

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899.

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THE UNIFORM SYSTEM.

The public is beginning to realize the fact that our present methods of national education may not be absolutely perfect, and the question is being asked whether the educational clothing which a boy receives under the "Uniform Standard" system is that which best fits him for the practical work of life.

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NZ GRAPHIC

STORY COMPETITION PRIZES

1899.

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|--------------------|---------|
| First Prize | £7 10 0 |
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| Third Prize | £3 0 0 |
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The Stories MUST NOT be less than 4,000 nor more than 5,000 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers. It will be seen by Rule 5 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subject is unlimited.

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, heroic, adventure, life on the gumfields, 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.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK

A NEW POLITICAL WEAPON, PERCHANCE.

I UNDERSTAND that there will shortly be issued, by order of the Opposition, and soon broadcast over the colony, a pamphlet setting forth the sins of the Seddon administration. One would think that the warning voice of the prophets of the left had been crying loudly enough in the market place and the wilderness alike to make such a publication unnecessary. But obviously Captain Russell and his friends believe that the written word may penetrate and have power in quarters the spoken word has failed to reach. Or, perhaps, they think that the latter may supplement the former generally, and confirm the hostility to Seddonism which their oratory may have aroused. Sanguine mortals that they are to put their faith in political pamphlets now-a-days. There was a time when such instruments were indeed powerful. In the reign of Anne, Bolingbroke



Sown broadcast over the country

seized one day no less than fourteen publishers and booksellers for issuing and selling brochures containing libels on the Administration. But what Government in the Empire would bother its brains about such things now. The fact is that the political pamphlet is as great a drug in the market as the volume of sermons; and as instruments of conversion they are much of a muchness. Just as people can be induced to listen to sermons preached, but seldom, if ever, to read them, so a political speech may attract an audience, but a pamphlet never. Witness the fate of that paragon of political pamphlets the Hansard reports. Who reads them outside the ranks of the members of Parliament? They issue from the Government printing press in shoals veritably, and cumber the mail bags all over the colony. One finds them in the most extraordinary places, consigned to neglect and oblivion; but to see anyone in the act of perusing a copy, or even to meet with a copy that bears the marks of having been opened except to be destroyed, is as rare a sight as a dead donkey. I have heard politicians maintain that the Hansards were read, but their asseverations, I am afraid, could only really have reference to the colour of the cover of the publication. Read in any other sense, they are not. If, then, that is the fate of Hansard, what right has any other of the political pamphlet breed to expect an audience? It is presumption to imagine such a thing, unless, indeed—and this, of course, is possible—that it is something very different from the rest of the species. I can fancy a pamphlet that would combine all the attractiveness of a comic annual with a power to influence the electors on political questions that would far surpass any campaign speech that was ever delivered. But it would require a genius to con-

coct it. Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulty of the task, it is a wonder to me that in this country the attempt has not been made. Perhaps it may be something of this kind that the Opposition are meditating, and if so, I am willing to retract all I have said about the usefulness of pamphlets until I have seen this new venture.

THE DECLINE OF THE FIGHTING SPIRIT.

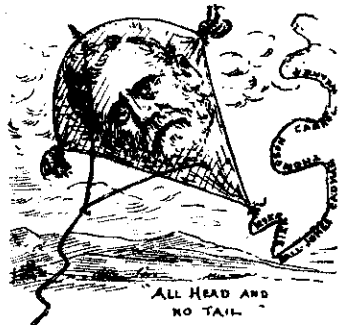
BEFORE the Americans can comply with Rudyard Kipling's splendid appeal to 'Take up the White Man's Burden' in the Philippines, they have got to subdue the Filipinos, and that is proving a much more difficult task than the people of the Great Republic ever anticipated. So difficult, indeed, that according to the cabled information even the American newspapers are despondent as to the war. It takes a great deal to damp the enthusiasm of any newspaper that has once written itself into a war fever, as a good many journals in the United States have done. Things must be pretty bad, one would say, when the Yankee editors cease to soule on the dogs of war. There is nothing in the whole category of human or inhuman things that seems to give more pleasure to newspaper men than battle. You can see it by the voracious way in which they snatch at mere possibilities of conflict and vague rumours of war. Had the newspapers their way of it I fear there would be but little peace in the world; and goodness only knows what is to become of them during the millennium. There will be no newspapers then, I imagine. There is something strange in this desire on the part of the American press to stop the fighting. Doubly strange, too, when one considers what it must mean to the prestige of the Republic to renounce its first intention of conquest and make terms with the insurgents. After having held the power and glory of Spain so cheap, to be eched by the Filipinos is a sort of thing the proud



Significant of a good 'deal'.

stomach of Yankeeland could hardly put up with. It is not at all clear that the Americans will do it, either, but it is significant of a great deal that they permit themselves to contemplate the possibilities in that direction. The meaning I draw from it all is that the Americans have got tired of war. They have had their fill of it, and even the newspapers, which delighted in rumours and probabilities, and gloried in cock-a-hoop fashion over the speedy downfall of Spain, are getting sick of the continuance of hostilities. One can be surfeited with battle, just as with jam, more especially if your natural taste and talent does not lie in that direction. Now, savages like our own Maoris loved war for its own sake, and our Norse ancestors could fancy no more blissful paradise than one that afforded a battle daily. But the Americans have lost that taste long ago. They are not warriors by choice, and hence the game of war comes to be much less interesting to them than that of commerce and industry.

of the first to ventilate it, and although his remarks were only made to a Sydney interviewer who 'coloured' Mr Wilson on his arrival in the N.S. Wales capital, they had a pinch of aphoristic salt in them which has preserved them until now and given the tone to most of the criticism current here on the subject. A strong head and a weak tail was Mr Wilson's



When the searching winds of criticism blow their hardest.

summing up of what bids fair to be known in New Zealand history as the Long Administration. His description directed attention to the hinder parts, and now almost for the first time the public are beginning to remark in chorus how very attenuated the tail really is. I suppose we have been so taken up admiring the brilliant head of the Liberal Cabinet that we scarcely thought of bestowing a glance on the rest of it; and when we did it was to regard the tail, like that of the comet, as mere immaterial exhalations from the meteor in whose wake they followed. Now a ministry constructed on the comet principle may manage the affairs of the country very well when it has once got established if the head is strong enough. But when the stormy days of a general election come, and the searching winds of party criticism blow their hardest, it is another thing. Then the nebulous tail which in halcyon weather seemed to give balance and dignity to the head may prove an encumbrance rather than an aid. Of course Mr Seddon knows this better than we can tell him, and I do not for an instant doubt that he would willingly shed a few joints of that same tail and renew the same before the general election comes on. But the question is where to commence the amputation, and what to graft on the stump in place of the discarded members. Cutting off one's nose has never been considered a cheerful operation, and to a man in Mr Seddon's position the partial amputation of the hinder parts of the Cabinet is only a degree less difficult. Yet, say the prophets, unless like Tam O'Shanter's mare he can consent to discard it that tail will be the ruin of the Premier. He will never pull it through the traps of the election, they predict, but must inevitably get caught.

THE ART OF SPENDING.

BARONESS HIRSCH, who has recently died, was, we are given to understand, the richest widow in the world. Even the senior Mr Weller must have admitted that a lady with £24,500,000, or even £4,000,000, as a more recent message stated, was an exception to the species of marriageable ladies of whom he so emphatically told his son and heir to beware, and few men would have objected to being joined in holy matrimony by such golden bonds as she could furnish; but the baroness did not marry again after the death of her philanthropic husband, and consequently her immense wealth has gone chiefly to charities. In recording her decease the cablegrams I noticed dwell lingeringly not on the personal qualities of the lady, but on her millions, and were particular to try and express her wealth in terms that could be comprehended by the meanest intellect. To say that her income was half a million yearly could convey little precise information as to its possibilities to people who calculate their incomes by shillings per week. But to say that she had £1500 a day, though scarcely a

And so it is with civilised man generally. It is not that we are getting better, or perhaps even much wiser than our ancestors, that the sentiment is growing and growing in favour of peace; it is simply because we are losing the talent for fighting. (Of course I do not forget our wonderful engines of destruction, our iron-clads, 100-ton guns, torpedoes, and Lydite shells; but these only prove our superior ingenuity, not that we are more imbued with the war-like spirit than Berserker, for instance, whose very courage and fury stood him in place of a coat of mail.)

A TALE OF WOE.

THE weakness of the ministry is apparently becoming a common topic of conversation even in political circles most favourable to the present administration. Mr Wilson, the member for Wellington suburbs, was one less bewildering statement, made the financial power of this female Croesus a little more capable of being grasped. It is a common growl on the part of husbands that their wives do not know the value of money. Feminine ignorance in this connection is usually shown by an alleged carelessness in small affairs of household management. It is rather, however, when dealing with such colossal sums as are represented by the fortune of the baroness that men, as well as women, really lose sight completely of the value of money. Sit down with your pencil, you, my dear, who envy the baroness her millions, and tell me how you would get through half a million a year, for your supposition of course is that you would spend it if you had it. Then you will begin to realise dimly what a business the spending of a half million in the twelve months really is. The ladies of America have attained wonderful proficiency in the art of spending money, but notwithstanding their expertness a paltry £12,000 a year is sufficient for an American society woman to keep up a decent appearance. If, says a society journal, a woman has two or three daughters on her hands it is a trouble to make both ends meet on so small a sum. The cottage at Newport, the camp in the Adirondack Mountains, a winter house at Aiken, and renting a house in New York city for the season run to about £100 a month. Servants are the next large expenditure—no less than fourteen, including the men-servants, all of whom must be well turned out. Parties for the young daughters soon swallow up £100. Ordinary dinner parties run into £20 each, and those for the husband's old friends are not done for less than £50 each. Theatre parties, with supper afterwards, cost more than a trifle, to say nothing of a box at the opera. The finest horses must come to town during the season, and for the country there needs to be a plentiful supply of traps, carriages, etc. Then there are the gowns and the other trifles that cost hundreds. Evening gowns range from £60 to £140 each, and cloaks to about £80. But after all these expenses are met a very small hole would be made in half a million, and like Alexander sit-

to know how to bear the weary burden of colossal wealth or even to get rid of it.

THE QUEST OF IMMORTALITY.

THAT old matter of names again. The new Costley wards in the Auckland Hospital will soon have to be christened, and the business will devolve on the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, as managers of the institution. I understand that the naming of the baby often causes division in the most loving households; yet on the point at issue there can scarcely be more than two opinions. But the question of naming a hospital ward, when there are eight different gentlemen with an equal say in the matter is quite another affair, as was proved at the last meeting of the Auckland Board. The Chairman introduced the matter by moving that the wards should be named after himself, the ex-Chairman and the Chairman of the Charitable Aid Committee, and handed down to posterity as the Stichbury, Bollard, and Bruce wards, and he indicated that in his opinion the services of the gentlemen named entitled them to the distinction he proposed. Another member, however, took strong exception to this, hinted very unkind reflections on the suggested recipients of so much honour, and concluded by urging that the wards should be named after persons distinguished in letters or for their philanthropy. Florence Nightingale, Lady Henry Somerset, and Miss Frances Willard were in his opinion much more appropriate personages to give their names to the wards than Messrs. Stichbury, Bollard, and Bruce, who after all are but local celebrities at the most. Is it to be wondered that after that the discussion was not prolonged, and that the whole question of naming the wards was deferred for a month? The little incident suggests a good many things, but I only wish to refer to one. Have you ever noticed how suspicious and jealous the subject of Demos is of his brother. He will bow the knee fast enough to the aristocrat or autocrat who in a lordly fashion claims his worship as his due, but how hardly will he suffer the comrade by his side to step out of the ranks and assume superiority over him. As of old, they ask: 'Is not this the carpenter's son, and his brethren, are they not among us?' The man who would be king in the democratic ranks has a hard enough business to get his sergeant's stripes to begin with, but the man who would grasp immortality by mere standing on tip-toe undertakes a bigger contract by far. That is first, second, or third-class immortality. If you like to make money, and die and leave it to some institution, the thing is not so unattainable, but we are speaking of getting yourself inscribed in humanity's book of life, even in the very obscurest corner of humanity's book of life, and there only as a sort of foot-note. Perhaps, after all, if you want to get your name perpetuated, foolish son of the people, the easiest way to go about it is to invent a bicycle or a baking powder, or something after that style, or start a public-house or a brewery, or even get a street named after you.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

I HAVE always understood that America, the home of Tammany, broke the record in the matter of municipal corruption, as it has done in so many other things, good and bad. But that distinction must henceforth—until some enterprising Yankee city can go one better—belong to the town of Bazer, in Hungary, where the entire Town Council, headed by the burgomaster, have been carrying on a system of elaborate forgery. The cablegram which conveys the information is tantalisingly brief. It merely says that the officials were caught redhanded forging bank notes in the cellar of the Town Hall. But what one wants in such cases is detail; and here there must be plenty of it. Can't you just imagine that knave of a burgomaster and his friends issuing from their weekly meetings with their pockets bulging—or more probably, their nightly meetings, for I have no doubt they were particularly zealous in their attendance at the Town Hall, so that

the poor deceived citizens commended them for their interest in the welfare of the town. I am supposing that it was for their own aggrandisement that the Council carried on their nefarious work; but might it not have been done for the sake of the community? It is not impossible that the councillors of Bazer wanted a new water supply for the town, an electric light installation, electric tramways, and sundry other improvements, and that the ordinary finances of the town would not admit of it. Or it may be that the Council had a big overdraft at the bank, and the municipality was groaning under an unbearable load of taxation. In either case the forgery, though certainly reprehensible enough, was not quite so bad as if it had been perpetrated by the councillors for their own personal gain. Perhaps, if we knew all the circumstances of the affair, we might even come to recognise an enterprise, a self-sacrifice, and a devotion in these councillors which it seems ludicrous to look for now. So far as I know, it has never occurred to any city or borough council in New Zealand to resort to these methods, either to save the credit of their city or borough, or enrich themselves. That, however, by no means proves that the thing has not been tried, or even now may not be going on. One can never be certain after this Hungarian case, and I would advise the people of New Zealand to have their eyes open, especially in the case of those councillors who display an unwonted diligence in the service of the town. Who knows what might be discovered in the cellars or secret cupboards of the most eminently respectable town hall if a careful search were instituted?

places the whole list correctly, the first prize will be divided.

- Here follow the names:
- RANGI
 - ROTO
 - HUA
 - PAP
 - ARA
 - MATA
 - OP
 - WAI
 - WAI
 - ROTO

The competition will close on May 31st. Mark envelopes 'Geographical Competition.'

Funny Story Competition.

Prize: £1. Two Second Prizes

A prize of One Pound and two second prizes of Ten Shillings each will be given for the best Funny Story or Joke, sent in before May 17th, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FUNNY STORY COUPON ON THE COVER.

CONDITIONS.

The story must not exceed 100 words in length. It need not be original. Send the best you've ever read or heard if you like.

Write your name and address on the Funny Story Coupon, which you will find on the cover, cut it out, and send it attached to your story before May 17th.

A selection of the best stories will be published in the 'Graphic.'

Mark envelopes 'Funny Competition.'

CLOSES MAY 17th.

Dickens' Competition.

Prize: £2.

Write on the coupon on the cover the names of the six characters you think the most humorous in 'Pickwick Papers,' placing the names in the order of merit.

CONDITIONS.

When all the coupons are sent in, the votes for each character will be counted, and the names placed in the order of popularity shown by the voting. The prize of £2 will be awarded to the sender of the coupon whose list most nearly corresponds with this. Thus, the majority vote the winner.

All the envelopes will be placed as they arrive in a sealed box, and this will not be opened till the competition closes. If two or more competitors are equal the prize will be given to the sender whose envelope is first opened.

Write your name and address on the Dickens' Competition Coupon on the cover of the 'Graphic.' Cut it out and forward it with the names written on the spaces provided.

Mark envelopes 'Dickens' Competition.'

CLOSES JUNE 7th.

Competitors may enter for all or any one of the Competitions now open

NO ANSWERS WITHOUT COUPONS.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FULL DETAILS IN THE 'GRAPHIC' ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.

N.Z. GRAPHIC

Prize Competitions

The Proprietor of the 'New Zealand Graphic,' in order to excite an interest in geographical, arithmetical, literary and other topics, within the family circle, during the coming winter months, has decided to offer for competition a series of

GENEROUS CASH PRIZES.

The following are now open:

Geographical Competition.

Prize: £10.

In the list below will be found ten uncompleted names of places in New Zealand. The stars represent the missing letters, and all you have to do is to substitute the proper letters for the stars, and send them (WRITTEN ON THE COUPON which you will find on the COVER OF THIS WEEK'S 'GRAPHIC'). If correct, you will get the prize of £10.

You may send as many lists as you like if they are written on coupons.

If no one wins the prize, a pound each will be given to the two competitors whose lists are the most nearly correct. In the case of three or more of these competitors being equal, the prizes will be given to those whose lists are first taken from the sealed box. If more than one competitor



The weary burden of colossal wealth.

ting down to weep because he had no more worlds to conquer, the unhappy possessor of so much wealth would sink under the sense of impossibility to get through her income. It is a mercy for us all that there is little chance of our coming into fortunes like that of the baroness, or even a fractional part of the wealth she left behind her; for clearly it requires either a genius or a special education

A NEW WAREHOUSE.

MESSRS P. HAYMAN AND CO.

It is quite evident that Customs-street is destined to be the thoroughfare in which most of the shipping and all larger business will be transacted. Even now the finest and largest blocks of warehouses in the city are situated in that street. Another block, and one that will stand out prominently, is in course of construction for Messrs P. Hayman and Co., the well known merchants. In order to keep up with the rapid strides their business has been making of late years they saw the necessity of a change from their already large buildings to premises more roomy and convenient. The plans were drawn up by their architect, Mr Currie, Messrs Jones and Co. being the successful tenderers, the contract price being £12,000 pounds, exclusive of fittings, etc. The building will have a frontage of 99 feet to Customs-street, and run back 100 feet, up to the land reserved for the railway. A tower on top will give the whole a bold and striking appearance. Part of the bottom floor is taken up by the strong room to contain the jewellery department, in which branch this firm

does a large and extensive trade. The counting house is situated here also, giving plenty of space to a large number of clerks. The other storeys of the building provide accommodation for the various other departments, the principal ones being the tobacconist, crockery, drugs, musical goods, toilet requisites, stationery, saddlery, brushware, etc. The basement will be used as the packing and shipping department. All the fittings will be on the latest improved lines. No expense will be spared to make this one of the largest and up-to-date warehouses in this city.

At the age of 64 that extraordinary woman, the Empress Dowager of China, after having successfully delivered three coups d'etat, subdued innumerable revolts, broken all her enemies, and, what is more, all her former friends; after experiencing all the dramatic ups and downs of the tragedy of power, finds herself at length the sole power in China. The fate of Asia is bound up in her lacquered chair and her ivory baton. If she raise her hand towards the north, Russia will triumph; if, on the contrary, she leans towards those who hold the sea, another era will commence. To whatever side her favour inclines she will not be able to avert a conflict.

NEW CINDERELLA PARTIES.

London society has been amusing itself with Cinderella parties. The Cinderella party is not the usually accepted variety by that name where the guests are bound to say 'Good-night' just at the stroke of midnight. That sort of entertainment has proved itself almost impossible except among the youngest set, for where guests do not arrive until the unholy hour of eleven or thereabout it is hard to have a cast iron rule concerning their departure.

This Cinderella party owes its name to the chief source of amusement—namely, the wooden shoe, which in its primitive condition is used by the Eastern woman in going to her bath. The shoe is sometimes highly ornamented with painting, gilding, etc., and the trick is to find a foot that will exactly fit its rather unusual proportions.

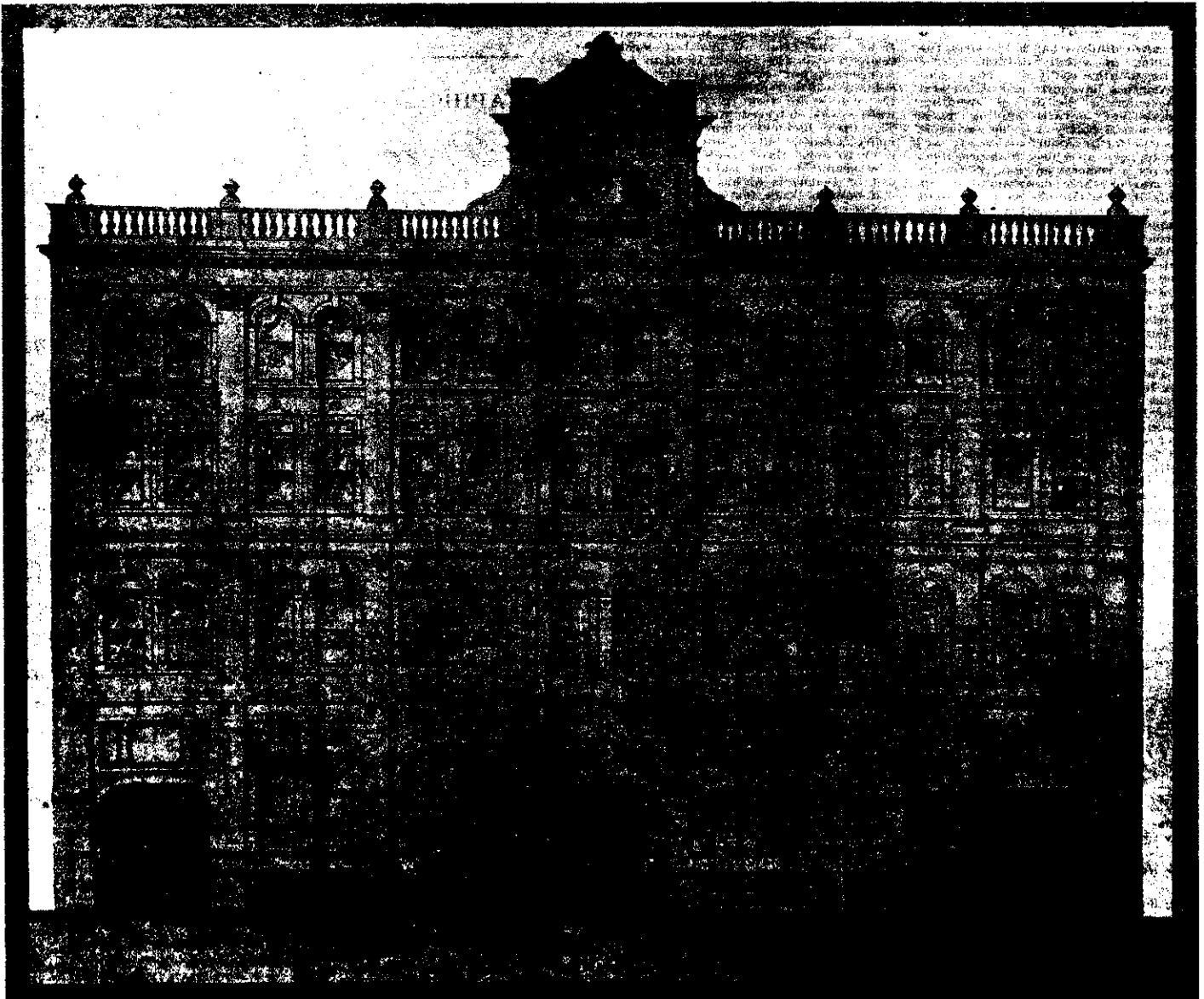
The masculine sex is not debarred from this form of entertainment, as the Committee of Arbitration and Final Court of Appeal are formed of the male members of the entertainment, and on them devolves the tremendous task of deciding when fair ones disagree. The wooden shoe is narrow and quite long, and the foot on which it is tried must not protrude an infinitesimal portion of an inch over the edge. Opportunities for dainty foot-gear, for limitless discussions and coquettish attitudes are innumerable, and are usually made the most of. On the hostess devolves the plea-

sure of providing a suitable gift for the fortunate possessor of the prize foot and the fortunate Cinderella gives the shoe as a souvenir to some member of the committee.

There has always been a charm about the story of Cinderella which no amount of matured intellect is able to destroy. The prince and the slipper have formed the basis of many a girl's dream, and society, always amiable to pretty foibles, has taken this fact into consideration, apparently, in providing the latest form of entertainment for its votaries.

COST OF GOVERNMENT.

An ingenious Englishman has figured out the cost of an hour of government since the beginning of the century. In France the figures show an alarming tendency to increase. Under Napoleon an hour of government cost 115,000 francs; under Louis Philippe, 150,000 francs; under the second republic, 103,000; under Napoleon III., 249,000; from 1870 to 1880, 307,000, on account of the raising of the average by the cost of the war with Germany, but from 1880 to 1890 the cost was 403,000 francs an hour. A French paper remarks that this seems to prove the undesirability of paying a government by the hour or by the day. Payment by the piece, according to the work done, is the only way, it thinks.



MESSRS. P. HAYMAN AND CO.'S NEW WAREHOUSE, AUCKLAND.

A Woman's Heart

By MRS EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was speedily rumoured about the village that Lord Dunchester was going to entertain a small party at his rather tumble-down, old country house, and that a certain amount of fresh festivities for the Croomehurst young folk might reasonably be expected.

Beatrice Somerset was enchanted at this news. She cantered across the common one morning about three days after Miss Greatorex's visit to Croome Hall, on purpose to entice Leam out for a ride, if possible, and then to chatter and comment on what kind of entertainment Lord Dunchester would give them.

Leam was writing in her own small sitting-room when Miss Somerset was announced. She looked very handsome in her morning gown of serge, with silver belt about her shapely waist and neat linen collar and cuffs at throat and wrist. She possessed very beautiful hands—not small, but well-shaped and of an exquisite whiteness.

Beatrice often declared laughingly, and yet with sincerity, that Leam would have inspired the dignity and respect she always received if nothing had been seen of her but those beautiful, white hands.

She declined to ride with Miss Somerset, but not ungraciously. 'I am going with the Fothergills to the Dunstanley meet to-morrow, and I want to be quite fresh for that,' she explained.

'Is Molly going, too? How jolly!' Bee Somerset exclaimed. 'It is such an age since we had a good day's hunting with Molly. I suppose Mrs Seaton must be much stronger, then, Leam.'

Miss Greatorex frowned almost imperceptibly.

'Between you and me,' she observed, as she sat down again to her writing table and moved her hands about among her papers, 'I don't fancy there has been so very much the matter with Mrs Seaton. I saw her the other day; she looked remarkably well, I thought.'

'Oh! did you see her, Leam? I have been longing to know what you would say about her. Isn't she lovely?'

There was not much discriminating capacity in Beatrice; at least there had been no necessity for developing it as yet. She was so simple and so fresh and so young that she had no knowledge of the art of dissembling, and though, of course, she was conscious of broad effects, such as pleasure and sadness, still the subtler, the less-defined emotions which thronged the breast of a woman like Leam Greatorex were quite unrevealed to her. The sneer, therefore, that had lain lightly on Leam's words as she spoke of Justina was quite lost on Beatrice.

'Is she not lovely?' she inquired, with warmest enthusiasm. 'I have never seen any one so beautiful as Mrs Seaton.'

'You have not seen very much, you must remember, my little Bee!' Leam said, with an effort at playfulness, yet with that faint bitterness clinging to her voice.

'No, of course not,' Miss Somerset agreed. She had seated herself edge-wise on a chair, and was beating her habit skirt lightly with her whip. 'Still, after all, there are others who have been nearly all round the world, and they think as I do about Mrs Seaton. Papa declares she is a revelation to him, and Dr. Wyllie says she reminds him of some wonderful Greek head of some very long time ago, and Sir Basil—'

Leam's hands moved sharply for an instant, as though jerked by an unseen force; then they were still, and she was smiling.

'Well, and what does Sir Basil say, eh?'

Miss Somerset laughed. 'Well, to tell the truth, I don't know what Sir Basil says about Mrs Seaton's beauty; but I think I do know what he thinks. When I was there yesterday I could not help noticing how he looked at her whenever she spoke or moved; and, do you know, Leam, she did look a dream yesterday. She is so very slight, and she looks so delicate, her

face is like a beautiful flower, and, oh! her eyes. I simply cannot take my eyes away from them; they seem to magnetize me!'

Leam looked back in her chair.

'Well, I think the sooner Mrs Seaton takes her departure the better, if she is going to have such a wonderful effect as this on our little busy Bee,' she laughed, but not very heartily.

'Oh! she is going very soon; she told me so yesterday.'

'Is she going to rejoin her husband, or is he coming down to take her away?' Leam made this inquiry in a languid tone of voice.

'Oh! I don't know anything about her husband; I have never heard his name mentioned. I have not thought much about him either. She does not seem a bit like a married woman, she is so young. Why, she looks quite as young as any of the girls here.'

'Have you got any news, Bee?' Leam asked, in a cold, listless sort of way. She was annoyed beyond measure by all this eulogy of the guest up at Croome Hall. She determined to put a stop to it without any hesitation.

'I came to you to know if you could tell me anything. Have you heard, Leam, is Lord Dunchester going to give a ball? You know, of course, his visitors have arrived already.'

'A ball!' echoed Miss Greatorex. 'Poor man, I should think it will be quite as much as he can do to pay his bread bill. You know he is a pauper, Bee.'

'He is very nice!' remarked Miss Somerset, and I call him handsome, too. I hope he will give a dance, Leam.'

'What a baby you are, Bee!'

In fact it was useless to get cross or to indulge in sneers or sarcasm with Beatrice Somerset; she understood nothing but the bright and pretty and pleasant side of life. She was a veritable child, a 'sunbeam,' as Jasper Wyllie had christened her, in his heart; but for all that she was by no means soulless, or the feather-headed, unintellectual creature that Leam half contemptuously classed her sometimes in her thoughts.

'I hope I shall be a baby a long, long time,' she cried, rising laughingly from her chair. 'Now I must be off, Leam; I have disturbed you for nothing; we shall meet to-morrow at Dunstanley, and I hope we shall have one of our old, magnificent runs. And I am glad Molly is coming; it will be like old times; for although I do like and admire Mrs Seaton so immensely, things have not been at all like they used to be since she has been at Croome.'

She kissed Miss Greatorex lightly, and danced as lightly out of the room.

Leam went to the window to watch her mount and canter past. As the pretty vision flushed by, Leam moved back to her seat at her writing table; her brow was clouded, and her mouth looked hard and set. She had passed through many uncomfortable moments in the past three days, and she was now in a curiously restless, and yet at the same time sullen mood.

Those faint, vague thoughts that had flitted like phantoms across her brain in the past had incorporated themselves during the days that had just gone into a purpose, a determination, a desire, and an ambition that was little less than a passion.

To be Basil Fothergill's wife, to reign as mistress of his home and his position, to demonstrate to her grandmother the fact of this social success, to set aside the question of her future and to emerge from her present chrysalis state in the full splendour of a marriage with such a man as Basil Fothergill.

Leam hardly knew herself in her new guise. She was or had been so used to meet all the moves in life with a calmness of friggidity, that this storm of emotion that had suddenly rushed over her unnerved her and aroused her anger against herself.

Yet she was true to herself; she was not the woman she had been; one glance at Justina Seaton's beauty, one glance at Basil Fothergill's face when in the presence of that beauty, had metamorphosed her

whole self, had changed her very self of selves, as it were. The burning fire of jealousy ran hotly through her veins. The restless fever of love, an unknown sensation to her, now moved her every impulse.

She had lost her proud, cold quiescence; she dared not let herself imagine a future without those things that had shaped themselves into a passionate desire. To be Basil Fothergill's wife! The very words, if whispered to herself, brought a thrill to her heart, set her pulses beating high, and yet she knew so well that her path would be no easy one. The man she determined to win was not free to be won as he once was; it would be a long, hard struggle, perhaps, but still she would not falter. The goal for which she worked was a great one; she would not let herself be discouraged even by so formidable an obstacle as the fact, undoubted and impossible to be set on one side, of the living existence of another woman whom Basil Fothergill loved with all the force and truth and fidelity of his manhood's heart.

No, she would not be discouraged after all; her rival, beautiful as she was, was not a free woman. Why, then, should Leam fear her? Why not put her aside once and forever with the contempt she deserved?

Lord Dunchester lost no time in coming over to Croome Hall to consult Molly on the question of the entertainment he should offer to the inhabitants of Croomehurst.

The day he called happened, unfortunately for his plans, to be the day of the Dunstanley meet. Molly, at Justina's eager request, finally agreed to go with Basil to this meet, but she had gone under much protest.

'You will be so dull. I don't want to go,' she had declared, and Justina had answered with a touch of imperativeness that enhanced her loveliness: 'You shall go; Basil wants you, and as for me, I want you out of the way. I am going to have a long day at my work.'

'Impertinent!' Molly cried, laughingly; but her bright face clouded over at the mention of this work. Despite her brave attack on Basil, despite her brave determination to do nothing to stand in the way of Justina's plans, Molly found her position a very hard one to carry out, and as the time passed and she felt the moment draw nearer and nearer for Justina to announce her departure, Molly's heart grew sadder and sadder. If she had not learned to love Justina for her own sweet sake, there was the fact that Basil loved this girl, and that gave her a place in Molly's heart apart from anything else. But with her own love added to all the rest, the future was indeed a bitter and hard one to have to face.

Justina, knowing nothing of the struggle going on in Molly's mind, was eager to get once again to her work. She shrank from the thought of leaving her friends, and even more still of the pain she must give them by going, but what else lay before her? Her strength was returning slowly, and as vigour crept back into her frame, so came also the yearning desire to get to her task to try and work off that mountain of dishonourable debt which Rupert's cruel shame had left on her shoulders.

She watched Molly go this day with a smile and a sigh. 'Only a few days more,' she said to herself, as she was alone in the quaint, pretty drawing-room. She had unpacked the volume of her old manuscript, and it lay before her in a great pile on the table Molly had spread for her use. 'It will be hard to go, and yet I must—I must.'

She sat for a long time thinking, her face shaded by her hand. She winced even in her thoughts as remembrance of her husband's last cruel act, his desertion of her and the method of that desertion returned to her mind.

She shivered as she realised what a

terrible, miserable trial must have been hers if her long illness had been endured alone unaided by Basil and his sister.

There had come into Justina's heart a great horror, a greater contempt for the man she called her husband. To know he was gone out of her life, out of all chance of daily contact with her, was in itself a relief that had something of joy in it, and yet beyond this relief there lurked a nervous fear. She dreaded she knew not what; she was only certain that fear of Rupert and his future actions must be with her all the time. The words Lord Dunchester had spoken the night he had dined at Croome about the man St. Leger had awakened this fear in all its fullness.

There was nothing to connect her husband with this chance companion the young Earl had met in Paris. On the face of it it was highly improbable Rupert would have remained in Paris, or, indeed, anywhere so close to England, having always the possibility of being traced and discovered, either by her or through her, so clearly before him; and yet, despite this, Justina's heart had given a painful throb of fear and dread when Lord Dunchester had, in a few light words, sketched out a sort of picture of the man whom he called by the name of St. Leger. The picture was one that fitted exactly to the character of Rupert Seaton, or to any one of the type of men with whom he had been so intimate the past year.

Justina grew cold as she let her imagination conjure up all the possibilities of mental anguish that thought and knowledge of her husband's nature aroused so easily.

Should she ever know a day's real peace? While he was with her it had been bad enough, but with him gone from her, out of reach of her influence, thrown into a section of the world that would encourage and help him in the cultivation of his viciousness and dishonourable dealings, who could say what further shame might not yet come upon her through him?

Big, hot tears rolled down the girl's pale cheeks as she sat there thinking.

'If it were all over and done with,' she said to herself, wearily.

In such a moment as this all the pleasure, the real happiness brought to her through the sweet, true friendship she possessed, seemed to vanish altogether; she remembered nothing but her troubles.

'And I must meet Aunt Margaret and submit to her questioning and her protests and her criticism. Oh! that will be even harder to bear than all,' she added, after a little while.

Work was not easy to her in this mood. She left the table and moved about the room to distract her thoughts. She found herself gazing aimlessly and mechanically at all Molly's treasures, and at last, when she awoke out of the curious, blurred mental phase into which her brain often fell after excessive working or too great a strain of anxiety, she found herself standing looking down on a big portrait of Leam Greatorex in all the panoply of her court garments. A picture of a regal, handsome, queenly young woman whose magnificence nevertheless gave a sudden chill sensation to Justina's quivering and deeply moved heart.

'And for her there will be happiness, the truest, sweetest, happiness a woman could ever hope to know in this world. No shame, no dishonour, no desertion; wife to a man who has the heart of a king, the soul of an angel. Oh! I envy you. I envy you, Leam Greatorex! Your heart will never be torn with anguish as mine has been. Life will be full of sunshine and sweetness for you. When you are Basil's wife you—'

She moved abruptly away from the picture, and suddenly put her two cold hands over her trembling lips,

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as though to hush the cry of pain that would have escaped her.

The agony passed after that instant, but it left its trace, and Justina realised the full truth of what had happened then—realised that sorrow in a new and a sharper form must be added now and always to the burden of trouble and bitterness which, as Rupert Seaton's wife, it was her lot to bear.

Love with all its majesty, its power, its passion of sweetness and joy had come suddenly into her heart—love for one she must never love; love that, having shown her its exquisite beauty, its divine power for a single instant, must be torn ruthlessly from her heart and set aside from her forever, to be won and shared by another woman.

CHAPTER XV.

If Justina could have studied her own pride's sake she would have left Croomehurst before her aunt—Lady Sartoris—arrived as guest and chaperon to Lord Duncheater's house party. She did, indeed, make some suggestion of this to Molly only the morning of the day that was set apart for the meet of the Dunstanley holidays.

It was the first spoken word she had given touching her determination to go. Molly was, as we have seen, prepared for this decision, and yet, despite her quiet acceptance of it in Basil's presence a pang went through her heart as she heard the girl announce her departure, and as she looked on the very slender, absolutely delicate frame of the speaker.

To Justina's great relief Molly made no sort of vigorous protest to the decision, but all the same she would not accept it immediately.

