

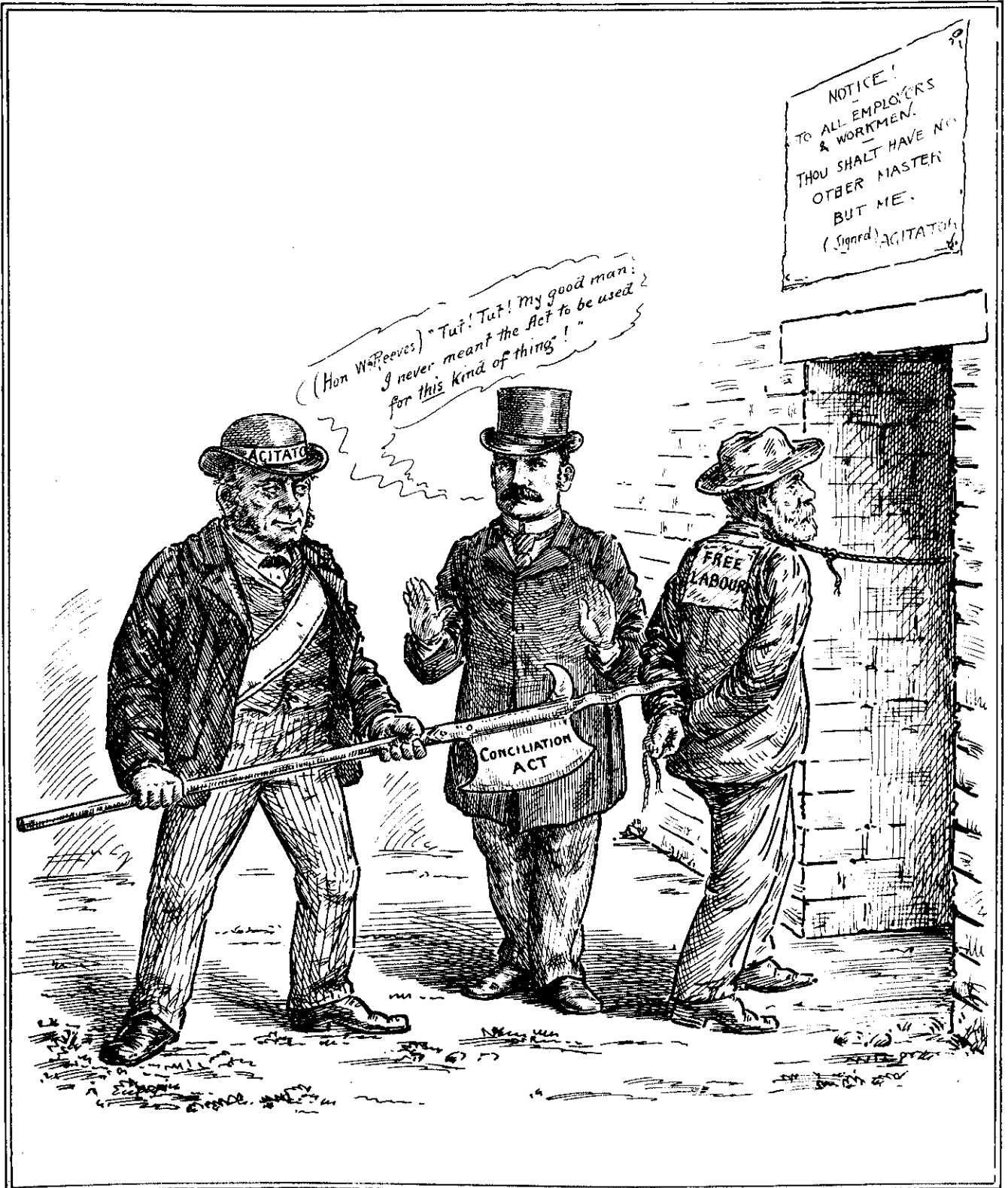
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

Vol. XX.—No XXV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

[Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.



THE POINT OF THE THING.

Recent events point to the conclusion that the Conciliation Act is being used to glorify the paid Agitator.

HEADACHE

Readers of this paper should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes.

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TOPICS OF WEEK.

THAT SUPREME FACTOR—DINNER.

IT was an American philosopher who declared that not trial by jury but the dinner was the capital institution of England. In a sense he was quite right, but in the same sense, if perhaps in a lesser degree, the same thing is true of Anglo-Saxon communities all over the world. The dinner is a great function, a great factor influencing the destinies of the race to such an incredible extent that one might say, slightly altering a well-known aphorism, 'Let who will make the laws of Englishmen if I make their dinners.' The dinner table is, after all, the supreme tribunal in the land, and all other tribunals really bow to its dictates. It rules public opinion, it decides the most momentous issues of war and peace. What was it that gave the astonishing impetus to Imperialism throughout the Empire if not those supreme banquets at which the Colonial Premiers were entertained? Was it possible to rise from those royal feasts without feeling above the vinous glow a patriotic warmth? In the colonies, although to a certain extent we understand the

modest affair, costing half-a-crown a head, with an extra sixpence for secretarial expenses, and it was to be held in some ordinary hotel. There a certain or uncertain number of gentlemen was to meet and eat and drink and discuss all matters relating to the welfare of the Northern city and province and the colony; and it was anticipated that their decisions would have such weight as to influence public opinion and bring about the improvements they suggested. It is impossible not to share with Mr Hunt his apparent faith in the efficacy of the prandial function in Anglo-Saxon communities, but we must not forget that a good deal of that efficacy must be due not merely to the nature of the dinner but to the character of those who sit down to it. The first is perhaps not the more important point; yet it is still of great moment. And here it may be questioned whether the sum mentioned by Mr Hunt as the limit of cost of the meal is large enough. Half-a-crown cannot provide turtle soup that mellow the heart, or wines that quicken the intellect. You can scarcely expect canons of supreme taste to emanate from simple roast or broiled. These may satisfy the stomach, but they do not, in the average man, sharpen the judgment to the finest point or fire the imagination. Such viands are not the spurs which the ordinary spirit do raise. But of infinitely more consequence than the material is the personnel of the dinner. Who or what is to determine the constitution of that? Will every one who can pay for and consume that two and sixpenny repast be eligible to form one of that supreme council of taste and public opinion? Heaven preserve us from that. I would not trust my reputation to even a ladies' afternoon tea; and is the reputation and guidance of the most beautiful city in the colony to be in the hands of those half-a-crowners? I would rather they were committed to a seasoned assemblage of six-bottle men of the old school than to men who could pass the test of a mere plebeian dinner of the kind indicated. The former would probably have been gentlemen at any rate; but every Tom, Jack, and Harry who can scarcely distinguish a silk purse from a sow's ear could put away his half-a-crown's worth. Perhaps Mr Hunt hopes to create an aesthetic taste indirectly through these same dinners. Well, to some degree the mind may be cultivated through the palate no doubt, but the degree is necessarily small and in most cases the experiment is a failure. The subject usually develops, not mentally, but stomachically, and the result is a glut and wine bibber. No, we must get the aesthetic taste and the sound judgment together first, and then we can think about the dinner.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LOVER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the one is generally a development of the other, the race of lovers is too often utterly different from the race of husbands; so different, indeed, that it is with the greatest difficulty in nine cases out of ten that one can conceive of the average husband having been a lover at all. The very thought of that podgy matter-of-fact middle-aged gentleman and father of a family, spending sleepless nights and reducing himself to distraction over the lady he now calls his wife, is pure absurdity; and as for his once composing sonnets to her, it is out of the question. In one respect especially, the two races are wide asunder as the poles. The characteristics of the lover are pretty much the same all the world over—they are constant to the species as a biologist would put it. In some countries it is true they may sigh more heavily, or write more woeful ballads to their mistresses' eyebrows than they do in others, but these are only differences of degree. Throughout the world they possess in common the same delightful qualities, and even in these lands where the young men win their brides by knocking them on the head it is only the superabundant fervour of their passion that dictates this method of love-making. On the other hand, husbands in every part of the world develop special traits of their own which make them really distinct races. The French husband differs from the German husband and the English husband has little in common with either. The reason for this is plain enough. Your lover is an ideal man, your husband is a real one. All lovers endeavour, while under the influence, to conform to an ideal stan-

dard of manliness, devotedness and courtesy. They are not of the earth earthy, but of the heavens heavenly. Husbands unfortunately make no pretension to such ultra-terrestrial qualities. Perhaps each in his own time has discovered that the angel of light for whom he strove to make himself worthy is not quite so much of an angel after all, and he himself has consequently given up striving after the angelic standard and contented himself with the ordinary mundane one. I am not aware that any savant has yet set himself to study the characteristics of the Australasian husband, but I am sure if any one does he will find that the Antipodean wedded man has singular qualities of his own. Judged merely by the evidence of the police and divorce courts, which furnish a great many important data towards a comparative study of this subject, the Australasian husband is peculiar in certain respects. For instance, the method in which he casts off the bonds of matrimony. At a recent sitting of the Melbourne Divorce Court, when some nine or ten wives made application for a dissolution of marriage, it was pointed out that a feature of most of the cases was that the husband had up to the time of separation lived on the best of terms with his consort and had parted from her with the assurance that he would be back again very soon. These gentlemen had seemingly no quarrel with their wives, no good reason or ground whatever for terminating the matrimonial arrangement—nothing that in a divorce court could have obtained a decree. They simply wished a change and, absolutely unconscious of any ties of duty or responsibility, they sneaked away like cowards. I sincerely trust they do not represent the race of husbands we produce in Australasia. One would almost prefer to these craven curs the brutal scoundrel of Whitechapel who beats his wife black and blue whenever he gets drunk. There is at least something above board about the latter animal, but the other is a despicable wretch. Wife desertion of this type is getting more common in these colonies every day; and it seems to me another indication of that want of a sense of responsibility which is too frequently in evidence among the colonial native-born population. The man who can treat a contract of this kind so lightly as many husbands do is not the man to be trusted to fulfil any contract whatever.

'WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN?'

CERTAIN political prophets read in Minister McKenzie's announcement of his intention not to stand for Waiheke again a sure indication that the present Parliament will not live its allotted span. Why, they ask, did Mr McKenzie require to make any announcement of his intentions now if a general election lies eighteen months distant? Clearly these same prophets are all unversed in ways political. Have they not yet learned that when a member of the House declares, a year or more before the election, that he intends to retire that he rarely expects his constituency to take him at his word twelve months later? The statement may only be made as a test of their allegiance, just as a rogue of a husband when in the best of health may say to the wife of his bosom, 'My dear, I'm afraid you are going to lose me, merely to sound the depths of her affection. Too frequently these announcements are mere invitations for a eulogistic requisition from the consistency not to forsake them, but to sacrifice private interests, etc., etc. These testimonials are invaluable when a member has fallen somewhat into the shade. Like the purse of sovereigns presented to 'our worthy citizen' (and, tell it not in Gath, principally subscribed by himself), it brings an individual into the forefront once again. The general public who are in blissful ignorance of the little dodge at once go off with the impression that the recipient is a somebody, and not a nobody as they had imagined. Mr McKenzie has not had the opportunities of self-advertisement which have fallen to the Premier. He did not sit at Jubilee feasts and bask in the direct rays of royalty, so he might be excused if he determined to get up a little popular demonstration in his own favour in Waiheke. To have the whole constituency on its bended knees beseeching him with streaming eyes and broken voices to tarry yet awhile with them would be a sight to attract the attention of the whole of the colony. Such an evidence of the popularity of the hon-

gentleman—and it could be easily arranged—would revive the McKenzie star and silence a doubting and scurrilous press. He would go up to Parliament with such a father in his hat, and how he could talk of the devotion of his constituency. If a member is at all sure of his ground there is nothing like an occasional hint at retirement from his constituency or from politics altogether. You at once become imbued with an

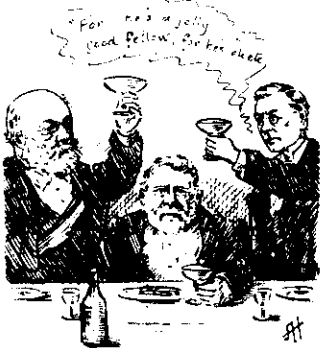


John McKenzie Cinderella
"He did not sit at Jubilee feasts or bask in the street rays of Royalty"

interest in the eyes of the members and electors which you never possessed before. Sims Reeves in another profession practised this dodge with great success, and although he over did it, still he certainly kept his popularity at high water mark by its means. A public man must keep himself prominently before the public, and when no better way offers of doing so he can never be far wrong in telling them that he is thinking seriously of leaving them for altogether. Then the poor foolish public picks up its long ears and listens where it took little trouble to listen before.

THE DEPRECIATION OF J.P.'S.

TWO residents of Masterton awoke one morning recently and found themselves justices of the peace. They had, it appears, known nothing whatever about the distinction which was menacing them till it had actually descended on their sublime heads, but instead of being 'struck all of a heap' by such an unexpected honour, they complained that they had never been consulted in the matter, and declined to accept the position. The powers above with whom it rests to shower these little gifts upon us lesser mortals had evidently mistaken their men that time. There is no doubt intended it as a delightful little surprise, such as we used to experience as youngsters when we woke up and found a fine large orange on the pillow beside us. But just as modern youngsters might very probably think precious little of an orange, so the Masterton gentlemen esteemed the honour thus thrust upon them as of small account. Nay, they went further. They did not even take the thing with a bad grace as the youngster might the orange, and squeeze out the juice that was in it; they disdainfully returned it. Apart, altogether from the conduct of these men



"For 'ere's a jolly good fellow, British cheer!"
— Those supreme banquets at which the Colonial premiers were entertained.

inner virtue of a dinner, yet we have made little use of it, and hence it may be that there is so little real public opinion among us. So certainly thinks Mr R. Hunt, of Auckland. At that recent lecture by the classical professor of the Northern city, to which I referred last week, Mr Hunt handed to the chair a circular which contained a proposal for a fortnightly or monthly dinner to be established with the object of advancing the interests of Auckland city and province and of the colony generally. So far as the compass of the circular would permit the details of the scheme were given. The dinner was to be a very



"My father's a B.R."
"Yab! That aint nothin'. My father's a J.P."

of Masterton, which may be exceptional, there is evidence enough that of late years such little honours as our

Government has in its power to bestow on the worthy are becoming less and less appreciated. Perhaps it may be that as honour of a higher kind are becoming more common all over the world, and in these days of Imperialism the colonies must come in for a big share of the good things in that line, the standard has been very much raised. And perhaps too in New Zealand



land the J.P. has been too indiscriminately distributed, falling like the rain on the just and the unjust, until some good people have predicted that the time will come when the only distinction which these once coveted letters will constitute will be the only and very needful one between the man on the bench and the man in the dock. Those sister letters, your M.A. and your B.A., and a whole lot of others which really meant and still may mean a certain intrinsic merit in those that wear them—even they are not the talismans they once were. We are learning to know better every day that your modern master of arts is often precious little of a master of anything under heaven. And in the same way in these democratic days your justice of the peace is not unfrequently an individual who could not command respect with the help of the whole machinery of the law he is entitled in virtue of his office to set agoing. I scarcely wonder that there has been a depreciation in the face value of the degree of J.P., when it has been attached so indiscriminately to Dick, Tom and Harry. Honours of any kind to be worth anything must be the reward of merit of some kind. Otherwise they not only mean nothing, but actually represent a minus quantity and detract instead of add to their wearers.

THE ADVANCING TIDE.

I SCARCELY know whether to compare the new fashioned women societies of New Zealand to the arch-enemy of mankind as he is represented in that text which says he goeth abroad like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, or to the fanatical knight of old who went out into the world as the divinely constituted redresser of wrongs, and proved himself too often, I fancy, a most inconvenient inter-meddler, though he was doubtless a well-meaning individual. These female organisations appear to be constantly on the look out for something to discuss, something to attack, and though the discussions and attacks have hitherto been chiefly confined to the limits of their own camp, it is evident that it will not always be so. The experience of the Auckland Charitable Aid Board contains a warning in this matter. The women societies of Auckland having come to the conclusion that the administration of charitable aid was a business with which they were thoroughly conversant, and on which they ought to be heard, endeavoured to get the Board to listen to and be guided by their views and suggestions. At first the Board showed all courtesy to the ladies, but this instead of satisfying the latter only emboldened them to ask for more, and they finally demanded that a deputation of their numbers should be received by the Board at a special meeting, and the charitable aid question discussed there and then. To this request the Board, very properly in my opinion, returned a flat refusal. While willing apparently to receive any suggestions the ladies liked to

offer, they declined to hold special meetings with the representatives of any female society. Had they conceded the demand as two of the members were ready to do, what a dangerous precedent would have been formed. On every occasion when public questions of importance were before the Board these societies would have deemed it their right to interfere; and encouraged by a license which once granted it would be much harder to refuse, they would not have rested till they had carried their interference into the affairs of other bodies. The influence of feminine opinion and the direct action of women's judgment and managing ability are things which are not to be deprecated but rather welcomed; but from what I have seen of the constitution of these societies, I decline to believe that they are at all representative of the best sense of the women of the community generally; and it would be as detrimental to the public welfare that they should dictate to us how public business is to be transacted as if we were to hand over the entire administration of our affairs to a private trust.

ANYTHING FOR SENSATIONALISM

IT was recently stated that the American navy had adopted as its battle cry in the present war the words, 'Remember the Maine,' and that it had been decided that at the commencement of any naval action the flagship of the squadron engaged should fly that signal. The idea appears to have occurred to Admiral Dewey first, or, at any rate, he was the first to carry it into execution at the Battle of Manila. The justice of its adoption in his case passed unquestioned in the light of his daring advance and victory, but surely for the United States to make it their battle cry is an unwarrantable and undignified act on the part of that great Power. Had it been conclusively proved that the destruction of the Maine was due directly or indirectly to the Spaniards, then it would certainly have been a fitting watch word with which to kindle the rage of battle in the hearts of the American tars as they swept down on the treacherous foe. But there was no proof that the Spanish authorities were privy to the destruction of the vessel; not even proof that it was intentionally destroyed. And until the complicity, if not the actual deed, could be fixed on Spain, it was blindly and brutally illogical for the Americans to assume so much as they appear to have done. There was reason why the whisper 'Remember St. Bartholomew' should have steered the hearts of the army of Navarre. There was reason too why that watch word, 'Remember Cawnpore' should have made terrible the faces of our soldiers as they marched to their revenge. But this American 'Remember' has no reason in it whatever. It is a mere counterfeit; small, ungenerous, unjust, quite unbefitting a great Power. Supposing, which is not impossible by any means, that it is proved after all that the blowing up of the Maine was an accident, or an act of some person in no sense connected with Spain, how foolish the Americans would appear. The adoption of this war cry may be due to nothing more than the American tendency to get up a sensation, honestly or dishonestly; but to outsiders it suggests very forcibly a weakness in the justice of the American interference and a sense of that weakness on the part of the Americans. The destruction of the Maine is virtually made the casus belli; and yet the Americans on their own showing are not certain that the Spaniards destroyed the vessel. What make this the head and front of the Spanish offence? Was it for this the war was undertaken? My own opinion is that the whole idea of this new battle cry is simply to pander to that insatiable thirst for sensationalism which characterises a crude national appetite. The same taste, I regret to say, exists here, but we do not sacrifice everything to it as they do in America, where sometimes they would almost seem ready to pawn the national honour to purchase it.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to Contributors.—Any letters of MS. received by the Editor of the "New Zealand Graphic" will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'Sarah H.'—There are two opposite remedies for croup; either applied at the first cough will often check it at once—viz., a cloth wrung out of very cold or very hot water, and placed round the throat.

'Estelle.'—Do not apologise. Am glad to hear from you again. Wash your painted lamp in borax water with a very soft cloth.

'Country Cousin.'—If you are visiting, it is rather discourteous to your hostess to accept invitations for many evenings which do not include her.

'Janus.'—Certainly accept the offer of a mount. It does not, under the circumstances, put you under any very serious obligation.

'Bendigo.'—Your inquiry came too late for reply.

'S.E.P.'—There is no demand for what you offer.

'Alma.'—Would not do at all. Too much libel about the MS.

'Ella.'—No. Please write on one side of the page only.

'Housekeeper.'—Better send your handsome quilt to a professional cleaner.

'Banner.'—Crimson silk or velvet, worked in gold.

'Ida.'—It is not, as a rule, correct to take a gentleman's arm in the street.

'Bride.'—Yes, it is proper to have the name of your house, or street number, engraved on your visiting card.

'L.W.'—We do not publish patterns.

'N.Y.'—Your MS. is not original. Send stamps for its return.

'P.T.'—Use dotted muslin blinds tied across the centre with pale green ribbon.

'Mrs S.'—You should change your shoes even if slightly damp. Nothing is more likely to give you your frequent colds than running out in thin shoes and then sitting in them.

'La Fayette.'—Cannot understand your letter. Kindly explain it.

'Ya! Ya!'—A noise, such as you describe, would be very untidylike on a football field.

'Doubt.'—You must have a sort of bloomer under skirt to ride your bicycle in comfort in wet weather.

'Bessie.'—Clean the spots on your jacket with a little ammonia or benzoin dissolved in water.

'A Widower.'—Get a steady housekeeper to look after your menage.

The same (second letter).—You could not marry under two years.

'W.B.'—Wash your head well with yolk of egg and a little spirits.

'Essie.'—No; you must write a pretty little note of refusal.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

A SILVER WATCH FREE.

What words are these? O R N T ' S E W R R O ' S. We will present to every person solving the above Puzzle one of our Splendid SILVER WATCHES, Lady's or Gent's having Solid Cases, Jewelled Movements, and are Reliable Timekeepers. List Price, 50s. Send your answer at once, with a stamped addressed envelope, to know if you have won the Prize. If so, and you purchase one of our SILVER WATCHES to wear with the Prize Watch, they will be sent, securely packed, free by registered post. Address the Manager, THE GLOBE WATCH COMPANY, LTD., 105, PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

SOME TESTIMONIALS. Newlands, Waikato, N.Z., Mar. 26th, 1898. Dear Sir, I received Watch and Chain in good condition, and am obliged. The watch is working splendidly.—Yours truly, L. N. WARR. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney. Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z. Sir.—I received the Gent's Silver Watch and Chain quite safe. My son is delighted with it. I enclose remittance for Lady's Gold Watch and Chain; if it gives as much satisfaction as the silver one, we shall be very pleased to recommend your firm.—Yours respectfully, MARY E. BROWN. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

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Select Vegetable & Flower SEEDS.	Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Post Free on application
Best Potatoes, Garden Tools, Garden Sundries, At Lowest Rates For Best Qualities.	
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Little Appetite and no Energy.

These are symptoms that effect a large number of people. Below we give the testimonial of Mrs. A. Morgan, of East Brisbane, Queensland, who does not hesitate to tell you of just the remedy that cured her.



"The past season I had a severe attack of dengue fever which left me feeling very weak and languid with little appetite and no energy. But I am pleased to say

DR. AVER'S Sarsaparilla

cured me. As a blood purifier and tonic for those who are affected by the intense heat of the Queensland summer it is unequalled. I am pleased to recommend it to all those who need a reliable remedy.

For constitution take Dr. Ayer's Pills. They promptly relieve and surely cure. Take them with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla; one aids the other.

A TERRIBLE COUGH. A TERRIBLE COUGH. 94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.

"Dear Sir, I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank your kind and generous help and wonder 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 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. A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY. Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1893.

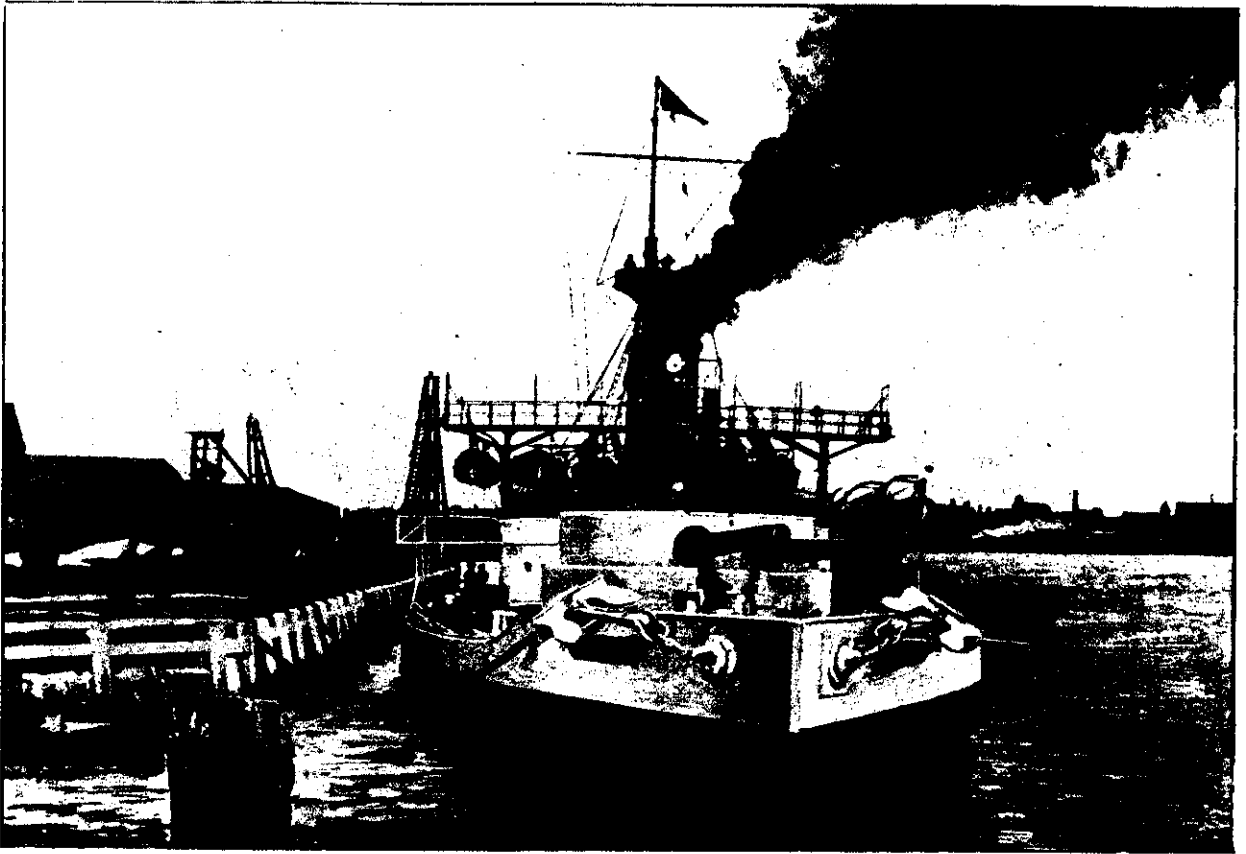
I have, indeed, great pleasure, in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which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

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. It is nearly 40 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.

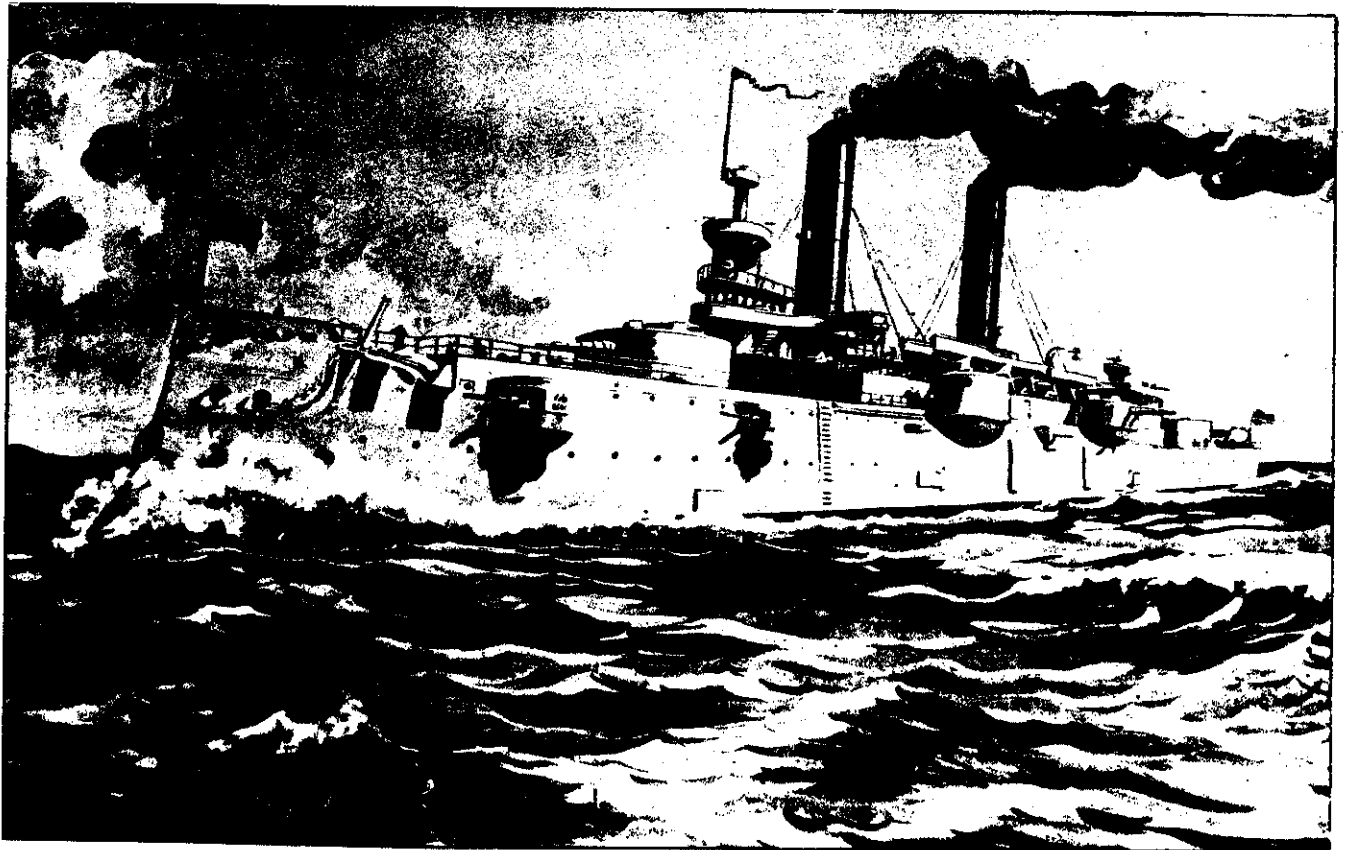


ATTEMPTED ATTACK BY SPANISH TORPEDO BOATS ON THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS "TEXAS" AND "BROOKLYN" IN SANTIAGO BAY.

SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE U.S. MONITOR "PURITAN" GETTING READY FOR ACTION.



THE NEW BATTLESHIP "IOWA."—THE MOST POWERFUL VESSEL IN THE AMERICAN NAVY.

SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.



Gulf of Mexico.

Florida.

From "Leatic Waddy."

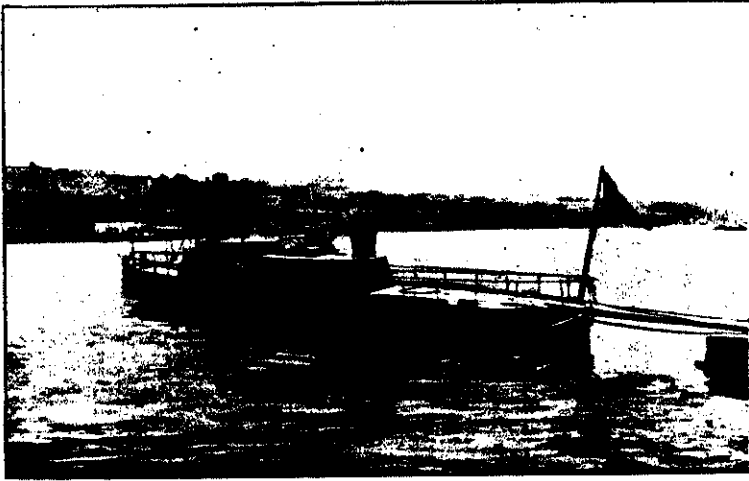
Havana.

Island of Cuba.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CUBA.

THE AMERICAN WARSHIPS AS THEY WOULD APPEAR TO A SPECTATOR IN A BALLOON.—THE SIZE OF THE SHIPS IS NECESSARILY EXAGGERATED.

[SEE ILLUSTRATIONS]



SPANISH TORPEDO BOAT.



AMERICAN TROOPER IN FULL MARCHING ORDER.

TARANAKI IN BYGONE DAYS.

THE FOUNDER OF THE TARANAKI SETTLEMENT.

THIS is the age of politics; the past that of heroism," said the Hon. Dr. Grace in the Legislative Council the other day. But for the heroism of those who left their homes to come to New Zealand, which was then inhabited by a savage race, this colony would never have become such a valuable addition to the British Empire. But for the Wakefields, for F Atherston, Fitzherbert, Fitzgerald, Fox, Godley, Cargill, Domeit, Morehouse, Richmonds, Atkinsons, and others, New Zealand would have remained a human hunting-ground, for its aboriginal inhabitants were not very particular who they robbed and killed; or else it would have become a penal settlement belonging to France. It was owing to Mr Edward Gibbon Wakefield writing his 'View of the Art of Colonisation' in 1833 that public attention at Home was first drawn to New Zealand, and afterwards companies were formed in different parts of England and Scotland for the purpose of acquiring land in that 'perfect Paradise upon Earth,' as New Zealand was described in an article in the 'Edinburgh Observer.' The principle of Mr Wakefield's system was securing land in New Zealand from the natives and selling it to persons at Home, the funds thus obtained to be expended in sending out emigrants to the place.

The first company formed was the New Zealand Company, and vessels with emigrants, consisting of both capitalists and labourers, went to Wellington, then known as Port Nicholson. The movement became popular in England, and in Devonshire, when it was announced in 1840 that the British Government had annexed New Zealand, a scheme for colonising a portion of it was at once received with favour. At a public meeting held at Plymouth on January 25, 1840, presided over by Earl of Devon, it was decided that a company should be formed for the purpose of purchasing 10,000 acres of land from the New Zealand Company. That having been accomplished and surveyors sent there to map out the land, a prospectus was issued preparatory to despatching vessels to the newly-acquired territory in the Southern Seas. Sir William Molesworth took a great interest in the movement and induced a number of agriculturists and mining labourers residing on his estate to take advantage of the opportunity for bettering their condition by emigrating; and Captain Henry King, R.N., a retired officer, got very enthusiastic over the matter and decided to go out as leader of the expedition, taking with him his wife and son and many of his relatives and friends.

