

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

Vol. XXI.—No. V.

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## THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING BILL.

The Mayor of Auckland (Mr P. Dignan) has distributed a circular amongst all members of Parliament stating the objections of the Auckland City Council to the Electric Lighting Bill, now before Parliament:—(1) That the tendency of municipal progress is in the direction of municipal control of such works; (2) That the present is not an opportune time to obtain the powers asked for in the Bill, the Auckland Council having the whole question of lighting and tramways and water, and other important subjects, under serious consideration, and purpose to take the necessary legal steps; (3) That the Bill, if passed, would seriously hamper the Auckland Council through the rights and privileges granted to the Company; (4) The Auckland Council has granted a concession to change the present horse trams into electric trams, which concession should be given effect to before further operations in electricity are countenanced; (5) When an opportune time arrives the Council will be prepared to act, and difficulties ought not to be cast in the way, and the Council should have a free hand in inviting tenders for an electric installation; (6) The Auckland Council, while not opposing electric lighting, object to being placed in a false position through any company obtaining rights over the streets, therefore the Council prays that the Bill be not passed.

### OBJECTIONS TO THE BILL.

- ① The tendency of Municipal Progress is to let things slide
  - ② The present, or any other time, is not an opportune time to do anything progressive
  - ③ The Bill if passed would possibly open the door to other improvements
  - ④ The Council has just granted a concession for Electric Trams and wishes to convince itself that there really is such a thing as electricity before taking any more.
  - ⑤ When an opportune time arrives the Council will be prepared to lean up against something—and think
  - ⑥ Lastly, the Council is afraid somebody may make a profit out of it.
- A.C.C.



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## 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 headaches. 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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## CURED.



District Lands and Survey Office,  
Auckland, June 8, 1898.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undementioned Leases for Grazing Purposes will be submitted for sale by public auction at this office on FRIDAY, the 26th day of July, 1898, at 11 a.m.

RAGLAN COUNTY-PARISH WAIPA.—Being a subdivision of Forest Reserve Section 27, Lots 1, 3, and 4, each 50 acres, upset annual rent per lot £1 17/6; lot 5, 60 acres, annual rent £2 8/8; lot 6, 64 acres, £2 8/8; lot 7, 46 acres, £1 14/8; lot 8, 43 acres, £1 11/4; lot 9, 49 acres, £1 16/9; lot 10, 22a, 16/6 per annum.

These areas front the formed road about 1 1/2 miles from Ngaruawahia Railway Station, and have been denuded of forest.

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GRIFFITH MUELLER,  
Commissioner Crown Lands.

## TOPICS WEEK.

### A CANDID PREMIER.

CHARLES LAMB divided mankind into two great divisions—those that borrow and those that lend. All other distinctions of race or character he regarded as quite subordinate to these, and he did not hesitate to award the palm for superiority to the borrowers, whom he designated, "The great race." Evidently the Premier of West Australia holds in all seriousness the views of the humorist of India House so frolicsomeness and insinuatingly promulgated. Speaking the other day, he declared that he did not believe the colony he ruled over had come to the end of its borrowing powers, and if he considered it had he would feel that his career of usefulness had come to a full stop. I don't think we have ever had from the lips of any premier in Australasia a more open confession of the faith which in their hearts all honest Australasian premiers must surely keep hid. Most premiers do their best to make us believe that to their own intrinsic merit we owe what measure of legislative, or commercial, or social success we enjoy; and endeavour to convince us that when they are summoned to "another place" we shall be in the pitiable plight of helpless orphans. And some of them have been trying so hard to convince us of this that they have in a way come to believe it themselves. I am sure it must be very difficult for Mr Seddon to conceive of this country going on at all after he has gone off. When he tries to think of it an awful picture rises before his mental vision of a distracted people, anarchy and chaos come again. At any rate, he would certainly never admit, like the Premier of West Australia, that his usefulness was entirely dependent on the credit of the Colony, and that when we ceased to be able to raise a loan in London or elsewhere, then he would cease likewise to be of any advantage to the Colony. Yet when one thinks the matter out, Sir John Forrest's candid limitation of his own sphere of usefulness is applicable

in a very large degree to colonial premierships generally. Has not the main business of Government in these colonies been the raising of loans and the spending of them? Run over in your minds all the administrations that have existed in this part of the globe and consider how very little of any moment they have effected beyond borrowing and spending. Indeed, the whole duty of most of our past Colonial Governments might be expressed in these two words; in which view your premier appears merely as a chief borrower and spender. This conception of the high office of premiership may not be a very noble one, but it cannot be altogether false when we find one of our premiers candidly expressing it as his own. If we admit it as correct, it suggests some curious reflections on the future of premiership when the borrowing is a lost art. What will our premiers do then? Their occupation will be gone? By no means. So long as the world exists there will be politicians, and they will not be wanting in excuses for keeping the legislative machinery going. See how, at the present time, Mr Seddon contrives, like Penelope with her web, to do and undo the web of legislation so that the work of weaving it may last indefinitely, filling in the time till the next loan comes to make things hum and give the premier a new sphere of usefulness.

### THE GOVERNMENT LAW BUREAU.

MR HUTCHESON, the member for Wellington, has an idea for the establishment of a Government Law Bureau, which he has embodied in a big Parliamentary Bill. Whether the Bill in turn ever gets embodied in our statute-books, of course depends entirely on how the House regards it. Naturally, the legal element in the Chamber will, on this occasion, be united, irrespective of party considerations, into one compact opposition; for lawyers everywhere must resent a measure that proposes to take the very bread out of their mouths. On the other hand, there is the non-legal element in Parliament to be reckoned with, composed of those who regard lawyers in much the same way that the sparrow may be supposed to regard the sparrow-hawk; or, at least, are in strong sympathy with that popular conception of the legal fraternity. It has never been quite settled which of the two parties—the legal or the lay—was in the ascendancy in Parliament, but this Bill, if it does nothing else, will be valuable as a test of the relative influence of the two. Whatever may be said against the measure, Mr Hutcheson may very justly plead that it has the merit of being not inconsistent with the existing order of things here. Is it not reasonable that a Government which is and has been so prodigal in the making of laws should make some provision for their being easily understood of the people? and when these laws are so multiplied and complex as ours are, surely it becomes the duty of the framers to supply us with a cheap interpretation. As we are circumstanced in New Zealand, it is every day becoming a harder matter to be a law-abiding citizen. The statutory finger has been inserted in so many pies, commercial, industrial, and social, and there are so many things that one must do and must not do, that it is simply an impossibility to walk without stumbling in the paths of legal rectitude. The best of us must be constantly offending in some point or another every day of our lives. Now, to a conscientious soul this sense of shortcoming must be very perplexing; and yet, how is he to avoid it? To consult a lawyer whenever one was in doubt would be to court financial ruin in a very short time, so the only thing is to close one's ears to the promptings of conscience and harden one's heart. That is at present; but if Mr Hutcheson's Bill becomes law the strange anomalies which exist under the present system will be done away with. Then we shall be able to take all our trouble and perplexity to the fountain head, where cheap advice will be on tap, as it were, gratis or at a nominal cost. The Government will manage the whole thing on a comprehensive scale, just as they do the post office or the railways; that is Mr Hutcheson's idea; and just the same way as you now go and buy a stamp or money order you will be able to get every knotty little problem solved for a few pence. If you have a quarrel with your neighbour over the backyard

fence, or a disagreement with your wife, or are worried by an ungrateful son and heir, you seldom care to take your trouble to a lawyer; you pocket the insult, the injustice, the grief, and retire within yourself. But when the Government Law Bureau is working you will be able to lay your weary head on that paternal bosom and unburden your soul in the sure hope of being comforted and counselled. You will pour your sorrows into the sympathetic, astute, and non-mercenary ear of the Government agent, and he will take up your case and fight your battles for you.

### HARD TIMES PHILOSOPHY.

EXCERPT in name I can't pretend to know anything of the "Hard Times" Club that has recently been formed at New Brighton. I imagine it is one of two things—either a society of individuals at present in fair circumstances who have resolved to make united provision against a rainy day, or an assembly of unfortunate who have already fallen on evil times and are determined to make the best of a bad job by mutually aiding and comforting each other. The second conception is probably the correct one, for when the sun of prosperity is shining never so faintly people seldom think of building a common shelter against the time that the bleak winds of adversity may be blowing. Some provision for themselves and families they may and do make; but they are scarcely likely to join an organisation with so suggestive a title as the "Hard Times" Club. It is when they are quite down on their luck and have become careless of appearances, and are in need of assistance and sympathy, that they naturally draw together. And why should they not gratify this desire for union by forming themselves into some regular association? The rich and well-to-do have their clubs and societies, which those with common aims and tastes frequent, and what should hinder the men with common wants and disappointments doing the same? They have the more reason on their side. It is when fortune frowns one most wants the comfort of a neighbourly voice, a neighbourly smile. And that is what my ideal of a "Hard Times" Club would afford among other things. As I conceive such an organisation, the members would cultivate Mark Tapley's philosophy. They might at times of course sit down like the melancholy Jaques, and "rail against their mistress, the world, and all their misery," for there is a grim satisfaction in doing that in chorus; but as a rule they would strive to look upon the sunny side of things. It would also be their aim to introduce a simpler ideal, a more economic standard of living than they had hitherto cherished. Instead of pining for the former flesh pots, as people who have fallen into reduced circumstances generally do, they would find the manna wonderfully appetising and grateful to the palate; while the old coat and the patched shoe and the last season's hat, and the dyed gown would have in their eyes a charm that not all the tailors and milliners in creation could supply from their entire stock-in-trade. Sweet are the uses of adversity, and if a course of "hard times" can produce in a community a circle of philosophers with these ideals, then I for one will welcome in almost every town of the colony the visitations of poverty. For our present ideals, the summit of which appears to be in too many cases to go clad in fine apparel and fire sumptuously, could well be improved upon.

### THE LATEST.

YET another use for Boards of Conciliation has been suggested. The Workers' Union of Wellington has proposed to the Premier that such a body should be constituted to deal with small debt cases so as to avoid the expense, vexation, and hardship which are inseparable from the employment of lawyers in these matters. With his usual astuteness Mr Seddon received the suggestion with apparent favour, and said, in conclusion, that he would go as far as public opinion would carry him to prevent people being sent to gaol for debt. The apparently spoke the true heavy father, but that reference to public opinion rather nullifies any practical efficacy the paternal solicitude might promise. Mr Seddon might almost at once say that he would be in favour of giving every man a pension of £200

a year if public opinion would permit it; for it is pretty safe to calculate that public opinion is never likely to sanction such a step. In the same way there is precious little fear of public opinion allowing matters to be made too light for the debtor. There are instances, I am well aware, where justice must be greatly tempered with leniency, but it would be criminal on the part of any government to legislate in such a general way that the wasteful and extravagant man could escape the punishment of his actions while the innocent lender suffered for him. Even as it is, there is too much of that sort of thing going on among us now. The idea of a Board of Conciliation to adjudicate between debtors and creditors will no doubt commend itself to those who are more frequently in the rank of the former. A number of amiable old gentlemen of philanthropic tendencies, easily moved by a false tale of woe, would be a much more agreeable tribunal before which to appear in forma pauperis than the stern magistrate. Even if they did not see their way to remit the debt, they might be moved to pay it out of their own pockets. At all events, the debtor would probably have a better chance of getting a good helping of mercy thrown in with the justice than he has now. Of course, on the other hand, the creditor might suffer correspondingly. But who cares about creditors? Unfeeling wretches! It is well for them in this free country that they are allowed to exist at all. Our Government is essentially a government of the debtor,—for are we not as a people all in debt to the British bond-holder?—and naturally all its sympathies are on the side of the poor debtor. And who, after all, is the creditor that we should be mindful of him? The very fact that he has anything to lend is against him; it proves that he is more or less of a capitalist, and has it not been said "the capitalist is a robber"?

### SOMETHING OF A SERMON.

ONE of the banes of colonial social life, and, indeed, one of the least promising features of our whole colonial civilisation, is that spirit of incessant and superficial criticism which, born in the younger generation, infects—by a peculiar reversal of the natural law manifested here—the ripper judgment and truer taste of their elders. A man remarked in my hearing yesterday "How much the critical faculty is developed in the colonial youth"; and those he addressed endorsed his opinion with a readiness that I know that his is an opinion that is very widespread. But I must enter a protest against a proposition that seems to me far from correct if we use the term criticism correctly, and which, if true in the sense in which I take it to be used here, supplies little reason for congratulating ourselves. It is undeniable that among our youngsters there is early developed a quickness to see something more than the outward aspect of a matter. Every boy and girl becomes a critic at an age when the children at Home would be observers only. Parents are naturally pleased with these evidences of precocity, and do all they can to encourage it, under the impression that they are educating the child's talent, for in their minds to be critical is to be clever. To be truly critical is indeed to be clever, for the faculty of true criticism dwells only with the highest wisdom. But every fool and dotard can be a so-called critic; and the trouble is that few people know how to distinguish the true from the false. How often have we not listened to some glib tonguester or some prosy bore contentedly passing his little opinion on a matter of which he knew nothing and was entirely incapable of knowing anything? Yet, let him but adopt that so easily-acquired tone of contempt and ridicule and fault-finding generally, and ten to one he passes as a man of deep insight among his fellows. And that is the tone which our youngsters are encouraged to acquire, and which passes as criticism with the herd. The first essential of a live critic is that he should understand his subject, but that is not in the very least necessary for the pseudo-critic. Towards what he does not comprehend he assumes that invulnerable nil admirari manner, and the faults which he has trained his little eyes to discover he transfixes with the arrows of his facile wit. Nothing is easier in an imperfect world like this than to find out imperfections, and to reveal

them to others; but there is no enterprise that so utterly sterilises all the better instincts of the soul. I have seen it evidenced in countless cases in New Zealand. The youngster who is encouraged in that attitude of ironical contemplation, that ghostly repression of enthusiasm, that blind indifference to all that is best and highest, grows up a miserable type of humanity; no real pleasure to himself or anyone else. You meet them every day, these men who have irretrievably closed their ears and hardened their hearts to the voice of wisdom; petrified intelligences that can never expand. And they seemed quick and smart enough in their young days; and perhaps in a kind of way they have fulfilled that promise. But only in a kind of way—a very poor kind of way. They choose to cultivate the meaner side of life, to make love to indifference, to stifle the enthusiasms; and they have their reward. 'Criticism become a habit, a fashion, and a system,' says Amiel, 'means the destruction of moral energy, of faith, and of all spiritual force.' This kind of temper is very dangerous among us, for it flattens all the worst instincts of men—indiscipline, irreverence, selfish individualism—and it ends in social atomism. Woe to the society where negation rules, for life is an affirmation; and a society, a country, a nation, is a living whole capable of death. These words have a direct application to us; for, while with most communities that temper does not begin to make itself apparent except among grown-up people, our children begin to cultivate that barren pseudo-critical faculty almost before they are out of long clothes, and its malign, corroding influence spreads all through the social body. For heaven's sake, let us have a little less of that sort of thing, and a little more general appreciation of 'the things that are more excellent' in life. Let the youngsters be taught to believe, what is the case, that it is infinitely cleverer, infinitely nobler to understand the good than the ill, and that for their own sakes and the sake of the whole world it is better to cultivate enthusiasm than indifference. For the one sown in youth will yield you a thousandfold harvest, while if you cultivate indifference you will reap nothing but thorns. 'To be an enthusiast,' says Wieland, 'is to be the worthiest of affection, the noblest, and the best that a mortal can be.' Here is a lengthy sermon into which I have betrayed my readers, but perhaps they will pardon me; and they can always skip it.

**THE REAL LIVE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT.**

**MR BEN TILLET** is something like the unsaleable article at the auction mart. He has been 'going, going, going' from the colonies for some time now, and is not 'gone' yet. At least he was, not away last week, but was lecturing the Wellingtonians on the general anarchy of the working-men in New Zealand and the other colonies. I suspect this second visit of Ben has been made in the hope that New Zealand will, even at the eleventh hour, listen to his voice and live. In his own opinion he undoubtedly possesses the only true recipe for life, and when he came to New Zealand first he was certainly under the impression that he would find a people able and willing to obey his precepts, and walk in the ways he indicated. He preached to us a mixture of strong socialism and weak nihilism, but all to no purpose. The New Zealanders apparently did not want his gospel or him either. When he found this out he took to abusing them, and left for the other side. Now he has come back to abuse them again, and to tell us that we are not a whit better off than other Australasian Colonies, that we are not democratic in the real sense at all, and that it is all our own fault that we are as we are. Probably all that is true enough, but still to be told it does not in the least reconcile us to Mr Tillet's way of looking at things. Our democracy is good enough for us, and we have no particular hankering after Ben's 'real live democratic movement' which he failed to discover in the whole of Australasia. We can pretty well guess from his utterances what sort of a thing his idea of 'a real live democratic movement' would be: something with dynamite in it, perhaps; and we don't want it here. It would seem that even the London dockers did not want it either;

and probably Ben will have to interview the anarchists before he finds disciples to propagate the gospel he came out to the colonies to preach.

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**SOME TESTIMONIALS.**  
Newlands, Waiuku, 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. WEST.  
The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.  
Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z., March 9th, 1898.  
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 H. BOOTH.  
The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St. Sydney.

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**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

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

'M.T.'—'E.L.'—'Aurora.'—'Pegtop.'—Declined with thanks.

'Crest Collector.'—On making inquiries I find that crests cannot be obtained, in the manner you desire, in Auckland, and most probably not in the colony. Your best plan would be to commission some bookseller to send for what you want to London.

'Penwiper.'—It would not be at all correct.

'Ambulance.'—You can get an illustrated bandage from the St. John Ambulance Auckland Secretary.

'Lily.'—You are very kind. Please carry out your suggestion.

'Ink.'—Not necessary in the least.

'V.R.'—Your best plan is to write to the office.

'Essie.'—Send your note to the person in charge of the establishment.

'Mater.'—Why not line your little boy's autumn suit with flannel? He could then wear it out now.

'E.C.'—Not of the slightest moment.

'T.K.'—Kindly call at the office.

'S.M.'—'Polly.'—'Mephisto.'—Will publish shortly.

'A.S.M.'—Many thanks. Regret cannot accept your offer.

'Teddy.'—You must not call until the family appears in church.

'R.F.'—Wear flannel next your skin.

'No. 17.'—You always walk on the outside of the path with a lady.

'Mrs S.'—Furnish your room in brown and gold. The curtains of thick brown art serge can have a zig-zag border of gold, or you can have brown silk lined with gold silk.

'Estelle.'—Drape your stalls in red and white art muslin. Loop up with bunches of poppy.

'Euterpe.'—The name is immaterial.

'Elsie.'—Write a polite note of 'thanks for kind inquiry,' or have cards printed and send round.

'Jean.'—I am sorry that I am unable to give you the recipe you ask for, but perhaps you might be able to get a hint from some confectioner as to the mode of the composition of the delicious lollie. With regard to your second query about 'Living Whist,' I believe Living Whist partakes almost more of the nature of a fancy dress pageant than that of a game. It requires fifty-two people dressed so as to represent the kings, queens, knaves, and common cards of the four suits of a pack. These first promenade as separate suits, then they mix together and are assigned to four players following the rules of dealing a pack of cards for whist. The game is played as with ordinary cards, each living card stepping into the centre of the room as its name is called. The four living cards making the trick perform some graceful evolutions in the centre of the room before they step to the side of the winner of the trick. And so the game goes on until two of the players have made the requisite number of tricks constituting the game. As may be easily inferred, 'Living Whist' makes a very pretty and interesting spectacle, and the closer the dresses are approximated to the appearance of playing cards the more effective does the pageant become.

'A.T.'—Invite relations only, and send each a little note explaining that the ceremony is perfectly private.

'D.E.D.'—A small remembrance like a pipe, or cigar-holder, would do.

'Elfie.'—Kindly write on one side of the paper only, and use ink instead of water.

'Ant.'—Your letter is very far from courteous. Send stamps for reply.

'Eunice.'—With pleasure. Will reply by post to your pretty compliments.

'Tom.'—Your story is incomplete. You left one man alive in it.

'Ruby.'—Declined with thanks. As a rule, 'fat old ladies who waddle to church' to see a brand new curate are not interesting people.

'R.F.'—Have a large supply on hand at present. Write later on.

Clark's A B 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 six each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

**A VISIT TO THE CHINESE EMPEROR.**

A Berlin journal publishes (says the 'Globe') the following account, from the pen of a well-known German traveller, of an audience granted by the Emperor of China to the foreign Ambassadors at Peking. The writer was the only non-diplomatic person present:—

Headed by the highest dignitaries of the Celestial Empire, our procession moved on between rows of Privy Councillors of the first class, bodyguards armed with bows and arrows, civic authorities holding valuable old swords under their arms, and unarmed soldiers of the Palace. We passed by the black tents with the little peeping windows, in which the Ambassadors foregathered in former years before they were received by the Emperor. Silently and pompously we passed over the dark carpet woven out of black camels' hair, and ascended some steps leading to the widely-opened folding doors of a building, from the front wall of which the outside had peeled off, leaving the casing and timbers exposed to view, mouldy and worm-eaten. Thus we reached the audience-chamber, and were within three paces of the 'Son of Heaven,' Kouang Sau, the 'Ruler of the Middle Kingdom.' He was seated upon a raised platform, approached by five steps and three gangways, while from the right and left two narrow paths also gave access to the dais. The latter and the balustrade were covered with red cloth, and trimmed with yellow. On either side of the Emperor stood one of the Manchurian Princes, upright, motionless, and with a stony stare, as though he were keeping watch over a bier.

In this hall, the 'Hall of the Flowers of Literature,' the 'Son of Heaven' sat before a table on the platform, so that only the upper portion of his body was visible.

His Majesty looks older than he really is. With sunken head and yellow face, he looked shyly at the assembled diplomats, and his heavy eyes were lit up for the occasion by opium or morphin. A sorrowful, weary, and rather childish smile played about his mouth. When his lips are parted, his long, irregular yellow teeth appear, and there are great hollows in either cheek. His face is not entirely wanting in sympathy, but rather betokens indifference, and from its features nothing of interest can be read; in fact, the Emperor impressed me as being self-restrained, cold, apathetic, wanting in capacity, worn out, and as though half-dead. I felt that whatever passed before his eyes had not the slightest interest for him, and that it mattered not in the least to him whether he understood the meaning of the ceremony.

After a deathly silence of some minutes, the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, Colonel Denby, Minister of the United States, read an address in English. Prince Kung had previously been made acquainted with the text of this address; he mounted with difficulty the smaller staircase on the right, bowed very low, knelt before the Emperor on the left, touched the floor with his forehead, and translated the address into the Manchurian tongue. The 'Son of Heaven' lisped in Manchurian a few words that could scarcely be heard; Prince Kung then interpreted these Imperial remarks to the audience in Chinese, and finally the Dragonman of the Russian Embassy gave them out in very faulty French. Prince Kung then shuffled backwards down the steps of the throne. We drew back three paces, and, keeping our faces towards the Emperor, passed backwards in his presence through the front door, and thus quitted the 'Hall of Flowers of Literature.' It may here be remarked that hitherto Ambassadors had been obliged to leave this hall by a side door.

The Emperor remained seated upon his throne. To have turned one's back upon him would have meant punishment by death.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. In bottles. Made in London.—Advt.

# Waikare-Moana

(Concluded)

## The Sea of the Rippling Waters.

ONE might spend weeks exploring the beautiful wooded shores of the lake of the many arms. The whole region abounds in picturesque points, and almost every headland has a legend attached to it, or was the scene of a memorable incident in old Maori history. We must refer the reader to Mr Elsdon Best's little book for vivid descriptions of the scenery of the lake and the tales that are associated with it. One of the largest of the arms of the lake is the Wairau-Moana, a fine sheet of water divided from the main lake by the Straits of Manaia. This locality appears to be particularly sacred to the name of Maahu, 'a name to conjure with,' says Mr Best on the classic shores of Wairau-Moana. Te Pu-o-Maahu, Te Wai-kotikoti o Maahu, Te Puna-taupara, all testify to the celebrity in these parts of that mythical individual whose son Hau Mapuhia fashioned the Waikare-Moana Lake in the days of old. 'Another relic of Maahu,' Mr Best tells us, 'is his sacred dog, an animal possessed of strange powers, and which lives beneath the waters of Te Roto-nui-a-ha, a small lake at Te Tapere, where are also two other lakes, known as Roto-ngaio and Roto-roa. The aforesaid dog has the faculty of matakite or prophecy, and is heard to bark beneath the waters of the lake whenever the death of a chief is near.

Te Wai-kotikoti-o-Maahu, is the name of a spring of water, and a sacred place (tuahu\*) of Maahu of old, where the most sacred operation of hair-cutting was performed on his thrice sacred head. It was also a wai-whakaika of that ancient warrior, where, after the hair-cutting ceremony, he went through the rites of the wai taua, of which there are several, all attended with many sacred karakia (incantations) and due solemnity. The tira was one of these, a rite by which the sins and evil thoughts of the members of a war party were wiped out, and they went forth on the war trail with a clean sheet, prepared to serve the god of war, Tu, with faithful devotion. In this tira ceremony the tohunga, or priest, took off all his clothing and donned the maro-huka, the sacred girdle. In this scant attire he went to the wai-whakaika, where he formed two small mounds of earth, in each of which he placed a twig of the kara-

\*Tuahu, a place where incantations were offered up and other rites performed; an altar. In fact, though unlike one in shape.

mu tree, called a tira, or wand. One of these is the tira ora, or wand of life, and the mound of earth it rests in is the tuahu-o-te-rangi (the altar of heaven). The other is the tira mate, the wand of death, the mound being puke-nui-o-papa (the great hill of earth). By means of his potent karakia the priest causes the tira mate to absorb all the sins and evils of the members of the taua (war party)—

hair of the taura or students of the wharekura, a building where the ancient lore, genealogies, and history of the tribe were taught. At the completion of the lesson in wharekura—that is, at dawn of day—the priest led the scholars to the spring, where he cut the hair of each one with a flake of mata (obsidian), which rite was termed wai kotikoti. After this came the wai-whakaika and wai-taua, as described above.

A lone rock with a single stunted tawai-tree growing thereon, the smallest of islets, lies 100 yards from the shore; it is Te Whata-kai-o-Maahu, where that old warrior was wont to store his food.

From the fern ridge at the head of the lake a most beautiful view of the Wairau branch is obtained. The lake

the desolation of a passing race. The fighting pas of old lie numerous before us; the lake shores are covered with the sites of former cultivations, each hill and point, bay and isle carries its legend of the long ago, when the children of the soil were numerous in the land of the ancient people.

No one who visits Waikare-Moana must neglect making an excursion to the sister lake of Waikare-iti, which lies to the north-east of the Star Lake, and is connected with the latter by the Aniwanuiwa and its tributary, the Mangupuwera creek. We venture to give in full Mr Best's account of the trip he made to this beautiful locality.

Waikare-iti Lake lies east of the Aniwanuiwa Stream, and is about 500 feet higher than Waikare-Moana. One



VIEW OF PANEKIRI, HAWKE'S BAY DISTRICT.

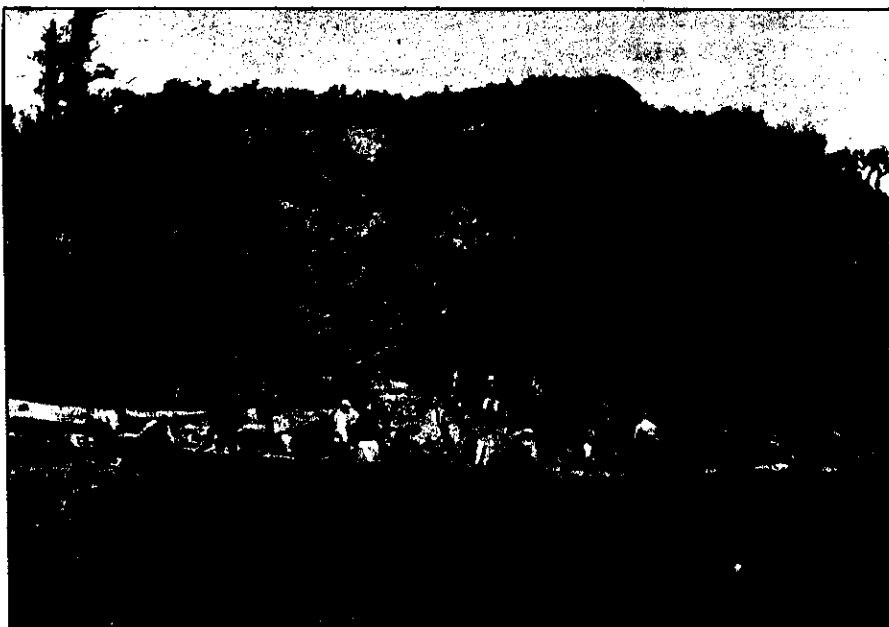
that is, it is the aria (or medium) of those evils. The priest then dons his tu-maro (war girdle) and proceeds to weaken the tribal enemies by means of inkutu (or witchcraft), which comprehends a vast series of prayers, incantations and ceremonies, the final karakia being those named maro and wetewete.

Also at the holy spring was cut the

fine morning found us setting forth and pulling down the coast line to the Whanganui-o-parua Inlet. Past the lone Whakangaere Rock, another famous abode of former days, and Kukata, so named from a sister of the famous chief Te Purewa, though it was no laughing matter for poor Kakata (laughter), for she was drowned here, together with six others, by the upsetting of a canoe. Then to the Hinaki-o-Tutaua, which exists in the form of a rock, but as to what use that cheerful tipua could make of a hinaki (eel-basket) is unknown; still it serves a useful purpose, for if a north-west wind is blowing, and one does but stroke the rock with the hand, the wind will at once change to the south, which same is useful information, as during a south wind this side of the lake is sheltered. And Te Heru-o-Ihine-pehinga, where doubtless that maiden of yore was wont to prepare her simple toilet, inasmuch as this was a famous place for the heruheru fern, of which combs were made. Along the shore are many signs of ancient occupation, but now ko te moana anake e tere ana (there remains nothing but the drifting waters). We now pass cliffs of blue papa, and the effect of the green shrubs and blue cliffs is quite striking; and the two rocks known as Tuara and Kautapuni, which stand out in the lake, and many delightful coves and little beaches which make one yearn to camp down for a while. At Kirikiri was a famous moari, or swing, in former times, where the young people amused themselves by swinging out and dropping into the deep waters.

We camp at Te Pupaki for the night, this place being at the head of the inlet, and, besides being a good camping ground, is well situated for the advance on Waikare-iti. A boat can pass up the Aniwanuiwa Creek here to the first fall, but the big falls of Papakorito are some distance further up.

The next morning sees us ferried across the head of the inlet and landed



Photos. by E. W. Saunders. CROSSING LAKE WAIKARE-MOANA IN A CANOE.

## THE UNHAPPY ISLE.

## SPAIN ON THE 'BLACK LIST' OF CIVILISED NATIONS.

The colonial history of Spain is an unbroken record of misrule, cruelty, and injustice to the point of imbecility. With the fairest of possessions she has trampled upon them with the iron heel in the days of their prosperity, and devastated them when they have been goaded into rebellion.

Cuba is by no means the first province of Spain beyond the seas to cry out for the yoke to be removed, and what is happening to-day in the unhappy isle is far from being unprecedented in the story of Spain and her colonial offspring. But at present we are chiefly concerned with Cuba. The full extent of the horrors and inhumanities that have taken place there under the excuse of 'repressing the revolution,' will probably never be known; for it follows that those who have suffered most are not alive to tell the tale.

The order of concentration issued by General Weyler to the island of Cuba in October, 1896, and the far-reaching misery and death resulting therefrom, may be either considered as a military move, with a view to

## BRINGING ABOUT THE DISCOMFITURE

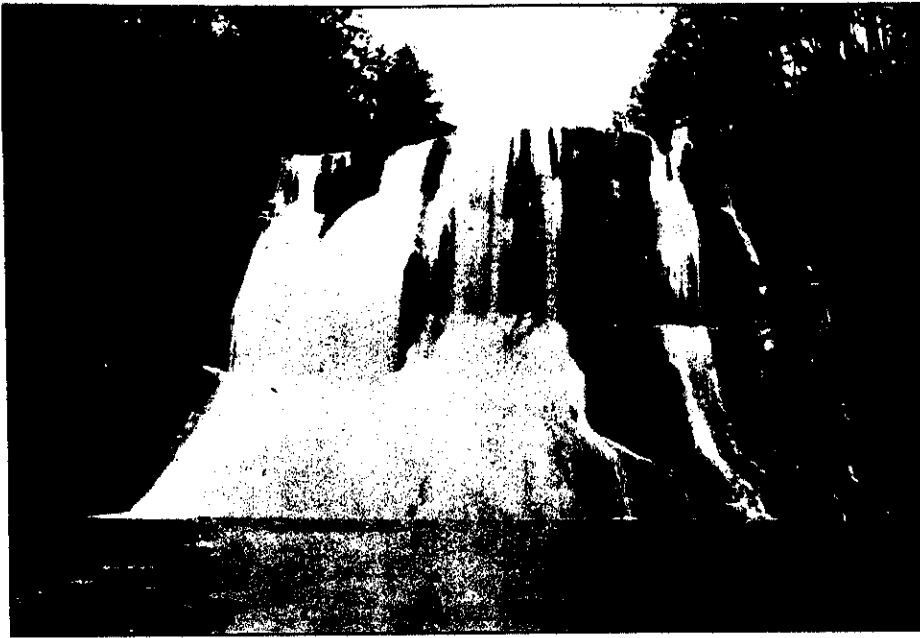
and defeat of the rebels, or as an inhuman and bloodthirsty effort to blot out a people by starvation.

Before the issuing of this order the Spaniards in Cuba were confronted with conditions which rendered their operations against the insurgents always difficult and often ineffective. The insurgents went then, as now, in small bands; they were thoroughly familiar with the land, and they could always count upon the help, guidance and sympathy of the greater number of the country people. If a Spanish column started to run down a rebel band, word of this movement was passed through the country, from farm-house to farm-house, by eager messengers, until the rebels were informed of the Spanish approach, and thus given time to escape.

It must not be thought that all the country side was in sympathy with the rebels, or that there were no country people who were neutral and peaceful; of these latter there were, of course, many; but the rebel helpers were sufficiently numerous and active to render Spain's warfare both trying and ineffectual.

So the order for the concentration of the country people into the towns and villages was issued.

The thorough application of this measure required about three months. In January, 1897, the country was pretty well cleared. The insurgents no longer had the help of friends in the field. The country was free of



THE FIRST FALL OF THE ANIWANIWA, HAWKE'S BAY DISTRICT.

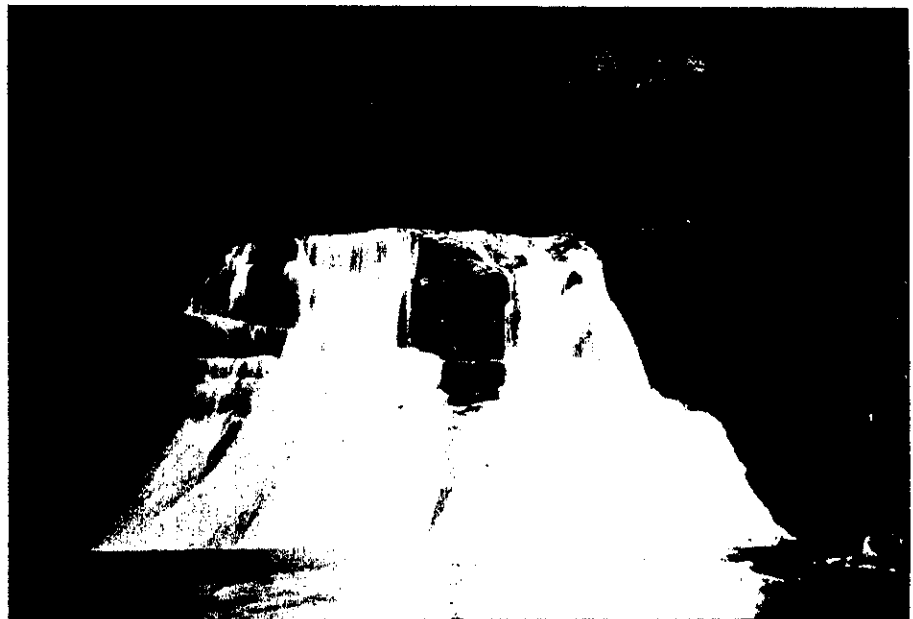
on the right bank of the creek, from which spot a two hours' walk up the range brings us to Waikare-iti. On reaching the top of the hill, we descend a small spur for a short distance, and see through the trees before us the calm, silent waters of Waikare-iti. This beautiful lake is surrounded by low hills covered with dense forest, which extends to the water's edge, the branches trailing in the water in many places. There are none of the great cliffs and ranges of the larger lake here; the scenery is not grand, as is that of Waikare-Moana, but it is nevertheless very beautiful, there being many little islands in the lake, all densely clothed with bush. One longs for a canoe at canoeless Waikare-iti to go out and explore those lonely islets, and paddle across the shining waters. We are fortunate in happening upon the one spot on this side, apparently, from which a good view of the lake can be obtained. A great rock juts out some distance into the lake, and on this rock we seat ourselves, disturbing thereby two who (mountain-duck) which were taking a siesta below. The lake is probably a mile and a half across, but the view of the further shore is almost concealed by the islands, of which there are six—Motu-torotoro, Motu-ngarara, Te Kaha-a-tuwai, Te One-o-taha, Te Rahui and another, of which our guide did not know the name. Truly a lovely scene this on such a day, the calm, clear waters glittering in the rays of the sun, the lone, silent waters, surrounded by dense forest, and, in the far distance, the snow-capped peak of Manuaha. There are no signs of ancient cultivation here, as on the shores of the 'Star Lake,' but this place was occupied by the Ngati-Ruapani Tribe as a place of refuge. When harassed by enemies in their kaingas at Waikare-Moana they would retreat here and occupy the numerous islands in the lake, drawing their supplies probably from the surrounding forest, for the diminutive maehe is the only fish found in these waters, though wild fowl were formerly numerous, including the whio, maka, wewea and kahu, the latter a large bird which nested in the branches trailing into the water on the shore line. The timbers seen here include the tawari, tontou, tawai, horocka, tawhero, parapara or houhou, neihei, miro, papauma, horopito kaponga, and the punui fern, with many others of that beautiful tribe. The outlet from Waikare-iti is by a swift stream, which flows with a heavy fall towards Aniwanuiwa Creek.

