



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 ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 1oz. 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 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.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I would very much like to become a GRAPHIC cousin. I have a pretty garden. I grow in it violets, lilies, pansies, and jonquils. I have got a little sister and brother. I am nine years old, and go to a private school. I am sending six stamps for a badge, and I want to know if you can let me have a collecting card too. Cousin Ina, of Wellington, is a great friend of mine. We have had a fine winter so far. I have nothing more to tell you, dear Cousin Kate, so with love I remain.—COUSIN GIRLIE.

[I will put you on my cousins' list with pleasure, and will send you a badge and card as soon as you send me up your name. You put the address, but not your name. Please send it in confidence. A post card will do if you like. Put also 'from Cousin Girlie,' then I shall know who you are. Your garden must look lovely just now. Have you any summer flowers in it? I am glad Cousin Ina is a friend of yours. You will like to see each other's letters in print.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I saw my letter in the GRAPHIC this week, and I told you that next time I wrote to you I would tell you about my garden. My sister and I share the garden, and on Saturdays we generally try and tidy it up, but it gets done properly by the gardener, who comes to do my father's garden. We have a great many different kinds of flowers in our garden. Before I finish my letter I want to tell you about a very cruel boy. There was a sale at his house yesterday, and a strange cat went into the house, and the boy got a pea-gun of his and put a pea in it and shot at the cat and broke its back. But not content with that, he loaded the gun again and shot it up the nostrils, and then the wicked boy covered it over with pieces of tin, and a little boy going to school uncovered it so as to let people see and try and find out who did such a wicked thing.—COUSIN LILLY.

[I most sincerely hope that the boy who could so cruelly treat a poor pussy will be caught and get a good dose of the cat-o'-nine-tails for his horrid conduct. Nothing but actual pain will do a lad of that sort any good at all. I suppose you have no time but Saturdays for your garden. I do not get home till six generally, and last night at eight o'clock I remembered I had left the cover off a frame in which I am growing some lettuce. So I took a candle and had also a snail hunt. Is it not provoking to find your pet plants carefully nibbled off by some hungry slug, or still more voracious snail? I have some lovely white camellias just now, besides the spring flowers. All winter I have had pink ivy-leaf geranium in flower. I suppose you went down to the wharf to see His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly arrive? We had such a perfect day here, I hoped your weather would have been the same. Please write whenever you can.—COUSIN KATE.]

'THERE is nothing like settling down,' said the retired merchant, confidentially. 'I settled down last year with a pretty comfortable fortune; but, if I'd settled up, I should not have had a penny left.'

'IT.'

MANY of the games with which we are familiar are well known throughout Great Britain and on the Continent. But among the most amusing and most popular of English games is one of which we know little or nothing. It is dignified by the two-lettered name, 'It.'

This is altogether suitable for the parlour, and may be played by everybody if we will except the very young people. It creates roars of laughter, on account of the funny mistakes made by the questioners. 'It' is a great mystery, and the longer it is played the greater mystery often it becomes. Only those understanding this game may remain in the room. All others must leave; there is no alternative. One of the party, unfamiliar with the game, is then selected to return, and must, by questioning those in the parlour, learn what 'it' is. When he knows 'it,' he too must remain behind, and some one else is selected to fill his place. In this way the game is carried on, until each one in turn comes in and finds out the secret.

'It' is really the person who sits at your left, but, before this is discovered, usually much amusement is made. The game is played in the following way:

All in the parlour must sit in a circle, and must not change their positions. When the player is called in, he is 'old to ask a question of whomsoever he may please, and the person must correctly answer. For example—'Is "it" white?' As everybody present is white, the answer is necessarily 'Yes.'

The questioner then asks another person, 'Is "it" thin?' and if the person to the left of the person thus questioned is thin, the answer is again 'Yes.' Perhaps this question may be repeated, and some one else is asked, 'Do you also think "it" is thin?' and if the person has some one for a left-hand neighbour who is very stout, of course he answers 'No.'

And thus the questioner is mystified, and must continue question after question. For a long time he may think 'it' is a thing. Therefore a good question to put would be, 'Is "it" alive?' And then he might ask, 'Is "it" in this room?' Then he might try complexion, and again would be mystified, for if he asked, 'Is "it" a brunette?' and the reply being 'Yes,' his next question, 'Has "it" dark eyes?' would perhaps have for answer, 'No'; and, 'Has "it" light hair?' 'Yes.' And so the secret seems harder than ever.

A good way is to ask the same questions over and over, and try to locate 'it' in that way. But the questioner should not easily be discouraged. A few points may be given to him, such as some of the above. The players would better announce 'It' as a trick game.

EMMA J. GRAY.

THE UNPLEASANT PART OF IT.

'WELL, Johnny,' said the visitor, 'I suppose you'll begin going to school again very soon?'

