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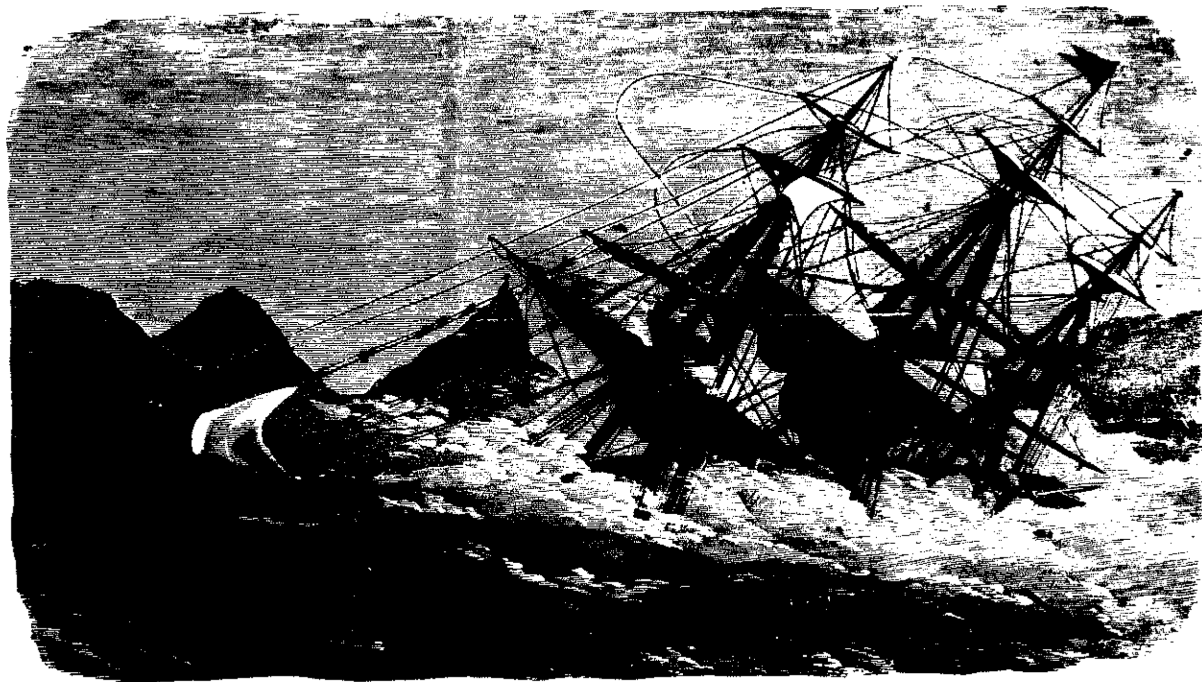


WRECK OF THE 'ORPHEUS'

THE MANUKAU HARBOUR.

Nation Making:

A STORY OF

NEW ZEALAND SAVAGEISM AND CIVILIZATION.

By J. C. FIRTH,

AUTHOR OF "LUCK" AND "OUR KIN ACROSS THE SEA."

CHAPTER IV.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

English interest in the story of New Zealand—Extermination of aboriginal races—Man a religious animal—A brighter morn—"Britannia rules the waves"—A charmed circle—The fatal mistake—A bastard language—Missionaries and waifs and strays—A great opportunity missed—Language a conqueror—False ideas corrected—The twenty years' war avoided—The Aryan race.

MORE than a hundred years have passed since Cook discovered and took formal possession of New Zealand. During that long period the romantic interest in the islands, which was excited by the genius of the great navigator, has not ceased to animate the English nation. Neither the lapse of time nor a long succession of untoward events has removed New Zealand from the circle of English sympathies. The theories of colonization, the systems of government, the noble Christian efforts, and the stirring and warlike events of which New Zealand has of late years been the arena, may account for much of the painful interest with which it continues to be regarded by the philosopher, the statesman, and the philanthropist.

By steadfast efforts civilization is raising its trophies amongst us. Farms, ships, and cities are to be seen on every hand. Yet, if civilization has its victories, it has its victims also. Sad as the statement may be, it can hardly be denied that civilization rarely assimilates the aboriginal element. To be degraded, to be enslaved, or to be exterminated, has too often been the hard fate of barbaric races, when they come in contact with modern civilization. To remove this great reproach, to civilize, to Christianise, and to save the Maori race, has been a great work which all good men have desired to see accomplished.

Many plans have been tried, many mistakes have been made, but the work is not yet done. We have not secured success. If we have acquired experience, if we have drawn lessons from the weary past, and if manfully and at all cost we are determined wisely to apply these lessons, we may yet look for a brighter and more successful future. The conditions under which the Crown assumed the sovereignty of New Zealand were, on the whole, favourable. The imitative faculties of the Maori led him to adopt many of the habits and wants of the Europeans. His trading propensities enabled him to obtain readily the means of satisfying his desires. They also furnished a lever of no mean power wherewith to raise him out of the grim den of barbarism in which he had dwelt so long.

In common with all the races of mankind, the Maori is a religious animal. Call it superstition, call it devil-worship, call it what you will, that feeling of weakness, of helplessness, which lies at the threshold of all religious sentiment, existed in the people we found here, and was either a power for evil or a power for good. Whilst the ships and the arms of the white traders secured the respect of the natives, the simple truths of the Gospel won his admiration. Up to this point the bright visions of English philanthropists seemed about to be realised. The hideous deeds of the long dark night of heathenism began to disappear before a brighter morn, before the golden precepts of a purer faith.

In 1840, the federated chiefs ceded the sovereignty to England. That great power, whose ships were on every sea, whose achievements in arts and arms had been celebrated in every quarter of the globe, made its appearance in New Zealand. The missionary had told of the great and good deeds of Britain. The runaway sailors had narrated to the warrior chiefs stories of the deeds, by sea and land, of warriors greater than themselves. Both had an unwavering faith in the prowess of their race. Not only did the sentiment that

Britannia rules the waves

echo through many a Maori pa, but the prestige of England became one of the chief articles in the new creed of the Maori.

Thus did commerce, religion, and law unite their forces to rescue the Maori race from the blighting influence which the white man's presence had too often exerted on his dark-skinned brethren. Such were some of the conditions under which the sovereignty was assumed.

When a great nation like England attempts to rule a little one in the peculiar circumstances of New Zealand, it is not surprising that many grave mistakes are made. From the first a dire fatality attended our movements, whether military or civil. From within the charmed circle of a famous prestige one would have thought that we might have exorcised the evil spirit from the Maori. And so we could, but for one fatal mistake.

When the missionaries arrived in New Zealand, they found the primitive Maori language, though full of Aryan roots, sufficient but for the simple wants of the savages they ventured amongst, but incapable of conveying the same ideas of Christianity and civilization. They proceeded to make the primitive language fit the new conditions. They set to work in this way:—

The English meaning of the capital city of the colony was "Auckland." To obtain a corresponding word a Maori was invited to pronounce the word "Auckland." The nearest approach the native could then make to it was "Akarana," and that became the Maori name of the city. In like manner "pork" became "poaka," the Maori word for "pig," and so on.

By making and retaining this degraded, hybrid language, the missionaries may have hoped to retain control of the Maori people, to have kept them under tutelage till they had Christianized them. In the mean time many European waifs and strays located about the coasts and in the interior had acquired a knowledge of the Maori language, and there grew up a class of men known as "Pakeha Maoris," many of whom lived in Maori *kaingas* (villages) and became more or less Maori in habits and ideas. There was, however, another class who, possibly from having the "gift of language," acquired a knowledge of Maori, amongst whom were many bright examples of upright gentlemen.

From these two classes sprang the "interpreters," who naturally became the chief mediums of communication between the two races. The Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe," with a few others, were translated into the hybrid Maori language, and formed the literature of the Maori people.

By this course a great opportunity was missed. The Saxons conquered our Celtic ancestors not so much by their arms as by their language. Had the missionaries ignored the imperfect Maori language, and boldly taught the natives the English tongue, they would doubtless have found their initial labours much more difficult, but they would have brought the Maoris into direct lingual communication with the English colonists, and into contact with English literature. The Maoris would not then have been left in the hands of people whose interest lay in retaining their influence over the native race by being the sole means of communication between them and the white men, so keeping the two races apart, to the irreparable injury of both.

Disputes, trifling in themselves, would have disappeared if every Maori disputant could have talked over his grievance with the first colonist he met. Misapprehensions would never have hardened into wrongs if they could have been explained at once.

If the Maoris and colonists could have directly traded together, could have been taught together in the same schools, could have worshipped together in the same churches, without any "go-between," the twenty years' war would never have occurred; millions of treasure would have been saved, and the blood of both races, instead of being shed like water, would have mingled in the Britain of the South, as the blood of the Celt and the Saxon had mingled long ago in the Britain of the North; and two branches of the Aryan family, after a separation of thousands of years and thousands of miles, would have been reunited in these remote Islands of the Sea, and the making of a new nation would have proceeded under happier conditions.

The English nation earnestly desired to rescue the Maori race from destruction. Few enterprises since the abolition of slavery have been undertaken in our time with more ardour. The overthrow of Mexico and the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, and our own occupation of the North American continent in later times, had been attended with results which had alarmed and outraged Christendom. The silver shod cavalry of Pizarro had banished the Inca from the gilded palace of his fathers, just as our Western trappers had driven the Red Indian from his hunting grounds. Are aboriginal races always to disappear before the inroads of the white man? If civilization is inexorable in recording sentence of death against the dark-skinned races, it certainly matters little whether the executioners be the homespun backwoodsmen of our time, or the splendid buccaneers of an earlier age.

Could England have rescued the Maori from a similar doom, she would have raised a proud testimony against the homage that civilisation pays to mammon. She ought to rear a temple to philanthropy. She has left instead an edifice in ruins.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAORI NATION-MAKER.

A young Maori chief—A code of laws for the Maoris submitted to Government—A sincere Christian—A man of mark—A true patriot—He knows nobody—Gets no hearing—Retires disappointed—Takes passage in a coasting cutter—"Go ashore, you nigger!"—A Christian gentleman in a Maori mat—Resolves to make a nation—William Thompson, the king maker—Begins his work—A tribal combination—A Maori village in 1856—Houses and plantations—The church on the hill—Peach tree groves—The mill in the valley—The post office—The chief's school-house—The council house—Force and dignity of Maori oratory—The church-going bell—Communism—Individualism—The village of 1872—Cannibals and fortifications—Wars and rumours of wars—Maori chivalry—A chief of the olden time—The heralds—A message of war—A reply in kind—Silent, but effective—Peace unbroken—A real savage—Target practice—The missionaries appear—Nation-making continues—Thompson pursues his way alone—His policy on two lines—Combination—Stoppage of land sales.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO a young Maori chief of high rank arrived in the city of Auckland, to confer with the New Zealand Government upon the adoption of a simple code of laws for the better government of the Maori people. Straight as an arrow, lithe and stalwart from personal toil, of great mental power, with the manners and feelings of a natural gentleman—not obscured by the dark skin and primitive garb of the Maori—a constant student of the New Testament, and a sincere Christian, the young chief was a man of mark.