\* A weird and silent place is Waikare-iti, with its unexplored isles and great forest; a most beautiful and unknown spot, but bearing no sign of the presence of man. Verily the Bohemian spirit longs to go and explore those silent islands and search for traces of ancient occupation thereon, from the

days when the 'children' of Ruapani and the ancient Tauri held these lone lands. But we lack the time to go a canoe building, so we turn and retrace our way to the camp at Aniwanuiwa—at least some of us do; but our worthy guide stoutly maintains that we are on the wrong trail, and, as we refuse to believe him, he set off on his own sweet way, with the result that he got lost and wandered around the spurs of the range while we are in camp discussing sundry viands furnished by the great harbour of Parua—to wit, puwha (edible thistles) and kakahi (shell fish). And in returning we got a fine view of the lower falls of Aniwanuiwa through the overhanging forest trees, which same is a truly fine sight, for the mass of foaming waters falls in two great leaps some 60 feet to the stream below. As we are striking camp we hear a hail from across the inlet, and there behold our lost guide standing on a long sandspit running out into the lake. And as we pull out into the lake he wades out into the water to be picked up, looking very forlorn and comical. So we lay in and take him on board amidst many jeers and jibes from the 'children,'

which somewhat annoy the old fellow, inasmuch as he remarks that he never knew so many fools to be contained in one boat—which same is distressing to a fine mind. He not cast down, O faithful Waiwai! for truly art thou a goodly comrade and a cheerful, when camped in the lone places of the earth. And thou art the man who kept a given word, and turned to help the strangers from across the snowy mountains when the whole of Ruapani had said, Waikare-iti should not be trodden by the Pakeha. Kia ora koe (May you live)!

A certain North Country baronet once laid a considerable wager that he would go to Lapland, and bring home two females of that country and two reindeer in a given time. He performed the journey and effected his purpose in every respect. The Lapland women remained in England about a year; but then they became home-sick, so the baronet furnished them with means to send them back to their own country.



Photos. by E. W. Saunders.

THE SECOND FALL OF THE ANIWANIWA, HAWKE'S BAY DISTRICT.

houses and buildings that would hide the enemies of Spain, for the thatch huts of the farmers had been stripped of roofs and walls, and fires blazed by night and by day.

**COMPLETING THE DESTRUCTION.**

If, from the time these country people were concentrated in towns and villages, Spain had provided for them, or had made it possible for them to earn a scant living from the fields, the concentration order would be without its worst stigma. But this was not done. Many of the reconcentrados came to the towns with absolutely nothing--no food, no clothing, no farming implements or household utensils. Others brought what they could hurriedly lay their hands on. Some came well provided. For a time they existed on their own resources, and then on the resources of the towns into which they had been driven. But it can readily be seen that these ways of support would soon become exhausted. Whereupon Spain, to remedy the difficulty, inaugurated the zones of cultivation.

But the ground allotted was never sufficient; no tools or seeds were supplied. It is true that they were offered for sale at exorbitant prices by the Spanish dealer of the village, who in many cases was also mayor. But can the six-month reconcentrado be expected to have money? So it was that in many instances the mayor and the military commander, or men having equal advantages of position and power, acquired much of this land intended for the relief of the half-starved reconcentrados, and cultivated for their own profit, giving some few of the reconcentrados a small daily wage to work in their fields.

So the famine in the towns increased and the country remained depopulated; until, during the months of October, November, and December of 1897, nine months after the fulfilment of the concentration order, the most appalling reports of death by starvation, and from diseases that meant starvation, became current. During these months the death-lists were largest. A few examples will suffice to give an idea of the situation. The figures used were obtained in February of the present year, when the condition of these people was infinitely better than it had been for some time before. This was because so many had died that there was consequently more food for the remainder.

**THE VILLAGE OF GUINES.**

Population in January, 1897.....	6000
Number of reconcentrados sent to village .....	9000
	15,000

Deaths in Guines, from January 1 to December 1, 1897.....	6887
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**THE VILLAGE OF SAN NICOLAS.**

Population of village before order of concentration .....	1500
Reconcentrados in village on January 5, 1897 .....	4000
	5500

Deaths in San Nicolas from January 5 to November 26, 1897.....	1142
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**MADRUGA.**

Population before order of concentration .....	2289
Number of reconcentrados sent to the village .....	5833
	8122

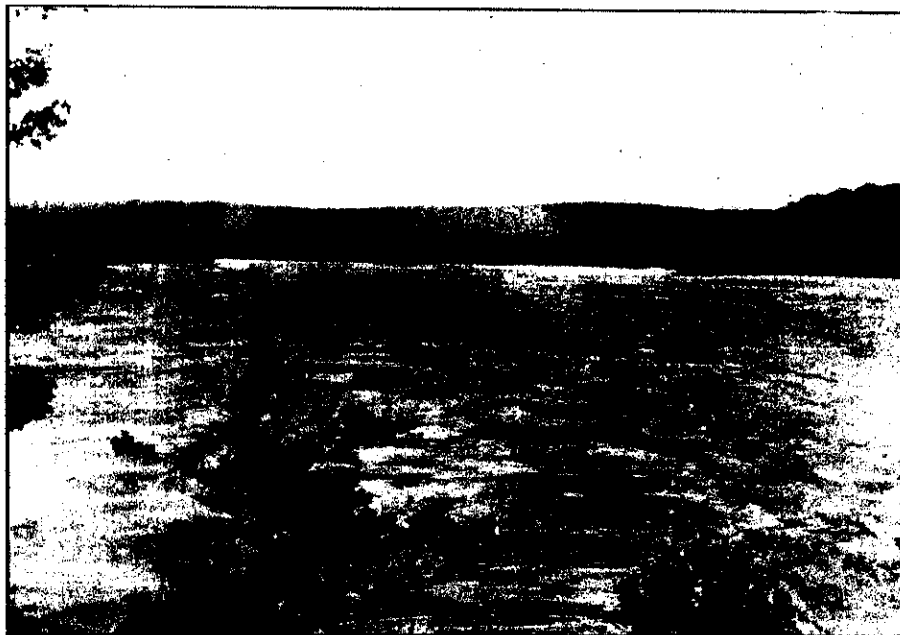
Deaths in Madruga from January 1 to November 1, 1897.....	2761
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The little hamlet of Chasenajaba, in July, 1897, in the province of Matanzas, there have died from epidemics, inanition, and hunger 20,044, and the mortality in this province of Matanzas is not so great as in certain others.

Havana itself has not been without its reconcentrados. There are believed to be 25,000 of the starving wretches in and around the city at present, though that is a smaller number, in comparison, than in any other city on the island.

The population of the island of Cuba in normal times is estimated at 1,160,000. Various estimates of total number of deaths by starvation have been made; they vary from 400,000 to 500,000. It should be remembered that in Cuba it is always possible to procure exact data concerning deaths when interment has been in consecrated ground; but during these last years thousands have been buried in ditches and trenches, and no record of their numbers has been kept.

And that is Spain's record in Cuba, the island which, under proper conditions, could support comfortably from eight to ten millions of people.



LAKE WAIKARE-ITI, ANIWANIWA COUNTRY.  
SEE LETTERPRESS 'WAIKARE-MOANA.'

**'A WILY' VETERAN.**

The 'Regiment' recalls an amusing incident which occurred after the battle of Leipsic. On that occasion the English Government despatched a rocket brigade to assist against the French, and Captain Bogue, a very deserving young officer, lost his life when in command of it. After the defeat of the French, Leipsic became full of a mixed medley of soldiers of all arms and of all nations; of course, a great variety of coin was in circulation there.

A British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and, displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if this piece of coin was current there? 'Oh, yes,' replied he, 'you may have whatever the house affords for that

money; it passes current here at present.'

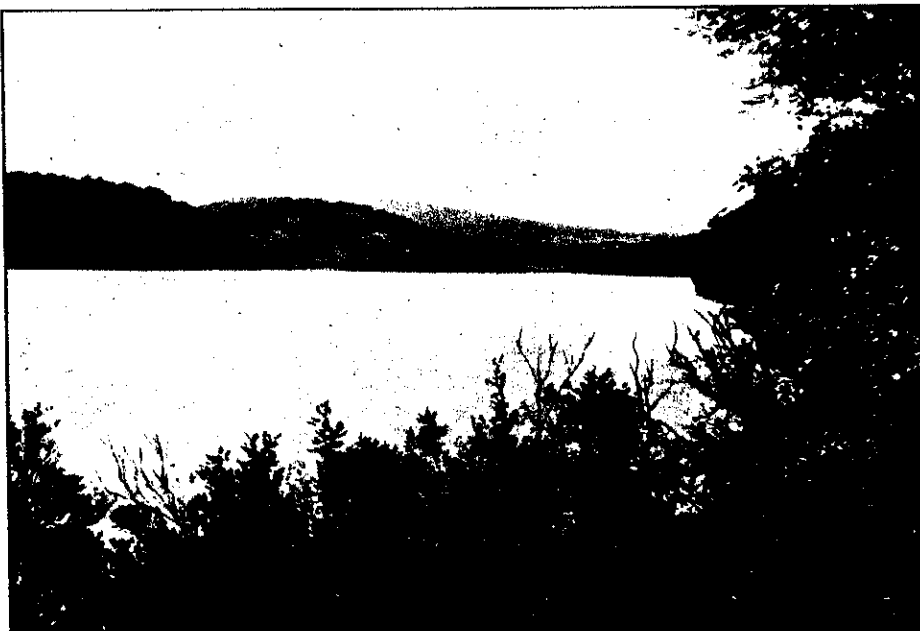
Our fortunate soldier, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, was despatched without ceremony. On going away he tendered at the bar the single identical shilling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation elicited from mine host by such a tender may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation, much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord, took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him.

This part of the profits he had a very Christianlike wish to divide with his neighbour. Taking, therefore, his guest to the street door of the hotel, he requested him to look over the way. 'Do you see,' said he, 'the large hotel

opposite? That fellow, the landlord, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the end of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to the entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five franc piece into the bargain, if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the same trick with him to-morrow that succeeded so well with me to-day.'

Our veteran took the money and accepted the conditions, but, having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took leave of the landlord with the following speech, and a bow that did no discredit to Leipsic:—

'Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavour to put your wishes into execution. I shall certainly do all that I can, but I must candidly inform you that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick on that gentleman yesterday; and it is to his particular advice alone that you are indebted for the honour of my company to-day.'



Photos. by K. W. Saunders.

ANOTHER VIEW OF LAKE WAIKARE-ITI.  
SEE LETTERPRESS 'WAIKARE-MOANA.'

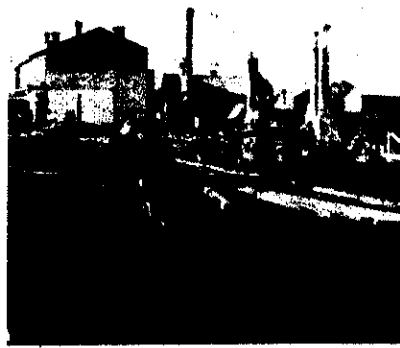
**THE HAMILTON FIRE.**

Our illustrations represent the havoc wrought by the recent fire in Hamilton by which fifteen places of business were destroyed and a loss of about £12,000 incurred. The fire originated in a fancy goods shop owned by Mr Scott and from what cause has not been ascertained. A little before ten o'clock in the evening a Mr Kirk, who was passing along the street, noticed smoke issuing from the building and immediately broke in the doors. He found the place in flames and immediately gave the alarm. Very shortly afterwards a number of willing workers assembled and endeavoured with buckets of water to extinguish the fire; but their efforts proved unavailing. A strong wind was blowing and soon the flames had spread to an adjacent building on both sides of the street. Later on, when it seemed that the progress of the conflagration had been arrested, a spark fell between the premises of Mr J. A. Young and Mr L. Sutton. If a hose had been available the incipient fire at this point could easily have been put out; but, as it was, there was no means to extinguish the flames and they soon had overpowered the building. The fire made a clean sweep of Miss Redmond's and Messrs Coyle's and McMahon's shops and threatened the old Hamilton Hotel. In spite of a plentiful

supply of water this building succumbed and it was by a miracle that the adjacent house of Mr Sandes was saved. The names of the sufferers by the fire are as follows:—Those of

Mr Scott, fancy goods shop; Mr Qualtrough, butcher; Mr Horne, grocer; Mr Harker, jeweller; Mr Going, saddler; Mr Davey, grocer; Mr Taylor, tinsmith; Mr McMahon, bootmaker;

Mr Coyle, carpenter; Miss Redmond, dressmaker; Mrs Muis, dressmaker; Mr Young, dentist; Mr Sutton, livery stableman; Mr McIntyre, tobaccoist; and Mr Bright, hotel.



VICTORIA STREET, HAMILTON. WESTERN SIDE.



Reid and Son, Photo., Hamilton

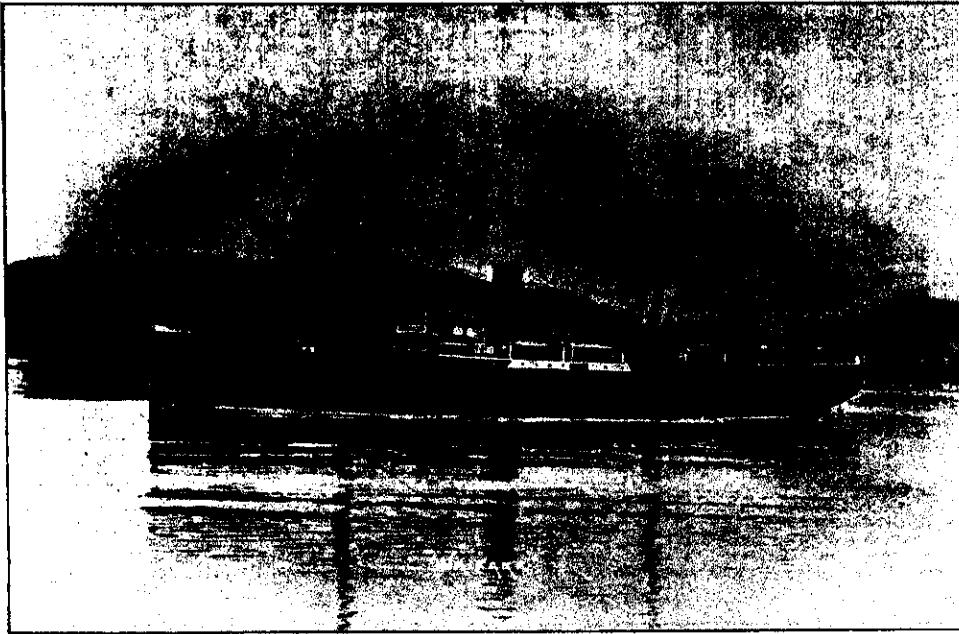
VICTORIA STREET, HAMILTON. EASTERN SIDE.



Reid and Son, Photo., Hamilton.

ANOTHER VIEW OF VICTORIA STREET, EASTERN SIDE.

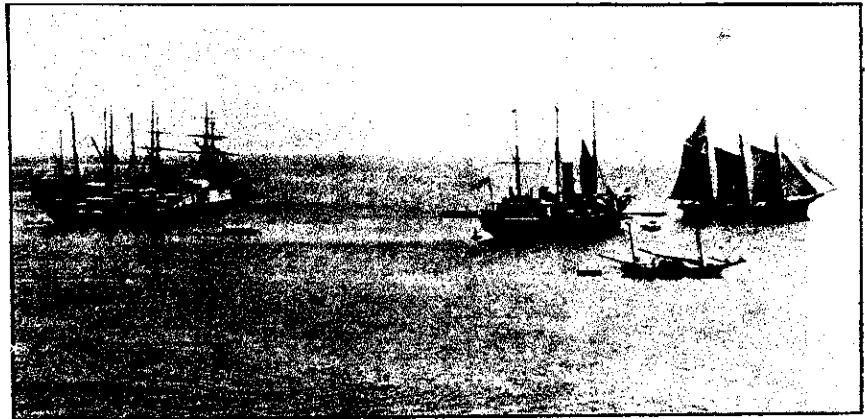
RUINS OF THE RECENT DISASTROUS FIRE AT HAMILTON WEST, WAIKATO, N.Z.



UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S "WAIKARE."  
NOW ON A PLEASURE TRIP TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

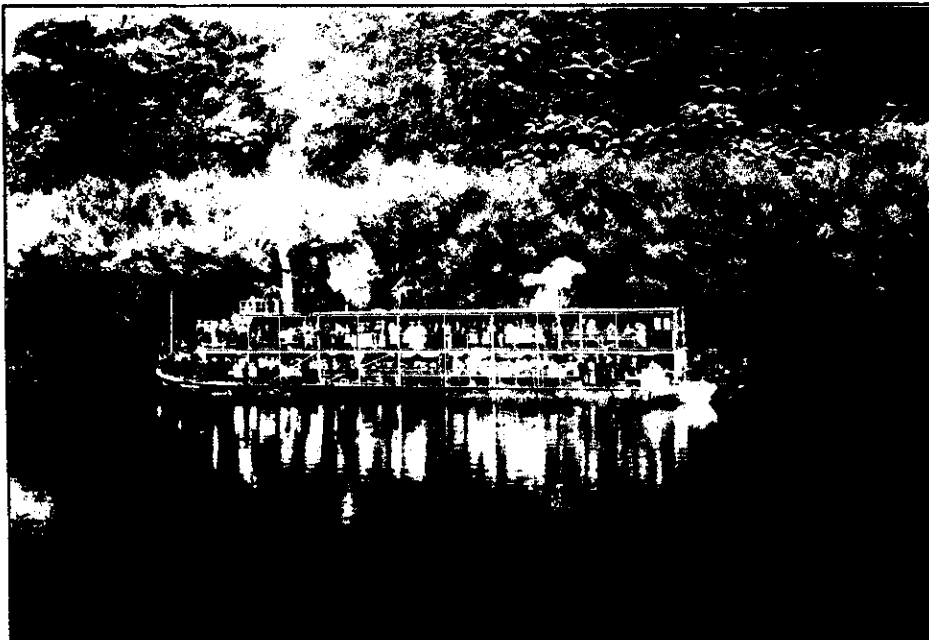
#### IN SUMMER SEAS.

Our illustration of the U.S.S. Waikare is likely to make many of our readers sigh that they are not among the lucky pleasure-seekers aboard the vessel in her trip through the South Sea Islands. The Waikare was timed to leave Apia to-day (Wednesday), and arrives on Saturday at Vavata, in the Tongan Islands. On Monday she leaves Nukualofa for Auckland, at which port she is due on the following Friday. There are 156 excursionists on board, about half of the number hailing from Australia, and arrangements have been made by which those who prefer to stay some time at any of the islands may do so and return later to their homes by any of the company's steamers. Until the vessel comes back we cannot expect any account of the trip, but judging by the route taken and the provisions made by the Union Company for the comfort of the passengers, we expect nothing but enthusiastic satisfaction among the fortunate excursionists. The picture of Apia Harbour which we reproduce derives its chief interest



*Davis. Photo.*

THE SCHOONER "SOPHY SUTHERLAND," AND WARSHIPS LYING IN APIA HARBOUR, SAMOA.



EXCURSION ON THE WANGANUI RIVER IN THE "MANUWAL"

from the fact that it includes the schooner *Sophy Sutherland*, with whose romantic story most of our readers are already familiar through the newspapers. The *Sophy Sutherland* sailed from San Francisco early in 1897, her destination being the Solomon Islands. She was engaged and manned by a sort of co-operative company organised by a man named Sorensen, who told a story of immense quantities of gold to be had for the picking up in the aforesaid islands. Fifteen men went on board, four of whom were sailors. All had put money—more or less—in the venture, and were indulging in dreams of future prosperity, where debt should be no more. "The ship remained in Apia about fourteen days," says the Samoan 'Herald,' "then left for Suva where she remained for some four days before starting for the *El Dorado* of her crew's hopes. While in Apia the organiser of the venture was recognised by several persons who at once prognosticated failure. However, gold was in prospect, and those on the vessel, all of whom looked happy and healthy, went on their way. The first island of the Solomons reached was Florida Island, Taluge Harbour, where Sorensen had stated gold was in abundance. There it was ascertained that the stories told in Apia respecting the promoter were genuine. He had had a difference of opinion with the colonial authorities which had caused social relations to be suspended for some ten years.

'But to return to our gold, the ship went to about six of the British Solomon Islands, and ultimately decided to land Sorensen upon the island

where Mr Woodford (formerly Consul in Samoa) is located as Resident Commissioner. This gentleman speedily decided that he had no use for gentlemen of the class landed and allowed him to leave the island by the first available chance. Sorensen left. Nothing whatever was found to justify the lying reports with which Sorensen inveigled these poor misguided fools to leave a good country on such a wild-goose chase. Plenty of quartz was found, but did not contain anything of value. There was a large quantity of trade on board, also a steam launch which Sorensen endeavoured to obtain possession of, with a view to starting as a trader. It is said that copper was found, so four of the party—Greenwood, Gingg, Smudeke and Cunath remained to prospect. All of the party were attacked by fever, and the captain decided to leave for San Francisco. When the vessel left on March 19th, there were only three men able to move about. It was thought that the change from that fever-stricken country to fresh air would enable them to recover. There days after leaving there was but one man able to assist. A week after, the captain, finding all on board to be getting much worse, decided to head for Samoa, as that was the nearest port, for the purpose of obtaining medical treatment, and fresh food. To add to their trouble scurvy broke out. When within sight of Samoa there were only two men—the captain and another—able to work. The man was very sick, but contrived to take the wheel occasionally. The ship, for three weeks, was within 70 miles of Apia, but did not reach port until



May 11th, having head winds, but not bad weather. During those three weeks four of those on board, Kohn, Nicholson, Goldsmith, and De Witt died, and of course were buried at sea. For the last part of the time the whole working of the vessel devolved upon the captain, who was up for from eighteen to twenty-two hours each day. The whole of those who reached Apia presented a terrible appearance. One of them who is very ill, unable to move, has not been washed for two months. The crew were placed in the German hospital.

## MINING NEWS.

### SHAREMARKET.

During the past week there were steady inquiries on the Exchange for low-priced stocks, such as Broken Hill, City of Auckland, Imperial, New Whau, Hauraki Associated, Four-in-hand, Victoria, Cuirassier, Portsea, Kuruunui, and shares in Waihi companies; but generally at rates that in most cases were not accepted. Kuruunui-Caledonian shares also had regular demand, with sales at 1/-. Another stock asked for were Barrier Reefs, but as no selling price was quoted naturally no sales followed. Some of the better class stocks declined in value. Waihi shares were offered at £5, at which price transactions also took place. Waitekauri shares eased 2/6, being offered at 30/, and Woodstocks sold as low as 7/6. It would almost seem as if advantage was being taken of the absence of buyers to force down the price of the better class shares in the hope of bringing in timid holders. Alpha shares after advancing to 2/6 were offered at 2/3, but there are still buyers at 2/1. May Queens changed hands at 4/7, while Crowns have had steady demand at 16/, but no sales at that low price. Now that an additional 20 head of stampers are working at the mine the output of bullion should show a corresponding increase. At Coromandel things generally look more promising. In the Kapanga mine tributaries this week obtained £170 worth of gold from 24 ounces of ore, got from the upper workings. At the 1000-foot level in this mine it is stated the reef is the best lode the Company has. Borling operations have also given excellent results below the 1000-foot level. It is understood that boring is shortly to be resumed. At the Hauraki Special mine the lode at a depth of 360 feet from the collar of the shaft is looking very well and gives promise of good hauls when opened out upon from the 400-foot level. The return from this mine was £1500 this month, being a decided improvement. The Queen of the North, next the Royal Oak mine, is producing good crushing dirt, and specimens have been obtained in the New Golconda. It is also freely rumoured that an important discovery has been made in the Union Bench mine, Coromandel, but so far particulars have not transpired. At Owharoa the Ohinemuri Syndicate have cut a reef one foot thick, the quartz from which shows a little gold. Towards the close of the week a slightly better tone was noticeable on the market.

### MOUNT DAVID.

Mr Harper received a cable from Sydney as follows:—"400 tons crushed for 505½ of melted gold."

### GOLDEN PAH.

The return from the last crushing for the Golden Pah mine, Coromandel, was 25oz 17dwt of bullion valued at £76, from 20 tons.

### KAPANGA TRIBUTARIES.

The Kapanga tributaries, Messrs Horne and Johnson, from two and a half tons of ore crushed secured 58oz 9dwt of retorted gold, valued at £170.

### WHAU.

The leader is looking well. It varies from one to eight inches in width, and is highly mineralised, the stone showing dabs of gold when broken down.

### GOLCONDA.

The manager telegraphed later in the week: "Got 6½ of stone showing strong dabs of gold, and 4½ of picked stone."

### ALPHA.

A considerable improvement has taken place in the reef both in size and quality. It is now a nice body of ore, free from rubble, and is still making in size. It is situated in excellent country.

### HURAKI RETURN.

#### AN IMPROVED YIELD.

Apparently the Hauraki mine at Coromandel is once more coming to the fore as a gold producer, as the return for the past month's crushing operation was £1,495 as compared with £1,258 the previous month. This is the best return since last April.

### AORERE TRIBUTARIES.

#### £340 FROM 60 TONS.

A highly satisfactory return has been obtained by Messrs Ritchie and party, who are working a tribute in the Aorere mine, Kuaotunu. In all 50 tons were crushed, the result from the plates being 57oz 15dwt, and from the cyanide 83oz 12½dwt, estimated value £340.

### OHINEMURI SYNDICATE.

At the Ohinemuri Syndicate shaft the drive to the eastward is in 300ft. A leader 1ft, thick showing a little gold has been passed through, and the manager is having assays made of the stone. He expects in a few days to meet the Annie Reef in this drive, when it is hoped a payable lode may be the result.

### YOUNG NEW ZEALAND.

The 40lbs of ore taken from a 15-inch lode in this Waitekauri mine has been assayed by Messrs Fraser and Sons with highly satisfactory results, one being at the rate of £48 6s 10d and the other £48 16s 8d per ton. The present low level should cut this lode, when its value going downwards will be ascertained.

### CHICAGO.

The new 10-stamper battery has been erected for this Upper Tararu mine and crushing is expected to begin next week. The latest tests made at the Thames School of Mines show the result of bulk assays of the ore to be £5 7s 4d and £3 16s 9d per ton. The gold is easily saved. The Chicago mine is owned by a Christchurch company.

### HURAKI ASSOCIATED.

Footwall leader: Stopping has been proceeding as usual with same favourable results, ore of good quality having been procured from the various stopes. A start has been made to repair the road to the battery. I anticipate being able to crush this month.

### BROKEN HILL.

During the week men have been engaged opening up the reef in different parts of the mine, and stopping from the upper workings. It is connected by a rise up about 40 feet from this to the outcrop, where it has also been exposed; shows a splendid reef, and is identical with the Monowai reef and workings. The reef is well defined and of permanent nature.

### WAIHI GRAND JUNCTION.

The drive at the 315 feet level from the main shaft has been advanced 110 feet through good driving country, no difficulty being experienced with water. At this rate of progress the reef should be met in a short time. At the Waihi West section of the Company's property the shaft has been sunk 120 feet below the 100 feet level, and a drive has been commenced at a depth of 110 feet, leaving ten feet for the well hole. The reef is estimated to lie 25 to 40 feet away, so that it should be to hand within a few weeks.

### TE PUKE.

Reports from this property are of an encouraging nature. The recent lode has increased in size and improved in appearance, and the manager is now satisfied that this lode is a permanent one of considerable extent. Last week another lead of gold was discovered, and Mr Long is tracing it to its source. These leads of gold spring from various portions of this auriferous drift, and Mr Long considers that when he is able to strike the portion of lode sheathing the gold it will be very rich. He also intends sinking a shaft and testing what appears to be a second lode lying underneath the one now opened up.

### SHERIDAN.

The first annual report of the Sheridan Company will be presented at a meeting of shareholders to be held at Napier on Thursday week. The statement of accounts for the period ending May 31, '98, shows—Receipts: To bullion saved, £136; crushing for other

companies, £13; interest on fixed deposit, and discount on purchases, £51 5s 1d; transfer fees, £4 18s; balance, £5,029 10s 2d; total, £5,235 0s 2d. Expenditure: 1½ wages, material, etc., opening up mine, £3,114 16s 10d; wages, material, etc., at battery, £306 7s 10d; cartage, mine to battery, £93 15s 9d; general expenses, license fee, insurance, £239 15s 10d; preliminary expenses, forming company, £206 18s 5d; mine manager's salary and bonuses, £557 18s; inspection by experts, £109 17s 6d; travelling expenses, £39 15s 6d; repairing and improving battery, £503 17s 1d; rent of claim, £61 17s 6d; total, £5,235 0s 3d.

### MOANATAIARI.

Gold is reported to be showing in the ore broken from the lode now being driven upon in the Cambria section of this company's property. Crushing was resumed this week, but had to be stopped for the present for want of a sufficient water supply.

A change is to be made in the management of the Moanataiari Mine at the Thames, Mr G. S. Clark having been notified by the general manager of the Company, Mr H. A. Gordon, that his services will not be required at the end of his present term of engagement, which terminates in about three months' time. Mr Clark has been in charge of the Moanataiari mine for close upon ten years, and has a personal knowledge of the ground now comprised within the mine for the past 30 years. Mr Clark initiated the prospecting work at present proceeding in the Cambria section, and still holds the opinion that a rich run of gold should be obtained in that locality.

### ALBERT.

An extraordinary meeting of shareholders in this Company was called this week for the purpose of electing directors, the previous Board having resigned. In answer to a question the Chairman, Mr Armstrong, stated that he believed the directors had resigned because they objected to the proposal to remove the office of the Company to Palmerston North. He moved that the following gentlemen be elected directors:—Messrs L. Leary, John Mowlem, Alfred H. Wyles, Richard F. Bolland, and Edward J. Armstrong.

Mr Mowlem said the mine had been going on for two years, during which time £3,000 was expended. Outside shareholders could only get meagre accounts of what had been done. About 45,000 shares were held in the South, and the wish was to have the office moved. They thought this Company was worth going on with.

Mr MacDonnell said he was a shareholder in one Company and the head office was shifted from Auckland. The result was that instead of economical management, over £700 a year was paid for a manager instead of £4 per week as formerly.

The motion was then adopted.

### KUAOTUNU DEEP LEVELS.

Residents at Kuaotunu are greatly interested in the question of getting the deep levels tested thoroughly, and as the Mariposa Company is anxious to undertake this important work steps are being taken to obtain a Government subsidy, as was done in the cases of the Thames-Hauraki and Kapanga Companies. In order to have something practical done in the way of exploring the deep levels with as little delay as possible, a Committee was recently formed at Kuaotunu to further the project, the members consisting of Messrs John Birch (Secretary), H. Bennett, J. Williams, J. R. S. Wilson, J. Goldsworthy, G. W. Horne, J. W. McCoy, J. A. Thomson, P. A. Marshall, D. Sustain, and E. Ritchie. A petition was drawn up for presentation to Parliament, and has been largely signed, as the residents realise that the future of the district naturally depends upon the successful development of the low levels, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Government will give the request their most favourable consideration. A letter was also forwarded to the Hon. A. J. Cadman pointing out that the future of mining at Kuaotunu depended upon the deep levels, and that there was very little doubt but that they would prove more productive than the surface works. Another letter was also forwarded to Mr James McIowen, member for the district, asking him to bring the matter before the House as early as possible, and use his best endeavours to obtain a subsidy.

### WEEK'S GOLD OUTPUT.

Companies.	Tons.	Pkd. stone.	£ s d.
Aorere trib.	20	—	30 0 0
Kapanga trib.	—	—	117 0 0
Hauraki	140	188	1,095 0 0
Golden Pah	20	—	70 0 0
Total	—	—	£2,622 0 0

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## CYCLING.

The influence of the bookmaker is being severely felt on the racing tracks in Western Australia, and with a view to reducing the evil it is proposed to pass a bill through the Western Australian Parliament legalising the use of the totalisator at cycle race meetings held under auspices of Western Australian League of Wheelmen. If cycle racing cannot be run free from the influence of the bookmaker, it is certainly preferable to legalise the use of the totalisator. One can speak and the other is dumb. The 'tote' cannot arrange races, and is assuredly more desirable company at a race meeting than the riff-raff of small bookmakers who usually bet at the majority of Australian cycle meetings. The baneful influence of the totalisator would be very mild in comparison with that which can be exercised by the bookmaker, and of the two evils give us the lesser.

By cable the Dunlop Company learn that the Carwardine Cup was run at the Crystal Palace track on Saturday, June 18th, and resulted in a win for F. D. Frost. This event is one of the most important yearly amateur events, the contest being for a two hundred guinea cup, the trophy to be won three times by any one competitor before becoming his sole property. The race is for 100 miles, paced, and confined solely to amateurs. This year particular interest was attached to it owing to its being the first paced race held under the National Cyclist Union's new pacing rules, which restrict all pacing in a 100 miles event to 10 pacers each, tandems only to be used. Frost, the winner of the contest this year, won the same event in 1896, so that he has only to win the race once more for the valuable cup to become his sole property. Frost's forte is pace following, for he already holds the majority of the amateur world's records up to 100 miles, on Dunlops. No time is given in the cable. The Carwardine Cup was won last year by A. H. Harris. Frost retiring at 72 miles, so that Frost again holds the cup for another twelve months.

'Set a searcher to catch a searcher' is the dictum of the Melbourne police authorities in their endeavours to put a stop to the searching evil so rampant around Melbourne and suburbs just now. The nuisance has now become so prevalent and dangerous—accidents occurring daily—that Inspector Curran of the Melbourne Police Force, has mounted plain clothes constables on cycles, whose duties will be to patrol the main thoroughfares into and out of Melbourne, and to capture all offenders. This is the quickest and surest means of stopping the evil, and if sufficient punishment is inflicted on the first few offenders caught the result will, we are sure, be beneficial, and appreciated alike by pedestrians and cyclists. Paris is also troubled with the 'searching' evil, and they have adopted the same tactics to prevent what threatens to bring disgrace on the pastime, the mad desire of novices and a few others to search in thickly peopled streets and thoroughfares.

One of the most frequent causes of leakage from the air tube is at the fitting of the valve body into the air tube. The Dunlop Co. have now adopted a new method of securing the

valve to the tube, which precludes all chances of air leakage, and ensures to all riders of their tyres a perfect air retaining tube.

An English cycle firm has now a new method of attracting custom, viz., to lend to any intending customer a machine on a month's free trial, so that a purchaser can find out whether the machine is to his or her liking. In the event of the machine not being purchased a nominal hiring fee is charged.

Cycling corps are now established in almost every standing army in the world excepting Australia. The finest cycling corps is that in the German Army, which consists of 1,000 well trained cyclists, men who are good riders and soldiers, every man being well versed in cyclic construction. The corps showed up conspicuously in the recent German Army manoeuvres, when the cyclists easily beat the veterans in scouting, patrolling and despatch work. The Australian authorities have been lethargic in this matter, offering no encouragement or aid to forming a military volunteer cycling corps. They have good material to draw from, and could easily, with very little expense, form a volunteer corps consisting of practical cyclists who would require very little monetary assistance, uniforms being the main want, who would be only too willing to put themselves under military tuition. The New South Wales Union have now approached the Sydney authorities asking for assistance in forming a corps in Sydney, and we trust that they will meet with success; for once the military authorities become convinced of the usefulness of such a corps, it would be a very short time before each capital would have its properly organised and equipped cycling corps.

#### PRINCE OF WALES A-WHEEL.

After eight lessons, during which the royal dignity was not upset, the Prince of Wales comes before the public as a full-fledged cyclist. He has just finished a course of instruction at Cannes, and those of his set who are not already devotees of the wheel are ready to be. The only wonder among those in England who follow the movements of the Prince is that his royal highness did not take to the pastime a long time ago. It is true he has long ridden a tricycle; but, then, that is so different from a bicycle and the latter is more difficult to learn to ride on.

Just how the man who some day will be ruler of Great Britain happened to become a cyclist is told in the last issue of the 'Cycle,' which says: 'It all came about in this way,' explained Mr Taylor, the person interviewed. 'A personal acquaintance of his Royal Highness had taken a course of lessons from Oliver Stanton, the well-known cycling instructor of the Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Although over 60 years of age he progressed so speedily under Mr Stanton's instruction that he became quite enthusiastic over the pastime, with the result that his enthusiasm eventually affected the Prince himself.'

'The Prince, however, was rather chary at first of intrusting his royal personage to the tender mercies of the unstable bicycle, but on being assured that Mr Stanton would guarantee him proficiency without the risk of a single fall, he ultimately consented to give a bicycle trial. That is the whole story of the Prince's conversion. An order was then placed with me for a machine for His Royal Highness, which was to be dispatched to Mr Stanton at Cannes, where the Prince has since learned to ride.'

'Was there anything special about the design or finish of the bicycle for his Royal Highness?'

'No; the machine is an ordinary black enamel mount. He is only having one change made, and that is with the saddle. He is having a special saddle made, which will be an inch wider than usual at the pommel and at the peak. The Prince has already mastered his mount thoroughly, and can mount and dismount with the most expert.'

'I suppose the conversion of His Royal Highness will give a big flip to the cycle trade this year?'

'Decidedly it will. Already I have had several aristocratic callers asking me if the statements in the press are true. When they have been assured they are, they have left orders with me.'

'By the way,' added Mr Taylor, 'it may interest you to know that the

statement which has appeared in several papers that there is a private cycling track at Sandringham has no foundation in fact, and His Royal Highness has expressed his annoyance at such "rubbish," as he himself styled it, being circulated.'

'As most cyclists are deeply interested in the all-important question of gearing, can you tell me what the Prince's machine is geared to?'

'I cannot definitely, speaking from memory, but I believe it is about 63 inches, which all practical experts state to be the best gear for all-round cycling. The frame is 24 inches, and the wheels are 28 inches and 26 inches respectively. I forgot to tell you that the Prince completely mastered the machine in eight lessons.'

'His plan was to take one lesson every morning, and, as Mr Stanton promised, he never had a single cropper. I may say that the Prince's tutor is official instructor to the Royal Botanical Society, and has taught a greater number of aristocratic riders than any other tutor in London.'

What is the truth about American bicycles? During Easter week over 1000 American bicycles were unshipped at Liverpool. Large numbers have also been landed in the succeeding weeks, and one large firm of exporters are said to have a stock of 17,000 American bicycles at present in their stores. What becomes of them all? On our roads they appear to be as seldom seen as ever. One Leeds agent and manufacturer in a large way of business stocked a dozen high-grade Yankee-built machines ready for the season of 1897. The larger proportion of these were ladies' mounts, but as they failed to 'go off' they were as the season waned offered at a price below their first cost to the agent. Still they could not be sold, and finally they descended to the position of novices' hacks in a riding school. The export list published every week in the 'Cyclist' supplies at any rate a partial explanation, very large quantities of these American machines being shown to have been reshipped to the Continent.

The cycle is making its way in Russia, although that country is as yet hardly an ideal one for cyclists. It is only lately that the order prohibiting ladies from cycling in the streets of St. Petersburg has been cancelled. Moreover, the aspiring cyclist has to pass sundry examinations proving to the satisfaction of the authorities his competency, ere he is allowed to pedal anywhere. And when the ordeal is passed, he or she—and the wheel woman must feel the indignity more than the ruder sex—must go about ticketed behind and before, with an unsightly number and label setting forth due qualification for permission to cycle.

When a Frenchman goes out cycling he does not make a toil of pleasure. In the environs of Paris some of the favourite rides lead up hills, especially near Suresnes, and this has led to the out-at-elbows of the neighbourhood posting themselves at the foot of the slope and pushing the cycles up hill while the dismounted riders trudge calmly ahead.

