

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

1. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in a separate envelope addressed to the editor, and all such envelopes must have the motto and words "Story Competition" on the top left corner. This envelope must not be placed in the MS. packet, but MUST BE POSTED SEPARATELY. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.

2. Every MS. must be prepaid, and if left open at both ends will be carried at book rates. It must be addressed "Editor NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, AND OUTSIDE THE WRAPPER, ABOVE THE ADDRESS, MUST BE CLEARLY INSCRIBED THE MOTTO MENTIONED IN RULE 1.

3. Any competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage. When such a desire is not expressed, the MS. will become the property of the GRAPHIC.

4. All contributions must reach the office before May 15, 1899.

5. Choice of subjects rests with the writer. BUT THE SCENE MUST BE LAID IN NEW ZEALAND AND BE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO NEW ZEALANDERS. It may deal with any subject—natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gambols, gold mines, or country, search for treasure, fighting, or peace; in fact, anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.

6. Write clearly on one side of the paper only.

7. Writers who fail to comply with the above simple rules and conditions will be rigorously disqualified.



THE STOCKING V. THE BANK.

DURING some bankruptcy proceedings in Auckland recently, a witness who had refused to attend and give evidence, but was subsequently coerced by the police into obedience to the mandate of the law, made some interesting revelations regarding her methods of saving money. As she earned the coin she dropped it into a little iron box, and never troubled the bank about its custody. Apparently by this method the lady had managed to accumulate a tidy sum of money, for she admitted having at one time as much as £300 in the iron depository. It would be instructive—more especially to burglars—to learn what amount of our private national wealth is stored in this way. When Mr Seddon introduced his New Zealand Consols Bill some years ago, he explained that the chief object of the measure was to provide an absolutely safe investment for those timorous and cautious people who, dreading banks and similar institutions, prefer like the man in the parable, to secret their savings where they can always lay their hands on it. The Premier assured Parliament—though how he came to know has always been a puzzle to me—that there were scores of old women and others in the colony who had a 'bit' stowed away in the toe of a long stocking, and that these people would hail the creation of Consols with joy. But facts have scarcely borne out Mr Seddon's statements. There has been so great a rush to take up Consols which must mean either that the stocking hoards were mainly mythical, or that their possessors did not trust the Government any more than they did the banks. The Opposition would probably say the latter was the case, but opinion from that quarter is prejudiced. I am inclined to think that the other explanation is nearer the mark; we have not got the stockings. We are much too pleasure-loving a people to save to any large extent, and when we do save we are altogether too much of a speculative turn of mind to let our savings lie idle. While there are mines they supply stockings of an-

other kind in which those who are not content with other modes of investment may deposit their golden guineas. But though private hoarding may have gone completely out of fashion, there must be still a certain number who, as it were, are their own bankers. The lady I referred to at the outset cannot be a solitary exception to the general rule. There must be others who adopt the same methods as she, but for the most obvious reasons they don't say anything about it, and so we never know. It is the custom to deride stocking banks and private strong boxes, but from what I have seen, the people who go in for them generally come out top in the long run. Though the little hoard does not breed in the same way that it does when out at interest, it has a marvellous faculty of getting larger and larger. It appears to have an irresistible attraction over all the loose coin in its neighbourhood. There is an exquisite satisfaction to the owner of the



"While there are mines they supply stockings of another kind."

IN DELICATE HANDS.

A LADY teacher in Taranaki recently wrote to the Education Board suggesting that she should be given the power to use the strap for disobedience, idleness, and continued carelessness. The headmaster of the school in which she taught was quite agreeable that her suggestion should be complied with, having evidently confidence in the strength of her arm and her sense of justice and moderation. But the Taranaki Education Board was apparently astonished at such a request—perhaps the members thought it unladylike—and it was refused. The strongest advocates of moral suasion in schools as opposed to corporal punishment are not I think as a rule the individuals most deeply versed in the ways of that strange animal the boy. The majority of schoolmasters and school-mistresses will certainly not be found to endorse the opinion that the young human cub of the male sex is absolutely amenable to gentle words and appeals to his feelings, his conscience, his honour. To gain the respect of certain boys it is plainly necessary for the teacher to have a strong arm and to use it himself. The tendency here in those establishments where corporal punishment obtains is to relegate the infliction of it to the headmaster, the object of this arrangement being to spare the ordinary teacher the trouble, and also to guard against the hasty and indiscriminate use of the strap or cane. But I question both the desirability and efficacy of these lickings by proxy. It helps to turn the headmaster into a mere whipping machine, and presents him to the youngsters more powerfully in that light than in any other. I have heard of one school in which the master sets one day of the week apart for whipping operations, and on that day goes through all the boys who have been guilty of offences against the scholastic rule during the preceding five days. This method has doubtless some advantages just as a weekly washing has, but on the other hand its disadvantages are too obvious to require to be pointed out. For one thing it imposes an unnecessary punishment on the boys to have the shadow of the rod hanging over them half the week before it descends. Why mar the youngsters' pleasure by such a Damocles sword? In the case of the callous boys the thing, if it does not give unnecessary pain, is a mistake from another cause. These boys have most probably disassociated

the crime from the punishment; the cause from the effect long before they experience the latter; consequently the benefit of it is destroyed. Punishment to be effectual should follow swift on the commission of the offence, and should be administered by the individual whose authority has been disregarded. That at least is my view. The good old method in which the schoolmaster came into close contact with the pupil not merely as a teacher but as a judge and executioner also was the best for the boys, and I can easily fancy an independently minded lady teacher feeling herself handicapped by the method of whipping by proxy in vogue here. If a teacher cannot be trusted to punish—provided he or she has the requisite physical strength—neither should he or she be trusted to teach.

THE VOICE OF WOMAN.

THE National Council of Women holds its fourth annual meeting in Auckland this year. Most societies of the national sort regard it as convenient to change the scene of their deliberations from one centre to another, and to this fact Auckland is indebted in some degree for the honour conferred on it on this occasion. But there exists yet a stronger reason why the Council of Women should desire to be seen and heard in the Northern City. According to the President of the Council, the organisation and its aims have been much misunderstood in Auckland. Perhaps this may be due to an innate incapacity on the part of the Aucklanders to appreciate the ideals of the Council; but that body is willing to believe that the hostile or indifferent attitude of the public of the North really arises from an ignorance of them. The Aucklanders, it must be remembered, have never been privileged to attend any meeting of the Council. They only know of its proceedings through the medium of the newspapers, which the Councillors declare never gave them the space or the justice their speeches merited; and it is possible that they misapprehended much that was said and done. But, assuming the President speaks for the whole Council, let the Councillors but have audience for a word or two, and they are confident they can convert the scepticism of Auckland and turn its derision into praise. In that hope they may not be altogether deceived. We shall see. The power of woman's tongue is proverbially great, and where her written or reported word



"The organisation and its aims have been much misunderstood."

has entirely failed to move or convince, it is well known that the sex has accomplished marvels with that little instrument—the tongue. Or to take more familiar examples, what married man is there that cannot bear testimony to the potency of his wife's vocal organs. Woman, they say, has no logical faculty; and that may or may not be; but no one who knows anything will venture to deny that by mere force of vocabularies strung together in no logical sequence whatsoever she usually manages to—if not convince—still have her own way. It is the intention of the Council to take up the same subjects as before, the idea apparently being, according to the President, that only by insistence and reiteration can they hope to accomplish their ends by getting the legislation they want. What these ends are the lady did not state, but we understand they will be made clear in

the papers which are read, and one may be permitted to guess at them from the titles of these papers. The Council wishes to affirm its own ideas on the subject of women's work and wages; on the training of domestic servants; on women's disabilities; on the economic independence of marriage; on education; on parental responsibility; all subjects on which the voice of woman is entitled to be heard. No one, I feel sure, will seek to deny them the right to speak on these matters. But I am not so sure that everyone will go and listen to them. Partly prejudice stands in the way, and partly, too, the Council has, unfortunately, on former occasions scarcely shown that breadth of view and sanity in discussion which would disarm prejudice. If the Councillors will take my advice, they will walk and talk with special circumspection in Auckland, for there, on their own showing, they are in the very camp of the Philistines and in the path of the scorner.

OUR DEFENDERS.

AND so the Auckland volunteers were not allowed after all to win glory in the Samoan bush; but have had to return to their humdrum avocations and dream of what great things they might have accomplished had fate proved more generous to them. How stale and narrow their little round of daily duties must now seem to the heroes who nine days ago had pictured themselves warily threading the intricacies of the tropic forest, carbine in hand, in search of the dusky foe. What pleasure can a man be expected to take in handling a pen when he feels that he might have been wielding a sword, or is he likely to feel absorbed in adding up columns of figures when he thinks that if things had gone a little differently he might now be numbering his dead. If, as a youngster said to me the other day, he could "just have had one buck at he Samoans" it would be a pleasant reminiscence to cherish, but to have to lay aside one's arms and uniform, at the very moment when in mind, body, and estate he was prepared for the fray is a disappointment not to be soon outlived. Yet the case is not altogether without some alleviating elements. The public is not ungenerous in such instances. People are ready to give the young soldiers all credit for what they offered to do almost, as if they had done it; to take the wish for the deed; and though the heroes can scarcely expect to be made so much of as they would have been had they actually gone to Samoa and returned covered with wounds and glory, still they will figure with a prominence that is to be envied among us mere civilians and their brother volunteers who did not get the opportunity of proffering their services. Have not their names already been published in the newspapers and thus known of all men, and are they not certain to enjoy the unspeakable satisfaction

turns on thoughts of flirting. Alas, for the footballer and the cricketer, and the century cyclist, et hoc genus omne, their power to take captive the fickle feminine heart will have departed. Yonder my eye catches sight of a plain Kharkee tunic. The boys of the Samoan Brigade are here, and you may as well shoulder arms and march off the field you knights of the leather, willow, and wheel. You cannot whisper in the shell-like ears tales like those of Othello:

Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth scapes, the imminent
dreadful breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,

and so forth. But they, although they may not actually have experienced these things, came nearer to doing so than ever you have done, and can therefore speak with greater authority. And their hearers being sweet idealists will forget that the brave boys never were in Samoa, but worship them just as if they had only returned from the field of conflict. I am thinking that Kharkee will be the only garb for a man to wear this winter in the north. Black coats and jerseys will be clean out of it.

THE DEGENERATION OF DANCING.

THE approach once again of the dancing season calls to my mind some remarks published by the Countess of Ancaster on the degeneration of dancing, a theme which during this last winter at Home has been the text for much social discourse. As what applies to the Old Country is not inapplicable here, and even in this democratic land a countess will be accepted as some authority on dancing, I make no excuse for recommending the remedies which she suggests would save dancing from the desuetude and degeneration into which it has fallen, or is rapidly falling. She has three suggestions to make; and now all young men and



"praying that every bar of music might be the last."

maiden give ear. The first is that the Kitchen, or Margate Lancers, well termed the 'Boulder's' Quadrille, should be ostracised. The second is that the 'valse' should be thoroughly learned by those who dance it, and that those who have no ear for time and music should never attempt to dance it. And the third is that certain dances, such as the Court quadrilles, the march waltz, the Scotch dances, and one or two 'contredances' should be brought into fashion to vary the programme, and also to give opportunities to those who are naturally incapable of mastering the mysteries of the waltz. There are scores of such people, in the opinion of the Countess, who scout the popular idea that believes that everyone can learn to dance if he or she will only try. What sensible man or maid with any knowledge or appreciation of the poetry of motion will seriously dispute the wisdom of these proposals in the main? Who that has sweated through the kitchen lancers, where the gentlemen were mostly boys who had graduated in the football field, and had as much grace in their actions as infant hippopotami, would not cheerfully sign the death-warrant of that awful horse-play miscalled a dance. Then how true that remark touching the valse, that only those should dance it who have thoroughly acquired it, and that those who do not possess an ear for music should never attempt it. Dear reader, how often have both you and I struggled with the girl or man—generally the man, I confess—who had as much reason to attempt to gyrate in the

ball-room as an elephant. Speaking for myself, I shudder yet to think of the partners I have dragged or pushed on that weary round, praying that every bar of music would be the last—the partner who would not be persuaded that it was nice and cool on the stairs, and could not be enticed to the supper-room with visions of the sweetest of jellies and vanilla ices. What tales I could tell did not gallantry forbid me. But they are nothing to what the ladies could tell. The kind creatures are wonderfully considerate to a bad dancer—but what they must suffer. I am sure for much less ill-usage than the average dancing girl smilingly puts up with at the hands and feet of some of her partners, wives have got separation decrees against their husbands. Why, in the name of Terpsichore, will the men whom Nature never meant to dance any more than she did the hedgehog persist in making our ball-rooms hideous and our girls miserable? Why does any merciful hostess invite these misguided mortals to a dance, and why do they come? It would really pay, in the interests of comfort and art, to take them into the supper-room as soon as they arrive—if one must invite them—and there ply them with strong waters till they are only fit for bed.

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.

"Much Troubled."—1. You should have your girl's hands manicured regularly; encourage her to take a pride in them, and I believe she will lose the bad habit. 2. Do not worry; the trouble is a natural one at her age. Bland's pills would do her good, and four or five a day would not be too much. I hope she is not working for any examinations, and that she has daily calisthenics; they are so important. I would gladly advise you further if I can be of the slightest service to you.

"Burnt Milk."—Next time you burn any milk take the sauceman off the fire and stand it at once in a bowl of cold water. Put a pinch of salt in the sauceman, give the milk a stir, and you will find that the burnt taste has almost entirely disappeared.

"W.F."—It is a great mistake for ordinary persons to buy surgical books on obscure diseases which require long study to understand. You might make yourself nervous about nothing, and might get attempting self-treatment, and do yourself much harm.

"Sarah."—The probability is that you have had at some time or other a little patch of the inflammation called pleurisy, and that this has left an adhesion of the lung at that spot to the chest wall. You cannot do anything to remove that, but you may grow out of noticing the catch in the breath. Should a new attack of acute pain ever come on you had better put on a blister at once.

"Coquette."—1. How would you like a pale blue gink silk corsage veiled with sequined net, and in front a Louis bow of narrow velvet with the edges sequined? The yoke and long sleeves made of white guipure lace, with shoulder straps and collar indented with sequins. Two rows of velvet for the waistband, with a many-looped bow at the left side, should complete it. A good alternative would be one in blue silk, with long revers crossing over to the left hip under a velvet bow and overlaid with guipure motifs. The vest and collar of white crepe de soie, tucked. If these ideas are not after your own heart, write to me again. 2. For the cashmere bodice carry out the design given in our sketch, making the vest of silk and using your lace for the lapels.

"Molly." Dunedin.—When furs are soiled and dull, the best way to clean them is by using hot bran. For an ordinary necklet, procure about one quart of bran, which heat in a clean tin in the oven until quite hot; put it then with the fur into a bag or white pillow-case. Shake well, and beat thoroughly between the hands till every part has been treated. Afterwards, take the fur out, shake well, and, if required, use a comb to remove

any particles of bran which remain. "Cure for Headache."—Take the top slice of a loaf of bread, or a piece of stale bread, steep it in vinegar and water. Take a handkerchief, and put the bread on it, and apply to the back of the neck, keeping it on till it is quite dry. It is a very effectual cure.

"I am one of eleven, and we are very poor," says 'Distress.' 'I have had two offers from men—one old, ugly, and uninteresting, but very wealthy; the other young, handsome, and nice, but poor. But I love the latter. My family urge me to accept the former for their sakes, as he could help them in many ways. I don't want to be selfish; but I know I should be wretched. Am I to sacrifice myself or not?'—Surely they cannot realise what they are asking of you, or they could never do such a thing. By no means consent to be guided by them; it would be doing a great wrong. Refuse to marry any man whom you don't care for, no matter at what cost of worldly gain. Perhaps you will find your people thankful in the end that you did not do as they wanted.

"Inferior Pears."—Probably the variety is a stewing pear, and not a dessert fruit. If it is the latter, grafting another kind on to it would not produce high-class fruit. The mischief is at the root. Root pruning is the remedy. Dig a trench round the tree at a distance of two feet from the stem. Make the trench about two feet wide and three feet deep or more. Cut all the roots off that are met with in going down. Dig under the roots as much as possible at a depth of three feet or so, as there are sure to be some top roots going straight down. It is these that cause the fruit to be inferior. Fill up the trench with the best soil obtainable. Ram it in very firm, and a quantity of rootlets will soon form, which will both improve the tree and the crop. If you prefer grafting it, cut all the branches off at a distance of six inches from the main stem, and graft on the stumps. It is better to begin with a new head than retain part of the old one.

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, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial, to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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For counterfeits like Dr. Ayer's Pills, they promptly relieve and cure. Take them with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla: our side the other.



"and dream of what great things they might have accomplished."

of hearing themselves referred to in admiring whispers as 'of the four hundred.' The footballer and the athlete have hitherto divided between them the homage of the fair sex in Auckland; but where will they be now, behold the dancing season is at hand when a young man's fancy lightly

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WITH THE GOVERNOR.



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[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS']



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PROCESSION FROM THE THAMES RAILWAY STATION.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF MAJOR HALES.

The good folk of Newton Pynes were nothing if not hospitable, and although the majority of the better class residents were far from wealthy, still on the arrival of new-comers they quarrelled vigorously as to who should be the first to offer to entertain them. Had Major Hales and his wife been conquerors returning from a well-fought field they could not have been more often 'dined,' and both sighed with relief as they drove on their way to Whiddon Park.

'It's the last, thank goodness,' Mrs Hales said, 'and I think I should have got out of this one if it hadn't been for one thing.'

'What's that?' grumbled her husband.

'I heard that Sir Allan Karshlake is to be there, and I'm most anxious to meet him. They say that he knows more of the secrets of nature than anyone else—unburnt—and you know, Henry, what I want to ask him.'

Major Hales looked out through the mist-covered window pane and his face twitched, and he bit his lips to keep down an irritable oath, 'For God's sake, Kate, do drop that nonsensical idea of yours. Surely you have forgiven all that long since.'

She slipped her arm into his and gave it a tender squeeze. 'Don't be cross, Henry. It's not that I don't love you dearly, as you know, but I can never forget poor Dick's dead face as it looked up at me. 'Revenge me,' it seemed to say, and what have I done to find out his murderer? Instead of devoting my life to hunting down the man who did it I married you.'

'Our lives were always in our hands in the Kyber,' he muttered. 'A Pathan lurking behind a rock with his jezail pots us at five hundred yards, and—there it ends.'

'Yes,' she said softly, 'but a Pathan who shoots with a dum-dum bullet in peace time has a motive, which I crave to find out.' She saw his moody face, and leaped forward and kissed him. 'There, smile, Henry. Forgive my wild talk. I'm happier with you than, perhaps, I should have been with Dick. Come, smile.'

Captain Vane was an ideal host, and possessed, as if by instinct, the knack of sorting his guests well. People at his table found themselves sitting next to congenial spirits, and as a result thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mrs Hales flushed with pleasure as she found Karshlake on her left hand, and she shyly studied his mask-like face.

'I never give dinners, Mrs Hales,' he bent forward and said in a low tone, 'but if you have anything to ask me, pray do so. I am at your service.'

She crimsoned, for she had imagin-

ed he was ignorant of her scrutiny, and she half turned away. A grim smile curled his lip, for he was a keen student of human nature.

'There's a skeleton in that cupboard, he thought as he went on with his dinner. 'It will come out sooner or later.'

'Sir Allan,' the soft voice exclaimed, and he courteously bent forward, 'will you listen to a story if I tell it you?'

'Certainly,' he replied, just glancing up and noticing the anxious look of Major Hales, as he endeavoured to catch his wife's eye. 'Your husband could see you if I moved that chrysanthemum. Shall I do so?'

'No, no,' she whispered. 'He doesn't approve of what I am going to ask you.'

Karshlake, from under his heavy eyelids, watched the big, bluff soldier trying to hide his annoyance under a smiling face. The sleepy eyes took in every detail of the heavy and perhaps brutal face staring across at him.

'The man's afraid,' he thought. 'Oh what, I wonder? Of his wife? No. Of me—possibly yes. No claret, thank you,' he murmured. 'Now, Mrs Hales, I am all attention.'

'I was married ten years ago,' she began, 'to my first husband, Captain Dick Bonham, who was in the Guides. You've heard of the regiment, I'm sure?'

'Yes,' he blandly added. 'That regiment looted my father's palace after an emene. Yes, I know the Guides. Won't you try these meringues. They are excellent?' His voice had not a trace of venom in it, and yet she shivered.

'We were quartered at Malakand, and I had obtained permission from the general to be with my husband. So we were as happy as one could expect to be there. Major Hales, then a lieutenant, was in charge of a detachment at a small fort six miles off, and it was my late husband's duty to visit this party every week. One fatal day he was riding home in front of his escort when he fell from his horse and died almost before he reached the ground.'

'Yes,' said Karshlake, still watching the major. 'I remember the case now. Go on.'

'The escort had heard no noise,' she resumed, 'and yet my poor husband had been shot, proving that the range must have been a long one. The wind was, it is true, blowing strongly against the party, so that helped the assassin no doubt, but when the bullet was examined it proved to be a Government one of the latest pattern. Oh, Sir Allan, when I saw my darling's face I thought I would have died, and on his body I swore revenge! But no inquiry discovered the murderer, and no doubt he was, as Major Hales declares, a 'snipper' who saw his chance. But I heard you knew many things,' she dropped her voice still lower, 'magical things, and so I wanted to meet you.'

She was a singularly lovely woman, and Karshlake, as he looked first at her and then at the man across the table, mentally mapped out the whole grisly tragedy.

'Oh you women,' he thought, 'what crimes you have caused. There's that man drinking too much wine and working himself up to row with me because he dreads what I may say.'

'Was Major Hales a friend of yours at that time?' he asked casually, ignoring the burning blush which reddened her face.

'Yes, he was an old friend,' she replied simply. 'In fact I knew him before I ever met my first husband.'

At that moment Captain Vane's sister rose, and the ladies left the table, whilst the men drew closer to one another.

Hales rather unsteadily came over to Karshlake and began angrily:

'I saw you talking to my wife during dinner! May I enquire what the subject was? His whole bearing was so insolent that several of the guests looked up in surprise. Karshlake's cool insouciance rarely deserted him, and although he saw that a fracas was about to commence, he went on cracking a walnut as though he was not the central figure in it.

'Certainly you may; we were discussing whether it would be possible after all these years to discover the murderer of her first husband.' He looked up suddenly at Hales.

'And what the devil has her late hos-



AT THE RANFURLY MEETING, PARAWAI RACECOURSE, THAMES.



THE CROWD AT THE THAMES RECEPTION.

band, curse him!' he muttered under his breath, 'got to do with you, sir? It's no good looking at me, Vane, this cursed fool has been waking up memories which have been buried for years.' He was white now with passion, and everyone drew away from him instinctively. All looked at Karslake wondering what line he would take.

'Very well, Major Hales,' he said, lighting a cigarette with hands which were perfectly steady, 'it is quite obvious to everyone that you have fastened the quarrel on me for your own ends, and, that being so, I will tell you how to find out what she requires. She calls for the murderer—shall she call in vain?'

The infuriated man glared at his antagonist, lounging idly in his chair, and then struck blindly out at him with all his force.

'Take that, you cursed nigger!' he shouted, but the blow never reached its mark. Karslake had been watching and had sprung up just in time.

'Stand back all!' he said, between his teeth, 'and leave this wild beast to me.' There was an expression of concentrated ferocity on his face which made every man wonder whether he was indeed human, and then he looked full at Hales, who, breathing heavily, was about to renew the assault.

'Drop your hands!' The words seemed so simple, and yet their effect was astonishing! Hales seemed as if fighting against some invisible but potent force, for he waved his hands irresolutely in the air and then let them drop heavily to his side. His face became free from wrinkles and lines, and a bland, happy expression took the place of the look of fury.

'For God's sake, Karslake,' said Vane, drawing him aside, 'don't be too hard on him! Remember his wife is upstairs!'

'Am I to be insulted with impunity?' retorted the scientist. 'He forced his folly on me, didn't he?'

'Yes! yes! I know, but look at all the men talking; we don't want to cause that poor woman distress.' Then, turning to his guests, he said:

'Come, gentlemen, shall we go upstairs. Hales! Come along.'

'No! I'll wait for my friend,' the unfortunate man said, keeping close to Karslake, who smiled coldly on those



A NEW ZEALAND MAYPOLE DANCE.

around him, and then led the way upstairs.

The instant they entered the drawing-room the Major walked up to his wife's side and began talking in low tones to her, glancing up angrily if anyone else came near. At first she looked puzzled, and then a great fear came into her eyes.

There was an absence of sustained conversation in the room, and hence the words, 'He's half drunk, that's the

fact,' were perfectly audible to everyone. The speaker looked up in alarm, and saw the lovely piteous face turned anxiously from one to the other.

Karslake, with the easy assurance of the man of the world, came forward.

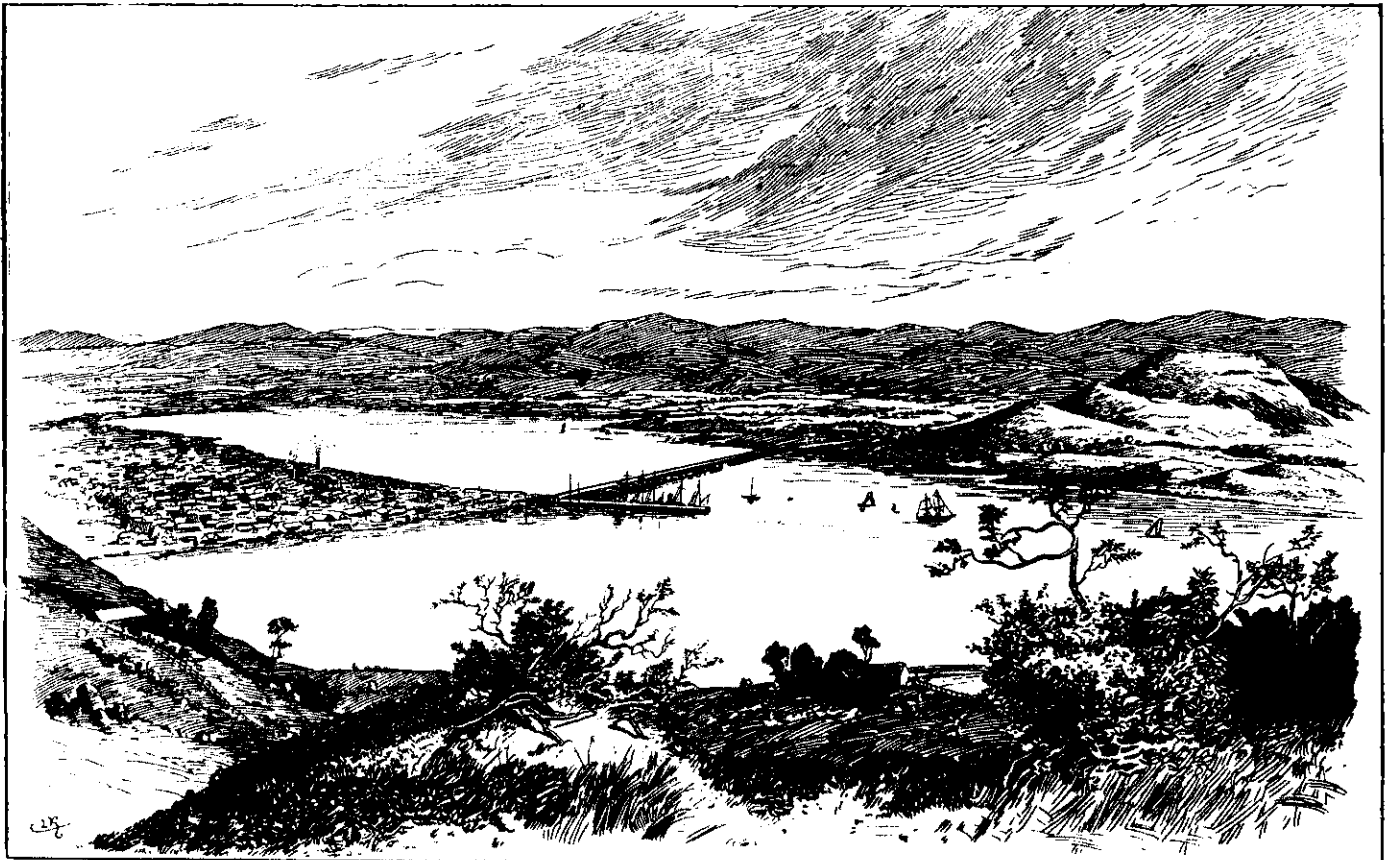
'My dear Mrs Hales! this is all my fault! Your husband chaffed me downstairs about hypnotising and such like matters, and declared them to be a myth. I then exercised my

will on him, and he is at present quite unconscious of anything but the past.'

His manner was so reassuring that all sighed with relief, and the wife smiled.

'I wondered what could be amiss, for he was calling me by my old name,' she said. 'But please, Sir Allan, forgive him now, and let him be his present self. I—she smiled—prefer him so.'

The other guests had moved away,



C. L. Kerry.

THE MANUKAU HARBOUR, AUCKLAND, N.Z.



Pooley photo.

AN RASHER OUTING.

and only Vane was standing near, watching with strained attention what he felt to be the beginning of a tragedy.

'I will do as you wish, Mrs Hales, but,' said Karstake quietly, 'I had an idea you wished to find out Captain Bonham's murderer.'

'Of course I do,' she retorted, 'but what has that to do with Major Hales?'

'A great deal,' was the calm answer, 'when a man is in his condition he is an admirable medium, and through

him we might find out what you so much desire to know.'

'Damn you! Karstake,' whispered Vane, all his sense of justice outraged, 'leave the poor chap alone.'

'Stand aside! I tell you,' he replied in the same tone, 'no one shall insult me without punishment.'

The wife stood undecided, whilst the three men grouped around her might have been casually discussing a matter of no importance from their outward appearance.

'I know he'll forgive me,' she said finally. 'Ask him to help us, Sir

Allan—poor old fellow—I'm sure he won't mind.'

'You're a devil, that's what you are,' said Vane in the scientist's ear, 'and I'll be no party to your scheme.' Karstake smiled. 'Curse you!' and the old man moved away.

Turning to Hales, Karstake spoke slowly and distinctly.

'Do you know who shot Captain Bonham in the Kyber?'

The woman's gaze was fixed upon her husband, whilst her face was pale and rigid.

'Yes, I do! It was Mahomed Khan.

of the Guides,' Hales replied in an emotionless voice.

'How do you know?'

'He was my orderly,' Mrs Hales staggered slightly.

'Describe what you know of the murder!'

The stern order acted like a stimulus to the hypnotised man, who sat heavily down on a chair, and thrust out his legs as though he were in boots with spurs on. He seemed to be looking moodily into the fire, for his face was frowning.

'Did you say,' he began, 'that Captain Bonham is riding up the pass?'



LAKE HARRIS, MIDDLE ISLAND, N.Z.

[See Illustration.]

May his fat stomach and break his neck!

The woman's mouth was half open, and her eyes were glittering with excitement.

"Gosh, that one man should stand between me and my soul's desire! I know her first—I loved her first," the woman shuddered, "and but for him, she would have loved me. Would that I had some friend to rid me of him. There was a hush, and then the voice began again:

"Eh! man don't tempt me! get away and do your duty! Ah! now he's gone, and I must cut my heart out here, praying for another man's death. There goes the 'assembly,' and I must salute a man I hate!"

Once more the voice died away, and the sounds of laughing conversation seemed almost a mockery to the minds of the two watchers.

"My God! What did you say? That you had shot him! What? He had injured me, and that therefore you slew him! By the Eternal, if I did my duty, Mohamed, I should call the guard at once. But, wouldn't suspicion rest on me if I did?" he muttered. "No, it must be a secret between me and the Almighty. Poor chap, after all, I wish he was alive again."

"Stop, Sir Allan," Mrs Hales gasped, "I can stand no more."

Karslake, seeing her livid face, exclaimed to Hales:

"That will do—be yourself again and forget." The Major rose and looked stupidly at the doctor. "I feel a bit queer," he said, "I must have drunk too much of that sherry. 'I hope,' he added, 'I didn't get excited; I had a snustroke last year, and if I drink a few glasses of wine it makes me snappy.'"

"Oh, no; you were argumentative, that was all," Karslake replied. "Look out, your wife's fainting!"

She fell like a log and lay as one dead, whilst her husband looked as though about to follow her example.

"Clear away, all of you," Karslake cried; for the guests had begun to crowd round, and Vane, help me to carry Mrs Hales into another room."

In a few minutes she opened her eyes and glanced round at the doctor.

"I want to speak to you for a moment alone," she said feebly. "You don't mind, Henry, do you?" she asked her husband.

"All right, my darling—only get better soon," he replied, and then the two were alone.

"Sir Allan, I asked you to help me, and you have done what I asked only too well. Whether you suspected Major Hales I do not know, but you have the satisfaction, if such it is, of having made an innocent woman loathe herself and her sex. I have lost one husband, and I tell you here to your face that I will not sacrifice another. Oh!" she exclaimed bitterly, "that we women should be a curse instead of a help to men. That Major Hales did not intend to have Captain Bonham killed his own miserable account proves clearly enough. If he knew that I was aware of his secret he would shoot himself; and why," her voice took on a pleading tone, "should he ever know—need he?"

Karslake listened in amazement. He had thought to have heard threats against the man, and instead the woman was pleading for him.

"That is a matter which entirely rests with you," he replied. "I acted perhaps viciously, as your husband had been brutally rude to me, and so in a way we are quits. Shall it be so?"

And yet Karslake waits; for his knowledge of human nature tells him that one day the story will out, and then—what then?

A Woman's Heart

By MRS EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

CHAPTER III.

Justina sat for a long time in one attitude after her husband had driven rapidly away. She had planted her two elbows on the table and had bowed her head upon her hands. She did not often allow herself so long a spell of idleness, but to-night the effort to rouse herself from her thoughts and start once again at her work was not so easy to accomplish as usual.

The unexpected meeting with Basil Fothergill had thrown her, as it were, off the straight, hard lines of her laborious daily life. He had broken a kind of spell in her thoughts, he had revived old memories, old sweet-nesses, old sadnesses. He had emphasized the present weary unhappiness by bringing so clearly before her the remembrances of those old dead days, when life had had few shadows for little Justina North, despite the fact that poverty and she had already become acquainted.

Her childhood had been a simple and yet a far from conventional one. Her mother she never remembered. As long as she could recollect at all she had been alone always with her father, who had been to her something dearer than a parent—a loving friend, a sweet companion, a protector, and a playmate, even though the silver threads had been sown thickly enough in Richard North's hair before the baby girl, only blossom of his late-made love marriage, was sent in to the world to fill, if possible, the terrible void made by her mother's death, and to become in time the very joy, the sunshine, the soul of the man's life.

It was for Justina's sake that Mr North determined, as the years rolled by, that he must set to work and devise some means by which money might be added to his scanty clergyman's stipend.

Capital had he none except the capital that lodged in his clever brains; but these, in conjunction with his superb classical education and his years of deep thought and reading, proved all he could need.

Basil Fothergill had been one of Mr North's earliest pupils, and he had quickly become endeared to his tutor's heart, not on account of his brilliant talents, however, for truth to tell Basil was not by any means inclined to be a genius or anything above the most ordinary boy of mental calibre, but because of his sterling nature, his frank, honest, chivalrous mind, his humanity to all creatures that surrounded him; and last, but not least, in Richard North's eyes, his extreme love and admiration for the dainty, flower-like child, who fitted about the old rectory like a sunbeam caught and fashioned into a fairy's form.

The rest of the boys were kind also to Justina, but they, none of them, had Basil's touch or sympathy with the child, and, in fact, to most of them Justina assumed that contemptible and humiliating position which from time immemorial little girls have nearly always occupied in the estimation of little boys—or rather, perhaps one should say, little men.

It made no difference to Justina what the boys thought of her. She was absolutely happy. She was Queen of the Household. She had Basil as her big, faithful companion to play with her, or amuse her, or protect her, as the case might be, and she also had her studies which—with maybe an inherited taste from her father—she learned quickly to enjoy and love.

It was just before Basil left his tutor's house that Rupert Seaton made his appearance among Mr North's boys. The son of a brother clergyman, whose yearly income no greater than that which Justina's father possessed, had to find support and education of a large growing family, the boy was given a place among the other pupils through a feeling of sincerest affection and truest pity.

Not one penny piece was paid to Richard North for the tuition and shelter that he gave young Rupert Seaton, but he asked for no better thanks than the sense of pleasure

it gave him to come thus nobly to the assistance of a brother clergyman, whom he knew and respected most exceedingly.

Looking back into the garden of her girlhood as she sat with her head bowed on her two hands, Justina realised, almost with a pang, how, from the very first, Rupert Seaton had shown himself to be the narrow, ungenerous, ungrateful and unworthy nature that she knew him now so surely to be.

Instead of giving even the faintest semblance of gratitude to his benefactor or seeming to comprehend for a single instant the full extent and depth of the goodness being bestowed on him, Rupert comported himself as one who, on his side, conferred an honour upon the genial, kind-hearted tutor by becoming an occupant and pupil in his establishment.

Justina remembered, too, how, in some unaccountable yet certain way, little quarrels and dissensions and disagreeables began to make themselves felt after Rupert Seaton had arrived on the scene. It was clear to her now that he must have been absolutely unpopular with the rest of the boys. Sir Basil's manner had been so full of significance when she had mentioned her husband's name to him, and Justina knew only too surely and with a weary heartache that, however great and universal Rupert's unpopularity might have been, it was only too justly founded, too well deserved. Even to-night, when facts and thoughts and remembrances of the past stood out so clearly before her, Justina could not have explained satisfactorily to herself or to others how she had come to do so rash a thing as to become Rupert Seaton's wife.

The days that had preceded her father's death—the actual death itself—and the weeks that had followed it were all merged into one great grey shadow of pain, misery, hopeless yearning, hopeless regret. Her short sojourn at her uncle's house had awakened her sharply from her deep soul anguish. The sting of perpetually-remembered charity, the cruel wounds thrust at her dead father's memory, the hard comments on his life of patient toil, of honourable industry, of mistaken faith, which last, sorrowfully for himself and his loved child, laid him in a pauper's grave.

The insupportable misery of dependence upon the sullen generosity of those who did not like her worked the poor girl into a ripe condition to perform any rash act.

It was a cruel touch of fate that Justina's rashness should have taken the form of one who carried her merely from one trouble to another, and a far greater one.

There is no doubt that in the first instance Rupert Seaton had fallen in love (or what passed for love with him) with Justina.

The girl was extremely pretty—she was, indeed, more than pretty—she possessed a rare sort of loveliness which made itself manifest to all, and which, perhaps, was not the least of the reasons that made her so unwelcome a member of her aunt's household, the same said aunt possessing three daughters of plainest and most unattractive appearance.

Added to her beauty were her talents. Her father had educated her most carefully, and in a way such as few girls are educated even in this age of advanced culture for women.

Rupert knew the girl's cleverness. He had definite testimony of it in the latter days of his stay beneath her father's roof, for had it not been for Justina's help he would never have made so brave a show in his examination papers as he managed to do. For her beauty first, for her talents secondly, for her social connections on her mother's side, although Justina had (except in the case of her Aunt Margaret) almost next to no acquaintance, to say nothing of intimacy, with these grand relations, and, because, by the sale of her father's cherished library at his (Rupert's) instigation, by the way, the girl became the possessor of about a couple of hundred pounds in ready

money—he determined to make her his wife.

Work of any sort or description had no charms whatsoever for Mr Seaton. His father had long since been gathered to his rest, and Rupert's proper duty would have been to have buckled to and done all in his power to help his mother and the rest of his family had he had a spark of affection or manhood in him; but Rupert was born a soulless being, for though his outward individuality was more than prepossessing, his mind and brain and heart were mere empty shells significant of no meaning save of intense selfishness, and of all the evils that follow on that base feeling. When his mother and his young brothers and sisters were shipped off to another and a distant land by a combination of relatives, Rupert heaved a sigh of relief.

It would have been annoying to live perpetually with the possibility of some claim being made upon him, upon his brains and hands as a man if not upon his purse and, therefore, it was with great relief that he watered the departure of his poor sorrow-laden mother, who would willingly have lived in a mud hut all her life if she could by so doing have been near to and able to gaze upon the fair face of her eldest born.

