

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 25.  
On the Tuesday following Easter Monday Miss Howard gave a girls' AFTERNOON TEA for the Misses Seymour, who were all present, as well as the Misses Allen (two), Greenhill (two), Scott, R. Greenhill, Conolly, etc., etc.  
On Wednesday the Misses Greenhill gave AFTERNOON TEA on the tennis lawn. Though it is getting rather late for tennis on the grass lawn, a few very enjoyable sets were played, and the tea and nice cakes were greatly appreciated.

In the evening a valedictory GRAND BALL was given to Mr. Mrs. and the Misses H. C. Seymour. Invitations had been sent out far and wide to all old friends and many new ones of the Seymour family, and those who could not be there in person sent best wishes, and were there in spirit. That the ball was a success goes without saying. Each one of the hundred presents helped to make it that. The decorations were light and pretty—of flax, lyopodium, and pampas, with drapes of coloured flags, and a large fern tree stood on either side of the stage, which was arranged as a drawing-room with carpets, easy chairs, and tables. The corners of the hall were also comfortably arranged with easy chairs for the married ladies. The supper was laid out at the back of the stage, and was voted excellent, the table decorations being chrysanthemums and cosmos. During the evening Mr Howard made a valedictory speech referring to the loss Picton would sustain by the departure of the family, to which Mr Seymour replied in feeling terms on behalf of himself and family. Some musical items were on the programme, which consisted of a piece played by Mr and Mrs Dobie, the Misses Dobie (two), Master Dobie, and Miss Gillilan on the piano, first and second violins, the viola, French horn, and oboe; 'Queen of May,' sung very sweetly by Miss Mildred Fell, a new Picton vocalist; 'The Old House,' sung by Miss Howard in her usual good style; and 'Ben Bolt,' by Miss Speed.

Mrs H. C. Seymour was in black lace with yellow velvet sleeves and trimming; Miss Mary Seymour, heliotrope silk, with heliotrope and white cosmos; Miss K. Seymour, pink silk with white lace sleeves; Miss Isabel Seymour, black velvet and yellow silk; Miss Ethel Seymour, white silk; and Miss Jeannie Seymour, in cream crepon; Miss Robertson (Dunngree), a handsome gown of apple green silk with white lace frills; Miss C. Western, black skirt with pink silk bodice; Miss N. Beauchamp, black velvet with white silk bodice; Miss Chaytor (Marshlands), figured willow green silk; Miss Kenny, black lace, with black lace frills; Miss F. Western, pretty white crepon frock with white ribbon and lace; Miss Fell,

black velvet skirt, yellow silk bodice with black velvet on the sleeves; Miss Mildred Fell, black velvet skirt, white satin bodice trimmed with black velvets; Miss Watkins, pale pink silk; Miss Lankester, white trimmed with green; Miss Speed, cardinal satin gown with white lace; Mrs Howard (Blenheim), shaded brown velvet with white chiffon fichu; Miss B. Greenhill, pink veiling with white lace; Miss Greenhill, white silk and lace; Mrs H. Howard, white, with pink velvet sleeves and trimming; Mrs Rutherford, black skirt, handsome yellow silk bodice; Miss Turner, black skirt, pink bodice with white lace; Miss Macfeld, in white; Miss H. Harris, pale blue; Miss Conolly, pale blue and white; Miss H. Beauchamp, pink; Miss Farmer (Blenheim), pale blue; Miss Scott, handsome pink silk frock; Mrs Andrews, black lace, with handsome Maltese lace on corsage; Mrs Millington, black; Misses Philpotts (two), in yellow silk. Others present were Mrs Allen, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Sedgwick, Mrs Showe, Miss Gillilan, Mrs Dobie, Mrs Scott, Mrs Fell, Mrs A. Beauchamp, Mrs C. Beauchamp, Miss E. Carey, Mrs Philpotts, Mrs Cummings, Miss Harris, and the Messrs H. C. Seymour, Mirama, Struba, Waddy, Rutherford (two), Maclean, Greenhill (two), Andrews, Kenny (two), Dymock, Philpotts, Hodson, Palmer, Welford, Scott, Steves (two), English, Cummings, Broughton, Beauchamp (three), Radcliffe, Chaytor, Western (three), Riddell, Mabin, and Harris (two). Dancing was kept up till after 3 a.m., when 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung, and three hearty cheers given for the guests of the evening. Mrs Price discoursed splendid music.