It has often been a subject of curiosity what becomes of all the old bicycles. Of course many of obsolete pattern and constitution are encountered in out-of-the-way places in the country, but in nothing like the numbers that might be expected.

No doubt, says the 'St. James's Budget,' a goodly proportion find their way abroad, to countries where people are not so particular about having the best and most up-to-date machines. I have often been surprised that no one has yet discovered some profitable means of utilising the bicycles or their component parts. There would be a grand opening for some man of genius who could devise a useful employment for the wheels and frames of discarded machines which, as such, have ceased to be of any value.

The wheels and tyres of a bicycle, even when they are so far gone as to be of no further use on a bicycle, are still far more serviceable than the majority of the crude affairs fitted to perambulators and mail carts.

Mr Pollard, says the Christchurch 'Press,' has taken time by the forelock in that he has secured the Theatre Royal, Christchurch, for the Jubilee period of 1900.

## OBITUARY.

### MR EDWIN HESKETH.

Very deep regret was felt in Auckland when it was known that Mr Edwin Hesketh (of Hesketh and Richmond, solicitors) had passed over to the great majority. Mr Hesketh, who had been in failing health for several years and very seriously ill for the past few weeks, died at his residence, 'St. John's Wood, Epsom, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 23rd inst., at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. The deceased gentleman was for thirty years connected with the public affairs of Auckland, and he was unanimously acknowledged to be one



THE LATE MR EDWIN HESKETH.

of the most talented members of the Bar in this city. His very high professional talents would have brought him a judgeship had he not been prevented from accepting it by an accession of deafness, which also compelled him to give up pleading in Court. He was still kept very much occupied, however, with the extensive business of his firm. Mr Hesketh's musical tastes and abilities were very well known in Auckland, especially in the Epsom and Remuera districts, since for many years he was organist of St. Mark's Church, Remuera. By all who knew him he was always spoken of in the highest terms as a thoroughly upright, generous-hearted and sympathetic man, and his family are deeply and widely sympathised with for the loss they have suffered by his death. He leaves a widow and three sons and six daughters, two of whom are married.

The Supreme Court civil sittings were adjourned on Monday morning as a token of respect to the late Mr Edwin Hesketh. Mr Button, President of the Auckland Law Society, in suggesting the adjournment of the Court, spoke of deceased gentleman in the very highest terms, and expressed the sense of deep regret which the legal community of Auckland felt at the loss of so distinguished a member. His Honor was visibly affected when he expressed his cordial acquiescence in all that Mr Button had said, and went on to pay his tribute of high praise and appreciation to Mr Hesketh's great legal abilities. At the Police Court Dr. Laishley, being the senior member of the Bar present, made reference to Mr Hesketh's 'brilliant and endearing qualities as an ad-

vocate,' and spoke of the loss which the Court, the Bar, and the public had alike sustained. Mr Brabant, S.M., fully endorsed all Dr. Laishley's remarks. On Sunday Canon MacMurray paid a high tribute to the memory of the deceased and also spoke of the valuable services rendered to the Anglican Church by Mr Hesketh as Chancellor of the Diocese of Auckland. At the close of the service Mr R. Leslie Hunt played the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' upon the organ. At St. Mark's Church, Remuera, the Rev. Mr Beatty also referred to the death of Mr Hesketh, and a wreath of white flowers was placed in the family pew of the deceased. During the service the 'Dead March' was played. The funeral took place on Monday at St. Mark's Cemetery, Remuera, there being a large number of persons present to show the high esteem in which they held the deceased.

### MR GEORGE FRIEND.

Very general regret was felt in Wellington on Tuesday last when it became known that Mr George Friend, Clerk of the House of Representatives, had succumbed to the glandular disease which has prostrated him for some months past. Mr Friend was a native of London, where his father officiated for many years as accountant-general for India in the East India Company's service, and also in the Imperial service later on. Having received his earlier education at a private school at Leatherhead, Dorking, in Surrey, he finished his scholastic career at King's College and the University of London, where he remained three years, and took high honours. In 1853 he arrived in New Zealand by the Hamill Mitchell, bringing letters of introduction to the then Governor, Sir George Grey. The following year Mr Friend entered the service of the Government in the department of Mr Knight, the Auditor-General, and after four years' service there was promoted to a position under the Commissioner for Land Purchase, Sir Donald McLean, under whom he worked till 1863, when he was appointed Clerk Assistant to the House of Representatives, a position he retained until 1889, when he was appointed Clerk of the House in succession to Major Campbell, and was recognised as an authority upon all questions of Parliamentary procedure. The amiable disposition and courteous manners of the deceased gentleman made him respected and beloved by all with whom he came in close contact, and performed all work entrusted to his charge with unfailing accuracy. Mr Friend was 63 years of age at the time of his death, and leaves a widow and one daughter to mourn his loss. When the House met on Tuesday afternoon the Speaker announced the death of Mr Friend, and when doing so paid a very high tribute to the deceased, whom he referred to as a most zealous and painstaking officer, upon whom he had always relied with the fullest confidence. The Premier, speaking with evident feeling, rose to place the following resolution on record:—"That this House desires to place on record its high sense of the faithful services rendered during 35 years by the late George Friend, Esq., as Clerk Assistant and Clerk of the House of Representatives, and respectfully tenders to his family the assurance of its sympathy with them in their irreparable loss." The Premier also said that, speaking as a personal friend of the deceased, he felt a deep regret at his death, and he was sure he would receive the support of every member of the House in passing a resolution tendering to Mrs Friend and her daughter their heartfelt sympathy with them in their sorrow. The Honorable Mr Rolleston seconded the resolution, stating that he had known Mr Friend ever since Parliament took its seat in Wellington, and after paying a high tribute to the many sterling qualities of the deceased, said he felt sure there was no member who would not feel that the resolution of the Premier was well deserved. The resolution was then carried, and the House adjourned as a further mark of respect until 7.30 p.m.

Mrs Maria Eva (relict of the late Mr Philip Eva), who came out in the ship Oriental to New Plymouth in November, 1841, died on July 20, at the age of 77.

We have to record the death of a very old identity of the provincial district of Auckland in the person of Mr John Houghton, of Mt. Eden, Auckland, who died on Saturday last at the advanced age of 84, having been close upon forty years in this colony. He leaves a family of three daughters and four sons, one of whom is Mr C. V. Houghton, local manager of the New Zealand Shipping Company.



← and Drama. →

An entertainment consisting of a concert and some tableaux, which were followed by a dance, was held at Ormondville, Napier, on a recent Friday evening. The Misses Chadwick played two pianoforte duets and Miss Allen sang 'La Serenata.' Others who contributed to the musical part of the programme were: Mr Webb, Mr Alabaster, Mr Westall and Mr Forbes, etc. Perhaps the tableaux which proved to be the favourite was 'Britannia,' 'Mary's Garden,' in which Miss Allen took the part of Mary, was also very well carried out, and so was 'The Three Witches,' and in this the characters were represented by Messrs Wilson, Palmer and Cracknell.

Miss Eloise Juno, who plays Nanny Webster in 'The Little Minister,' was recognised, says the Sydney 'Evening News,' many years ago as one of the cleverest exponents of Scottish character ever seen in Australia. She did not, however, come to this part of the world as a specialist in that particular line, but, after the fashion which was common during the earlier portion of her theatrical career, took a turn at all sorts of characters. It was in New Zealand she first came into prominent notice, at the first theatre built in Invercargill, the capital of the province of Southland. Miss Juno was then a very young girl, and not long from 'home.' She is a native of Edinburgh. The present writer has a very distinct recollection of the versatile talent which she displayed, and the success with which she assumed both serious and comic parts.

The Cowan Dramatic Company has been doing fair business in Wellington.

The Greenwood Comedy Company is at present in the Otago goldfields districts.

Among the new productions with which the Pollard Company intend to entertain their New Zealand patrons in the forthcoming season are:—'Newmarket,' 'Trooper Clairette,' 'The Dandy Fifth,' an opera which has created quite a sensation, 'To To and Ta Ta,' 'Manola,' and 'The Telephone Girl,' 'Pepita,' 'The Gaiety Girl,' and 'The Vicar of Bray,' which we have seen before, will also be included in the repertoire of the Company.

Messrs Williamson and Musgrove's Dramatic Company now playing the 'Prisoner of Zenda' at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, will introduce two new plays to Australia during the season. One is 'The Christian,' Wilson Barrett's dramatisation of Hall Caine's well-known novel, and the other 'Under the Red Robe,' a dramatisation of Stanley Weyman's novel.

Mr Robert Brough has purchased the Australian rights of Mr R. C. Carton's three-act comedy, 'Lord and Lady Algy,' now being played by Mr Charles Hawtreys' company at the Comedy Theatre. This makes three new plays which Mr Brough has added to his repertoire. The other two have been referred to before. One is 'Madame Sans-Gene,' adapted by Mr J. Comyns Carr, and produced last year at the Lyceum by Sir Henry Irving, and Miss Ellen Terry; and the other, 'The Liars,' a play by Mr H. A. Jones, which has been produced at the Criterion.

Burrie's 'Little Minister' is shortly to be presented on the New Zealand stage, Mr Harry Rickards having arranged to send a company to this colony to play it, with Miss Pattie Brown as 'Babbie.'

Mme. Cecily Staunton (Mrs Goldenstedt) made her London debut at Stafford House (Duchess of Sutherland's) on June 9th, at a charity concert in aid of the South London District Nursing Association. Miss Esther Lubbock, Miss Estlin Davies, Mr John Thomas (harpsichord) and other distinguished artists also appeared. Mme. Staunton sang Schubert's 'The Young Nun,' and made such a favourable impression that Mr N. Vert at once proposed to introduce the Australian mezzo-soprano to the directors of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Mr Henry Stockwell's clear tenor voice is at times apt to be a little strained (says the Adelaide 'Critic.') The cause is undoubtedly due to a habit of holding his head so far on the back of his neck as to place the larynx in a most unnatural position. Many artists in singing high notes throw back their heads and hold their music at arm's length, in the approved fashion of the tenore robusto in comic journals. The artist pupils of the celebrated Maestro Maurice Strakosch were taught on the contrary to lower their heads, and this is the secret of the exquisite beauty of their high notes. It was by this means that Adelina Patti learned that sweet and delicate pianissimo on high C which has held so many an audience spell-bound and entranced.

The concert given last week by the Auckland Banjo, Guitar, and Mandolin Club filled the Opera House to overflowing. A very varied and entertaining programme was presented, including concerted pieces by the club, instrumental solos and songs by Misses Lily Thomson and Maud Donovan, Mr Ernest Schatz, Mr W. M. Quinn, and Mr A. L. Edwards. Mr Arthur Towsey conducted, and Messrs Cyril Towsey and Alf Bartley were the pianists of the evening.

On Saturday last an excellent concert was given in the Auckland Opera House in aid of the Parnell Orphan Home. The entertainment was promoted by Professor Carrollo and provided by the leading local amateurs. The management committee consisted of the Rev. Canon Nelson, Captain Morrow, and Messrs F. Jones, H. C. Tewesley, and R. Walker (sen.). A delightful programme was gone through, and was evidently highly appreciated, and the Orphan Home will doubtless reap considerable benefits from the efforts on its behalf.

'The Beauty Slave,' the new piece at the Savoy Theatre for which Sir Arthur Sullivan has furnished the music, while Messrs. Pinero and Comyns Carr have written the words, is founded on a passage in the old French chronicle Froissart with reference to the adventures of certain French nobles on their return home through the Greek Archipelago from the wars against 'black pagans, Turks and infidels.'

'The Australasian' relates the following amusing incident:—'An unexpected hitch arose during the performance of 'La Fille de Madame Angot' by the Sherwin-Shepherd Opera Company at St. George's Hall on Saturday evening. During the interval at the close of the first act, a small man in a long overcoat ran rapidly through the place reserved for the orchestra, the members of which had retired, and gathered up all the band parts of the music, with which he disappeared. Only the pianoforte score was left, and with that the performance was continued, the other musicians playing from memory, and doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Later on in the evening the band parts were restored, after the small man with the overcoat had had a satisfactory interview with the treasurer.'

A controversy, probably unique in theatrical annals, is taking place at the Imperial Vienna Opera House. Mahler, the new director, has constituted himself a sort of Czar, and his latest ukase is to the effect that he will have no noisy expressions of approbation on the part of the audience. In order to insure the carrying out of this decree he solicited the intervention of the police, and two spectators who manifested too noisy an approbation for the artists were led out by the collar and heavily fined the next day. The gallery, however, has refused to be intimidated by Mahler's decree. On the contrary, its manifestations of approval have become more and more tumultuous, and regular scenes have taken place between audiences which wanted to applaud and the police who wanted to silence them. Indignant at the non-fulfilment of his orders, Mahler grew wrathful with the artists themselves, declaring that they had hired a clique. The poor singers were so indignant at this unjust accusation that they took a heroic stand—they struck against all sorts of applause. At present they refuse to take any notice of the public, and one and all refuse to appear before the curtain. To show their sincerity and prevent misunderstandings they have sent copies of their resolution to all the Viennese papers.

The London 'Era,' referring to Mr Gladstone's custom in later years of sitting behind the scenes, says:—'The first time he occupied the seat the carpenters and property people arranged a velvet canopy over it so that Mr Gladstone might not feel any draught. Two men, moreover, were told off to stand close to him through the performance in case anything untoward should happen. When "King Lear" was being acted, Mr Gladstone told Sir Henry that he had been told Sir Henry was surprised at the "lack of patriotism shown as existing at the time of the play." The invader was made welcome.' Many years ago, when 'The Corsican Brothers' was being played, Mr Gladstone came behind the scenes and peeped through one of the boxes on the stage which were supposed to represent the front of the opera house in the play. In the excitement of the moment he leaned out of this box, and the audience immediately saw and recognised him, and then there was a cry, "Bravo, Gladstone!" He visited the Lyceum the night after his great speech on the Home Rule Bill. Mr Gladstone's 10 o'clock Thursday breakfasts at his house in Carlton House Terrace, at which Sir H. Irving, Mr J. L. Toole and other distinguished actors, English and foreign, were often invited, were famous. Mr Gladstone loved to speak of Edmund Keen, Charles Kemble, Macready, Helen Faucit, Rachel, Ristori, Frederick Lemaitre, and Charles Keen, all of whom he had seen act. "Here," says a writer on society, alluding to these breakfasts, "you may meet an operatic prima donna, or a popular actor, or an editor, or a litterateur, or Madame de Novikoff, seated between a Whig peeress, stiff and frigid as an icicle, and an Anglican preacher such as Canon Liddon."

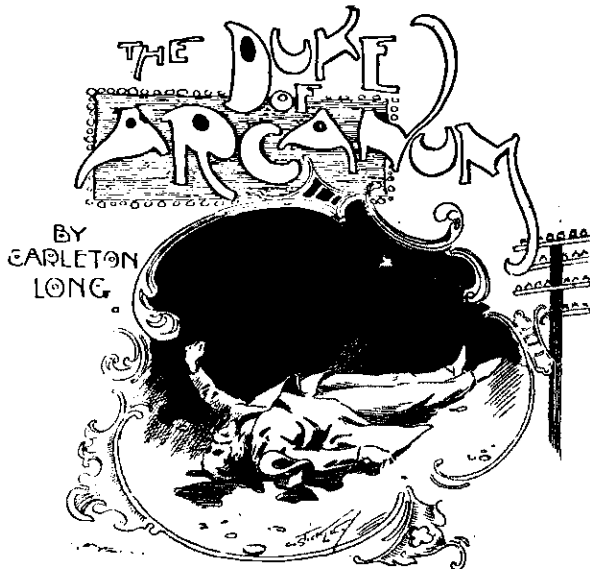
On the very night of the day on which the last Derby was won, a London audience, thanks to the Biograph, were able to see the great race represented, and of course almost as natural as life.

Alfred Ernst, one of Wagner's most doughty champions, has just died. He wrote in praise of Wagner at a period when the Bayreuth master was in need of a champion, and he has lived to see the triumph of the principles he advocated. His book, 'The Poetry of Richard Wagner,' is a standard work with lovers of Wagner's music. At the time of his death he was just finishing another volume, 'Musical Work of Richard Wagner.'

Two American actresses and three American actors are rated as millionaires by a leading New York newspaper. Miss Crabtree, known professionally as Lotta, heads the list with a fortune of three million dollars; Maggie Mitchell is placed next as the possessor of two and a half millions; Joseph Jefferson is said to be worth two millions; Sol Smith Russell, one and a half millions, and Joseph Murphy one million. Among those whose fortunes are said to be on the road to a million are: William H. Crane, three-quarters of a million; Fanny Daveyport, half a million; William Gillette, a quarter of a million; E. H. Sothern, two hundred thousand; and John Drew, one hundred and seventy-five thousand.



THE LATE MRS E. LYNN-LINTON.



## CHAPTER IX.

## INCREASING TROUBLES.

It was not long after the incident just narrated ere a sombre cloud settled upon the little household. The children, one after another, were taken with that infantile scourge, scarlet fever. Imogen was obliged, in consequence, to give up both her pupils and her sewing, as her time was now wholly required in caring for the little sufferers. The cottage, as a matter of course, was shunned by the neighbours. The doctor came daily to prescribe, or advise, and Mrs Tierman came to assist whenever she could spare the time; but all others avoided them. There was no income now to meet the requirements of living, and Imogen was almost distracted. There was but one resort—the pawnshop. She had never had any experience with those unfeeling tradesmen who, knowing the straitened circumstances of those who seek them, take much and give little in return. The three gilt balls, however, had been a familiar sight to her on the street, and she knew that they were the recognised emblem of the craft, as the mortar and pestle are of the apothecary, hence she had no difficulty in finding one, and, still less, in obtaining a small loan upon her watch, which had been a birthday present from Stanley the year before. Ten dollars! a paltry ten dollars for so precious a keepsake! but then she thought that she would soon be able to redeem it. Alas! how many poor, distressed souls have parted with precious treasures under similar circumstances, deceiving themselves with the same confident expectations! It is, perhaps, a charitable illusion, after all, for if one had a keen realisation of approaching disappointments they would seem more unbearable than they otherwise appear in their final and commonplace development by degrees.

As Imogen left the pawnbroker's office she raised her eyes timidly, and saw Coulter standing near. He had seen her enter, and had taken a conspicuous place that she might observe him when she came out. He saw that her face was paler than usual, and he knew that she was in distress, but he had no sympathy to extend. All he desired was to gall her with a sneer and an insolvent look of satisfaction. But his opportunity was negated, for she hurried away, after giving him so slight a glance that it even left him in a state of dubitation as to whether she had seen him or not. The small sum which she received from the pawnbroker only sufficed for a short time, when it became necessary to visit him again. Then her sick dress, the only one which she possessed, and the guitar which she had used in recent years, in the absence of a piano, were pledged, and hunger kept her from the threshold a few days longer. The intervals between her visits and the amounts received likewise gradually lessened, as she was successively obliged to carry some article of less intrinsic value than before. Little by little she saw her home despoiled of its comforts and necessities, and the situation became more desperate. Her rent was unpaid, and the landlord harassed her

with frequent demands, supplementing each with a threat of expulsion if it were not immediately forthcoming. The poor woman, thus goaded on one hand and pinched by poverty on the other, knew not a moment's peace. Only a mother's heroic devotion to her children enabled her to battle against such adversity. There were times when she thought that she could no longer maintain the struggle, but the recollection of her husband's privations, his uncertain fate, and his cheerfulness inspired her to renewed measures, and rendered her miseries more endurable. Alone, and with wearying anxiety, she nursed her three sick children by day and night. She had not seen Stanley since their illness began, but had apprised him of their misfortune, and kept him informed of the condition of the little sufferers. At length Paget and Geryl began to convalesce, but the youngest whose case from its earliest stages had caused the doctor much anxiety, seemed stubborn and unyielding. Congestion of the brain supervened, and a fatal issue became hourly more apparent.

One night as she was keeping her vigils by the sick child, sitting closely by the bedside, Imogen thought that it seemed to rest easier than usual. She held its little hand in her own, and thought its breathing seemed less laboured than before. Worn with fatigue, she laid her head upon the pillow by its side, and unable to control herself, fell asleep. For an hour or more she continued in peaceful and refreshing slumber, but was then aroused by a sharp knocking at the door. With conscience chiding her for her remissness of duty she hurried to ascertain who was there.

"Mrs Tierman," came the response; and Imogen unlocked the door and opened it.

"Is it thrue thin, ma'am?" asked the aged woman in an anxious voice.

"What true?" inquired Imogen, more surprised at the question than by the midnight visit.

"The darlin' habs, ma'am?"

"He is sleeping peacefully. I have been asleep by his side; come and see him.

They approached the bedside to look at the child. There was a stillness which alarmed the mother; a fixed look, such as when death has relaxed the muscles of the face. Imogen bent over to listen to its breathing, but there was not the faintest sound. She placed her hand upon its forehead, and found it cold. The little spirit had taken its flight while the mother slept. Imogen was inconsolable when the truth flashed upon her that death had despoiled her of her child. Wringing her hands she paced the floor in anguish, and, returning, buried her face in the pillow, against the little inanimate form, and wept loud and long.

"Oh, me poor child, Oi thought it was thrue. Oi hurried over with all me might, but it's too late Oive come. Oh, that dream! Oi never had the loike av it before, ma'am. Oi dhrempt ye had left the little darlin' wid me to look out for, an' whoist Oi was busy at the tub an' had the little dear out o' me mind, he toddled out into the strafe. Oi thought Oi heard a noise, a hollerin' an' rushin' loike

there was a runaway, an' Oi rushed to the door—an' oh, Holy Mither, Oi jist reached it in time to see the horses dash madly over 'im! An' thin it was, ma'am, that Oi woke up. Oi thought av the dear little fellow, an' Oi had a presentiment that he was dead. Oi thought Oi must come, ma'am, an' Oi did."

As the good woman finished she stooped and kissed the marble brow, and her eyes filled with tears.

When morning came the bereaved mother sought the prison to tell Stanley of their misfortune, but she was not permitted to see him, for the turkey was in an ill humour. The prisoners had not been admitted to the corridors, and he would not permit any more visits to the cells. The best she could do was to leave a message in charge of the prison authorities, who promised to deliver it to Edgcomb. Even death could not move the stolid gaoler, nor likewise could it move the selfish neighbours to expose their families by entering the stricken domicile; and thus, in the darkest hour of human experience, when the heart is laid waste by the chill presence of the Destroyer, Imogen was unsupported in her affliction by those loving words of comfort and sympathy which God has ordained as necessary to our nature, to assist in ameliorating the distress occasioned by the visitation of calamities, and especially that to which all flesh is heir. An indurating philosophy is that which consoles those selfish beings with a reflection such as this: 'The child is dead. I can do nothing for it by going there, and I shall only expose my own by doing so.' This is the charity of the world, and how few exceptions there are to it! Hence it was that there was no funeral from the cottage.

As soon as Imogen's thoughts would permit her mind to dwell upon other subjects than her grief, she saw that her circumstances would no longer permit her to retain the cottage, and that it would be necessary to find a home elsewhere. Her rent had accrued until it had become a hopeless matter of paying it. She had pledged everything that she could possibly spare, even to the last dress almost which she possessed, to obtain funds to buy medicine and the necessities of life. There was the undertaker's and the doctor's bills which must be paid, which would necessitate a sacrifice of the remainder of her household effects. There was no other way by which she could pay them. As soon as Paget and Geryl had sufficiently convalesced, and the house had been well fumigated, she sought a dealer and disposed of what was left in the cottage, merely reserving her stove, table, bed, two or three plain chairs, and a few dishes. The sum which she realized was barely sufficient to pay a few pressing debts and a month's rent for a room which she found on a quiet street in the North Division. Then came the final breaking up of what had once been a happy home. She saw with tear-stained eyes the remnants driven away, and then moved to her new place of abode. It was not home to her, and she felt that she no longer possessed one; but uninviting as it seemed, with its bare floor and its cheerless walls, yet it was preferable to the cottage with the dismal recollections of the last few months of her life in it.

It was now the latter part of May. The balmy days had come, renewing the earth with springtime loveliness, and bringing freshness and cheerfulness to its creatures. It is not unnatural that the first warm rays of a May-day sun should penetrate even the gloom of a heart made wretched by sorrow and adversity, and light it up with hope and cheerfulness. Such an effect seemed to be experienced by Imogen, for she felt hope return once more without any particular change in her condition to warrant it. As she gazed upon the children, who were basking in the sunshine upon the doorstep, she thought of the summer days of her own childhood when she had tripped blithely through the woodlands, or over the green meadows, gathering dandelion and clover blossoms, or

boisterously darting after some golden-hued butterfly, stopping in the chase, perhaps, to cull some pretty wild flower, and then with uplifted hat, renewing it. She remembered, too, how the wily creatures, as if to lure her on, would pose upon the thistle's bloom, their golden wings oscillating in the breeze like the tiny sails of a diminutive yacht, and, when in stealth she had approached so near that the prize seemed almost within her grasp, the gilded beauty would wing itself away and with artful coquetry invite a fresh attempt by the close proximity of its perch. 'Poor things!' thought she; 'how little of true childish happiness they see with only the dusty, bustling streets of a great city spread out before them, and one poor, miserable room to call home.'

Although orphaned at an early age, her own lot, when a child, had not been as hapless as theirs, for the good tavern-keeper had been a kind and considerate guardian, and such destitution was never known at the country inn. She longed again to see the quiet village with its beautiful elms, its lawns, its orchards, and the shady brook, where in the summer days she had dipped her bare feet in the clear water, casting now and then a few crumbs to the hungry minnows that swam cautiously near. She longed to see the old tavern, but ah! how vividly were the scenes of that terrible night recalled to her when the old house was destroyed by fire. She remembered the alarm and the flight; how from a safe distance she had tremblingly watched the flames as they leaped from the windows, and saw them dart up the sides of the wooden tavern, licking the roof with their scorching tongues; how, with horror she had seen her own chamber, where but a few moments before she had been calmly sleeping, invaded by the smoke and flames, and all that was dear to her swept away; how she had heard the frightened cackle of the wild geese, confused by the illumined sky, as they circled in an aimless flight round and round, high above the burning tavern, filling the air with their startled notes. These incidents were pictured upon her mind as freshly as if they were but the scenes of yesterday. What changes had taken place! What vicissitudes the destruction of the old tavern had wrought in her career! When she meditated upon it it seemed as if her lot could not have been more unfortunate; but when she looked back retrospectively upon the many years which had come and gone since then she saw that there had been many more happy than unhappy ones. There had been years of happiness without an incident to mar her felicity, and the circumstances which had so ruthlessly changed all had been beyond human control. The conclusion was forced upon her that life has many bright phases after all; they might return to her again some time; she would continue the struggle to the end.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE TRIAL.

A man on trial for his life! How dolorous do these words sound to our sympathetic ears! What horrible possibilities do they suggest to our thoughts! What morbid speculations do they invite! There is no phase of life which excites keener interest or greater awe than the proceedings of a tribunal where man sits in judgment upon the life of a fellow being. It is, perhaps, because it approximates an assumption of divine prerogatives. The solemnity which it inspires is such as pervades all matters which bring us face to face or into extraordinary relations with God. All elements are attracted thither. The merchant, the mechanic, the professional man, the courtesan, and the lady of refinement elbow each other in a sliding crowd, attracted by the impressive scene, anxious to witness what may possibly be the closing act in the drama of a human life. The

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horrible recitals of a ghastly crime, the eloquent pleadings of the lawyers, the dignity of the judge and the complacency of the jury, and, finally, last, and most absorbing of all, the prisoner for whom the scales of justice are poised, awakens a profound interest.

It was upon such a scene that Stanley Edgcomb gazed on the morning of the commencement of his trial. Nine long months had elapsed since his arrest; nine long, weary months of waiting upon the slowly moving machinery of justice. What of more infinite slothfulness? And yet there must be law, else all would be chaos, and justice cannot move hastily and move correctly. Delays are burdensome, but they are inevitable. The functions of justice are monotonous and tiresome in their routine, but they are decisive in their finality. The feeble prisoner whose fate is pending the action of some tribunal may not be inclined to look philosophically upon delay; especially if he be innocent. He writes under the hardships of his long confinement; he becomes irritable in brooding over its uncertainties. The law becomes his enemy, or he regards it as such; and he has no charitable thoughts for it, because it has no charity for him.

Edgcomb had been a victim, like thousands of others, to those inseparable delays. He had experienced the same thoughts, he had hurled the same anathemas upon the law. He had long since grown weary and impatient, and his impatience had been heightened by subsidiary events in the loss of his friend Kye, the destitution of his family, and the death of his child. However, the situation was relieved at last, and it was with much satisfaction that he learned, about the first of August, that his trial would take place in a few days. There was, of course, a great deal of speculation and anxiety as the time drew near. He seemed to more fully realise the gravity of the charge, and the uncertainty of a favourable termination; yet he was hopeful.

There was at that time a lawyer by the name of Humphrey Davids, who had a moderate practice in the courts. He was an excellent attorney and a person of humane disposition; but, although familiar with the most recent questions of law, he, somehow, had not gained much prominence in his profession. He was about thirty-five years of age.

Lawyer Davids having taken considerable interest in Edgcomb's case, had called one day at the prison, talked with Stanley awhile, and then volunteered his services in his defence. They had been promptly accepted with an assurance of gratitude and an expressed purpose to requite him sometime if cleared. He had become favourably impressed with his client, discovering him to be a man of unusual intelligence, and, were he a competent judge of character, the soul of honour. His conviction of the man's innocence became as pronounced as the prisoner himself could possibly have desired. Upon examining the case minutely, however, the lawyer was dismayed to find that that great bulwark of criminal defence, the alibi, was not available, for Stanley had admitted to the Chief of Police on the morning of his arrest, and also at the inquest a day or so later, of having been in the neighbourhood of the tragedy about the time of its occurrence, and of having been the first to discover the body of the victim. Then the story of James Kye and his disappearance had not annoyed but startled him, and he became apprehensive that a plot against his client existed. He was at a loss to know how to counterbalance the work of the conspirators unless by a powerful effort at cross-examination, thereby weakening the evidence offered by the state. It seemed a discouraging undertaking, but, without admitting the fact to Edgcomb, he had prepared for the struggle.

Entering the courtroom with a bailiff on either side, Edgcomb had taken his place in the dock. He looked pale and haggard from his long confinement and suspense, but he raised his eyes and looked calmly round upon the hundreds of faces turned curiously towards him. He also cast hopeful and encouraging glances at Inogen, who was present with Puget and Tierly.

Those who had known Edgcomb prior to his arrest would scarcely have recognised him then. His hair had grown long; pullor marked the cheeks where there had been a ruddy hue; his garments had become worn

and threadbare, presenting an appearance of shabbiness. A few months before he himself would have shunned an object of such wretched appearance; but his pride had been humbled and he faced the court with an utter indifference as to looks, but with deep anxiety as to the result which rested upon the decision of the twelve men before him.

We will pass over the preliminaries of the trial to the acts and motives of one of its central figures—the State's Attorney—who had risen to deliver the opening address for the prosecution. He was a man of fine personal presence and a fluent speaker. He was by nature crafty, ambitious and designing in everything which he did—a thorough politician, with an eye to public patronage, and ever ready to serve a constituency were the emoluments of the office sufficient, or in case it offered a means for further advancement. What he saw in the State's Attorney's office none but himself had any idea, unless it was to firmly establish himself in public favour by a zealous prosecution of offenders. He was thoroughly unscrupulous in the use of measures for furthering his purposes and serving his ambitions. It was the all-important point that they were served; the manner was of little consequence. He had but recently assumed the duties of his office and the Edgcomb case was the first important one he had had to deal with. This case he well knew had created a widespread interest, and the conviction of the prisoner would be a grand beginning in his role of public prosecutor, consequently he had entered upon the trial with a full preparation and a determination to put forth every effort for success. In his opening speech he was listened to by the court with marked attention. From the moment that he commenced to speak the jury became attentive listeners. His deep, impressive voice filled the room with a rich resonance. His diction was perfect, his enunciation grand, and when he had concluded and taken his seat, all eyes were turned upon the accused to note the effect. Edgcomb, however, appeared unmoved; he was even stoical. He had listened attentively to the stirring address. He had admired many of the sentiments, but the accusations which were hurled upon him fell against a bulwark of innocence, fortified with the consciousness of it.

The State's Attorney was quick to perceive that he had made a favourable impression; that his magnetism had already been communicated to the jury. To all appearances they were ready to convict the prisoner before the trial had fairly commenced. From the murmur of approval and nods of satisfaction which passed from one to another among the spectators, it was also evident that but for the strict discipline of the court there would have been a demonstrative burst of applause.

During the delivery of the address there sat upon the opposite side of the counsel's table a man who appeared to be very grave and thoughtful. Now and then he was seen to lean forward and take copious notes of the speech, and during its entire delivery he followed the speaker with marked attention. It was Humphrey Davids, the counsel for the defence.

At a single glance an observer would have noted that there was considerable depth to his character. He was a man, in all respects, the opposite of the State Attorney. Instead of the dashing, brilliant and impulsive manner which the latter possessed, he was calm, scholarly, and argumentative. His method of persuasion was by an appeal to the judgment and intellect of the man, instead of his emotions.

When the State's Attorney had finished, and the court had again assumed its wonted stillness, Humphrey Davids rose to make his opening speech. He had not proceeded far before the effect of his remarks became apparent, for he set forth the case of his client in a masterly way. He cautioned the jury to be careful of how they dealt with circumstantial evidence, warning them that it was often delusive, biased the judgment, and prejudiced the mind against an innocent and honourable man. He spoke in the highest terms of Edgcomb, and challenged the production of a questionable act in his life previous to the day of his dismissal; and when he had concluded the scales of justice seemed to have been restored to their proper balance, ready to receive and weigh the evidence.

It was forthcoming.

The State's Attorney had availed himself of everything of a probatory nature tending to establish the prisoner's guilt, and with consummate skill began to weave the web of circumstantial evidence around his unfortunate victim. First came the evidence of the two men who had released Mancel Tewkes from his infuriated grasp, at the time of his dismissal, thus proving the assault and furnishing a motive for the crime of murder. Then Coulter's evidence showing the disappearance of the message and Edgcomb's dismissal, proving a vitiated character, and also of the plumber's call on the day of the murder and the appointment made for the evening by the deceased; also of the twenty-dollar bill, with a narrow strip of yellow paper pasted on the upper right-hand corner, which he himself had loaned the Director-in-Chief, identifying one which was shown him as being the same. Then came the Chief of Police, giving an account of the arrest, search and scrutiny of the accused; stating that he had found on the prisoner's person after his arrest a cipher message, much worn and soiled, bearing the date of the twenty-fifth of September, 1870, which, upon being sent to the telegraph office, was identified as the lost message mentioned by the preceding witness; that he had also found in his pocket a twenty-dollar bill as previously described, identifying the one which had been recognised by Coulter. This was supplemented by his statement of the interrogations put to him after the search; of his admission of having been near the scene of the murder—several miles from home—about the time of its occurrence; and of his denial of having had any connection with the disappearance of the message, and his subsequent confusion on being confronted with it. Next came the plumber, who corroborated Coulter's evidence in regard to the appointment with Mancel Tewkes, followed by two of the men whom Edgcomb had called to his

assistance upon finding the dying man, identifying the prisoner, and telling of the manner of his abrupt departure after the body had been carried to the lamp-light.

There were two other witnesses for the state whose testimony was of a startling nature, but it will first be necessary to explain certain matters and conspiracies by which it was brought about.

Coulter had succeeded without much trouble in gaining the confidence of the Chief of Police. Indeed, quite an intimacy had sprung up between them. There was a mutual interest predominating their friendship which bore upon the Edgcomb case. The Chief of Police desired a conviction. It would be a credit to the department, and the public would not fail to appreciate the cleverness of the service in arresting the right man so promptly after the crime had been committed. As to Coulter, his motives are well enough understood.

Through the Chief of Police, Coulter became acquainted with the State's Attorney, and a conspiracy was the result. Previous to their understanding, however, Coulter had sent Madame Renaud to fix matters at the prison. He then suggested to the State's Attorney that, inasmuch as Pintard had occupied the same cell with Edgcomb, he might possibly have heard some admission of guilt, and, if so, perhaps he might be induced, with the promise of an indifferent prosecution, to tell what he had heard. "Criminals, you know," said he, "sometimes make confidants of one another."

The State's Attorney thought the suggestion a good one, and, visiting the prisoner, interviewed Pintard on the subject. The result was all that he could have desired, for the Canadian was prepared with the statement that Edgcomb had one night, in the gloom of their prison cell, confessed the murder, and told many of the circumstances connected with it. He further said that Edgcomb had told him that he had borrowed the knife with which he had committed the deed from a friend by the name of Kye; that he had seen the same man talking with the accused through the latticed door of his cell on the night of his own arrival at the prison, and that he had never been there since. He was willing to testify for the state.

Meeting Coulter very soon thereafter the State's Attorney announced his success with Pintard, remarking: "Now, if we could find some one who had seen the knife in Kye's possession, and could identify it, we would have a case against Edgcomb which would be fairly incontestable."

"Leave that to me," replied Coulter. "I will see that such a witness is found."

"It must be a man of nerve, who will not flinch, for it will be a point in our case which will be strongly attacked by the other side," said the prosecutor.

"Yes; I understand, but we shall have the right man in the right place. Leave that to me."

"Well, you are very clever, I will admit, and I have no doubt but that you will succeed. We owe all that we have thus far in the case to your shrewdness; go ahead."

With this carte blanche from the State's Attorney, Coulter entered into fresh machinations against Edgcomb. As was always the case when he had some nefarious scheme to work, he relied upon the Kinzie street dive to furnish an accessory, but in this instance he chose one who had not served him in such a capacity before—Chloe. He demanded a sacrifice—an extraordinary sacrifice for a woman to make, and Chloe, full of love and devotion, listened. It was to divest herself of her beautiful hair; to assume a masculine disguise, and play a certain role which he would assign her. He told her it was a matter which concerned Madame Renaud alone, and in no wise himself; that by so doing it would secure Pintard's release, for it was nothing less than to testify in court to a matter which would strengthen evidence which he (Pintard) would give in advance. Chloe consented, and the matter was speedily arranged. This intrigue was consummated by the appearance of Pintard on the witness-stand, his testimony being to the effect that he was an inmate of the city prison; that he had been confined in the same cell with the accused for many months; that Edgcomb had talked confidentially with him concerning the murder of Mancel Tewkes, and told him that he had been constantly haunted by visions of the dead man; that, while asleep

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on his couch, he would nightly hear raps on the wall near his head, and upon arousing himself would see the ghost of his victim standing before him with a ghastly wound in his breast; that, to relieve his mind, and in hopes thereby of obtaining a respite from those frightful visitations, he had confessed his crime to him, telling him all. Then he informed the jury that Edgcomb had told him how he had obtained the deadly knife from one James Kye, an intimate friend; and further, that on the evening of the day of his own arrest, upon being brought to the prison, he had found a man talking to the accused, whom he had been informed was James Kye, and since which incident he had not again been seen there.