Though the only son of a warrior renowned in Maori story, he was a man of peace. He had been carefully taught and trained by the missionaries, and was one of their most promising as well as most distinguished converts. He had built a school for his people, and for some years before his visit to Auckland had been its most active and capable teacher.

As he has often expressed to me, he desired to make his people into a nation, capable of existence amongst the increasing numbers of the white colonists, without being either demoralised by their vices or crushed by their power. The descendant of a line of warrior chiefs, he felt the pulsations in his own veins of the blood of a free, though savage race—a patriot of the first water. He wanted to make his people really free; not in antagonism to the colonists, but under their guidance. He had pondered long on the difficult task of how to bring a fierce race of democratic, warlike communists—for, as I shall note in another chapter, the Maoris were practical communists—into a condition of progress.

The increasing numbers of the *pakeha* (colonists), and the granting of a constitution to New Zealand, had stimulated his efforts, and he had drawn up a code of laws for the better government of his people, and now visited Auckland to submit his ideas to the New Zealand Government for inspection and correction.

It was his first visit to the city, and he knew nobody. Finding his way as best he could to the Government offices, he attempted again and again to obtain a hearing, but in vain. After repeated efforts he gave up the attempt in disgust.

Carrying his code with him, he took passage in a small cutter trading to the port nearest his ancestral domains. On the voyage the master ran the cutter into a small bay to procure water. Ignorant of his passenger's rank, he roughly said:

"Here, you nigger, go ashore and bring some water aboard!"

The "blue blood" of the great chief tingled, his eye flashed for an instant, at being commanded to do the work of a *taurekareka* (slave) by a *tutua* (low person).

Happily the savage instincts of the dark "son of warriors" had been replaced by the placid temper of a Christian gentleman, and, without a word, he obeyed the rude command. Nevertheless, the incident deepened the conviction he had already formed, that if his people were not to continue savages, if indeed they were not to be made subject to the white race, they must make themselves into a nation.

This young chief was Wi Tamehana te Waharoa, afterwards famous as William Thompson, the king maker, who, with patient energy, consummate skill, and steadfast courage, struggled long, but—as the result proved—struggled in vain, to accomplish his purpose—noble, if impossible.

Arriving in his own territory he began his work by convening assemblies of the Maoris at various points. At these meetings he unfolded his objects and plans; submitted a code of laws, combatted objections, reconciled ancient tribal feuds, revived in every district the ancient Maori *runanga* (councils); finally welding the tribes into a powerful combination; and to give force and point to his efforts, proposed to make the renowned warrior chief Te Wherowhero king of the Maori nation.

William Thompson's favourite place of abode was at the large Maori village of Peria. When I visited Peria in 1856, though retaining the best features of a purely Maori settlement, it bore abundant marks of the genius of Thompson. It was beautifully situated on a number of gentle eminences; on the summit of every hill were located the *whares* (houses) of a *hapu* (kindred families), each surrounded by its own little plantations of wheat, maize, kumaras, and potatoes. Every cluster of houses was hidden in its grove of peach trees, and was provided with a *pataka* (storehouse), raised three feet from the ground on strong posts, with projecting timber caps as a precaution against rats. In these patakas the better class of food was stored, potatoes being kept all the year round in *rua* (silos, holes), each holding about a ton, carefully excavated, and provided with a well fitted trap door. Some idea may be formed of the number of inhabitants in Peria at that time from the circumstance that fifteen years later, when the settlement was deserted, I had nine hundred of these *rua* filled up. The patakas were generally ornamented with grotesque carvings, coloured red, to make them *tapu* (sacred), and were very striking objects in a village.

A Maori-built church crowned one height, the ancient burial-place another. Thompson's own house, nestling in a grove of peach trees, stood on an eminence from which stretched, north and south, the level plains of the great valley of the Thames. In the lofty mountain range opposite could be seen, like a streak of silver, the Wairere Waterfall, five hundred feet or more in height. From the same point could be seen Tarawera mountain, since famous for its volcanic eruption in June 1886, whilst far to

the south lay the snow-capped peaks of Ruapehu and Tongariro. On an adjacent hill stood a post-office, from which Thompson despatched letters to all the Maori villages. In the valley below the village a stream turned a little flour mill, where the dusky farmers ground their wheat. Not far from this stood the school-house, in which the chief taught his scholars of every age, from the tattooed old chief to the boy and girl. A large *whare runanga* (council hall) occupied a central position, where from time to time the affairs of the Maori nation were discussed by chiefs of renown, in speeches marked by the fire, humour, action, dignity, and decorum characteristic of Maori oratory.

Every morning and evening a bell called this orderly, simple, religious people to prayers. I never saw a more charming instance of simple idyllic life than this remarkable Maori village presented in 1856. It seemed after all that the enigma of how to graft the best form of civilization—Christ's civilization—on *not* the worst form of savageism was about to be solved.

The ancient communal life of the Maori nation seemed to be developing into a generous individualism, free from much of the inordinate selfishness engendered by companies, syndicates and trusts—the latest phases of modern civilization. As if, whilst a nation of savages were abandoning their communism, civilization was busy in hatching a communism which, whilst it fattens one portion of the community, shamelessly plunders or makes slaves of the other.

This partial abandonment of communism had been greatly due to the steadfast efforts of the chief, William Thompson, aided by the missionaries.

Thirty years before, Pae-o-tawaru (Peria) was a kainga of the old style. Then strong Maori *pas* (fortifications) frowned from every prominent hill; a fierce race of warriors (communists and cannibals) held their lands and lives only by constant watchfulness, fierce attacks and gallant defences occurring at frequent intervals, followed by the usual cannibal feasts. Nevertheless, these contests were conducted generally with singular chivalry.

One lazy summer's day two messengers from the mountain chief arrived at Pae-o-tawaru with an announcement of an intended attack. The old tattooed warrior chief of the village, lazily reclining in the sunshine against a prostrate tree, and quietly killing the insects which usually torment the Maori, received the heralds. They delivered their warlike message, and gravely waited for the chief's reply. According to Maori customs, he manifested no fear, not even surprise, beyond quietly raising his eyebrows. Then, when he had sufficiently displayed his indifference, without saying a single word, he quietly caught one of the insects, and, with a turn of his thumb, killed it on the log.

That was all. The heralds had seen his action, and understood the reply it conveyed. After an interval, due to the power of the chief and to the importance of their message, they departed. This piece of grim humour was more effective than any fierce challenge, for it meant:

'Let your master lead on his warriors, and I will crush him as easily as I have crushed the insect.'

No attack was made, and the peace remained unbroken. This grim old chief was a real savage. When guns first made their appearance in the village, by way of having the requisite target practice, he would squat at the door of his house and fire at any unfortunate slave as he passed within range.

Not long after, the old chief died, the missionaries appeared, and through their teaching and William Thompson's growing influence, tribal contests, slavery and cannibalism disappeared, and the savage, war-like kainga of Pae-o-tawaru became transformed into the peaceful, industrious, Christian village of Peria as I first saw it.

It was from this village that the chief William Thompson directed the work of Maori nation-making he had commenced until, as already stated, he had so far succeeded as to have welded most of the tribes into a powerful combination, and taken measures for the election of a Maori king. Though the son of one of the most renowned warriors in Maori story, William Thompson was essentially a man of peace. A wonderful instance of the mental vigour and capability of the native race, he nevertheless, perhaps not unnaturally, failed to grasp the consequences certain to arise from his patriotic policy. He neither intended, wished for, nor expected a contest to occur between the dark race and the white strangers who were swarming into the colony. Failing to secure the guidance and help of the New Zealand Government, he pursued his way alone.

His policy ran on two main lines.

First, to combine his people, so that they might pursue their forward march, unchecked by tribal contests, and present a national barrier to the inroads of the restless white man.

Second, to prevent absolutely any further sale or lease of lands to the Government or white settlers.

To these he added education, the pursuit of agriculture, and the abstinence from rum or intoxicating liquors of any kind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'What are yer doin' you young rascal?' said a farmer to a remarkably small boy on finding him under a tree in the orchard with an apple in his hand. 'Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this 'ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir.'

When you see a girl perusing a scrap-book full of cooking recipes out of the weekly papers you know pretty well that some young man is in a position to be congratulated, and yet when you think of the recipes you feel rather sorry for him, too.

Enraged Father: 'Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding cheque.' Mother: 'Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope.' Enraged Father: 'Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed.'

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION TO EMIN PASHA.

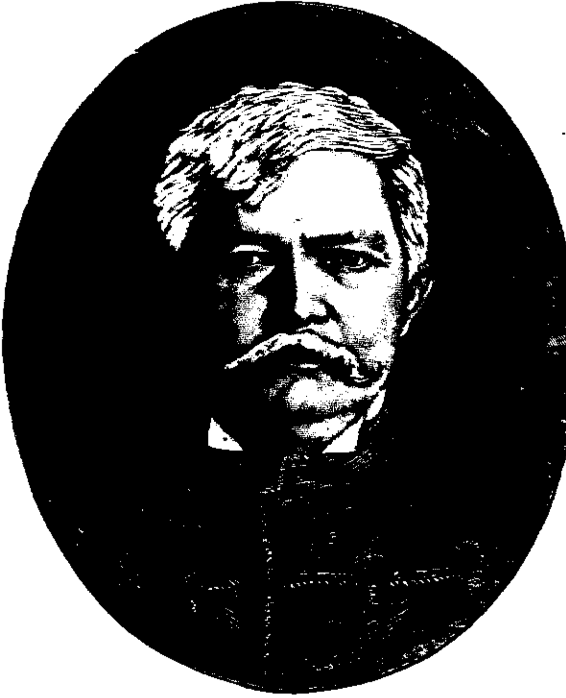
(*See illustrations, page 11.*)

EVERYONE is more or less interested in Mr H. M. Stanley, the great African traveller. Probably the last of his achievements (which has occupied three years), viz., the successful attempt to bring relief to Emin Pasha, will be considered one of the most remarkable of his exploring journeys.

It may be explained that Emin Pasha was Governor of the Egyptian Stations at Wadelai, on the Upper White Nile. His real name is Dr. Eduard Schnitzer, and he is a German physician. Emin Pasha was in a dangerous position, and was made prisoner, and in November, 1886, his friends in England set on foot an expedition to relieve him.

It was determined, toward the end of 1886, that the Relief Expedition, commanded by Mr Stanley, should be conveyed up the River Congo to the River Aruwimi, and should proceed thence to Lake Albert Nyanza, a distance of less than 400 miles. This was not considered by many people the best route, but the influence of personages connected with the Congo Free State was sufficient to cause its acceptance, the King of the Belgians, as President of the Congo Free State, patronising the enterprise, and the Khedive of Egypt contributing part of the funds.

The Expedition left Zanzibar February 24th, 1887, by the steamship Madura, and arrived, March 18th, at the mouth of the Congo. Though variously hindered, the Expedition performed the ascent of the Congo from Stanley Pool to the River Aruwimi in six weeks.