'Wait just a little while longer—till Christmas is well over. I am not going to say all I should like to say, Justina. There are some things which are too strong for argument or pleading, and you and your will are one of those things. All I ask is that you should wait a little longer. You are not very strong, remember. Dr. Wylie told me yesterday you would want care for months to come, and—'

Here Molly broke off. 'I want you to be here when your aunt comes, Justina,' she said, gently, after a moment's pause.

'But that is just what I do not want,' Justina answered, with a touch of passion in her voice. 'Molly, you don't know what it will mean to me—a meeting with Aunt Margaret now.'

'I think I do, darling. Basil and I are not without relations, though, fortunately for our peace of mind, we have established a coolness with most of them. In the old days, before Uncle William died and Bay came into the title, I can assure you I was nearly worried into my grave by a variety of country cousins and interfering uncles and aunts, and yet—'

'And yet, Molly?'

Molly bent forward and kissed Justina. She was arrayed in her well-cut riding habit, and very neat and charming she looked, the likeness to Basil being emphasised wonderfully by this masculine garb.

'Blood is thicker than water, Justina,' she said, very tenderly, 'and there are some cases where own's own kith and kin is an absolute necessity in one's life.'

'Charity is always hard, but charity from one's relations!' Justina broke off with a shudder. Remembrance of the horrible time she had spent under her uncle's roof just after her father's death was full of bitterness still; not even the misery of her mistaken marriage could wipe out that bitterness.

'Charity,' Molly cried, hotly; 'but, my darling little Just, why will you apply such a word to yourself? From whom do you desire or expect to receive charity? You are, thank heaven, able to dispense with all such things. It is not for such a humiliating suggestion that I urge you to cultivate a friendship with your aunt. It is because I want you to feel you will not be utterly alone in your brave, hard life; that you shall have some one who will be a kind of protector and counsellor combined. You know the world perhaps better than I do, Justina; therefore

you will see the value of what I have just said.'

'Must I consider the world before my own feelings?' Justina, asked, wearily, sadly.

'You must, undoubtedly, although there might be one who could afford to set the world at defiance.'

'And why they more than me, Molly?'

Molly's reply was to turn the speaker round and put her face to face with a mirror.

'Read my answer there,' she said, pointing to the lovely reflection most quietly.

Justina blushed and then paled and then sighed.

'No doubt you are right, dear,' she said, as she turned away, 'but it will not make it any easier for me to ask a favour of my aunt. She does not approve of me. She has studiously avoided me for so long there can be such a poor pretence of friendship between us. Aunt Margaret hates everything that is unconventional and Bohemian. She—she objected very strongly to my marriage, and now—' Justina paused for an instant. It was the first confidence she had made to Molly as yet on this subject; and now, when—trouble—and dishonour have come to me through this marriage, she—'

But Molly had checked the speaker. She flung her arms about Justina's neck.

'Trouble has come to you indeed, my dear, dear loved friend, but dishonour—Justina, why do you use such a word? It hurts me—hush, I don't want to hear any more. The story, whatever it is, is your secret. I can guess a little at its burden. There is bitterness and much anguish. There is a remembrance of wrong, but nothing you could tell me would ever let me permit you to share in that wrong. Another's evil doing is not yours. You are the bravest and sweetest and purest creature in the world. And now, having relieved my feelings a little,' Molly added, breaking into a laugh that was full of tears, 'I will go and put on my hat, or Bay will be furious with me for being late.'

She had dropped a farewell kiss on Justina's brow, and had vanished even as she spoke.

It was the remembrance of this little scene that had started the painful train of thought in Justina's mind when she had carried her work into the drawing-room and determined to spend two or three hours looking into and over it.

From one sad thought to another was an easy step, and thus when she had found herself standing looking down on that splendid picture of Leam Greatorex, her anguish had broken loose unconsciously, and in her grief she had confessed to herself a secret and a new sorrow which appalled her by its magnitude at this the very birth moment of its existence.

She moved away from that pictured face; it seemed to mock her with its sold dignity, its proud queenliness; robbed her of all courage and resolution of thought; it awoke within her feelings such as had never come to her before; it made her tremble with a weakness that was not the heritage of her illness.

She was prostrated by the knowledge that had revealed itself to her in the last few moments.

She quivered as though some unseen person or thing had struck her a violent and cruel blow.

She felt frightened, oppressed, almost obliterated, by the force of this new pain that had come so surely into her heart.

As she stood there before the fire, staring into its red-hot bosom in a fixed, unseeing way, there came the sound of horses' hoofs on the avenue outside. As Justina realised this sound dimly the door of the drawing-room was opened and the Earl of Duncheater was announced.

'I must apologise for this visit, Mrs Seaton,' he said, as he advanced into the room, looking much handsomer seen by daylight and wearing a hunting costume than he had done the night of his dining at Croome Hall, 'I am afraid I am interrupting you in your work.'

Justina, by a strong effort, mast-

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ered the vigour and bitterness of her thought. 'You see how busy I am,' she answered, holding out her two pretty little hands with a gesture significant of their idleness, 'but I am afraid, if you are come on a visit to Miss Fothergill or Sir Basil, you are doomed to be disappointed—they are both away hunting—all Croomehurst seems to have gone to this particular meet to-day.'

'All except me, and I have been there, which is an Irishism,' laughed the young man, lightly. 'I had the misfortune, however, to lame my mare at the start out, so there was nothing to do but to turn back, get another mount and ride across country later on to see if I can pick up any stragglers on their way home. The possibility of joining the run is out of the question now, as you can imagine. All this, however, will not explain, Mrs Seaton, why I am here fluffing myself on you and boring you when you want to be at work. If you want to blame anybody, you must blame Miss Molly; it was she who sent me here. She called out to me to come and bring you her love and that you were to be sure and not work too hard, and she added, she hoped I would do my best to amuse you for half an hour, which I am afraid, the Earl said, with a rather rueful expression, 'will not be very successful.'

'How kind she is! How good! How full of thought!' Justina said, tears coming for an instant into her beautiful eyes; then she smiled at Molly's messenger. 'And you are very good, too, Lord Dunchester, to lose your chance of joining the run simply to give me pleasure. I am quite sure, had you not come here, you would have picked up the rest of the field quite easily.'

Lord Dunchester coloured and laughed.

'I do not regret anything,' he said, cheerily. 'I can hunt any day,' but I cannot always have the pleasure of talking with you, Mrs Seaton.'

Justina smiled gently. She liked him; he was boyish and frank, and she quite understood the interest he had awakened in Molly's loyal heart.

'Suppose you make yourself comfortable,' she said, prettily. 'No—I don't think I shall be able to do any

work to-day; I shall enjoy a little chat with you, Lord Dunchester.'

It was the truth she spoke, poor child, for she felt she was glad of anything that took her thoughts away, if only for an instant, from the bitter sweet channel in which they would flow now for the rest of her life.

They drew up two chairs to the fire, and they talked of many things, but chiefly of the coming Lady Sartoris and her two daughters, cousins whom Justina had never yet met.

'They are not half bad girls,' the young man said, with that slangy appreciation that passes for enthusiasm now and then; 'but they are not handsome like their mother, nor clever either. They are good-hearted and very unaffected: the eldest, Gyneth, will marry well, I think. Anyhow, there is a man in love with her who has plenty of tin, and I don't fancy Lady Sartoris will say "no" when he proposes. I can't quite believe they are your cousins, though. Mrs Seaton, you—you are so different.'

'My mother and Aunt Margaret used to be considered alike, at least so I believe,' Justina answered to this.

'Oh, well, perhaps I do see a little resemblance between you and Lady Sartoris, but it is not much.'

There was a silence after this which Justina longed to break, but scarcely knew how to broach the subject that sight of this young man suddenly revived.

After all, she had absolutely nothing to lead her to suppose that the St. Leger, whom Lord Dunchester had met in Paris, had any connection whatsoever with her husband Rupert; and yet, something, she could not tell what, seemed to link this unknown man in a firm if vague manner to that one who had treated her so cruelly.

It was the Earl who at last introduced the very subject which was occupying Justina's thoughts.

'I am sorry to say I cannot induce my friend St. Leger to join my party. I am awfully sorry, because he would have made everything so jolly. He can turn his hand to anything—a splendid sportsman, a good whip-dancer like the wind, can't be beaten at billiards, and sings and plays like

an angel, or, rather, I should say, like a real good musician.'

'He must have plenty of energy,' Justina said, smiling a little forcedly.

Somehow this catalogue of accomplishments, though it did not tally by any means with Rupert's capabilities, had, nevertheless, a doubtful sound in her ears.

She had heard something of the same kind of thing uttered with enthusiasm by Rupert in those first days of acquaintance with the gang of dissolutes and gamblers who had eventually been his ruin.

'I don't believe St. Leger ever goes to sleep,' Lord Dunchester made answer, laughing, to Justina's last remark. Certainly, if he does do so he don't choose the night for sleep. Yet he must have some rest, otherwise he could not be so fresh and lively all the time.'

'Is he very handsome?' Justina asked, urged on, she could hardly tell why, to probe the matter still further.

'Um—so—so—yes, handsome, I suppose, in a rather bold, coarse style. Oh! there is no doubt St. Leger is not quite the right thing; I don't fancy there is much blue blood flowing in his veins, and I should not be surprised to hear that St. Leger is not his own particular name; but for all that, the man is amusing, and I daresay he would have had a success if he had come down here as I wanted him to do.'

Justina paused a moment or so. The picture he had drawn of this man called up all the repugnance, the weary hopelessness with which she had met those 'soi disant' friends of Rupert, who had been so successful in drawing him away from her influence and launching him on his career of infamy.

Visions of sweet, pretty, happy Beatrice Somerset and others of the young girls she had seen since her arrival at Croomehurst arose to confront the thought of this man, and as she sketched quickly in her mind the possibility of one or another of these simple, unworldly girls won easily by the smart bearing and fascinating manner of such an one, she shivered, for there were very, very few women, Justina knew, who would have been able to bear with such a fate as

had fallen upon her. The force of her thoughts urged her to speak.

'Perhaps it is as well your friend did not come, Lord Dunchester,' she said, not very steadily. 'Success to him might have meant sorrow to others. I—I have met this kind of man you describe, and I do not think they carry much good about with them, however handsome and fascinating they may be.'

Lord Dunchester looked at her for an instant rather curiously; then he remembered that she was a young wife, living apart from her husband, and though no word of explanation had been given him, he understood as much as though the whole of Justina's pitiful story had been laid before him.

'No doubt you are right, Mrs Seaton,' he said, quietly. 'and, after all, I should not have been surprised if St. Leger had not been a failure down here; he is essentially a town mouse, and the country would not be much in his line.'

And after that the conversation drifted on to other things, and the subject was dropped; but there would come a day when both would recall it absolutely, and would marvel at the presentment or unconscious knowledge that had made Justina speak as she had done about this man.

CHAPTER XVI.

After that conversation with Molly and Justina it was an understood thing between them that the girl would not make an effort to leave Croome Hall till after she had met her aunt, and some sort of attempt at a reconciliation, if not of future arrangements, had been come to between Justina and Lady Sartoris.

A few days passed away tranquilly. Justina had returned to her work; she took it up with a zest that was almost a fever. It was a refuge from her thoughts; it was an excuse for her extreme pallor and for avoiding much conversation with Basil, or for being much in his society.

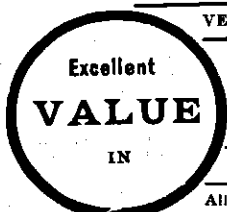
The guests arrived at Lord Dunchester's queer, rambling old house, and the very day Lady Sartoris appeared on the scene she drove over to Croome Hall to renew her acquaintance with Molly and to embrace her niece.

Yes, she had no objection whatever to embracing her niece under the present most desirable circumstances.

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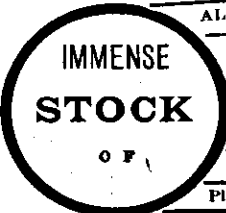
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Justina living in dingy, doubtful lodgings with a husband who was everything that a well organised woman of the world abominated was one fact; Justina staying at Croome Hall without this objectionable husband, welcomed and tendered by Sir Basil Fothergill and his sister as some one extremely dear to them was quite another.

Lady Sartoris was nothing if not tactful, and although not a little curious to understand exactly how this change had come about in her niece's domestic arrangements, had no intention of giving voice to her curiosity. Instead, she adopted a tender, upbraiding tone—the remonstrance of a sincere affection.

'To have such an illness, Justina, and to let me know nothing about it! My dear, it was positively cruel!' she said, reproachfully: 'why—why did you not send for me? Of course I know I was not in town, but I should have hastened to you without any delay.' It was Molly who came to the rescue.

'Blame me, Lady Sartoris, not Justina; poor child, she was in no condition to remember you or anyone else. I should have sent to you, but you see I did not know where to send. However, all's well that ends well, and, thank Heaven for that, our Justina is well now, and is going to remain so all the rest of her life, I hope.'

Lady Sartoris smiled and murmured many pretty words. She was looking at her niece with unbounded admiration, not a little tempered with dismay.

'My goodness,' she said to herself, 'the girl is exquisitely beautiful—how like her mother, to be sure! A bad thing for my ugly ducklings, but, after all, Justina's fate is settled; she can't do them much harm,' and then, like the clever worldling she was, Lady Sartoris began to see what it was that was expected of her by the Fothergills.

'I suppose you are not going to run away from your delightful quarters just immediately, Justina,' she said, lightly. 'We shall be with Lord Dunchester for a fortnight or three weeks, after that we are due at another visit, but when that is over, my darling child, you must come to me for a good long time—no—no—I shall take no denial; you simply must come, Justina.'

Molly smiled faintly to herself; she read through Lady Sartoris easily, and she knew just how much pleasure or sincerity Justina would derive from this seeming affection; nevertheless, in the face of the circumstances which her sisterly love, her woman's sympathy, had discovered, this overture of friendship was not without its value. Justina, alas! must go from them. How much better, therefore, that she should go chaperoned, if not merely comforted and protected, by one who was bound to her by the closest ties of blood relationship.

Justina herself received her aunt's overtures very quietly. She tried not to be cold, or not to let the bitterness of the old neglect rise up to speak in her voice or manner.

'I shall be glad to come to you for a little while, Aunt Margaret,' she said, but with no warmth in her voice. 'Only you know I shall not be an agreeable visitor for you, as I shall have to devote myself to my work night and day.'

'If you only knew the difficulty I have with her, Lady Sartoris,' Molly cried, brightly; 'I assure you we have very nearly had to hide every pen in the house in case this young lady should begin her labours too soon; she is a most obstinate little person.'

Justina smiled faintly, while Lady Sartoris sipped her cup of tea comfortably.

'Ah! you must inherit that sort of thing from your father and his family, Justina,' she remarked lightly. 'We were none of us so inclined to industry or to independence either.'

'Well, it is a very excellent thing to be independent sometimes,' Molly said dryly, though, of course, courteously.

Her mind flew back to the days of Justina's life before that long, dreary illness. What would have happened to the girl then if there had not been independence and perseverance, and industry, too?

She thought it wiser to change the conversation, and began discussing Lord Dunchester and the other inhabitants of Croomehurst.

Lady Sartoris was more in her element here; she was vaguely conscious of being at a disadvantage, while Justina and her affairs were being discussed,

and though she was an exceedingly clever woman of the world, there was a certain touch of rebuke and reproach in the quiet, cold dignity with which Justina received her late-offered remembrance that annoyed her very much.

Lady Sartoris had never thoroughly liked her niece for the very simple reason that Justina possessed a nature and a character far superior to her own, and one, therefore, incapable of being moulded or arranged, as she moulded and arranged most of those who came into her power.

She was always conscious, too, of a natural and strong touch of envy over this other girl's great beauty; she was proud, in a certain sense, of her own daughters, because they were her children and the result of her training and rearing; but she could not shut her eyes to the fact that, contrasted with their cousin, they were not nearly as desirable as they ought to have been, and this old feeling of annoyance which had been at the root of all her neglect of her sister's child threatened to be none the less disagreeable and perpetual now.

Lady Sartoris could not help hoping that Justina's proud spirit would for a second time rebel from accepting the lukewarm hospitality and interest offered to her.

She threw herself into the other topics of conversation with a zeal that was very easily and quickly translated by Justina.

The conversation drifted, as it was bound to do, on to the subject of Lady Gertrude Greatorex and her daughter Leam.

Lady Sartoris found much to admire in Miss Greatorex.

'A magnificent young woman—most queenly. I always predicted a great future for Leam Greatorex. I believe she could have married exceedingly well when she was in town with the Duchess. I expect, however, she is very difficult to please,' she declared.

Molly did not answer immediately; she was occupied in pouring some water into the teapot.

'Leam is very distinguished looking,' she said, when she spoke, 'only don't you find her very cold, Lady Sartoris? Of course, I am used to her, but most people can't get on at all with her,' and then Molly laughed slightly. 'It would have to be such a brave man to begin to make love to Leam,' she said, as lightly as she could.

She did not look at Justina during this part of the conversation.

'Well,' Lady Sartoris declared again, 'I do admire her, and I think she would make a wife for any man to be proud of. I suppose Lord Dunchester would have chosen her long before this if he had possessed a couple of extra sovereigns to rub together.'

Molly's face coloured at this very faintly.

Lord Dunchester is not a marrying man, I am afraid,' she answered lightly. 'I am rather sorry he does not make up his mind to "ranger" and settle down into a respectable domesticated person. How do you find him as a host, Lady Sartoris?'

'Oh, charming—perfectly charming! So bright and so thoughtful. It is so regrettable he is so poor; but such is always the case, is it not, with the nice people in this world?'

It was Justina who answered very softly:

'Not always the case, Aunt Margaret,' she said. 'Molly and Basil are not poor, and they are—nice.' She paused before the last word, and her eyes met Molly's for an instant, with a wealth of tenderness in their expression.

'Exceptions. These are exceptions, and rare ones, too!' Lady Sartoris said, rising; 'and now I must go, dear child; I shall see you soon again,' and with a host of pretty but meaningless phrases Justina's aunt drove away.

The girl gave a sigh of relief as this visit was ended, and she gladly consented to Molly's suggestion that they should put on their outdoor things and go for a brisk little walk in the grounds.

The fresh air was pleasant to Justina. She had been working very hard, and now that the die was cast, her future settled, and the date of her departure all but named, she was conscious of a sort of mental reaction, a nerveless feeling, a weary acquiescence to all that might come.

'Suppose we go through the village,' Molly suggested; 'it will not be too far for you, Just, darling.'

Justina agreed, and forthwith they started. As they were passing down

the pathway they were hailed by Basil.

'Whither away?' he inquired 'Molly, do you know you are taking Justina along like an express engine. You ought to have some mercy on her poor, weak limbs.'

Justina laughed and blushed. 'You see how cruelly I am treated,' she said lightly.

'They all three walked together on towards the village.'

'I suppose I ought to go and see Lady Gertrude Greatorex?' Molly said after a while. 'Leam sent up a little note this morning; her mother seems very unwell again, Bay.'

'You can go if you like; I will take care of Justina,' Basil said quickly. How his heart leaped at the very sound of those last words he spoke. If he might only set them before him as his life's most beautiful task, his daily mission, his love's delight and duty!

A tiny tinge of colour came into Justina's delicate cheeks; she shrank from being alone with him, and yet—she felt a thrill of almost divine joy come at the prospect of hearing him speak, of feeling the strong support of his arm as they walked homeward through the dusk.

'All right,' Molly declared, 'then I will go. I fancy Lady Gertrude imagines I have rather neglected her of late; so I think it is my duty to go and inquire after her, and, besides, I want to see Leam. I think,' Molly added, with a mischievous glance at Justina, 'I think I must let Leam know what a warm admirer she has in Lady Sartoris.'

At the end of the quaint old High Street, therefore they separated, and Molly flitted away, a bright and pleasant vision in her sealskin and close toque, with its touch of scarlet.

Justina had put on a small bonnet, and the wind had blown the soft curls about her brows and eyes into the sweetest roughness; with a slight glow of colour on her cheeks, the blue of her eyes was deepened marvellously. Basil turned his gaze resolutely from her beauty.

'If you are not tired we will go home this way,' he said, indicating a pathway that led back to Croome Hall by the small railway station.

Justina declared gaily that she was not in the least tired, and they walked on into the clear, star-lit darkness of the winter night.

'It seems so odd to think that Christmas is so near,' she said, after a little pause. She wanted so much that he should not notice any constraint or change in her manner.

'I am so glad you will be with us for this one Christmas, at least,' Basil made answer.

She checked a sigh. 'Aunt Margaret has been to-day, you know, Basil.'

'Yes, I heard she had driven over.' 'She was most affectionate. What a lot I owe to you and your beautiful old home, Basil!'

He drew her hand through his arm. 'It is rough going here; you may stumble,' was all he said.

There was silence again between them for a few yards.

'You are glad I have accepted her offer of friendship, are you not?' she queried, after that pause. It was so hard to know how to converse easily with balance, yet silence was more difficult still.

'I am glad—yes,' Basil answered her. 'Since—since you must go from us, Justina, your aunt's protection is the best thing that can come to you.'

'I suppose I must go to her for a time,' the girl said, gently; 'but I know I shall not be able to remain long. Aunt Margaret's ways can never be mine; I must work for my living; the very fact of my writing every day will be a source of annoyance to her; she will object to my work, and I—shall object to her charity, so we shall separate.'

'You will try and bear it, Justina, will you not? Oh! my dear, do you think I do not know how bitter it all will be to you, but still—'

'Still, since I have to face bitterness which ever way I look, as well find it there as elsewhere,' Justina said, gently. 'Yes, Basil, I shall try and be as happy as possible under all the circumstances of a life that is not made for happiness.'

'Just—' Basil spoke the name hurriedly, then paused; 'there are some things that are difficult to be touched even by our best friends, and yet—'

'Ask me what you will, Basil. I

will answer you,' the girl said, gently.

Basil was silent another moment. 'It is about Seaton. You have told me nothing, Justina, and I do not want you to speak if the subject hurts you too much.'

'There is so little to tell,' Justina answered, but she trembled as she spoke, and he felt the quiver of her arm against his. The full horror of that past moment when Rupert's desertion and cruelty had fallen upon her seemed to return now, but she shook off her weakness hurriedly. In a few brief words she told him of that letter she had found waiting for her when she returned from that visit to his hotel.

She spoke of the desertion that had been planned so quietly, so cunningly, but of that worse crime she could not yet bring herself to speak—of that trick by which the forged cheque had been made absolutely sure, and Basil's money had passed from his account to the hands of Rupert Seaton and his confederate through her anguished and most mistaken ministrations.

The man who listened was silent for a long time. It was well nigh impossible for him to speak—his thoughts were so fierce and hot against the villain whose name this child bore. After a moment he conquered himself. He wished to know all there was to know, so that he might be prepared for whatever might lie in the future of this girl.

'You know better than I do,' he said, after that long pause. 'You will therefore be able to say whether you think this departure is meant to be final, or whether he will some day return to you.'

Justina shrank back at these words, and her hand clung to his arm.

'Oh! not that,' she cried, in an anguished tone, 'anything but that—Basil—I—I could not bear that.'

He took her hand in his for a second; it was his only answer to that cry from a woman's heart, and Justina, awakening from that moment of prospective horror, was grateful to him for his silence.

'Let us talk of other things,' she said, resolutely; there is no good to be got by speaking of what can never be altered. I am glad to have told you so much, Basil, for you should know everything; but for the rest—'

'Yes, let us talk of other things,' he made answer, quickly. 'You have never told me what you think of Croomehurst, and its inhabitants, Justina; not much study of character, I am afraid, for your work.'

p>'Oh! I don't know; there are even in this small world some marked contrasts of human nature. Take, for instance, that laughing sunbeam, Beatrice Somerset, and that handsome, regal young woman, Miss Greatorex.'

'Well, yes. I confess those are two very marked contrasts. What is your criticism of Leam Greatorex—do you like her, Justina?'

'Like is hardly the word Miss Greatorex inspires,' Justina said, while a great sense of coldness fell suddenly upon her heart. 'She is very handsome and distinguished, Basil.'

'But not very sympathetic, eh?'

'She is a little difficult for a stranger to understand,' Justina said, evasively; 'but I should say she was a very clever and most intellectual woman, Basil.'

'Um—well, I am not quite sure. Leam poses a little, I fancy. I often wonder why she and Dunchester do not make a match of it. They are so entirely opposite, they ought to get on splendidly.'

Justina's heart was beating a little quickly.

'Oh! I do not fancy that would be a very successful venture, Basil. Your friend the Earl is an exceedingly pleasant young man, but Miss Greatorex requires something more than agreeable manners for her husband. She is a woman born to shine in some high position, to be the companion of a good and clever man. I—' Justina paused imperceptibly. 'I think you would make a good husband, Basil,' she said, as lightly as she could after that.

He made no answer at first, and she feared she had vexed him, but suddenly he spoke quite naturally; not hotly or agitatedly—most simply and calmly.

'No; Leam is not quite the wife I should choose; neither am I the husband to make her happy. Justina, I

will let you into a little secret if you will promise to keep it religiously to yourself. I have determined never to take a wife at all unless—"

"Unless—" Justina echoed, very faintly.

"Here we are at the station," said Basil, going abruptly from the conversation. "Now I wonder if you would think me very rude if I asked you to wait here while I go and see if I can capture the latest London paper?"

"Go, most certainly," Justina said, and she sent him from her with a smile.

There were tears in her eyes as she watched his tall, grand figure move away from her, and her heart was beating wildly.

Something in his voice rather than his words had started that emotion within her. She could not quite understand it, nor did she seek to do so. She rested against an old wooden railing that ran along the back of the path where they were walking, and she waited for him to come back.

The little station was just in a bustle as a train had come steaming in.

"From London, I suppose," Justina said to herself. She had a vague thrill of pain at the very mention of the word London. What memories of misery and sadness were confused up in its sound!

There were few arrivals, and no one seemed to need the very quaint-looking fly that was waiting so patiently.

A smart dog-cart, however, was not without its occupant, and as Justina stood watching she saw Sir Basil come through the doorway with two other men, who, after a little conversation, mounted into this dog-cart and prepared to drive away.

"It is Lord Dunchester," Justina said to herself, as the sound of a voice came to her ears. It was not quite so easy to see the faces.

Sir Basil's big form alone was unmistakable. He came striding across to her, and the dog-cart left the station at the same moment. It flashed past Justina. Neither of the men in it noticed her nor the great start she gave as the vehicle whirled by.

"That's Dunchester's wonderful friend from Paris," Sir Basil said, as he rejoined her and took her hand through his arm again. "Made up his mind after all to take Philip up his word and come down here for a while."

"Can't say I am much impressed with his looks. No more a St. Leger than I am; of that I will be very certain. For the rest it is hard to condemn a chap before you know him. All the same, I think Dunchester's party would have been better if his last guest had stuck to his original intention and not joined it."

Justina made no reply. Words were quite impossible to her. Her brain was on fire for a moment. Quickly as the dog-cart had passed her there had been time and light enough for her to recognise in Lord Dunchester's companion, Mr St. Leger, the face and form of the man George Ayresworth, the former friend and accomplice of her husband—Rupert Seaton.

(To be Continued.)

TWO OF A TRADE.

That two of a trade seldom agree is a common saying. Its weakness, however, resides in the fact that it is a cavilling, sneering saying. The idea sought to be conveyed is that the disagreement is the outcome of reciprocal jealousy. While that is likely, it is not a necessary, or even a philosophical, inference. Two of a trade may easily see reasons for an honest difference of opinion to which the outsider is blind. Again, two of a trade may agree and both be wrong—on a point, of course, connected with their own industry. Some years ago there was high debate over the question whether a painting, exhibited in Paris, was an original Velasquez or a copy. Half the artists and connoisseurs in Europe got hot under the collar about it. It was one or the other—so they said. Later on the fact came out. It was neither an original nor a copy; it was a replica. The experts were mistaken. And so runs speculative judgment in everything.

Here is the case of two doctors, both, doubtless, competent men. If they were wrong, or if only one was wrong,—but let us have the story first. It comes from a reputable source, and is well corroborated.

"In March, 1891," says the relater, "I had a severe attack of influenza, which prostrated me for two months. After this I could not get up my strength. My appetite was poor, and what little I did eat gave me much pain at the chest and around the heart. Sharp, cutting pains in the region of the heart seized me every now and again, sometimes so bad I feared I was going to die. At night I got little or no sleep on account of wind, which rose into my throat until I fairly gasped for breath. During the painful attacks of my complaint perspiration would stand in beads upon my face.

"I soon lost strength to that extent I could not stand. Indeed, I was weak as a child. I was often so dizzy I had to catch hold of something to keep me from falling. Several times these attacks have come upon me at concerts, obliging my friends to conduct me home. As time passed on I grew more and more feeble, and abandoned all hope of ever being well and strong again."

"I had two doctors attending me, who prescribed medicines; which, however, eased me only for a time, and then I was as bad as ever."

"One doctor said I had pleurisy; the other said I had heart disease. "For two and one-half years I lingered along, nearly as much dead as alive, all my relatives and friends thinking I would not recover. In November, 1893, a book was left at my house, in which I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. My wife procured me a bottle from the Provincial Drug Stores in Westgate street, and the first bottle gave me so much relief that I continued with the medicine. I could then eat well, and the food agreed with me; the pain around the heart soon ceasing.

"In a short time my strength returned, and I got back to my work well and vigorous. Since then I have been in the best of health. You are at liberty to publish this statement and refer to me." (Signed) William Henry Jervis, 48, Rendlesham Road, All Saints, Ipswich, November 13, 1897.

One of Mr Jervis' doctors pronounced his complaint to be pleurisy; the other said it was heart disease. Were they both right, or both wrong? Or was one right and the other wrong? In the latter case—which one? Judging from the symptoms as set forth by Mr Jervis, the probability is that both were right—as far as they went.

The sac or bag which surrounds the heart (called the pericardium), and the sac in which the lungs rest (called the pleurae), are parts of the lymphatic system; which is the especial abiding place and stamping ground of the kind of poison produced by the diseased digestive system, and the cause of rheumatism, gout, pleurisy, and heart disease. Now, after (if not before) his attack of influenza Mr Jervis suffered from acute dyspepsia with torpid liver, which engendered the poison that set up a mild form of both pleurisy and heart disorder. When the real and underlying ailment of all—the dyspepsia—was cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup these supplementary or consequential troubles vanished, as might be expected.

So we see that—strange as it may seem—two of a trade can differ and both be right.

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.

"Traveller."—It is rather hard to recommend books for other people, unless you know something of their tastes. If you are going Home by either Orient or P. and O., from Sydney, you will find capital libraries on board, and the subscription is very moderate. You will also find a good library on any of the intercolonial boats on your way over. Have you read 'Peace With Honour' (Blackwood's Colonial Library)? It is not quite in the newest lot, but is capital. 'The Day's Work,' 'An Uncrowned King,' and 'A Crowned Queen' (sequels) are excellent. 'The Marchioness Against the County' is likewise a good novel. If you've not already read it, you should take Lord Roberts' 'Forty-one Years in India.' It's not very new, but everyone should read it. Also 'The Story of the Malakand Field Force.'

"Mary K.' (Auckland).—On no account begin taking any 'pick-me-up' of spirits 'to tone your appetite,' as you say. You say you feel must take some stimulant, though your husbands objects. If you feel that way, all I can say is, the sooner you set your face against alcohol in any shape or form the better. Happily, there is no 'spirit which leaves no odour' your husband could not detect. Go and see some good medical man, tell him what you have told me of your craving. He will give you a tonic. But for mercy's sake be careful not to start yourself on 'pick-me-ups.' I am no teetotaler, but it is plain as print that if you don't make a stand at once you are lost.

"Constant Reader."—Thanks for good opinion. We are trying to improve in every issue, and think we are succeeding. Are these the lines you want:

Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday best of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

The lines refer to the days of the week as birthdays. They are, in idea, the same as the more famous lines:

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sorry and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work for its living;
While the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay.

"Mother."—Is there really no doctor whatever in your neighbourhood whom you could consult about your daughter? If not, I should advise you to run down to Christchurch—that will, I presume, be nearest—and see one. Persistent fainting fits must be injurious. All I can tell you now is that fainting is due to failure of the heart's action. It may be brought about by any sudden excitement, or any unexpected pleasure or pain. The patient should be kept in a recumbent position, the dress and clothes about the neck should be loosened, and water should be sprinkled over the face. A little ammonia, or sal volatile, applied to the nose will act as a stimulant, or a bottle of smelling salts will serve the same purpose. To prevent the recurrence of attacks, attention must be paid to the general health; the condition of the blood should be improved; the bowels should be regulated, and plenty of food and stimulant should be given. One of the most appropriate remedies for this condition is dialysed iron (weyth), given in doses of 10 drops three times a day. Another admirable remedy is the beef and iron wine, of which a tablespoonful should be given twice a day, preferably at 11 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. The elixir of calisaya bark, in tablespoonful doses, three times a day before meals, would do much to improve the appetite. Fer bravais is also useful.

"Anxious."—Something more is needed to qualify you for reporting work than spare time and a knowledge of shorthand. If you are fairly well educated there should be a pretty good field for you. News-

papers are always glad to get items of information, especially such as may have been missed by their own reporters. You would doubtless be paid for what you supplied. As to the time for sending in reports, that would, of course, depend on when the paper goes to press.

"G.L."—If you wish to publish your stories in book form in England, you should send them to a publisher and ask if he is willing to publish them for you. You ask, 'Do the publishers pay the writer if they publish the story? Is there a standard payment, or is it left to the publishers?' No doubt Sir Walter Besant and the Authors' Society would like to have a 'standard payment' fixed. Much depends on a circulation which a book is likely to attain. Writers, and especially inexperienced ones, should be careful to deal only with publishers of good standing. But why not ask the N.Z. Literary Society for an opinion on your book before sending it Home. The secretary, Mr Cottle, Ranfurly Buildings, Auckland, will give you all information.

"Mary" (Oamaru).—The next time you make a fruit pie or tart, brush the bottom or 'lining' crust over with a beaten egg; this will prevent the juice of the fruit soaking into the crust and much improve the dish. No trouble at all. Send on your other questions, and I will do my best to reply to them.

"Maritana."—In soaking dried fish, ham, or any other article of food which is too salt, buttermilk is much more efficacious than water. Try the experiment with tinned red-herring—cut it open, and soak it all night, skin side uppermost. Broil it in the usual way, basting with butter, and seasoning with cayenne and lemon juice, and you will be surprised to find what a tasty breakfast dish despised 'soldier' makes.

"B.P.T."—I fear this will be a disappointing reply to your letter; but without seeing the muffs I could not tell the cause of the hair falling out, or suggest a remedy. I think your better plan would be to consult a practical furrier, who will at once tell you what is wrong.

In reply to my correspondent 'R.' of Napier, I have obtained the following recipes for cleaning brass, which are not expensive, and, I hope, may be of use, and what you require. Both brass and copper can be cleaned with powdered half-brick, rotten-stone, or red-brick dust rubbed on with flannel and polished with leather. A strong solution of oxalic acid in water gives brass a fine polish, but requires care. The following pastes are also good. I believe, for cleaning brass:—Soft soap, 2oz; rotten-stone, 4oz; beat to a paste and apply with a little water, and afterwards rub with soft leather. 2. Rotten-stone, 4oz; oxalic acid, 1oz; sweet oil, 1lb; add enough turpentine to make a paste; use as above. You see I have given you several to choose from, and all the recipes are inexpensive.



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BUILDING S.S. 'ENERGY,' HOREKE, HOKIANGA, N.Z.

LAUNCHING OF THE S.S. ENERGY.

For some time past Mr J. C. Bindon, of Horeke, has been busy building a new steamer. She is designed and constructed by Mr A. Fairburn, and judging by her appearance Mr Fairburn is a man of great experience. He was tutored under the best builders in North America, and has since helped to build the Marcapole, Bluejacket, etc., which made record trips in their time. He was formerly in the employ of Mr Lokan. On Thursday, 13th April, visitors went up to Horeke to see the new vessel launched. The wife of Mr D. Eynon smashed the bottle on the ship's side, and named her the Energy. The launching was a great success. The Energy is 64ft long, 15ft beam, 8ft clear in perpendiculars between beams. She is to be fitted with a 20 h.p. engine, and has a 110lb pressure. The boilers are tested at 120lb pressure. This steamer will be a great boon to Hokiangā.

After the launching was over, a splendid lunch was provided. Excellent food was served by Miss Lyford. The dining-room is a large new room, splendidly finished and furnished. The table was decorated with a grand display of flowers. After luncheon several toasts were given, and after some amusement the crowd dispersed, wishing Mr Bindon all success.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; when in our families, our tempers; when in company, our tongues.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from the man who does nothing.

REMINISCENCES OF TENNYSON.

Of the winning of Emily Sellwood much will ever remain untold, wife and son preserving what is surely a wise reticence regarding a long period of trial in the closest relationship of the poet's life. For Emily Sellwood and Alfred Tennyson had met in 1830, when she was seventeen and he twenty-one. Arthur Hallam, we are told, was then staying at Somersby with the Tennysons, and asked Emily Sellwood to walk with him in the Fairy Wood. At a turn of the path they came upon Alfred, who at the sight of the slender, beautiful girl of seventeen, in her simple grey dress, suddenly said to her, 'Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?' Once before their orbits had almost crossed, for in his boyhood Tennyson had taken music lessons from Mr Smalley, a well-known teacher in Hornecastle; and there may still be seen the house where Emily Sellwood lived as a girl, with its attic windows looking down on the market stalls.

Miss Emily Sellwood was the daughter of a solicitor at Hornecastle, Mr Henry Sellwood, who came of a good old Berkshire stock. She was also niece of the great Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, who was Mrs Sellwood's brother. It was in 1836 that the love of the two made itself mutually felt, when Louisa Sellwood married Charles Tennyson and Emily was her youngest sister's bridesmaid. Tennyson narrates the incident in one of his sonnets. Before the ceremony Emily had been weeping, till her sister, smiling, chid her:

No tears for me!
A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride.