The state closed by introducing a witness who gave the name of Louis Carroll, but who was none other than Chloe, incognito. Her hair was cut close and arranged in masculine fashion, and a false moustache shaded her mouth. She had rubbed her skin where it was visible with a lotion, containing a trace of iodine, which gave her a dark complexion, or tanned appearance. She was dressed genteelly in loose-fitting garments, thus concealing the feminine form.

Coulter had provided Chloe with a small powder composed principally of euphorium, which he had caused to be prepared by a skilled apothecary, to take just before entering the courtroom. This drug acts as a powerful irritant upon the membranes of the throat, inflaming the vocal chords and rendering the voice hoarse and unrecognisable, as one suffering from a cold. This she took as instructed for the purpose of disguising her voice, and by the time she reached the witness chair its effect was apparent.

Chloe was cool and self-possessed. Under the shrewd management of the State's Attorney she gave her evidence to the dismay of Humphrey Davids, and of even Edgcomb himself. It was substantially as Coulter had planned, and to the following effect:—Age, twenty-five; occupation, a hatter. Do not know the prisoner at the bar; never saw him before. Know James Kye intimately; have been his roommate for many months.

'Until within how recent a period?' asked the State's Attorney.

'Six or seven months—until shortly before his disappearance.'

'Did James Kye carry a weapon of any kind, or keep any concealed about the room?'

'A knife was the only weapon that I ever saw about the room. I never knew him to carry any concealed about his person. He kept an ugly-looking knife and made a practice of putting it under his pillow at night when he retired. He seemed to have a constant fear of robbers, for I think he kept his money secreted in the room.'

'Did James Kye have any peculiarities?'

'He was very odd in his way, and I think had some hallucinations; the idea that he was beset by robbers was one of them. He also had fits of abstraction, and made queer grimaces and distortions of his face at times.'

'Just so; did you ever hear him speak of Edgcomb?'

'Yes; he spoke of him very often.'

'Was this before or after his arrest—Edgcomb's arrest?'

'Both before and after. He went to the prison to see him frequently after his arrest.'

'You spoke of a knife in Kye's possession; did he continue to keep it under his pillow as long as you remained with him?'

'No; it disappeared sometime before I left him.'

'Can you recollect the time, or about the time, that you first noticed its absence?'

'To the best of my recollection it was the latter part of October.'

'Are you positive?'

'Yes,' answered Chloe, thoughtfully.

'Do you remember any particular conversation with him concerning Edgcomb?'

'I remember of Kye speaking of Edgcomb's assault upon Mancel Tewkes at the office. He was very much excited over it. It was only a few days afterward that I noticed the knife was missing.'

'Was it before the murder that you noticed the absence of the knife?'

'Yes.'

'How long before?'

'Perhaps a week.'

'Did you make any remarks to Kye concerning his disappearance?'

'Yes; I asked him what had become of it.'

'What reply did he make?'

'He said that he had loaned it to a friend.'

'Were there any peculiarities about the knife that you can remember?'

'Only one, I believe.'

'What was that?'

'There was a long crack on one side of the handle.'

'Have you ever seen the knife since its disappearance from Kye's room about the time stated?'

'I have not.'

'Do you think that you would recognize it if you should see it again?'

'I think I should, without doubt.'

'Is that it?' asked the State's Attorney, producing and handing to Chloe the knife which had been found in the murdered man's body.

Chloe pretended to examine it carefully. 'Yes, sir; that is the knife which belonged to James Kye.'

'Are you sure of it?'

'Yes, I am positive,' answered Chloe, in a firm voice.

'Very well; that is all. You may have the witness, Mr Davids,' said the State's Attorney, turning to that gentleman.

The trying ordeal of a cross-examination, wherein the adroit lawyer juggles with the witness' character, covering his victim with shame, confusion, and contradiction, had yet to be undergone. But Chloe nerved herself to the task. Who has submitted to this trying scrutiny and has retired with a good opinion of himself? Is it strange that with the certainty of such a smirching before him the witness shrinks from the encounter? Is it strange that from this cause many are deterred from giving valuable evidence—many whose voices might be lifted up in the temple of justice, but whose tongues remain silent forever? There is no desire to shield such witnesses as Chloe from a just inquisition, but for one such there are thousands of honourable citizens who are compelled to submit to these indignities, who are led thoughtlessly into pitfalls, and robbed of all self-respect by the methods adopted in criminal practice and recognised by the courts in cross-examination.

It was plain to be seen that the counsel for the defence was an adept in such matters. He had handled Coulter, while on the rack, in such a way that it left no room for doubt as to his ability. Chloe, however, displayed a singular self-control which seemed to irritate the lawyer from the beginning. In vain did he ply her with the most searching questions, thrust the most provoking insinuations; indulge in the keenest satire and the most biting sarcasm, but he failed to disturb her equilibrium. She had learned her part well, and passed the ordeal unscathed. There was no humiliation on her part, because she had no honour to lose. All womanly sensitiveness was dulled by her blind devotion to Coulter. She dallied in the lap of scorn and came out triumphant. For once the lawyer was humiliated instead of the witness.

Next came the testimony for the defence. Astute as he was, yet what evidence could Humphrey Davids offer in behalf of his client? The testimony of Imogen? No; the law does not permit the wife to testify for her husband. What then? Why simply a few witnesses who had known the accused favourably before the murder, and the prisoner's own evidence. There was no alibi; there was no Kye to testify for him, and the boy who had delivered the mysterious envelope could not be found.

Edgcomb, himself, was the last to be examined. There was a ripple of excitement as he stepped forward. 'Would he make a clean breast of the matter and acknowledge his guilt, now that the case had gone so overwhelmingly against him?' many asked in their own thoughts. He was a trifle paler, and there was a look of increased anxiety on his face, but his voice was without a tremor.

By skillfully-arranged questions Humphrey Davids led the witness over the whole range of his testimony. It is here that the criminal lawyer rises to the height of his art, drawing from the witness, little by little, as he does, shading it at every step with an inference of probability, and finally developing the whole into a formidable array of evidence. None understood this art of interrogation better than he. None knew better how to grasp all the circumstances surrounding such a case, how to make much of little, or to bring forth responses and make them

fit each other with the same nicety and precision as the parts which the joiner mortises and fits together. None knew better the patronising, inferential way of making his interrogations effective and in bringing forth clever answers, thus placing the witness at his greatest advantage before the jury.

From the commencement of the trial Edgcomb had felt that his case could not rest in safer hands, and during the progress of his examination his hopes revived under the magnificent efforts which his lawyer seemed to be putting forth in his behalf. He told the story of his assault upon Mancel Tewkes in the following language:

'I do admit, sir, that I did a most ungracious act in that respect, but who is there among men that has not, some time during his life, committed some rash or thoughtless act which he regretted afterward? I regretted my assault upon Mr Tewkes the moment I had recovered from my passion, but at the time it was more than I could endure to be called before the Director-in-Chief, in the presence of my conferees and be thus dismissed and dishonoured without even a hearing. I demanded, what any man who has a sense of honour would, a cause for my dismissal, but was answered with an insult. Again I demanded an explanation, and again it was refused. Then, being no longer able to control my indignation, I seized him by the throat.'

There was something in those words, so earnestly spoken, which seemed to carry a conviction of truthfulness with them. If the jury had been unduly influenced by the prosecution, as was undoubtedly the case, their prejudices were at least modified by the noble bearing and utterances of the prisoner.

Edgcomb then gave a detailed account of all which had transpired from the time when he left the office to that of his arrest. He did not speak of his conversation with Kye because there was no way of proving that his theories were correct. He felt, as did Humphrey Davids, that they were true, for the evidence of Pintard and of Louis Carroll had shown the handiwork of conspirators, but they were helpless and unable to combat them.

The completion of Edgcomb's testimony brought the trial nearly to a close. There remained now only the arguments of the lawyers and the judge's charge to the jury. Humphrey Davids began his address, pre-facing as follows:

'Gentlemen of the jury: You have been chosen by the laws of your State to fulfil a most unpleasant and trying duty—to give judgment in the case of the People vs. Stanley Edgcomb, charged with the murder of Mancel Tewkes. It is presumed that you are all impartial and fair-thinking men, and as such you are chosen. You are actuated by all of the common impulses of men; you feel, think and act as other men do, and you cannot for a moment forget that it is upon the life of a human being, one who thinks, feels and acts as one of yourselves, that you are about to pass judgment. Stanley Edgcomb is one of nature's noblest productions. He is the soul of honour and truthfulness; of that nobility of nature that can not find it in his heart to commit a crime. He does not stand before you as a supplicant for mercy, but he stands with innocence stamped upon his brow, and demands that justice shall strike where it deserves, but that innocence shall not be made a cat's paw for crime.'

'Gentlemen, I am as thoroughly convinced that Mancel Tewkes did not fall by the hand of this man, whose life is now trembling in the balance, as I am that the planet on which we dwell travels in its unmeasurable path through space obedient to the laws of the Creator. Do we see the earth turn upon its axis? Do we experience a sensation of plunging through space at the tremendous rate of which astronomers tell us? No. But the fact is made apparent by a process of reasoning which is patent to all intelligent beings. Did I see the hand that stabbed Mancel Tewkes? No. But by those same reasoning powers I can say with equal assurance that it was not the hand of Stanley Edgcomb that did it. Men who commit abhorrent crimes are base by nature. They are but a step in the evolution of things above the snake in the grass which sinks its venomous fangs into

an unsuspecting victim. They are devoid of principle, honour, humanity, of all that which engenders fellowship and good feeling among men. All great students of nature tell us that it leaves its imprint upon every living thing. Jurymen, I ask you to turn and look into the countenance of the man who stands accused before you, and see if you can detect any of those evidences of baseness there. Who has scanned that pale and anxious face during the progress of this trial and has failed to notice the look of tenderness, love and solicitude which he has so often cast upon his wife and children, who have remained near him, enveloped in the shadows of uncertainty and misgiving? Who has gazed into those clear, calm eyes and can gainsay their undisturbed tranquillity? Eyes which can lift an honourable gaze to all the world are not the eyes of a murderer.'

Thus far only had the speaker proceeded ere the liveliest interest was awakened in all parts of the room. Edgcomb cast upon him a look of admiration. Imogen covered her eyes with her handkerchief and wept, for those words had touched a responsive chord in her heart. Coulter frowned; while the jurymen, without an exception, riveted their gaze upon him. As the speech progressed a sensation developed. The lawyer was analyzing the evidence for the state, when he suddenly drew himself up, and, looking steadily at the jury, said: 'Gentlemen, the law has been confederated. The State's Attorney has been confederated. I assert, with all the solemnity which such a declaration inspires, that there are three witnesses who have given evidence for the state, among whom exists some mysterious understanding of the crime for which my client is now on trial—a conspiracy, I may say, to cheat the law and, by so doing, rob Stanley Edgcomb of his life. You may ask, Why did we not prove this in presenting our case? I answer by saying that it is because the witness James Kye, upon whom we relied, has been spirited away by these self-same villains. I will go further. I will say that there is one who is the chief conspirator among them, and it was this man who sent Edgcomb the bill marked with the narrow strip of yellow paper. He knows who killed Mancel Tewkes. He is here at this moment and hears this accusation—'

At this juncture the State's Attorney sprang to his feet and cried: 'Your Honour, I object to such disgraceful proceedings. The counsel for the defence should be kept within bounds. He may entertain such thoughts, but he has no right to express them here. I ask that he be instructed to confine himself to the evidence given in the case.'

'The counsel must remember that it is the prisoner at the bar who is on trial and confine himself to the evidence given before the jury,' the judge replied.

'Your Honor,' said Humphrey Davids, 'I recognise the justness of your ruling; but, nevertheless, I feel constrained to say that if I occupied the seat upon the bench and saw such a palpable conspiracy existing I would order the discharge of the prisoner and the arrest of—'

Down came the gavel in the judge's hand with a force which left no room for doubt as to the determination on his part to maintain the discipline of the court. There was a scowl upon his brow, a look of rebuke and of offended dignity in his face. 'Silence!' came the stern command simultaneously with the report of the gavel. 'The court will accept no instructions or advice on the matter. Confine yourself to the evidence.'

Humphrey Davids bowed a respectful obedience and made a suitable apology. He could well afford to do so, as he had gained his point. During the rest of his speech he was content to keep within the prescribed limits. Coulter, being overwhelmed by this unexpected attack, took occasion shortly thereafter to withdraw from the scene.

After Humphrey Davids had taken his seat there was a few minutes of silence. The end was drawing near. Imogen scanned the faces of the jurymen with a keenness of penetration of which only a woman is capable. They all looked so friendly and pleasant she thought there could be no doubt of a favourable result, but a moment later she shuddered as she saw the imposing figure of the State's Attorney rise to address the jury.

It was a warm day, the heat being

almost intolerable. The presence of so many people attracted thither by the speeches and the closing scenes of the trial rendered the atmosphere all the more oppressive. The jurymen, weary and worn, twitched nervously in their seats. Humphrey Davids, perspiring freely from the effects of his exertion, seized a fan and sought to win a refreshing breath by a vigorous agitation of the stifling air. The sun was fully three hours past the meridian. Its golden rays peeped through the crevices of the blinds, shooting silvery streaks of dancing, infinitesimal atoms across the courtroom, high above the assemblage. The State's Attorney, when about to commence his address, seemed to suddenly recall some lack of preparation, and, turning again to the table where he had been seated, examined for some moments several volumes of law, occasionally turning down a leaf for ready reference or citation. Again turning to the jury, he proceeded to address them. Let us not take unnecessary time and space in following him. There is much in a speech of this nature which involves a discussion of many principles of law having a characteristic application to the case on trial. It embraces a retrospective review of the evidence. Each separate part is shaped and fashioned to suit, and is followed by an epilogue, or a fitting together of the whole. It is embellished now with a flow of pathos, and then with a burst of denunciation. If the speaker be profound, eloquent or impressive, he sways an irresistible power, for he is those last, stirring words which they hear ringing in their ears as they retire to make up their verdict.

It has been said that the State's Attorney was a man of uncommon ability as a speaker. He knew the subtle influence of an eloquent tongue, and he could deftly exert it. He had a pleasing intonation and modulation, and words seemed to fairly effervesce or bubble forth upon his lips with a surprising spontaneity.

The sophistry of his argument was unheeded by the mind which became charmed by his eloquence. After having exhausted his argument he closed with the following peroration: "Gentlemen, we have made a complete analysis of all the evidence given in the case, from the inception to the perpetration of the crime. It was conceived in rank revenge and perpetrated with fiendish brutality. There are no extenuating circumstances, but the horror of the deed calls for the most pronounced execrations of mankind and the severest penalty known to law. You have a solemn duty to perform. We are all aware that it is a most unpleasant one to pass the penalty of death upon a fellow-being, but the law admits of no exception.

The statutes are prescribed in black and white, and you have been chosen by this community to execute them. If you find the prisoner guilty the verdict must be for murder in the first degree. The law fixes the penalty, and you have but a plain duty before you—to execute the law. Be men, and let no sentimentality dictate to your judgment and turn you into a course that will lead to public admiration and self-contempt."

It was sunset upon the beautiful prairies that stretched their broad expanse back from the calm and motionless waters of Lake Michigan, when the State's Attorney, looking steadily at the jurymen, closed his address. What tongue or pen can describe the anxiety which had pervaded Edgcomb during the succeeding days of this trial! His hopes and fears had risen and fallen like the ebb and flow of the tide. The hour had now come for that suspense to deepen, for those hopes and fears to fluctuate still more violently, for the jury were about to retire to make up their verdict. He looked grave and apprehensive, but as he turned to Imogen and their glances met there was an attempt at cheerfulness.

The lawyers read their requests, the judge his charge, and the jury retired.

During the evening, or, perhaps, a couple of hours later, the western horizon became freighted with dark and ominous-looking clouds. Gradually they advanced, wild and dispersed, in rugged patches, then, knitting closely together, lowered above the heat-stricken city, threatening an angry tempest, while lurid gleams of lightning chased each other in rapid succession in and out of the black, impenetrable mass. There was a hurrying to and fro. Eyes were lifted anxiously toward the impending burst. Gusts of wind swept through the streets, catching the dust in eddying whirls, and spinning it round and round like diminutive cyclones. Then came a prolonged and muffled roll of thunder, steadily growing more and more pronounced in its mutterings, followed by a lull, during which a few large drops of rain came pattering down, which were succeeded by a terrific crash that sent the blood tingling to the roots of the hair.

The court reassembled just as this grim spectacle culminated in a mighty storm. The room was crowded as usual. The judge, the prisoner, the lawyers and all were present, and had taken their accustomed seats, save the State's Attorney, who had stepped to the window to the left of the bench, and stood with his arm resting upon the window-sill, partially facing the assemblage. The air, freshened by the rain, came in in cooling draughts with reviving influence. He wore a smile of sanguine expectation.

Edgcomb was paler than ever. A feeling of nervousness seemed to pervade all, occasioned as much by the expected verdict as by the fury of the storm. The effect was also intensified by the impoverished light of the room, which consisted of a few dismal gas-jets, giving a dreary appearance to the surroundings.

The storm bent mercilessly down. There were blinding flashes which seemed to leave the room each time darker than before. A breathless anxiety quickened every pulse as the twelve jurymen filed in. Although

there seemed to be an unusual degree of solemnity in their movements and features, yet there lurked within a certain satisfied expression as if the qualms of conscience had been subdued, and their minds were at rest, having fulfilled a disagreeable duty.

Above the din of the storm, which every instant increased in violence, the voice of the judge was scarcely audible as he directed the clerk to read the verdict.

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Stanley Edgcomb, guilty of murder in the first degree as charged, and"

Heaven seemed to forefend the reading of that verdict which was to sentence an innocent man to death, for at this juncture there came an appalling crash, and a blinding flash, which struck terror to every spectator of the scene. The State's Attorney was seen to fall heavily forward upon his face. The bolt had stretched him lifeless upon the floor. A carnival of disorder, which was terrifying, supervened. Some hastened to the prostrate form; others, not knowing the cause of the excitement, rushed wildly toward the door. A cry of fire arose, and an indescribable panic ensued. The judge lost his self-control, and for several minutes made no attempt to suppress the turmoil. When at length quiet was restored, and the court was called to order, it was discovered that the prisoner was nowhere to be seen.

(To be Continued.)

Three French lawsuits have been veritable Methuselahs of litigation. One, begun in 1210 by the Comte de Nevers against the inhabitants of Donzy, went on till 1848. A second, begun in 1254 by the inhabitants of Campan against those of Bagnerec, went on till 1892. But there is a third, also begun in 1254, and by the same Campan folk against four villages in Aneau, which is still going on. All these suits are contests about forest rights and pasture rights.

# PEARS

## Soap Makers



By Special Appointment  
TO  
HER MAJESTY

# The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE  
**Prince of Wales.**

### Mr. John L. Milton

Senior Surgeon  
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"From time to time I have tried very many different soaps and after five-and-twenty years careful observation in many thousands of cases, both in hospital and private practice, have no hesitation in stating that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEAR'S SOAP. Time and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion which I first expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase my confidence in this admirable preparation."

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"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it falling into wrinkles. PEAR'S is a name engraved on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEAR'S SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

Enrich the Blood, and Tone up the System with

# DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.



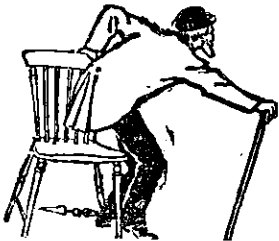
KEEP AT BAY INFLUENZA, RHEUMATISM, AND NEURALGIA.

## RHEUMATISM CURED.

### A GRATEFUL LETTER FROM WEST AUSTRALIA.

Mount Magnet, Murchison, W.A.,  
May 9, 1898.  
Dr. Williams' Medicine Company,  
Sydney.

Dear Sirs,—I received the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People quite safely, and in good order. I have taken two boxes myself for rheumatism, which I have had in both my knees. I was unable to kneel down. I have had the rheumatism on me for over fourteen years. I feel the pain quite



BEFORE TAKING THEM.

gone from me now, and am as nimble on my legs as I was twenty years ago, and I feel like a young fellow again. I have told my friends what your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and they are now taking them. You are at liberty to advertise this for the sake of other poor sufferers.

I am, dear sir,  
Yours truly,  
H. BALDWIN.

## ANÆMIA AND ACUTE NEURALGIA.

### A DAUGHTER OF ALD. B. CARVER, J.P., EFFECTUALLY CURED.

There is no better known or more highly respected resident of Hill End than Alderman B. Carver, J.P., who has thrice filled the Mayoral chair, and was a delegate to the Mining Conference held in Sydney in February, 1896. Alderman Carver has a daughter, Miss Addie Carver, likewise well known in Hill End and district, she being a prominent member of the local musical circle, and in much request as a vocalist. It is of her we have to speak, for she, like countless

thousands of others, has been cured of Anæmia, that death-dealing complaint, by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. With a view of obtaining her experience our reporter secured an introduction to Mr Carver, who, when he learned the nature of the mission, became eloquent in the praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and conducted him into the presence of his daughter, by whom our representative was kindly received.

'Yes,' said Miss Carver in answer to the first query, 'I did suffer intensely, and not only from anæmia, but from neuralgia, too. The pains from the neuralgia were intense. They shot through my head and face without intermission night and day. This I endured for about five months. I couldn't sleep nor could I eat anything much. My appetite was very poor, and I became very thin and languid.'

'That must have been the result of the anæmia, or poverty of the blood?'

'It was; I used to dread the night, for I was so weak and dispirited through having suffered so much that, as I said, I couldn't sleep, and in the morning I rose just as weary as ever, and during the whole day I used to sit in front of the fire with my head banded up, or else resting on the couch. I really dreaded going to bed, knowing that it meant a night of sleeplessness. I had no heart for any thing, and was unable to undergo the slightest exertion. The sleeping draughts I took were numerous, but ineffectual. I tried a great many remedies, but they were of no benefit to me. My parents and friends were greatly alarmed at my condition, which was becoming pitiable.'

'Did you consult a doctor?'

'Yes. And he, too, failed to relieve me, let alone cure me; that was reserved for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.'

'And what induced you to try them, Miss Carver?'

'A lady friend of mine, who lived near, advised me to give them a trial, as they had cured her niece of a complaint exactly similar to mine. I was so ill, and felt so worn out with suffering, that I was pleased to try anything said to be a cure for my ailments. So I purchased a few boxes from the local storekeeper. The effect was marvellous. About a fortnight after I started taking them the neuralgia completely left me, nor was this all; for my appetite returned, and I slept better. I continued the treatment for a little longer and every day improved with it, until at length the old, weary, worn-out feeling left me;

the blood returned to my face, and I regained my lost condition, and I am now as well as ever I was in my life. I have had no return of the old enemy, and I attribute my cure solely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was for some time organist of the local Wesleyan Church, but had to resign my position on account of my illness. The doctor whom I consulted said he attributed all the trouble to a severe cold in the first place, and that I was in a fair way to go into a decline. I think the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great boon to people suffering as I did, and I have recommended them to my friends and acquaintances. My sole object in giving this testimonial to the Dr. Williams' Med. Co. is to help to alleviate the sufferings of others.'

## INFLUENZA CURED.

### MISS IDA HOLBEIN TELLS OF HER RECOVERY.

Miss Ida Holbein, whose private address is 3, Victoria Parade, Melbourne, is a talented young descriptive vocalist, who has won laurels at the Alhambra, Sydney, with the Cogill Brothers, with Messrs York and Jones, and with other companies. She has recently been fulfilling a seven months'



MISS IDA HOLBEIN.

engagement in West Australia, a place where the sanitary arrangements are such as to make visitors fearful of, and consequently especially susceptible to, any epidemic. Miss Holbein writes:—

'Whilst in West Australia I was attacked by influenza, and as I had heard so much about the sickness in the West, I felt very bad.

'What with burning head and pains I felt like to die. I know that I could not do justice to myself or to my work. The doctor could only give me the consolation that the attack must wear itself out, and that I must be patient. I could not be patient, and my friends, seeing that the feverish symptoms were growing worse, determined to try the effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting under their advice I took several boxes. The effect has been marvellous. The fever and the influenza rapidly disappeared, and have left no trace behind except my gratitude to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company for having placed their Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People before the public of Australasia.'

## DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CONTAIN NO POISONOUS INGREDIENTS WHATSOEVER.

Headaches, Cold Feet, Anæmia, General Debility, Nervous Prostration, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Indigestion, Insomnia, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc., Positively Cured.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a perfect blood builder and a nerve restorer, curing such diseases as anæmia, 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, dengue 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.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by Chemists and Storekeepers generally; or the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., will forward, on receipt of stamps or post order, one box for 3s, or half a dozen for 16s 6d.



FAC-SIMILE OF ONLY GENUINE PACKAGE.

.. Honest Advice Free. ..

## DO YOU SUFFER

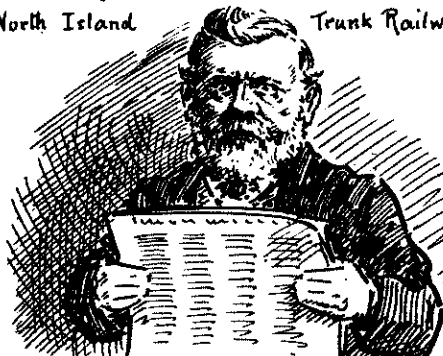
Please Address:

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,  
QUEEN'S PLACE, SYDNEY.

from Influenza's after effects, from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, or any trouble whatsoever? If you do, write to us, describing your case fully, and we will answer you absolutely Free of Charge. Your letter will be regarded as strictly confidential. You will be answered with the greatest privacy and delicacy, and will be told whether Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured cases like yours or not. We do not sell Pills to People whom we do not think they are likely to cure. We invariably return Money, if sent, in such cases. We are to be trusted, if only because it is to our interest to treat you fairly. We can afford to be candid.



A requisition is being signed in Auckland requesting the Mayor to call a public meeting at an early date to consider the extension of the North Island Trunk Railway



"Confound these Aucklanders with their agitations! I suppose I shall have to send them up two or three more 'unemployed' and half a dozen lengths of rails. That will probably keep them quiet for another year or so."

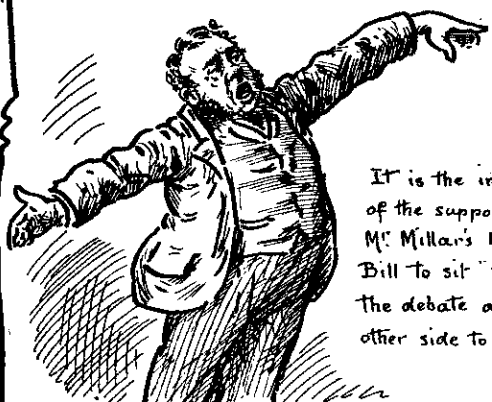
Mr Ben Tillet has been lecturing the Wellington working man on his apathy as regards "real live democracy."



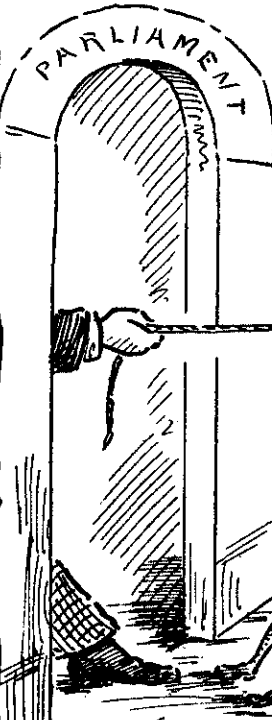
"None today, thanks."



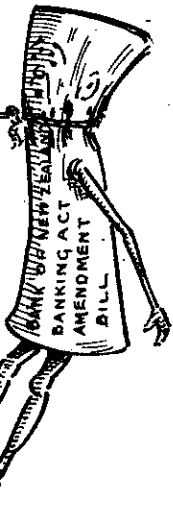
Big Ben on strike again.



It is the intention of the supporters of Mr Miller's Licensing Bill to sit "tight" during the debate and allow the other side to do all the talking.



The Bank of New Zealand Banking Act Amendment Bill with all its weird and smellsome associations is to be dragged across the floor of the House once more.



Ashley Hunter 98

Mr Lawry's Lotteries Bill provides for licensing lotteries & sweepstakes; the license fees and stamp duties to be applied to Charitable aid. In fact, Mr Lawry wants to feed the poor on nothing but game





Those who look for coincidences will be interested in knowing that the day before the burning of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, during the Pastor's College Conference, Mr Charles Spurgeon read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, containing the phrase, 'For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched and that burned with fire,' and concluding, 'For our God is a consuming fire.' His brother, Mr Thomas Spurgeon, entitled his presidential address, 'No Strange Fire,' while one of the questions that had been addressed to the conference in a circular had been, 'Does the fire burn brightly on the altar?' The Rev. John McNeill, the missionary, who was due at the Tabernacle next week, used as his motto for his last Sunday's lecture, 'Turn and burn,' a phrase borrowed from Baxter. But perhaps the most extraordinary coincidence of all is the apparent fulfilment of the prediction in Old Moore's Almanack—'About the middle of the month (April) the destruction of a famous building by fire may be expected. Insurances will cover the actual cost, but historical associations, alas! have no money equivalent.'—Daily Chronicle.

A French newspaper has discovered that there was no such thing as a battle at Atbara, that the story of the fight was a mere invention. This journal, which is very widely read in France, remarks:—'How very annoying English papers are, with their long glowing descriptions of the English soldiers' victories over the Dervishes. Do they imagine that anyone believes them capable of killing 1,000 Dervishes and wounding four times as many? Nonsense. This is absolutely untrue. The story was simply got up in order to satisfy the amour propre of the nation, which could not get over the ignominious defeats inflicted on its army by a handful of savage Afridis. It is easy enough to explain how such incredible hoaxes can be palmed on the British public. As no correspondents are allowed to accompany the Sirdar's army, and the Dervishes have no wires of their own, John Bull can say anything he likes.'

The throne room of Spain is described as a magnificent apartment of crimson and gold, with colossal mirrors and a chandelier of rock crystal that is considered the finest example of the kind in the world. Under the gorgeous canopy are two large chairs, handsomely carved and gilded, and upholstered in crimson brocade. Upon these the Queen Regent and the boy King sit upon occasions of ceremony.

It is said that the last person in England to wear that curious fashion of head dress common in George III's time, a pigtail, was an old gentleman (a centenarian), who died but a few months ago in the East End of London. With his queer little queue of white hair, nattily tied behind with a knot of blue ribbon, his corded knee-breeches, and low buckle shoes, a large flowered waistcoat down to his hips, and plum-coloured open coat that showed the big frilled shirt and tight stock, the old man was a picturesque figure a mid squalid surroundings. He had been considered quite a dandy in his youth. He was very vain of his tail, and often prided himself, in his weak, quavering voice, of being 'the only gentleman left that was dressed as a real gentleman should be.'

The making of cigarettes has always been an occupation suited to feminine fingers, and a great many women have achieved in private life much skill in the rolling of these articles for their husbands and brothers long before they began to think of making them for their own use. This suggested, some ten or twelve years ago, to a certain lady well-known in society, the possibility of turning her skill in this matter in a direction which would prove useful. She started cigarette-making on a small scale, and secured the promise of patronage from a number of the West End clubs, as well as from certain co-operative societies. Her cigarettes were well and carefully made. She began to get a ready market for them, and to employ the services of other women in making them. In the course of a very few years she was making an excellent income by her business, and other ladies all over

the country were fast following her example. Cigarette making is an excellent home money-making occupation, because it can be carried on with ease in any house, however small, and requires no capital for machinery, implements, etc.

In Germany, the man who loses both his hands accidentally can claim the whole of his life insurance money, if he be insured, on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself. A loss of the right hand reduces the claim to from 50 to 80 per cent. of the total.

Three years ago (says an American journal) we didn't know what golf was in this country. In Scotland they have played it for 450 years. They are playing it this season with clubs made in America. A single Chicago firm has shipped to Scotland 10,000 golf sticks in a few months, and has orders for 15,000 more. Cricket—well, we have played cricket more or less for some years, but never with the true British zest. Nevertheless, the best cricket bats and balls are now made in the United States and shipped to the tight little island.

The average Boer seems to be a painfully polite sort of person, if we may judge from an advertisement which appears in a recent issue of the 'Krugersdorp Sentinel.' It is placed under the heading of 'Death—Smit,' and runs thus:—'On the 28th inst., Amy Jane Mary Smit, eldest daughter of Jane and William Smit, aged 1 day 2½ hours. The bereaved and heart-broken parents beg to tender their hearty thanks to Dr. Jones for his unremitting attention during the illness of the deceased, and for the moderate brevity of his bill. Also to Mrs Williams for the loan of clean sheets, and to Mr Wilson for running for the doctor, and to Mr Robinson for recommending mustard plaster.' Such comprehensive gratitude is not often met with.

A German doctor has started a theory that most drunkards can be cured by a very simple and pleasant course of treatment, namely, by eating apples at every meal. He says that apples, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink.

Mr Cecil Rhodes, says 'Cassell's Saturday Journal,' considers himself a very good character-reader from facial expression, and has declared that he hardly ever varies his first opinion of a person. Not many months ago a friend of his presented a young man to him in the hope that the youth might find favour and so secure a good post of some kind or other. The youth was considerably gratified by Mr Rhodes' reception of him, but the friend was not satisfied. 'The chief never smiles like that at a face he fancies,' was his comment. And it subsequently proved a true forecast.

Unquestionably the army of ladies who smoke cigarettes is a rapidly-increasing one, and we have been at some pains this month, says an English Exchange, to secure expert evidence on the matter—by which we mean testimony of manufacturers who have devoted special attention to the subject. They are unanimous on the general question, viz., in testifying to the rapidity with which the practice has spread, but there are differences of opinion on points of detail. Some believe that feminine cigarette smokers are seldom to be found outside the higher classes of society, while others consider that there is a goodly percentage of female workers who smoke.—'Tobacco.'

Baden-Baden, once the great gambling resort of Europe, since abolishing her gambling tables has rebounded to the other extreme and is offering 'blue lums' as an attraction to visitors, two of whom were recently stopped by the police from purchasing flowers on Sunday.

'Personal observation has taught me,' said a Cuban cigar dealer, 'that not one person in a hundred knows how to smoke a cigar to enjoy it thoroughly. For instance, most men, after buying their cigars, stick them between their teeth and gnaw the ends off recklessly, thereby tearing and loosening the wrapper. Then they light their cigars and puff away as if their very lives depended upon flushing them in a hurry. Thus treated, the finest cigar will burn irregularly, and the smokers will, nine times out of ten, lay the blame on the cigar. The cigar may be to blame, but in most cases the fault lies in the way it has been handled.'

## MEN AND WOMEN.

At a woman's congress held in Paris resolutions have been adopted to the effect that all families must secure certificates of health from intending sons-in-law in order to guard the daughters of the Republic from risk and to prevent hereditary maladies in the fathers of a later generation.

America is undoubtedly the happy hunting-ground of the woman doctor. The increase in her numbers has within the last twenty years been phenomenal. It is estimated that there are now about forty-five hundred women practitioners in that country as against five hundred and twenty-seven in 1870. The majority of these are of course general practitioners, but there are as well homoeopaths, hospital physicians, and surgeons, professors in schools, specialists for diseases of women, alienists, orthopaedists, oculists, aurists, and electro-therapeutists. Doubtless, like their brothers, they suffer from the stress of keen competition, but it is stated that most of them succeed in making good headway, while one or two of the leading lights are credited with amassing the eminently satisfactory income of £5,000.

Medical circles in Berlin are much agitated over a statement made by a prominent physician of that city to the effect that the nurses in the private hospitals are in league with the undertakers, who distribute among them circulars offering as much as £5 by way of gratuity for a good job.

Mr Chamberlain, when a little boy, was playing one day with his sister at a game of 'battle'—each child having a regiment of toy soldiers and a popgun to fire at the enemy.

The little girl's soldiers went down very quickly, but his stood firm, and he was proclaimed the victor.

He had glued his men to the floor!—'Pearson's Weekly.'

'I am tired at the close of the day, 'tis true, but I always try to remember that my wife may be tired as myself.' If all husbands would not only think this, but act upon it, many weary women would smile, and feel half their burdens drop at once from their shoulders.

A hand or body warmer which can be carried in the pocket is one of the novelties of the season. The pocket 'Instra,' as it is called, is the first practical means by which slow burning fuel has been made available for heating the human body in a safe and cleanly manner. So small an amount of fuel is used that a refill, which lasts three or four hours, weighs only one-seventh of an ounce. To show their safety 'Instras' have been habitually carried in the same pocket mixed up with gunpowder cartridges, and they are equally effective in their cleanliness. Possibly the pocket 'Instras' will be most popularly carried in the ladies' muff, or in the pocket to give warmth to the body; but we can also imagine them to be very useful to travellers by road or rail, particularly as they are quite free from smell.

So many engagements are made on board ship, and so many happy marriages result from them, that a captain of one of the largest Atlantic liners states that men, who, for some reason or other, are unable to secure wives at home, take a trip over to America on the chance of meeting a girl on the boat.

The Supreme Court of Georgia recently passed upon the novel question whether the contract of marriage is such a contract as is contemplated by the law which provides that contracts entered into and signed on Sunday shall be illegal and void. In 1850 a Mrs Cone married a Mr Underwood, and in her marriage contract reserved her estate for herself and her children. Mrs Cone's grandson, in a suit for the ownership of the property, was not permitted to introduce the marriage as evidence, the defence showing that it was concluded on a Sunday. The lower court held that a Sunday marriage contract was as void, so far as its effects on property rights was concerned, as any other Sunday contract in regard to labour or employment. This decision was reversed by the Supreme Court, which held that the Legislature, in enacting Sunday laws, can regulate only ordinary employment, while entering into a marriage contract is not ordinary employment.'

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Among the passengers of the Rotiti from Wellington to Auckland last week was Mr Ranson, Auckland manager of the Northern S.S. Company.

Rev. Mr and Mrs Robertson, Auckland, accompanied by their niece Miss Robertson, of Scotland, left by the Wakatere on Monday on a trip to the Thames.

Miss Lulu Brandon, of Wellington, is about to pay a lengthy visit to Napier.

Miss Bessie Jones, from Parnell, Auckland, is staying at the Sanatorium, Cambridge, for the benefit of her health.

Miss Mildred Rees, of Wellington, is visiting Blenheim, and is staying with Mrs Griffiths.

Dr. Williams, of the Thames Hospital, who has been travelling in the Australian colonies for the benefit of his health, returned to the Thames on Thursday very much the better for his travels.

Mr and Mrs R. H. Rhodes, Otahuhu, Tai Tapu, have gone to the North Island for two or three weeks' change.

Miss Parkes, of Wanganni, who has been on a visit to Auckland, left for her home on Monday by the Rotiti.

Colonel Stapp, who has been for a trip down South, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Christchurch, were the guests of Mrs S. A. Rhodes, at the 'Grange,' Wellington, for the Steeplechase Meeting on the 16th and left for Auckland on Monday last.

Mrs Ernest Gray intends to take up her residence in Christchurch, where she has already secured a house in Worcester-street West.