On Friday Mr and Mrs Dobie invited the H. C. Seymour family to spend

A MUSICAL EVENING at their old home, 'Cam House.' All who

could go went and had a good time, songs and musical items making the time seem very short.

On Monday afternoon the Picton public gave an

'AT HOME' to the Seymour family in the Public Hall, which affair was an unequalled success from beginning to end. A presentation of silver cake basket, travelling bag, and china fruit dish was made during the afternoon by the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, who, in a witty little speech, referred to the great loss all Picton would sustain in the departure of the Seymours, who had always assisted in everything for the good of the place. Mr Seymour feelingly replied on behalf of himself and family, and hoped that after all their stay at the station would not be for long, as they all looked forward to return to Picton and the best friends they had in the world in the near future. The hall was arranged as a drawing room with small tables, chairs, and vases of flowers, and afternoon tea was laid out on a long table at the end of the hall, whence willing hands passed the delicious viands provided by everybody round the room. Songs and musical items were rendered by Mrs Millington, Misses Howard, Fell, Speed, Linton, Greenhill, Rutherford, Robertson, and Messrs Riddell and Radcliffe. Among those present were Mr. Mrs. and the Misses H. C. Seymour (five), Miss (A. P.) Seymour, Mrs and the Misses Allen (three), Mr and Mrs Rutherford, Misses Rutherford (two), Linton, and Mrs Baillie, Mr and Miss Greenhill, Miss Robertson, Rev. A. H. and Mrs Sedgwick, Mr and Mrs Orley, Mrs and Misses Seely (two), Dr. and Mrs Scott, Miss Scott, Mr and Mrs Welford, Mr R. Scott, Mrs and the Misses Fell (three), Mr and Mrs Bowden, Misses Dart (two), Mrs Andrews, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Hasielt, Mr and Miss Harris, Miss Davidson, Mrs Kenny, Mr and Miss Kenny, Mr Riddell, Mr Radcliffe, Misses Western (three), Mrs and Miss Cummings, Miss McKinnoe, Mrs and Miss James Greenhill, Mrs and Miss Howard, Miss Lankester, Miss Hay, Dr. and Mrs Millington, Mrs Conolly (Auckland) and Miss Conolly, Mrs and Misses Philpotts (three), Misses Linton (two), Misses Cawte, Miss Millington, Mrs and Misses Speed (two), Miss Jackson, Mr K. Kenny, Mr N. Kenny, and Mrs Watkins.

On Monday evening Mr and Mrs Andrews had a few friends—Mr and Mrs Seymour, Miss M. Seymour, Mrs Allen and Messrs Rutherford and Riddell, who all voted the evening a most delightful one. An epicurean little feast was the supper. Evidently Mr and Mrs Andrews are *en fait* in the art of entertaining.

JEAN.

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AN OLD BLOCKADE RUNNER.

ALEC G. PEARSON IN 'THE SCOTSMAN.'

THE year before last I met him one sultry summer evening on the levee at New Orleans. He was very grey and grizzled, with a face burnt to the colour of mahogany, and small, bright, restless eyes almost hidden beneath bushy eyebrows. From his general appearance I guessed he was, or had been, a sailor; although his somewhat dilapidated rig-out seemed to prove that his last discharge bore date some time ago. I don't know what put the thought into my head, but I could not help connecting him in some way with a worn-out schooner that was made fast to the bank on the opposite side of the river. Both of them, no doubt, had done good service on the ocean in their day, but their day was past, and they would duck to the flying spray no more.