H. M. STANLEY.

The depôt of stores was arranged to be Yambuya, two days' voyage up the Aruwimi. The rear-guard remained here from June, 1887, to June, 1888, while Mr Stanley marched with the advance party through the pathless forest to Lake Albert Nyanza. The camp, under the charge of Major Barttelot, was well situated, and well protected. For natives—who fight with spears and arrows—and Arabs—who have rifles and double-barrel shot-guns—two different kinds of defence works were necessary.

There is no regular rainy season in this part. Every few days there are heavy showers, so that the trench which was dug round the fort served as well for a water supply as for its original purpose of protection.

The story of this unfortunate camp at Yambuya is most sad and deplorable. Tippo Tib had promised 600 men, and stores were also to arrive shortly after Mr Stanley's departure; but the Arab chiefs proved disloyal, and not only withheld the promised men, but forbade the natives to sell food, and even broke up Major Barttelot's canoes.

In May, 1888, Major Barttelot, disheartened by the past weary months of waiting, succeeded in obtaining from Tippo Tib 400 men, and commenced his march after Stanley, about whose fate he was extremely anxious, as no certain information had reached him, only vague rumours of death and disease.

Many of the Major's people died of actual starvation, but he pushed forward on June 11th, too late to be of any assistance to Stanley. Alas! this brave soldier was assassinated by one of the men whom Tippo Tib had sent to him.

When at length Mr Stanley returned to look for these unfortunate men he found only one European, Mr Bonny, living. Of the rest of the camp, but 71 remained. The stores were almost entirely lost.

On the map there does not appear much space between Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, and Kavalli, at the southern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza. Kavalli is due east of Yambuya, about 370 miles in a straight line. But Mr Stanley kept near the river Aruwimi, which bends to the north. This made the travelling distance over 500 miles.

It is difficult for us even to imagine the terrible sufferings Mr Stanley and his followers underwent during the 160 days it took them to work their way through the compact, continuous, unbroken forest. Estimating the time—in England—that it would take to traverse this part of the journey, Mr Stanley thought he allowed himself an ample margin for delays when he said they could get through in two weeks. But month after month saw them marching, tearing, ploughing, cutting through that same continuous forest. Try and imagine some of the inconveniences. Take a thick dense New Zealand forest dripping with rain; a mass of mere under-growth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above; queer noises of birds and animals; crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; natives (dwarfs) with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines, with terribly sharp spears, standing poised still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences—fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Auckland to Christchurch or Otago, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887, and twice after, on our return to Yambuya Camp, and our way back from it.

In this graphic description of the forest perils we have drawn upon Mr Stanley's own account. Nothing that we could say would convey such an idea of the situation as the explorer himself does in the touching letters we quote.

Part of the way the Expedition was enabled to use their portable steel boat on the river. This they found an immense relief, as it carried those poor fellows who were unable to walk, through ulcers on their feet, caused by their striking against stones, stumps, and thorns. Carrying the boat sections and other loads through the forest produced this extra suffering.

On arriving at the junction of the two rivers Ihuri and Ituri a small camp was formed, and the sick, under Captain Nelson, who was himself unable to walk, were left. Everyone was now suffering severely from want of food. After a terrible experience Captain Nelson and the very few survivors were relieved by Mr Jephson.

Mr Stanley meantime pushed on, and at length, in December, 1887, reached the Albert Nyanza. After some delay Mr Stanley heard that at length Emin Pasha was free, and was coming to him. They met on Sunday, April 29th. The Pasha expressed his thanks to the English for the Relief Expedition.

Presently the return journey by a different route was commenced. It had been delayed by Emin Pasha's reluctance to accept the immediate rescue of himself and his personal attendants unless he could take the Soudanese people, so long entrusted to his care, with him. Ultimately these were provided for, and the Expedition made its way from the Albert Nyanza to the Albert Edward Nyanza through the Unyoro Country, gaining a nearer acquaintance with the remarkable Ruwenzori, 'The Mountains of the Moon'; thence, after a most toilsome journey, marked by sickness and death amongst the followers, they arrived at Mswa, only five days from the coast. By easy stages now, and crossing the Kingani River by one ferry boat, they arrived at Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar. Here they were warmly received, as was also the case at every other place they subsequently visited. Our illustration shows Mr Stanley's arrival in London, and the welcome he so richly merited.

A grand reception in honour of Mr Stanley was given by the Emin Relief Committee, the Prince of Wales presiding. Stanley warmly praised his associates. The Prince of Wales proposed a vote of thanks to the brave explorer, which was, of course, adopted by acclamation.

There is a rumour that Mr Stanley is to be appointed Governor of the Congo. He is going to be married in Westminster Abbey to a Miss Dorothy Tennant, artist.

Most heroes come home to be buried in the Abbey. Let us hope that it will be long before Mr Stanley's bones are laid there, and that he and his brave wife may enjoy a honeymoon trip to East Central Africa.

ONE OF SEVERAL.

ACCORDING to the *Yorkshire Post*, a pretty story is current just now as to why the late Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, remained single. It is said that in his early middle life, when already occupying a professor's chair at Cambridge, he proposed and was rejected. The lady took another clergyman for her husband, and when Dr. Lightfoot had been a little while in Durham he found her in a country vicarage, striving hard to make both ends meet. The bishop at once sought an opportunity of advancing his rival to one of the best livings in the diocese. This is, in its way, a very charming picture; but it is but one of a little crop of romances, all redounding to his credit, but all regarded with regretful incredulity by those who knew the bishop.

THE NEXT MORNING.

Next morning in his easy chair,
 All bent with woe he sat;
He sighed, and smoothed his ruffled hair—
 'Where did I get this hat?'

Blind Love.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. II. III. IV. AND V.

SIR GILES MOUNTJOY, of Arden, knight and banker, sends for his head clerk, Dennis Howmore, early in the morning. He brings, by Sir Giles' instructions, a broken tea-cup from behind a milestone, then, again following his employer's orders, consults the third volume of Gibbon's History in the reading room. Here he discovers a piece of perforated paper. Being suspicious, as he lives in Ireland, he consults a friend of his, who enlightens him as to the nature of this mysterious paper.

Sir Giles takes Dennis into his confidence the next day. Together they come to the conclusion that this is a warning about some member of his family, possibly about his nephew Arthur (Sir Giles is a bachelor), who Dennis says is boycotted.

Miss Iris Henley, Sir Giles' god-daughter, calls. She has quarrelled with her father in London, and refused to marry her cousin Hugh, because she loves a certain Lord Harry, who has joined a Secret Society—the Invincibles.

Iris sends a letter to warn Arthur Mountjoy of his supposed danger. Sir Giles soon receives another letter, appointing a meeting with him privately. Sir Giles promptly sends for the police. He arranged that the Sergeant, dressed in private clothes, should go to the rendezvous for him.

It is quite dark, but Iris, fearing that the man who is threatening her god-father is none other than her lover Lord Harry—leaves the house, and makes her way to the milestone the place appointed in the note.

THE PROLOGUE.—(Continued.)

VI.

THE wind rose a little, and the rifts in the clouds began to grow broader as Iris gained the high road.

For a while, the glimmer of the misty moonlight lit the way before her. As well as she could guess, she had passed over more than half of the distance between the town and the milestone before the sky darkened again. Objects by the wayside grew shadowy and dim. A few drops of rain began to fall. The milestone, as she knew—thanks to the discovery of it made by daylight—was on the right hand side of the road. But the dull grey colour of the stone was not easy to see in the dark.

A doubt troubled her whether she might not have passed the milestone. She stopped and looked at the sky.

The threatening of rain had passed away: signs showed themselves which seemed to promise another break in the clouds. She waited. Low and faint, the sinking moonlight looked its last at the dull earth. In front of her, there was nothing to be seen but the road. She looked back—and discovered the milestone.

A rough stone wall protected the land on either side of the road. Nearly behind the milestone there was a gap in this fence, partially closed by a hurdle. A half ruined culvert, arching a ditch that had run dry, formed a bridge leading from the road to the field. Had the field been already chosen as a place of concealment by the police? Nothing was to be seen but a footpath, and the dusky line of a plantation beyond it. As she made these discoveries, the rain began to fall again; the clouds gathered once more; the moonlight vanished.

At the same moment an obstacle presented itself to her mind, which Iris thus far failed to foresee.

Lord Harry might approach the milestone by three different ways: that is to say—by the road from the town, or by the road from the open country, or by way of the field and the culvert. How could she so place herself as to be sure of warning him, before he fell into the hands of the police? To watch the three means of approach in the obscurity of the night, and at one and the same time, was impossible.

A man in this position, guided by reason, would in all probability have wasted precious time in trying to arrive at the right decision. A woman, aided by love, conquered the difficulty that confronted her in a moment.

Iris decided on returning to the milestone, and on waiting there to be discovered and taken prisoner by the police. Supposing Lord Harry to be punctual to his appointment, he would hear voices and movements, as a necessary consequence of the arrest, in time to make his escape. Supposing him on the other hand to be late, the police would be on the way back to the town with their prisoner: he would find no one at the milestone, and would leave it again in safety.

She was on the point of turning, to get back to the road, when something on the dark surface of the field, which looked like a darker shadow, became dimly visible. In another moment, it seemed to be a shadow that moved. She ran towards it. It looked like a man as she drew nearer. The man stopped.

'The password,' he said, in tones cautiously lowered.

'Fidelity,' she answered in a whisper.

It was too dark for a recognition of his features; but Iris knew him by his tall stature—knew him by the accent in which he had asked for the password. Erroneously judging of her, on his side, as a man, he drew back again. Sir Giles Mountjoy was above the middle height; the stranger, in a cloak, who had whispered to him, was below it. 'You are not the person I expected to meet,' he said. 'Who are you?'

Her faithful heart was longing to tell him the truth. The temptation to reveal herself, and to make the sweet confession of her happiness at having saved him, would have encouraged her discretion, but for a sound that was audible on the road behind them. In the deep silence of time and place, mistake was impossible. It was the sound of footsteps.

There was just time to whisper to him: 'Sir Giles has betrayed you. Save yourself.'

'Thank you, whoever you are!'

With that reply, he suddenly and swiftly disappeared. Iris remembered the culvert, and turned towards it. There was a hiding-place under the arch, if she could only get down into the dry ditch in time. She was feeling her way to the slope of it with her feet, when a heavy hand seized her by the arm; and a resolute voice said: 'You are my prisoner.'

She was led back into the road. The man who had got her blew a whistle. Two other men joined him.

'Show a light,' he said; 'and let's see who the fellow is.'

The shade was slipped aside from a lantern; the light fell full on the prisoner's face. Amazement petrified the two attendant policemen. The pious Catholic Sergeant burst into speech: 'Holy Mary! it's a woman!'

Did the secret societies of Ireland enrol women? Was this a modern Judith, expressing herself by anonymous letters, and bent on assassinating a financial Holofernes who kept a bank? What account had she to give of herself? How came she to be alone in a desolate field on a rainy night? Instead of answering these questions, the inscrutable stranger preferred a bold and brief request. 'Take me to Sir Giles'—was all she said to the police.