Rupert was, at the time that he proposed marriage to Justina, supposed to be earning a small salary as secretary to some city company, and it was armed with this credential of his prosperity that he induced the unhappy girl to leave her uncle's house and make her home with him. Not that Justina had a grain of mercenary fear or avariciousness in her constitution, only Rupert knew right well that, unless he had some definite position to offer her, he should never succeed in making her consent to his wishes.

It was a strong characteristic of the man that he always determined to get what he desired, if it were humanly possible, and he very much desired for a brief while to win Justina as his wife.

She was beautiful, she was proud, and she possessed talents which would always be sure of bringing in value of some sort. With the money fetched by the sale of her father's books they could live very comfortably for a few months at least; after that—well, Rupert had the firmest belief in chance and in his own good fortune—something would turn up. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" had always been a favourite maxim with him, and the value of it increased as the days of his life went by.

Misled absolutely by the young man's manner, blinded by her grief and misery to the wisdom and caution which were strongly a part of her nature, grateful to find, as she imagined, poor child, one loving, faithful heart, Justina consented to leave her uncle's house and become Rupert Seaton's wife.

She did not love him; she did not even know what love could mean, save that yearning love that turned in its despair to her father's grave, but she was so grateful, so touched by the seeming devotion, the disinterested affection that was offered to her, that she turned to it gladly, and with her own hand set the seal on the most miserable mistake any girl could hope to accomplish.

A month was long enough in which to open Justina's eyes to the truth. The meanness, the poverty, the despicable selfishness of the man she had married, was revealed to her most surely in some form or other day after day, until at last she could not cling to one single illusion with which to clothe his soul and hide its vivid blemishes from her eyes.

As we have said, Justina had not loved this man, but the pain, the grief, the regret that overwhelmed her when she knew him for what he really was, were scarcely less strong for that.

She was, above all things, so proud, so honourable in her pride, so incapable of a mean or unworthy thought, that Rupert's natural evilness was something appalling to her. She could not combat with it; she learned almost immediately the futility of arguing or urging good maxims, or of impressing her own pure influence upon him.

In sheer material need and in the bitterness of mental despair, the girl turned from contemplating the ruin of her young life, and took up the burden of earning a livelihood for

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them both with a zest and an eagerness that might have been said to constitute the only pleasure she knew.

Rupert Seaton had been wise in his generation. His young wife possessed the brain and the faculty for earning good, steady money; his wants were amply supplied to cover his detestable idleness and selfishness. He began to assume a sort of invalidism which deceived and appealed to Justina not a little at first because his fair, handsome presence was suggestive most certainly of inherent delicacy of constitution and feebleness of physical force.

She learned, however, by degrees, how much truth there was in Rupert's ill health, and how much more faithfully this delicacy might be expressed in other and harsher terms.

Of late a subtle and not easily to be defined difference had made itself manifest to Justina in her husband's bearing. There had come a change upon him, a sort of restlessness and excitement not in keeping with his usual languid, luxurious idleness. She attributed it a little to the fact that about six months before Rupert had made the acquaintance of some young men who belonged, the girl feared, to a ruckety, foolish, extravagant set, and who were as wanting in honour and civility and any of the higher and better qualities of the mind as Rupert could desire.

Since the introduction of this George Aynesworth and one or two others Rupert had given Justina many hours of deep, anxious, distressed thought. She was perfectly willing to work her hardest to sustain them both in a simple, straight-forward fashion. The life she was able to provide was not by any means a luxurious one, but it was not devoid of comfort or of a certain humble prettiness, but it took all her time and strength and courage to keep this life going.

To find money for Rupert to fling away on folly or extravagance in any shape or form was quite beyond Justina's means, and yet of late her husband had made serious inroads on her limited purse, and had shown a desire to surround himself and dress himself in a manner that filled the girl's heart with alarm and with contempt.

The connection with this Aynesworth and his companions boded no good to them; that was soon evident to Justina, and indeed the girl had begun to ponder and trouble what her best plan would be to sever her husband from these companions, and to save herself from further anxiety, to say nothing of pain to her pride and her sense of honour. She had long ago relinquished all hope of seeing Rupert turn to work. His first bitter lesson in this knowledge had been taught early.

Soon after their marriage he lost the small appointment he had held, and Justina, in her sorrow, had made personal application to see if it would not be possible to regain this post, which, though small, had been a certainty.

The reception she met with, though courteous enough as far as she was concerned, sent her away crushed, humbled, suffering. It hurt her to have to realise that the man she had married should be one and the same with the man whose character and conduct had just been denounced in such plain, severe terms.

She never told Rupert what she had done. He would have merely shrugged his shoulders and called his life employers by some strong and ill-chosen word. She only knelt down when she was alone and prayed for help and courage to bear her burden as well and as bravely as she could.

And so the time had gone on, the days had grown into weeks, and the weeks into months, and now it was a long two years since she had left her uncle's home, and plunged herself with all her beautiful youth into an abyss of mental trouble and perpetual labour.

Somewhat, however, it was not until this night, as she sat with her head bowed on her hands, and tears of flaming blinded her eyes as the old sweet memories of the past crowded so thickly upon her, that the full bitterness of her life seemed to be revealed to Justina—that the contrast with the present and the past was made clear to her; that the hopelessness of her future struck her with such desquaring force. Weary, heartsick and deso-

late, Justina, as she roused herself at last to attend to the claims of her inexorable duty, was tempted out of the depths of her sorrow to wish almost that the pleasure of meeting again with Basil Fothergill might have been denied her altogether.

The pleasure had so quickly turned to pain, and Justina was already overburdened with that ache of the heart which is none the less sure because it is unseen and unshared.

CHAPTER IV.

To Justina's surprise and alarm when she arose the next morning, after a short rest of about three hours, in which neither good nor peaceful sleep had come to her, she found her husband had not returned home. This was an unusual occurrence, though there had been many times when Mr Seaton had not arrived at his proper destination till a very late, or perhaps it would be better to say a very early hour; he had hitherto never failed to make his appearance in the little home sustained and made so bright and comfortable by his wife's unaided exertions.

Rupert was a keen appreciator of his own comforts, and Justina's efforts on this score were decidedly agreeable to him. Consequently he never failed to make every use of them.

This last development made Justina uneasy and hurt her extremely. Not that his absence caused her regret from those feelings which reign, as a rule, in a wife's heart, but because she feared every new move on Rupert's part must be productive of fresh anxiety and pain to her. She swallowed a hasty breakfast and went back to her work with a tired head and a heavy heart.

She had no clue to Rupert's possible whereabouts. These men with whom he now associated never came in contact with her. She had only seen George Aynesworth once, and she had conceived an extreme repugnance to the man. He was to her vulgar and something worse. The term adventurer seemed stamped all over him. She shrank from him and his bold, admiring eyes, as she would have shrank away from any repugnant sight. Rupert had sneered at her for her coldness.

'You are so mighty grand, Justina!' he had said, when she had expressed her desire quietly, but emphatically, that Mr Aynesworth might never be brought into her presence again.

'You give yourself the airs and graces of a queen, Heaven knows why; I don't. I confess I don't see what you have got to be so proud about. Your father was only a schoolmaster, and it is very evident from the way in which your mother's people keep away from you that they considered him to be no better than he ought to have been.'

Rupert had paused here, expecting, perhaps, some retort from the quiet form that stood apart from him with averted face; then, seeing she would make no reply to his rude, cruel words, he went on peevishly: 'Well, it does not matter to me, and I mean to stick to him!' an assertion he carried into steady practice from that day forward.

Justina had never questioned or endeavoured to find out in the smallest way what form of amusement her husband found so enjoyable in the company of his new friends.

Had she been of a more suspicious nature or less harassed and engrossed in her work, it is certain that one question must have forced itself upon the girl's mind, and that question one dictated by the plainest of common sense—the query, indeed, as to how and where Rupert had obtained the smart new clothes and many other little appurtenances which now surrounded him, and carried an air of either money spent or credit given.

Justina, it is true, did observe that her husband appeared to be more particular than formerly in his dress, and his constant demand for small sums of money made her heave a sigh over his thoughtless extravagance in this respect; but after all, the girl knew absolutely nothing about the cost of those sort of things which seemed so dear to her husband's heart. She had never been brought in contact with smart tradesmen, or known what it was to wear splendid gowns, and so much that would have excited instantaneous suspicion in the mind of another escaped her notice altogether.

She settled down to her work on this particular morning with a sense of uneasiness which was not lightly shaken off, and was most detrimental to her labour.

But work had to be done, and habit so quickly grows into the likeness of nature that Justina found her pen and her thoughts flying on apace almost before she was well aware of it.

Eleven o'clock came and no sign of Rupert. She rose and moved about the room uncertainly. She could not help feeling alarmed, although a sort of bitter conviction within her told her surely that no harm had befallen her husband, and that selfishness alone in some shape or form had kept him from returning home.

While she was walking to and fro, troubled and very sad, a telegraph boy made his appearance at the narrow gate, and in another moment the message he carried was in Justina's hands.

It was from Rupert, and was a curt command with no kind of explanation whatever.

'Pack portmanteau with my things, and send to cloak-room Charing-cross by three sharp.'

It was signed 'R.S.' and had been sent from a post-office in the Strand. Justina's pale, lovely face flushed hotly for an instant.

She dismissed the curious good-natured lad with the words, 'No answer, thank you,' and then sat down by the table and read the telegram a second and a third time.

'What did it mean? Where was Rupert? What did he intend to do? Was he going for some pleasure trip

for a few days or was his absence to be longer? Who were his companions? Where was his destination?

The girl's proud, sensitive heart was stung to the quick by this treatment. Her own nature was so warm, so generous, so full of gratitude, so full of honour, it was almost impossible to her to have to realise that any one, and more especially one who owed so much at her hands, could act in so strange, so rude, and so incongruous a manner.

There was, as has been said, no love in her heart for this man; but she had accepted him as her husband, she had grown to regard him as something that belonged to her, something for which she must work—a creature who depended upon her for the bread he ate and the shoes he wore upon his feet, and to have him go from her like this with no excuse, no explanation, no consideration in any shape or form, was most hurtful to her feelings, and to her sense of what was due to her as a woman and her position as his wife.

She rose wearily enough after a little while and went to fulfil his command. Although she had no desire to do so, for she shrank from the possibility of his imagining that she wished to inquire further into his movements, she dressed herself when the packing was completed and took the portmanteaux on a cab down to the station. She might perhaps have asked the servant of her lodgings to fulfil this task for her, but to do so would be to lay herself open to have all sorts of comment and conjecture passed upon this strange proceeding of Rupert's, and Justina had a yearn-

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ing in her pride to wrap up the truth of her loveless, miserable marriage as much as possible from the gaze of all eyes.

She was not long in reaching Charing-cross and deposited the luggage as directed; then she hurried back to her work and her home as quickly as the humble but not expeditious omnibus could take her. Her thoughts went to the night before as she did so, and even in the sadness of her thoughts, in the dread and nervous fear that Rupert's strange act had suddenly aroused within her, she could not refrain from a faint smile as she recalled the prosaic and damp situation in which her old friend had made himself known to her.

As she alighted and made her way back to the lodgings, she remembered, with a pang of annoyance and regret, that Rupert had in all probability occasioned Sir Basil much inconvenience by his non-appearance at luncheon as invited.

Tired as she was, Justina dragged herself onwards to a post-office, where she dispatched a telegram to Sir Basil briefly apologising for her husband's

instant—a smile that did not linger, however, as he stood in front of the fireplace, very tall and distinguished looking, and let his eyes go about him in a casual way, taking in all the details of her humble home, but noting chiefest of all the tired pallor of her lovely face. "Thanks, very much, for sending me a wire," he went on, abruptly; "but it was not necessary, as your husband called on me early this morning, and explained that he would be unable to lunch."

Justina's hand that was resting idly on the back of her chair grew suddenly cold and rigid with fear and dread, and pain of pride.

"Oh! I—did not know Rupert intended seeing you," she said, and at the tone in her voice he looked at her keenly. She roused herself with an effort. "Please sit down, Sir Basil, and then I will give you some tea." She rang the bell and stirred the fire as she spoke, and she tried hard to smile and seem at her ease; but it was a terrible effort, and without understanding it entirely, he was yet aware of some emotion that was troubling her.

He had not the exact clue, though

Sir Basil chatted away as briskly as he could, but he was conscious of a dull sort of hurt at his heart as he watched her thin, delicate hands move gracefully about and read the unmistakable weariness and trouble on her face. He was the kind of man who could not endure to know that any woman should have to toil and struggle and fight the world, and he never realised how strongly this feeling was impressed in him till he sat there looking at Justina and noting the undeniable traces of labour and anxiety and sorrow written legibly on her beautiful young face and form.

He rose all at once and took the kettle from her hands.

"Let me do this; you look worn out; have you been working all day? Must you work like this, Justina? Is it so necessary?"

"I promised faithfully to send this manuscript down to-night," she answered, evading the full meaning of his words. And then she laughed. "How well you manage a kettle! Do you often make tea, Basil?"

"Very often," he assured her gravely, "for Molly hates all that sort of thing."

in silence. He understood better than words could have told him that this was the first intimation she had had of her husband's whereabouts. He honoured her for her proud reserve, but he had a deeper sensation of that dull pain at his heart, and a great yearning came over him to put his strong arms about this girl and carry her off to his country home, to his sister's genial care, to keep and hold her there for all time.

His anger and dislike towards Seaton grew unbounded in this moment, and he had a pang at his heart when he recalled the memory of that dead father who had worshipped and guarded his child in those bygone years as a treasure too great for earthly appreciation.

If Richard North could have stood where he stood now and gazed as he gazed upon that slender, toil-worn, grief-laden and delicately lovely girl, the heart of the father must have broken beneath the anguish of realising his daughter's cruel fate.

Basil roused himself to talk as unconcernedly and as lightly as he could. Until she herself allowed him to mingle in with her trouble he would



'WHEN DOES YOUR HUSBAND INTEND TO RETURN FROM PARIS?' HE QUERIED ABRUPTLY. JUSTINA GAVE A START.

absence, and stating he had been compelled to leave town unexpectedly. This done, Justina made her way back to her writing, and without attempting to eat much or indulge in a rest, she worked steadily on for another two hours.

She had come to a pause, and was sitting, pen in hand, gazing out of the window, when a ring at the bell roused her, and as she turned and rose from her chair, the door opened and Basil Fothergill was announced in a tone of considerable awe by the servant-maid.

Justina clasped his hand warmly. "This is really kind of you," she said, as he put down his hat and stick "a proof of true friendship to journey out so far when you are in town for such a short time."

"I hope you will believe in the existence of my friendship without any sort or kind of proof," Sir Basil said, with a smile on his lips for an

the experience he had had of Rupert Seaton a few hours ago had let him see more clearly and surely in Justina's sorrowful young life than she could have imagined it possible.

"I always make my own tea," she said, forcing her lips to smile and move lightly.

And all the while when the kettle was brought and the tea was made, and the pretty teneups set out on the snow-white embroidered cloth, her heart was burning and aching with this last shame that she knew only too well her husband had put upon her.

She had no need of words to tell her that Rupert had carried out the threat he had uttered the night before, and that the money that was being used to convey him, wherever he might be going, had come out of Basil Fothergill's pocket, borrowed as a loan that was never meant to be repaid.

He took up his cup and drank his tea quickly.

"When will you come and pay us a visit at Croome, Justina?"

She smiled.

"I must give you the children's answer—one of these fine days."

"I am not a child, and that does not satisfy me."

"I should like to spend a little while with you," the girl said, gently, "but I fear—" She paused. "I think I could not make you any definite promise, Basil; I am not quite a free person."

He put his cup down in front of the fire.

"When does your husband intend to return from Paris?" he queried, abruptly.

Justina gave a start.

"Paris?" she repeated, involuntarily, and then she paused, while the hot colour stole into her cheeks.

Sir Basil watched her a moment

not venture to intrude upon it, but he registered a vow that come what might he would range himself henceforth in the background of her life as her true, her faithful friend, her protector even if need be.

He had no exact knowledge of the real truth touching her marriage, but he could guess pretty nearly at that truth, and a single glance at Rupert Seaton's fair, evil face that morning had been enough to assure him that the qualities and characteristics that had made the boy so detestable were but too surely pronounced in the man whose lot it was to call Justina wife.

"I feel we are indeed old, old friends," the girl said when Sir Basil rose to go finally. "It seems almost as if we had never been parted—as if we were back again in the dear old rectory garden, and by-and-by we should go across the lawn and meet dully coming to look for us."

He held her small hand for a long moment. There were tears in her eyes and in her voice. He pretended not to see them.

'May I come again before I go? I am not returning for another few days. Thank you, Justina, dear. You are very kind to let me be so privileged. Good-bye for to-day then. Don't work so hard if you can help it. Your little hand must be quite tired out. Good-bye, dear.' Sir Basil dropped her hand and was turning away when he looked back. 'You have my address. Send for me, Justina,' he said, abruptly, 'if you should find yourself in need of a friend.'

The words were almost strange, but they came from him involuntarily, urged by a sudden presentiment that there was a moment close at hand when she would need his friendship and his protection.

Perhaps the same feeling had made its way into Justina's heart. Anyway she showed no surprise at his words, and instead she had a touch of comfort in remembering them when he was gone. She little imagined, however, as she drew a chair up to the fire and sat staring wearily and with a sick heart into the glowing coals how speedily she would make tangible and definite test of this promised friendship.

CHAPTER V.

Basil Fothergill extended his stay in town another week, thereby causing much surprise and a little alarm to his sister, who awaited his return in his large, comfortable country house. He saw Justina three times during that week, and each visit he paid to the girl, left alone in her humble lodging home, caused him more anxious thought about her, more regret for the unhappy fate that had come to the beloved child of his old tutor and valued friend.

No mention whatever was made by either of them of Rupert Seaton during these interviews. They talked of all sorts and kinds of things, of Jus-

tina's work, of her ambitions, of her successes achieved in one sense so quickly; but the conversation, however started, generally terminated in remembrances and discussions of those old days when first they had become acquainted, and learned so soon to know and trust in one another.

Sir Basil's big, honest, manly heart was ablaze with anger and indignation against the creature who had won the girl for his wife and showed so little appreciation of the treasure that was his, so little evidence of a man's nature or spirit in his selfish neglect and worse than contemptible conduct.

What used to make the girl's shadowed young life still more miserable, he could find no good or encouraging word to say of Rupert Seaton; therefore it was best to leave the matter untouched. He had no need of words to tell him Justina possessed a spirit of pride stronger than iron itself. The pain and hurt caused by her husband's neglect and unworthiness were written clearly in her sweet eyes and about her sad, young lips.

Basil Fothergill felt that for himself Justina had the deepest, the sincerest friendship, and that perhaps it would be to him she would turn most naturally and easily, did the occasion arise, when she had need of another's aid and support. Each time they met they seemed, paradoxically, to progress further as they went back ward. The nearer they grew to the past—to that old 'camaraderie' (which had lived in the man's memory with such vivid touches of pleasure and prettiness through the long ten years of separation that had stretched between those old days and the present), the more surely he felt that their friendship was true and well founded, that the girl found a solace and pleasure and a sense of hope in his existence.

Still, though the bond of their old affection had been revived clearly and surely, there was a great difference in its possibilities and certainties now. They were children no longer, and the world lay around and about them a hard, bitter, cynical, disappointing

world, as far removed from the peace and charm of that old rectory garden as the earth was removed from the stars.

But though he said nothing of Rupert, Basil Fothergill could not prevent himself from passing a very harsh criticism on Justina's other relations, on her uncle Paul North and his wife, on Margaret Lady Sartoris—her mother's eldest sister—and on the other members of that mother's family. Justina defended them all from his sweeping attack.

'You must remember I have no one to blame but myself,' she said, with the faintest of faint smiles lighting up her magnificent blue eyes. 'I behaved like a foolish, naughty child, and I must accept the consequences of my disobedience.'

'That may be very well as far as Dr. North is concerned, though I don't see that he is exonerated in the least from failing shamefully to do his duty,' Sir Basil said, gruffly, as he stood in his favourite position in front of the fire and stared down on the girl's serious, delicate loveliness, 'but it makes no excuse whatever for your aunt, Lady Sartoris—I only hope I shall run across her one of these days. I shall most unhesitatingly give her the benefit of my opinion of her.'

'Please don't,' Basil, Justina broke in very hurriedly. 'I want nothing from Aunt Margaret—absolutely nothing. We are, after all, little more than strangers to each other. My mother's people, as you know, never honoured us with much remembrance in the old days, and since I—'

She paused imperceptibly, and hurried her next words.

'And since I have taken to literature I fancy I have fallen a little lower in Aunt Margaret's estimation than formerly. She does not approve of women being independent or attempting to earn their daily bread. She had heard that I have to scamper about in all sorts of dingy dens and editorial offices, and she is frightfully shocked in consequence. I shall never forget,' Justina finished, laughing a little,

though the laugh was not merry. 'I shall never forget Aunt Margaret's horror one afternoon when her carriage was stopped in a block in Piccadilly, and on the omnibus just in front of her sat myself, neither a smart nor agreeable sight for Lady Sartoris. I can assure you, although the world in which she lives and moves and has her being has no suspicion that she possesses any such discreditable relation as I am.'

Basil Fothergill frowned and coloured.

'Don't try to run yourself down, Justina,' he said, quite sharply.

She made some laughing answer, and there was silence between them for a moment or two. It was Justina who broke it.

'I have often wondered how on earth you came to be my companion on that omnibus that very wet night? Basil did not answer immediately.

'Upon my soul, do you know?' he said, when he did speak. 'I don't understand, either, how I came to be there. I had just turned out of Charing Cross Station, and had every intention of taking a cab, when your omnibus stopped in front of me, and something, I cannot explain what—a species of magnetic force, I suppose—induced me to climb up the staircase and share your solitude. I have never been so grateful to anything in my life, Justina, as I have been to that invisible magnetism that drove me into your life once again.'

Justina smiled and coloured a little.

'Dear Basil, you will make me so vain,' she said, lightly. 'You put too high a value on my poor little friendship, I am afraid.'

'Perhaps I do,' he answered her, and then he turned and stirred the fire.

'Molly is coming up to town,' he said abruptly, as this was done. 'She has taken it into her head there must be something the matter with me as I am staying so long in town, so she had determined to come "right away," as the Yankees say, and see what is keeping me. You will like Molly. I know,' he went on quickly before she



WAITING FOR PEARS.

could say anything. "She is a dear, jolly, lovable little soul, as bright as a sunbeam and almost as pretty." She arrives at five this afternoon. Will you come and have some dinner with us to-night, Justina? Do; it will be so nice, and will you do good."

But Justina shook her head. "I should love it," she said, regretfully, "and chiefest of all, I should love to see Molly; but perhaps I shall have another chance. To-night is an absolute impossibility. I have at least four good hours' work before me. This serial is to start next week. You are not a literary person, or you would know what that means. I am sorry to disappoint you, dear Basil, but I know you will forgive me, won't you?"

"It would have to be a very big thing that would make me refuse to forgive you anything, Justina," he said, lightly, yet seriously, and then after a little more conversation he went away.

Justina sent many warm, heartfelt thoughts of gratitude after him, when she was alone, and then with a sigh she took up her pen. She would have enjoyed an evening spent in such pleasant fashion, but pleasures were so evidently not for her—art and the grim, hard, stern side of life was her portion; and the sooner she realised that in all his completeness and full power, the better it would be for her and her writing.

She was glad to be at work, for, for the reason that when she was very busy thoughts did not come so quickly. She had ceased to speculate as what Rupert might or might not be doing; she ceased also to feel indignation at his silence, but the fears, the doubts, the uneasiness that this last act of his had awakened within her, were by no means gone.

She felt nervous and unprepared for the future; she did not know what to plan, what to hope while he had remained content in his selfish idleness. At home the prospect, though cheerful, had been moderately clear and straight; now this had gone from her. She had to live in a state of uncertainty, in a suspense that was full of vague fear and apprehension for what the future might bring forth.

She wrote steadily on after Sir Basil had gone. If sometimes the contrast between this man and Rupert rose forcibly before her, the girl courageously crushed the feeling back. She had nothing in her heart for Basil; Fothergill had honest admiration, sincere and grateful affection. Vanity, coquetry, or any of the many weaknesses so natural to a woman, young and beautiful as she was, had no hold with Justina.

Her childhood in the first place, her early training, her simple, refined, proud nature, in the second, and her hard, troubled life in the third, had made of Justina an altogether unusual woman—a woman free from all the vanities and prettinesses and frivolities which are the world's decorations to the feminine sex.

Basil Fothergill's interest in her had therefore no other translation in Justina's eyes than the outcome of a real, true friendship, and though she had commenced too early in life to know what the meaning of labour and trouble, and anxiety was in its bitterest sense, where worldly knowledge and sophistry and cynicism were concerned, she was yet a very infant.

She was conscious of her husband's unworthiness. His idleness and selfishness and lack of pride hurt her intensely, but deeper than this she had never divined, and the full business of Rupert Seaton's nature was something that would have been as incomprehensible as it would have been terrible for Justina to grasp.

As evening drew on the servant maid brought in some food for Mrs Seaton. Justina had no appetite, but she forced herself to eat because otherwise she would never have had strength to go through what was necessary.

Since Rupert's departure the food had been of the simplest and barest description, except for some magnificent fruit which, together with a box of lovely flowers, had been sent up from the West End at Sir Basil Fothergill's orders.

The sight of those splendid grapes and those delicate blossoms was almost incongruous when contrasted with the humble meal that Justina honoured by the name of dinner.

She ate the fruit with real pleasure, and sat for a little while contemplating afterwards the colour of the flowers and drinking in their scent before going on with her work.

The postman's sharp rap at the door was the next break in her thoughts. Justina's busy pen came to a standstill. She did not exactly know why, but she had all at once a presentiment that something important was about to happen to her. When the maid brought her in a letter, she knew before she received it that at last she was to have some news from Rupert.

The writing was not his. Justina's hand shook unconsciously as she opened the letter. It was from this man George Aynesworth. A curt, rough, and almost cruel letter. Evidently there had been a quarrel, and this man was as bitter against Rupert as he had only a little while ago been so friendly.

Aynesworth's like or dislike was not what affected Justina. It was one paragraph in the letter that froze the blood about her heart, and made her eyes and senses grow dim for a moment. The meaning of the words gave her such acute pain that in the first comprehension of them she felt too weak to make any movement to stir from beneath the weight of horror and shame that had fallen upon her. Aynesworth wrote that Rupert had behaved to him in some discreditable fashion.

"He is now in London. No doubt he is with you, so kindly inform him that the cheque he gave me for £1,000 drawn to himself from Sir Basil Fothergill will be presented immediately, and as the forgery is altogether too clumsy and poor to be passed at the bank for a single instant, he had better prepare himself for a nice, long residence in one of Her Majesty's prisons, where his talents will be confined to a class of work I don't fancy will be much to his taste. He did a bad day's work for himself when he made an enemy of me, and if he gets out of this scrape—well, I can wait my time. I will be even with my fine Mr Rupert Seaton sooner or later."

Then without any courtesy whatever the letter ended, and Justina was left staring down at it as she might have stared at some horrible and venomous reptile, whose very presence destroyed hope and vigour of life within her.

She made no moan or cry; she only sat there, turned in her youth and white loveliness into a figure of stone. She shivered several times as she sat, but it was long before the sensation of life flowed once again in her veins. It was a sound from without that roused her at last—a sound of a cab stopping and then of footsteps on the path.

Justina rose suddenly and stood trembling in every limb, her weak, cold hands closed over that horrible letter as the door was thrown open and her husband, Rupert Seaton, sauntered in.

CHAPTER VI.

Basil Fothergill was an extremely early riser. No matter at what hour he retired to rest the night before, he was always up and about the next morning long before the clock chimed eight.

Early as he was, however, there was another who was earlier yet than himself. He had scarcely finished his toilet, his mind deeply occupied with thought of Justina all the time, when his valet entered his room and gave him a little pencilled note.

In an instant, as he read it, Sir Basil's face flushed crimson.

Something had happened to bring her to him, and at such an hour. Something of a sad, troubled nature, of course—a new sorrow.

He bade his man, in hurried words, escort the lady up to his private sitting-room.

"Tell Miss Fothergill I am engaged on business," he said, as he stood for a moment pausing before the closed door.

Justina was standing by the fire. He could not see her face; she wore a thick veil. He put out his hand heartily, and he noticed, with a sort of pang, that she shrank from him.

"Before you offer to give me or let me take your hand," she said, in a voice that was cold, hard and stern, the voice of a creature suffering an anguish of pain—not the soft music of that voice whose tones were haunting his ears so perpetually—before you do this, hear what I am."

He went up to her gently, tenderly, and took the hands that hung by her sides.

"Do I not know what you are?" he said swiftly, "my friend, the child of my dear, honoured friend, a woman I respect with my very heart and soul."

She let her hands rest in his; he felt chilled by the coldness, and the nervous thrill that ran throughout her slender frame. His kindness seemed to hurt her.

She gave a little moan.

"Oh, Basil!" she said, brokenly. "Oh, Basil, I think my heart will break!"

He bit his lip suddenly, and his hands closed unconsciously for an instant on her small ones. He did not know until now what the true meaning of the past fortnight had been to him. He controlled himself by a great effort.

"Tell me your sorrow, Justina; turn to me as you would to a brother."

She paused a moment and her beautiful head was bowed a little when she spoke.

"We are dishonoured—there is a shame upon us that nothing will ever wipe out." She had to break off in her speech. "My husband is a forger." Again she paused. "And you are his victim. Stop—do not speak; let me tell you all!"

Feverishly, in a hot, eager way, she tried to pour out the whole story, but her strength failed her. She drew her hand from his and sought for the letter she carried.

"That will tell you all," she said, and she turned away and walked to the window.

Sir Basil read the letter through twice; he said some bitter, strong words between his closed teeth as he did so. Into what a nest of villainess, of blackguardism had this poor, beautiful child fallen?

Before he could speak Justina had turned.

"Oh, Basil! I never thought to beg from anyone, but—I will work—I will slave. Every farthing of this money I will give back to you. Oh! only help me now, only—"

She broke off abruptly as she saw his face. The eloquence of his heart was written on it.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" she faltered, and then she sat down and buried her face in her hands.

He could not speak for a moment; the pain was too great; then he moved slowly across to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"That you should have found it necessary to beg to me, child! Little Just, friend of my boyhood, the world is treating you very hardly. Your cup of sorrow is far too full. It is natural you should doubt and fear and grow frightened of all; but listen to me, dear. I am your friend always; you can trust me to the death. Turn to me whatever comes, Justina; you shall not find I change or fail!"

She lifted her head suddenly and drew his hand to her lips.

"Your friendship is all I have, Basil," she said, and then the tension broke and the tears came.

He stood there motionless for a time. He made no effort to soothe or check her weeping; rather was he glad to see it, glad, that is, in the face of the terrible circumstances that surrounded her.

He moved away after a few moments and walked to and fro quietly. Never in the whole course of his career had he passed through greater mental suffering than that which came to him now.

It was not only the pain of seeing her bowed beneath this last and worst sorrow that contracted his heart; it was a pain that, despite his strong, noble, unselfish nature, forced itself into being in this sad moment.

Nature is too powerful for all of us, however big we may be, and Basil Fothergill's love for Justina Seaton was too great, too real, too absolute to be crushed down by any amount of moral ethics or conventional platitudes.

He loved her with all his heart and soul, and life. He called himself her friend, but he was more than a thousand friends; he loved her, and he yearned over her in her youth and her desolation as a mother yearns over her child.

It was the feeling that he must always be negative in her life, must always stand aloof and do nothing to

save or protect her, no matter how rough the storm, how hard the fight, that hurt him most.

The memory that she belonged to another was a keen agony, the consciousness of the absolute villainess of that other made him clench his hands and set his teeth so that he might control the powerful temptation that swept over him, the temptation to set his heel on this cowardly brute and liberate the girl once and for all from her bondage.

The goodness of this man was something divine to her, sunk as she was in so much that was ignoble and bad. She had known he would help her before she had gone to him, but she had not known that he would give her such overwhelming evidence of his strong, noble nature.

Basil treated her in the wisest fashion.

"You will share my breakfast, Justina," he said, and he rang the bell as he spoke. "Molly is a lazy little kitten, and never gets up till she is absolutely obliged."

Justina tried to falter an excuse. "I must get back. I—I have much to do."

"The more reason you should eat. I am very hungry, and I am sure you must be the same. At my rate, a cup of coffee will not come amiss."

He chatted on as lightly as he could. The breakfast was quickly brought, and he poured out the coffee and waited on her with all the care and attention of a woman.

He made a great pretence of eating himself, but he swallowed very little.

"I am going to take you home," he said, when a few minutes had gone.

Justina shrank a little.

She could not endure the thought of Rupert and this man meeting. Basil's nobility, his generosity, set forth her husband's wrong in far blacker and more despicable lines. The remembrance of the last night's scene was so vividly with her.

Rupert's bravado and swaggering ease till she gave him the letter to read, then his exhibition of fear, his utter cowardice, his supplications to her to help him, to save him, to keep him from the horrors of a prison! Justina shivered as she remembered it all. It had been Rupert and Rupert's agony of fear that had broken down the proud horror with which she was wrapped about.

"Go to Basil Fothergill. He will refuse you nothing. Tell him I repent. Tell him I will work day and night till I have paid him back. Ask him for heaven's sake to be merciful. If I go to prison I shall die, Justina. I shall never live a week. He will listen to you, Justina; he is your friend. Go to him. Go to him!"

This had been the frenzied cry of the coward. Rupert had flung himself at his wife's feet, and gravelled on the ground before her; he had wept and wailed, and almost roused the house by his fear.

Justina had not a clear recollection of how she subdued him. She did it at last, and she used every means to soothe him, and finally she had succeeded; and while she sat staring with hot, tearless eyes into the dead fire, and on to the desolation and destruction of her life, the man who had dragged her to shame and dishonour lay sleeping soundly and sweetly in the next room.

Her natural refinement, her pride, her delicacy of thought, winced at the bare idea of seeing the two men together; but she realised, poor child, that life for her was not to be set in any fashion that was pleasant to her or that her pride demanded; so after that one moment of drawing back, she made no protest. If he desired to go with her he should go.

Basil understood most perfectly all that was passing in the girl's mind. He put on his coat and hat, and after exchanging a few hurried explanatory words with his sister, who naturally did not understand exactly what was happening, he took Justina down the stairs, and, hailing a hansom, they were driven swiftly away back to the miserable place she called her home.

INDIGESTION

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At a few gates away from her door, however, Lassil stopped.

'I will leave you now, dear,' he said, gently, and he helped her to alight.

They had not exchanged a single word during the drive.

'You are tired and would be best by yourself. This afternoon Molly will come and pay you a visit. If you are well enough you will see her; if not, another time. Keep up your heart, Justina. Courage, dear; life cannot always be so dark and sad. Anyhow, remember, whatever comes, I am your true—your loyal friend.'

He wrung her hand and held it for an instant within his, then, turning abruptly, he jumped into the hansom again, and before she could scarcely realise it he was driven rapidly away.

Sick and trembling from the agitation, the emotions this eventful morning had brought her, Justina went slowly back to her home.

The room was empty when she entered. She was glad of the respite. She dreaded the very thought of Rupert.

She had no definite plan, only she felt she could not endure to go on living in the fashion they had been living these past months. With the shadow of this shame hanging perpetually over them, Justina did not know what life would be like in the future. Only they must go from here; they must reduce their expenses. She must work even harder than she had done. Rupert must also do his share of the work.

She would not be able to breathe or move freely till this debt had been wiped off. It was almost too great to be realised—it would take years of hard labour and economy to reduce it, but it must be done—it must be reduced. The shame would never go, but the debt must be paid.

She sat there thinking and thinking in a dull, half stupid way, and she never moved when the door opened and the landlady came in.

'Come, my dear, rouse yourself,' the woman said, with genuine pity and sympathy in her voice. 'I know it ain't easy to bear partings; but there, America ain't no distance nowadays, and Mr Seaton, he'll be back afore you know where you are.'

Justina sat looking at the woman in a dull, set way. The landlady meandered on; evidently she imagined the girl was grief stricken for her husband's departure.

Suddenly Justina found her voice. 'What—what are you saying?' she said, hoarsely, feebly.

The woman explained again her sympathy and pity. Rupert had managed to deceive her quite easily.

'When he told me he had sent you out so as you should have no farewells—I knew what it would be when you came back, that I did. Come, now, Mrs Seaton, look up your good man will be back this side of Christmas, I'll be bound. Let me help you off with your cloak, my dear, and let me give you a good, strong cup of tea.'

Justina pushed herself on her feet somehow.

'Rupert gone! Rupert gone!' that was the thought that oppressed her. She stood looking about her uncertainly, and then her eyes caught sight of a letter standing on the mantel-shelf, propped up in front of the clock.

Her senses came back to her in a feeble way. She managed to dismiss the landlady.

'Yes—yes—I will have tea,' she said, eager only to be alone and getting rid of the woman's officious though well-meant kindness at any cost.

As the door closed she crossed the room and took up the letter. The faintness was still in her head and frame, but her mind was perfectly clear now. With cold, trembling hands she broke the envelope. Rupert had written evidently in a great hurry.

'Justina, good-bye! I am not coming back. I am tired of the sort of life I have been condemned to lead with you for the last year. Our marriage was a mistake. I am sorry for you, and I am very sorry for myself. I don't suppose we shall trouble one another much more in the future. I have got a good start now, and I mean to make the most of it. I have no scruple in leaving you to take care of yourself, for you are quite able to do this, and if you stick to your work you can never starve. I have taken a few odds and ends just to help me on my journey, and I have enough money to keep me going for a little while, thanks to my clever acting, Ayresworth's clever letter, and your exertions on my behalf. Once more, good-bye.'

She stood there frozen into a statue as she read these words. The infamy, the brutal shame and cruelty of it was more than she could bear. To dishonour her frat, then to trick her by his confederate's aid and his own cunning into being an accomplice to his crime; to grovel at her feet as a coward, and at last to force her by his tears to do that which was bitter as death itself to her; to wait till she was gone forth on this errand of humiliation and mental pain, and then to desert her and to carry off with him the money he had stolen from the one, the only friend she possessed in the world!

With a cry that was scarcely human, so terrible was the anguish at her heart, the poor creature flung the letter far from her into the heart of the burning coals, and then, as the door opened and the landlady came luck once more, Justina turned with a sob and a moan; she staggered backward, and before the woman could reach her she was lying senseless on the floor.

(To be continued.)



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That this means good health may not be entirely clear from the doctor's statement, but any girl who has tried the pills can tell that they give red lips, pink cheeks, bright eyes, absence of headache, in fact, the radiant beauty which health alone can give.

Mrs. J. Agnew, Hillsborough, near Onehunga, Auckland, N.Z., writes:—'Dear Sirs,—I wish to let you know how much good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me. I was for years completely prostrated with sciatica in my back and legs, and lastly it affected my arms. I did not make my own bed for more than a year. My right arm became paralyzed in one night, and my left leg from the hip joint to the knee became quite dead in the flesh. A neighbour told my husband to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he sent for some. I tried them, and when I began to take the second box I felt they were doing me more good than I was able to explain. They took away the pain and strengthened me. My arm became alive, and the dead flesh on my thigh got to be as sound as it used to be, and all my complaints one by one got easier. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for two months. Please to publish my letter for the sake of other poor sufferers. I am quite sure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with God's blessing, have saved my life.'

The genuine package always bears the full name. At all chemists and retailers or sent by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., 90 Strand & Co. Wellington. On receipt of price 3/- per box or 1/6 for six boxes.

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 when purchasing your Cycle—
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IT LAUGHS AT MUD!!

The Columbia Chainless—
 The Bicycle of the Future.

Exhaustively tested and widely accepted as the
 'Standard of the World.' For Hill-climbing
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PRICE:

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The YEREX AND JONES Co.,
 ALL OVER.

CYCLING.