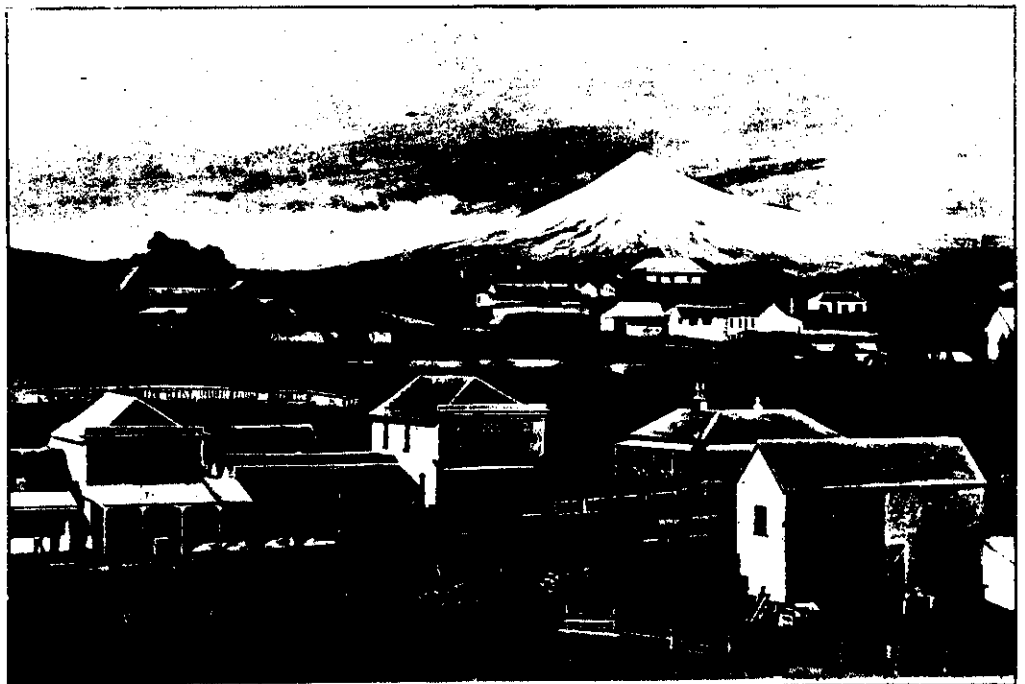
Captain Henry King was an old navy officer. He entered the service in 1795, at the age of 13, and was in H.M.s. Namur at the engagement fought off Cape St. Vincent on February 14, 1797, more than a hundred

years ago, when Sir John Jervis with fifteen sail of the line defeated a Spanish fleet under Don Jose de Cordova, consisting of twenty-seven ships. He afterwards served in several other warships, and finally was appointed first lieutenant of the Sea Horse, under Sir Alexander Gordon, and was present at the operations on the Potomac in America in 1814, when he displayed great bravery. The first two guns pointed by him disabled each gun of the enemy. He was then made commander, and soon after, peace being proclaimed, Captain King retired from active service, being gazetted as a post captain on the retired list. He then went to live at Holdsworth, in Devonshire, and for many years took great interest in the Bude Canal trade as a coal, sand, and timber merchant, employing a large number of small farmers and others in working the boats with their horses. Being of an unusually energetic disposition, he soon wearied of that life, so that when the colonisation scheme was first mooted he threw all his energy into seeing the project carried out to a success. Capt. King made elaborate preparations for such a long and important voyage as in those days it was, and had boards prepared and nicely fitted in Plymouth, so that on arrival in New Zealand dwelling-houses could be eas-

ily and quickly erected. Captain King previous to leaving England was entertained with the others going with him at a farewell dinner, at which Mr T. Gill, sub-governor of the 'Plymouth Company of New Zealand,' presided. The chairman, in proposing the health of Captain King, the chief commissioner of the new settlement, said he was a gentleman of high moral feeling, of great worth, and whose energies had prompted him to accede to the wishes of the directors in undertaking the arduous task of superintending the social condition and the formation of a compact which would descend to future generations. In this gentleman he observed one on whom all could rely, and in whom they could place the most undivided confidence. Captain King, with his wife and son, left Plymouth in the Amelia Thompson on March 15, 1841, in company with Captain L. H. Davy, late of the Bengal Army; Messrs Jas. Webster, Wm. and Henry Halse, of St. James' Place, London; Mr G. J. Cook, late of the 11th Regt.; Charles Brown, John Wallace, of Birmingham; Edwin Brown, I. Goodhall, John Lewthwaite, of Halifax; E. Marshall, of London; T. Ibbotson, C. Marchant, Dr. St. George, of Staffordshire, and several others. This was the second vessel sent by the company to Taranaki, and she arrived at New Plymouth on September 3.



CAPTAIN H. KING, R.N.,
Founder of the Taranaki Settlement.



VIEW OF PART OF DEVON STREET WEST, NEW PLYMOUTH, TAKEN DURING THE SIXTIES.

1841. Captain King, being the chief commissioner of the company, was, till Captain Liardet arrived, the resident agent at New Plymouth; he was also the first police magistrate appointed in Taranaki.

Mr George Cutfield, a naval architect, and brother-in-law of Captain King, came out in the first of the company's vessels, the William Bryan, and was in charge of the expedition; he was accompanied by several young men of moderate means who were of an enterprising disposition, and a number of families who intended to settle in the colony. Captain King never left the settlement, it may be said, he founded, and took an active part with his brother-in-law in the early government of the place. Many were the difficulties he had to surmount, but the trials which he had necessarily to endure as an early settler were trifling compared to the loss of his only son, who in 1861 was treacherously murdered by some natives. Public sympathy was great at the time, and sincerely appreciated by him. Captain King lived to the age of 92 years, dying during the afternoon on June 6, 1874. His remains were interred in St. Mary's Graveyard on June 11, the funeral being a public one. Captain King resided first at Brooklands, an estate to the south of the Recreation Grounds and the race-course, which it adjoins. He afterwards built at Woodleigh, about three miles from town. It was there that his son, Captain William Cutfield King, M.H.R. and Captain of the Taranaki Volunteer Rifles, was fired at by some Maoris and mortally wounded, and the place where he fell has been fenced round, and may be seen at the present day. He was going to the house for a saddle he wanted, when some natives in ambush fired and wounded him. He dismounted and endeavoured to seek refuge in the building, but two of the natives fired again, which brought the unfortunate man to the ground. His murderers then ran up to him, when he said, 'I am badly wounded; leave me.' This was replied to by one of the Maoris discharging both barrels of his gun at the wounded man. This cowardly act was witnessed by the soldiers from Marsland Hill in New Plymouth. The Militia and Volunteers turned out, but they were too late either to render the young captain aid or to intercept his murderers. The body was pierced by six bullets, three through the head, two in the body, and one in the thigh. The horse was shot in three places, and the natives looted the saddle which was on him. Captain King was unarmed. He had recently been elected to the House of Representatives for the Grey and Bell District, and was a brave and promising young man. He was married, and left two daughters. The latter are now married and residing in the suburbs of New Plymouth.

To Mr Dunstan Mulleas, of Up-lands, Taranaki, who is married to one of the granddaughters, I am indebted for the portrait of the late Captain King, R.N., which was photographed from a miniature taken many years ago. It is the first time a portrait of the old gentleman has been published, and therefore more than usual interest should be attached to it. I also forward a view of portion of Devon-street taken during the time of the native rebellion. To the right facing the road is to be seen a cottage, and in it Captain King resided for several years. That portion of Devon-street shown in the picture has completely changed in appearance, there now being good-sized shops on both sides of the street.

W. H. J. SEFFERN.

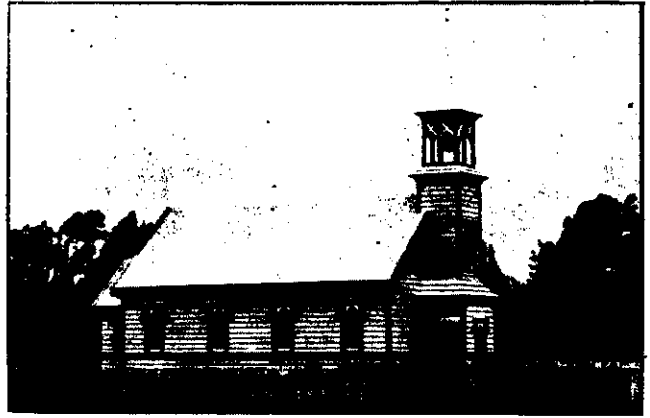
A phonographic apparatus is to be installed in the hall where the Municipal Council of Etampes, a little town in the forest of Fontainebleau, in France, meets to take down the official record of the proceedings. The man who advanced the scheme charges the city only for the register cylinders, which are to be kept in its archives. How the names of the various speakers are to be recorded by the machine is not stated, but the French official stenographers are looking forward to the experiment with some interest.

'Mrs Meeker,' observed a friend of the family, 'is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics.' 'Yes,' sighed Mr Meeker, 'and she does.'

THE HAMPDEN UNDENOMINATIONAL CHURCH.

AT TIKOKINO, HAWKE'S BAY.

ALTHOUGH the township of Hampden (Tikokino) has existed for over thirty years on the north-western side of the Ruataniwha Plains, yet being beyond the rush of advancing settlement, its progress has naturally been slow. During the past two years things have brightened up somewhat, giving a spurt to the building trade, and among numerous new erections are a fine large Oddfellows' Hall and the Undenominational Church (the only undenominational church that I know of in New Zealand, with the exception of one at Stewart's Island), which was formally opened in July last by the Revs. H. W. Johnstone and Quintrell, Presbyterian and Methodist ministers, the Anglican clergyman Rev. A. F. Gardiner, being unable to be present to assist by giving a service that day, who officiated conjointly, the Waipawa Anglican choir assisting in the services. The site for the building was given by Mr James Mathews, the bell being a gift

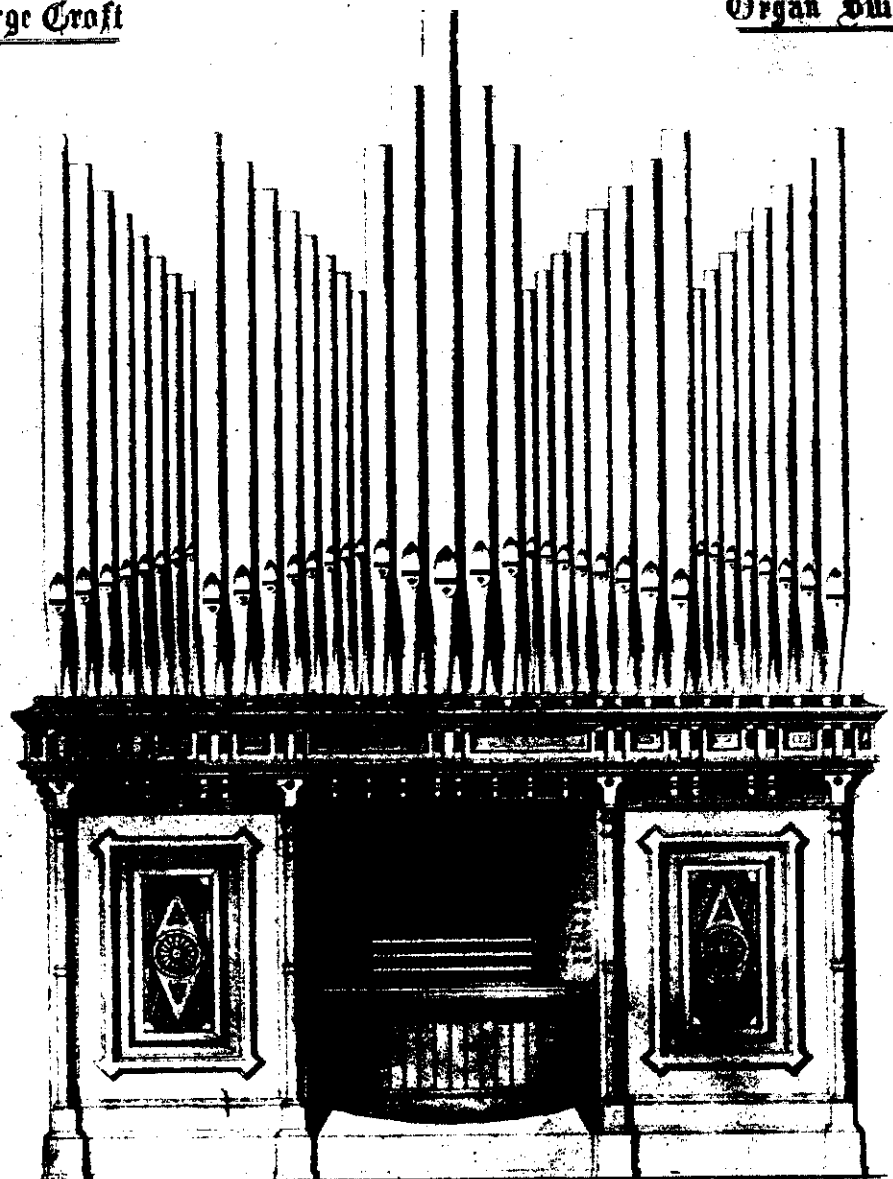


THE HAMPDEN UNDENOMINATIONAL CHURCH.

AT TIKOKINO, HAWKE'S BAY.

George Craft

Organ Builder



THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION ORGAN.

[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS.'

from Mrs Gow (an erstwhile resident of this place, but now of Waipukurau), who travelled a distance of over thirty-six miles—coming and going—in order to ring the first peal. Among other numerous donations given by friends in and out side the district a large Bible given by Mrs Parkinson, a handsome pulpit cushion by Mrs Matthews (nee Miss J. Holden), two large hanging lamps by Messrs J. Mathews and A. Krebs are noticeable. Outside the building ornamental and useful entrance gates were presented by the contractors and builders, Messrs Petersen and Bradshaw. Unfortunately these and the neat front fence do not appear in Mr Charles Mariboe's excellent photographs of the building. The church was designed by Mr E. Tilleard Natusch, architect, of Napier, and gives seating accommodation for two hundred persons. The windows of the main building are cathedral green, those in the chancel being wine-coloured. The fittings of the Communion table, pulpit and reading desk are all of the latter hue. The reading desk deserves special mention, being made of rimu, and a beautifully mottled piece of rewarewa, given specially for the purpose by Mr E. Scarrott. The interior of the building is plain, and neatly furnished with an American organ, comfortable seats, and cocoanut matting. Three trustees were appointed by the various denominations—Messrs S. W. Hardy, Jas. Mathews and E. Scarrott, representing severally the Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist members of the congregation. As Mr S. W. Hardy has since died his post is at present vacant. There are now two services every month allotted to each clergyman, Mr Bawden, lay reader, taking the services of the Rev. A. F. Gardner, who is suffering from ill-health, and has only been able to come once during the last nine months. The Salvation Army also use the building twice weekly.

At present the ladies of the congregation are actively engaged in working for a gift auction to be held in July next to raise money to pay off the remaining debt of £60 on the building, and to commemorate the anniversary of the opening of the church.

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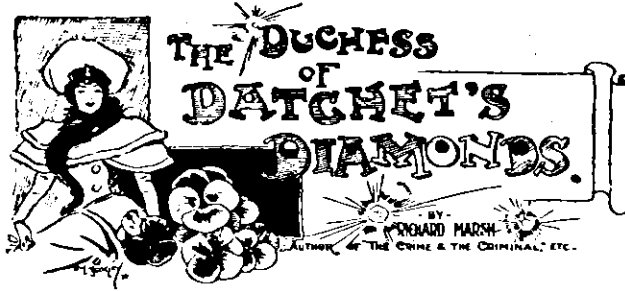
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CHAPTER XV.

FUT TO THE QUESTION.

The noise of the report had not yet died away, and the cloud of smoke got wholly clear of the muzzle of the Baron's revolver, when the door of the room was thrown open to admit some one, who in low, clear, even, authoritative tones, asked a question—'Who's making this noise?'

Whether the Baron's arm had this time been truer there was, as yet, no evidence to show. Cyril had, at any rate, escaped uninjured. At the sound of the voice, which, although it had been heard by him so seldom, had already become too familiar, he glanced round towards the questioner. It was Lawrence. He stood just inside the door, looking from the Baron to the involuntary target of that gentleman's little pleasantries. Close behind him were two men, whom Paxton immediately recognised as old acquaintances; the one was the individual who had taken a bed for the night at Makell's Hotel, who had shown such a pertinacious interest in his affairs, and whom he had afterwards suspected of an attempt to effect an entrance through his bedroom door; the second was the person who, the next morning, had followed him to the Central Station, and of whose too eager attentions he had rid himself by summoning a constable.

In the looks which Lawrence directed towards the Baron there seemed to be something both of reproach and of contempt.

'Pray, what is the meaning of this?' The Baron made a movement in the air with one hand, then pointed with it to the revolver which he held in the other.

'My friend, it is only a little practice which I have—that is all! It is necessary that I keep my hand well in—not so—eh?'

Lawrence's voice as he replied was alive with quiet scorn.

'I would suggest that you should choose a more appropriate occasion on which to indulge yourself in what you call a little practice. Did it not occur to you, to speak of nothing else, that it might be as well to make as little, instead of as much, noise as you conveniently could? He went and stood in front of Mr Paxton. 'I am sorry, sir, that we should meet again under such disagreeable conditions; but, as you are aware, the responsibility for what has occurred cannot, justly, be laid either on my friends or on myself.'

Paxton's reply was curt. The abrupt, staccato, contemptuous tone in which he spoke was in striking contrast to Lawrence's mellifluous murmurings.

'I am aware of nothing of the sort.' Lawrence moved his head with a slight gesture of easy courtesy, which might, or might not, have been significative of his acquiescence in the other's point-blank contradiction.

'What is that upon your face—blood?'

'That is proof positive of your bungling friend's bad marksmanship. He would, probably, have presented me with a few further proofs of his ineptitude had you postponed your arrival for a few minutes longer.'

Lawrence repeated his former courteous inclination.

'My friend is a man of an unusual humour. Apt, occasionally, like the rest of us, to rate his capacities beyond their strict deserts.' He turned to the two men who had come with him into the room. 'Tillie Mr Paxton's legs. Then back again to Cyril. 'I regret, sir, that it is impossible for me, at the moment, to extend the same freedom to your arms and hands. But it is my sincerest trust that, in a very few minutes, we may understand each other so completely as to place it in my power to restore

you, without unnecessary delay, to that position in society from which you have been withdrawn.'

Although Paxton was silent outwardly, his looks were eloquent of the feelings with which he regarded the other's well-turned phrases. When his legs had been freed, the two newcomers, standing on either side of him as if they had been policemen, urged him forward, until he stood in front of the heavy table which occupied the centre of the room. On the other side of the table Lawrence had already seated himself on the only chair which the place contained. The Baron, still holding his revolver, had perched himself on a corner of the table itself. Lawrence, leaning a little forward on his chair, with one arm resting on the table, never lost his bearing of apparent impartiality, and, while he spoke with an air of quiet decision, never showed signs of a ruffled temper.

'I have already apologised to you, sir, for the discomforts which you may have endured; but, as you are aware, those discomforts you have brought upon yourself.'

Paxton's lips curled, but he held his peace.

'My friends and I are in the position of men who make war upon society. As is the case in all wars, occasions arise on which exceptional measures have to be taken which, though unpleasant for all the parties chiefly concerned, are inevitable. You are an example of such an occasion.'

Cyril's reply was sufficiently scornful.

'You don't suppose that your wind-bag phrases hoodwink me. You're a scoundrel; and, in consort with other scoundrels, you have taken advantage of a gentleman. I prefer to put the matter in to plain English.'

To this little outburst Lawrence paid no attention. For all the notice he seemed to take of them the contemptuous words might have remained unuttered.

'It is within your knowledge that, in pursuit of my profession, I appropriated the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds. I do not wish to impute to you, Mr Paxton, acts of which you may not have been guilty; therefore I say that I think it possible it was by accident you acquired that piece of information. It is in the same spirit of leniency that I add that, at the refreshment rooms at the Central Station, it was by mistake that you took my Gladstone bag in mistake for your own. I presume that at this time of day you do not propose to deny that such an exchange was effected. In that Gladstone bag of mine, which you took away with you, by mistake instead of your own, as you know, were the Datchet diamonds. What I have now to ask you to do—and I desire, I assure you, Mr Paxton, to ask you with all possible courtesy—is to return those diamonds at once to me, their rightful owner.'

'By what process of reasoning do you make out that you are the rightful owner of the Datchet diamonds?'

'By right of conquest.'

'Right of conquest!' Then, following your own line of reasoning, even taking it for granted that all you have chosen to say of me is correct, in my turn have become their rightful owner.'

'Precisely. But the crux of the position is this. If the duchess could get me into her power she would stick at nothing to extort from me the restitution of the stones. In the same way, now that I have you in my power, I intend to stick at nothing which will induce their restoration from you.'

'The difference between you and myself is, shortly, this—you are a thief, and I am an honest man.'

'Pray, Mr Paxton, what is your

standard of honesty? If you were indeed the kind of honest man that you would appear to wish us to believe you are, you would at once have handed the stones to the police, or even have restored them to the duchess.'

'How do you know that I have not?'

'I will tell you how I know. If you had been so honest there would not be in existence now a warrant to arrest you on the charge of stealing them. Things being as they are, it happens that there is.'

'It's an impudent lie!'

'Possibly you may believe it to be an impudent lie; still, it is the truth. A warrant for your arrest has been granted to-day to your friend Ireland, of Scotland Yard, on his sworn information. I merely mention this as evidence that you have not handed the stones to the police, that you have not returned them to the duchess, but that you have retained them in your possession with a view of using them for purposes of your own, and that, therefore, your standard of morality is about on a level with ours.'

'What you say is, from first to last, a tissue of lies. You hound! You know that! Although it is a case of five to one, my hands are tied, and so it's safe to use what words you please.'

Lawrence, coming closer to the table, leaned both his elbows on the board, and crossed his arms in front of him.

It seems, Mr Paxton, as if you, a man of whose existence I was unaware until the other day, have set yourself to disappoint me in two of the biggest bids I have ever made for fortune and for happiness. I am a thief. It has never been made sufficiently plain to me that the difference between theft and speculation is such a vital one as to clearly establish the superiority of the one over the other. But even a thief is human—sometimes very human. I own I am. And it chanced that, for some days now, I had begun to dream dreams of a most amusing kind—dreams of love, and dreams of marriage. I chanced to meet a certain lady—I do not think, Mr Paxton, that I need name any names.'

'It is a matter of indifference to me whether you do so or not.'

'Thank you, very much. With this certain lady I found myself in love. I dreamt dreams of her—from which dreams I have recently arisen. A new something came into my life. I even ventured, in my new-learned presumption to ask her would she marry me. Then for the first time I learned that what I asked for already had been given, that what I so longed for already was your own. It is strange how much one suffers from so small a thing. You'd not believe it. In our first fall, then, it seems that you have thrown me.'

'Then there is this business of the Datchet jewels. A man of your experience cannot suppose that an affair of this magnitude can be arranged and finished in a moment. It needs time, and careful planning, and other things to boot. I speak as one who knows. Suppose you planned some big haul upon the Stock Exchange, collected your resources, awaited the propitious second, and, when it came, brought off your coup. If in that triumphant moment some perfect stranger were to carry off, from underneath your very nose, the spoils for which you had risked so much, and which you regarded, and rightly regarded, as your own, what would your feelings be towards such an one? Would you not feel, at least, that you would like to have his blood? If you have sufficient imagination to enable you to place yourself in such a situation, you will then be able to dimly realise what, at the present moment, our feelings are towards you.'

Paxton's voice, when he spoke, was, if possible, more contemptuous than ever.

'I care nothing for your feelings.'

'Precisely; and, by imparting to us that information, you make our task much easier. We, like others, can fight for our own hands—and we intend to. You see, Mr Paxton, that, although I did the actual conveying of the diamonds, and therefore the major share of the spoil is mine, there were others concerned in the affair as well as myself, and they naturally regard themselves as being entitled to a share of the profits. You

have, consequently, others to deal with as well as myself, for we, to be plain, are many. And our desire is that you should understand precisely what it is we wish to do. The first thing which we wish you to do is to tell us where, at the present moment, the diamonds are.

"Then I won't, even supposing that I know!"

Lawrence went on without seeming to pay any heed to Cyril's unqualified refusal—

"The second thing which we wish you to do—supposing you have placed the diamonds where it will be difficult for us to reach them—is to give us an authority which will be sufficient for to enable us to demand, as your agents, if you choose, that the diamonds be handed to us without unnecessary delay."

"I will do nothing of the kind."

Again Lawrence seemed to allow the refusal to go unheeded.

"And we would like you to understand that, as soon as the diamonds are restored to us, you will be free to go, and to do, and say exactly what you please, but that you will continue to be our prisoner till they are."

"If my freedom is dependent on my fulfilling the conditions, which you would seek to impose, I shall continue to be what you call your prisoner, until I die; but, as it happens, my freedom is contingent on nothing of the sort, as you will find."

"We would desire, also, Mr Paxton, that you should be under no delusion. It is far from being our intention that what, as you put it, we call your imprisonment should be a period of pleasant probation; on the contrary, we intend to make it as uncomfortable as we can—which, believe me, is saying not a little."

"That, while I am at your mercy, you will behave in a cowardly and brutal fashion I have no doubt whatever."

"More. We have no greater desire than you have yourself that you should continue to be, what we call, our prisoner. With a view, therefore, to shortening the duration of your imprisonment we shall leave no stone unturned—even if we have to resort to all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition—to extort from you the things which we require."

Paxton laughed—shortly, dryly, scornfully.

"I don't know if your intention is to be impressive; if it is, I give you my word that you don't impress me a little bit. Your attempts to wrap up your rascality in fine-sounding phrases strike me as being typical of the sort of man you are."

"Mr Paxton, before we come to actual business, let me advise you—and, believe me, in this case my advice is quite unprejudiced—not to treat us to any more of this kind of talk! Can't you realise that it is not for counters we are playing? That men of our sort, in our position, are not likely to stick at trifles? That it is a case of heads you lose, tails we win—for, while it is obviously a fact that we have nothing we can lose, it is equally, certainly a fact that there is nothing you can gain? So learn wisdom; be wise in time; endeavour to be what I would venture to call comfortable. Be so good as to give me your close attention. I should be extremely obliged, Mr Paxton, if you would give me an answer to the question which I am about to put to you. Where, at the present moment, are the Datchet diamonds?"

"I would not tell you even if I knew."

"You do know. On that point there can be no room for doubt. We mean to know too before we've done with you. Is that your final answer?"

"It is."

"Think again."

"For many reasons. I will give you still another chance; I will repeat my question. Before you commit yourself to a reply, do consider. Tell me where, at the present moment, are the Datchet diamonds."

"That I will never tell you."

Mr Lawrence made a movement

with his hands which denoted disapproval.

"Since you appear to be impervious to one sort of reasoning, perhaps you may be more amenable to another kind. We will do our best to make you." Mr Lawrence turned to the man who had been addressed as Skittles. "Be so good as to put a branding-iron into the fire, the one on which there is the word 'thief.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

A MODERN INSTANCE OF AN ANCIENT PRACTICE.

Skittles, when he had, apparently with an effort, mastered the nature of Mr Lawrence's instructions, grinned from ear to ear.

He went to where a number of iron rods with broad heads were heaped together on a shelf. They were branding irons. Selecting one of these, he thrust it into the heart of the fire which glowed on the blacksmith's furnace. He heaped fuel on to the fire. After a movement or two of the bellows it became a roaring blaze.

Lawrence turned to Mr Paxton—"Still once more—are you disposed to tell us where the Datchet diamonds are?"

"No."

Lawrence smiled. He addressed himself to the two men who held Paxton's arms.

"Hold him tight. Now, Skittles, bring that iron of yours. Burn a hole under Mr Paxton's right shoulder-blade, through his clothing."

Skittles again moved the iron from the fire. It had become nearly white. He regarded it for a moment with a critical eye. Then, advancing with it held at arm's length in front of him, he took up his position at Mr Paxton's back.

"Don't let him go. Now!"

Skittles thrust the flaming iron towards Paxton's shoulder-blade.

There was a smell of burning cloth. For a second Paxton stood like a statue; then, leaping right off his feet, he gave first a forward and then a backward bound, displaying as he did so much vigour that, although his guardians retained their hold, Skittles, apparently, was taken unawares.

Possibly, with an artist's pride in good workmanship, he had been so much engrossed by the anxiety to carry out the commission with which he had been entrusted thoroughly well, that he was unprepared for interruptions. However that may have been, when Paxton moved his grip the iron seemed to suddenly loosen, so that, losing for the moment complete control of it, it fell down between Paxton's arms, the red-hot brand at the further end resting on his pinioned wrists. A cry as of a wounded animal, which he was totally unable to repress, came from his lips—a cry half of rage, half of agony.

But the red-hot iron, while inflicting on him frightful pain, had at least done him one good service; if it had burned his flesh, it had also burned the cords which bound his wrists together. Exerting, in his passion and his agony, the strength of half a dozen men, he severed the scorched strands of rope as if they had been straws, and, hurling from him the two fellows who held his arms—who had expected nothing so little as to find his arms unbound—he stood before them, so far as his limbs were concerned, free.

Once lost, he was not to be easily regained. He was quicker in his movements than Skittles had ever been, and the latter's quickest days were long since done. Dropping on to one knee, plunging forward under Skittles' guard, he butted that gentleman with his head full in the stomach, and had snatched the iron by its handle from his astonished hands before he had fully realised what was happening. Springing with the rapidity of a jack-in-the-box to his feet again, he brought the dreadful weapon down heavily on Skittles' head. With a groan of agony, that gentleman dropped like a log on to the floor.

Armed with the heated iron—a kind of article with which no one would

care to come into close contact—Paxton turned and faced the others, who as yet did not seem fully alive to what had taken place.

"Now, you brutes! I may be bested in the end, but I'll be even with one or two of you before I am!"

Lawrence stood up.

"Will you? That still remains to be seen. Shoot him, Baron!"

The Baron fired. Either his marksmanship, or his nerve, or his something, was at fault, for he missed. Before he could fire again Paxton's weapon had crushed through his grotesquely tall high hat, and apparently through his skull as well, for he too went headlong to the floor. Quick as lightning as he fell Cyril took his revolver from his nerveless grasp. Lawrence and his two colleagues were—a little late in the day, perhaps—making for him. But when they saw how he was doubly armed and his determined front they paused—and therein showed discretion.

The tables had turned. The fortune of war had gone over to what hitherto had been distinctly the losing side. So at least Paxton appeared to think.

"Now, the question is, what shall I do with you? Shall I shoot all three of you—or shall I brain one of you with this pretty little plaything, which I have literally snatched from the burning?"

If one could draw deductions from the manner in which he bore himself, Lawrence never for an instant lost his presence of mind. When he spoke it was in the easy, quiet tones which he had used throughout.

"You move too fast, forgetting two things—one, that you are caught here like a rat in a trap, so that, unless we choose to let you, you cannot get out of this place alive; the other, that I have only to summon assistance to overwhelm you with the mere force of numbers."

"Then why don't you summon assistance, if you are so sure that it will come at your bidding?"

"I intend to summon assistance when I choose."

"I give you warning that, if you move so much as a muscle in an attempt to attract the attention of any other of your associates who may be about the place, I will shoot you!"

For answer Lawrence smiled. Suddenly, lifting his hand, he put two fingers to his lips and blew a loud, shrill, peculiar whistle. Simultaneously Paxton raised the revolver, and, pointing it straight at the other's head, he pulled the trigger.

And that was all. No result ensued. There was the sound of a click—and nothing more. His face darkened. A second time he pulled the trigger; again without result. Mr Lawrence's smile became more pronounced. His tone was one of gentle badinage.

"I thought so. You see, you will move too quickly. It is a six-chambered revolver. I was aware that my highly esteemed friend had discharged two barrels earlier in the evening, and had not reloaded. I knew that he had taken two, if not three, little pops at you, and had had another little pop just now. If, therefore, he had not reloaded in my absence the barrels I had seen him empty, and had taken before I interrupted him, three little pops at you, the revolver must be empty. I thought the risk worth taking, and I took it."

While Cyril seemed to hesitate as to what to do next, Lawrence, raising his fingers to his lips, blew another call.

While the shrill discord still travelled through the air, Paxton sprang towards him. Stepping back, the whistler, picking up the wooden chair on which he had been sitting, dashed it in his assailant's face. And at the same moment the two men who had hitherto remained passive spectators of what had been, practically, an impromptu if abortive duel, closed in on Paxton from either side.

He struck at one with his clubbed revolver. The other, getting his arm about his throat, dragged him backwards on to the floor. He was down, however, only for one second. Slipping from the fellow's grasp like an eel, he was up again in time to meet the renewed attack from the man whom he had already struck with his revolver. He struck at him again; but still the man was not disabled. Meanwhile, his more prudent companion, conducting his operations from the rear, again got his arms about Paxton. The three went in a heap together on the floor.

Just then the door was opened and

some one entered on the scene. Paxton did not stop to see who it was. Exercising what seemed to be a giant's strength, he succeeded in again freeing himself from the grasp of his two opponents. Leaping to his feet, he made a mad dash at Lawrence. That gentleman, springing wilyly aside, eluded the threatening blow from the clubbed revolver, delivered neatly enough a blow with his clenched fist full in Mr Paxton's face. The blow was a telling one. Mr Paxton staggered; then, just as he seemed about to fall, recovered himself, and struck again at Mr Lawrence. This time the blow went home. The butt of the revolver came down upon the other's head with a sickening thud. The stricken man flung up his arms, and, without a sound, collapsed in an invertebrate heap.

The whole place became filled with confusion and shouts.

With what seemed to be a sudden inspiration, swinging right round with the branding-iron, which he had managed to retain in his possession, Paxton struck at the hanging lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling. In a moment the atmosphere began to be choked by the suffocating fumes of burning oil. A sheet of fire was running across the floor. Heedless of all else, Paxton rushed towards the door.

Such was the confusion occasioned by the disappearance of the lamp, and by the appearance of the flames, that this frantic flight seemed for the moment to be unnoticed. He tore through the door, up a narrow flight of steps rising between two walls, which he found in front of him, only, however, to find an individual awaiting his arrival at the top. This individual was evidently one who deemed that there are cases in which discretion is the better part of valour, and that the present case was one of them. When Paxton appeared, instead of trying to arrest his progress, he moved hastily aside, evincing, indeed, a conspicuous unwillingness to offer him any impediment in his wild career. Paxton passed him. There was a door in front of him. In his mad haste, throwing it open, he went through it. In an instant it was banged behind him; he heard the sound of a bolt being shot home into its socket, and of a voice exclaiming with a chuckle—on the other side of the door!

"Couldn't have done it better if I'd tried. I couldn't! Locked himself in—straight he has!"

Too late Paxton found that, to all intents and purposes, that was exactly what he had done.

The place in which he was was pitchy dark. He had supposed that it might be a passage leading to the door beyond. It proved to be nothing of the kind. It seemed, instead, to be some sort of cupboard—probably a pantry—for he could feel that there were shelves on either side of him, and that on the shelves were what seemed to be victuals. Though narrow, by stretching out his arms he could feel the wall with either hand; it extended, longitudinally, to some considerable distance—possibly to twenty feet. At the further end there was a window. It was at an inconvenient height from the floor, and directly under it was a shelf. On this shelf, so far as he was able to judge, was an indiscriminate collection of pieces of crockery. The shelf, however, was a broad one, and, disregarding the various impedimenta with which it seemed to be covered, by clambering on to it he was brought within easy reach of the window. It was a small one, and had two sashes. Had the sashes not been there, there might have been sufficient space to enable him to thrust his body through the frame. They were of the ordinary kind, moving up and down, and, in consequence, when they were open to their widest extent, only half the window space was available either for ingress or for egress.

He did throw up the lower sash as far as it would go, only to find that it scarcely gave him room enough to put the whole of his head outside. Taking firm hold of the framework, he tested the solidity; it appeared to be substantially constructed of some kind of heavy wood. Though he exerted considerable force, it could hardly be induced to rattle. To remove it, even if it was removable, would be a work of time and of labour. Time he had not at his command. Although he was fastened in, his assailants were not fastened out. At any moment they might enter; his

INDIGESTION

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struggles—against such odds!—would have to be recommenced all over again.

He was conscious that the best of his strength was spent. He was stiff and sore, weary and bewildered. Nor had he escaped unscathed. He was covered with bruises—bruises which ached. Where the red-hot branding-iron, slipping from Mr Skittles' grasp, had struck against his wrists, the flesh felt as if it had been burnt to the bone; it occasioned him exquisite pain. No, in his present plight, recapture would be easy. After the recent transactions, in which he had played so prominent a figure, recapture would mean nameless tortures, if not death outright. His only hope lay in flight, or—the thought came to him as he was endeavouring to marshal his faculties in sufficient order to enable him to take an impartial view of his position—in summoning help.

Summoning help! Yes! why not? The thing was feasible. Here was the open window. He could call through it. His cries might be heard, and if he could only make his shouts heard by some one without the alarm would be raised, and he would soon be rescued from this den of thieves.

Thrusting his head out as far as possible, he shouted, with might and with main—"Help! Murder! Help!"

He listened. He seemed to hear the faint echo of his own words travelling mockingly, mournfully through the silent air. Naught else was audible. All else was still as the grave.

Nor did the prospect of his being able to make himself heard seem promising.

