

the last pink stripe is not increased. After the purl row of pink, knit the lining of the hood with white, alternate rows of plain and purl. When 10 rows are done, knit 2 together 3 times during the row, but not at the edge. In the 10th row, take the smaller pins, knit 4 rows, decrease again three times. Continue this lining till it reaches to the raised stitches at the edge of the crown; then knit 14, turn, slip the first stitch, purl back. Knit the next row. Pur 14, turn, knit back. Knit the last row upon the large pins, and run a narrow ribbon through all the stitches to draw up the lining at the crown. The curtain. With white wool and the large pins cast on 61 stitches, knit and purl alternately 8 rows (knit the last row and the next 4 loosely for the edge of the curtain). 7th row, knit the 1st stitch, then knit 2 together to the end. 8th row, knit 1, pick up 1 to the end. 9th row, knit plain. 10th row, pur 1. 11th row, pink, knit 1, then knit 2 together to the end. 12th row, knit 1, pick up 1. Repeat 13th row, white, knit plain. 14th row, pur 1. 15th row, knit 1, knit 2 together. Repeat. 16th row, knit 1 and pick up 1. Repeat. With another pin take up all the 61 stitches cast on, put the two pins together and knit together 1 stitch from each pin, then knit 2 together from both pins to the end. In the next row knit 1 and pick up 1 to the end; then with pink knit 1 row, pur 1 row. Take the smaller pins and white wool, knit 1, then knit 2 together to the end. The next row, knit 1, pick up 1 to the end. Repeat these two rows three times more, then knit 1 row, pur 1 row, cast off. Finish the hood by making it up neatly. With finer wool draw up the stitches cast on for the crown and sew the two edges together, continuing the join to include the first row of raised stitches at the back of the neck. Next, slightly fasten the edge of the lining to the edge of the hood, then sew on the curtain. Run ribbon through the holes across the head, and tie a double-looped bow. Make a little bow for the back where the crown joins the curtain, and add strings of the ribbon.

ETHEL.

HOTEL MEMORY.

Some one who has occasion to travel much says that he has been making a special study of hotel clerks' memory for names and faces, two things which people in general find it peculiarly easy to forget. No doubt it is true that most travelling men feel their personal vanity pleasantly excited when they enter a big hotel after an absence of months, or even of years, and are at once welcomed by name by the smiling man behind the counter. Clerks who can greet guests in this flattering manner must be of great value to their employers. As illustrating how wonderful their power is, our 'special student' relates one of his own experiences.

When the Knights Templar conclave was held in San Francisco in 1893, I landed in that city early one afternoon with a party of Eastern Knights who had made the journey across the continent in a special train. More than four hundred of us went to the Palace Hotel. As rapidly as possible we filed up to the register, inscribed our names, and were sent to our respective rooms under the guidance of bell-boys.

I took a bath, changed my linen, and in the course of an hour or two strolled down to the office to see if there was any mail for me. I approached the desk, but before I had time to utter a word Mr Clerk nodded to me, and with apparent solicitude inquired:

'How do you like your room, Mr Burton? Does 306 suit you?'

I was dumfounded. This man had never seen me before in his life, except for the half-minute I had stood before him while writing my name in the register. Fully four hundred and twenty-five persons had passed him within two hours, and yet he was able without the slightest hesitation to remember my name and the number of my room.

There is nothing out of the ordinary in my appearance, and I could not imagine how he could recollect me.

To satisfy myself that my own case was not an exception, I lounged about the office for an hour or so; and I hope to be deprived of all my rights as a citizen of the United States if I didn't hear that wonderful clerk call by name fifty of my acquaintances—not one of whom had ever been in San Francisco before—and ask them the same question he had asked me.

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QUERIES.

Any queries domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents applying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor,' New Zealand Graphic, and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. 'Answer or Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the 'New Zealand Graphic' are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on the columns, it may be a week or two before they appear.—Ed.

RECIPES.

No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.

No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

RECIPES.

Apple Float.—Pare two good-sized tart apples. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add four tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, and beat until fine and dry. Grate the apples into this mixture a little at a time, beating all the while. Have ready a good-sized glass dish partly filled with whipped cream; heap the float by tablespoonsful over the surface, and dot here and there with candied cherries.

Apple Snow.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; then add slowly five or six tablespoonsful of stewed apples, and float on either custard or whipped cream.

Apple Custard.—Grate sufficient apples to make one pint of pulp. Separate four eggs; add to the yolks half a cupful of sugar; beat; add one pint of hot milk; cook for a moment, take from the fire; add the apple gradually or the milk may curdle. Turn this into the dish in which it is to be served. Beat the whites of the eggs rather stiff; add to them three tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, beat again and heap over the apple.

German Compote.—Peel and core the apples so that they will remain whole, throwing each as it is finished into a bowl of cold water to prevent discoloration. Place them in a baking-dish, fill the cavities with orange marmalade; pour over sufficient water to almost cover the apples, and sufficient sugar to make a palatable sweetness, and a little grated lemon rind. Cover, and cook until the apples are tender. Remove each carefully to a flat glass dish. Moisten a teaspoonful of arrowroot; add it to the liquor, assuming there is half a pint; if more, add a second teaspoonful; bring to boiling point, then stir in a little orange marmalade. Pour over the apples, garnish the dish with squares of toasted bread and serve warm.