W. B. Bell, the Dunedin cyclist, made a successful attempt to lower the fifty miles New Zealand road record recently. The course was from Riccarton to Milton and back. Bell, paced by two triplets and two landams, started from Riccarton at 3.15 p.m., and despite two punctures completed the distance in two hours twenty-three minutes twenty-nine seconds, which is two minutes better than the previous record. Not satisfied with this performance, Bell made another trial on Saturday to still further reduce the record. The course was the same as before. He kept urging on his pace makers, and with such good effect that he completed the fifty miles in the very smart time of two hours eight minutes 49 seconds, breaking the previous best (his own) by 14 minutes 40 seconds, and breaking the Australian record as well reducing it by no less than 12 minutes 11 seconds. 'The roads were in fair order.'

Some of our local riders have been experimenting with long cranks during the season with varying success. The following letter on the question, contributed to 'Scottish Sport,' will be of interest to racing men: 'If you lengthen your crank without proportionately increasing your gear, you are merely making your work easier

or your pace slower for the same expenditure of effort. To urge that there is some occult influence at work in an eight inch crank that is absent in a six inch or seven inch is simply rot. There is a certain length of leverage best suited to every rider according to his locality, but the benefits accruing from that successful means are not prodigious and scarcely induce me to advise you to experiment in order to find it. Use is second nature in such matters, and to a man who has all his cycling career ridden comfortably on a six and a half inch crank I would say, "Throw physic to the dogs"—otherwise let well alone. For nothing is so upsetting to the comfort of a cyclist as an alteration of crank length, saddle or handle bar position. You will doubtless wear into it, but as likely as not you won't have the patience, or having it will find at best that you are not a whit better off than you were before, if not actually worse.

I was much amused, writes our London correspondent, by the proposed and preposterous regulations of the Christchurch City Council for the regulation of the cycle traffic in the City of the Plains. I doubt if even the City Corporation here would propose such drastic measures for its crowded thoroughfares. At the same time Christchurch cyclists seem to attach less importance to the bell than do English wheelmen. Our Local Government Act, 1888, makes it compulsory on a cyclist to give warning of his approach when overtaking vehicles, animals, or pedestrians, by sounding a bell or whistle, or otherwise giving audible and sufficient warning. The rule is on the whole religiously observed, and makes for the safety of both pedestrian and cyclist. Of course there are some nervous fools who, as soon as they hear a bell behind them, begin to tuck wildly about the road, and end by missing stays and causing a wreck, but a strict observance of the bell rule gradually accustoms the man in the street, and the woman, which is more important, to regard it merely as a warning, and to hold on his or her course. Every careful cyclist too makes a special point of ringing his bell when turning a corner, an absolutely essential precaution for the avoidance of collisions.

The veteran English rider, Mr A. J. Wilson, characterises 1898 as 'the brake year,' on account of the general attention and popular use of this most important of cycling accessories during that year. Even the reckless 'scorcher' now finds that the use of a brake adds speed to his movements a wheel, because instead of having to exercise some caution on approaching unknown steep hills he goes ahead confident in the knowledge that by the aid of his brake he can control speed at his own sweet will.

If you want to make a really first-class cycle lamp oil, you can obtain it by using the following formula: 'Take one pint of colza oil, half a pint of paraffin, and half an ounce of camphor. This mixture will give a perfect oil for cycle lamps.'

A cabbiegram from London last week announced that the Cyclists' Touring Club, which brought an action against the landlady of an hotel at Oakham for refusing to serve Viscountess Harberton with lunch except in the bar parlour, where a number of smokers were congregated, because the viscountess wore rational costume, had lost the case.

A short time ago a conviction was recorded by a Bristol Bench against a cyclist who had not his lamp lighted one hour after sunset, regulated by Greenwich time. The Cyclists' Touring Club have given notice of appeal, in order to settle whether the Local Government Act refers to Greenwich time, or if deductions are to be made according to the longitude and latitude of the different towns. Counsel, who is regarded as an authority on highway law, has been consulted by the Cyclists' Touring Club, and his opinion is that the period between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise referred to in the Act must be calculated with reference to the actual times of sunset and sunrise in each locality, and not with reference to the Greenwich time.

Clarke's B B Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 1/- each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.



THE AUCKLAND VOLUNTEER CONTINGENT CHOSEN FOR SERVICE IN SAMOA.



MAJOR T. L. MURRAY, NO. 1 BATTALION.

Who offered the services of his Battalion to the Government.



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ACTING-MAJOR D. B. WHITE, NO. 2 BATTALION
(IN COMMAND OF THE CONTINGENT.)

LIEUT. THOMPSON,
(NO. 3 NATIVES.)

LIEUT. G. B. WITHER,
(COLLEGE RIFLES.)



SERGEANTS OF THE CONTINGENT.

SERGEANT L. H. MOSES,
(No. 1 NATIVES.)

SERGEANT W. C. SMITH,
(No. 3 NATIVES.)

SIGNAL-SERGEANT R. AYLETT, SERGEANT J. D. G. SHERA,
(VICTORIA RIFLES.) (COLLEGE RIFLES.)

SERGEANT MCINTOSH,
(VICTORIA RIFLES.)

COLOUR-SERGEANT W. MCINTOSH,
(VICTORIA RIFLES.)

Photos by Hanna.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THROUGH THE AUCKLAND PROVINCE WITH THE GOVERNOR.

The photographic reproductions that we publish this week conclude the series illustrative of the provincial tour of His Excellency the Governor, Lord Ranfurly. The second day spent at Coromandel—Tuesday, the 28th ult.—ranked, in its way, as one of the most interesting portions of the tour. As has been already detailed, a visit was paid to the Royal Oak mine, where His Excellency started a water power scheme, which had been completed at a cost of £7,000 or £8,000. Briefly, the principle of the scheme is that the water compresses air, and this, after being carried by over a mile of pipes, drives the machinery at the mine, exactly in the same manner as steam would do. The pressure generated is, I believe, 60lb to the square inch. As can be seen by the picture adjacent to the main battery, where lunch was held, the party, with the exception of the Governor, made the excursion on horseback, and as there must have been at least half a hundred present, the cavalcade was by no means unimposing. Everyone enjoyed themselves very much, and although naturally out of a large party of naval officers from H.M.S. Mildura there were one or two who were a little at sea aboard a prancing steed, minor details, like the starting of the water power scheme, went off without a mishap or hitch. The road is very fair, and its only drawback is that occasionally, both in ascent and descent, one feels a little like a fly crawling up or down a wall.

It is needless to say that the photographer, kodak fiend, snap-shotter, and geotry of the same fraternity who otherwise class themselves, bobbed up serenely, as if an indigenous product of the soil everywhere on the trip; but Thames quite broke the record. An industrious gentleman in blue informed me that he counted no less than thirty-one photographers on the morning of the 29th at the Thames, and although his regard for veracity may not have been of that order which abhors exaggeration, there certainly were a good number of 'body snatchers' in the vicinity of the reception. The photos we give of this function, which attracted the largest crowd which assembled during His Excellency's recently concluded tour of the province, explain themselves sufficiently to require no comment. Thames was that day thoroughly en fete. A public holiday was strictly observed, and the reception was in every way a distinct success, and to this happy issue the large crowd, of which the photos give a fair conception, contributed in a considerable measure.

LAKE HARRIS, MIDDLE ISLAND N.Z.

This little known and rarely visited lake is situated in the Southland district of the Middle Island. It lies on the summit of the track from the head of Lake Wakatipu to Martin's Bay on the West Coast of the island. An attempt made many years ago to form a settlement at Martin's Bay by the Provincial Government of Otago, and after the expenditure of a considerable sum of money in forming the track to it, resulted in failure, and the traveller in search of the picturesque now usually takes the alternative route by the Greenstone, along the magnificent valley of the Hollyford, lying immediately at the back of the West Coast Sounds. The lake itself is comparatively a small sheet of water, but its features are in remarkable contrast to the sister lakes in the neighbourhood, having a stern, gloomy aspect, shrouded usually in clouds and mist, and in winter frozen over. A mystery also attaches to the stream issuing from it not accounted for by the extent of its own watershed, and travellers to Martin's Bay have been known to have crossed over it in winter time without being aware of its existence.

THE CASQUETS.

A cablegram of a recent date brought the news of a disastrous shipwreck in the English Channel. The steamer Stella, running a special excursion from Southampton to the Channel Islands, was overtaken by a

fog, and in the obscurity struck on a dangerous group of rocks lying some seven miles west of Alderney, and known as the Casquets. As the vessel was going full speed at the time, she sustained such serious damage that fifteen minutes after the accident she foundered. Great bravery was shown by both passengers and crew, and every attempt was made to save life, but upwards of seventy are supposed to have perished.

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.

RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palm, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly, crusted scalp, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure.

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Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, London. POTTER, BROS & CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A. "All About the Skin," post free.

ITCHING HUMOURS CUTICURA REMEDIES.



The Falling Leaves Give Warning of Water

So the falling of the hair tells of the approach of age and declining power. No matter how barren the tree nor how leafless it may seem, you confidently expect leaves again. And why?

Because there is Life at the Roots.

So you need not worry about the falling of your hair, the threatened departure of your youth and beauty. And why? Because if there is a spark of life remaining in the roots of the hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor

will rouse it into healthy activity. The hair causes to come out: it begins to grow; and to glory of youth is restored to you.

TEN PUDDINGS of a PINT

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

BOWLING.

AUCKLAND (GRAFTON) CLUB.

The following games were played on the Grafton green on Saturday:— No. 1 Rink: Allen, Ingall, Moritzson, Buttle (skip), 13, v. Kayll, Ziman, Ross, Hutton (skip), 22. No. 2 Rink: Denniston, Elliott, Culpan, Thorne (skip), 16, v. Shackelford, Pirie, Carlaw, A. W. Thomson (skip), 22. No. 3 Rink: Steele, Dunk, Woodhead, Buttle (skip), 23, v. Milroy, P. A. Phillips, Dr. King, Dr. Hooper (skip), 19. No. 4 Rink: Beere, Plummer, Coleman, Towsey (skip), 12, v. Butler, Scott, Crawford, Gorrie (skip), 28. No. 5 Rink: L. Myers, Leser, A. Myers, Mennie (skip), 24, v. Shaw, Knight, Mahoney, Ledingham (skip), 16. No. 6 Rink: Lea, Spreckley, Hosking, Hancock (skip), 17, v. Lewis, W. S. Jones, James, Hegman (skip), 19. No. 7 Rink: J. McK, Geddes, Bruce (skip), 20, v. Alken, J. Miller (skip), 18. The following is the result of the first draw for the Grafton consolation prize:—Haume v. Woodhead, H. Thompson v. Hegman, Butler v. Hosking, Coleman v. Knight, Squirrel v. Rhodes, Towsey v. Haslett, Jones v. Plummer, Dr. King v. Ingall, Schleichka v. Mennie, Shackelford v. Miller, Michaels v. Scott, Crawford v. Lambert, Buttle v. Gorrie, Powley v. Holden, McCallum v. Gilmour, James v. Lea, Kayll v. Campbell, Steele v. Moritzson, Dr. Hooper v. Curle, Lewis v. A. Myers, Denniston v. Cattie, L. Myers v. Prime, Ziman v. Harris, A. W. Thomson v. First draw must be finished by Saturday, April 15.

PONSONBY CLUB.

PONSONBY V. NEWMARKET.

Two teams from the Newmarket Club and two from the Mount Albert Club paid a visit to the Ponsonby Club's green on Saturday afternoon. The Newmarket teams won by 11 points. The Mount Albert teams were defeated by 58 points. The following are the scores:—No. 1 Rink: C. G. Jones, J. Buchanan, T. Brown, J. Kirker (skip), 12, v. W. Kent, A. Anderson, J. Klugour, W. Southwell (skip), 25. No. 2 Rink: J. Stichbury, D. Stewart, J. B. Berrill, R. Ballantyne (skip), 20, v. I. Dunstha, J. Cahill, W. W. Brookes, C. G. Laurie (skip), 15. Totals: Ponsonby, 32; Newmarket, 43. Majority for Newmarket, 11.

PONSONBY V. MOUNT ALBERT.

No. 6 Rink: T. Watson, W. J. Rees, A. Litter, A. Stewart (skip), 42, v. Bouskill, Collage, T. Edgar, T. Stewart (skip), 8. No. 8 Rink: J. Blades, A. Sutherland, A. S. Russell, D. B. McDonald (skip), 32, v. E. Barker, Harrison, Farley, J. W. James (skip), 8. Totals: Ponsonby, 74; Mount Albert, 16. Majority for Ponsonby, 58. The following games were also played:—No. 8 Rink: J. W. Stewart, Boyce, C. Westgate, J. Hutchison (skip), 29, v. W. Mitchell, Burton, A. Bartlett, A. J. Hurdall (skip), 17. No. 2 Rink: E. H. Matthews, J. Hudson, C. Bromfield, J. Gray (skip), 22, v. R. Gallows, D. J. Wright, J. C. Robinson, A. H. Brookes (skip), 20. No. 5 Rink: Hodgson, R. Tudehope (skip), 31, v. Greenhough, J. Becroft, second (skip), 13. Semi-final matches for first-year players:—No. 2 Rink: T. Ussher, 16, v. J. Warren, 31. No. 4 Rink: H. Munro, 26, v. S. D. Hanna, 14. Final:—No. 2 Rink: H. Munro, 9, v. J. Warren, 22.

MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

The following games were played:—No. 1 Rink: M. Tregaskis, J. M. Morran, C. Hudson, H. H. Place (skip), 19, v. A. M. Newman, W. Kady, J. Till, A. F. Hooper (skip), 22. No. 2 Rink: H. Woods, H. O. Brown (skip), 23, v. Captain Muller, J. E. Hooton (skip), 24. No. 3 Rink: For Jas. Dawar and Son's bowls: S. Gray, J. James, L. Andrews (skip), 6, v. M. Macky, M. C. Brookes (skip), 24, v. H. M. Garland, T. Jones, D. Ferguson, G. B. Thwaites (skip), 12.

PARNELL CLUB.

The following games were played:—No. 1 Rink: McIntosh Garland (skip), 8, v. Wright, Hunt (skip), 22. No. 2 Rink: Darroch (Chambers) (skip), 13, v. Harris, Collins (skip), 27. No. 3 Rink: Purchas, Dr. Lalesley (skip), 14, v. Rev. MacMurray, Mackechnie (skip), 26. No. 4 Rink: Kerry, May (skip), 14, v. Cottle, Haselden (skip), 17. Next Saturday the holders of the club challenge bowls will be required to defend their right to them, as a challenge has been lodged by Messrs Kerry, Purchas, May, and Hunt.

REMUERA CLUB.

The following games were played:—No. 1 Rink: Brown, Finlayson, Rev. W. Beatty, McLean (skip), 6, v. Macky, M. Jones, R. Hull, Mackie (skip), 13. No. 2 Rink: Brown, Macky, Laxon, Rev. W. Beatty (skip), 13, v. Maxwell, Heron, Hardie, Bruce (skip), 21. No. 3 Rink: Goddard, Howell, Kingswell, Dingwall (skip), 15, v. Stevenson, Ching, G. Court, R. Hull (skip), 14. No. 4 Rink: Wright, Hull, Clark, Ruddle (skip), 27, v. Heriot, Jones, Lennon, Hunter (skip), 22. No. 5 Rink: Valle, Falgout, F. W. Court (skip), 23, v. Finlayson, Hutton, Ross (skip).

DEVONPORT CLUB.

On Saturday last a good number of bowlers attended on the green. Miss

Eagleton provided afternoon tea. The following games were played:—

No. 1 Rink: Stewart, Lerner, Harvey, Cameron (skip), 12, v. Eyre, Best, Glenister, Eagleton (skip), 22. No. 2 Rink: Byles, Valle, Phillips, Harrison (skip), 18, v. Mitchell, Taylor, Dacre, Brookes (skip), 23. No. 3 Rink: Archie, Malcolm (skip), 14, v. Dixon, Montgomery (skip), 15. Semi-final, President's trophy: Craig-mille, 18, v. Eagleton, 23. Semi-final, Kohn's gold medal: Glenister, 11, v. Eagleton, 31. Final, President's trophy: Harrison, 13, v. Eagleton, 22.

LAWN TENNIS.

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

WON BY HOOPER.

The final of the Tennis Association Championship of Auckland, played on the Eden and Epsom lawn on Saturday afternoon, between Messrs Hooper and Peacock, resulted in a win for the former. The three sets, all of which were won by Hooper, 7-5, 6-3, 6-2, were well contested. Hooper played steadily, his volleying being very effective, while his ground strokes were accurately placed. Peacock made some excellent returns, but his volleying was weak. Mr H. Parker acted as umpire, Messrs McLean and Dawson being in charge of the lines. Mr Hooper has now won the challenge cup of the Association three times—in 1896, 1897, and 1898—and it now becomes his own property.

Mr A. Heather, president of the Eden and Epsom Club, presented Mr Hooper with the cup, and handed over several trophies that have been won during the season. Miss A. Nicholson (lady champion of Auckland) was presented with the championship medal, and with a silver scent bottle won on the Eden and Epsom lawn. Mr Heather also handed to Miss Kitty Brown the rose bowl which she won. There was a large attendance on the lawn, and afternoon tea was handed round by the lady members of the club.

AUCKLAND CYCLING CLUB

The president of the above club (Mr F. S. Malcolm) was, on Saturday evening last, tendered a farewell smoke concert at the Foresters' Hall, Newton, he intending to take up his permanent residence in Christchurch. Mr A. M. Myers occupied the chair, and seated on his right was the guest of the evening, Hon. J. Carroll, (Colonial Secretary), F. Lawry, M.H.R., and Mr DeBeers, of the Anglo-N.Z. Cycle Company, Dunedin. The usual loyal toasts having been duly honoured, Mr E. Nordon proposed 'Her Majesty's Ministers,' and on behalf of the members extended a cordial welcome to the Colonial Secretary. Hon. J. Carroll in reply thanked those present for the hearty manner in which they had received the toast, and in the course of a rousing speech warmly complimented the Auckland boys for the patriotic spirit displayed in the late Samoan crisis. At the conclusion of the hon. gentleman's speech there were loud calls for a song, to which he responded by singing 'The Swanee River,' and this item being vociferously encored he gave a humorous recitation. The chairman then presented to Mr Malcolm a full size handsomely framed enlargement of himself, and in eulogistic terms referred to the valuable services rendered by him to the club, and stated that he was echoing the sentiments of all the members when he said that he hoped Mr Malcolm would return to Auckland at no very distant date. Mr Malcolm suitably responded. The medals won at the late championship meeting were then presented to Messrs E. Reynolds, R. A. Dexter, and J. Crozier. Mr D. Crozier was presented with a handsome sugar basin by the members on the occasion of his approaching marriage. 'The Visitors,' proposed by Mr Arthur White, was responded to by Messrs DeBeers, Donald (Otago Cycling Club), and Robertson (Pioneer Bicycle Club, Christchurch). During the evening songs and recitations were given by Messrs F. Lawry, M.H.R., W. Ingham, P. Blackman, W. Ryan, G. Newsome, W. B. Eyre, Donald, Hon. J. Carroll, etc. A pleasant evening was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

Notes & Notions.

(By our Flippant Flanour.)

The unconquerable aversion, which even the most wretchedly poor have to entering any charitable institution as inmates, is not by any means confined to the 'Old Country,' where, as is well-known, thousands absolutely prefer to positively die of starvation and exposure, rather than enter 'the house.' At Wellington last week, a poor old body, who applied for temporary relief, was offered the shelter of the Ohio Home, but refused in a most emphatic and really somewhat heartrending fashion to accept the offer. She had previously tried the Home and didn't like it. 'For God's sake, gentlemen, don't ask me to go back there,' sobbed the old lady pitifully. 'I can't do it; you don't know what I have suffered.' According to the report several of the Trustees favoured allowing her rations and half-a-crown a week for rent, which would be cheaper than keeping her in the Home, but objection was made to this on the ground that it was a wrong principle to go upon, and if it was done in one case it would have to be done in others. On a division being taken it was found that the Trustees were evenly balanced on the question. The Chairman then gave his casting vote against the proposed out-door relief, and the applicant was informed that she must go to the Home or remain unassisted.

No doubt the decision was in its way judicious, but one cannot help sighing over it, and feeling uncomfortable for the sake of the poor old woman. It is perfectly true to point out (as no doubt the Chairman did) that she would be well cared for and 'much better off' in the Home than out; but oh dear, how well one understands the feeling which would endure privation outside, rather than bodily comfort where one has to live by rule and rote, and loses persons freedom of independence. Out-door relief is, one is aware, radically wrong in principle, but it makes one's heart ache that it is so. My morals are very weak on this subject, I fear, for though I know it's infinitely mischievous, I cannot resist 'promiscuous charity,' nor before I left the Old Country was I ever able to refuse the few half-pence craved by a beggar for bread, by knowing that of a certainty it would be spent in beer. If any Wellington reader likes to find out if the old lady still needs relief, and cares to interest himself (or herself) on her behalf, I shall be glad to contribute my mite.

An excellent idea for an afternoon's amusement comes from Gore, where the local bowlers met the local tennis players at a tournament, each playing the other's game, the bowlers tennis, and the tennis-players bowls. According to the 'Southland News,' one team of tennis players played especially good games of bowls, making a most creditable display against the flower of the Howling Club's flock. The attempts of some of the bowlers to fathom the deep, dark mysteries of tennis as she should be played were productive of the most intense enjoyment on the part of spectators, the doughty veterans of the more placid and ancient pastime of bowls giving an exhibition of tennis playing which came quite as a revelation to those used to witnessing the common or garden system of accomplishing the game. Despite drawbacks in the facts that the bowlers more frequently drove the tennis balls into the ditch than over the net, and that the tennis players became at times hopelessly bewildered amongst 'jacks,' 'burnt heads,' and other terms of that ilk, a splendid afternoon's amusement, strongly tinged with heartening excitement, was extracted from the proceedings, the Tennis Club securing a victory of two points in the aggregate scores. Assuredly, this is worth trying in other places. It must be great sport.

Speaking of bowls reminds me of another bowling yarn I came across this week in my peregrinations through the Southern papers. At the Thurau bowling tournament one generous rink, being about eighteen up

at the last head, played a fiery, untamed game as far from the 'jack' as possible, in order that their opponents might 'lie' a few, and make the score card look a little less decisive. They succeeded in getting the defeated rink four or five shots in, but the skip of the latter with his last bowl got 'wounded' and drove a short one of the winning rink's about ten feet up the green, when it rolled gently on to the 'jack.' This is another instance of the cussedness of things inanimate, or of the futility of Dutch bowls.

Foreigners, when they get into the witness box, not unusually create some amusement, as, for instance one individual did in Auckland the other day when he observed excitedly to the magistrate that 'all dem stupid questions make me vild'; but in Melbourne last week a young Greek went further than furnishing food for smiles—he created a sensation. He had accused a fellow-Greek of wounding him with a knife, and the inspector conducting the case asked him how the wound was caused. A constable had just previously handed up a long knife to the witness, who toyed with it until the sub-inspector's question was put. Then his eye flashed, and he said, 'How? I show you how he do it.' He grabbed the hilt of the knife, lifted his arm high into the air, and swung round. The bench bobbed, and the clerk, who was immediately opposite to the witness, ducked scientifically, while the press reporters felt the danger of the situation. A constable standing near the box made away, and none too soon, for the witness, with a swoop, turned round and flung the weapon towards a door. It stuck in the wood-work, and some force had to be exerted to pull it out. 'There,' said the witness, as he surveyed the shaking knife, 'That's how he do it.'

The constable took the knife and kept possession of it and the audience breathed freely.

The temperance party have a champion who does not mince matters, in Mr William Heady, of Dunedin, who has been writing to the Dunedin 'Star' a vigorous appeal to Christian voters. He expresses the opinion that the country will not be 'inconceivable over the loss of a few of the old hands, and in regard to some of them a change can hardly be a change for the worse. We do, however, desire that the coming men may be of such stuff as statesmen are made, if there is any of that commodity to be had.' Obviously Mr Heady is not hopeful on this point, nor does he believe that ability is the first essential. The first point in his opinion is soundness on the temperance question. A 'nincompoop, sound on the temperance question, would be preferable to a candidate as clever as Satan—if, like Satan, the candidate is friendly to the liquor traffic. When we enter the polling booth it is to the help of the mighty against the Lord, or the help of the Lord against the mighty—which shall it be? Of course, the enthusiastic gentleman is entitled to his opinion, but surely it would be rather unwise to trust the legislation and management of the colony to 'nincompoops' solely because they happened to be strong on the temperance question.

One hears at times of singular lapses of memory, and a case that occurred in Masterton last week deserves (as the Wairarapa 'Star' observes truly) to rank with the most laughable. A business man brought his bicycle to town in the morning, and about an hour afterwards required to use it. It could not be found anywhere about the premises. Visions of a bicycle thief breaking records on his beloved wheel rose before him, and immediately he offered the sum of £1 for information as to its whereabouts. In a short space of time about half a dozen young men were scouring the town looking for the bicycle. Their efforts were fruitless, and it was not until a small boy returned it to its owner's office that he suddenly remembered that he had left it for repairs at a shop.

The crusade against street betting means bad times for those who follow the gentle art of book-making. 'Coming events,' one knows, 'throw their shadows before,' and according to a Wellington contemporary one book-maker of the Empire City has already discovered that under the new regulations there is no royal road to

wealth, by the book-maker's path, and he yesterday requested a newspaper representative to inform the public that 'from yesterday he had given the game best, and was going back to earn an honest living by his trade.' This book-maker is going to mend people's 'soles' now, instead, as is frequently alleged, of damaging them. My Wellington colleague commends the ex 'bookie' for his effort at earning a more respectable livelihood, and hopes his example may be widely followed. Of course, of course, so do I, but the world's a sad, bad place, and 'I hae me doots.'

The past week witnessed one particularly picturesque, and in its way important, ceremonial, when the Premier unveiled the monument which the Ngaitahu Maoris have erected on the site of the old Kaiapoi pah, near Waikuku, to commemorate their invasion of the district, and the victorious campaign which is so glorious an incident of the tribe's history. The incident was picturesque because of its surroundings, and the pictures it called up of the old days. It was not unimportant, as being perhaps the first instance of a purely native movement in the direction of commemorating old time victories, after the fashion of the pakeha with monuments. The monument is a giant 'tiki' placed on the summit of a stone column some 28 feet high, and as the earthwork on which the column stands is 12 feet high, it will be easily understood that the whole affair is of an imposing nature. Naturally, the tribe made much of the occasion, and hospitality was dispensed in the regal fashion of the good old times. Shark in huge quantities, eels by the hundred weight, and potatoes by the ton were served cooked in Maori fashion, while several bullocks were roasted whole. It was indeed a joyful occasion, and naturally there was much dancing and a prodigious amount of 'korero.' The unveiling ceremony was decidedly impressive, and the speeches in the main excellent. According to a contemporary one amusing incident was the fearful and wonderful manner in which the Premier pronounced some of the Maori names. He started off splendidly we are told, and uttered Ngaitahu in a way that really left nothing to be desired. Apparently he had rehearsed it beforehand with excellent results. As he warmed to his subject, however, his ideas of Maori pronunciation gradually evaporated and presently, to the bewilderment of his audience, he was speaking of the Nahi-hutis, the Nat-tuis, and finally 'Nattytoos.' The oldest Maori present failed to recognise his ancestors in this last disguise, and came to the conclusion that the Premier was inventing Maori history and Maori tribes on a principle of his own. But on the whole the Premier did excellently well, and the whole affair was, as I said to start with, picturesque in the extreme.

The latest use for paper, according to a German technical paper, is for the production of bath robes. The material used for this purpose is rather thick, and resembles common blotting paper. The bath robes made of this material cling to the body immediately after being put on, and as the paper takes up the moisture very eagerly the drying of the body takes place very rapidly. Furthermore, the paper in a bad conductor of heat, and as such it acts as a protection against quick changes of the temperature, preventing the wearer from catching cold. Slippers and hoods are also made of the same material. These robes are very cheap, costing but a few cents apiece.

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OLD AGE PENSIONS. GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

The Office of the Old Age Pensions has been removed from the Customs to the Government Insurance Buildings, Queen-street, side entrance.
By Order,
JNO. KING, Deputy Registrar.
Auckland, April 8, 1899.


PUBLIC NOTIFICATION.

The Office of the under-mentioned Electorates, viz.:
CITY OF AUCKLAND
PARNELL
MANUKAU and
EDEN
Has been removed from the Customs to the Government Insurance Buildings, Queen-street, side entrance.
By Order,
JNO. KING, Registrar of Electors.
Auckland, April 8, 1899.

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91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

The Governor's Visit to the Thames.



Hearst Portrait Co.

H. J. GREENSLADE,
Mayor of the Thames.

says I must. Of course, I want to get my own way sometimes; but, then, it wouldn't be any fun unless I had to coax for it. And oh! I want to be quite sure that he gives way in trifles to please me. I should like to marry a man who does not think women are just pretty playthings, to be pleased with sugar plums, and played with and petted in odd half-hours. I want to be friends with my husband, and treated like a rational being. I don't want him to 'talk down' to my level—even an ordinary girl is moderately intelligent—and I want him to take it for granted that I am interested in the things which interest him. That need not prevent him petting me, though! I should like to be taken care of, and

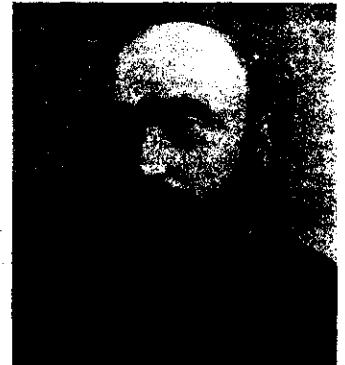


J. STEEDMAN,
County Councillor.



ALBERT BRUCK,
Town Clerk.

gone so far as to provide herself with an immense Ethiopian, garbed in barbaric splendour, to guard her boudoir. He it is who figures conspicuously at his mistress' famous afternoon teas. The ebony giant seems scarce in keeping with the fragile china. However, he is a novelty, and therefore is interesting to society folks.



J. CORBETT,
County Councillor.
Fox, photos.

petted, and permitted to order him about and dictate about his ties and buttonholes, and yet know all the while that I'm only being allowed to have my own way, and that in anything of real importance my will must give way to his.

Not content with ultra-English butlers and footmen, New York women must go further abroad for their men servants. The East now supplies a large quota of serving men for the fashionable mansions of New York. Japanese footmen, with profound salaams, now receive the incoming guests. Turks of imposing mien and gorgeous garb preside over the butler's pantry. One of the leaders has

MEN AND WOMEN.

Artists tell us that the pose of the head and the line of the neck have been very much altered for the worse by women wearing high, stiff collars. A comparison of the paintings of the female figure by the old masters with those of very modern painters will show some surprising differences in important details. The presence of a stiff, high band worn about the neck, as all the world knows, changes the pose of the head to a marked degree, and this practice, continued for generations, causes some important changes in the form of the muscles of the neck, which soon become permanent. An artist of repute says that the human form has not only suffered by the use of unnatural collars, but that many of the most beautiful lines have actually been lost through their influence. He points out that the pose of the head in the old paintings is perfectly simple and natural. The lines of the neck are round and flow easily in graceful curves. These lines contrast so sharply with those of modern pictures that the difference, he says, must be instantly noticeable to everyone, whether he be an artist or not. The influence of the high collar is often to give the head a strained pose.



H. C. GILLESPIE,
Member Harbour Board.

The language of the Royal family at the present day is English, though when the Prince Consort was alive it was German. French is spoken at the reception of ambassadors and at official entertainments. It is said that the two Englishmen who speak French best, and with a faultless accent, are the Prince of Wales and Sir Charles Dilke.

Quite a commotion has been caused in France, where everything just now is more or less in a ferment of excitement, by the statement of M. le Vicomte A. de Royer, the well known French authority on heraldry, that a French aristocracy does not exist. He estimates that out of the 45,000 so-called nobles families in France some 25,000 have not the least claim to bear the title, and of 20,000 having such a claim there are only some 450 existing houses that are sang pur and sang d'azur.

This is a young woman's description of the man she would like to have as a husband:—I don't care whether he is good-looking or not, a bit!—though I should like him to be, because I want everyone to admire him as much as I do. But he must be strong, you know—strong, so he makes me feel I must do what he tells me, just because he



W. HEBBLE,
Chairman Harbour Board.
Fox, photos.



Hanna, photo.

R. S. BUSH,
The Thames Warden.

MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL BODIES AND MINERS' UNION CONSTITUTING THE COMMITTEE WHO RECEIVED HIS EXCELLENCY.

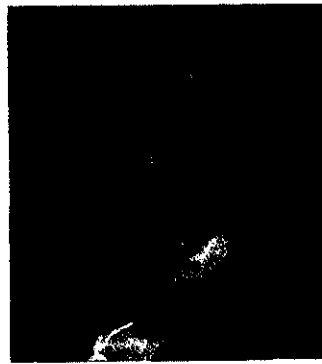
The Governor's Visit to the Thames.



J. L. WALTON,
County Councillor.



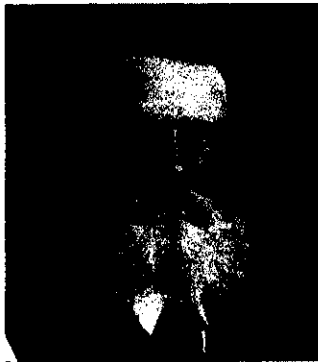
JAMES MCGOWAN, M.H.R.



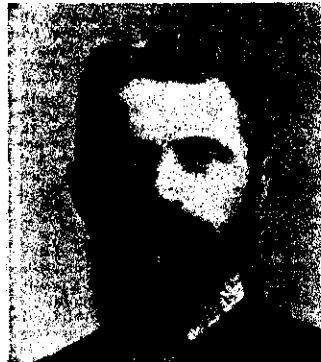
JAMES MCENTERR,
County Councillor.



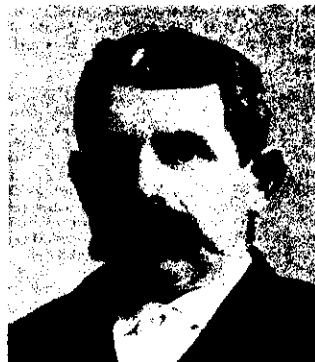
T. A. DUNLOP,
County Chairman.



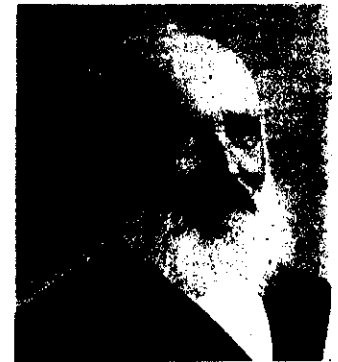
T. KILGOUR,
County Councillor.



GEORGE S. CLARKE,
Borough Councillor.



W. DAVEY,
Borough Councillor.



E. W. HOLLIS,
County Clerk.



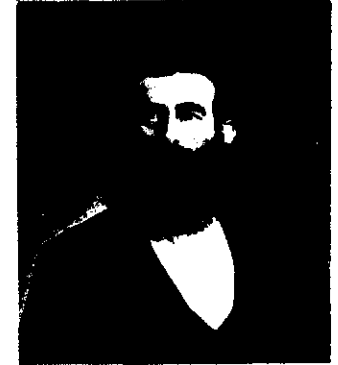
W. LUCAS,
Secretary Miners' Union.



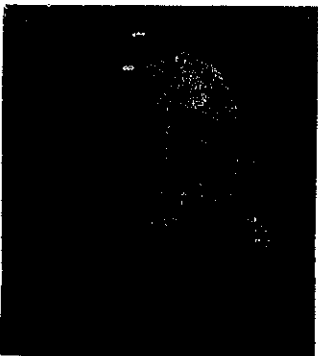
J. M. MCLAREN,
County Engineer.



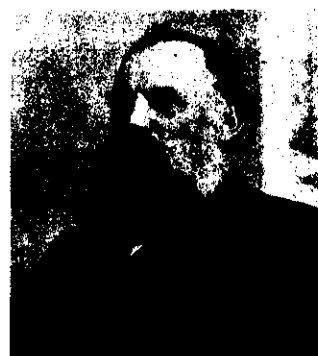
M. O'KEEFE,
President Miners' Union.



H. SIMMONDS,
Borough Foreman of Works.



J. M. FOY,
Borough Councillor.



T. RADFORD,
Borough Councillor.



F. TREMBATH,
Borough Councillor.



THEO. WOOD,
Borough Councillor.

Photos. by Foy.

MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL BODIES AND MINERS' UNION CONSTITUTING THE COMMITTEE WHO RECEIVED HIS EXCELLENCY.

Current Comment.

SOME PRESS AND PERSONAL OPINIONS.

Smarting under the defeated vote of confidence to Mr Brown, at New Plymouth, the Taranaki 'Herald' observes:—"The custom of proposing a vote of confidence in a member at political meetings is one which might well be dropped, for in three cases out of four the result of a show of hands is not a reliable indication of the feeling of the meeting. Most people do not care to wear their political hearts on their sleeves."

"It has been the fashion," says the Nelson 'Colonist,' "to declare that Britain is unprepared for any sudden emergency, but when one of her youngest colonies shows a readiness to send men willing to fight for the Empire, and those men are prepared to take up their duties at a few hours' notice, some indication is afforded as to what would happen throughout the whole Empire were Britain placed on the defensive. In this connection the offer, first made from Auckland, provides an object lesson that will not be without results."

In the dairying industry it appears that old Weller's advice, "Beware of the widlers, Samivel," does not apply. According to the Manawatu 'Herald,' a young man from Home, who asked an old stager's advice as to the best way to ensure profit, was told to first obtain a farm, then marry a widow with 13 children, so that the latter could do the milking, and so make the industry pay. We conceal the name of the young man, in order to give spinsters a chance.

It will afford some consolation to business men and give them hope for the future when they notice our judges are beginning to be more severe on bankrupts whose position is due to reckless trading or extravagance. Judge Kettle led the way in this matter, and proved to many debtors that the Bankruptcy Act is really an operative measure, and can punish offenders. Now Judge Conolly at Auckland has taken up the cheering strain, and dealt very plainly with a bankrupt who appeared before him last week. Thus, the Rangitikei 'Advocate,' in a capital leader on business responsibility.

In the course of a leading article advocating the erection of a public battery at Mackaytown or the vicinity of the Ohinemuri 'Gazette' says: "In the old days, when men took up an acre or so of ground for legitimate working, looked their dirt out and took it to the old Martha or Ivanhoe or Waitakauri batteries, treated it for about 6s a ton, sold their gold to the bank, and paid their way with it, there was a lot more independence among the men. Now there is very little of the latter quality. Even in these days of Unions the men are in the hands of the big companies. Perhaps it may be better for them, but the fact remains that with few exceptions the old blue-bloused, bluff, and independent digger has disappeared into the Ewigkeit."

Wellington is sighing for suburban expansion. Writing on the need of this the 'Post' editor observes: "Crofton, Khandallah, Johnsonville, Tawa Flat, and Porirua might be made populous and accessible suburbs, and so reduce the congestion of the city, as well as reduce the death-rate of the community, if the Government would but propose to Parliament to purchase the Manawatu Railway. Why it is that the great number of electors concerned are so apathetic upon a question that so nearly concerns their personal welfare we have always been at a loss to understand."

Once more touching the Samoa contingent. "There are," observes the Rangitikei 'Advocate,' "some of course who will assert that the fame of the charms of the dusky beauties of Samoa has spread afar and may have reached the ears of the gallant Aucklanders; but these are detractors, who cannot distinguish between the relics of the old Berserker fury and delight in war, and the milder pleasures of flirtation."

The real weakness of the education question has been discovered by the Waikato 'Times.' Thus says the Editor: "But the fault is not in the syllabus. The fault lies with the teaching staff. On a question of such moment to the whole community it is almost criminal to blind ourselves to the facts. The syllabus is like a bill of fare a useful index to the mental food suitable to the requirements of a national feast, but, as with the bill of fare, we shall make a horrible mistake if we persist in swallowing every item. We must select and discriminate. To one, roast pork is perfidious, to another veal is vanity and vexation, and so on. Similarly, in school a pupil may thrive and expand on history who would mope to death on mathematics."