He had no notion whereabouts the house in which he was so unwilling a guest was situated. In front of him he could see nothing but open space. There was neither moon nor stars, nor was the atmosphere particularly clear; yet, as his eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, it seemed to him that he could see for miles, and that there was nothing to be seen. There was not a light in sight; there was no glare of lights upon the distant sky; there was the shadow neither of a house nor of a tree. No murmur of voices; no hum of far-off traffic; not even the unceasing turmoil of the restless sea.

Since, so far as he was able to perceive, the place seemed to be given up to such utter and entire solitude, it struck him with unpleasant force that it might be located in the very heart of the open Downs. In that case it was quite upon the cards that there was not another human habitation within miles. At night—even yet!—few places are more deserted than the Brighton Downs. All sorts of deeds without a name, so far as human witnesses are concerned, can be wrought thereon with complete impunity.

If the house was really built upon the Downs, his chances of making himself heard were remote indeed. Still, in his desperate position, he was not disposed to give up hope without making at least another trial. Once more he shouted "Help! Murder! Help!"

Again he listened. And this time, from what evidently was a considerable distance, there was borne through the night what seemed to be an answering call—"Hallo!"

Seldom was so slight a sound so grateful to a listener's ears!

With renewed ardour he repeated his shouts with, if possible, even greater vigour than before: "Quick! Help! Murder! Help!"

Again, from afar, there seemed to come the faint response—"Hallo!"

And at this instant he became conscious of voices speaking together outside the door of the cell-deck in which, foolishly enough, he had allowed himself to be made, for a second time, a prisoner.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MOST DANGEROUS FOE OF ALL.

Mr Paxton withdrew his face from the window. He turned towards the door, his ears wide open. The speakers were talking so loudly that he could hear distinctly, without moving from his post of vantage on the shelf, every word which was uttered. They seemed to be in a state of great excitement.

The first voice he heard belonged evidently to the quick-witted individual who had fastened him in the trap which he himself had entered.

"There he is—inside there he is—ran in of his own accord he did, so I shut

the door, and I slipped the bolt before he knoed where he was. The window's only a little 'niz—if he gets hisself out, you can call me names."

The second voice was one which Mr Paxton did not remember to have previously noticed.

"Hast him!—what do I care where he is? He ain't no affair of mine! There's the Toff, and a crowd of 'em down there—you come and lend a hand!"

"Not me! I ain't a-taking any! I ain't going to get myself choked, not for no Toff, nor yet for any one else. I feel more like cutting my lucky—only I don't know my way across these—hills."

"You ain't got no more pluck than a chicken. Go and put the 'orse in! Me and them other two chaps will bring 'em up. We shall have to put the whole lot aboard, and make tracks as fast as the old mare will canter."

A third voice became audible—a curiously husky one, as if its owner was in difficulties with his throat.

"Here's the Toff—he seems to be a case. I ain't a-going down no more. It's no good a-trying to put it out—you may as well try to put out 'ell fire!"

Then a fourth voice—even huskier than the other.

"Catch 'old! If some one don't catch 'old of the Baron I shall drop 'im. My God! this is a pretty sort of go!"

There was a pause, then the voice of the first speaker again.

"He do look bad, the Baron do—worse nor the Toff, and he don't seem too skittish!"

"Strikes me he ain't far off from a coffin and a six-foot 'ole. You wouldn't look lively if you'd had what he 'as. That there—brained 'im, and now he's been burned alive. I tell you what it is, we shall have to look slippy if we want to get ourselves well out of this. Them others will have to scorch—

it's no good trying to get 'em out—no mortal creature could live down there—it'll only be a bit sooner, anyhow. The whole place is like a—tinder box. It'll all be afire in less than no time, and it'll make a bonfire 'n's'll be seen over all the countryside; and if we was seen a-making tracks away from it, there might be questions asked, and we mightn't find that pretty!"

"Where's the—as done it all?"

"In there—that's where he is!"

"In there? Sure? My—! wouldn't I like to strip his skin from off his carcass!"

"He'll have his skin stripped off from him without your doing nothing, don't you be afraid—and made cracking of it. He'll never get outside of that—he'll soon be warm enough—burnt to a cinder, that's what he'll be!"

Suddenly there was a tumult of exclamations and of execrations, sound of the opening of a door, and of a general stampede. Then silence.

And Mr Paxton realised to the full what had happened. For into the place of his imprisonment there penetrated, all at once, the fumes of smoke—fumes which had an unpleasantly irritating effect upon the tonsils of his throat.

The house was on fire! The hanging-lamp which he had sent crashing to the floor had done its work—had, indeed, plainly, done more than he intended. Nothing so difficult to extinguish as the flames of burning oil. Nothing which gets faster, fiercer, more rapidly increasing hold—nothing which, in an incredibly short space of time, causes more widespread devastation.

The house was on fire! and he was caged there like a rat in a trap! The smoke already reached him—already the smell of the fire was in his nostrils. And those curs, those cowards, those nameless brutes, thinking only of their wretched selves, had left their comrades in that flaming, fiery furnace, to perish by the most hideous of deaths, and had left him also, there to burn!

In a sudden paroxysm of rage, leaping off the shelf, he rushed to the opposite end of what, it seemed, had fair to be his crematorium, and flung himself with all his weight and force against the door. It never yielded—he might as well have flung himself against the wall. He shouted through it, like a madman—

"Open the door! Open the door, you devils!"

In his frenzy a stream of oaths came flooding from his lips. In such situations even clean-mouthed men can swear. There are not many of us who, brought suddenly, under such circumstances, face to face with

the hereafter, can calm our minds and keep watch and ward over our tongues. Mr Paxton, certainly, was not such a one. He was, rather, as one who was consumed with fury.

What was that? He listened. It was the sound of wheels and of a horse's hoofs. Those scoundrels were off—fleeing for their lives. And he was there—alone! And in the dreadful furnace, at the bottom of that narrow flight of steps, the miserable creatures with whom he had had such a short and sharp reckoning were being burned.

In his narrow chamber the presence of smoke was becoming more conspicuous. He could hear the crackling of fire. It might have been imagination, but it seemed to him that already the temperature was increasing. What was he to do? He recollected the window—clambered back upon the shelf, and thrust his face out into the open air. How sweet it was! and fresh, and cool! Once more he listened. He could hear, plainly enough, the noise of wheels rolling rapidly away, but nothing more. With the full force of his lungs he repeated his previous cry, with a slight variation—

"Help! Fire! Help!"

But this time there came no answering "Hallo!" There was no reply. Again he shouted, and again and again, straining his throat and his lungs to bursting point, screaming himself hoarse, but there was none that answered. It seemed that this was a case in which, if he could not help himself, he, in very deed and in very truth, was helpless.

He set himself to remove the sashes from their places, feeling that if he only could, small even then though the space would be, he might, at such a pinch as this, be able to squeeze his body through. But the thing was easier essayed than done. The sashes were small, strongly constructed, and solidly set in firmly-fashioned grooves. He attacked them with his hands; he hammered them with the Baron's revolver and branding iron, but they remained precisely where they were. He had a suspicion that they were looser, and that in time, say in an hour or so, they might be freed. But he had not an hour to spare. He had not many minutes, for while he still wrestled with their obstinacy there came from behind him a strange, portentous roar. His prison became dimly, fitfully illuminated with a dreadful light—so that he could see.

What he could see through the cracks in the bolted door were tongues of fire, roaring in the room beyond—roaring as the waves roar over the stones, or as the sound of a high wind through the tops of trees. The suddenness of the noise, disturbing so unexpectedly the previous stillness, confused him. He remained on the shelf, looking round. Then, oblivious for the moment of the danger which so swiftly was coming nearer, he was filled with admiration. What a beautiful ruddy light it was, which was making the adjacent chamber to gleam like glowing gold! How every instant it was becoming ruddier and ruddier, until, with fairy-like rapidity, it became a glorious blaze of colour! The whole place was transfigured and transformed. It was radiant with the splendours of the Fairy Queen's Palace of a Million Marvels.

The crackling noise which fire makes when its hungry tongues lick woodwork brought him back to a sense of stern reality. He became conscious of the strong breeze which was blowing through the open window. It was coming from the house, and was bearing with it a rush as of heated breath. Already it seemed to scorch his cheeks—momentarily it seemed to scorch them more and more. The air, as he drew it into his lungs, was curiously dry. He had to draw two breaths where before he had drawn one. It parched his throat. What would he not have given to lazing in the crystal waters of a run-haven been able to glue his lips to cool, fresh water! As in a vision he pictured himself laving his face, and nipping stream, with the trees in leaf above his head.

Escape was hopeless. Neither on the one side nor on the other could salvation be attained. Other men, he told himself, with a sardonic twitching of the corner of his lips, had been burnt alive before to-day—then why not he? He, at any rate, could play the man. To attempt to strive against the inevitable was puerile. Better, if one must die, facing fearful odds, to die with one's arms folded and with one's pulse marking time

at its normal pace. What must be, might be; what cared he? Confound the smoke! It came in thicker and thicker wreaths through the interstices in the panels of the door. It was impossible to continue facing it; it made him cough, and the more he coughed the more he had to. It got into his mouth and up his nose; it made his eyes tingle. To cough and cough until, like a ramshackle cart, one shook one's self to pieces, was not the part of dignity.

He turned his back to the door. He thrust his face again through the window. With his lips wide open he gulped in the air with a sense of rapture which amounted to positive pain. What a feeling of life and of freedom there seemed to be under the stars and the far-reaching sky! What a spirit of solitude was abroad on the hills, in the darkness of the night! What a lonely death this was which he was about to die! No one there but God and the fire to see if he died like a man!

He tried to collect his thoughts. As he did so, there was borne to him, on a sudden overwhelming flood of recollection, the woman whom he loved. He seemed to see her there in front of him—her very face. What was she doing now? What would she do if she had an inkling of his plight? What, when she knew that he had gone? If he had only had time to hand over to her all the fruits of that rise in the shares of the Trumpit Gold Mine!

How hot it was! And the smoke—how suffocating! How the fire roared behind him! The bolted door had been stout enough to keep him captive, but against the fury of the flames it would be as nothing. Any moment they might be through. And then?

He had an inspiration. He began to feel in his pockets. Those rogues had stripped them, only leaving, so far as in his haste he could judge, two worthless trifles, which probably had been overlooked because of their triviality. In one pocket was the back of an old letter, in another a scrap of pencil. They were sufficient to serve his purpose. Spreading the half-sheet of note-paper out on the shelf in front of him, he wrote, as well as he could for the blinding, stifling smoke, with the piece of pencil—

"I give and bequeath all that I have in the world to my dear love, Daisy Strong, who would have been my wife. God bless her!—Cyril Paxton."

(To be Continued.)

Lady Guide: "If you will come with me, I will now show you a masterpiece of Fra Angelico. That great artist painted all his pictures on his knees as a penance." Cockney Visitor: "Poor chap! Canvas must have been rather scarce in those days."

"Yes, sir," said Mr Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room he grew red in the face and went away mad.

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DOUBLE
THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET
BE SURE YOU GET THE OKTIS

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

THE returns from the principal mines came in during the last few days, the result being an output reported during the week of £27,735 1/8. The total output of bullion for the month, as from mail to mail, was £37,230 19/5. The return from the Waihi this month was about £4,000 below the previous one, which it will be remembered was a record yield of over £22,000. This time a lesser quantity of ore was put through the mill, and the yield was £18,708. The Crown Mines return was a better one this month, as a lesser quantity of ore yielded a better yield than that of the previous month. The Royal Oak return once more illustrated the richness of Coromandel, 10½ tons having returned over £1000 worth of gold. The Komata Reefs return also was a satisfactory one, as 93 per cent of the assay value of the ore was obtained. It will be noticed in the monthly gold output that Kuaotunu mines this time contributed over £1,200 of the total, and it is to be hoped this section of our goldfields will continue to add its quota of bullion in the future. An attempt to obtain a subsidy of £3,000 from the Government towards the cost of testing the deep levels in the Mariposa mine did not succeed. The Coromandel Harbour Board this week decided to abolish the wharfage dues which have in the past been a great grievance to English companies. The Waitakauri Jubilee Company had a trial run of the battery this week, when everything worked satisfactorily. At the Monowai mine matters look so promising now that the directors have decided to erect another 40 head of stampers. Shares in this company have had steady demand during the week on the Exchange at 5/10, but now there are no sellers under 6/3. The local shareholders in the Waihi-Silverton Company have taken up all the new allotment, evidently having faith in the future of that property. Powerful pumping machinery has been secured for the Waihi Grand Junction mine in order to successfully cope with the heavy flow of water and enable the reef out some time ago to be opened up. According to all accounts this company seems to have cut one of the looses so successfully exploited in the Waihi mine, which adjoins the Grand Junction property. In connection with the output of bullion it is worthy of note that although the sharemarket is dull both here and in London, still the gold won for the first half of the year 1898 is over £61,000 more than the amount obtained for the same period in 1897. This is the best evidence that could be offered that the mining industry is steadily improving, and must in time convince investors that with economical management the lodes in the Hauraki Peninsula will pay.

NONPAREIL.

Gold is seen now freely in the third stop on the Wade reef, and a few pounds of picked stone have been obtained.

YOUNG NEW ZEALAND.

About 20 tons ore from the winze on No. 4 reef have been sent to Auckland for treatment at Messrs Fraser and Son's plant.

MOANATAIARI RETURN.

The result of the past month's crushing operations at the Moanataiari mine was disappointing, 877 tons of ore having only yielded bullion worth £745 1s 8d.

KAPANGA COMPANY.

Gold continues to be got in small quantities from this mine, a return of 80ozs being obtained this month from 30 tons of quartz and 48½ lbs picked stone, valued at £240. The tributaries Horne and Johnson have struck some very good gold, and everything points to another patch like the first one.

WAIHI-SILVERTON.

Out of the 53,000 shares in the new company offered on the London market 50,000 were applied for by the 23rd of March and still more applications were expected. As regards the shares offered on the local market all have been taken up with the exception of a small number. The allotment will take place shortly.

QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

There seems to be a very good prospect before this mine, as during the past month

29½ lbs of good picked stone were obtained, worth about £50. Both the Swedish Crown Reef and Peep of Day leaser are looking well. Doubtless a crushing will be obtained during the coming month, as several good parcels of picked stone are in hand.

MONOWAI.

It has been decided to erect another 40 head of stampers at this Waiomai mine thus bringing the crushing power up to 50 stampers. The free ore from the Gem section presents no difficulties in treatment. That from the Monowai section yields a good percentage by the wet process on the table. The residue is treated by the cyanide process.

KAPANGA TRIBUTERS.

The Kapanga tributaries, Messrs Horne and Johnson, crushed during the past month seven tons of general dirt and 50 lb of picked stone for a return of 80oz 14dwts of melted gold, valued £260. On Friday 18½ lb of picked stone was obtained. In another month the present block will be worked out, necessitating sinking again.

KARAKA BLOCK.

From the stopes on No. 3 reef ore of very fair grade is being obtained. The reef has been cut on the other side of the slide in the south end of the low level, and is producing ore of first class quality. In the north face the reef also gives loose prospects of gold. About ten tons of ore are now ready for treatment and arrangements have been made for the crushing.

WHARF DUES REVOKED.

At the last monthly meeting of the Coromandel Harbour Board the question of revoking the wharf dues was brought before the members. On the motion of Captain Swinley, seconded by Mr McFarlane, the revoking of by-laws 12, 13 and 14 was carried. The result caused great satisfaction in business circles, as it will put an end to the long standing friction between the Board and English mining companies.

MOANATAIARI.

The Cambria lode is eight feet wide at its narrowest part, and widens out to over thirty feet in places. Some of the leaders striking into the main body are thought to be highly payable. At the present time ore is being obtained from the Golden Age and No. 2 Caledonia, and it is expected that at some of the breaks good gold will be obtained as on former occasions splendid quartz was got from where the break was met with.

GOLD RETURNS.

OUTPUT FOR MONTH £37,230.

The output of bullion from the various mines in the Hauraki Peninsula during the past month totals £37,230 19s 5d. It is gratifying to note that as compared with the output for the first six months of last year, 1898 shows an increase of over £61,000.

OHINEMURI.

Company	tons	£	s	d
Waihi	6,150	18,708	0	0
Waitakauri	1,805	4,322	0	0
Woodstock	333	1,415	0	0
N.Z. Crown	1,667	3,081	0	0
Waihi-Silverton	1,000	1,112	0	8
Komata Reefs	470	1,198	0	0
		29,826	0	0

THAMES.

Company	Tons	£	s	d
Nonpareil	63	150	0	0
Nonpareil Tributaries	240	290	16	5
Mahara Royal	30	433	2	0
Waikari	30	401	8	0
May Queen	292	559	11	4
Moanataiari	877	745	1	8
		£2,539	19	5

KUAOTUNU.

Company	Tons	£	s	d
Mariposa	302	402	0	0
Waikari	107	434	0	0
Great Mercury	107	144	0	0
Mariposa	250	215	0	0
		£1,225	0	0

COROMANDEL.

Company	Tons	Pk. stone	£	s	d
Hauraki Associated	30	48	7	0	0
Kapanga	30	48	2	0	0
Kapanga Tributaries	1	40	61	0	0
Hauraki	150	98	1,213	0	0
Tokatea Consols	44		273	0	0
Royal Oak	10	545	1,067	0	0
Jersey	14		9	0	0
			£3,632	0	0

Total output £37,230 19s 5d

WAIHI RETURN.

£18,708 FOR THE MONTH.

GRAND OUTPUT £722,293. The return for the past four weeks operations at the Waihi Company's two crushing mills totalled £18,708, the amount of ore treated being 8,150 tons. This return is not as large as the

one for the previous month, but this is due to the fact that there were over 500 tons less of ore treated during the past four weeks. The total output of bullion from this mine has now reached the value of £732,393 2s 10d.

The following table shows the return per year from this mine since 1890:—

Bullion won in 1890	£	s	d
1891	31,117	13	6
1892	23,593	5	11
1893	44,898	2	4
1894	61,930	10	11
1895	82,377	2	2
1896	120,234	2	2
1897	137,321	8	2
1898	144,040	0	0
1899	85,934	0	0
Total	£732,393	2	10

N.Z. CROWN MINES RETURN.

£3,442 FROM 1,664 TONS.

The N.Z. Exploration Company, by its general manager, Mr R. R. Hunt, reports that during the month of May 1,664 tons of ore were treated at the N.Z. Crown Mines for a return of bullion valued at £3,442. This is equal to £2 15s per ton. The return is an improvement upon the former one, when 1,667 tons yielded £3,031.

MAY QUEEN RETURN.

£559 FROM 262 TONS.

During the past month 262 tons of ore were won from this mine and treated for a return of 20ozs 14dwts of bullion valued at £559 11s 4d. The men at the Saxon section of this property have been temporarily knocked off owing to some of the winding gear requiring repairing. Ore crushed by May Queen Company was from No. 2 lode, at No. 6 level of Saxon.

ROYAL OAK RETURN.

£1,067 FROM 10½ TONS.

The result of the past month's operations at this Coromandel mine is again satisfactory, gold worth £1,067 having been obtained from 10 tons of general quartz and 54½lbs of picked stone. Last month three times as much general quartz and picked stone was treated, when the return totalled £2,302.

KOMATA REEFS RETURN.

The result of the past month's crushing at the Komata Reefs battery is satisfactory in that the extraction under the wet process proved equal to 93 per cent. of the assay value of the ore. The total amount treated was 470 tons, which yielded bullion valued at £1,198.

WAIHI-SILVERTON RETURN.

£1,112 FOR THE MONTH.

During the past four weeks this Company crushed and treated 1,000 tons ore for a return of 685ozs of bullion, the estimated value of which is £1,112.

MARIPOSA RETURN.

During the past month 250 tons of ore were treated by this Kuaotunu Company for a return of bullion valued at £243.

WEEK'S GOLD RETURNS.

Companies	Tons.	Pkt. stone.	£	s	d
Waihi	6,150	—	18,708	0	0
Royal Oak	10	545 lb	1,067	0	0
Waihi-Silverton	1,000	—	1,112	0	0
Waikari	90	—	401	0	0
Komata Reefs	470	—	1,198	0	0
May Queen	262	—	559	0	0
Moanataiari	877	—	745	1	8
N.Z. Crown	1,644	—	3,442	0	0
Kapanga Triba.	7	50 lb	200	0	0
Mariposa	250	—	243	0	0
Total			£27,135	1	8

It is announced that owing to the continued demand by collectors for 2½d New Zealand postage stamps, in which the name 'Wakaitipu' is misspelled, a further supply of 50,000 'Wakaitipu' is now on its way to the colony. The following changes in other stamps are also to be made as soon as practicable. The design at present in use for the 1d stamp (Lake Taupo) will be used for the 4d, and the present 4d design (White Terrace) for the 1d. This was the original intention, but in some way the designs were confused in London. The new 4d stamp will be printed in the brown and blue tints, which have been so much admired in the present 1d stamp, but the opportunity will be taken to transpose the colours of the new 1d and 4d as being more suitable for the representations of the White and Pink Terraces. Further supplies of all stamps are being ordered to be printed on water-marked paper. The present 1d design has to be printed in two colours, and is too expensive for stamps which are used in such large numbers.

FIRST IN 1888. FOREMOST EVER SINCE.

DUNLOP TYRES

Guarantee is worth 20s in the £.

AND APPLIES TO ALL—

ROADSTER TYRES

WITH THE TRADE MARK

J. B. DUNLOP'S HEAD.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC

TYRE COMPANY (Limited),

128 Litchfield Street Christchurch.

AND AT

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, AND PERTH.

'CYCLING.

The Touring Club de France has the reputation for being a most go-ahead institution, and during the Great Paris Exhibition of 1900 it proposes to construct a homelike and hospitable maison, which is to cost something like £20,000, and will embrace all the conveniences desired for entertaining in suitable manner the 60,000 members and many friends of the Touring Club. One of the proposed striking features of the Touring Club building will be a topographical chart of France, showing in detail the roads, towns, declivities, altitudes, rivers, lakes, forests, chateaux, etc. The scheme is intended to further and encourage intimate acquaintance with the sunny land of France on the part of the cycle-riding population.

The war has affected general trade in the United States. The question whether it is proving prejudicial to the sale of bicycles is answered in one of the American wheel papers. According to this journal the cycle trade is holding its own in a very satisfactory way. Wars and rumours thereof will not prevent people from buying bicycles, provided, as in the present instance, that the wars and their rumours are naval and not land affairs, while the millions of money now being spent preparing for war will afford many the price of a cycle, which otherwise they might not have. A large number of cycles are being purchased by the United States War Department for Army use.

It is worth noting that cyclists are required to do more than merely give warning to foot passengers to get out of their way if they wish to be exonerated from responsibility for accidents. According to Mr A. Williamson, who is an authority on the law as it affects cyclists, they must do all that is possible to avoid accident, and if there is danger, stop or dismount from their cycles. This point has been tested in numerous cases in the courts, so there is no doubt about it.

We learn that the Dunlop Tyre Company have increased their pacing teams at the Crystal Palace track, and included is a quad team of negro blacks. Their mount is enamelled white, and the team is dressed also in white shoes to match. The team is now putting in some good work, and should prove a great draw at the Palace. The idea is a good one, and Mr James, the New Zealand manager of the company, endeavoured to mount a team of Maoris last season on one of their pacing machines, but was unsuccessful at the time as the season was then too far advanced to take the matter up very fully. The Maori has proved himself an athlete of no mean ability, and could such a team be brought together, we think they would uphold their good athletic name in this branch of sport as well as they have already done in the football field and other sport.

Very few cyclists are aware what a difference a tightly blown up tyre makes in the work of propelling a bicycle. The work of driving a machine with the tyres inflated to a pressure of 15½ lb per inch is exactly double that of a machine with the tyres blown to 3½ lb, and the wear and tear on the tyres is at about the same ratio. The correct pressure for every day road riding (in New Zealand) is from 23½ to 28½, with a slight reduction in hot weather. Let our readers try an experiment by keeping

their tyres pumped hard for a few months or so, and they will find that they are riding more easily, that their tyres show less signs of wear and tear, and that punctures will be of the rarest occurrences.

Have you ever ridden aimlessly along the crowded street, and seen riding ahead a girlish form petite? Have you ever pictured in your mind a maiden's pretty face, and then in hope of seeing such, you've quickened up your pace? And when you passed your 'maiden fair' cast back a searching look. To find the pretty maiden was a cross-eyed Irish cook? "Wheeling," 9/2/98.

When pumping up a tyre and you find that it requires force to use the inflater you can generally assume that it is caused through negligence in riding without screwing up the dust cap, thus allowing particles of dust and dirt to choke the valve. When such is the case take the valve to pieces, remove the rubber from the stem, and clean the hole in the stem with a pin, replace the rubber and valve and you will have got over the difficulty.

It is now definitely announced that Zimmermann will again race this season in America, his first engagement being a match with E. Bald, another Yankee crack. Nothing would give greater pleasure to all Australians who had any dealings with 'Zim' whilst on his visit home than to hear that he had once again returned to his old form. No star has ever shone in the cycling firmament with such brilliancy as when Zimmermann was champion of the world.

News is to hand from Spain of an exciting contest between a racing cyclist and an expert horsewoman, for the sum of £200 a-side. The race was for three hours, and was run upon two tracks, one within the other, the outer circle being 224 yards in circumference, and the inner one four yards shorter. The lady had the use of five horses and the option of changing as often as she desired, whilst the cyclist could change his machine (A Dunlop-tred Osmond) if found necessary. For the first ten minutes the race was an evenly contested one, the lady, who had selected the outer circle, having a slight advantage; but from this out the cyclist gradually drew ahead of the equestrienne, although she made repeated changes without reducing the gap. As time crept on the equestrienne began to regain her lost ground, and the excitement rose to fever pitch as it was seen that the cyclist was tiring away. But the hard riding was telling heavily on the horses, who were now thoroughly exhausted and unable to respond to their rider's efforts to reduce the cyclist's lead. At the expiration of the three hours the cyclist was pronounced the winner by five miles, he having covered fifty-eight miles eight hundred and eighty yards (unpaced), as against his fair antagonist's fifty-three miles two hundred and eighty yards. Both riders received a great ovation from the thousands present for their plucky and spirited riding throughout the race.

PROPOSED NOVEL PUBLIC-HOUSE.

A former curate of Christ Church, Folkestone, and now Vicar-Designate of All Saints, South Merstham, proposes, with the aid of others, to start a public-house in the parish on his own account. At a recent Church Council at South Merstham, the Vicar (the Rev. T. P. Brocklehurst) announced this intention, and said he proposed to carry on the place through a manager, who would have no interest in the business beyond receiving his fixed salary. The profits of the public-house would be devoted to some good cause in the parish, and at the same time drunkenness would be lessened, whilst social intercourse would be increased. The rev. gentleman has issued a notice to his parishioners in which the objects and aims of the proposal are set out as follows:—

PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE CARRIED ON 'FOR PUBLIC GOOD.'

1. The House would be Free.
2. The beer would be pure under written guarantee.

3. The spirits would be at least five years old under written guarantee.

4. The manager would have a fixed salary, and not be interested in sales.

5. The shareholders would only receive not more than a certain fixed interest, say 3 or 4 per cent.

6. All profits after this to go towards some object of local public benefit—for example, a public hall, a public recreation ground for our children, public baths and washhouses, etc.

7. The license and property would be vested in public trustees chosen by the committee of management.

8. The committee of management would be popularly elected by yourselves as householders, each head of a household, whether man or woman, married or single, having a vote.

9. Newspapers would be supplied, and facilities for in and out door games would be afforded.

10. Anyone can use the house without being obliged to order anything.

11. All the advantages of an ordinary public-house without its disadvantages.

12. No interference whatever with the usual privileges of a country public-house.

13. The house to be the resort of all classes and a meeting-place for mutual interchange of opinions—in fact, a real public-house.

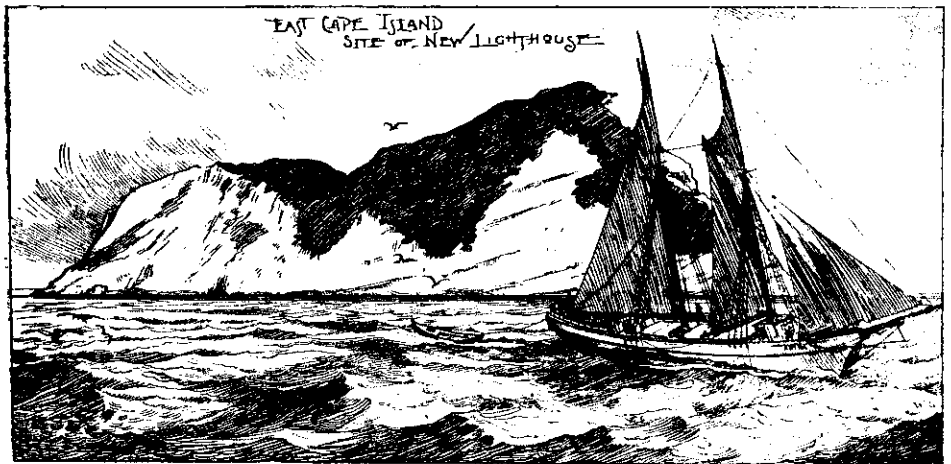
The promoters would like to add that this is no 'fad,' but an honest attempt to meet such requirements of the inhabitants as need suggests.

Although you have perhaps not heard of such a proposal before, yet there are public-houses of the kind already in existence and which have proved themselves perfectly successful.

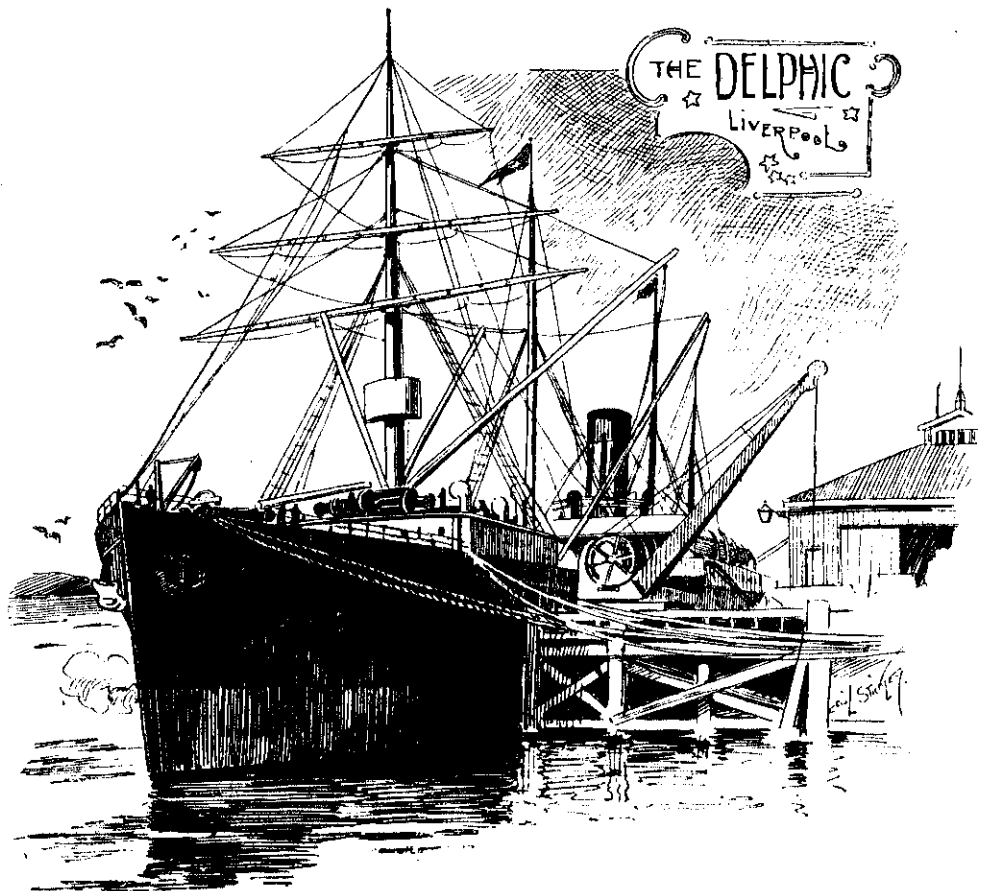
The opportunity with which you are confronted will probably never occur again, at least here, so please consider seriously the matter, for remember you are responsible for the future welfare of South Merstham.

THE ARTIST'S IDEAL.

The artist's ideal is five feet six inches high. Her bust measures 33 inches and her hips 32. Her waist would discourage any member of the coquetted sisterhood, for it is 26 inches around. The weight is 130 pounds. These are the measurements which are considered proper for statues. The English ideal is five feet five inches in height. She weighs 120 pounds; her waist measures 20 inches and her bust 26. Her hips are 38 inches in measurement. The New York ideal is five feet five and a half inches tall. Her bust measurement is 30 inches. Her weight is 126 pounds. The accepted Californian girl shows: Height, five feet six and a half inches; bust, 35 inches; hips, 35 inches; waist, 24 inches; weight, 130 pounds.



SITE OF THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE, EAST CAPE, N.Z.



THE S.S. DELPHIC, LIVERPOOL.

[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS'



and Drama.

During their Christchurch season in November, says the Canterbury Times, the Pollards will stage 'Fatinza,' 'Manola,' and a new extravaganza, which is intended as the Auckland Christmas attraction for this year. The company proceed to Invercargill on Wednesday, and play a nine-nights season there. It will pass through here en route to the north on Saturday, June 18, and give a 'popular' concert at the Garrison Hall. Selections from the favourite operas will be given in character. It is seven years this month since Mr Pollard formed the present company, and among those who have been associated with the combination during the whole of that time are the two Stephens, the two Beattys, Messrs Percy and Quealy, the Misses Metcalf and Nellie Wilson, and Mr Harcourt (conductor).

Our old friend Walter Bentley recently appeared in a new role in Brisbane, where he stood for election as alderman. He was beaten by a big majority.

This Wednesday the Wellington Amateur Operatic Society opens its season, playing 'Dorothy.' The Auckland Society will stage 'Les Cloches de Corneville' in August, while the New Plymouth Society and the Nelson Society are respectively getting ready 'The Old Guard' and 'Iolanthe.'

Mr Charles Kerningham, principal tenor of the London Savoy, has been engaged by Messrs Williamson and Musgrove for their Comic Opera Company.

Miss Flora Graupner, who has been very ill in London, but is now recovered, is expected to return to Australia for her health's sake.

Mr Fred Duval, of Pollard's, is in Australia looking out for novelties for his company.

Herr Balling, whose playing of the viola alta is remembered by so many New Zealanders, has just written to a friend in Nelson. He is evidently prospering, for he says:—'I have been travelling from one end of Europe to the other, and writing music all the time. From September I am engaged in Hamburg at the Municipal Theatre, where I have an orchestra of 150 under my control, and a fair chorus. I am conducting all Wagner's operas, and will be right in the swing of the musical world in Germany, and I hope soon after in Europe. Madame Wagner has promised me that I shall soon conduct at Bayreuth, and that is what I am longing for. I have composed a lot of music since I left Nelson, and it helps me a great deal in that kind of work. I shall never forget New Zealand in general, and Nelson in particular.'

At the first concert of the Christchurch Motet Society in its new form Handel's 'Acis and Galatea' and 'Phaen-drig Crohoore,' a short cantata by Dr. Villiers Stanford, were performed and well received.

A company of blind musicians have been touring in the South recently and according to the papers have deservedly received a great deal of encouragement. The members of the company have been trained for the past sixteen years at the Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind.

Miss Regina Nagel, the Australian contralto, who used to sing 'Ben Boli' in the Trijby Company, is now in Paris, where she has been introduced to several influential musical people by Miss Snowdon, the superintendent of the Paris branch of the Girls' Friendly Society.

The Auckland Banjo and Mandolin Club give a concert in the Opera House on the 27th inst.