The Sergeant had the handcuffs ready. After looking at the prisoner's delicate wrists by the lantern-light, he put his fetters back in his pocket. 'A lady—and no doubt about it,' he said to one of his assistants.

The two men waited, with a mischievous interest in seeing what he would do next. The list of their pious officer's virtues included a constitutional partiality for women, which exhibited the merciful side of justice when a criminal wore a petticoat. 'We will take you to Sir Giles, Miss,' he said—and offered his arm, instead of offering his handcuffs. Iris understood him and took his arm.

She was silent—unaccountably silent as the men thought—on the way to the town. They heard her sigh; and, once, the sigh sounded more like a sob; little did they suspect what was in that silent woman's mind at the time.

The one object which had absorbed the attention of Iris had been the saving of Lord Harry. This accomplished, the free exercise of her memory had now reminded her of Arthur Mountjoy.

It was impossible to doubt that the object of the proposed meeting at the milestone had been to take measures for the preservation of the young man's life. A coward is always more or less cruel. The proceedings (equally treacherous and merciless) by which Sir Giles had provided for his own safety, had delayed—perhaps actually prevented—the execution of Lord Harry's humane design. It was possible, horribly possible, that a prompt employment of time might have been necessary to the rescue of Arthur from impending death by murder. In the agitation that overpowered her, Iris actually hurried the police on their return to the town.

Sir Giles had arranged to wait for news in his private room at the office—and there he was, with Dennis Howmore in attendance to receive visitors.

The Sergeant went into the banker's room alone, to make his report. He left the door ajar: Iris could hear what passed.

'Have you got your prisoner?' Sir Giles began.

'Yes, your honour.'

'Is the wretch securely handcuffed?'

'I beg your pardon, sir, it isn't a man.'

'Nonsense, Sergeant; it can't be a boy.'

The Sergeant confessed that it was not a boy. 'It's a woman,' he said.

'What!!!'

'A woman?' the patient officer repeated—'and a young one. She asked for You.'

'Bring her in.'

Iris was not the sort of person who waits to be brought in. She walked in, of her own accord.

VII.

'GOOD Heavens!' cried Sir Giles. 'Iris! With my cloak on!! With my hat in her hand!!! Sergeant, there has been some dreadful mistake. This is my goddaughter—Miss Henley.'

'We found her at the milestone, your honour. The young lady, and nobody else.'

Sir Giles appealed helplessly to his goddaughter. 'What does this mean?' Instead of answering, she looked at the Sergeant. The Sergeant, conscious of responsibility, stood his ground and looked at Sir Giles. His face confessed that the Irish sense of humour was tickled; but he showed no intention of leaving the room. Sir Giles saw that Iris would enter into no explanation in the man's presence. 'You needn't wait any longer,' he said.

'What am I to do, if you please, with the prisoner?' the Sergeant inquired.

Sir Giles waived that unnecessary question away with his hand. He was trebly responsible—as knight, banker, and magistrate into the bargain. 'I will be answerable,' he replied, 'for producing Miss Henley, if called upon. Good-night.'

The Sergeant's sense of duty was satisfied. He made the military salute. His gallantry added homage to the young lady under the form of a bow. Then, and then only, he walked with dignity out of the room.

'Now,' Sir Giles resumed, 'I presume I may expect to receive an explanation. What does this impropriety mean? What were you doing at the milestone?'

'I was saving the person who made the appointment with you,' Iris said; 'the poor fellow who had no ill-will towards you—who had risked everything to save your nephew's life. Oh, sir, you committed a terrible mistake when you refused to trust that man!'

Sir Giles had anticipated the appearance of fear, and the reality of humble apologies. She had answered him indignantly, with a heightened colour, and with tears in her eyes. His sense of his own social importance was wounded to the quick. 'Who is the man you are speaking of?' he asked loftily. 'And what is your excuse for having gone to the milestone to save him—hidden under my cloak, disguised in my hat?'

'Don't waste precious time in asking questions!' was the desperate reply. 'Undo the harm that you have done already. Your help—oh, I mean what I say!—may yet preserve Arthur's life. Go to the farm, and save him.'

Sir Giles's anger assumed a new form; it indulged in an elaborate mockery of respect. He took his watch from his pocket, and consulted it satirically. 'Must I make an excuse?' he asked with a clumsy assumption of humility.

'No! you must go.'

'Permit me to inform you, Miss Henley, that the last train started more than two hours since.'

'What does that matter? You are rich enough to hire a train.'

Sir Giles, the actor, could endure it no longer; he dropped the mask, and revealed Sir Giles, the man. His clerk was summoned by a peremptory ring of the bell. 'Attend Miss Henley to the house,' he said. 'You may come to your senses after a night's rest,' he continued, turning sternly to Iris. 'I will receive your excuses in the morning.'

In the morning, the breakfast was ready as usual at nine o'clock. Sir Giles found himself alone at the table.

He sent an order to one of the woman-servants to knock at Miss Henley's door. There was a long delay. The housekeeper presented herself in a state of alarm; she had gone upstairs to make the necessary investigation in her own person. Miss Henley was not in her room; the maid was not in her room: the beds had been slept in; the heavy luggage was labelled, 'To be called for from the hotel.' And there was an end of the evidence which the absent Iris had left behind her.

Inquiries were made at the hotel. The young lady had called there with her maid, early on that morning. They had their travelling-bags with them; and Miss Henley had left directions that the luggage was to be placed under care of the landlord until her return. To what destination she had betaken herself nobody knew.

Sir Giles was too angry to remember what she had said to him on the previous night, or he might have guessed at the motive which had led to her departure. 'Her father is done with her already,' he said; 'and I have done with her now.' The servants received orders not to admit Miss Henley, if her audacity contemplated a return to her godfather's house.

VIII.

ON the morning of the same day, Iris arrived at the village situated in the near neighbourhood of Arthur Mountjoy's farm.

The infection of political excitement (otherwise, the hatred of England) had spread even to this remote place. On the steps of his little chapel, the priest, a peasant himself, was haranguing his brethren of the soil. An Irishman who paid his landlord was a traitor to his country; an Irishman who asserted his free birthright in the land that he walked on was an enlightened patriot. Such was the new law which the reverend gentleman expounded to his attentive audience. If his brethren there would like him to tell them how they might apply the law, this exemplary Christian would point to the faithless Irishman, Arthur Mountjoy. 'Buy not of him; sell not to him; avoid him if he approaches you; starve him out of the place. I might say more, boys—you know what I mean.'

To hear the latter part of this effort of oratory, without uttering a word of protest, was a trial of endurance under which Iris trembled. The secondary effect of the priest's address was to root the conviction of Arthur's danger with tenfold tenacity in her mind. After what she had just heard, even the slightest delay in securing his safety might be productive of deplorable results. She astonished a bare-footed boy, on the outskirts of the crowd, by a gift of sixpence, and asked her way to the farm. The little Irishman ran on before her, eager to show the generous lady how useful he could be. In less than half an hour, Iris and her maid were at the door of the farm house. No such civilised inventions appeared as a knocker or a bell. The boy used his knuckles instead—and ran away when he heard the lock of the door turned on the inner side. He was afraid to be seen speaking to any living creature who inhabited the 'evicted farm.'

A decent old woman appeared, and inquired suspiciously 'what the ladies wanted.' The accent in which she spoke was unmistakeably English. When Iris asked for Mr Arthur Mountjoy the reply was: 'Not at home.' The housekeeper inhospitably attempted to close the door. 'Wait one moment,' Iris said. 'Years have changed you; but there is something in your face which is not quite strange to me. Are you Mrs Lewson?'

The woman admitted that this was her name. 'But how is it that you are a stranger to me?' she asked distrustfully.

'If you have been long in Mr Mountjoy's service,' Iris replied, 'you may perhaps have heard him speak of Miss Henley?'

Mrs Lewson's face brightened in an instant: she threw the door wide open with a glad cry of recognition.

'Come in, Miss, come in! Who would have thought of seeing you in this horrible place? Yes; I was the nurse who looked after you all three—when you and Mr Arthur and Mr Hugh were playfellows together.' Her eyes rested longingly on her favourite of bygone days. The sensitive sympathies of Iris interpreted that look. She prettily touched her cheek, inviting the nurse to kiss her. At this act of kindness the poor old woman broke down; she apologised quaintly for her tears: 'Think, Miss, how *I* must remember that happy time—when *you* have not forgotten it.'

Shown into the parlour, the first object which the visitor noticed was the letter that she had written to Arthur lying unopened on the table.

'Then he is really out of the house?' she said with a feeling of relief.

He had been away from the farm for a week or more. Had he received a warning from some other quarter? and had he wisely sought refuge in flight? The amazement in the housekeeper's face, when she heard these questions, pleaded for a word of explanation. Iris acknowledged without reserve the motives which had suggested her journey, and asked eagerly if she had been mistaken in assuming that Arthur was in danger of assassination.

Mrs Lewson shook her head. Beyond all doubt the young master was in danger. But Miss Iris ought to have known his nature better than to suppose that he would beat a retreat, if all the land-leaguers in Ireland threatened him together. No! It was his bold way to laugh at danger. He had left his farm to visit a friend in the next county; and it was shrewdly guessed that a young lady who was staying in the house was the attraction which had kept him so long away. 'Anyhow, he means to come back to-morrow,' Mrs Lewson said. 'I wish he would think better of it, and make his escape to England while he has the chance. If the savages in these parts must shoot somebody, I'm here—an old woman that can't last much longer. Let them shoot me.'

Iris asked if Arthur's safety was assured in the next county, and in the house of his friend.

'I can't say, Miss; I have never been to the house. He is in danger if he persists in coming back to the farm. There are chances of shooting him all along his road home. Oh, yes: he knows it, poor dear, as well as I do. But, there!—men like him are such perverse creatures. He takes his rides just as usual. No; he won't listen to an old woman like me: and, as for friends to advise him, the only one of them that has darkened our doors is a scamp who had better have kept away. You may have heard tell of him. The old Earl, his wicked father, used to be called by a bad name. And the wild young lord is his father's true son.'

'Not Lord Harry?' Iris exclaimed.

The outbreak of agitation in her tone and manner was silently noticed by her maid. The housekeeper did not attempt to conceal the impression that had been produced upon her. 'I hope you don't know such a vagabond as that?' she said very seriously. 'Perhaps you are thinking of his brother—the eldest son—a respectable man as I have been told?'

Miss Henley passed over these questions without notice. Urged by the interest in her lover, which was now more than ever an interest beyond her control, she said: 'Is Lord Harry in danger, on account of his friend?'

'He has nothing to fear from the wretches who infest our part of the country,' Mrs Lewson replied. 'Report says he's one of themselves. The police—there's what his young lordship has to be afraid of, if all's true that is said about him. Anyhow, when he paid his visit to my master, he came secretly like a thief in the night. And I heard Mr Arthur, while they were together here in the parlour, loud in blaming him for something that he had done. No more, Miss, of Lord Harry! I have something particular to say to you. Suppose I promise to make you comfortable—will you please wait here till to-morrow, and see Mr Arthur and speak to him? If there's a person living who can persuade him to take better care of himself, I do believe it will be you.'