Minor Matters

Shootists will be interested to learn that the best bug from one gun reported from the Lake Ellesmere district in connection with the opening of the shooting season is that of Mr C. Chapman, of Little River, who, from his cylinder on the lower side of the lake, shot sixty-one ducks. When Mr Chapman had secured forty ducks the right barrel of his gun was disabled, and he had to depend on a single barrel.

Don't give your horse to hold unless you know who's who. A man who arrived in Christchurch late last week had his horse stolen in a very impudent manner. Dismounting at the Caversham Hotel, he gave the reins to a man who was standing by, and went away for a few minutes. Upon his return he found that both horse and man had disappeared, a trail of dust indicating the direction which had been taken by the thief.

The Cambridge Chrysanthemum Show is one of the most important in the North, owing to the enthusiasm of local growers. It takes place this year on Friday and Saturday, 21st and 22nd of April. The display will, 'tis said, eclipse all records.

At the sports at Rongotea the other day, a Maori haka was the great attraction. The dancers were partly dressed in native costume, and their performance was viewed with great interest. The burden of the song accompanying the dance was to the effect that the Maori race would not always be in the background of the Europeans. Their period of power might come with another generation, who, led by a strong man, would bring about just laws for all. All the 'Graphic' can say, by way of comment, is, "So note it be."

A big native marriage took place at Maketu last week. Miss Pirihia, daughter of Hiram Mokokopaki, one of the principal chiefs of the Ngatipukenga, to Mr Kiri Tapsell, eldest son of Mr Retreat Tapsell. The Rev. W. Goodyear performed the ceremony, and a great wedding feast and dance was held in honour of the occasion.

In Marton, the Amateur Operatic Society are rehearsing the 'Gondoliers.' This paper wishes them success.

According to the local paper, as a 'take off' on the action now being taken in Masterton against cyclists riding without lights, a procession of wheelmen paraded the streets the other night carrying all the most ridiculous lamps that were obtainable; huge street lamps and kerosene tins with glass fronts being brought into requisition. Some of the waggish wheelers also carried cow-bells.

The Flower Show at Motueka (Nelson district) was, the 'Graphic' notes, a big success. So was the ball in the evening, which terminated the holidays.

Seldom are so many shooting parties left over as during the Easter holidays. They have scattered in all directions, and if the 'bags' secured bear any reasonable proportion to the stock of ammunition carried out the feathered tribe suffered severely. Accounts from the country state that game is more plentiful this season than for some years past.

Mr Ayson has presented to the Masterton Museum some fine specimens of moths he obtained in Canada and some strontia from Ohio.

The purchase money of the Waikuhū estate was paid over on Thursday. Mr Allan McLean agreed to take £230,000 in Government debentures, and £70,000 odd in cash. The total purchase money was a little over £300,000 for 47,320 acres.

Quite a sensation was caused in Pigeon Bay, Canterbury, last week, by the news that a whale was stranded in the bay between some rocks and the mainland. A number of people collected on the beach, and one of the shepherds on an adjacent station fired eleven bullets into it before it was finally despatched. A rope was then made fast to it, and a team of bullocks hauled the monster up into a paddock, where it was tried out, yielding between six and seven barrels of oil.

There is evidently money in honey in New Zealand, and the 'Graphic' wishes it kept best instead of merely working as busily. The other afternoon Mr W. E. Brown, of Nelson, brought from his farm at the Moutere a load, which he claims to be unique as far as Nelson is concerned, consisting of a ton of honey. This is the product of twenty-four hives, but had not Mr Brown been kept in town at the best part of the season for nearly a fortnight, the quantity taken would have been double. In addition to the honey obtained, an additional ten hives of bees were secured from the increase, so that next season the output will be much greater. The whole consignment attractively labelled, was delivered to the order of Mr W. A. Roughton.

According to the Christchurch papers, in his speech before unveiling the Kaipohia monument, the Premier devoted some attention to the fate of the notorious warrior Rauparaha. He had been arrested by Sir George Grey, his mana had departed from him, and his memory was not preserved with respect like that of the Ngai Tahu chiefs he conquered. The Rev. W. Ronaldson, who stood on the platform close by, here interjected: "I buried him." "And it was the best thing you ever did in your life," said Bishop Julius, amid general laughter.

In the matter of woman's rights Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe and America. According to an authority, the house and all its contents belong to her, and if the husband offends her she not only can, but does, turn him out of doors till he is duly repentant and makes amends by the gift of a cow or the half of a camel—that is so say, half the value of a camel. On the other hand, it is the privilege and duty of the wife to abuse her husband, and she can divorce herself from him at pleasure, whereas the husband must show reasons to justify such an act on his part.

Exchange Notes.

The Auckland Exchange reopened to better business after the holidays. May Queen shares advanced this week from 5/4 to 6/2, with steady buyers left at the latter price.

Tararu Creek Company cleaned up after crushing 1,350 tons for a yield of bullion worth £1,208.

New Zealand Crown mine shares are in demand at 13/, but holders ask 16/.

Leyland O'Brien timber shares had buyers at 21/9. A dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. has been declared.

Banker's Hill mine at Coromandel yielded another 19lbs of specimens this week. Shares are easier, but the leader still looks well.

The Waitakauri Company's crushing this month yielded £5,629 from 1,938 tons. Holders were not quite so firm, and 40/6 would have been accepted, but the best offer was 38/, which was declined.

Enquiry has set in again for Imperial shares now that the low level has passed through the hard bar of country. The lode is now three feet wide, and shows good minerals.

Insurance stocks had little demand, the only offer this week being 17/9 for Nationals.

Auckland Gas, old issue, sold at £14 12/6, and Gisborne Gas could be placed at 38/.

Shareholders in the Waitakauri King mine this week authorised the directors to dispose of reserve and forfeited shares. A ton and a half of ore from this mine yielded £7 worth of bullion, so the shares should be readily placed.

Old colours of gold are met with in the lode now being worked in the Welcome Find mine. Coromandel shares in this company had buyers at 9d this week. The manager is of opinion that a valuable deposit of ore is near at hand.

Waiki Silverton shares advanced 4/ this week owing to the discovery of a new reef of an average value of £6 10/ per ton. Sales were made from 7/3 to 9/6, and there are still buyers at half a guinea. The return this month was also more satisfactory, being the best since December, 1897. One thousand tons of ore yielded bullion worth £1,521 9/8.

The Sheridan Company's mine and battery sold for £306. Shareholders expended £4,000 on this property within the last two years.

The Hauraki Company obtained £1,350 for the past month's operations, 120 tons of ore and 158lbs of picked stone being crushed.

Good headway is being made with additions to the Mahara Royal Company's battery at Tapu. The reef in the mine has opened out considerably, and shows colours of gold when broken down.

Ten tons of quartz and 587lb of picked stone from the Royal Oak mine when crushed this month yielded bullion worth £1,000.

The Waitakauri mine yielded bullion worth £20,378 for the first quarter of this year, making a total output since December, 1897, of £169,920. About

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£80,000 worth of bullion was also taken out of this mine in the early days.

N.Z. Talisman shares had steady demand of 1 1/4 this week, but no transactions took place at that price.

The Kapanga Company obtained bullion worth £440 from seven tons of ore and 66lb of picked stone.

A less quantity of ore was treated this month by the Woodstock Company, consequently only £1,515 was obtained from 920 tons crushed.

The old Waitohi mine at the Thames cleaned up this week for a yield of £363. This mine has been a steady gold producer for 30 years, and has paid over £35,000 in dividends.

The last month's output of coal from the Hikurangi Collieries was the largest since the commencement of operations.

The Puru Consolidated mine again looks promising. The reef is 18 inches wide, and now shows gold freely.

The holders of the option over the Grace Darling mine paid £100 this week for a month's extension, making £1,000 expended on development works.

The leader in the Progress Castle Rock mine, Coronandel, continues small, but shows strong colours of gold.

Wahi Extended shareholders this week authorised the directors to sell the property on terms providing for a good working capital.

Good progress is being made with the erection of the Alpha Company's crushing plant.

Work has been resumed on the Rising Sun mine at Owharon.

A final clean up by the old Great Mercury Company yielded £299 4/5, for which amount 150 tons of ore and 240 tons of tailings were treated. It is intended to float a local company to further develop this Kuaotunu property.

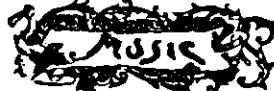
Kurumu-Caledonian tributaries are getting good stone. During the past month 53 loads of ore and 168lb of picked stone treated for various parties returned bullion worth £700 10/9.

Coronandel people have subscribed £300 towards the cost of erecting a public battery.

During the quarter ending March, 1899, the output of gold and silver for the colony was £83,796 in excess of that for the same period last year. The total export was £336,012. The Auckland fields contributed £128,349.

The silver entered for export from Auckland mines during the first quarter of the present year totalled £9,689, an increase of £3,773 upon the output for the first quarter of 1898.

The monthly gold returns reported this week amounted to £13,865 14/1



— and Drama.

Miss Maggie Moore and Mr H. H. Roberts are doing fair business at the Auckland Opera House, where they remain till the end of the week. 'A Prodigal Father,' which was staged in the middle of last week, and ran for three nights, is a remarkably funny piece, and keeps the audience in laughter from beginning to end. Sakurida saw Dion Boucicault's famous production, 'Arrah-na-Pogue' put on with all the completeness of a first-class production. Miss Moore is a surprise in more ways than one in the name part, playing with a delightful mixture of Irish vivacity and coyness. Mr Roberts impersonates Shaun well. To-morrow (Wednesday) evening the mining drama of 'Forty Nine' will be staged.

At the celebration of the 100th consecutive performance of 'The Geisha' in Australia on Saturday evening before last, each lady visitor was presented with an elegantly prepared souvenir, containing autograph photos of the leading artists, and also photographs of groups taken during the progress of the piece, and in the greenroom, and behind the scenes.

Williamson and Musgrove's pantomime, 'The Forty Thieves,' was played in Adelaide for the first time on April 1.

The Pollards are now giving a three weeks' season in Wellington. Adelaide University now confers the degree of Doctor of Music.

Probably 'The Geisha' will be produced by the Pollards in this colony, the firm finding a difficulty in sending its Opera Company over. The fact seems to be that business is too good on the other side. 'The Geisha,' by the way, still enjoys a marvellous popularity.

Mr George Alexander will shortly produce a dramatized version of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'

The performance of 'Dorothy' by the amateurs of the Christchurch branch of the New Zealand Natives' Association is favourably criticised. The choruses, in the opinion of many, were better rendered than by the best professional companies, while the leading roles were capably filled.

Sir Henry Irving is partly giving up his control of the Lyceum, the freehold of the place having been acquired by a limited company.

The Gaiety Specialty Comedy Company is drawing well in Auckland.

The Christchurch Amateur Operatic Society produce 'The Pirates of Penzance' this (Tuesday) evening. Miss Rose Blaney, of Dunedin, will play the part of Mabel. There is a chorus of sixty voices, and both scenery and dresses are specially selected for the occasion.

Bland Holt is now running a new play in Melbourne, entitled 'Women and Wine. It is meant to be illustrative of Parisian life.

We learn from the 'Sydney Morning Herald' that another infant prodigy has been discovered in Melbourne, where the Mayor and an influential committee are endeavouring to form a fund to send Fritz Muller to Europe. Little Fritz is eleven years of age, has already written sonatas and concertos for his adopted instrument, the piano, and is said to play with feeling.

The famous German pianist, Herr Albert Friedenthal, is now in Victoria. 'The last London Sketch' says of Mr Walter Bentley: 'Mr Walter Bentley, the brother of Mr Faithful Begg, M.P., the new leader of female suffragists, is not merely the State teacher of elocution in Melbourne, for he still keeps up his connection with the stage by acting as agent for Messrs Williamson and Musgrove. Mr Bentley is a journalist also. He runs a paper called the 'Saturday Night,' and is a very candid critic of plays and players. As a consequence of this candour, he recently had to defend his paper against an action for libel. Mr Bentley himself—for he is a barrister—delivered a speech that lasted for 2 hours and 20 minutes, and the jury, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict in his favour. A well-known Judge afterwards said, in his

club, that this oration was the most eloquent ever delivered at the Melbourne Bar.' All this is very complimentary to Mr Bentley, no doubt; but it may be news to him, and to a lot of other people as well, to know that it occurred in Melbourne. Mr Bentley lives in Brisbane, and conducts his paper there.

On Friday last Miss Pattie Brown was tendered a farewell matinee performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, prior to her departure for England. The programme was a most varied one. The Royal Opera Company contributed the best part of an act from 'The Geisha'; Mr Chas. Holloway's Company gave an act from 'Our Guardian Angel'; and Mr Rickards, Dante, and Mr Walter Bentley and several members of Fitzgerald's Circus Company also aided.

'The Belle of New York' was staged for the first time in Australia at Melbourne on April 1.

The 'Secolo' correspondent describes the inauguration of the new theatre in Vienna under the auspices of the Mayor Lueger and some more dignitaries. No music by Jew composers will be played there, even converted Jews are ruled out. Lueger advised the manager to favour Vienna comedy. He cried, 'Who writes comedy in Vienna?' It appears all the Viennese comedy writers are Jews. Lueger replied, 'If Viennese writers are hard up for matter, they'll find it in the Municipal Council.' Lueger is a very tyrant, and most rudely from the chair interrupts speakers with, 'That's enough; don't annoy me with any more.' The correspondent winds up his letter with the observation that if these agitators got at the rich Jews, there would be some point in their action; but only the poor Jews suffer at their hands.

Leschetzky, the man who taught Paderewski, says that the number of hours that should be spent in daily practice depends very much upon the pupil's power of concentrating his mind upon what his fingers are doing—five hours he would call a maximum, and less is better.

'Don't practise so many hours,' he is always saying, 'but use your brain more while you are practising. Learn to listen to what you are playing—to listen! How few there are who know how to listen!'

And then, to illustrate his meaning, he will strike two notes in succession, say G and D, and show what changes and shadings of meaning may be effected by varying the time and tone quality. A little strengthening here, a holding back there, the quickening of a pulse, the change of an accent—these make all the difference between soul and clay, between art and artifice, but it takes a listening brain to feel them.

And then there is the habit he is always counselling of practising away from the piano; not practising with the hands but with the mind, by thinking out a piece, note by note, passage by passage, until a distinct and original idea of it has been obtained.

This work may be done, he says, at almost any time, once the habit is formed, and may be done with or without notes. While walking in the street, while riding on a train, while idling in a room, the real musician may be playing rhapsodies and concertos in his fancy and actually advancing toward a more perfect conception.

Seldom has a dramatic year contained so much interest, says the 'Era,' as that which has just concluded. In endeavouring to take a comprehensive survey of the productions of 1898, one is astonished at the variety of the 'entertainments of the stage' which have seen the light in the past twelve months. And 1898 was full of interest despite the fact that—perhaps, to a certain extent, because—our two leading purveyors of plays made a very moderate output in that period.

An amusing incident recently occurred at the Theatre-Royal, Halifax, during the performance of 'The Penalty of Crime.' In the first act the villain seized his opportunity to rob a gentleman with whom he was staying of a large sum of money which was kept in a safe. The lights were lowered and the thief entered, exclaiming, 'Now is my time!' when an angry voice from the 'goods,' evidently that of an elderly female, shouted out in angry tones, 'I shall tell him if I do.'

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Mr Charles Wilson, M.H.R., is on a pleasure trip to Sydney.

The Hon. W. C. Walker has arrived in Christchurch from Wellington.

Mr A. P. Burns, Nelson, has gone to Dunedin for a holiday.

Mr and Mrs Baker, of Newton, Auckland, are staying in Cambridge. Mrs W. Atkinson has returned to her home, Fiji, after paying a short visit to relations in Nelson.

Miss Moore, Nelson, has gone to stay in Blenheim.

Miss Jo Pitt has returned to Nelson from a visit to Christchurch and Wellington.

Mrs Hodson (Blenheim) is at present the guest of Mrs Pitt, Muritau, Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Richardson, who have been staying in Auckland, have returned to Nelson.

Mrs Sommerville, Sydney, who has been staying in Nelson, left last week for Blenheim en route for Sydney.

Amongst the visitors to Cambridge lately I have noticed Mr and Mrs Hall and Miss Philson, of Auckland, Mr and Mrs Hill, of Waikau.

Mr E. Mirams, Blenheim, was in Wellington last week in order to be present at the marriage of his brother, Mr H. Mirams, of Nelson.

Mrs Hodson, of 'Thurston,' Blenheim, has gone to spend a month in Nelson with Mrs Blackett and other friends.

Miss Munro, of 'Valleyfield,' Blenheim, left last week to visit friends in the North Island.

Mrs H. Sharp, Tauranga, has returned to Blenheim, after spending a few weeks in the country with Mrs G. Waits, at 'Landsdowne,' and is now the guest of Mrs Howard.

Miss V. Johnston, of Wellington, is making a visit to her sister, Mrs A. Mowat, in Blenheim.

Miss Gertrude Fisher, Wellington, is spending the Easter holidays in Blenheim, and is the guest of Mrs Carey.

Mrs Croker and her children left Blenheim last week to join Mr Croker in Dunedin, which will be their future home.

Mrs C. de V. 'Tschemaker,' 'Acondale,' left Blenheim last week on a trip to the South.

Mr Ashcroft, Wellington, paid an official visit to Blenheim last week. Mrs W. Sinclair and her three daughters left Blenheim last week for Wellington, where they intend to reside. A large number of friends assembled to see them off.

Mrs Barron and Mr Winston Barron, Wellington, are the guests of Mr and Mrs Louis Ibarzayn, at Featherston.

Mrs Tasker, Wellington, has been re-elected President of the Women's Democratic Union, and Mrs Lennox Secretary.

Mrs Arthur Simpson, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs Turner, at Ravenscliffe, Queen Charlotte's Sound, returned to Blenheim last week.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Russell, Palmerston North, have returned to 'Te Matai' from Christchurch. They stayed a few days with Mrs Russell's parents in Wellington on the way home.

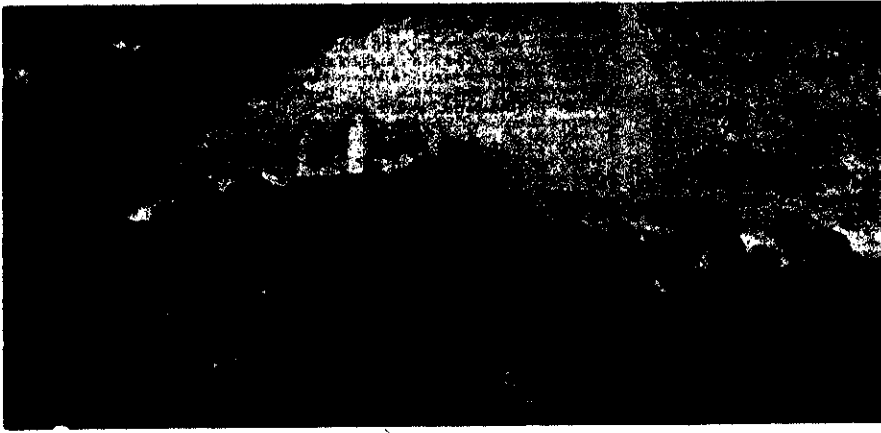
Miss Sidney Johnston, Rangitikei, stayed with Mrs Elgar, in the Waikarapa, for the Tauerhinikau races.

Amongst the visitors who are being entertained at 'Langley Dale' by Mr and Mrs W. Adams are the Misses Johnston and Mr Mirams, of Blenheim.

Mr John Hursthouse, Nelson, has received promotion in the Union Steamship Company as assistant purser on the s.s. Horoto. He left this week to join the steamer at Auckland. Mr Hursthouse will be succeeded in the Nelson office by Mr L. R. Bonar.

A public meeting, at which addresses on prohibition were given by Messrs A. R. Atkinson, of Wellington, and Mr G. Grant, of Palmerston North, was held in the Theatre, Nelson, on Sunday evening. The same gentlemen also addressed an open air meeting in Trafalgar-street on Saturday evening.

The Rev. R. S. Gray and Mrs Gray have returned to Nelson from a visit to Auckland. The former is very much improved in health, though, it is to be regretted, he is still unable to resume his pastoral duties; and he has been granted a further leave of absence for six months.



"THE CASQUETS" IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, WHERE THE EXCURSION STEAMER "STELLA" WAS WRECKED.
[SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



SOME OF THE BUGLERS AND DRUMMERS AT THE AUCKLAND EASTER ENCAMPMENT.



Photos. by Pooley.

OFFICERS AND NON-COM'S OF THE NO. 2 NATIVES.
AUCKLAND EASTER ENCAMPMENT.

Miss Gray, from England, is visiting her brother in New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Ferguson, Wellington, are paying a short visit to Wanganui.

Miss Isabel Seymour, Tynesfield, Benwick Town, is visiting Mrs Scott in Picton.

The Chief Justice, Sir James Prendergast, spent Easter vacation at Palmerston North.

Mr and Mrs W. Webster left last Friday morning by the Takapuna for Wellington, en route to England.

The Rev. W. Baumber and his family leave Wellington for Christchurch on Thursday by the Waikare.

Mr A. E. A. Clarke returned to New Plymouth last week, after spending his Easter holidays in Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Waldegrave, Wellington, have been spending the Easter holidays in Otago.

Mrs Anderson, of Wellington, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs W. Shaw, of New Plymouth.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hume, Inspector of Prisons, returned to Wellington this week from a visit to Christchurch.

Miss Williams, Wellington, is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs Arthur Russell, at Te Matai, Palmerston North.

Mr and Mrs W. Turnbull, Wellington, are among the many Wellingtonians who spent the Easter holidays in the Wairarapa.

Mr Kibblewhite, of Petone, Wellington, was bitten by a katipo spider in the leg a few days ago, and has been seriously ill ever since. The venomous little spider was found to have bitten its victim in no less than four places before its capture.

A shark no less than twelve feet in length attacked a fishing boat in Nelson last week. When captured it was found to be of a species unknown in New Zealand waters, having a very large flat tail and unusually large fins.

Mr A. A. Duncan, Deputy Public Trustee, is to control the affairs of the Department in Wellington during the absence of Mr Martin, the Public Trustee, in Europe on a holiday trip.

Mr C. E. Horneman, private secretary to the Hon. Hill-Jones, has been appointed a shorthand writer in the Public Works Department, Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Charles Pharazyn passed through Wellington this week, on their return from their honeymoon trip to the Southern Lakes, and after staying in Wellington a few days left for 'Longwood,' Featherston, their future residence.

The Rev. A. M. Johnston, who is leaving Wellington to go to the Wairarapa, was this week presented with a very handsome American roller top oak secretaire by the members of St. Peter's Club, as a slight mark of appreciation of the many services and valuable assistance which he has always rendered to the Club.

New Zealanders have again been among the lucky winners of one of Tattersall's sweeps, Mr Henry Haybittle having with four other Wellingtonians drawn the first prize of £4,000. Mr Haybittle and his friends only invested in a single ticket, so that their luck is all the more surprising.

Lieut.-Colonel Hume left Wellington on Saturday last, in the Mokoia, for Sydney, on a visit of inspection to the principal gaols in Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania and intends being away from New Zealand about two months. During the absence of Colonel Hume in Australia the Prisons' Department will be under the charge of the Under-Secretary for Justice.

Captain Ward has been the guest of Mr and Mrs W. Barton, Fareham, Featherston, and has been deer shooting in the Wairarapa Ranges with his host. Mr Harold Johnston, Wellington, also formed one of the house party during the Easter holidays.

The Rev. W. Baumber, who for the last five years has been minister of the Wesley Church in Wellington, has been transferred to the Durham-street Church, Christchurch, and his ministry during these years has been so keenly appreciated that general regret prevails at his departure. A farewell meeting to the Rev. gentleman took place in the Wesley Church at Wellington on Wednesday night, and during the evening Mr J. Kershaw, senior church steward, on behalf of the friends of Wesley Church, presented Mr Baumber with a Beeson-Baumber bicycle as a mark of their respect and esteem.

Miss Flowers, Kaikoura, is on a visit to Mrs Robertshaw, Picton.

Mrs Henry Harris, Petorus Sound, is in Picton for a few weeks staying with her mother, Mrs Philpotts.

Mr and Mrs E. B. Brown, Wellington, are visiting Mr and Mrs Baillie at Para, Picton.

Mr F. Mueller, solicitor, of Paeroa, is visiting a number of his old Gisborne friends.

Mrs Harper is demanding £500 compensation from the Sydenham Council for an accident to her son.

Mrs Simpson, Blenheim, is visiting her mother, Mrs Turner, Ravenscliffe, Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr and Mrs J. B. Stoney, Blenheim, were in Picton for the Easter holidays, staying at Allport's boarding-house.

Miss Sealy, Nelson, is spending a short holiday with Mrs Haslett and Mrs Duncan in Picton.

Mr and Mrs H. Howard, Blenheim, spent the Easter holidays with Mr and Mrs Rutherford in Picton.

Mr E. Tregear has received a complimentary letter from Professor Max Mueller with reference to his book on 'Comparative Mythology.'

Messrs W. S. Wilson and A. G. Horton, of the Auckland 'Herald,' have been 'round the mines' at Waiki and Karangahake.

Mr E. B. Wethey, late accountant of the B.N.Z. Christchurch, has arrived at Tapanui, Otago, where he will be manager.

The Rev. J. Blight, who left Gisborne to take up his new work at Waimate last week, was the recipient of many beautiful presents prior to his departure.

Miss Laura Beauchamp, Anikiwa, has left Picton for England, where she intends to stay for a year. Miss Helen Beauchamp accompanied her sister as far as Sydney.

Miss Ethel Seymour, Tyntesfield, who has been visiting Mrs N. Reid in Wellington, returned to Picton last week, after spending a most enjoyable holiday in the Empire City.

Mrs Westmacott, New Plymouth, is in Picton visiting her many old friends in the district. She is to pay a week's visit to Mrs Chaytor, at Marshlands, and then visits Mrs John Duncan at The Grove.

Mr Wood, sometime Collector of Customs at Greymouth, has been visiting Wellington. He is about to become travelling representative of the Marton 'Advocate.'

Major Collins, who met with a painful accident at the Johnsonville volunteer encampment through his horse 'refusing' at a barb wire fence, is progressing favourably.

Miss Collett and Mr Mudgway, of Wellington, deserve great credit for the manner in which they worked up the garden party in aid of St. Augustine's (Petone) organ fund.

Miss E. Pine, of North East Harbour, was last week presented by the settlers of the district with a handsome marble clock as an appreciation of her services amongst their children as school teacher.

The Bishop of Wellington (graduates' representative), the Very Rev. Dr. Watters (Legislative representative), the Rev. W. A. Evans (school teachers' representative), and Mr A. P. Seymour (Education Board's representative) have been re-elected as members of the Victorian University College Council.

The Rev. A. M. Johnson, who was instituted at Featherston last week, was, prior to his departure from Wellington, presented with a purse of sovereigns.

Sir James Prendergast, who is the owner of several large holdings at Fitzherbert and Bunnythorpe (Manawatu), intends cutting his properties up into small areas suitable for dairy farms.

During the function at Kaipohia Mrs Tairaron appeared dressed in a handsome Maori mat and feathered hood, said to be some four hundred years old.

Mrs and Miss Holt, who are leaving Oamaru to live in Dunedin, were last week tendered a farewell social. Songs and recitations and complimentary speeches filled a pleasant evening.

The Rev. D. J. Murray, late of Lyttelton, who takes up the Wesleyan Church at the Thames, concluded his ministry at Lyttelton last week. The trustees made the occasion one for a special appeal for contributions to assist in extinguishing an old-standing debt. The satisfactory sum of £20 15/ was raised, the special gifts amounting to £21 3/, and the ordinary collections to £5 12/.

The Rev. A. J. Beck arrived in Wellington from Auckland last week.

Mr G. A. V. Tapper is the new accountant at B.N.Z. Christchurch.

The new Moderator of the Presbytery of Auckland is the Rev. T. A. Norrie, of Coromandel.

Major - General Hogge arrived in Auckland from Wellington during the latter end of last week.

Captain Wellesley, A.D.C. to the Governor, went on a sporting expedition in the Danevirke district last week.

At the Coolgardie Exhibition the New Zealand Commissioner will be Mr John Wilkie, of Wanganui.

The champion draughts player of the world—Mr R. Jordan—arrived in Dunedin last week.

Mr W. Henderson, of Dunedin, manager of the National Mortgage Company, has returned to his Southern home after a visit to Auckland, etc., etc.

Mr and Mrs Cattnach left by the Wairoa on Monday for England, via Sydney.

The survey made by the chief draughtsman in Wellington Survey Department—Mr T. W. Planagan to wit—will, it is said, be the finest work of the sort ever completed in the colony.

A very old identity, Mrs Craig, widow of the late Andrew Craig, of Hobson-street, Auckland, died last week. She arrived in the colony some 37 years since, and was a well-known Presbyterian, being a member of St. Andrew's Church, Auckland.

The sometime friends and acquaintances of Major L. E. Du Moulin, son of Mr J. P. Du Moulin, of Auckland, will be glad to hear that that gentleman has earned promotion and will be known henceforward as Lieut.-Colonel Du Moulin, 1st Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment.

The Hon. James Carroll, who has been in Auckland for some time as Minister in attendance on His Excellency the Governor, left for Wellington by the Mararoa on Tuesday.

At the Easter camp at Christchurch a pleasing ceremony took place. Lieut. Bishop, of the Christchurch City Guards, was presented with a medal for 16 consecutive years of efficient service. The presentation was made by Mrs Gordon.

The sale of a piece of land at Kaiokopu, being Mr M. Wilkins' share of Wilkins Bros.' farm, has been made by Messrs D. Lundon and Co., of Auckland, the purchaser being Mr P. Wright, who will settle there with his family. The area is 426 acres, and the price satisfactory.

That genial City Councillor of Auckland—Mr Adam Cairns—goes to England next Monday on a flying visit. Mr Cairns, who has the reputation of being the best-dressed man in Auckland, was 'mine host' of the Star Hotel in those palmy days when Sala gave it so much kudos. Mr Cairns has an autograph presentation from the late famous G.A.S., and naturally values it highly. Of late years Mr Cairns has suffered in health, and his trip is the result of doctors' orders. Bon voyage.

Mr Vincent Marshall, who was married in Auckland on Tuesday to Miss Cowie, was presented last week at Ohaupo with a handsome marble clock, being a wedding gift from several of his Ohaupo friends, as a token of esteem and good will. Mr Prince, who made the presentation on behalf of those interested, wished Mr Marshall and his bride all happiness and prosperity. Mr Marshall was completely taken by surprise, but he suitably responded and thanked the givers for their handsome present. He said he would always remember their many expressions of goodwill and fellowship with feelings of pleasure.

A congratulatory social was last week tendered the Very Rev. Dean Kirk, at Wanganui, on the occasion of his being created a Dean.

One our oldest Southland settlers, Mr John McGregor, of Moorfield, Makarewa, sustained a great misfortune on the night of Wednesday last, when his stable, barn, cowshed, and stockyard, with all his harness and implements, were destroyed by fire. Everything was safe when the family went to bed, and there is no clue as to how the conflagration originated. The property was insured in the Norwich Union Office for a low sum, which will however like cover half the loss. Mr McGregor has sustained, the buildings having been of a substantial character and such as should have lasted for many years to come.

Mr and Mrs Jago, of the Dunedin 'Star,' passed through Auckland on Monday after a brief visit to Sydney. They returned home by the Mararoa.

Mr Adam Cairns, of Auckland, who left for England yesterday, was presented with an illuminated address prior to his departure. His numerous friends met at Kidd's Hotel, and the popular councillor's health was drunk in bumpers of champagne.

The Rev. G. V. Roby, Presbyterian minister of Whangarei, who has accepted a call to Orepuki, Southland, will be much missed in the Northern township, where he has proved very popular.

The 'gist' of the long address presented to the Hon. 'Jock' McKenzie, Minister of Lands, was neatly summarised in the last paragraph, which runs:—'Your tenure of office will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the people of New Zealand as years in which the chief department of the State, the lands, was ruled by a man strong and resolute in action, clear-brained and wise, and ever actuated by the highest sense of honour, and a single-minded devotion to the best interests of the State of which he was so eminent a servant. We respectfully invite your acceptance of the gift accompanying this address, and trust that Mrs McKenzie and you yourself will enjoy your holiday, return to the colony with restored health, and be spared for many years of happiness with your family.' The value of the testimonial is not stated.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

THE ASHES OF EMPIRE.

A novel well worth reading this. The scenes are laid in Paris, just before and during its seizure by the Germans in 1870-71, and the book is full of interesting incidents and particularly good description. The author evidently knows Paris well, the Paris of twenty-eight years ago, and has got the art of making his readers know it too; and its people, and the prominent men who, with the best intentions, misgoverned the city, and the rabble of its slums who, with the worst intentions, repeatedly sought, and at last successfully, to set up the commune in the poor beleaguered city. The piquant little household of the charming Chalais sisters, which includes a lioness among its domestic pets, makes an attractive centre of interest, and the love stories of both Yvette and Hilde are by no means thrust into the background by the noise of the cannonading of the Prussians and the protective forts outside the walls of the city, and the shouts of insurrection within. The characters are all well drawn, though the author scores highest in his fine descriptive passages.

SELAH HARRISON.

Carlyle has said that only in self-sacrifice does life truly begin, and Selah Harrison, the hero of this novel, finds his life only worth living by the constant immolation of himself. Though we may not be willing to admit that all Selah's ways of self-immolation were necessary or called for, the simple, faithful, unselfish personality of the man has a strong attraction for us. We cannot help thinking, however, that his mission is rather in combating sin and helping sinners in the slums of London and the hop-gardens of Kent than in the Island of Laro, in the distant Pacific. Constance and Janet, two very different types of good women, who both love Selah—each in a very different fashion from the other—are both portrayed with the same faithful sympathetic touch.

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO.

Captain Basil Jennico is a young Englishman of very ancient lineage, in the service of the Emperor of Austria, who weds a Princess and marries her, only to be informed, after the wedding, that it is not the Princess but her lady-in-waiting, whom he has married. After driving his wife away from him with horrible words, he finds that he cannot live without her, and vainly seeks reconciliation, abusing his pride to the dust in his efforts to get her even to see him. In the end, however, it all comes right, though before he gets his wife again he discovers that she has undergone another

metamorphosis. The story is, from start to finish, a very readable one.

THE HEART OF DENISE.

This is a capital collection of stories of varying length by Mr S. Levett Yeats. The longest by far is 'The Heart of Denise,' which reminds me very much of some of Mr Stanley Weyman's best work. Some of the shorter stories such as 'The Foot of Gautama' and 'The Treasure of Shagul,' have an East Indian background. Mr Yeats has already shown, in other books of his, an intimate acquaintance with life in India, Burma, and the Straits Settlements. There is not a line of dull reading in any of the stories.

The March number of the Pall-Mall Magazine contains in its varied assortment of reading matter, an interesting article by Frederick Greenwood on 'The Kaiser in Palestine,' which strives to set forth the purposes of His Imperial Majesty's pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and to assess the amount of success which has attended the fulfilment of those purposes. 'Sketches in Egypt,' Mrs Merrington's 'Philosophy,' and 'Among the Pines at Arachon,' are three other articles which are sure to be also read with interest. One of the best of the short stories is a quiet little thing entitled 'Mysie.' Mr Marriott-Watson relates Lord Francis Churman's fifth escapade, which turns out to be as amusingly extravagant as its predecessors, but with an underlying suggestion of bitter tragedy in it. The illustrations in this number are all up to the usual mark of excellence. I am sorry to see that Mr Quiller Couch, who has discoursed so ably and amusingly to the readers of the 'Pall-Mall' for the past year, now takes his leave of them from his 'Cornish Window.' His place is to be supplied by Mr W. E. Henley, whose monthly chats will be entitled 'Ex Libris.'

'The Ashes of Empire,' by Robert W. Chambers; Macmillan and Co.—Champtaloup and Cooper.

'Selah Harrison,' by S. Macnaughton; Macmillan and Co.—Champtaloup and Cooper.

'The Pride of Jennico,' by Agnes and Eberton Castle; Macmillan and Co.—Champtaloup and Cooper.

'The Heart of Denise,' by S. Levett-Yeats; Longmans, Green and Co.

THE AUCKLAND-SAMOAN CONTINGENT.

Among our Volunteer pictures this week we reprint the engravings of the Auckland Contingent chosen for service in Samoa, along with the officers of the corps. We had rather have devoted the space to fresh pictorial matter, but there have been so many requests for the engravings from people who were unable to procure copies of last week's issue, the supply of which was speedily exhausted, that we have thought it well to reproduce these popular portraits again. It may be pointed out that no series of pictures is more suitable for transmission to the Old Country by the outgoing mail.

Perfumed beds are the most recent development of luxury. The introducer of this charming and refined custom (says the chronicler) is a famous duchess, whose prodigal hospitality is almost a byword. If guests remain over night, she manages to find out their favourite flower or perfume, and by means of numerous strong flat shaped sachets the delighted guest finds her sheets redolent of heliotrope, rose, lily, or whatever may be her favourite odour.

Speaking at the dinner of the London Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, Lord Crewe said that the statistics of the Metropolitan police showed that there was apparently no place safer than the London cab. During the past year 38,000 articles had been left in the gondolas of London. It was not surprising that of these no less than 17,000 were umbrellas, but among the rest the most diverse articles were found. Perhaps the most singular, after a live rabbit was a parrot with a complete mastery of the language of those who went down to the sea in ships. The bird had even shocked the susceptibilities of the Metropolitan police, but it had eventually been restored to its rightful owner.



THE WAR FEVER.

"And did he want the naughty moon to play with, then?
Well, his Joey will take precious good care he doesn't get it!"



**TRADES & LABOUR COUNCIL
POLITICAL PLATFORM**

ALL PUBLIC HOUSES TO BE OWNED BY THE STATE AND RUN IN THE INTERESTS OF THE TOILER.
THE ABOLITION OF ALL TAXES.
THE NATIONALISATION OF EVERYTHING.
A STATE BANK WITH UNLIMITED ISSUE OF PAPER MONEY.
ABOLITION OF JUDGES AND JURIES; EVERY MAN TO BE A J.P.
ABOLITION OF BOTH LEGISLATIVE CHAMBERS; TO BE REPLACED BY THE TRADES & LABOUR COUNCIL.
GRADUAL EXTINCTION OF THE PREMIER.
PENSIONS FOR EVERYONE OVER 3.
NO ONE TO GO DOWN MORE THAN 50.

The Sydney Daily Telegraph says New Zealand's offer of troops for Samoa repeats the key-note first sounded by NSW in the dispatch of the "Soudan Contingent".



The millenium is at hand. The Trades & Labour Council have formulated their demands, and when these reforms have been carried out by Mr Seddon, Satan and a Conservative Opposition will have ceased to wander over the length and breadth of this fair country and all will be peace.

"There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops and I will make it felony to drink small beer."
(Shakespeare: Jack Cade in Henry VI. IX. 2.)



The Prohibitionists have issued the first number of a special organ called "The Voice".



"What went ye out for to see? A Reid shaken by the wind?"

