh send in anything for the poor?'

'Yes, she gave two dozen Japanese fans.'

CORRECTED.

MRS GRAY: 'It's positively disgraceful! Black has begun courting again before his dead wife is hardly cold.'

Mr Gray: 'My dear, I think you wrong Black. I happen to know that his wife was cremated.'

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

'It costs £5,000 a year to dress a fashionable woman.'

'Is that the reason so many go around only half clothed?'

A SAD CASE.

JAGGS: 'Your friend Snaggs is very ill of brain fever. The doctor says he will recover, but the past will be a blank and his memory gone forever.'

Baggs: 'I'm very sorry; Snaggs owes me £5.'

FOLLOWING SUIT.

One springtime day a gentle maid
Adown the garden pathway strayed
That wound the shady orchard through,
And, thinking of her eyes of blue,
And tender glances, sweet and true,
I followed suit—pray, wouldn't you?

A saucy breeze that chanced to stray
Along that fragrant garden way
Swept back her wavy golden hair,
Surprised to see a maid so fair,
And sighed for love such charms to view,
I followed suit—pray, wouldn't you?

A ray from out the sunlit sky
Espied the maid as she passed by,
And rained his kisses, soft and warm,
On neck and hair and snowy arm
And cheek of apple-blossom hue.
I followed suit—pray, wouldn't you?

NO EXCUSE FOR HIM.

'Two years in the penitentiary for stealing a hog? That's tough on him.'

'Not a bit. I haven't any sympathy for him. He's rich enough not to need to steal, and he's not rich enough to plead kleptomania. It serves him right for being a blamed fool!'

MET HALF WAY.

CHUMLEY: 'You're a mighty poor talker, especially to ladies. How did you raise the nerve to propose to Miss Sweet?'

Dumley: 'Oh—aw; I didn't say much of anything; I handed my ring to her, and she slipped it on her left finger and said: "All right, it fits!"'

TO THE POINT.

WIFE (looking up from her book): 'You know a great many things, John; now what do you think should be done in a case of drowning?'

Husband: 'Have a funeral, of course.'

SHE WAS A DAUGHTER HERSELF.

'MIGHT I ask,' said the lady from South America, 'why that plain person at the far side of the room arrogates unto herself so many airs?'

'She is a Daughter of the Revolution,' said the one interrogated, in sweet tones. 'Her ancestor fought in the revolution.'

'Oh,' said the lady from South America, 'I myself am a daughter of seventeen of them.'



TOMMY'S PRESENT.

MAMMA: 'And what have you bought papa for his Christmas gift?'

Tommy: 'A beautiful pipe.'

Mamma: 'But, you silly boy, you know he doesn't smoke.'

Tommy (after a pause), triumphantly: 'Ah! but he an use it for blowing bubbles.'