Mrs Kennedy, of Wellington, is staying in Napier on a visit.

Miss B. Rennell, who has been for some time on a visit to Dunedin, has returned to her home in New Plymouth.

Archbishop Redwood has been visiting Blenheim and preached both morning and evening in St. Mary's Church last Sunday. At the evening service the Archbishop played Gounod's 'Ave Maria' splendidly on his violin, Miss McCabe acting as accompanist. Mrs Marks sang 'O Salutaris' very pleasingly.

Mr and Mrs C. W. Adams and Miss Adams, of Blenheim, have been visiting Mrs J. Bell, at Hillersden, Wairau Valley.

Mrs Frank Lawry was a passenger from Auckland to Wellington by the Takapuna last Thursday.

Mr H. C. Seymour, Tyntesfield, has gone for a trip down the Sounds with Captain Harris, of Picton.

Mr Louison, Mayor of Christchurch, is at present paying a visit to the Empire City.

Miss Mabel Tendall, eldest daughter of Mr G. F. Tendall, of Christchurch, has returned from England with very high honours and a diploma from the National Training School of Cookery, South Kensington, where she has been studying for two or three years.

Mr Hyde, of the Public Trust Office, of New Plymouth, has been transferred to Wellington, and will be succeeded by Mr Oswin. Before leaving Wellington Mr Oswin was presented by his fellow clerks with a handsome silver mounted travelling bag and a case of razors.

Miss Elworthy (Timaru) is staying with Mrs Wallis, in Wellington.

Miss Robertson and Miss Pitt (Nelson), have gone to Wellington for a trip.

Mr A. B. Wright, Government Surveyor, residing in Mt. Albert, Auckland, has gone to Sydney for a fortnight's holiday.

Miss Donnelly, of 'Crissoge,' Napier, is paying a visit to Wellington.

Mr J. Ashcroft, of Wellington, Official Assignee, has been paying a visit to Napier.

Miss Nettie Reauchamp (Picton) has gone for a holiday to Wellington.

Mr F. Greenfield, of Blenheim, is visiting Wellington.

Mr J. W. Brindley, late Controlling Officer for New Zealand of the Victoria Insurance Company, who is going to take up business in Sydney, was presented last week at the Otago Club, Dunedin, by Mr T. R. Fisher, on behalf of the Underwriters, with very handsome sets of silver-mounted dessert knives and forks and fish knives and forks, as well as with a set of covers. Representatives of the various fire and marine insurances were in large numbers at the meeting to bid Mr Brindley farewell.

Archbishop Redwood returned to Wellington from Nelson and Picton by the Penguin on Wednesday last.

Colonel Pole-Penton, Commandant of the N.Z. Forces, inspected the Nelson College Cadets on Saturday and left for Westport the following day.

Mrs Reece is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs Lusk, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Mrs C. C. Corfe left Christchurch for Nelson on Saturday and thence she returns to Queensland.

Lord and Lady Ranfurly have issued invitations for an 'At Home' at Government House, Wellington, on the 3rd of August.

Mrs E. J. Lee, of Christchurch, is the guest of Miss Truman, at Sumner.

Mrs F. M. Foster, of Blenheim, has been visiting her sister, Mrs Malcolm McFarlane, at Coldstream, Rangiora.

Mr and Mrs George Roberts have returned to Dunedin after their honeymoon trip.

Mrs H. F. Thompson, with three children, left Blenheim last week for Wellington, with the intention of proceeding to Gisborne to visit her mother, Mrs Pasley.

His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly contemplate visiting some of the country towns in the North Island about 5th September next and expect to be away on their tour about a week. While away they propose visiting Carterton, Feilding, Marton, Wanganui, Patea, Hawera and Stratford, which are all connected by railway; and later on His Excellency hopes to get as far as Danevirke, which he has not yet visited.

Miss Kennedy, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, is at present staying in Gisborne.

Miss Speed (Picton) has gone to New Plymouth to stay with Mrs E. D. Westmacott.

Mrs Harris and Miss Scott, who have been visiting at Tyntesfield, returned to Picton last week.

The boarders of 'Glenalvon,' Symonds-street, Auckland, gave a large euchre party last week.

Mr Pirani, M.H.R., has so far recovered from his late accident at Palmerston North that he hopes to take his seat in the House on Tuesday next.

The following guests were entertained at dinner at Government House on Wednesday last by the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly:—The Hon. F. Arkwright and Mrs Arkwright, Dr. Mrs and Miss MacGregor, Mr Herries, M.H.R., and Mrs Herries, Captain, Mrs and Miss Edwin, Dr. and Mrs Anson, Mr and Mrs Morrison, Mr and Mrs Izard, and Mr Cargill.

A large number of Nelson cyclists attended church parade at Brightwater on Sunday afternoon, when Divine service was conducted by the Rev. W. G. Baker.

Miss Farmer, who has been visiting her relatives in Blenheim, returned to Wellington last Friday.

The Governor and Countess Ranfurly intend paying an official visit to Hawera and Stratford in September next.

Mrs A. W. Reeves, of Christchurch, is making a short stay at the Convalescent Home. Mr Reeves is away on a trip to the South Sea Islands.

Mr Leslie Haigh, secretary of the Hagey Institution, Auckland, has gone to England for a short trip.

Mr Harry Fookes, of the Post-office Department, New Plymouth, was presented by his conferees with a travelling companion on the occasion of his approaching marriage. Mr Holdsworth, the Chief Postmaster, made the presentation.

Miss Rose Bush, of the Thames, is in Auckland at present.

Mrs O'Neal, of Wairoa, is paying a visit to Napier and is staying with Mrs Davidson, of the Bluff Hill.

Mr Edward Stafford, the well-known barrister and solicitor of Wellington, accompanied by Mrs Stafford, left Dunedin by the s.s. Duke of Portland on a visit to England last Tuesday.

The numerous friends of Mr Daniel Neilson, of Onehunga, will be glad to learn that he has recovered from his late illness.

Mrs James Taylor, of 'Bardowie,' Cambridge, has taken her son, who has been ill, to Devonport, Auckland, where they will stay for some time.

Colonel Stapp, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mrs Pickering, of Auckland, is visiting Nelson, where she has many old friends.

The Misses Julius (3), of Christchurch, are at present visiting Wellington and are guests at Government House.

Miss W. Hunter-Brown, of Nelson, has gone to Wellington for a visit.

Mr E. R. Cargill (Dunedin) is paying a short visit to Wellington.

Miss Constance Hatherly and Miss Celia Dampier are staying at Mrs Everest's, Montreal-street, Christchurch.

Mr Hyde, of the Public Trust Department in New Plymouth, has been transferred to Wellington. Mr Oswin is his successor.

Dr. Thacker, F.R.C.S., who belongs to Akaroa, Canterbury, has, on completing with honours his medical curriculum in the Old Country, returned to New Zealand and begun to practise in Christchurch.

Mrs Hansen and Miss Scherff, of 'Glenalvon,' Auckland, returned from Sydney last week.

Mrs A. P. Green (Blenheim) is spending a few days with Mrs Vavasour, at Ugbrooke, Awatere.

His Excellency the Governor is to open the Wellington Poultry, Pigeon and Canary Society's show at the Skating Rink on Thursday afternoon, for which a very large number of exhibits have arrived from all parts of New Zealand.

Mr W. D. Thomson, of Awakino, who was thrown from his horse the other day, is gradually recovering from his accident.

It is proverbial that when ladies take to a toilet preparation its success is assured. The ladies of Wellington have given their verdict in favour of Wilton's Hand Emollient as being the very best thing they have ever tried for curing chapped hands and for keeping the hands soft and white. Sold by all chemists. One pot will be sent by post on receipt of one shilling in stamps. G. W. Wilton, Adelaide Road and Willis Street, Wellington. Insist upon trying it. Do not be put off with 'something just as good.'

## SOCIETY ON DITS.

That a shooting party, in one day, recently shot 13 wallabies in the bush gullies round about Waimate, South Canterbury.

That the entries for the Auckland Poultry, Pigeon, and Canary Association's show are particularly good this year.

That a perfect skeleton of a man, with a large skull, supposed to be that of a Maori, has been dug up by some workmen at Napier in the Goldsmith Road. At the place where it was found there is said to have once been deep water, and near it was the landing-place for troops during the Maori war. The skeleton was doubled up into the position in which the Maoris usually bury their dead.

That there has been a golf club started at Nelson, numbering over thirty members as yet. It is to be known as the Nelson Golf Club. The committee consists of Messrs E. F. Cooke, J. F. Dundas, H. Robinson and J. Sharp, jun., with Mr C. King as hon. secretary and treasurer.

That the ball lately given by the bachelors of Tai Tapu, Canterbury, was a very enjoyable affair.

That diphtheria and measles are still keeping the public schools closed in Ashburton.

That a bridge is to be erected across the Whangarei River.

That at Miss Winterbourne's annual assembly, held in the Drillshed, Kaiaipo, there was a very large attendance and everything went off particularly well.

That a Caledonian Society has sprung up in Pahiatua, Palmerston North.

That the Kahanga and Savage Clubs, Dunedin, are to join together to give an 'open' night, which promises some flavour of novelty.

That the increase in the number of vagrant lads in Auckland, who scoff at their parents' authority, and in a lesser degree at that of the police, should afford the citizens a subject for gravest reflection.

That Mrs Mellsoff, of Palmerston North, a former lady principal of the Wanganui Girls' College, is to be nominated for a seat on the Wanganui Education Board at the next election.

That the Palmerston North Bowling Club recommend that the Single Rink Tournament should be held next year at New Plymouth as a compliment to Mr Paul, the 'father' of bowling in Taranaki.

That the Timaru Gymkhana, held in aid of the Cricket Club, went off very well in spite of the tempestuous weather.

That the newly completed business premises of the Tonson Garlick Company (Limited) are among the finest buildings in the colony.

That if Parnell, Auckland, persists in having a regatta of its own this year its sister suburb, Ponsonby, will be sure to follow suit, and the result will be that the success of the Auckland Regatta will be very seriously interfered with. In order to make the Auckland Regatta equal, if not excel, its reputation in the past, the suburbs should join in with it and set up rival regattas of their own. Union is strength.

That in Hawke's Bay they have been having weather mild enough to bring out the blossom of small fruits.

That New Zealand bred rams are finding favour in the sight of breeders in the Argentine, and it seems as if there is going to be a demand for them from that quarter.

That the residents of Brick Bay, Auckland, are going to subscribe largely towards the erection of a long wharf, which they are sorely in want of.

That St. Thomas' Church, Wellington, is getting a new pipe organ so constructed that if desired additions can easily be made to it.

That the high price of land in the neighbourhood of Auckland rather stands in the way of that city getting an experimental farm established near it; but that if it should get the farm an Agricultural College might not impossibly be established in conjunction with the farm later on.

That the dance recently given by Mr and Mrs Grundy, of Wellington, at their residence, Stoneleigh House, Hawker-street, in honour of their eldest daughter's birthday, was a very charming and enjoyable function.

That the natives in the Hastings district have taken enthusiastically to golf.

That the ladies of New Zealand will soon be enabled to taste the patriotic pleasure of wearing non-imported ostrich feathers if the industry which Messrs L. D. Nathan and Co. have started at their ostrich farm, Whitford Park, Wairoa South, attains the proportions it promises to attain. Experts speak in the highest terms of the appearance of the feathers grown, prepared and dyed at Whitford Park. Their first-rate quality, combined with their low price, is sure to secure a very rapid sale for them.

That the social held in the Fitzroy Hall, New Plymouth, on Tuesday evening in aid of the funds of the Associated Sports Ground, was largely attended. Much credit is due to Mrs Taunton and the Ladies' Committee, and the duties of masters of ceremonies were carried out by Messrs Foote and E. Humphries. On the following evening a most successful children's dance was held.

That some of the Premier's admissions contain a delightful mixture of frankness and civility; for example, he told the House lately that he liked to please the majority because the majority must rule.

That Mr and Mrs Basil Hewitt and family, who have been staying in Cambridge for some months, returned to their home at Waimai last week.

That on Saturday evening a successful Children's Bazaar and Exhibition of Dolls was held in St. Augustine's Schoolroom at Napier. It was presided over by the Misses Faulkner and Hooper.

That the Auckland Rifle Battalion may probably get two rapid-firing Maxim guns to complete their equipment.

That the graves of the soldiers who lost their lives during the Maori rebellion, which are in the New Plymouth Cemetery, have been put into a thorough state of repair.

That during the strong easterly gale which blew last week the Union Company's steamer Omarepe had a very rough passage from Westport to Auckland, getting her deck fittings smashed, and her saloon, engine-room, etc., flooded by the heavy seas that were constantly breaking over her.

That influenza is rife in Picton again. It breaks out with the mimosa blossom regularly once a year.

That no jains had been spared to make the Volunteer Social, by which the Lyttelton Navals recently celebrated their anniversary, a great success, and so it was undoubtedly pronounced to be by all who attended it.

That, under the conductorship of Professor Schmitt, the Auckland Exhibition Choir commenced last Thursday their practice of Sullivan's 'Golden Legend.'

That the 29th of July is the anniversary of the wreck of the Tasmania. The steamer stewardess on that occasion hardly received (through her own modesty) her just meed of praise. One of the saloon passengers states that her unselfish behaviour surpassed that of everyone else. She even managed to provide her passengers with a most welcome cup of tea before they left the sinking steamer. Such heroism deserves recognition, even though it be somewhat tardy.

That the Bazaar to be held in New Plymouth in August in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Church will take the form of a Japanese Fair, when the Theatre Royal will be suitably decorated, and the ladies will appear in Japanese costumes. Mr H. M. Dinsbury will look after the variety entertainment and Mr D. Teed, jun., the dramatic portion of the show. The ladies forming the committee are Mesdames Standish (President), Cliff, Dockrill, Mills, Stanford, W. H. Skinner, and F. L. Webster.

**PLANTING SEASON**

**Hardly-Grown**  
**Forest, Fruit,**  
**AND ALL OTHER**  
**Trees & Plants,**  
**Evergreens,**  
**Roses, &c.**

Stocks quite unequalled for  
**'QUALITY,' 'VARIETY,' & 'EXTENT.'**

**H. C. GIBBONS & CO.,**  
**WELLINGTON.**

That the moral condition of Christchurch must stand in desperate need of improvement when its Bishop feels called upon to make the statement that people in Christchurch will grovel to wealth even when embodied in the person of an ardent blackguard.

That volunteering is certainly coming into fashion again in this colony, for the Defence Department has lately been almost, if not quite, inundated with offers of service from proposed volunteer corps.

That the Government Entomologist, Captain Brown, purposes dealing very strictly with the importers of scale-infected fruit.

That the members of the Hastings Liedertafel held their first practice on a recent Wednesday evening, and that it passed off successfully.

That Miss Calvert's (Christchurch) recent fancy dress dance was well attended and proved itself a very enjoyable affair.

That H.M.s. Tauranga arrived in Picton on Monday afternoon. She will remain about ten days.

That the Auckland ladies are seriously addressing themselves to the business of finding funds for the purchase of the colours which they have undertaken to present to the Auckland Infantry Battalion.

That Mr Richard Reynolds, of Trearney, Cambridge, has returned to his home after an absence of some eight months in Mexico and England.

That if Mr Seddon's efforts can achieve it the Local Government Bill will be passed this session.

That the Wellington Post Office buildings are at last getting that hydraulic lift for which there was such need.

That some of the Australian press are of opinion that before New Zealand tries any more experimental legislation it should wait and see how the dose it has already had is going to agree with it.

That Mr Payton has been re-elected President of the Auckland Society of Arts.

That Mrs Gregg's beautiful residence at Mahakipawa, Picton, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday evening. Mr and Mrs Gregg were at dinner when they noticed a peculiar noise, and going out into the hall, found the whole of the house upstairs in a blaze. A fire had been left in the drawing-room. Mrs Gregg's loss is very great, everything being burned - heirlooms and other valuables.

That those entertainments styled 'Lugesides,' which are held under the auspices of the Ashburton Caledonian Society, are earning the reputation of being most successful of any way.

That the distribution of prizes for the Woodville District School took place recently, and was held in the Drill-shed. Miss Barkwith, a pupil teacher who is leaving, received a presentation consisting of gifts from the pupils and teachers and an illuminated address in which were expressed regret at her departure and good wishes for her future happiness.

That they are starting a bacon factory at Ohaupo.

That there is a horrible tale going the round of the newspapers of how New Zealand school inspectors may be hoodwinked by an artful conspiracy between teachers and scholars.

That Mr Dignam, the Mayor of Auckland, who is now in Wellington, is battling on behalf of his City Council against the Auckland Electric Lighting Bill, which, it is believed, would seriously hamper the Council were it to pass.

That it is a pity that modest and generous donors, such as the gentleman who the other day, under the veil of anonymity, gave the Mayor of Wellington £100 for the benefit of the young, form so rare a species of the genus homo in this colony and elsewhere.

That Mrs Bankart, of Parnell, Auckland, gave a most enjoyable euchre party last week.

That Mr Duthie, M.H.R., Wellington, in agitating for the reduction of the taxation of the people, should scarcely fail to obtain a New Zealand-wide popularity.

That they are making considerable additions and alterations to the buildings of St. John's College, Tamaki, Auckland.

That it would be interesting to discover the precise amount of ambiguity indicated by the words of Dr. Grace, of Wellington, when, the other night in the House, he warmly thanked God that the Ministry did not yet exercise the prerogative of mercy.

That Mr Jamieson and Mr Boyle, of the Hauraki mine, Coromandel, had a most marvellous escape from death in the mine last Thursday.

That the ball to be given by the officers of the Auckland Volunteer Corps on Friday, September 16th, is to be called the Garrison At Home.

That Mrs William Thornton of Maungakawa, is away on a visit at Wanganui.

That there are still thirty voices wanted to bring the Auckland Exhibition choir up to its desired strength of 200.

That the Auckland Women's Political League is interesting itself in the extension of the North Island Main Trunk Railway.

That the Hibernian Band, conducted by Mr F. Hale, rendered a musical programme on the new rotunda in Seymour Square, Ilhenheim, last Sunday afternoon. The day was exquisitely fine, and the pleasing sounds attracted a very large number of persons.

That one of our Stipendiary Magistrates gives it as his opinion that farmers are quite justified in destroying dogs caught in the act of worrying any kind of live stock.

That it certainly gives us some idea of the large scale on which the Union Steamship Co. carries on its business when we learn that in Wellington alone its annual expenditure is over £150,000.

That Miss Wilford, the lady golf champion, is going to Dunedin some time before the Championship meeting.

On page 136 we give a picture of Messrs A. Hatrick and Co.'s stern paddle steamer Manuwai, as she recently appeared on the occasion of an excursion trip up the Wanganui River. There were no fewer than 400 persons on board at the time represented, a large number to accommodate on board a vessel which from the nature of the river must be very shallow in the draught. At present there are three steamers of different dimensions available for passenger traffic on the Wanganui, and year by year as the unique beauty of the river becomes better known the demand for transportation facilities increases.

Among the most comfortable of tea and luncheon rooms in Auckland are the Ranfurly, conducted by Misses Hickson and Collas. These ladies have recently gone into new premises a few doors below the place which they occupied before in Queen-street. The new rooms are more retired than the old ones and much cosier, while there is a marked enlargement in the variety of the menu.

Mr William Perrier deserves great praise for his excellent production of his original opera 'Natisha' in Auckland this week. The work is entertaining and full of catchy music, while the ballets and stage business are very clever. The marvel is that Mr Perrier could in so short a time as was at his disposal have trained the company to the standard of excellence they have attained. With the exception of his own daughter, Phyllis Perrier, who is a little marvel in her way, none of those who took part in the performance can be said to have had any experience on the stage till Mr Perrier took them in hand. The opera has been performed on two consecutive nights, and if succeeding representations continue to show as marked improvement as the second performance did on the first, the piece should be good for a successful run through New Zealand.

On Monday evening the Auckland Liederkranz gave the first concert of the present season. Several members of the Auckland Liedertafel Society contributed to strengthen the choral work, in which some 70 singers took part. An interesting programme was rehearsed, including Rossini's 'Carnovale,' Cusini's 'Venetian Boat Song,' Longhurst's chorus 'The Bells they are Ringing,' Mendelssohn's 'Ave Maria,' Bishop's 'Chough and Crow' chorus, and Pinski's 'Good-night, Beloved.' The soloists of the evening were Madame Chambers, Miss Aylett, Mr A. L. Edwards, Mr M. Keating, Mr Chas. Kissling, while Mr C. Towsey contributed a piano solo, 'Autumne,' and Mr Innes gave Wallich's 'Andante and Polacca' on the flute. Mr A. Towsey conducted. The stage arrangements, which were carried out on the designs of Mrs Alfred Nathan, were very beautiful, there being a wealth of greenery and flowers.



WHY PAY FOR A WATCH?

We undertake to GIVE a Silver Watch of magnificent value, Lady's or Gentleman's, to every reader of this paper. Our list price for this watch is £6; but, as stated above, to readers of this paper who carry out the conditions below, WE CHARGE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. The only conditions we impose are, that you should send us the correct reading of the following Puzzle, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply. And that, if correct, you will purchase one of our Solid Sterling Silver Chains. Puzzle:

O R G O S G A A T T D. Address - The Manager of the Globe Watch Company Limited, 105, Pitt-street, Sydney.

SOME TESTIMONIALS.

Newlands, Waiuku, 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. Wizer, The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

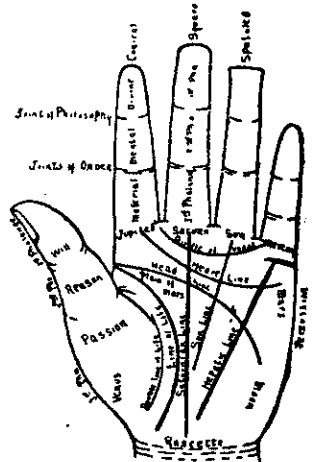
Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z., March 9th, 1898. Sir, - I received the Gent's Silver Watch and Chain quite safe. My son is delighted with it. I enclose remittance for Lady's Gold Watch and Chain; if it gives as much satisfaction as the silver one, we shall be very pleased to recommend your firm. - Yours respectfully, MAIT H. BOOTH.

The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

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.'

Mr Clement Dixon's (second son of Mr J. Dixon, of 'Rainshaw,' Mount Albert) engagement has just been announced to Miss Hume, daughter of Mr Hume, of the Bank of New Zealand, Hamilton, Waikato.

The engagement is announced of William Lorian, Esq., mine manager Hauraki Syndicate, and Miss Adeline Barnett, youngest daughter of the late Mr Thos. Barnett.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kate Kingsford, of Cambridge, to Mr F. C. Browne, of Komati, Paeroa.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cochran, eldest daughter of W. S. Cochran, Esq., Arundale, Epsom, Auckland, to Mr G. O'Halloran, Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

There was a large attendance at the Onehunga Wesleyan Church on the occasion of the marriage of Mr Wm. Ferrier McIntyre and Miss Mary Jane Snell. The bride, who wore a dress of ivory white cashmere, trimmed with silk and lace, with the customary bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms, was attended by four bridesmaids - Miss Lucy Snell, Miss McIntyre, Miss Hilda Blakey and Miss Gillman, and was given away by her father. Messrs T. Barr and G. Jeffery acted as groomsmen. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and special music was provided by the choir, under the able leadership of Mr G. H. Douglas. The Rev. S. Lawry was the officiating minister. Among the numerous presents was a handsome Japanese lacquered table and work box, presented by the officers and teachers and choir of the Wesleyan Church and Sunday school, both of which bodies the bride has been connected with for some years. The steamers in port were gay with blunting in honour of the event, as Mr McIntyre is well known in shipping circles as a highly respected employee in the Union S.S. Co. Mr and Mrs McIntyre left for the South by the s.s. Takapuna on their honeymoon trip.

There have come to hand some further particulars concerning the wedding of Mr Thornton Walker to Miss Hester Newmarch, of Cambridge, Waikato, a short notice of which appeared in these columns last week. The bride, who was led to the altar by Mr Richard Reynolds, of Trearney, wore a beautifully made, brown cloth coat and skirt costume, with a canary-coloured silk front, brown Alpine hat to match. Miss W. Walker acted as bridesmaid, and wore a grey costume. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr George Walker, of Pahiatua.

On Wednesday, July 20th, at Napier, the marriage took place of Mr P. Ashcroft to Miss Gaucher-Goddard, of Greenmeadows. The bride, who was led to the altar by Mr Goddard, wore a becoming dress of dark green, relieved with white, and a pretty white hat. She was attended by one bridesmaid (Miss Storkey), who was in a dress of deep lemon colour, trimmed with white and wore a hat of black velvet with white feathers. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Parsonson, and the service was fully choral. Mrs C. Saunders presided at the organ and played a beautiful wedding march.

If the native women of Sumatra have their knees properly covered the rest does not matter. The natives of some islands off the coast of Guinea wear clothes only when they are going on a journey. Some Indians of Venezuela are ashamed to wear clothes before strangers, as it seems indecent to them to appear unpainted.

SISTER DORA. - Rarely indeed is it my good fortune to receive so interesting and uncommon a hand as yours for interpretation, and I only hope I can render my 'reading' as interesting to you as it will be to me. As usual I find it most difficult to decide on the ascendant mount, without the distinguishing mark of 'fullest' to guide

me. I think Jupiter and Luna predominate. The combination of the Mount of the Moon imparts to the subjects of Jupiter, who are generally cheerful, honourable, pleasure loving and ambitious, a spirit of justice and placidity. Your fingers denote keen sensibility and exquisite tact. You are personally most sensitive, and yet your influence over people and animals is so great as to be almost magnetic; but it is attained by the force of love and delicate intuition, and not by will power, for if you have drawn your thumb accurately the nail phalange is deficient in strength. You possess reason and logic, but not determination. The Life Line in this hand shows delicacy of constitution. There are no terrible illnesses, but there is internal weakness and bad health, especially between 20 and 35. Much of the latter is caused by worry, brought about by other people. One member of the female sex is particularly meddlesome and interfering. As the line is always in the same place, I cannot date her appearance in your life. The Heart Line is good and fortunate on the whole, although there is a very early heart trouble and another about 26 or 27. A strong influence and attachment commences before 20; this lasts until quite 35, and about five years before it ends a false friend causes you intense jealousy. I am not certain whether the early attachment ends in marriage, if so you will be twice married. Once to a very rich man, and wealth, happiness and prosperity will attend you; but there are two lines which appear to end in marriage, one early and one late (after 35). I cannot tell which has reference to the wealthy husband; but I think you meet with him or some great good fortune on a voyage, although this entirely depends upon the accuracy of the voyage lines of which there are four, three represent long voyages, and one only a trip. The Head Line indicates a sympathetic and poetic temperament; but a deficiency of moral courage in youth. The Fate Line or rather lines, for there are distinctly two, are most fortunate, indicating wealth and gratified ambition. There are several changes of residence, two if not three before 20, but they are not clearly defined, as I regret to say the emity lines are. You have three enemies, and the vindictiveness of one appears to cause an illness; although these lines may not be present in your right hand, when their significance would be much modified. You have the three vertical lines on the Mount of Mercury which betoken a good doctor or nurse, and these lines are in some way also connected with the wealth and good fortune which predominate in your hand respecting marriage.—VERO.

## 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.

**A WHIM.**—Your handwriting gives indications of a kind and amiable disposition, and a naturally good temper. You have a keen sense of humour, and revel in a joke, so long as it be not an unkind one, and as you observe quickly you can imitate and mimic to the life. You possess a temperament which enables you to take things easily. You do not worry yourself about trifles, and the sunny aspect of affairs generally presents itself to your view. I do not detect much firmness, and I think it very possible that you may be too yielding, and often find it difficult to give a negative at the right moment. You are impressionable, but not more imaginative than is the natural result of clear intelligence, and I do not trace the slightest sign of whimsical caprice. Sincerity and candour are much in evidence. You never flutter and perhaps occasionally speak too much unvarnished truth to give universal satisfaction. Personal esteem is not

strongly indicated, although you do not think enough of your own affairs and merits to be self-conscious. You are easily contented, and I think more ambition would be conducive to success. You are sensitively proud on certain points, as almost all my correspondents are, and if you do not think you can excel easily, perseverance is absent to overcome the difficulties which present themselves at first sight, nevertheless you are more frequently sanguine than the reverse.—MARCELLA.

**COLONIAL.**—From your handwriting I gather that you possess a warm hearted and affectionate disposition, and that your love is both generous and unselfish in type. You are an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful generally and of personal beauty in particular. Your taste is good, and although energy is well represented, you thoroughly appreciate ease and comfort in your surroundings. Your conversational powers are unusually good. You reason and argue persuasively, and are an adept in the art of smoothing away unpleasant difficulties.

I scarcely think you are aware of your capability in this direction, as, while you value popularity and have a desire to excel in all your undertakings, self-esteem, according to graphological rules, is quite in the background, and extreme sensitiveness is the weak point in your character. Your imagination is vivid; you receive impressions quickly, and either in writing or speaking your ideas flow rapidly from one subject to another. Your temperament is impulsive, but genial and kind. You pay deference to outward appearances, but you are neither a severe judge nor a critical observer of minute details. You are active and fond of movement and variety. Sameness soon becomes wearisome to you, yet you can persevere if necessary; and you possess too much strength of will to give up without an effort. Your temper is rather impatient, and I do not think you always look before you leap, or weigh the consequences of your actions.—MARCELLA.

**ROMEO.**—Your specimen of calligraphy indicates a character remarkable for its sincerity, truthfulness and clearness of mind. Combined with these features I also detect so much observation and good sense that I think you almost invariably see things exactly as they are and deceive yourself as rarely as you practise duplicity on others. Your temper is equable. You will be firm, and you have a high sense of honour and justice, and your views are liberal, but not subject to change, nor do you proclaim them often. You reflect much more than you speak and ponder well before you decide, although without wavering uncertainty. Your impressions are your own, and received from facts which come under your observation, and not from the opinions of the world. You are conscientious, but only acutely sensitive where duty and your nearest feelings are concerned. Self-confidence is deficient, and although your capital 'M' shows ambition it also tells me that diffidence will sometimes prove an obstacle to your success. While calm and fearless in danger you are almost over cautious in avoiding risk in matters of enterprise. Your affections are very warm, but neither emotional nor passionate, and you are often doubtful whether your love be returned, although jealousy is not perceptible. If this delineation be considered too flattering, I must plead guilty to being unable to detect any more defects.—MARCELLA.

It is announced in Germany that 1,000 bottles of the finest Moselle wine will be given to the poet and composer who shall produce within the current year such song as suited, in the opinion of the committee, to become a volk-sied for the German-speaking world. If the words and the music are by different persons, then each is to receive 500 bottles. The wine is guaranteed to be of the 1893 and 1895 vintages and of the most approved growths.

We have no doubt those of our readers who find a hair colour-restorer a matter of necessity may be glad to know that an old and world-wide favourite—"Cody's Fluid"—makes a most excellent hair stain, producing almost any desired shade, from light to dark, if used as directed on bottle. The non-poisonous and perfectly harmless properties of Cody's Fluid give it an immense advantage over ordinary and more expensive hair dyes.—(Adv't.)



## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, July 30.

An extraordinary meeting of the Auckland Women's Political League was held at the lady president's house (Mrs Capt. Daldy, of Heppburn-street, Ponsonby) on Tuesday last, when there was a large attendance of the fairer sex, who take a laudable interest in the politics of our little island.

### THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Wednesday in the locality of Mount Albert, a short distance of three and a half miles from Auckland. The weather was extremely cold, a sharp south-easterly wind blew, which not only froze us but blew away the scent and marred our day's sport. There were about twenty followers. This day was remarkable (to use a slang word) for its 'fall-ins.' I am afraid this year Mount Albert will lose its prestige for good runs if every day's sport here turns out as this one did. We drew first in Mr Stewart's property at the back of Mount Albert, where two or three hares were started and lost. One pussie gave some of the followers a very smart run across the swampy brook, which is an outlet of the Mission Swamp and boundary of Avondale and Mount Albert, through Mr Batkin's property, Avondale. This rivulet was an awkward jump, being in a high ti-tree valley, where no run could be taken without much manoeuvring. It had also a bad taking off and a villainous mud bank for landing. The water, thickened and swollen with recent rains, had made all the land that sloped to it miry and soft as sponge. Mr Batkin, the owner of this spot was quite surprised at the riders attempting such a thing. Such a feat had never been heard of before. Our plucky huntsman (Mr Selby) was the first to face his steed (Albion) at it, and had a narrow escape on the landing side, Albion's hind feet slipping into the mire. Our huntsman had to dismount at once to assist his steed out of its intricate position. Mr C. Selby (our whipper-in) and Mr and Mrs Bloomfield were the only ones who successfully negotiated the jump. Miss Percival, who was next in succession, thought it wiser to ford, and, alas! sad to relate, her steed, poor Tommy, went immediately out of his depth and could not return to terra firma on account of the high, slippery bank on the other side. Seeing the perilous position of Miss Percival, Mr C. Selby gallantly hastened to the rescue, for she might have been drowned with her plunging horse beneath her, as it was impossible for her steed to gain any permanent foothold. Mr C. Selby without a moment's hesitation seized her outstretched hands to assist her to a place of safety, but suddenly he sank knee deep into the treacherous bank, which caused him to submerge the unfortunate lady for a second in the icy stream, but at length he pulled her to terra firma, happily with only a soaking. Tommy next had to be extricated from his unhappy position, and with the assistance of the gentlemen onlookers, after five minutes' submersion and struggling, Tommy was forced to return by the same route he went in, looking quite a different coloured animal. Both rider and horse wisely, after this bath, made their way home. Our secretary chose a more difficult and awkward part of this obstacle to negotiate and the consequence was that on landing his steed's hind feet slipped into this bottomless pit, and the rider dismounted just in time to save himself a drenching, as the horse slipped right back into this treacherous water hole, and all the exertions of the riders and gentlemen members could not get the animal out of it. The assistance of the neighbouring farmers had to be sought, and with the aid of ropes the united strength of these many bipeds at last brought the quadruped safely to firm ground, the poor brute having endured a ten

minutes' submersion in exceptionally chilly water. All this time the hounds and the few followers who crossed had had an excellent run through Mr Batkin's property, Avondale, and returned via a road to Mr Stewart's property. We then drew from here through Mr Lees' property, over Mount Albert, via Mr Sadgrove's, across the Onehunga and Mount Albert Road, through Mr Willis', with plenty of stone wall jumping, but none of a stiff character. Here in Mr Willis' property a gorse hedge with a ditch on the off side frightened two of our 'not-too-plucky lady riders,' who would not venture until Mr Crowe returned with a stock-whip and drove them over. Mr W. Bloomfield's horse, who evidently wanted to pay his master out for past scores, cantered straight up to the gorse hedge and neatly placed Mr Bloomfield in a sitting posture with his reins in his hands in the midst of the pricklies facing his steed; there they both calmly could eye each other, and did so. No circus horse could possibly have done a neater trick with such workman-like precision. We continued to draw from here, taking the double in Alberton Avenue, through a field of ploughed land, then over a ditch which brought us into the Alberton scoria. Still no find, but we were afterwards informed by an onlooker here that a hare about a hundred yards distance from us sat and watched our movements with considerable interest as we worked our way towards the Mission Swamp. Ah, if we had only known! as we gave up in despair, murmuring that the hares had all evidently gone on a holiday, that one was watching us, no doubt thinking 'distance lends enchantment to the view.' So much depends upon that little word 'if.' 'It is ever an 'if' to bless or ban.'

The third

### PONSONBY AT-HOME

of the season was held in the Ponsonby Hall on Friday. The popularity of these social gatherings was put to a severe test, for about the hour of assembling the rain came down in such torrents as to make one hesitate whether or not to brave the elements on the chance that there would be a sufficient number of enthusiasts to make up a set. Wonderful to relate, there was really a good average attendance, and the brightly-lit hall, the music, and pretty dresses made a cheerful contrast to the scene outside. The dancing was perhaps the more enjoyable because of the unpleasantness one had braved in order to participate in it. The supper table, with its pretty floral decorations and inexhaustible variety of dainties, reflected great credit on the taste of the committee of ladies. Mr Norman Baker did all in his power to promote the enjoyment of the visitors. Mr Burke's admirable band played the dance music. Mrs Devore wore a handsome black silk gown, the bodice and sleeves were of rich figured silk dotted with sparkling sequins; Miss Devore was charming in pink silk veiled with soft net, black velvet belt and round low bodice, long ruffled sleeves of pink chiffon; Mrs Dufaur, stylish black evening gown with touches of crimson satin; Mrs Litterer looked daintily in yellow striped satin, bodice profusely trimmed with rich pearl ornaments; Mrs Hanna, rich black merveilleux satin with rows of jet on bodice; Mrs Goodwin, black silk trimmed with jet; Miss Ethel Goodwin looked winsome in white, full bodice of chiffon dotted with gold sequins; Miss Winnie Goodwin, black velvet evening gown with crimson roses on her shoulder and hair; Mrs Edgar wore an elegant gown of gold brocaded satin, bertha of rich lace and pearls; Miss Leila Langsford, cream silk with flame-coloured snash bebe ribbon crossed round bodice; Miss Thomas, maize-coloured gown; Miss Morrin looked pretty in a yellow flowered silk, soft white lace bertha; Miss Bertha Atkinson, white silk frock, long sleeves of white chiffon; Miss Preece, yellow crepon with crimson roses on shoulder, white lace bertha; Miss F. Preece, pretty blue dress with frill of white lace round low bodice; Miss Laird, black satin, full vest of grey satin veiled in black chiffon; Miss Essie Holland, yellow silk, wreath of violets round bodice, long yellow chiffon sleeves; Miss Martin, rose pink silk, clusters of roses round bodice; Mrs Ziman wore a striking costume of black velvet brightened with silver; Miss Davis was much admired in a white silk; Miss Aubin, pretty white silk, soft frills of chiffon round the low square cut corsage and short sleeves, spray of violets on her shoul-

der; Miss Cussen, pink net gown, long ruffled sleeves of white silk; Miss Bell, green veiled with tinsel gauze; Miss Kennedy, white silk with crimson belt and flowers; Miss Haven, pink trimmed with black velvet bebe ribbon; Miss Caldwell, yellow silk, black jet corsalet belt; Miss Muriel George, white satin, the bodice was finished with fascinating frills of chiffon; Miss Florence Hart, gold silk evening blouse with bands of black velvet, white gauze skirt; Miss Campbell, white silk, long sleeves of crinkled chiffon, crimson roses on shoulder; her sister also wore white silk; Miss Stephenson, blue; Miss E. Tanner, shrimp pink silk with pretty short puffed sleeves; Miss Hooper, pink gown, with moss-green silk bands round the skirt and bodice; Miss Raynes, white striped satin, frills of chiffon, red berries round bodice. Gentlemen: Messrs Hanna, Litter, Dufaur, Norman Baker, Jackson Palmer, Dr. Aubin, Messrs F. Leighton, Caldwell (2), Hatton, G. Williams, Simms, Lewis, Jourdain, Davis, Vaile, Martin, Dawson, Foster, Hooper, Winks, Haven, Myers, Masfield, James, Thompson, Waddell, Patterson, Tovey, etc.

