

she could not think why the man should take the matter so oddly. "They are yours, Fraulein, I will bring them myself to your hotel. You can keep them—"

"We should only want them a few days," she interrupted quickly. She had been on the point of making a little joking speech about his wanting them for a bride of his own, but some instinct checked her—"the remainder of the dress we can manage quite well. There is nothing distinctive except the cap which I can easily contrive, but the ornaments are the point of the whole affair, and unless we had them exactly correct it would not be a Frisian Bride at all. I don't know how to thank you, Herr Wyk," she concluded graciously.

"There is no need—I would do more for you than that."

"Take care, perhaps I shall steal your family jewels."

"You cannot steal what is freely given."

"Oh, nonsense! you know I am only borrowing them: by the bye, you haven't asked who is to sit for the bride."

"Because I know by instinct."

"Who is it, then?"

"The most beautiful girl in the island."

"I don't myself think so much of 'Sandra's beauty,'" said Miss Grant to herself as she wandered away across the beach. "Ten years hence she will be as weatherbeaten and shapeless as the veriest old Meer Katze at the bathing place. She has only beauty de diable of a bright, healthy sort. But I suppose Franz Wyk will marry her—when—when he recovers himself. If he thought that I was going to sit to Una Santley in Frisian bridal cap and bells he is mistaken, but I hadn't the heart to tell him so. He seemed to take the matter as a serious compliment. Now to find Sandra and get her consent; I fancy that Franz's Ausstattung will tempt her. "Hi, Frau Sack, have you seen Sandra Hendricks on the Unterland this afternoon?"

Meanwhile, Franz Wyk, pottering over his boat on the western strand, broke into snatches of song which were carried lustily along the beach, where Frau Sack was shaking out her damp towels and bathing costumes. Green is the grass, Red is the sand, Bright is the sunshine, Heiligoland!

"It is not lucky to sing like that on a Friday, Franz Wyk," muttered the old "Meer-Katze" to herself sentimentally.

"It is all settled, Una. Wyk is delighted to lend his jewels, and Sandra to wear them; you shall charm the British public with an original picture, which the 'Panorama' will reproduce in a Christmas number. In my mind's eyes I see your 'Frisian Bride' hanging at all the Metropolitan railway stations."

"Recommending somebody's soap, I suppose, or Australian Wine,—thank you," said Miss Santley grimly. She was not in a good temper, in spite of all Florence Grant's efforts to please her. "Una and her Lion have a good deal in common, sometimes," her friend was fond of remarking.

Nevertheless, the picture was begun, and prospered. Franz Wyk had brought the jewels in a heavy, wooden box and had left them in Miss Grant's keeping. Cassandra Hendricks had donned her best crimson and green and gold costume, and the lace cap, with its flapping ears, which is the insignia of wifehood, and duly "sat" in these and Wyk's ornaments in her stolid, placid Frisian fashion. Only, when her eyes lit on the handsome golden Hartjen, with all its solid appendages of fish and fishing tackle, curiously wrought, and some two hundred years old, or her fingers touched the long, clumsy earrings, a look of complete satisfaction and childlike content would steal over her face, and her mind seem to sun itself in some inward vision of future happiness, which the sight and touch of Franz Wyk's Ausstattung summoned up.

Miss Santley found her an ideal model. "She enters into the spirit of the thing," Una observed to Florence one day. "You would almost believe from the expression that she wears, that she was really a bride. There is a look of half wondering and yet dignified exaltation about her. I had no idea that she possessed so much imaginative power."

"Are you sure that you have not idealised the satisfaction arising from certain fine feathers, and a good deal of importance?"

"No, I haven't," said Miss Santley, sharply; "but I am not quite sure whether that rapt expression is the result of the highest art or the commonest nature."

One glorious summer evening when it would have been a sin to sit indoors painting the two English ladies and Franz Wyk were becalmed in "De Moeve," Wyk's favourite sailing boat, beyond the Dune. A few strokes of the oars would have brought them to shore, but "there was nothing to hurry for," Florence said, and they might just as well sit there as anywhere else. The sea was like green oil, the western sky was all luminous with orange and crimson, and the air about them seemed to quiver though there was not a breath of air anywhere. The breeze which had carried them along so briskly when they first started had suddenly dropped.