Iris readily consented to wait for Arthur Mountjoy's return.

Left together, while Mrs Lewson was attending to her domestic duties, the mistress noticed an appearance of preoccupation in the maid's face.

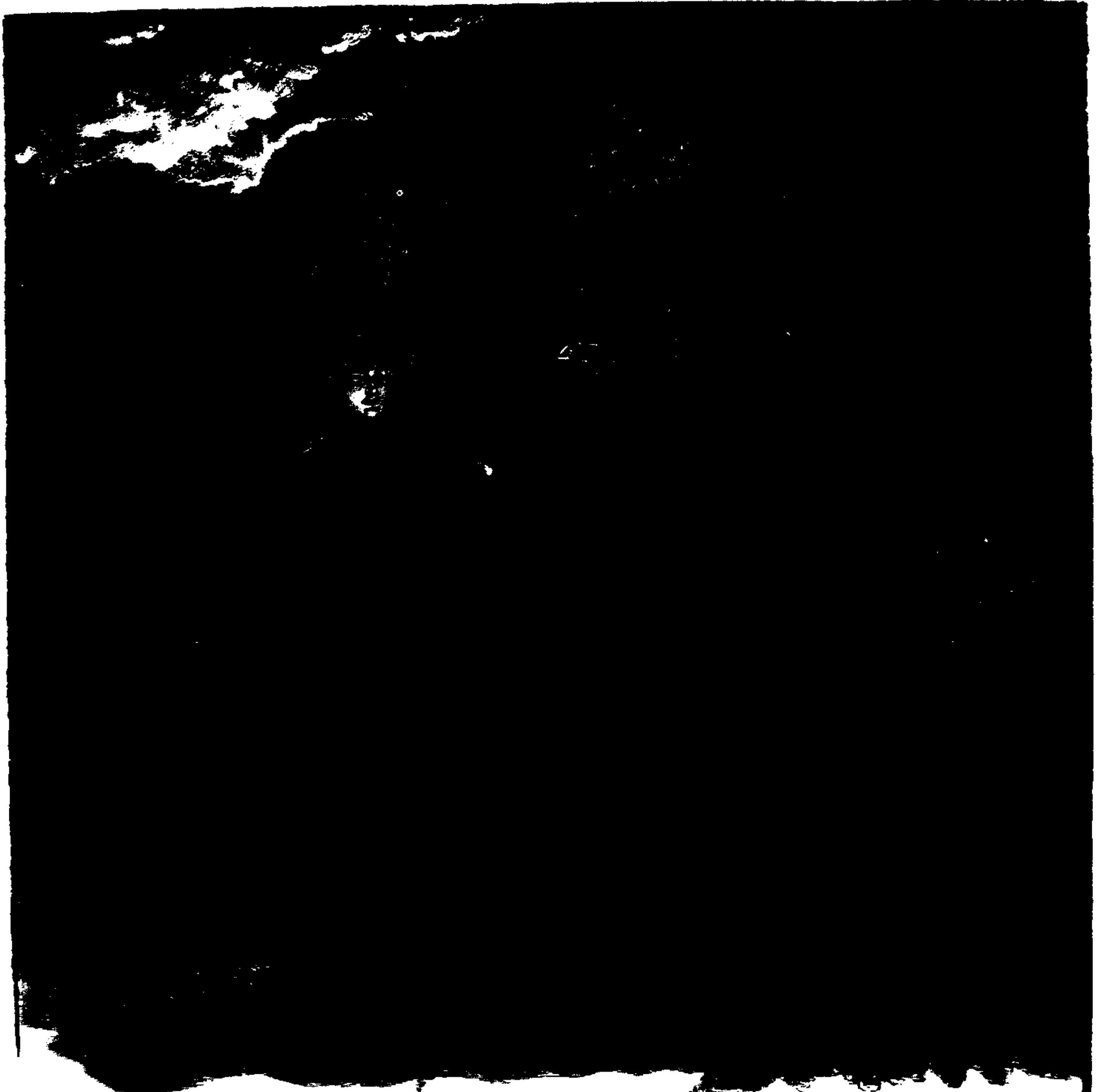
'Are you beginning to wish, Rhoda,' she said, 'that I had not brought you to this strange place, among these wild people?'

The maid was a quiet amiable girl, evidently in delicate health. She smiled faintly. 'I was thinking, Miss, of another nobleman besides the one Mrs Lewson mentioned just now, who seems to have led a reckless life. It was printed in a newspaper that I read before we left London.'

'Was his name mentioned?' Iris asked.

'No, Miss: I suppose they were afraid of giving offence. He tried so many strange ways of getting a living—it was almost like reading a story-book.'

The suppression of the name suggested a suspicion from which Iris recoiled. Was it possible that her maid could be ignorantly alluding to Lord Harry.



The shade was slipped aside from a lantern: the light fell full on the prisoner's face.

'Do you remember this hero's adventures?' she said.

'I can try, Miss, if you wish to hear about him.'

The newspaper narrative appeared to have produced a vivid impression on Rhoda's mind. Making allowance for natural hesitations and mistakes and difficulties in expressing herself correctly, she repeated with a singularly clear recollection the substance of what she had read.

IX.

THE principal characters in the story were an old Irish nobleman, who was called the Earl, and the youngest of his two sons, mysteriously distinguished as 'the wild lord.'

It was said of the Earl that he had not been a good father; he had cruelly neglected both his sons. The younger one, badly treated at school, and left to himself in the holidays, began his adventurous career by running away. He got employment under an assumed name, as a ship's boy. At the outset, he did well; learning his work, and being liked by the Captain and the crew. But the chief mate was a brutal man, and the young runaway's quick temper resented the disgraceful infliction of blows. He made up his mind to try his luck on shore, and attached himself to a company of strolling players. Being a handsome lad, with a good figure and a fine clear voice, he did very well for a while on the country stage. Hard times came; salaries were reduced; the adventurer wearied of the society of actors and actresses. His next change of life presented him in North Britain as a journalist, employed on a Scotch newspaper. An unfortunate love-affair was the means of depriving him of this new occupation. He was reported, soon afterwards, serving as assistant-steward in one of the passenger steamers voyaging between Liverpool and New York. Arrived in this last city, he obtained notoriety, of no very respectable kind, as a 'medium' claiming powers of supernatural communication with the world of spirits. When the imposture was ultimately discovered, he had gained money by his unworthy appeal to the meanly prosaic superstition of modern times. A long interval had then elapsed, and nothing had been heard of him, when a starving man was discovered by a traveller, lost on a Western prairie. The ill-fated Irish lord had associated himself with an Indian tribe—had committed some offence against their laws—and had been deliberately deserted and left to die. On his recovery, he wrote to his elder brother (who had inherited the title and estates on the death of the old Earl) to say that he was ashamed of the life that he had led, and eager to make amendment by accepting any honest employment that could be offered to him. The traveller who had saved his life, and whose opinion was to be trusted, declared that the letter represented a sincerely penitent state of mind. There were good qualities in the vagabond, which only wanted a little merciful encouragement to assert themselves. The reply that he received from England came from the lawyers employed by the new Earl. They had arranged with their agents in New York to pay to the younger brother a legacy of a thousand pounds, which represented all that had been left to him by his father's will. If he wrote again, his letters would not be answered; his brother had done with him. Treated in this inhuman manner, the wild lord became once more worthy of his name. He tried a new life as a betting man at races and trotting-matches. Fortune favoured him at the outset, and he considerably increased his legacy. With the customary infatuation of men who gain money by risking the loss of it, he presumed on his good luck. One pecuniary disaster followed another, and left him literally penniless. He was found again in England; exhibiting an open boat in which he and a companion had made one of those foolhardy voyages across the Atlantic, which have now happily ceased to interest the public. To a friend who remonstrated with him, he answered that he had reckoned on being lost at sea, and on so ending a suicide worthy of the desperate life he had led. The last accounts of him, after this, were too vague and too contradictory to be depended on. At one time it was reported that he had returned to the United States. Not long afterwards, unaccountable paragraphs appeared in newspapers; declaring, at one and the same time, that he was living among bad company in Paris, and that he was hiding discreditably in an ill-famed quarter of the city of Dublin, called 'The Liberties.' In any case, there was good reason to fear that Irish-American desperadoes had entangled the wild lord in the network of political conspiracy.

The maid noticed a change in the mistress which surprised her, when she had reached the end of the newspaper story. Of Miss Henley's customary good spirits not a trace remained. 'Few people, Rhoda, remember what they read as well as you do.' She said it kindly and sadly—and she said no more.

There was a reason for this.

Now at one time, and now at another, Iris had heard of Lord Harry's faults and failings in fragments of family history. The complete record of his degraded life, presented in an uninterrupted succession of events, had now forced itself on her attention for the first time. It naturally shocked her. She felt, as she had never felt before, how entirely right her father had been in insisting on her resistance to an attachment which was unworthy of her. So far, but no farther, her conscience yielded to its own conviction of what was just. But the one unassailable vital force in this world is the force of love. It may submit to the hard necessities of life; it may acknowledge the imperative claims of duty; it may be silent under reproach, and submissive to privation—but, suffer what it may, it is the master-passion still; subject to no artificial influences, owning no supremacy but the law of its own being. Iris was above the reach of self-reproach, when her memory recalled the daring action which had saved Lord Harry at the milestone. Her better sense acknowledged Hugh Mountjoy's superiority over the other man—but her heart, her perverse heart, remained true to its first choice in spite of her. She made an impatient excuse, and went out alone, to recover her composure in the farm-house garden.

The hours of the evening passed slowly.

There was a pack of cards in the house; the women tried to amuse themselves, and failed. Anxiety about Arthur preyed on the spirits of Miss Henley and Mrs Lewson. Even the maid, who had only seen him during his last visit to London, said she wished to-morrow had come and gone. His sweet temper, his handsome face, his lively talk had made Arthur a favourite everywhere. Mrs Lewson had left her comfortable English home to be his housekeeper, when he tried his rash experiment of farming in Ireland. And, more wonderful still, even wearisome Sir Giles became an agreeable person in his nephew's company.

Iris set the example of retiring at an early hour to her room.

There was something terrible in the pastoral silence of the place. It associated itself mysteriously with her fears for Arthur; it suggested armed treachery on tiptoe, taking its murderous stand in hiding; the whistling passage of bullets through the air; the piercing cry of a man mortally wounded; and that man, perhaps——? Iris shrank from her own horrid thought. A momentary faintness overcame her; she opened the window. As she put her head out to breathe the cool night-air, a man on horseback rode up to the house. Was it Arthur? No; the light-coloured groom's livery that he wore was just visible.

Before he could dismount to knock at the door, a tall man walked up to him out of the darkness.

'Is that Miles?' the tall man asked.

The groom knew the voice. Iris was even better acquainted with it. She, too, recognised Lord Harry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEMPTED.