A gentleman just arrived in Christchurch says:—'Mr Wells is the best organist in New Zealand. I should like to describe the musical part of our (Hasterton) memorial service. The organ began with Chopin's 'Funeral March,' which I never before fully comprehended. The anthem was Spohr's 'Blest Are the Departed.' I have got out of the way of expecting to hear decent solo voices in a church choir, and was therefore considerably surprised at the incomparable rendering of the unaccompanied quartette, and

lastly the 'Dead March in Saul.' It was an entirely new way of playing it. Mr Wells began it ppp, and repeated the first phrase three times, and without going up the octave, all the time working in a magnificent crescendo. By the time he got to the second phrase he had the organ full to principal. The third phrase was of course, full, and he only took off the reeds for the minor bit usually played softly. The loud phrase was, of course, full, but he didn't stop there. He repeated both phrases twice, and softened down till the last roll of the pedala was scarcely audible even in the intense silence. It was wonderful.'

The Christchurch Motet Society gave their first concert of the season since the reorganisation in the Choral Hall, which was full in almost every part. It was a mixed programme, and the chorus work done was excellent. The first part consisted of 'Acis and Galatea,' the solos taken by Misses Shanks, Hardy and Gray, Messrs Puschell and Hall, and it is not too much to say Miss Gray and Mr Puschell stand out far above the rest. Some glee and a short work by Dr. Villiers Stanford, 'Phaen-drig Crohoore,' completed the concert.

Musical connoisseurs are not exactly agreed as to the epoch at which the names of artists began to appear on the bills of theatres. Here is a little document which at least so far as the opera is concerned, absolutely settles this point. It is the programme of a performance published by the Moniteur Universel in the number for Sunday, 15th May, 1791. It thus speaks of the spectacle at the opera: 'Academy Royal de Music: To-day "Panurge dans l'ile des Lanternes, operacomedy in three acts," and adds this note: "The administration of the opera, having taken measures to ensure the most careful representation possible, has ordered that from today the names of the principal artists, whether of song or dance, shall henceforth be indicated on the bills."

It is the fashion for the writers of symphonic poems to go very far afield in search of programmes to suit the various movements of their works, and it is fortunate they are written with so much clearness, for any intelligent person might be given 1000 guesses and then not hit upon the meaning of the author. It would be quite safe to offer a prize for the best solution. For a far-fetched programme a symphonic poem which was produced in Paris at the Colonne concert, February 27th, may be highly commended. 'L'au Mil,' by M. Piene, has been very favourably criticised. It is in three parts and is a musical commentary on the chapter in the 'Apocalypse' which says, 'When a thousand years shall have passed Satan shall be released from bondage and shall go forth to lead astray the nations which are at the four corners of the earth.' The first part depicts the people awaiting with anguish and terror the end of the world. Plaintive voices are heard murmuring the 'Misehehe' and a profound sadness reigns. In violent contrast the author depicts the fete of the Fous, which takes place once a year. The third part describes the final deliverance: the thousandth year has passed, and the triumphant 'Te Deum' sounds forth.

In an interview lately with a young soprano in New York, Melba said: 'The secret of my maintaining my vocal freshness is that in practising I have never permitted myself to sing my high notes forte. I take them piano or even pianissimo, and never scream them under any circumstances. I follow this rule implicitly myself and advise every other singer to do likewise. It is particularly important in the case of a young singer just beginning to study. The greatest danger a beginner can incur is from forcing the voice.'

The University of Cambridge, England, has sent an exploring expedition to Torres Strait, Borneo and New Guinea, for the purpose of studying the music of those regions.

A French musician recently deplored the policy of M. Lamoureux in 'faussant' (making false) French taste by creating a taste for Wagner. He said that it was not in the nature, instinct or blood of the French race to like the music of Wagner; that when this blood, instinct or taste changed in tendency it was made false or dishonest to its birth, and all who followed the feeling now, whether sincere or insincere, were false musicians.



MR JOHN MAGINNITY.

Very general sorrow was experienced in Wellington on June 8th when it became known that Mr John Maginnity had passed away at the age of 63, as Mr Maginnity has been associated with Wellington during his whole lifetime, having arrived fifty-three years ago, when the city was in its infancy, and both by his services as a public man and as a devotee of all kinds of sport, and as a musician of no mean ability, and an excellent raconteur, he was respected and liked by all with whom he came in contact.

Mr Maginnity's father was the hospital sergeant of the 65th Regiment, and was quartered in Wellington for some time. As a youth the deceased entered the employment of the late Mr Peter Laing and there learnt the trade of a baker. Subsequently he entered the Civil Service, but disliking the routine of office work resigned his appointment and became licensee of the Wellington Hotel, in Molesworth-street, and later on of the Royal Hotel, Thorndon Quay, until twelve years ago, when he entered into business as a wine and spirit merchant, which business he carried on until his death. Mr Maginnity took a keen interest in racing, being a steward of the Wellington Racing Club for many years, and was also a warm supporter of the volunteer movement, being for some time a member of the No. 1 Company Rifle Volunteers, and about fifteen years ago captain of the Thorndon Rifles. In his younger days, Mr Maginnity was the possessor of an unusually fine tenor voice, and was for many years a valued member of St. Paul's choir, and of the local musical societies, being always one of the first to offer to assist in all charitable entertainments. Although serving the city as City Councillor for many years, and taking a keen interest in politics, Mr Maginnity could never be prevailed upon to enter the political arena, although his friends pressed him to do so frequently, preferring to devote himself to his business. A year or two ago Mr Maginnity had a very severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, from which he never quite recovered, as heart trouble followed, and latterly dropsy. On Sunday last he became unconscious, remaining so until Wednesday, when death supervened. The deceased gentleman leaves a widow and a grown up family of two sons and three daughters, the eldest son, Mr Jack Maginnity, being at present in America and the younger managing his father's business in Wellington. In accordance with the expressed wish of the deceased, who said: 'Don't make a fuss about me when I die, and bury me at eight in the morning,' the funeral took place at that hour, a special service being held at St. Mary's Cathedral at 9 a.m., prior to the interment in the Karori Cemetery. The City Corporation flags flew at half mast yesterday as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, who will long be mourned in all parts of New Zealand, and particularly in Wellington, where he so long resided, and who leaves behind him a name synonymous with integrity and citizenship.

The somewhat unexpected death of Mrs Morley, wife of the Rev. W. Morley, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, caused deep regret to her many friends, both in Christchurch (her residence) and in Auckland. She had been suffering for a few days from influenza, but had apparently recovered. Her death was from heart disease, from which malady she was suffering when in England with her husband. Mrs Morley was the daughter, wife, and sister of Wesleyan ministers, and was much liked and respected. She was the only daughter and eldest child of the late Rev. George Ruttle, and sister of Messrs G. A. Ruttle, W. D. Ruttle (Auckland) and B. Ruttle (Wellington). References to her death were sympathetically made last Sunday at the various Wesleyan churches. The lady passed away at 4 a.m. on Saturday.

Ambition.—'Hullo! Jones, what are you doing with that ostrich egg?' 'Oh! I am going to hang it up in my poultry yard. I want to inspire my hens with ambition to do better than they have been doing.'

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BATTLE SHIP IOWA.

The Iowa is a vessel of 11,410 tons and can steam at the rate of 17 knots an hour. At one discharge of her guns she can throw 6,724 pounds of metal. The Iowa is one of Admiral Sampson's squadron, and is commanded by the famous 'Fighting Bob' Evans.

NIGHT ATTACK BY SPANISH TORPEDO BOATS.

One midnight, according to a recent cablegram, when Admiral Schley's fleet was lying in Santiago Bay the American battleship Texas discovered two Spanish torpedo boats stealing from Morr Castle in the direction of the squadron.

When their approach was revealed by the aid of the searchlights used by the American warships, the torpedo boats made a simultaneous dash towards the Texas and the battleship Brooklyn. The torpedo boats came within five hundred yards of the American warships, but the rapid-firing guns of the latter compelled their retreat.

THE EAST CAPE LIGHTHOUSE.

Mr Hales, Government marine engineer, and Captain Allman, nautical adviser, have chosen East Island, off East Cape, as the site for the proposed new lighthouse, the light from which will be visible all round seaward from Matakawa Point to Open Bay and for a distance of 20 nautical miles.

On the rocks in Tolaga Bay have been found the initials of some of Captain Cook's crew. It is well known that the great circumnavigator called there to water his ships, and it is far from impossible that the initials were given by the crew. On the other hand, some later artist may be responsible for their presence there.

THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION ORGAN.

One of the attractions of the forthcoming Mining and Industrial Exhibition in Auckland will be the fine organ which is to stand in the Choral Hall. The builder (Mr Geo. Croft) erected the organ used in the Wellington Exhibition, where it did excellent work, and was a source of great pleasure to thousands; and the instrument to be erected for the Auckland Exhibition is much better in every way, and will add a very great charm to the old Choral Hall, which has needed such an adornment for many years past. We understand it is the intention of the Exhibition Executive to strive hard to keep the organ permanently in the Choral Hall, and if that is the case all the musical societies of this city and the general public should be generous in their support to the great enterprise now under way. The following specifications of the instrument will be of interest to musicians:

Table with columns: GREAT ORGAN C C TO G. 56 NOTES. Instruments include Open Diapason, Dulciana, Clarabella, Principal, Flute Harmonic, Fifteenth, Mixture, Clarinet & Basson.

Table with columns: SMALL ORGAN C C TO G. 56 NOTES. Instruments include Double Diapason, Open Diapason, Stop Diapason, Gamba, Voix Celeste, Gemborn, Piccolo, Oboe, Cornopann, Tremulant.

Table with columns: PEDAL ORGAN C C TO F. 30 NOTES. Instruments include Open Diapason, Bourdon, Quint, Violoncello.

Table with columns: COULPERS. Instruments include Swell Super Octave, Swell to Pedal, Great to Pedal.

There are 8 Pneumatic Combination Pistons; 3 to Swell, and 3 to Great, also acting on Couplers and Pedal Stops, and a perfect system of Tubular Pneumatic Action. The chief timbers used are Cedar, Canadian pine, Californian Red Wood, Kauri, etc., and the pipes are of the best spotted metal.

CUBA FROM A BALLOON.

The large full-page picture of the scene of the American-Spanish war in West Indian waters, which we copy from an American contemporary, conveys a very good idea of the relative positions of Cuba and the United States. Since the picture was conceived the American fleet has altered its posi-

tion, and the centre of active operations is rather at Santiago de Cuba than at Havana, but our readers can with this excellent bird's-eye view before them imagine the changes that go on as the campaign continues.

THE S.S. 'DELPHIC.'

The Delphic, which visited the colony for the second time and Auckland for the first time last week, is the largest vessel which has yet been berthed at the latter port. She is a steel twin screw steamer, and is of the following dimensions:—Length, 472ft 9in, beam 55ft, and depth of hold 40ft. She was expressly built as a cargo carrier, consequently the facilities for the rapid handling of the enormous bulk which can be stowed away below were given a prominent place in designing the vessel. Two steam winches are fitted to each of the four spacious hatchways, and special derricks are supplied. Her insulated space provides accommodation for from 70,000 to 100,000 carcasses of mutton, and large ports are provided on either side for passing the meat into the holds. The engine room is replete with every modern convenience. Triple expansion engines with cylinders 19in, 31in, and 52in diameter, and with a stroke of 48in, propel the vessel at a speed of about 14 knots. The passenger accommodation and the officers' cabins are situated amidships, and are very nicely fitted up. She is on very fine lines, and her three masts, with yards on the foremast, give her a handsome appearance, while her twin screws enable the huge vessel to be handled with comparative ease.

NEW STORY.

An Exciting Romance

TO BE COMMENCED IN

NEXT WEEK'S GRAPHIC.

'The Duke of Arcanum,'

OR THE

'AMERICAN MONTE CRISTO.'

By the well-known writer,

FRANK CARLETON LONG.

The above story is a most exciting romance much on the lines of Dumas' famous tale. The hero, Stanley Edgcomb, falls a victim to the designs of an unprincipled scoundrel, and is accused of a murder which the latter had committed. When he is on his trial a terrible storm bursts over the court-house, and just as the jury has declared the prisoner guilty, a blinding flash of lightning dazzles the eyes of those present, and the State Attorney is struck lifeless. In the confusion that ensues Edgcomb makes his escape. From this point on the tale deepens in interest as we follow the wanderings of the hero in his efforts to escape detection and prove his innocence. His extraordinary acquisition of wealth in England, whither he had fled, and his return to America as the Duke of Arcanum, fill many absorbing pages, and the final chapters of the story find him re-united to his wife, with his reputation cleansed from the terrible stain that blackened it, and the man who had wrought him all the evil falls under the long-deferred stroke of retributive justice. This is the main plot; but interwoven with it are no end of lesser plots and startling incidents. The first chapters of the novel will appear in

NEXT WEEK'S 'GRAPHIC.'

and will be continued weekly.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The Premier has been in office five years and forty-six days, beating Mr Stafford's time as Premier by seven days.

The Under-Secretary for Mines, Mr H. J. H. Elliott, arrived in Auckland on Saturday. He is likely to assist the Exhibition authorities on several matters connected with the Mining and Industrial Exhibition.

Mr J. B. Hay, Collector of Customs at Apia, left Auckland on Saturday by the Alameda, en route for Samoa.

Mrs G. T. Chapman, of Devonport, Auckland, is recovering from her recent illness.

Mr H. G. Snodgrass, Wellington, is talking of joining his brother at Salisbury, Mashonaland. He has for some years been on the clerical staff of the Gear Meat Company.

The Misses C. C. McMillan have returned to their Remuera home, Auckland, after a very pleasant stay at their charming country residence.

Mr George Hutchison is suffering from a severe attack of influenza.

Captain Russell is expected in Wellington about June 25.

A Maori woman aged 105, named Mata Kukae, was buried in the Tamamutu Maori pa in Canterbury last week.

His Excellency the Governor was in Dunedin on Sunday, and arranged to proceed North immediately.

Mr Thos. Peacock, president of the West End (Auckland) Rowing Club, was at the annual smoke concert held last Saturday, presented with a silver cup. Mr Clark, captain of the Rowing

Club, was also the recipient of a silver afternoon tea service.

The Primate on Sunday dedicated St. Sepulchre's new schoolroom. This building is one of the best Sunday-schools in Auckland.

Several severe accidents are recorded at football in Auckland on Saturday afternoon.

Sir Francis Dillon Bell is seriously ill at Shag Valley Station.

Miss Alice Corrick, Christchurch, is still in Hobart, and news has reached here that at a recent concert she sang 'The Jewel Song' from 'Faust' most successfully, in fact, speaking of it as brilliant.

Miss Hardy Johnstone, who has lately come to reside in Wellington from Christchurch, has commenced her dancing classes there, and also goes every week to instruct the little ladies Knox at Government House, Lady Ranfurly being charmed by her dancing.

Dr. and Mrs and Miss Grace have returned to Wellington from a trip to Australia.

Miss Muriel Locking, of Napier, is spending the winter with friends in Adelaide and Melbourne.

Mr F. Trask, Mayor of Nelson, and Mrs Trask spent a few days in Christchurch, both going and coming from Dunedin. They have now returned to Nelson.

The Hon. Mr Oliver, Dunedin, has again taken Miss Johnston's delightful residence in Fitzherbert Terrace, Wellington, for the session, as Miss Johnston is still abroad.

Mr J. W. Duthie, junr., returned to Wellington from Sydney by the Talune on Monday, having thoroughly enjoyed his trip.

During their visit to Nelson the Premier and Mrs Seddon were the guests of Mr and Mrs Trask.

Mr Petre, of Wellington, is spending a month in Blenheim.

Miss Marion Speed, Picton, left for Napier last week to spend the winter months in that charming town.

Mr and Mrs Melville Jameson have been in Christchurch again from Timaru for a short time, part of which was spent out at Otahuna with Mr and Mrs Heaton hokes.

The Hon. E. Parker, Christchurch, is paying a short visit to Wellington, where he is the guest of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly at Government House.

Mr Robertshaw, the new postmaster at Picton, has taken a house on the Waikawa Road.

Mrs Lambie, of Birch Hill, Wairau Valley, is staying with Mrs Chaytor at Marshlands, Blenheim.

The Hon. J. B. and Mrs Acland are paying a short visit to Canon Harper, Christchurch.

Mrs J. Anderson, Wanganui, is visiting Mrs C. Beauchamp and family at Anikiwa, Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr G. H. Thomas was entertained at Wellington at a smoke concert by the staff of the Imperial Insurance Company on Saturday evening last, prior to severing his connection with the company. During the evening he was also presented with a very handsome silver-mounted walking stick, suitably engraved, accompanied by many good wishes for his future welfare.

Mr C. H. Mills, member for the Wairau, visited his Picton constituents on Friday. He was heartily received, and was accorded a unanimous vote of thanks and confidence at a public meeting held on Friday evening.

The Rev. Lyttelton FitzGerald, incumbent of St. Matthew's, Auckland, is at present staying in Wellington, on his way South, and preached a most eloquent sermon on Sunday evening at St. Mark's Church.

Lieut.-Colonel Kirkpatrick, of the old 65th Regiment, has written to Mr. W. H. Skinner, of New Plymouth, respecting the memorial hatchment placed in St. Mary's Church. He says 'It is gratifying to think the old regiment is still remembered in New Zealand.'

Mr C. Monro, Palmerston North, is on a short visit to Nelson, staying at Warwick House.

The Premier and Mrs Seddon arrived in Picton on Monday evening, and proceeded to Blenheim by special train. They returned to Picton on Tuesday, and were the guests of the Mayor and Mrs Philipotts. Dr. Seddon gave an address in the evening in the Public Hall. The Premier and Mrs Seddon were afterwards entertained at a social given by the residents.

Mr S. Holford, who has been for some time past second officer on the Monowai, has been appointed chief officer of the Union Company's s.s. Haupiri.

Mrs Burns (B.N.Z.), Christchurch, is home again from Lagnmor, and her little girls are quite well again.

Mr Stowell gave a lecture on the 'Early History of the Maori' in the Social Hall, Hawera, on May 31st. Mr H. G. Pitcher occupied the chair.

Mrs and Miss G. Fell have returned to Nelson from Christchurch.

Mrs B. Moorhouse, Christchurch, has returned from Wellington, where she has been visiting Mrs Rhodes, The Grange.

Mrs H. Cotterill, Christchurch, has gone on a visit to Mrs James Mills, Dunedin, and will include other friends during her stay.

The Rev. James Milne, M.A., lecturing in St. Andrew's Church, Auckland, last week, said he placed the view from Mount Eden third of all the many beautiful places he had visited from England to the Antipodes.

GRAPHIC FANCY PORTRAITS
No. 8

The Hon. Sir G. Maurice O'Rorke. M.A. Hon. LL.D
Speaker of the House of Representatives
"For thee to speak and be obey'd
"Are one: (Byron)

Bishop and Mrs Wallis returned to Wellington from Nelson a few days ago after a short visit.

Miss Lily Fell is back in Nelson after a short visit to her sister, Mrs Daubeny, of Sydney. She is looking much better for the trip.

Mr Andrew Collins left Wellington by the Wakatipu for Sydney, where he intends joining the Orient liner Cuzco for England, and a large number of friends went down to the steamer to wish him bon voyage. Mr Collins will probably be absent from the colony for about six months.

Mrs Wason, Corwar, has been spending a few days with Mrs G. G. Stead, Strowan, Papanui Road, Christchurch.

Mr Robert O'Connor, of Fountain Hill, Wellington, leaves Wellington for Vancouver by the Warrimoo on the 23rd for a trip to Europe, extending over six months.

Mrs Griffiths is once more home again in Blenheim, having enjoyed her visits to Christchurch, Ashburton, Wellington and Carterton very much.

Mr I. Gibbs, Christchurch, went up to Wellington on Saturday, in the Kaikoura, and is returning in a few days.

Mrs Orr, of Blenheim, is making a short visit to Wellington.

The Hon. Morgan Grace, M.L.C., accompanied by Mrs and Miss Grace, returned to Wellington from their trip to Sydney by the Talune on Monday last.

Miss Vickerman, of Auckland, is staying at Warwick House, Nelson. Her many friends are delighted to see her so well after her serious illness.

Mr Burnes arrived in Wellington by the Kaikoura on Monday last, to assume the duties of Wellington manager of the New Zealand Shipping Company, the general manager of the company, Mr I. Gibbs, being also a passenger by the same steamer, on a short visit to the Empire City.

Miss Speed and Miss Mackenzie, Picton, are visiting Mr John Duncan, at the Grove, Queen Charlotte Sound.

The Hon. T. Thompson, accompanied by his private secretary, arrived in Auckland on Saturday. He addresses a public meeting this week.

Miss Emily Beeve, of Auckland, is not going to tour Australia as originally intended. She remains in the northern city.

Mr Arkle will probably contest Wai-hemo at the next general election. The Hon. Mr McKenzie says he does not intend to stand again for this seat.

The Messrs McCorquodale (father and son) have severed their connection with the Northern Roller Mills, Auckland.

Mr J. T. Garlick, of Auckland, says he has been suffering much from bronchitis, and is longing to exchange the cold climate of England for the bright sunshine of Auckland. He may be expected back shortly.

Mr and Mrs Dalgety, of Grassmere, are at present staying in Dr. Elm-slie's house, Litchfield-street, Christchurch.

If Sir Maurice O'Rourke stands again for the Manukau electorate, Mr Frank Lawry says he will again contest Parnell, Auckland, at the next election.

Mr H. W. Divy, who was the manager of the Feilding branch of the U.F.C.A., has resigned his position, and will in future reside in New Plymouth.

Mrs (Captain) Kenny, The Rocks, Queen Charlotte Sound, and Miss Nora Kenny, were staying in Picton for a few days this week with Mrs Edward Kenny, Waikawa Road.

The Premier and Mrs Seddon returned to Wellington from Picton and Nelson by the Tutanekei on Wednesday morning, and probably proceed on business to Christchurch on Saturday.

Miss Marchant has returned to Wellington after a lengthy visit to the South Island.

Miss Whitelaw is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs T. Whitelaw, of the Hillf Hill, Napier.

Mrs C. C. Corfe has returned from her visit South, and is at present the guest of Mrs Izard. Her stay amongst us is an unlimited one, but it will need to be a long one to see all her Christchurch friends.

Captain and Mrs Russell have taken the residence of Mr and Mrs W. R. G. Brown, in Tinakori Road, for the season.

Mr D. P. Maitland, a well-known journalist who was formerly on the Sydney 'Bulletin' staff, is at present in New Plymouth, collecting information for an illustrated work entitled 'The Industries of New Zealand.'

Mrs Gascoigne, of Nelson, is paying a visit to her son, Major Gascoigne, of Hastings.

Miss Adams, Blenheim, is visiting Mrs MacKenzie in Picton. Other visitors to the place just now are Miss Hallett, at Mrs Robertshaw's, and Miss Cotterill at Mrs A. P. Seymour's.

Mr F. W. Blakey, of Auckland, at one time engineer of the Warrimoo and then of the Aorangi, has accepted an appointment with the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, where his engineering capabilities will be of great service to him and to the company.

Miss Elliott, who has been staying at Palmerston North for some time, has returned to her home in Wellington.

Mr G. Tindall, the eldest son of Mr Tindall, of Springlands, has just returned to Blenheim, after an absence of twelve years, part of which has been spent in the Philippines, as a member of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company's staff. He had been stationed in the island of Cebu, which is 250 miles distant from Manila and left the day after the declaration of war. He is only home on leave of absence.

The Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis spent a few days in Nelson last week. They were the guests of the Bishop and Mrs Mules. On Trinity Sunday Bishop Wallis preached at the Cathedral both morning and evening to large congregations.

Mrs C. B. Shanks, Christchurch, has returned from a trip to Sydney, and is very glad to be safely back, as they met the specially named storm Mr Wragge sent us and did not have a happy time.

Mr and Mrs W. Trolove drove from Kaikoura to Blenheim, leaving after staying a day or two, for Nelson on Saturday morning.

Mr W. H. Turnbull, the popular manager of Messrs Butterworth Bros., business in Wellington, has just entered into partnership with Mr O. S. Watkins as auctioneers, land and estate agents and sharebrokers; and the new firm, being already so well known in business circles in Wellington, are sure of a very large measure of support in their new venture.

Mr Richard Cameron, Manager of the Auckland Savings Bank, proposes to return to the colony in September. Both Mr and Mrs Cameron have been in London, Devonshire, and are going on to Scotland.

Mr Irwin W. W. Hunter, of Otago, has passed the examination of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and is now at liberty to practise physics.

Several musical people from the colonies are now in England. Miss Fitchett, of Dunedin, who is going on to Europe; Miss Janet Smith, Christchurch, who is making a study of novelties in music; and Mrs and Miss Pursons, of Wellington.

Among the passengers on Monday by the Rototoi from Auckland for the South were Dean Fitchett, of Dunedin, Sir Arthur Douglas, Under-Secretary for Defence, and Mr Warren, agent for the Public Trustee.

Mr J. W. Bain has been elected Chairman of the Southland Building and Investment Society and Bank Deposit for the thirteenth time.

On Sunday last Mr A. E. Consterdine, late of Waanganui, took up his new duties as choirmaster at St. George's Church, Thames.

Mr Ingall, of Auckland, has been spending some days with Mr W. J. Lavington and party at Rotorua.

That Picton people begin to believe that the future has something more substantial than elusive hope to sustain on Blenheim, and indeed, all Marlborough, are joining now in the cry for extension of railways.

That H.M.S. Dart has just undergone an extensive overhaul. Lieut. Commander John F. Parry is in command, and was well pleased with her trial trip outside Sydney Heads last week. We are evidently not going to show the white feather in the colonies in case of war.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That His Excellency the Governor last Friday laid the foundation stone of the Victoria wing of the Southland Hospital. There was every element for a successful gathering, perfect weather, eight thousand people, processions of all sorts of volunteers and societies, and the Vice-Regal party. Two out of the four thousand required was subscribed at the Jubilee.

That Mrs Patterson, Curran Street, Ponsby, gave a very enjoyable afternoon tea on Friday last.

That there was a good attendance at an enjoyable meeting of the Hawke's Bay Highland Society, held last week. An interesting part of the proceedings was the reading of the copy of a letter sent to Colonel Mathias, in which a sum of more than sixteen pounds was enclosed, a subscription raised for the three brave pipers who were in the Dargai charge. A paper describing the life and character of the ancient celts, which was read by Chieftain Hector McKenzie, was listened to with great interest and attention. The latter part of the evening was pleasantly spent in music and dancing.

That the young people of Picton are going in for literature this winter. A meeting is called by some young men for the purpose of forming a debating society for the benefit of both sexes.

That a pleasing ceremony took place on Monday in the shape of planting trees on Mill Island, Hereford-street, Christchurch, under the auspices of the Christchurch Beautifying Association. The work of planting was carried out by the Mayor and lady members of the Christchurch Beautifying Society. The island was decorated with flags, and from two large willows hung the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes side by side. Trees were planted by Mrs Louison, the Mayor, Mrs E. J. C. Stevens, Mrs Deans, Mrs Izard, Mr A. E. Rhodes (for Mrs Rhodes), Mrs R. D. Thomas, Mrs Waymouth, Mrs Irving, Miss Jekyll, Miss Cabot, Dr. Irving and Mr Cockayne. The thanks of the Christchurch citizens are due to this society for the many pretty glimpses along the banks of the river and some waste places about the city during this summer, for in place of looking like a wilderness they have been gorgeous flower beds.

That the committee of ladies who worked up the Volunteer Ball intend holding a social about the end of next month to try and pay off the debt of the former.

That the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, New Plymouth, intend lighting the building by electricity, and have obtained estimates of the costs from the electrician to the Pollard Company.

That as usual the Premier has been working very hard, visiting all the secondary towns possible, and either popularly lecturing or publicly speaking. At all events he was always much in evidence.

That a football team went out to Farndon from Napier on a recent Saturday afternoon to play a match against Clive, but that they were unexpectedly and unfortunately beaten by twelve points. Some of those representing Napier were Messrs Hallamore, Barclay, Cornford, Munro, Miller, Cameron, Woods.

That boarding-house terms are very high in Christchurch as a rule.

That the whaling season has commenced and several whales were sighted the other day outside Tory Channel by a passing steamer.

That on Saturday a golf match, in which only men took part, was played at the Petane links between Petane and Napier, and that the former proved easily victorious.

That heavy frosts have been experienced in most parts of the North Island, and snow in the South.

That there was a very large Napier attendance at the farewell tea given in St. Paul's Schoolroom to the Rev. J. G. Paterson, who will soon leave Napier for Gisborne, and at whose departure much sorrow is felt by the Napier people. The evening passed very pleasantly, and speeches, in which regret was expressed at Mr Paterson's removal to Gisborne, and at the same time good wishes for his future happiness were delivered by Mr J. W. Craig, the Rev. G. D. Cox, the Rev. W. G. Parsonson, Messrs Morrison, H. Miller and others.

That Mrs Rabone, an old Picton resident, is being congratulated on receiving a legacy amounting to several hundred pounds.

That Mrs Rhind, Wellington, and family have moved to the house in Hill-street, lately occupied by Sir Arthur Douglas, and that the large house on the Terrace which Mrs Rhind has left is taken by Miss Malcolm.

That at the Napier Recreation Ground on Saturday afternoon Clive was badly beaten in a football match by Te Aute, and that the victors won by about twenty points.

That preparations are already begun for the Marlborough Lawn Tennis Club's ball, which is to take place on June 10, and which it is expected will be largely attended.

That Mr and Mrs C. C. McMillan, Remuera, Auckland, are about to give a ball for the coming out of their youngest daughter, Miss Kathleen McMillan.

That the second annual ball of the Hawera Cycling Club, recently held at Hawera, was a pronounced success. Between fifty and sixty persons were present and dancing kept up to an early hour in the morning.

That Mr Andrew Collins, Wellington, was entertained at a banquet at the Post Office Hotel on Saturday evening by the leading members of the Liberal party, prior to his departure for England. The Hon. W. C. Walker presided, and the Hon. T. Thompson, J. Carroll, and J. Rigg, M.L.C., were also present. A telegram was received from Mr Seddon, who was absent from Wellington, apologising for his non-attendance and expressing his great pleasure that Mr Collins' services to the Liberal party were being so fittingly recognised. The Hon. Mr Hall-Jones also sent an apology for his absence.

That the health of the guest of the evening was proposed by the Chairman (Hon. W. C. Walker) and enthusiastically honoured by the company. It was suitably responded to by Mr Collins, who was then presented with a purse of sovereigns as a slight mark of esteem and the high estimation in which his services to the Liberal cause are held by the Liberal party. After many other toasts, including 'The Queen,' 'Our Colony,' 'The Legislature,' 'The Liberal Party' (proposed by Mr H. J. Williams, and responded to by the Hon. W. C. Walker), 'Labour,' 'Absent Friends,' and 'The Ladies' had been duly honoured, the gathering dispersed shortly after midnight, Mr E. Wilson being much complimented upon the excellent menu provided for the banquet.

That the social held in St. Mary's Parish Hall, Farnell, Auckland, last week, to celebrate the recent addition thereto, was well attended, and Mr R. Leslie Hunt's musical arrangements were much appreciated.

That in the Napier Railway Library on Saturday a very pleasant little concert was held. All present spent an enjoyable time, and the evening was brought to a close with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

That the winter classes for first aid in connection with St. John Ambulance Association, Auckland centre, commence with a large ladies' class to-night (Wednesday). Dr. Parkes kindly consenting to be lecturer. The men's central class requires only a few more names to enable these lectures also to begin.

That owing to influenza, the Taupo public school has had to be closed for a week whilst teacher and pupils recovered from the attack of this treacherous foe.

That at the Auckland Industrial and Mining Exhibition it is proposed to light the cycle track with four clusters of light, each comprising thirty-six burners. It is also intended to have rows of burners along the corridors of the buildings with clusters of three and five burners throughout the various courts. At the main entrance a light of thirty-six burners will be placed.

That one of the winterdances held in Napier is to take the form of a Fancy Dress Ball, which will take place in the Gaiety Theatre on the last Wednesday in June. Alternatives for those who do not wish to appear in fancy dress are powder and patches and the Windsor uniform.

That not long ago Mrs Stanford, of New Plymouth, gave a very pleasant euchre party, and last week Mrs Thomson gave an enjoyable card party for her daughter, Miss Bertha Thomson, who is leaving shortly for the Bay of Islands, where she will live with her sister, Mrs Greatbach.

That on Wednesday (Arbor Day) the Upper Standard of the Devonport (Auckland) Public School, with a number of other people were conveyed to Rangitoto for the purpose of planting the mountain with flowering plants and shrubs. It is hoped that by next spring this desert will blossom as a rose.

That prior to their departure from Taupiri, Mr and Mrs Melling were tendered a farewell social. The choir regret Mrs Melling's departure, but she will be welcome at Te Kuiti.

That the Farnell Lawn Tennis Club (Auckland) have resolved to form a Croquet Club.

That the Takapuna Gun Club has commenced its season, and last Saturday a good deal of interest was taken in its proceedings.

That Mr Orton Stevens, who has left Brisbane to act as resident secretary to the National Mutual Life Association in Wellington, was at a Brisbane smoke concert presented with a testimonial and handsome gold watch.

That the flag to be hoisted at Akaroa by His Excellency the Governor, and part of the flagstaff, are interesting historical relics. They are the same that were used at the proclamation of the Queen's dominion over the South Island. These mementoes have been presented by some residents of the Chatham Islands, named Clough, in whose keeping they have been for years.

That a curious hailstorm occurred at Terrace End, Palmerston North, recently. The hail assumed the shapes of fish-bones, daggers, and crystal crosses.

Auckland is getting up a cycling volunteer corps. On Wednesday last there was a meeting in the Drillshed, Captain White, of the Victoria Rifles, presiding. The suggestion for a corps, including two officers and twenty-three men, met with general approval from those present, and twenty-five names were handed in. It is thought likely that Mr W. W. Pilkington will be elected captain.

Two members of the theatrical profession, Ada Reece and Bert Gilbert, have abandoned cycling. The lady had a nasty spill in Adelaide which kept her from the stage for a week with a sprained ankle, and Bert collided with a cab and sustained injuries that interfered with his work.

Some idea of the magnitude of the English Cycling Touring Club can be gleaned from that body's latest balance-sheet. On 31st December, 1897, the total assets amounted to upwards of £18,000, about half of which was in cash and half in consols. The actual balance of assets over liabilities was nearly £13,000. Although the present year is yet young there have been over 30,000 renewals of membership to the C.T.C. since 1st January.

BANKRUPTCY OF MR. E. T. HOOLEY.

The bankruptcy of Mr E. T. Hooley, the millionaire, has come upon the world as a great surprise, while the causes he has assigned for his difficulties are of a most sensational character. According to Mr Hooley his failure is attributable to black-mailing syndicates and newspapers, who absorbed the profits of his ventures. He alleges he paid one newspaper £40,000 for a single article, and £10,000 law court costs. The claims

Mr Hooley estimates that his estates will show a surplus of £400,000. The millionaire was born in Derbyshire, England, in 1859. He started life as a stockbroker in Nottingham, and made his reputation as a financier in floating among other concerns the Dunlop Tyre, 'Hovril', Sahweppé, Humber, and Singer Companies, making enormous profits out of most of them. Last June Mr Hooley created rather a sensation in the colonies by suggesting to buy up and amalgamate into one vast concern all the meat freezing companies of Australia and New Zealand. Nothing, however, has come of the proposal. Mr Hooley owns large estates in Derbyshire, Cambridge-shire, Huntingdonshire, Essex, Wiltshire, and Scotland. Not long ago he presented St. Paul's Cathedral with a gold communion service. His residence is Risley Hall, Derbyshire, but he is owner of about 20,000 acres of land in six countries.



MR. E. T. HOOLEY.

against the estate amount to half-a-million. The 'St. James' Gazette' states that he paid nearly a million to leeches and blackmailers and expresses the hope that he will expose them.

The touring board of the League of Victorian Wheelmen have decided to recommend the executive to adopt a scheme for the formation of asphalt strips along roads for the use of cyclists. Strips about 2ft wide are estimated to cost about £100 per mile. It was suggested that the Government be asked to place a tax on bicycle riders of 5/ per annum, the money so derived to be utilised in making cycle strips. It is estimated that there are 40,000 riders in the colony, so that a great many miles might be laid down every year.