Mrs Hudson had a pleasant juvenile gathering at her residence, Australis, on Saturday evening last. There were about a score of young folk present, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the little impromptu dance on the spacious verandah. The hours were whiled away so quickly that the approach of the hands of the clock to midnight and the dawn of Sunday was a surprise to all. Mrs Hudson makes a charming hostess, and she was more than ably assisted by her two eldest daughters, Miss Mabel and Miss Fannie Hudson.

Mrs Edwin Hamford gave a second AT-HOME

at her residence, Armaroa, Remuera, on Thursday last. The guests passed through the drawing-room, and were received by their hostess in the curtained archway leading into the ball-room. Both reception-rooms were tastefully decorated with tall jars of arum lilies and ferns, and the little tea tables, which were scattered about the rooms, were loaded with all sorts of dainty cakes and sweets. Mrs Hamford, who was wearing a becoming blouse of dark green silk, was assisted by the Misses Thorpe, Dargaville, and Salmon; and during the afternoon different ladies contributed vocal items. Among the guests I noticed Mrs G. Roberts in a green silk veiled with black lace; Mrs Goodhue, striped blouse and black skirt; Mrs Swartz Kissling, handsome black costume; Miss E. Kissling, navy coat and skirt; Miss Mowbray, black costume, with which was worn a stylish hat in black and white; Mrs C. Tewksley, black satin with yoke and revers of white chiffon; Mrs Salmon, rich costume of grey brocade, black velvet bolero, and dainty bonnet of black and silver; Miss Salmon, fawn coat and skirt, bow and front of pink chiffon; Mrs Talbot Tubbs, stylish coat and skirt; Miss Dargaville looked well in a prune costume; Mrs Arthur Monroe, black costume, Russian blouse faced with blue, picture hat; Mrs Turner, frock of grey with vest of pleated silk; Miss MacLymont, blue tailor-made costume, front of pale pink silk; Mrs Sidney Nathan, dark coat and skirt; Mesdames Gudgeon, Arnold, Gordon, Rose, Thorpe, Kilgour, Sealy, Nicholl Rich, and many others whom I did not know were present.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 20th inst., Mrs Dr. Coates, of Symonds-street, gave a very pleasant dance in Mrs Sowerby's hall. There were about a hundred guests, and dancing was kept up till the early hours of the morning.

On Saturday afternoon the attraction at Epsom was the football match between the Auckland fifteen and a team representing the Waikato and Ohinemuri Unions. A special interest was taken in this match as it was the last opportunity afforded of gauging the merits of our players preparatory to the final selection of the Auckland representative team. Added to this, it might be mentioned that the Ohinemuri team recently succeeded in playing a draw with the Thames, who in turn defeated Auckland. There was a large attendance. The road to Epsom was seething with masses of vehicles of every description, and the defending cry of the Jebu plying for his hire with tall masted for Potter's Paddock "ere" was heard on every side. The trains braked, and omnibuses passed by with a shriek and a whirl with

people jambed inside like herrings in a barrel. Horses in a reeking and foaming condition, some of them cruelly marked with a whip, that one could not help a shudder at the barbarous treatment that they had undergone to bring their passengers out in a record time. This large crowd was full of varied interest to the observer. There were a great many ladies present: whether they really love football or only go to see their gentlemen friends and show off their pretty toilettes remains an open question. There is no doubt that open air festivities of any kind are gradually ousting indoor gatherings. Amongst the ladies at Potter's Paddock I noticed the following:—Mrs (Dr.) King, dark pine green cloth coat and skirt, black toque, relieved with cream silk; her friend looked distinguee in a dark skirt, red tartan blouse, black sailor hat; Miss Watkins, stylish hazel blue skirt and blouse with belt to match, trimmed with black braid and pearl buttons, plain sailor hat; her lady friend wore a brown tweed costume, hat with canary rosettes; Mrs Mahoney, striking Lincoln green cashmere, having applique of black, made with Russian blouse, fox fur boa, black velvet hat, with upstanding black ostrich plumes and red roses round crown and beneath brim; her friend, a prune skirt and coat, with gold buttons, sailor hat; Miss Spiers, navy serge, with white collarette, black hat, with black ribbons and variegated roses beneath brim; Mrs Ernest Burton, dark skirt, fawn cape, black toque, with violets; Miss Caro, navy natte serge neat-fitting costume, black velvet picture hat, with beefeater crown; Miss Stella Alexander, lizard green cashmere skirt and blouse, with belt, white straw sailor hat, Turkey red parasol; Miss Otway, green fancy cloth, flecked with black, made with Eton jacket, white vest, with large and effective blue sash ribbon tied in bow at neck, sailor hat; Miss Witcheil, Lincoln green coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Barrington Keesing, black lustre skirt, brown jacket, with fur round neck, red turban straw hat, with black ribbons and quills; Mrs Thomas Cotter, navy serge, with white collarette, large black picture hat, with ostrich feathers and profusely trimmed with violets; Mrs Goodwin, mouse grey skirt and coat, relieved at neck with white lace, white blouse, black lace bonnet, with petunia ribbons; Miss Winnie Goodwin, navy natte serge skirt, made with Norfolk jacket and belt, black straw hat, with red flowers round crown and beneath brim; Miss Jessie Savage, navy diagonal serge, black deer-stalking hat; Miss Thomas (Parnell), brown cloth coat and skirt, black hat, profusely trimmed with red and yellow roses; Mrs Langford, dark pine green coat and skirt, black deer-stalking felt hat; Misses White (2), black frocks, with capes, black sailor hats, mourning costumes; Miss Carter, Lincoln green skirt, made with refer jacket, grey felt hat, with green velvet bands and wreath of violets under brim, resting on the hair; Miss Carter, fawn tailor-made costume, lovely green velvet hat, with befeater crown, with white plumes; Miss Blundell-Wright (Miss Albert), grey tailor-made gown, with sailor hat, Miss Bilde Wilks, peacock blue gown, brown cloth cape, brown sailor hat; Mrs McArthur, dark green fancy flecked cloth, trimmed with black velvet, bonnet to match; Miss Rose Bush (Thames), navy blue natte serge, sailor hat; Miss Ruth Goodwin, navy serge; Mrs Angus Gordon, claret fancy tweed, flecked with black and trimmed with black Astrachan, black deer-stalking hat; Miss Niccol, brown tweed, large black felt hat, with old gold ribbons and red roses beneath brim; her sister, navy serge, red tie, black sailor hat, with red band; etc.

#### STREET DRESSES.

Mrs (Dr.) Scott, brown skirt, reefer jacket, brown velvet bonnet, with pink flowers; Mrs McArthur, black Alpaca, relieved at neck with white lace applique, black bonnet, with red and white rosettes; Mrs Alfred White, pretty aubine green costume, with cape, and hat en suite; Miss Little, brown tweed, with refer jacket, white sailor hat; Mrs Hamlin, black broad-clothed skirt, velvet cape, black bonnet; Mrs Cooper, red tweed gown, flecked with black, black velvet cape, sailor hat; Mrs Thomas Cotter, navy natte serge, white vest, canary tie, black hat, with violets; Miss P. Buckland, navy serge; Miss Sarah McLaughlin, navy serge tailor-made costume, white

sailor hat; Miss Blanche Banks (Waikato), brown cashmere skirt, brown velvet blouse; Miss Kate Hay, navy serge, sailor hat; Mrs Holland, black lustre, cloth cape, with black fur round neck, gold beaded bonnet, with black ostrich feathers and pink roses; Mrs Sharland, navy serge, stylishly trimmed with plaid bands; Miss Berry, Lincoln green cashmere coat and skirt, felt hat to match; Miss Towsey, black cashmere skirt, red and black striped velvet blouse, black hat, with red and black band; Miss Hardie, navy serge; Miss Dargaville, violet cashmere, black hat, trimmed with violet; Miss Lennox, brown skirt and coat; Miss Carr (Remuera), check tweed coat and skirt, white front; Miss E. Bellairs, dark skirt, peacock blue blouse; Mrs Thorne George, black fancy spotted Alpaca, fur boa, black bonnet, profusely trimmed with violets; Mrs R. C. Carr, chocolate brown costume, trimmed with velvet to match, bonnet of black velvet, relieved with pink; Miss Carr, navy serge, made with Norfolk jacket; Mrs Gabriel Lewis, black fancy spotted lustre, black bonnet, relieved with pink; Mrs Jervis, black lustre, with revers, faced with royal blue velvet, black hat, with violets beneath brim, as well as on crown; Mrs J. Dawson, greeny grey coat and skirt of Melton cloth, black deer-stalking hat; Miss Noakes, dark green; Miss Flora Thorpe looked as fascinating as ever in her goblin blue tailor-made gown; Mrs Suttie, black mourning costume; Miss Kissling, navy serge; Miss Atkinson, navy coat and skirt; Mrs Hanson, navy tailor-made gown, black hat, with red wing; Miss Tanner, brown cashmere costume, with three-quarter cloth jacket, brown turban hat, with pink flowers beneath brim; Miss Kate Hay, Lincoln green coat and skirt, red straw hat, with red ribbons and bows; Mrs Leatham, black Alpaca, black hat, with green befeater velvet crown; Mrs Horace Walker looked very well in soft grey, with white fur collarette, sailor hat; Mrs (Capt.) James, black mourning costume; Mrs Markham, black; Mrs Reid, black skirt and coat, red plaid vest; Mrs Myers, black; Miss Larkins, green, shot, with purple Alpaca, black cloth jacket, large black hat, with fancy silk trimming; Mrs William Coleman, navy lustre skirt, red flecked with black, fancy cloth jacket, becoming toque, with violets nestling on hair; her little daughter wore a smart cardinal costume; Misses Davy (2) wore smart navy serge bicycling costumes, relieved with red, sailor hats; Miss Gray, stylish navy serge, braided with black, made Russian style, white linen collar and vest, black gem hat.

#### PHYLLIS BROWN.

#### WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, July 21.  
There was a very good attendance on Saturday at the second day of the Wellington Racing Club's Winter

#### STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

The weather was nice and bright, though rather windy, but not bad enough to prevent all the ladies from wearing their best frocks. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly were present, accompanied by Capt. Alexander, Capt. Wellesly, Lieutenant Ward and the Hon. Hill-Trevor. The Countess wore a costume of bottle-green cloth, figured with a white stripe, the jacket had a broad collar and revers of white watered silk edged with narrow bands of braid, and a large white chiffon bow was tied at the throat, her toque was of red straw, trimmed with black chiffon and tips, and red rosettes at one side, and she carried a large sable muff. Among others I saw on the course were Mrs Rhodes, wearing handsome black satin, and a jettied cape and bonnet; Mrs Henton Rhodes (Christchurch) looked well in a Russian gown of dark blue cloth, braided with narrow black braid in horizontal stripes, vest of bright cerise pink silk, with cream lace, and black toque with tips; Miss Perce wore a sealskin jacket over a brown gown, and a black straw hat trimmed with yellow and brown flowers; Mrs C. J. Johnston in a dark gown and sealskin coat, pretty toque; Mrs Crawford wore a black skirt and long sealskin jacket, becoming toque of red straw with black wings; Mrs Newman, dark gown and sealskin coat, black toque with yellow flowers; Mrs Baldwin, a stylish gown of black canvas over pale green silk, the bodice trim-

med with lovely passementerie, black toque with tips and red roses; Mrs Herries (Tauranga), dark grey coat and skirt, with white braid, black toque with coloured flowers; Mrs Hutchison wore a black costume; Mrs Moeller (Napier), fawn jacket and skirt and sailor hat; Mrs Perry (Christchurch), a stylish black gown, the bodice trimmed with satin, black toque, with jet and tips; Mrs Wilford, fawn coat and skirt and sailor hat, with red band; Mrs Abbott, a green tailor-made suit, with white silk vest, black hat, trimmed with cornflowers; Mrs W. Bidwill (Featherston), in a dark green costume and black hat, trimmed with flowers; the Misses S. and E. Johnston wore stylish black Russian gowns with white satin vests, black hats trimmed with tips and pink roses; Miss Hutchison, a Russian gown of goblin blue cloth, braided with black, pretty black hat, with a white silk crown, trimmed with violets; Miss Moorehouse wore a black gown with a small yoke of white satin and lace, fur toque with pale blue velvet rosettes; Miss H. Moorehouse wore a dull blue gown and black hat; the Misses Z. and A. Johnston, dark violet cloth gowns and black hats, trimmed with white satin and violets; Miss Fisher in brown and a large brown hat with tips; Miss Ella Williams, a pretty purple gown, the bodice trimmed with white silk and fur, black toque with tips; Miss McClean, a black gown and cape, black hat, trimmed with tips; Miss E. McClean in a black gown and sealskin cape, pretty pink straw hat with black tips and pink roses; Miss Brandon, brown coat and skirt and jet toque, trimmed with pink flowers; also Mrs Riddiford, Mrs Turnbull, Mrs and Miss Fitzherbert, Dr. and Mrs Purdy, the Misses Skerrett, Miss Harcourt, Miss Izard, Mr and Mrs McCarthy, Miss Buller, Mrs and Miss Donnelly (Napier), and many more.

A large and very enjoyable DANCE

was given last Monday in the Sydney-street schoolroom, by a number of ladies, the chief organiser being Mrs Tolhurst. King supplied excellent music, and extras were played by Mr Coney and Miss Ross. Supper was laid in one of the side rooms, the table being decorated with large pots of wattle. Mrs Tolhurst wore a black silk and lace gown. Among the guests were Mrs Hickson in black, with white lace; Mrs Kirkcaldie also in black; Mrs C. Knight, white silk, trimmed with passementerie; Mrs Malcolm Ross, black silk, the bodice trimmed with deep pink chiffon; Miss Tolhurst wore a white muslin gown, trimmed with satin and lace; Miss Coats wore a black skirt and white satin bodice, veiled with black lace; Miss Reynolds (Dunedin), a pink silk gown, trimmed with white lace frills; Miss Moran, grey silk, the bodice trimmed with pink chiffon; Miss Alice Johnston, black silk gown, the bodice of black chiffon, trimmed with red ribbons; Miss Elliott, cream silk gown, trimmed with gold embroidery and chiffon; Miss Donnelly (Napier), a pink silk gown, trimmed with lace; Miss Hutchison in black satin; Miss McClean, soft white gauze gown; her sister wore white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Richardson, black silk, the bodice trimmed with jet; Miss Hardy-Johnston in cream; Miss Harcourt, black satin, trimmed with lace; Miss O. Gore in a soft cream gown; Miss McKenzie, green silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Simpson, white silk, the bodice trimmed with pink velvet; her sister wore black; Miss Lee, pale blue silk, with white lace on the bodice; Miss Ross, black silk, the bodice trimmed with pink silk and lovely lace; Miss E. Ross wore white; Miss Chatfield, pale blue silk, with a Zouave bodice of white; Miss McKintosh, pale pink, trimmed with white lace; Miss A. Rose, white satin and chiffon gown; Miss Young in pink, etc., etc. Some of the gentlemen were the Messrs Coats, Hodson, Tripe, Johnston, Cooper, Hutchison, Robison, Gore, Harcourt, Rolleston and others.

Last night Lady Ranfurly gave a very delightful

#### LITTLE DANCE

from 9 to 12. Before the dance a dinner party was held, those present being: Dr. and Mrs Anson, the Hon. Mr and Mrs Arkwright, Mr and Mrs Herries, Dr. and Mrs McGregor and Miss McGregor, Mr and Mrs Morison, Capt. and Mrs Izard and Mr Cargill. Lady Ranfurly wore a beautiful black satin

gowns, trained, and the bodice softened with lace and sparkling with diamonds. Among the guests I noticed Col. and Mrs Penton, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, the Misses Douglas, Mrs and Miss Donnelly, Sir Walter Butler and Miss Huller, Bishop and Mrs Wallis, the Misses S. and E. Johnston, Mr and Miss Barclay, Mr and Mrs H. Crawford, Dr. and Mrs Collins, Miss Harcourt, Miss Duncan, Dr. and Mrs Purdy, Miss Moorehouse, Mr and Mrs Herria, Count and Countess de Courte, Miss L. Izard, Mrs and Miss Richardson, Miss — Holms (Dunedin), Mr and Miss Coats, the Misses McClean, Miss Elworthy (Christchurch), Hon. H. Molesworth, Mr and Miss Thompson, Mr and Mrs Wilford, Mr and Mrs Ian Duncan, Messrs Cooper, Rolleston, Buller, Duncan, Hatfield, Harcourt, Fitzgerald, Atkinson, Coleridge, Johnston, Pease, etc. There were some charming gowns worn. Mrs Arkwright wore a handsome and uncommon black and white gown; Miss E. McClean and Miss Donnelly both wore pretty pink gowns, the former's of silk, with lace on the bodice, and the latter's of beautiful thick satin, the bodice trimmed with white spangled chiffon and finished with a pale green belt; Mrs Collins looked very nice in white satin, trimmed with lovely passementerie; Lady Douglas wore black and red; Miss Douglas, a pretty white gown; Miss Coats, a handsome dark blue satin, with lace; Miss Holms, a very pretty white silk gown.

Three very pleasant afternoon teas were given during the week, the givers being Mrs Wallis, Mrs Brandon and Mrs Pearce.

One of the most successful

**AT HOMES**

of the season was given on Tuesday last by Mrs Waldegrave, Pipitea-st. So many people were there that it was almost impossible to see what anyone wore. Our hostess wore a pretty pale heliotrope chiffon blouse, and her two daughters pink and fawn muslins; Mrs Russell, black costume and pretty red and black bonnet; Mrs Johnston and Mrs Tegetmeyer, sealskin coats and smart toques; Mrs Litchfield, striking tartan costume; Mrs Amelius Smith, yellow and black silk blouse; Miss Smith, pretty pale blue. Amongst those present were Mesdames Longden, Edwin, Hickson, Simpson, Beere, Allan, Menteith, Lady Douglas, Misses Elliott, Fancourt, Simpson, Holland (Auckland), and many others. Quite a feature of the afternoon was the splendid music. Pretty little Celia Dampier, wearing a white frock, played several pieces, besides an obligato for Miss Chrissie Smith's song. Miss Hatherly was wearing a white costume braided in gold, and played Miss Daupier's accompaniments. Songs were sung by Mrs Finley, Mr Young and Mr Vaughan, and several pieces were played, but by whom I could not see. In the dining-room I saw Miss L. Halse in a sweet hat; Miss L. Johnson, wearing a Haymarket coat and felt hat; Mesdames Howarth, Pancourt, Vaughan, Kennedy, Murison and others. The table was most daintily decorated with pale green and pink silk and health and violets, and was laden with dainties of all sorts. The guests were waited on by Misses Waldegrave, Smith and Laisley.

At the small

**'AT HOME'**

given by Lady Ranfurly on Wednesday last at Government House, the Countess looked charming, gowned entirely in black, relieved by jet trimming on the corsage and sleeves, and exquisite diamond ornaments. Her hair was dressed high at the back and adorned with two high wings of jet, coming to a point at the top of the coiffure.

His Excellency the Governor gave his second

**PARLIAMENTARY DINNER**

at Government House on Saturday last, the following members of both Houses being honoured by an invitation:—The Hon. B. A. Acland, C. C. Bowen, W. J. Jennings, C. J. Johnston, G. Jones, W. Kelly, C. W. Kenny, W. McCullough, G. McLean, R. Oliver, D. Pinkerton, H. Scotland, J. Shephard, W. C. Smith, W. C. Walker, M.L.C.'s; the Hon. A. J. Cadman, Messrs W. C. F. Carrance, W. Crowther, M. Gilfedder, A. H. Guinness, W. Herries, J. Holland, J. Kelly, F. Lawry, W. Larnach, P. McGuire, R. McKenzie, R. D. K. McLean, W. F. Massey, R. Meredith, C. H. Mills, R. Monk, W. Montgomery, J. O'Meara, P. O'Regan,

W. Pere, W. Symes, and Scobie Mackenzie, M.H.R.'s.

**HOCKEY.**

With a view, writes our Wellington correspondent, of selecting the Probable team to play in the forthcoming match with Canterbury, a scratch match was played at Island Bay on Saturday afternoon, between a team picked from the most probable members of the Club and a team of All-Comers, resulting in the defeat of the Possible team by 2 goals to 4.

For the first time since the formation of the Club the game was controlled by a referee, Mr R. C. Kirk, whose frequent resource to the whistle pointed to the great laxity in the observance of the rules by the players, who have hitherto played in a very happy-go-lucky style, which is anything but conducive to scientific hockey. For the Probables Wilson, Cooper, Broad, and Hicks each scored goals; Driscoll scoring twice for the All-Comers.

**GOLF.**

The monthly handicap competition for the silver cleek took place at Miramar, Wellington, on Saturday, among the members of the Wellington Golf Club, Mr Charles Gore winning the competition with the good net score of 84, next best cards being handed in by W. Higginson 106, handicap 14, net 92; W. Cook 110, handicap 11, net 99; J. Webster 109, handicap 9, net 100; Malcolm Ross 120, handicap 20, net 100; Dr. Martin 122, handicap 20, net 102.

Among the players at the Miramar Golf Links during the week was His Excellency the Governor, attended by Captains Wellesley and Ward, A.D.C.'s.

The Ladies' Golf Championship was played at Miramar during the early part of last week, but was robbed of much of its interest owing to the absence of Mrs Lees, who was unable to play in consequence of illness, as otherwise a very close contest was anticipated between her and Mrs Todd, who, owing to her absence, won rather easily, Mrs Turnbull being runner up. The championship was decided by three rounds of medal play, and Miss Duncan (the Captain) presented the Championship, and Mrs W. Turnbull gave the second prize. The best scores were handed in by the following players:—Mrs Todd 98, 102, 110, total 310; Mrs Turnbull 112, 107, 108, total 327; Miss Duncan 108, 112, 110, total 330; Miss Dransfield 107, 116, 108, total 331; Mrs Adams 121, 124, total 366.

**OPHELIA.**

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

Dear Bee,

July 20.

Bargain-hunters are having a real happy time just now. Sales are on everywhere, and the poor, weary shop-assistants have my profound sympathy, not for the work they go through for genuine buyers, but for the endless putting straight after those who only go to pull over things, have stacks and stacks to look at, never like anything—you know the kind of person who is always looking for something for nothing. The weather is too gloriously fine to think of buying winter goods; we are already beginning to think of spring, and I hear self-colours will be the prevailing tone, especially grey; this colour to my mind will always hold its own.

The huntsmen had two lovely days last week.

**A MEET**

on Tuesday at Courtney, on Mr Turner's property, who with his family entertained the field most hospitably, but, as is always the case when so far from town, spectators were limited. Among those following were Mesdames Woodhouse and W. F. M. Buckley, Misses Anson and Overton, Messrs Bassett, R. H. Rhodes, E. Turrell, Lill, Neave, Palairat, and others. On Saturday the meet took place in the Islington district, and some good runs were made with a good view of them for the spectators. Amongst the riders were Professor, Mrs, and Miss Haslam, Misses Westrauer, Bassett (2), Beare, and Hill, Messrs J. D. Hall, G. Murray-Aynsley, F. Campbell, Ford, Cowlishaw, Neave, C. Turrell, Hawdon, etc.; and driving were Mesdames Ogley and Rose, Mr and Mrs C. Dalgety, Misses Nedwill, Cowlishaw, Lee, Mr and Miss Clarkson, and others.

**CROQUET CLUB**

bits fair to become an established club. A strong committee was formed at the meeting which took place at Mrs Vernon's house, and of which Mrs

Vernon, Miss Cowlishaw, and several more with plenty of energy are members.

The Victoria Lake in Hagley Park is a great attraction, and the number of model yachts increases every week. It is a pretty sight to see the little white-winged things skimming across the water.

**MISS COX'S CINDERELLA DANCE**

last Friday was a very enjoyable one, perhaps because people felt it was the last of the season. A final ball is announced for August on the night of the Grand National, and that is sure to be a good one. Miss Cox wore black prettily trimmed with jet and chiffon; Miss McGregor (Wellington), very becoming yellow brocade, the bodice trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Davie looked handsome in her white satin with gold embroidered epaulets; Misses Henderson, Donald, Overton, and numerous others were present.

Miss Calvert's last assembly in the Linwood Hall took the form of a fancy dress one, and was greatly enjoyed by all present, some of the characters being exceedingly well carried out, though nothing new or very original.

A much-talked-of little person has come amongst us for a week or two, and that is little Celia Dampier, of Auckland, and a very clever little girl she is. She is winning all hearts by her playing and her sweet manner, and I hope it will reach people's pockets and touch them very deeply when it comes to be time to take tickets for her concert. Talent such as she possesses is worthy of recognition, and when it is taken into consideration the little girl is striving to gain tuition for herself, and what she will be when she has had that tuition, one can scarcely hesitate a moment in helping in such a small way.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs Burns gave a large

**MUSICAL AFTERNOON**

at the Colonial Bank, Hereford-street. Among the guests were Mrs Denniston, Mrs G. G. Stead, Mrs Julius, Mrs Pat. Campbell, Mrs Ogle, Mrs Westmacott, Mrs F. M. Wallace, Miss Malet, Miss Constance Hatherly, Miss Celia Dampier, and several more. Little Celia's playing charmed everyone, and her pieces were asked for two or three times over. Mrs Burns also delighted her guests with some songs, and a duet from Mrs Westmacott and Mrs Burns was greatly enjoyed. Delicious afternoon tea was served, and an altogether unusually pleasant afternoon was spent.

A private recital will be given by Misses Hatherly and Dampier, assisted by friends, in the Art Gallery on Saturday afternoon, and a most enjoyable time may be anticipated.

Mrs G. Bennett, St. Albans, gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday, and a very pleasant time was spent amongst a few of her friends.

Mrs Graham, Gloucester-st. W., gave

**A PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY**

on Friday evening. Mrs C. Cook winning first prize. Other guests were: Mr and Mrs Appleby, Dr. and Mrs Jennings, Mr and Mrs Parsons, Mr and Mrs Connors, Mr and Mrs H. D. Thomas, Misses Cunningham, Henderson, Garrick, Messrs Reid, E. Graham, etc. Cribbage is in high favour this season with us, and one party of twelve players meet at alternate houses and have most enjoyable evenings.

**DOLLY VALE.**

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

Dear Bee,

July 22.

Mrs J. Paul gave a very

**ENJOYABLE DANCE**

for the 'little wee' ones on Saturday evening in the Freemasons' Hall. All were there, of course, and bent on enjoying the dance, and that they did so to their heart's content was evident by the dilapidated condition of those that helped Mrs Paul at the end of the evening. All sorts of merry games were provided for their amusement as well as supper. During the evening two little girls, Misses Bedford and Clarke, danced the cuebucha for the benefit of the children. The supper was laid out in one of the side rooms, and the table was crowded with all the dainties of the season. Some of the 'wee dots' went about half-past eight, but the bigger ones stayed later, and this very pleasant evening ended up by everyone singing 'Auld Lang Syne.' Mrs Paul wore yellow silk veiled in black chiffon; Miss Paul blue and white muslin;

Miss Cunningham, white lustre with yellow satin belt; Miss Bedford, pale blue nun's veiling trimmed with cream lace; Misses Roy wore dainty green crepon dresses trimmed with ribbon; Miss M. Kerr, pale blue and white; Misses Evans, white with blue sashes; Miss Fookes, blue; Miss B. Thomson, white; Misses Mills, cream; Miss L. Ellis, white muslin; Miss Drake, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss W. Thomson, heliotrope; Miss L. Skinner, cream; Miss D. Bedford, pale pink nun's veiling with cream lace; Miss Avery, white and heliotrope sash; Miss B. Clarke, pink and cream lace; Miss A. Brewster, white with black ribbons; Miss Russell, white and yellow sash; Miss G. George, a very pretty white muslin; Miss L. Berry, cream; Miss K. Clarke looked pretty in white with blue sash; Miss Corckill, pink and cream lace; Miss McKenzie, fawn; Miss E. Corney looked sweetly pretty in pale pink and cream lace; Miss Q. Boult, green; Miss E. Cartlew, cream; Miss M. Crawford, white and yellow sash; Miss D. Bailey looked a dear little mite in cream; Miss D. Skinner, green; Miss W. Blyth, white and pink; Miss B. Beane looked very pretty in pale green; Miss M. Skinner, white figured muslin; Miss Hall, black velvet and cream lace; Miss N. Garry looked charming in pink; Miss E. Hoskins, yellow and green; Miss T. Hoskins, white and blue sash; Miss E. O'Brien, pink; Miss W. Strachon, white muslin; Miss G. Colson, green and yellow; Miss McDiarmid, white; Miss N. Collis, looked very dainty in white with yellow ribbons; Miss M. Falkner, white and pink; Miss D. Whitecombe, crimson velvet relieved with pink; Miss Goldwater, white muslin over white silk; Miss V. Gilmour, white and pink satin sleeves; and her sister was in white with blue sleeves; Miss E. Ellis, pale pink crepon; Miss M. McCoy, white and yellow; Miss A. Falkner, cream; Miss Biggs, pale blue. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Paul (4), Skinner, George, Gordon, Webster, Dougherty (4), Scott, Staudish, Stanford, Bewley (2), McDiarmid (2), Gilmour, Avery, Humphries, Allen, Ellis, Clarke.

**A VERY PLEASANT DANCE,**

given by the young men of New Plymouth, took place in the Freemasons' Hall last Thursday evening, and was originally suggested by Messrs D. Teel, S. Kennell, Canning and Knight, I believe, who arranged to take the hall, the ladies to provide the refreshments. The hall was not decorated, but the artistic abilities of the ladies had evidently been concentrated on the supper table, which looked charming with large stands of arm lilies and smaller vases of carnations. These alternated with dainties of all descriptions. The floor and music were excellent. The girls were chaperoned by Mesdames Paul, Hursthouse and Fookes. Among those present were Miss L. Thomson, pink; Miss G. Paul looked exceedingly pretty in a cream cashmere skirt with cream broadened satin bodice trimmed with chiffon; Miss Berry, pink; Mrs Paul, green and lovely cream lace fichu; Miss M. Glynes, white and heliotrope ribbons; Miss Knight, grey and pink; Miss J. Cottier, white muslin and lace; Miss L. Cottier, white and green sash; Miss Cook, green nun's veiling; Miss M. Webster, heliotrope and black velvet; Mrs Hursthouse, black and chiffon sleeves; Miss Ellis looked pretty in cream relieved with red poppies; Miss Lawson, yellow; Misses Fookes, dainty white muslin; Miss Jacob, pink and scarlet roses; Miss V. Kennell looked very pretty in cream with pink roses; Miss B. Berry, pale blue; Miss C. Corckill, white and red ribbons; Miss Hursthouse, yellow muslin; Mrs Fookes, black velvet; Miss G. Morry, white nun's veiling; Miss Cottier, pale blue and satin trimmings; Miss C. Hursthouse, white; Miss B. Buyley, yellow; Miss G. Shaw, white; Miss Scot, pale blue satin and chiffon; Miss M. Scot, white silk; Miss Ambridge, white trimmed with net; Miss Cunningham, white figured silk and chiffon; Miss A. Biggs looked pretty in pale pink and white spangled chiffon; Miss Canning, green and pink; and her sister wore heliotrope and white; Miss Ramsay, heliotrope; and Miss — Ramsay, green and white lace; Miss — Fookes, white; and Messrs Salter, Wright, Stocker, Shaw, Woodhouse, Gordon, Hopkins, Webster (2), Test, Kennell, Knight, Halne, Paul (2), Cottier, Faber, Canning, Cook, Hursthouse, E. Clarke, McIntyre, Ramsay, Glynes, Thomson.

At the New Plymouth Golf Links the first handiaps of the season among the members of the Ngamotu

Club resulted in the following winners:—For the Ladies' Handicap: Miss G. Stanford, gross 72, owe 5, net score 77; Miss Dalziel, gross 86, handicap 7, net score 79; Miss Reid, gross 88, handicap 7, net score 81. For the Men's Handicap: Mr W. E. Spencer, gross 104, handicap 14, net score 90; Mr C. H. Pollen, gross 111, handicap 16, net score 95; Mr F. Cornwell, gross 117, handicap 20, net score 97.

Mr Spencer having presented the cup for the competition, relegated the prize to Mr C. H. Pollen.

NANCY LEE.

## NELSON

Dear Bee, July 19.  
On Wednesday Miss Robertson gave a most enjoyable

### AFTERNOON TEA

at Newstead, the residence of her aunt, Mrs Kenwick. All were delighted to know that Mrs Kenwick is so far recovered from her recent attack of influenza as to be able to go out each day, though she was not equal to the exertion of entertaining her niece's guests. Miss Robertson, who received her friends in the spacious hall, wore a black velvet gown with trimmings of black satin ribbon, relieved with rich white lace in the neck and sleeves. Tea and coffee and all sorts of delicious cakes were served in the library. During the afternoon songs were sung by Miss Robertson, the Misses Leggett, Pitt, F. Webb-Bowen, and Hayter, Miss Webb-Bowen and Miss Hunter Brown also played. Amongst the guests were Miss Huddleston, navy tailor-made coat and skirt, pink vest, black hat with pink silk crown; Miss King, combination of brown and fawn; Miss Gibson looked well in goblin blue, black hat; Miss Pitt, Lincoln green costume, stylish toque with profusion of violets; Miss G. Pitt, black coat and skirt with vest of blue silk, hat en suite; Miss Richmond, navy, black hat with red flowers; Miss Leven, green cloth costume, becoming black hat; Miss N. Rocheforte looked exceedingly handsome in navy serge coat and skirt, vest of periwinkle blue, black gem hat; her sister wore brown; Miss Leggett, black serge, becoming hat of green straw with violets; Miss Perrin, green cloth made in the Russian style, with facings of Sultan red silk, red hat to match; Miss Sealy, blue cloth, black hat; Miss Webb-Bowen, black tailor-made costume, chic hat trimmed with profusion of pink and red roses; her sister wore serge green, large black hat with red and pink roses beneath the brim; Miss Gribben, navy serge coat and skirt with large pearl buttons, black hat; Miss Rayner, fawn costume, toque to match; Miss O'Hanlon; Miss Hayter, brown; Miss Bunny, green with silk trimmings, black velvet hat; Miss Grant, white silk blouse trimmed with jet, black skirt, gem hat with black and white trimmings; Miss Duncan, shot brown, trimmed with cream lace insertion; Miss Heaps, black lustre, green jacket, black hat with heliotrope flowers, toque to match; the Misses Ledger (3), R. Saxton, McKee, Mackay, Preshaw (2), Lightfoot, Gibbs (3), Hurreis, Houliker, Jones (2), Nina Jones, Burnett, Boor; Miss Browning, black costume, boat shaped hat trimmed with white velvet; Miss Curtis, twee tailor-made costume, large fur bon, toque en suite; Miss Hunter-Brown, brown, brown hat with scarlet flowers beneath the brim; Miss Tomlinson, violet cloth, velvet hat to match; etc., etc.

On Friday evening Mrs Booth gave a

### CHILDREN'S DANCE

at her residence, the Union Bank, which was much enjoyed by all present. Miss Elsie Booth, for whom the dance was given, wore a pretty frock of blue with frills of white lace, and her little sister looked a picture in pink. Miss Hubbard and Miss Grubb helped Mrs Booth to entertain her young guests, some of whom were the young Misses E. Sealy, V. Leggett, Glasgow, Ledger (2), M. Mackay, L. Preshaw, Robinson, Rowley, Saunders, Tomlinson, Trent and others.

H.M.s. Tauranga arrived at the outer anchorage last Tuesday, and remained until the following Monday. It was a disappointment to many that owing to her size she was unable to come inside the harbour. She was open to the public for inspection on Sunday afternoon, and small steamers made several trips out, but owing to the cold and disagreeable sou'-wester that prevailed there were not many visitors.

During their visit here the officers were entertained by the Mayor (Mr F. Trask) and others.

PHYLLIS.

## PICTON

July 19.

### THE WAITOHI DEBATING SOCIETY

met in the Institute on Friday evening. Some original papers were read by Mr J. France and Mr Stuart; and 'Modern Authors' were read and discussed by several of the members. Mr W. Esson taking 'Mark Twain,' Mrs Allen 'Thomas Bracken,' Miss R. Williams 'Tennyson,' Mr Stewart 'Scott,' Mr Taylor 'Burns,' Mr Robertshaw 'Macaulay.' The Rev. A. H. Sedgwick proposed that

### A CLUB

should be formed in connection with the Society so that the alternate Friday might be occupied with games, and the young men might be kept from the hotels or the streets. The Committee are to meet on Friday to see what support they are likely to get for their venture, and if possible they will start the affair at once, borrowing chess and draughts and other games for the present winter.

On Monday evening Mrs Sedgwick invited a few friends to meet Miss Robinson from Nelson. Literary games were the order of the evening, and some wonderful poetry emanated from the party, who were Mr and Mrs Sedgwick, Miss Robinson, Mrs and Miss Sealy, Mrs and Misses Allen (3), Miss E. Seymour. Everybody enjoys themselves at Mrs Sedgwick's, and this evening was no exception to the rule.

The arrival of H.M.s. Tauranga has placed us on the tip-toe of expectation. We all expect the Mayor to give a series of entertainments for the Captain and officers. The winter season is just the time for a grand ball.

JEAN.

## NAPIER.

Dear Bee, July 21.

### The meet of the

#### HAWKE'S BAY HOUNDS

yesterday was held on the Marine Parade near the Masonic Hotel, and between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning the huntsmen set out for Petane. Amongst those who took part in the hunt were:—Mr Kinross White, Mr A. Deane, Mr E. Watt, Mr Jackson, Mr Scott, Miss Jackson, Mr Sunderland, Mr Walker, Mrs Sunderland, Miss Ormond, Mr Thomson, Mr Hill, Mr Campbell, Mr Abbott, Mr Ellingham. The day was one of the coldest experienced in Napier this winter, and rain fell at intervals all the morning, so that very few people ventured to drive out to see the hounds throw off at Petane.

### The third of the

#### WINTER DANCES

was held yesterday evening at the Theatre Royal, and though there were not so many people as at the last one, which was 'fancy dress,' the ball went off successfully and those present spent a pleasant evening. The ball-room as usual was prettily decorated with mirrors, Chinese lanterns and ferns, and the supper table arrangements were very effective. The floor was in excellent condition and inspiring music was supplied by a string band. Amongst those present were:—Mrs Wood, Mrs Hamlin, Mrs Nairn, Mrs Thomson, Mrs Lusk, Miss Wood, Mrs Ronald, Miss Nairn, Miss Watt, Miss Florence Watt, Miss T. Nairn, Mrs Lines, Mrs Wenley, Mrs Gaisford, Mrs Sunderland, Mrs Fenwick, Miss Balfour, Miss Jackson, Miss Gillum, Mrs Reece, Mr Cornford, Mr Hughes, Miss Morecroft, Mrs McLean, Mr Campbell, Mr A'Deane, Mr Scott, Mr McLean, Mr Heath, Mr Watt, Mr White, Mr Ormond, Mr Abbott, Mr Stewart, etc.

