

her mistress' education, and kindly pointed out to her ignorant employer the latter's linguistic defects. But, instead of responding to this kindly conduct with grateful thanks and humble promises to amend the ways of her speech, the mistress ordered her servant—to such depths of ingratitude are some natures possessed—to at once quit her house and service. The gifted creature—who has herself declared that she will outvie Marie Corelli—did so, and then brought that action against her mistress which has made known to the world one phase of the hardihood that beset the path of genius. It is comforting to know that the Court ordered the mistress to pay a month's wages in lieu of a month's notice to her ex-domestic, but that generous minded dame declared that she would refund the filthy lucre as soon as her novel was published.

There are many people, however, whose sympathies would seem rather to be with the mistress than with the servant in the above case. One experienced lady who has told me that it could not enter into the mind of man to conceive what she has gone through with servant girls, and who has further fully explained to me that every grey hair in her head has a servant girl attached to it—metaphorically speaking—in the relationship of cause and effect, piously thanks heaven that she has as yet been spared the ordeal of a literary servant girl. But the literary servant girl has come in the Old Country, and presently she will find her way to New Zealand like all the fashions, good and bad, and her kind will increase and multiply in the land. I certainly see some queer developments ahead if the literary servant girl becomes a power outside the home and domestic circle. For one thing I foresee the death of English comic journalism as we now know it. Three-fourths of the staple food of the comic journalism of the England of to day is supplied by a contemplation of the relations between the cook and the policeman and the nursemaid and the British warrior. Think, then, what will be the effect if the Press, serious and comic, passes into the hands of the literary servant girl! A large supply of the food of comic journalism will be suddenly cut off—for, of course, the literary servant girl would be an unnatural monster were she to permit those sacred relations of her kind to remain the food for jest—and it will be scarcely possible for comic journalism to keep alive solely on the sustenance afforded by the mother-in-law jokes. Another thing I clearly foresee is the gradual bankruptcy of all keepers of china and delf ware shops, for, if servant girls spend their time in chronicling the vengeance of the Viscount or that of any other nobleman, they cannot possibly find leisure to smash crockery. Thus it naturally follows that if no crockery is smashed none will require to be replaced; ergo, there will be no buying of fresh china, and the trade in china will consequently languish and die.

LISTENING to the plaint of housekeepers, we understand quite clearly that the subjugation of the mistresses by the servant girls is a process that is now well begun and is going on steadily. If it continues to go on as it is now doing, we may confidently expect that in another hundred years the terms 'mistress' and 'servant' will have completely exchanged their significations. No doubt the Max Müller of that day will, in the latest work on philology, in an interesting chapter devoted to the subject of the gradual inversion of the meaning of certain words, take hold of the terms 'mistress' and 'servant' as a flagrant example, and, expounding their genesis and early development, will go on to depict, with nice and curious details, the strange evolution by which each had become possessed by the close of the twentieth century of the signification which belonged to the other when the nineteenth century was drawing to its end.

Substantial consolation and advice to red-haired women is given by a writer who has been studying colour harmony. He says that if women with red hair would only study how to use it becomingly, they would be proud of the distinction of having it instead of being dissatisfied with their lot. There appears to be an impression among women with red hair that almost any shade of blue can be worn by them because as a usual thing they have fair and delicate complexions; but, as a matter of fact, blue is the one colour above all others that they ought to avoid. The contrast is too violent, and the combination is not harmonious. The shades most suitable to be worn with red hair are bright, sunny browns and all autumn leaf tints. After these may be selected pale or dark green—but never a bright green—pale yellow, and black unmixed with any other colour. Mixed colours are not becoming to red-haired people, as they nearly always give them a more or less dowdy appearance. In fact, red hair is usually so brilliant and decided that it must be met on its own ground, and so vague, undecided sort of things should be worn with it.

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.

'FLORISS, MARLBOROUGH.'—I hope you will see this answer. When you want a reply by post, please send stamped addressed envelope. You may forward your little story, and I will tell you what I think of it. If it is worth printing I will put it in THE GRAPHIC. I should imagine you want it in the Children's Page. For that purpose it must be very short. If you want the MSS. returned, that is, if it is not suitable for our pages, send a stamp and full address with it. When writing about a story to an editor, always mention its title. For instance, you should say, 'I am forwarding you a short story, "My First," or whatever the name is. I am pretty sure it is your first, though I do not suppose you have given it that title.

'Country Subscriber.'—If you suffer so from cold why not make all your underwear of flannel? For winter, get the stronger make and by the time it is washed several times you will find it about ready for spring use; then by the summer it will just be comfortably warm, except perhaps in the very hot weather. Write to Te Aro House, Wellington, for patterns at once; they have a splendid assortment, and you will find that the nearest and most convenient place for your general drapery replenishing. If you have all your own ironing and washing to do, you should try flannel for the little boys' summer suits. It does not require starching, and is so easily ironed. For your best dress ask for patterns. You can select from them so much better than I can tell you. I am glad this column is a help.