Unhappily Put.—'Now, tell me all the scandal that's happened since I've been away, Gus.' 'There's been no scandal since you've been away, Maud.'

Worse Still.—Married Man: 'Before I married I had to hunt all over the louse for my slippers.' Bachelor: 'And now?' Married Man: 'I can't afford to buy any!'

Pears' Soap.

Makes the Hands white and fair, the Complexion bright and clear, and the Skin soft and smooth as velvet.

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Erasmus Wilson

Prof. Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.
Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England:

"PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable balms for the skin."



"Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others."

Milly Augusty

"But strange to say, after this terrible curse.
"Nobody seemed a penny the worse."

The Hon. J. McKenzie threatens the Hon. Mr. Rolleston that if that gentleman does not retract his statements re Bushy Park he (Mr. M^cK) will denounce him (Mr. R) in a way that he would not easily forget



"Here I say: just you leave that stuff on board. I don't you know that there's a prohibitive tariff on that class of goods?"

Undesirable 'Immigrant' 'Bill'.

The Hon. William Russell returns to N.Z. this month. During his stay in England he has managed to absorb a whole lot of really valuable information which he will probably place at the disposal of the Seddon Gov^t.



A witness at the Police Commission in Auckland complained that the lock-up blankets were in a filthy condition. The lock-up Matron in her evidence denied that they were anything but perfectly clean, and said that they were sent to the wash about every ten weeks!

(A. 100.) "Now then: what have you done with your blanket?"
(Drunk) "Blame if I know. I had it last night all right. The blanky thing must have crawled out of the window!!"



"I say boys: is he really dead or only shamming?"

A VERY TAME AFFAIR



Australasian Federal Election. Majority against. A Sydney Cablegram says "The Federal election was the tamest of tame affairs"

Fishley Hunter 98

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

Any reader of the "New Zealand Graphic" can have his or her character sketched by sending a specimen of handwriting with signature or "nom de plume" to

MADAME MARCELLA, "Graphic" Office, Auckland.

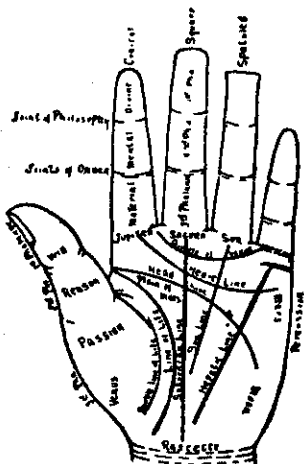
The coupon appearing on the first page of cover of the "Graphic" and twenty-four penny stamps must accompany each letter.

CHIROMANCY

Or the

SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

THERE has been so much interest taken in the Graphology Column, that it has been decided to start a "Chiromancy" Column, under the able guidance of Madame Vero. This lady has devoted a great deal of time and thought to this very interesting subject, and has thoroughly studied it in all its branches. Her readings have been extraordinarily successful, and "The Graphic" is fortunate in securing her services. A sketch of a hand with all its lines is given, as a guide to those wishing their hands to be read. No one has all the lines indicated on the specimen hand, but some few of them will be found on each hand. The following suggestions will help in drawing the hand:—



Lay your hand, palm downwards, on a piece of clean white paper, the fingers as far apart as they will comfortably go. Then with a pencil trace all round it. Next hold it up against the window, and reverse it so that it will appear with the palm uppermost, as in the sketch. Then ink it carefully all round, taking pains to have the fingers the exact length. In the first sketch indicate the joints as you come to them by dots; this makes it much easier to get the correct distances when filling in the lines. Draw all the lines you see, as far as possible at correct distances from each other. Put no names in. Then send your hand with 24 penny stamps, to

MADAME VERO,

Care of the Lady Editor, "New Zealand Graphic," Auckland.



The engagement is announced of Miss Ella Burden, Napier, to Mr H. G. Halfour - Kinnear, of Woodville, Hawke's Bay.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR TWINAME TO MISS SPEIGHT.

The marriage of Mr Francis A. Twiname, of the Cook Trading Company, to Miss Violet N. Speight, of Parnell, was celebrated in St. Paul's Church, Auckland, by the Rev. Canon Nelson.

The service was choral, and the wedding was a very pretty one.

The bride looked charming in her stylish travelling dress of fawn braided in gold, with cream silk trimmings, hat en suite, lovely shower bouquet.

The bridesmaids, Miss Katie Speight (niece of the bride) and Miss G. A. Twiname, were dressed in green and fawn respectively, and had each beautiful cream rose bouquets. Mr E. W. Twiname was best man, and Mr C. Speight groomsmen.

Afternoon tea was partaken of at the residence of the bride's mother, where the very numerous presents were duly admired by a large circle of friends and relatives.

Some of the guests were very pretty costumes. Mrs Speight (mother of the bride), brown broche trimmed with lace; Mrs Twiname, handsome black costume trimmed with jet; Miss Twiname, stylish tweed costume, picture hat with pink roses; Mrs Geo. Raynes, handsome green silk dress trimmed with velvet, charming hat to match; Mrs W. C. Speight, dress of green cloth with fawn vest, black picture hat; Mrs Waring, black satin dress relieved with white lace; Mrs Hardwick (Barners), handsome braided costume, stylish hat with pink roses; Mrs T. Lippitt, handsome brown costume, hat to match; Mrs W. J. Speight, stylish dress of black trimmed with silk, bonnet of jet and flowers.

MR ANDERSON TO MISS HURSTHOUSE.

A wedding of interest took place recently at St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, when Miss Helen Hursthouse, second daughter of Mr Wilson Hursthouse, was married to Mr Alexander Anderson, of Wanganui.

The ceremony was performed by Archdeacon Govett, assisted by the Rev. F. B. Evans.

The bride, who was given away by her mother, wore a very handsome but simply-made brocaded satin, trimmed with orange blossoms, white felt hat with white ostrich tips and ribbons, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet of choice flowers.

She was attended by her two sisters, Misses A. and E. Hursthouse, as bridesmaids, who wore soft white crepon dresses, trimmed with white satin, black hats, with shaded pink roses, and carried very pretty yellow and white bouquets.

The bridegroom was supported by Mr W. Gordon Glassford, as best man. The bridesmaids were presented with handsome sapphire brooches, gifts from the bridegroom.

Later in the afternoon Mr and Mrs Anderson drove to New Plymouth station, and left by train for Wellington, where they intend to spend their honeymoon.

Conspicuous among the many costly and beautiful presents received by Mr and Mrs Anderson was a very pretty cut glass and silver butter dish, presented to the latter from the boys of St. Mary's choir.

THE WEDDING OF LADY AUGUSTA BOYLE.

The marriage of Lady Augusta Boyle with Mr Charles Orr-Ewing, M.P. for Ayr Burghs, the youngest son of the late Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, M.P., was solemnised on the afternoon of the 28th of April in Fairlie Parish Church, Ayrshire, which was beautifully decorated. From arches of foliage were suspended baskets of white flowers, the windows were filled with palms, and white flowers and ropes of evergreens hung from the rafters. The girls of the village strewed the bride's path with primroses. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Order of the Thistle, St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Allen, of Fairlie.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a white satin Duchesse gown with a long train, the front being decorated with a chaplet of white heather and orange blossoms, a bodice composed entirely of chiffon and lace with transparent sleeves, the customary wreath of orange blossoms, and a tulle veil, and as her ornaments a rivière of diamonds and a diamond sun, the gift of the bridegroom, and she carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-

valley and orange blossom. Her train was carried by Master Ian Orr-Ewing, and she was attended by ten bridesmaids, Ladies Alice and Dorothy Boyle, Misses Janet, Violet and Mabel Orr-Ewing, two Misses Dalrymple, Miss Dalrymple-Hay, Miss Stewart, and Miss Ida Williams, of Wellington. They were attired in white silk gauze, over yellow, the bodices being trimmed with white chiffon and yellow silk, and wore wreaths of yellow roses and tulle veils, and fine gold chains and diamond pendants, the gift of the bridegroom, who was attended by his brother, Major Orr-Ewing, as best man. A fashionable gathering assembled after the ceremony at Kelburne, at the invitation of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, including the Countess of Eglington, the Earl and Countess of Northesk, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, and the Hon. Miss Burns, Admiral, and Miss Montgomerie, a large clan of Orr-Ewings, Hunter-Blairs and Boyles, the Hon. G. Gathorne-Hardy and Captain Clayton, of the Scots Guards. The happy couple left in an open carriage pelted with primrose petals to spend the first days of their honeymoon at Milton, Maybole, lent them by Lady Hunter-Blair, and set out last Monday for the Italian Lakes. The bride's going-away dress was hyacinth blue cashmere embroidered in silver, with vest of white lace, and a blue hat decorated with clusters of hyacinths and a plume. There were numerous presents, including a large number of jewels. From the bridegroom, Lady Augusta received a pearl necklace, a diamond ring, a diamond and pearl necklace and a dressing bag; from her parents, a necklace of turquoise and pearls; from Lady Orr-Ewing, a pearl and diamond ring; from Lady Hunter-Blair, a turquoise necklace;

and from her brothers and sisters, a diamond bangle. The inhabitants of Fairlie presented her with a silver teapot, sugar basin, and cream jug; the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, with a pearl bangle; Major Orr-Ewing, with a diamond pendant; Mr and Mrs Orr-Ewing, with a turquoise and pearl necklace and pendant; and Lord and Lady Hinton gave her a diamond and sapphire brooch.

HOW TO PRESERVE BOUQUETS.

A florist of many years' experience gives the following recipe for preserving bouquets:—

When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, then put it into a vessel containing some soapsuds, which nourishes the roots and keeps the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways in fresh water, the stock entering first into the water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soapsuds, and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapsuds need to be changed every third day.

By observing these rules a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least one month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention to the fair and frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed.

IMPURE BLOOD

Is the Cause of very many of the Ills to which Flesh is Heir.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the Blood, as testified to by Mr. W. J. Pickering, Storekeeper, Bressa, New South Wales, who sends his portrait and tells the following interesting story:



"In the year 1890 my ankle broke out, and I went to a doctor who told me I was suffering from blood poisoning. He prescribed for me but did me no good, and I tried several other physicians without benefit. I went into St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, and after a month's treatment there came out worse than ever, feeling greatly discouraged. I suffered terribly for four years, until my wife, hearing of your Sarsaparilla, got me a bottle. She persuaded me to give it a thorough trial. Soon I noticed that the sore on my ankle began to heal, then the pain diminished, and after a course of six bottles I became as well as ever I was in my life, and I remain in the best of health.

Everybody for miles around here knows what tribulation I went through. I now recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to all who suffer with impure blood, and I am glad to say that it has done good to all who have tried it."

Be sure that you get the original

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

and be not deceived by the numerous imitations of this wonderful medicine.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

June 13.

We cannot complain of any lack of dances this week, and there have been quite a large number of fair debutantes to add their charms to Auckland's collection of pretty girls. The clear, cold frost of the evenings, and delightful warm sunshine of the daytime, has exhilarated us all, so that we have turned to our various dissipations with verve and unwonted energy.

Mrs Scherff gave a very

ENJOYABLE DANCE

last Tuesday at her beautiful residence, "Glenalvon," Symonds-street. The evening was fine and the moon peeped out after our arrival and shone upon our lovely harbour, lighting up the surroundings of Glenalvon in a wonderful manner, making one of the most exquisite pictures that mortal eyes could dwell on. Mr and Mrs Scherff received us in the drawing room in their usual courteous manner, and were ably assisted by their two daughters and son, Misses Eva and Dolly and Mr Robt. Scherff. Mr Ingham undertook the onerous duties of M.C., and a special word of praise is due to this gentleman for the indefatigable way he laboured to make a success of the dance by introducing the guests to one another, etc., etc., which of course saved the daughters of the house from unnecessarily tiring themselves. The ballroom was extensively decorated with branches of the tree ferns. The music and floor was all that could be desired. The ladies and gentlemen were about equal in number. Lighter refreshments of oysters, etc., and claret cup were served in an anteroom off the ball room, during the whole of the evening. The supper, which consisted of all the choicest dainties both in and out of season, was an exceptionally good one, which was flanked with claret cup and various wines. The table was decorated with vases of early yellow and white daffodils, intermingled with yellow acacia and golden drop, brightened up with fairy lights. I do not think I have ever seen a table burdened with so many edibles as this one was. The two debutantes of the evening were Misses Dawson and Hill. There were a great many strangers present whose names I did not hear.

Amongst those I knew were the following:—Mrs Scherff, tasteful black silk relieved at neck and waist with red roses; Miss Scherff was very much admired in a shimmering ivory satin, Empire belt, square cut corsage, the bodice was profusely draped with ropes of pearls; Miss Dolly Scherff looked pretty in a white satin, stylishly trimmed with silver passementerie, pearl beads, and on left shoulder a shower spray of white rosebuds; Mrs Hansen wore her rich bridal costume of shimmering white satin, en train, handsomely trimmed with pearls, the corsage was relieved with bunch of violets; Miss May Dawson (a debutante), a white cashmere with satin ribbons; Miss Muriel Dawson, soft white chine silk; Mrs Bullen, very stylish violet silk, relieved with black lace; Miss Morrin looked daintily in her white debutante frock; Miss Bullen looked sweet in a white silk; Mrs Ingham, a quaint and striking costume of black floss silk, draped with embroidered or crewelled silk, canary ostrich tips on shoulder, and the same in hair; Mrs Thomas Morrin, very handsome white silk figured with pink roses, a spray of pink mounted roses from left shoulder to right hip, the bodice was finished with pearl passementerie, diamond necklace; Mrs C. Haines, black annary skirt, with square cut bodice of black sequins, red bow in hair, string of pearls, gold chain round neck; Mrs Walker, beautiful bouton d'oeu brocaded moire; Mrs Wilson Smith; Miss Percival looked very well in a dainty white striped mousseline de soie, white satin sash and bows, red flower in hair; Miss Ethel Percival, emerald green cashmere, the decolletage was finished with

rose pink silk folded artistically; Mrs Coney, her bridal costume of white; Mrs Keogh, very handsome black moire finished with beads and lace; Miss Hill (a debutante) looked chic in white chine silk; Miss Dolly Davis, white silk, profusely trimmed with chiffon; Miss Nathan was chic in white mousseline de soie, with stripes of satin running horizontally; Mrs Gilmore, yellow silk with black bands; Miss Gordon, white foulard with dinal silk Empire sash and bow of the same on shoulder; Miss Atkinson, white striped foulard skirt, with white silk bodice, profusely trimmed with frills of chiffon and rucked sleeves of chiffon, white silk Empire sash; and her sister looked graceful in a canary silk with white Empire sash finished behind with bows and streamers, the decolletage was relieved with white lace; Miss Bellairs, smart gown of bright rose pink creponette; Miss Chambers Taylor, pretty white crepon, finished at edge of skirt with ruching; Miss Edith Isaacs, black English costume, the bodice was slashed with eau de nil green silk, aigrette in hair; Mrs Caldwell, very handsome black costume; Mrs Lattay, white bridal gown; Mrs J. W. Lavington (from England), a very fetching costume of pink shot with grey brocaded satin, it had also a running stripe, and finished at back with applique; Mrs McArthur wore a very striking and unique costume of black silk with dashes of cream lace finished with butterflies of the same; Miss Lavington, blue bengaline; and her sister, a pretty, white foulard; Mrs (Prof.) Talbot Tubbs, very effective pink striped moire, the decolletage was finished with tulle, and bunch of violets; Mrs Hunt, magnificent pink and white striped silk, with white silk sash and lace.

Amongst the gentlemen were:—Messrs St. John Clark, Fenwick, Dawson (two), Batzer, Leckie, Gilmore, Biddings, Brodie, Simpson, Caldwell, Rutherford, Studholme, Isaacs, Ingham, Coney, Hill (two), McArthur, Scherff, Hansen, Baume, Lattay, James, Wilson Smith, Hunt, Prof. Segar, Prof. Talbot Tubbs, and many others.

Misses Jackson, of Holly Bush, Remuera, gave a

VERY LARGE DANCE

in the lower Remuera Hall, last Thursday evening. The night was intensely cold, just the one for a dance, though we found the air particularly chilly and glittering as we drove through it, numbing our fingers, burning our cheeks, and dazzling our eyes. Misses Jackson (3) received us in the hall in a most charming manner, and were ably assisted by their parents, Mr and Mrs Jackson. The hall was extensively decorated with olive branches, tin-trees, branches of tree fern, and draped with flags, the entrance door being draped with the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes. From the roof were suspended four baskets of pink flowers. The gas chandelier was shaded with red Japanese parasols. The stage was one mass of greenery, the same as used on the walls of the hall. There were also branches of holly with red berries intermingled, while the whole was relieved with pink ivy geraniums and arum lilies. The ladies were in the majority. A band of five musicians discoursed perfect harmony and time, so that everyone footed it right merrily. Miss Daisy Stevenson was the debutante of the evening, and a very pretty one too. The decorations of the supper table were the prettiest we have seen this season. It was quite an angel's one of white. It was composed of white flowers and lovely maiden hair fern of the finest quality. The centre of the table was a basket on an easel, from which artistically hung green and white ribbons. Vases of maiden hair, white chrysanthemums, daisies, azaleas, etc., were arranged down each side of the table, while sprays of maiden hair were placed on the table. White crinkles paper in fan shapes was arranged in and out among the fairy lights. The supper was a substantial and tasty affair of chicken, ham, oysters, lobster salads, trifles, jellies, etc. Our charming hostesses were most attentive to their guests, introducing one to another, and attending to their comfort in every possible form. Mrs Jackson, very handsome black silk, the skirt was trimmed down the front with black bead passementerie, the vest and sleeves of bodice were finished with black lace edged with white, white cap on hair; Miss Jackson looked well in a spring green creponette, worn high at the neck, the yoke and sleeves were

of rucked chiffon, on the right shoulder was a spray of pink mounted roses; Miss C. Jackson, flame coloured silk, with dark green velvet folded on decolletage, and Empire belt of the same, group of yellow flowers on left shoulder; Miss — Jackson, pretty debutante frock of white shower muslin, with frills on shoulders and decollete, and finished with lace and satin bows; Mrs Andrew Hanna looked very attractive in a shimmering white satin, with spring green roses on left shoulder; Miss Brett was very much admired in a pink foulard, the bodice was veiled in silver spotted net, violet on corsage; Mrs Bassett, dark skirt, mauve blouse; Mrs McFarlane, black silk, black cape with red brocade; Miss McFarlane, lilac crepon, the bodice slashed in trellis work style with bands of violet velvet; Mrs McFarlane, cream silk, with white lace and violets on shoulder; Miss J. Rees, very pretty buttercup, chine silk, with cross waist evening blouse, on the shoulder was a bunch of heliotrope flowers; Miss Gertrude Buddie, black chine skirt, dome blue liberty silk evening bodice; Miss Allie Biddle, stylish bouton d'oeu mirror silk, with bands of violet velvet, the bodice, which was worn high at the neck, was profusely and sweetly trimmed with violets, the sleeves were of rucked chiffon; Miss Beatrice Bull, white silk, with lace, red flowers on shoulder, jewelled belt, coiffure a la pompadour with feather osprey; Miss Gorrie, canary brocaded silk; Miss Mary Gorrie, black velvet with green ribbons; Miss Hay (Grafton Road), cream or Italic silk, finished with tulle round decolletage; Miss Kate Hay (Remuera), very handsome lemon coloured brocaded en train, the decolletage was relieved with white tulle, and on left shoulder were mounted red roses; Miss Hardie, white silk, with red flowers; Miss Lennox, blue bengaline of a bright hue, and finished with bead trimming; her sister, Miss Kitty, looked chic in her white debutante frock; Miss Rees, white satin with pearl beads; Miss M. Ross, pink silk with stock flowers arranged round corsage; Miss — Devereux, heliotrope cashmere, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Eve Smith wore her white debutante frock; Miss Phoebe Buckland, black lace costume, trimmed with white; Miss Maud Buckland, pink bengaline, with pouched blouse; Miss Nora Carr looked sweet in a becoming pink creponette, pink bow in hair; Miss Devereux looked distinguishable in a white silk, with sleeves down to elbow finished with lace; Mrs H. Wynyard was the belle of the evening in her rich bridal costume, very lengthy square cut train, tulle yoke and rucked sleeves; Miss Wynyard, grass green silk, trimmed with gauzy material which suited the wearer to perfection; Miss Essie McMillan, cream silk with violets; Miss Norah Kissling looked very pretty in blue bengaline; Miss Heaketh, becoming costly robe of bouton d'oeu bayard silk, stylishly trimmed with black; Miss Bouillon, old gold Liberty silk; Miss Mona Hay, white debutante silk; Miss Flora Thorpe looked as fascinating as ever in an oyster grey silk, the bodice was made of crinkly chiffon; Miss Cotter, rich bright rose pink silk edged with black velvet, black aigrette in hair; Miss Millie Cotter, canary silk, trimmed with cardinal velvet ribbon bands, the decollete had steel ornaments, and red flowers on shoulder and in coiffure; Miss Winnie Cotter looked very pretty in a white debutante silk, with chiffon on decollete, tortoise shell in coiffure; Miss Proud, white silk, with red flowers on shoulder; Mrs Proud, very handsome combination of black and white; Miss Daisy Worsp wore a very stylish robe of dome blue veiled in lace, which gave the appearance of a deep founce from knee to edge of skirt, the bodice was of the pouched order; Miss Inez Stevenson, simple white silk with heliotrope Empire sash, which ended in bow and streamers at back, heliotrope bows on shoulders; Miss Daisy Stevenson looked exceedingly pretty and sweet in white debutante silk, profusely trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Ware, narrow black and white striped glaze with blue ribbons on bodice and passementerie blue wing in coiffure; Miss Ryan, pink silk; Miss Mabel Churton, black lace costume, with red flowers; Miss Edith Isaacs, black costume, with green ribbons slashing the bodice; Miss Pierce, white silk, veiled in lace; and her sister, blue silk veiled in white embroidery; Miss Ettie Ireland, raven black costume veiled in chiffon, her coiffure a la Pompadour, with black aigrette in hair; Miss Kathleen Thom-

pson, narrow black and white striped bayard, bodice of white silk finished with frills edged with narrow black bands of ribbon, the sleeves were simply frills with narrow velvet; Mrs Thomas Morrin, stylish white silk, flowered with pink rosebuds, the bodice was profusely trimmed with silver passementerie, a wreath of mounted roses from back of decolletage round left shoulder and finishing in front at waist, white feather ostrich tips in hair, a diamond pendant hung by gold chain round neck, feather fan; Miss Morrin looked daintily in white silk veiled in snow spotted net, gold chain round neck, white snow flakes in coiffure; Miss Dargaville, white silk, with ruching on edge of skirt; Miss O'Halloran, soft pale pink foulard; Misses Kerr Taylor, spring green creponette.

Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Hume (two), Isaacs, Newcombe, Rutherford, Pickering, Gould, Dargaville (2), Daveney, Bullion, Pritt, Ware, Brigham, Murray, Anderson, A. Hanna, Jackson (2), Craig, E. Bloomfield, St. John Clark, Kissling, Cotter (2), Wynyard (3), Hardie, Lennox, Tully, Makgill, Maitland, Neill, McCormick, Ross, Ware and Dr. Parkes. There were a great many gentlemen present who were strangers to me, and I was not able to find out their names.

The

SECOND DAY'S RACING

In connection with the Grand National Meeting took place at Ellerslie, but the beautiful weather of the previous day had disappeared, and in its place was a leaden sky, drizzling rain, which made it rather uncomfortable for the many habitues, and everything had a doleful aspect. There was a very fair attendance. Large fields started for each event. Several accidents occurred during the running of the races owing to the contesting horses falling; but, fortunately, none of the riders were injured. The ladies had all donned their dark costumes, coats and wraps. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Devore, black silk, black jacket with braid and fur, black jet bonnet; Mrs Alloway, long fawn cloak, brown straw toque; Mrs Moss Davis, black silk, very handsome velvet jacket with stripes of silk running horizontally round the body, green toque; Miss Moss Davis, fawn tailor-made gown, plaid vest, black hat turned up on side with feathers; her sister wore a green fleeced costume; Miss Shepherd, absinth green; and her lady friend wore a tabac brown, fur bonnet; Mrs Elliott; Miss Esme Elliott, brown; Mrs (Dr.) Sharman, neat fitting black coating tweed tailor-made costume, pink silk round neck and finished in front with large bow, violet straw hat with wreath of pink roses round the top of crown; Mrs Jervis, navy serge skirt, brown jacket, violet straw toque; Mrs Blair; Mrs Fraser, periwinkle cloth gown; Miss Reece (Gisborne), bright navy serge, black hat with green plaid ribbons and bunches of violets; Mrs Dennison, Miss Mona Thompson; Miss Gordon, slate grey tailor-made gown, plaid green ribbon round neck and hat; Mrs H. Noakes, electric grey trimmed with black braiding; Miss Noakes, a smoke grey costume; Miss Beatrice Bull; Mrs Willie Bloomfield; Mrs E. Buchanan; Mrs Barter, green gown with a tinge of blue, tailor-made, very pretty brown velvet toque, with gold braid; Mrs (Dr.) Forbes (Paeroa), navy costume, beige cape with fur, felt deer stalking hat; Misses Davy, navy serge, with Alpine hats; Mrs Keogh, black; Misses Atkinson; Mrs Charles Haines, dark costume, bonnet relieved with pink roses; Miss Edith Isaacs, navy serge; Miss Williamson, brown; Miss E. Sellers; Mrs Bodle, Misses Fervial, Misses Thorpe (3), Misses Dowell, Mrs J. A. Heale, Misses Otway, Mrs W. H. Churton, grey check with white vest, fawn golf cape; Miss Harper, Mrs Thornthorn, beige tailor-made gown, tweed cape to match; Mrs Martin, Miss Martin, Miss Langsford, Mrs (Dr.) Scott, Miss Snell, etc.

The Misses Stewart, of Argyle-street, Ponsonby, gave a large afternoon tea last Wednesday. The table was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves. Songs and instrumental music, contributed by Misses Stewart, Peacock, Hudson, Mrs J. Gray, and others, made the time pass pleasantly. Mrs Stewart, black; Miss Stewart, navy blue costume; Miss B. Stewart, green skirt, light blouse; Miss Paterson, pretty grey dress and hat; Miss Stewart (Mt. Eden), light tweed trimmed with green velvet, small sailor hat; Miss Deere, green coat and skirt, hat to

match; Miss Morton, pretty black costume, black and red hat; Miss J. Morton, black dress trimmed with coral-flower blue silk, black hat with blue; Miss McDonald, black; Miss M. Sloane looked pretty in navy blue serge; Miss Pote (Sydney), grey gown, white silk front tastefully bordered with black velvet bebe ribbon; Mrs T. Brown, light tweed trimmed with electric blue silk; Miss Parsons, brown costume, coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss O. Parsons, navy blue; Miss Robertson (Scotland), grey coat and skirt, black velvet picture hat; Miss Kelsner, dove-coloured costume, pretty hat to match; Miss Hudson, navy, stylishly braided a la militaire, black picture hat; Miss Peacock, green, small brown hat trimmed with pink and black wings; Miss M. Peacock, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Butters, mourning costume; Mrs J. Gray (Wellington), mauve coat and skirt, braided vest, black velvet picture hat; Miss B. Whitelaw, green coat and skirt, pretty green straw; Miss Tregay, black; Miss Stevenson, brown tailor-made costume, brown hat to match; Mrs (Dr.) Beatty, grey trimmed with white chiffon, stylish hat to match; Miss Upton, brown costume, small brown hat; Miss Devore, costume of the new shade of blue, Russian style, braided, with black velvet hat; Miss George, navy blue Russian costume braided with black braid; Mrs Furby, black crepon gown; Miss Murray, grey coat and skirt, electric blue vest, sailor hat with blue band, etc.

EUCHRE PARTY.

One of the most charming if not quite the pleasantest of the many euchre parties which have been so numerous of late was that given by Mrs Kirker at her residence, 'Tara,' Ponsonby, on Friday evening last, in honour of Miss Muecke and Miss Cave, of Adelaide, who are at present her guests. Some dozen tables were laid off in the pretty drawing-room, and play was kept up with unflagging good spirits till close on 11 o'clock. Miss M. Gorrie was the fortunate winner of the ladies' first prize, and Mr Brabant of the gentlemen's. Great amusement was created by the presentation of the booby prizes; that for the ladies fell to the lot of Miss Tole; Mr Parsons' score entitled him to the gentlemen's. After play had concluded an adjournment was made to the supper-room, where was spread a long table with all imaginable dainties, to which, perhaps it is unnecessary to say, full justice was done. Mrs Kirker looked extremely well in crushed strawberry silk, bertha of white lace; Miss Muecke, electric blue velvet trimmed with white lace; Miss Cave, pretty white silk evening blouse, dark skirt; Miss Rita Tole, black velvet gown, brightened with a spray of violets; Miss Gorrie, pale sea-green silk; Miss M. Gorrie, salmon pink silk blouse, sleeves trimmed with heavy lace, black velvet skirt; Miss Upton, brilliant red silk blouse with black lace, dark skirt; Miss Winnie Lays, black braided crepon; Miss Parsons, maroon silk Russian blouse, dark skirt; Miss Bagnall, black lustre skirt, salmon pink blouse under black net; Miss Kelsner wore a pretty combination of yellow and white; Miss Peacock, striped heliotrope silk; Miss M. Peacock, semi-evening dress of a pretty shade of pink; Miss Hudson looked pretty in white muslin relieved with pink ribbon; Miss Fannie Hudson, heliotrope China silk trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Eva Russell, brown cloth with red velvet, etc., etc. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Kirker, Carrick (2), Johnson, C. Lays, James, Spooner, Harris, Brabant, Russell, Upton (2), Foster, Parsons, Peacock (2).

A very

BRILLIANT BALL

was that given on Wednesday by the Auckland University College Students' Association. Quite a number of debutantes availed themselves of this opportunity of an introduction to the gaieties of Auckland. The Choral Hall was chosen as the scene of the dance, and the committee worked with will and skill to make all arrangements as perfect as possible. The catering was an especial feature, and certainly the supper was one which Mr G. A. Sala himself might have prepared and afterwards partaken of with gusto. A committee of ladies was tactfully pressed into its management, with the assistance of Mr Frank Towsey, and dispensed by a small staff of waiters. More than the usual 'word of praise' should be given to the energetic Hon. Sec., Mr E. W. G. Rathbone, who spared no time nor trouble to ensure the success of the dance.

His coadjutors in committee were:—Misses Kees, M. Gorrie, Ibert, McPierson, Keen and E. Myers, Messrs Baume, Bamford, Maya, Walker, G. R. Withler, Allen, Plummer and Mahoa.

Again did Messrs Winks and Hall prepare a capital floor, and Burke's band provided excellent dancing music. Flaga, nikau palmas and scenery played their successful parts in the decoration of the hall, and when lit up and filled with brightly-clad dames and demoiselles, the interior of the building looked decidedly charming. Perhaps it was a trifle crowded, but that only denotes the popularity of the function. The supper extras were kindly played by Miss Keen, Mrs Archdale Taylor, and Miss Holland.

Amongst the wearers of some of the many pretty dresses I noticed Mrs Rathbone, who wore an exquisite gown of terra cotta corded silk, with broad bands of velvet of the same shade and bodice elaborately trimmed with jewelled sequins; Mrs Runciman, handsome black silk, with jet passementerie, Medici collar of white chiffon; Mrs Talbot Tubbs was much admired in an elegant gown of ivory satin, with court train, corsage finished with white lace; Mrs R. W. De Montalk wore her handsome bridal gown, spray of white flowers in her hair; Mrs J. Kirker, rich blue broad-clothed satin, with touches of yellow, loved bouquet, with yellow ribbons; Mrs J. H. Upton, black silk, full front of red satin; Miss Upton, pale blue broad-clothed satin, in front panel of pale pink with sequins inserted from low corsage to hem of skirt; Miss Gorrie, pale blue silk, with clusters of roses on bertha; Miss Caro, pale blue silk, veiled in soft muslin; Miss Blanche Caro, dainty white muslin, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace and bebe ribbon; Miss M. Gorrie, heliotrope silk, with posies of violets nesting in filmy chiffon; Mrs Gorrie, black silk, with yellow; Miss Myers, cream, with cream satin bodice softened with lace; Mrs Myers, black silk; Miss Muecke (Adelaide), looked dainty in cream; Miss Robertson (Scotland), looked charming in a lovely yellow satin; Mrs John Reid, black velvet trained gown, shirred long sleeves of black chiffon, surmounted with green chiffon frills; Mrs Little looked exceedingly well in yellow satin, front of bodice embroidered with pearls; Miss Runciman, apple green gown, bertha of autumn leaves; Miss Sellers looked very charming in maize satin, the corsage adorned with rich lace and pearls; Miss Maude Sellers (debutante), pretty soft white silk, pearls in her hair; Miss Goodwin, white tulle, the bodice veiled in spangled chiffon; Miss Winnie Goodwin wore an effective gown of black velvet, clusters of red roses on shoulder and in hair; Miss Peacock, azure blue, with cascades of acoreolone, pleated chiffon; Miss M. Peacock, cream bengaline silk skirt, the full bodice was of yellow crinkled chiffon; Miss Lusk's gown was a confection of black and yellow, the corsage was veiled with sequined chiffon, sleeves festooned with daisies; Miss Olive Lusk (debutante) looked lovely in white China silk, long shirred sleeves bodice finished with lace; Miss Hooper, white silk and lace; Miss Hooper, crimson silk, velvet and chiffon; Miss Kempthorne, black velvet with white daisies on corsage; Miss Kempthorne, slate grey, mervelleux silk; Miss Muriel George (debutante) looked charming in white satin, sleeves of frills of chiffon; Miss Wyld-Brown wore a combination of pink and green; Miss G. Buddie, pretty white satin outlined with brown fur; Miss Brown, soft primrose silk chiffon, ruffled sleeves, network of pearls inserted on shoulders; Miss Thorpe, rose pink gown; Miss Lena Owen, forget-me-not blue silk, white lace tabliers; Miss Wood, pink silk veiled with spangled net; Mrs Clapcott, black; Miss Florence Clapcott, white silk; Mrs Archdale Taylor, white silk, with violets; Miss McLachan, grey silk and black lace; Miss Otway, pale blue with blush roses; Miss Thomas, orange gown, relieved with white satin, sparkling combs in hair; Miss Percival, white silk, pink flowers on shoulder and hair; Miss Ethel Percival, effective gown of green silk, with rose pink ribbon on square cut bodice; Miss Williams, yellow satin, pearl garniture; Miss Atkinson, white silk, clinging sleeves of chiffon, pink blossoms in hair; Miss Ethel Atkinson, yellow silk, bertha of white lace; Miss Kennedy, pale pink tulle, with pearl and crystal passementerie; Miss Florence Hart, white tulle, red roses;

Miss Holland, yellow silk; Miss Esmae Holan, pretty pink silk, bodice arranged with white lace; Miss Williamson (debutante), soft white dress; Mrs Hudson Williamson, black; Miss Nessie Burns, pink shimmering satin under gauzy tinselled net; Miss Rita Tole, black velvet, enlivened with red roses; Miss E. Freese looked dainty in blue with white lace; Mrs Choyle, black; Miss Choyle, dark green, with pale blue Swiss bodice; Miss L. Haven, pink, rows of black velvet bebe ribbon; Miss MacLennan (Napier), yellow silk, tiny white chiffon frills; Miss Phillips, black gown, the bodice deftly arranged with white Honiton lace; Miss Lewis, amethyst corded silk; Miss Laird looked well in black; Miss — Laird (debutante), white silk and chiffon; Miss Martin, white with tinselled gauze, pink flowers; Miss Currie, lovely white satin; Miss Jourdain, handsome crushed strawberry broad-clothed satin, revers of white lace; Miss Innis, gold satin; Miss Boyd (Takapuna), shell pink crepon, geranium leaves arranged on bodice; Miss Aubrey, rose pink, long sleeves, low bodice finished with frilled chiffon and pink flowers. There were many other charming frocks, but I could not in the crush note them all.