The fourth of the Ladies' Handicap Golf Matches for the medal took place at Waiohiki, Napier, on Saturday afternoon, and in spite of a boisterous wind which blew nearly all day, there were a great many people at the Links, and some good scores were made. Miss Florence Watt was the winner of the match with a score of 98, and a handicap of 12, which made the total 86; Mrs Wenley second, 100, handicap 7, total 93; Miss Hindmarsh third, 104, handicap 3, total 101; Miss Newbould 121, handicap 20, total 101, also came third in the list; Miss

Take fifth, 109, handicap 5, total 104; Miss Wood sixth, 105, scratch; Miss Peacock seventh, 113, handicap 8, total 111.

A Men's Match for the medal also took place and the following are some of the scores made:—Mr Barron 146, handicap 25, total 121; Mr Dawson 148, handicap 25, total 123; Mr Lines 144, handicap 18, total 126; Mr Morris 135, handicap 7, total 128; Mr Wood 130, scratch; Mr Kennedy 137, handicap 3, total 134; Mr Peacock 142, handicap 5, total 137; Mr Burke 158, handicap 20, total 138.

### A CONVERSAZIONE

recently held in Napier in aid of the Presbyterian Church at the Port, went off most successfully, and all present spent an enjoyable evening. Miss M. Puffett gave much pleasure by her singing of 'Old Madrid,' the Misses Puffett gave a pretty piano-forte trio, Mr D'Autherau sang 'The Flight of Ages,' Miss Lorkin sang 'Cavalry,' Mr C. Greening contributed 'The Village Blacksmith,' Miss N. Caulton gave a vocal solo, 'One Heart Divine.' The accompaniments were played by the Misses D'Autherau, Caulton and Palmer, and several choruses were given by the choir and much enjoyed by the audience. The Rev. A. Morrison and the Rev. W. Parsonson gave interesting addresses and were listened to with great attention.

A cordial welcome home from England was given to Captain Russell, M.H.R., when he, accompanied by Mrs Russell, arrived at Hastings station, on Saturday evening, July 16. Many of the prominent citizens, including Mr Fitzroy, the Mayor, were there to receive him. Mr Fitzroy, on behalf of the Hastings residents, heartily welcomed him, and said that if it had not been Saturday evening, on which many of the tradesmen could not get away, a social gathering would have been held in honour of Captain and Mrs Russell, but that it was hoped that one would be arranged to take place at no distant date. Mr Beilby also made a speech, and Captain Russell afterwards thanked those present for the reception given to him, and said that he had greatly enjoyed his trip to England, but did not expect to visit it again for the next twenty years. At the end of his speech he was accorded three hearty cheers.

MARJORIE.

## BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, July 18.

### Last Tuesday evening a

#### SURPRISE PARTY

visited Mrs F. Greenfield, and the large drawing-room was cleared for dancing, which was kept up merrily till the 'wee sma' hours ayont the twal.' Most of the dance music was played by Miss Greenfield, of Nelson, who is a visitor in the house, and Miss Ferguson, Miss Leslie (Motueka) and Miss Farnar also assisted. The dance was enjoyed immensely, and Mr and Mrs Greenfield accorded their guests a warm welcome, and sought to make their visit a very pleasant one. The floor was in capital order, and as the music was lively and in the best of time everything that was needed for enjoyment was there. The supper was set forth in the dining-room and the table was charmingly decorated with variegated leaves and pale green silk. Mrs Greenfield was charming in white silk finished with white satin; Miss Greenfield wore black velvet with touches of red; Miss Leslie looked well in heliotrope crepon trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Griffiths, black satin skirt and bodice of fawn silk; Mrs A. T. Green looked handsome in rich black satin; Miss Farnar wore pink silk, finished with chiffon; Miss Bertha Farnar, pale pink silk with pale green trimmings; Miss Rees, blouse of silk patterned with yellow flowers and handsomely trimmed with white lace and ribbon to match; Miss Mildred Rees, black skirt, bright pink velvet blouse, black lace trimmings; Miss Ferguson, yellow satin skirt and bodice trimmed with gypure insertion; Miss Johnston, black crepon skirt, blouse of rich blue silk, frills of white chiffon on the shoulders; Miss Waddy, black lustre skirt, black silver spangled gauze bodice; Miss Essie Waddy was pretty in pink crepon; Miss Ethel Carey, old gold silk trimmed with black tulle; Miss Bull, yellow dress with white trimmings; Miss Elna Bull, pale green dress; Miss Lilian, red dress and ribbons; Miss MacLaine, dark skirt, pink blouse, finished with black; Miss Annie Horton, pretty pale dress and white chiffon. There were also Messrs Greenfield, Park, W. Jefferies, Wilson (Hokitika), L. Griffiths, Stow, A. MacShane, Stubbs, Mabon, Mirama, C. Holt, F. Bull, Horton, etc.

A great deal of interest was taken in the bicycle road race which came off last Wednesday afternoon. The start was made from the crossing by the post office, and the course was to Renwick and back, a distance of about sixteen miles, which necessitated the crossing of the Omaka river bed and stream, which the competitors had to wade through, carrying their bicycles, as the foot-bridge is narrow and shaky. The men were started at intervals, according to their handicaps, and those who were started last came in last. The winner was Mr W. Botham, of Tua Marina, who rode the distance in fifty minutes seven seconds. W. Tait came second and W. Drummond third. The first prize was a gold medal valued at three guineas, presented by Mr E. Healey, and the second a trophy presented by Mr R. F. Fiddle.

A man of the name of James Cain has been missing for several days, and as he was last seen going in the direction of the Wairau River, it is supposed that he has committed suicide, and the police have been dragging the river near where he was last noticed, but so far nothing has been found. What reason there is for supposing that the man committed suicide I do not know, but as I understand that he was fined recently for wilfully destroying property, and also that another charge was likely to be made against him, it seems more probable that he has quietly decamped.

FRIDA.

The celebrated Russian tenor, Figner, narrowly escaped death the other day at the hands of a maniac. Figner is attached to the Imperial Opera House, Marie, at St. Petersburg. At the close of the winter season he went to Moscow to give a series of concerts, and afterwards set out for Paris with his wife. At Kieff, where the train stopped for breakfast, a maniac entered the carriage with a knife in his hand. Before anyone was aware of his purpose he precipitated himself upon Figner and gashed his face and neck in an alarming manner. Luckily, the wounds were not fatal, and the tenor is now recuperating at Kieff, preparatory to continuing his journey to Paris.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is anxious that the public should understand that the new Savoy piece is an entirely new departure. The work is not a comic opera, but a serious, earnest romantic drama, in which the dialogue and action are both as important as the music. The musical numbers arise in operatic libretto form, but their sequence, whether of songs, trios, or quartets, never interferes with the dramatic necessities of the play. There is a delicate humour throughout, but there are no comic songs or numbers in the ordinary acceptance of the term.

Mr Gladstone was a frequent visitor to the Lyceum Theatre (says 'The Era'), and when his increasing deafness made it difficult for him to hear from the front of the house he used to come behind and sit in a corner on the O.P. side of the stage in a place which has been known ever since as 'Gladstone's seat.' The first time he occupied the seat the carpenters and property people arranged a velvet canopy over it so that Mr Gladstone might not feel any draught. Two men, moreover, were told off to stand close to him through the performance in case anything untoward should happen. Many years ago, when 'The Corsican Brothers' was being played Mr Gladstone came behind the scenes and peeped through one of the boxes of the stage which were supposed to represent the front of the opera house in the play. In the excitement of the moment he leaned out of this box and recognised him, and then there was a cry, 'Bravo, Gladstone!' He visited the Lyceum the night after his great speech on the Home Rule Bill, and on the day of that speech he wrote Sir Henry Irving a letter concerning a visit to the theatre on the following night.

New York is to have a new German theatre, representative of the wealth and culture of its German theatre-going public.



**OUT OF THE LION'S JAWS.**

**THE MOST APPALLING TRUE NARRATIVE ON RECORD.**

Some months ago a short message from Central Africa described a terrible adventure which a young British telegraph worker named Ernest Brockman had had with a lion. Brockman has now come out of hospital, where he suffered long from the frightful injuries he received, and now his narrative is published in "The Wide World Magazine," that treasure-house of wonderful facts. We quote the account in full, and after the reader has got through it he will admit that it is well named "the most appalling true narrative on record":—

My name is Ernest Brockman, and my present age twenty-eight. In May, 1896, after having served the Chartered Company as postmaster and telegraphist, in Mashonaland, I returned to England for six months' holiday. At the expiration of this period I went back to Africa, making straight for Beira, where, in December of the same year, I was introduced to Major Patrick Forbes, who represented Mr Cecil Rhodes in Northern Rhodesia, and had charge of the telegraphs and general administration of that particular territory. The construction of the Trans-Continental telegraph wire—Rhodes' pet scheme, the "Cape to Cairo" telegraph—was being actively pushed forward, and Major Forbes suggested that I should join the working party at the "front," going direct to Chinde, at the mouth of the Zambesi.

I promptly acted on this suggestion, and some weeks later found myself one of a very large party of telegraph workers in the very heart of Central Africa. The great work is going on surely and rapidly. Yet it is practically unknown to people at home. We worked in sections or gangs, each section being composed of 100 or 200 natives, under the command of a white man experienced in the work of telegraphic construction. The first gang cleared the forest along the route where the wire was to be laid, the next gang dug holes for the poles, and the third section fixed the poles upright and placed the insulators in position. The section I had charge of was the last of all, and my duty was to test the wire after the ordinary work of the day was finished. I had to see that the proper communication was maintained with our base at Blantyre,

so that we could order up stores as required. Our object was to take the wire right up to Lake Tanganyika, whose northernmost point was about 700 miles from the extreme south of Lake Nyassas.

About the beginning of October last year I found myself fairly settling down to work in the telegraph camp, about thirty miles distant from Kotakots. My mate—the only other white man at that place besides myself—was a stout-hearted Irishman, named Dan Morkel; and we had a following of about fifty niggers. Our camp was established in a small clearing in the great forest, about two hundred yards in circumference. This clearing was almost encircled by oil palms, which stretched away on all sides for countless miles, interspersed at intervals with groups of rubber trees and prickly cactus. This open space also contained three regularly made huts, built for us by the natives, whilst they themselves put up curious little brushwood shelters for their own use. My friend Morkel occupied one of the huts, the second was used as a storage-house, whilst I was the occupant of the third. These huts were circular in shape, and about 10 feet in diameter. It is necessary here to say a word or two about the construction of the huts. Stout poles, 2 feet or 3 feet apart, were first of all driven into the ground to form the skeleton of the hut, and the walls were simply of matting, woven out of strips of shredded bamboo. There was, however, an inner coating of twisted grass, and a thatched roof of the same material.

My hut was near the centre of the clearing, and close by it was the telegraph wire on which we were working. A small wire ran right down into my hut, and was connected with a telegraph instrument resting on a cask that stood by my bedside. The cask itself contained our sugar, and was used by me as a table. My bed was composed of four bamboo stumps, with bamboo netting stretched between them, on which the mattress was laid, and I was provided with a couple of pillows and two or three blankets. Above the bed was a mosquito net, supported on bamboo poles at the corners, and enveloping me like a big square meat safe. The bed, I should mention, stood close to the wall of the hut, almost opposite the doorway, which was merely a small opening, blocked up at night by a shield of grass and bamboo. My Lee-Metford rifle, stood leaning against the sugar barrel, where I had placed it on retiring to rest. These details may be uninteresting in themselves, but they are, nevertheless, necessary to a complete realisation of my terrible tale.

On the fateful day I arose soon after sunrise—say, about a quarter to six—and, as I had no very pressing business on hand, I went out into the forest round about for a little shooting, accompanied by two or three of the niggers. My luck was not very great, however, although I succeeded in potting a hartbeest; and I returned to camp about four o'clock, when I had tea with Dan Morkel in the open air. When the meal was over we sat smoking before the big fire our boys had lighted for us, and we continued to tell yarns to one another until nearly ten o'clock. This gossip in front of the camp fire in the open air was our regular custom on fine nights. At this time the dry season was drawing to a close, and the weather was not quite so warm as it had been. At a little after ten o'clock I began to yawn, so I rose to my feet and tried to peer out into the extraordinarily dense darkness of the night. I said good-night to my companion, and we each went off to our respective huts, intending to go to bed without further delay. I was not sleepy, however, and after getting into bed I commenced to read a copy of "Tit-Bits" that had reached me by the last mail. My reading lamp was the end of a candle, stuck in an old whisky bottle, and placed on the sugar cask by the side of the telegraph instrument. I gradually dozed off and lost consciousness. The next thing I remember was waking up suddenly at about midnight and listening to the doleful howlings of the hyenas that surrounded the camp. These brutes were afraid to come too near; but as they didn't seem inclined to go away, I thought it would be a good idea to go out and see what effect a shot might produce amongst them. I drew on my coat and trousers, took my rifle, and went out into the darkness, where nothing was visible except the hideous

yellow eyes of the hyenas gleaming amongst the forest trees. The silence of the night was strangely oppressive—so much so, in fact, that I thought of going across to Morkel's hut and asking him to come out and have a shot with me. I changed my mind, however, as he was not a keen sportsman, and went noiselessly over to my hut, when I fastened up the door again, and then slipped into bed.

I couldn't have been there long before I fell into that sound sleep from which I was to have such a ghastly awakening. It was—as near as possible—two o'clock in the morning when I suddenly became conscious of something moving backwards and forwards, and up and down beneath my bed. Just as consciousness was growing clearer and stronger, a loud, long, and indescribable sniff, sniff

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"For three years my daughter Edith suffered terribly with Salt-Rheum, which affected chiefly her hands, and for nearly six months at a time she was constantly compelled to wear gloves. Her hands would often peel off, and the itching and burning were intense. I paid doctors' bills without number and bought medicines of all kind; but all failed to give relief until I tried AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. After using this medicine a short time an improvement was manifest, and my daughter took in all ten bottles,—continuing it even after all signs of her affliction had disappeared. The Sarsaparilla purified her blood, radically curing the disease, and we are most thankful for this great blessing." Be sure that you get the genuine

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MR. THOMAS HUGHES, Chemist, Llandilo, October 1st, 1895, writes:—"Singularly, I have commenced my fifth second year in business to-day. I remember my mother giving me your Balsam for coughs and colds nearly 70 years ago. My chest and voice are as sound as a bell now."

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broke the stillness of the night. Though my experience of Africa was not extensive, I instantly realised that my death was at hand, and that a man-eating lion was under my bed! No other animal, as I knew perfectly well, would be bold enough to come right into my hut in this manner. Now everyone will ask what were my feelings in this dreadful situation. Well, all I can say is, that everyone of my faculties seemed to be utterly paralysed with horror. Though perfectly conscious of everything that was going on, I was unable to utter a sound. My heart beat as though it would burst, and its tremendous throbbings almost suffocated me. I was almost fainting with terror at the thought of so dreadful a fate. After a moment or two I became aware that the lion had got out from under the bed, and was sniffing his way along the edge, perhaps a little puzled by the mosquito curtains. I then seemed to realise that I must do something, and instinctively, yet as noiselessly as possible, I huddled all the pillows and bedclothes up over my head and face—actuated by the same instinct, perhaps, which prompts little boys and girls to dive under the bed-clothes when afraid of the bogey-man.

No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible purr, purr, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor, bed-clothes and all. The brute immediately commenced to suck the blood that streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit them more savagely; as I raised my knees to get into a crouching, protective position, he gave me a little pat with his paws which nearly broke my leg, and inflicted a dreadful wound. After a moment or two of this awful experience on the floor of the hut, the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one proud and massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, gave one, two, three, four terrific roars of triumph and defiance. As these mighty, reverberating sounds died away in deep, hoarse growls, I could hear the devil's own uproar outside. The niggers were firing off their guns like mad—the wonder is they never killed each other. I afterwards learned that the first thing each of them did was to swarm up the nearest available tree in order to get out of harm's way. It is necessary to bear in mind that a darkness prevailed in the clearing which might, in a homely language, have been 'felt.'

It seems that Morkel was awakened at the first roar, and, without a moment's delay, he got out of bed, put on his trousers and hat, and then sallied forth with his rifle, thinking that the lion must at least be very close to the camp, judging from the loudness of the roar he himself had heard. He made his way, or rather felt his way, over to my hut, doubtless wondering why I had not come out to meet him. He was guided partly by the excited cries of the Kaffirs, and partly by the loud purrs of the fearful brute that had got me. When Morkel got to the door, he cried out, 'Brockman, where are you? Speak to me, for God's sake!' I heard him, as, indeed, I had heard everything else, but was absolutely unable to utter a sound, though I was fully aware that my life depended upon it. Morkel must have worked round my hut, and seen the hole made by the lion, who simply pushed the poles on one side, and then tore out the mat walls, and crawled in under my bed. Then, of course, poor Dan realised what had happened, and he ran round to the other side and kicked the door down.

All this time, the only thing I seemed to take an interest in was the loud sipping suck, suck, made by the lion as he drew my life-blood into his reeking jaws. I remembered with a pang of regret, that I had not lived a model life recently, and I began to pray as I had never prayed before. As I prayed, I thought how curious it was that I should be lying there without the slightest sense of pain, with a man-eating lion chewing my flesh and drinking my blood. I could not realise the full horror of the thing. I had been lying on my back on the floor of the hut, with my neck and head resting against the side, when Morkel kicked in the door. As he did so the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin, and next moment, with another loud purr-r-r, he leapt out of the hut into the darkness—almost into Morkel's face. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways, as though striving to get me on his back.

You may imagine Dan Morkel's feelings as he groped around in the inky darkness, screaming out first to one nigger and then to another to bring lighted bunches of grass, for God's sake. He found his way into my hut, and on feeling in the bed he placed his hand on a large pool of blood, which gave unmistakable information as to what had happened. The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards, and put me down under a big baobab tree. He ran with a springy leap, purring loudly as he went, for all the world like a contented cat. Even as he ran he was sucking violently, and as the flesh became dry in one place he let me half drop out of his jaws and then bit savagely in another place, and commenced to suck again. The brute seemed to resent the slightest movement of my body. If I moved an arm he bit it viciously, and an uneasy jerk of my leg would be punished by a terrible scrape of the claws. I lay on my back at the base of the tree with the lion on the top of me, occasionally gazing at me with his great, luminous, greenish-yellow eyes, which seemed to fill me with unutterable loathing and horror, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty. I ought to tell you that from the very first I had not ceased to wonder how it was that the lion didn't kill me outright—either by biting my head or tearing me to pieces with his terrible claws. I had seen lions kill oxen by driving their heads down between their legs and so breaking their necks, and I knew that if the monster who was drawing my blood in streams into his mouth only chose to kill me he need only give me one little tap with his all-powerful paw.

But the lion seemed perfectly content and quiet with his prey. I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept up higher I felt little gusts of his horrible, stinking breath, which was so utterly loathsome that I thought I should faint, so intense was the disgust that filled me. I half turned my head away, but still the long greedy tongue rose higher and higher towards my throat. Up to this time I had been reflecting, in a strangely calm manner, on the curious aspects of this frightful affair, precisely as though I were a disinterested outsider, instead of the dying victim of the man-eater. As I felt the lion's curiously soiled jaws near my face and throat, however, I was seized with

terror and instinctively I threw up both arms and thrust them far in between his jaws, and, indeed, almost down his throat. As I did so, the monster snapped off three fingers of my right hand, and, horrible as it may seem to the reader, I actually left my arms and hands lying idly in the lion's jaws. 'Thank God,' I thought, 'he is satisfied with sucking the bleeding fingers he has bitten off, and as long as I can keep him at arm's length with my hands in his mouth I will have yet a few moments of life left for earnest prayer.' And I prayed—God! how I prayed. Sometimes it seemed to me it was a little hard to die in this way, and I felt I didn't want to leave my bones in that horrible place. My life, however, was fast ebbing away, and later on I didn't seem to mind it so much. I grew fainter and fainter, and—so I am told—I kept moaning feebly, 'Dan, Dan. Oh, why can't you shoot him or do something? Oh, Dan, Dan, Dan.'

Constantly my thoughts reverted to my people at home, and I felt bitterly

sorry on their account, for I knew how horrified and shocked they would be at my terrible end. After thinking of these things for a few moments I would resign myself to death with a feeling of complacency, and then next moment, perhaps, I would have some kind of vague idea that I should be saved after all. I could distinctly feel each bite, because, although it caused not the slightest pain, yet, as the fearful fangs were driven into a fresh place in my thighs—the monster only chose the more fleshy parts—I was conscious of a strange numbness in that particular part. I kept murmuring to myself, gently, 'Perhaps he won't kill me after all—perhaps he will, though, the moment he has sucked that place dry. I wonder when he will commence eating me.' And then I reflected, quite in a serious sort of way, 'He will find me very dry eating, after all the blood-sucking he has done.'

During all this time the boys kept screaming, 'Nkanga, Nkanga!' (the lion, the lion), just as if they them-

**A Great Sufferer from General Debility and Weakness Says**

**DR. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA SAVED HER LIFE.**

We give below a testimonial from Mrs. M. Crockett of Hilton, So. Australia, who also sends us her portrait:



"Some two years ago I was suffering from general debility, weakness, etc., and was so ill that I thought I never would be well again. I had the advice of two medical men and took much medicine, but I derived no good whatever. My husband was telling a friend how very ill I was and this friend told him to get for me

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

He did so and I took three bottles. I felt a great deal better. I continued taking it and in all I took eight bottles and was able to resume my household duties as well as I ever was. I feel sure that Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the means of saving my life. I strongly recommend it to anyone who is suffering as I did and if they will only persevere in its use I feel positive it will cure them."

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

In all parts of the World  
THE NATURAL FOOD FOR A BABE  
is . . .

**MOTHER'S MILK**

And this Does NOT contain Starch.

**YOUNG INFANTS CANNOT DIGEST STARCHY FOODS**  
A perfect Artificial Food for Infants must, therefore,  
**NOT CONTAIN STARCH.**

**MELLIN'S FOOD**

**CONTAINS NO STARCH**

But makes a PERFECT FOOD for the YOUNGEST CHILD.

MELLIN'S FOOD for Infants and Invalids may be obtained of all dealers throughout the World.

MELLIN'S Food Works, Peckham, London.

**MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK**



The "Milkmaid" Brand is guaranteed to contain all the cream of the original milk. In the process of manufacture nothing but water is removed, nothing but the best refined sugar added.

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

# RED FACES

Rashes, pimples, blackheads, yellow, greasy, mothy skin, are the result of imperfect action of the Pores of the skin.

The only preventive of bad complexions is CUTICURA SOAP, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements.

CUTICURA SOAP is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. Foreign depot: CHAS. CLAY & CO., 10, Rue de la Paix, Paris. U.S.A. depot: How to Produce a Clear Complexion, post free.

**SALT RHEUM** INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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### HERR RASMUSSEN,

The Celebrated Danish Herbalist and Gold Medalist, of 91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, and 547, George Street, Sydney, is world-renowned for the

**Thousands of Cures** which have been effected by his **Alkaline Herbal Remedies**. Thousands of Testimonials speak for themselves as to the immense virtues of these Herbal Remedies.

**Alkaline Vitality Pills** Are a Certain Cure for Weak Nerves, Depressed Spirits, Debility, and Weakness of the Spine, Brain and Nerves. Special Powerful Course, 4/6s. 6d.; Ordinary Course, 2/6s. 6d. Smaller Boxes, 1/2s. and 6s., posted. Send for free pamphlets.

**Alkaline Blood Pills** Are unsurpassed as a Blood Purifier and Blood Tonic, and will eradicate the most obstinate Blood and Skin Affections. Price, same as Vitality Pills.

His Alkaline Universal Pills for Female Complaints, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Fat Reducing Powders, Variocele Powders, Gargle Powders, Flesh Producing Powders, Worm Cakes, Bath Tablets, Eucalyptus Oil and Jujubes, Hair Restorer and Complexion Beautifier, Liver and Kidney Pills, and Instant Headache Cure, are all simply wonderful.

Send for his Free Book, which contains all particulars, many useful hints and numerous testimonials.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE STRICTLY PRIVATE. Write without delay, and address **Herr Rasmussen,** 91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

## EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for DELICACY OF FLAVOUR, SUPERIOR QUALITY, and NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

## EPPS'S COCOA

Agents for Auckland—J. B. GILFILLAN & CO.

## ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Is the most perfect and reliable dentifrice. It imparts a brilliant polish to the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, preserves the enamel, whitens the teeth, and thoroughly cleanses them from all impurities.

### ROWLAND'S ESSENCE OF TYRE

Is the most reliable preparation for dyeing red or grey hair a permanent brown and black.

### ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, strengthens, beautifies the hair, and is the only remedy for baldness: Ask Stores and Chemists for Rowland's articles, of Hatton Garden, London.

seives were in any danger in the lofty trees, up which they had swarmed. Poor Dan Morkel was simply waiting around the clearing in utter bewilderment of agony and mind. The appalling blackness of the night added a horror to the thing which no pen could describe. At last my friend did induce two of the niggers to make a couple of torches of dry grass, and by the lurid and uncertain light of these Morkel was enabled, though very indistinctly, to see the lion over my prostrate body. He was an enormous, gaunt brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant, tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. Dan told me afterwards that, as he approached with his gun, I was moaning or crooning softly to myself. Up to this time my unfortunate companion was afraid to shoot lest he should kill me instead of the lion. He screamed out, 'Keep cool, Brockman—a funny admonition this—only keep cool and I will do what I can for you.' As I approached, the lion took his fangs out of my groin, which was by this time a mere pulp, and he faced about, growling and snarling horribly, and with one big paw on my chest. How Morkel kept his head at ten paces from the lion I don't know, but, anyhow, he levelled his rifle and fired. The lion immediately staggered back a few paces clear of my body, for he had been hit fairly in the eye, and the ball, after touching his brain, had come out through the lower jaw, which it had broken badly. Morkel instantly proceeded to reload, but he was in such a desperate hurry that the lever of his rifle jammed, and he found himself practically helpless. Will it be believed that this desperate man, now fairly at his wits' end, rushed forward towards the lion and dealt him a terrific blow on the head with the stock of his rifle? This did the lion no harm, whereas Morkel's gun was literally crumpled up. My friend, however, at once informed his torch-bearer to run over to the hut and get my rifle, and with this he killed the lion in two other shots.

It may be asked, what did I do when I felt myself free? It is important to remember that when Morkel's first shot rang out in the night air, the lion had been worrying, biting and sucking me for about thirteen minutes. Well, the moment the brute retreated from me I actually got up on to my legs and ran for twenty or thirty yards! Then I fell like a stone to the earth, and I remember no more until the next day, when I found myself in a warm bath that had been prepared by Morkel to wash my wounds—of which I had one and twenty! My poor friend tells me that my naked body presented so shocking, so revolting a spectacle—my hands, groins and thighs being chewed and bloodless, like paper pulp—that he nearly lost his reason and became delirious. All that night, however, my heroic companion had sat by my bedside until daybreak, and well do I remember that with awakened consciousness came the first poignant shock of agony from my wounds. For many days and nights I suffered the torments of the accursed, taking not one atom of solid food, but only enormous draughts of brandy and champagne.

Now comes the horrible sequel of my story. Remember at this stage, I am hundreds if not thousands of miles from civilisation, and even the nearest missionary doctor is far away from this remote spot. Without wishing to harrow you with unnecessary details, I may say that every one of my wounds mortified—no doubt owing to the poisonous filth that incrustated the man-eater's fangs. As I was rapidly growing more and more feverish, Morkel resolved to send me by lake steamer to Bandawe, where I could be attended by Dr. Prentice, of the Livingstone Mission at that place. This steamer was due to make its monthly call the following day at Domara, only a few miles from our camp. A messenger was therefore sent to intercept the captain, and ask him to make a call a little further down the lake, in order that I might be put on board. I was wrapped in blankets and laid on a plank, which in turn was placed transversely on a canoe. Just after we had started for the steamer, however, quite a "sea" arose on the lake and the plank shifted to one side, so that if I had not been grabbed by one of the men in the boat, I should have been drowned. Is it not pitiful?

It took a day and a-half to reach Bandawe, the weather being boisterous and the water very choppy. A

little hut was rigged up for me on deck, but I had a shocking time of it. When Dr. Prentice saw me at the mission station he told me that my case was utterly hopeless. My right leg, I was told, would have to go, but owing to my condition it was deemed inadvisable to amputate it immediately on my arrival. Then there was no chloroform at the mission station, and the ether had gone wrong through the climate, and therefore would not act. Thus I had to lie, conscious and screaming, in agony, while the doctor was cutting and carving away the mortified flesh from all parts of my tortured body. It is perfectly clear that my day had not come, for all the bites in the thigh had missed the artery by about an eighth of an inch! And night after night I went through the whole fearful business again. Ghastly, horrible nightmares took possession of me, and I would have gone raving mad were it not for the powerful opiates that were administered. A slamming door, the sudden appearance of a man before me, anything and everything threw me into a perfect agony of terror, pitiful to witness. My mind and reason were all but gone, and I, who had been a giant of strength, was like a timid little child, a mere wreck of a man in mind and body.

The British South Africa Company

have been very kind to me, for, of course, it isn't as though I had gone out hunting, when, naturally, I should have to take the risks incidental to sport of that kind. I believe mine is the only case on record of a man-eater taking a man out of his bed at night. I still hobble about on sticks, and I often wake up in a cold perspiration, thinking I can hear the soul-destroying snuff, snuff of the man-eating lion beneath my bed.

A celebrated physician says that nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful. The cases that come under the physician's eye are those of the women who are tired and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form of nervous disease. They may think they are only tired, but, in fact, they are ill, and it is that sort of illness in which the will is weakened and the patients give way to annoyance they would ignore if in a healthy condition.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scoury, Eczema, Itch 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.

## WEAR SCARBOROUGH'S CELEBRATED

# FEARNOUGHT SERGES

BEST FOR ALL WEATHERS. TOWN, SEASIDE, COUNTRY. USED EXTENSIVELY IN LONDON AND PARIS. OF LEADING DRAPERS & STOREKEEPERS. SCARBOROUGH, NEPHEW & Co., ELLEN ROYDE MILLS, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

# "KOKO"

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF

PREVENTS HAIR FALLING

PROMOTES GROWTH.

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.

CONTAINS NO DYE

The Celebrated Authoress,  
**MRS. E. LYNN LINTON,**  
says—

"I have used your 'KOKO' hair dressing for some time, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been incessant, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing proof of your preparation."



1/-, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.  
**KOKO MARIGOPAS COY., LTD., 18, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

## IN A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE.

Early in February of this year (1891) I was travelling in a third-class carriage in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. At a station two women entered the compartment in which I was seated. One was a girl, gaudily dressed; the other a typical working woman. She had no hat or bonnet, and wore a stuff petticoat, with a shawl wrapped round her. She was the picture of rude, robust health.

The girl asked how her companion was, remarking that she had heard she had been far from well.

"Deed, but I was," responded the elder woman, "I thought I was at death's door."

"Ah say, what like was the matter wi' ye?"

"I cud dae nae work; if I tried to wash the floor I got siccan a heart beatin', and my stomach fair turned at the sight o' food. I went to three doctors, one after another, and they gae me bottles and bottles, but it didna help me ana till a friend tellt me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. Wumina, in a week I was better and in a month I was a' richt and could eat and work well as ever."

Then they went on talking of other subjects. Go where one may he is likely to hear some good said about Mother Seigel and what is done by her famous medicine. Sometimes it is in the form of a bit of passing talk like the one quoted above; and again it takes the shape of letters, fragrant with gratitude for health regained. Here is one. We hope many suffering women will see it and read it.

"In August, 1892," says the writer, "I began to feel low, weak, and ailing. My appetite was bad, and what little I ate gave me much pain at the chest. I was constantly spitting up a clear fluid like water, and I heaved and strained a good deal. At the pit of my stomach there was a gnawing feeling, and there seemed to be a hard lump formed in my abdomen. In any case I suffered much from pain in that region.

"My breathing got to be very bad, and I wheezed as if the windpipe were

clogged and stopped up. I had a hacking cough which gave me but little rest day or night, and I was troubled with night sweats. The pillow my head had lain on would be wet in the morning.

"In two or three weeks after the time I was taken, I was no longer able to take solid food, or indeed food of any kind. I lived for two months on milk, lime water, brandy and the like. During that time I lay helpless in bed.

"Often I would have fainting fits, and had to be lifted up and supported in bed. I was now so weak that my friends feared there was no hope for me, and I was anointed by the priest. I had a doctor attending me, but he was not successful in giving me any real relief.

"In the following November, although very ill and low, I was able at times to read a little, and then it was that I read one day about Mother Seigel's Syrup, and the wonders it had done for others. I sent for it, and less than half a bottle made me feel better. I had a trifle more appetite and could eat a little and retain it. So I went on with the Syrup, and when I had used four bottles the cough and all the other troubles left me, and soon I was well and strong as before. You are at liberty to publish my letter if you desire, for the good of others who may suffer as I did without knowing where to look for a cure. (Signed) Mrs Honoria Brennan, 42 Great Britain-street, Cork, March 17th, 1894."

A good letter, a cheering letter, dated on St. Patrick's Day, too. A great thing to be rid of snakes, but a greater thing to be rid of indigestion and dyspepsia—more poisonous than any reptile that ever crawled. And that was the dreadful ailment which gave Mrs Brennan three months of suffering; the ailment that the Scotch women talked of in the train; the ailment that inflicts more pain and fills up more graves than all the other ailments on earth put together.

"And yet Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures it as fast as people hear of it and take it. That's why we keep telling about it, and printing what everybody tells about it over and over.

**Nagging and Drink.**—The Bishop of Melbourne, who presided at a recent meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, said that he had been deeply impressed with a story told in the police court the other day by a man, who said, 'She nags and I drink.' That was the history of multitudes of drunkards. The 'abe' did not know how to make home a comfort; how to produce the sweet silvery voice when the 'he' came back from his day's work. She did not make the home attractive, and he had to seek attractions elsewhere—too often at the publichouse. It seemed to him that every branch of the girls' friendly societies, of which the church had many, ought to work in the direction of happy homes; that the girls should be taught kind, gentle, and persuasive ways, so that when it should fall to their lot to have homes their husbands might delight to come to them when the day's work was ended—not to be nagged at, but to be smiled at. It had been said that many girls were more busy in making nets than in making cages—once they had caught the men they did not know how to keep them. There was a great deal in a wife's manner on approaching a man. There was a great deal in the voice and in the mode of introducing a subject. As much as possible should be done to teach wives how to make good homes; how to be attractive, kind, and gentle to their husbands; and this, he thought, should be one of the aims of the Church of England Temperance Society.

**A Good Old Ship.**—Is there a single iron ship in active employment which is over fifty years old? asks the 'Nautical Magazine.' We doubt it, but there are many wooden ones greatly exceeding that age. The schooner Hannah, which recently ran ashore on the Norfolk coast and now lies abandoned off Winterton, was constructed entirely of wood in the year 1793. During the greater part of a century this craft has been employed as a collier on the North Sea and along one of the most dangerous coasts known to seamen. What she did before being consigned to the coal trade is not known, but doubtless her work was hard and her risks manifold, for

she has been a coaster all her life, which has at length ended after a remarkable career of 104 years. She is a striking proof not only of the endurance of good wood, but of the faithfulness of her builders and the skill of a past generation of seamen, who successfully threaded their way amongst the rocks and shoals of these islands before the days of examinations or certificates.—R.I.P.

## Do you want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membrane of the lungs is inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

## AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption. It is not a question of many bottles and large doses. A few drops will often make a complete cure. Don't neglect your cough; you cannot afford to run the risk. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will soothe your raw throat and quiet your inflamed lungs.

Beware of cheap imitations. See that the name Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is blown in the glass of each bottle. Put up in large and small bottles.

## GRAND RE-ORGANISING SALE

...AT...

# TE ARO HOUSE, Wellington.

**THIS SALE** will give opportunities for the purchase of Goods at prices which, for cheapness, have never before been approached in Wellington. The main feature of **THIS SALE** is the fact that **EVERYTHING IS REDUCED!** Right through the Warehouse prices have been cut down with unsparing hand, and the result is that for downright, unprecedented value, the goods in every Department are all on the same basis.

### SILK AND DRESS DEPARTMENTS.

In these departments will be found some rare attractions. The stock is very heavy, and must be reduced, consequently the reductions are of a sweeping nature. The prices we quote speak for themselves.

**EVENING SILKS**—In all shades. Usual price, 1s 6d; sale price, 12jd.  
**PONGEE SILKS**—Splendid lot, in art shades. Specially suitable for Draping and Fancy Work. Usual price, 1s 11d; sale price, 1s 3d.  
**BROCADED SILKS**—For Evening Wear. Usual price, 2s 6d; sale price, 1s 9d.  
**PONGEE BROCADES**—Evening shades. Usual price, 2s 11d; sale price, 1s 11jd.  
**SPLENDID LINE** of 24in C.B. SATINS, in all colours. Usual price, 2s 6d; sale price, 1s 9d.  
**BLACK AND WHITE SILKS**—Special parcel in stripes and checks. Merveilleux and Surahs. Usual price, 3s 11d and 4s 6d; sale price, 2s 6d.  
**CHINA SILKS**—White, 27in wide. Special line. Usual price, 3s 6d; sale price, 1s 11jd.  
**SURAH SILKS**—In assorted colours. Usual price, 3s 6d to 4s 6d; to clear, sale price, 2s 6d per yard.  
**FANCY TUSORE SILKS**—Suitable for lining Coats, Blouses, etc. Usual price, 2s 11d; sale price, 1s 11jd.  
**SHOT SILKS**—Ranging from 2s 6d to 3s 6d; to be cleared, all one price, 1s 11jd.  
**COLOURED SILK PLUSHES**—New shades. Usual price, 2s 11d to 4s 3d; sale price, 1s 11jd.  
**BLACK AND WHITE VELVETS**—In stripes and checks, for Blouses. Usual price, 3s 11d and 4s 11d; sale price, 1s 6d.  
**TARTAN SILK VELVETS**—The balance remaining. Usual price, 3s 11d; sale price, 1s 11jd.  
**FANCY VELVETEENS**—A mixed lot, suitable for Blouses and Children's Dresses. Usual price, 3s 6d to 4s 3d; sale price, 1s 11jd.  
**VELVETEENS, Plain Colour**—Good assortment. Usual price, 1s 9d to 2s 3d; s. price, 1s.

The whole of the immense stock of SILKS, which includes the famous Challenge, Peau-de-Soie, Princess, China, Royal Armure, Bengaline, Ottoman, Surahs, Merveilleux, and Duchesse, in black and colours, at marvellously reduced prices.