'Miss Molly.'—I think this is your *nom de plume*, though your writing is a little difficult to decipher. The custom of turning down the corners of the cards to signify different messages is not a very general one, as it is considered better form to have one's pasteboard representative as fresh in appearance as possible. However, the fashion does obtain to a small extent, and its language is as follows: Turning the upper right-hand corner signifies that the single card is to include all the ladies of the household, and turning the upper left-hand corner, that the call was made personally. This letter is the more senseless custom, as, except where the visiting duties are very onerous, it is very unusual in this country for ladies to call by proxy, or to send their cards to a door by their maid or footman.

'Mrs S.'—It is better in returning calls after you are married to keep a 'callers' book.' On one page enter the names of your visitors and the date of their call. On the opposite page write the date on which you return the call. In this way you can see at a glance what calls have been returned. Where there are many visitors a book of this kind is a necessity. You will also want an 'invitation book,' wherein you write the names of people you ask to your parties, carefully crossing out those who leave the district, who are removed by death, or whom you no longer wish to invite.

'Murphy.'—I do not think there are any circumstances under which an anonymous letter can be good. If one has something to tell that is of worth and agreeable, then surely one's name can be signed to it. If it is something that is disagreeable it is cowardly to write it without one's signature.

'Minnie.'—You will find nothing better to amuse your children with than letting them act plays. There is a very good little play—arranged for children—called 'The Frog Prince,' but it requires a good many little actors—I think about ten, or twelve.

'Maggie.'—I do not think you can do better than go to the D.S.C., Auckland, and get some of the blouse silk they are selling. That, as a lining to the velvet, would make a very handsome finish to the drapery on that pretty screen. It is not at all expensive, in fact, it is really cheap, and would serve your purpose admirably. Whilst you are there you had better get some good cretonne (all reduced now) and cover your chairs. I think you can easily manage it. Cut out a paper pattern, and fit on the seat of the chair as you would a dress. You must provide yourself with a tack hammer, and very thin furniture tacks, also gimp to hide the edges. I saw two armchairs which a lady had covered the other day, using a pretty gimp to finish her work.

'A Soldier's Bride.'—I should have the church decorated with red and white flowers and flags, and the bridesmaids could wear white silk skirts with geranium red velvet bodices softened with chiffon, hats of red velvet with white satin bows, the new chiffon, and white plumes; bouquets *en suite*. For the bride's dress, how would you like this, which was really worn by a soldier's bride in a smart London circle?—A gown of rich ivory satin Duchesse, with bodice entirely of

chiffon, the drawn yoke trimmed with narrow pearl passementerie. There were bretelles of orange flowers and beads, a folded belt fastened at the side with diamond buttons, and ruffled chiffon sleeves with bands of passementerie. The lightly trained skirt was trimmed round the front at equal distances with small cascades of chiffon, caught with clusters of orange blossoms. The bride wore a wreath of the same flowers and a tulle veil embroidered at the hem, pearl and diamond ornaments, and carried a bouquet of orchids, presented by the bridegroom. Her going-away dress was of green cloth trimmed with white cloth, handsomely braided in black and gold; a heliotrope hat and velvet cloak of the same colour.

'Bride's Present.'—The latest novelty in duchesse toilet slippers is in pale coloured satin set off in the centre with arabesques delineated with traceries of white chain stitch; edging of narrow white braid and white lining. They are pretty but scarcely practical, being difficult to keep clean.

'Madame.'—Thank you very much for your kind note and contribution. I am always glad of such things, written, like yours, clearly, and on one side of the paper only.

'Isabel.'—I am very much pleased to hear from you again, and glad to learn you find this column useful. With your family £200 should be ample per week. As a rule, I see calculators of domestic arrangements allow 12s 6d per week each adult in the dining-room and 10s 6d in the kitchen. A man-servant is estimated from 12s 6d to 15s per week. This is only for food—wages, washing, etc., all extra. The lady you refer to, as managing well on much less must do a good deal of the cooking herself, saving greatly in odd pieces. Your friends ought to spend a great deal less, or they can never keep within their income. I do not see how they can afford to keep more than one maid, giving her, say, 10s a week, which ought to procure a thoroughly competent general. They should keep poultry, and turn part of their land into a good kitchen garden. The fruit alone will soon pay for cost of planting. They ought to be able to keep themselves in vegetables, which is an immense saving, besides ensuring wholesome food if properly cooked. For a few turnips, carrots, parsley, an onion rubbed along the bottom of the pan, a little thyme, etc., etc., will, if nicely fried and then added to a stew, make a most delicious dish, and half the quantity of meat suffices. They cannot afford lamb when it first comes in, nor chickens, nor eggs when dear (unless, indeed, they have, as I suggest, their own). They cannot afford wine except as a medicine, and, in fact, on all sides they must practise the most rigid economy. Not that they need be less happy or healthy for this; indeed, I think they will (as you say they are such a devoted couple) enjoy seeing more of each other and working together. They must keep careful accounts, and never exceed the sum they decide to spend each week, unless there is a balance from the preceding one, and then they might enjoy an evening at the opera, etc. Whilst answering your own query I forgot to tell you that the usual allowances are: Butter and sugar ½ lb a head, and tea ¼ lb.

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A TERRIBLE COUGH. A TERRIBLE COUGH.

'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 name 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 Lozenges which were 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. 22, 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 hospital and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly, A. GABRIEL M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M. Edinburgh. L.H.C.B. and L.M. Edinburgh.'

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