



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Writes on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelopes ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows—Not exceeding 3oz, 3d; 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 3d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' GOT 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.

THE STORY OF WRIGGLETO.

(BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.)

It was in the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, and Colonel Periwinkle had come up from the city to spend a day or two with his chum, who, by-the-way, was no less a person than the father of Jack and Mollie. They had all had dinner, and were now out upon the back verandah overlooking the magnificent river which flowed from the mountains to the sea, condescending on its way thither to beautiful countless insignificant towns which had grown up on its banks, among which was the one in which Jack and Mollie had been born and lived all their lives.

Mollie was somewhat depressed, but Jack was jubilant, and all because in the course of a walk they had had that morning Jack had killed a snake.

'It was fine,' said Jack. 'He was lying there in the sun, and I took a stone and put him out of his misery in two seconds.'

'Well, I didn't like it,' said Mollie. 'I don't care for snakes, but some how or other it seems to me we'd ought to have left him alone. He wasn't hurting anybody off there. If he'd come walking on our place, that would have been one thing, but we went walking where he was, and he had as much right to take a sun-bath there as we had.'

'That's true enough,' put in Uncle Periwinkle. 'You've just about hit it, Mollie. It wasn't polite in you, in the first place, to disturb his snakeship in his nap, and having done so, I can't see why you wanted to kill him.'

'Oh, pahaw!' said Jack. 'What's snakes good for except to kill? I kill 'em every chance I get. They aren't any good.'

'All right, Mr Jack,' said the Colonel, quietly. 'I suppose you know all about it; but I know a thing or two about snakes myself that don't exactly agree with what you say. They are some good sometimes, and, as a matter of fact, as a general rule, they are less apt to attack you without reason than you are to attack them. I'll never forget my old pet Wriggletto, and as long as I remember him I can't help having a warm corner for snakes in my heart.' Here the Colonel paused, and puffed thoughtfully on his cigar.

'Who was Wriggletto?' asked Jack. 'Who was he?' cried the Colonel. 'You don't mean to say that I never told you about Wriggletto, my pet boa-constrictor, do you?'

'You never told me,' said Mollie. 'But I'm not everybody. Maybe you told some other little girl.'

'No, indeed!' the Colonel replied. 'You are the only little girl I tell stories to, and as far as I am concerned, while I admit you are not everybody, you are somebody, and that's more than everybody is. Wriggletto was a boa-constrictor I once knew in South America, and he was, without exception, the most remarkable bit of a serpent I ever met. Genial, kind, intelligent, grateful,

and useful! There's a recommendation for you. Few men are all that—and few boa-constrictors either, as far as that goes. I admit Wriggletto was an exception to the general run of serpents, but he was all that I claim for him, nevertheless.'

'What kind of a snake did you say he was?' asked Jack.

'A boa-constrictor, said Uncle Periwinkle; and I knew him in his childhood. I first encountered Wriggletto about ten miles out of Para on the river Amazon. He was being swallowed by a large boa-constrictor, and I saved his life by catching hold of his tail and pulling him out just as the other was getting ready to give the gulp which would have taken Wriggletto in completely, and placed him beyond all hope of ever being saved.'

'What was the other boa doing while you were saving Wriggletto?' asked Jack, who was fond always of hearing both sides to every question, and whose father therefore, hoped he might some day grow up to be a great judge.

'He couldn't do anything,' returned the Colonel. 'He was powerless as long as Wriggletto's head stuck in his throat, and just before I got the smaller snake extricated I killed the other one. It was not a very dangerous rescue on my part as long as Wriggletto was likely to be grateful. I must confess that for a few minutes I was afraid he might not comprehend all I had done for him, and it was just possible he might attack me, but the hug he gave me when he found himself free once more was reassuring. After that there was nothing Wriggletto would not do for me. He seemed to learn in an instant that there were hundreds of little things to be done about the house of an old bachelor like myself which a willing serpent could do, and he made it his business to do those things; and when you, Master Jack, try in future to say that snakes are only good to kill and of no use to anyone, you must at least make an exception in favour of Wriggletto.'

'I will,' said Jack; but you haven't told us the useful things he did for you yet.'

'I was about to do so,' said the Colonel. 'In the first place, before he learned how to do little things about the house for me, Wriggletto acted as a watch-dog, and you may be sure that nobody ever ventured to prowl around my house at night while Wriggletto slept out on the lawn. Para was quite full of conscienceless fellows, too, at the time, any one of whom would have been glad to have a chance to relieve me of my belongings if they could get by my watch-snake. Two of them tried it, and Wriggletto would hiss till about them and crawled down to the Amazon, dragging them after him. Then he tossed them into the river, and came back to his post once more.'

'Did you see him do it, Uncle Periwinkle?' asked Mollie.