Amongst the gentlemen present were Professors Seagar, Talbot Tubbs, De Montalk, Messrs Rathbone, Baume, Kirker, Upton (2), C. J. Parr, A. Ferguson, Myers, Withler, Peacock (2), Little, Phillips, Jourdain, Battley, Bagnall, Holland, Allen, Simms, De Montalk, N. Baker, Alseon, Hewitt, Hooper, Mackay, Masefield, Russell, Lewis, Plummer, Jackson Palmer, Valle (2), N. George, Wyld-Brown, Ryalence, Ohlson, Dr. Aubin, Messrs Otway, Choyle, Abbott, etc.

THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Saturday at Sylvia Park. Here is our stiffest hunting country, abounding in stiff four-railed fences which brought many of our foremost riders to mother earth with dreadful 'crackers' that disabled them for the day's run. We drew round Sylvia Mountain, where we found puss, who gave us a short run; we then lost. The day was particularly hot, and the sun remarkably dazzling, which I think was the cause of bringing so many down, as rider as well as horse got mistaken in the taking off of these stiff obstacles. Some excellent runs were enjoyed throughout the day, two of them being very smart and lengthy, when flights of posts and rails tried the muscle of the boldest. Having the misfortune to damage my horse over a four-railer, I am unable to give you the brilliant description I should have wished. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Kelly (on Playboy) who was seen to the fore cleverly negotiating these jumps; Mrs Willie Bloomfield on Blue Peter was also seen in the first flight, close to the tail of the hounds. A new follower of Pakuranga hounds, Mr Newcombe, was riding Awatuna; the rider had a 'downer' at the first wall, but still he was always seen amongst the foremost riders. Mr Phillips on Oceola was seen flying over these four-railers like a bird; Mr Harry Tonks on Billy was close to the stems of the hounds; Miss Maud Buckland (Villiers); Mr McLaughlin, our Master, was mounted on his Dad; Miss Burns on Kato, whose steed turned suddenly aside at a fence and sent the rider to mother earth; her brother, who was riding Mattie, returned over the fence to assist his sister, but came a tremendous cropper, which laid him out for five minutes. Mr Skipwith, who was riding Gipsy Peace, came a dreadful cropper; it was some time before he recovered sufficiently to mount again. Many other riders were sent like rockets over their steeds' heads, but most of them happily were in a few moments back again in their saddles none the worse. Mr Gorrie, whom we are glad to see again amongst the followers of the hounds, was riding Jimmy; Miss Blanche Gorrie was mounted on Forella; Mr W. McLaughlin (Cattlan); Miss Percival (Tommy); Miss Phoebe Buckland; Miss Beatrice Bull; Miss Nora Gorrie; Mr Cornelius Taylor (Tim); Mr Holgate on his four-year-old colt; Mr Shera; Mr Gilbert; Mr E. Kinloch, our Secretary, on his cob; Mr Kinloch (on Farrier); Mr Carmine (Ingorangi); Mr W. Bloomfield; Messrs Ellett (2), Miss Dolly Davis, Mr Dibble, Miss Dibble, Mr Seager Buckland, Miss S. Buckland, Miss Hesketh, Mr Buckland, Mr Pickering; Miss Roberts was mounted on her favourite charger Mollyhawk; Mr T. Morrin, Mr Seacombe, Mr Moody, Mr Markham. Driving were Mrs Gorrie and Mrs D. Tonks,

Miss Percival, Mrs Markham, and Miss Kathleen Thompson; Mr George Dunnett, Miss Dunnett, Miss Ethel Percival, Miss Mona Thompson, Miss Con. Taylor and friend, Mr Philson, Mr A. Carrick, Mr Haigh, Mr Gilbert, Mr Alfred Kelly and friend, Mr Kelly, Capt. Noakes and daughter. On bicycles were Miss Rosa Bull, Mr Claud Purchas, Mr R. Leckie, and a great many others present but whom I cannot recall at this present moment. The field was the largest of the season.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 8.
After the memorable Birthday Ball given by our Mayor and Mrs Louissou, all the world and his wife were anxious to pay their respects, and Mrs Louissou has had a busy time all the week, being

'AT HOME'

for several days in succession and glad to see one and all. His Worship the Mayor called on Lord Ranfurly during the time His Excellency was in Christchurch en route to Dunedin. A dinner at the Christchurch Club was also given to the Governor, the table decorations being entrusted to several ladies. Mrs H. H. Pitman and others, who were very successful, so tacitly admitting that things are better for the touch of a woman's hand—sometimes.

Last Saturday the

CHRISTCHURCH HOUNDS

met at Mr Fowler's, Broomfield. It was a grand hunting day, and a large party of sportsmen and spectators were present. Much of the country round about Hornby is capital, but the number of hares put up in a run makes it a little confusing, and the new puss puts on the pace. There were a good many spills, for some of the jumps were very tall ones; but it only meant an empty saddle for a short time, and all ended happily. Amongst the ladies riding or driving were Mesdames C. Dalgety, Woodhouse, J. D. Hall, J. Palmer, Harkness, Kettle, Misses Nedwill, Cowlishaw, Hill, Ronalds, Haydon, Bassett (2), Lyon, Palairt (2), Neave, Messrs Lyon (the Master), J. Sullivan (whip), A. Rhodes, J. D. Hall, H. Cottrell, C. Dalgety, P. Campbell, G. Murray-Aynsley, Ford, Bassett, etc.

A small

IMPROVPTU DANCE

was given by Miss Harman one evening last week at Miss Taylor's room, Armagh-street W., in honour of her guest, Miss Flossie Maclean. Each girl assisted with the supper, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Amongst those present were Misses Maclean, Aitken, Lean, C. Lean, Marchant (2), of Wellington, E. Davie, Cox, Messrs Harman, Jones, Polhill, Atkinson, Sutcliffe, Orbell (2), etc.

Mrs Wardrop gave a pleasant afternoon tea at her residence, the Bank House, Hereford-street, one day last week, and tea was handed round in the drawing-room. Among the guests were Mesdames Macdonald, Orle, Palmer, Buller, Wynn-Williams, Broham, J. H. N. Burns, Denniston, and a few others.

Mrs Macdonald, Gloucester-street, gave a musical evening on Saturday at her residence for the captain and some of the officers of the H.M.S. Fairanga, and others present were Mr. Myers, and Miss Buller, Mr and Miss Ainger, Mrs Westmacott, Miss F. Mills (Dunedin), Miss Palmer, Miss Lee, Mr Hugh Reeves and Miss Reeves, etc.

A small luncheon party was given on Tuesday by Mrs Fuller for Miss F. Mills (Dunedin), who is her guest at present and has charmed us once or twice lately with her piano-plying. Others present were Misses Reeves, Ronalds, Beeswick, Thomson, and Olliver.

Mrs Morton Anderson gave a charming afternoon tea at her residence, Worcester-street, on Tuesday. It was a most pleasant gathering, and some pretty songs were sung. Amongst those present were Mrs B. Anderson, Mrs Secretan, Mrs G. Kettlewell, Mrs Alex. Wilson, Mrs Graham, Mrs R. D. Thomas, Mrs Farberry, Mrs J. H. N. Burns, Misses J. Martin, Kinsey, Graham, and E. Davie.

At the

MOTTET SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

among the audience were Mrs and Miss Deniston, Mr and Mrs Connal, Mr and Mrs T. Garrard, Mr and Mrs Revan-Brown, Mr and Mrs W. Reece, Miss Jennie West, Mr and Miss Greenwood, etc. DOLLY VALE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, June 9th.

This week has been an exceptionally dull one, and in consequence I fear my letter will be dull also. However I suppose the gaieties will begin probably after the 24th of this month, as the session opens on that day.

The Thornton Lawn Tennis Club's ball takes place in St. Thomas' Hall to-morrow night, and judging from the way tickets are selling ought to be a very great success.

I hear that Lord and Lady Ranfurly are going to give a large fancy dress ball in a month or so, and although it is some distance away people are beginning to wonder 'what they will go to.'

While speaking of

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

reminds me that I must tell you a little about the new furnishings of the interior of that building. I have had so much news for my last two letters that I have never had an opportunity of doing so. The fine large rooms are very much improved by the new paper and paint. The drawing-rooms particularly took my fancy. They are papered with a lovely delicate paper of pale yellow with a pattern of the same shade running over it, and the dining-room paper is of a similar design, but the colour is a deep red, and looks most effective against the pure white ceiling. In the drawing-rooms all the doors and ceilings are painted white, as also are the corridor ceilings and staircase. The corridors are papered with an enormous pattern of pink and red poppies and their leaves on a pale buff coloured ground, and carpeted with rich crimson carpets that give a nice warm appearance to the surroundings. As you enter the hall and look down the corridor, with the grand white staircase leading off it and the red carpeting that seems to show up everything, the effect is very charming, and is a great contrast to the rooms on either side of it, which are so delicate looking. The way in which the electric light is fitted up is most effective and novel. The ceilings are dotted with single globes, and round the walls are occasional brackets, with some five or six of these pretty little frosted globes hanging from the brasswork like drops of dew. None of the lights have shades, and this idea is a pleasant change from the everlasting chandelier. I saw her ladyship walking in town with Captain Alexander a few days ago. She was wearing a coat and skirt of scarlet cloth, a pretty vest, and a black and red velvet toque, with red quills at the left side. The ladies Constance and Eileen Knox are also frequently to be seen out walking. They wear pretty frocks of brown cloth and large straw hats to match, with drawn silk crowns.

GOLF.

The weather was simply perfect for golf on Saturday last, and if the greens had only been a little truer nothing would have been wanting. At the Miramar links there was a large entrance for the monthly handicap competition for the silver cleek, a very good match resulting in a tie between D. Pryde and W. Higginson, with a net score of 92 each. Mr Higginson playing a capital game, as Mr Pryde, from scratch, is generally invincible. The next best scores handed in were:

	Gross.	Hdcp.	Total.
J. Webster	102	4	98
G. Todd	97	9	96
W. B. Lees	103	8	97

12 players entered for the Ladies' Monthly Boyle Medal Competition, and also resulted in a tie between Mrs Adams and Mrs Todd, the former having 17 handicap and the latter starting at scratch. The scores handed in were:—Mrs Adams, handicap 17, 3 holes up; Mrs Todd, scratch, 1 holes up; Miss Deane, handicap 4, 1 hole down; Mrs Lees, handicap owe 5, 1 hole down; Miss Bell handicap 12, 1 hole down; Miss Mcrrah, handicap 15, 2 holes down; Miss Cooper, handicap 6, 3 holes down. If beginners were to walk round with the players they would no doubt receive some hints which would be of great service to them hereafter.

At the Hutt links the second competition for the St. Andrew's Cross took place on Saturday. After a capital game Dr. Purdy, with a handicap of 15, tied with Mr D. B. Howden (scratch). The best scores made during the match were:—

Dr Purdy, handicap 15, total 97.
D. B. Howden, scratch, total 98.
H. Fitz Herbert, handicap 15, total 98.
C. Broadwell, handicap 8, total 95.

The Hutt ladies, for the second

time, competed for the Riddiford Medal, Miss Tee finally winning with the good score of 75. The best cards handed in were:—

	Gross.	Hdcp.	Total.
Miss Lee	90	24	75
Mrs Scales	79	scratch	79
Miss Kaste	82	13	82
Mrs Pearce	91	6	85
Miss Fitz-Herbert	92	scratch	92

HOCKEY.

Perfect weather greeted the Wellington Hockey Club for their practice match at Island Bay on Saturday, a very large attendance of members and lookers on being present on the ground. Sides were picked by Messrs Pearce and Wilson and a well contested game resulted in a win for the team captained by Pearce, in spite of the splendid game played by Wilson, who scored two goals in succession for his team. Most of those playing were novices, and seeing that none of the players had practised to any extent together before, the form displayed was eminently satisfactory and speaks well for the future success of the club. The personnel of the team consisted of:—A Team: Pearce (captain), Messrs Cooper, Norris, Wedde, Wylie, Devenish, Dibley. B Team: Wilson (captain), Messrs Broad, Fitzherbert, Organ, Wylie (2), Driscoll, Dickson. The scores were:—Pearce's team, 5; Wilson's team, 4.

Two very well known and respected Pelone residents celebrated their

GOLDEN WEDDING

there on the 6th, viz., the Rev. William Kirk and his wife. Their son, Mr R. C. Kirk, is the popular Mayor of that borough. The Rev. William and Mrs Kirk were married at Hokanga, at the Mission Station, on June 6th, 1848, and have therefore witnessed most of the stirring episodes connected with New Zealand's early history and are both widely known and respected throughout the colony. In the early fifties Mr Kirk had charge of the New Native Industrial and Technical School at Kai Iwi, and mainly through Mr Kirk's influence this school was filled by young Maori men from all parts of New Zealand, who made great progress in their studies until the Hauhau War cut short the work; after that period Mrs Kirk's falling health necessitated her retirement. Mrs Kirk was born at Pahiia, Bay of Islands, when the natives were still in a savage state, and intends to compile reminiscences of the Maoria, which should prove of great value and interest to all New Zealanders.

CLARISSE-OPHELIA.

NELSON

Dear Bee, June 7.

On Tuesday the Misses Pitt gave an

AFTERNOON TEA

for Miss Fowler, of Masterton, who is their guest. Quite a large number of friends were present, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. Miss Leggatt sang, and Miss Webb Bowen played in her usual brilliant manner. Tea and the cakes were delicious, and the dainty sweets were much appreciated. Amongst those present were Mrs Robinson, the Misses Browning, Freshaw (2), George (Auckland), Robertson, Leggatt, Richmond, Duncan, (Wellington), Webb Bowen, Bell, Levien, Hunter-Brown, etc.

During the last week the Premier and Mrs Seddon have paid Nelson a short visit, arriving here on Friday and leaving again on Monday. They were the guests of the Mayor and Mrs Trask at Gunnersbury House. The Premier came especially to deliver his

LECTURE

on his Jubilee trip, in aid of the Maltai bridges. Although the notice to the public was short and hurried, there was a fairly large audience in the theatre, and the address was greatly enjoyed. The Premier was pleasant and chatty throughout, and occasionally he rose to eloquence, and even pathos. On arrival at the theatre, Mr Seddon was welcomed by the members of the Maltai Bridges Committee and thanked for his kindness in giving the lecture. The Mayor (Mr Trask) presided.

On Saturday afternoon a special

MASONIC MEETING

was held by the Lodge Victoria, No. 40, N.Z.C., to welcome M.W. Bro. Right Hon. R. J. Seddon. Though the summons was short and the hour inconvenient, there was a moderately large gathering of the brethren at the Odd-fellows' Hall. The M.W.G.M., accom-

panied by Grand Lodge officers, P.D. G.M. Dr. Boor and Bro. De Castro, was received with the highest honours, and afterwards delivered an appropriate address. Later in the afternoon the Premier left by special train for Wakefield, where he gave a political address.

PHYLLIS.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, June 9.

The series of

LADIES' HANDICAP GOLF MATCHES

for the medal began at the Napier Golf Links on Saturday afternoon. The day was fine and bright, and as usual the members of the Club drove out to the ground in a large drag, which left town at about half-past 12 in the morning. Some good scores were made. A keen interest was taken in the play, and the afternoon tea, which was provided by the Club, was greatly appreciated. The match was won by Miss Maud Donnelly; Mrs More came in second, and Miss Peacock third. Miss Page, Miss Hindmarsh, Mrs Jardine, Mrs Donnelly, and others were also competing.

A GHESS MATCH

is being held in Napier on Saturday evenings between this town and Wanganui, and is watched with great interest by all lovers of chess. The representatives of Wanganui are: Messrs Wills, Wilson, Jury, Bryce, Armstrong, Thorpe, Willis, etc.; and of Napier: Messrs Sainsbury, Dakin, Evans, Jarvis, Penny, etc.

BOWLING.

A number of players assembled on Saturday at the small green of the Napier Bowling Club, and sides were chosen by Mr Dinwiddie and Mr Morrison. Some of those who took part in the game were: Messrs Hindmarsh, Turnbull, Batham, Parsonson, Fielder, Crowley, Heatson, Weber, Platford, Dean, Simpson, Bristy, Dinwiddie, Large, Paterson, etc. The game was close and exciting, and ended in a win for Mr Morrison's side by only a few points. The larger bowling green will not be available for play during the winter, as it has to be prepared for next summer, but as the small one may be used there will probably be some bowling there on suitable days.

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

for the Cathedral Chorists was held on Wednesday evening in St. John's Schoolroom, and proved to be most successful in every way. The Dean of Waiapu and Mrs Howell were present, as well as others interested in the choir. A sumptuous tea, to which full justice was done, was provided for the boys, and afterwards those present enjoyed some excellent music. Messrs Swan, Finch, Morrison, and Erskine sang a quartet, 'Banish, O Maiden'; a duet was given by Master H. Elmes and Master H. Wyatt; Miss B. Cross and Mr Erskine sang 'Life's Dream is O'er.' Others who contributed to the musical part of the evening's programme were Miss Bear, Mr Nicholls, Mr Swan, Miss Cross, Miss Mole, Mr Robinson, and the Misses Edwards, who played the mandolin, guitar, and banjo. During the latter part of the evening some extremely interesting dissolving views, presented by Mr C. Saunders, were shown and were greatly appreciated. At the conclusion of the entertainment, Dean Howell proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Sharp, the Cathedral organist, to Mr Saunders, Mr Morrison, and to all who had helped to make the evening such a pleasant and successful one.

MARJORIE.

PICTON

Dear Bee, June 7.

Very mild dissipations mark the passing of another week here. Several

AFTERNOON TEAS.

whereat we met for pleasant gossip—not scandal, as our men folks would fain have us believe—took place. There are so few of us now that it is high time, in these society-instituting days, that we formed a society to impart more people—especially young men—into the place. Mrs Speed, Mrs Andrews, and the Misses Greenhill had afterwards this week, Mrs Stowe, Bank of New Zealand, being unable, through indisposition, to receive her visitors. Among those present at the others were Mrs and Miss Mackenzie (Otago), Mrs and Miss Kenny ('The Rocks'), Mrs E. Kenny,

Mrs Allen, Mrs Baillie, Mrs Ruthford, Mrs H. Howard, Mrs Smith, Mrs Andrews, Mrs Speed, Mrs C. C. Howard, Misses Greenhill (2), Miss Hay, etc.

Mr C. H. Mills, member for the Wairau, gave an address to his Pictou constituents in the Public Hall on Friday night. There was a big freeze outside which limited the number of ladies present, but inside matters were very cordial. Mr Mills was listened to with pleasure and received a cordial and quite unanimous vote of thanks and confidence, not one solitary dissident not being heard. Captain Harris proposed and Mr Green seconded the motion. As yet the men here are not educated up to date. At election time the ladies are in great request and made much of—so much depends on their assistance—but once the election is over the ladies can take a back seat. No more is required of them.

The President of the Anglican Sunday School and the teachers arranged a

SOCIAL

for the 'little wee' ones on Friday evening in the Sunday schoolroom. All were there, of course, and bent on enjoying their social. That they did so to their hearts' content was evident by the dilapidated condition of the teachers at the end of the evening. All sorts of merry games, were provided for their amusement, as well as songs and supper. The bigger children have a similar treat in store for them.

There appears to be a fair amount of dissipation looming in the future for Pictou people, so I hope there will be no dearth of news in times to come.

JEAN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, June 10.

MRS WESTMACOTT GAVE AN AFTERNOON TEA

at her pretty residence in Fitzroy for Miss Young, to say good-bye to her friends, as she is leaving shortly for Kaigoorie, where she is to be married. As Miss Young's friends are so numerous, Mrs Westmacott is giving another afternoon tea next Friday, so I will be able to give you an account of it next week. The tea table was simply decorated with flowers and trailing creepers, surrounded with cakes, jellies, fruit, salads, sweets, etc. Musical items were rendered by Mrs A. Fookes and Mrs Burgess. Our charming hostess received us on the verandah in her usual natural and courteous manner which makes her such a general favourite. She was wearing a pretty peach-coloured silk, veiled in black net; Miss Young, handsome green shot silk blouse, trimmed with lace, dark skirt; Miss K. Young, peacock blue blouse, trimmed with cream lace, dark skirt; Mrs Taunton, yellow blouse, brown skirt, but trimmed with red feathers; Mrs T. White, black; Mrs Holdsworth, black, velvet cape; Mrs McKellar, brown, bonnet trimmed with green; Mrs Burgess, a charming costume of black satin, bonnet relieved with yellow; Mrs and Miss Marshall; Mrs Middleton, black; Mrs A. Fookes, green, bonnet trimmed with tartan; Miss M. Skeet, black, hat trimmed with red; Mrs Nicholson, black; Miss Nicholson, black, green hat, trimmed with magenta; Mrs Bramley, handsome black brocade, black and pink bonnet; Mrs Smith, black; Misses K. and F. Smith; Mrs C. Govett, brown costume; Mrs D. Teed, green, picture hat; Miss K. Hammerton, green, black hat, trimmed with pink; Mrs Courtnay, grey costume; Miss Shuttleworth looked distinguee in brown, trimmed with black fur, hat relieved with yellow; Miss Govett, a dainty grey costume; Mrs S. Shaw, black; Mrs Lentham, green, black fur boa; Mrs Kirkby, black; Mrs W. Shaw, dark costume; Mrs Carthew; Miss Westmacott, a dainty costume of white silk, veiled in black net; Mrs Bedford, green, black and scarlet bonnet; Miss Bedford, black, champagne trimmed with shaded pink roses and feathers; Mrs C. Rennell, handsome black satin, trimmed with cream lace, black and magenta bonnet; Mrs F. Webster, green, white in bonnet; Mrs Knight, black, and jet trimmings, bonnet en suite; Mrs Jackson, black, black and white bonnet; Miss Hirst; Mrs N. King, black; Mrs Bewley, bluey grey costume, white front; Mrs Badler; Mrs W. Bayly, black; Miss Bayly; Mrs McDiarmid, blue costume, trimmed with blue and yellow brocade silk, bonnet en suite; Mrs W. Skinner,

fawn, trimmed with brown velvet, brown hat; Mrs Devenish, black, black lace cape; Mrs W. Rennell, black.

CAKE AND APRON FAIR
was held at Normanby (Taranaki) in aid of the Presbyterian Church funds. The fancy goods stalls were held by Mesdames Winks, Sisley, H. Gibson, and Bissett. The tea room was kept by Mrs Hayly and Miss Hunger. The bran pie was looked after by Misses Hayward, Carroll, Winks and Ballantyne; the fish pond by Misses Bayly and J. Winks, and the art gallery by Miss Winks and Mr Bates. During the evening the supper baskets were auctioned, their prices ranging up to half a guinea. Several vocal and instrumental items were also contributed by Mrs Sowerby and Misses Ballantyne, Winks, Bayly and Blake and Mr Sowerby. The fair was a most successful one and the promoters were well satisfied with the results of their labours.

NANCY LEE.

BLLENHEIM.

Dear Rec, June 6.

ENJOYABLE SOCIAL

given by the members of the Wairau Tennis Club took place in Ewart's Hall last Wednesday evening and was originally suggested by Mr Purser and Mr R. McCallum, I believe, who arranged to take the Hall, the ladies to provide refreshments. The hall was only slightly decorated, but the artistic ability of the ladies had evidently been concentrated on the supper-table, which looked charming with its decorations, in the club colours, of cardinal and white, festoons of ribbons of those colours being carried from vase to vase of chrysanthemums. These alternated with dainties of all descriptions. There was just a nice number of people and the music from Vannini's Band was excellent. Among those present were Mrs Purser, who looked handsome in black, relieved with white; Mrs Conolly, who wore a lovely dress of Eau de Nil brocade; Mrs Arthur Green, black satin, the corsage finished with gold patterned black gauze, in her hair a diamond star; Mrs Corry, a striking dress of vieux rose silk, trimmed with green velvet; Mrs Lucas, black dress, corsage glittering jet and spray of crimson flowers from the front to the shoulder; Mrs Griffiths, black, the square-cut bodice filled in with soft white silk; Mrs Mullen, black; Mrs Petre (Wellington), black; Mrs Thompson, yellow silk ecrepon; Mrs Cheek, dark skirt, pretty pink bodice; Mrs Carey, black; Miss Clark (Auckland), white dress; Miss Richardson (Westport), black silk dress, sleeves of old rose silk; Miss Hayden (Christchurch), white dress; Miss Anderson wore a yellow silk dress, with greenish reflections, veiled with filmy black gauze, patterned with gold; Miss Purser wore white gauze, with glints of silver; her sister was similarly attired; Miss Fanny Adams wore a pretty, though simple white dress; Miss Evelyn Nosworthy, black skirt, pale blue bodice, adorned with white lace; Miss May Nosworthy, white; Miss Powell, pale green dress, fichu of old rose chiffon; Miss A. Horton, pale green; Miss Simson, yellow silk, veiled with yellow gauze; Miss Johnston, pale blue silk; Miss Mills, yellow dress; Miss B. Mills, cardinal dress; Miss O. Mills, cream dress, bodice of embossed silk; Miss Ewart, black velvet, white chiffon; Miss M. Ewart, pretty cream dress; Miss Bull, pale yellow dress; Miss E. Bull, pale pink dress; Miss R. Bull, pale blue with white lace; Miss McCartney, yellow; Miss K. McCartney, green; Miss Belle Suisted, cream silk lustre dress; Miss Fiven, yellow; Miss Ferguson, black; Miss B. Farmer, pink; Miss C. Farmer, cream; Miss Mullen, black velvet, white chiffon frills; her sister was similarly dressed; the Misses Elbeck (2) were dressed in white. There were also the Misses Ball (2), Miss MacLaine, Miss Macey, Miss E. Carey, and Messrs Purser, McCallum, Orr, Dunn, A. Green, Griffiths (2), Horton (2), F. Mullen, W. Ewart, Stubbs, F. Bull, Mirams, Mabin, Stow, Pullienc, C. Simson, C. Fulton, C. Hodson, A. MacShane, R. Hutcheson, L. Macey, H. Smith, C. Mills, J. Conolly, Shaw, Polson, Harris, Pickering, R. Powell, Taylor, MacLaine, Jefferies, etc.

A successful

SALE OF WORK

was held at the Church of the Nativity schoolroom on Thursday afternoon, which showed how hard the ladies of the congregation had worked. It was

for the purpose of reducing the debt on the Church or the Vicarage, I am not sure which. Much of the clothes made were suitable for children's wear, so adults who could not spend their money at the work stall did so at the refreshment table, and the attendants there had a busy time dispensing the tempting scones and cakes and delicious tea.

The Premier is expected to arrive from Picton by special train to-night and will give an address in Ewart's Hall at eight o'clock, and to-morrow there will be a public luncheon in his honour at the Criterion Hotel. After luncheon he will be driven about the town and country and take his departure from Blenheim in time to reach Picton to deliver an address there the same evening.

FRIDA.

THE MEETING OF THE FUTURE.

(Lancelot in 'Bicycling News'.)

That something is necessary to relieve the deadly dull monotony of the ordinary cycling race meeting has been obvious for a long time, says the 'Bicycling News.' It was hoped that the introduction of professional races would do something, but the high terms demanded by the men make it a very risky matter for the majority of sports promoters to include such events in their programmes. Handicaps for second-class men are all very well, but one heat is so very much like another, and when, say, two amateur and one professional contests of this description are decided the same afternoon, the sameness is not exhilarating. The question to be considered is what is to be done to amuse and interest those who patronise race meetings sufficiently to induce them to come again. I do not like the idea of mixing up the variety show business with sport, but at the same time I am bound to admit that I was considerably interested with the side shows at the Gamage meeting, especially the polo and the trick riding—wire walking might well be left out. I am half inclined to think we shall have to come to something of the sort to get gates. Like the 'Christy Minstrels' of old, I never perform out of London, so my opinion respecting the popularity of country meetings isn't worth much. Save in

the big towns, they take place so seldom—not more than two or three per annum—that they retain the charm of novelty. There is no getting away from the fact that in the Metropolitan district both cycling and athletic meetings are far too overdone. The erstwhile supporters of both classes of sport are thoroughly satiated, and I fear that whatever novelties or side shows are introduced to draw gates, the result in the long run will inevitably be the same as what was the case last year, and what seems highly probable to be the same this. If we want to revive the interest that was formerly taken in cycling races, we have only one thing to do—reduce the number of meetings. If there was only one important meeting per month, as was the case when the proprietors of Herne Hill had to provide an additional exit from the enclosure, the sports would be as well supported as was then the case.

A nasty bicycle accident occurred in Auckland last week when Mr Stanley Bell was coming to town in the morning on his machine. In descending College Hill, which is a steep gradient, Mr Bell lost his pedals and the bicycle took charge. About half-way down the hill, when his machine had attained a great velocity, the rider was suddenly thrown to the ground and sustained severe contusions on the face and head. At the time of writing he is still in a precarious condition, but the doctors are sanguine of his recovery.

At the time when Almack's was the haunt of London fashion, the then Lord Alvanley, one of the gayest and sprucest of beaux, paid to Messrs Storr, the famous jewellers, the sum of £75 per annum for the use of a different set of shirt studs every week, so keen was his lordship's desire to have everything about him of the newest order and design. The control of these rooms was vested in a circle of aristocratic dames, who, in their desire to keep the weekly meetings select, were found exercising their powers in a very invidious manner.

If a Chinese dies while being tried for murder, the very fact of his dying is taken as evidence of his guilt. He has departed, but somebody must suffer, and his eldest son, if he has one, is sent to prison for a year. If he has no son, then his father or brother gets a flogging. It's all in the family, and justice must be administered.

MANICURING.

There is nothing so formidable about manucure as there is about face beautification, nor so alarming as about electrolysis. It is simply a delightful sensation to have this tender office performed upon one's finger nails; nor is it an expensive delight. In the very best toilet saloons 2s 6d or 3s is the moderate price demanded for half an hour's real relaxation, and very often it is a luxury, which was first of all started in America, and then introduced into London by an American. Ten years ago it was merely in its infancy. This season finds it a flourishing adjunct of the panoply of beauty up-to-date, one that it is indeed unfair should be called a luxury, for it is more than half a necessity of the toilet of all gentlewomen, and quite a necessity to the society slave. Altogether restful and delightful it is to be attended by a manicurist. One sits at one's ease in a most comfortable chair, on the arms of which are fixed brazen vessels containing soft, warm water and liquid soap. By one's side sits a neat-handed Phyllis, whose nails it is apparent have her constant care, so shell-like and polished are they, and at whose right hand is a tiny table upon which are set out her dainty instruments and fragrant unguents. A delicious idleness seizes one, and it is certain no other enjoyment could so enthrall at the moment as this simple one of cutting and trimming one's nails; at other times so prosaic a performance, now it is idealised. When the nails are nicely softened, Phyllis takes a fine, soft towel and gently but thoroughly dries each individual finger. Then she chooses her sharp little scissors and cuts the nails and any tiny bits of loose skin that may need pruning. Has madam any particular fancy as to the pattern in which her nails are to be cut? Should they be pointed talon fashion or rounded? Oh, rounded, with just a suspicion towards the pyramidal form. Yes, that is how English women like them best. Some nails are naturally endowed with that faint semi-circle known as half-moons. Of course, it is avowed that every nail has one, and that only by carefully allowing the skin to grow over the beauty spot is it hidden and eliminated. This is not altogether true. It is not naturally a gift, the delicately tinted crescent so much admired, and no amount of pushing down the skin will induce it to appear if nature has not put it there. But the manicurist always gently trains the cuticle with a blunted orange wood stick before she begins to polish the nails with a pad of chamois leather dipped in rouge powder. The effect of this powder is not permanently to tint the nails. It merely gives them the shell-like pink so pretty a finish to a white hand, and as well seems to induce a natural colour. When the second pad is used to bring the nails to a high state of polish, all the powder is removed, of course, but the impression of roseness remains even after the hands have been finally rinsed in warm water. Patient and particular attention given after this manner to each finger of both hands takes time, and thus, though the process needs but a short description, in carrying out there is more circumstance. An erroneous idea seems to prevail that manucuring can be taught in about four and twenty hours; but that is not the case. Nor is it true that a girl needs no qualifications. She needs a quick and steady nerve and her hand must neither shake nor be cast iron to the delicate nuances of the situation. She must, in short, be sympathetic, and her own hands a pattern of what she intends to make those of her patients. For this very reason one finds it hard to understand why more ladies do not take up the calling, especially in provincial towns and holiday resorts, where it is not so generally to be met with as in London. In Auckland, for instance, a very skilled lady is finding this manucuring a lucrative profession; but then she has a special gift that way.

Mr and Mrs H. H. Loughnan entertained Archbishop Redwood (Wellington) on Wednesday at dinner at their residence, Risingholme, Opawa, and a few other guests were present.



This fish was caught outside the Auckland Harbour from one of the fishing craft. As none of the fishermen are able to identify it must be a very rare visitor to our coast. It's as ugly as you could make it. The back is dirty grey, with red blotches, while underneath there is a great

swelling stomach of a whitish colour. The fisherman who caught it felt severe electric shocks in his arms when hauling it up. Evidently it belongs to the ray family. It measures over four feet long and would be an interesting specimen to procure for the Museum.

DR. WILLIAMS'

PINK PILLS

PALE PEOPLE.



FOR...

ASSURE PERFECT HEALTH TO ALL WHO TAKE THEM.

By their use Rheumatism and Influenza are Routed. Dyspeptics attain Digestion.
Anæmics Regain Colour. Weak People are made Strong.

HE WAS IN BED FOR ONE YEAR
WITH RHEUMATISMHE NOW LOOKS FORWARD WITH
PLEASURE TO THE WINTER.

The cold days of winter are near at hand, if not already here. The unhappy sufferer from rheumatism and such ailments dreads the return of his or her complaint. There is one way, however, by which rheumatism may be positively and permanently cured. In proof of this we append the following statement:—

Our reporter recently visited Mr Walter Tye, of 33 M'Arthur-street, Ultimo, Sydney, whose marvelous recovery from a most severe attack of



acute rheumatism has been the subject of much comment in that neighbourhood. Mr Tye readily volunteered to give the following statement of his illness and recovery:—

'I am a milkman by trade, and ride on the cart when distributing milk. We serve a very long round. You can readily see that the very nature of my occupation compels me to be out in all sorts of weather, for whatever happens we must not disappoint our customers. It is some eighteen months ago that, after being out in very inclement weather, I commenced to suffer from aching agonies in limbs and body, and aching pains and stiffness in the joints; and I also experienced sudden chills, generally succeeded by heavy sweats. The pain I suffered was so severe that sleep was an impossibility, and should I doze off I would be suddenly aroused by spasms in the muscles of the joints in which the rheumatism was worst. I had the best medical advice, and the premises of a well-known chemist were fairly ransacked in search of a specific that would tend to alleviate my agony. To make a long story short, I was laid up for twelve months.

'Relief, however, at last arrived, and from an unexpected quarter.

'Boiler-maker Jarvis and his wife are near neighbours of ours, and I had read of his wonderful recovery from locomotor ataxia by the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking they might possibly have a beneficial effect in my own case, I determined to try them, and did so. It was not until after the third box that I experienced any decided change for the better, but you must bear in mind that mine was a case of long standing, and, it was feared, one that might become chronic. My health then improved by leaps and bounds, and I am now, as you can see, strong and hearty. I took in all eight boxes.

'The nature of my business calls for the display of considerable activity

and I am pleased to state that I have had no return of my old symptoms, and can face the coming winter without any anxiety.'

'Have you your permission to publish these particulars, Mr Tye?'
'Certainly you have.'

'I HAD NEURALGIA FOR
TEN YEARS.'MRS MARGARET ROSS IS NOW
EFFECTUALLY RELIEVED.

'Neuralgia,' replied Mrs Ross, of Rathdown and Palmerston-streets, Melbourne, 'was the complaint I suffered from for a period of 10 or 12 years. During the daytime my sufferings were painful, but on retiring



to rest the agony I suffered was excruciating, reducing me to a state of general collapse. I felt it during the day slightly, but most severely at night.'