Ashley Hunter 99



Mr Dick Partridge, of Auckland, late owner of the yacht Yvonne, has become engaged to Miss Lucy Gee, of Symonds street, Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

MARSHALL—COWIE.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Vaughan Cowie, only daughter of the most Rev. the Primate and Mrs Cowie, was very quietly solemnised at Bishops court, in the private chapel (S. Barnabas), on April 5th, at 8 a.m. o'clock. The bridegroom was Mr Vincent Marshall, of 'Drumcairn,' Ohaupo. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. the Primate, the examining chaplain, the Rev. James Marshall (father of the bridegroom), assisted him, as well as the bride's brother, the Rev. E. M. Cowie. Mr Arthur Cowie played the accompaniment to hymn 351 and a canticle, and as the wedding party went out the

ring was very quiet on account of Mrs Cowie's health. At first it was decided to invite no guests; but just at the last it was found possible to ask a few old friends of the family. The following is a list of those who received invitations:—The Rev. J. and Mrs Marshall, the Misses Amy and Eva Marshall, Messrs H. and C. Marshall, the Venerable Archdeacon Clarke, the Hon. Colonel Haultain, Canon Gould, Mr and Mrs H. G. Seth-Smith, Mr and Mrs Kensington, Mr and Mrs Luke, Mrs Bates, Miss S. Kenny, Mrs Lecky, the Misses Rich, Mrs Ashwell, Mr and Mrs Judd, the Rev. G. and Mrs MacMurray, Mr and Mrs Cochrane, Mr and Mrs C. J. Wilson, Miss Lush, Miss Leonard, Miss Stuart, Miss Qualtrough, Miss Homer, Mrs Cowie (mother of bride), dark blue tea gown with blue silk trimmings, Honiton silk lace cap; Mrs Marshall (mother of bridegroom), handsome black silk gown; Miss Amy Marshall, silver grey dress, hat to match; Miss Bailey, navy blue costume, pale blue silk front, hat to match; Miss Rich, black and white; Miss Vida Rich, black silk skirt, cream silk blouse; Mrs MacMurray, figured silk gown; Mrs Seth-Smith, grey silk; Mrs C. J. Wilson, rich black silk gown; Miss Lush wore a combination of black and white; Miss Homer, black costume; Mrs Bates, mourning costume; Mrs Judd, black silk gown; Mrs Lecky, black costume; Mrs C. Tapper, cream dress, black hat; Miss Leonard, white silk; Miss Stuart, grey gown; Miss Qualtrough, blue and white; Miss Haultain, black gown; Mrs Kensington, black silk; Mrs Ashwell, black; Mrs Cochrane, black silk.

cruet set, Mr and Mrs R. Seddon, Hamilton; bread trencher and bread knife, Mrs Ashwell; flower pot covers, Mrs R. Walker, sen.; kettle and spirit lamp, Mrs Barrance; bread trencher and bread knife, Mr and Mrs Dod; clothes basket, Miss Cole; cheque, Mrs Colenso; cheque, Rev. A. R. Tomlinson, England; hand-painted panel, Miss A. Gregory; silver table napkin rings, Mr and Mrs W. J. Hunter Ohaupo; quilt, Mrs Judd; silver and glass jar, Mr and Mrs T. Russell; silver sugar basin, Mrs Weir, England; cheque, Miss Homer; butter cooler, Mr and Mrs Leslie Marshall, Whangarei; silver butter knives, Nurse Tukey; pair vases, Mrs Kinder; pin-cushion and cosy, Miss Birch; vases, Mr Wilson; silk handkerchief case, Mrs Macindoe; sideboard cloth, Miss Walsh; pair vases, Mr and Mrs Kensington; cheese dish, Misses White and Newell; silver toast rack, Miss Lush; silver table napkin rings, Mrs Lush; silver bread fork and butter knife, Misses Vickers; picture, Miss Kenny; cosy, Mrs Sprott, Wellington; work basket, Miss Bailey; vases, Mrs Good; afternoon tea set, Miss E. de S. White, Wellington; silver sugar basin and sifter, Mr and Mrs Quick, Wellington; picture, Mrs Guthrie, Christchurch; sugar basin and cream jug in silver stand, Mrs Barstow; silver butter dish and knife, Mr and Mrs H. Seth-Smith; cake plate, Rev. and Mrs Comins; coffee pot and cake plate, Mr and Mrs H. F. Cox, Shaftesbury; cruet, Mr G. Mills; jam dish, Miss A. Reynolds; picture, Rev. L. FitzGerald; silver frame, Bishop and Mrs Huddfield, Marton; tray cloth, Miss Flora Macdonald; silver and glass butter

pin-cushion, Miss McLeod; book, Miss Devereux; picture of the three Mary's, —, England. Several other presents, including one from Mount Albert district, have yet to come in. In the evening a dance was given to the employees at Bishops court.

WRIGHT—BROWN.

A very pretty wedding took place on the 5th inst. at Coleston, Drury, the residence of Captain Brown, when his second eldest daughter, Miss Janet Brown, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr D. A. Wright, of Helensville. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. Norrie.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked winsome and charming in a beautiful dress of soft white silk lustre, trimmed with chiffon, coronet of orange blossoms and bridal veil. She carried a lovely shower bouquet, and wore a handsome gold brooch, with chain and locket attached, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bridesmaids, Miss Brown and Miss Wright, wore dainty white flowered muslins trimmed with lace, and carried handsome bouquets, wearing gold rings set with rubies, gifts of the bridegroom.

The groomsmen were Mr Pycroft.

At the close of the ceremony the Wedding March was played by Miss Black, after which the guests were entertained at afternoon tea, and congratulatory speeches were made by Rev. T. Norrie and Mr Urquhart, and responded to by the bridegroom, Captain Brown, and Mr Pycroft.

The bride's mother received her guests in a handsome dress of dark blue cashmere, relieved with cream lace.

Miss Maggie Brown wore pretty white embroidered dress with blue sash; Miss J. Brown, blue French muslin; Miss K. Brown, white flowered muslin, green sash and sash; Miss E. Brown, white; Miss Sybil Wright, enary cashmere, black trimmings; Mrs Lyons, stylish white and green costume, black trimmings; Miss Andrews, white pique relieved with red; Mrs Black, handsome black silk, gold trimmings; Miss Black, white embroidered muslin, yellow silk sash to match; Miss Glusson, black and white costume; Mrs Warthington, grey and black; Mrs Barkley, brown cloth costume, cream silk vest; Mrs Colonel Sheppard, blue and white; Miss Norrie, black with pretty pink blouse; Miss L. Norrie, green and white; Miss Robinson, black and pink; the Misses Barkley, French flowered muslins; Miss Sheppard, blue.

The bride's travelling dress was handsome brown cloth, braided, with hat to match. The happy couple left amid showers of rice and rose leaves, and the good wishes of their numerous friends, for Auckland, en route for Rotorua, where they will spend their honeymoon. The wedding presents were numerous and valuable.

MR WELLS TO MISS WILSON.

A wedding took place on Saturday last, which excited a good deal of interest in Whangarei circles, when Miss Isabella Munro Wilson, daughter of Mr J. S. Wilson, was married to Mr Thomas U. Wells, M.A., of Ponsonby, Auckland. The ceremony took place at Lyndhurst, Maungatapuere, Whangarei, the residence of the bride's father. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked handsome in a stylish blue silk, trimmed with white ribbon and chiffon, and wore a long tulle veil over a spray of orange flowers. She carried a choice shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums, cosmos, and ferns. The bridegroom's gift was a handsome gold and sapphire ring. Miss Kate Wilson was bridesmaid, and her souvenir was a gold and sapphire brooch. Mr Howard Plummer attended the bridegroom as best man. The Rev. L. L. Cubitt was the officiating clergyman. A large number of guests were present, and were entertained at afternoon tea. After receiving the felicitations of their friends, the happy pair drove away amid showers of rice and hearty 'au revoirs,' when they left by the steamer for their future home in Auckland. A large number of friends assembled at the steamer to wish the happy couple bon voyage. The bride's travelling gown was dark green tailor-made costume, white chiffon vest, hat to match. The bridegroom and brides were the recipients of a large and valuable collection of wedding gifts, including handsome plate and cheques.



MR VINCENT MARSHALL.

Photos. by Edwards.



MRS V. MARSHALL.

(Née Miss Katharine Vaughan Cowie).

'Wedding March.' The chapel was beautifully decorated by Miss Stuart, who also arranged the tasteful decorations of the library, where the breakfast was held. The table decorations were beautifully arranged by Miss Vida Rich, who worked into the design a number of choice ferns, supplied by Miss Haultain. Miss Rich also made the bouquets, those of Mrs Cowie and the bride being especially fine. The bride looked very pretty in a dainty gown of pure white silk, veil and orange wreath. Miss Eva Marshall was her bridesmaid, clad in a most becoming dress of pale green silk lustre, with white plastron; she wore a dainty white hat. The bridegroom presented the bride with a beautiful gold brooch, and the bridesmaid also with a gold brooch. Mrs Cowie was fortunately able to be wheeled into the chapel, and afterwards to the library for breakfast. Various toasts were proposed and duly honoured, and the chimes rang out a merry peal. The bride and bridegroom left for their home, 'Drumcairn,' by the 9.30 a.m. train. The bride looked very charming in a travelling dress of dark blue, finished with white hat en suite. The mar-

There were over one hundred beautiful presents, coming from all parts, several cheques being included:—Dinner set from the Most Reverend the Primate; house linen, dessert set, and silver forks and knives, from Mrs Cowie; 4 silver table napkin rings, Rev. E. M. Cowie; hall lamp, Rev. J. P. Cowie; teapot, Mr A. P. Cowie; diningroom lamp, and silver spoons, forks, etc., the Messrs and Misses Marshall; hall panel, Miss Marshall; cheque, Rev. J. Marshall; cheque, Mrs Marshall; cheque, Bishop of Brisbane; hall stand, Mrs Rich; easy chair and cushion, Miss Rich; easy chair and cushion, and silk night-dress case, Miss Vida Rich; afternoon tea table, Mrs Ludlow Rich; afternoon tea set, Miss J. Stuart; Indian tray, Mr and Mrs Brett, cheque; Archdeacon and Mrs Sainpout, of Wellington, silver book opener; handsome panel painting from Mr and Mrs Dawson, Hellyer's Creek; two cut-glass salt cellars, Miss M. P. Ryan; Mrs Judge Munro; set of carvers, Mr and Mrs E. Y. Cox and daughters, Christchurch; book, Rev. H. S. Davies; set of carvers, Mrs J. Roche, Shaftesbury; Picture, Ven. Archdeacon Dudley; bridle, Rev. Cano Walsh; silver

dish and toast rack, Mr and Mrs Upton; silver egg stand and spoons, Ven. Archdeacon Clarke; jar for rose leaves, Mrs Edwin Fairburn; pair carved bellows, Miss G. Roskrug; photo album, Miss F. A. Shepherd; travelling clock, Mr and Mrs C. J. Wilson; butter cooler, Mr and Mrs J. L. Wilson; sugar basin and cream jug in silver stand, Captain and Mrs T. C. Tilly; work case, Rev. Canon and Mrs Calder; silver toast rack, Mrs Bates; bread fork, Rev. and Mrs MacMurray; brush and comb bag, Mrs William Hunt; cheque from a Defender of Lucknow; two silver mustard pots, Nurse Leonard; vase, Nurse Andrew; sideboard and dressing table cloths, Mrs and Miss Edgcombe; silver cruet, Mr and Mrs J. Delany, Paeroia; afternoon tea table, J. Gilbert and Co.; table centre, Mrs M. Lush; pair hand-painted paddles, Miss Atkin; mat and crochet work from inmates of Women's Home; tea pot, Miss Perree; fancy card bowl, Mr and Mrs Bertram White; cheque, Mr and Mrs Cochrane; marble clock from friends at Ohaupo; cheque, Mrs Kilmington, Papaitoiro; trifle dish and cream jug, Mrs Tapper; large China bowl, Prof. and Mrs Thomas; silk

CLAY—KILGOUR.

A large and fashionable congregation assembled on the 5th inst at St. Paul's Church, Auckland, to witness the marriage of Mr Harry Clay of Wellington, and Miss Nessie Kilgour, daughter of the late Dr. Kilgour of 'Burnrigg,' Parnell.

The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Geo. MacMurray, of St. Mary's, Parnell, assisted by Canon Nelson, of St. Paul's. The bride, who was given away by Mr D. Beere, looked most charming in an exquisite gown of rich white brocaded satin. The front of the bodice was beautifully trimmed with pearl embroidery, while the neck and shoulders were softened with rich lace most artistically arranged, and finished at the waist with a chiffon sash, which fell on the left side to the hem of the skirt, being caught down with orange blossoms. She wore a wreath of the same flowers in her hair, and on which was worn a beautifully embroidered tulle veil. She carried a lovely bouquet of orange blossoms, white bouvardia, carnations, and maiden-hair fern, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bridesmaids, three in number, were the Misses Banks (Waik) Mary Kenderdine and Ida Hawk, they made a most charming trio; Miss Banks was attired in white silk with chiffon fichu, trimmed with baby ribbon, folded waist band of turquoise blue satin, and very becoming hat of black and white straw, with black feathers and pink roses, she carried a bouquet of pink and white flowers. The two little girls were very much admired in Kate Greenaway costumes of white Liberty silk, with bonnets of the same, they carried shepherd's crooks with bunches of white flowers, and streamers of white ribbon. Mrs Kilgour was attired in a most becoming and very handsome toilet of black flowered satin, with pleated satin yoke finished with green and yellow bebe ribbon, the skirt had panels of yellow satin covered with rare old lace. She wore a Parisian bonnet of gold jewelled lace and black plumes, and carried a lovely bouquet of old gold chrysanthemums and ferns. Mrs Goodson (sister of the bride) looked charming in fawn silk, with dark red and blue stripes, revers and folded waist-belt of dark blue satin, cream chiffon fichu, and large black hat with ostrich feathers. She carried a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums.

After the ceremony, Mrs Kilgour entertained a large number of guests at Sowerby's Hall. It took the form of most recherche afternoon tea under the able management of the Misses Churton, of Mr Iredale's well-known establishment. The hall was transformed into a fairy-like scene, being decorated with tall palms and white cosmea. Small tables were placed at intervals, each decorated with baskets of white flowers. At these the guests seated themselves to partake of the many tempting delicacies for which Miss Churton is famed. The floor was handsomely carpeted for the occasion, and the arrangement of the furniture was highly artistic. In the centre of the hall a large floral bell, composed of white flowers, hung from the ceiling, and under this the bride and bridegroom stood when receiving the congratulations of their friends and guests. A capital string band was stationed on the stage, and the excellent music they provided added materially to everyone's enjoyment.

The long table, in the centre of which was the bridal cake, was tastefully arranged with white bouvardia, carnations, maidenhair fern, and trails of smilax, with white satin ribbon and chiffon. Judge Monro, in a brief, neat speech proposed the health of the happy pair, and Mr Clay replied on behalf of his wife. The bride travelled in a handsome gown of green and gold Sicilienne, neck and front of cream and pink striped silk, trimmed with brown moufflon, hat of black straw with black plumes. The beautiful wedding toilet and going away costume were made by Madame Boiteau, of Mr Iredale's establishment. A sketch of Miss Kilgour's wedding-dress is herewith given. It is not necessary to remark that the artist did not attempt any portrait of the lady. The sketch is merely a picture—and a capital one—of the dress, which was of unusual beauty. The following were amongst the guests:—Miss Gordon, Hawera, very pretty grey costume with pluk

silk front, grey and pink hat; Mrs Tewatey, very handsome black sateen, becoming chapeau with black plumes and green velvet, lovely trailing bouquet; Mrs Laisley, dark blue flowered silk, jet bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Cashel, handsome black watered silk, jet bonnet; Mrs Hawks, stylish plaid costume, large black hat with feathers and poppies; Mrs (Dr.) Gordon was very much admired in handsome cream and black silk, becoming toque of roses and green velvet; Mrs E. Forbes, smart tailor-made fawn costume, with pink silk front, becoming white hat with feathers; Miss Nichol, stylish blue grey cloth costume, big flat hat, black tips and pale blue velvet; Miss George, cream silk flowered costume, large black hat; Miss Mulvany, very becoming striped green and white costume, hat with feathers and pink roses; Miss Agnes Mulvany, smart white pique costume; Mrs Coney, fawn grass lawn trimmed with black velvet bebe ribbon, puffed yoke of pale blue silk, becoming hat of straw with blue ribbon and black tips; Mrs Napier, in black with corn-

white serge, black silk jacket; Mrs Duthie, plaid costume; Mrs Uphl, white pique skirt, white silk bodice with pink floral design; Mrs S. Kissling, black silk, black bonnet with blue ribbons and red berries; Miss Kissling, grey French muslin, and her sister wore white; Mrs Arnold celery green coat and skirt; Mrs Dignan, white costume with pink ribbon insertion, white hat with white ostrich tips; Miss Heywood, green silk over white muslin, black hat with plumes and magenta ribbons; Miss Millie Heywood, white silk relieved with ecru lace, black hat with cerise ribbons; Miss Gordon, pale green muslin; Miss White, black silk skirt, rose pink silk blouse, black hat with pink flowers; Miss May White, greeny grey plaid cloth, cream ruffled chemisette, black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Kenderdine, electrique green trimmed with beads; Mrs Nichol, green veiled in yellow; Mrs Munro, very stylish black silk trimmed with old gold lace, lined with maize silk, black bonnet with canary trimmings; Mrs J. Reeve, white costume, pink straw hat with

black sash, black hat with plumes, velvet bow and buckle; Mrs Kerr Taylor, apple green silk bodice, black lace skirt, hat en suite; Misses Kerr Taylor, pink striped muslin, pink chip hats trimmed en suite; Mrs Polan, grey and black striped silk skirt, black silk bodice with epaulettes of grey and black striped silk, bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs Hunt, electrique grey costume with cream ruffled silk chemisette, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs Stewart, black silk finished with beads, cream bonnet with green butterfly bow; Miss Murray, white pique skirt, spouce and white striped blouse, white hat; Mrs Murray, black; Mrs Laisley, bright navy silk spotted with white; black bonnet with butterfly bows and relieved with pink roses; Mrs Thomas Morrin, pale silver grey crinkley mousseline de soie trimmed with white bebe ribbons, grey hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Moss Davis, white silk veiled in black striped net, violet floral toque; Miss Moss Davis, white cashmere skirt, white muslin blouse, white toque with pink roses; Miss Thomson, black mourning cos-



SKETCH OF MISS KILGOUR'S WEDDING DRESS, DESIGNED AND MADE BY IREDALE OF AUCKLAND.

flower blue hat; Miss Laisley, charming white and pink flowered silk, black hat, black ostrich plume and pink roses; Mrs Nelson, handsome black sateen with lace, jet bonnet; Mrs Gill, black satin, bonnet of straw with pink velvet and feathers; Miss Gill, very becoming terra cotta silk, black hat with black plumes.

Mrs Williams and Mrs Lonsdale Pritt wore black costumes; Mrs White, claret coloured silk, black lace bonnet with yellow roses; Mrs John Roach, turquoise blue silk veiled in black lace; Mrs J. Chambers, black moire, black bonnet; Miss Tilly, white silk; Mrs J. M. Chambers, lilac silk veiled in pale green mousseline de soie; Mrs Keogh, black silk with violet silk trimmings, veiled in black lace; Miss Keogh, pink silk veiled in fawn shower muslin; Mrs H. Ireland, black mourning costume, black hat; Miss Ireland, white costume, black hat; Miss J. Ireland, black skirt, grey blouse, black hat with plumes; Mrs Calder, black silk; Mrs Cruickshank, black silk relieved with fawn lace, black bonnet; Miss S. Cruickshank, grey and white costume, black hat; Mrs A. P. Wilson,

black trimmings; Mrs Peel, green skirt, white silk blouse, white hat with jasmine; Mrs Holland, black silk relieved with pink; Miss Holland, pink silk, veiled in green French muslin; Mrs Bachelder, mauve crepon trimmed with white silk, white chip hat with mauve spotted chiffon; Miss Calvert (Thames), blue and white muslin, sailor hat; Miss Preece, blue French muslin, and her sister wore white; Mrs Atkinson, black; Miss Atkinson, pink silk veiled in pink French muslin; Mrs Baume, brown silk with black chenille plaid, finished with pink; Mrs James, black silk; Miss Violet James, white cashmere; Mrs Leatham, black silk with cardinal collarette, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs Buck, navy costume trimmed with ecru lace; Mrs Edmiston, blue and black plaid costume, black hat with plumes; Miss Edmiston, very pretty white figured muslin with frills and tucks, white sailor hat; Mrs Dr. Scott, grey coat and skirt, canary vest, bonnet with canary flowers; Mrs Wilfred Bathbone, nignonette green silk veiled in black figured net, and finished at neck and wristband with fawn lace,

tume profusely trimmed with tulle; Mrs Bamford, dark green with black tulle trimming; Mrs A. P. Friend, black silk skirt, purple silk bodice veiled in black net and trimmed with beads, cream toque with puce flowers; and her little daughter wore white muslin with white hat; Mrs (Professor) Segar, white silk costume with grey striped silk coat, white hat with plumes; Mrs Edwin Rich, black silk, black bonnet with orange ribbons; Miss Winnie Rich, black and white striped batiste, autumn coloured straw hat with brown ribbons; Mrs Ludlow Rich, electrique grey costume; Mrs Hudson Williamson, blue and black plaid, black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Walker (Eilerslie), very handsome black silk with black bead passementerie en traine, black bonnet; Mrs Walker (Parnell), black silk, black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Robert Walker, black silk skirt, apricot brocaded blouse, toque with coloured roses; Miss Tisdale, dark green, with military black fringed net, and her sister wore grey; Mrs Tewesley, very handsome black brocaded silk with green velvet collarette and trimmings;

Misses Kempthorne, white silks with ecru lace; Miss Mary Wright, sage green trimmed with silver beads; Mrs Percy Dufaur, black silk skirt, shot silk blouse, black hat with plumes; Mrs McConnell, cream silk trimmed with lettuce green Liberty silk; Mrs Edward Isaacs; Misses Walcott, (2), white cashmeres; Mrs Leslie Hunt, black; Mrs Cheeseman, grey and black striped silk, black hat with different shades of pink ribbon; Mrs Keesing, black silk with beads; Mrs Keesing, black silk skirt, black net bodice with bands of ecru lace insertion, and her sister wore a fawn and blue combination costume; Mrs Denniston, green plaid with black braid, cream vest, green hat profusely trimmed with carnation; Mrs McArthur, black silk skirt, green plaid silk blouse; Mrs Bullen, black silk profusely trimmed with net and bead passementerie; Mrs Gavin (Wellington), black silk, black bonnet with lavender flowers in bonnet; Mrs Hay, black, relieved with purple; Mrs Napier, black broche with black bead passementerie, violet trimmed black hat; Miss Nichol (Scotland), green coat and skirt, cream vest, black velvet hat; Miss O'Neill, black silk, white sailor hat; Mrs Goodhue, iron grey satin; Mrs Colegrove, fawn tailor-made gown; cream striped vest, green ribbon toque; Miss Binks, navy serge, white vest, red hat; Mrs May, silver grey silk; Mrs Segner, violet and green tartan; Mrs Isidor Alexander, heliotrope and bronze green figured costume; Miss Stella Alexander, white skirt, blue blouse, white hat; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay, black silk with white satin revers; Mrs Edwards, navy blue with cream vest; Miss Fanny Johnstone, pale grey cashmere; Miss Moss, cream, and her sister white; Canons MacMurray, Nelson, Judge Monro, Messrs Edwards, Tewstey, Leslie Hunt, Wright, Jackson Palmer, Arnold, Rathbone, Gould, Walker, Rev. FitzGerald.

WRIGHT-DYE.

The wedding of Miss Maggie Dye, daughter of Mr F. Dye, of Kaukapapa, to Mr George Wright, of Mercury Bay, took place recently at the residence of the bride's father, and was a very pretty affair. The bride looked winsome in fashionable bridal array of figured white silk, richly trimmed with pearls and beautiful lace. There were two bridesmaids—Misses Nellie Dye and Wright. Both were tastefully gowned in green and white, the green predominating in Miss Wright's costume, and the white in Miss Nellie Dye's.

At the very substantial wedding breakfast which followed the ceremony (performed by the Rev. Mr Richards) the health of the happy pair was drunk enthusiastically, and other toasts. Early in the afternoon the newly wedded couple left for Auckland, while the guests remained to enjoy a dance and supper, to which a very large number were invited. Everything passed off exceedingly well, and the wedding dance was greatly enjoyed by all.

BLACKMAN-YEATS.

At St. Peter's Church, Hamilton, on Wednesday last, Mr Frank Blackman, formerly of Kirikiriroa, now of Ponsonby, was married to Miss Margaret Annie Yeats, daughter of Mr C. Yeats of Kirikiriroa. The bride, who wore a pretty dress of blue shot silk, was attended by her younger sister Helen and Miss Ada Blackman, as bridesmaids, and was given away by her father. Mr Alfred Rayner, of Warkworth, acted as best man. After the ceremony a small party consisting only of the relatives and immediate friends of the family repaired to the Waikato Hotel, where the wedding breakfast was laid. Mr and Mrs Blackman left in the afternoon train for their future home in Ponsonby.

BANKS-CLARK.

Mr W. A. D. Banks, recently promoted from Wellington to the Magistrate's Court office, Auckland, was married on Thursday last in Christchurch to Miss Clark of that city.

The Communal authorities of Ghent have decided to provide the policemen on night duty with dogs capable of defending them in the event of attack. The experiment is an interesting one, and in towns where it has been tried it is said to have yielded excellent results.



For the future all correspondents are requested to address Society News, etc., to the editor.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Dear Bee, March 3, 1899.

The breath of spring is beginning to entice us out into the open again, and the golden wealth of daffodils in the shops suggests walks in the park and field, but alas, the March of Fashion will, I fear, give its followers a very halting gait. Sleeves are to be tighter than ever, so are skirts—even of the walking gowns. In fact the long narrow skirts are to be so tight above the knees, as to threaten to split whenever the wearer puts her best foot foremost. At the ankles, however, they burst forth into a perfect whirlpool of billowy flounces. These skirts are generally trimmed either with stitched strappings of their own material, or with a similar kind of ornamentation in satin or silk, matching exactly in colour the original fabric. Sometimes these strappings are carried in a straight line from waist to hem, while at others they describe a series of curves and so simulate a double or a triple skirt. I hope that we shall not have to follow fashion blindly, but shall be able to induce a sweet reasonableness on the part of our dressmaker, otherwise I fear that the rational dress league will make a great many converts.

DRAWING ROOMS.

The two drawing-rooms that were held this week by Princess Christian have been rendered somewhat sombre by the death of Prince Alfred, which has obliged the Royal Princesses, Ladies and Maids of Honour to be attired in black, and those attending the drawing-rooms to wear half mourning, that is, white, black, the combination of the two, mauve, grey, and combinations of white or black with mauve or grey. The only gems allowed to be worn are diamonds and pearls. Of course the debutantes will not be affected by the mourning regulations, for their dresses, trains, trimmings and flowers are always white and simple. Pearls, are too, their most appropriate wear, although here and there a very plain diamond ornament sparkles forth. Those ladies, however, who looked forward to appearing in some of the brilliant gorgeous colours that are to be fashionable this season, must have been sadly disappointed, and if they had ordered their costumes betimes must have been sadly inconvenienced by the necessity of ordering a gown of staid and serious hue. However, the more brilliant costumes will come in for the May drawing-rooms, which the Queen herself is likely to hold. I doubt if many dresses had been ordered for the drawing-rooms before the mourning regulations were promulgated. As a rule, my dears, these matters are left till the last moment. The costumiere and lingere are rushed by their customers all at once, and it is only by supreme patience and perseverance, by working day and night, defying the factory inspectors, who are on the qui vive at this time, that many of the Court trains reach the houses of the wearers, when the carriages are at the door. You can imagine the fearful anxiety of the wearer, who has perhaps had her hair done over night by some fashionable coiffeur, lest she miss her train, and—the drawing-room. And when at last the ordeal is over, and the debutante has ordered her train and backed and curtsied in the most approved fashion, she has still to pose for the photographer and to smile and make herself agreeable to a crowd of admiring friends, who must be invited to christen the costume as it were. No wonder that at the end of the day many a debutante succumbs quite fagged out. Really I don't think the game is worth the candle, and I quite sympathise with those democratic Agents-General—too few, alas!—who with their wives

and daughters decline to offer themselves upon the shrine of a fetish fashion. An Agent-General has, of course, being a servant of the Crown, to appear in a Court uniform, which in the first place is repugnant to his democratic ideas, and in the second costs him some sixty guineas and will in all probability never be worn again. He cannot, like the United States ambassador, appear in a plain but dignified suit of black. Of course the Agent-General's wife and daughter must also pay pretty heavily if they wish to be presented, but then after all their costumes will be used again and again. Presentation dresses vary in price from forty to seventy guineas, but then the front and skirt make a smart evening or dinner dress, and out of the train comes another dress, and possibly if the train has been with a different material and in a different colour, even a third. Of course the debutante's dress does not cost so much. Seventeen or eighteen guineas is quite enough to pay, even if the train, some eight or nine yards long, be made of broad, satin moire, or velvet. Afterwards the dress can be converted into a ball dress or an evening gown. Mauve and white were the chief colours seen both in dresses and flowers. The bouquets indeed were remarkable for their artistic effect and lightness in the hand. The Goodyear bow, in which the blossoms were tied up in loops, each holding a distinctive flower, was very much in evidence. Cattleya and feathery asparagus, lilies of the valley and Neapolitan or dark blue English violets, pale Parma violets made up with broad black velvet ribbon, white roses and white tulips, mauve orchids and white lilies with grey or mauve ribbons seemed the favourite flowers. In fact simplicity and good taste rather than gorgeous brilliancy seemed to mark the costumes and accessories this week.

SOCIETY EXTRAVAGANZAS.

Have you seen the idiotic things they are doing in New York? The Bellamy Ball seems never to have taken place. It was so called because the guests were all supposed to be 'Looking Backward.' In order to accomplish this they were to have their clothes all reversed, so that a man would wear his dress-shirt on his back, and a woman's bodice would be so arranged as to display her shoulders in front. A mask was to be worn over the bank of the head, and of course a wig would cover one's real features. I daresay the effect would be screamingly funny—to the onlookers—but I can well imagine, can't you, that the invited guests would draw the line at playing the fool so atrociously, and that in consequence the idea was given up by its originator.

St. Valentine's Day, however, was celebrated by some funny freaks of entertainment. At Mme. Eames' Eames' dinner at the Hotel Marie Antoinette, just before dessert a waiter brought in what looked like a chocolate confection, in the shape of a tiny negro baby. Luckily none of the guests attempted to follow Alice's breach of etiquette in cutting the dish to which they'd been introduced, for the confection turned out to be a real 'little Alabamma coon,' for whose benefit M. Jean de Reszke sang a French lullaby. The poor little thing was then taken off to bed. Latter on it is to serve Mme. Eames' husband, Mr Julian Story the sculptor, as a model for Cupid. I do think it was really too bad to serve a human being so.

Mrs Stuyvesant Fish's entertainment on St. Valentine's night also had some peculiar features. The guests on their way to the ball-room passed through 'St. Valentine's Post-office,' a trellised arbour. Here two Cupids handed each guest a letter on parchment, sealed and daintily tied up with red ribbon, and containing some sentiment appropriate to the addressee. In the ball-room five professional dancers, dressed as Dresden china shepherdesses, garlanded with flowers and radiant with electric fairy lights, performed a graceful dance. One surprise was followed by another. 'The Sorrows of Satan' was a novel figure, the favourite being 'pitchforks and letters d'enfer.' Mr George Cavendish Bentinck was responsible for a figure which even the hostess did not expect. Little boys dressed as cats wheeled into the room barrows containing little be-ribboned kittens in boxes and wicker baskets, and white mice

in cages. The kittens were used as the favours, but must have proved somewhat inconvenient. I haven't heard of any such original frolics in England. We are far too conventional and afraid to play the fool. Hence, no doubt, we often go to the other extreme, and our society gatherings become quite too stiff and formal. I did hear, however, the other day of a dinner at which a tiny satin shoe was produced, the ladies were invited to try it on, and the one whose foot fitted it was awarded as a prize a diamond ring. This looks rather like what Tom would call 'a put-up job' in favour of the most petite, but it is more creditable than another rumoured doing in society.

A lady, celebrated for her dainty little feet, and the variety and elegance of her foot gear, was staying at a country house, and when she went to dress for dinner she couldn't find a single shoe of any kind to put on. At last, after she had kicked up her heels on the edge of the bed for some time, a footman knocked at the door and told her they were all waiting dinner for her. She descended in her summiest evening dress and her prettiest stockings, only to behold the whole dinner table adorned with her shoes, decked with ribbons and flowers. Don't you think this fantasy taxes one's credulity a little too much?

By the way, talking of society, be careful how you word your invitations, and don't write as a girl I know once did to a friend of mine:—

'Dear Mr X.—If you have nothing on, we shall be so glad if you will come and dine with us this evening at 7.30. Don't dress, but come as you are.'

CLUBS.

Since I last wrote you, I have visited two clubs, the Empress and the Writers'. A friend who has been much in Russia and Paris, and who writes largely for art journals, kindly asked me to afternoon tea, and as we gossiped in one corner of the bright winter garden to two rather interesting men, the afternoon passed very quickly without my taking in very many of the details of the club. The room has a glass roof like a conservatory, and is decorated by palms and plants in handsome china jars. All the easy chairs were filled by very smartly dressed members and their friends, busily engaged with tea and chatter. From the winter garden you go out on to a gallery, from which steps lead into a very cosy little morning room, where you can retire and write your letters or indulge in a doleful far niente without fear of interruption. Between the winter garden and the hall is a little reception room, which is far too small for the large number of members. A very narrow staircase leads up to the drawing-room on one side and the dining-room on the other. These regions are barred to the mere man except when he is being taken into dinner. The dining-room is very simple but very smart, and looked attractive, but as only between 60 or 70 can sit down at once, you have often to wait half-an-hour before you can get a seat. The predominant colour of the drawing-room was gold, rather typical of the wealth of many of the members. It appeared to me indeed that the fittings and furniture were perhaps just a little too smart and new. The rooms didn't somehow look as if they were lived in. You felt that when you came to the Club you must put on your best frock and be on your best behaviour. A staircase as steep as a ladder takes you up to the bedrooms, which are much too few for the nearly 3,000 members of the Club. In the new premises which are going up next door, members are to have 52 bedrooms, an entire suite of library, dining, drawing and other rooms for members only, besides a reception hall, dining and drawing-rooms and lounge to which guests will be admitted.

And what did we talk about, I think I hear you say. Well for once, my dears, the conversation was singularly free of conventionalities. Mr Trevor-Battye, the naturalist and explorer in Arctic and Siberian regions, a tall well-groomed man, who from his accent and clothes might have spent all his life in London instead of in the wild regions of the world, and my artistic friend plunged into a discussion on the meaning of colours, the sensations and sounds represented by them and the connection between vio-

lets and violins. We all added our quota, generally sarcastic, to the discussion, which drifted into art in general, and then to female suffrage, when Mr Bassett Roe, a well-known actor, one of the 'Three Musketeers' at the Garrick, joined us. With his arrival the talk became theatrical. The confidence of the tyro on the stage as opposed to the nervousness of the experienced actor, 'The Ambassador' and Miss Elizabeth Robins' book 'The Open Question,' were the chief topics upon which we dealt lightly. Of course you are reading 'The Open Question' under the pseudonym of 'C. E. Raimond.' It is quite the book of the hour, and deals with the fortunes of a decadent family, just as you might expect from so strong an admirer of Ibsen as Miss Robins, whose Scandinavian servant in her tiny flat is said to have been a present from the mystical dramatist. Ibsen was her doing and her undoing, so our Musketeers told us. On the one hand her wonderful acting of the characters in his plays brought her into prominence and made her many friends in the most intellectual of London society. On the other, those who had once seen her in an Ibsen drama, could never imagine her in any other piece. With her it must be 'Aut Ibsen aut nihil,' and when the Ibsen tide receded, it left her high and dry on the dramatic shuff. But literature came to her aid, and no doubt C. E. Raimond, the author, will eventually be longer remembered than Elizabeth Robins, the interpreter of Ibsen.

Now, my dears, I hope you have some idea of the things they say and the things they do at the Empress.

A week or so ago Ida Osborne, one of my numerous cousins, took me to a Friday 'At Home' at the Writers' Club. There is no swagger whatever about the Writers'. You descend by some very unpretentious stairs into the basement of Hastings House, where you find a compact little block of rooms self-contained and guarded by a womanly Cerberus. A narrow passage with writing and smoking rooms on one side and dressing and dining rooms on the other, takes you into the long reception room, a great contrast to the magnificence of the Empress quarters. The furniture is of the plainest; on the walls, which are covered by a striped salmon-coloured paper, hang a few engravings

of women writers, and a comfortable cosy corner is the only sign of luxury. On this particular Friday, Mrs Burnett-Smith (Annie S. Swan, of the 'Woman at Home') was the hostess, and a very kind, unromantic, motherly person she looked. But the real lioness of the afternoon was John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs Craigie), who from the time of her arrival to that of her departure was quite hemmed in by an admiring throng doing her homage. I just caught a glimpse of her sweeping out of the room. She is a tall, slender, handsome woman of thirty-one, and wore a very smart gown of silver grey and a silver toque with brown and green foliage and flowers. She must have felt very warm in the handsome cape of rich brown sables she wore, as the room was distinctly close. However, she smiled graciously upon her satellites. She is seldom seen at the club, and her visit this time was due to her election as chairman of committee the previous week. 'The Ambassador' is now running at St. James', as well as a new one-act play, 'The Repentance,' of which the action takes place in Bilbao during the Carlist rising of 1835, and as Mr Alexander has just accepted from her pen a poetical tragedy, 'Osborn and Ursyne,' of the period of the Norman Conquest and the First Crusade, it looks rather as if John Oliver Hobbes' intends for the time being to devote herself to drama instead of fiction.

Lesser stars at the Writers' were quite put in the shade by this fashionable comet and her train, and even the regular members of the club seemed to be ignorant of the identity of most of the celebrities, making wild guesses in their attempts to fit a name to a face. However, Beatrice Harraden, of 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' was pointed out to me—a queer little bundle in a baggy black dress, with a bandanna handkerchief round her neck and large velvet Tam-o-Shanter on her long, somewhat unkempt head of hair. She looked for all the world like a female Bunthorne, very intense and very earnest, but seemed a general favourite. One of her sisters, by the way, used to figure largely as a prominent aesthete in Du Maurier's drawings for 'Punch.' Beatrice Harraden herself is just about to publish a new book, 'The

Fowler.' A few rather piquant looking women of the actress type, a bulky editor with a long beard and a bald head, Miss Millington, of the 'Daily Telegraph,' a number of rather strong-minded and dowdily dressed women, and one or two 'Johnnies' pretty well comprised the tea-sipping throng. You could see with half a glance that most of the women there worked, and worked hard, for their living. 'She collects photographs of Royalties,' was a remark I caught amid the clatter of teacups, while on the other side of me a journalist was narrating how a hawk had pounced on a pigeon at the Guildhall, and she had sent an exclusive paragraph to the 'Chronicle.' Most of the people, however, seemed too busy searching for celebrities to engage in anything more than a very disjointed conversation. Just as I was leaving I met Miss Swanhilda Bulau, the young New Zealander, who is one of the leaders of the Rational Dress League, but who on this occasion wore the conventional skirt and a rather coquettish little hussar cap with shaving brush.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

The Auckland Racing Club held the second day's racing in connection with their Autumn Meeting at Ellerslie on Easter Tuesday. A stiff northerly breeze continued to blow throughout the day, and make it rather unpleasant for the ladies, who wished to show off their pretty toilettes by parading on the lawn. The dust bend was kept well in check by the showers that fell during the preceding afternoon. His Excellency the Governor was present and was received at the entrance gates by the President, the Hon. E. Mitchelson, and the stewards. Lord Ranfurly was accompanied by Captain Alexander, the Hon. Hill Trevor, and Commander Leah, of U.M.s. Mildura.

THE DRESSES.