'No,' I did not,' said the Colonel. 'One of the robbers wrote a letter to the Para newspaper about it, complaining that any one should be allowed to keep a reptile like that around. He never acknowledged, of course, that he was a robber—said he was calling on business when the thing happened—but I knew better, and later on the other robber and he fell out, and they confessed that the business they had come on was to take away a few dozen gold coins of the realm which I was known to have in the house.'

'I bought Wriggletto a handsome silver collar after that, and it was generally understood that he was the guardian of my place, and robbers bothered me no more. Then he was sner than a cat for rats. On very hot days he would go off into the cellar, where it was cool, and lie there with his mouth wide open and his eyes shut, and catch rats by the dozens. They'd run around in the dark, and the first thing they'd know they'd stumble into Wriggletto's mouth; and as he was always hungry and liked rats, he'd swallow 'em and lick his chops afterwards, just as you or I do when we've swallowed a fine luscious peach.'

'But pleasantest of all the things Wriggletto did for me—and he was untiring in his attentions in that way—was keeping me cool on hot summer nights. Para, as you may have heard, is a pretty hot place at best, lying in a tropical region as it does, but sometimes it is awful for a man used to the Northern climate, as I am. The act of fanning one's self, so far from cooling one off, makes one hotter than ever. Maybe you remember how it was with the elephant in the poem:

'"Oh, my, oh dear!" the elephant said,
'"It is so awful hot!"
'I've fanned myself for seventy weeks,
And haven't cooled a jot."

'That was the way with me in Para on hot nights. I'd fan and fan and fan, but I couldn't get cool until Wriggletto became a member of my family, and then I was all right. He used to wind his tail about a huge palm-leaf fan I had cut in the forest, so large that I couldn't possibly handle it myself, and he'd wave it to and fro by the hour, with the result that my house was always the breeziest place in Para.'

'Where's Wriggletto now?' asked Jack.

'Heigho!' said Uncle Periwinkle. 'He died, poor fellow, and all because of that silver collar I gave him. He tried to swallow a jibola that entered my house one night on wickedness intent, and while Wriggletto's throat was large enough when he stretched it to take down three jibolas, with a collar on which wouldn't

stretch he couldn't swallow one. He didn't know that, unfortunately, and he kept on trying and trying until the jibola got a quarter-way down, and there he stuck. Each swallow, of course, made the collar fit more tightly, and finally the poor fellow choked himself to death. I felt so badly about it that I left Para within a month, but meanwhile I had a suit of clothes made out of Wriggletto's skin, and wore it for years, and then, when the clothes began to look worn, I had the skin retanned and made over into shoes and slippers. So you see that even after death he was useful to me. He was a faithful snake, and that is why when I hear people running down all snakes I tell the story of Wriggletto.'

There was a pause for a few moments, when Jack said, 'Uncle Periwinkle, is that a true story?'

'True?' cried the Colonel. 'True? Why, my dear boy, what a question! If you don't believe it, bring me your atlas, and I'll show you just where Para is.'

Jack did as he was told, and, sure enough, the Colonel did exactly as he said he would, which I think was very remarkable.

DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPE.

THE dogs are, to the foreigner the worst pest in Turkey. The streets of Constantinople are given up to the mangy, maimed, famished droves which insist upon occupying the best parts of the pavement and snarl at the feet of the passers-by. There is a rule that no one shall kill these miserable creatures, but, on the other hand, no one ever pets or cares for them. They are left to fight among themselves for their precarious existence and, as a consequence, they are generally tailless, with their ears torn and their coats ragged. Their only good seems to lie in the fact that they are a useful supplement to the city's ineffectual scavenger force.

THE CHILD LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

FOR the first four years of Victoria's life all the expenses of the Princess' establishment and education were paid for by Prince Leopold. He took a father's interest in his niece, and devoted himself to her, but after a while another uncle who had now become King George IV. began to think that the child's own country might well contribute to her maintenance. Accordingly Parliament was asked to grant an allowance for her support and education. The proposition was readily granted and the sum of £6,000 annually was settled on the Duchess.

The Duke of York was also very fond of his little niece. He bore a strong resemblance to his brother, the Duke of Kent, and he always took great interest in her growth and education. When she was five years old (continues *Harper's Round Table*) the Rev. George Davys was appointed preceptor to her Royal Highness. He found his pupil 'well grounded in all the requirements suited to her age; quick, intelligent, and generally very docile, though not, at this early age, much given to application—a fact one can readily believe. Who would expect an active, high-spirited child five years old to be "much given to application?" The Duchess of Kent's mother wrote to her daughter, when the Princess was four years old, "Do not tease your little puss with learning, she is so young still," but this good advice seems to have been disregarded, for they commenced to give the child regular instruction when she was a mere infant. Small wonder that she objected, and asked in baby language, "What good this? What good that?"

FATHER: 'I want a boy's story-book; something a healthy boy will enjoy.'

BOOKSELLER: 'Here is the very thing. There is a man or two killed in every chapter.'

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

'Dear Sir,—I am a poor bad 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 "Trebachomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and which, 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.

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

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

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

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

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