THE loveliest things imaginable! I saw them at Gold and Jet's jewelry store this afternoon, and I have thought of them ever since. Only think, Nell, a set of real rubies! Of course they are almost unattainable to the people not fortunate enough to be millionaires. But, only fancy the magnificent jewels—blood red and sparkling like fire; necklace, bracelets, ear-rings, a star for the hair—the entire parure. I turned them over and over, and returned them to their cases with a sigh of reluctance, I assure you. Nell, it would be happiness to possess such beautiful things. And you, with your brunette style, would look just too lovely in rubies. And Mrs Mason's ball to come off to-morrow night. *Apropos* of the ball, what are you going to wear?'

Nettie Dunlap paused to take breath. Helen Danforth's splendid dark eyes were full of eager interest, and a faint tinge of colour crept into her creamy cheek.

'I shall wear the dress that my aunt sent me from England for a wedding gift. It is black lace—real, you know, Nettie, and very beautiful. Rather sombre, I know, and I did want a new dress for this particular occasion—something light, you know—but Mr Danforth did not feel justified in incurring the expense.'

Nettie Dunlap's blue eyes were studying the sweet face of her friend, who, although not much her senior, had been Harry Danforth's wife for nearly a year now.

'The costume will be perfect,' she cried. 'If only you had something with which to lighten the dead-black lace. Nell! Nell! those rubies would be the very thing! The dress is real lace, and with rubies! Imagination can go no further. Oh, Nell, can't you manage it somehow?'

'Manage what?' queried Nell, in wondering surprise.

'To borrow those rubies to wear to Mrs Mason's ball.'

'Nettie!'

'Oh, it is not such an awful deed as you seem to think! The fact is, Nell Danforth, you are too beautiful a woman to be dressed like a dowdy. You ought to be the belle of our set; and you would be, too, if you had not married a poor man like Harry Danforth, and tied yourself down to a life of genteel poverty and—'

'Stop!'

Helen Danforth was on her feet, pale and stern, her eyes flashing indignantly.

'You pretend to be my friend, Nettie Dunlap,' she said, in a low, clear, cutting tone; 'if you wish to remain so, do not dare to make such remarks concerning my husband. He is good and unselfish. I married him, knowing that he was only a salaried clerk, and since Harry and I are satisfied it can concern nobody else.'

'Forgive me, Nell. Please—please forgive me! I spoke upon the impulse of the moment, and I do not deserve your forgiveness, but I shall be forever unhappy if you do not grant it. But it does seem so easy for you to procure those rubies for one night's wear, and no one need be the wiser. Mrs Mason's home is twenty miles distant, and no one else from our town but our own little party has been invited to go; and you know that at the Mason mansion we will meet only the very best people. And your husband is confidential clerk in Gold and Jet's, and it would be easy for him to take the rubies "for one night only," as the play-bills say. No harm could happen to them, and he would return them the next morning, and no questions asked. I know that he has a key to the safe where the rubies are kept with other valuables, and he could easily get them. Nell, I declare I would ask him if I were you. The fact is, papa has refused to let me wear mamma's diamonds—you know my mamma died when I was a child—for he says that a young girl ought not to wear such things. At last, after coaxing and teasing him for hours—actually hours, Nell—he has consented on condition that some of the other ladies of our party wear valuable jewels also. Now, you know that Mrs Hunt and yourself are the only remaining ladies of the party, and Mrs Hunt declares that her dress is perfect without jewels—all lilies and green leaves—not an ornament; it really is exquisite. So, Nell, I appeal to you as a last hope! I do not care to go at all if I cannot wear the diamonds. My dress is pearl silk covered with white lace. With the diamonds it will be just too lovely for anything! Can't you manage it, Nell?'

Nell's face was white and her eyes full of horror. The very thought of such a thing was enough to frighten her.

'I am afraid not, dear,' she answered, quietly; 'it is simply impossible.'

'Oh, well, if you are not willing to do a small favour for a friend, no matter. Good-morning, Mrs Danforth.'

And Nettie—quick-tempered, impulsive Nettie—pinned on her hat and was off in a passion. The tears flew into Helen Danforth's beautiful eyes. Nettie was her dearest friend, and she would not willingly displease or offend her. But there was no resource left but to await Nettie's recovery from the swift sharp storm of anger, and then she would come back all smiles and tears of penitence—a real April day.

Left alone in her pretty sitting-room, Helen seated herself before the cheery coal fire to think the matter over. Of course it was out of the question—this ridiculous proposition of Nettie Dunlap—but the thought of the beautiful rubies until her head ached, and her heart, too, with longing to possess them. For if there was one wish of her life which amounted to covetousness, it was the desire to possess a set of rubies such as Nettie had described. Helen had never cared for diamonds, but all her life she had admired the deep glowing beauty of rubies—real rubies. But to her—the wife of a poor clerk—they were as unattainable as the Koh-i-noor. Her head sunk upon the cushioned back of the soft arm-chair, and the great dusky eyes filled with tears of regret. Oh, if it were only possible! Was it impossible? Helen started as though a viper had stung her; something came into her mind about vice—that monster of such baleful mien who seems too oft—how did it go? Ah, yes—

'Familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

Everything seemed to grow misty before her eyes; she felt strangely weak and weary. Was it impossible? Why did that hateful question keep chasing her around? Yet if she only had the safe-key—how easy it would be to remove the rubies for one night; she could return them all safe in the morning—early. And the jewelry store of Gold and Jet was in the same building with her modest home, for the Danforths occupied a suite of rooms in the second story, while the establishment flourished below. And because Harry Danforth was a trusted and honoured employe they had never hesitated to trust in his keeping the keys to the safe and the back entrance to the store. If she had the keys how easy to gain possession of the coveted jewels, wear them and return them in the early morning! Was it impossible?

What would Harry say? Why, of course, he would not permit such a thing. And stop— What is that? A rap at the door of the pretty sitting-room! a telegram for Harry Danforth, Esq. News! Harry is called away from the city upon important business, and would not return for three days.

Helen heard the story from her husband's own lips a little later, then came hurried preparations, and after that he was off to catch the evening train. As he was kissing Helen good-bye, he added, tenderly:

'Now, Nellie darling, do not mope. I want to see you looking well when I return, for I expect to bring you good news. No; I will not tell you now—not a word. Be sure and go to Mrs Mason's ball with Mrs Hunt and Nettie Dunlap. Yes, yes; I insist upon it. Ah, I must be off—good-bye!'

One more kiss and he was gone—gone, and Helen was left to her own dreams.

How the night passed and the next day glided by Helen Danforth could never tell. Night found her standing with a lighted lamp in her hand before the safe in the jewelry store below. If she took them at all she must make haste, for Mrs Hunt and Nettie—long since recovered from her outburst of anger—will call for her in an hour; and they are to travel by train to their destination some twenty miles away.

How beautiful the rubies look lying upon their white velvet bed! She snatches them up, and, turning quickly, dashes out of the lonely room, up the back stairs, only pausing to lock the door behind her.

After that everything seemed dim and misty to Helen. She remembered floating through the mazy dance with various partners, and hearing exclamations of rapture over her beautiful jewels, seeing strangely significant glances directed towards them also, while some one murmured something in regard to a 'poor clerk decking his wife in rubies.'

Helen's heart was full. She had never been so unhappy before in all her life.

'Take me home!' she cried, wildly, and then she was conscious of a tall form in blue uniform and a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder, while a voice proclaimed her a thief, and strong hands prepared to drag her away. She shrieked, madly, falling back with full force against a dainty buhl cabinet. It fell to the floor with a crash. She felt herself falling down—down!

She opened her eyes. Great heavens! what did it all mean? The fire was burning cheerily within the grate; the canary was singing away for dear life in his gilded cage overhead; she was seated in her big arm chair before the fire just as when she had sat down all alone to think over Nettie's insane proposition. But she was no longer alone, for Harry, her husband, was standing beside her, in his hand an open casket, and upon a white velvet bed a magnificent parure of blood-red rubies.

'Nell! Nell! wake up, dear! Why, you must have been dreaming a terrible dream, you screamed so. Darling little wife, here is a gift for you—the rubies which Nettie Dunlap was admiring so enthusiastically belong to you, my dearest. They were sent to you as a long-delayed wedding-gift from my uncle, a very wealthy old man in Europe. Nell, he has come to visit us, and he has purchased a home for us subject to your decision—a cosy cottage at Sydenham, a lovely place, with flower garden, fountain, everything to make it delightful. Why, Nell darling, what is the matter?'

If she broke down and succumbed to a fit of hysterics, what woman could blame her? But it was a penitent little wife who told the story of her temptation, and the strange dream that had come in time to prevent her fall.

The two most exciting periods in a woman's life are when she is listening to her first proposal and bidding on a basket of broken crockery at an auction.

Amateur Artist (to friend): 'What do you think of it, Charley? It represents two urchins gathering apples. I call it "A Day in January."' Friend: 'Well, my opinion is, old boy, that if these urchins eat any of the apples they are gathering in January, somebody will have to get up in the middle of the night and run for the doctor.'

THE WAITOMO CAVES.

A SUBTERRANEAN FAIRY LAND.

(*See illustrations, page 8.*)

NEW ZEALAND possesses many natural wonders, but it is questionable whether any of them can compare in point of sublime grandeur and absolute loveliness with the recently-discovered Waitomo Caves. They are of great size, and apart from their beauty, are remarkable and varied in their characteristics.

These caves were unknown several years ago. It is true that the natives were accustomed to fish for eels in the basin at the entrance, but they dreaded the dark cavern beyond, which their superstitious imaginations filled with taniwhas and other legendary terrors. Then a matter-of-fact European ventured within the cavern, and continuing his exploration from chamber to chamber, was delighted and dazzled with the natural splendour of the interior. The Government lost no time in making known the attractions of the caves, and by their desire a series of capital photographic views were taken by Mr J. R. Hanna and laid before Parliament. A caretaker was also appointed in the person of Mr Fraser, and precautions taken to prevent any injury to the beautiful formations at the hands of tourists and others. The caves are still comparatively unknown, and up to the present time the number of visitors has fallen short of three hundred. Some seven or eight weeks ago His Excellency the Governor and Lady Onslow, Sir Frederick and the Misses Whitaker, the Hon. E. Mitchelson, Mr J. H. Upton, Mayor of Auckland, and others made a special trip to the caves, and were greatly charmed and impressed by the marvellous skill and grandeur of nature's handiwork.

Otorohanga is the nearest settlement of any size, and it is six or seven hours' distant from Auckland by rail. Accommodation is available at a new and very comfortable little hotel, and there is no difficulty in procuring horses for the final stage of the journey. This is an easy ride of less than two hours over a road which is now being formed by the Government. At present the trains are not run to Otorohanga in such a way as to suit the public convenience, but Mr Fraser has to some extent overcome this difficulty by arranging 'midnight inspections' for those who are pressed for time and require to catch next morning's train.

The caves are situated in broken country, and the stream which leads to them meanders tranquilly through a lovely valley lying between two high hills. Suddenly it turns to the left, and then flows quietly into a large cavern in the side of the hill. This is the entrance, and a romantic one it is. A capital view of it is given in sketch No. 2. It will be observed that the cavern is fringed with beautiful clusters of fern and foliage, while beyond these may be seen immense stalactites depending from the roof, and in the dim light resembling grim sentinels keeping watch over the artistic treasures of the interior. In the foreground is the small canoe by which visitors are ferried a distance of twenty or thirty yards to the landing place inside, from whence the tour of the caves is made on foot.

