



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 10c. 1d: not exceeding 40c. 1d: for every additional 20c 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 1/4 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 Tessie:—Cousin Tessie, 5s; M.K., 2s; T. Chadrick, 3s; H. McL., 5s; R. G., 1s; H. Stricket, 1s 6d; D. Giles, 1s; P. Lawry, 1s; E.K., 2s 6d; total, £1 2s. Carried forward £22 11s = £23 13s.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I think it is nearly time I wrote to thank you for the very enjoyable time I had at the picnic. Since then I have been to the Thames, and I could not send the collecting card in before this, but I hope you will forgive me this time. Have you been to see George Rignold yet? I went to see "The Lights o' London" and "Tommy Atkins" and I enjoyed it very much. I must now bring this short note to a close, hoping Little Florrie is well.—I remain your loving COUSIN TESSIE.

[Many thanks, dear Cousin Tessie, for your generous collection. I am so pleased with the way the "Fund" is going on, and so much obliged to the cousins assisting with it. I want to see the "Lights o' London" and "Henry V.," and liked them both immensely. I also went to the Drill Hall for the Chrysanthemum Show, and the following week for the Easter Carnival; also to see the capital play of the Greenwoods at the City Hall. I am going again this afternoon to the Drill Hall to have another look at the Carnival; then I must go to the Society of Arts Exhibition; there is so much going on just now. Again let me thank you for the Cot collection.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Here is the *Week* at last. I must apologise for the long delay in sending it, which was due to some misunderstanding. You may keep these numbers until you have plenty of spare time in which to read them. You will see from one of the numbers that our editress is anxious to have your opinion of the magazine.—Sincerely yours, COUSIN LILLA.

[Many thanks, dear Cousin Lilla, for the *Week*. I am very busy just now, so much going on, but will devote my first leisure to a perusal of this interesting paper. I am so glad you managed to let me have a peep at it, evidently, too, with the consent of the editress. To her present my compliments, and I will, with pleasure, tell her what I think about your joint work. I could not resist a peep at the MSS. just now. The illustrations are good. Who is your artist?—COUSIN KATE.]

A CAT WHICH WEARS SPECTACLES.

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the Philadelphia *Times* an account of a handsome cat which wears spectacles—not a very surprising thing in this day, when dogs wear rubber boots and carry umbrellas.

The cat, whose name is Max, belongs to a lady, as may be supposed. She has had him for many years, and lately began to notice that his sight was failing. She took him at once to an oculist. That worthy practitioner

declined at first to have anything to do with such a patient. For one thing, as he said, he did not know how to go to work.

On this point the lady came to the doctor's relief. An image of a mouse was concocted, and by holding this before the cat's eyes at varying distances, the doctor finally secured a pretty good diagnosis.

As a result the cat was by and bye fitted with a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, and now not only looks as wise as an owl, but can see almost or quite as well as ever. So says his owner, as she is reported by the *Times* correspondent.

ACROSTIC

My first read downwards gives the name of a poem; my last read downwards gives the name of its author.

- bhrto Palpitation
- ylhlo A Christmas shrub
- lsvei Wickednesses
- vliii A Roman historian
- raa A river in Switzerland
- wde Moisture
- rryas A river in Australia
- lrso Spoken
- fgbrtei To load a ship
- rttei Hackneyed
- brae To grant
- lsvee Dwarfs
- cglio Something sensible
- dltraaio An animal
- lkti To tuck up
- cltae Applause

By COUSIN PHIL.

ROSIE'S NOSES.

BY ALICE A. SMITH.

O H, dear!" sighed Rosie. The sigh was so deep and Rosie's face so sober that Aunt Em and Sister Lillie looked up from their work.

"What's the matter, Puss?" inquired auntie. "I wish I didn't have a pug-nose," said Rosie, sadly. Auntie and Lillie looked amused, while Rob, who was lying on the lounge, laughed outright. She was such a little girl that no one suspected a heavier trial than a broken doll or a dead kitten. "Well, I do," she persisted. "Rob says it points to my bangs."

"So it does," said Rob, still laughing; "straight up to her little curly bangs. Look at it!" "Don't tease her, Robbie," said Aunt Em. "Don't mind him, my dear," she said to Rosie; pug-noses are nice. See, mine is a pug."

Rosie looked at Aunt Em's nose critically. "Well, I don't think it's very nice," she said. "Anyway, I wish I didn't have one."

"You ought to be satisfied with your looks, Rosie," remarked Lillie. "Now my nose is a pug too, but I don't feel bad about it."

"But you ain't satisfied with your hair, 'cause you curl it with hot irons every day."

"Oh, that's only to make it look a little better," said Lillie, in self-defence; "now I wouldn't dye it to make it any other colour."

"Well, I only want to make my nose look a little better; I don't want to change its colour—only its shape."

"What kind of a nose do you want?" asked Aunt Em. "Like Hannah Lee's," said Rosie. I heard her mother say yesterday that Hannah's nose was just perfic; and when she saw me she said to the lady that was with her, "What a horrid pug-nose that child's got!" and the lady said, "Yes, 'ain't she?"

"I tell you what, Puss, that was hard," exclaimed Rob, "but you just get your nose fixed over. You can do it as easy as wink. There's a man down town that makes noses grow any shape you want them. And I read the other day that if you wear a patent clothes-pin on your nose it will grow straight and 'perfic.'"

"But, Pussie," said Aunt Em, suppose you changed your nose, and we didn't any of us recognize you, what would you do? I am sure we would all miss that dear little pug if it were gone."