"A heavenly evening," the ladies said. "A storm brewing," muttered Franz. But it mattered little, for they were near home, and the oars were ready. The master of the "Moeve" and his lad Peter could land them in a few moments whenever they liked to give the word. Miss Santley had a snug seat among shawls and cushions in the bows, and was devouring the latest consignment of English, French and German periodicals in an omnivorous, polyglot fashion of her own. She might have been in her own South Kensington lodgings or at a Paris Boulevard cafe, or a German reading-room, for all the attention she paid her companions. Peter was happy, too, after his fashion, asleep in the sun, with his mouth open, and dreaming of Congo, so that to all intents and purposes Florence Grant and Franz Wyk were alone—as much alone as the former was wont to be at a London ball, or in the back of a box at the theatre, or on the box-seat of a drag at "Lords." For her the situation had no novelty or special interest. "Will you not sing?" she asked the young man beside her. He had not spoken for so long that the silence was getting a little tedious.

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing 'Der Fescher.'"

Wyk leaned back against the mast and clasped his arms behind his closely cropped brown head. He did not look at Florence, which was a relief to her. His long, silent gaze was beginning to be wearisome to her, but she knew that the intimacy had been of her own seeking, and if she had not had nearly enough of it it was not Wyk's fault. She took comfort in thinking that in a week or so now her return to England would conclude the affair, and a Christmas card four months later would be all that was needed to put an elegant finishing touch to the episode. Meanwhile the young Heiligoland sang like a thrush, and while he sang he did not look at her, but far away out to sea as a sailor should "Der Fescher, please," she repeated. Fortunately it had about a dozen verses.

So wessell alles auf der Welt  
Wir's Wetter im April;  
Der eiserne Teufel wir oben auf  
Der andere todten still!

The voice died softly away and the singer's eyes came back to Miss Grant's face.

(To be continued.)

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**MRS AGNEW FELICITATED.**

A well-known and highly-respected resident of Hillsborough (near Onehunga), Mrs Jane Agnew, has lately been the recipient of many congratulations from her friends and acquaintances. One night, about twelve months ago, Mrs Agnew received a severe stroke of paralysis, but now she has completely recovered the use of her limbs, hence the congratulations. The paralysis left her right arm completely useless,



MRS JANE AGNEW. (From a Photo.)

and her left leg, from the hip joint to the knee, became quite dead to the touch. This sudden attack came on at night when least expected, and in the morning Mrs Agnew found herself a confirmed paralytic. Everything was tried that was thought to be useful. The sum of five guineas was paid for one electric belt, and £2 15/ for another, but neither of them relieved her permanently. Her husband sat up night after night rubbing her with liniments, but without avail. Nothing seemed to improve her, in fact, she soon became worse, for sciatica made its appearance in her back and legs, and later on in her arms. She could not make her own bed for more than a year, and was so helpless that she was not able to pull the bed clothes on top of herself. After she had suffered altogether for several years with the hot shooting pains of sciatica in portions of her body, and the deadness of paralysis in other portions, she was induced to try Dr. Williams' pink pills. The first box did not appear to benefit her much, but after taking the second box, she says: "I then felt that they were doing me more good than I can explain. They seemed to take away the sciatica pains altogether and to strengthen me. My blood was enriched and began to circulate properly. My arm became alive again, the dead flesh on my thigh got to be as sound as it used to be, and my complaints one by one began to abate. I continued Dr. Williams' pink pills for two months, and by that time was quite a new woman to what I was previously. No medicine that I have ever taken is to be compared with these pills. They should be in every household, for they are, undoubtedly, a blessing to humanity. Please publish my letter for the sake of other poor stricken sufferers. I can tell them they will find relief if they only use Dr. Williams' pink pills. I am quite sure that with God's blessing they have saved my life." Simple and earnest testimony like this must have its weight. That is why the sales of Dr. Williams' pink pills are so large. They perform what they are advertised to do. They have cured thousands of cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, consumption, hiccago, bronchitis, lung troubles, weak heart, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever, skin disorders, nervous prostration, ladies' ailments, locomotor ataxia, and all disease of the nerves. They are a strengthening and efficacious tonic for ladies at critical periods, and are sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z.; price, three shillings per box; six boxes, sixteen and sixpence (post free). Be sure that all seven words—Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people—are printed in red ink on the pink outside wrapper, as these are the sort which Mrs Agnew recommends sufferers to obtain.

**NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.**

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MR J. LOTT, Managing Agent for North Island.

District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, August 31, 1899.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned SUBURBAN LANDS will be submitted for sale by public auction at this office on FRIDAY, the 18th day of October, 1899, at 11 a.m.:—

(1) WOLSELEY TOWNSHIP (12500 County), reclassified as Suburban Land—Lots 24 to 25, inclusive, 3a 2r 5p, total upset price £35 6/3; lots 34, 35, 36 to 40, inclusive, lot 41, lots 42 to 54, inclusive, and lot 57, together 8a 25p, total upset price £31 11/3; lots 60 to 75, inclusive, 7a 2r 28p, total upset price £76 17/6. Situated about a mile from Avondale.

(2) PAHI TOWNSHIP (reclassified as Suburban)—Lots 17, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 1r 34p, upset price £1 10/; Suburbs of Pahi—Lot 4, 10a 3p, total upset price £30 15/; lot 10, 10a, upset price £18 10/; lot 11, 20a 31p, 42a, lot 15, 19a 1r, 45r 15/; lot 16, 25a 3r, 47r 5/; lot 17, 5a 3r 59p, 42r 15/; lot 3r, 27a 3r 14p, 48s 10/; lot 44, 19a 25p, 45r 11/3.

TERMS OF SALE.—One fifth cash on fall of the hammer, and balance with Crown Grant within 30 days thereafter, otherwise the one fifth paid by way of deposit will be forfeited, and the contract for the sale of the land be null and void.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.

District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, August 31, 1899.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undermentioned Lots in the Townships of Alexandra East and Alexandra West, reclassified as Suburban Lands, will be submitted for sale by public auction, at this office, on FRIDAY, 18th October, 1899, at 11 a.m.

The areas range from 2 roods up to 11 acres, and the upset prices £2 per acre.

Posters, with plan and schedule of lots, may be seen at the principal Post Offices and Railway Stations throughout the district. Copies may also be obtained at this office on application.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.

District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, August 28.

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED that the undermentioned TOWNSHIP AND RURAL LANDS will be submitted for Sale by Public Auction at this office, on FRIDAY, the 25th day of Sept., 1899, at 11 a.m.:

TOWNSHIP OF KIHIKIHI (classified as Suburban)—Lots 25, 32, 21, 22, 32, 33, 34, each 1 acre, upset price 45 per lot. Lot 152, 3r 29p, perches, upset price £5. Lot 127, 1a 1r 23p, upset price 47. Lots 222, 223 are Museum Endowments.

SUBURBS OF POKENO (Manukau County)—Lots 232, 243, 244, each 2 roods, upset price per lot £11. Lot 230, 1r 7p, upset price £2/6. Lot 231, 1a 5p, upset price £2 6/8. Lot 241, 3r, upset price £1 10/. Lot 242, 1r, upset price 10/. Lot 245, 1a 3r, upset price £3 10/. Lot 246, 2a 19p, upset price £4 5/. Lot 247, 1r 37p, upset price 41. Lot 282, 25p, perches, upset price 6/6. Lot 283a, 1r 3p, upset price 11/.

KAEO, S.D. (Bay of Island County)—Sec. 2, Block X1, 412 acres 3 roods, total upset price £54 2/6 comprises two (2) blocks mixed forest, containing about 60,000 sup. ft. Kauri timber and some totara, balance open fern land, well watered, and situated on Kaeo-Waimate Rd., 10 miles from Kaeo.

**CONDITIONS OF SALE.**

One-fifth of the purchase money on fall of the hammer, and the balance, with Crown Grant Fee, within 30 days thereafter, otherwise the one fifth paid by way of deposit will be forfeited and the contract for the sale of the Land be null and void.

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