But weary years had to come between ere the bridesmaid became the bride. An engagement was entered into; but Tennyson was not in a position to marry, and here it was that he faced the severest temptation of his life. Had he chosen to publish then, he might have married; had he chosen to write prose articles for the reviews even, many an editor would have been pleased to add his name to his list of contributors. But Tennyson would not. In a smaller man such a resolve would have been intellectual coxcombry; in Tennyson it was the intuitive recognition of his high calling, the answer to the whisper that lingered in his ear from his dawn of life, steadfast obedience to the command from far, far away to follow the gleam. Great gifts had been given to him to use worthily, and he set his face against giving to the world what he considered immature work. How far Emily Sellwood upheld him in his determination we cannot know for certain, for the extracts from their correspondence published in their son's 'Memoir' contain little that is personal; but of her loyalty to his decision we have abundant proof. Her family, however, viewed the matter from a different standpoint; it was hardly to be expected that the poet's sense of consecration would be favourably regarded when it appeared to involve the sacrifice of his betrothed. And so, in 1840, when the prospect of Tennyson making an income sufficient to support his wife—or, for that matter, any income at all—seemed to be as remote as ever, the engagement was broken off by the lady's relatives; and Miss Sellwood and Tennyson silently acquiesced. Ten ripening years pass-

ed, and it was in the spring of 1850 that Tennyson next met Miss Sellwood at Shiplake-on-the-Thames. Separation had only drawn the two closer together, and the way now seemed clearer. Tennyson had three hundred pounds in bank; Moxon, his publisher, advanced another three hundred pounds; and Mr Sellwood found the household furniture. It did not promise luxury, but it sufficed, and an early date was fixed for the wedding.

In Shiplake Church, with its tower half-clothed with ivy, rich in painted glass windows and carved oak ornaments, on the 13th of June, 1850, Alfred and his betrothed were wed. The cake and the dresses arrived too late, and Tennyson used to remark that it was the nicest wedding he had ever bride's father, some of the Lushing-been at. The only guests were the tons, and two or three other friends.

It was at Tent Lodge, Coniston, that Carlyle first met Mrs Tennyson; and he was touched with her thoughtfulness in closing a window on hearing him cough. When introduced he slowly scanned her from head to foot, and then gave her hand a hearty shake. To Mrs Carlyle he wrote:

'Alfred looks really improved, I should say; cheerful in what he talks, and looking forward to a future less detached than the past has been. A good soul, find him where or how situated you may. Mrs Tennyson lights up bright, glittering blue eyes when you speak to her; has wit, has sense; and were it not that she seems so very delicate in health, I should augur well of Tennyson's adventure.'

Carlyle was right. Of all the great literary men of the nineteenth century, not even excepting Robert Browning, Tennyson was most fortunate in his married life. 'The fear of God,' he said in after life, 'came into my life before the altar when I wedded her.' In all things his wife was his adviser. 'I am proud of her intellect,' he said.

William Wordsworth died on April 23, 1850, and there were not a few candidates for the vacant poet-laureateship. The babel of tongues was great; but Tennyson was the popular favourite, and in the early winter came the offer of the appointment. The Queen had not forgotten the idyllic charm of 'The Miller's Daughter,' and Prince Albert's admiration of 'In Memoriam' was profound, Tennyson records that the night before the offer reached him he dreamt that Prince Albert came and kissed him on the cheek. It is interesting to note that although the Queen and Prince Consort were well acquainted with Tennyson's work, some members of the Government were not. 'We know nothing of this gentleman,' wrote Lord Palmerston to Samuel Rogers. 'Are his writings such as befit a laureate to the Queen?'

Tennyson's acceptance was by no means a foregone conclusion. 'I have no great passion for Courts,' he said, 'but a great love for privacy. It is, I believe, scarce £100 a year, and my friend R. M. Milnes tells me that the price of the patent and Court-dress will swallow up all the first year's income.' He wrote two letters, one accepting and one refusing, remaining for a time undecided which to send.—From 'Tennyson,' by Evan J. Cuthbertson, published by W. and R. Chambers.

HOW THE RIVALS FELL OUT.

It was a bitterly cold day. A young lady was driving with two gentlemen friends, and as she was driving one of the gentlemen slyly inserted a hand in her muff, and lovingly pressed her disengaged hand. She blushed and withdrew it just as the gentleman on the other side slipped his hand in the muff.

She knew by the action of her admirers that the hand pressures were frequent and loving within the silk lining of the muff, for first one face and then the other would bob forward to catch a look at the sweet face and eyes, which prompted, as they supposed, the tender pressure of the hand. The by-play lasted until the young lady quietly remarked,

'If you gentlemen have done with my muff I will trouble you for it now, as my hands are quite cold.'

The two gentlemen are not now on speaking terms.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE 'ENERGY.'

Davies, photo.



NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT PARAKAU, HOKIANGA. BUILT BY MAORIS.

NEW CHURCH AT HOKIANGA CURIOUS FREAKS OF THE MEMORY.

On Sunday, April 2, a large crowd of settlers and Maoris assembled at Parakau, Hokianga, to witness the opening and consecration of the new Roman Catholic Church which has just been built by two Maoris named Pukepoto and Taonu. This church is built on the same spot where the oldest Catholic church in New Zealand was erected. The old one was built by Bishop Pompallier, who came here in 1836. Hokianga claims the honour of being the first place in New Zealand where mass was first said in a church. The new church is a nice-sized place, but on Sunday not over half the people could find room. Visitors came from all parts of the river. The s.s. Horeke was hired for the occasion, and had a large boat in tow bringing a lot of passengers from Kohukohu and Rawene. The ceremony commenced at 11 o'clock, and was conducted by the Very Rev. Father Allgheart, assisted by the Rev. Fathers J. Becker, R. Bressers, and E. Schoonof. After the service was over the people were asked to a hui (feast) given by the Maoris. There was abundance of clean, well-cooked food, including pastry and a good collection of fruit. It was one of the best huis I have seen, and did credit to all concerned. A white baby was christened on the following Sunday. It belonged to Mr and Mrs T. Enwright, of Kohukohu, Mr G. M. Bernard standing godfather, and Miss M. Enwright was its godmother.

I can't do it never did anything. I'll try has worked wonders, and I will do it has performed prodigies.

The queer freaks of memory are a constant puzzle to those who study psychological phenomena. Who has not been driven to the verge of distraction by the total inability to recall a name when an effort was made to do so, and when the occasion for such remembrance was past had the missing name flashed into the mind apparently of its own volition? The year 1898 recently closed, but how many of us can recall readily the chief incidents of the last twelve months, and say accurately in what month they occurred? Try it and see.

Great minds have wrestled to find an explanation for the pranks that memory plays, and have had to give up the effort. In the course of a systematic attempt to arrive at some understanding with regard to the wonders of memory a very valuable and unique body of testimony has been obtained. The following questions have been put to two hundred American university students and professional persons, 151 being men and 49 being women. The answers are here given with the questions:—

Question 1. When you cannot recall a name you want, does it seem to come back spontaneously without being suggested by any perceived association of ideas? To this eleven per cent. answered 'No' and eighty-one per cent. 'Yes.'

Q. 2. Does such recovery ever come during sleep? To this seventeen per cent. answered 'No,' and twenty-eight 'Yes.'

Some examples given:—

1. This morning I tried to recall the name of a character I had read of the night before in one of Scott's novels and failed. I taught a class, and walking home in the afternoon all the names recurred to me without effort.

2. I tried to recall the name of a book. Gave it up. Half an hour later, while talking of something else, blurted it out without conscious volition.

Q. 3. On seeing a light or hearing a sound for the first time have you ever felt that you had seen (or heard) the same before? Fifty-nine per cent. answered 'Yes.'

The action of unconscious memory during sleep is illustrated by further queries:—

Q. 4. Do you dream? Ninety-four per cent. answered 'Yes.'

Q. 5. Can you wake at a given hour determined before going to sleep without waking up many times before? Fifty-nine per cent. answered 'Yes.' Thirty-one per cent. answered 'No.'

Q. 6. If you can, how about failure? Sixty-nine per cent. seldom fail, twenty-five per cent. often.

Q. 7. Do you come direct from oblivion into consciousness? Sixty-four per cent. answered 'Yes' and sixteen per cent. 'Gradually.'

Examples:—

1. I had to give medicine exactly every two hours to my wife. I am a very sound sleeper, but for six weeks I woke up every two hours and never missed giving the medicine.

2. I am always awake five minutes before the hour I set the alarm.

3. I had had little sleep for ten days and went to bed at nine, asking to be called at midnight. I fell asleep at once. I rose and dressed as the clock

struck twelve, and could not believe I had not been called.

A strange phenomenon has come to light in the course of the inquiry into the mystery of memory. It has been discovered that by gazing steadily at a crystal consciousness is partly lost. Into the void thus produced those who have practised crystal gazing find that there enter, unbidden, forgotten incidents and lost memories. To give a few instances:—A lady in crystal gazing saw a bit of dark wall covered with white flowers. She was conscious she must have seen it somewhere, but had no recollection where. She walked over the ground she had just traversed, and found the wall, which she had passed unnoticed.

She took out her bank-book another day. Shortly afterward she was gazing at the crystal and saw nothing but the number one. She thought it was some bank number, but, taking up the bank-book, found, to her surprise, it was the number of the account.

At another time she destroyed a letter without noting the address; she could not remember the town. After gazing at the crystal some time she saw '321 Jefferson avenue.' She addressed the letter there, adding the town, and found it was right.

A lady sat in a room to write where she had sat eight years before. She felt her feet moving restlessly under the table and then remembered that eight years before she always had a footstool. It was this her feet were seeking.

Psychical research brings to light many cases of similar strange tricks of memory. It is easy to find instances that serve to deepen the mystery. It is not so easy to give an explanation. The cleverest men who have attempted to do so have had to admit defeat.

WOMEN EXECUTIONERS.

What do you think of a woman who voluntarily offered herself to the Government as the public executioner?

A few years ago the official public executioner at Brussels died, and a substitute was temporarily appointed. On one occasion this person was ill and unable to attend. But at the appointed hour a stout, middle-aged woman presented herself at the central police station, and quietly remarked to the assembled functionaries:

'I've come for the execution. My husband is not very well this morning and has asked me to take his place. Please let me get to business.'

The general stupefaction may be more easily imagined than described, which, being noticed by the would-be lady executioner, she added in a reassuring tone, 'Oh, this is not by any means the first time.'

It afterwards transpired that the woman, whose name was Marie Rege, had officiated on several occasions in lieu of her husband. Dressed up in his clothes and her face masked, she had been the public executioner at several executions, and never had the proceedings been interrupted by a single hitch. It is needless to add that the police authorities were unable to avail themselves of her offer on this occasion, however.

It will be a surprise to most people to learn that there has actually been a woman executioner in America. In olden times few cared to undertake the office of executioner, and occasionally death sentences were respited on condition that the criminal should perform this office. A case of this sort occurred in pre-Revolutionary days, when a woman was sentenced to death for a murder she had committed in Virginia. The death sentence was respited on her offering to become public executioner, and known as 'Lady Betty' she performed those duties for many years. She officiated on the scaffold without any mask or disguise, and flogged criminals through the streets with enthusiastic vigour.

The olfactory kiss is Mongolian. The nutritive affair is European. The Mongolian kiss is with the nose. The European kiss is with the mouth. The Mongolian kiss indicates that the party sniffed would make an agreeable prey; the European variety indicates that the party embraced would make a delectable meal. They are but the different forms of the same instinct of preservation, the give and take of wild beasts.



Darwin, photos.

DISTANT VIEW OF PARAKAU, HOKIANGA, N.Z.

• • Some Bonnie • •

Young New Zealanders.

Photos. by Wrigglesworth and Binn.



THE SAMOAN WAR.

The pictures which accompany this article are all of special interest, illustrating as they do scenes and incidents in connection with the trouble in Samoa. We are indebted to the Auckland 'Star' for the following vivid description of the most recent events. The writer, who has been through the whole of the war, was an eye-witness of the events he relates. His story opens on the day preceding that on which the R.M.s. Alameda left Samoa, carrying with her the news which was published in our issue of April 22nd.

On Wednesday, the 5th, the Royalist steamed out of harbour for Fitiuiki, with several chiefs on board, who were desirous of collecting their followers together and bringing them over to Mulinuu. She returned on Saturday morning, having 280 natives. Monday she again went out, this time to Safuni, on the island of Savaii, from where rumours had arrived that a large number of natives were undecided as to which side to take. She returned with 130 natives. Friday, the 7th, together with the U.S.s. Philadelphia, she left for Pango Pango to coal from the s.s. Pukaki.

Thursday morning, the 6th inst., the H.M.s. Porpoise went down to Fangatoa Bay, accompanied by the steam pinnace (Lieut. T. T. Craven) of the U.S. Philadelphia and 100 friendly natives, under Lieut. Gaunt. A few miles from Apia the village of Utu-mapoo, one of the head-quarters of the rebels, was bombarded at a range of 8000 yards, when some excellent shooting was done. Proceeding on Fangatoa Bay was reached about 10 a.m. Steaming up the harbour, the three-pounder Hotchkiss sent a few shots into each village, and the 6-inch forward gun shelled the village and road leading to Apia, at the head of harbour. Under the protection of these guns, and the guns of the steam pinnace and armed cutter (under Lieut. Parker), the natives, or red caps as they are known, were landed; no opposition was shown, however, and the villages of Ili Ili, Musa Musa, Loga, Seinanica, and Faillaga were burnt. The boats returned to the ship laden with loot in the shape of kava bowls, fowls, pigs, etc., all of which, of course, remain in the possession of the friendly natives. The ship returned to Apia the same evening—Friday night, the 7th inst. A start was made for Faliolili, a Malietoan village, on the other side of Upolu. The rain came down in torrents, and the night was as black as pitch. Faliolili was reached early next morning; the chiefs landed, and by 5 p.m., with a cargo of 450 natives, the return journey started. It still continued to rain bucketfuls, and at 8 p.m. a gale of wind was met with. A most disagreeable night was the consequence, especially for the natives, who huddled together on the deck for warmth, and all were glad to see the morning dawn and Apia in sight. Tuesday, the 11th, the Porpoise, accompanied by the steam pinnace (Lieut. Craven) went down to Falifa, a village about 17 miles from Apia, where one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the island falls into the sea. This is the home of Salanoa Maluifi, an adopted son of Mataafa. On reaching this place the pinnace, with Hotchkiss in bows, and armed cutter under Lieut. Parker, and three boats containing 80 natives, under Lieut. Gaunt, started for shore. The friendly natives were landed without opposition, and the murning of the village commenced. The scouts then came running in with the news that the rebels were gathering in force around the house of Salanoa. A move was made in that direction. A few stray shots gave warning that the rebels intended to fight, and soon all hands were hard at it. The pinnace was unable to get inside the reef, and so remained inactive, but the cutter rowed up and down, blazing away with the Nordenfeldt. The rebels were gradually forced back, and after an engagement lasting about an hour were in full retreat, with a few shells from the Porpoise to help them along. Salanoa's house was burnt, and the natives returned with large quantities of loot, and cries of 'Malietoa', Malietoa. Next day information came to hand that

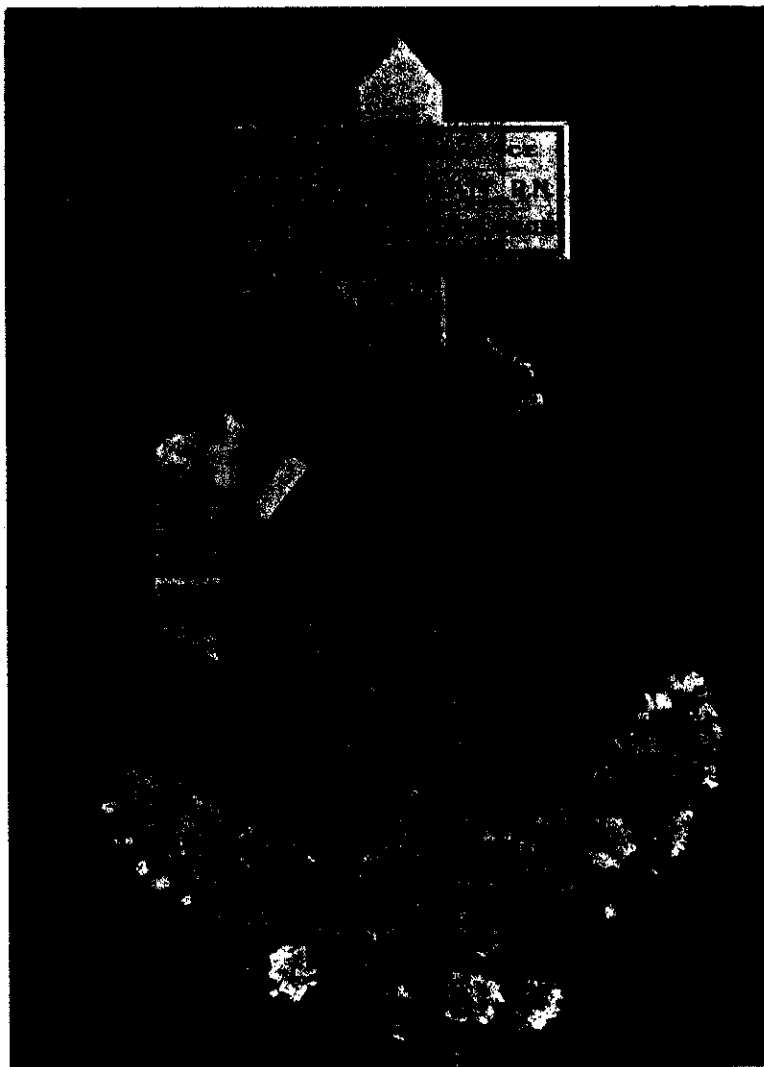
confirmed, the Porpoise once more weighed anchor early on Friday morning, and steamed down the West Coast to Mulafanua. Here the armed cutter, under Lieutenant Parker and the native boat under Lieut. Gaunt started for the shore. On landing a native missionary gave some important information. He stated that the Falke, which had left Apia on Wednesday with the German consul on board, steering a N.N.E. course, had already been to Mulafanua, and the chiefs and Von Bulow had gone off to her. Von Bulow had been advised to remain on board, and to refrain from outward

man story and took it that the ships were leaving Samoa altogether under instructions from their Governments. What will be their feelings now that these ships have returned to Apia as they did do the morning of the Taviani's departure? In the meantime the rebels have fought two severe engagements, and thus are unwilling to come over to the other side or surrender, fearing a more severe punishment than ever. To go back to the landing, however, this was done without opposition, although the missionary informed Lieut. Gaunt that 2000 rebels were collected in the bush close by, the cause of so many being present being that Mataafa's men had come down to hold a 'tatolo' or feast to honour the arrival of the contingent from Savaii. The village was set on fire, and the natives were doing some looting when the rebels opened fire from all sides. Lieut.

the village had been burnt, and four boats destroyed, the Mataafa men had received a severe lesson, while the Malietoan casualties only amounted to three men wounded. During the fighting a trader further down the coast managed to escape from the shore in his boat. He was fired on by the rebels, and several shots hit him. Finding that did not stop him, they set out in their canoes to intercept him, but fearing to get too close to the guns of the Porpoise, gave up the chase. The Porpoise returned to Apia the same evening.

THE ATTACK ON VAILIMO.

Owing to the tremendous downpour of rain, the land forces have been unable to move about as much as they might desire; the rivers and creeks are all flowing bankers, and as there are no bridges it is almost impossible



Hanna, Photo.

the rebels lost 6 killed and several wounded; the friendly had only one man wounded. On Wednesday, the twelfth, news arrived that Von Bulow had crossed from Savaii with 400 natives to assist Mataafa. This news being active part in the fighting. The chiefs, however, had been advised that instructions had arrived by the s.s. Hauroto from their respective Governments that the English and Americans were to cease fighting, and that Mataafa was to be placed on the throne. It is unnecessary to remark that the English and Americans had received no such news, and that no one word of this was true. Unfortunately two days after the H.M.s. Royalist and U.S. Philadelphia left harbour for Pango Pango to coal, and the rebels naturally believed the Ger-

Gaunt's picked men, now known as the 'ever victorious' owing to their great success since they have started to drill and fight. 'All same English soldiers,' replied in the pluckiest manner, although they knew that they were outnumbered by 20 to 1. A hot engagement lasted for about an hour, when the ammunition of the friendly started to give out, and it was advisable to retire to the boats. This was done in excellent order, the only difficulty being to get some to retire before they had fired their few remaining cartridges. Lieut. Parker, who had been at work with the Nordenfeldt wherever the rebels were pressing hardest, covered the re-embarkation and a return was made to the ship. The day had been a most successful one, important news had been received. In the face of heavy odds

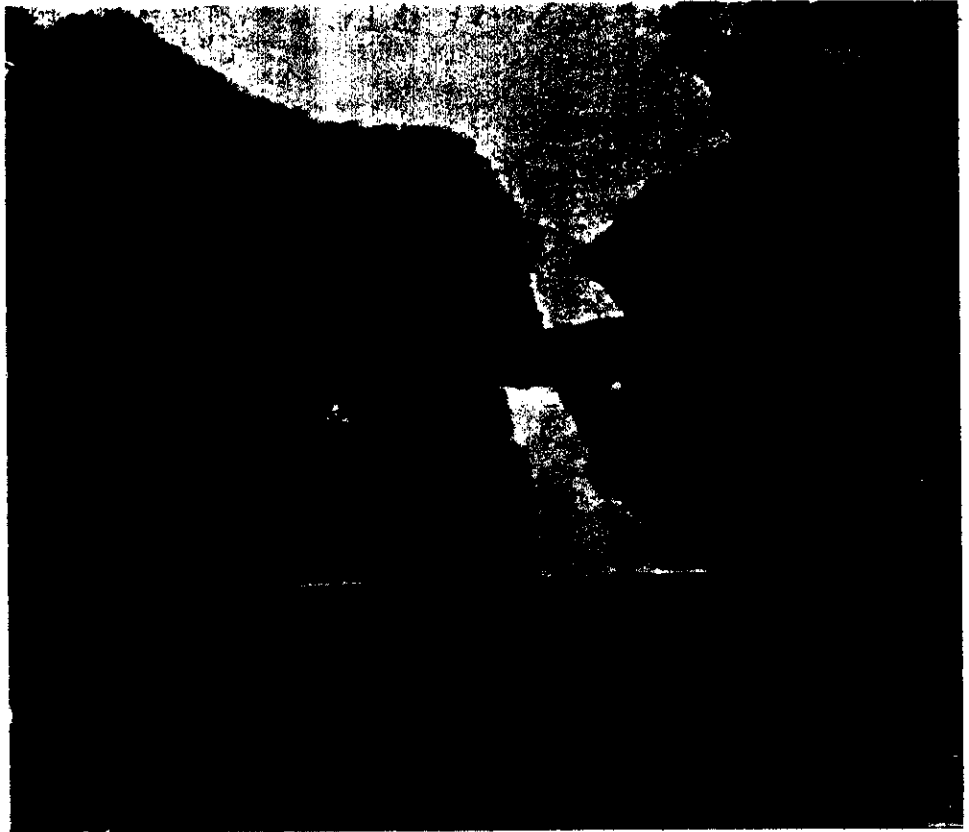
to get across. However, on Saturday, the 9th, the unattached friendly natives under Tamasese went out at 11 a.m. Crossing Mount Vin, they came on the rebels strongly entrenched at Iapalalua. They immediately attacked them, and a spirited engagement took place. Word reached Apia that Tamasese was retiring. Thinking they might have been defeated, Lieut. Gaunt assembled his men and set out up the 16 1/2 road to cover his retreat. Seeing reinforcements arrive, the rebels retired, and soon were in full flight into the bush. The friendly advanced right up to Vailimo, the late R. L. Stevenson's house. The road was found to be blocked with large trees and strong forts at intervals of a quarter of a mile have been thrown up. Lieut. Gaunt had too small a force at his disposal to

occupy the forts without any communication with the town forces, and so decided to destroy as much as possible (owing to heavy rains it was impossible to set fire to them) and return to Apia. This was done. A large number of provisions were found in Suetali house, which was burnt to the ground. For the next week all was quiet. Information was constantly being brought in that the rebels were going to attack the town on such and such a night, but no attack was made. If one had been the rebels would have received a very severe lesson, as the town, Mulinu, and Consulates are now very strongly defended, and no number of men that Mataafa could call together would have a chance of defeating them.

SEVERE ENGAGEMENT AT VAILIMO.

Monday, 18th inst., saw one of the severest engagements yet fought. It was understood that Suetali, one of Mataafa's high chiefs, had again occupied the forts around Vailimo with a very strong force, consisting of the Aua, Atua, and Savail people. At 9 o'clock, therefore, the H.M.S. Porpoise and Tauranga opened fire on these, a heavy cannonade continuing for upwards of an hour. On the cease fire the friendly natives advanced up the 16th and Tivoli roads. The force consisted of 250 of the Tutuila people on the right, 140 of the 'Ever Victorious' army in the centre, and 200 of the Tamasesa people under Tamasese on the left, the whole under the command of Lieut. Gaunt. A reserve force of 80 bluejackets, with Nordenföldt gun from the warships in the harbour, under Captain Sturdee, with Lieuts. Cave, Gurner and Vaughan to assist him, followed them out. Shortly after passing the Mission School, about 13 miles from Apia, the rebel scouts were seen, and another mile they came in sight of the first fort. From behind this a terrific fire was opened. The 'Ever Victorious' Army, however, continued to advance without a flinch.

It was otherwise with the majority



THE FALAPA WATERFALL, SAMOA.

Salano's village, which was burned on April 18th, lies to the left of the falls.



WATERFALL AT MAGIAGA, BELOW THE HOUSE OF MR BLACKLOCK, THE AMERICAN VICE-CONSUL.

Davis, photo.

of the untrained men. Do what he would, Lieut. Gaunt could not make them advance, all had excuses, and so at last he decided to rush the fort with his own men, together with Tamasese and about 100 others who were willing to go.

On the sound of the whistle and the command of 'charge,' up they jumped, and with a great shout made for the fort. It was one of those charges that would make any man shudder. Of the first six, four were shot down, Lieut. Gaunt and his first lieutenant, a magnificent high chief named Tao, alone remaining to reach the rampart. The others were not far behind, however, and they drove the rebels helter skelter out of the place, carrying their dead and wounded with them, but were forced to leave four dead behind. A German flag was found flying over this fort. It was captured and handed to the taupo, or village belle who comes with the troops as a water carrier. So far all was satisfactory. Further however they could not get. For four hours the heavy firing continued. Again and again they tried to take the next fort, but the odds were too great. It was practically 200 men fighting considerably over a 1000. At 2 o'clock word was sent down to the ships that it was impossible to take the forts, that the friendlies would retire to Mr Skeen's house and that it was desired that the ships should once again shell the forts. This was done. The ships opened fire at a range of 480 yards. At three o'clock the advances were again sounded, and another attack made on the forts. The same thing however occurred, the untrained natives could not face the hail of bullets. At five o'clock Lieut. Gaunt, unable to get their support, decided to retire. His men had indeed fought splendidly, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. they had faced heavy odds, had succeeded in turning the rebels from the first fort, and if the untrained men had given any support at all, there is no doubt all the remaining forts would now be in their possession. It is known that the rebels lost heavily. The Malietoans lost five killed, five mortally wounded, and seventeen others wounded. Their return to Apia was a triumph, for marching down the bench road, the taupo waving the captured German flag in

front, all the white troops and residents turned out and cheered Lieut. Gaunt and his men again and again. They were brought to a halt in the square by the Supreme Court, where Captain Sturdee congratulated and praised them for their gallantry and success. The ships also signalled off, 'Well done, Gaunt's Brigade.' The German flag was then handed over to Captain Sturdee, who told the men that they were not at war with Germany, and therefore he could not see a national flag disgraced, but that the flag had been captured in fair fight from the rebels, that he would take it off to the senior officer to show to him and report how it was captured, and it would then be handed back to the army's 'Taupo.' The troops then went back to Mulinuu. Before this account of Monday's fight is closed, it is necessary to say something of the attention paid to the wounded. The Supreme Court has been made into a hospital for the white troops, and a large shed in front of Mr Fabricius's store for the natives. Here Surgeons Andrews (Porpoise), and Bowie (Tauranga), and Dr. Braught, assisted by Miss McCoy (a Pitcairn Islander), Miss Forth, and two Six baymen were ready to attend to the wounded. They had not long to wait, and very soon a sad sight was to be witnessed. The first batch of twelve wounded men was brought down very soon after the fighting commenced, and the doctors were hard at it. Volunteers were put on to cut up more bandages, and assist in any little way possible. As soon as a man's wound was dressed he was taken possession of by his weeping female relations, and carried off to the temporary hospital. These natives show most extraordinary pluck with their wounds; never so much as a single groan is heard, although some of their wounds were truly ghastly. No wound, no matter how severe, prevents him from turning to the doctor and saying: 'Faafai tele lava' (Thank you very much).

On Tuesday evening the Porpoise and Tauranga once more turned their guns on Vailimo and the vicinity, and a heavy bombardment continued for an hour or so. Wednesday the Taviuni sailed, having on board Von Bulow, who was bound for Nukualofa.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

The following are the personal experiences, told by themselves, of men whose names are known to everyone of us. These men married when they were in very modest circumstances, and having long ago attained distinction and wealth, their opinions on 'marrying for love and working for siller' are worth hearing. This is what a well-known politician has to say:--

When I married the woman who gave me no other sorrow than her death, I was what in these days the world would call a poor professional man, struggling for a position.

I loved a lovely girl, the daughter of a man prominent in business, and who had lived in handsome style. She believed that her wealth as my wife would promote my career. All the world supposed her to be the daughter of a rich man. Only I knew that her father was on the verge of bankruptcy. Only I knew that all my money—the accumulations of a lifetime—was in his hands. We were married presently, and then in the first month of our happiness the crash came, and her father was ruined and beggared, as I had known he would be.

I was not only penniless, but in debt as well, so we had to begin again early in our lives to practise self-denial study a thousand little economies and yet keep up a semblance of style before the world in which we moved.

We could not in those days live in the fashion to which I am now accustomed. In those times I was often, for all my prominent positions, comparatively poorer than the mechanic because my expenses were so much heavier.

In those times the girl would give up something to the man she loved. She'd make sacrifices; she'd accept chances. In these days, owing to the society usages, 'the higher ideals,' the general extravagance of city life, she is greedy, grasping, selfish. Her eyes, her heart are centred on money,

money—nothing but money. The evil is growing. The days when a girl of society, or of the upper class, married a poor man because she loved him appear to have gone forever—except in the country towns.

AN EX-MAYOR AND HIS PLUCKY YOUNG WIFE.

An ex-mayor delivers himself in these words:—I wouldn't like to say how poor I was when I started life, with a widowed mother and a family of brothers and sisters dependent upon my efforts. When I married I was—let me see—well, I was a poor man, a salesman in the firm of which I afterwards became the head.

My dear wife had been accustomed to many of the refinements and elegancies of life. Yet she was content to accept my poor lot, and we had to do a lot of managing in those days to keep up appearances.

I remember how we scraped and

responsible for the new spirit among our girls. But go into the country districts. See the charming little houses built up here for very little. A man earning a modest salary in a country town is fairly prosperous and well-to-do. In the city he feels mighty poor.

In a provincial town the average girl asks herself, 'Do I love this man?' In the city the question is, 'How much money has he got?' And for this our style of life is responsible.

A NOTED FINANCIER'S FIGHT FOR A LIVING.

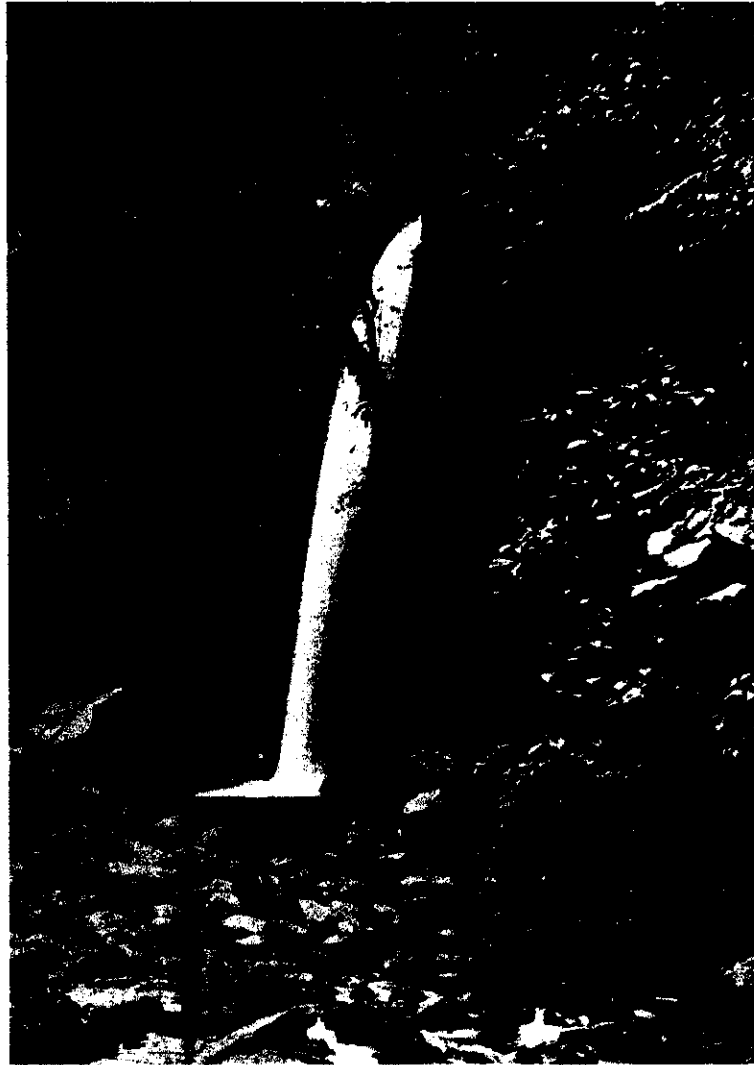
A financier of world-wide renown tells this of his early struggles:—When I married I was assuredly not the man I am to-day. I was fighting for a living. My wife had been accustomed to wealth and a fine establishment. Yet she did not disdain to share my comparatively poor lot. Because, although I had a fairly good

sole fault of our modern existence, (to out of the city and you find the woman in her natural self—sweet, tender self—surpassing true, living in her husband and home.

A GOOD EXAMPLE TO YOUNG FOOLS.

How did I begin married life? exclaims a professional man who has made a name. What was my income? That's none of the public's business. But if it is to set a good example to the young fools—men and women—who believe that money is the only road to happiness, I'll tell you that I began married life on £2 a week. Yes, sir, I had about £10 besides my pay.

I loved a girl who was as poor as myself, or poorer. Well, we decided that we would marry and take a chance in the lottery. You must remember then that I had not been



Davis, photo.

LUFALUFA FALLS, SAMOA.

saved, culling a little here and a little there to buy our first drawing-room set, and the joy that filled our hearts as we sat in the midst of our newly-acquired household gods can only be known once in a man's life.

Well, it isn't worth talking about. Somehow or other I reached the position I hold to-day, and I only consent to talk of my own case that it may serve as an example to the young men and young women who seem to be able to face life together. The girls look for rich men, the men look for rich wives now.

Still, even in these days, I find women—society girls—who are willing and anxious to marry a poor man simply because they love him.

It seems to me that the higher style of life, the tendency to extravagance, the striving for display, the hot composition which has sent up the scale of income and made men poorer, are

income, I was compelled to keep up a certain appearance, and no one but a man in that position can reduce the shifts to which he may be reduced in order to keep his end up.

My wife—I have been forty-four years married—aided me in my career to success as only a good wife can. Children came to us. I hold that a child is always a spur to a man. I know that the birth of each little one seemed to urge me to renewed efforts in work. It is the case with every man who is worth anything in this world.

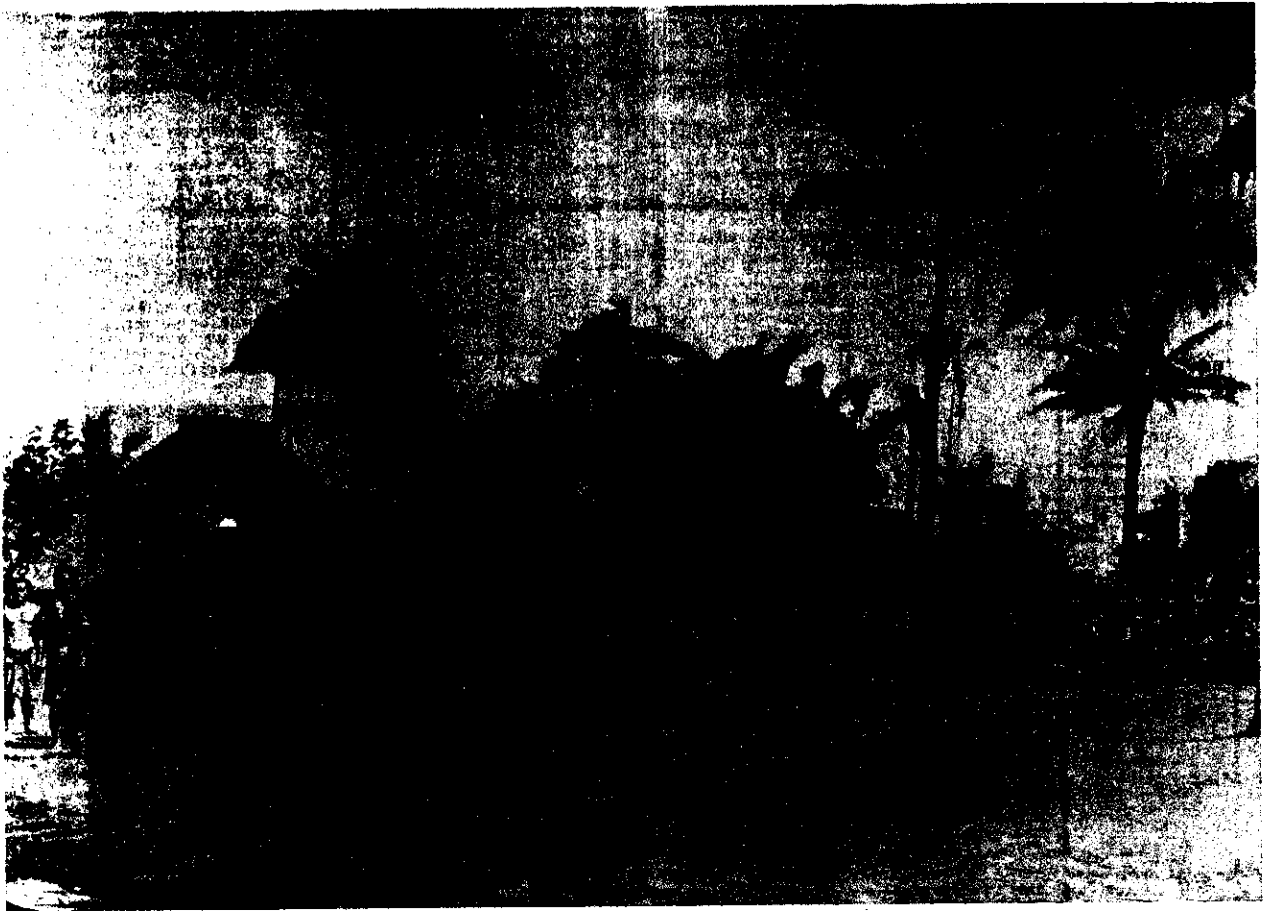
It is unhappily true—no one knows that better than I do—that women in these days look out for wealth and demand it at all costs. They want dresses, they want luxuries. They have no real love of home. They look upon a husband as a convenience.