'Did you consult any doctors at all?'
'Many; but received no permanent benefit. They gave me draughts and powders, but the effect was really nothing.'

'You, of course, have tried other remedies?'
'Yes, I tried everything, but obtained no relief.'

'What induced you to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People?'
'An elderly lady, resident at Heathcote, 74 years of age, who had been a sufferer from rheumatism for 40 years, and who had been absolutely cured by their use, recommended me to try the Pink Pills for Pale People.'

'How long since might that be?'
'Six weeks—since the beginning of July. During the time I was taking the first box I lost only one night's rest, but since then I have never had the least return of the old complaint.'

'Have you used much of the medicine?'
'About four boxes. Previous to my taking them the pain in my head

reduced me to such a state that I was on the verge of madness. The last three years I had been very bad, so you can imagine the pleasure it was to me to find a remedy that has actually made a new woman of me.'

In all cases similar to those quoted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been proved an undoubted specific. They build up the blood and strengthen the system in such a way as to prevent any ill effects occurring after influenza, colds, etc. They are also a certain cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, influenza's after effects, sciatica, lumbago, loss of physical strength, debility, indigestion, and sick headache. Obtainable from all chemists and dealers, or from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., who will forward six boxes for 16/6, or one box for 3/, post free.

HEADACHES, DEPRESSION,
PALLOR, & LOSS OF APPE-
TITE.ANOTHER SYDNEY LADY CURED
OF ANAEMIA.

'I was never very robust,' explained Mrs Lee, of 280 Sussex-street, to a reporter who recently visited her, 'although up to September of last year I enjoyed fairly good health. From then, however, I gradually lost my good health and animation; I grew pallid in appearance, white about the gums, and I felt dull, sleepy, and depressed. In fact, the alteration in my appearance was so marked that all my friends noticed it; nor could I disguise my decline from myself, for the looking-glass assured me of it. I continually felt very depressed and despondent, and I lost my appetite completely. I also suffered greatly from headaches, with shortness of breath upon the slightest exertion. As my condition grew worse and worse, I became alarmed, and consulted a doctor. I obtained no permanent benefit, however. I then spent a good deal of money in tonics, at the suggestion of different chemists, but these also proved quite ineffectual. Becoming more despondent each day, because all hope of my recovery seemed futile, I happened to read in an evening paper one of the cures of anaemia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The symptoms described were so similar to my own that I determined to try this remedy. I did so, and I candidly say that the results exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I bought three boxes to

start with, and I carefully followed the directions. After using the first box I felt a decided improvement, which daily increased as I continued taking them. I took in all five boxes of the Pills, and I was then as well as ever I had been in my life. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have alone effected my cure, as with the exception of a laxative, I took no other medicine.'

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS.

Upon parents rests a great responsibility at the time their daughters are budding into womanhood. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness, is 'tired out' upon the slightest exertion; if she is troubled with headache or backache, pain in the side, if her temper is fitful and her appetite poor, she is in a condition of extreme peril, a fit subject for the development of that most dreadful of all diseases—Consumption. If you notice any of the above symptoms, lose no time in procuring Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will assist the patient to develop properly and regularly; they will enrich the blood, and restore health's roses to the cheeks; bright eyes and lightness of step will surely follow their use, and all danger of consumption and premature death will be averted. Wise and prudent mothers will insist upon their daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pills upon the approach of the period of womanhood, and thus avoid the risks of disease or early decay.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a perfect blood builder and a nerve restorer, curing such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, general debility, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza, and severe colds, dengué and typhoid fevers, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for all troubles peculiar to the female system, such as poor and watery blood, female irregularities, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.



LOVE AND A CAPELLO.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY OF SNAKE CHARMING IN INDIA.

(By W. A. Fraser.)

The lights from the Gymkhana club were streaming across Halpin Road, and the drone of the band came lazily across the open, filtering itself through the octopus limbs of the big banyans, and over the lake of roses the professor had filled the compound with. That was the professor's lobby—roses. That and snakes—only the snakes were real business, the roses were for pleasure. But both thrived equally well in Rangoon, jacquiminot and the capello.

It was paradise, this land where the roses grew even as cabbages, and the hooded devils came up out of the jungle of their own accord to be dissected. So thought Professor Conti.

But the professor was over at the gym now, and the drowsy music, elbowing and jostling the straggling light as they crowded through the Kush-Kush tatties, mingled with the soft patter of small talk with which Minora Conti was beguiling the minutes as they sat there, she and the major, waiting the return of the professor.

"Of course, the major's pony, Nat 'Thue, would win the Tharawady plate," she was saying, when she stopped suddenly, and steadied herself as one does when a ten-foot ditch suddenly opens it yawning maw under the forehead of one's mount.

The light which streamed out from the drawing-room and offered battle to the glimmer of the Gymkhana showed the sudden paling of her cheek. Parian marble was not more white than that face.

"Do not move, major," she said. "Do not move your lips even, if you value your life."

Herkomer looked straight into the great, strong eyes of the girl, and they told him more of the danger, more of the horror than even her words had done.

"Keep perfectly still," she continued, "and do not interfere with me in any way."

"Is it a snake?" asked the major, disregarding her injunction to remain silent.

"Yes, a cobra," the lips whispered. "Do not move."

From the direction of Minora's eyes

Herkomer knew that the hooded demon was on the high back of his chair.

Surely it was the light of inspiration which came into the eyes of this strange girl as she broke into a low Italian chant, weaving her slender arms back and forth, back and forth.

Herkomer could feel that the cobra was following her movements. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead—not so much at his own proximity to the bated thing, but because of the grand, cool courage Minora was showing, and the risk she was running in drawing the attention of the viper to herself.

"She's going to hypnotise the beast," he thought. He knew she could do it, too; the fact told him that. It seemed cowardly to sit there and allow a woman to face the snake, but her command to keep perfectly still had been so much entreaty as command, and he felt that by moving he would only increase the danger to both.

With the same sinuous movement Minora had risen from her seat, and, gently swaying her body as the soft cadences of the chant rose and fell, glided towards the cobra.

"My God, keep back!" Herkomer groaned, scarcely moving his lips. "Stand back and wait till he goes away."

But the chant continued, and there were the interjected two English words "keep still."

Before Herkomer could move or remonstrate further there was a flash of a white arm, a rustle of the soft folds of Minora's muslin dress, and he sprang to his feet to see the cobra being held at arm's length, firmly grasped by those slender fingers close up to its ugly wedge-shaped head.

"Wait, please," she cried, stepping back, as Herkomer advanced towards her with evident intention of taking the snake; "father's tomtom has just driven up to the door—he will take the cobra—it is one of his patients."

She was still holding the repulsive creature at arm's length as the professor ran up the cemented steps, calling for the bearer to come and take his topee.

He stopped short when he observed the gruesome tableau in front of him, stopped short until startled into activity by his daughter's voice asking to be relieved of her terrible captive.

In an instant the professor had the cobra by the tail, and calling to Minora to let go quickly, he swung him clear, and holding him thus, he carried him back to the box from which he had escaped.

Overcome by the reaction, the brave girl sank into the chair she had risen from, and gave way to a flood of nervous, hysterical tears.

Of course there could be only one reward for such gallantry, if the term may be applied to women's brave deeds. A "V.E." was out of the question; besides, the great Italian eyes had worked sad havoc with Herkomer before the advent of the cobra.

"Love made her brave," mused the major, as his Burmah pony rattled him over the metalled road of the cantonment late that night; "but she's a well bred one, anyway, and blood will tell. God! how she stood there and never blinched, with that devil in her hand! And then he thought of the soft maidenly blushes that had swept over the sweet face as he talked to her of love, of the love that had been in his mind for days and weeks before the appearance of that sinister visitor.

With Jesuitical complaisance Herkomer began to feel deuced glad that the cobra had precipitated matters by poking his ugly head into their tete-a-tete. It had given him the opportunity to risk it all on a single throw of the dice, and he had won—won with the other fellow, her father's great friend, Count Rubitino, a bad second.

Count Rubitino was a dilettante, an amateur scientist, ostensibly devoted, like Minora's father, the professor, to the discovery of an antidote to the virus of the cobra and kharite.

"And d—d rot!" said Herkomer to the little iron grey that was carrying him so gallantly along. "Minora's his game, and I have beaten him, my boy, beaten him clean out of his boots, by Jove," and he chuckled to himself, as he thought of the bally row both the count and the professor would kick up when they learned how the land lay.

As he jogged home from parade next morning, Herkomer brought his pony up alongside of surgeon Thoracovoff.

"Come over and have breakfast with me. I want to have a talk with you, old man," he said.

The preliminary of the talk was an account of what had happened the

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night before over the advent of the thing with the spectacles, for he and Thornycroft were even as Damon and Pythias in the olden time.

"Now for the sequel, my boy," he said, and he drew his chair closer to Thornycroft, "and then I want you to tell what is the matter with me."

Thornycroft shot a suspicious professional look over the physical map of his friend's exterior, searching for touches of 'liver,' 'sun,' 'Burmah heat,' 'pneumitis,' or other unique complaints indigenous to that land.

"It's this," said Herkomer, thoughtfully. "I woke up about three o'clock in the morning, as near as I can judge, with a peculiar tingling sensation through every nerve of my body, as though some poison were coursing through my veins. Sitting in a chair beside my bed was the figure of a man."

"I spoke to it, thinking that the bearer had fallen asleep there."

"The figure did not move. I got up and struck a match, lighting a candle which stood on the table; I dislodged a bottle of soda in my fumbling about for a match and it rolled off, striking the cement floor and exploding with a report like a gun."

"Still the figure did not move. It must be the bearer, I thought. Only a bearer could sleep through such a jolly row."

"When I turned the light of the candle on the face of the sleeper, what do you suppose I saw, Thornycroft? And Herkomer leaned over until his troubled, questioning eyes were brought close into the surgeon's face, and he gripped Thornycroft's wrist till his fingers seemed eating into the flesh."

"One of the fellows who had tarried long at the gym, and lost the number of his mess," answered the other carelessly, knocking the ashes off the end of his cheroot.

"I saw myself—dead!" continued the Major, taking no notice of his friend's chaff; "dead, and a cobra clinging to my arm!"

"Liver and sun both," sighed Thornycroft mentally.

"Of course you'll call it a dream," added Herkomer, "but this morning the soda bottle was in fragments on the floor, the candle had been lighted, and the sole of my foot was bleeding where I had stepped on a piece of the broken glass; besides, I know I was awake. Now, what do you make of that?" he asked triumphantly.

"What do you make of it?" queried the surgeon, as he hunted about for his helmet, "make nothing of it; only don't let it occur again, and as preventive is better than cure in this country, take a run up to Darjeeling. It may save you the expense of a trip home. There is a little angel sits up above, in these days of robbery by riuinous exchange, who sends us these

warnings, with a postscript added, "Look to your liver." So the next time your chum comes take him up to Darjeeling, and let the mountain winds carpet-beat the jungle fever out of his system."

"No, I'm quite well," said Herkomer; "quite well, and that's the deuce of it," he added plaintively. "I can't make it out. When a man is well and sees things, it's—it's the devil."

Often after that Herkomer had company of the same sort; always the same, sitting there in the chair, waiting. "What the thunder is it waiting for?" Herkomer used to ask himself. Only he did not bother his friend any more about it. It was no use.

Physically, he was all right. He could put the best man in the regiment on his back; aye, and hold him there too for ten seconds, with both points of his shoulders touching the ground. Neither did he go to Darjeeling. He was in a happier place, had climbed into heaven, otherwise known as the haunts of Minora Conti. Not but what the hot chinook winds which blow up from Hades sometimes withered and scorched his paradise.

It was Count Rubitino who always started these hot blasts. He and Minora were unnecessarily too much together, it seemed to Herkomer; but then he was jealous, and consequently no judge of such matters.

As often as Minora assured him that she cared nothing for the count he believed her, and as often as he stumbled upon them in close communion over some secret matter did he feel the hot winds blow and vow that he would break away from his bondage and leave her to the count. But it always ended the same way. It wasn't what Minora said that put things right. It was the eyes—the great, soft Italian eyes, looking straight and truthfully at and through him, bowling over his jealous resolves like tenpins and bringing him back into leash like a whipped beagle.

And still it sat there, almost nightly now, beside his bed. He had grown accustomed to seeing it. What was it waiting for?

Sometimes it annoyed him. He felt like getting out of bed and kicking it; but the idea was so incongruous, this kicking of himself, this spiritual self, as it were, so he gave it up and sighed resignedly.

"Of course it means something," he mused. "Something's going to happen. I'm not going to make an ass of myself by talking about it at the mess." So he sat tight and waited for the thing to happen as he would have waited for a Ghaz rush.

It was gruesome, but much in India is gruesome, so he had learned to take things of that order much as he took fighting—with his coffee.

A far greater puzzle to him was Minora herself. Sometimes he found her listless, indifferent, and then again for a time she would be her old brilliant self.

Thinking perhaps that these fits of dejection were due to oppression from her father or undue influence brought to bear by the count, he made bold to question her, but she shrank from him with horror, and seemed more agitated than she had been when holding the cobra.

It's nerves, he thought. Life with the musty old professor and the cobra associates is depressing enough to wreck the nerves of a bronze Buddha. I'll have to get her out of this.

So he rushed matters a little, and it was all settled for Christmas week. The professor gave his consent reluctantly enough, Herkomer thought, and the count congratulated him with an ironical sneer that made Herkomer long to give him a toss in the air from which he would alight on the top of his curly black head.

When he and common sense sat face to face, common sense told him that Minora loved him with all the strength of her high-strung nature. What else is there in it for her, common sense argued, and the major's inheritance was limited to what his sword might cut down from the pagoda tree, with the exception of a trifling allowance, barely large enough to settle his monthly gym account.

That was the way common sense put it, but the other, intuition, or whatever other alias he masqueraded under, said there was something behind it all, and for once in a way they were both right.

The love was there right enough, and also something else behind it, and this something else might have come out one evening. If Herkomer had not been so Cooley-headed; honourable he called it at the time.

It lacked two weeks of Christmas time, and they were sitting on the verandah, as they had sat that other evening. Minora, putting her cool white hand on Herkomer's wrist and turning her face a little into the shadow, so that he did not notice how set and white it was, said, "I have a confession to make, Rolando."

"Don't make it then, little woman. Confessions are silly things for which we are always sorry afterwards."

"But I shall be happier if you let me tell you about this. I can't marry you without telling you first. I won't."

"Look here, Minora," said the major, turning her around so that he could look into her face, "my objection to your confession is purely selfish. You see, I couldn't let you confess all on your side without unloading some of my sins into your ears, and if we exchanged experiences—well, well, I fancy the count would appear such a saint by comparison that I should lose you altogether. By the way, I'll

compromise," he added, laughingly. "I'll just ask you one question, which you may answer or not, and then we'll call the whole thing off."

"I will answer," she said eloquently, "only—only—"

"Well, has it anything to do with the count, what you were going to tell me?"

"No."

"Then I can't possibly listen." "And so the chance went by, the evil went on—went on for two weeks longer, and it was the eve of the wedding day."

Love does many strange things, among others causes a pony to gallop so fast that a syce cannot possibly keep pace with the winged rider. That was why Herkomer arrived at Minora's home syceless. As there was nobody to hold his pony, he led him around behind the bungalow to the stables.

Minora's rooms were in the north wing of the bungalow, and as he passed the great windows opening on to

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Stimulants, tonics, headache powders, cannot cure you: but

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will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in its life-giving properties.

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Avoid low-priced brands from which the cream has been abstracted, and ask for the "Milkmaid" Brand, the best for all purposes.

the verandah and reaching from ceiling to floor, and open save for the shutters, voices that he could not help but hear fell upon his ears.

For an instant he stood petrified. It was the count's voice, speaking to Minora.

'You will wreck your happiness for a fancy,' sneered the voice.

Herkomer quickened his pace, so that he might hear no more, and of her answer, whatever it was, he only caught the one word, 'confession,' as he turned the corner of the bungalow.

But all the fierce jealous passion that had slumbered in his heart for weeks arose and smothered him—smothered everything—all sense of shame, of justice, of prudence, and he rushed into Minora's boudoir a passion-mad man.

What right had she, who was to become his wife the next day, to hold secret intercourse with the count there in her own apartments?

With a startled cry Minora thrust something into the drawer of a secretaire beside which she was standing, and stood with her back to it, as though she would guard the secret.

'Perhaps I am de trop,' remarked the count, passing beyond the purdah with a low bow, and as Herkomer thought, a sneer on his pale face.

'Why—why have you rushed in here, Rolando, and frightened me?' asked Minora confusedly.

'I am sorry if I have frightened you,' said the major, and I will answer your question by asking another, for perhaps your answer will suffice for both questions. What have you got in that drawer?'

If Minora had not gone white with guilty fear it might have been all right yet; but it was the faltering which developed the tiger in the man. He took a quick step forward and grasped her wrist cruelly—harshly, as he fairly hissed out, 'You have a letter or something from him there!'

'My God!' she moaned. 'Back—do not touch! If you touch that drawer I will never marry you—never.'

With an exclamation of rage he brushed her to one side, and snatching the drawer open plunged his hand in.

There was a lightning swish of a dark body, like the coil of a whiplash in motion; an electric shooting of pain through his arm which brought an involuntary cry of anguish from his lips, and the twisting, writhing of the

hideous cobra body as he snatched his hand from the death trap.

A piercing scream had rung out on the still night air as he pulled the drawer open, for, powerless to stop him, Minora had foreseen that he was driving to his death.

It was the scream that brought the professor to the room.

'Quick, father, Rolando is bitten,' and before the major knew what he was about the professor had grasped his wrist as in a vice and pulled him into his own room, which was next.

From that on it was a head and head finish, with the professor and death as the runners. There were ligatures and lancing and the injecting of the professor's antidote and the ceaseless marching up and down of the patient between two sturdy durwans, and the washing of a woman with a great sore heart and eyes that were to dry and hot for tears.

And the other, the one that had sat night after night by Herkomer's bed, came and sat there, just in the centre of the verandah. Herkomer would not let the durwans move the chair. 'Don't disturb him,' he said. 'Let him sit there.'

'Huzoor, it is but an empty chair,' said one of them. 'No one sits there, sahib.'

But still he told them not to move the chair—they could walk around it. 'He won't have long to wait now,' he muttered.

'Surely the poison was making the sahib a little mad,' the durwan thought.

At first Herkomer felt stangely elated. It was like new wine—he was drunk on it. It was good to be bitten by cobras. If he could only get over it he would like to try it again—it was like opium.

Up and down, up and down the hard floor of the verandah, re-echoing to the clap-clap of the durwans' loose slippers, as they marched on either side of him.

It was a terrible race, and a life was the stake.

But as the torturing hours chased each other through the long Burmese night and the grey began to steal up behind the tapering spire of the golden pagoda in the east, and the major still lived, still walked up and down between his relays of Punjabis, the professor knew that he had won—had robbed the hooded fiend of his victim.

And the man who had come back out of the jaws of death, when he was told that he might sleep, went deep down into the rest world and lay for hours in a sleep that was first cousin to death.

When he awoke the figure sitting beside his couch had changed—it was Minora; she who had sat there hour after hour watching that the light did not go quite out—that the sleep did not become of closer kin to death.

Very confusedly the questioning eyes looked at her when they opened.

When he had grown a little stronger she told him this—told him the tale that she had tried to tell that night when he had stopped her.

'Father inoculated me with the cobra virus, partly as an experiment, and partly for my own safety, as his cobras were always about.

'As it seemed to be harmless and to make it sure, he performed the operation several times. But he, learned as he is, did not foresee the result. It acted on me like morphine acts on those who have it injected into their veins—it became necessary to my life. The exhilaration you felt would be mine for days, then depression followed as a natural law.'

'But why go into detail?' she added, with a faint, warm smile; 'without it I was dead. At last I became so that the bite from the cobra was only equal to the dose my father used. This was the simplest plan.

'When you first came into my life I thought that I should overcome it, for love is blind.

'The night you were bitten I meant to tell you all, but to fortify myself, to summon up the moral courage to drown the love which was so great and strong, I had asked Count Rubino to bring a cobra from my father's box.

'That is all. It is not pleasant,' and she smiled again wily. 'I should not have allowed this love to conquer me, but now it has conquered. It has triumphed over all. I will not marry you because I love you.'

It was the best that way. 'Because I love you I will not marry you.'



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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL. promotes, strengthens, beautifies the hair, and is the only remedy for baldness. Ask Brown and Chambers for Rowland's articles, of Hatton Garden, London.

NO BUILDING BIG ENOUGH.

Probably the two women whose names we are about to mention (by their good will and consent) never saw or even heard of each other. A broad bit of sea-water rolls between the places where they severally live. Still, the world is getting smaller every day, and it is quite possible they may meet; if they do, they will have a common subject for a talk. Without waiting for that, however, we will let the reader into the secret (so far as it is a secret) right on the spot.

The first lady to be named resides at Bishop's Norton, near Kirton, Lindsey, Lincolnshire, and in a letter dated the 16th of the blustering month of March, 1893, she says, 'I trembled from head to foot.'

This would scarcely be worth mentioning if it had simply been the result of a fright and therefore bound to pass off in a few minutes. But it lasted for a long time and did not arise from a fright or from any other form of excitement. It meant sheer weakness and a wholesale upsetting of the nerves. 'I was constantly sick and dizzy,' she says, 'and had a dull pain between the shoulders. I had no appetite, and the effect of what little I did eat was so bad and gave me so much distress that after a time I hardly dared touch any food or drink. During this period I may just mention that I was terribly constipated, intervals of ten days sometimes elapsing between the actions of the bowels. No laxatives or enemata availed to relieve this condition, and I became more feeble and prostrated day by day. My illness began in August, 1892, and after four months' suffering I was completely cured in December by your remedy. Indeed it was not necessary for me to take quite one bottle. If anyone who reads this little statement of mine wishes to know more about my case, I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Mrs M. G. Walsham.'

The second lady, writes from her home No. 12, Horgan's Buildings, College Road, Cork, dating her letter the 27th of the sunny month of June, 1893. She says, 'Everything was a trouble and a burden. For nights together I got no sleep. I couldn't bear the noise of the children. I had no desire for company; I wanted to be alone in my misery. I often thought I was going to die. I was in this way for nearly twelve months.'

Now this was bad; very, very bad. When a woman cannot bear the noise of her own children—which of all noises is least observed by a mother's ear—why, her nerves are, as we might say, all gone to pieces. And, inasmuch as the nerves are only a part of the body, it follows that the whole system is badly out of order. And so it was. 'The complaint,' she says, 'came on in October, 1890.' It was marked by failure of the appetite, pain and weight in the chest after eating, a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach, biliousness, flatulency, and other signs with which the readers of these articles are so sadly familiar.

Of the progress of the malady and how low it reduced her she has already spoken. The end of it all—a happy end, thank Mercy—was like this: 'In September, 1891,' she adds, 'my husband persuaded me to try a medicine he had heard and read so much about. I did so, and soon found relief—a relief that none of the other medicines I had used were able to give me. My lost appetite came back, and my food digested easily and strengthened me. You hardly need be told that I continued taking the medicine, and soon I was well as ever I was in my life and have alluded nothing since. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs Lucy Carroll.'

Women, like men, never agree on all the topics which come up in conversation. It would be a dull world if they did. But these two will agree that they were afflicted with the same complaint—indigestion and dyspepsia; and that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which restored them both to health, is one of the very best friends in time of trouble that their sex ever had.

And what is more, if all the women in this kingdom who think the same were collected in one meeting, no building could be found big enough to accommodate them.

Clarke's B. L. Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pain in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 100 each, of all Chemists and Dispensaries, and in all parts throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.



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ALL THE WORLD OVER, THE RECOMMENDED COUGH REMEDY. Its immense sale throughout the world indicates its inimitable value.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

The DEAR OF WARRINGTON'S Verger writes—'I was advised to try the Balsam of Aniseed; I did, and have found very great relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation and giving strength to the voice.'

—LUCAS BROWN, Esq., the eminent actor writes—'I think it a veritable medicine for members of my profession, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister artists.'

Mr. THOMAS HOPKIN, Chemist, Llandilo, October 1st, 1890, writes—'Singularly, I have commenced my fifty-second year in business to-day. I remember my mother giving me a few drops for coughs and colds nearly 70 years ago. My chest and voice are as sound as a bell now.'

LOSES THE PHLEGM IMMEDIATELY. NIGHT COUGH QUICKLY RELIEVED. SEE TRADE MARK AS ABOVE ON EACH WRAPPER.

See the words 'Thomas Powell, Blackfriars Road, London,' on the Government Stamp.

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Bottles in 1/4, 1/2, 1, and 2s. 6d.

THE NEWEST WOMAN AND HER POCKETS.

TWENTY POCKETS IN THE LATEST BUSINESS COSTUME.

If anyone can explain why pockets should be sacred to His Majesty Man, let him do so at once. But while the emancipated young person is throwing off the time honoured 'yoke' of the 'tyrant' why should she not declare at this juncture for pockets? Why not, indeed? And pockets it is, for I saw a business woman's dress the other day that fairly bristled with them. There was a time when women did have a pocket. Then even that luxury disappeared, and in its place came the 'tucked in' handkerchief and the purse carried in the hand, along with some other horrors of general inconvenience that women might tell a tale of woe concerning. But now those weary hours are past, and the lady and the pocket go their jaunty way about town, and once more the 'tyrant' gasps in amazement as he sees his prerogatives gradually but surely escaping him.

The dress I saw had twenty pockets—twenty fascinating, coveted, darling, coyly hidden pockets. Not hidden so deeply that they could not be found, like the one in the comic weekly jokes, but disposed about in such a manner that no one could call that dress a freak or point the finger of scorn at the reckless wearer. The twenty pockets were all there, and they were all useful and some were even ornamental, and all were necessary, and, above and beyond it all—excellent thought—they outnumbered the masculine ones.

When I saw that dress, I couldn't believe my eyes—it was too good to be true; and I could only stare and wonder—and admire. There were three pieces to that dress—three ordinary pieces—a skirt, a vest and a jacket (or coat). Nothing simpler, and yet they concealed the 'twenty' with tantalizing coolness. You would never have suspected they were there, but they were, and stuffed, too, with all sorts of things, all the comforts of an office, and neat as a pin. Anything more spink, spank and close reefed

could not be imagined and the woman who did it was emancipated indeed, for what is freedom without pockets?

There were pockets to the front, pockets at the back, pockets at the right and pockets at the left, and the



THIS IS THE WAY THEY LOOKED.

awful question of the ages had been settled. For ever since negligee was permanently cast aside by a set of people calling themselves civilized

these articles have been in righteous demand.

The vest had six of the twenty—one in the waist line, on each side, and two breast pockets, while in the 'inter-lining' were two more that a man said were the thing for holding cheques and any valuable papers the business woman is sure to have (on pay day).

It sounds easy, and that woman assured me it was easy, to produce that vest, and that except for the pockets it was in all respects like unto any vest that was ever made.

LIKE A GOLF SKIRT.

The skirt had six pockets out of that list, which makes twelve so far, and they were disposed of in the following way:—The skirt was short and simple, fashioned like a golf, bicycle or rain-skirt, and had the two side pockets sometimes to be found in that institution. There were, moreover, two more just below the coat rim—fob pockets, men call them—while at the back, in the same relative position as these two, were two 'hip pockets,' which were the pride and delight of that young woman's soul. Key chain, ring and keys jingled aggressively from one, while the other held a handkerchief that would have made any well constituted mother hold up her hands in holy horror. But there they were, and as part as you please and that handy!

"Those pockets are going to keep me going," the satisfied wearer and inventor exclaimed; and well they might, for they were there to put the 'reticule' to shame, the 'side satchel' out of a job entirely, and the whole paraphernalia of the woman who keeps a tram waiting while she hunts for change was done away with. No wonder that little woman tossed her head in triumph and thrust her hands into those amazing depths and rattled the loose change with unholy glee!

There were eight more of those pockets in the coat—eight delightful others, with unlimited possibilities. Two breast pockets, two side pockets, one in each sleeve and two in the coat tails completed the list, and then I sank exhausted while I listened to their contents. And they were 'just like a man's, my dear.' There were pockets that held latch-

keys—they were on the hip; pockets that held small change—they were in the vest; pockets that held watch and chain, and others that showed a red note book and a tiny pencil and all sorts of things that a person 'must have' who goes into business.

So why not have pockets, and plenty of them while you're at it?

BELLA.

WHAT A TEA PLANTER SAYS.

The most recent authority on tea—David Crole, in his book just published—throws a flood of light on many matters worth knowing in regard to the universal beverage of the people.

In India and Ceylon the process of drying, rolling, and packing in chests is all done by machinery, and some factories, such as Suratura, also complete their work by packing it in five, ten, pound, and half pound packages. The connoisseur in Tea will therefore realize the superiority of this method, and the following remarks of Mr Crole in referring to the much advertised system of 'bulking and blending':—

"Here (in London) the tea undergoes 'bulking'—that a certain number of chests are emptied out on the floor and mixed up to a certain extent; it is put back into the boxes again, being stamped in by men, which cannot improve the tea.

"I feel bound to call the attention of people connected with tea to the terrible ill usage tea is treated in the warehouses. For instance, what is the good of planters so arranging the manufacture and packing of tea that the utmost care is paid to every detail in the endeavour to secure first class tea, carefully graded and packed, if the tea is to be STAMPED into boxes by the boot shod feet of the people employed in the blending and packing warehouses?"

AN UNTHINKABLE PRACTICE.

"Before the days of machinery the tea leaves were rolled by the hands into balls, and the operation is still so conducted in China and Japan. A good day's work for one man was 800 lb of leaves rolled. Modern machines are, however, capable of turning out two or three times that amount in an hour, and the machines do not PERFORM. SURATURA is prepared by machinery, it is pure, and NOT BLENDED with INDIAN, CHINA, or OTHER TEAS. Its sales are increasing by leaps and bounds, testifying to its appreciation by those who recognise Purity and Economy.

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PARISIAN TRIMMED BONNETS, SPECIAL MODEL HATS, AUTUMN SAILOR STRAWS, LATEST WINTER FELTS, TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS.

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Ladies can furnish their own designs, which will be reproduced exact and perfect. Pattern pictures and Self-Measurement forms forwarded by return of post.

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LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

The theatre hat problem is one which still worries managers. There are and yet there are awful hat views to be borne still by the would-be delighter in the play. The one here illustrated is of the kind which should be kept for smart races, or afternoon receptions. It is made of dark



purple-toned velvet edged with mauve and green shot silk. Purple and green plumes, and a daring cream flower on the up-turned brim, complete a very chic hat. But at a theatre or matinee, it is quite out of the question.

There is something to be said for the woman who, disregarding the advantages of the cloak-room, enters the theatre with her hat on, and then takes it off. What

destruction, devastation, havoc, ruin may not be wrought into beautiful and costly millinery by the inconvenience of having to hold one's hat in one's lap, together with one's programme, opera-glasses, fan, etc., and what wrecks the majority of women look upon emerging from the theatre after the matinee, with headgear all awry from hasty, sightless placing! What anxious looks and craning of necks towards the first available looking glass, and how this question has tormented the feminine soul - "Is my hat on straight?"

Now all that may quite easily be changed. Matinee frequenters (usually ladies in couples or trios) can have their hair beautifully arranged and a dainty little toque poised on it, and as they depart for the performance give a satisfied nod at the glass in the hall, confident that the mirror will remain faithful, and upon the return will reflect the same serene, smiling picture, instead of trying, as mirrors have had a way of doing lately, to give back an imitation of the lady after a cyclonic encounter.

These toques are mainly little coronets of flowers, just large enough to serve as headgear and not large enough to act as barricades to the vision. They come from Paris, where it is customary to wear theatre toques even with evening dress, and not only at matinees. The flowers must be small and of the very finest material - so exquisite, indeed, that they will pass for natural ones. Violets so perfect are to be bought that they seem still moist with dew. A very pretty arrangement that will rival the floral coronets will be made in three small bunches of flowers, that will be fastened together with two narrow ribbons, either of the same or contrasting colours. The ribbons tie the stems of the flowers. Making a bow on one bunch, they are carried uncut and tied rosette-like to the next bunch; thus the three bunches are strung together. Ordinary hairpins secure the bunches in whatever places are the most becoming, according to the coiffure, the ribbons lying loosely on the hair.

Still another matchless piece of theatre headgear is made of white tulle. It is really little more than a ruche, and to be charming must be immaculate. It is constructed on a tiny wire frame, and is gathered closer than the petals of a double white garden rose. Heartless, indeed, must be the woman who could resist the filmy bit of elegance, and prefer to it her funeral black velvet chapeau, with its wealth of maddeningly nodding plumes.

In these various head adornments (for fear of opposition I will not call them bonnets) one precaution has invariably been taken. While they have been designed to enhance the beauty of the wearer, they have also been made so close that they cannot possibly interfere with a view of the stage from any point. Aigrettes and feathers, or standing bows and protruding rosettes, are not to be thought of upon the wreaths or ruches, for if their proportions are enlarged in the least they will have defeated their own purpose, and must, like all hats, large and small, suffer the ignominy of having to be removed during the performance, and afterwards be jabbed and stabbed with hat pins, impatiently and awkwardly stuck in at random. For there is only a mediocrity of faith to be placed in the hope that women will resort to the cloak room to put on their headgear. As a matter of fact they do not. They want to get home, to catch trains, to have their tea. They are a wee bit selfish, and prefer to block out the view rather than look ugly or lose time.

One of the newest Monjick models is sketched in my second illustration. This



ANOTHER RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

is of dark olive green velvet, and is cut to open to the waist, with a high collar, revers, and cuffs of mink. The opening of the coat is filled in with a cream lace jabot, and the waist is encased by a belt of oxidised silver. We must, it seems, all come to the Monjick - in modified form or otherwise - though many of us have declared it hideous, and stated our firm determination not to don one. Even in our most wavering moments we cannot deny it to be a trying garment; imagine a stout or short woman in one, for instance. I have suffered more than imagination; I have seen them, and the effect was too disastrous and ludicrous. Even to slight, long-waisted figures, which may wrestle successfully with the pouched front, the pouched back is decidedly trying; and I strongly advise a compromise - to those who have a keener eye to their own advantage or appearance than to carrying out despotie commands of fashion wilfully - which is to make the back to fit, retaining all other features of the garment.

In my third sketch a stylish robe for afternoon wear is introduced, which is, of course, pouched. It is of black and green woollen brocade, edged with narrow black fox fur; above which runs a jet passementerie. The waist is encircled by a belt of jet, from which hangs a jetted reticule. This gown is cut on the "Princesse" pattern,



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

which has been a good deal revived of late; but which again demands a 'divinely tall' and well favoured figure for a pleasing or successful result.

If the Russian blouse is ubiquitous, so, too, is the jewelled and fancy belt, it is everywhere, indeed, from half-a-crown to fabulous prices. Amongst many shown yesterday by one of the largest stocked West-end jewellers, some were certainly lovely; but, in the main, I cannot enthuse over them. When of second-rate gold and stones, there is an amount of ostentation and display about them which is jarring. The oxidised are in as good taste as any for those to whom real gold and gems are inaccessible, and leather clasped with silver; jet, too, or black velvet with mosaic clasps and clasps, crocodile leather with good metal clasps, or white kid; any of these are within the bounds of good taste, and are smart or picturesque in turns for suitable gowns. May I also suggest the suitability of the waist also, as the marked belts call such special attention to that item.

HELIOISE.