It is impossible in the compass of a brief article such as this to give anything like an adequate idea of the glories of the interior. The wonders of one chamber are surpassed by the splendour of the next, and so the tourist wanders on, oblivious of everything but the marvellous creations of nature which surround him.

The Grand Cavern is an immense chamber, whose lofty ceiling and innumerable pillars are remarkably suggestive of the interior of a Gothic cathedral. Beyond it is the Glow-worm Cave, a lovely little spot with vaulted roof studded with the countless lights of myriads of glow-worms. Beneath, the river flows silently, and the reflection of the sparkling vault above on the surface of the water is very pretty. The walls and ceiling of the lower chambers are of a light brown, but the chambers on the higher levels, which are reached by ladders, are of the purest white, the encrustations in some cases resembling snow, in others crystal, and again in others most beautiful alabaster.

Stalactites depend from the roof in immense numbers. They assume every conceivable form, some resembling pencils, in their round and slender forms, while others might be mistaken for such vegetables as carrots and turnips. Sketch No. 1 gives a capital view of a group of these stalactites depending from the roof; and, fair reader, if you look beneath, you will see several excellent specimens of stalagmites. These are formed by the concretion of the lime in the drops of water which drip from the stalactites above. In this instance, the application of of the old axiom is reversed. Constant dripping does not wear away the stone, but on the contrary forms the stalagmite, which gradually grows upward and eventually meets the stalactite, the two then forming a pillar from roof to floor.

The Fairy Grotto is a lovely place, and here the encrustations are for all the world like the wool on a sheep. Anon we have the Organ Gallery, in which is a fair imitation of an organ, a portion of which is composed of a beautiful white substance as pure as Parian marble. Other parts show varying but decidedly pretty tints. Then there is the Native Lands Court, and further on two miniature imitations of the former Rotorua terraces, one in white and the other in chocolate colour.

Mare's Cavern is the most beautiful and romantic spot of the whole caves. The substance composing the interior is purity itself, and the encrustations assume forms at once grotesque and beautiful. Sketch No. 3 gives a capital view of what is called The Blanket. On the left will be observed a formation not unlike a blanket in appearance. In colour it is creamy white, and the illusion is complete if a light is held on the other side of the stalactite. There one can see, in the lower part of the so-called blanket, several green stripes similar in width and tint to those which one would expect to find in a blanket.

The caves extend for a distance of a quarter of a mile, and are certainly beautiful and remarkable natural wonders. Fresh chambers are constantly being discovered, and the country being lime-stone all the way across to Mokau, it is expected that more beautiful caves even than these will yet be discovered. One of the new chambers recently found is remarkable for the fact that the encrustations closely resemble pale pink coral of a lovely and delicate tint.

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

(By SHIRLEY BROWNE.)

WHO is it, Kate?' shrilly answered Miss Magnum over the balusters. 'If it's Mr Carroll, ask him into the *boudoir*. If it's Mrs Palermo I'll be ready to go to the orchid show with her in half a minute!'

Kate Kelsey had left her pie-baking in the kitchen and hurried up to the door-bell. In the Magnum household she always did what nobody else could be found to undertake. She was a rosy, healthy girl from the country, who had come to visit her city cousins, and whose first intentions had been, after a brief period of social intercourse, to take a series of lessons in a famous 'method' of dressmaking, in order to secure a way of supporting herself in future—for Kate was no drone in life's hive. But the Magnum seamstress had departed in a dudgeon. 'She wasn't a machine to work day and night,' she declared, 'although Miss Selina and the old lady seemed to think so'—and Kate's ready taste and quick needle were in requisition. And then the chamber-maid had resented the lowering of her wages, and given warning, and Kate was so strong and handy. Selina could not make beds, and it made Aline sneeze to sweep. Times were hard—at least so Papa Magnum declared, so that Norah was not replaced—and before she knew it, Kate Kesley had no time to bestir herself about the 'trade' which the Magnum family so heartily despised.

'You had a great deal better stay here, my dear, where you're exactly the same as one of the family,' said Mrs Magnum.

'One of the family!' Selina was at a 'pink tea,' and Aline was practicing her banjo—Mrs Magnum was dozing over a piece of fancy work in the parlour, and Kate, with her reddish-brown curls pinned up in a pocket-handkerchief, was vigorously sweeping down the halls and staircases. She smiled a little, but she did not remonstrate.

'By the way, Katie,' said Mrs Magnum, who was all honey and sweetness, 'there's that parcel of old clothes for the washer-woman's little children. You had better take them around this evening to her.'

'I'll take them to-morrow,' said Kate.

'No, my dear; better go this evening,' insisted Mrs Magnum. 'Aline is quite disturbed that the poor little things can't go to Sunday-school on account of their clothes.'

Kate went back to her hand-brush and dust-pan.

'That's because Doctor Cray is coming this evening to arrange about the hospital visiting committee,' said she to herself, 'and Selina and Aline don't want to be interfered with. Why doesn't Aunt Magnum say so at once?'

To-day she had been making plum pie down in the kitchen, for it happened to be the cook's day out, and Uncle Magnum was as cross as a bear if his dessert was not invariably up to the mark; but Kate she had run lightly upstairs to answer the bell.

'It's neither Mrs Palermo nor Mr Carroll, Aunt Magnum,' she said. 'It's your cousin Thyrza Trotter from Oleykoek Farm.'

Cousin Thyrza it was, alighting from a cab, with her little leather trunk studded with tarnished brass nails, her green barege veil and antiquely cut dyed bombazine gown, a basket of butternuts in one hand and a pair of dainty spring chickens wrapped in old linen in the other.

Mrs Magnum clasped her kidded hands.

'What will become of us?' cried she. 'Cousin Thyrza Trotter from Oleykoek Farm!'

'Yes, I thought you'd be proper glad to see me,' said Mrs Trotter, all one broad smile. 'I had a little tradin' to do, and I thought I'd try the New York stores and save tavern tax by comin' here. And here's some o' the butternuts off the old tree Aline used to set under them hot days, and a pair of the white Brahma fowls that Elias wrung the necks of and dressed early in the mornin', afore I started. How *dew* ye dew, Sary Magnum and the gals?'

'She'll have to sleep with Kate,' whispered Selina. 'She certainly will. The guest chamber is kept for Mrs De Lindley. Oh, the *dreadful* old woman!'

'You didn't call her a dreadful old woman,' said Kate, with spirit, 'when you all went and spent the summer with her at Oleykoek Farm, when Aline was getting over the measles.'

Selina coloured.

'That was quite different,' said she. 'And I'm sure mamma sent her a whole box of old gowns and things that same fall, and soiled easel-scarfs and plush head-rests at least as good as new.'

'My dear Kate,' whispered Mrs Magnum, 'I may depend upon you, may I not, to keep Cousin Thyrza well in the background while Mrs De Lindley is here and so much is going on? Your uncle will give you money to take her to see the obelisk, and the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, and riding on the elevated roads—yes, and to see the wax figures, too. Anything to keep her out of the way. Mrs De Lindley is so very sarcastic; and I wouldn't have Doctor Cray suspect for the world that we have such an outlandish relative.'

Cousin Thyrza enjoyed her visit immensely. There were times, it is true, when she could not quite understand how it was that she saw so little of Mrs Magnum and her daughters.

'I brought my best cap along,' said she, 'and I'd sort o' like to go down and set in the best room of evenin's; but if there ain't room I can visit very nicely with you, Kate.'

And Kate? Were there not times when Doctor Cray's deep melodious voice sounded downstairs when she would have given all she had in the world for a chance to mingle with the pleasant perfumed crowd. But she sat quietly on, listening to Cousin Thyrza Trotter's endless stories about the neighbourhood of Oleykoek Farm, and if, once or twice, a stray tear blurred her eyes, what mattered it?

'I'm sort o' feared, Katy dear, it's somethin' serious,' whispered Cousin Thyrza. 'My throat is sore, and my head aches so mortal bad, and these 'ere little pimples all over my skin—they look plaguey like what Myra Moss had that time the Mosses was all down with smallpox. I hate to trouble Sary just when she's goin' to hev' company to tea, but p'raps—'

In less than two hours the whole Magnum family had taken precipitous flight—Mr and Mrs Magnum to a friend's house in Harlem, and the girls to stay with Mrs De Lindley in Atlantic City. Bridget packed her bag and departed per the next steps—and a great silence prevailed.

'Katy can stay with Cousin Thyrza—the tiresome old woman!' said Mrs Magnum. 'I daresay she has been vaccinated.' And Kate stayed.

'I'm dreadful sorry,' said Mrs Trotter, 'but I remember now takin' the sick baby on my lap in the cars when I was comin' on from Oleykoek Farm. Its mother seemed so beat out! And it ain't hardly Christian-like to set by and see other folks breakin' down without holdin' out a helpin' hand. I'm glad you're here, Kate. Go to a hospital? No, I wouldn't do that. I ain't so poor as they think, for all I've lived plain and economical. And if I should die, Katy, tell 'em my bank-book's stuck behind the big beam in the garret stairway, third step as you go up—and it's to be yours.'

And the doctor for whom Bridget ran, before deserting her post, chanced to be Doctor Cray.

'Sure,' said that thrifty damsel to herself, 'he won't charge so much, bein' he's a friend o' the family. And, anyhow, it's the nearest place, the saints be good to me!'

At the end of a month the Magnum family came back to their home.

'You're *sure* everything has been thoroughly purified?' said Mrs Magnum, peering this way and that through her eye-glasses. 'Have the Board of Health people been here?'

'It was not necessary,' said Doctor Cray, half smiling. 'Mrs Trotter's illness was only chicken-pox.'

Miss Selina sunk tragically into a chair.

'Oh, Doctor Cray,' she cried, 'why didn't you tell me?'

'Why didn't you inquire?' he retorted.

'And Kate Kesley?'

Again the mischievous sparkles came into the young physician's eyes.

'Kate Kesley is Kate Kesley no more,' said he.

'Oh, doctor—she isn't—*dead*?'

'No—she's married.'

'Married?'

'Yes, to me. We went to Oleykoek Farm on our honeymoon, and Cousin Thyrza gave Kate a wedding present of a thousand dollars. Kate is to be her heiress, she says; and the neighbours declare that quite a valuable iron vein has been developed on the mountain where the old butternut trees grew. We are staying at the Excelsior Hotel now, and should be pleased to have you call.'

Doctor Cray went cheerily out to finish his morning round of patients. Mrs Magnum and her two daughters stared at each other blankly.

'And you were so certain,' said Selina to Aline, 'that he was in love with you.'

Aline burst into tears.

'It's all Kate's underhand tricks!' said she. 'I always told you Kate was sly!'

'Girls, stop quarrelling,' said their mother. 'It's Cousin Thyrza Trotter's fault. I wish now I had been more civil to her.'

In this world it is easy to shift 'the fault' on some one else's shoulders.

THE SENSATION OF HANGING AND DROWNING.