This is not the fault of the woman, who is naturally unselfish. It is the

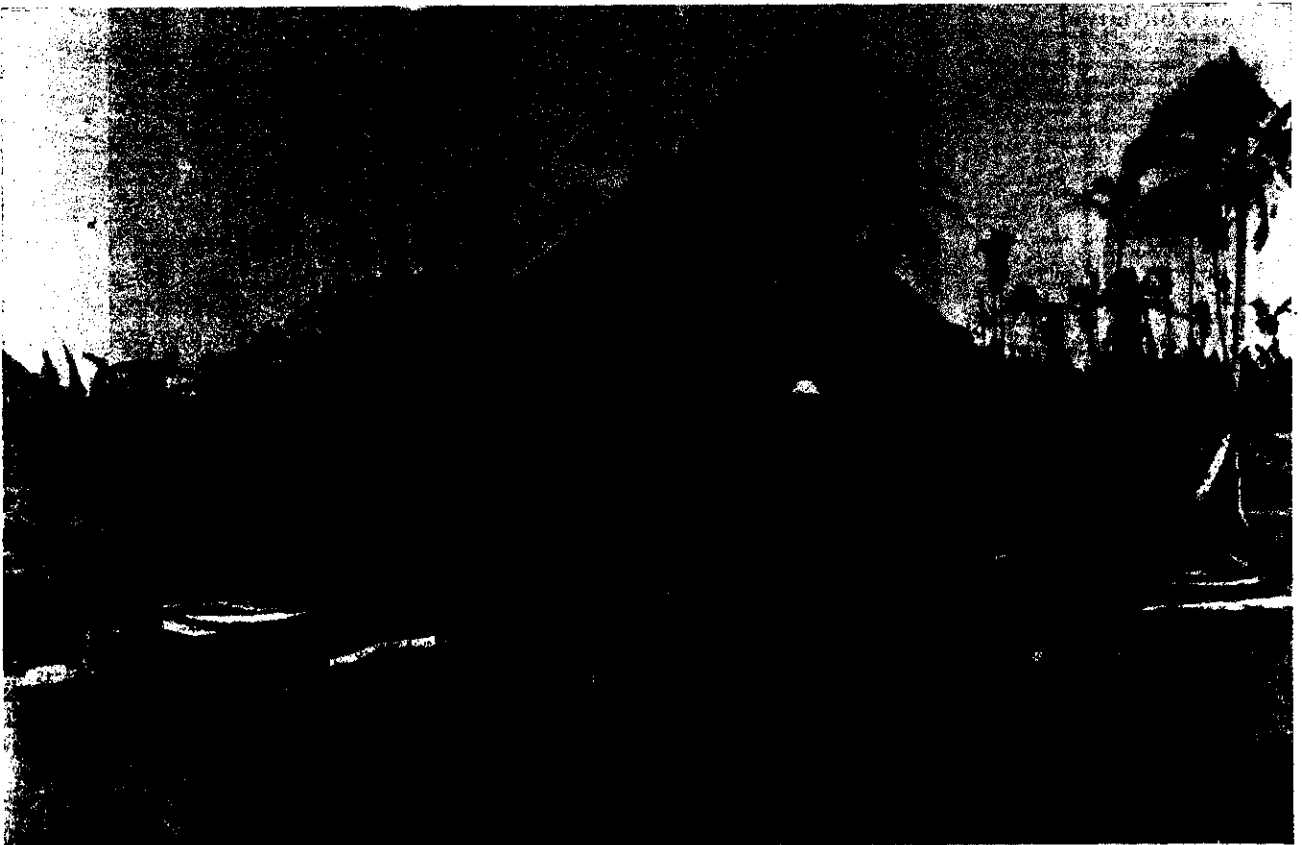
fault to practice. We went to a cheap boardinghouse. It cost twenty-four shillings a week. It seems strange to look back now.

Well, we were happy together when times were good, and starved together when times were bad, and by-and-by after I had been called I began to pick up a little practice here and there and live somehow. Then we moved into our little house. Dear me, to think of the day we brought the ornolu clock and put it on the mantelpiece in the parlour! We sat right down in front of it, arm in arm, and gazed our eyes on the most prized of all our earthly treasures.

Those times have gone and times changed, and I made my way, but I wouldn't exchange the fond memory of those days for all the wealth and all the success that has since fallen to me.



GAUNT'S BRIGADE, OR "THE EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY."



LIEUTENANT GAUNT AND HIS STAFF OF NATIVE OFFICERS.

Photos by Davis.



THE FRIENDLIES MARCHING OUT BEFORE THE FIGHT AT VALLIMA.



THE MALIETOAN PRISONERS RETURNING TO MULINUU.

Photos. by Davis.



LIEUTENANT GAUNT AND HIS RED-CAPS AT VAILIMA, CARRYING ONE OF THE STONE FORTS BY ASSAULT.

BEGGARS WITH FORTUNES

When Tori, a well-known Italian professional beggar, died last year, there were found hidden away in his rooms bank books, securities, gold and silver, amounting collectively to the value of upwards of 2,000,000 francs. His heirs were two nephews, who for years had been existing in a state of pitiable poverty.

In 1888 a beggar who died in Auxerre, France, was found to have 1,000,000 francs in bonds in a trunk, and in his cellar 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1790. In the same year an old beggar woman, named Marie Dufour, who occupied a wretched garret at a house in the Rue de Sevres, Paris, was found dead in her bed. In a bundle belonging to her were found a deposit receipt for 30,000 francs in the name of the deceased, and Government securities representing an annual income of 9,530 francs.

A man named Gustave Marcein, a professional beggar, was found dead in his room in the Rue Puy Guillaume, Avignon, in November, 1892. A search led to the discovery of French Government bonds and various securities to the value of £20,000. He left a paper requesting that his savings might be divided equally between the city and the Bureau de Bienfaisance.

The wealthiest living professional beggar, Simon Oppasich, was in 1893 sentenced to seven years' hard labour for perjury. He was born without feet or arms, and his physical defects brought him exceptional sympathy and cash. In 1880, at the age of 47, he had saved £12,000, and in 1888 he had by speculation increased his fortune to £25,000 in cash and some £40,000 in Trieste and Parenzo real estate. Since then he has quadrupled his wealth by trading on the Bourse.

GIANT JAPANESE SOLDIER.

A Japanese paper says that a soldier of gigantic stature and enormous strength recently had the honour of being presented to the Emperor. He is Private Yamashita of the Third Regiment of Nagoya Field Artillery. He enlisted in December last, and is now 22 years of age. His muscular strength is so great that he can carry a field piece on his shoulder and climb up a mountain when horses are not available. Yamashita regularly receives two men's rations, and his uniforms are made to order.



THE LATE MR. ROBERT STEVENSON'S HOME, VAILIMA, SAMOA. Near which the recent fighting took place.

CHURCH TAVERNS.

Warwickshire, England, possesses the chief of a class of anomalies of which we can exhibit no par. It is nothing more nor less than a minister of the Gospel who openly runs a public house. The Established Church is far from being teetotal in its doctrines, as teetotalism, even among the more rigorous of the sects, has never been popular in England. The public house, came into the possession of the parish of which Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, the gentleman

in question, was the rector, through the will of an eccentric old miser, who, perhaps, as much in irony as good faith, left it to the vestry in charge for the benefit of the poor of the parish. When this was made public the reverend gentleman consulted several temperance reformers, who, of course, advised him to sell immediately. The majority of the vestry, however, were in favour of running the place on equitable terms, and devoting the proceeds to the purpose prescribed. The result has been successful beyond expectation, an

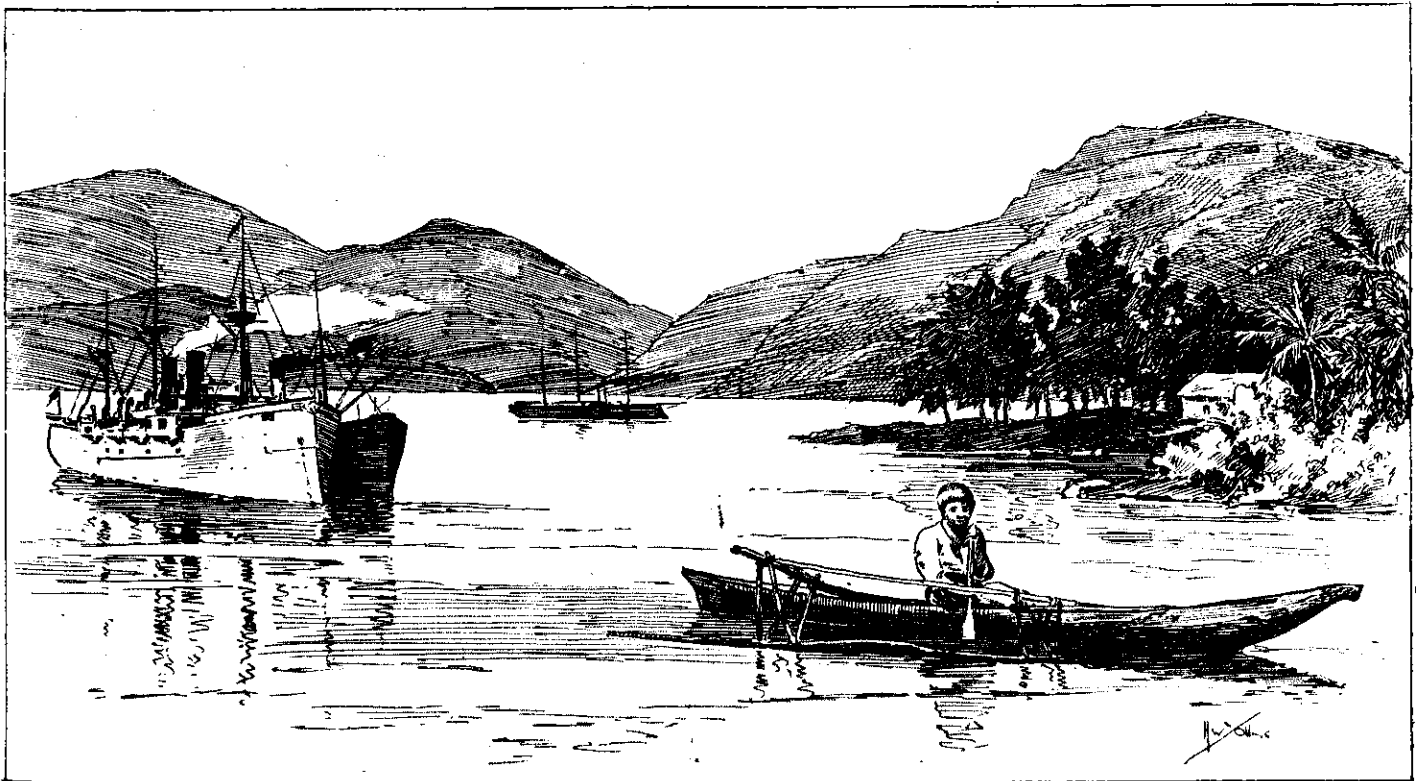
appreciable income being each year derived for clothing, coal, etc. The principles are as follows:—
1. The sale of pure beer.
2. No profit whatever to an individual.
3. No credit allowed.
Since the success of this place several English ministers have taken out licenses on the same plan, and in each instance are reaping a harvest for their parish poor.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM SOLVED.

An amusing story in connection with the great Bishop Wilberforce was told by Dr. Newman Hall when speaking at a temperance meeting in London. He once asked the bishop if it were true that on one occasion, after examining a Sunday school, he said, 'Now, children, I have been asking you a lot of questions. Just ask me one.' A lad promptly took the divine at his word and put the following poser: 'P-p-please, sir, w-w-what use was Jacob's 11-ladder to the angels if they had w-w-wings?' The bishop was said to have been puzzled, and walked the schoolroom pensively until a bright idea struck him, and wheeling round to the boys cried authoritatively, 'Now, boys, you have heard that question? Why don't you give it an answer?' To his lordship's further surprise one of the children had an answer ready, to the effect that the angels could not at that time use their wings because they were 'moulting.'

SWISS FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

Swiss funeral customs are most peculiar. At the death of a person the family inserts a black-edged announcement in the papers asking for sympathy and stating that 'the mourning urn' will be exhibited within certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table, covered with a little black cloth, on which stands a black jar. Into this the friends and acquaintances of the family drop little black-margined visiting cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put on the table on the day of the funeral. Only men ever go to the churchyard, and they generally follow the hearse on foot.



PAGO-PAGO HARBOUR, IN TUTUILA, SAMOA. The U.S. Cruiser "Philadelphia" coaling from the "Pukaki," with H.M.S. "Royalist" in the background.

The Governor's Visit to the Cook Islands.

On Sunday last His Excellency the Governor, Lord Ranfurly, arrived in Auckland by H.M.S. Mildura from his visit to the Cook Islands. He appears to have enjoyed the trip greatly. The Mildura arrived off Rarotonga on the 16th of last month, and upon the vessel dropping anchor Colonel Gudgeon, the British Resident, proceeded on board to learn the wishes of His Excellency, and also to inform him what steps had been taken by the native and European settlers for his reception. It was arranged that the official landing would take place the next morning at ten o'clock. Strange to say, the weather, which for the past fortnight had been dirty and raining, cleared up with the vessel's arrival, and continued on its good behaviour during the few days that Lord Ranfurly spent there.

THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION.

Early on Monday morning the residents were out and about preparing for the coming ceremony. Prompt to the time stated His Excellency, accompanied by the commander of the ship, started for the shore, the man-o-war firing the usual salute as the Governor's boat was being pulled towards the landing place (the Union S.S. Co.'s wharf at Avarua). On his landing he was received by the British Resident, and after being introduced to some of the Arikis and principal chiefs present, the procession started for Makea Arikis' grounds, where the formal reception was to take place. The line of route was thronged with native men and women, all dressed in their best, the men mainly in white, while the fair (?) sex were decked out in almost every colour and shade procurable, in which flower wreaths were a prominent feature of their decorations. The native women have a passionate fondness for flowers, and none consider themselves fully dressed without floral wreaths forming a conspicuous part. Those who witnessed the Rarotongan contingent in the procession in Auckland will remember how they shone out on that 29th of January morning of 1899, the neat and graceful dressing of the people making them the observed of all observers. If so few made so great an impression, it can be imagined what a large concourse would have on a stranger's arrival here, and His Excellency and suite were astonished to see so many and so well and tastefully dressed natives.

His Excellency, on reaching Makea's residence, was duly received by that Arikis. A native speech of welcome being made to His Lordship from the steps of the palace Bretane (native for Britannia), Lord Ranfurly delivered the following address, which was listened to with marked attention by the large concourse of people assembled on the grounds:—

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

I thank the people of Rarotonga for the reception accorded to me to-day, and shall hope before departing to have an opportunity of expressing my views. It is a matter of much satisfaction to me that I have been able to meet the Arikis and Chiefs of Rarotonga and other islands of the Federation in their own country. Personally I regard it as one of the duties of my position to make myself acquainted with the circumstances of each island, whether permanently under the 'mana' of the British Crown or merely a protected State such as the federation of the Cook Islands. In either case I am convinced that it is not possible to settle any difficulty that may arise without the personal knowledge of the characters of the leading men and the requirements of their country, which can alone be obtained by seeing with one's own eyes and hearing with one's own ears. Furthermore it is a pleasure to me to visit these islands from which the ancestors of New Zealand Maoris migrated nearly five centuries ago, thereby establishing a record for daring and skill that has hardly been equalled by any feat of navigation

recorded in history. The interest I take in the Maori people of Polynesia is natural, for you must remember that I am Governor of the largest population of Maoris in the world, and therefore I have a natural desire to see for myself what manner of people they were who remained behind when the great migration sailed for New Zealand. My other reason is this, Her Majesty having assumed a protectorate over this group, I am anxious that the affairs of the federation should be conducted with as much wisdom and economy as can be reasonably expected from a people who have so lately adopted the European system of government, and if you are of opinion that my advice is likely to be of any value to you I shall be glad to confer with you on any point you may desire. I am informed that persons possibly maliciously disposed have spread reports to the effect that my visit to you was intended as preliminary to the annexation of the Cook Islands to the British Empire. I need hardly tell you that I have been much annoyed by this attempt to create distrust and illfeeling between I have the honour to represent and I the Maori people and the Sovereign therefore immediately authorised the British Resident to flatly contradict the report which I fear had its origin in the bad feeling which I am aware existed in the past, but which I had hoped to find extinct. In a small island like Rarotonga there is no room for malice and illfeeling, and those who seek to keep it alive are acting a very mean and criminal part. It should be the effort of Pakeha and Maori alike to work together and try to promote the welfare and trade both of your group of islands and your Government. It is my intention to visit Aitutaki, but time will not permit my visiting the other islands, for the reason I cannot prolong my stay any longer than necessary with you, but I shall be here long enough to advise with the Arikis, Mataipos and Rangitiras on any subject on which they may consult me. If any European has a grievance I shall be equally glad to hear what he has to say, and will assist him in any reasonable way in my power, should I consider his grievance just.

The Governor communicated a despatch which he had received from the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, establishing a High Court for the trial of Europeans and for the hearing of the important native litigation, and also appointing the British Resident (Lient. Colonel Gudgeon), Chief Justice. The new departure in the administration of justice has been now consummated a formal proclamation, making the new order of things operative from April 22. Pa Arikis is also a judge of the Court, and Mr W. B. Craig is registrar.

The address was interpreted to the natives, after which the British Resident stated that His Excellency would hold a levee, and at the conclusion he would hear any complaint that might be brought before him.

All the Europeans present were then introduced by Col. Gudgeon.

After hearing the various grievances His Excellency, accompanied by several officers of the Mildura, visited various parts of the island. At Ngutangia, the chief settlement of that portion of Rarotonga under the rule of Pa Arikis, he was entertained in the best native style. After delivering a speech, several presents of hats, hats, etc., were made to His Excellency, and after a most tempting luncheon had been discussed, in which roast pork figured prominently, native dancing and singing occupied the rest of the afternoon. The dancing was most attentively watched and the songs listened to by Lord Ranfurly.

While in the island Lord Ranfurly christened a new bridge, visited the Tereora school, under the control of the London Missionary Society, and

Makea settlement. Later on the Mildura took him to Aitutaki, the only island of the Group really annexed to England, and the island of Manuai, which was discovered by Captain Cook. At Aitutaki His Excellency laid the foundation stone of the new boarding school which is to be erected by the London Mission Society. There the native children are to be taught English as at Tereora. Native dancing, singing, etc., filled up the rest of the time of the Governor's stay for the day, and at 5 p.m. the Mildura left again for Rarotonga, where she arrived at 9 a.m. next (Saturday) morning.

At 1 p.m. the Arikis and chiefs were entertained by His Excellency on board the Mildura, and soon afterwards she left for New Zealand.



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SHORTLAND-STREET, AUCKLAND. Opposite Auckland Club.

Specialty: Crown and Bridge Work. Painless Extractions. Fees Strictly Moderate. Telephone 1,032.

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Adds Strength to the Food. Renews Nerve and Energy. Makes Children Thrive.

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...THESE...

WORLD-REKNOWNED CORSETS

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10 GOLD MEDALS
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And whenever exhibited have obtained

THE HIGHEST HONOURS.

OBTAINABLE FROM

ALL LEADING DRAPERS

Throughout New Zealand.

IN MANY VARIETIES,
SHAPES, AND STYLES.



LUNCHEON.

Lord Raoufery, King Pa (on the right of the Governor), and some of the officers of H.M.S. "Mildura" discussing a little snack of roast pork. His Excellency is in the act of finishing off a loathsome trotter.



THE END OF THE FIRST SPELL.

After dancing up and down on the timber platform the dancers finish the first half of the dance in the altitude as shown.



SPELL O I

The dancers and singers taking a rest. His Excellency and party are behind a coconut tree taking a little refreshment.



LINING THE ROAD AT THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION. THE READING OF THE ADDRESS.

The Governor's Trip to the Cook Islands.

Photos. by G. Crummer, Rimbonga.

Exchange Notes.

Much better business on the Exchange this week.

Mining stocks had most attention. Gas, insurance, and coal shares were seldom quoted.

Inquiry set in this week for Mt. Lyell (Tasmania) shares, £9 5/ being offered.

The Syndicate that purchased the Great Mercury mine at Kuaotunu are already meeting with encouraging results. Fourteen men are at work and Murphy's leader has been cut.

The N.Z. Mines Record states the gold output for March for the colony was £143,821. Auckland headed the list with £63,190 worth of gold and £10,000 worth of silver.

Buyers of N.Z. Accident Insurance advanced to 30%, but no shares changed hands.

National Banks changed hand at 47/9, and were afterwards wanted at 48/, but holders asked 50/.

It is estimated that the output of bullion for 1899 for the whole colony will be the largest for any 12 months during the last 20 years.

Four in Hand Company's new battery was started at Waikoromiko this week. Shares had steady demand at 3/5 and seem good for a further rise.

The lode in the Waverley mine, Karangahuke, gives fair prospects.

Occidental shareholders may yet be rewarded for their perseverance, as the Hugue Smith reef proves to be 14 feet wide, and is showing nice colours of gold.

Welcome Find Company annual meeting lapsed. Receipts for the year total £2545 3/1, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £97 17/8.

The Mahara Royal Company at Tapu started another 10 head of stampers this week.

Maratoto shares continue in steady demand at from 4/ to 4/6. Reports from the mine still satisfactory.

Prospecting for gold is still proceeding at Whangarei. Nos. 1 and 2 Morotiri Group, Whangarei Bay.

The Waihi Grand Junction Company has expended £46,000 in connection with their mining properties. Protection has been approved for three months to allow for tenders being extended for the necessary pumping machinery.

Whangamata Gold Corporation shares have had steady buyers at 5/3, call paid, but sellers want much higher prices.

Mr Alexander McKay, Government Geologist, considers there is nothing at Wairoa to show that the gold had its origin in the Kaimanawa range.

The Government has promised a subsidy of £1 for any £1 subscribed for the Coromandel School of Mines.

The total output of coal in the colony during the last year was 907,032 tons, compared with 840,713 tons in 1897, and 792,851 in 1896.

A good return is expected from the Tararu Creek Company's crushing this month.

Pending the decision of the London Directors re development of the deep levels the New Alburnia mine at the Thames has closed down.

A rise has been put up 40 feet through good quartz in the Barrier Reef mine.

Talisman shares sold this week at 15/, and are still in demand at 14/6. At the mine a new lode was discovered.

Nice gold-bearing ore from a small lode in the Progress Castle Rock mine at Coromandel was shown on the Exchange this week, but speculators were unmoved, for no buyers came in.

Alpha shares advanced to 5/ this week, and are still in strong demand. The Company has still £151 5/7 in hand, and the battery is nearing completion.

Reports of a very satisfactory nature have been received from the Waitakauri Company, and buyers now offer 30/6 for shares.

The demand for Grace Darlings stopped at 2/. Definite news regarding the flotation should soon be received.

Deep sinking at Kuaotunu is gradually becoming an accomplished fact. The Mariposa Company's shaft is now down upwards of 90 feet from the chamber at the low level.

Hauraki Main Lodes Company, Coromandel, has still £14,000 unexpended capital, although the mine has shut down.

The Irene Mine, Kuaotunu, has been let on tribute for 12 months. The men may find what the Company missed.

Bunkey's HHI Company crushed 67 lb of specimens for a return of bullion worth £169 4/5.

Tributers in the Harbour View mine have come upon a nice leader, from which eight pounds of picked stone were secured.

Waihi shares advanced a shilling this week, £5 18/ being offered without sales resulting.

Some rich specimens were obtained this week in the Hauraki Gem mine by tributers.

It is being reported that a new reef has been cut in the Komata reefs carrying gold.

Captain Hodge bought the Royal Standard mine this week at auction for £120, although £30,000 had been spent by the Company. If the gold is there Captain Hodge will find it.

The Kauri Freehold Gold Estates Company's mine and battery at Opiatunui is to be lit by electricity. Crushing should soon commence, as the first train load of quartz has already reached the mill.

Wentworth shareholders this week empowered the directors to enter into any agreement with the holder of the option over the Company's property, and the owner of any adjoining property, for amalgamation.

A fine body of good payable ore is stated to have been discovered in the Waitakauri Cross mine at the 400 foot level.

Buyers came in this week for Woodstock shares at 8/3, at which price sales were made.

price this week, being sold as low as 6/10 and up to 7/6.

Notes & Notions.

How it is that in this colony, where progress at any price is the leading characteristic of our legislature, we should so long have entirely neglected improvement in our methods of dealing with juvenile criminals, is strikingly peculiar, and whatever excuses we may make, does us little credit. Thanks mainly to some remarks made by Mr Justice Pennefather on his retirement from the high position he so worthily filled, and from their amplification in a subsequent interview, the matter is now in the way of being thoroughly ventilated.

It is, indeed, the question of the day, and no doubt every parliamentary candidate and political adventurer will exploit the subject for all it is worth in the coming campaign speeches. Over the fact that the majority of those who will enthrone our reform, and denounce past heedlessness, will be utterly unworthy to handle so noble a subject, and will merely use it as a means for the manufacture of political capital and self advancement, we need not worry ourselves. The fact that it will be brought prominently before Parliament and the country is cause for congratulation, even if some would-be legislators use it merely as a ladder whereby they may climb into Parliament.

On such a question there can and will be no difference of opinion. It may be taken as a certainty now that within a very limited time we shall see the establishment of one or more reformatory establishments in New Zealand, and judges will be able to endeavour to check juvenile crime, being relieved from the painful alternative of letting young offenders go to the bad for lack of correction, or accelerating their decadence by herding them with habitual and hardened criminals. This column is not, perhaps, the place for the discussion of so wide and important a matter, which is of a character to demand editorial weight and position. But having seen something of reformatories in the Old Country, and having read not a little on the treatment of juvenile offenders, I feel constrained to plead the special advantages of the reformatory training ship. Of these ships, and of all the many reformatory institutions extant, the results achieved by the training ship are the best. They are the best results because they are the most permanent, from the cause that the man or lad is protected from himself after he has been liberated.

The position of a youth liberated from a reformatory is an exceedingly critical one. It depends almost entirely into whose hands or what class of society he falls what becomes of him. If he can be placed straight away in a position where, while free, he is still to some extent under a discipline, milder but yet not dissimilar from that under which he has lived for some years, he is very much more likely to keep straight than if suddenly relieved from all restraint, rule and authority. The demand for thoroughly trained seamen is, or might easily be made, almost unlimited. Again, if the transfer from the reformatory was in the first instance made direct, without allowing the enfranchised lad any opportunity for a relapse before his first voyage, he would pass the first few months of his liberty free from those temptations whose attacks we know are the most serious and most likely to prove fatal to him. It may, I think, be taken as an axiom that if the first six months or year are successfully negotiated reform may be confidently expected to be permanent.

Some correspondence now proceeding in the Tararangi papers on certain technical details in cheese making gives me an excuse for propounding a problem that has puzzled me ever since my arrival in the colony. How is it that it is so outrageously difficult to get a piece of good locally manufactured cheese in New Zealand or in fact anywhere in Australasia? Is it, as the grocers affirm, that a vitiated public palate positively prefers the green immature, soapy, and tasteless compound usually supplied to a mellow, well kept and deliciously flavoured cheese? Or, is there some defect in our grass or our climate which precludes the manufacture of a Cheddar, a Cheshire, or a Gloucester type cheese equal to those procurable at Home. Personally I favour the theory that the climate is the difficulty. A cheese—even the New Zealand Stilton, which is fair—never seems capable of becoming 'ripe' in

Do you want Consumption?

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

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

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

Beware of cheap imitations. See that the name Ayer's is on the wrapper, is blown in the glass of each bottle, and put up in large and small bottles.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

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

ROWLAND'S ESSENCE OF TYRE

is the most reliable preparation for dying red or grey hair a permanent brown and black. Preserves, strengthens, beautifies the hair, and is the only remedy for dandruff. Ask Store and Chemist for Rowland's articles, of Hattie's Garden, London.

our climate; there is no stage between greenness and rottenness. Our N.Z. Stillon doesn't go properly; it decays. The same thing seems to occur with game. An attempt to achieve the true 'gamey' flavour which proper hanging imparts to a pheasant is nine out of ten times a failure in 'our glorious climate.' The bird becomes not slightly high, but putrid, and uneatable. In wisdom the failure is almost invariable and unavoidable. The meat never mellow as it should; it merely decomposes. Under these circumstances New Zealand pheasants are often most unjustly pronounced inferior to their British brethren. They are, as a matter of fact, infinitely superior in weight and in flavour. Eaten fresh as we usually eat pheasants in New Zealand, an English cock bird would be tasteless as paper. No one can say that of our acclimatised pheasants. They are capital hanging, and if we could get the secret of hanging them, or alter the climatic condition which prevents our doing so no bird in the world would provide so incomparable a dish.

The splendid season enjoyed by farmers, and the rich harvests they have gathered will doubtless encourage our youngsters to think favourably of the dictum, 'Go on the land, young man.' Still, even in this 'year of plenty' there are exceptions. For example: At the Rangiora Pension Court last week a small farmer, with forty acres, applying for his pension, was giving the Court an idea of his position. He said the land was so poor it had not the sense to grow much grass. He had a few good sheep, about twenty-five, but the rest of his flock he was ashamed of. It consisted of seventy sheep, worth 3/6 each, 'gummies' and ewes without mouths, very old. (Laughter.) His two horses were worth a five pun note; were very old, one nineteen years of age this month—(laughter)—and the other a cripple. (Renewed laughter.) A cart he had, which the Magistrate supposed was a dog cart, but which applicant explained was a dung cart. (A laugh.) It had, he said, neither a complete body or wheels. (Laughter.) It was so rotten it only held together with wire and tacks. (More laughter.) The cart was seventeen years old when he got it, and it was a very old cart then. (More laughter.) Had he any furniture? Well, no. Yes, on second thoughts. He had two candle boxes to sit on. At this stage the Magistrate thought as age was proved and residence proved, a pension might be granted.

Evidently the virtuous indignation of the Auckland publicans with regard to the allegations of Sunday trading made by Mrs Schnackenberg has not had any very impressive effect 'down South.' The challenge of £100 is pretty generally laughed at by Southern seaboys, who describe it as a very cheap and obvious piece of bluff. The 'Oamaru Mail' is particularly scornful. It observes, in a paragraph on the subject:—'Fifty-one publicans in the city of Auckland offer the President of the National Council of Women to pay £100 to any Auckland charity if she can prove the assertion made in the Council. If the Auckland publicans' characters as saints or sinners depends upon this test they are perfectly safe. We would like to see the individual who could prove Sunday trading under the systematic safeguards that are instituted by wily publicans in all large cities, and elsewhere, too—safeguards which must be known to the authorities if they are worth their salt, yet they are ignored. We are writing for a common-sense public, amongst whom there are numbers of persons who know, from personal experience, that the action of the Auckland publicans is all bluff. Those who try to win this prize will probably realise that it hangs over a yawning chasm and that they might fall in. They will not forget the humiliating lanpooning of offenders and the inevitable verdicts in favour of the defendants, who could not rest in their beds at night if they ever sold a glass of beer out of hours. If the Auckland publicans would only make the amount large enough to excite the cupidity of one of their own number there would be no difficulty in proving the truth of the statement made by the National Council of Women.'

In Christchurch there is some discussion going on over a nuisance

which ever and anon springs up in all large cities, through the over-enthusiasm of street preachers, out-door orators, and open-air temperance fanatics. It would appear, from letters in the local papers, that an effort is to be made to confine these well-meaning people in a certain restricted area of the Hagley Park, so that their bawled exhortations and their declamatory denunciations shall not annoy those who patronise the park for a quiet Sunday afternoon stroll. Naturally, perhaps, there is much indignation amongst the people whom it is proposed to 'move on.' I quote the letter of one of these gentlemen, because I want to point out just where he and all his party are in the wrong. He says: 'I hold that neither the Domain Board nor any one else has the right or absurdly partisan power to say that hundreds of young girls and boys can amuse themselves as they please around Victoria Lake, and at the same time say to a number of respectable city preachers or reformers, you can go to an obscure corner over yonder. It's a public park for the benefit of all.—Yours, etc.'

WATCH TOWER.

Now I would just point out that it is the last perfectly true sentence of his own letter which puts all these too enthusiastic preachers, reformers, etc., out of court, so to say. The park is, emphatically, 'for the benefit of all.' It is for rest and recreation, and not as a place where one's ears may be tortured, and one's common-sense outraged by loud-mouthed evangelists, who preach, or rather bawl, the extreme 'hell fire and damnation' doctrine, which gravely asks us to love, revere, and worship a Deity who could condemn to eternal torture the frail and fallible beings of His own creation for falling into temptations and committing sins of omission and commission, which even humans can forgive when committed against themselves. A man has a perfect right to preach this doctrine if he believes in it, but he has no right to make himself a nuisance by insisting that we others cannot walk out on a Sunday without being annoyed with it. Nor have the temperance orators or the socialistic reformers any right to make the most beautiful spots in the parks their stumping ground. A certain part of the domain and parks should be allotted them, and there let them do and say to the utmost their convictions prompt. It would be unjust to prevent their speaking at all, but their exclusion from the most popular parts is perfectly right and equitable. A small minority must ever give way to the comfort and convenience of an overwhelming majority.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1893.
'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, 1893.
'I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenge is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore, I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,
'A. GABRIEL, 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 of a cure of Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.'

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

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

Current Comment.

The results of Government and of municipalities dabbling in works of private enterprise have been, in this colony, and, indeed, in most other places, far from reassuring (says the Christchurch 'Press'). We end, therefore, as we began, by saying that if the capitalist is to be shut out, and we are to depend on Government and the municipalities taking his place, God help New Zealand! The question as to whether co-operative co-partnership can efficiently replace the capitalist cannot now be gone into at length, but it is notorious that, in the older countries, while co-operative distribution has been a success, co-operative production—on which the development of our industries would have to depend—has been a great disappointment.

We are satisfied that teachers are giving the older children too little to do at home, and that consequently there is less progress being made than formerly. We are quite aware that the other extreme was gone to, leading to a general outcry against home lessons, and that the teachers' hands are now tied in this connection; but a moderate quantity of home lessons is not only very helpful to the children, but occupies them profitably and pleasantly in their homes, thus preventing too much idling about the streets and waste of time in other ways. These are the opinions of the Mosgiel School Committee as embodied in their annual report.

It is a curious fact (declares the 'Morning Press') that while the Liberal party in Britain is rent by inward dissensions, the Conservative party in this, the most distant from Britain of the self-governing colonies, should be in like plight. Owing to family afflictions, the existence of which we all deeply deplore, the Leader of the Conservative party, Captain Russell, has been unable to publicly announce the policy of the Opposition. His lieutenants have been making trial of their powers, but, like the English farmer imbibing claret, 'they don't get no forrader.' In fact, they have but made confusion worse confounded, and the Conservative party stands confessed 'a thing of shreds and patches.'

How anyone—even a magistrate—is to ascertain what was in a publican's mind at the time he served a glass of beer to a man who professed to be a traveller is to us an insoluble problem. The whole onus of serving a man who is not a traveller should be placed upon the hotelkeeper. There is a grave danger that the guilty may escape and the innocent suffer if the treatment of offenders is to be in accordance with what a magistrate thinks they thought when the drink was served.—'Oamaru Mail.'

He Mr Monk (at Henderson) warned the country settlers against the insidious attempt there was to increase taxation upon them, and abolish the £500 exemption.

'Nothing could have brought home more sternly to Ministers the suicidal policy of interference with departmental heads than their experience in this case. The officials were obviously anxious to be allowed to do their duty. Had they done so Captain Jones would have been shut out, and the present scandal could never have arisen. There is a very grave suspicion about that this matter has not yet been probed to the bottom, that Minister's have not by any means cleared themselves, and that the whole truth as to how far they influenced the issue of the certificate will not be known until after Captains Allman and Jones have been forced to open their mouths through a criminal prosecution.' This is what the 'Wanganui Chronicle' thinks of the Fair Allman and Jones.

Speaking of Mr Taylor's disgust with the corruption, etc., in politics, and his idea of retiring, the Oamaru 'Mail' says:—'We can sympathise with Mr Taylor. It is very annoying to find that the people with whom we are compelled to mix are not so good as ourselves. We have, in journalism, had to deplore the wickedness of all other journalists, and have been driven to contemplate with an almost irresistible longing, what a happy

holy and prosperous time we should have if the Oamaru 'Mail' were the only paper shedding its political and social effluence all around. But we are not going to commit journalistic suicide because others less virtuous are striving to check our beneficent operations. It is under such circumstances as these that the true man is wanted. Those who persist in the right will come out victorious in the end; and, if Mr Taylor's success does not come up to his own expectations, is it not possible that there may be some little fault on his own side? It is not in good form to contemplate self-effacement because of the opposition of those who are neither so wise nor so righteous as ourselves. We should rather pity such misguided specimens of humanity, and sacrifice our all in trying to lift them up. Mr Taylor should also reflect that if his opponents are a nuisance to him he is, perhaps, more than a nuisance to his opponents.'