TEN PUDDINGS of a PINT EACH can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR - BROWN & POLSON'S

PATENT BRAND - Is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. Browns & Polson have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

The Countess of Ranfurly says: "I like very much the dresses you have made for me." The Countess of Glasgow, Auckland, writes: "The dresses arrived yesterday, and fit very well, wonderful considering they were not tried on. Make me a rough black serge same as green one sent, as soon as possible." Lady Stout: "My dress is perfect in every respect." Mrs. T. C. Williams, Wellington: "My dresses that you have made and my daughters dresses are very nice." Mrs. Walter Johnston, Bulls: "I am very much pleased with my dress and habit, just received." Mrs. Empson, Wanganui: "My dress is a great success." Mrs. D. G. Riddiford, Halcombe: "The habit you have made for me is most satisfactory." Mrs. A. F. Roberts, Akaroa: "My habit is a splendid fit." Mrs. Greenway, Auckland: "The dress you have made me is most satisfactory." Mrs. Percy Baldwin, Wellington: "I am very much pleased with the dresses. They fit perfectly." Mrs. Newman, Wellington: "My dress fits perfectly and I am very much pleased with it." Mrs. C. Johnston, Wellington: "I am very pleased with my dress." Mrs. Alick Crawford, Kilbirnie: "My dress is a great success." Mrs. Shields, Dunedin: "Mrs. Shields received her gown to-day and is pleased with it." Mrs. V. T. Hitchings, Levin: "The habit came to hand, and I am very pleased with it. It fits perfectly." Miss Tanner, Napier: "I received the habit and it fits perfectly." Miss McMaster, Martinborough: "The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction." Mrs. Willie, Otakheo: "Gown arrived safely and gives satisfaction." Mrs. Hole, Wanganui: "My dress came last week and is perfect. I am very pleased with it." Miss Herrick, Onga Onga: "I am very pleased with my coat and skirt." Mrs. Hay, Annanville: "Mrs. Hay received the gown Nodine and Co. made for her, and is much pleased with it." Mrs. F. Riddiford, Hawera: "My dress came in time, and fits very nicely. I am very pleased with it." Mrs. Sargant, Wanganui: "I have just received the costume and am quite satisfied with it." Mrs. MacRae, Masterton: "My dress and habit are very nice." Mrs. H. N. Watson, Patutahi: "My dress is very satisfactory." Miss Ormond, Wallingford, H.R.: "I am very pleased with the dress you have just sent me." Mrs. C. J. Monro, Palmerston North: "The costume arrived and is a perfect fit."

The above TESTIMONIALS are taken from HUNDREDS received in the usual course of our business, and refer mostly to garments made without fitting.

Having been in continuous practice for 25 years (from the very beginning of the Tailor-made Era), and having made a special study of making from measurement only, we are in a position to say that for all ordinary figures dresses so made are the best (the shape being always good), when made by an artist who knows what figure is, and while we do not follow unscrupulous firms who profess to fit any figures without seeing them (which every lady knows is an absurdity), we can with pleasure refer doubting ladies to these few testimonials, as the best of all guarantees that our best services are always given, for our reputation's sake, and with the desire that our clientele shall look better dressed than others.

NODINE & CO.

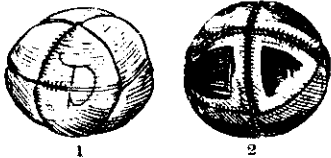
LADIES' TAILORS, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

WORK COLUMN.



WHAT a wonderful source of amusement is a ball! It enters into all our grown-up outdoor sports, and is always a welcome toy to the little ones in the nursery. The home-made ball, illustrated, possesses two merits which will, I am sure, immediately recommend it to mothers.

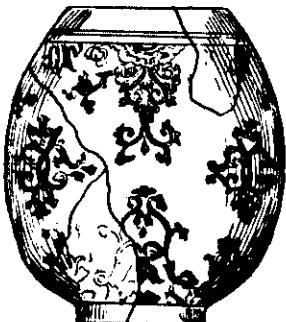
In the first place we are almost certain to have many old tennis balls which have survived the season's hard work, but which look scarcely respectable enough to be brought out again next spring when the pastime is on foot. Then, even if we have no babies to care for, there are but few women who can boast of entire freedom from work for the many lazars which are certain to take place in the early winter months; these balls have yet another advantage to offer, and that is that their manufacture may be undertaken by quite small children. First of all an old sock or stocking must be unravelled, and the ball wrapped round and round with it, keeping it as smooth and the shape as good as is possible. This layer of wool should be very thick if the work is to be carried out with comfort, but at the same time, it should be remembered that to make too large a ball is not always



1. How to make it. 2. The Ball.

advisable. When the wool has been wrapped round a sufficient number of times a long end must be left, and, threading a darning needle, stitch it here and there in order to make the ball firm and to prevent the wool slipping about. Take a long thread of scarlet wool, and fastening the end to the ball (call this the top), divide the ball as evenly as possible into two equal halves, going round the ball and fastening at the top. Then take the wool round again, making quarters as will be seen in the sketch, and always fastening the wool at every junction of lines. Push the needle through the middle of the line and go round the ball, fastening as before at the junctions; by this time you will have divided the ball into eight triangular sections. Fasten the wool off as you did at first, and the ball is ready for working. Fingering is the best wool for the purpose, as Berlin is much more given to stretching. With a dark shade of wool commence at one corner and work inside a triangle round to where you started from. Button-hole stitch is the best for the purpose. Work on the line catching the wool underneath, and when you have worked, say four rows, take another coloured wool that will harmonize well. The stitches must be decreased at each corner of the triangle, so that a sharp angle is still preserved. When the space is entirely filled up do not break the thread, but run your needle through to the top of the ball, and proceed after the same fashion; in this way you have no ugly joins in your ball, and if the wools have been well chosen, it will be pretty enough to take the fancy of almost any youngster.

Mending broken china and pottery is generally considered a difficult task; but by following the instructions I am now going to give you, good results may generally be obtained. To restore a dish broken in several places, but with no pieces missing, the rims of the breakage have first to be cleaned with spirits of wine or turpentine,



HOW TO REPAIR CROCKERY.

and then the pieces joined together by coagulin or china cement, which can be procured at any oil-shop. When this has been done, the dish is placed upright on a piece of wood against a support, nails in front preventing it from slipping until the cement is perfectly dry. As a further precaution to keep the pieces in their places, a sheet of paper may be pasted on the back of the dish, and afterwards removed by moistening it with water. Small splinters which have been lost are made up with a paste composed of either Spanish white and gum or of plaster of Paris mixed with dextrine, and personally I prefer the latter. This paste must be pointed very fine and used a little in excess to allow for shrinking by desiccation. The same paste is used for restoring pieces of enamel on the surface, and can be smoothed and polished when thoroughly dry with the finest sandpaper. In case a piece is wanting it has to be carefully modelled in plaster of Paris and fixed in its place, either when small by pasting a piece of paper on the back, or when large by using a miniature clamp of oxidised iron wire, for which holes have to be drilled. Staple binders, now largely used by bookbinders, serve this purpose excellently. The holes must be drilled sufficiently deep in the ware, as well as in the plaster of Paris, to receive the points of the clamps, but not to show at the front side. They also must be cleaned from all drill dust before a clamp is inserted, the latter being fixed by the paste above described. Here I may say that it is a great mistake to paint the cracked or restored parts with oil colours to match the original decoration. Discolouring takes place after a short time, and the patches so created look far more unsightly than a slight tinting of the plaster with just an indication of the design in water-colours. That this method is by far the best is proved beyond a doubt by the fact that all the museums have adopted it. Shaped pieces, as in the jar illustrated, are restored in the same way, but great care must be taken to manipulate the remodelled pieces gently to prevent their breaking. ETHEL.

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted in the *Graphic*. Correspondents replying 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," Auckland, and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, "Answer to Query," as the case may be. The address for correspondents are few and simple. Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—Ed.

RULES.

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.

Egg Recipes.—Shanklin Eggs: Hard boil four eggs, take out the yolks and pass through a sieve, with eight olives and four red chillies. Mix all together, adding a little salt, and put back into the whites, cut lengthwise. Serve up cold, on pieces of fried bread.

Eels.—Potted eels are very good. Remove the cartilage and the string on either side of the same. Wash and clean the fish, and dry them, but do not skin them. To a dozen small eels allow 2oz of pepper, salt in proportion, six blades of mace, and a dozen cloves, all finely pounded. This seasoning should, however, only be added after the eels have well drained overnight. Lay them in a store jar, curled round one by one, with alternate sprinklings of the afore-mentioned seasoning. Clarify 2lb of butter and 1lb of the best beef suet; pour it into the jar; lay a sheet of thick paper over the top, just to keep in the steam. Bake for three hours in a moderate oven. Look at it occasionally, and remove all the oil that works up to the surface. If made late in the season, this preparation will keep till the next spring. Whenever a supply is taken out of the jar all the old butter should be removed and fresh butter melted and put into the jar before it is covered up again.

Calves' foot Jelly.—Buy a calf's foot; thoroughly clean it and cut it in pieces. Put it into cold water, bring it to the boil, and stew gently over the fire until there is but a pint of liquor remaining. Strain the liquor into a basin, and when cold remove from the jelly all fat at the top and sediment at the bottom. Boil up the jelly again with a wineglassful of sherry or brandy, and sweetening to taste, for fifteen minutes and strain through muslin into a wetted mould. If it is to be perfectly clear the white and shell of an egg should be

boiled up with it and the whole strained through a flannel jelly-bag. If the jelly seems to be too stiff melt it down again with a little water. To be quite pleasant to the taste of an invalid the jelly should be barely firm enough to stand up when turned out of the mould.

Onions Stuffed.—Peel and parboil the onions in water with a little salt; take them out with a strainer, lay them in cold water, then put them on a sieve to drain. Prepare a mixture made of equal parts of veal and ham or bacon well minced, one soaked milk roll, salt, pepper and the yolks of one or two eggs. When these ingredients are in a thick paste cut off the top of the onion to form a cover, and with a spoon scoop out the heart of the onion; fill the space with the stuffing, put on the cover, tie each onion round with thread to keep it well together. Arrange them side by side in a flat shallow saucepan or frying pan, moisten with a little butter and some good strong meat gravy, and set them over the fire till they begin to brown; now place them in a fireproof dish, sprinkle them with bread crumbs, put them in the oven for a few minutes, and serve them with a small piece of fresh butter worked with finely chopped parsley and chives on each.—Another way: Prepare them as above, make the stuffing with sardines, well boned and filleted, they must form the main ingredient; add two fillets of anchovies, parsley, tarragon, basil, the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, and the heart of the onions which have been scooped out to be stuffed; chop all the ingredients very fine, work them into a paste with a little melted butter, season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg; fill the onions, cover them, put them into a baking dish with a little butter, cover them with a sheet of buttered paper, then with another tin, and bake them with embers underneath and on the top; if that is not feasible, bake them in the oven with only the paper over them till a good brown colour.

Sweet Potato Pie.—Scrape clean two good-sized sweet potatoes, boil; when tender rub through the colander; beat the yolks of three eggs light, stir with a pint of sweet milk into the potato, add a small teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of salt. When done make a meringue top with the white of the eggs and powdered sugar.



STAYS FOR GIRLS.

This is essentially the 'tailor-made' age for women. A few years ago 'floppiness' was all the mode, and women and girls walked abroad in (apparently) badly-made dressing-gowns, and draperies of a similar untidy and slovenly nature. Fortunately, for neatness and smartness of appearance, this very objectionable style of dress (?) did not last long; for—and I am only articulating the sentiments of every other woman—we soon found out that the sterner sex ridicule rather than admire a fashion which gives the wearer a helplessly bohrigged and untidy appearance. But there is a line to be drawn between the two extremes, and the difficulty is to dress our growing girls suitably to their age. To me it is a sad sight to see a child of thirteen or fourteen trying to develop a waist by wearing corsets, the make and shape of which are only intended for their elders. Some girls are older 'built' (if I may use the term) than others; but it is the duty of every mother to see that her daughter wears what are generally called children's stays as long as she can do so in comfort. As the name implies, the garment is intended to be worn as a support, without undue pressure on any part of the body, so that all the internal organs may have ample room for the work which is thrown upon them. Where it can be afforded I would suggest that the first pair of corsets be made to measure; no two girls are exactly alike in size and form, and the cheap, ready-made article, although very prettily embroidered, may, if worn by a growing girl, cause some internal derangement, the effects of which may result in serious trouble in the future.

NERVOUS CHILDREN.

We do come across them occasionally, although, happily, they are few and far between. A child suffering from a timid, fearful temperament should be treated with great kindness, and yet with judicious firmness. To laugh at it or to jeer at its terror of darkness or of fanciful danger, is to make matters far worse. Your little boy or girl, as the case may be, is extremely sensitive to ridicule, and the dread of being 'made fun of' results in its only hiding its fear—not overcoming it—and, in reality, suffering torture. Never cold (what a

detestable word that is) your child for being frightened; tell him quietly and reassuringly that there is really no cause for alarm if the gas suddenly goes out, or when startled by any loud noise, or unexpected sight.—Give him as all times as much personal protection as you can, but make him understand that he is just as safe when you are not with him. I remember on a recent occasion, while travelling by rail, a little lad was terribly frightened when the train dashed into a tunnel, leaving us in total darkness; as he screamed, so his mother screamed louder and louder, and the noise was almost unbearable while it lasted. The poor little fellow looked perfectly panic-stricken when we emerged into daylight. When the route is a well-known one, I think it advisable to warn the children, who are in our charge during the journey, of the temporary darkness, and to talk about it in such a way as to prevent any feeling of terror seizing the childish mind; and when the darkness has come, it may be kind, if not necessary, to hold the little hand, and so give tangible proof of your presence and protection.

DOLLY.

OUR GIRLS.

Among the qualities most to be desired in a young girl's character is a high sense of honour. I wish I could impress on every reader the need of being always above everything petty or small, so that one would not for a single moment be tempted to do a mean or underhand thing, to speak unkindly of a friend, or to repeat a conversation which was confidential.

It may happen to you, for instance, to be visiting in the home of a relative or friend, where there may be a little friction at the table, or where some anxiety arises about the course of a member of the family. No matter what you see or hear, in such circumstances you are bound, if you are an honourable person, to be silent about it, neither making comments nor looking as if you could tell something if you chose, nor in any way alluding to what is unpleasant, at any future time. A guest in a home cannot be too careful to guard the good name of those under its roof, for it is an honour to be a guest, in the first place, and honour is demanded in return.

Again, a nice sense of honour in matters connected with money is very important. Polly is treasurer of a society, and has the care of the funds. She must never for an instant, or in an emergency, lend these funds to other people, or borrow them for her own use. I knew a girl—Polly was her name, by the way—who was induced, being treasurer of a certain guild, to lend her brother, for one day, the money she had in her care. The brother was older than Polly, and a very persuasive person. He said: "Why should you hesitate? I'll bring it back to you to-night, and it will oblige me very much if I can take that ten pounds and pay a bill I owe before noon to-day." Foolish Polly permitted her scruples to be overruled. The money was not brought back, and but for her father's kindness in making it good she would have been disgraced as a dishonest treasurer. She told me long afterwards that the lesson had been burned in on her mind never to take liberties with money which she held in trust.

A nice sense of honour will keep a girl from making a confidante of her maid or of any person in an inferior situation. One's mother is a girl's natural adviser and her safest intimate friend. A nice sense of honour will hinder all prying into other people's affairs, and will lead one to turn a deaf ear to the gossip of the idle and malicious.

Sometimes one becomes accidentally aware of a state of things which she knows her friend must prefer to keep to herself. The honourable girl will never besitate here; she will be as thoughtful for her friend's interests as if they were her own. PATTY.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lucky's Sulphur Hair Restorer; quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lucky's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(Advt.)

TESTIMONIAL.

Dennistown, Oct. 12th, 1897.
MR. GEO. W. WILTON,
Chemist, Wellington.

DEAR SIR.—Kindly send me by return post three pots of your Hand Emollient. I find it the VERY BEST I have ever used. No lady engaged in domestic duties should be without it. I enclose postal note for 3s 6d, to cover postage.—MISS A. D. WARREN, Dennistown.

WILTON'S HAND EMOLIENT.

Is also the most soothing and healing Preparation obtainable for any abrasion or roughness of the Skin. Price 1s. Sold by all Chemists. One Pot will be sent by post on receipt of 1s in Stamp.

G. W. WILTON, CHEMIST,
Adelaide Road and Willis Street, Wellington.



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 envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 102. id.; not exceeding 402. id.; for every additional 202. or fractional part thereof, id. 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 1d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

MAPA'S DIAMOND.

(By Owen Hall.)

It was a real South African day—a day of heavy, sweltering heat, an afternoon on which nature seemed almost too tired to breathe. I was seated under the shadow of the little tent, which had belonged to Silas and me before Silas took fever and died; and I was wishing idly that the sun would make haste and go down, and that the evening breeze would come up; wishing for any sort of change, indeed, that would make me feel a little more as if I had something to live for. I was in low spirits that day. I had lost my comrade Silas, and perhaps the climate was telling on my health. It was still early days in the South African diamond fields, and like a good many others I had gone there expecting to pick up diamonds enough to make a fortune, and to go home in a few months to spend it. So far I had found little but disappointment. I got a few small diamonds from my claim, it is true, but the traders said they weren't worth much, and all I got for them did little more than buy food enough to eat.

A dark shadow came between me and the bright splash of yellow sunshine that fell on the ground outside, and as I glanced up quickly I saw a tall, dark figure which seemed to fill the entrance to the tent, standing motionless between me and the sun. It was several moments before I could see more than this clearly, and it was only the sound of a guttural exclamation that enabled me to recognize an old acquaintance in the new comer.

"Mapa!" I exclaimed. "You come back?"

The tall figure bowed his head gravely and without a word stepped inside the tent and crouched down in the strange compromise between standing and sitting which is common to nearly every savage race. When he had stared solemnly at me for a minute or two he said slowly, in a deep voice and in very broken English, "My white father—is he well?"

"No, Mapa," I said shortly. "Place no good. Heat no good. Diamond no good."

He looked gravely at me while I spoke. "The white father no get stones that shine?" he said.

I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out a very small leather bag. "Mapa, see," I said, contemptuously, as I opened it and emptied half a dozen small diamonds into the hollow of my hand. "I guess that's about all, and it isn't much."

He looked gravely at the stones for an instant and then looked at me. "My white father seeks white stones that are big?" he asked.

"Well, rather!" I said emphatically. "Mapa saby place big white stones live." He said it slowly, with conviction.

I threw a look of startled inquiry at the inscrutable face before me. "You, Mapa? I answered. 'I guess you get plenty money, find big stones.'

He sat for some minutes without moving, looking straight before him. 'Mapa show white father where big stones live?' he said after a pause.

For a moment I hesitated. Why should he show me? Then I remembered how Silas and I had rescued him when he was accused of stealing a diamond by a Jew dealer. It was just barely possible he might know, and about equally possible that he was grateful for the help we had given to him.

"How Mapa saby where diamonds live?" I asked, after a moment's pause.

He put his hand into a fold of his scanty clothing and drew out something which he held out to me. I started. Surely it couldn't be a diamond! I held out my hand and he laid the stone unhesitatingly in my palm. As he did so it seemed to catch a flash of the sunshine, and I knew that I held in my hand the biggest diamond I had ever seen. I felt myself tremble. Here lay the fortune I had dreamed about. Wealth, pleasure, home, friends—all for the moment seemed within my grasp. I looked up and saw Mapa's steady gaze fixed on me. I steadied myself by an effort and held it out to him again.

"Mapa find?" I asked as carelessly as I could.

He nodded. "My white father go?" he asked, as he concealed it again.

I rose to my feet as I replied, "Yes. Mapa show place where white stones live."

That was all that passed. The matter was settled. We said hardly anything more while I moved about the tent making my few preparations. My rug, some food, one or two articles of clothing, and my short repeating rifle—the only one which had then found its way to the fields, or perhaps to the continent—I collected them one by one. I glanced at Mapa as I laid each new article with the others, and at each he nodded gravely, as if in approval of my selection, though it was only when I lifted the rifle that I saw his eyes flash with a very special interest in my proceedings.

The few remaining hours of the afternoon crept slowly away until at last the sun went down. We had said hardly anything to one another. Conversation is at all times an unknown art among the Kaffirs, and as neither of us knew more than a very few words of the other's language it was not easy to make ourselves understood. It was not until it was almost quite dark that we ventured to sally forth on our expedition, feeling sure that we should neither be observed nor followed. There was little to leave behind me, and, under the circumstances, that little could very well take its chance. So Mapa and I slipped out quietly into the darkness, closed the flap of the tent behind us and started.

The first light of the dawn was spreading upwards through the eastern sky when at last we reached a low range of hills that ran far out into the plain and then ended abruptly in a nearly circular hill, which looked in the distance like the bastion of some great fortification. We reached the top of the range just in time to see the sun rise in a blaze of glory above the distant horizon. The open veldt, or grassy plain, stretched away on the other side of the range, but as we stood I could see that there was some extent of broken ground, forming a kind of foot-wall to the range, rising to perhaps one-third of the height at which we stood. It was towards this that Mapa led me.

The descent was rough, with piled up rocks and low trees and bushes, and it was not until Mapa stopped suddenly and seated himself upon a rock that I found opportunity to look about me. I looked inquiringly at my silent companion.

"White stone live here," he said, abruptly.

"Here?" I asked, looking quickly around with new interest.

The place was a shallow hollow, almost cup-like in its shape, the sur-

face covered with short grass, out of which there rose here and there heaps of curious grey stones like rough white pebbles of great size. I had seen such stones before, and had, of course, heard that diamonds were sometimes found embedded in them; but as I glanced around I saw that there were probably thousands of such stones in the hollow. After all, the chance of finding anything might be no better than where I had come from. "Where Mapa get big white stone?" I asked suspiciously. He raised his hand and pointed to a spot in the grass within a yard of the rock on which he sat.

"Mapa tired," he said. "Mapa, sit here; white stone look at Mapa and shine."

I looked carefully at the place, but it was like any other spot in the little amphitheatre. It was strange, no doubt, but I had heard of such things before. I looked around hopelessly. One such diamond might be found, but it was all the less likely that there would be another lying loose in the grass. In some of these limestone pebbles, almost as hard as quartz rock, there might be others, but the labour of breaking them even with a hammer was one that would take months. At anyrate I was thoroughly tired out by my long march, and a rest was the first thing to be thought of, so in a few minutes I had picked out a spot under the lee of a tall rock that was sure to cast a shadow until the afternoon was well advanced. In five minutes more I was asleep.

It was the afternoon sun that awoke me, and I found that Mapa had made good use of the time instead of following my example. He had contrived in some way to kill a small antelope, and was engaged in cooking a steak by roasting it on a stick before a fire which he had kindled against a rock. The sight was welcome, for now that I had rested I felt hungry, but even while I was eating my eyes wandered around the hollow in the vain search for some indication of a spot in which I might begin my search with a reasonable hope of success. As I looked the idea became more and more firmly fixed in my mind that to attempt to search for diamonds in this scene of Mapa's sensational discovery was only a little more hopeless than to go back to my old claim. There at least I could generally get a few stones, but here I might labour for weeks and get nothing at all.

Still there was nothing to be done but to give the place a trial after having come so far, so I selected one heap of stones at random, and set to work with my pick. The tool, as I soon found, was not a good one for the purpose, and the work was hard; but I stuck to it doggedly for the rest of the afternoon, cracking stone after stone by repeated blows. By the time the sun went down I had quite a pile of white fragments, but none of them showed any sign of a diamond. I left off at last in anything but a good temper, which had not been improved by seeing Mapa sitting gravely watching me as I worked with a look of indolent curiosity on his face.

He had exerted himself enough, however, to keep the fire alight, and even to collect a large quantity of dead wood into a heap, and when we had eaten our supper we sat, one on each side of the blaze, which threw strange reflections and shadows on the little amphitheatre of rock around. From time to time Mapa replenished the fire from the heap beside him to an extent that seemed useless on so warm a night, and once I asked him why he wasted the wood so much. He raised his head, which had rested on his breast as he stared at the blaze and looked cautiously around into the darkness; then he put on another branch, and as the flame sprang up he whispered the native word for lion. I started and glanced around, but there was nothing to be seen that threatened danger. I smiled as I thought of all the lion stories I had listened to since I had come to South Africa without ever seeing a lion, or even meeting a single white man who had seen one. I didn't think it worth while to say anything, and I don't know that Mapa noticed my smile, for in a minute or two his head sank forward on his breast again, and he was either buried in thought or half asleep.

I have no idea how long we sat there, saying a word or two at rare intervals; but at last I found myself nodding so heavily that I gathered myself together, and picking out a spot close to the rock, wrapped myself in my rug and lay down. It was

with a sleepy sense of amusement that I laid my rifle on the grass by my side, and almost my last sensation was that of laying my hand upon its smooth cool barrel.

It was with a sudden start that I awoke, and my start was succeeded by something like a shiver of cold. I half raised myself and looked around. It must have been long past midnight, for the faint grey light from the belated moon was east from the eastward over everything, and I remembered that it had risen very late the night before. Our fire had died down to a red glow, and I would dimly see the dark figure of Mapa in a huddled up heap beyond it, evidently asleep. There was something strange and ghostly about the place as it was seen in that livid light, with the dim outlines of the rocks, and here and there a stunted tree rising like darker shadows surrounding and watching us.

For a minute or two I rested on my elbow while my eyes became accustomed to the grey darkness, and the ghostly outlines grew more definite and real. I was just about to lie down again when something arrested me as if with a shock. It was a little thing too. Only something that seemed to gleam with a pale light on the edge of the darkness. Something—or was it things?—that gleamed and flickered close to the ground between where Mapa lay and the rocky wall that rose, a mere dark shadow, behind him. The first thought which passed through me like a flash was, "Could it be another diamond?" But no, even while the thought passed it moved—moved gently, slowly, without a sound—but it certainly moved.

I stared at it for several minutes without an idea of what it could be, and still as I looked it appeared to come nearer. Suddenly I seemed to know. It was alive. It was creeping along the ground. It must be a lion! At the very moment when the idea flashed across my brain I felt my hand touch the cold barrel of the rifle at my side. My heart seemed to stand still, but yet I grasped the gun silently. I was close to the rock in the darkest shadow, and as I raised myself I could lean against it. I raised the rifle to my shoulder, and it seemed to me as if I did so that these sparkling lights fixed themselves on me. I felt as if I was looking into them as I drew the trigger. It was only the fraction of a moment, but as I drew it, and before the crack of the report was followed by the cloud of smoke and the sound of a roar such as I had never imagined, something seemed to spring into the air—something huge, and black, and terrible.

For just one instant I shrank involuntarily, for I felt as if in another moment it would be upon me, and then I struggled to my feet. It seemed to me that through the sound of the roar another sound had reached me—a sound that had something human about it. Was it a cry of fear? Was it a scream of pain? I made a bound forward at the thought, and as I came out of the smoke of my rifle I suddenly caught sight of something dark and shadowy, which was in the act of vanishing. I had no time for thought or calculation. In an instant the rifle went to my shoulder again and I fired. The report was answered by another and longer roar, so full of rage and pain that I knew that now at least I had hit the mark.

Little by little the awful sounds died away, and I crept forward to where the fire had been. The embers had been scattered, and I looked in vain for any sign of Mapa. I called again and again, but there was no reply. I waited, uncertain what to do. How long I waited I do not know, but gradually the light of dawn began to creep up the sky, and the dim, pale moonlight gave place to the whiter light of day. I crept cautiously forward to the edge of rocks and then step by step through one of the gaps, expecting each moment to hear a growl or a roar from the wounded animal. In this way I crossed the first and then a second ridge, and there, in a little grassy hollow beyond, lay the lion on his back, his stiffened legs in the air. Beside him, but nearer to me, Mapa's body lay huddled together on the grass as if dropped there as a cat might drop a mouse. I ran forward, but a single glance showed me that he was dead, killed by a blow from one of the huge paws now so harmless. Something in the herbage a foot or two from his hand glistened as I looked. I picked it up. It was poor Mapa's diamond.

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



BEFORE AND AFTER.

Before the wedding she's the one
Who hates to let the people see
That she has any love for him—
She's prone to hold aloof—while he
Is free to let the fact be known
That he is hers and she his own.

But after they are man and wife
"Fix she that wants the world to know
That she is his and he is hers
And that they love each other so,
While he is all unwilling then
To show his love to other men.

AN AMBITION.

The person to be envied most
In this eventful life
Is not the one who counts his gains
Afar from storm and strife;
Nor yet the potentate who wears
A crown upon his brow;
It is the man who stands around
And tells the others how.

And if the project find success,
The benefit he'll share;
And if it fail, he'll simply say
"Twas none of his affair.
He joins the triumph every time
And dodges every row.
The man who simply stands around
And tells the others how.

I would not be a warrior great
Nor hold a sceptered sway;
I would not be a bard to wake
Emotions grave or gay.
If fate would graciously consent
My choosing to allow,
I'd be the man who stands around
And tells the others how.

THE SAD CASE OF A JOKER.

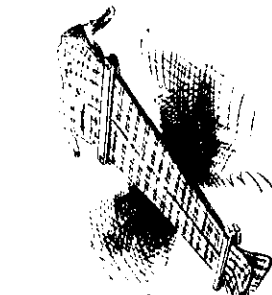
Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble
strife
The man who writes the jokes can never
stray,
For he has seven children and a wife,
And has to keep on grinding every day.

OF QUESTIONABLE INTEREST.

Interviewer: I called to see you, Mr Goodman, to learn if you have any reminiscences of the late Mr Lyric, the poet whose demise the public so much laments.
Mr Goodman: Indeed I have, but I assure you that they are of no value.
Interviewer: Excuse me, sir, but you are mistaken; the public would be delighted to have anything of interest from him.
Mr Goodman: Well, here are six of his promissory notes. If the public can get any interest out of them it's more than I have been able to do.

WAR HORRORS.

Filler: I suppose you think war is a sort of a picnic?
Bowles: Oh, dear, no; not that horrible.



RACING TERMS.
In the stretch.

A SUBSTANTIAL AGREEMENT.

'Isn't Miss Brown vivacious?'
'Yes; she does have an awful lot to say.'

BADLY STRUCK.

'He seems to have the Klondyke fever pretty bad.'
'He has the worst case I ever heard of. When he plays poker he says Chilkoot instead of pass.'

REFERRING TO THE WEDDING.

'There goes the greater Mrs Meekley.'
'Why do you refer to her in that way?'
'Because she has annexed Meekley.'

OPINIONS OF A PESSIMIST.

Some persons never do or say things that they are ashamed of afterward. They are in lunatic asylums.
Man was made to mourn, but he generally lives it down after he has been a widower a little while.

IT PUZZLED HIM.

The policeman looked after the man on the bicycle and shook his head doubtfully. He watched him wobble up the street and then wobble back again, and he was sorely troubled.
'Hi, there!' he yelled at last. 'Git off that wheel wanst till I see whether you're drunk!'



Big Smith: 'Do you know, Snaggs, you are a perfect image of Jones.'
Little Snaggs: 'What! That ugly little monkey?'

BUT OF COURSE THEY DON'T TELL.

'A man is known by the company he keeps.'
'And a woman by her dressmaker.'

HER STRONG TOUCH.

'My daughter's music teacher says she is making fine progress now. At first we were afraid that she wouldn't have strength enough, but she's developing a wonderful muscle.'
'Ah, yes, I heard her practising this morning.'

A HEARTLESS GIRL.

'Miss Renfrew—Alice?' he cried, 'I must speak. For a week I have walked about as one dazed. I have been unable to eat. At night I have tossed upon my bed, to arise haggard and miserable in the mornings.'
'Oh, the fair girl interrupted, 'I know what is the matter with you. Go and play croquet or golf. You need exercise.'

TOO DANGEROUS.

'Why is it that Davidson never goes out with the boys any more?'
'He has developed a habit of talking in his sleep about things that he does in his waking hours.'

A RETURN SHOT.

Mr Boarder—Mrs Caterer, let me tell you that if you want to be up to the times you'll have to get a sideboard.
Mrs Caterer—And let me tell you, Mr Boarder, that if you ain't more up to time in your payments you'll have to get outside board.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The human sponge is averse to taking water.
Nothing rattles the timid bells like an engagement ring.
The more a man gets left the more he talks about his rights.
True friendship, like phosphorus, shows up best at the darkest hour.
The woman who is always picking at the men is never picked by them.
One man's calmness is frequently the cause of another man's storm.
The latest thing in racing circles is apt to be the horse you bet on.
A great many men succeed by making the most of other people's opportunities.
It is well enough to call a spade a spade, but there are times when it should be done in a whisper.
The more a pneumatic tire is blown up the bigger it gets, but the more a married man is blown up the smaller he feels.

FINANCIAL.

'Is the old gentleman so vulgar?'
'Vulgar! Why he tells you how much he paid for everything.'
'How much did his wife cost him?'

AT MIDNIGHT.

First Cat: 'Why so sad to-night, Thomas?'
Second Cat: 'I feel so lonely and neglected; I've been weeping and wailing for an hour and no one has thrown anything at me!'

THE NEW NOVEL.

'Why do you call it a South Dakota novel?'
'Because it is thoroughly up-to-date and ends with the statement: "And so they were divorced and lived happily ever afterward."'

THE ARTFUL ART.

'What is oratory, Uncle Jim?'
'Oratory? Well, it is thrashing your arms around and shouting so loud that people don't notice what you say.'

A DANGEROUS GIRL.

'You had better not go loating with sister,' said Tommy to his sister's beau.
'Why not, Tommy?'
'Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon.'

VERY SHOCKING.

'Ain't that new drama simply disgusting!'
'Ain't it! The idea of that big, handsome villain getting that dear little heroine into that dark room and then not even attempting to kiss her!'

PATERNALISM.

'But,' said the neighbour who likes to argue over politics, 'you surely don't want a paternal government.'
'Well,' replied Farmer Corntassel, 'not literally, of course. An'yit I dunno but it ud be a good thing if some folks could be tuck out of the woodshed an' brought to see the error of their ways, jes' the same as if they was small boys.'



Mrs Malaprop: 'That Miss Bereleaf does nothing but flirt. She's a regular croquette.'
Mrs Lapone: 'And no chicken croquette at that.'

A CELEBRATION.

'What sort of a doin's was that at your house las' night?'
'Paw was celebratin' the fifth anniversary of us bein' put on the county relief books.'

THE EVIDENCE INSUFFICIENT.

Mr Borem: I am opposed to intoxicating liquors as a leverage, yet I believe that liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whisky was once the means of saving my life.
Miss Cutting: Perhaps it did, but I fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity.



TOO SMALL TO DIVIDE.

Johannie (surveying his small piece of pie): 'I'm blame glad I'm not twins.'
Mamma: 'Why?'
Johannie: 'Cause there's not enough pie even for myself.'

HOW SHE LOOKED AT IT.

Lulu: Don't you think compression of the waist is harmful?
Maud: Oh, no, not if the young man and young lady are well acquainted with each other.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.

She was boasting of her latest conquest. The first thing I knew,' she said, 'he was at my feet.'
'Who threw him?' asked her dearest friend.
Of course, it is well-known that these little picaresques are not unusual between feminine friends.

GIVEN AWAY.

Senior Partner: We must discharge that traveller of ours. He told one of our customers that I was a fool.
Junior Ditto: I'll see him at once and insist upon his keeping the firm's secrets.

THE PITY OF IT.

Things go by contraries in life;
The virtuous seldom get their rights;
He that is prized most, by his wife
Is not afraid to stay out nights.

BUT WHICH ONE WAS CRAZY?

'It is said that a very thin partition separates genius from lunacy.'
'That's a fact. A man who is learning to play the clarionette lives in the flat next to me.'

A THEORY.

'What is the meaning of the saying, "The King can do no wrong?"'
'I think it must be a sort of insanity plea—a theory that most monarchs are non compos mentis, or pretty near it.'

NOT THEIR FAULT.

Old Party: See here, you boys! Don't you know it is wrong to fight that way?
The Boys: Maybe it is, Boss; but it's de only way we knows. Yer can't expect us kids ter be up in de Markey of Queensberry rules, kin yer?

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Higgins: My wife always lets me have my own way in everything, and she never does anything herself without first asking my advice.
Jasper: Goodness, that must be awkward! Who do you blame it on when things turn out wrong?

ROMEO'S WISH.

He was young but ardent. 'I wish I were the glove that pressed your lovely hand,' he said to the charming maid.
She glanced at him with a bewitching smile. 'Aren't you enough of a kid as it is?' she softly asked.