Mrs Mitchelson (President's wife), handsome blue silk bengaline, trimmed with rows of brown satin ribbon on skirt and bodice, bright blue silk vest, veiled with brown net, and edged with cream lace, cream lace on collar, black sequin bonnet, with pottle crown, apricot plumes and pink rib-

bon rosettes, white osprey; Miss Mitchelson looked pretty in vieux rose cashmere, trimmed with bands of black velvet ribbon, arranged in vandykes on bodice and sleeves, relieved at neck with cream lace, cream hat, with plumes; Miss Bertha Mitchelson, black skirt, with rows of moire ribbon on the hem, forget-me-not blue Sarah blouse bodice, tucked and trimmed in points front and back of bodice and sleeves, with ruchings of yellow chiffon; Mrs L. D. Nathan (Vice-President's wife), black silk skirt, with trimmings of black and white plaid silk, folded red velvet belt, black and white plaid bodice, with terre shot ribbons round neck, black jet bonnet, relieved with magenta; Mrs Donnelly (Hawke's Bay), very handsome black moire skirt, with white silk bodice, veiled in black net, striped in points back and front with black rucked bebe ribbon, black velvet hat, with ostrich plumes and chenille spotted veil; Miss Donnelly wore the most striking gown on the lawn, a brown and pink striped mousseline de soie over spring green silk, green silk panel down one side of skirt, the opposite side of bodice was of green silk, pink silk chemisette, green silk epaulettes, the waist was swathed with green silk sash, which ended in streamers at back, black net hat, with white ostrich feathers, tipped with green; Mrs Lowry (Napier), very pretty mode grey cashmere, made with bolero, white silk vest, Swiss belt and collar of silver passementerie, grey feather boa, white hat, with ostrich plumes and white flowers beneath brim; Mrs Thomas Morrin, black and grey striped silk, with grey braiding, black hat, with white veiling, spotted with white and relieved with a knot of blue; Miss Morrin, pale grey cashmere, relieved with white; her sister, white skirt, blue and white striped blouse; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, grey check silk, violet hat; Mrs Gorrie, black mourning costume; Mrs James Russell, handsome combination of bright navy and white, navy toque, with navy and white ostrich feathers; Miss Russell, white open-work embroidery over pink silk; Miss Williamson, navy figured silk, trimmed with white; Mrs Lyons, very handsome English costume of violet navy cloth, with guipure lace vest, revers, Elizabethan col-

SALE OF KAIAPOI EXHIBIT

Auckland Exhibition.

Having purchased the whole of the **KAIAPOI EXHIBIT**, value £3,000 (at a heavy discount), comprising Blankets, Rugs, Flannels, Dress Tweeds, Suitings, Reversible Cape Cloths, Tailor-made Costumes, Mantles, Capes, Ladies' and Gent's Waterproofs, Fingerings, Boys' and Men's Suits, Shirts, Ties, Gent's Mercery, etc., etc., we are now offering the same for sale at our Warehouse. This being extra to our ordinary stock, every article will be sold at such reductions from current rates as must speedily effect a complete clearance.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "HERALD"

TEXTILE FABRICS (Sole Judge, Mr James Lillico).

In his Report on the Woollen Exhibits, Mr Lillico says:—"I have had the opportunity of visiting the Melbourne and all the other Colonial Exhibitions, and consider that this is the finest and most attractive display of Woollen and Worsted Goods ever made at any Colonial Exhibition. I wish to draw attention to the Kaiapoi's really fine display of their goods, which is one of the most attractive in the Exhibition."

Kaipoi Woollen Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Kaiapoi.

First Award and Special Mention for General Excellence of Exhibit and Design and Colouring in Rugs and Capes, also a Special Award for Ladies' Evening Wraps, White Serge Gown, and Golf Capes. These goods, the Judge remarks, are exceedingly beautiful.

In addition to above we are now showing our First Shipment of NEW AUTUMN GOODS, ex S.S. "Gothic."

SMITH & CAUGHEY.

lar and cuffs, and band of ecru lace on hem of skirt, very becoming toque of black, profusely trimmed in front with overhanging white ostrich tips and wreath of pink roses; Mrs John Smith, black silk, black hat; Miss Smith, pink muslin; Miss Scherrf, white skirt, green bodice; Miss Walnutt, white, with green; Mrs and Miss Creagh; Mrs Devore, grey silk, veiled in black net, with bands of chenille design, vest of white chiffon, epaulettes of white bead passementerie; Miss Ralph (Huntly), grey check; Mrs Ralph, black silk, black bonnet, with violets; Mrs A. Carrick, black skirt, grey striped blouse; Mrs Moss Davis, white silk, veiled in black net, violet floral toque; her daughters were studies in white; Mrs Worsp, green costume; Misses Worsp (2) were studies in plain grey checks, with black braid; Mrs Tanner, white skirt, pink blouse; Miss Tanner, fawn coat and skirt, white vest, black picture hat; Mrs N. Alfred Nathan, white silk, with guipure lace, black jet toque, relieved with blue; Miss Keesing, black silk, black tulle vest, with ecru lace insertion; Mrs (Dr.) Sharmar, a modish toilette of subdued black and grey tartan skirt, very tight and close-fitting half-way from waist downwards, very full below, the waist was encircled with a folded belt of navy blue, the jacket was of navy blue cloth, cut in four points above waist, edged with braid, navy felt hat, with knots of white tulle; Mrs G. Bloomfield, green French muslin; Mrs Newall, black; Mrs Hope Lewis, black silk, purple stock hat; Mrs Markham, white pique skirt and blouse, violet hat; Mrs Blair, grey alpaca, finished with black velvet, coqueliot red hat; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, black; Mrs Sharland, black moire, with bead trimming; Mrs Nichol, green tailor-made gown; Mrs John Dawson, brown costume, with canary trimming; Mrs W. H. Churton, green coat and skirt; Miss Davy, white cambric skirt and vest, chocolate brown silk bodice; Mrs Archer-Burton, dark costume; Miss Burcher, navy; Miss Thorpe, canary striped muslin; Miss F. Thorpe looked as fascinating as ever in white pique skirt, muslin blouse, white picture hat; Mrs Davy, black; Mrs Roberts, black moire; Mrs Otway, black silk, black bonnet, with canary; Miss Otway, white spotted muslin, very much befrilled, white picture hat, with tulle and ostrich feathers; Miss Little, green French muslin; Mrs Hamlin-White, pink silk, veiled in pink grenadine; Mrs Hamlin, black silk, with canary chiffon let in at the neck; Miss Caro, dark skirt, grey blouse, with pink chiffon; Mrs Keesing, green silk, figured with black chenille plaid, black bonnet, with floral decorations; Miss Dolly Davis, cream silk, figured with mauve floral design, and mauve ribbon bands, toque to correspond; Mrs Cottle, black silk; Mrs Coney, fawn coat and skirt, pink vest, with black velvet bands; Miss Shirley Baker, black; Miss Lottie Shirley Baker, grey blouse, black skirt; Miss Pierce, canary silk, veiled in white muslin; Mrs Angus Gordon, brown tailor-made gown; Mrs Devereux, black silk, black hat; Miss Miriam Devereux, green coat and skirt; Miss Bush, white skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Koch (Rotorua), brown costume, with braiding; Mrs Masefeld, grey striped mousseline de soie over pink silk; Mrs Dufaur, sage green coat and skirt; Miss Aubrey, navy serge yachting costume, trimmed with silver braid, white befeater hat, with navy and white ribbons; Misses Percival, grey satins; Mrs Dunnett, lettuce green silk, with guipure silk; Mrs Black, white pique, with gold buttons; Miss Julia Nathan, pale grey costume, trimmed with rucked grey bebe ribbons, white picture hat, with flowers; Mrs Chamberlain, black; Mrs Wittchell, grey, trimmed with green; Miss Wilkins, dark skirt, blue blouse, black velvet hat, with plumes; Miss Maud Wilkins, biscuit-coloured costume, relieved with pink; Miss Noakes, white pique skirt and reefer jacket, white sailor hat; Mrs McDonald, black; Miss Maggie McDonald, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Langsford, purple costume; Miss Beatrice Bull, white; Miss Edith Smith, pink shower muslin; Miss Flora McDonald (Ponsonby), green floral muslin.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING took place on Saturday. There was a large attendance. The weather

might have been specially manufactured for the occasion. The women as usual were there in countless numbers; whether they really love racing or only go to see their friends, to show off their pretty toilettes, and to indulge in a wild wager or two remains an open question. His Excellency, M. Gallet, Madame Gallet, and Mlle. Gallet were present; Miss Mitchellson, navy serge; Mrs Donnelly, Hawke's Bay, black silk with purple satin plaid design, and purple silk let in at the neck, purple bonnet en suite; Miss Donnelly, violet beige skirt with white braiding, pink silk blouse, hat with violet ostrich feathers; Madame Gallet, dark skirt, old gold silk blouse; Mlle. Gallet, dark skirt, coqueliot red silk blouse; Mrs Lowry, Napier, very striking costume of black broche with red tartan let in V-shape at the neck, back and front, red straw hat with tulle and ostrich feathers en suite; Mrs Lyons, dark green, made with sacque jacket and Elizabethan collar, and handsomely braided with fawn, pink chip hat with violets and ostrich feathers; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, rose pink silk veiled in striped grass lawn; Mrs Holgate, tabac brown costume, canary silk vest, canary chiffon toque; Miss Sage, dark brown costume, hat en suite; Mrs Markham, white pique, black hat with pink floral decoration; Miss Pirih, white pique, bergere hat with one mass of red flower decoration, black chenille veil; Mrs Chamberlain, black; Mrs Heywood (Wellington), green broadcated costume; Mrs Hutchison, black skirt, lilac blouse, canary vest, becoming toque of white and lavender flowers; Mrs W. H. Churton, green coat and skirt; Miss Aubrey, navy serge with silver braid; Miss Burcher, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Archer-Burton, fawn coat and skirt; Mrs Nichol, black; Mrs Ralph, cardinal silk with floral design, and trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Ralph (sen.), black; Miss Ralph, fawn check; Mrs Thomas Morrin, pale grey crinkly silk with white trimmings; Mrs Masefeld, slate grey skirt, black silk bodice, black bonnet; Mrs Dufaur, black silk with turquoise blue trimming; Mrs Percy Dufaur, dark skirt, shot terre blouse; Mrs A. P. Friend, very handsome black with bead passementerie; Mrs Fred Yonge, sky blue cambric; Miss Yonge, blue lustre trimmed with white; Mrs J. Smith, black moire; Miss Smith, white; Miss Eva Scherrf, white pique skirt, green check blouse, black velvet hat; Mrs Devore, black broche with cerise broadcated sleeves; Mrs (Major) George, pale grey silk, white vest, black lace bonnet with white flowers; Miss Sutton (Dunedin), white shower muslin skirt, lavender silk blouse, white hat; Mrs Angus Gordon, black skirt, green silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Devereux, black silk relieved with canary; Miss Devereux, white costume; Mrs Fitzroy Peacocke, brick coloured coat and skirt, Miss Peacocke, slate grey, and her sister pink muslin; Mrs H. Nolan, grey check trimmed with navy and pink; Mrs Bodle, black; Miss Davy, white skirt, lettuce green silk blouse; Mrs W. D. Duthie, black moire skirt, very handsome green silk blouse with guipure lace trimming, finished with chiffon and beads, black velvet hat; Mrs W. Colbeck, cream silk with black stripe and pink floral design; Miss Wilkins, white embroidery muslin, black hat; and her sister pale green and white embroidery muslin; Mrs (Dr.) Laing, white pique skirt, blue silk blouse, white picture hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs John Dawson, black silk with lilac, floral design; Mrs Horace Walker, gobelin blue, white vest; Mrs and Miss Creagh, Mrs Tanner, Miss Tanner, dark skirt, pink blouse, black picture hat; Misses Shirley Baker (2), Mrs Kingswell, Miss Biny, brown cashmere trimmed with brown velvet; Miss Dunnett, Misses Percival (4), Miss Dowell; Miss Torrance, white cambric relieved with green ribbons; Mrs W. Bloomfield, white fancy silk, lavender floral bergere hat; Mrs Cottle, black; Mrs Ching, black mourning costume; Miss Ireland, purple cashmere with braiding; and her sister wore a dark skirt, grey blouse; Mrs Dignann, pink silk veiled in cream silk, with lace insertion; Mrs Coney, fawn coat and skirt, pink vest; Mrs Roberts, black moire; Mrs James Russell, a combination of navy and white; Miss Russell, pink silk veiled in white embroidery; and her sister wore a pink French muslin; Miss Williamson was much admired in a pretty white silk; Mrs

Sharland, fawn; Mrs Walker (Ellerslie), black moire; Mrs Kilgour, black silk with striped black and white let in the bodice; Mrs Goodson, Hawera, fawn; Miss Goodson, mode grey with pink trimming; Mrs Cheeseman, white pique, pink vest; Miss Keesing, fawn trimmed with blue; and her sister wore black with ecru lace insertion let in the bodice; Mrs Thorne George, black and white figured costume; Miss Thorne George, white skirt, grey silk blouse; Miss Rose Laird, white founced muslin skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Dargaville, green coat and skirt, white vest; and her sister a violet costume with mauve silk trimming; Miss Rush, Thames, white pique skirt, scarlet jacket with gold buttons, sailor hat; Miss B. Bull, blue silk; Mrs Hamlin, dark grey trimmed with velvet and tartan silk, black hat; Mrs Hamlin-White, sage green; Miss Little, beige muslin; Miss Otway, white muslin, black hat; Miss Wynyard, pink and white striped costume; Mrs Keogh, Miss Keogh, Miss Richardson, grey; Mrs (Capt.) Worsp, black silk, white vest; Mrs Martelli, dark green; Mrs Windsor, white Sarah; Mrs Cattanauch, dark costume; Miss Mary Gorrie, cream silk with pink carnation design; Miss Maggie McDonald, cream; Misses Rathbone, dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Langsford, black; Miss Langsford, violet coat and skirt; Miss Maud Martin, white skirt, cream blouse; Miss Johnstone, white; Mrs (Dr.) Sharmar, navy costume handsomely trimmed with silver braiding, tricorne toque en suite; Mrs G. Bloomfield, brown; Mrs Black, grey check coat and skirt; Misses Jackson (2), Mrs Ware, black costume handsomely trimmed with guipure lace; Miss Ware, galois grey with cream silk trimming; Mrs Leatherm, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Duncan Clerk, green silk veiled in white French muslin; Miss Lennox, grey costume trimmed with white; Miss Kitty Lennox, pink shower muslin; Mrs Upfil, white skirt, white silk blouse with pink floral design, white ribbon knots on shoulders; Mrs Tracy Moresby, slate grey tailor-made gown; Mrs H. Gorrie, black mourning costume; Misses Gorrie, brown; Miss Fraser, blue; and her sister dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Pickmore, navy costume; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, black costume, canary vest; Mrs Rutherford, black; Misses Pierce, Mrs Saunders, black; Miss Cruickshank, dark skirt, coqueliot red blouse with black braiding; Miss Cuff, dark tailor-made costume; Mrs Bamford, green broadcated silk; Miss Shepherd looked very well in a black costume edged with white; Mrs Masfen, white batiste muslin; Miss Courtenay, very stylish black costume trimmed with white, toque to correspond.

WEST END TENNIS LAWN.

It was understood that the bachelors' tea would be given on Saturday, but owing to a number of the members being absent at matches elsewhere the function was postponed until next Saturday.

There was a large number of visitors present, and most of the people who visited the West End Rowing Club afterwards went to the lawn. Some excellent games of progressive tennis were played. Afternoon tea was provided by the Club.

Among the ladies I noticed Mrs Dacre, grey skirt and coat, black bonnet with rosettes of green and white chiffon; Mrs Boardman, black costume; Mrs Oldham, black; Mrs Ormiston, white pique; Mrs Littler, all black; Mrs R. Baker, white skirt and jacket, white hat; Miss Owen, black skirt, cream blouse, large heliotrope hat with wings; Miss Adn Owen, black skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Caldwell, white skirt, dahlias coloured blouse, sailor hat; Miss Peacock, green and white dress, sailor hat; Miss M. Peacock, cream muslin, long scarlet tie, sailor hat; Mrs H. Jones, becoming costume; Miss Oldham, black skirt, cream blouse, red tie, black hat with red roses; Miss Campbell, holland dress, scarlet tie, white hat with feathers and black velvet bow; Miss S. Campbell, holland dress, Leghorn hat with cream feathers; Miss L. Phillips, heliotrope dress, white sailor hat; Miss F. Cook, pink gingham; Miss Eva Russell, white muslin, navy blue tie, sailor hat; Miss Ethel Atkinson, yellow muslin, white picture hat with yellow bows; Miss Preece, black skirt, white blouse, white hat with red flowers; Miss Kelsner, black dress, white silk yolk veiled in black

net; Miss Morrin, white silk, frilled sleeves, large white hat; Miss May White, white silk, black sash; Miss Whitelaw (Scotland), stylish white skirt and jacket, navy blue tie, sailor hat; Miss Brabant, white dress, white sailor hat; Miss Ivy Crawford, black skirt, white sac-jacket, large white hat, yellow roses; Miss Kennedy, white pique, sailor hat; Miss L. Owen, coral flower blue dress, cerise tie, white feathered hat; Miss George, green pongee, white sailor hat; Miss Mabel Hudson, blue sailor dress, white hat with bows of blue chiffon; Miss L. Butters, black skirt, black and white checked blouse, white sailor hat; Miss K. Butters, black skirt, black and white blouse, black sailor hat; Miss F. Hart, grass lawn over yellow, white sailor hat; Miss Muriel George, green skirt and jacket; Mrs Hughes-Jones, white skirt, white and black striped blouse, white sailor hat with white and black ribbon; Miss M. Hanna, white pique skirt, white muslin blouse, large black hat with feathers.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

Mrs and Miss Caldwell, of "Glenarm," Sarsfield-street, Ponsonby, entertained about forty guests at progressive euchre last Friday evening. There were ten tables, and play was kept up with animation until a late hour. Miss Mabel Hudson and Dr. Aubin were the winners of the first prizes, and Miss Mabel Hanna and Mr Madill the consolation prizes. The supper table, which was laden with most delicious viands of the season, looked very pretty with its decorations of feathery cosmea and grasses. During the evening musical items were contributed by Misses Morrin, M. Whitelaw, Hanna, Dr. Aubin, and Mr Madill. Mrs Caldwell, handsome black silk gown; Miss Caldwell looked graceful in an ivory white silk, with pearl garniture, pink flowers in her belt; Miss May Whitelaw was pretty in a rose-coloured gown, low square-cut bodice relieved with black velvet; Miss Whitelaw (Scotland) rich shot silk with pretty soft frills of chiffon; Miss Devore looked exceedingly well in black, long black chiffon sleeves, scarlet poppies on low-cut corsage; Miss Winnie Leys was charming in white silk, long cream net fichu with rows of yellow bebe ribbon; Miss Hudson, forget-me-not blue silk, the low-cut bodice enriched with pearls; Miss Fanny Hudson, pretty heliotrope silk blouse, white skirt; Miss Morrin looked sweet in white; Miss Lena Owen blue veiled in white shifon, low square-cut neck, long ruched sleeves; Miss Macindoe, black satin gown with jet garniture; Miss George, soft blue gauzy evening bodice, black skirt and sash; Miss Muriel George, cream silk evening blouse with rows of pearls round her throat; Miss Robertson (Scotland), looked pretty in heliotrope silk blouse with frills of chiffon of same colour, dark skirt; Miss Crawford looked dainty in pale blue satin blouse with cream satin panels, dark skirt; Miss George (Epsom) lemon coloured silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Leila Langsford, primrose silk blouse, white skirt; Miss Mabel Hanna was charming in a yellow gown brightened with tomato red bebe ribbon; Miss Ethel Hanna, pale green blouse, dark skirt; Miss Kennedy, pink gown with white lace; Miss Patterson, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Florence Hart, gold silk blouse with bands of black velvet, grass lawn skirt over yellow; Miss Stevenson, sky blue frock, ecru lace collarette. Gentlemen: Messrs Caldwell (2), Upton, Whitelaw (2), C. Leys, P. Wilson, Williams, Madill, Wain, Dawson, J. Patterson, Ross, Davis, Abbott, C. Owen, Joullain, Stevenson, Dr. Aubin.

My Cambridge correspondent writes:—At a small afternoon tea given by Miss Wells last week there were present—Mrs Murdoch, Misses Cameron (2), Ward, Laton, Empson, Souther, and Brooks.

Mrs James Hally gave a small impromptu dance on Easter Monday evening. As usual the supper was delicious, and the friends present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I noticed amongst the girls the Misses Banks, M. Buckland, Brooks (2), Empson, Ward, Souther, Fisher, Anderson, Goldsworthy, Scott, and several more.

(DELAYED)

I am sorry to say we are about to lose Mr and Mrs Clare and Mr and Mrs Palmer from our midst. They are leaving at an early date for Singapore. Last Monday a farewell dance was

given in their honour at the Criterion Theatre. Had it not been got up so hurriedly, I fancy there would have been many more present from up country, as both families are widely known and liked. Unfortunately Mrs Palmer was unable to be present, having gone to New Plymouth the previous day, to say farewell to her people, who reside there. Russell's band provided the music, and the floor—thanks to the energetic secretary's exertions—was really very good. A most dainty supper was provided, after which Mr Moss made a short speech, speaking in most eulogistic terms of the guests of the evening, to which they suitably replied. Now for the dresses worn: Mrs Clare, ivory white satin, the skirt was cut in a long train, both the bodice and skirt were heavily trimmed with gold embroidery, spray of pink blush roses on the left of the square cut corsage; Mrs Claude Purchas wore her wedding dress of white surah silk; so also did Mrs R. Jones; Mrs Forbes, white satin chiffon sleeves, a most becoming dress; Mrs Pratt, black lace; Miss Orr, pink nun's veiling; Mrs Sullivan, oyster white silk lustre, relieved with black ribbon velvet; Mrs Haszard, pale green Liberty silk trimmed with beautiful Limerick lace; Mrs Charlie Forster, black velvet; Mrs Brunskill, white broche satin; Mrs McArthur, black velvet; Mrs John Edwards, maize satin; Mrs Bustings, very handsome shot silk; Miss Forster, fancy cream silk; Miss N. McArthur, white; Miss Wright, pink chiffon evening blouse, white skirt; Miss Mary Wright, cream satin; Miss E. Bagnall, pink Trilby muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss Gibbons, white silk; Mrs DeCastro, pale green satin trimmed with ruchings of pale pink chiffon; Mrs McArthur, black ottoman silk; Miss Slaton (Te Aroha), yellow nun's veiling; Mrs Gooch, dainty cream satin; Mrs Porritt, white satin, moss green satin sleeves; Messrs Clare, Palmer, Gooch, Haszard (2), John Edwards, Jones, McArthur (3), Hagne-Smith, Jackson (2), Moss, Mueller, Wrigley, E. Clarke, G. O'Halloran, Connolly, A. Bush, Porritt, D. Cochrane, Simpson, Carpenter, G. Vercoe (Tauranga), Jordan (Tauranga), C. Purchas, Dr. Forbes.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, April 5.
It is in great spirits my letter reaches you, for our Easter has been the greatest success, chiefly owing to the glorious weather which we had, and still are rejoicing in, and what a difference it does make to be sure. Well to begin my news. On Thursday evening last our gallant volunteers began their camp, field days, which mean hard work, took place on Friday and Monday. On Sunday a review was much appreciated by the public, who took advantage of going out in large numbers to Bottle Lake. Drags, buggies, trams, etc., all well filled, went at intervals of an hour. The camp of 1899 will long be remembered as a great success.

Monday being the holiday everybody was bent on observing it as such. It was indeed a lovely day almost like summer, in fact, we felt our winter costumes almost too warm, but new dresses, hats, etc., must appear first.

AT THE RACES

and the Riccarton Racecourse presented a gay and pretty scene. Numbers of well dressed ladies filled the stand to overflowing, and a splendid day's racing we all had. Among the gay throng were Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, a handsome black coat and skirt costume, white silk vest, prettily black bonnet with pink velvet trimmings; Lady Clifford, in scarlet coat and skirt heavily braided with black, large black hat with feathers; Mrs G. Stead, a grey coat and skirt with grey fur trimmings, small toque with palest blue; Mrs E. D. O'Rourke, a lovely heliotrope gown with narrow black velvet, black hat; Mrs George Rhodes (Charmont), a bright blue costume, hat en suite; Mrs R. D. Thomas, a brown costume with rich orange velvet trimmings, bonnet to match; Mrs Jennings, blue dress braided with black, large black hat with erise trimmings; Mrs Hume, black dress with pink silk yoke, black and pink hat; Mrs Ronald Macdonald, a striking costume of red, with becoming red velvet hat and shaded red ostrich feathers; Mrs George Harris, a navy blue dress, yellow silk vest, small toque; Mrs Morton Anderson, a green cloth dress with pink trimmings; Miss Luckley, a lovely dress of grey chiffon with lace

insertions over yellow satin, chiffon vest, large transparent hat of grey with yellow roses; Miss R. Buckley, a grey check costume trimmed with white, hat to match, and pretty feather boa; Miss MacLean, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Brett, a rich prune-coloured coat and skirt braided with black, large hat trimmed with yellow; Miss Buller wore grey trimmed with pink; Miss Palmer, a green dress, with rich violet velvet hat; Mrs J. C. Palmer, bright blue coat and skirt, hat trimmed with fur and blue feathers; Mrs Louison, a handsome black and grey check costume braided with black, crimson velvet vest, white satin revers and collar, black hat with crimson chrysanthemums.

In the evening at 9 p.m.

MISS COX'S ASSEMBLY

took place, which was a great success. It was held in the Art Gallery, and about two hundred were present. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until the small hours of the morning. A delicious supper was served, and I heard Miss Tendall, lately from England, superintended it, so she is to be congratulated on her success. I noticed Mrs Buller in a handsome black brocade; her daughter wore a white silk trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Cox in black; Mrs Owen Cox, a lovely pale grey brocade with salmon trimmings; Mrs Charles Cook, black silk covered with net; Mrs L. Matson, a pretty white dress trimmed with red; Mrs John Anderson, black; Miss Anderson, white silk frock; Miss Howley (Timaru), a lovely white satin, the bodice prettily tucked; Miss E. Cox, yellow silk with white lace insertion; Miss Williams, white with pale green trimmings; Miss Jessie Turner, white silk; Miss Acton-Adams, black satin; Miss Buchanan, a handsome dress of white with pale blue velvet trimmings; Miss Hargreaves wore a yellow silk; Miss Neave, blue silk; Miss Lard, white; Miss Mendelson, a rich white satin with pearl trimmings; Miss Leen, cream skirt and bodice trimmed with yellow roses; Miss Allen, a pretty white silk; Miss Gibson, pale blue; Miss Ensor, palest pink; Miss Crossley, black satin and white lace; Miss Macdonald, a pretty combination of palest green and pink; Miss Davie, white with pink roses.

On Tuesday another beautiful day for the races, and numbers went out to the course. In the evening at the Theatre Royal,

'DOROTHY'

was given by the New Zealand Natives Operatic Association, and never have amateurs achieved such a success. The theatre was packed, and the opera went off without a hitch. The scenery is beautiful and the dresses magnificent. The hunting chorus which is introduced in a disjointed fashion at the end of the second act, created a regular furore, having to be repeated three times. A graceful minuet was also much appreciated by the audience, as also the ballet dance, which was entered twice. Miss Watson and Miss Sandstern dancing wonderfully. Miss Carrick made an Ideal Dorothy, both looking and acting the part to perfection, and her beautiful voice is heard to great advantage all through the opera. In the second act she wore a lovely dress of rich white brocade satin with pale blue satin paniers, and the bodice richly embroidered. Miss Lilian Smith as Lydia Hawthorne, Dorothy's cousin, was simply sweet, and thoroughly entered into her part. Miss Thompson made an excellent Phyllis. "The trio 'Be wise in time'" by Dorothy, Lydia and Phyllis was doubly enjoyed. Mr Maitland Gardner's performance as Squire Bantam was one of the chief successes of the opera. Mr Winter Hall was very good indeed as Harry Sherwood, and Mr Marsh was exceedingly funny as Lurcher. Mrs Privett (known as Mrs Montgomery) was excellent, the ancient dunces causing roars of laughter by her clever low comedy acting. The opera continues all this week, and each night promises to be a great success, as almost all the seats are booked. Among the audience I noticed Mr and Mrs Pitman, Mrs Rhodes, Mrs Acton-Adams and her daughter, Mr and Mrs Frank Graham, Miss Graham, Mr Meares and his daughters, Mrs Grigg, Mrs Rich, Mr and Mrs Louison and daughters, Mr and Mrs Quane, Mrs Deanes, Mr Crossley and Miss Crossley, Mr and Mrs H. Overton, Misses Lean (2), Cox (2), Walker, Palmer, Cowlishaw, Dixon and Buchanan.

(DELAYED.)

Dear Bee, March 28.
A great musical treat was given us in the Choral Hall on Monday evening, when Miss Elsie Hall made her debut before a Christchurch audience. Miss Hall is an exceptional pianist; her execution is simply wonderful. Her first piece was Liszt's dramatic 'Rhapsodie' No. 14, and it was truly wonderfully played, being much appreciated by the audience. Beethoven's sonata in F major was a great treat, and in response to an undeniable encore Miss Hall played Mendelssohn's 'Spinnlied' most beautifully; all her other numbers called forth loud applause. Mrs Burns and Mrs Howie assisted Miss Hall; also Messrs Hockley and Gardener. Miss Hall wore a pretty white silk gown made in Grecian style, which was most becoming; Mrs Howie a lovely white satin trimmed with ostrich feathers and lace, long rucked chiffon sleeves; Mrs Burns a rich white brocade, with beautiful roses, and carried a bouquet of roses. Among the audience I noticed Judge and Mrs Denniston, the latter wearing a handsome black gown, pretty pink cloak; Miss Ainger, also in black; Mrs Cook, a pretty silk blouse with rich lace; her daughter a white silk with yellow insertion; Mrs John Anderson, black, white corded silk opera cloak; Miss Anderson, white silk; Mrs Buller, black; Miss Buller, white silk blouse; Mrs Kettle, a striking red costume, with black lace; Mrs Malet, a rich black brocade; Miss Malet, black; Mrs Jennings, a blouse of vieux rose silk; Miss Cowlishaw, green velvet, with white lace; Mrs Turnbull, new Cowlishaw, a pretty heliotrope blouse of chiffon; Mrs Westmacott, a yellow gown; also Mr and the Misses Meares; Mr and the Misses Bishop; Mr and the Misses Gardener.

Great preparations are taking place for the Easter encampment of the volunteers at Bottle Lake. It is a good place for a camp, and given fine weather a very jolly time, as well as instructive, should be spent. The different corps go into camp on Thursday night until Tuesday.

DOLLY VALE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, April 6.
The weather for the Easter holidays was simply perfect, just like the middle of summer, and no wind. A great many picnics were arranged for, and a large garden fete was held in the Government House grounds, on Monday, the proceeds going towards St. Paul's Church. A large number of people took the opportunity of strolling about the lovely grounds, and afternoon tea was provided under the management of Mrs Sprott, who was assisted by a number of friends.

THE TENNIS.

About three hundred guests assembled on the beautiful grounds of the Thorndon Lawn Tennis Club on Monday to witness the matches between the Canterbury men and four of the Wellington men. Those from Canterbury were Messrs C. Cox, J. U. Collins, J. Williams and P. Laurie, and the Wellington four were Messrs H. M. and C. Gore, A. Young and F. Laishley. The matches resulted in a win for the visitors by fourteen games. The scores were as follows:—C. C. Cox, Canterbury, present champion of the colony, beat C. Gore, Wellington, 6-4, 5-6, 6-4. F. Laishley, Wellington, beat J. Williams, Canterbury, 6-4, 3-6, 6-3. A. Young, Wellington, beat P. A. Laurie, Canterbury, 6-2, 6-5. 2-6. H. Gore, Wellington, beat J. A. Collins, Canterbury, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3. Second round: J. Williams, Canterbury, beat A. Young, Wellington, 5-6, 6-2, 6-1. J. U. Collins, Canterbury, beat C. Gore, Wellington, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4. P. A. Laurie, Canterbury, beat F. Laishley, Wellington, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. C. Cox, Canterbury, beat H. Gore, Wellington, 6-4, 4-6, 6-5. At the end of the first round Wellington was leading by fourteen games, but after the second round the score was: Canterbury, 115; Wellington, 113. Double: C. Cox and J. U. Collins, Canterbury, beat H. and C. Gore, Wellington, 6-4, 6-3, 6-5. P. A. Laurie and J. Williams, Canterbury, beat F. Laishley and A. Young, Wellington, 6-5, 6-3, 6-5.

The ground was in splendid condition and altogether a most exciting day was spent by those interested in

the play or players. During the afternoon tea was dispensed by the ladies of the club. The visitors were the guests of Mrs Gore during their stay in Wellington.

AMONG THE LADIES PRESENT
I noticed the Countess de Courte, wearing a French grey gown, braided with white, and burnt straw hat with deep yellow roses; Mrs Biss, white duck costume, sailor hat; Mrs Barron, dark blue skirt, light blouse and black and white hat; the Misses Barron, pink dresses and white sailor hats; Mrs Fulton, white drill costume; Miss Williams, pale grey lustre costume and black straw hat trimmed with black and white tips; the Misses Edwards, white muslin dresses and pretty white hats; Mrs Pynsent, black and white costume; Mrs Holmes, black canvas dress trimmed with black and white silk, black hat trimmed with white feathers; Miss Lamb, white duck costume, pretty black and white hat; Miss Lee, white costume; the Misses Marchant, white costumes, sailor hats; Mrs Gore, black silk gown, the bodice prettily trimmed with white, stylish bonnet to match; Mrs H. M. Gore, blue costume, white sailor hat; the Misses Gore (2), dark skirts and blouses, white sailor hats; Mrs Litchfield, blue figured muslin, bonnet to match; Miss Dransfield, white duck costume, yellow tie and hat band; Miss Turnbull, white duck costume, sailor hat; Mrs Lanrie (Christchurch), black canvas dress, becomingly trimmed with rose pink, toque to match; Miss Rutherford (Palmerston), white costume; Mrs Simpson, grey silk gown and pretty pink floral bonnet; Mrs Simpson, grey tweed costume, large black and pink hat; Miss M. Simpson, white drill costume; Miss Watkins, white gown, large white hat trimmed with flowers; the Misses Henry, white duck costumes, white hats trimmed with pink ribbon; Miss Cotterill (Christchurch), black and white costume; Miss Hadfield (Marton), fawn tailor-made costume, black and white toque; Mrs Butler, pale green silk gown, trimmed with white lace, floral hat; Lady Douglas, grey costume, black and yellow bonnet; Miss Douglas, white costume, sailor hat; Mrs Haggard; Mrs and the Misses Kennedy, Miss Campbell, Mrs Tegetmeir, Mrs and the Misses Quick, Mrs Rotheram, Mrs and the Misses Hislop; Mrs Lowe, Miss Blackett, Miss Russell (Christchurch), Mrs Newman, the Misses Davy, Grant, Smith, Stewart, Atkinson and others. Among the gentlemen I noticed Messrs Fulton, Biss, Kennedy, Marchant, Gore, Hartman, Hislop, Goring, Kebbell, Newman, Butler, Grace, Luckie, Simpson, Abbott, Watkins, Robison, Young, Barron, Wight, Litchfield, Tuckey, Cox, Holmes, Reid, and many others.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, April 4.
The Easter holidays are now over, and it is to be hoped that in all places people were able to enjoy the same delightful kind of weather we had. Each day was perfect, and everyone seemed anxious to get as much fresh air as possible. On Thursday evening

THE VOLUNTEERS

mustered at the Drill shed, and, headed by the Garrison Band, marched to the port, where they embarked on the s.s. Corinna for Picton, en route for the camp at Blenheim, Lieut. Col. Pitt being in command. They returned to Nelson on Tuesday morning, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The College Cadets were unable to attend the Blenheim camp, so they had a small one all to themselves at Brightwater, under command of Capt. Littlejohn.

On Friday the annual

CRICKET MATCH

between the Cable Bay and Nelson Post and Telegraph staffs was played in Trafalgar Park. There was a large number of spectators, and the day was all that could be desired. The result was a decided win for the Cable Bay men, the margin being an innings and fifty-five runs. J. Blackett making the highest score. Afternoon tea was provided by the Cable Bay staff, and at the conclusion of the match the usual cheers were given.

The holidays have been so beautifully warm and fine that several parties have gone

CAMPING.

Mr and Mrs Booth and party have

gone some miles up the Maitai Valley, camping near where they were at Christmas time. Mrs Harris, the Misses Harris (2), Duff, Trollove (2), McKee, and several others have gone in the direction of the Montere for their camp. Mr and Mrs H. Cock and family were for a few days at Wanganua.

(DELAYED.)

Dear Bee, March 28.
During the past week things socially have been very quiet, and in consequence there are no entertainments to record. The Garrison Band was to have given another popular moonlight concert on Friday evening, but owing to the inclemency of the weather it had to be postponed to a future date, much to the disappointment of many who had arranged to be present. We are still enjoying summer weather; in fact, it is unusually warm for this time of year, and shopkeepers must be in despair, for, though they display their winter goods to the very best advantage, we still much prefer our cottons and muslins.

STYLISH STREET GOWNS.

Mrs Percy Adams, smart costume of grey cashmere, hat en suite; Mrs E. F. W. Cooke, white pique coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Sweet, becoming muslin gown finished with Nil green ribbons, chip hat trimmed with red and pink roses; Miss Wood, black velvet bodice trimmed with ecru lace, black skirt, hat to match; Mrs Richmond, black silk lustre, lace mantle, black bonnet with red roses; Miss Richmond, blue flowered muslin, hat with white ribbon and flowers; Mrs Kissling, heliotrope flowered muslin, large hat with black tips; Mrs Stephens, a lovely costume of grey, the skirt handsomely embroidered with white silk, vest of white chiffon, white chip hat trimmed with black velvet and white tips; Miss Gibson, white pique skirt, blouse of white muslin over pink, black hat; Miss Harris, pink flowered muslin, pink straw hat; Miss Mabel Harris, white muslin, blue and white chip hat; the Misses Webb-Bowen (2), black (mourning) costumes, white sailor hats; Miss Blackett, white pique, becoming hat to match trimmed with white feathers; Miss Pitt, white muslin over Nil green, hat trimmed with a profusion of shaded flowers; Miss E. Sealy, light blue cotton, black cash and tie, sailor hat; Miss Leggett, white pique, sailor hat with red band; Miss Day (England), white linen, pink straw hat; Miss Browning (Stoke), black costume, sailor hat; Mrs De Castro (Stoke), grass lawn costume, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs Sommerville (Sydney), navy coat and skirt; Miss Huddleston, grey coat and skirt; Mrs H. Dodson, fawn cloth costume; Miss Gannaway, white pique, black hat with coloured flowers; Miss A. Bell, light pink blouse over cream muslin, black skirt, black sailor hat; Mrs Smith (Melbourne), handsome black silk with jet, bonnet to match with heliotrope flowers; Mrs Robinson, black costume with vest of yellow silk, bonnet to match, with yellow flowers; Miss Poole, black and white striped cambric; Miss Houliker, white pique, Leghorn hat with pink roses.

PHYLLIS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, March 7.
On Easter Monday afternoon on the New Plymouth green a BOWLING MATCH was played between Hawera and New Plymouth, ending in a win for the latter. Afternoon tea was provided by Mesdames Dougherty, Hall, Jenkinson, and Miss Paul. Among the lookers on were:—Mrs Goldwater, black silk; Miss Hart, cream, hat en suite; Mrs Paul, fawn and pink chiffon blouse, dark skirt; Miss Cunningham; Mrs Hall, heliotrope; Miss K. Hall, white; Mrs Dougherty, black and white costume, bonnet to match; Miss G. Paul, white, black picture hat; Miss Scot, white muslin over pale green, hat to correspond; Miss A. Cunningham, heliotrope muslin; Miss Street, black costume; Miss Hempton, heliotrope; Mrs G. Newman, black silk, hat en suite; Mrs W. Newman, pink; Mrs Bacon, pale blue; Miss Maule, cream; and others.