At last the Opposition, the Conservative party, has a policy—it is the policy of despair. Mr Rolleston's speech has carried dismay with it into every Conservative camp in the colony. Apart from the personal abuse, aimed at the Premier, there is nothing in the speech of the member for Riccarton that is not complimentary to the present Government, and in a breath Mr Rolleston has swept away the notion of the autocracy of Mr Seddon by telling the people what is absolutely true, namely, that no man or set of men can rule this colony unless with the approval of the people of the colony.—'Wairarapa Leader.'

With regard to Old Age Pensions Mr Monk said he was in favour of a universal pension, with annual appropriations, and he would support a vote of either £50,000 or £60,000 to be distributed among the needy.

We think that we know as much as most people in regard to the appointments which have been made by the Government, says the Oamaru 'Mail,' and whilst we know that many positions have been given to the Government's enemies, we know of no instances in which positions have been given solely because the applicants were Government supporters.—'What the Otago 'Daily Times' and those whom it represents appear to desire is that no Liberal shall be given a position in the Government service, so that he may be made to feel the personal disadvantages of being a Liberal and compelled to support the Tories, who are always faithful to their friends.'

One thing, at any rate, seems quite certain—that no public school can ever be carried on satisfactorily in which one section of the pupils, however small, enjoys an immunity from corporal punishment. An essential feature of the system is uniformity of treatment—in the eye of the law (and to the credit of the teachers, almost invariably in practice) the whole of the scholars are on an equal footing, enjoying the same privileges and subject to the same penalties such as the other. For those parents who desire exceptional treatment for their children private tuition or private schools are the only recourse.—'The Southland 'Times' on the Vexed Corporal Punishment question.'

It is no exaggeration to say that in many schools there is a gross abuse of the assumed right to punish scholars among the subordinate masters. Too often the unoffending youngsters are subjected to floggings altogether out of proportion to their misdeeds. For instance, in one institution, failure to spell a word correctly, inability to write without ink fingers, incapacity to remember the date of the battle of Agincourt, or whether a verb is transitive or intransitive, were all visited with an application of the strap. It would be a waste of words to point out the absurdity, even the brutality, of such tactics as these.—'N.Z. 'Times' on the same subject.'

Had the Noxious Weeds Bill become law in the form in which it was before the House, a number of Northern settlers would have been compelled to leave their homes. There were some districts, however, where blackberry and briars were so rife that if the settlers were ordered to clear them it would be better for them to leave their homes.—Mr Monk, M.H.R., at Henderson.

Minor Matters

This has certainly been a phenomenal season for potatoes, or as the 'Graphic' office boy calls them 'spuds.' From all directions come descriptions of splendid crops. And, as the Wai-kato 'Times' suggests, this need not be wondered at when individual tubers can be got to scale 7lbs. This was the weight of a potato brought into Cambridge a day or two ago. It was of the Late Rose variety, and though not particularly comely was quite sound.

'Faith in dreams,' remarks the 'Taramaki Herald,' with its accustomed sagacity, 'is very deeply rooted in some people,' and it proceeds to prove the assertion with the following recent and local instance, which is certainly not uninteresting:— 'Some months ago a New Plymouth resident had a dream. In that dream he had terrific visions of himself as a prosperous petroleum explorer, and surrounded with all the luxuries and advantages such a position would give. The details were remarkably vivid; the firm where he had purchased the plant in Scotland, the locality of the boring operations, and the exact depths at which oil was struck were all clearly outlined, and so distinct was the impression made that he decided then and there to follow the matter out. He accordingly disposed of his business, went to Scotland, purchased a small plant from the firm he had seen in his dream, and came back to this district. Omata is the location, and the gentleman named Ius, we understand, succeeded in reaching a depth of 180 or 190 feet a short distance to within the depth he expects to tap petroleum. But at this stage he has struck a rocky formation, and the work is hampered somewhat. He still has, however, full confidence in the consummation of his dream.'

A well-known Dunedin cyclist met with a painful accident from a rather curious cause the other night. He was, according to the report sent the 'Graphic,' riding out to St. Clair, and the light on his machine startled some geese that were on the road. Instead of flying away from the ap-

proaching intruder, like the geese they were they charged straight for the light, and brought up against the front wheel, bringing about a general smash. The cyclist was badly knocked about, and in addition to other bruises had his arm fractured and a couple of ribs broken. So far as can be ascertained the geese, as usual in such accidents, came out of the fracas unhurt. The injured cyclist is making a good recovery, and is able to get about again.

The Dunedin Burns Club have, according to the local 'Star,' recently caused to be constructed a mahogany and glass case, which is to be used as a repository for a silver snuff mull, or horn, which formerly belonged to the Scottish bard. It is understood that the relic was sent to the late Dr. Stuart to be placed in the Otago Museum, but as the doctor died before this could be accomplished it passed into the hands of the trustees. The reason it has not been deposited in the Museum since then was the want of a suitable receptacle, but, as indicated, the Burns Club have now supplied the deficiency. The relic is a thoroughly authentic one, as full documentary evidence on that point is in the possession of the Club's secretary.

The toast of the 'Press' at banquets 'and sich' is usually a very perfunctory affair, but there are exceptions to every rule, and this paper is glad to notice that down Invercargill way the Fourth Estate was proposed in dogger—we mean verse, by a talented Invercargill 'pote.' Here is the effusion:—

The cottage was a thatched one,
The outside oil and dim,
There's an awful noise within that
cot—
Whatever does it mean?

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling wild;
A patient mother sat beside
A most unruly child.

She knew that all was over,
She might as well be dead;
That child had torn the 'Daily News'
Before it had been read.

The 'Daily News' is the local morning journal.

At Broken Hill the other night, during the opening performance of a 'Jack and the Beanstalk' pantomime (Broken Hill's first pantomime, by the way), a stalls patron was accompanied by a bull terrier. The appearance of Jack's 'cow' was received by the dog with growls of disapproval, and when the animal came forward and friskily began to 'bunt,' the little animal could stand no more. Bounding on to the stage it attacked the legs of the 'cow,' and the spectacle which followed of the forequarters stranking for the prompt side, and of the hindquarters and ribs struggling to a place of safety on the O.P. side, brought down the house.

Dunedin, apparently, is infested with some disagreeable characters now-a-days. That staid organ the 'Otago Daily Times' solemnly warns pedestrians out after nightfall to 'exercise considerable caution,' as several assaults have been committed in lonely streets. The most recent case reported is that of a resident of Mornington. He was proceeding home via High-street from the Shakespear Club's entertainment the other evening, when a man suddenly appeared from a dark corner and seized hold of him. The two struggled for a few moments, but, at the sound of approaching footsteps, the man shook himself free and ran away. The peculiarity of these cases appears to lie in the absence of motive for the assaults.

Our Maori friends are, according to the 'Wairarapa Daily Times,' occasionally as smart as Yankees. Recently a native pa, or pah, chartered a parson regardless of expense, to celebrate a wedding. When the blushing bride stood up to be spliced, the pah introduced with her another young girl who wanted christening. The Minister rather demurred to this side show, but let the contract cover it; but when, after the ceremony, a small coffin was introduced and he was invited to carry out an impromptu funeral, and thus complete a triple bill of fair, he broke down.

'Graphic' readers who despise the empty kerosene tin may perhaps take a 'tip' from the canny and plucky Melbourne grocer named M'Teigue,

who by the simple device of placing two empty kerosene tins, one on top of the other, against his store door, was enabled to guard his store from being robbed. At three o'clock on a recent morning, M'Teigue was awakened by a loud noise, and taking a loaded revolver and a lighted candle he walked into the store. There he saw a man standing near the door, meditatively eyeing the kerosene tins. M'Teigue asked his business, and the man replied, 'Don't get flurried, old man, it is all right.' M'Teigue, to frighten him, fired a shot into the wall at the side of his head. With an oath the man rushed at him, receiving a blow on the side of the face with a revolver, which knocked him over among some flour bags. He rose again and the two men struggled on the ground amidst a cascade of falling jam tins. The candle went out and the man escaping from M'Teigue's grasp, hid himself in a corner behind some bags. After vainly searching in the dark, M'Teigue fired another shot, which brought the man out of his hiding place, and he rushed out of the door. He was pursued, and a short distance away from the store he was joined by two companions, the three disappearing in the darkness.

In the notice last week, 'Flora Soap,' it should have been mentioned that the soap is an excellent one for household and laundry purposes, and is sold at a price which makes it available for general use. Mr H. N. Maddox, of Fort-street, is the Auckland agent.

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by

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DR MACKENZIE'S
ARSENICAL'S
SOAP
PRODUCES A LOVELY COMPLEXION & CURES
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NOBEL'S SPORTING BALLISTITE

News of World.

The Government of Crete now consists of four Christians and one Mahomedan.

Sir P. O. Glyn, Agent-General for Tasmania, and the Duke of Devonshire, have been speaking on federation. The Duke declares it will enormously strengthen Australian land defence.

The death is announced of the Duke of Beaufort, who as a racing man, a four-in-hand enthusiast, a patron of the drama, and a sometime master of the horse to Her Majesty, was a very prominent figure in London Society.

The Duke of Buccleugh's daughter, Lady Catherine Mary Montague Douglas Scott to the Hon. Thomas Walter Brand, eldest son of Lord Hampden, sometime Governor of New South Wales, was celebrated with much pomp in Westminster Abbey. The Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury, and several royalties were present.

It is useless to try and give any coherent resume of the week's Dreyfus news. Every little politician, every man in the street in Paris appears to have some disclosure to make, and all are equal in general vagueness and shadiness. Esterhazy now declares the Government tried to purchase his secrets and documents. The 'affair' is now in such a muddle that everyone is sick and tired of it.

A big copper trust is being formed in New Jersey, the American capital is now 74,000,000 dollars, and this is probably to be increased to 400,000,000.

A fine of £40 has been imposed on the English Farmers' Association for selling colonial as Welsh mutton. It ought to have been £400; but what a compliment to us!

Raps over the fingers have been freely bestowed on all the chief personages in the Samoan trouble. Count Schoenfelder censures his compatriots 'for spreading false rumours.' American Admiral Kautz has been 'admonished' for writing strong letters which have been published, and Mr Justice Chambers is likely to be retired for the same reason. It is a glorious thing to serve one's country. But you mustn't make mistakes.

A dividend of 5 per cent. has been declared by the Shaw, Savill and Albion Company. They have sold several ships during the year, namely, the Crusader, Euterpe, Hudson and Glenora.

A trial for murder on a somewhat wholesale scale is proceeding in Berlin. A man named Hermann is accused of killing his wife and no less than 12 children, and also, the cable says, vaguely, he is charged with other murders.

The Samoan Commissioners sailed from Frisco last week, and are now doubtless settling things.

Traders in England have been giving 'presents' of beer to the purchasers of a certain quantity of goods. This has now been stopped, the Excise Department having succeeded in imposing fines.

The Imperial Government have decided to subsidise the Pacific cable.

Russia is pushing her railways. The Siberian line is now open to Irkutsk.

The famous preacher, Dr. Gilbert Parker, stated from the pulpit his prayer that God would damn the Sultan.

There has been a great 'pothor' over the indiscreet utterances of Capt. Cogan, of the U.S. Navy, touching German interference at Manila, but the Germans have now declared themselves satisfied, and that the incident is closed.

'Cheap Imperial Telegrams,' is the warranty of a committee of many British M.P.'s and prominent colonials in London. An agitation is to be started forthwith.

The P. and O. have still further increased the stringency of the regulations limiting social intercourse between passengers and officers.

The Greater Britain Exhibition, a sort of second 'Colinderies,' is to be opened on Monday next, at Earl's Court, by the Duke of Connaught.

It has been announced in the House of Commons that Britain is subsidising the Auckland Harbour Board £2,950 per annum, for 30 years.

An Egyptian Irrigation Loan of £430,000, at 4 per cent., was subscribed 26 times over on the London market. This equals our colonial credit.

Terrible lynching occurrences are reported from Georgia. A negro has been burned to death for outraging a woman. A coloured preacher and another negro were also lynched for causes unknown.

Two more cruisers have been ordered for the navy. Good old Peace Conference!

Sir John Lubbock considers New Zealand's action with regard to the Midland Railway injurious to the interest of the colony. He thinks Mr Seddon should reconsider matters.

Oliver Cromwell's tricentenary was enthusiastically celebrated by Non-conformists in Britain.

A new explosive, made of liquid air, and ten times more powerful than dynamite, is being experimented with in the Austrian army. Another blow for the Peace Conference.

The Orient Steamship Company made a profit of £45,047 during the past year. It has been carried to the reserve fund.

The 'Daily Chronicle' fears that the obstinacy of Oom Paul Kruger, and his disregard of warnings, will have disastrous results. The lion will not stand much more nonsense.

Russia will at length adopt the Gregorian or new style calendar, which has been adopted in England and other civilised countries (save Russia and a few minor States) since 1751.

Sir W. T. Marriot, who, as legal adviser to Hooley, claimed £25,000 from the bankrupt estate, has reduced the amount to £5,000. If the reduction was made voluntarily, the cable does not say.

Pretty and talented little Cissy Loftus, imitator of famous actors and singers, who married Justin Huntly McCarthy under highly romantic circumstances when she was only about seventeen, a few years back has obtained a divorce. Marry in haste, repent at leisure. It was love at first sight with these two, and now, alas for the frailty of human passion! Cissy Loftus' mother was always much against the match. She, Marie Loftus, was at one time the most popular of music hall vocalists, and a famous 'principal boy' in the great pantomimes.

The ritualistic controversy still continues to excite much interest in the Old Country. At an important meeting, presided over by the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Percival, some time Headmaster of Clifton and Rugby, and President of Trinity College, Oxford), resolutions were adopted, that the 'Presence' at the Lord's Supper was purely spiritual; and the confessional was condemned. It was also decided that the jurisdiction of the Courts must be upheld.

Affairs between England and Russia are on a more friendly footing than for some time past. The Anglo-Russian agreement has, it is asserted, been signed. Russia undertakes not to obtain, or assist others to obtain, railway or other concessions in the Yang-tse Valley. Britain gives a similar pledge in regard to Manchuria.

There has been much severe fighting in the Philippines during the past week, the Americans sustaining some severe losses, but winning substantial victories in the end. The Filipinos are now beginning to weary of warfare, and ask for an armistice in order to arrange terms of peace. Complete surrender is at present demanded by General Otis.

Wireless telegraphy has already proved of practical assistance. A steamer ran into the Goodwin Sands lightship in a fog on Saturday, and damaged her dangerously. Assistance was obtained by Marconi's wireless system.

A cyclone, on truly American lines, is reported from Missouri. Sixty persons were killed, four hundred houses destroyed, and a thousand people injured.

A thousand of the Daukhorbor sect, whose religion, like the Quakers, forbids them to bear arms, and who have been successfully banished from Azov, and the Caucasus, are on their way from Cyprus to settle in Canada. There are already about 5,000 settled there.

The clouds are once more gathering heavily on the political horizon in the Transvaal.

Sir John Gorst, vice-President of the Council of Education, has scandalised the House of Commons by attacking the policy of his own department. He betrayed animus against the Duke of Devonshire. The leader of the Opposition, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, said Sir John's conduct was almost an affront to the House.

Australasian Governments are invited to send delegates to the Berlin Congress, to be held on May 21th, to discuss the prevention of epidemic tuberculosis.

Anastasia Butler has been arrested charged with the murder of her father at Mansfield. She is a domestic servant at Mansfield, and swears she saw nothing of him after giving him a £2-note to go for a holiday. The body was found in a shocking condition under some slabs and a bran-bag in the victim's yard. An attempt had evidently been made to burn the house where the murder was committed, and the body not removed for some days after.

THAT WAS THE REASON.
Boy: 'Mr Smitters wants to know if you'll lend him an umbrella. He says you know him.'
'You may say that I do know him. He will probably understand why you didn't bring the umbrella.'

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VIENNA MEDICAL JOURNAL.

FLORA

The Only Dried and Milled Household Soap in the Market.

Made by the Latest Scientific Process.
Will last twice as long as any other.

SOAP.

THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON
Is the advent of the New
MULTIFLEX

DUNLOP TYRES

For 1899.
LIGHT, DURABLE,
AND
Repairable by a Child.

First in 1888.
Foremost ever since.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO. Ltd.
Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, Christchurch.

feet suddenly caught the handles, and a retrograde movement brought him flat on the ground. On investigation, his much cherished queue was found to have caught on the hub of the wheel and was neatly wound up. It evidently won't do to form a bicycle corps out of the Chinese regiment to be raised at Weihaiwei.

The most thrilling race on record, were it possible to be organised, would be that of bicycle versus racehorse, trotter, skater, runner, racing 'eight,' and walker. In such a race the bicycle would, of course, figure at scratch, and over a mile course would have to give the following handicap allowances, the starts being allotted according to the records of each class, and the idea being to get a general dead heat:—Bicycle, scratch; racehorse (Bobadil), 30yds; trotter, 381 yds; skater, 653yds; runner, 1054yds; racing 'eight,' 1127yds; and walker, 1294yds. Although giving away these tremendous starts, the bicycle would be right up on the tape, and, providing all the contestants were in 'record' form, the judge would not be able to separate them.

The London daily papers are beginning to realise that the 'man on the wheel' is an important person to cater for, and the 'Referee' and the 'Telegraph' have begun to publish at the week end telegrams about the condition of the roads and the state of the weather in the districts around about London. Thus: 'Harrow: Roads nice and hard, surface very fair; weather frosty.' 'Dorking: Roads very favourable, though rather dusty; weather appears to be unsettled.' 'Croydon: In a few places the steam roller is at work; every promise of settled weather.' No doubt eventually we shall have wind and weather forecasts especially for the wheeling world.

A municipal body in Ireland was recently responsible for the following lucid notice:—"From the beginning of dark, every vehicle must carry a lighted lamp. Darkness begins when the street lamps are lighted."

Lord Salisbury has been ordered tricycle exercise, and 'trikes' about Hatfield now, although he has not yet been out of 'the open door.' Cycling exercise, too, has been prescribed for Mr Chamberlain as a cure for the gout which plagues him from time to time. There will be more 'wheels within wheels' in the Ministry than ever.

A new means of getting to the North Pole has just been devised in New York. The Lenz ice cycle is expected to leave the swiftest railway engine far behind. Given smooth ice, a fair wind and free pedals, and a good start, something very like perpetual motion ought to be achieved, unless the ice be thin, when 'the rest is si-Lenz.'

Mr R. L. Jefferson is a good deal more veracious than De Rougemont, and his account in the 'Wide World Magazine' of his ride to Khiva is distinctly readable. This and Mr Foster Fraser's book should appeal to all Imperial cyclists. Mr Jefferson, by the way, denies that he intends to ride from the Cape to Cairo.

Plucky Platt-Betts seems to be riding as strongly as ever again, and it is rumoured that he will probably be engaged to ride a Chambers' cycle this season. If he has all the pace of yore he will be one of the Dunlop Company's principal riders, together with Palmer, Chase, Chinn, Green, and Gascoigne.

To cyclists who have recently added photography to their hobbies, with a view to securing snapshots of the rural scenery while enjoying the fascinations of the wheel, the following description of how to secure the camera to the wheel will, no doubt, afford interesting reading:—If it be of small size—say a quarter-plate—it is undoubtedly the best plan to sling it across the back with suitable straps, which will prevent its moving about; but a large camera is best carried on a carrier extending from the saddle over the back wheel. There it is quite out of the way, though one must remember to raise his leg up higher when dismounting. The tripod is best fastened along the top tube of the machine between the legs.

Cycle polo has properly 'caught on' in Victoria; so much so that a Cycle Polo Association has been formed by those interested, and the popular game will now be fostered by the Association. Altogether some thirty-three clubs have been asked for their support, and in most cases it has been willingly extended, so that this exciting pastime promises to boom during the approaching season. The Dunlop Company, who were the first to intro-

duce the game into Australia, have arranged to re-publish a further supply of their book of polo rules, and will be pleased to supply, gratis, a copy to anyone interested in the game.

Few persons have an adequate idea of the important part which the fabric plays in the operation of the pneumatic tyre. Speed and life owe their existence to it, and as the fabric is, so will these virtues be. Strength must be there, also lightness, but neither of these is, alone, sufficient to ensure life. The finest fabric now used for tyre manufacturing is the 'Dunlop Flexifort,' a material that is beautifully made, combining as it does all the essential qualities of a good fabric. The Dunlop Company hold the sole rights of the Flexifort fabric, with which all Dunlop covers are lined, hence the resiliency and durability of the Dunlop cover.

The question of the effect of climate upon pace is one of great interest. At present the world's records are chiefly held by America; and it is remarkable that all these have been accomplished on American tracks. For a long while J. W. Stock's 32 miles 1086 yards in the hour was considered absolutely unsurpassable. Platt-Betts at his very best attempted to improve upon it, but failed; and where Platt-Betts failed who should hope to succeed? After a considerable lapse of time the news came from America that Taylor, the French middle-distance crack, had accomplished over 33 miles in the hour in competition, and scarcely had wonder at this performance subsided when the cable announced that Harry Elkes, until recently a comparatively unknown rider, had ridden 34 miles 1229 yards in the same time. Allowing for the excellence of American pacing combinations, and the fastness of American tracks, it would seem that the peculiar rarity of the American atmosphere is responsible for these performances. At least, this is the opinion of many English riders who were in America at the time these records were made.

BOWLING.

AUCKLAND CLUB.

At the Auckland Bowling Club's green on Saturday afternoon a special match to finish up the season, Old Buffers v. Young Duffers, was played. There were nine rinks (22 men) engaged. The match ended in the Young Duffers being victorious by 27 points, the total being 189 and 162 points respectively. At the seventh head the contending teams tied; at the 14th head the Young Duffers were 11 points ahead; and at the 21st (the 6th head) had increased their lead to 37 points. The Young Duffers were victors in six rinks, the Old Buffers in two rinks, and they tied in one rink. The following are the scores:—

OLD BUFFERS V. YOUNG DUFFERS.

No. 1 Rink: Old Buffers (Major Pirie, G. M. Main, J. M. Haslett, A. W. Thomson (skip), 30, v. Young Duffers (Elliott, Langsford, Crawford, Cuff (skip), 26.
No. 2 Rink: Kaye, Fowler, Coleman, Ledingham (skip), 24, v. Spreckley, Ingall, Phillips, Bright (skip), 5.
No. 3 Rink: Hoaking, Dunk, Mennie, Butt (skip), 24, v. Knight, Ziman, Scott, James (skip), 24.
No. 4 Rink: Steele, Lewis, Dingle, Miller (skip), 13, v. Rankin, Carnie, Mahoney, Carlaw (skip), 24.
No. 5 Rink: A. Phillips, Fraser, Lawson, Dr. Hooper (skip), 15, v. Leser, J. Alexander, Buttie, Rev. Scott West (skip) 22.

No. 6 Rink: W. S. Jones, Schischka, J. J. Holland, Lambert (skip), 17, v. Allen, Gilmour, Dr. King, Rhodes (skip), 18.

No. 7 Rink: A. Bell, Aicken, Thornes, Handcock (skip), 14, v. Butler, Squirrel, Prime, Hegman (skip), 20.

No. 8 Rink: Shaw, Geddes, Ross, Gorrin (skip), 7, v. Michaels, Milroy, Hutchison McCallum (skip), 22.

No. 9 Rink: Paterson, J. Reid, Towsey, Harrison (skip), 15, v. Read, Plummer, Shackelford, Edwards (skip), 21.

Grand totals: Old Buffers, 162; Young Duffers, 189; majority for Young Duffers, 27.

At the conclusion of the game the president addressed the assembled bowlers. He stated that the match terminated the season. He regretted it as much as they did, but it was necessary to close the greens in order to get them into trim for the North Island bowling tournament, which, there was reason to believe, would come off next season in Auckland. Mr Thomson concluded by calling for three cheers for the victors (the Young Duffers), and the latter responded with a like compliment to the Old Buffers. Thus pleasantly concluded the bowling season for 1899.

The president stated that an old member of the club was leaving Auckland for Singapore, Mr John I. Phillips, greatly to the regret of the club. He called for three cheers for him, which were heartily given.

NEWMARKET CLUB.

The Newmarket green played somewhat heavily after the recent rain. Afternoon tea was supplied by the Ladies' Commit-

tee. The following games were played:—
No. 1 Rink: E. Barrach, J. Cahill, M. v. A. Anderson, H. Mackay, 18.
No. 4 Rink: C. G. Laurie, H. Kent, J. Kingsley, M. W. (Brooks), 19, v. W. T. Wilson, A. Holmes, W. Southwell, G. H. Laurie (skip), 19.

REMUEA CLUB.

There was a large number of players on the green on Saturday afternoon, to take part in the last game of the season. The sides were old players, who had played over three years, versus three years' players and under, resulting in a win by the old players by a majority of 20 points. Six teams each side took part, and proved a very interesting club match. The games were played as follows:—

OLD PLAYERS V. THREE YEARS AND UNDER.

No. 1 Rink: R. Hull, G. B. Heriot, A. Holden, J. Hardie (skip), 21, v. Haigh, Colonel Dowell, J. M. Lennox, H. Maxfield (skip), 13.

No. 2 Rink: Eagleton, A. Rose, J. M. Geddis, F. W. Court (skip), 28, v. C. Ranson, R. Gamble, A. Stevenson, Rev. Beatty (skip), 15.

No. 3 Rink: G. Heron, G. Court, J. M. Laxon, D. B. McDonald (skip), 20, v. Moore-Jones, Brookes, Macky, G. Bruce (skip), 30.

No. 4 Rink: Coe, Sibbald, Dingwall, Kingswell (skip), Brookes, Eyre, Burton, F. Hull, D. E. Clerk (skip), 26.

No. 5 Rink: Wright, Ching, Ruddock, J. Court (skip), 27, v. Glenister, Buddie, Bodie, J. Brown (skip), 12.

No. 6 Rink: Finlayson, Hannigan, Herold, Geo. Cozens (skip), 19, v. Walsh, R. Hall, Meek, Buchanan (skip), 20.

Grand totals: Old players, 186; three years' players, 116.

In the early part of the day the final for the challenge feather badges was played, with the following result:—

No. 7 Rink: A. Rose, G. Heron, F. W. Court, R. Gamble, A. Stevenson, Moore-Jones, Colonel Dowell, Maxfield, G. Court (skip), 7.

FEMALE AILMENTS.

DEBILITY AND LOST TONE.

CURED BY BILE BEANS.

'I had been very ill for a long time, suffering from loss of sleep, continuous headaches, and sharp pains in my chest and between my shoulders,' said Mrs M. Peterson, of 7, Woolloomooloo-street, Sydney, to a reporter. 'I was so bad that I found it impossible to get through my household duties, and was compelled to obtain assistance. I suffered in this manner for over nine months. My medical adviser recommended a change of air, but that was impossible under existing arrangements, as I couldn't leave the house for any time. I tried no end of so-called specifics, but none of them did me anyments, as I couldn't leave the house for good, and I might as well have kept the money. I kept getting worse, and the pains became almost unbearable, causing me so much agony that I could hardly stand. I can't describe the sufferings I went through, and I was beginning to feel seriously alarmed about my condition, for I was rapidly losing weight, when my husband persuaded me to try Bile Beans for Biliousness; and it was a happy day for me when I did so, for I commenced to experience relief at once. In a day or so I noticed a decided change in my condition, which was materially improved, so I naturally continued with them; and now, after taking five boxes, I feel as well as ever I did. The pains have left me, my sleep has returned, I can perform my household duties with energy, and at times am positively ashamed of my increased appetite. My friends and acquaintances say that I am looking wonderfully well. That my recovery is due solely to Bile Beans there is no doubt whatever, for I have taken no other medicine. In conclusion, I may add that should you desire to publish this account of my illness and recovery, you are at perfect liberty to do so, as I know Bile Beans cured me, and I'm not ashamed of it.'

It is a good thing to remember that Bile Beans are an undoubted specific for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Debility, Female Ailments, Liver Trouble, Costiveness, Piles, that tired feeling, etc. They may be obtained from all chemists or direct from the Australian Depot, 39, Pitt street, Sydney, who will forward post paid on receipt of stamps or post order, one box for 1/11.

Clarke's B 4 Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pain in the back, and all kindred complaints. Many cases established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 4d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

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 and Head Winds it has no equal.

PRICE:

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Columbia Chain, £20.

The YEREX AND JONES Co.,
ALL OVER.

CYCLING.

In all probability the Gisborne Amateur Athletic and Cycling Club will apply for affiliation with the N.Z. Cyclists' Alliance. At the last meeting of the N.Z.A.A.A., the secretary of the Gisborne Club wrote stating that the club had been affiliated with the League of Wheelmen for some time, but none of its members would compete in cash races. All the members of the club were amateurs under the Association's definition. The club had held no cycle races, and had been compelled to join the League in order to retain command of amateur sport. It was resolved to write to the club suggesting affiliation with the Cyclists' Alliance, and to send a copy of the letter to the Auckland Amateur Athletic and Cycling Club.

'Bill' Martin, the well-known American cyclist, has returned to Australia. At present he thinks of visiting Queensland, but in the meantime he has issued a challenge to race Waine over one, three, and five miles, the last two distances to be paced. Martin wants six weeks to train, as he considers himself green after coming off the voyage.

The 'Indian Cyclist' is responsible for the following:—An amusing accident to a Chinese cyclist is reported. A festive Chinese, in gay apparel, was spinning along on his 'bike,' when his



and Brama.

Madame Amy Sherwin has been singing at the Queen's Hall, London, and the Green Park Club's 'At Home,' and she is engaged to sing with Miss Ada Crossley in September.

Herr Friedenthal, the eminent German pianist, whose recitals are now one of the attractions of Melbourne, is said to have an irreproachable technique, brilliancy, and refinement of expression.

The performance of Handel's Israel in Egypt has been postponed by the Sydney Philharmonic Society owing to difficulty of rehearsal. It will be given in the Town Hall on June 8th.

The London correspondent of the 'Sydney Daily Telegraph' considers it certain that Irving will visit Australia.

Miss Vera French, a former pupil of Herr Zimmerman's, has been playing at concerts in the South of England lately with pleasing success. The Sussex weekly considers 'this infant prodigy'—she is only nine—has all the makings of a violinist of the first rank.

The Senate of Glasgow University have agreed to confer the degree of LL.D. upon Sir Henry Irving. The famous actor has already received similar degrees at Cambridge and Dublin. Such honours to an actor are unprecedented in the annals of the British stage.

The death is announced of Miss Alma Stanley, the well-known actress. She will be remembered here as having played with Mr Harry Paulton in 'My Friend from India' and 'A Night Out.' Miss Stanley was the daughter of a Captain Stanley, who left the English Army to volunteer for Mexico, where he was killed whilst carrying despatches to the Emperor Maximilian. When hardly in her teens Miss Stanley learned dancing at Milan, and showed such aptitude for the art that she appeared with the ballet at San Carlo, Naples. She then studied singing seriously, but ultimately found she had not sufficient voice to attain distinction in that branch of art.

Mr Royle, representative of Messrs Williamson and Musgrove with the Pollard Company, is now the Firm's dramatic representative in this colony, with power to grant licenses and receive royalties on copyrights.

Mr J. W. Watson, of Christchurch, is making headway as a melodramatist in the Old Country. He goes under the nom de plume of F. Brooke Warren.

Mark Hambourg, the pianist, has signed a contract for 50 concerts in the United States.

The 'Pall Mall Gazette' speaks of Mrs Brown-Potter as London's new idol.

The Gaiety Specialty Company continues to attract good houses in Auckland.

A kinematograph of the Spanish-American war with miscellaneous pictures added commenced a short season in Auckland on Saturday last.

Mr H. B. Crawford will, it appears from the Hawera papers, not be able to leave on his European tour for some three weeks yet. Mr Crawford's practice will, during his absence, be carried on by Mr T. A. Bushe Bailey, who was at one time a Waitaki High School boy. Mr Bailey, one of the earliest pupils of the institution, left in 1884, and entered, under articles, the office of Mr Jellicoe, whence he was admitted to practice some six or seven years ago, and has since carried on business in various centres of the North Island. Old boys of the school will gladly welcome Mr Bailey back to their midst and be pleased to hear of the success that has attended him in his profession as barrister and solicitor. Mr Bailey is an enthusiastic cyclist, and still keeps up his interest in athletics, rowing, tennis, etc., and at the time of his leaving Hawera was a member of the Hawera Mounted Rifles. He is a son of Colonel Bailey, the officer in charge of the South Canterbury Volunteers District, whose eldest son lately met his death in active service on the Indian frontier.

Personal Paragraphs.

In another part of this issue is reproduced a photograph of the handsome memorial wreath sent down to Samoa by the Auckland friends of the late Lieut. Freeman to be laid on the grave of the gallant officer.

The Misses Neilson and Dixon (Sydney) are staying at New Brighton.

Miss O. Cuff (Auckland) is staying with Mrs R. Allan, Abberley road, Christchurch.

Miss Henderson (Christchurch) has gone South to stay with Mrs James Hay, Temuka.

Miss Fulton, of Christchurch, has gone on a visit to Dunedin.

Miss Reynolds, England, is at present the guest of Mrs Henry Wood, in Christchurch.

Mrs Anderson (Wellington) is visiting Mrs Shaw, at New Plymouth.

Miss May Seddon and a friend were in Picton the other day, having arrived by the Hinemoa.

Mrs Tilly (Wanganui) is paying a visit to her relations in Wellington.

Miss May Western, 'The Lindens,' Picton, has gone to Dunedin to stay with Mrs Nancarrow.

Mrs Biss, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has returned to New Plymouth.

Miss Evans (Timaru) is paying Mrs Duncan McLean (Greymouth) a visit.

Miss A. Palmer, of Parnell, Auckland, is visiting her cousin, Mrs Grayling, of New Plymouth.

Miss Trotter (Greymouth) is staying for a few months with friends in Canterbury.

Miss Moorhouse (Christchurch) has been staying with her aunt, Mrs Rhodes, at 'The Grange,' Wellington.

Mrs Nancarrow (Greymouth) and her daughter, Beryl, leave next week for a trip to Sydney and Melbourne.

Mr and Mrs Cecil Kebbelle are making a short stay with Mrs Tom Kebbelle in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs McKinnon (Dunedin) have been visiting Mr and Mrs J. Scott on board the Edwin Fox in Picton.

Mrs O'Rorke is residing at Elmwood for a time, and her numerous friends are delighted to have her with them again.

Mr and Mrs William Bidwell (Pihatea) were the guests of Mr and Mrs Ferguson at 'Linda' for the Wellington races.

Mr Adams, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Blenheim, Mrs Adams, and Miss Lucy Powles, Wellington, were in Picton for a few days this week. On Wednesday they went to the Grove to spend a day with Mrs Beauchamp, at 'Anikiwa.'

Miss Conolly and Mrs H. Howard, Springlands, were in Picton for a few days this week. Miss Greensill returned to Springlands with them on Thursday, so as to go to Blenheim to hear Miss Elsie Hall's pianoforte recital.

Mr Gannaway, Inspector of Telegraphs, Nelson, has been transferred to Christchurch, for which city he leaves this week, accompanied by Mrs Gannaway. Miss Ethel Gannaway left Nelson last Friday. A large number of friends were on the wharf to wish her 'good-bye.' Mr Gannaway's successor in Nelson is Mr Meadings, of Christchurch.

Sir George Clifford (Stoneyhurst) arrived in Wellington in time to attend the Wellington races at the Hutt.

Mr and Mrs Lionel Abraham (Palmerston North) are staying at 'Miramar,' in Wellington, with Mr and Mrs Alex. Crawford.

Mr Harvey (Picton) and family, with Captain and Miss Chapple, intend leaving for England next month. The two families intended residing in Picton for three years, but business matters at home require Mr Harvey's presence, so they all go home together at the end of two years.

Mrs H. Sharp, who has been staying with Mrs Howard, in Blenheim, is now spending a few days with Mrs Lucas before leaving for Wellington, en route for Tauranga.

Mrs Philpotts (Picton), who is severing her connection with the Anglican Sunday School, was presented on Friday evening, at the prize-giving function, with a handsome Church Service by the teachers. Mrs Philpotts has been a teacher in the Sunday School for a great many years.

Miss Quick, of Wellington, is visiting Mrs Benwick, 'Newstead,' Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Taylor and family have returned to Rangitiki, after spending some time in New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs W. Andrew (Wairarapa) and Mr and Mrs J. Andrew (Wellington) are also staying in Nelson.

Mrs (Dr) Scott, Picton, has gone to spend a week with Mrs C. H. Turner, at 'Ravenscliffe,' Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr John Studholme, of Merivale, Christchurch, spent a few days in Wellington recently, en route for the Wairarapa.

Mrs Haslett (Auckland) and Mrs F. W. Andrews (Picton) went to Blenheim on Thursday to spend a few days with Mrs and the Misses Gard.

Mrs H. Howard (Springlands) and Miss Conolly were in Picton for a day or two this week. Miss Greensill returned to Blenheim with them to hear Miss Elsie Hall, who is giving a series of concerts in Blenheim.

Mr and Mrs Henry Overton and family left Christchurch for Melbourne on Saturday, en route for England, where they intend staying for some time.

Dr. and Mrs Palmer and Mrs Ogle returned from Sydney last week, bringing with them a good account of Mrs Lee, who is wonderfully better for the voyage and rest.

The Rev. and Mrs Averill left by the Kaikoura for England. Mr Averill will, we hope, return to his duties very much benefited in health.

Mr and Mrs Lane (Christchurch) left for Sydney on Friday.

Still the Christchurch people are going home. Next month Mr and Mrs Pyne, with their small family, leave in the Ruahine for England; also Mr and Mrs Anson (Peraki) with their family. Mr and Mrs James Wood, of Christchurch, and Mrs C. Wood, of Wanganui, are staying with Mr and Mrs Browne Wood, 'Brooklands,' Nelson.

