

McDougal, who is a bit of a logician, concluded that these two golfers had not studied the etiquette of golf, and decided to give them a lesson by hitting the ball out of bounds.

"Confound you," says McDougal, as he proceeded to accomplish his fell purpose, by a fearful swipe. But temper left the ball untouched.

"Dash it," was heard as our friend took a second terrific swipe, but still that ball remained.

"D-d-d—n it," accompanied a third and even more ferocious hit, and this time McDougal had the satisfaction of seeing the ball move five yards.

Then and not till then did his friend confess that it was he who had played his third.

Now McDougal was for a moment taken aback, but his natural coolness stood him in good stead, for picking up the ball he astonished his opponents so much by saying, "This is about the spot," that they actually played out the hole. History, however, does not relate the result, but I fancy that friend McDougal will in future keep well behind, as he was noticed to limp badly for some days afterwards.

**A PERFECT THREE.**

A fozzled drive, a bad second and a third, which rolled itself in the flag and dropped into the hole, was the experience of one lady at the first hole on the Hutt Links. Needless to say she was very proud of the accomplishment.

**HOLED IN ONE.**

Mr Perston accomplished this remarkable feat by holing his drive at the sheppard's hole; distance 125 yards.

**WHISKY.**

One wet afternoon the wants of golfers were well attended to at the 10th hole, which made one wag remark, "A drop of the craytur at the crater." It is unnecessary to state that this remark was received in silence.

**WELLINGTON.**

The members of the Wellington Golf Club were very sorry to say good-bye to Mr Kyd last Saturday, when he had his revenge on Mr Ken Duncan, who put him out of the championship.

The Wellington Golf Club (Ladies) played the Manawatu Golf Club (Ladies) on Monday, on the Miramar Links, when the Wellington players won by seven holes.

His Excellency the Governor has had several games on the links during the last week.

The Hutt championship will be played on Saturday, when there should be an interesting game between the two Prydes and A. Duncan.

There is no doubt that the championship meeting has made many people think that "there is something in golf." On the reclaimed land in the early hours of the morning several ladies and gentlemen who are thinking of joining the golf club, may be seen practising the "swing."

**LACROSSE.**

The second round of the Championship competition was continued last Saturday, the Pawnees being drawn against Iroquois, while Dakotahs were pitted against Mohawks. The latter match, which was down for decision on the Domain, fell through, as the Mohawks were unable to muster a full team, and consequently forfeited. However sides were picked and a good game indulged in, some exceptionally clever play being shown on both sides. Quite a strong muster of the public witnessed the contest, which resulted in a win for Anderson's team, which scored twelve goals as against five goals put up by Bradley's men.

The champion team, Pawnees, played Iroquois at Stithbury's Paddock, Epsom, and although the latter were somewhat shorthanded they managed to make a very obstinate defence against the attacks of their formidable antagonists. Victory however fell to the Pawnees, who left off with a score of eleven goals to their opponents' two, but the general play was by no means so unequal as the tally would seem to show.

A new man in Maiden acted as goal-keeper for the Iroquois, and displayed a fine knowledge of the game, although evidently somewhat out of practice.

The competition will close next Saturday when Pawnees will meet Dakotahs. This promises to be the best game of the season, each side being very confident of victory. The result however cannot affect the championship, which goes to Pawnees with five

successive wins, Dakotahs following with three to their credit.

It is proposed to close the season with a smoke concert, and if this is properly worked up no doubt it will help to popularise the game as well as provide an enjoyable evening. The committee would do well to take the matter in hand at once.

Some time ago the N.Z. "Graphic" published an excellent portrait group of the first members of the N.Z. Lacrosse Association, the paper also giving full particulars of the inauguration of the pastime in Auckland. Mr P. M. Thomson, one of the committee, forwarded copies to the hon. secretaries of the Associations in the other colonies. The hon. sec. of the South Australian Lacrosse Association has written acknowledging receipt of same and hoping the Auckland men would successfully carry on the good old sport. He also forwarded a copy of the S.A.L.A. rules, and hoped that before long inter-colonial matches would be played with this colony.

The North Shore A team has carried all before it this year in Sydney, having put up an unbroken run of victories. They are far in advance of their nearest rivals with 16 points to their credit, and even in the unlikely event of losing the only two matches remaining cannot miss the championship. The record is a remarkable one, as there are nine strong district teams competing in the senior division, and the Shoremen have as yet not met with defeat.

**WEST END ROWING CLUB.**

The fifteenth annual meeting of the West End Rowing Club was held on Saturday afternoon, and was largely attended. Mr Murdoch McLean, president of the club, was in the chair. The committee's report was unanimously adopted. It was decided to present a photographic shield of the past season's regatta winners to each member who had competed successfully at the regatta. Mr Thos. Peacock was unanimously re-elected patron, and Mr McLean president. Mr Richard Dowden was unanimously elected captain, Mr G. O. Stephenson deputy-captain, Mr A. M. Paterson secretary, and Mr J. C. Gallaher treasurer (re-elected). The following were elected as committee:—Messrs W. H. Conway, R. Fricker, J. M. Ross, J. Hewson, J. Maxwell, A. Ross, and F. M. Shortt. Messrs J. S. Christie and B. Baxter were re-elected auditors. Messrs J. R. Gibbons and N. McLean were elected delegates to the N.Z. Amateur Rowing Association, Wellington. It is hoped that Mr M. McLean will be able to act as the third delegate. The election of delegates to the Northern Rowing Union was left in the hands of the incoming committee. Prof. Carrollo's trophies won by Conway's crew were presented to the successful competitors by the president. A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the outgoing captain (Mr W. Edwards), secretary (Mr J. A. McKenzie), and the members of committee, and also to Mr J. R. Gibbons, of Wellington, who has represented West End at the Councils of the N.Z. Amateur Rowing Association for over ten years. The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, who was loudly cheered.

**KEPT HIS VOW.**

The Lady: "I don't believe you would work if you could."

Dismal Dawson: "I'd do any kind of work that didn't interfere with me principles. I had a chance to be a waiter onst, only I'd swore a solemn oath to never wear a spike-tail coat."

**DOCTOR HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.**

(By Nathaniel Hawthorne.)  
Famous Story Series.

That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew and Mr Gascoigne, and a withered gentleman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr Medbourne, in the vigour of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, and had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these old gentlemen, Mr Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew and Mr Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding further, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not infrequently the case with old people when worried either with present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken chest, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin and brocade, and

with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but being affected with some slight disorder she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned. It was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic, and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror, while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase, so that a mild splendour was reflected from it on the ashen visage of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self, and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger. He uncovered the vase and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly

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