LADIES' DANCE

came off last Monday evening in the Theatre Royal, and was the most

successful that there has been as yet. The dressing of the ladies, speaking collectively, was elaborate, most of them wearing new costumes, made especially for the occasion. The coiffure was arranged in many different styles, some wearing it low on the neck, others going to the extreme, and wearing it very high. The debutantes of the evening were:—Miss O. Stanford, Miss W. George, Miss E. Cornwall, Miss N. Skeet, and Miss E. Baker. The committee composed of Mrs Fookes, Mrs Messenger, Mrs Penn (non sec), and Misses Hirst, Teed, Kirkby, and Arrow. The supper table was tastefully arranged with large stands of grasses and flowers, and the music was rendered by Garry's orchestra. Mrs Penn was wearing a very handsome yellow satin, prettily trimmed with chiffon, and carried a dainty shower bouquet; Mrs Burgess, white satin, banded with black; Miss Perry (Inglewood), pink with chiffon trimmings; and her sister, Miss J. Perry, looked very pretty in pale blue; Mrs Booth, pale pink and black; Miss Hirst, black satin and white; Miss Kirkby, pretty pale green with cream chiffon frills; Miss B. Kirkby, pale yellow; Miss O. Stanford (debutante), very handsome white satin, trimmed with white chiffon on decolletage; Miss Knight, pale pink silk, with flounce of lace at the bottom of skirt; Miss E. Brown, white with pale blue; Miss Sowerby (Havera), white; Miss Tukey, white with violets; Miss O. Tukey, yellow silk; Miss E. Hamerton, white; Miss C. Hamerton, blue; Miss S. Cunningham, maize coloured silk; Mrs Clarke, black velvet, with white chiffon trimmings; Miss E. Cornwall (debutante), a charming dress of white figured silk, the decolletage veiled in spangled gauze; Mrs H. Bramley, grey silk; Miss E. Jacob, white; Miss Teed, white, with yellow chiffon and flowers; Miss C. Bayly, nil green satin; Miss Spence, looking charming in black velvet, with decolletage of black spangled gauze and white chiffon; Mrs D. Teed, yellow and black; Miss McKellar white; Miss J. McKellar, pale pink; Misses Fookes wore dainty pink and heliotrope silk with chiffon trimmings respectively; Miss F. Cornwall, white silk; Miss Read, pink; Mrs Messenger, cream; Miss Sadler, black; Miss M. Sadler, white; Mrs W. Bayly, brocade silk with heliotrope trimmings; Mrs George, black with gold trimmings; Miss W. George (debutante), a very pretty white satin trimmed with chiffon and spangled gauze, and carried a prettily arranged bouquet of daisies; Miss G. Stanford, rose pink and cream; Mrs H. Fookes, white; Miss J. Cottier, white satin; Mrs Boulton, pale pink and dark green; Miss Patten, black veiled in yellow; Miss E. Baker (debutante), a dainty mousseline de soie trimmed with lace; Miss H. Humphries, yellow and pale blue; Miss K. Fraser, white silk; Mrs Courtney, black; Miss G. Baker-Gabb, white relieved with scarlet flowers; Miss Glynnes, heliotrope and white; Miss N. Skeet (debutante), very becoming dress of white satin, prettily trimmed with chiffon; Miss Dalziel, yellow satin; Miss H. Bayley, white silk with scarlet flowers; Misses Hitchens, lovely black spangled gauze dresses; Miss Arrow, white silk with red flowers on corsage and in hair; Miss Taylor, pale blue; Mrs Harrison, yellow silk veiled in black lace; and many others whose names I did not know. Among the gentlemen were:—Messrs Couttes, Weston, McTaggart (2), Valentine, Humphries (2), Didsbury, Parker, Woodhouse, Thomson (2), Webster (2), Cornwall, Skeet, S. Smith, Standish (2), Coe, Stanford, W. Bayly, Robertson, Esse, Hempton, Penn, Teed, E. Clarke, Courtney, McKellar, G. Wittchell, Holdsworth, Forte, Beckett (2), Russell, Gilmour, Messenger, Burgess, Tukey, Kirkby, Boulton, Fookes, George.

(DELAYED.)

Dear Bee, March 31.
AN AFTERNOON TEA on Monday afternoon at her residence, 'Overdale,' in honour of Mrs Seddon, who was her guest. It was an ideal place to entertain—lovely garden, flowers in profusion, either out or coming on, and right from the gate to the house the drive is lined with chrysanthemums and cosmos. If it had been fine, tea was to have been

served in the garden, but as it was the reverse, it was handed round in the drawing-room, which was charmingly decorated with ferns, palms, flowers, etc., and one felt quite content to listen to the merry chatter and laughter that was going on around you, produced mostly by Mrs Clarke and Mrs Westmacott lending their hands. Between the showers it cleared up a little, so some took advantage of it and went out into the garden and viewed the flowers or orchard, which is laid out in terraces. Mrs Cook received her guests in a handsome black figured lustre, trimmed with tiny frills of black and white lace on skirt and bodice; Miss Cook, white pique blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Seddon, very handsome black moire skirt, black and white silk blouse, with cream satin trimmings; Mrs E. M. Smith, heliotrope silk blouse, veiled in black lace; black silk skirt; Mrs Doyle, blue-grey costume; Mrs Gilmour, very pretty cream tucked silk blouse, trimmed with cream lace, dark skirt, cream hat, with brown and green trimmings; Mrs Sykes, black and green costume; Mrs Robinson, black satin, trimmed with white chiffon, black and white chiffon bonnet; Miss Robinson, canary-colour crepon blouse, with sash, dark skirt, hat en suite; Mrs Goldwater, black satin, with chiffon cape, very handsome black chiffon bonnet, with cardinal feathers; Miss Hart, heliotrope costume, with cream trimmings; Mrs Clarke, green, braided with white, and sequin trimmings, hat trimmed with a lighter shade; Mrs J. C. George, grey coat and skirt; Mrs Kelly, black satin; Mrs Bedford, black figured costume, with pink shot silk front, bonnet en suite; Miss Bedford, green, hat to match; Mrs A. Fookes, grey lustre, cream and grey chiffon bonnet; Mrs Dougherty, grey check costume, pink in bonnet; Mrs H. Bailey, fawn coat and skirt, cream silk front, sailor hat; Mrs Westmacott, black; Mrs Cottier, brown costume, cream in bonnet; Mrs Hood, peacock blue costume, hat to correspond; Mrs Snowball, grey; Mrs Dockrill, brown shot costume, pink silk and cream lace trimmings; Mrs Wilson, chocolate brown costume, pretty pink hat, trimmed with black; Mrs Hall, pale fawn, toque of green and yellow; Mrs Corney, blue shot lustre, cream and blue toque; Mrs Bacon, black, hat with gold; Miss E. Cortier, fawn costume, with cream satin trimmings; Mrs Stanford, black and gold; Miss Stanford, navy blue costume, black hat; Mrs Blyth, green, green shot silk trimmings; Mrs Ellis, black figured costume and net trimmings, bonnet en suite; Miss A. Cunningham, black and white check, braided with black braid, black hat, with scarlet flowers.

The Hon. R. J. Seddon addressed a public meeting in the Theatre Royal on Monday evening, and the building was packed to the doors. Mr Dockrill (Mayor) occupied the chair. Among the audience were Mr and Mrs Robinson, Mr and Mrs Asher, Mr and Mrs Walner, Mr and Misses Newitt, Misses Berry, Mr T. K. Skinner, Mrs Dockrill, Mrs E. M. Smith, Mr and Mrs Holdsworth, Mr and Mrs Sole, Mrs and Miss Moffin, Mrs and Miss Elder, Mrs Doyle, Mr and Mrs Corney, Mr and Mrs Richards, Mr and Mrs Ward, Mr and Mrs Allen, Mrs R. Hooker, Mr and Mrs O'Donnell, Mr and Mrs Golding, Mr and Mrs Clement Govett, Mr and Mrs Bacon, Mr and Mrs Courtney, Mr and Mrs W. Newman, Mr and Mrs George Newman, Mr and Mrs White, Mr H. Fookes, Mr Moverly, Miss Nash, Mr and Mrs G. Falkner, Mr and Mrs Butterworth, Mr Didsbury, Mr and Mrs Chivers, Mr and Mrs Fookes, Mr and Mrs R. Cook, Mrs Seddon, Mrs Kelly. Those on the stage were Hon. T. Kelly, M.L.C., Messrs S. Weston, E. M. Smith, L. Sarten, D. Barry, C. Abier, J. B. Roy, A. B. Capel, J. Bellringer, R. Cook, J. B. Connett, Revs. J. Drew and Garland, and others.

NANCY LEE.

HASTINGS.

Dear Bee, April 6.
The Waipukurau Town Hall was the scene on last Monday of a large gathering, on the occasion of the holding of the usual Easter bull. The hall is well suited for dancing, was beautifully decorated with ferns and flags, and the stage commanded an excellent view of the bull room. The floor was perfect, and the band played

delightfully, conducted by Mr Clarke, of Napier. There were several visitors from Napier, and it was a most spirited dance. The following were on the committee:—Messdames C. H. St. Hill, C. L. Mackersey, Gaisford, and P. Hunter, Miss A. Ormond, and Messrs A'Denne, J. Ormond, L. W. Mackersey, G. Hunter, and Hugh White. Mrs Sydney Johnston wore a rich black silk, with a pink silk bodice covered with black chiffon; Mrs C. H. St. Hill had a white brocade with a soft chiffon sash; Mrs P. Hunter was in a black gown trimmed with red; Mrs Gaisford had a black brocade; Miss Anderson's was one of the prettiest dresses in the room; a pink satin with silver passementerie; the Misses Todd wore pink gowns; with pink flowers and white lace; and Mrs Mackersey, black; Mrs McHardy had a pretty gown of French blue with steel embroidery; Miss Moorecroft was in a pretty shade of deep pink silk, a spray of crimson roses in the bodice, and white chiffon lot in the front; her sister, with a white dress, had trimmings of pearl embroidery and violets; Miss Brenda Wilson wore pale blue silk trimmed with steel embroidery; Miss Lyndon (debutante), a white gown trimmed with white daisies; the Misses St. Hill had white Bengaline dresses; Miss Mary Jackson's electric blue silk was trimmed with silver; Miss Simcox wore a gown of pink silk with trimming of white lace on the bodice; Miss Mairmore was much admired in white satin trimmed with pale blue chiffon, streamers of pale blue falling at the back; Miss Burke was also in white; Miss Giblin looked well in brown and white striped silk, with white jessamine on the bodice and a long chiffon sash; Miss Groome, cream silk and chiffon; Miss Tanner wore pink brocade; Mrs Smith was in black. Among the men were:—Messrs T. Stuart, Norris, Smith, Tanner, Reed, Groome, White, Odling, Sainsbury, Drs. Godfray, and Reed, etc.

NAPIER.

(DELAYED.)

Dear Bee, March 30.
At the Hawke's Bay Tennis Courts ten was given last Saturday by the Misses Hitchings, and there was a large attendance. Miss Kate Hitchings wore a pretty white muslin dress trimmed with lace, a grey cloak lined with pink silk, and a large white hat with chiffon and pink flowers; Miss Una Hitchings was in white pique and a sailor hat; Mrs Bowen wore black and white with a sailor hat; Miss Antill was in black; Miss McVay looked well in dark blue and white, feather bon, and a large black lace hat; the Misses Spencer wore light blouses and skirts; Miss Kirk was in black and white.

There were a large number of spectators to watch the cricket match at the Recreation Ground, when afternoon tea was given by Mrs Moeller, assisted by Mrs Crawford and the Misses Moeller and Ryan. The match, which was only begun on Saturday, was between the United A and County teams, and is to decide the championship for 1898-99.

The weather is warmer than usual for this time of year, and people are still wearing their summer dresses. Mrs Wood wears a grey dress and a black toque; Miss Wood, pretty white dress, and a large black hat with pale blue feathers; Mrs R. B. Smith, dainty white muslin over primrose colour, and large hat; Miss Tanner, fawn and pale blue, trimmed with brown velvet; Miss Florence Watt, a yellow costume, and a cream hat with pink roses; Mrs Merton, a stylish black dress trimmed with black guipure over green satin; Mrs Griffin looks well in white and a large black lace hat; Mrs Moore, a pretty white silk and a white chip hat with heliotrope; Miss Balfour, yellow with hat to match; Miss Muriel Balfour, fawn coat and skirt; Miss Kennedy, a pretty mauve blouse and dark skirt; Miss Macfarlane, white; Mrs Dr. Lisle also wears white; Mrs Kettle, fawn coat and skirt.

MARJORIE.

PICTON.

Dear Bee, April 5.
Just because, I suppose, there is no Championship Regatta here, the weather is perfect, real old-fashioned

Easter weather, and we have arrived at the conclusion that the regatta must be the Jonah.

The Sounds people have been getting rid of their surplus sheep in very large numbers by selling them to a Christchurch buyer. The 'Charles Edward' has been chartered by two or three Pelorus Sound settlers to bring on their sheep to Picton. The vessel made nine trips, bringing seven hundred each trip. Other steam launches and vessels were employed as well, so that Picton was pretty well full up of sheep for some time. They are now being driven overland to Canterbury. The Nelson and Westland volunteers arrived in Picton on Good Friday morning, and had a run about the town ere proceeding to the encampment in Blenheim. They returned on Monday night and left by the 'Janet Nicol' early on Tuesday morning.

THE REGATTA

at Spring Creek was largely attended by Picton people, many of whom went out by train very early in the morning, and the rest of the population went at mid-day, leaving the town to the tender mercies of the excursionists who arrived at 11.30 a.m. The regatta was not a bit exciting, but the meeting of old friends was very delightful. The Seymour family from 'Tynesfield,' the Chaytors from Marshlands, met the Picton contingent, and a very happy day was spent under the willows by the bridge. Most of the Blenheim people patronised the amusements nearer home—the volunteer review, and the Renwick Town races—and comparatively few were at the regatta.

On Tuesday, Mrs Speed had a family gathering at her house near Nelson Square, and Mrs Allen had an afternoon for Mrs Westmacott of New Plymouth. There were present, Mrs Westmacott in black costume, jet bonnet with heliotrope flowers; Mrs Sedgwick, holland costume, bonnet with pink silk; Mrs Robertshaw, dark tweed costume, black lace hat; Mrs Welford, plum-coloured figured costume, with pink chiffon, white hat with feathers, silk, and pink roses; Mrs Andrews, dark skirt, pink silk blouse, and pretty hat; Mrs Haskett, tweed costume; Mrs Seely, brown costume, black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Hal, Howard (Springlands), pink muslin, white sailor hat; Miss Sealy (Nelson), pretty blue tailor-made costume, white sailor hat; Miss Howard, black costume, black lace hat; Miss Seymour, black frock and hat; the Misses Allen (3). Mrs Westmacott told the young ladies their fortunes according to the laws of palmistry, and it was generally acknowledged that her reading of character was correct. There was also some music, but palmistry was the great attraction.

Miss Seymour leaves Picton on Friday to visit friends in Sydney.

JEAN.

BLENHIM.

Dear Bee, April 3.
Raweti, the Maori orator and evangelist, gave two entertainments in Ewart's Hall, beginning last Monday evening; but he also gave an address on Sunday evening on 'The Salvation of the Maori' in the same hall, which was crowded with people, who were greatly interested in what he had to say. Monday evening was wet, but in spite of that there was a very good audience, and a still larger one on Tuesday, the hall being completely filled. The limelight views were excellent, and were pleasingly described by Raweti, who also sang some English and Maori hymns, accompanying himself on a stringed instrument, somewhat like a guitar. He sang with considerable expression, and sometimes in a very pathetic manner. A peculiarity was that he did not pronounce Maori words as natives do, but rather as English do. Altogether he must have been very successful here.

Last Thursday the manager (Mr A. P. Green) and staff of the Bank of New Zealand here, presented Mr Howard, the accountant, who, under the retrenchment scheme, was leaving the bank, with a briarwood pipe, silver mounted and engraved, and a tobacco pouch, as a mark of the respect and esteem with which he has been regarded by his fellow employees, with whom he was very popular.

A Liederkrantz has been formed

here, which bids fair to be a great success, as, at the first meeting to arrange the affair, the names of nearly fifty persons were enrolled. Mrs Lucas, who originated the idea, was elected conductor, and eight ladies formed the committee. Miss M. Lucas is to be pianiste, and Miss May Noworthy organist. Practice will begin next Monday, and to every fourth one members are permitted to invite their friends. There is to be a small subscription to cover the cost of the hall to practise in, and music, etc.

Never do I remember such perfect weather for the Easter holidays, which is, I believe, general all over the colony, and not our special prerogative. It is particularly suitable for the volunteer encampment, which is situated about three miles out of town, near the Taylor River. Contingents from Hokitika, Greymouth, Westport, and Nelson, added to the Blenheim Corps, number over four hundred, and the clusters of tents look picturesque and effective as one approaches them. One drawback is lack of shade, as there are no trees near. A large crowd assembled at the railway station on Friday morning to witness the arrival of volunteers from Nelson and Coast, who were awaited by the Mounted Rifles, commanded by Captain Chaytor (the other local corps having gone into camp the previous night), who, as soon as the men were formed into line, led the way to the camp. On Saturday and Sunday afternoons crowds of persons went out to watch the drill and gun practice, and to-day the sham fight will take place, when, no doubt, many more will go.

An entertainment will be given to-night and to-morrow night by natives of the Wairau, Waikawa and Motueka, under the management of the Rev. F. A. Bennett, which will consist of tableaux, the poi game, the old warriors' haka, Maori songs, etc. All the performers are to be attired in Maori costumes.

A large number of nominations are in for the autumn meeting of the Marlborough Racing Club, which will be held on the 11th and 12th of April, so, should the weather be favourable, it is likely to be a very successful affair. The weather this morning is all that could be desired for the various diversions that are to take place to-day.

FRIDA.

CAST ON THE WATERS.

'Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be inmates of the poorhouse. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?'

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat tremblingly upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

'Don't repine, Susan,' said the old man. 'True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken.'

'Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?'

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger toward heaven.

'Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you.'

'Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Oh, of all

the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I can see their smiles.'

'Yes, Jacob,' returned his wife in a lower tone, 'I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which we must look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food, or starve.'

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

'Beg!' he replied, with a quick shudder. 'No, Susan—we are—'

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

'We are what, Jacob?'

'We are going to the poorhouse!'

'Oh, Heaven! I thought so!' fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. 'I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it.'

'Do not give up, Susan,' softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. 'It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come.'

'But when—when shall we go?'

'Now—to-day.'

'Then God have mercy on us!'

'He will,' murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a waggon in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was an official from the poorhouse.

'Come, Mr Manfred,' he said, 'they have managed to crowd you into the poorhouse. The waggon is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible.'

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.

'Come—be in a hurry,' impatiently urged the official.

At that moment a heavy covered victorin drove up to the door.

'Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?'

The question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind-looking man, about forty years of age.

'That is my name,' said Jacob.

'Then they told me truly,' uttered the newcomer. 'Are you from the poorhouse?' he continued, turning to the official.

'Yes.'

'And are you after these people?'

'Yes.'

'Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poorhouse while I live.'

The official gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then he left the house.

'Don't you remember me?' exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

'I cannot call you to my memory now.'

'Do you remember Lucius Williams?'

'Williams?' repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

'Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law and placed on board one of your own vessels.'

'And you are—'

'Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I knew that the children of your own flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness.'

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

'Susan,' he said, in a choking, trembling tone, 'my bread has come back to me.'

'Forgive me, Jacob.'

'No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in His hand.'

'Ah,' murmured his wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, 'I will never doubt Him again.'

A lady who seems to know something of the matter says it is an undeniable fact that the majority of men prefer short women to tall ones. 'Perhaps, she adds, this is because they like to be looked up to—at all events by the fair sex—and it is only natural for them to prefer the girl who, in her little caressings and fascinating, love-like ways, has on account of her shortness to look up to him for the purpose of peering into his love-lit eyes. Tall women are usually dignified, and appear to scorn kittenish ways, and although they manage to draw admiration, it is rather of the awe-inspiring kind. No doubt owing to smallness of stature and pretty, playful ways, men give to little women more petting than the tall, dignified woman demands.'

Burnett, the Havard football player, is a son of Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett, and is the original Little Lord Fauntleroy. Since that time he has developed into a man of muscle, with a stout arm and an accurate foot, but he still retains some of the peculiarities of the little lord.



ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR AT THE THAMES FROM KOPU.

A Silent Witness

By Richard March.

I doubt if a more terrible thing ever happened to any man than that which happened to me in the autumn of 1883. The memory of it all is with me now as though it were but yesterday; and sometimes I wake shrieking in my dreams, and lie awake all night, oppressed with a great agony of fear.

I was a clerk in Burton's Bank at Exeter. For some days I had been queer and out of sorts. More than once I had been conscious of what seemed to me a sudden numbness of the limbs. For instance, on two separate occasions I had been incapable of rising from my office-stool. My wife and fellow clerks noticed that I did not seem to be in my usual health, and my wife in particular had been urgent in entreating me to take my annual holiday without delay. But I had some complicated accounts to balance which I was unwilling to leave undone; and that more especially since they had given me an infinitude of trouble, the sought for balance being exactly the thing I could not get.

It was the evening of September 14. It was a Friday. I had decided at the last moment to remain at the bank after the rest had gone, for I had arranged that if I only could get the accounts all right I would start for Penzance on the following morning with my wife. God alone knows how I yearned for a sight of the sea!

It had been a hot day, that Friday—a terribly hot day—and all day long I had been conscious not only of a curious unwillingness, but an absolute incapacity, to move. In some extraordinary way my limbs seemed in a measure to have passed from my control. I suppose it was past six o'clock. I was all alone in the bank; the rest of the establishment had left a good hour ago. I was leaning forward on my desk, racking my brains to think where the error could be, when—shall I ever forget it?—in an instant—in a flash of lightning—I became conscious of a singular sensation which was stealing over me. It was just as though some malevolent spirit had woven a spell and deprived me of the power of motion. I was spell-bound, rooted to my seat, as helpless as though I had been struck by the hand of death.

The strangest part of it was that while in that sudden awful visitation I had lost the use of my limbs, I had preserved my faculties intact. I could see—straight in front, that is—for not only could I not turn my head a hair's breadth to either side, not only could I not even close my eyes, but I could not even change the direction of my glance. I could only look straight in front of me with what I felt instinctively must be a fixed, horrible, glassy stare. But what there was in front of me, that I could plainly see. And I could hear. Indeed, my hearing seemed to be unnaturally keen. For instance, Burton's Bank is in the Cathedral Yard. Not only could I hear every footstep which passed even on the other side of the Cathedral—no slight distance for the sound of a foot to travel—but I could hear the traffic that went up and down Fore street Hill, and over the bridge, right away to St. Thomas' on the other side. And worse—for God knows that in the horror of all that followed it was of a surety the worst of all—I could think. My brain, like my hearing, seemed to have become phenomenally clear. Instantaneously I knew what had come upon me. It was catalepsy. I was in a cataleptic fit!

I felt no pain—physical pain, at least. In that sense I was like a man whose physical side is dead, but whose mind still lives. And as I sat there hour after hour, dead, my agony of mind rose to such a climax that I cannot but think that it transcended whatever agony of body the most morbid imagination has at any time described.

It became dark—so dark that my eyes became useless for any purposes of sight, and yet they would not shut. It became silent, too—the intense silence of the night. But all at once when the night was stillest, a sound struck on my ears—a peculiar sound,

as of someone who walked with muffled steps. And then—could it be? Yes! A window was being opened close at hand.

I cannot doubt but that the only thing which had kept me from promptly falling on to the floor when the fit had first taken me, was the fact that I was leaning so forward that the greater part of my weight was on the desk. So, leaning forward on the desk, I stayed. Just in front of me was a glass partition, on the other side of which was the inner office, in which the safe was kept. It was the window of this inner office which was being opened now. By what I cannot but suppose was a Providential accident, since I could not alter the direction of my glance, the safe was right in my line of sight. And so, although I could not immediately see who it was that entered, directly the mysterious intruder came between myself and the safe I could see him plain.

At first all was dark. Then a light was struck, and someone, bearing a shaded lantern in his hand, appeared in my line of sight.

It was Philip Morris, our head cashier, and practically the manager of the bank!

I shall never forget my unutterable amazement when I perceived that it was he. What could bring him there at such an hour, in such a way? He wore a light dust coat, which was unbuttoned down the front, so that I could see his dress-clothes beneath, and the diamonds gleaming in his shirt. He carried a small leather bag in his hand. He took a bunch of keys from his pocket; with these he unlocked the safe. From it he took a quantity of notes—I could hear them rustle—and several bags of gold, which jingled as he dropped them in his bag. Then he turned right round, so that I saw him full in the face.

"If Wheeler could only see me now! I should mention that my name is Wheeler—Richard Wheeler. The allusion was to me—I guess he would soon uniddle the mystery of his accounts. Well, the game is up, I suppose. I have had my fling, even if the result is penal servitude for life. I flatter myself that few men would have had the dexterity to carry it on so long."

He came a few steps forward, the lantern in his hand, and suddenly stopped short. His eyes were fixed on the glass partition. On his face there was an expression of the most awful, ghastly fear. His lips seemed parched. He gasped for breath. For a moment I thought he would be seized with a convulsion; but he had sufficient control over himself to ward off that. He spoke at last, and his voice was like the voice of a strangled man.

"Wheeler! Wheeler! Is it you? For God's sake, don't look like that. Your eyes are horrible!"

He covered his own eyes with his hand; I could see him shudder. Then he looked again; his mood was changed. With quick firm steps he advanced to the partition door, and entered the office in which I was.

"I suppose you think you have caught me?" he cried. "I congratulate you upon your cleverness. But perhaps, my friend, you have caught more than you think."

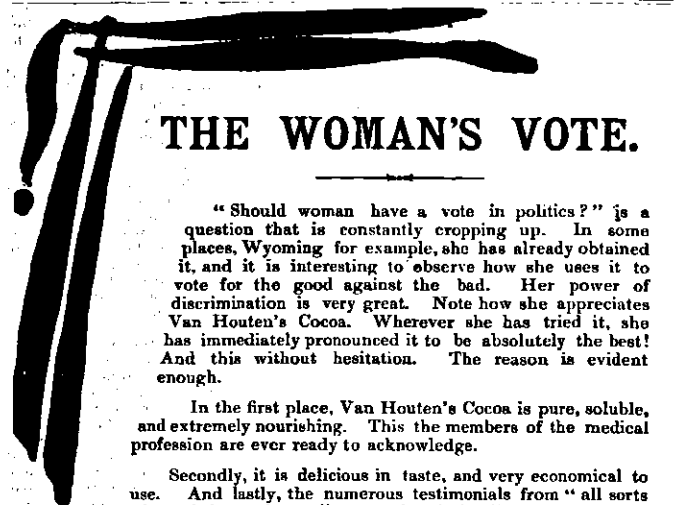
Suddenly he seemed struck by an immobility. He came a step nearer. "Why do you sit there like a wooden block, you hypocritical old fool? Do you hear? Can't you speak? You think you have trapped me very neatly, eh?"

He paused; he came a step nearer. "Can't you speak, you fool? Wheeler! Wheeler!"

He laid his hand upon my shoulder. He shone the lantern in my face. Suddenly he gave the most dreadful shriek that ever yet I heard.

"My God," he cried. "He's dead!" In his sudden fear the lantern fell from his hand with a crash. He gave me a push which sent me flying head foremost to the floor. And when I fell, there, like a dead man, I lay.

II.
I lay on my own bed in my own room. Oh, what had I ever done to deserve the agony which I endured then? There was my wife on her knees beside the bed, there was a candle which flickered on the chest of drawers, although daylight already streamed into the room, and there was I, wrapped in the garments which enfold the dead. How my wife wept. How she mourned in the sudden anguish of her woe. Now she called on God for mercy and for strength, and now she got upon the bed and pillowed her head upon my breast, or bedewed my face with her kisses and her tears.



THE WOMAN'S VOTE.

"Should woman have a vote in politics?" is a question that is constantly cropping up. In some places, Wyoming for example, she has already obtained it, and it is interesting to observe how she uses it to vote for the good against the bad. Her power of discrimination is very great. Note how she appreciates Van Houten's Cocoa. Wherever she has tried it, she has immediately pronounced it to be absolutely the best! And this without hesitation. The reason is evident enough.

In the first place, Van Houten's Cocoa is pure, soluble, and extremely nourishing. This the members of the medical profession are ever ready to acknowledge.

Secondly, it is delicious in taste, and very economical to use. And lastly, the numerous testimonials from "all sorts and conditions of men," prove that it is alike valued in the palace, and prized in the cottage.

The moderate cost places it within the reach of all, for it is less than one farthing per cup; and it is so easily assimilated and digested that all may take it, be they weak or strong.

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ROYAL TESTIMONIAL I
ROYAL TESTIMONIAL I

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Feb 25th 1896

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'Richard! she cried. 'Richard! After all these years. My own! My dear!'

And then she wept as though her heart would break. Who shall conceive my agony as I lay there?

A little later there was this scene. Five men came into the room. There was Dr. Levenson, my old medical attendant; Wilfrid Burton, the banker, whom, man and boy, I had served for thirty years; Mr Fellowes, the lawyer to the bank; Philip Morris, that accursed thief; and Captain Phillipson, the chief of the county police.

It was Mr Burton who spoke first. His voice was dry and cold—very different to the kindly, pleasant voice I knew so well.

'Before we go any further, I suppose, Dr. Levenson, there is no doubt that this wretched man is dead? That you certify? No autopsy necessary, or anything of that sort?'

Dr. Levenson smiled a superior smile.

'Richard Wheeler is certainly dead. I have the certificate of death in my pocket. The funeral is already arranged. He died from valvular disease of the heart; a disease of whose presence I have long been aware.' My brain reeled as I listened to the glib announcement. 'Doubtless his death was accelerated at the last by sudden shock.'

'God,' said Mr Burton, with a solemnity the unconscious irony of which was hideous, 'saw fit to strike down the criminal at the moment of his crime.'

I wondered what Philip Morris looked like as he heard the words. This time he was out of my line of sight.

'And now,' continued Mr Burton, 'to proceed to the business which has brought us here. I need not point out to you, Dr. Levenson, that all that passes here is in the strictest confidence.' I presume that the doctor bowed his head. 'The bank has been the victim of—the speaker's voice trembled, and I felt that my wife covered her face with her hands—of the most terrible dishonesty. To what extent the affair has gone I have not yet had time to ascertain, but I fear that we have been robbed to the extent of at least a hundred thousand pounds.'

A hundred thousand pounds! My God! No wonder I could not get the accounts to balance. That villain has robbed us of a hundred thousand pounds at least, and I lay speechless there.

'Mr Morris will repeat the statement which he has already made to me. You, Mr Fellowes, will kindly take it down, and we will have it attested in the presence of Captain Phillipson. Mrs Wheeler, you need not stir; it will only be painful to your feelings. Indeed, I think you had better go away.'

'Sir,' said my dear wife—oh, how her dear voice rang through my brain—'whatever Mr Morris may have to say, I never shall believe that my dear husband was a thief. I have known him to be a true husband and a God-fearing man for nearly thirty years.'

'Ah, Mrs Wheeler, how appearances may deceive. I had to the full as much confidence in him as you. Before you think that I misjudge him, hear what Mr Morris has to say.'

Philip Morris began his tale. It flashed upon me in an instant that he had availed himself of my supposed *decease* to fasten his guilt upon my head. But I had never imagined that anyone, in his circumstances, could have carried the matter through with so easy an air. There was even an affectation of pathos in his tones as he filled in the details of his horrid lie.

'I had been spending the evening at Mr Fisher's—Mr Fisher was one of the minor canons, a bachelor, who was reputed to have a taste for whist and for hours which were perhaps a little uncanonical. I was returning home, when, on passing the bank, I noticed that there seemed to be a light in the office in which the safe is kept. The window, as you know, is but a few feet from the ground. I have often pointed out how easy it would be for a thief to get in that way.'

'I know you have! I know you have!' said Mr Burton.

The hypocrite went on—
'To my surprise I found it was un-
latched. I opened it. Whoever was
within was too much absorbed in his

occupation to notice what I did. I looked through the open window and saw that someone was in the inner office, but who it was I could not at first perceive. I climbed through the window, and went in. Directly I entered the man looked up; it was Richard Wheeler. When he saw me he gave the most awful scream I think I ever heard, and fell down—dead. So soon as I had recovered from my bewilderment, I went to the window and called for help. A constable who heard me came to my assistance. Together we examined the room. That is all I have to say. I only wish that I had not to say so much.'

'But there is more that must be said.' Mr Burton took up the strain. 'In the grate were found the half-consumed fragments of the accounts, which, if they had been suffered to continue in existence, would inevitably have betrayed the dead man's crime. The safe was found wide open—it is still a mystery how he contrived to open it—ransacked of all the chief valuables it contained. On his desk was found a bag containing five hundred pounds of gold, and in his pockets notes for a thousand pounds. But notes and gold to the value of ten thousand pounds, and securities to a very large amount are gone. We have still to find out where. I am sorry to tell you, Mrs Wheeler, that to search this house is one of the purposes which has brought us here.'

'Sir,' said my dear wife, 'you need make no apology. You are welcome to search the house from attic to basement. You will find nothing that was not righteously my dear husband's own.'

III.

For five days I lay there—dead. Words cannot describe the agony I endured. Conceive it, if you can. Picture yourself in my position; conceive what you would suffer then. Far better had I indeed been dead.

On the second day they came and measured me for my coffin. Think of it—a living man! On the fourth day they brought it home, and I was placed within. There were two of them that brought it, and as they placed me in that narrow box they cracked their little jest.

'A tight fit, isn't it?' said one.
'Ah,' replied his fellow, 'they'd have given him as tight a fit if he had lived; four good strong walls for life.'
'Who'd ever have thought old Dick Wheeler would have done a bit upon the cross?'

'Well,' again replied his fellow—how I loathed that man!—'I would for one. I never knew a psalm-singer yet that wasn't a robber and a thief.'

When that choice pair had gone, my wife came in and looked at me as I lay in my last bed. She had a wreath in her hand, which she placed upon my breast, and a white rose, which betokened Innocence, which she placed within the wreath. She stooped and kissed me on the brow; and as she did so she burst into a flood of tears.
'Oh, God!' she cried, 'show that my dear husband was not a thief!'

The next day, the fifth, they came and screwed me down. Imagine that! I learnt from what they said that they feared that if, in that hot weather, I was left for a longer time exposed, decomposition would set in. When they had already placed the lid upon my coffin, my wife came running in. I learnt that they had come in her absence to shut me for ever from her sight. They imagined that if she were there she might object to what they did. Her appearance disconcerted them. She made them immediately remove the lid, and bade them withdraw from the room, so that she might have final solitary communion with her dead.

She knelt down by the side of my coffin and prayed. She expressed the most profound belief in the innocence of the man who had been her husband for nearly thirty years, and she besought the Most High that He would expound that innocence, and make it clear to man. Then she stood up and kissed me on the lips—kissed me a last goodbye!

Then she left me, to the full as broken-hearted as she herself, and the undertaker's men returned and screwed me down. They put the lid upon my coffin, and shut from me the blessed light; for no one had closed my eyes. They had tried to, but the lids would not come down. I could

hear the traffickers in death laughing and jesting as they drove the screws well home. When they had done their work, and gone, I was a prisoner indeed.

How long I remained in that box, screwed down, I never knew. It seemed to me a hundred years. A dreadful thought came to me, not once but again and again, with recurring force. Suppose that I indeed was dead? Who knows the mysteries of death? Is it not conceivable that when the body dies, the mind, which has such a mysterious affinity with the soul, may live? If I were dead, and my shame should live! Was it possible that through the long cycle of the years, the aeons, which were still to come, my mind should be alive, and I be dead? It is not strange that my pen should tremble as I recall the thoughts which racked me then.

Racked me with such intensity that, even in my state of death, I feared I should go mad. And then? What then? Mad through the aeons in the womb of time! Even dead, I thought my brain would burst. I tried to scream. I struggled as with the issues of life and death for the power to give expression to the great agony of my fear and pain.

And then? What happened then? To this hour I cannot precisely say. I know that while, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenly awoke. I know no other word to use. I knew I was

alive. Alive, and prisoned in that box! And I do believe that for the first few moments of my resurrection—what was it else?—I actually was mad. I had a madman's strength, at any rate. I struggled like a madman—struggled to be free—and with such strength that I burst the box, forced the coffin's sides, and was a prisoner no more.

I stood upon my feet. As I did so I discovered that my display of strength must have been a sort of frenzy, for indeed I was so weak that at first I could not stand. I sank back upon the bed. But only for a moment. There was that within me which gave me strength. I was filled with an overmastering desire to proclaim my innocence, and bring home to the criminal his crime. Wholly regardless of the clothes I wore, forgetful of them even, I went down the stairs into the street, and ran to Mr Burton's as certainly I never ran before.

I must have cut a pretty figure as I ran, but Mr Burton's great house was within a couple of hundred yards of my more modest residence, the hour was late, and I did not meet a creature on the way. I was well acquainted both with the banker's habits and his house. I knew that often when the rest of his household was fast asleep, Mr Burton would sit for hours writing in the study which opened on to the lawn at the back. To this room I hastened. It was as I supposed. There was a bright light

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within. I turned the handle of the French window; it yielded to my touch without pausing for an instant to reflect on what the consequences of my act might be. I burst into the room.

As I entered, Mr Burton was sitting writing at a table. He looked up. When he saw me he rose from his seat. He clutched the edge of the table. He gazed at me, speechless, unable to believe that what he saw was real.

"Wheeler!" he gasped at last; "Richard Wheeler!"

"Yes, sir, 'tis I! Not dead, but living! This is no ghost you gaze upon, but a creature of flesh and blood, to whom God has given strength to declare his innocence and expose another's crime."

I poured out my tale. He was too bewildered at first to grasp the meaning of my words. It was all so unexpected and so strange that he was unable to realise that he was not the victim of some dreadful dream. But it became plain to him at last. It was painful to see his agitation as he began to grasp the purport of my revelation.

"You had a cataleptic fit?"

"If it was not catalepsy, I know not what it was. I am no doctor, sir."

"And you were within an ace of being buried alive! The thought is terrible."

"It was terrible to me."

"And you saw—you actually saw—Philip Morris rob the safe?"

"I was a silent witness of his crime. It was only when he supposed that I was dead that it occurred to him to place the guilt upon my shoulders."

"What a villain the man must be! It seems incredible! But the whole story seems incredible for the matter of that, and the most incredible part of it is your presence here. But even supposing what you say is true—and God forbid, after what you have told me, that I should deny it—how are you going to prove his villainy?"

"Mr Burton, I am but newly come from the chambers of death."

"For heaven's sake don't talk like that! You make my blood run cold."

"But the fact is so and things are revealed to me which to you are hidden." I rose up, still in my grave-clothes, trembling like a leaf. "At this instant the thief is at his work again, and tampers with the safe. Mr Burton, I entreat you to come with me to the bank; his villainy shall be proved to-night."

"Come with you—to the bank—at this hour of the night!"

But I had my way. The banker lent me some of his own clothes, and a cloak was thrown over my shoulders. The coachman was roused; a carriage was ordered out. Within a very few minutes we were seated in it, and were being driven swiftly towards the bank, through the silent streets, to catch the criminal in the very moment of his crime.

The carriage was drawn up some little distance from the bank. We got out. Mr Burton had the key of the private door. We approached swiftly, yet silently as well. Our chief object was not to give the slightest alarm.

"The very threshold Mr Burton paused."

"I'm afraid that this is a wild goose chase that you have brought me on. Some folks would even call it by a stronger name."

"Can you not hear him? Hark! He rustles a bundle of notes. They are those notes which were missing and which you searched my house to find."

"Hear him, Wheeler? Are you mad? When he is in the private office—if he is anywhere at all—and we are out on the street."

"I can hear him if you can't. Give me the key, or open the door. Every moment which we waste increases his chances of escape."

Hesitatingly—I believe he doubted my sanity even then—Mr Burton put the key into the lock. Noiselessly it turned. Without a sound the door swung open on its well-oiled hinges. We stood inside. It was pitch dark.

"Hark! We better have a light? I cannot see my hand before my face. We shall be falling over something if we don't take care."

"I need no light. Remember, my eyes have grown accustomed to the dark. You, sir, have only to keep close to me."

"I led the way. He followed close upon my heels. Suddenly I paused."

"See! There is a light!"

Sure enough there was, in the inner

room—in that inner room in which the safe was kept. I caught Mr Burton by the arm. "Sir come a little further and you shall see it all. You shall see the criminal detected in his crime."

I did not tremble then. I had become quite cool and calm.

I knew my hour was at hand. With unflinching fingers I unloosened the cloak from about my shoulders and stood revealed in my cerements as though I had new risen from the grave. And then—

Then I stole in by the outer door into the office in which I had been overtaken by that strange mockery of death. Through the glass partition, sure enough, I saw at a glance that Philip Morris, lantern in hand, was at his old work, busied with the contents of the safe. I leaned right forward on the desk and tapped with my fingers against the glass. He caught the sound at once, but for a moment did not perceive from whence it rose. He approached the partition. I saw him trembling as he came. I saw his face was ghastly white.