The Rev. J. C. and Mrs Andrew, of 'Ica,' Wairarapa, are staying with their daughter, Mrs (Dr.) Hudson, Nile street, Nelson.

Mrs and Miss Acton Adams, of Christchurch, are visiting friends in Nelson. At present they are the guests of Mrs Mules, 'Bishopdale.'

Mr Griffiths (Blenheim) has been to Hokitika, assisting at some Masonic function. He made the journey by coach, and intended to go on to Christchurch.

Mr G. Watts, 'Lansdowne,' has been visiting Nelson, but returned to Blenheim at the end of last week, and with Mrs Watts, who had been staying with Mrs McIntire, and Mrs Bright, drove out to 'Lansdowne' on Saturday.

Professor Hugh McKenzie, of the Victoria College, whose health since his arrival in the colony has been very indifferent, is reported to be slowly recuperating.

Miss Powles, of Wellington, accompanied her aunt, Mrs C. W. Adams, to Blenheim, and Miss Adams has prolonged her visit to Wellington, as whilst there she was very ill, and will not return until quite convalescent.

Captain Horne, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms in the House, who has been living for some years in Australia, is paying a visit to his many friends in Wellington, who are delighted to have him in their midst again.

Miss Whitaker, daughter of the late Sir Frederick Whitaker, formerly Attorney-General in New Zealand, is staying with her relatives, Mr and Mrs Dennis O'Rorke, at 'Elmwood,' Christchurch.

The Rev. W. Oliver, the newly appointed minister of Wesley Church, has arrived in Wellington, and preached at Wesley Church to large congregations.

Mr and Mrs E. D. Reid, of Epsom, have returned to Auckland looking much improved for their holiday trip to Wanganui and Wellington.

Miss A. Hursthouse, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs Lattey, of Auckland, has returned to her home in New Plymouth.

Mr Gerald Paul, of New Plymouth, prior to his departure to Nelson on Friday, was entertained at a smoke concert by his friends on Wednesday evening in the Foresters' Hall.

Mr C. F. Collins, late of the Waimate District High School, was, before leaving that institution, presented with a silver match-box and very handsome portmanteau from the teachers and pupils of the school. In making the presentation Mr Pitcaithly remarked on the loss they would sustain in parting from Mr Collins, who had been popular with and respected by all.

Miss Ethel Ledger has returned to Nelson after a pleasant trip South.

Messrs W. J. Jones and W. Hart, for many years connected with the Oamaru 'Mail,' are about to take over the Hastings 'Standard.' A presentation of handsomely-bound books of reference—such as pressmen prize—was made them last week by the staff of the 'Mail.'

Mr D. M. Mackay, late manager of the Bank of New Zealand at Waikouaiti, was presented by his late clients and residents in the district with a handsome purse of sovereigns last week.

The retiring Art Master of the Wanganui Girls' College (Mr David Blair) was last week the recipient of some handsome farewell presents. From the teachers of the College came a splendid travelling rug; from the pupils of the school a handsomely-fitted dressing-bag and portmanteau; and from his painting-class a framed picture of the Wanganui River.

The Weslevians of Aramoho gave a very agreeable 'Welcome' Social to the Rev. C. H. Poole one evening last week. Mr Poole has, it will be remembered, been appointed to assist in the Church work in the district named.

Mr Charles Wilson, the member for the Wellington suburbs, has returned to Wellington from his trip to Australia, and speaks in eulogistic terms of the unbounded hospitality he experienced there.

Mr Frank Allen, general manager of the Commercial Union Assurance Company, has left Wellington for a three months' holiday in Australia, by the Mokoia.

Miss M. Sullivan, the retiring president of the Women's Branch of the Hibernian Society in Wellington, was presented by the members with a very handsome dinner service as a souvenir upon her approaching marriage. The presentation took place at a social gathering of the members.

The Hon. Mr Best, Minister of Lands for Victoria, and Mr William A. Trenwith, leader of the Labour Party in the Victorian Parliament, arrived in Wellington by the Mokoia. Their visit to New Zealand is made principally with the object of studying and reporting upon the labour and land laws of the colony.

Major Elliot, formerly secretary to Lord Glasgow when Governor of New Zealand, who has been paying a visit to his many friends in the colony, returned to England by the Kaikoura.

Mrs Charles Izard and her son have left Wellington for a trip to England, Mr Izard accompanying them as far as Sydney, where they join their P. and O. steamer.

Mr and Mrs Chaffey have taken the residence of Mr J. C. Martin in Wellington during his absence in England, and have returned to Wellington from their honeymoon trip.

The Rev. C. S. Ogg, minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Wellington, was entertained at a farewell gathering of his parishioners on the eve of his departure for Scotland in St. Andrew's schoolroom. During the evening addresses were given by the Rev. J. Paterson and the Rev. John Hall and others, and Sir Robert Stout occupied the chair. Before the proceedings terminated Mr James Burns on behalf of the congregation of St. Andrew's and other friends, presented Mr Ogg with a travelling bag and a pair of field glasses, and expressed the desire of all present that Mr Ogg would thoroughly enjoy his holiday.

Mr Ogg warmly thanked his friends for their very handsome present, and said that although he was an Aberdonian, and still cherished an affection for beautiful Aberdeen, he felt he had become a colonist, a New Zealander, and he hoped to return to lay his bones in the soil of the colony.

A musical programme was contributed by the choir, and closed appropriately with the quartette 'Will ye no come back again,' and as the parishioners left Mr Ogg warmly shook hands, and exchanged farewell greetings with each one. The Rev. John Hall, who is to be Mr Ogg's locum tenens, was present during the evening, and received a warm welcome from the parishioners.

Here are some details (from the Ellesmere 'Guardian') of the late Haupo Talron, the well-known footballer, whose death, under tragic circumstances, was recently reported.—He was a son of the Hon. H. K. Talron, of the Ellesmere district, and was educated for the Law at the Dunedin University, where he also gained some distinction as an athlete. He took up

the practice of his profession at Hawera some two years ago, afterwards returning home to this district, and was married about a year ago to a Maori widow lady, named Kiakiao, at Christchurch—he being the lady's third husband—and went to the Chatham Islands to take up the cultivation of some land, the property of his wife. On the occasion of his last visit to this district he complained of a difficulty in connection with some property in the North Island, which another party held rights over and prevented its profitable working. He was also a sufferer from an internal trouble, the result of a football accident, and one of these troubles, or perhaps both, may have unhinged the young fellow's mind, and caused his sad end. So far the parents of the deceased have had no definite information about their son's death, but we understand a member of the family will go over to the islands next boat and make further inquiries, and have the body, if possible, brought over for interment locally.



The engagement is announced in Nelson of Miss Mary Curtis to Mr Tim Wither.

The engagement of Miss A. Trolove, daughter of Mrs Trolove, of Richmond, Nelson, to Mr W. Tomlinson, of the Union Bank of Australia, Nelson, is also announced.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

NEILL-HAY.

St. Andrew's Church, Auckland, was the scene of an unusually pretty wedding last Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Mary Hay, of Parnell, was married to Mr Thomas Neill, of the firm of Tooman, Neill and Co., the well-known auctioneers.

The bride looked lovely in a gown of ivory broche satin trimmed with pearl passementerie, chiffon and orange blossoms. She wore a lovely pearl necklet, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a shower bouquet of choice white flowers. The bride was attended by three bridesmaids, the Misses Helen and Mabel Hay, sisters of the bride, who wore cream fancy lustrous trimmed with buttercup ribbon, very pretty cream felt picture hats with feathers and ribbon; they wore beautiful little gold and pearl brooches, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried true lovers' knots composed of flowers. Miss Elsie Neill, the small niece of the bridegroom, was dressed in pale sea green silk, Leghorn hat trimmed with green. Lieut. Thompson acted as best man, and looked remarkably well in the orthodox black frock coat.

Mrs Hay, mother of the bride, wore a very handsome black grenadine over heliotrope, black bonnet with heliotrope chiffon; Miss Ethel Hay wore a beautifully fitting electric blue cashmere with white satin, twine coloured lace, pretty black hat with red roses under the brim; Mrs Walters, black, black bonnet, and very handsome embroidered Indian silk shawl; Mrs Neill, wore a lovely black silk dress, black jet bonnet; Mrs W. Walters, blue serge tailor-made gown, hat to match; Mrs Gavin, very stylish black merveilleux trimmed with jet, black chiffon over yellow satin, bonnet en suite; Mrs J. B. Hay, handsome black and grey costume with maize trimmings, bonnet to correspond; Mrs Whyte, black satin with chiffon bodice, black bonnet with violet trimming; Mrs John Neill, navy tailor-made jacket and skirt handsomely brocade, dark blue and white checked vest, pretty blue and black hat; Mrs Robert Neill, lovely Irish shot silk poplin, black picture hat; Mrs Sellars, stylish black and yellow costume; Mrs Kempthorne, Modish black and mauve gown, bonnet to match; Mrs Jones, ruby and black

costume, black bonnet with ruby trimmings; Miss Margaret Hay, pretty black and pink costume; Mrs D. Hay, brown coat and skirt, pink silk vest; Misses Kempthorne looked well in white Liberty silk costumes, black picture hats; Miss Sellars, white plique skirt, pink silk blouse, pretty pink hat; Miss Jones looked charming in a pretty pink and white silk gown, hat to match; Miss P. Hay, white Liberty silk dress, black picture hat; Miss Iso Whyte, grey and black costume; Miss Minna Von der Hyde looked very pretty in a flowered grass lawn over green silk, stylish pink and black hat; Miss Davy wore a white silk skirt, a dainty silk blouse with white chiffon vest, black plumed hat; Miss Hume, a beautifully fitting prune coloured costume, hat en suite; Miss Lusk, stylish violet and black costume, black hat; Mrs Mounier, black silk costume, white satin vest trimmed with jet, black and white bonnet; Mrs Buckleton, lovely fawn silk gown with pink vest and collar, becoming toque to match; Mrs Dewsbury, chic cream serge coat and skirt, cream hat; Mrs Milne looked remarkably well in a dove-coloured cashmere, large grey picture hat; Mrs Kelly, light check costume, hat to match; Mrs Hume, black costume, pink silk vest, dainty bonnet; Mrs Cox (Walkato), chic black gown, bonnet en suite; Miss Cox, fawn coat and skirt, pink silk vest; Mrs Sandes, black relieved with old gold; Mrs T. G. Sandes, black mourning costume.

After the ceremony Mrs Hay entertained a number of guests at her residence, Ayr-street, to afternoon tea. The table was tastefully decorated with maidenhair and white flowers, and the orthodox wedding bell was suspended over the table. Mr and Mrs Neill were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents, amongst them being a marble clock from the employees of Tooman, Neill and Co., also an ivory and silver fish slice and crumb scoop from the Telephone Exchange, of which Miss Hay was until her marriage a valued member. The bride and bridegroom left for Rotorua after having been heartily pelted with flowers and rice. The bride wore a most becoming claret coat and skirt, beautifully braided with black, cream vest, and dainty hat.

A few of the presents were:—

Handsome fish slice and crumb scoop, Telephone Exchange; massive marble clock, employees A. Tooman and Co.; 1 dozen solid silver table and dessert spoons, soup and gravy ladies, Mrs Neill; hand-painted dessert service, Mrs Walters; silver afternoon tea set, Mr and Mrs J. C. Gavin (Wellington); oak and silver tray, H. A. D. and G. Gavin; cake fork, M. and D. Gavin; cable bracelet, Mrs J. B. Whyte; silver cake dish, Mr W. Gavin; jam spoon, Mr N. Whyte; silver biscuit barrel, Mrs J. B. Hay; silver tea kettle, C. D. and P. Hay; pretty tray cloth, Miss Hay; silver hot-water jug, Mr W. J. A. Thomson; egg cruet, Mr Waymouth; pair entree dishes, Mr and Mrs J. D. Neill; pair pretty butter dishes, Mrs Brown; handsome marble clock, Mr and Mrs J. Neill; silver coffee pot, Mr and Mrs B. Neill; handsome Japanese cabinet, Mrs Mounier; silver embossed cake dish, Capt. and Mrs Parnell and Mrs Dewsbury; silver fruit spoons, Mrs W. Graham; marmalade dish (silver), Mrs Martin; Apostolic spoons and cake knife, Mr H. and C. P. Marshall; carved photo frames, Miss F. Sellers; 4 dozen silver cake knives, Mr Itwersen; silver crumb tray and brush, Mr and Mrs T. Wells; 4 dozen teaspoons, the Misses Peacocke; sugar spoon, Miss E. Neill; 4 dozen Apostolic spoons, Mr and Mrs Stafford (Wellington); silver and porcelain jam dish, Mrs James Taylor; silver saltcellars and toastrack, Messrs MacCormick; Japanese table, Mrs Coleman; silver salver, Mr and Mrs Hume; double set of carvers, Mr and Mrs W. Walters; oak and silver salad bowl, Mrs J. Wilson; jam spoon, butter knife and pickle fork, Mrs S. Morrin; porcelain and silver salad bowl, Mr and Mrs and the Messrs Sloman; dinner gong, Mr and Mrs J. Reid; pair silver toastracks, Mr J. C. Hardie; pretty table, Mrs (Dr.) Haines; 1 dozen silver teaspoons, Mrs Browning; handsome Japanese jar, Mrs T. G. Sandes; 1 dozen table and small knives, Mrs Hay; solid silver serviette rings, Mr H. Davy; tea service, Mrs Kempthorne; strawberry and cream stand, Mr and Mrs D. Hay; pair handsome vases, Mr G. Casbel; breakfast set, Mrs H. Gorrie; beautiful cameo vases, Mrs and Miss Davy;

cushion, Mrs Sellers; unique breakfast cruet, Mr P. T. Upton; 4 dozen solid silver serviette rings, Mr C. Dawson; pair Japanese trays (very handsome), Mrs F. N. George; jam spoon and butter knife, Mr E. F. Battley; pretty Japanese table, Miss N. Younge; handsome fan, Miss C. Innis; silver butter dish, Mrs McLaughlin; pretty photo frames, Mrs Didsbury (Wellington); music stand, Mr Kelly; Longfellow's poems, Mrs Milne; solid silver saltcellars, Mr E. B. Simpson; pair Japanese trays, Mr and Mrs R. F. Sandew; silver toastrack, Mr and Mrs L. D. Nathan; silver pepper pot, Miss D. Whitson; cheese dish, Mr and Mrs Buckleton; beautiful bread fork, Messrs T. and H. Whyte; card case, Mr B. Whyte; pair photo frames, Mrs Palairret; handsome silk dress, Misses Isaacs; tin hat box, Mrs Isaacs; chaste jug, Mr and Miss Suttie; bread board and knife, Miss and the Messrs Hay; handsome pearl brooch, Mrs T. Morrin; travelling clock, Miss E. Whyte; jam dish, Mrs and Miss Cox; silver-mounted purse, Miss Stafford; 2 pair gloves, Miss E. Stafford; engraving, Mr E. G. Elliott; engraving, Miss A. Binney; pair photo frames, Mr and Mrs Drury; fruit dish, Mrs Jones; porcelain ornaments, Mrs MacCormick; bread fork, Mr J. Bain; porcelain ornament, Miss F. Graham; saltcellars and fruit dish, Mrs Whitham; biscuit barrel, Mrs Hodge; photo frame, Miss Stevenson; a beautiful lot of fancy work from her young lady friends.

GREEN-EASSON.

Last Wednesday afternoon at Holy Trinity Church, Greyouth, an exceedingly pretty wedding took place, when Miss Florrie Easson was united in holy matrimony to Mr A. E. Green, of 'Upcot,' Marlborough. The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked lovely in a handsome white silk trimmed with pearl passementerie and moire train, embroidered tulle veil, with the usual wreath of orange blossoms. She also wore a magnificent diamond brooch and bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids: Miss Easson, in yellow silk with lace trimmings; Miss M. Easson, shell pink silk; Miss Thomas, heliotrope silk and chiffon; Miss Marion Petrie, sea blue silk. They all wore white tulle veils fastened with aigrettes, and wore pretty gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom.

The service was a choral one, performed by a strong choir, and as the bridal party left the church the 'Wedding March' was beautifully rendered by Miss Petrie. After the ceremony the guests and bridal party were driven to the residence of the bride's mother, 'Taku Kainga.' The bride's travelling dress was a dark green coat and skirt, red vest, hat en suite.

Personal.

Miss Elsie Cameron, daughter of R. Cameron, Esq., returned to Auckland from Wanganui College by the Rotiti last Saturday for a month's vacation.

ANDREW—WOOD.

On Saturday afternoon, at the Cathedral, Nelson, an exceedingly pretty wedding, and one which attracted a large number of spectators, took place. The bride was Miss Emmie Wood, only daughter of Mr Browne Wood, of 'Brooklands,' Wakaupa, and the bridegroom Dr. Philip Oswald Andrew, youngest son of the Rev. J. C. Andrew, of 'Ica,' Wairarapa, and a former principal of the Nelson College.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. C. Andrew, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne. The service was choral, a full choir being present. Mr Naylor, the Cathedral organist, played the Wedding March and other selections in his usual finished style. As the bride has been a prominent member of the Cathedral Flower Guild for many years, the edifice was beautifully decorated with white flowers.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in an exquisite dress of white brocade satin, trimmed with chiffon and lover's knots in pearls, long tulle veil, and wreath of orange blossoms. She also wore a pearl brooch, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a magnificent shower bouquet, made by Miss Bell.

The chief bridesmaid was Miss Aggie Bell (cousin of the bride), who was much admired in a very becoming

dress of bright green silk, with white chiffon sash and trimmings, large Leghorn hat with white ostrich feathers, lovely shower bouquet. The other bridesmaids were the Misses Iva Hudson, Isabel Andrew (nieces of the bridegroom), and Miss Ferrin, who looked sweetly pretty in frocks of white Liberty silk, with soft hats to match. Each carried a staff of autumn leaves and white cosmea effectively finished with loops of bright green ribbon. Miss Bell wore a gold pin, and the younger bridesmaids old bird brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Wraff as best man.

After the ceremony the guests were entertained at 'Brooklands,' the charming residence of Mr and Mrs Browne Wood.

SOME OF THE DRESSES.

Mrs Browne Wood (mother of the bride) wore an exceedingly handsome gown of rich black silk, black lace mantle, bonnet to match, with bright green ribbon bows; Mrs Andrew (mother of the bridegroom), a very handsome costume of claret coloured silk crepon, white chiffon front with revers of beautiful ecru lace, small bonnet to match; Mrs Hudson (sister of the bridegroom) looked exceedingly well in a beautiful dress of light goblin blue cashmere, with revers and ribbons of white satin, white and blue bonnet to match; Mrs James Wood (Christchurch), light blue silk figured with black, black and white hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Charles Wood (Wanganui), grey tweed coat and skirt, white vest, small bonnet en suite; Mrs W. Andrew (Wairarapa) looked well in white broche silk with rows of narrow black ribbon velvet on the bodice, hat to match with pink roses; Mrs J. Andrew (Wellington), electric blue cashmere with black satin trimmings, toque to match; Mrs Bell, black silk and lace, bonnet with cerise velvet; Miss Bruce Bell, black satin, bonnet to match with heliotrope flowers; Miss Woolcombe, becoming white Liberty silk, small hat with black tips and pink flowers; Miss —, Woolcombe, green coat and skirt, black hat with cerise trimmings. Nearly all the ladies carried beautiful bouquets to match their costumes.

The gentlemen present were Mr Browne Wood (father of the bride), Messrs James Wood (the bride's brother), W. and J. Andrew (brothers of the bridegroom), M. Woolcombe, E. Wood, J. Bell, the Rev. J. C. Andrew, Dr. Hudson, and the Masters Hudson (4).

The presents were beautiful and numerous, including several from patients of the bridegroom. Dr. and Mrs Andrew left later in the afternoon for Blenheim, en route for Wairarapa, where the honeymoon will be spent at the 'Ica' station.

FENDALL—BONNINGTON.

On Wednesday morning, at the Trinity Presbyterian Church, Nelson, Miss Fanny Bonnington, daughter of the late Mr Joseph Bonnington, of Marlborough, was married to Mr Chas. D. Fendall, son of Mr Waipole Fendall, of Christchurch, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. J. H. McKenzie.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr H. Edwards, wore a pretty dress or goblin blue cashmere trimmed with white satin ribbon, large white hat with ostrich feathers. Her only bridesmaid was Miss Edwards, who looked well in white.

The bridegroom was attended by his cousin, Mr M. Woolcombe, as best man.

After the ceremony a few intimate friends and relations were entertained by Mr and Mrs H. Edwards at their residence. Later in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left by steamer for Wellington, and thence to their home in the Wairarapa.

KENNY—WESTERN.

Holy Trinity Church, Pictou, was crowded on Wednesday, 10th April, by a fashionable audience to witness the marriage of Mr George Aylmer Kenny, nephew of Captain Kenny, M.L.C., of 'The Rocks,' Queen Charlotte Sound, to Miss Amelia Florence Western, second daughter of Mrs Western, 'The Lindens,' Mount Pleasant. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr R. J. Western, of Tua Marina, wore a handsome bridal dress of cream corded silk, with a square train trimmed with ribbon and orange blossom; the bod-

ice had a front of gauffered chiffon, finished with ribbon and orange blossom; a full wreath of orange blossom and veil of embroidered tulle and a charming shower bouquet of cosmea and chrysanthemums completed her costume. The bridesmaids were Misses Mabel and Eve Western, younger sisters of the bride. Miss Mabel Western wore a salmon pink silk frock with sash of the same colour, the elbow sleeves and bodice trimmed with frills of white lace. Miss Eve Western wore cream silk with ribbon sash and lace to match. Both wore black velvet hats trimmed to match their frocks, and carried posies of cosmea.

The Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, B.A., performed the ceremony, which was semi-choral, Miss Greensill presiding at the organ. Mr A. Western, brother of the bride, acted as best man.

After the ceremony a large party of guests drove out to 'The Lindens,' where they were hospitably entertained by the bride's mother. The bride and bridegroom's health was proposed by the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, and replied to by the bridegroom in a very happy manner. Other speeches were made and toasts drunk, and a large number of presents, useful and ornamental, examined ere the large procession of carriages left for town again.

The happy couple left Pleton, per Rotorua, to spend their honeymoon in Wellington. The going-away dress was of dark green cloth, with pale blue silk vest, and hat to match. Mr and Mrs Kenny intend to reside at Mount Pleasant, close to the bride's old home.

THE DRESSES.

Mrs Western wore a pretty black costume with lace cape, and black bonnet brightened with colour; Miss Western, fawn skirt, and sac coat braided in a darker shade, and hat to match; Mrs R. Western, dark costume; Mrs C. Western, black satin gown, fawn cape and hat; Mrs (Capt.) Baillie (Para), black silk gown trimmed with lilac satin veiled in black

lace, cape and bonnet to match; Mrs Dalton (Koromiko), handsome black silk gown, lace mantle, and pretty bonnet; Mrs Chaytor, 'Marshlands,' checked black and white silk gown, black cape and hat to match; Mrs Allen, black cashmere trimmed with broche, fancy black straw bonnet, with jet and pink silk; Mrs Scott, black crepon gown, lace mantle, and bonnet trimmed with white roses; Mrs Rutherford, handsome black gown trimmed with pink, bonnet with pink flowers and jet tips; Mrs Stow, dark green costume, black bonnet with pink chiffon; Mrs Fell, black costume, pretty bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs Moran, black costume with white trimming, bonnet to match; Mrs Philpotts, black merveilleux gown, lace cape, and bonnet with heliotrope flowers; Mrs W. Baillie (Para), puce-coloured coat and skirt, pink silk vest, and hat to match; Mrs Haslett, dark green coat and skirt, silk vest, and hat to match; Mrs Andrews, green coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs Welford, stylish dark blue sac coat and skirt, pink silk vest, hat en suite; Mrs White (Blenheim), brown coat and skirt, pink vest, hat to match; Mrs Sealy, black figured costume, black bonnet with magenta roses; Mrs H. Howard (Springlands), dark blue figured costume braided with white, white hat; Mrs Henry Harris (Pelorus Sound), fawn cloth costume with pink vest, white sailor hat; Miss Moran (Tua Marina), green costume, white sailor hat; Miss Scott, navy blue costume braided with black, felt hat to match; Miss Conolly (Auckland), fawn costume with white trimming; Miss Allen, dark green braided cloth with yellow silk vest, felt hat with buttercups; Miss I. Seymour, black and white; Miss M. Speed, stylish costume of brown velvet, brightened with pale blue broche, brown velvet hat with pale blue bows; Miss Greensill, green costume, hat to correspond; Miss Fell, grey tweed costume, fancy hat with pale blue trimmings; Miss M. Fell, dark green costume,

fancy hat trimmed with violets and pale green silk; Miss Howard, black lustre with pink vest, hat to match; Miss Bell (Wairau), grey tweed costume, white sailor hat; Miss Philpotts, black skirt, salmon pink silk blouse, and white sailor hat; Miss Harris, black lustre dress with pink silk vest, black bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Hattye Harris wore a pretty costume of royal blue cloth, with hat to match; Miss MacLaine (Blenheim), dark green costume, and white sailor hat; Miss Kenny and Miss Clare Kenny were dressed alike in black skirts, cream blouses, and sailor hats; Miss Blizard, in a dark costume. The gentlemen present were the Messrs. Kenny (2), Western (5), Fell, Andrews, Chaytor, Rutherford, Greensill (2), Harris, Philpotts, W. Baillie, MacLaine, McBeth, the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, Captain Dalton, and Captain Baillie.

Mrs C. Rennell and her daughter, Miss B. Rennell, of New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Auckland, on account of the former's health.

The splendid run of 'The Geisha' in Melbourne and Sydney meant four months' holiday for the popular tenor Mr Charles Kenningham.

NOVELTIES IN CARDS

For
 BALL PROGRAMMES
 MARRIAGE INVITES
 WEDDING NOTICES
 CONCERT TICKETS
 CONCERT PROGRAMMES
 IN MEMORIAM
 CALLING, etc., etc.
 JUST RECEIVED.
 'GRAPHIC' PRINTING WORKS.



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

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee. May 1.
 The Pakuranga Hounds are having a few preliminary hunts before the opening day, which takes place on Saturday, May 13th, at the residence of our new Master, Mr H. Gorrie, of Onehunga, whose popularity in the hunting-field has long been known, and who for many years past has successfully undertaken the responsible position of hon. treasurer. Last Saturday the meet was at Mangere Pound, and punctually to a minute up trotted our huntsman, Mr Selby, on his compact chestnut Albion, accompanied by his son as whip, both dressed in their ample scarlet coats, black velvet caps, etc., and surrounded by the hounds, who seemed eager to commence operations. The huntsman has very little trouble in keeping the hounds in order. He knows his hounds and they know him, and at a word they obey him. The hounds were thrown off in Mr Henwood's property, 'Ihumata,' three miles distant from the rendezvous. The day was rather too bright perhaps for the scent to lie well, but this was the better opportunity for seeing the hounds work, which they did most admirably without any assistance, and as most of the horses and



WAITING FOR PEARLS.

riders are not yet in fit condition to follow the hounds, the riders were comforted by the assurance that a hare is sure to run in a ring. The first puss was chopped. The second, a stout hare, gave an opportunity of seeing and admiring the qualities of the pack. There was very little jumping, pussie ran in a ring and then took a bee-line for some property where the Pakuranga Hounds were prohibited, so they had to be whipped off. The jumping mainly consisted of gorse hedges, which a few of the foremost riders on their heavy-weight horses levelled, to the satisfaction of the prudent and unlucky followers. There were about fifty mounted present, who came from every point of the compass, ambling, cantering, trotting, galloping on hacks and hunters. Amongst them I noticed, Mr Gorrie, our Master, on 'Jimmy,' accompanied by his two daughters; Miss Dunnett (whom we are glad to see again as a faithful follower of the hounds), was mounted on her new charger 'Jim'; Mr P. Kinloch, our Secretary, on his cob, and his brother on 'Farrier'; Miss Phoebe Buckland, 'Popgun,' and her sister on her cob; Miss Stribley, 'Awatuna,' Miss Tanner, 'Ascot,' Mr Bloomfield, 'M'Liss,' Mr Ivan Creagh, 'Vic,' Mr Caminer, 'Ingorangi,' Mr Walker, 'Butcher Boy,' Misses Morrin, Miss Olive Buckland, Miss Martin, Messrs Gordon, S. Buckland, Isaac Creagh, C. Purchas, Daveney, Markham, Moody, Thomas Morrin, Henwood, etc. Driving were Mrs and Miss Gorrie, Mr Ferguson and Miss Burns, etc.

Misses Percival gave a large Progressive Euchre Party last Thursday evening at their residence. 'Stibington,' 'Onehunga.' The supper was a very recherche affair, chickens, ham, etc., and all sorts of good things, flanked with excellent wine.

Mrs Robert Rose, of Remuera, Auckland, gives a large 'At Home' on Wednesday evening, 10th May.

Mrs T. Peacock gave a large afternoon tea on Thursday, May 4th, at her residence, 'Fairview,' Ponsonby. My Paeroa correspondent, Doris,

writes under date April 29:—Mrs McAndrew gave a delightful little dance at her residence last week in honour of Mr and Mrs Ruddock, of Tasmania. Mr and Mrs McAndrew are an ideal host and hostess, sparing no pains for the enjoyment of their guests. Both the balcony and verandah were closed in and lit with strings of Chinese lanterns. Two rooms were devoted to cards for those who did not come to dance. Dancing was kept up merrily until an early hour; the floor was good, and the supper most recherche. Mrs McAndrew wore a handsome black satin; Mrs Ruddock, rich black silk; Miss McAndrew, yellow silk; Miss E. McAndrew, white muslin; Mrs Forster, black cashmere; Mrs Cook, black; Miss Hackett, green; Miss Wick, pale pink blouse veiled with cream chiffon; Miss Nicks, pale green silk; Mrs Wick, black and white check silk blouse, yoke of cream satin veiled with cream guipure lace; Mrs Porritt, cream satin, green satin sleeves; Miss Orr, pink nun's veiling; Mrs Brunskill, pink silk blouse, white satin skirt; Miss Shaw, black; Miss Forster, black velvet, white lace bertha; Miss Jeannie Forster, cream silk; Mrs Poland, black silk; Miss Alice Cook, white; Miss Moore (Waihi), lovely green satin; Mrs Bastings, black velvet bodice cut square, corded black silk skirt; Mrs Crosby, black brocade; Mrs R. McAndrew, cream silk. Amongst the gentlemen were:—Messrs McAndrew, Ruddock, Crosby, Bastings, Brodie, Cook, Mueller, Mackay, Wick, Carpenter, McArthur (2), Hubbard, McVeagh, Davidson, Poland, Sommerville, Capt. Forster, etc., etc.

The first of the series of 'At Homes' took place last Friday evening in the Criterion Theatre. It was a most successful affair, the floor, music (Booth's band), supper, and management being excellent. Mrs Porritt wore pink broche satin; her sister, Miss Patterson (Wellington), white; Miss Amy Walker (Thames), ecru satin; Miss Edie Walker, shot silk blouse, white pique skirt; Miss Loyd, crimson blouse, black skirt; Mrs Haszard, canary silk lustre; Mrs Forbes, pink

Indian silk relieved with black; Mrs Brunskill, white satin; Mrs Lawler, pink surah silk; Miss Wight, blue striped satin, handsome pearl trimming; Miss Gibbons, cream cashmere; Miss A. Gibbons, cream fancy material; Miss Anderson, black velvet; Miss Orr, rich yellow satin, the skirt being trimmed with true lovers' knots; Miss Forster, white silk, the corsage being trimmed with white ostrich feathers; Miss Jeannie Forster, apple green nun's veiling; Miss Elliot, white and blue; Miss McLoghrey, white muslin; Messrs Johnstone, Haszard (2), Wrigley, McVeagh, Davidson, Anderson, Bush, Jackson, Pratt, Malfroy, Wooley, Connolly, Dr. Porter, etc., etc.

Last Friday Miss Harding gave a delightful little concert for her pupils and their friends in St. Paul's school-room. The room was tastefully decorated with flowers, and comfortable chairs were placed round little tables on which sweets had been placed to add to the enjoyment of the visitors. The programme was a somewhat lengthy one, but most of the pupils exhibited great skill in their performances. The best item, I think, was a violin solo, Wieniawski's 'Reverie,' by Miss Annie Carrigan. Miss May Abbott, a promising young violinist, played Vieuxtemp's 'Yankee Doodle' in splendid style, and 'Alice, Where Art Thou,' played by little Miss Ella Binsted was delightful. Other items on the programme worthy of mention were a song, 'Fiona,' sung by Miss MacKenzie, and an orchestral selection by the Misses and Messrs Carrigan. Amongst the audience were:—Mrs Harding, Mrs Beehan, Mrs Binsted, Miss M. Whitelaw, Canon Nelson, and others.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NELSON.

Dear Bee,

April 24.

The weather was beautifully fine on Wednesday and Thursday for the Nelson Jockey Club's

ANNUAL RACE MEETING,

which was held, as usual, at Richmond

Park. The racing, on the whole, was good, though not as close and exciting as one would wish. With the exception of the two first hack races, which produced six starters each, the fields were very small. The Garrison Band played a number of selections during the afternoon. The attendance was only moderately large, and consequently I have only a few pretty gowns to record. Mrs Percy Adams wore a smart English-made costume of dark green cloth, braided with black, and relieved with a pretty shade of bright red, hat to match, with black tips; Mrs Pitt, handsome black silk and jet, bonnet, with coloured flowers; Miss Jo. Pitt looked well in grey silk, black hat, with pink trimmings; Mrs Kingdon, rich blue broche silk, hat en suite; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts looked exceedingly well in a costume of black and white check silk, with revers of white satin, large black hat, with black tips; Mrs A. P. Burns wore a stylish tailor-made coat and skirt, navy cloth, chic hat; Mrs Sweet, becoming blouse of blue silk, black skirt, hat trimmed with blue, to match; Mrs Jack Sharp, tailor-made coat and skirt of fawn cloth, vest of pale blue silk, hat en suite; Mrs Stephens, very smart costume of black silk canvas over blue silk, braided with white, front of white chiffon, hat turned off the face, with white ostrich tips; Mrs Renwick, stylish dark costume; Miss Quack (Wellington), green silk blouse, skirt of a darker green, becoming hat; Miss Ethel Mackay, green coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss Oldham, brown; Mrs W. Stafford, dark costume; Mrs Trask, handsome black silk; her lady friend wore a stylish tailor-made costume of violet cloth, braided with black; the Misses McRae (2) wore grey costumes, with smart hats.

PHYLLIS.

NOTICE.—Our Napier, Wellington, Blenheim, Picton, New Plymouth, and Christchurch letters are unavoidably crowded out.—BEE.

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We ask only for an opportunity to place our goods in comparison at the side of others you have been purchasing, and we have no fear as to the successful outcome of the test—it would be our best advertisement. If you have not yet paid us a visit, may we ask you to do so, and we are sure you will be repaid.

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The strongest desire of the sick is to get well. Nobody in good health can realize the intensity of this longing.

It is so strong that unless relief comes it turns to hopelessness—and hopelessness kills.

Certainly no one can afford to neglect a remedy that brings hope to the hopeless, strength to the

weak, health to the sick; a remedy that, like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, gives *absolute proof* that it has cured every form of disease it is advertised to cure.

You can obtain the proof upon application, and without charge, by merely stating your trouble and giving your address. No sufferer from any disorder of the blood or nerves should fail to write us. Please Address: Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Queen's Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

PARALYSIS AND WEAKNESS CURED.

A MOTHER'S ANXIETY FOR HER CHILD.

(From the Mudgee 'Guardian.')

At the foot of Cherry Tree Hill, near Ilford, N.S.W., is the residence of Mr and Mrs M. H. Cosier and family.

Mrs Cosier is well-known and is highly popular, and has spent her lifetime in the Ilford locality. She is 36 years of age, and the mother of seven children, the youngest a fine pair of twin girls, Annie and Bella, being now fifteen months old. Mrs Cosier recently said to a 'Guardian' representative:—

'Last March I was seized with violent pains across my back, which extended to my head and limbs. I was forced to relinquish my domestic duties, and was unable to walk without a stick. My arms and hands were

paralysed; I could not turn the knob of the door. My appetite was bad, and I suffered from severe exhaustion and melancholy feelings.'

'What do you think was the cause of your illness?' the reporter queried.

'Well,' the lady replied, 'one of the twins became ill. I had to stay up night after night with her. Undoubtedly the strain of constant nursing proved too much for me. I became so bad that I had to be carried from room to room; I could not turn in bed without assistance, and, when moved, the pain I endured was unbearable. I could not move my head on account of the stiffness in my neck, and the nerves of my face were so drawn that to speak a few words was torture.'

'I was cured in a very simple manner,' continued Mrs Cosier. 'I remembered reading of a wonderful cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I resolved to try them. I commenced to take them in April, and for the first few days took one after each meal. I then increased the dose to two pills, at the same time following Dr. Williams' advice as to diet, etc.

After taking two boxes I felt a slight improvement. My appetite returned, and the pains were not so severe. They gradually lessened, and by the time I had taken seven boxes I was completely cured. I heartily recommend them.'

SEVERE SUNSTROKE.

A SICK CRICKETER CURED.

Mr M. P. Ryan, of the Melbourne Chilled Butter Co., Flinders Lane West, Melbourne, is a well-known Victorian cricketer, and he invariably handles the willow to no mean advantage. Whilst playing at Wilcannia, N.S.W., in the 80's in a three days' match, with the thermometer at 116 degrees in the shade, he received an attack of sunstroke, or heat apoplexy.

Mr Ryan, when seen by our reporter, said: 'The attack was a severe one; so severe I was totally incapacitated from following my clerical duties. All the usual remedies were used, and, after a time, appeared to have some



effect. But from that date annually I was subject to the most agonising pains in the head. Such an effect did they have that during warm weather, mental work was out of the question. I was subject to sharp shooting pains in my head and a feeling as if a bolt had been driven into my brain, dulling its action. The least effort of the brain induced stupor.