'Yes.'
'Do you like going to school?'
'Yes; it's staying there after I get there that I don't like.'

THE EXTRA LESSON.

RECITATIONS were finished early in Miss Whitney's room, and she told the children that they would have twenty minutes of 'don'ts and do's.'

'You know, children,' she began, 'the schoolroom is our little world and we are all citizens. Tell me, Mary, one thing that good citizens don't do.'

Mary spoke with feeling as she replied: 'Miss Whitney, they don't rub the girls' faces with snow.'

'And,' put in Harriet, 'they don't rush to the dressing-room so fast after school that they push down smaller children.'

Jeanette's hand was up, and she added: 'They don't snatch the first rubbers or mittens they see, no matter to whom they belong.'

'I know,' said Ernestine, 'that polite children don't take the biggest piece if they are invited to share some one's lunch.'

'Very good,' said Miss Whitney. 'I would like to add that loyal scholars don't stay on the playground till the last minute, they come in and hang up their wraps as soon as the first bell rings. And certainly kind children, in school or out, don't make fun of any peculiarity about another child, or criticise any dress not as good as their own. Now for the do's!'

Fred spoke up: 'If there are visitors we place chairs for them and we do try never to pass in front of them; if absolutely necessary we say, "Please excuse me."'

'I think,' put in Arthur, 'that good school citizens keep their books clean and their desks free from marks.' Morris had a 'do' ready. 'They behave just as well when the teacher is out of the room as when she is with them, that's honour!'

Miss Whitney now remarked: 'I hoped that someone would say that our model citizen stands straight when he recites, instead of leaning against the desk; and he does not put his hands into his pockets.'

She finished with one of her sweet smiles: 'Please remember that the teacher is here to help you and not as a police-officer; and for the sake of your school be sure to

tell the exact truth about anything that is done in the schoolroom or on the play ground.'

When the children were dismissed, Edward said: 'O Miss Whitney, nobody said, "Don't chew gum!"'
'No,' said Miss Whitney, quickly, 'that, like eating with the knife, is not necessary to mention to well-bred children.'

Arthur Emerson told his father all about the 'extra lesson.'

'That's sensible!' exclaimed Mr Emerson. 'Live up to that lesson and it will do you more good than a week's arithmetic.'

PRESCOTT BAILEY BULL.

FAIRY GODFATHER.

ONE of the odd occurrences which we call improbable when we meet them in books, but which are every day coming to light, was related not long ago by the *New Zealand Times*. Two gentlemen, one an American and the other a Viennese, met at an Austrian watering-place, and after a short but delightful acquaintance, the Viennese discovered that the American, who had given his name as H—, was a banker.

'Are you then the head of the house of H— in New York?' he asked in surprise and interest.

'I am.'

'How very strange!'

'Why strange?' inquired Mr H—.

'I cannot give you a satisfactory reply without telling you a sad story,' was the answer, and he went on to relate the following incident.

Two years before a charming girl who was under his guardianship had married a man who had at once set up in business on his wife's capital, and had then become bankrupt. The next step was his disappearance, and so discouraged had he been over his ruined hopes that everyone believed him to have committed suicide.

Within a few months, however, his sorrowing wife had received a letter from him written from a town in one of the Western States of America. He begged her to forgive him for leaving her, and promised to send for her as soon as fortune should once more favour him.

Letters continued to come, now from one city and now from another, until he wrote from New York, saying that he was in the banking house of H—, at a salary too small to allow him to send for her, though if industry and perseverance could advance his interests, she should not have long to wait.

'And now,' said the Viennese, 'do you know a clerk of yours named P—?'

'No,' was the reply. 'I left home months ago. But your story is so interesting that we ought, if possible, to spell out the sequel. I will cable home this minute.'

'Have we clerk P— in our service?' ran the message, and the next day came the answer:

'Yes.'

'What salary?' ran the next message. 'Is he satisfactory?'

The reply to this was a condensed certificate of character of which any clerk might be proud, with the additional information that P—'s exceptional virtues were paid for at the rate of £15 a month.

'P— promoted,' cabled Mr H—. 'Quadruple his salary.'

A day later the forlorn young wife in Vienna received a message from her husband, delightedly hinting at good fortune and urging her to come to him at once. Mr H— of course heard the news, and no doubt congratulated himself on his ability to play fairy godfather at the right moment.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

ELECTION day had come; papa his hat and glasses took. 'I'm going to the polls,' he said, with grave and thoughtful look.

Woe Bessie looked up all surprise, and said beneath her breath,
'I wouldn't go as far as that; I'm 'fraid you'll freeze to death!'

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

19, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 18.
'Dear Sir,—I am a poor head 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 mucus, 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.**

19, North 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 Chronic Bronchitis, Winter 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.
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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.
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.**

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