"There'd be my mouth and eyes, and I'd know all the rest of you, and I'd tell you who I was," answered Rosie.

"Of course you would," said Rob; "no danger but we would know you. I'll send along the first good fairy I see, and have the thing fixed up."

Rosie wondered if he meant it, but she didn't ask him, because he teased so much. Then auntie and Lillie left the room, and Rob soon followed. After that Rosie settled down in the big soft chair by the fire, and as it began to grow dark she wondered why nurse didn't come to put her to bed. While she wondered the door opened, and the queerest creature came in and walked up close to her. He was very little, not half as high as the table. He had funny thin legs and a big body. His eyes were round and bright, his month large and well turned up at the corners, giving him a very jolly look, and his nose was the paggiest of pugs. The little girl knew he was a

Brownie; she had seen Brownies' pictures so often. At first she was frightened and was going to scream, when she caught sight of a little basket he was carrying. It was full of noses of all shapes and sizes. He must be the good fairy Rob was going to send, so her brother wasn't teasing her after all.

"I hear you don't like your nose," said the Brownie. "No," said Rose, not quite sure whether or not she ought to say so.

"Well, all you've got to do is to choose the one you want out of my basket, and I'll have it on for you in no time."

Rosie forgot her fright, and thought only of the new nose that there was a chance of getting, so she watched with interest as the Brownie held up one after another for her inspection.

"Try that, now," he said, holding up a large red one with a big bend in it.

She held it up to her face and looked in the glass. It made her think of the woman in the fairy story whose chin turned up and nose turned down, making her look like a nut-cracker. "Oh, that won't do at all," she said, laying it back in the basket. "There, let me see that, and she pointed to a beautiful straight white one, as perfect as Hannah Lee's own."

The Brownie handed it to her, and she held it in place.

"Ah, that is fine!" cried he; "what do you think?"

Rosie said it was just what she wanted, so the Brownie took a bag of tools from the basket, and climbing upon the arm of the chair began to put the nose on. When he had finished he said: "Now you look fine indeed with that beautiful nose. All the other children will wish they had gone to see me, too," and before she could say a word he had gone.

Rosie sat and stared in the glass for a long time, thinking how glad papa and mamma would be to have her look so nice, and how Rob couldn't tease her about her nose any more. But, alas! just as Aunt Em had said, no one knew her. Their Rosie hadn't a straight nose like that, they declared, but a cunning little turned-up one. In vain she told them that it had been made over, and begged them to look at her eyes and hair and mouth, and showed them two rows of pearly teeth. She looked for Rob, but he was not to be found.

It made her sad not to be recognized, but she would go to the Sunday-school picnic, anyway. "I guess they'll know me there," she said to herself.

So she started off and looked with scorn upon several girls with pug-noses that she met on her way that she almost made the straight new one turn up. She went into the Sunday-school room and took her seat. Soon Rosie's teacher came in.

"Who are you, my dear?" she asked.

"I'm Rose Cady," the child replied, timidly.

"Oh, no, you can't be; Rosie hasn't that kind of a nose."

Poor, poor Rosie! The happy moment had come for starting, and hundreds of little eyes danced with pleasure, and hundreds of little feet could scarcely keep from dancing, but Rosie stood sorry and ashamed. Her teacher called the superintendent and said to him, "Here is a little girl who says she is Rose Cady, but she doesn't look the least like her."

"It's funny," thought Rosie, "that noses are the only things girls is known by," and then she said aloud, "I came to go to the picnic."

"Why not let her go?" asked the superintendent.

"It wouldn't do at all; we can take only our own pupils, and likely her mother knows nothing about it. I'm sorry, my dear, but we couldn't think of taking you."

Rosie walked out, her heart almost bursting, and that horrid nose hurting all the time. Here were a hundred happy boys and girls, all dressed clean, and with their very own noses, going in a big boat up the river, with music, too, and plenty of good things to eat, and she, because she hadn't been satisfied with her nose, was turned right away from her own Sunday-school picnic. This state of affairs would never do, and she didn't know where the Brownie had gone. Soon she caught a glimpse of him a little way ahead.

"I want my own nose," she shrieked, and put up her hand to pull off the one he had given her, it was hurting so, and then she sat up in the big soft chair, and saw Rob on the lounge laughing. In her hand was—what? Not a new nose at all, but a patent clothes-pin, one of the kind that works with a spring, and is warranted to make pug-noses grow straight if worn long enough.

"Did you put that thing on my nose, Rob?" she asked.

"Why, yes, Puss; I wanted to help you get a 'perfic' nose. I thought you'd be glad to get rid of your pug."

Rosie jumped down from the chair and smoothed her skirts. "I think a pug nose is as nice to have as any other," she replied, with dignity.

A DOC TRAIN-STARTER.

THERE died recently at Lowestoft, England, one who is spoken of by the local press as a very popular member of the staff of the Great Eastern Railway. He was a black and tan collie dog, and he was not appointed to the 'position' which he held by the officers of the company, but by himself.

Although self-appointed, time and habit brought about his recognition as assistant train starter at the Lowestoft Station. Through residence at the station he had acquired an instinct which told him the exact time at which each train should start from the terminus on its journey.

As the moment drew near, the collie became restless and excited. As the bell uttered its first warning sound, he would scamper down the platform, and, planting himself close to the engine, bark furiously until he saw the wheels begin to move.

Having accomplished the starting of the train, as he supposed, he would rush to the guard's or conductor's van, and hurry the conductor to his post.

As the train passed out of the station he retired, and was seen no more until the time was near for another train to start.