Apple Cup Custards.—Pare and core four good-sized apples, steam them until tender, press through a colander; add while hot a tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonsful of sugar and one cup of milk. Turn this into baking-cups, and bake for twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff; add sugar, beat again; heap over the top of the cups; dust thickly with powdered sugar, and brown a moment in the oven. Serve cold.

Poached and Shirred Eggs.—New-laid eggs only should be used for poaching. The white of the egg is held in a thin membrane, outside of which there is a watery substance containing a little albumen. In two or three days this membrane will become very tender, frequently rupturing as soon as you drop it into the hot water. The yolk of the egg then stands out prominently, and the white spreads over the bottom of the pan so that you cannot keep the egg at all in shape. The beauty of a poached egg is the yolk almost covered in this thin film, the white sufficiently hardened to form a sort of veil for the yolk. Fill a saucepan with boiling water, break the eggs, one at a time, into a saucer; draw the pan where the water will not boil and slip the eggs down into it. Break another, and another, until the bottom of the pan is covered. Then draw the pan over a moderate fire, but still where the water cannot boil, and baste carefully the tops of the yolks until they are a bluish white colour. Have ready your platter covered with neatly-toasted squares of bread, take each egg up on an egg-slice, trim off the ragged edges and slide it carefully on to the toast. Dust lightly with salt and pepper, and send immediately to the table. Shirred eggs are made by covering the bottom of a shirring cup with about two tablespoonsful of breadcrumbs; break an egg on top of this and stand the cups in a baking-pan, then into a quick oven for about three minutes, or until the whites are of a creamy consistency. Serve at once in the cups in which they were cooked.

The Same with a Difference.—Miss Belmont says: 'Yes, Mr. Mearns is very clever. He is a B.A., you know. Mr. Fitz-Toe: Ah, I see—a Big Attraction, of course

ALL WITHOUT EYES.

A lady recently attended an exhibition of sketches and studies of Lord Leighton's works in a London picture-gallery. After making the rounds of the rooms she seated herself near a white-haired gentleman with a benevolent face, who seemed to be enjoying the afternoon as much as she was herself. His beaming smile encouraged her to make some simple remark, which opened the way for an interesting conversation about the pictures, Lord Leighton's art, and some critical comments which had been passed upon the exhibition in one of the morning journals.

The old gentleman said that he had not read the critical article, and then proceeded to explain in detail his own views of the merits and defects of the pictures. His talk was animated and intelligent. He spoke of the most important works on exhibition, and revealed an intimate acquaintance with the strong and weak points of the painter's art.

'Perhaps I ought not to speak so confidently,' he said, quietly, 'for these pictures I have not seen. I have been blind for thirty years or more, and have only been able to see works of art through my wife's eyes.'

The lady gave an exclamation of surprise. Although she had been talking with the stranger for a quarter-hour, she had not suspected that he was blind.

'Yet you enjoy coming to an art gallery like this,' she said, 'where you can see nothing?'

'Oh! yes, indeed!' he replied. 'My wife brings me to all the private views when the galleries are not crowded; and she tells me about every picture, describing the subject or the scene so vividly that I seem to be able to see it with my own eyes; and in the evenings she reads the critical articles to me. I am not so badly off, even if I cannot see the pictures with my own eyes. I enjoy coming here, and sometimes fancy that I feel more intensely the influence of the art on the walls than those who have eyes.'

The blind man smiled brightly as he spoke, for he had heard the rustle of a dress behind him, and he knew that his faithful wife had joined them. In a moment he introduced his American acquaintance, and expressed the pleasure which he had derived from an interesting talk with her.

The galleries were filled with art-lovers, who had assembled to enjoy a first view of a notable collection. They were gossiping together in groups, and talking in a critical tone of what was before their eyes. But the most radiant face among them all was that of the blind man, who was condemned to look at the pictures through the eyes of his wife. As she led him in front of a large canvas and whispered into his ear a minute description of what he could not see, a happy smile of contentment and peace illumined his face.

'Yes, it is indeed beautiful!' exclaimed the blind man. 'What a bright, glorious world there is all around us!'

WELL-MEANT

All languages seem to have a way of adapting themselves to error. Given an impulsive mind and a too hasty tongue, and speech becomes precisely the reverse of thought. An English workman once applied to a country clergyman for a letter of introduction to a duke, of whom he wished to ask aid.

'What don't you do in person and see my lord,' was the nervous answer. 'Well, you see, I speak to Lord—. He may be too proud to listen to the likes of me. I can talk to you well enough, sir, for there's nothing of the gentleman about you!'

'Cassell's Journal' says that during a holiday excursion in Switzerland, Sir Paul Hunter was lost. Guides were sent in search of him, and the excitement became extreme. Lady Hunter, safe in the hotel, began to tremble for her husband, but at dusk he entered the Alpine chalet alone as if nothing had happened.

Wishing to avoid notice and curious questionings, he had sent his guides to their own launts. As he passed through the little English crowd assembled to meet him, Lady Hunter, nervous from the sudden relief of seeing him again, rushed to meet him.

'O Paul!' she cried, 'where have you been? I am so glad to see you back. Some silly man has lost himself on the mountain, and I was afraid it might be you!'

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