When he was quite close, in my grave clothes, I rose straight up, and, looking him straight in the face—his pallid, panic-stricken face—I raised my arm above my head and in a loud voice cried out,

"Thou thief!"

A wild shriek rang through the night, and sometimes in my ears I seem to hear it still.

When Mr Burton and I ran in we found him stricken by a sudden agony of conscience-stricken fear, a bundle of bank notes in a frenzied grip of his right hand lying in a fit upon the floor.—From the 'Weekly Scotchman.'



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SOME HINTS FOR THIS WEATHER.

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VIENNA MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

When attired in silks, satins and laces of evening toilette chivalry and romance awake, and the dream of fair women is far nearer being realized than seems possible during morning hours. There is now a crispness in the evening air that warms us westward on the threshold of winter, and that balls, and dances of less pretension, at homes, cabare parties, and all sorts of frivolities, dear to the heart of women, are on the eve of realization. At such time I suspect that I should obtain but indifferent attention did I worthily discourse of sober, useful garments for everyday wear and ordinary occasion. In anticipation of the Northern Club Ball, which is to be given this month in honour of the Governor, who is at present in Auckland, our inclinations turn with the tide of festivity to fascinating chiffons galore for evening wear. The capricious Madame Fashion will be busy, of course, with evening frocks, the calls for such at this period of festivities making no small demands on her creative powers; and that she will be perfectly equal to the strain one is assured. If the scenes of revelry by night this season are not exceptionally brilliant it will certainly not be for want of lovely fabrics, designs or decorations in the feminine toilette. The ball gowns of this season promise to be glittering fairy garments. Light-tinted silks will be as much in favour for dance gowns, as those composed of muslin and lace. The bodices are to be cut square or else round shape off the shoulders.

I give this week a few suggestions for evening toilettes.

costumes, while fur, velvet, and cloth were in demand for theatre, ball and evening reception wear.

And as it was with textiles, so it was in the methods of combining and making them up. The low corsage was strictly confined to festivities by gas-light and the entertainments that belong to the wee sma' hours. Even this most conspicuous fashion has been the subject of more or less discussion, because of the efforts of extremists to revive for day use the low bodice that has been the rule for dressy wear in the evening only.

THE DEBUTANTE.

Aside from her wedding robes the dainty dress of the debutante is probably the most interesting toilet of her entire society career. The ideal model for the debutante is made of some white diaphanous tissue, and is made up over white silk or satin. It must be simple, but the simplicity is a work of art. It must be plain and almost without ornament, depending for its effectiveness on the exquisite quality of the materials which enter into its composition.

I give to-day an illustration of a perfect ball dress for a debutante. The foundation is a glove-fitting princess gown of white satin, thick and lustrous. The skirt is dancing length, and finished at the hem with a very full ruching of white silk muslin. An accordion-pleated skirt of the finest crepe-de-chine is draped over the ruching, the lower edge spreading over the thick ruching. The top of the bodice is cut out in square yoke



THE DEBUTANTE.

During the last season in London and Paris there were no distinctively evening fabrics. The most filmy tissues were seen in dresses for day time use. The richest brocades formed a part of street attire and afternoon

costumes, while filled in with the accordion-pleated material. The remainder of the bodice is covered with the pleated crepe drawn down as smoothly as possible beneath a white satin ribbon belt.

The sleeves are full puffs of the crepe, with frills of pleating falling to the elbows, where they are met by the long gloves. The collar is of satin ribbon and pleatings.

Less expensive gowns and exceedingly pretty ones are made of white chiffon over white taffeta. If there are reasons why the cost of an outfit should be considered, any of the simpler thin textiles may be utilised with excellent effect by taking a little time and pains. A charming costume is made of net lace over taffeta. The lace skirt is finished at the lower edge with a hem and a band of narrow tucks run in with white floss silk. The band is ten inches wide, and the tucks are about a quarter of an inch wide. The waist and sleeve caps are made entirely of tucks in vertical lines. The sleeve flounces have round and round rows of tucks. The collar and belt are of white taffeta ribbon.

There is quite a new notion shown in the dress that is worn by the standing figure depicted below. With a spotted mousseline or grenadine slip banded at the edge with two rows of satin ribbon, comes a short tablier fashioned entirely of large tucks or folds of glace silk.

These and the folds on the bodice should be of the same silk that forms the slip veiled by the net. A very soft



A DEBUTANTE AND HER CHAPERON.

green might be chosen; a cerise would be a la mode, or the new corn-yellow, which is at once a full colour, and yet by no means nearly so garish as orange. The other toilet has a shawl drapery, and would be useful for the mother or chaperone of the young lady. Supposing this gown were carried out in turquoise blue poplin or the ever-useful bengaline silk, it would be trimmed with insertions and a full flounce of ficelle lace, the same making the pretty little epaulette sleeves and trimming the back of the bodice in a V shaped fichu form.

A drapery on the front of this dress of cream, white or coloured mousseline de soie would trim it nicely, and there might be a corsage bouquet of forget-me-nots and pink roses to give a finish to the picture.

Tall slender wings, such as the ones shown, are to be worn very much in the hair, but young girls will resort to ribbon fillets rather than to plumes, which they will leave to matrons of mature years.

The evening dress of black velvet shown below is made with a train, low corsage and short sleeves. The dress is lined throughout with blue peau de soie. The train is finished at the edge with a twisted cord of velvet and satin ribbons. From the low-cut neck falls a veil of banded lace so fine as to be little thicker than ordinary net. The beads are scarcely more than specks, so tiny are they. This drapery is caught on one either shoulder by diamond clasps, and falls almost to the waist line on either side of the front. Just over the bust it is again drawn up and secured with a diamond stir about four inches across. The back of the waist is without other trimming than a flat band of passementerie in fine jet with a



EVENING DRESS OF BLACK VELVET.

lace ruching above it, the ruching extending around the top of the corsage. The front and sides of the skirt are thickly wrought with the finest jet beads.

SOME SIMPLER EVENING COSTUMES.

For the woman of simple tastes and moderate means, there are exceedingly pretty and becoming fabrics and styles. A young matron's dress for a small reception may be made of burnt orange taffet and white lace. The silk is made with waist and skirt separate, the latter quite plain but full at the lower portion. The skirt is entirely covered with a drapery of embroidered lace. The bodice has a square neck, which is filled in with shirred lace. There are bolero jacket fronts of shirred lace and full puffed sleeve tops, from which lace frills fall over the arms. A wide satin ribbon of orange and white is folded to outline a bodice slightly rounded in the back

with jewelled chains, and the décolletage is charmingly bordered with the edge of the lace itself.

Another ball gown is the spangle-embroidered net over a silk or satin slip. A word of warning against the very cheap, and of advice to work it yourselves if you cannot afford a good one; for it is a vexation of spirit indeed to have your spangles scattering right and left at your first dance in it. This figure reveals a pretty spangled ball gown in white and gold, chains of the spangles finishing bodice and lips.



THE SPANGLED BALL GOWN.

Most evening sleeves are now conspicuous by their absence. The very long gloves worn in place are half of kid and half of lace, and white are much in favour again.

Fans are small this year, and nearly all bespangled. Shoes are simply delightful, and of endless variety. One special feature is the red morocco shoe with glittering cut-jet buckle.



A NEW EVENING BODICE.

While many women have no taste for dressy and fanciful outside garments, there are many others who think their wardrobes quite incomplete without one or more of these delightfully pretty affairs known as evening wraps.

For many years fur-lined wraps for evening wear were thought to be the most appropriate and desirable. Of



EVENING WRAP.

late for linings have fallen into less request. Indeed, fur, as a part of evening wraps, is quite subordinate to other materials.

Brocades are for the time being most in demand, although silk, satin, velvet, cloth, and even lace, are used for making these necessities. There is no reason why a lace garment may not be as warm as any of other fabric.

There is occasionally an eccentricity or a caprice that has most alluring features, and for those who dress for effect such points are by no means to be ignored.

IF WE BUT KNEW.

Could we but draw the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force,
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good—
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood!

RECIPES.

THE SPECIAL TIT-BITS OF CERTAIN DISHES.

Almost every dish placed on table has some recognised portion regarded as the best. To many carvers it is extremely puzzling to find out and remember which is the particularly favourite morsel.

The following list will give you a few of them:—

- Of a roast fowl, the breast and liver wing.
- Of a boiled fowl, breast and leg.
- Of a turkey or goose, breast and thighs.
- Of a duck, breast and legs.
- Of a game, breast and backs.
- Of a rabbit, shoulders and brains.
- Of a hare, back pieces, brains, and ears.
- Of venison, fat.
- Of a haunch of venison or mutton, long cuts.
- Of a calf's head, cuts round eyes, ears and cheeks.

A NICE WAY OF COOKING FLOUNDERS.

Ingredients: One tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half teaspoonful of pepper, one egg, coarse Scotch oatmeal, frying fat.

Well wash, and dry the fish to be used. Mix together the flour, salt, and pepper. Dip each side of the fish into this mixture. Beat up the egg. Brush the fish all over with it. Then cover with coarse Scotch oatmeal in the same way as breadcrumbs are usually used.

Repeat this egg and layer of oatmeal again, then fry in hot fat a golden brown. Drain on kitchen-paper. Serve on a fancy lace-paper garnished with fried parsley.

SIMNEL CAKE.

Required: Half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of peel, quarter of a pound of almonds, six ounces of castor sugar, quarter of an ounce of mixed spices, one orange rind, one lemon rind, three eggs, half a wineglass of brandy, or home-made wine, and a little saffron.

Beat the butter and sugar till quite soft and creamy. Beat in, one by one, the eggs. Add the flour lightly. Have ready the currants cleaned and stalked, the peel chopped, and the almonds shelled and shredded, and the rinds of the lemon and orange grated. Mix these ingredients together and add to the flour, etc. Now add spices and wine, and colour carefully with a little saffron. Mix very thoroughly. Take up the lump of dough. Put it into a greased cake-tin, or a plain round soufflé-tin is best. Tie over it a cloth which has been dipped in boiling water and then floured. Put the cake into a large saucepan of fast boiling water and boil for three hours.

Then take it up, remove the cloth, take the cake out of the tin, work the edge of the top up like a rough wall.

Brush it over with beaten egg and place it on a greased baking-tin in a slow oven.

Bake slowly till it is a nice brown and has a hard crisp crust. Sprinkle with a little icing sugar and serve when cold.

Now I fancy I hear you exclaim, 'What! boil a cake and then bake it!' Yes; even so, it is one of the characteristics of this cake.

Here is a very old rhyme on the subject that may interest you to read: 'She who would a simnel make, Flour and saffron first must shake, Candy, spices, eggs must take, 'Chop and pound fill arms do neat; 'Then must boil, and then must bake For a crust too hard to break.'

HARICOTS A LA TOMATO.

Required: One pound of haricots, three ounces of butter, one small onion, two sticks of celery, one carrot, pepper and salt, a few drops tarragon vinegar, a puree of tomato.

Put the haricots to soak in cold water for twelve hours; then put them into a saucepan with cold water to cover, and bring slowly to the boil; put in one ounce butter, the onion, celery, carrot, and a little pepper and salt.

Boil gently till the beans are quite soft, but not broken to a mush.

Then remove the other vegetables; pour off the water, and drain the haricots in a colander; re-heat them again



RENOVATORY TOUCHES.

and pointed in front. The collar is of folded ribbon and lace.

The pretty evening frocks here demonstrated are intended to act as models. The one on the left charmingly mingles lace and a light material, which may be as inexpensive as nun's veiling or as extravagant as satin, which is the dernier cri for evening wear.

The pinafore bodice with the long stole front is a pretty feature, and the sleeves, who shall say are not economical? for they are scarcely sleeves at all.

The other gown introduces the popular fur rouleau, and would express itself well if velveteen were the chosen material, softened with age-yellow lace.

The drooping sleeves are caught up

NEW EVENING WEAR.

The dainty bodice illustrated in this figure is for wear with a pale green satin skirt. The under bodice is of white chiffon, headed by a thick ruche of the same. Over this comes a pale green satin bodice, open in front and pouched somewhat in immediate front over a belt of gold-spangled embroidery. The shoulder straps, heading to sleeves, and bordering to over-bodice—which is embroidered over with small gold spangles—are also of gold embroidery or passementerie. A special note should be made of the sleeves, which are of drawn white chiffon finished by ruchings of the same, and showing a portion of the upper arm. These sleeves are very modish, and a boon to women with thin arms.

with two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, and a few drops of vinegar; pile in a hot dish; pour over the puree of tomatoes, and arrange round the edge some prettily-cut shapes of bread fried a golden brown.

HEDGEHOG PUDDING.

Chop half a pound of beef suet very finely. Mix with it a quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of sugar, one ounce each of candied lemon, orange, and citron, half a nutmeg grated, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, a small pinch of salt, three or four sweet almonds, blanched and sliced, four eggs, and as much old ale as will make the pudding into a stiff paste. Mix the dry ingredients a first; afterwards add the eggs and ale. Tie the pudding in a cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for five hours. Have ready three ounces of blanched almonds. Stick them into the pudding before sending it to table, and serve with brandy sauce. Sufficient for six or eight persons.

HER MAJESTY'S PUDDING.

Flavour half a pint of cream or new milk with half an ounce of pounded almonds, or if preferred, a little lemon or raita flavoured. Simmer gently, and when lukewarm, pour the milk gradually over two well-beaten eggs. Stir it over the fire for a minute or two until it begins to thicken, then take it off and sweeten it, and when quite cool pour it into a buttered mould which has been lined with a small sponge cake, previously sliced and soaked in sherry. Place a cover on the mould and steam the pudding. When done enough, let it stand a minute or two before turning it out, and ornament with crystallised fruit of different colours. Time, three-quarters of an hour to steam. Sufficient for two persons.

NURSERY NOTES.

When giving a baby diluted milk-and-water never warm it just up to the right point and no further; let it boil for three or four minutes, and then cool down to the desired degree, as this will ensure the destruction of germs, as one cannot always depend upon the absolute purity of milk and water.

German measles is a disease of comparatively small importance, although—like all fevers—if care is not exercised, it may be followed by bad consequences. It is an acute, contagious and eruptive fever, runs its course quickly, and occurs only once in a lifetime. The patient should be kept in bed, and the room darkened if there is any weakness of the eyes. Perfect isolation should be insured by keeping a sheet soaked in disinfectant over the door, and not allowing anything to pass out of the room without being disinfected. The diet must consist of light food, such as milk, broths, toast, etc., and plenty of barley-water if asked for.

To administer castor oil, or, indeed, any aperient medicine, to a newly-born baby is a great mistake. To start the poor little mite on its journey through life with anything in the nature of medicine, unless by the doctor's orders, is most unnecessary and bad for the child.

Children should be, if possible, taught to eat fat with their meat—but very often they show a great dislike for it—as it is necessary for their growth and health. If it cannot be taken in one way, it must be taken in another; and it should be remembered that there are many kinds of fat besides animal fat—such as fresh cream, butter, and dripping. A little suet boiled in milk, which then must be carefully strained, will form a drink of the most nourishing description, to which very few children will object.

Paddling is often a great cause of headache in children, the feet being chilled while the hot sun keeps the head warm; and it has even been known to cause convulsions and other maladies of a dangerous kind. If children are allowed to paddle they should only stay a few minutes at a time, and then run in and out of the water. A wet cabbage-leaf put on the head, under the hat or sunbonnet, will keep the head cool.

THEORY OF THE FLAMING SWORD.

'Ah, talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion! To digest. Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met by smiles and greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with pleasant dreams, to be touched ever by gentle, soft, cool hands. It is to be in Paradise.

'There came a great indigestion upon the earth and it was called a deluge. All the evil comes from this. Macbeth could not sleep; it was the supper, not the murder. His wife talked and talked; it was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion, and Carlyle must have had the worst digestion in the world. Ah! to digest is to be happy!

'There!—how does that strike you for a burst of eloquence? I quote from Trollope. If there is anything wrong about the theology you must hold him responsible. As for its physiology and pathology (pardon all these 'ologies') I can answer for the correctness of these two. And so can millions of people besides me. They speak of the curse of indigestion continually in every language; they groan and write under it in every land and climate.

'For many years,' says one of this innumerable army of martyrs, 'I was obliged to bear as best I could the torments of indigestion. My appetite was practically destroyed. I ate, of course, because one must eat or die! but after meals I had great pain at the chest and around the sides.

Sleep almost forsook my pillow, and naturally I was tired and exhausted. Sometimes better and then worse, but never free from pain and illness. I lived on with little or no hope of getting well. It is hardly necessary to say that I had medical treatment, yet no real benefit resulted from it. Happily at this time Mother Seigel's Syrup was brought to my notice, and so strongly commended that I laid aside other medicines, which were doing me no good, and began using this one only.

'In a short time I realised a great improvement; food agreed with me and I gained strength. A little later—continuing to take the syrup regularly as directed—the pains at the stomach, sides and chest wholly ceased and I have not felt them since. My indigestion was cured at last, and I enjoyed the blessing of health. My son, who suffered severely from rheumatism has been relieved by Mother Seigel's Syrup as by nothing else he ever tried. In gratitude I give you full permission to publish my letter should you desire.' (Signed) (Mrs) Ann Barker, Field Lane, Braughing, Ware, Herts., Oct. 7th, 1898.

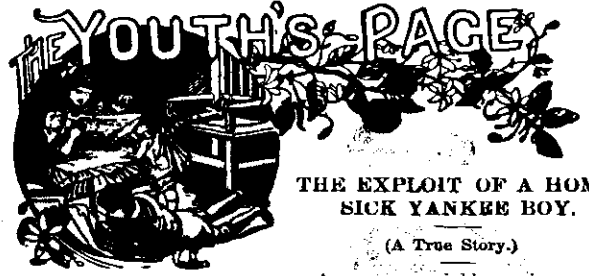
It was a fortunate circumstance for Mrs Sarah Gell, of Melchbourne, Bedfordshire, that one day she had a personal talk with Mr Smith, the butcher at Rushden. He told the lady that in his opinion if she went on suffering from indigestion and asthma (one of its consequences) it would be because she neglected to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. 'And,' said Mr Smith, 'I speak from knowledge.' She had been ill with this abominable ailment for many years, and had spent time and money in unavailing efforts to obtain relief.

Acting on Mr Smith's advice, Mrs Gell began using this remedy at once, and tells the outcome in a letter of which we have room for the conclusion only:—

'I was better almost immediately, and was soon as well and healthy as one could wish to be. Now I keep "Mother Seigel" in the house and it never fails to help us when needed for any passing complaint.' (Signed) Sarah Gell, Oct. 5th, 1898.

Judging from the force of his comment on the disease, I should say Mr Trollope knew something about indigestion from experience. Most literary people do. To them, and to all other victims, I confidently commend the best remedy yet found—Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Velvet hangings and cushions which are stained with grease may be cleaned by pouring a little turpentine on the stained part and then rubbing it dry with a piece of clean flannel. If the stain is not removed at once, repeat the process. Afterwards place the articles in the air till the smell of the turpentine departs.



THE EXPLOIT OF A HOME-SICK YANKEE BOY.

(A True Story.)

Among my neighbours in a rural Maine town, was a family which bore the name of Junkins. It was not a prosperous household. The shadow of a crime reaped upon the father.

'Old Jack,' as he was commonly called, was a man of ferocious temper. As years went by he became so malevolent as to be an object of dread to the people of the locality. Children would run away at sight of him. His ordinary garb was an old fur coat, made from woodchuck skins, sewn together, with a cap of skunk-skin, and this garb helped to make him more terrible to the children. I well remember the panic which his sudden appearance at the district schoolhouse, with a large stick in his hand, once caused among us youngsters. On this occasion he was in pursuit of his oldest boy, Noel, who had come to school contrary to his wishes. The old man not only hated his fellow-men, but detested the public schools.

For several years he was in constant conflict with the school committee and the selectmen of the town, because he would not allow his six children to attend school. Despite numerous legal processes, he usually succeeded in keeping them at home. His threats and oaths on the day he came after Noel left on our youthful brains memories which were almost scars.

Old Jack died very miserably on one bleak December night. He had built a kind of retreat or den for himself at one end of his house, where none of his family dared enter; for he had weapons at hand, and also missiles, but refused the overtures of neighbours to have a physician summoned, and at length was found dead like a wild beast in his lair, having perished as much from cold and lack of proper food as from disease.

This man was a pitiable example of how low a human being may fall who allows himself, habitually, to cherish enmity towards his fellow creatures.

After Old Jack's death, his widow, an illiterate woman, and the children lived on at their place, a squalid old house and barn at the end of a local road, somewhat remote from neighbours. They were very poor.

Noel, the oldest child, was thirteen or fourteen years old at this time; next in point of age were two or three girls, and then another boy named Caspar. They subsisted after an odd, semi-civilised manner. It was said that the family was at times so dis-



SOMETIMES THEY WORKED FOR FARMERS

tressed for want of food as to eat the green sprouts of raspberry shrubs, brake roots, and the boiled green leaves of the beech and birch. At

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

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

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 4oz. 4d.; not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; for every additional 2oz 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 a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS

FOR GRAPHIC COUSINS.

Two prizes of half-a-crown each will be presented to the cousin who sends in the prettiest set of coloured pictures from the fashion page in this week's issue of the 'Graphic.'

WHAT YOU HAVE GOT TO DO TO WIN THE PRIZES.

On pages 502 and 503 you will find several pictures of ladies in ball dresses and opera cloaks. Cut out any one, or more, of these (if I were you I would take the big one called the Debutante) and then colour them with either paints or crayons. Of course, you must promise to do it 'all by yourselves.' When they are done, send them to me, with a little note, saying you are (or would like to become) a 'Graphic' cousin. You must send them back to reach 'Cousin Kate' ('Graphic' Office, Auckland) by May 1st, 1899.

THE PRIZES.

One prize will be given to the cousin of over 12 and under 16 who sends the best picture. The other prize will be for cousins under 12.

Now, boys and girls! half-a-crown will buy quite a number of nice things, so make certain to have a try for it.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.

The Pictorial Post Card.—The pictorial post card is quite a feature of the period. A short time since the German Emperor was at the army manoeuvres at Aeynhausen, and one morning the young ladies of that place presented him with a bouquet of wild flowers. The Kaiser handed them to the aide-de-camp and inquired what the fair donors would like to receive from him in return. They requested that when in Jerusalem he would send them a post card with a view of the Holy City on it. Could they possibly have been the envoys of an enterprising firm of colour printers about to send a consignment of such cards to Palestine?

sight of anyone approaching the house the younger children would hide in the hedge, or take refuge in the loft of the house or in the barn, and remain secreted till the visitor had gone. The selectmen of the town renewed their efforts to have the children go to school. The farmers' wives of the vicinity gave them old clothing, and during the cold season sometimes took the older children into their own families for a while; but none of the Junkinses attended school for more than a few weeks at a time. They were shy, suspicious, and odd as it may seem, excessively proud, sensitive, and high-spirited. In temper they were easily excitable.

After a few years the two older boys, when hard pressed for food at home, began to go out to work among the farmers. Sometimes they would engage to work for a month, or for the entire season, but they rarely remained in one place for more than two or three days at a time.

They had never been taught to be good workmen, and were so excitable and suspiciously proud that if a word of instruction were given them they were apt to take it amiss and run home. Of the world at large outside the locality where they were born they knew nothing at all.

It happened one summer, that the second boy, Caspar Junkins, now in his twelfth year, went to work a few days, in haying time, for a farmer named Richards, who lived about a mile distant. A gentleman from Boston, well known in the commercial world, who chanced to bear the same name, was then visiting the Richardses.

If I remember correctly this Mr Junkins, of Boston, was a relative of the Richards family; at any rate, he had been in the habit of paying an occasional visit there. His attention was attracted to Caspar, who, if better cared for, would have been a handsome boy.

Perhaps because Caspar bore his family name, although there was said to be no kinship, or because Mr Junkins had no boys of his own, he took a fancy to the lad and resolved to adopt him. He talked the matter over with Caspar's mother, and being a man of kindly heart and persuasive manners, so far won the confidence of both mother and boy that an agreement was finally reached.

This was a wonderful bit of good fortune for the poor lad. Every one encouraged him to go and to do his best to merit the preferment. Mr Junkins was reputed to be wealthy; and he avowed his intention of adopting Caspar as his son. In earnest of this purpose, he took him to the neighbouring village and procured new clothes, hat and shoes for him. Caspar was thus so much improved in appearance that we who had known him previously now scarcely recognised him.

A week or two later Caspar and his benefactor set off for Boston, in a suburb of which city Mr Junkins and his wife resided. Caspar went away in good spirits; the novelty of the railroad ride, the scenes by the way, the luncheon at the restaurant in Exeter occupied his attention. He was apparently as happy a boy as ever started to see the world.

On their arrival Mrs Junkins gave Caspar a kindly reception, and allotted him a pretty room, looking out on the lawn. They treated him as a member of the family, and meant to give him an education at the city schools. It happened that Mr Junkins had also brought with him for a short visit at his house, the daughter of his friend Richards, whose name was Ruth. As Caspar knew her, her presence helped to prevent him from being homesick.

It hardly seemed that Caspar had left at his old home anything to be homesick for, but homesickness is a singular malady. From some perversity of human nature, those who go forth into the world from wholly wretched homes are sometimes the most incurably homesick.

On the third day at Mr Junkins', Caspar began to mope. He appeared depressed, and his face exhibited hopeless sadness, but when he was questioned he said that nothing was the matter with him. Ruth Richards took him to see Bunker Hill Monument, to the Natural History Museum and to the Charlestown Navy Yard, but as this lively girl expressed it, Caspar behaved 'as if he had lost his last friend.'

He was not to be amused. His ap-

petite, too, had departed. It was of no use to load his plate with dainties—apparently he sighed for raspberry sprouts and brake roots. Mrs Junkins lavished motherly kindnesses upon him, but failed to cheer him. They told him amusing stories, but he seemed not to hear, and jokes had no power to bring a smile to his face.

He appeared now greatly to prefer the darkest corner of the sitting-room, and did not willingly leave it. Even Ruth could not lure him forth on any pretence of sightseeing. When solicited to go out, he only said, very plaintively, 'I don't want!'.

It was evident he was homesick, but they imagined he would soon cheer up. On the sixth morning, matters at home requiring Ruth Richards' presence, she took leave of Mr and Mrs Junkins, and without mentioning her intended departure to Caspar went into the city by horse-car, to take the half past eight express train at Haymarket Square Station for Portland. The entire distance to her home was one hundred and sixty-seven miles.

Shortly after Ruth went away, Caspar was missed from his corner in the sitting-room, and Mrs Junkins failed to find him anywhere in the house. When Ruth had purchased her ticket at the station, attended to her checks and entered a car, she was not a little surprised and disturbed to see Caspar make his appearance. Describing the circumstances afterward, she said that he came in out of breath, evidently having chased the horse-car into the city, and that he had much the aspect and mien of a dog that has followed his master contrary to orders. He stole into the car and slunk to a seat behind hers without a word, but with a most beseeching expression on his face.

Ruth had no idea of allowing him to return to Maine with her. She scolded him. 'Go back at once to Mr Junkins' house,' said she; and she reproached him for his silly behaviour and his ingratitude. All Caspar would say was, 'I want to go home.'

A few minutes remained before train time, and stirred by the emergency, Ruth led the lad firmly out of the car, induced him to get off, and then herself stood on the car platform until the train started.

To her alarm, as well as somewhat to her amusement, she saw Caspar, disregarding the hails of railway employees, run along the track after the



SEVEN MILES AN HOUR.

train. He passed the gates at Causeway-street, and kept on across the Charles River bridges. Ruth's car was the last one of the train. She entered it, went to the rear door and through it saw him pursuing at a run.

When the train stopped at the crossing of the Eastern line, just across the bridge, he was still in sight, and came so near before the train started that she could see his face. He appeared to be crying.

There was nothing that Ruth could do. She could neither persuade him to return nor take him aboard the car, for the train now moved off at high speed. The last she saw of the lad he was still coming after the cars. Then, beyond Somerville, he was lost to view, a mere speck between the converging rails.

At Exeter she telegraphed to Mr Junkins, who took an afternoon train for Lawrence, twenty miles from Boston, thinking that perhaps the homesick lad might follow the railway track as far as that place before becoming exhausted; but he was able to learn nothing concerning Caspar either at Lawrence or at Haverhill.

The fact is that Caspar had passed through Haverhill long before Mr Junkins arrived there. It seems incredible, but the boy must have covered seven miles an hour for the greater part of the day!

He kept to the line of the Boston and Maine railway, and ran constantly, stopping only to drink at rills or ditches beside the track. To use a railroad phrase, he was 'running wild' for home and made no halts. His own account of his trip accords with what was subsequently learned from several sources.

Towards five in the afternoon he reached Newmarket, New Hampshire, and came to the station just as an east bound freight was starting out. The freight conductor noticed he had run unusually hard, and motioned with his hand for Caspar to climb into the 'caboose' with him.

The boy did so, and says that the trainmen asked him many questions and laughingly refused to believe him when he told them that he had come on foot from Boston that morning. They gave him as much cold food as he would eat and allowed him to ride with them as far as Salmon Falls, a distance of about seventeen miles. The train stopped there and Caspar, refreshed, ran on again.

The day had been hot, and he says he drank at rills and ditches at least fifty times. The sun was setting as he reached the station at Kennebunk, but he trotted on in the twilight, and even felt refreshed after the cool dews of evening had begun to fall.

Trotting forward still, he passed through Biddeford, Saco and Old Orchard Beach. He crossed a long, open trestle by starlight and entered the City of Portland, probably about midnight, for he says he remembers hearing one or more of the city clocks striking many strokes.

As he went along Commercial-street, following the railroad track, and approached the station of the Grand Trunk Railway, a night watchman spoke to him. Perceiving that the boy was much excited and nearly crying, the man spoke kindly to him, and having learned where he was going shared his midnight lunch with him and promised to get him a lift on an early freight train in the morning. But so crazed was the lad with home-sickness that he could not endure the idea of waiting even for a few hours, and set off again at trot along the track of the Grand Trunk line out of Portland.

Early in the day his shoes had hurt his feet so badly that he had taken them off and had run on barefooted, carrying them in his hand. Being accustomed to go barefooted at home he no doubt made better progress for doing so, but before reaching Portland his feet were so tender as to bleed. To save them he put on the cotton socks and the shoes again.

The distance from Portland to South Paris, the station nearest his home, is forty-eight miles. He probably left Portland no later than one o'clock in the morning, but must have run the most of the way to reach South Paris at the time he is known to have arrived—a few minutes past nine in the morning.

He was still nine miles from home, but at once started off on the country road leading thither. A neighbour who had come to South Paris to meet an early train gave him a ride in his wagon for seven miles. He reached his home, the goal of his prodigious effort, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

His feet were raw and swollen. His stomach appeared abnormally thin, and his face is said to have worn a somewhat drawn and haggard, but yet wholly happy look. He had got home!

His mother was not overjoyed to see him.

'Caspar, you little scamp!' she exclaimed, 'what are you here for?'

'I wanted to be home,' replied the lad, with a puerile which, in view of what he had endured to get there, should have softened the heart of a brute.

He resumed the hard life of his childhood, and no overture either from Mr Junkins, in Boston or from

others, could ever induce him to go away again.

Not counting the twenty-four miles which he had ridden, but counting the three miles he had chased a horse-car, at the outset, Caspar Junkins had beyond doubt gone on foot a distance of one hundred and forty-seven miles in twenty-seven hours!

So far as I know this exploit is without a parallel.

S.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON DIARIES.

A diary is a note-book in which people write down things they're sorry for a few years afterward. The only persons I ever knew to keep diaries a whole year were the stationers, who had them in stock, and couldn't sell them.

Schoolgirls are great on keeping diaries. I got hold of my sister's one day when she wasn't looking, and I don't know which was worse—the stuff she wrote, or the scolding she gave me for reading it. There wasn't much in it, anyhow, except an account of the weather and the number of times she danced with George Ryder.

George asked her one night to let him see her diary, but she wouldn't. So absurd! I can't think why girls always will make such mysteries of everything.

I thought I would keep a diary myself once, and I did for nearly a week. Here is the diary:

Monday.—Tried to throw a stone over our big pear-tree and broke a window next door. The old man from next door came round and saw me in the afternoon, but ma told him she was sure that her 'poor dear little Freddy would never do such a thing!' Green old ma!

Tuesday.—Had a fight with Jimmy Jones, of our school. I gave him a smack in the face for not giving me a bit of his sweets. Then Jimmy ran like a coward! But he couldn't catch me.

Wednesday.—Two jam-tarts were found to be missing from the dinner-table. Pa said I must have taken 'em, but ma felt certain it was that thief of a cat. Dear old ma!

Thursday.—I was trying to throw a stone over our pear-tree again, when the last three pears on the tree fell down—quite by accident, of course. I don't know what pa will say when he finds it out. I hope ma will think the cat did it.

Friday.—I left my diary lying about in the dining-room this morning, and pa picked it up and read it, and—Wait till pa goes out, and I'll put that cue of his on the kitchen fire, I will!

Saturday.—Catch me writing any more!

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

'44, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12. '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, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly, J. HILL.'

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

'Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1882. 'I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospital and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Cough, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly, 'A. GARRIET, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M., Edinburgh; L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.'

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

'It is nearly twenty years ago since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

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

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT
SAYLE
JOKES



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.
Friend 'No yours was a case of love at first sight?'
Mrs Getthere: 'Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the quay, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth £10,000 a year."

SAVED.
'Never mind,' she said, as the old gentleman's heels flew out from under him and he landed on his back on the sidewalk in front of her; 'never mind, you are not the first man I have had at my feet.'
His system was badly shattered, but he smiled faintly, and the recording angel put her pen back upon the rack, without having made the black mark with which she had been all ready to decorate his page.

A WIDE DIFFERENCE.
'You say you gave me no encouragement,' he said, bitterly, after she had told him she would be a sister to him, 'and yet you surely kissed me when I gave you that gold-buckled belt.' At this she laughed merrily. 'And have you not yet learned to distinguish between official encouragement and a vote of thanks?' she asked. And then he went out into the cold world and declared that he never did think much of those parliamentary girls.

TWICE REMOVED.
She: My grandfather was cousin to the Earl of Bullyshanty, twice removed. He: Twice removed, eh? What for? Didn't he pay his rent?

TO BE CORRECT.
'Do you go to school, my little man?' asked the smiling visitor.
'No,' drawled the hopeful. 'I'm sent.'

A MODEST YOUTH.
'Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?' asked his uncle.
'I'd like to tell you,' answered Bobby, modestly, 'only papa says I must not boast.'



NOT IN CHICAGO.
'Is that your wife?'
'I don't know.' The decision in our divorce case hasn't been announced.

HISTORY'S HOUSE-CLEANING.
When pigeon holes are cleared some day
What wondrous things will come to view!
What fears the contents will allay
While hopes forgotten dawn anew!
Beneath the dust of decades spread
What mighty documents we'll find!
What weighty arguments unread!
What vast reforms to bless mankind!
Dark secrets then will stand revealed
While fair impressions fade and die;
Grim mysteries will be unsealed
At last before the public eye.
Perchance some names scarce noted now
Will then be welcomed and revered.
In faith, 'twill be a jolly row
When the pigeon holes are cleared.

HARDER STILL.
'It must be harder still for public men whose turn has come to explain how they came to get defeated.'
'Yes,' answered the member pensively; 'but not as hard as it is for some of 'em to explain how they came to get elected.'

HIS 1899 MODEL.
'What style of tandem are you going to ride this year, Grumpey?' I remember Miss Miggins objected to the one you had last season.'
'I'm going to ride the same tandem, but with some other girl.'

SAFE FROM DROWNING.
Visitor in Sydney: 'I should love dearly to go sailing, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay?'
Waterman: 'No, indeed, mum. The sharks never lets anybody drown.'

MISCARRIED.
'What prevented you from marrying Miss Timmins?'
'I wrote her a proposal which she never received.'
'Didn't the postmaster deliver it?'
'No; I forgot to mail the letter.'

A SURE SIGN.
'I think I am in love with that girl. When she comes around I get three new diseases.'
'What are they?'
'Palpitation of the heart, ossification of the head, and paralysis of the tongue.'

AN ANOMALY.
His book on 'Making Money'
Was a wonderful success;
His volume on 'The Art of Wealth'
Is now upon the press;
His essays on 'The Way to Dine'
Give epicures delight,
And he's working on a volume:
'Living in a Sybarite.'

But his tailcoat's rather seedy,
And his hat is quite posse,
And his general tout ensemble
More or less suggests decay.
He rarely has a dollar
And with effort keeps afloat,
And he dines—when he is able—
At a common table d'hote.

MEAN.
Miss Dearborn: 'Is it a fact that your father is worth a lot of money?'
Miss Wabash: 'What put that idea in your head?'
'Why, I understand some man wants to marry you.'



AFTER THE CIRCUS LEFT TOWN.
'Don't move, mum. I want ter see if I kin jump on yer heel widont smashin' yer bonnet.'



CLEAN ENOUGH.
Policeman: 'Come, move on, you dirty tramp!'
Traup (who has just been run over by a street-sweeper): 'Don't git gay, now! Who's had a cleanin' last me or you? See?'

STRIKING AN AVERAGE.
'What a tremendous expansionist Nigger is when he gets out in a crowd.' 'Yes, and what's a tremendous shrinker he is when he gets home.'

HE DID IT AGAIN.
'No; you can't kiss me,' she said.
'I think I can,' he replied, proceeding to prove his view at once.
The maiden's eyes gleamed ominously, while the young man, his bravado gone, trembled for the consequences of his audacity.
She spoke excitedly.
'You're a mean thing—that's what you are! But you can't do it again. So there!'

EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VITI.
'You are Mr Quezeen, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?' 'Yes, sir,' said the dejected, hollow-eyed man, 'I am the man she tries her new dishes on.'

BEHIND THE TIMES.
'Who is that?' asked the schoolboy's father as he glanced through the text-book.
'Why, that's Atlas. He was supposed to hold the whole world on his shoulders.'
'H'm. He wasn't up to date. If he had lived later in history he would have organized a few corporations and tried to put it in his pocket.'

THE PLAYHOUSE BEAR.
Whenever I go to the playhouse I sit in the endmost chair,
So little I reck of the rubberneck or the girl with the Eiffel hair,
But, oh! at each fall of the curtain, ordained by some law accurst,
A portly wretch on the quarterstretch is seized with a raging thirst;
He walks all over my Tribbys; he jumps on my cherished corn;
His lumbering tread would arouse the dead far better than Gabriel's horn.
By his shoes will ye know the monster, box-toed, brutal and square,
And make ye no truce with Abig-foot, the man that walks like a bear.
I'd rather be hit by the tram car, tho' it rended me limb from limb,
Yea! Let me be caught by the juggernaut, but keep me away from him,
One night at the fall of the curtain, he took me by surprise;
I was reading jests in the programme, I did not lift my eyes.
Near and nearer he tottered; he hoisted his hoof and then—
I have not waltzed with women; I probably won't again.
So mark, when the orchestra tooteth, then is the time to beware!
Take ye no chance on Abig-foot, the man that walks like a bear.

DIDN'T MIND THE NOISE.
'Is the house very quiet?' he asked, as he inspected the room that had been advertised to let.
'No,' said the landlady, wearily, 'I can't truthfully say that it is. The four babies don't make much noise, for they never all cry at once, and the three pianos one gets used to, and the parrot is quiet sometimes; but the man with the clarinet, and the boy that is learning to play the flute, do make it noisier than I wish it was.'
'That's all right!' said the man, cheerfully. 'Live and let live is my motto! I'll take the room, and move in to-morrow, and the little things you mention will never disurb me. Good morning.'
And it was not till he had moved in and was settled that they learned his occupation. He played a trombone in an orchestra.

HER ATTACHMENT.
'I married for money,' said the gloomy man.
'Wasn't there a woman attached to it?' asked the cynic.
'Of course there was,' with increased gloom; 'so much attached to it that she has never parted with a cent.'

WISE WOMAN.
'Did she ask you if she was the only girl you had ever loved?' 'No; she said she wouldn't insult me by intimating that I had so neglected my opportunities. And besides—' 'Well?' 'She said she didn't have to ask; she could tell!'