### BLACK AND COLOURED DRESSES.

**DOUBLE WIDTH NUN'S VEILING**—In all colours, 42in. Usual price, 1s 4d; sale price, 10jd.  
**DOUBLE WIDTH ALL-WOOL CREPONS**—42in, in all colours. Usual price, 1s 3jd; sale price, 10jd. 44in, splendid quality. Good range of colours. Usual price, 2s 3d; sale price, 1s 6d.  
**About 240 yards BLACK FRENCH FANCY DRESS MATERIAL**—Double width, 42in. Special range of designs. Usual price, 1s 11d; sale price, 1s 3jd.  
**158 yards FANCY "BOUGON" CLOTH**—Double width, 44in, evening shades. Usual price, 2s 11d; sale price, 2s 3d.  
**350 yards DRESS TWEEDS**—Mixed Tweeds, double width, 43in. **SPECIAL LINE.** Usual price, 1s 9d to 2s 11d; to clear, 1s per yard.  
**235 yards FRENCH AND SCOTCH DRESS TWEEDS**—All wool, double width, splendid mixtures. Usual price, 2s 11d to 3s 6d; sale price, 1s 6d to 2s 3d.  
**COLOURED WOOL NATTE CLOTH**—Double width. Usual price, 2s 9d; sale price, 1s 3d.  
**DOUBLE WIDTH MELTON CLOTHS**—In fawn, brown, green, grey, navy, and maroon. Usual price, 1s 6d to 1s 9d; sale price, 1s 3d.  
**The balance of KAIAPOI TWEEDS, "Robe Lengths"** from the late Exhibition, ranging in price from 28s to 32s 6d, to be cleared at one price—17s 6d the robe.  
**ALL REMNANTS WILL BE CLEARED AT HALF-PRICE.**  
**ALL ROBE DRESSES** at prices ranging from 5s 11d to 17s 6d, including the novelties of the current season.

**THIS SALE** will last for **EXACTLY ONE MONTH.** No extension of time will be granted, however successful our operations may be. Note this fact carefully, and come early to the Grand Re-organising Sale at Te Aro House, Wellington.

# TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

**TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.**  
**A. WOOLLAMS & CO.**  
 GENUINE LADIES' TAILORS.  
 Are offering the Balance of their Winter Stock  
 AT SPECIAL QUOTATIONS FOR A FEW WEEKS.

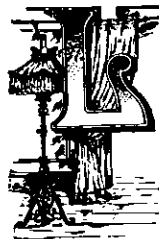


25 5s COSTUMES for £1 2s 6d.  
 28 6s COSTUMES for £1 10s 6d.  
 27 7s COSTUMES for £1 17s 6d.  
 SMART CUT—PERFECT FIT.  
 SAMPLES AND SELF MEASUREMENT  
 FORMS POST FREE.

**A. WOOLLAMS & CO.,**  
 GENUINE LADIES' TAILORS,  
 153 QUEEN STREET.

N.B.—Above Prices are for Prompt Cash only.

## LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



LOOKING at most of the new hats and bonnets for the winter season of 1898 we find the same brilliantly coloured trimmings as those employed during the past summer, and similar to the models worn in the hotter months, the bright tints will be managed so artistically and with so much nicety that there

will be nothing to say in disparagement of the vivid splashes of coloring. While many of the winter novelties in millinery illustrate a single colour carried out in



THE NEW HAT.

shaded tones, other models show a more varied treatment. For instance, at a recent charity bazaar, where fashion and smart dressing were well to the fore, one

of the richest purchasers of various nick-nacks and children's toys appeared on the scene in one of the new satin-straw and chenille plaited toques; the colour of this fancy plaiting being the latest cornflower blue. The accompanying velvet loops and quills were shaded off to almost sky blue. Not far from this grande dame strolled another very elegant woman who wore an example of several hues beautifully blended by the hand of a skilful milliner. The accompanying sketch portrays more clearly than words the chapeau alluded to. Here we have one of the latest round Parisian shapes with a fairly low crown. The hat is modelled in a lovely soft shade of 'dead leaf' brown felt, almost a deep tan nuance; while the under portion of the brim is lined with velvet just a suspicion darker than the blocked cloth. Round the crown are carried out successive loops of broad turquoise-blue velvet ribbon, with here and there a most modulation sparkling in the folds. The tuft of feathers pinned at the side is of coques' plumes in their natural black, shot with green. On many of the new hats we find a large amount of turquoise-blue, this shade harmonizing very well with the latest prime colour.

Now that the dancing season is fairly on the subject of evening dress acquires immediate interest. Black skirts are still worn in the ballroom, but instead of satin being employed for the jupe, noire velvet is more generally adopted. I have inspected an extremely smart skirt of the kind, and with it will be worn at a forth-



THE NEW EVENING BLOUSE.

coming 'Cinderella' the charming decollete blouse treated in the sketch. Here we have a most attractive novelty in buttercup yellow gathered crepe-de-chine. This deliciously soft material forms the blousette portion of the little bolices, a tiny frill of the crepe finishing off the bust-line. Made in one with this gracefully cut blouse is a short bolero of the new silk poplin, just now so fashionable both in England and across the Channel. This very abbreviated and quaintly fashioned addition is edged all round with steel beads and seed pearls, forming a neat design, a few more pearl

being sprinkled here and there to enhance the whole effect of the silk. The epaulets match the small bolero; while the full puffs underneath are arranged with the crepe-de-chine. Ribbon, matching the poplin, draws in the fullness at the waist. This blouse could be utilised quite as well for smart theatre as ball-room wear, as there is nothing too elaborate in either the material or design. I learn, by the way, on good authority, that the so-called dog-collars to which the Princess of Wales has always adhered—even since they went out of fashion—have been revived with wonderful up-to-date improvements. Such chains in silver are now no longer sufficiently handsome for the consideration of the woman of fashion; but, oftener than not, they are designed with five rows of pearls, linked together by lengthy double bars of diamonds. Of course the collars are also made in plain gold, or cheaper stones to suit the requirements of those who cannot afford the luxury of pearls and diamonds.

In winter with its long evenings, spent by lamplight, few articles of interior attire are more acceptable to the thoroughly womanly woman than a cosy softly hanging tea-gown. I know that in some of the



FOR FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

very smart country houses, where one party of visitors succeeds another incessantly, light silk or muslin frocks are the things to don at the five o'clock tea table. However, for home-birds who prefer the comforts of their own houses to the very questionable delights of visiting, there can be nothing to beat the ease and grace of a well-modelled tea-gown. The especial one I have in my mind is shown in the illustration. The confection is designed in dove-coloured nun's veiling and has a fichu of the same soft material edged with cream lace. In front, the gown is draped very artistically. The waistband, bow, and straps round the elbow sleeves are carried out in ribbon velvet of the loveliest tone of



CHARMING WINTER BLOUSE.

The Countess of Ranfurly says:—'I like very much the dresses you have made for me.'  
 The Countess of Otago, Auckland, writes:—'The dresses arrived yesterday, and fit very well, wonderful considering they were not tried on. Make me a rough black serge saute 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 Alice Crawford, Kilmorie:—'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 McMaister, Martinboro:—'The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction.'  
 Mrs Wilkie, Otakeho:—'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, Annandale:—'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 Sargiant, 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.B.:—'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.

'mandarine' yellow, some more lace softening the edge of the sleeves.

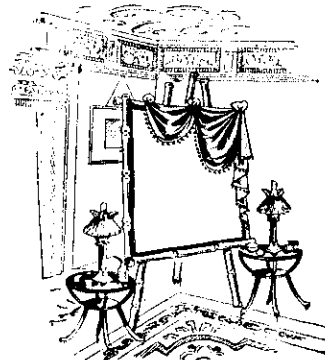
My last sketch is a charming winter mantle in beaver cloth worked all over with a scintillating design in large beads. Beaver fur collar, the whole lined with pale blue silk. Another similar cape was in dove-coloured velvet and steel lined with pale green silk.

HELOISE.

WORK COLUMN.

'A BRIEF IDEA.'

It is difficult for those who live the greater part of their lives in the country to realise the pressure of space necessarily surrounding those who take up their dwelling in cities or even small towns, for when people gather themselves closely together in street after street, time becomes more valuable to them, and the necessity of concentrating their energies on one spot makes the immediate surrounding locality of almost priceless worth. Consequently the demand of all kinds of ideas and inventions for house decoration, which will turn limited space to its utmost use, are for ever coming to the fore, and create a supply that appears to be practically limitless. These ideas do not always emanate from big firms but from quick-witted women, to whom difficulties are but a spur to invention. One of the prettiest rooms I have ever been in was a very tiny one, in which it appeared the inmate had made the most of every square inch. I will give the whole of its details, but a point that particularly struck me as new, and of which I have sketched, was the clever way in which she refused to do without that shrine of feminine worship the toilette table, yet, in despair at being able to place it, had re-



ARTISTIC FURNITURE.

sorted to the dainty device shown in the illustration. On a large sized bamboo easel was placed a square of looking-glass framed in with a broad green wooden border so much adopted by young painters nowadays; a scarf of drapery was twisted round the top and fell gracefully down one side; two small tables of the kind that are usually supplied in white wood shops for lamps, thus being somewhat higher than the ordinary ones, were placed on either side. On one of these were brushes and combs, a couple of scent bottles, and her mandarine case; on the other, all sorts of pins and various toilet accessories, together with a tiny jewel box. The tables were painted green, to match the frame-work of the glass; indeed, green was the key note of the room, for a small, three-cornered hanging place was curtained with green, which when moved revealed a dainty pink lining matching the rosy tints of the walls. The bed had a couvres-pied of green serge, on which was embowered a large initial in pale pink flax thread. Under the bed was a long, low box running easily on castors, papered on the inside with thick white paper, carefully pasted so as to let no dust through any splits of the wood. In this sanctum reposed comfortably the owner's evening dresses. Green curtains made tent-wise crossed the bed from foot to head, and were also lined with pink, and a pink shaded lamp threw its light over the small floor, exquisitely carpeted in a thick dark green velvet pile carpet. It was not expensive, because it was so small, and it gave an unobtainable touch of luxury, and made the limitations of the room appear to be rather of choice than necessity.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(Adv't.)

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. 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' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The RULES for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the 'New Zealand Graphic' are requested to comply with them. Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on 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.

Economy in Housekeeping.—Marrow from bones, often most wastefully thrown away, makes a delightful little breakfast or supper dish, by first covering each end of the bone with a little thick dough to keep the marrow in, then boiling the bone, tied in a cloth, for about an hour, removing the marrow from the bone and spreading it on squares of hot buttered toast, sprinkling the whole with cayenne pepper. The tough ends of steak or chops, which are generally left uneaten, will, if chopped very fine, seasoned by adding to the minced meat a small onion chopped very fine, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half this quantity of pepper, one egg, and a dash of nutmeg, made into small balls slightly flattened on two sides, dredged with flour and fried in butter or lard, form a delightful little savoury, and the balls may be still further improved by adding a teaspoonful of flour to the butter used in frying them, letting it brown, and then adding a little soup stock. Season with salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice or of Worcester sauce, and then pour a teaspoonful of this sauce on the middle of each ball.

Boiled Egg: Sequel.—If any boiled eggs are left over from breakfast, they may be utilised for a luncheon dish as follows: Put them into a saucepan and boil them hard, remove the shells and separate the whites from the yolks, passing the latter through a sieve and chopping the former very finely. Cut some squares of bread, toast and butter them, and moisten with a few drops of hot water sprinkled over each. Make a white sauce by mixing together a teaspoonful each of flour and butter and a cupful of milk (these are the proportionate quantities for six eggs, lesser quantities, of course, if fewer eggs), and let them boil together until thick, then add the chopped whites, season with pepper and salt, and spread the mixture thickly on the slices of buttered toast. Lastly, add an even layer, on the top, of the mashed yolks, and serve the whole very hot.

A 'Delicious' Breakfast.—Oatmeal, hominy, etc., when left over and cold will be found to make a delicious breakfast dish, or at dinner in place of a vegetable, if cut into slices and fried so that a crisp crust is formed on both sides. Even apple parings and cores, which are generally thrown away, make, when stewed to a pulp and strained, a delicious jelly which, spread on the children's bread and butter or on apple tart, is a great improvement.

Manchester Pudding.—Boil one pint milk, and, while boiling, add gradually 3oz grated bread, the grated rind of a lemon, yolks of five eggs, and whites of three, and 6oz butter. Line a dish with puff paste, put a layer of some sweetmeat at the bottom, a little sifted sugar. Pour in the mixture and bake for one hour.

Orange Sponge.—Required: Five oranges, 1 lemon, 1lb of loaf sugar, 1oz of isinglass, 1/2 pint of water, saffron. Method: Peel the oranges and lemon very thinly, squeeze out the juice and steep the rind in it for four hours; remove it and put the juice in a saucepan with the isinglass previously dissolved in half a pint of water; let it heat, but do not allow it to boil; strain through muslin, which will still nearly cold, colour with saffron and put in a damp mould to set.

100 YEARS' REPUTATION. KEARSLEY'S FEMALE PILLS. WIDOW WELCH'S PILLS.

Awarded Certificate of Merit for the cure of all obstructions, irregularities, anaemia, and all female complaints. They contain no irritant, and have the approval of the Medical Profession. The only genuine are in White Paper Wrappers and have the name of 'C. and G. Kearsley.' Bottle, 1s 1/2 and 2s 6d of all chemists.—Mackay, C. & G. KEARSLEY, 17 North-st., Wellington.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is not difficult to prevent cloth being spotted by rain. Do not permit the rain spots to dry. Wipe them the way of the nap of the cloth with a silk handkerchief or sponge, and use a soft brush.

Turpentine or paraffin applied with a bit of cloth will readily remove fresh paint marks. If the paint has dried on try a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and alcohol, and clean off with benzine.

It is possible to prevent a lamp from smoking by soaking the wick in vinegar and drying it well before using it.

Bruises may be taken out of furniture by wetting the part with warm water, and after doubling a piece of brown paper five or six times, soaking it, and putting it on the place. Apply on that a hot flatiron till the moisture is evaporated. After two or three applications the dent or bruise will be raised level with the surface.

To make Boston cream, dissolve one pound of loaf sugar in two quarts of boiling water. Let it stand till cool, then add the whites of two eggs, well beaten, two ounces of tartaric acid, a little essence of lemon. Bottle, and use a wine-glassful to a tumbler of water.

POKER WORK ON GLASS.

THE BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS OBTAINED WITH WOOD SURPASSED BY THE NEW METHOD.

A few Sundays ago instructions were given by the 'Herald' as to how to obtain good poker work effects on wood and the best way to follow this fashionable art in the home. Those who followed the directions no doubt succeeded in producing work that has abundantly satisfied them for the small outlay in procuring the necessary apparatus.

There is another branch of the subject which those who are possessed of sufficient ambition can take up which almost excels in artistic beauty, and certainly does so in novelty, the older form of the art. Quite lately glass pyrography has been invented, and this quite a new field has been opened in this fascinating style of decorative work.

In the newer form of pyrography the burning process is exactly the same as in the old, only the platinum point is made many degrees hotter for the glass; indeed, it can scarcely be too hot to accomplish the desired result, and, therefore, it needs to be of special hardness. This being the case, dealers have placed on the market points of a special quality for glass pyrography.

DELICATE AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS.

The glass used is the ordinary plate, and through it the design can readily be traced with the hot point by those who have not the skill to draw off lead, which saves all the trouble of transferring the pattern. Another advantage which some claim glass has over wood is that it has no grain, and therefore the lines of the novice are not marked by the unevenness which characterises the work of the tyro in the art of wood burning. Glass pyrography is especially adapted to the decoration of mirrors, screens, panels, etc., and if carefully done it will be found an excellent imitation of engraved work of the finest kind, and will even deceive experts. If a good design be chosen the effect will be most delicate and beautiful. Just a white frosted design on the clear glass looks very well, but the worker will soon be ambitious of better things.

A pretty piece of the work shows a loose bunch of ox eye daisies and field grasses burned into ordinary clear plate glass. The design when first executed had a frosted appearance, but this was removed by carefully scraping off all roughness with a sharp knife, thus leaving the daisies and grasses in clear outline. The work in that state was beautiful, but it was more so in the following manner:—

A layer of gold paint was carried entirely over part of the design, all the etched lines being filled with it. To effect this a pad of soft cloth was used, dampened with turpentine to remove all the gold on the flat surface between the lines, and an ordinary paper stump with cloth over it was used to clean off the rest. This left merely a fine gold tracery on the glass, and on turning the plate, it seemed to stand in relief on its surface, though it actually only showed through from the other side. A thick coat of ivory enamel was then laid on,

great care being taken not to drag up the gold from the lines; this gave the effect of ivory and gold from the other side, and rendered the glass opaque.

FOR VARIETY IN COLOUR.

Any other lustra or metallic paint may be used instead of gold and the colour of the enamel may be chosen to suit the fancy. Those who are possessed of a little artistic taste can easily make up designs and patterns for themselves which they may find even more suitable for their purpose than the one here given, but it should always be remembered that the work requires high colours in order to be effective. The softer tones do not succeed in giving the stand-out appearance which is being aimed at by the ambitious.

In working the principal things to be remembered are that the point must be constantly kept at almost white heat, that it must be perfectly clean, and that it is not desirable to use the same point for wood scorching. Should the point be insufficiently heated no amount of force will affect the glass, but it will injure the point itself. The pressure on the point must be firm and steady, but not hard. It is not well to work too long for one spot, for glass is a poor conductor of heat, which should be distributed as much as possible in order to prevent cracking. With care this accident should never occur.

The special point for glass pyrography is furnished with an inner mechanism for generating and retaining heat, and though the work may be done with an ordinary point heated to almost white heat, still the process is tedious, and the tool will soon be too much damaged for further use.

A pane of glass with the design shown in the illustration and executed in the manner already described would make a handsome mount for a picture. The pattern can be enlarged, stuck upon the plate of glass, and the point, gently heated, passed lightly over it. This will save all the bother of transferring the design bodily upon the material to be worked upon.

HAIR STIMULANT.

Is there any cure for baldness, it may be asked? Not if it be of long standing. No medical man in this world could make hair grow on a billiard ball, and there are no medical men in heaven. Stay a moment, though, that last remark of mine may be liable to misconstruction. I do not mean that no doctors go to heaven, for I believe that probably five per cent. do, only there will be no need for them to exercise their profession in the happy land. But when one's hair begins to get thin, if one is comparatively young, there is usually a remedy. This remedy, however, is partly constitutional and partly local. Until good health is re-established and bad habits, such as too much tea, coffee, or spirit drinking, given up, there is no chance for any case. There is generally a low condition of the powers of life, with more or less of heat in the scalp. Aperients do good, especially the salines, taken with plenty of water in the morning, with at night now and then a blue pill and colocyth. Tonic bitters will help to strengthen the appetite, the cold morning tub will brace the nerves and tone the whole system, and massage is invaluable. The hair should be washed with the mildest soap, or better still, yolk of egg, and as carefully dried.

A HAIR POMADE.

The celebrated Dupuytren recommended the following pomade, and I am not aware of anything much better:—Beef marrow, three ounces; ner-vine balsam, one ounce. Melt these together with about an ounce of oil of almonds, then strain and add one ounce of Peruvian balsam, and mix; then eight grains of extract of cantharides, dissolved in a little rectified spirit. Rub this in at night and in the morning. If, however, it causes too much irritation, once a day will be enough. Erasmus Wilson, the skin disease specialist, recommended a liquid preparation of one ounce of Eau de Cologne, one ounce of tincture of cantharides, and five drops each of oil of rosemary and oil of lavender. Either may be used, but I may add that both will fail if attention be not paid to the general health.—Gordon Stables, M.D.



MAN AND TIGER.

Bidel, the famous lion-tamer, passed most of his childhood in a menagerie. Before he was twenty years old he had become accustomed to the presence of wild beasts, and had learned so well how to treat them, that he entered their cages as calmly as he would have entered his own room, and seemed to consider their threatening jaws and snarling lips as a smile of welcome.

Early in his career he was at Bayonne with a menagerie. The afternoon entertainment was about to begin, when a terrible cry was raised, 'Athir has escaped.'

Athir was a young royal tiger, notorious for his savage disposition. It was easy enough to manage him in the menagerie; but at large, tempted by easy prey, the danger was terrible. Everyone fled, rushing into houses and climbing trees.

'I set out to hunt for him,' says Bidel. 'For a long time I traced him walking from place to place under the burning sun. Someone whispered to me from a window, fearing apparently that the tiger would overhear, 'He is there.' The finger of this hero pointed cautiously to an iron-worker's shop, the door of which stood open. I rushed in.

It was black as night; for ten seconds I could see nothing. Then in a corner, crouched ready to spring, his jaws open, his eyes on fire, I saw the runaway. A second more, and he would have bounded forward, seized and torn me. I was ahead of him; it was I who sprang. Then what roaring, what foaming at the mouth, what anger! That hand to hand struggle in the twilight, I breathless, he mad with rage, was short. If it had not been, I should have been lost.

I seized him with both hands by the skin of his back, raised him on my back, and under this enormous weight, without stumbling or flagging, I walked with a firm and equal step toward the menagerie. You may imagine how I was congratulated!

OPPOSITION.

There is a natural desire on the part of some great and powerful men to be opposed or crossed occasionally. Ordinarily men of this sort insist upon having their own way, but instances are not lacking in which persons who have opposed them with some violence have seemed to excite their admiration and win their gratitude. Two cases of this sort, one occurring in the career of the great Napoleon, and one an incident of a recent voyage of a living monarch, are interesting.

The memoirs of General Marbot upon the first French Empire, recently published, relate that, on the occasion of a very formal distribution of rewards made by Napoleon before Ratisbon, an old grenadier came forward and demanded somewhat sharply, to the astonishment of all, a cross of the Legion of Honour.

'But what have you done?' said Napoleon.

'Why, sire,' said the soldier, 'it was I who, in the desert of Jaffa, when it was terribly hot, and you were parched with thirst, brought you a water-melon.'

'Thank you,' said Napoleon, 'but a water-melon for a general is not worth a cross of the Legion of Honour.'

The grenadier flew into a violent rage.

'Well, then,' he shouted, 'I suppose that the seven wounds that I got at Arcola and at Lodi and at Austerlitz and at Friedland go for nothing, eh? My eleven campaigns in Italy, in Egypt, in Austria, in Prussia, and in Poland you don't count, I suppose?'

'Tut, tut, tut!' exclaimed the Emperor. How you do get excited when you come to the essential point of the whole matter! I make you now a chevalier of the Legion for your wounds and your campaigns; but don't tell me any more about your watermelon!

A similar outburst from a general would have won dismissal and disgrace, but the Emperor was pleased with it when it came from a simple soldier.

The young Emperor of Germany is the hero of the other incident. The German papers relate that, during his visit to Heligoland, the Emperor, wishing to study the fortifications of the island, expressed an intention to make an ascent in a balloon which is kept for the purpose.

A GOOD FREE CONCERT.

Two ladies waiting for a car on the corner of a dingy street started and winced at the same moment as the long-drawn screech of a fiddle pierced the air. One of them laughed and frowned, the other drew her brows into a pucker of silent misery. The fiddle was quiet. Then came another screech, and a prolonged tuning and twanging and tightening and testing ensued, carried on evidently just behind the bow-window of the nearest house.

'I hope the car will come soon,' murmured the elder lady; 'there ought to be padded attics and cellar retreats with double doors for beginners on the violin. There! I expected it!'

The unseen violinist had begun to play 'Comrades' very busily indeed, and this he presently tried to follow with 'Annie Rooney,' but stuck half way and broke off with ignominious abruptness.

'What a relief!' sighed the fastidious listener, and at the same time an eager voice beside her cried out, 'O Mick, don't you 'spose he's goin' to play any more?'

She looked down and perceived at her side a boy and girl, a big brother about ten years old, and a little sister of eight, who were staring with round eyes at the window, oblivious of everything in the world except music.

But Mick was evidently a frequenter of that corner who had brought his small sister with him to hear the music, for he hastened to reassure her with an air of patronage.

'Most like he will, and it don't matter if he don't. That's on'y Billy Jones practisin'. He's nothin'. He's learnin'. He plays first, an' then his big brother takes the fiddle a bit, an' then his sister strikes in at the pianer, an' then the both of 'em tries it together, an' then ye may say it's worth hearin'! An' arter that they sing. Whisht! There; she's goin' again.'

There she was going indeed,—she being the violin, affectionately imagined as feminine,—and this time the steadier stroke showed that Billy had resigned the instrument to his brother. The boy and girl listened blissfully. Other children gathered as if by magic, and further away the voice of an anxious little fellow who was loyally waiting for a chum, but sharp with impatience, could be heard entreating him to hurry or the best would be over before they got there.

The twilight deepened, and the smaller listeners cuddled against the larger ones, but none of them went away. Within, Mrs Jones was singing to a soft accompaniment. Lights had been brought, and through the thin curtains the family could be seen grouped about the piano.

'They leaves their curtains up a-purpose,' Mick confided to the ladies, who perceived were interested; 'they knows there's some of us listenin' out here, an' we likes to see in when they're playin'. They play an' sing every evenin'. They always end up with 'America,' so's we'll know it's over an' not hang round for nothin'.'

'Who are they?' asked the lady.

'It's Mr Jones that lives there. It's Billy Jones, he's learnin' to play the fiddle.'

The belated car for which the ladies waited came at that moment, and that was all they ever learned of the family of Jones, for whom nevertheless they have ever since entertained a warm regard.

'It was as delightful a free concert as one could wish to hear,' said one of them, half-penitently, half-humorously, 'and I only wish I could have stayed it out, and thanked the Joneses afterward. They are public benefactors.'

She was right. Would that we all could realise that every family that sheds abroad the influence of a happy home confers perhaps the best kind of a public benefaction, nor can any member of it ever know how far and wide that influence may reach.

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 40z, 4d; not exceeding 40z, 1d; for every additional 20z or fractional part thereof, 4d. 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 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Anekdan Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic,' Shortland street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

I am sorry to say that a letter which I recently received from Cousin Lily, Custon Street West, went astray in a mysterious manner shortly after its arrival. I am therefore unable to publish or answer it. But if Cousin Lily will write me soon again, I shall see that no mishap comes to her next letter.

IN WINTER.

The east wind comes a-whistling Round the house at night, Or the north wind comes a-blustering, And all the world is white. Soon icicles and snowballs, Drifts and frozen creeks Will help us raise through winter days A crop of rosy cheeks.

A.M.P.

A BALLAD OF THE WHALER.

(BY ROWAN STEVENS.)

This is a song of the open seas, Of the pale blue berg and the nor'west breeze. Of the porpoise rolling in oily ease, And the spout of the great sperm whale. Where loftily over the king duck flies, And barren and black do the cliffs arise. And deep in the haze of auroraed skies The midnight sun is pale.

In old Nantucket my childish hand Waved to the fishers from the land; I watched the whalers outward stand By the point of the headland low; And as I followed the distant sail, Over and over I heard the tale Of many a chase of the great sperm whale. In the seas of ice and snow.

Those were the stories that I knew An ever the years of childhood flew. Unto the power of youth I grew, The beckoning ocean by; I learned to hunt and reef and steer, I caught the skill of the harpooneer, I longed for the whaler's wild career, And forth to the chase went I.

With a frolicsome sou'west gale behind Snuffly tossing us down the wind, Lower and lower the coast declined, And up for the north we steered, Swinging along with a wintry sky, Till the air grew cold and the sea rose high, And the pinnacled iceberg, towering high In ponderous calm appeared.

Louise, two years old, heard a stone explode in the kitchen range. She asked her mother what it was. 'Oh, nothing but a popping in the stove!' Louise looked thoughtful a moment, and then she said, 'Auntie, I believe the stove "succeeded"!'

Against this project the Emperor's brother and other officers protested, alleging that the Emperor should not risk his personal safety in a balloon—even a captive one.

The Emperor persisted, when General von Hahnke placed himself bodily in his sovereign's way, blocking the path, and at the same time declaring that a law of Prussia forbade the King to risk his person unnecessarily or to 'travel outside of Europe' without the permission of the upper branch of the Prussian Legislature. The Emperor would violate this law, he declared, if he ascended in the balloon.

The Emperor, who has the reputation of being a very headstrong man, stood still a moment, while the officers all looked on in wonder at the spectacle of a subject opposing physical force to the monarch's will.

Then the Emperor embraced General von Hahnke, assured him that he was entirely right, and afterward presented him with the grand cross of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern.

POLITE JOHNNY.

Johnnie Twichell belonged to a very large family, and although Mamma Twichell meant to make things come out even at meals, sometimes the children's big appetites would quite exhaust one dish before everybody had as much as he wanted.

So Johnnie was used to hearing his mamma say, 'There is no more chocolate, Johnnie; you will have to take milk,' or 'The steak is all gone, let me give you some ham.'

One evening he was taking tea with a lady, who asked him if he would have milk or water to drink.

'Thank you,' said Johnnie, 'I will take whichever you have the most of.'

SELF-DEFENCE.

The following suggestive little dialogue appears in the 'Home Companion.' A touch of surprise tends to fix the attention, and so to assist the memory.

'Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?' a religiously inclined young man inquired of his pastor.

'Certainly not,' answered the minister. 'I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life.'

'Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?'

'Neither. I learned Solomon's system.'

'Solomon's system?'

'Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It is the best system of self-defence of which I have ever heard.'

A TERRIBLE COUGH

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

94, Commercial Road, Peckham.

Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you, your Lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the 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 membrane 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, 1898.

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 Cough, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,

A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P., and L.M. Edinburgh, L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

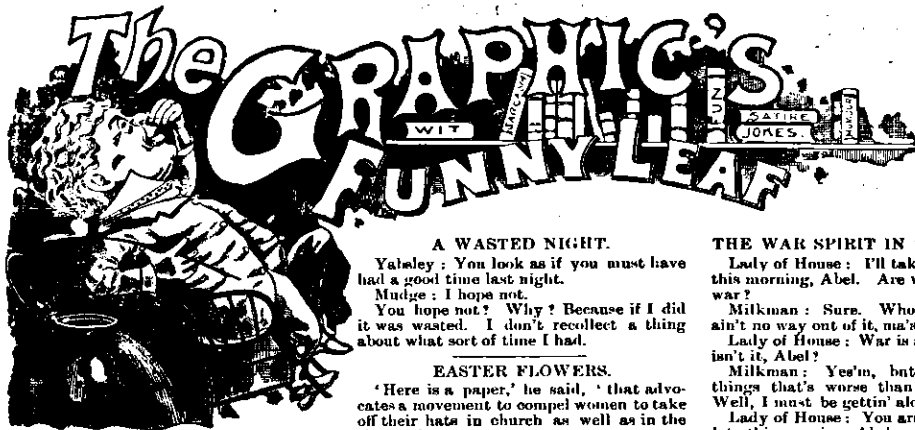
USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

It is nearly 30 years 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 Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

UNRIVALLED.

UNRIVALLED.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in tin by all Chemists.



A WASTED NIGHT.

Yabley: You look as if you must have had a good time last night.  
Mudge: I hope not.  
You hope not? Why? Because if I did it was wasted. I don't recollect a thing about what sort of time I had.

EASTER FLOWERS.

'Here is a paper,' he said, 'that advocates a movement to compel women to take off their hats in church as well as in the theatre.'  
'In church?' she exclaimed.  
'That's what it says.'  
'Might as well abolish Easter entirely,' she said, indignantly.

ACTIVE IN SPENDING.

'You didn't accompany your husband in the rush to the Klondike?'  
'No; but wait until he comes back with the gold; then you'll see me start out.'

DIPLOMATIC.

'I just overheard you saying, Mr Gray, that my daughter's face would make a man climb the fence.'  
'I meant if he was on the other side of the fence.'

TO CURE SNORING.

Poor Wife (to husband, whose loud snoring keeps her awake): Charlie, Charlie, do stop snoring. Turn over on your side. (Nudges him.) Husband, only half awake, grunts, turns on his side, and continues to snore. Wife has a happy idea. Remembers a line from an article 'How to Prevent Snoring.' Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt. 'Oh, Charlie, if you'd keep your mouth shut you'd be all right.'  
Charlie (semi-conscious): So would you. — ('Punch.')

THE WAR SPIRIT IN THE STATES.

Lady of House: I'll take a pint of milk this morning, Abel. Are we going to have war?  
Milkman: Sure. Whoa there! There ain't no way out of it, ma'am.  
Lady of House: War is a dreadful thing, isn't it, Abel?  
Milkman: Yes'm, but there's some things that's worse than war. Thanks. Well, I must be gettin' along.  
Lady of House: You are nearly an hour late this morning, Abel.  
Milkman: Yes'm. I had to talk to about forty jits about the war. Mornin' ma'am.

NOT WHAT HE WAS FISHING FOR.

Mr Boren: Can you suggest anything, Miss Cutting, that might tend toward the improvement of my conversation?  
Miss Cutting: You might try occasional silence.

SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.

Buxom Widow (at evening party): Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?  
Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor): No, ma'am.  
Widow: You don't know if yellow means jealousy?  
Dr. Crusty: No, ma'am. Yellow means biliousness!

NO GRAZING GROUND.

'Just thirty-three years ago to-day,' said the old soldier, 'the top of my head was grazed by a bullet.'  
'There isn't much grazing there now, is there, grandpa?' was the comment of the youngest grandchild, and, as the old gentleman rubbed his bare poll, he had to admit the correctness of the assertion.



'Who could guess, seeing me so fashionably dressed and so distinguished looking, that two months ago I left Pmkinville?'

NOT WORTH THE LABOUR.

She: Do you think the North Pole will ever be discovered?  
He: Not as long as people are willing to pay to hear men tell how they didn't find it.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

'Keyser's wife came back at the seance last night.'  
'How did he know it was his wife?'  
'She thumped him on the head with something.'

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

'Do you take this woman for your lawfully wedded wife?' asked the minister, or words to that effect.  
The young man, who had eloped by tandem twenty miles over a dirt road with the object of his heart's desire, looked at the perspiring, dusty, red faced, limp-haired object that stood alongside him, set his teeth firmly, clenched his hands and answered, in the voice of a martyr:—  
'I do.'

HOW HE FED THEM.

Old Farmer: That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feel them?  
Amateur: Why, corn, of course.  
Old Farmer: In the ear?  
Amateur: Certainly not; in the mouth.

A CHANGE AT LEAST.

Wife: There is no doubt about it, marriage does improve a man's politeness. Husband: How so? 'Well, you frequently get up and offer me your chair now. Before we were married you always wanted to keep half.'

WAR JOURNALISM.

Editor in Chief: 'You had a very poor paper this morning.'  
Managing Editor: 'Why, we licked the boots off the opposition. We had four exclusive stories.'  
Editor in Chief: 'That doesn't make any difference. Their headline was three inches longer than ours.'

**HIS EXCUSE.**  
'Do you ever wash yourself?' asked Mr Emsworth of a tramp who asked for assistance.  
'I do, sir,' replied the wanderer, 'when water is plentiful, but while the country is suffering from drought I cannot think of using precious water in such a wasteful manner.'

**MAKING BUSINESS.**  
The proprietor of the shoe shop sat on a packing case and looked enviously at the rival establishment across the way.  
'I wonder why it is that he is getting all the business,' he said.  
'He has gone over his entire stock,' explained the clerk, who had taken the trouble to investigate the matter, 'and has renumbered the sizes. As a result a woman who ordinarily wears a No. 3 shoe can be fitted with a No. 2 in his store.'

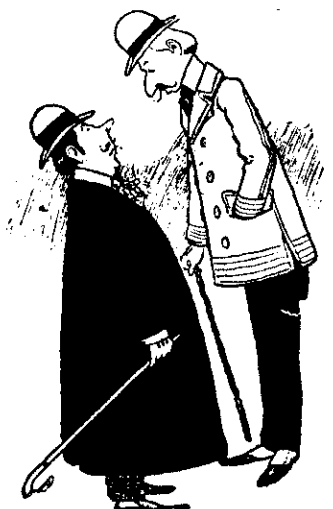
Then, of course, it was apparent why nine out of every ten women in town absolutely refused to patronise any one else.

**SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.**  
Simpkins: I thought you said Breezy was welded to the truth?  
Timkins: So I always thought.  
Simpkins: Well, if he ever was, he's a widower now.

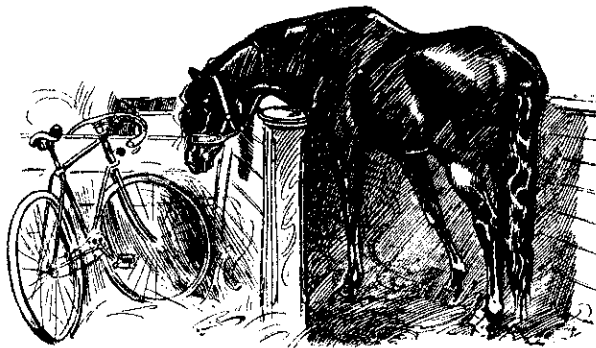
**THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC.**  
Client: As you look at my hand, Professor, what's the first of my characteristics that you notice?  
Palmsit: That you do not wash your hands often.

**AN INSUPERABLE OBJECTION.**  
Would-be Son-in-law: I do not see what possible objection you can offer to me, Mr Gimp.  
Mr Gimp: That's just it. I don't want a man in my family so infernally good that my wife and daughter will continually hold him up as an example to me.

**TAKING PRECAUTIONS.**  
'Did the old man kick when you asked him for his daughter?'  
'No; I made it a point to ask him when he was up on the stepladder hanging pictures.'



Haven't they changed overcoats?  
—From a Spanish Paper.



SILENT COMPANY.

The Horse: 'Why don't you talk? I never saw such an unsocial animal in my life.'

NOTHING SO COMMON.

Visitor: And your daughter painted this beautiful picture?  
Mrs Upstart: My daughter paint it? No, indeed! Her teacher did the work. Considering what we pay him for lessons, it was the least he could do.

VERY FREQUENTLY.

'Hit often happens,' said Uncle Eben, 'dat er mun'll stalt in wif de intention o' bein' a peacemaker, an' wind up by simply complicatin' de fight.'

UNKIND.

McAtkins (very tiresome): Want to hear something funny?  
Old Crusticus: No; I've heard it before.

NO APPETITE FOR THEM.

'I will make you eat your words, sir,' said the irate one, blusteringly.  
'Thank you, but I have just dined,' replied the calm one, as he moved off, twirling his moustache.

HELPING HIM OUT.

Mr Wallace: A woman has more changes of mind than—than—  
Mrs Wallace: Than she has of dresses, dear.

CAUGHT AGAIN.

'That's the famous Mrs Goitte Strong. Do you know how she made her name?'  
'By her novels, I suppose.'  
'Oh, no. By marrying Mr Goitte Strong. Her maiden name was Smith.'

IT MUST BE GOLDEN.

The Fair One: I suppose you will marry, though, when the golden opportunity offers, won't you?  
The Cautious one: It will depend upon how much gold there is in the opportunity.

TWO GIFTS.

Weaver: Poetry is something that is born in one; it cannot be acquired. The making of poetry is a gift.  
Beaver: So is the disposing of it, so far as I have had any experience.

STILL IN THE LEAD.

'Is it true, auntie, that you have refused Blakem every year for the last twenty years?'  
'Yes, my dear.'  
'Do you mind telling me why?'  
'Not at all. The first time I refused him I told him that he was not good enough for me, and I'm not the woman to admit that he has grown better any faster than I have.'



'If you kiss me when anyone's looking, I'll scream.'