As I approached, he slightly rose from his recumbent attitude on a couple of cotton bales and peered at me from under the brim of his grey sombrero. I was attracted by his face. It had an honest and fearless expression, but with a slight tinge of melancholy too, as of one who had too surely found out that the world could do without him.

By way of opening the conversation, I said, nodding towards the schooner, 'That craft yonder has seen the best of her days.'

He sat up and looked at her under the shade of his hand.

'I reckon she has,' he replied. 'You'd scarcely guess, now, that she's done a smart amount of blockade running in her time. Lately she's been owned by some coloured men, and only a week ago she drifted into port—a derelict. Lord knows what has become of her crew.'

'An interesting old craft. I suppose she was blockade running during the War of Secession?'

'Yes, sir; and she was well known on this coast. Why, I remember old McLusky taking her out of the Brazos River one dark night in a blinding rain squall, and he must have passed right between a couple of Federal gunboats that were cruising outside. I was aboard another craft at the time; we were anchored in the river waiting for a chance to run a cargo of cotton to Havana, but our skipper hadn't the nerve

of old McLusky, and he wouldn't start in such thick weather. Why, the blackness seemed to be solid.'

'Then you've done some blockade running, yourself, eh?'

'I have, both in steamers and sailing vessels. And of the two there was far more excitement and danger in working a little sailing vessel out under the nose of the cruisers, than running the blockade in a steamer.'

'I can imagine so.'

'But, after all, running out of a blockade port was not so very difficult if the wind and weather were favourable. Running in was a very different matter. We didn't exactly know where the cruisers might be. We had to hang about off the port waiting for a dark night, and a leading wind perhaps; and if it happened to fall calm we stood an additional risk of being captured; because if shoal water prevented the men-o'-war getting near us, it was no obstacle to their boats.'

'Were all your trips successful? I inquired.

The old sea dog took off his soft hat, ex- tracted a plug of tobacco from the inner band, and reflectively bit off a 'chew.'

'Once we came very near being captured,' he replied. 'We had a valuable cargo on board, and I made more money on that trip than I had ever done before. But it did me no good. There was a curse on it.'

'A curse on the money? I exclaimed, in surprise, for my companion did not appear to be the sort of man who would be much given to superstitious fancies.

'Yes, a curse,' he repeated. 'I have often wished that we had been captured, for I've had but little luck since, and something that happened might have been proved. But I will tell you the story if you like, sir. It may interest you.'

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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.

**DR. WALLACE**  
91 PITT ST., SYDNEY,  
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ANSWERS  
to  
CORRESPONDENTS.

A.R.—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 thrift.

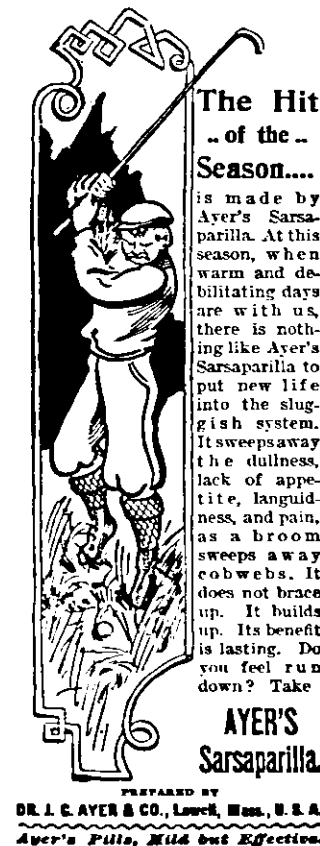
TAXPAYER.—It is a simple calculation. If 1lb of SURATURA TEA at 1s 6d per lb lasts you four weeks, while 1lb of tea you mention at 1s 6d was used in a week, it stands to reason that you pay in four weeks for the tea you have been using—4lb at 1s 6d. 7s 4d; as against 1s 6d, a saving of 5s 8d in a month 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 bleed tea than there is to bleed 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.

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



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