Three years ago I was at Brighton, and a gentleman, remarking my complete mental exhaustion, recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had visited doctors out of number, tried all sorts of treatment, electric baths, massage, also hydropathy, but as soon as the heat commenced so did my head troubles. I consumed seven boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in all; but neither the great heat of last summer or the one preceding it affected me in the least. You can publish this. I am well-known in Victoria and N.S.W.'

(Sgd.) MATTHEW P. RYAN.

BLOOD POISONING CURED

A PHYSICIAN RECOMMENDS DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

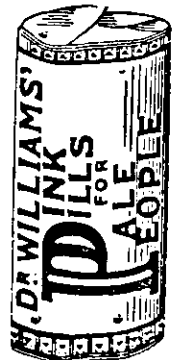
Read the story of Mrs L. E. Browning, of Pueblo, Colorado, U.S.A. She says: 'Two years ago I was very sick with blood poisoning, caused by an abscess that had not received proper treatment. The disease for a time settled in my throat, causing intense agony. Then inflammatory rheumatism set in. For four months and a half I was most of the time confined to my bed. My hands were swollen so that I could not feed myself, and the swelling in my feet and ankles made walking impossible. After considerable treatment, my physician gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. 'You need a tonic,' he said, 'and this is the best medicine I know of for that purpose.' 'In less than a week I noticed a great improvement. Soon my rheumatism was gone. I grew stronger each day, and now am in the best of health. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People the best tonic I have ever known.'

(Signed) MRS L. E. BROWNING.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of May, A.D., 1897.

GEORGE W. GILL, Notary Public. —From the 'Chieftain,' Pueblo, Colorado.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills permanently cure anaemia (bloodlessness), indigestion, sleeplessness, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, general debility, all ladies' ailments, nervous prostration, chronic diarrhoea, lung trouble, effects of measles, fever and influenza, gravel, Bright's disease, rickets, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, etc., etc.



Obtainable from all chemists and dealers, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z. who will forward six boxes for 16/6, or one box for 3/, post free.

"As Little Children."

The Salvation Army at Scottsville was at low ebb. For months recruits had been few and far between and desertions alarmingly frequent, until there now remained in the old deserted warehouse which they had appropriated as their barracks, beside Captain Biggs and his lieutenants, only two Salvation sisters and the drummer-girl.

Gradually the enthusiasm and ardour of conquest had waned in the bosoms of this decimated brigade, until at last the original high purpose of triumph over Satan and his hosts had been well-nigh lost sight of, while the arch enemy, who is ever busily engaged in providing mischief for idle hands, had mapped out a sliding scale of enticing amusements for his weakened and discouraged opponents. Thus, of the numberless battalions of this mighty conquering host the little frontier detachment of Scottsville was the only one perhaps whose meagre ranks had met with confusion and defeat.

So far had they fallen that, from having once commanded the respectful attention if not the entire approval of the community, their appearance on the street now excited only derision and contempt—so far, indeed, that upon this beautiful Easter morning, instead of seeking to glorify the day in a manner worthy of their cause, Captain Biggs and his two subordinates were half reclining on the floor of the large rear room shuffling and dealing a greasy pack of cards, unmindful of the chiming chorus of bells that came throbbing in to them through the golden Sabbath sunshine. One of the Salvation sisters was standing near by idly regarding the game; the other was making a pretence of straightening up the quarters, while all were taking occasional and semi-occasional sips from a tin bucket of beer supplied surreptitiously from the back door of the Travellers' Repose. They were but one step above absolute surrender, and the descent was easy and alluring. They would have taken that step long since but for a single restraining influence—their drummer-girl.

She was a mere child—not above thirteen. She had come to them when her only 'blood and kin,' her mother, had enlisted, and remained when the mother had deserted and disappeared with Corporal Jackson. A shrinking affectionate waif, she had mourned bitterly for her unnatural parent, while the kind-hearted 'Army' accorded to her such protection and pity as was theirs to bestow.

With the Salvation sisters she shared the deserted office at the front of the building, and was lying there now asleep, her face white and drawn and one thin hand resting on the soiled coverlid of her cot. Always frail at the best, she had been ailing now for a week or more with something brought on by exposure and privation. The Army had been attentive to her in its way, and obtained from the city doctor a supply of medicine which they gave with more or less regularity, never regarding her condition as really dangerous. She was resting quietly now; they believed her much better. So the beautiful Easter forenoon wore away.

It was shortly after midday when the sick girl awoke and called feebly, (one of the Salvation sisters immediately responded and a moment later returned hastily with a frightened face.

'Oh,' she said excitedly, 'she's worse ever so much worse; somebody must go for somebody at once,' and snatching the action to the word she snatched up her quaint headgear and hurried out, followed closely by First Lieutenant Medders.

'Go over to that little house,' she called back to him, 'and find out where the nearest doctor lives. I'll ask this lady coming to step in,' though what assistance the lowly Salvation sister could expect from the elegant, high-headed woman who was approaching, and whom but for the urgency of her needs she would never have dreamed of addressing would be hard to guess.

The rich and beautiful Mrs Wellesby, on the way home from an elaborate High-Church Easter service, adorned in all the glory of Easter-tide, regarded at first with disdainful surprise the shabby Salvationist who rather incoherently stated the situation and urgently implored the great lady to hasten to the bedside of a sick drummer-girl.

She was a haughty woman—esthetic in her religious tastes. These lower orders and their forms she regarded with that contemptuous pity accorded by many of us to what we are pleased to consider the sacrilegious rites of the ignorant. A leader in her own church, foremost in a number of guilds, and a liberal subscriber to various foreign funds and missions, it seemed to Mrs Wellesby altogether uncalled-for that now in the fulness of her Easter splendour she should be expected to attend in person a sick Salvationist at the squalid barracks—an unsightly old landmark left like a blot on her otherwise beautiful street, and which with daintily-lifted skirts she always hurried by in passing. Yet Mrs Wellesby hesitated a moment to listen, and listening allowed herself to be led to the bedside of the little drummer. Perhaps some recollection of her own little girl, laid away in a beautiful white casket one June afternoon long ago, crowded its influence upon her, for she followed the woman in silence and a look of grave sadness had come into her face.

Lieutenant Medders, who had hurried across the way to a small cottage, had been directed by a woman with a baby in her arms to a Miss Jane McEwan in the next block, who, his informant stated, was known far and wide as being skilled in nursing and remedies and was 'better than most doctors with sick folks.' Miss McEwan had just returned from the severely simple Easter services of her own orthodox persuasion and came at once. The Salvation Army did not appeal to her religious sympathies, but a summons from a sick room came to her in the nature of a command.

She was a gaunt, large-featured spinster of fifty years or more, of Scotch parentage and military bearing. Since girlhood (at which time it was whispered an unfortunate love affair had clouded her young life), she had been regarded as 'a great han' to do for sick people' and had continued doing for them pretty much ever since.

In religion Miss McEwan was a stern moralist, and her voice was hearkened to with awe and trembling at the evening meetings of her sect, where she sought with terse and vigorous notes of warning to bring the erring to repentance by whipping them into line. Entrenched in her own rigid righteousness, she had little mercy for the shortcomings and backslidings of those weaker vessels, who quaked before her scathing eloquence as she admonished them in burning and well-rounded periods or denounced them as 'ye of little faith.'

Thus through all the joyless years had she been faithful to her self-appointed task—daily ministering to the bodily and spiritual ailments of those about her, though in a manner calculated to command awe and respectful veneration rather than love.

Arriving now at the barracks, her practised eye told her that death was likewise in attendance there, and with a claim prior to hers.

'There is no need of a doctor,' she said briefly to Captain Biggs.

Then she glanced with scornful surprise at the rich and beautiful Mrs Wellesby, whom she knew slightly from their having once before long ago together battled helplessly with death at the bedside of a little child. She wondered what had brought that proud woman to this place, but she said nothing.

The drummer's eyes were closed, but she was not asleep. Presently she opened them.

'I want you to sing,' she said feebly,

'one of our marching songs—and I want my drum.'

Jane McEwan motioned to the army.

'Bring her drum,' she commanded, 'and sing—one of your Salvation songs.'

She was instantly obeyed, but the child's thin hand could barely hold one of the sticks and tap irregularly as they sang.

Captain Biggs waveringly started 'He's the Lily of the Valley,' and one after another the detachment joined in and strengthened the plaintive melody. They sang one stanza, and then the chorus right through.

'Sing about the river now,' said the child faintly.

So then they sang about conquer-

ing Satan and crossing over to rest beyond the River Jordan, while now and again the child's thin voice quavered along with them:

We are battling for the right,
And we're going to win the fight,
And we'll rest when we're safe across the river.

As the last notes died away the little drummer repeated in a whisper:

We'll rest when we're safe across the river.

And added plaintively:
'Oh, dear, I'm so tired—I'm so very tired! But I'll rest then, won't I?'

And a moment later:
'So tired—so very tired.'
Miss McEwan lifted the child's

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The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

THE FRUIT SEASON and BIRD'S CUSTARD.

BIRD'S CUSTARD advantageously takes the place of cream with Fresh, Stewed or Tinned Fruits. So rich yet will not disagree; enhances the flavour. So cooling, agreeable and wholesome.

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Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard & Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanc-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

The Shadow of a Crime!

MELLIN'S FOOD FOR INFANTS

IRRESISTIBLE!

MELLIN'S FOOD when prepared is similar to Breast Milk and is adapted for all climates.

head and smoothed her pillow. Then there was a dead silence in the room, and every eye was fixed upon the little sufferer.

To Jane McEwan's death was not an uncommon sight. Unconsciously the manner and conditions of it had become, somewhat, in the nature of a psychological study with her, and she was watching intently now for the exact instant when the spirit should plume itself for parting. The Salvationists were endeavouring to stifle back the sob. The rich and beautiful Mrs Wellesby was remembering that other death-bed long ago, and was very pale.

Then all at once the child lifted her meagre arms straight up as if extending her hands to an unseen visitor.

And at the same instant there shone from her face a wonderful radiance like that reflected from a burning lamp or a ray of sunlight.

Yet there was neither lamp nor sunlight within the room.

And the child's eyes were wide open and staring wonderingly into the unseen.

All of those who stood about the deathbed saw these things and were amazed.

Then a moment later the arms fell limply, the strange light faded out of the tired face and the eyes fluttered.

The little drummer had been mustered out.

The Salvation sisters turned weeping away. Captain Biggs and the lieutenants had fallen upon their knees. The rich and beautiful Mrs Wellesby bowed her head silently.

But Jane McEwan trembling arose and stood upright. For a moment she gazed wordlessly upon the dead child, and there had come a look into the stern old face such as those grim features had not known before. Then she spoke, gently and scarcely above a whisper.

"Except we start with low earnestness, and paused, 'except we become us little children, we shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

Her voice wavered a little, but she continued steadily:

"My dear friends, we have seen how Christ Himself came to lead this pure little child, His soul, and how the eternal glory shone through upon her face as the gates opened. Oh, it is a narrow wicket gate, that only the little children may enter easily, and except we become as they we may not enter in."

The voice became more and more gentle. No one would have recognised in it the harsh, smiting tones that had so often at the evening meetings lashed and frightened the erring to repentance. Turning now to the beautiful bowed woman at her left she spoke to her tenderly. Other and harsher texts may have been on her tongue, but remembering the little girl that had died so long ago, she only whispered:

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Then to the conscience and grief-stricken brigade upon her right:

"Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

And closing her eyes, as if turning her vision inward, added brokenly:

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Her voice failed her and she turned away.

A little distance apart the Salvation sisters were weeping noisily together. Near them Captain Biggs was praying earnestly, his lieutenants fervently responding.

Kneeling at the dead child's couch was the rich and beautiful Mrs Wellesby, her face buried in her hands.

D'ARCY VAN RENSSLAER.

THE FAULTS OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

OPINIONS OF A NOVELIST, A DOCTOR, AND TWO WOMEN.

A lady has been interviewing several men and women of note on the subject of the faults of husbands and wives, and on the marriage question generally; and she sets down seriatim the chief reasons given by those notabilities for the dissatisfaction of many men and women with their married state. Here they are:—

1. Men are too fickle.
2. Women are too exacting.
3. Love does not make happy marriages.
4. Love marriages are the only ones which bring happiness.
5. Poverty makes marriage a curse.
6. Riches make marriage a bore.
7. Husbands and wives see too much of each other.
8. Husbands and wives live apart too much.
9. Wives insist too much on knowing where their husbands have been.
10. Where one man kills himself because his wife nags him a hundred gain courage to live because their wives cheer and comfort them.
11. The most unhappy wife is happier than the most peaceful old maid.

A POPULAR NOVELIST'S OPINIONS.

Among the persons this lady interviewed was a well-known novelist. "What is the cause of unhappy marriages?" said the novelist. "Isn't it one thing? The man and the woman do not love each other." "A marriage based upon anything but romantic love is sure to end in misery indescribable. The woman who marries a man for a home will wish some day that she had no roof over her head. The man who marries a woman out of caprice, or simply out of a desire to settle down in life, is walking down the crooked and tortuous path, which leads to suicide.

"Tolstol, a man for whom I have the deepest respect, thinks that romantic love is at the bottom of half the miseries in the world. I think that it is at the bottom of all the real happiness on earth.

"What do I mean by romantic love?"

"I mean the combination of love and friendship which makes a man a lover and a friend—the lover is worse than useless without the friend. The friend is a poor stick without the lover. The two together make the hero of the love stories we all know, the love stories we've growing directly under our eyes sweetening the dull air of this earth and making life worth living. The nagging wife—the indifferent husband—they never exist when the man and woman marry for real love.

"There is a time in every man's life, to be sure, when he is in love with all women. That is when he is very young. It is the dangerous period of his life. He may make the mistake of taking a caprice for a lasting affection, and then his life and the life of the woman he marries will be wrecked. But these things do not happen too often. Whom we first love we seldom marry, and it is best that this is true.

"More love and less calculation; more devotion and less exaction—that is what the marriages of to-day need."

A DOCTOR'S IDEAS.

On leaving the man of letters this inquiring lady went to a doctor.

"After all, said the doctor, 'it is not so much to be wondered at, this misery of marriage. Men and women expect too much from it. They demand too much. Marriage is not a dream of bliss. To most people it is an every-day, year-in and year-out affair. The novels are to blame. They end all the romances with "And they were married"—and the poor "they" are only just beginning. Marriage is not the end and aim of existence. It is an incident. A very blessed and happy incident in many, many lives, but still an incident.

"The discipline of disappointment is a man's domestic tragedy. The discipline of disappointment is a woman's domestic tragedy. A man wants to be a god to the woman he loves. When she begins to disparage his looks, and his manners, and his every little trick of disposition—he comes down from his pedestal with a thump that jars the whole nervous system.

"A woman expects a man to make love to her all the time. She demands exclusive devotion. When he does not do it she is disappointed. She will not tell him what it is that grieves her, but she takes it out in criticisms on his friends and his looks and all that he does, and much that he does not do.

"Men, and women, too, ask too much—we give too little. A man wants to come home and stay home, forgetting that his wife has been there all day, and a woman wants to go to the theatre, forgetting that her husband is too tired to enjoy anything but an evening of quiet and rest.

"It is these little foxes that gnaw the vines. A man can forgive a woman a great fault more easily than a constant petty nagging. A woman can forgive a man a serious wrongdoing rather than neglect in little things.

"But they all make too much of the whole thing. If a man's marriage is a failure, why, then let him put it in

the list with his other failures, and shut the book, and worry as little about it as he can."

WHAT WOMEN THINK.

When she left the doctor the lady called upon a woman—a literary woman.

"It is the women," she said. "They are more calculating than men. Men are the real idealists. Women are, as a rule, hardened realists. They expect all the vanities and ambitions of life to be realised by marriage. The man who finds that the confiding creature whom he believed all idealty and affection is a hard-hearted, practical little creature, wakes up a little too suddenly from a too roselate dream. The shock is bad for him. He has to fight hard material things all the time. His wife is the one inspiration to a higher life. When he finds that she simply receives her allowances from him, and gets her inspiration

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PREVENTS HAIR FALLING
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The Celebrated Authoress, **MRS E. LYNN LINTON,** says:—
"I have used your 'KOKO' now since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hairs longer than I am not a young woman, but an old one. I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."

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from quite a different source, that grates upon him.

'Women do not flirt with their husbands; that is a great mistake. Man is a hunting animal. He hunts deer, not because he likes venison, but because he likes to hunt.'

Another noted woman—a prima donna—was the next person questioned on the subject.

'Why, I don't know, she replied. Early marriages for one thing. A girl meets a man just when he is at the dancing age. He is a fine dancer. She marries him. When she is 25 she wishes some one had told her that a pair of light heels do not constitute all there is of marital happiness. If they'd have told her she'd have been mad and not any more jealous—and there you are.'

'Most marriages are made at an age when a girl doesn't know enough to keep her hat on straight, and she and her friends choose that time for her to settle her whole future. How would you like to live in the same house with the girl you were devoted to—at eighteen? Bore, wouldn't it?'

'It's all a mystery. When the right man meets the right woman, it's all right. But there does seem to be such a lot of wrong men and wrong women the right one gets lost in the mystery of it all.'

THE IRRESISTIBLE YOUNG WOMAN.

A young woman, recently married, writes me, says a lady writer, that she is much troubled about her influence upon men.

'I have not the least idea of flirting,' she says, 'and I am in love with my husband and want to avoid any cause for jealousy on his part. But I have such strange experiences constantly. We go out socially a good deal and almost everywhere we go I encounter some man, who pays me marked attention, and over and over again I am told that I possess a peculiar fascination for men. I am sure I do not know what it is. I am not beautiful or brilliant, and I try to be dignified and modest. Have you ever heard of such a case as mine, and what can I do to avoid these experiences?'

This young wife takes men too seriously. Evidently she did not have an extensive acquaintance before her marriage.

She writes like a girl who had married as soon as she left school, and whose head is a little turned by the attention she attracts.

Instead of being worried she is really quite delighted with her adventures.

But after a while she will find men out. They have a way of talking to women in the manner she describes.

When her friends and acquaintances begin to relate their experiences, and she learns that they are almost identical with her own, she will feel less concern and more chagrin.

There are certain phrases which the majority of gallant men employ in talking to every attractive woman.

They assume a very confidential tone and a meaning look and lean near and say:

'Do you know that you exert a very strange influence over men? No? But you must know it.'

When the woman disclaims any such knowledge and asks for an explanation of the kind of influence the man always becomes vague and mysterious in his replies.

He says it is impossible to describe what he means and falls back on references to 'magnetism,' and if he is up to date in the experiences of the day he speaks of her 'vibrations,' which affect him powerfully.

Another habit of conversation common to most men is to tell a woman that she possesses a very cold nature.

The inexperienced woman secretly resents this and assures the man he is mistaken. She tells him he has judged only by her manner to the world, which is a mere cloak to her real nature.

He is very stubborn in his unbelief, and of course the lady grows warmer in her attitude to him thereafter, which is just what he planned from the first.

Very neat little tragedies result, which prove little entertaining to the man.

A man who is versed in society flirtation has a habit of telling each new woman he meets that she affects him

differently from any woman he ever before encountered.

Of course it pleases a woman to think she is different from all her sisters, and she is not liable to forget or ignore the man who tells her this, unless she discovers he has been telling others the same thing.

Men are delightful creatures, my dear young madam, and without them life would not be worth living. But you must learn not to take them too seriously.

Do not undertake to reform them by preaching to them or getting indignant.

It is of no use. Merely laugh at their flattery and pass it over with good-natured tolerance, and they will become your admiring friends.

The man who never pays compliments is very stolid and uninteresting.

Accept their attentions as a matter of course, but do not let them think you regard them seriously for one instant. Let them amuse you, but do not let them distress you.

THE KING OF KLONDYKE.

Some particulars are forthcoming about Macdonald, 'the King of Klondyke,' whose wedding was celebrated last week. Born thirty-nine years ago in the town of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, of Scotch parents, Mr Macdonald is described by a correspondent as having led for twenty years the sturdy life of a settler. It was when he was in his twentieth year that he first turned his attention to mining. Hearing of the success of the silver mines of Mexico, at that time the most productive in the world, he first bent his steps in that direction, and there by dint of hard labour and steady perseverance, he soon succeeded in acquiring a fortune. The very richness of his mines, however, proved his ruin. The immense quantities of silver put forth annually by the mines of the world gradually led to such a depreciation in its value that he was finally compelled to realise at a loss. It was at this time—early in 1895—that he resolved to go to the goldfields of Alaska. Dawson City at that time was nothing more than a mere collection of huts. Far from being a city, as it is now, of over 30,000 inhabitants, it was a place where meat sold at 4s per pound, and eggs cost 2s each, and vegetables were unobtainable. At the end of barely three years Mr Macdonald found himself the owner of no less than seventy-eight mines, including those of the famous El Dorado and Shookum groups, with a yearly output of above a million pounds, and valued by the Government assessors at over twenty-seven million sterling.

Instead of allowing his good fortune to elate him and lead him into foolish extravagance, Mr Macdonald is reported to have become still more abstemious, and displayed in greater prominence his benevolent disposition. One of his first acts was to re-build, at the cost of many thousands, the Roman Catholic Church at Dawson City, of which he had been a staunch member. About this time also he resolved to leave the cold climate of Alaska and visit England. After visiting his parents in Scotland and placing them far beyond the reach of poverty, he decided to find out Superintendent Chisholm, of the River Police, to whom he had a letter of introduction. He visited Mr Chisholm's home at Brixton, fell in love with his eldest daughter, and was married to her on Friday.

HOW TO RECOGNISE THE GENERAL.

A good story is being told about General Gatacre, who, going the round of the sentries in the recent Soudan campaign, came across a young soldier, whom he stopped and asked what his orders were.

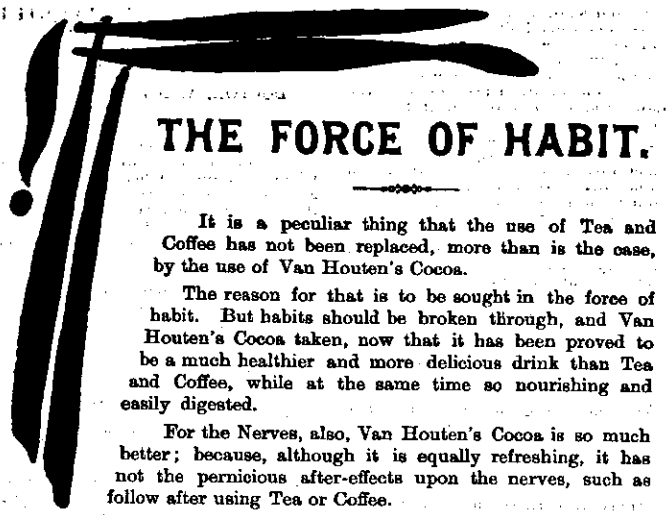
The soldier answered, 'To keep a sharp look-out for the enemy, and also for General Gatacre.'

The general then asked him if he knew General Gatacre by sight.

'No,' answered the soldier.

'Then how are you going to recognise him?'

'Oh, I was told that if I saw an officer fussing and swearing and rushing about that would be General Gatacre.'



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

It is a peculiar thing that the use of Tea and Coffee has not been replaced, more than is the case, by the use of Van Houten's Cocoa.

The reason for that is to be sought in the force of habit. But habits should be broken through, and Van Houten's Cocoa taken, now that it has been proved to be a much healthier and more delicious drink than Tea and Coffee, while at the same time so nourishing and easily digested.

For the Nerves, also, Van Houten's Cocoa is so much better; because, although it is equally refreshing, it has not the pernicious after-effects upon the nerves, such as follow after using Tea or Coffee.

It is not an expensive habit to use Van Houten's Cocoa; indeed, after actual trial of various brands, and even loose cocoa, many persons have discovered that Van Houten's Cocoa is not only the best and most delicious, but it is also the most economical.

BE SURE YOU TRY
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE.

A Most Strengthening and Invigorating Tonic

Takes out impurities from the blood, brings back an appetite for good food, imparts strength to the nerves, gives energy and power.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



Mrs. L. Kennington, of Station St., Petersham, New South Wales, sends us the above portrait of herself, with the following letter:

'I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla and have found it a wonderful strengthening and invigorating tonic and restorative.'

'Some time ago I caught a severe cold and an attack of rheumatism followed. I suffered terrible pains, could not eat or sleep, and feared I might become a helpless invalid.'

'I did not obtain any relief until I was given a prescription for 'Sarsaparilla.' My husband took it to a chemist, who said, 'Try Ayer's.'

'I noticed a decided improvement from the very first, and I was soon able to do my work again. I know of several people who owe their good health to this great medicine.'

These remarkable results are not due alone to the sarsaparilla in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. They are due to the combined action of many ingredients. No other sarsaparilla contains the same medicines. There is no other sarsaparilla like 'Ayer's.' This is why the people call it

'The World's Greatest Family Medicine.'

'Ayer's' cures. You know this. You have to experiment with others, and you can't afford to do that.

For removing impurities from the blood, for making thin blood become rich and life-giving, for restoring strength and vitality, and for building up the nervous system, there is but one medicine:

The
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
That Cures.

It Removes Depression.

Ayer's Pills Act on the Liver, more Bile is Secreted.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

We are gradually growing accustomed to the present styles. Parting from our full sleeves and wide skirts was a terrible wrench. However, they have made way for a far more graceful style of dress. The great difficulty of the moment with respect to the tight skirts is where to put the pockets. Very often the difficulty is solved by putting none at all in the skirt. We have to go back to the days of our grandmothers, and carry a reticule in which to put our handkerchief, purse, and other etceteras. These reticules are very smart affairs, sometimes to match the costume or of brocade. With respect to materials for this winter I think the choice is endless, and many of the fabrics will lend themselves to the loveliest combinations of colour and cunning design of the dress-makers' art. Pippings are very fashionable for vests and bodices and jackets, and embroidered trimmings are as popular as ever. An idea which girls who are clever with their fingers may avail themselves of is to get some plain, fancy, or open-worked braid, and stitch it over with beads and insert a few imitation jewels such as turquoises, sapphires, or brilliants. This will make a pretty trimming for evening wear.

The cape just now is of sable with a flounce of the same at the edge, and under that a pleating of silk, or satin, of dainty tint in piece with the lining, and perhaps yet another pleating of lace within that of the silk. These costly little wraps are, of course, for the few, and the many must content themselves (if their affections incline towards capes) with other varieties of these useful and off-time dressy garments.



A SMART CAPE.

A model we saw at a leading modiste's which might be brought within reasonable expenditure, is illustrated in this figure. The cape itself is built of velvet flounces, and is to the waist. The high collar and revers (which terminate in stole ends) turn back with white satin covered with black guipure lace, and are edged with a narrow border of dark sable or mink. The effect was handsome and smart, and might easily be attained by clever fingers and guption at a moderate outlay for dressy occasions. A cape of this kind is an important investment for those whose 'poverty, and not their will, consents' to a limited wardrobe, for it can be made of dual use; for dressy day wear, and for an evening wrap also.

A QUITE NEW MODEL.

A final stroll round the showrooms of the elect in the world of modistes, confirms the various opinions we formed at an earlier stage of the dress campaign for this autumn and winter. Excepting cloth, cashmere, and velvet, nearly all materials are brocaded, patterned, or stamped. Fur will be used on almost everything. Jackets mantles, or capes may be worn, and can be quite short, medium, or long. Skirts are a good deal trimmed and

elaborated, but one may—provided it be of the right cut—wear a plain skirt without being beyond the pale. Brown, green, red, and portwine colour are the most used colours for the moment.

I give to-day four styles of evening coiffure. It will be noticed that a favourite style is to bring the hair up to a pointed knot on the crown of the head. Ornaments are very freely used in the form of butterfly bows, aigrettes, feathers, and any decoration that may suit the fancy of the wearer. The illustrations of hair ornaments given to-day are of a kind worn, and look very nice. As velvet is to be very fashionable this winter for evening wear I give a costume in the latest Parisian style, which can be made in black or colour with equal effect.



VELVET EVENING GOWN.



VARIOUS STYLES OF HAIR-DRESSING FOR EVENING.



HAIR ORNAMENTS.

The Norfolk bodice being in favour again, the leading tailors have wrestled with the question of retaining the spirit of the jacket while allowing the throat to open, in order to show the linen collar and front, which is the indispensable finish to the tailor made gown of the hour. This figure reveals the result of one of our most exclusive tailor's considerations of the matter, which, we think, our readers will agree with us

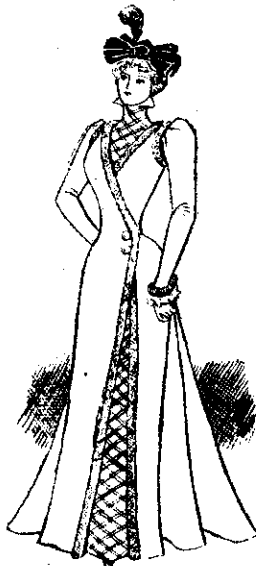
is smart and effective. The material in this model is a soft grey tweed. The neck is cut square, the two side pleats coming from either side of it. The centre pleat is, it will be seen, dispensed with, and the bodice fas-



NEW NORFOLK JACKET.

tens under the left pleat. Over each shoulder and pleat, to the length of the square, is a strap of tan leather fastened by a tan bone button, the waistband corresponding. Velvet could be substituted for the leather, and an 'Amazon' hat in grey tweed would make a nice finish to the toilette with a band of tan velvet.

In this figure the modish gown of the moment is shown of 'Princess' cut, which holds much sway. It is cut open at the shoulders, crossing over to the left side where it ostensibly fastens with two large jewelled buttons, and then opens again, showing at each respective opening an under robe of tartan. This charming gown is of blue-green poplin, the



shade of the 42nd plaid, which forms the under robe, and is bordered entirely round with narrow dark mink fur. This design might well be carried out in a less expensive material than poplin, such as cashmere, for instance, which is always a delightful fabric, and splendid wear, besides being favoured this winter again by the fashion powers that be.

WORK COLUMN.

A handkerchief satchet of a new style is a novelty that is sure to find admirers, for are we not all weary of the square, the oblong, and the 'envelope' types? We want something pretty, dainty, and, above all, useful. The last-named quality is one that, too often, is not forthcoming among the newest of sachets. It is quite a work of time and perseverance to open and shut many of these little cases, with their multitudinous flaps and ribbons, and though the general effect may be excellent, few people have the patience to expend such an amount of energy every time they want to get at a clean handkerchief. The shape of the satchet, of which I give a sketch, is something out of the common, and its ornamentation is very charming. Though strings are shown in the illustration



A NEW HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

these could quite well be dispensed with, and then its owner would only have to slip her hand into the opening, without any time being spent on tying and untying. Another advantage about this satchet is that we often get three-cornered bits of brocade or satin left over from evening gowns, and in this way they can be used up admirably. If it is plain silk or satin it should be embroidered on the top side with conventionalised flowers, and then marked off into diamonds by tiny passementerie being stretched across and across. In placing this trimming care must be taken to thread it first over and then under so that it will keep its place with a few stitches at the various junctions. In place of the passementerie tiny guipure lace insertion looks very pretty when laid on a ribbon, the colour of which contrasts with the background. The lining of the satchet should be quilted satin, and a soft interlining, well scented, should be made of white cotton-wool. The edging of the mouth of the satchet is of closely-quilted narrow ribbon; this must be inserted between the lining and the covering, and a cord finishes it on the outside. The ribbon stretched across may be added or not

according to taste, but in any case the point of the satchet should have attached a handsome bow of ribbon harmonising in tone with the silk. In cutting the case out remember to make it sufficiently large to take two or three handkerchiefs side-by-side, or if it is wanted to hold a large number, fluted silk let in on either side in the fashion of bellows will make much more room inside the case.

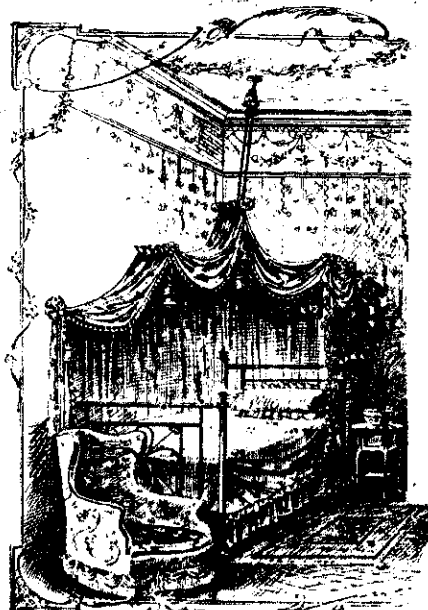
ARTISTIC DRAPERY FOR BED.

How true the saying is, 'There is nothing new under the sun!' we are going back to the old styles in our dress, jewels, and even our furniture. The days of severe simplicity in bedsteads have gone by and we see again the ornamental ones of our grandmothers, not the heavy canopies of yestern days, but draperies of a more artistic order. The drapery for a bed or couch that I illustrated has the merit of being somewhat novel in its arrangement, and yet quite easily attained by an amateur effort. The material used should be some artistically designed cretonne, Madras canvas, art muslin or silk, the tints of which should be chosen quite in accord with the scheme of colouring in the room. Get some iron rods flattened at one end with holes to screw to the wall and place them at intervals like stairs, the top one being much longer than the others. Instead of having a bracket from the ceiling as in this design, a rod fastened to the wall somewhat higher than the others will be much simpler and will look as effective. The drapery is gathered with a deep heading and pulled on to the top rod, allowing it to fall in graceful folds over the lower ones. A bed without a half-tester or top can be daintily and easily decorated in this way, with a very pretty result. If desired the top rod could be arranged in a corner with the other rods on either side.

Perfumed beds are the latest ideas, and it must be a very delightful form of luxury. To sleep between 'lavender-scented' sheets is an oft-quoted phrase, and I have often wished things could come home from the laundry redolent of lavender, or something nicer than the soap many use. The fashion above mentioned is said to have been introduced by a very well-known duchess, who is famed for her hospitality. If her guests are of the 'dine-and-sleep' order she manages to find out beforehand what the favourite perfume is, and has a great many strong flat sachets made scented with the guest's favourite perfume.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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



ARTISTIC DRAPERY FOR BED.

RECIPES. THE GAME SEASON.

By the time this 'Graphic' reaches most of my readers the game season will be fairly well under weigh, and, as pheasants are said to be fairly plentiful this year, I hope all my excellent friends, the 'constant readers,' will have some nice presents of birds. For myself, I am full of gratitude to anyone who sends me a brace, for as times go one cannot afford to buy pheasants at town prices. Country settlers might often confer a little pleasure on their relatives, the town mice, by taking a turn with a gun. However, to business. First let me give you some instruction as to the

HANGING OF A PHEASANT.

The pheasant, almost more than any other bird, requires to be hung as long as it possibly can be with safety. When this is done, the flesh acquires a delicious flavour, peculiar to itself, when this is not done, the flesh is tough and flavourless. The length of time the bird should be kept depends, of course, upon the state of the weather. Seven or eight days will probably be found sufficient. As a general rule, the bird is ready for the spit when it begins to smell slightly, and to change colour; certainly it should never be cooked until the blood begins to drop from the bill. The hen pheasant is more delicate in flavour than the cock. The old birds may be known by the length and sharpness of the spurs, which in the young ones are short and round. Young pheasants are, of course, to be preferred.

HOW TO TRUSS A PHEASANT.

The pheasant may be trussed either with or without the head. If without, care must be taken to leave sufficient skin on the neck to skewer back; if the head, however, is left on, it must be brought round under the wing, and fixed on the point of a skewer, with the bill laid straight along the breast. In this case, the crop must be removed through a slit made for the purpose in the back of the neck. Draw the bird, bring the thigh close under the wing, pass a skewer through the pinion, the body, and the leg, and skewer and tie the legs firmly down.

TO ROAST A PHEASANT.

Take care the bird has been kept long enough, roast for 45 minutes in a brisk oven, basting frequently, and you have a dish fit for a king. Serve with fried bread crumbs, and, if liked, very peppery bread sauce, and a rich gravy.

PHEASANT, BOILED.

Pick, draw, and singe the pheasant, and truss it firmly, for boiling. Cover with buttered paper, wrap it in a floured cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and after it has once boiled up draw it to the side, and let it simmer as gently as possible, until it is done enough. The more gently it is simmered the better the bird will look, and the tenderer it will be. Put it on a hot dish, pour a small quantity of sauce over it, and send the rest to table in a tureen. Celery sauce, horse-radish sauce, oyster sauce, white sauce, saubise sauce, or even plain onion sauce, may all be served with boiled pheasant. Time to boil, half an hour from the time of boiling, for a small young bird; three-quarters of an hour for a larger one; one hour or more for an old one. Sufficient for three or four persons.

JUGGED HARE.

There are few better things than jugged hare, and few dishes are so labelled by shameless imitations in the restaurants. Here is a really capital recipe for 'the real thing.' Cut the hare into neat little pieces. Fry these slightly, just enough to brown them, in a frying-pan in a little butter. Make a jar hot in the oven. Then throw the pieces of hare into the jar, with a small stick of cinnamon, half a dozen cloves, and a large glass of port wine. Tie a cloth over the jar, tightly; put a plate on the cloth, and something heavy on the plate, and let the pieces remain in the jar till they are cold. Slice up an onion, and fry it in the frying-pan that fried the hare. When it is brown, pour into the frying-pan some rich brown gravy that has had but little brown thickening in it, and let it boil up for a little while. Then strain off the gravy into a basin; press the onion in the strainer; let the gravy stand a little

GOOD NEWS FOR LADIES—
SPECIAL TO DRESSMAKERS, YOUNG LADIES, MOTHERS, ETC.
MAGIC GARMENT CUTTER.
NEW AMERICAN TAILOR SYSTEM.
Cuts every Garment for Ladies, Gentlemen, or Children.
ENSURES PERFECT FIT—ANY STYLE.
Sole Agent for N.Z., Miss M. T. King G.F.S.,
Rodge, Wellington, for terms and particulars.

while; take off the fat. Then pour the gravy on to the hare in the now cold jar, stand the jar in a pie-dish with some hot water in it, and let it thus stew in the oven for two or three hours; or put the jar in a saucepan, and let the water simmer. At the finish the gravy may be thickened with a little cornflour, but do not let the hare be in the gravy when it boils. Serve a few veal-force-meat balls with the hare. Moisten the veal-force-meat with raw beaten egg. Roll it into balls the size of a marble, dip them in flour, and throw them into boiling water. This will set them. Drain them, and warm them up in the jugged hare the last thing. Serve the red current jelly with jugged hare, separately.

A BREAKFAST DISH.

The British housewife cannot, by her best friends, be called a genius at inventing and cooking different dishes for the initial meal of the day. She generally pins her faith to the tried old menu. Here is a recipe that will repay her attention.

The ingredients it needs are four tablespoons of bread crumbs, one-quarter of a teaspoon of salt, a little pepper, and one tablespoon of finely chopped parsley, one ounce of butter, half a beaten egg, the grated rind of half a lemon, a quarter of a teaspoon of thyme, and two hard-boiled eggs.

Put the crumbs and parsley into a bowl, and add the pepper, salt, thyme, and lemon rind, then the butter. Rub the latter in. Next add sufficient egg to bind the mixture.

Take two hard-boiled eggs and put each into the mixture, covering it evenly all over, and pressing it.

Brush each egg, so covered, over with the beaten egg and dip it into bread crumbs; then fry it in boiling fat, and strain it on removal from the fat on kitchen paper.

Now cut each egg in half with a warm knife and place the halves on a dish with cress and water-cress. These eggs so treated look very pretty, and are sometimes known as birds' nests.

SPECIAL HOME READINGS.

SERIES I.—THE TIRED TOILER.

The labourer or the navy, leaving his home in the raw, early morning, no longer carries in the tin can which is slung across his shoulder a supply of enervating cold tea. No. He takes Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa instead, and finds he is able to finish his hard day's toil with ease. The busy housewife, with her household cares and her fretful children worn out and weary, takes her cup of Vi-Cocoa and is refreshed and sustained. The busy merchant, the eager student, find their brains are clearer and more active if Vi-Cocoa has formed part of the morning meal; the jaded clerk sleeps soundly after a 'nightcap' of the same excellent beverage. It seems, indeed, to have the virtue of benefiting all who take it. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has become a necessity—that, perhaps, is the only term which aptly expresses the enthusiasm of its devotees—in which those who indulge in it find renewed energy and sustenance such as they have been unable to receive from any other source.

Merit, and merit alone, is what is claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and the proprietors are prepared to send to any reader who names the New Zealand 'Graphic' a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post-paid. There is no magic in all this. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa as a concentrated form of nourishment and vitality is invaluable; nay, more than this; for to all who wish to face the strife and battle of life with greater endurance and more sustained exertion, it is absolutely indispensable.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, in 5½ packets and 1/1 and 2/2 tins, can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 269 George-street, Sydney.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Without a doubt, nice hair adds greatly to the charm of a woman's appearance. Naturally nature does not always supply it, therefore the ingenuity of art must be applied to. To meet this demand I have imported hair of every shade, so prepared to suit the hair-work of every description, including Fringes, Plaits, Chignons, Partings, Toupees and complete wigs. Combs made up. Write for catalogue. Orders by post promptly attended to.

A. H. HENDY Ladies' Hairdresser, Dunedin



A DECLINING ART.

OUR GIRLS DO NOT WALK SO GRACEFULLY AS THEY MIGHT.

It is given to most of us, happily, to be able to walk. But do we all walk well? Do we walk so that it is a pleasure to the onlooker merely to watch us? A cry has arisen that the bicycle has made girls forget how to walk prettily, and even has spoilt many graceful pedestrians entirely.

Although, perhaps, not 'the most excellent thing in woman,' that honour having been accorded to 'the low, sweet voice,' yet, certainly, an attractive thing in woman is a graceful pretty walk. The great fault with many girls is that they walk stiffly, and they take over-long strides.

The French and the Spanish women both know how to walk well. They walk naturally, too. Quick, short steps are to be avoided, just as much as too long strides. It is the medium here, as almost everywhere else, that is 'happy.'

During last season in England, and again now, the craze among society people is the constitutional, so it is to be hoped that girls will see to their walking powers, and, if they have fallen into abeyance, will cultivate them immediately.

ON THE ETIQUETTE OF DRIVING AND WALKING.

'Keep to the right!' is one of the first things to observe in walking in the streets. Is there anything more exasperating than coming suddenly face to face with another person? You both move the same moment to the left, and then to the right, still face to face, till the situation becomes ridiculous, and this would have been avoided if you had both observed the rule—'Keep to the right!'

If you are of the male sex, you must always take the outside of the pavement, so as to protect your companion from the mud that is so liberally sprinkled from the passing vehicles—a man's clothes are easily brushed, whereas a woman's delicate silk or fresh muslin is often irretrievably damaged by a splash of greasy mud. It is universally the custom for a woman to be the first to recognise a man, and he does not raise his hat till he sees that she has bowed to him.

The reverse is the habit abroad, when a man at once takes off his hat on meeting a lady whom he has already met before.

He also pays this act of courtesy on entering a shop, which is returned by a pleasant 'Bon jour, monsieur,' from behind the counter. Very different manners are in vogue in England, where we walk into a shop and say abruptly: 'I want some patent-leather boots!'

There are some women who have a way of behaving in an extremely rude manner in public conveyances, such as omnibuses and tramscars. They sit down, square their shoulders, and take more than double their fair share of space, and refrain from making room for another passenger till pointedly asked to do so; then they gather their skirts around them in a marked manner if some poor person enters the vehicle, and make no attempt to pass the fare of those who are seated at the end of the omnibus, or to make room for the conductor when he enters to claim his pennies. Such people may be ladies in one sense of the word, and unaccustomed to travelling in public conveyances, but they should remember that it is a distinguished mark of good breeding to be perfectly at ease and well-mannered under all circumstances, however novel the situation.

If you are fortunate enough to possess a carriage of your own, there are also certain rules of etiquette to be observed.

A man always places a woman on his right hand, so that in a victoria or a brougham the woman sits facing the horses on the right side of the carriage, and the man on the left. Should there be four seats in the carriage, and two ladies and one man are out driving, the two ladies face the horses as a matter of course, and the man sits opposite to them, regardless of his age, rank or relationship.

If two ladies drive together, the owner of the carriage makes her friend enter the carriage first and take the farthest seat. If three ladies drive together, the owner insists, unless she is very old, upon her friends facing the horses, while she herself takes the back seat, upon the principle that her two friends are for the moment her guests, and that therefore of course she gives them the best she has to offer.

When a woman is using her victoria which has only a small exterior third seat, she only invites one friend to accompany her; but I have known women of high rank, who, meeting another friend en route and offering her a lift, have insisted upon occupying the small back seat themselves, so that their two friends should have the two best seats.

It is extremely ill-bred for a woman to think that, because the carriage is hers, she must invariably take the seat of honour in the right-hand front place.

When you are requested to take the best seat, don't enter into voluble protestations while you keep everyone waiting. It is sufficient if you say, 'I assure you I don't in the least mind riding with my back to the horses.' And then, if you see that your friend is determined to take the back seat herself, it shows better breeding if you obey her wishes without further protest.

There is a story of a King of France who declared a certain count to be the best bred man in his kingdom, because when told by his Royal master to enter the carriage first, he obeyed at once without questioning the Royal command.

When you leave a shop for your carriage, don't sail majestically across the pavement expecting the passers-by to make way for you, but wait if someone, however humble, happens to be in your path; they have an equal right to the pavement with yourself. In the due observance of such apparent trifles a lady shows that she can lay claim in the truest sense of the word, to the title of 'gentlewoman.'

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Keep your children busy at some wholesome work or play, and this is more to the young mind than long homilies on vice, which only tend to direct their attention constantly to it. By occupying their time every minute of the day they will be more thoroughly helped and cleansed than would be possible in any other manner.

The majority of parents do not realise the importance of the duty laid upon them or else they are too lazy or incapable to attend to it. The first duty of the rich is to be industrious and to inculcate habits of industry in their children. If they are taught to keep constantly busy in some useful and ennobling employment, the chances of their evolution into honourable men and women are a million times increased.

The making of collections and the hard study of almost any branch of

natural history are likely to interest children. The making of machines, the intricacies of music, the management of a printing press, are all useful in keeping the young mind occupied in a wholesome, healthy manner.

WHAT THE HAIR TELLS.

READ THIS AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO READ YOUR NEIGHBOURS.

How do you wear your hair? Do you part it in the centre or on the right or left side? Are you in the habit of having it 'cropped,' or do you allow it the privilege of 'going to great lengths?'

At first sight it may seem difficult to discover the 'wherefore' of the above queries, but if you turn to facts, and compare the general characteristics of people who favour one or other of these styles, you will find that persons with mutual tastes as regards their hair are often more or less identical in disposition.

Perhaps the mode of dressing the hair most patronised is that of dividing it on the left-hand side of the head, and therefore the task of determining the chief points in the characters of persons following this custom is rendered more difficult by reason of the many and varied types of men included in this category. As a rule, however, they are what may be termed 'men of the world,' who generally take things as they find them, and will make the most of a bad bargain.

In contrast to the above, one finds more often than not that the disciples of the right-hand style are apt to be contrary, obstinate, and self-willed, and frequently evince a tendency to be arbitrary in many of the smaller matters of life. Perhaps this quality may be said to atone in some measure for their somewhat numerous shortcomings.

It must be obvious to the most casual observer that fewer persons part their hair in the centre than in any other way, and this being so, people of this class are less frequently met with.

Weakness for the society and sympathy of the gentler sex distinguishes them, and they are prone to fall easy victims to the enchantments of a tactful woman, but generally, if occasion demands, they can also display remarkable strength of will and resoluteness.

In their dealings and intercourse with others they are found to be of a genial and forbearing nature, and are furthermore possessed of the virtue of being able to forgive and forget an injury.

Perhaps least can be said of those who favour extremes in the matter of the length or shortness of their hair, as under this category one encounters characters totally at variance with each other.

A careful analysis of the natures of persons wearing long hair, however, brings to light the fact that a large percentage of them are deep thinkers, and men who, in a commercial sense, will ascertain the sterling value and merit of anything before venturing an opinion thereon.

It is even a more difficult task to determine the characteristics of those who wear their hair very short. Blunt and breezy ways, an innate sense of humour, and an impulsiveness tempered by slightly with discretion may, however, be taken as an epitome of their general character.

One also invariably finds that they are the reverse of penurious, and a genuine appeal for monetary assistance is usually not long in finding its way to their hearts and pockets.



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 enclosures 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.

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.

GRAPHIC COUSINS' PRIZE COMPETITION.

A prize of half a crown will be given for the most correct solution of the following children's picture puzzle. Here is a story, where words are missed out, and replaced by little pictures. The pictures tell you what the word should be. For instance, the burglar heeys: 'Hark I hear a sound; I guess its time for me to —' Then comes a picture of a bolt. So the sentence is, 'I guess its time for me to bolt.'

You may get your parents to help you to do this, but you must write out the story in your own handwriting, and place your full name clearly at the bottom. You MUST also cut out and enclose the puzzle story itself, pasted on the paper on which you write. All the answers will be placed in a box till the competition closes, and then, if, when they are opened, more than one boy or girl has decided correctly, the prize will be given to the one whose letter was opened first.

Here is the puzzle:

"Hark! I hear a sound; I guess it's time for me to . Well, I have about  the plunger I can , so I will skip out before it is . Every moment  to my danger. This was a hard piece to enter. A high wall seemed to  it all round. When I tried to  the wall, I hurt my hand. I think I must have managed to  with my . Before I go I think I'll take a little from this side . Here is a  and some . Ha! some one is surely coming. I  a shadow moving. It is quite  I am discovered. But the alarm didn't . Well, I must  up and  myself away from this tempting spread. I entered the house without much for  y, but as a  there is  danger leaving that coming in. I will blow out this  r, for my safety  on getting away in the dark. My friend the housemaid gave me good  when she told me to nt  this cold pie. She's a nice girl, and so sentimental. I guess I'll  a  of my hair as a souvenir. I'll it to this card, and sign my name,—yours truly, , and now I'll my way quietly out."

FOR PITTY'S SAKE.

(Continued.)

Maggie took oats out to Barney every day, and soon he began to hold up his head and give a friendly 'Hu-hu-hu!' away down in his throat when she appeared. When a week had gone by he made stiff little attempts to prance, by way of showing his appreciation of the good things she brought him. At the end of a month Maggie herself pranced and capered every time she looked at him. To her he seemed no longer recognisable as Lee Frye's Barney.

Another fortnight went by, and the old horse had enjoyed six weeks of 'good time,' as Maggie told him when she carried him another brown mash, with chopped carrots in it, to say nothing of two eggs that she had found in a 'stolen' nest under an alder bush. She never forgot how he rubbed his velvety nose against her cheek that evening. She liked to think afterward that some mysterious presence of what was coming had been accord-

his old stable. It would have broken her heart, yet she would have done it. But now—

Lee Frye was repeating his demand in a voice and manner that brooked no denying, and presently Miss Walker appeared.

"Good morning, Mr Frye," she said. "Good mornin'," growled the visitor. "I've found my horse, you see."

Miss Walker thought his tone and manner so peculiar that she glanced over his shoulder in a puzzled way at the animal alluded to.

"Is it—It can't be the same horse, surely?" she questioned.

"Yes, ma'am, it's the same identical horse, or will be when I've worried some of the fat off him that you've taken the unnecessary trouble to put on."

"Me?" snapped Miss Walker, for there was no mistaking the intentional offensiveness of the fellow.

"Yes, ma'am, you. Now you needn't put on airs, nor try any tricks on me. I found my horse in your stable, eating your feed that your beggar put carried to him, for I saw her with my own eyes. I don't want any better case against you than I've got, and I'll land you in the penitentiary if there's any law in the country; and it's too good for you, too. There's only one thing fit for a horse-thief, and that's a rope over the limb of a tree."

For once in her life Miss Walker could think of no word that she

and slapped her face repeatedly, interlarding the stinging blows with a gasping tirade of censure.

"Do you dare to tell me that you're a horse-thief?—that you sneaked out and went three miles—in the night—and stole Lee Frye's horse—and put him in my stable—and fed him on my feed? Do you know that you'll get twenty years in the penitentiary?—that you've disgraced me, who've been a good friend to you and given you a good home? Oh, that I should live to see—this—day!"

With the last explosive word she flung the child violently from her, and stood glaring down upon her. Maggie was sobbing piteously, but she struggled to her knees and pleaded not to be called a horse-thief.

"Oh, I only took poor Barney for a little while," she sobbed; 'because I pitied him so, and wanted him to have one little good time before he was quite beaten to death. Oh, I didn't steal him. I knew I'd have to take him back some time. Can't you tell Lee Frye that, Miss Walker?'"

"Oh yes; and much good it'll do. He'll have the sheriff here before night, and you'll go to gaol, where horse-thieves belong. Oh, that's the right name for you; you needn't try to creep inside of yourself. To think of your going and disgracing me like this. Get up and clear out of my sight."

Maggie went drooping out at the open door, along the path through the orchard, and on across the meadow to the woods pasture. It was the same path she had traversed daily on her loving errands to Barney. The stable was tenantless now, and poor Barney had gone back to his old misery. She flung herself upon the ground, and lay there, broken-hearted, crushed with shame.

The sheriff would come and take her to gaol; Miss Walker had said so. She would be prosecuted, like the thief that stole Mr Everding's silver-mounted harness. She told herself that she could never be a respectable little girl again, even if she lived 20 years and got out of the penitentiary; she would always be just a horse-thief; and by that time she would be an old woman, like Miss Walker, and poor Barney would be dead.

She wished that she might lie down in that deep pool in the brook and die, right now; but she feared that even God would close the door of heaven against a horse-thief.

She lay on the grass beside the path, awaiting the coming of the dreaded officer of the law. At first the slightest sound, like the flutter of a bird wing, would startle her; and at the rattle of passing wheels in the road she would lift her head and listen with a strained intendment; but at last, her body relaxing after the strain, she fell into a troubled sleep.

When she awoke there was a hand upon her arm, and a familiar face bent near. It was Mr Everding, a well-to-do neighbour, and behind him was a big man, with a pair of very blue eyes that twinkled down at her.

"Wake up, Maggie," said Mr Everding, kindly. "This gentleman and I would like to have a little talk with you."

"Is he the—sheriff?" she asked, in an awed whisper.

"Yes, but you need not fear him. He is an old friend of mine, and I have never known him to hurt any creature smaller and weaker than himself. Lee Frye went to swear out a warrant for Miss Walker's arrest; but he could not swear that he saw her go near the horse, and he did see you, and the whole matter was so mixed up that the magistrate sent the sheriff over to investigate before a warrant was issued. Now tell us truly what you know about it, Maggie."

Maggie's face flushed hotly, and her eyes sank, but the next moment she looked up, bravely.

"I—I took him, Mr Everding, but I didn't know it was stealing till Miss Walker told me. I took him just for a while, because I pitied him so, and I hadn't any money to buy him, and—oh, nobody who had money ever seemed to pity him, or care how much he suffered."

"That's what I call a home thrust," said the sheriff, reaching out and slyly touching Mr Everding's ankle with the toe of his big boot, whereupon it was Mr Everding's turn to flush.



HE RUBBED HIS VELVETY NOSE AGAINST HER CHEEK.

ed him, and that rare caress had meant a loving farewell.

By that time she had conquered the painful habit of listening for Lee Frye's wagon, and when, on the following day, the hated sound suddenly smote upon her ear, she almost dropped the plate she was wiping, so great was the start it gave her.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Miss Walker, peering out at the edge of the blind, 'if Lee Frye hasn't got a new horse! Same colour as the old one, but land! this one's got meat on his bones. Why, he's stopped at my gate! He's coming in here! Do you hear, Maggie? Lee Frye's at the front door."

Maggie got up weakly and went to the door. She was dimly conscious that Lee Frye stood there, scowling at her and demanding to see Miss Walker; but she was looking past him, out to the road where Barney stood, harnessed to his old burden, in what seemed to her an attitude of piteous dejection. It was a sight she had known she must witness some time, but oh, not so soon. She had meant to keep him until the cold weather began to drive the cattle to the back stable; then some night she would have taken him sorrowfully to

might safely utter, for the conviction had seized her that the man was insane. Meantime Lee Frye was slumping down the steps and along the walk, grinding his heavy heels into the gravel spitefully. He mounted the wagon, whacked his unfortunate least and jolted slowly away. Then Miss Walker locked the door and turned upon Maggie, excitedly.

"Run to the field, quick, and call Mack! That fool may come back, and he's crazy! Think he found his horse in my stable! The ideal Run, I tell you, and call Mack!"

But Maggie stood still, a pallid picture of wretchedness.

"O Miss Walker," she gasped, 'Lee Frye isn't crazy. He did find his horse in your stable; and maybe he did see me carrying feed to him."

"Maggie Ransen! Are you crazy, too?"

"No, no! It's the truth! I took Barney, myself, out of Lee Frye's stable, in the night, six weeks ago. I couldn't help it; I pitied him so. I put him in the back pasture barn, and I've fed him and taken care of all this—even you didn't know him."

"Maggie Ransen!"

Miss Walker clutched the child's slim little arm, shook her violently

"That's the truth, Maggie," he said, humbly; "and I, for one, am ashamed of myself. I have known all along how that poor brute was being treated, and I ought to have taken the matter in hand long ago. Now tell us all about it, child; how and when you took the horse, where you kept him, and everything."

Maggie told her story, and both men, as they listened, felt that it came from a tender and long-tried little heart. At the end they stepped aside and consulted together in low tones. They did not tell Maggie of the sheriff's decision, which was that white Maggie had ignorantly made herself really liable for arrest for the commission of a grave offence against the law, the evidence against Lee Frye abundantly warranted his prosecution for cruelty to animals.

So Maggie and Lee Frye were both taken to Portland. In view of her years and the good conduct of all her life, the court dismissed the charge against her, with a grave admonition to remember that the property of others must be let alone. Lee Frye did not escape so easily. He was found guilty of habitual cruelty to his horse, and fined thirty dollars and costs.

Then the superintendent of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society arose and asked the court to place Maggie Ransen in his care until such time as he could find a good home for her, explaining that Miss Walker declined to keep her longer, and that she was now homeless and friendless.

Here Mr Everding interposed. He had been talking to Maggie in a low tone for some moments, and everybody present had seen her face light up, and understood that she was giving glad assent to some proposition of his. He now turned to the judge and said:

"I beg to say to the court that if I may have Maggie Ransen she shall never again be homeless and friendless. I wish to educate her, and care for her. In her mistaken but really noble and almost desperate defence of a friendless dumb creature, she has taught me a lesson, and I believe there are other men present who would be willing to make the same admission. She has opened my eyes, and I want her to help me keep them open, as I jog along through life. I also want her help in taking care of old Barney, whom I intend to buy from his present owner."

At this there was applause from the spectators, and a radiant smile from Maggie. The judge looked pleased and acquiescent, and after some necessary formalities Mr Everding and Maggie went out of the court room hand in hand.

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

ADELIA AND POOR MATTIE.

(By B. Evelyn Stout, Placerville.)

"Oh, dear," sighed a little girl named Adelia Clover, "what shall I do to-day?" "Remember to-morrow is your birthday," said her mother.

"Yes, but that hasn't anything to do with to-day," answered Adelia, "besides, I can't have a party like I did last year, can I?"

"Adelia," said her mother, "you can have your choice. You have the money that Aunt Rachael gave you; you can do as you please with it. You may have a nice little party or do anything else you wish with it."

Adelia began to pout. "I don't want a party unless I can have a nice large one," she whined. That evening after supper Adelia thought of what her mother had said and of the money her aunt Rachael had given her. "Only \$5. Yes, have a nice little party, indeed, with that amount of money!" she said, scornfully.

Then she seemed to see a pale, drawn face. A little girl propped up in pillows, and she also seemed to hear the rub-a-dub of Mattie Kelly's mother's wash-tub. Then she thought how glad Mattie would be to have any kind of a party. "I wonder if she ever gets lonesome?" Adelia asked herself. But her conscience told her, "Of course she does."

Adelia tried to comfort herself by saying: "Well, if she gets lonesome that's not my lookout. It's her mother's." But still she thought of little Mattie. She also thought of her own toys and picture books and of how glad Mattie would be to own even

one of them. "Well, I suppose I may go and see Mattie Kelly and show her one of my picture books?" Adelia asked her mother.

Mrs Clover looked surprised, but answered: "Certainly, dear."

So Adelia put on her hat and gloves, took her favourite picture book, and a bouquet of flowers with her and was soon at the door of Mattie's tiny home. A tired looking woman holding a baby answered her knock. Adelia stated her errand.

Mrs Kelly said: "So it's Mattie you want to see? Well, it's powerful glad she'll be to see you. Come in!"

When Mattie saw Adelia her pale face lighted up with a smile and she stretched out her thin hand.

"I've come to see you, Mattie," said Adelia, "and here are some flowers."

"Oh, thank you," cried Mattie, and her mother fixed them for her on the tiny stand by Mattie's bed.

"Sure, something like that would do her good, the doctor be after sayin'. She needs fresh milk, but I am too poor to buy it."

Adelia felt a great lump rising in her throat, but kept back her tears. "Mrs Kelly," she said, "we can let you have a pint of fresh milk each day, I think."

"Can you?" asked Mrs Kelly. "I should be so glad."

After Adelia had taken her leave and was home she told her mother of her promise to Mrs Kelly.

"All right, dear," her mother answered, "and you may help Mattie and her mother more if you will use your own money."

At first Adelia hesitated. Then she said: "Mamma, I will," and she did. She bought for Mrs Kelly a warm shawl, a pair of shoes for the baby, and some stockings and a picture book and some sweetmeats for Mattie. She took the articles to Mrs Kelly early the next morning and they were appreciated. Adelia had no birthday party, but, anyway, there were four persons very happy on her birthday—Mrs. Kelly, Mattie, the baby and herself.

ANDREW AND HIS GIFTS.

Andrew Lang was eight years old. He had a kind papa and mamma who could buy him almost everything he wanted. He lived in a nice house and had nice clothes and lots of playthings. But he knew there were a great many little boys whose parents were too poor to buy them what they needed, and he had been taught that he must always be glad to give his toys to them and help them in any way he could.

One day his mamma said: "Andrew, would you like to go with me to the Children's Hospital to-day?"

"Oh, yes, mamma. You know I told poor, lame Johnnie Ford the last time I was there I would come again as soon as you would let me and bring him something nice to play with."

"And, Andrew, there's that tiny tot, Susie Lee. We must find her a pretty picture book."

So Mrs Lang and Andrew filled a basket with toys and another with oranges, apples and candy.

"Oh, mamma, isn't this like what papa was reading about this morning, when Jesus sent His disciples out in pairs, just as we two going together? And I'm Andrew and you'll have to be Peter, even if you are my mamma. Oh, isn't it funny? Didn't your name use to be Mollie Peters once?"

"Yes, Andrew; so we will go to-day as Peter and Andrew, and think all the while that Jesus has sent us, for we really are going on His errand."

So they stepped into a cable car and climbed one steep hill after another.

The Children's Hospital was a large white house, with pleasant windows on every side, and the yard was full of lovely flowers, roses, fuchsias, geraniums, lilies and hosts of others. There was a nice playground for the children who were well enough to go out of doors. But Andrew and his mamma did not stop there. They went upstairs into a large room with ever so many little beds with clean white spreads, and in them were little children with thin, white faces and thin, white hands; not fresh rosy cheeks and plump, dimpled hands like Andrew's. Some of the children were sitting in chairs, a few were playing around the room, but something was the matter with all of them. Some had broken arms or legs, some had been burned or hurt,

and some were sick. Some had no fathers and mothers to take care of them, and some of the parents were too poor to pay doctors and buy medicine. This pleasant home had been built by kind people who loved little children, and who hired nurses and doctors to try and make them well again.

Andrew could not wait to speak to anybody, but hurried along to the farther end of the room, where poor, lame Johnnie Ford lay propped up with pillows.

"Oh, Johnnie, I've come, and see what I've brought you. Grandpa Peters gave it to me last Christmas. It's a music box. I'll wind it up and it will make you laugh to see the soldiers come out of that little house and dance." And Johnnie did laugh. And the children who were playing around ran up to see, and they laughed and clapped their hands. And the little children in the white beds raised their white faces as well as they could and tried their best to laugh with the rest. Such a happy lot as they were, as Johnnie went around and gave every girl and every boy toys and picture books. They were all so happy they almost forgot for a while their aches and pains.

When it was time to leave Andrew went to say good-by to Johnnie Ford. "Oh, Johnnie," said he, "I'm so happy. It's better than Christmas. Papa tells me true, when he says it is nicer to give things away than to keep them."

MY SAVAGE ELPHANT.

A TRUE STORY.

My elephant, Romeo, was a murderous brute. Before coming to this country he had killed three men, and after his arrival he killed four more.

I bought Romeo in Berlin in the late forties. On the journey to this country he killed his keeper on shipboard. Later he killed Joe Nobles in Pittsburgh, Frank Gray in Louisville, Calvin Porter near Indianapolis, and little Eddie Smith near Yonkers, N.Y. The great creature either killed or frightened away every person who had the care of him but one, and that was a keeper of his own selection. The story of how the selection was made is interesting.

It was at a little town in Dutchess County, New York. A throng of idlers surrounded the notorious elephant one morning. Among them was a twelve year old boy, named Arthur Searles, the son of a local mechanic. He unconsciously stood dangerously close to Romeo, who suddenly put out his trunk, grasped the lad around the body, and raised him to his back.

When he had securely seated the boy, Romeo lowered his trunk and left him there, more surprised than frightened. The keeper, believing that another tragedy was imminent, called to the boy to slide down the creature's side while Romeo was eating some

An alarmed messenger summoned me, and I arrived on the scene in time to see Romeo foil the boy's third attempt at escape. A happy thought struck me. I promised the lad five dollars if he would remain and ride on Romeo in the street parade, which would soon take place. The little fellow smiled faintly, and said that, as Romeo would not let him go, he would have to stay and earn the five dollars. As a result, half an hour later Romeo paraded the streets of the town peacefully and contentedly, with the boy on his back, to the great surprise of the citizens.

The line of parade led directly by Arthur Searles' home, and when his horrified mother saw her son perched upon the back of the notorious elephant, whose record was familiar to nearly everyone, she was almost frightened to protest; but she followed her boy and Romeo throughout the parade, until she saw the elephant, when he arrived at the exhibition grounds, raise his trunk and tenderly set down his youthful rider.

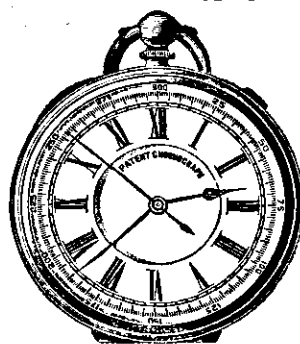
At once I sought the boy's father, and so arranged matters with him that when the circus left town Arthur Searles went with it as Romeo's keeper.

This was the only master that Romeo never attempted to harm. But the elephant gradually grew more and more intractable, until, to keep him anywhere within bounds, Arthur Searles had to sleep beside him. Even this was effective only for a short time, and Romeo gradually became such a constant source of anxiety that it finally was necessary to have him killed. DAN RICE.

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.

STOP WATCH

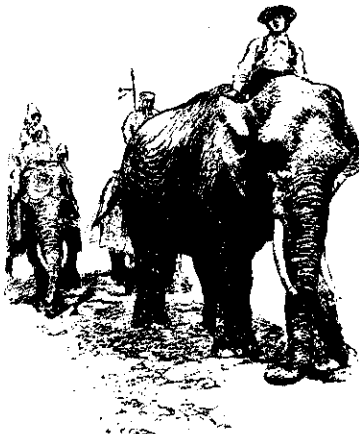


GIVEN AWAY.

TO CYCLISTS, ATHLETES, RACING, BOAT-ING-MEN AND OTHERS. CAN YOU READ THIS?

A WATCH USEFUL WITH IT'S OWN IN ORDER TO GUESS THE TIME BY A CHANCE. In order to introduce our Business into every household in Australia, we undertake and guarantee to GIVE AWAY one of our World-famous 22 lbs. SOLID SILVER CENTRE SECOND STOP WATCHES, or a Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver KEYLESS HUNTER to every Reader who sends the Correct Reading of the above Puzzle.

CONDITIONS.—That your answer to the Puzzle is correct, and that you further undertake, if correct, to purchase one of our SOLID SILVER (Single or Double) CHAINS. Send stamped addressed envelope for reply to: Manager—THE MANAGER, THE GLOBE WATCH COMPANY, LTD., 105 Pitt-street, Sydney.



ROMEO AND HIS BOY CAPTIVE.

peanuts, of which he was very fond. This the lad did; but no sooner had his feet touched the ground than he was again caught up and seated upon the elephant's back. Three times Arthur Searles attempted to escape, but each time the elephant recaptured him.

TEN PUDDINGS OF A PINT EACH can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR—BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND.

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

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT
ASTIRE
JOKES

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.
Cobbie: 'Well, old man, my wife has had a legacy left her.'
Stone: 'Congratulations! I am glad your marriage has turned out so well.'

TWO OF THEM.
He: 'What is the name of your machine?'
She: 'Do you mean the name the maker gives it, or the name papa called it when he fell over it in the hall night before last?'

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.
'My wife owns two hats, and so we are always late to the theatre.'
'Why is that?'
'She can't decide which to wear.'

A WATERLOO VETERAN.
An English lady, walking with her little girl, saw a lame old beggar bearing on his hat the legend, 'I fought at Waterloo.' Give him some money, for he helped to save your country,' said the lady. As the child dropped some silver into his hand the ex-soldier bowed and exclaimed, 'Merci, mademoiselle.'

THEIR DRAWBACK.
'I hate to have John take long rides on his bicycle before sunrise.'
'Do you think they are injurious?'
'Of course; I always have to get up and get breakfast for him before he goes.'

A WILLING SACRIFICE.
She: 'Although my father is rich, I have never cared for wealth but as a means to an end.'
He: 'Well, I'm ready to go as end man at a moment's notice.'

ONLY TOO TRUE.
'Dearest,' she murmured, 'I'm so afraid you'll change.'
'Darling,' he answered, 'you'll never find any change about me.'
Which was painfully true in a double sense.



AN AFFINITY.
Kitty: 'Madge says she will never marry until she meets her ideal.'
Beatrice: 'Silly girl! What is her ideal?'
Kitty: 'A young man who will propose to her.'

RIGHT SORT.
Steady Company after a running comment on business success in general: 'I must say, Miss Florence, that if there is one thing I particularly admire in a man it is business enterprise.'
Miss Florence: 'So do I. There's young Rushman, for instance. He's only been calling on Miss Sparks two months, and they're engaged already.'



HIS STRONG POINT.
Policeman X (to cook who has jilted him): 'I can tell you one thing; you may, perhaps, get a handsomer fellow in my place, but one with a healthier appetite, NEVER!'

AN IDYLL.
A young lady from the country was suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promise, and the lawyers were, as usual, making all sorts of inquisitive inquiries. 'You say,' remarked one, 'that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, with a hectic flush. 'How close?' 'Close enough so's one cheer was all the settin' room we needed.' 'And you say he put his arm around you?' 'No, I didn't.' 'What did you say then?' 'I said he put both arms round me.' 'Then what?' 'He hugged me.' 'Very hard?' 'Yes, he did so hard that I come party near hollerin' out.' 'Why didn't you holler?' 'Cause.' 'That's no reason. Be explicit, please. Because why?' 'Cause I was afeared he'd stop.'

ALL OFF.
He: 'To be candid, darling, I feel that before we are married I must pay up my debts.'
She: 'And so you have only been trifling with me!'

GOOD REASON.
Hewitt: I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday and I don't see how you could laugh at the stale stories that Gruet was telling.
Jewett: He was paying for the dinner.

WHY.
'How did he happen to marry her?'
The young woman to whom the question was addressed shrugged her shoulders. It was her boast that she never spoke ill of her friends, and she was determined to live up to that high ideal.
'You can see for yourself that he wears goggles,' she said.

LITERARY NOTE.
He: 'Have you read Kipling's 'Departmental Ditties?'
She: 'You don't mean to tell me that he has taken up the department stores? What won't he try next?'

THERE ARE MORE OF THE SAME.
'I know one man at least who is a confirmed woman hater.'
'Because he couldn't get one to marry him?'
'No; because he did.'

ONE TRUTH.
'According to you your husband never told you a single truth before you were married.'
'Oh, he wasn't quite so bad as that. He always used to say he was unworthy of me.'

HOGG'S TALES.
'Are you fond of Hogg's tales?' asked a lady of an old farmer the other evening.
'Yes, I like 'em roasted, with salt on 'em,' was the response.
'No, but I mean have you read Hogg's tales?'
'No, indeed, said he. 'Our hogs are all white or black. I don't think there is a red one among them.'

SHOULDN'T BLAME THE POOR MAN.
Walker: 'What funny knees old Badly has. Why doesn't he get new ones?'
Clarkey: 'I guess he can't. The doctor says he's on his last legs.'

DOUBTFUL.
Lord Dedbroke: Did Miss Paekenhush blush when you proposed to her?
Count Zutheim: No, she turned pale and said she was afraid her fader might go into some bat spegulazions before she could get vort to him.

NO SWEARING.
English student of Shakspeare, in train nearing Forres, to a Scottish elder: This is the locality of the 'blasted heath,' is it not?
Elder: 'A'm chief elder o' a Free Kirk, and a allow nae profanity in ma hearin'. If there was a colleesion and ye died wi' that word on your lips whaur wad ye be?'



QUESTIONS OF VALUES.
He knew that she was a clever business woman, and therefore he thought his scheme a good one. But he did not realise that she was such a good judge of values.
'I have made a bet that I will marry you,' he said.
'Money up?' she asked.
'Yes,' he answered, pleased at the business-like way she took hold of the proposition.
'How much?'
'A hundred pounds.'
She looked him over critically.
'Too low,' she said at last. 'You'll have to get it raised to £1,000 or you'll lose.'
And at that, as she afterwards explained, she was giving him a bargain day price.

THE PRICE OF AFFECTION.
The Mother: I am sure you would learn to love my children.
Nurse: What wages do you pay?
The Mother: Eighteen pounds a year.
Nurse: I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price.

IT ALL DEPENDS.
He: 'Do you believe in long engagements?'
She: 'If he has plenty of money and is inclined to be liberal, a long engagement is the thing, but if he cannot afford boxes at the opera and such things I always make his regime very short.'

THRILLING.
He: 'How did you like that book I sent you?'
She: 'Oh, it was just lovely! The hero and heroine quarrelled and made up in every chapter but one.'



KNOW WHAT TO DO.
Blink: 'The trouble with a bore is one never knows what to do with him.'
Wink: 'Not at all. The trouble is one's always afraid to do it.'

AT THE ASYLUM.
Visitor: 'I suppose most of the patients are quite rational on many points?'
Doctor: 'Oh, yes. Some of them quarrel about the different makes of wheels just as if they were absolutely sane.'

THE OTHER ELECTION.
Mrs Fogg: Mr Selah preached a beautiful sermon this forenoon. So helpful, too. He said we should make our calling and election sure.
Mr Fogg: Election sure! What does he know about politics, anyway? You never can be sure these days.

A MERE HABIT.
'I am told that he is her fifth husband.'
'Say, it must be awful to a man to feel that his wife looks on him as a mere habit.'

HIS CHARITY.
Mrs Henpeque: So you did an act of charity to-day to commemorate the tenth anniversary of our wedding?
Mr Henpeque: Yes; one of my clerks wanted a rise of salary so that he could get married, and I refused him.

A REAL FAIRY STORY.
Sister (finishing the story): 'And so they were married and lived happily ever afterwards.'
Tommy: 'And is that why you call it a "fairy story"?'

THE REWARD OF MERIT.
An Englishman has received the prize at a students' cisteddoff in Wales for his cyghanodd on Frawd hsiarn y Wyddfa. Whatever the prize was he richly deserved it.



WHEN CHINA FLIES.
Watts: Seems to have been some trouble over at Wicwire's house.
Potts: Well, yes. His wife told him to advertise for a parlourmaid, and he goes and puts in the ad. 'blond preferred.'