IN an article on 'The Days of the Dandies,' in *Blackwood*, some curious examples are given by the writer of a well known phenomenon—the fact that the events of a whole lifetime will sometimes pass in a moment through the mind of a person who is on the point of death by drowning or suffocation. Speaking of the case of Lord Ponsonby, who was hanged by the mob in Paris in 1791 and cut down before life was extinct, the author says:—He Lord Ponsonby proceeded to give an account of his sensations on returning to consciousness. He could not have been actually suspended in mid-air more than a few seconds, and yet in that brief space of time all the events of his past life passed through his mind. It is true that his life to that date had not been a very eventful one, being only nineteen years of age; but every past sensation was renewed in all its freshness. It is also remarkable that he did not at the time experience any sensation of fear; while, he added, his was an essentially nervous temperament. This remarkable mental power of calling up the past in moments of suspended animation I have heard frequently mentioned. One was the case of Count Zichy, in the Revolution of 1848, in Vienna. He was caught by the savage mob, hung like Lord Ponsonby in the middle of the street, when his own regiment of [illegible] charged down and cut the cords as he was swinging in the air. He fell to the ground and was supposed to be dead; but his recovery was a very different matter from Lord Ponsonby's, for he suffered agonies, and for ten days had four men constantly with him. He described exactly the same sensations as Lord Ponsonby; the scroll of what was a much longer life was unrolled, even the smallest detail rushed back on his memory; he had the same fearlessness at the moment, but he felt all the horror of the agony when the danger was past. A most interesting little book, 'Admiral Beaufort's Experiences of Drowning,' bears testimony to this seemingly universal experience in sudden danger. 'Thought succeeded thought,' says the Admiral, 'with a rapidity that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by anyone who has not himself been in a similar situation—the event that had just taken place, the effect it would have on my family, and a thousand circumstances associated with home, travelling backward in time in retrograde succession.' All this proves that duration of life does not depend on hours, but on the number of impressions conveyed to the brain.

THE NEW STALACTITE CAVES AT WAI-TOMO

MAIR'S CAVERN.

ENTRANCE TO MACE'S CAVERN.

THE BLANKET.

From photographs by Mr J. R. Hanna.

A SUBTERRANEAN FAIRY LAND.

THE

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AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

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The New Zealand Graphic

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

[BY GRAPHIC CONTRIBUTORS.]

The 24th of May, Queen's Birthday, and what would appear to interest us more, public holiday. His Excellency, mindful of the difference between Colony and Old Country, very considerately held his levée on the evening of the 23rd that no holiday-maker should suffer for his loyalty. He also instituted a very grateful reform -the substitution of morning for evening dress for those who attended the ceremony. Apart from the fact that the present evening dress looks singularly bad by daylight even at its best, it is painfully but incontestably true that in the majority of cases evening suits bear too plainly the marks of years' dissipations and funerals. But then the question arose, what was the meaning of morning dress? The Governor's staff considered a black coat as an essential part of it, and the result was that more than one important functionary, arriving in his work-a-day clothes, found himself turned back. This was hard, but nothing to the grievance of one of our newest fledged M.L.C.'s. Lord Onslow does not, as his predecessor did, extend the privilege of private entrée to members of the Legislature, and our friend took this very much to heart. So while the oldest members of the Legislative Council were filing past, this gentleman retired to the hall denouncing those who had subjected him to this imaginary insult with great loudness and vigour. Needless to say he was greeted with inextinguishable laughter and most effusive sympathy; and, altogether, there was a liveliness about the ceremony that was most refreshing.

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It is lamentable to notice what a change has come over us in 150 years. Then a levée was a levée—at all events in France, whence the word was borrowed. People would crowd on high-days and holidays to see Louis XV. go through what Carlyle calls an official washing (only of his hands, be it noted) and the grand business of changing his shirt. 'They put the clean shirt down over the King's head,' so we read, 'and plucked up the dirty one from within, so that of the naked skin you saw little or nothing;' really rather an astonishing feat. On great occasions the shirt was handed by a Prince of the Blood. Then the King finished dressing and sat down to have his hair frizzled, still devoured by the eyes of the privileged, and finally His Majesty did his morning-prayer, which was the shortest part of the whole business, consuming, in fact, less than six seconds. Napoleon's levées were different. He would go round the room with his hat under his arm, quoting to the people who had a reputation for cleverness some historical or other fact that he had got up for the occasion, and leaving ladies and inferior mortals with the remark that it was very hot. This latter observation he was heard to repeat twenty times to twenty different groups in the room. But Napoleon would occasionally enliven matters by violent abuse of some unhappy ambassador representing some country which was obnoxious to him. We all know of the scene between him and Lord Whitworth, when Napoleon, not content with hard words, took to menacing gestures. 'What would you have done if Napoleon had struck you?' Lord Whitworth was asked when he returned to England. 'I should have drawn my sword and run him through the body,' replied his lordship, who, though he kept his temper on this very trying occasion, was not a man to be trifled with. If this actually had taken place, this particular levée would have changed the whole course of history — no first empire, no Russian invasion, no burning of Moscow, no battle of Waterloo. Who shall say after this that levées have no interest, even though they now be reduced to a cold bow or a shake of the hand?

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The observations made by a tourist during a flying journey round the world are not usually very clearly defined or accurate; but the address delivered by Mr T. Peacock, M.H.R., describing his recent visits to Paris, Rome, and Pompeii, was remarkable for lucidity and fulness of detail. The lecturer probably erred in endeavouring to crowd so much matter into one address. Like a country viewed from a railway carriage the passage from scene to scene was too rapid to admit of deep and abiding impression, and ultimately became somewhat wearisome because of the number of marvels which were presented to the mental vision with kaleidoscopic rapidity of change. Mr Peacock was particularly happy in describing Paris and the buried city of Pompeii; his account of Rome suffered through the effort to compress into the compass of half-an-hour's description too many of the features of that ancient city, whose every street and by-way is identified with some historical association. The musical interludes during the evening were of a high-class order, and creditable to the good taste and judgment of Mr Philpott, the choirmaster of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, who officiated as conductor.

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Colonial students have as a rule been very successful in pursuing their course of study in the Mother Country. The proportion of prizes that have been won by them is a very good one, and they have worthily upheld the honour of their native land in competition with the brightest intellects of the older lands. New Zealand has sent a fair share of these successful students, and it is pleasing to note that she still continues so to do. The latest successes recorded are those of Messrs W. H. A. Tebbs, son of the Rev. W. Tebbs, of Auckland, and E. J. W. Waters. The former has been very successful in the examinations he has undergone during his medical course, and he has just lately succeeded in winning the prize for medical and pathological study at Westminster Hospital. Mr Waters has passed the first examination for the highest medical qualification awarded by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh.

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Sir Julius Vogel is at present in much better health than he has enjoyed for a long time. His success in floating the company for the working of the Taranaki ironsand has done him a deal of good. It is not improbable that in a few months he will return to this colony; but he has given no intimation of any intention to enter political life. But Sir Julius does not always shout forth his intentions to the world.

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It is almost certain that the Hon. E. Mitchelson, the present Postmaster-General, will contest one of the Auckland city seats at next election. Mr Mitchelson is popular wherever he goes, and will make a good fight in any constituency he may choose to contest.

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The Australian cricketers are meeting with very fair success at Home, and those who predicted for them nothing but disaster must feel that their prophecies were a bit 'previous.' Their victory over Surrey is a very meritorious performance, for the Surrey men have probably the best all-round record of any eleven in the world. On the whole the players new to international cricket are shaping very well, and unless something goes wrong we may expect the present team to return with a good record.

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Captain Olive left Auckland on Tuesday last to take up his new position of secretary for the Australian Club in Sydney. He takes with him the good wishes of all his Auckland friends.

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By the last San Francisco mail Mr and Mrs H. W. Heath, of Princes-street, Auckland, returned to Auckland after an absence of two years in California. Mr and Mrs Heath appear to have thoroughly enjoyed their prolonged stay in the Golden State. After spending a few weeks in New Zealand Mr Heath returns to San Francisco to complete some business arrangements.

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Mr R. K. Garlick, of the well-known and old-established firm of Stewart and Garlick, kauri gum merchants, of Auckland, leaves for a trip to the Mother Country by next San Francisco mail. Mr Garlick has been engaged in business in Auckland for many years past, and though not taking a very prominent part in public affairs, has formed a large circle of friends. It is to be hoped he will thoroughly enjoy his well-earned holiday.

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Mr E. W. Page, for many years manager of Messrs Owen and Graham's business in Auckland, left for England in December last to complete some business arrangements in connection with his new venture. Prior to his departure Mr Page purchased the flourishing business of Clarkson and Co., general drapery importers, Christchurch. Mr Page returned to Auckland by the s.s. Wairarapa, having performed the journey to Australia in the s.s. Valetta. Last Thursday he left Auckland for Christchurch to take personal charge of his new business. The firm in future will be known as E. W. Page and Co. Mr Page's family will follow him South in about a fortnight.

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The Arts Society brought their most successful season to a close on Saturday last. All through the week the attendance was remarkably good. The evenings were specially popular. On Wednesday night last the prizes were distributed to the successful competitors by the Mayor, Mr Upton, who made his usual speech in his usual happy style. The prize winners all looked very proud and happy.

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The Art Union was drawn on Thursday evening, when the attendance was very large. It is to be hoped next year we may have fewer still life pictures and more subject and figure painting. There is a want of originality about the local art. The statuary lent by an Aucklander lately returned from Paris was much admired, especially Cupid and Psyche. Miss Dobson's pictures have been the subject of much comment, both friendly and adverse. Mr T. S. Drummond's landscapes seem as popular as ever. There was a musical selection every evening.

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The Early Closing Association are trying to secure a universal half-holiday on Saturdays, and they will be successful if they act fairly and squarely and stick to their text. But they must not attempt persecution, as they have threatened to do. As the Yankee said, 'This is a free country, and everyone does as he darn pleases. If he don't by Thunder, I'll make him.' They want to persuade the Auckland shop - keepers to close on Saturday afternoon. Some of them already do so, others are willing to do it if Queen-street is unanimous, while others again say they will do so provided all in their particular lines of business in the city agree. The only way for the Association to attain its object is to 'boom' the thing properly. They have been nobly helped by the press and the pulpit, and they must do the rest of the work themselves, with the assistance of the working-men. The Association is affiliated to the Trade and Labour Council. Let the latter send forth the fiat, that no member, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his daughter, nor the stranger that is within his gates shall buy anything after 6 p.m., or afternoon on Saturday, and — hey! presto! the objects of the Early Closing Association are accomplished.

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I hear that a Savage Club is to be formed in Wellington. Auckland has had one for two years and Dunedin for twice as long; so I hope the experience of both will be utilised before anything definite is done. Personally, I have generally noticed that successful clubs of this kind generally contain a large professional element, and indeed, without it it is hard to see how the evening entertainments are to be made much more attractive than evenings at an ordinary Club. Music, for instance, is one great resource, but how many male amateurs can be found in one town of sufficient skill to give pleasure week after week? Even at home the difficulty is found, and the membership of professional musicians, reciters, and so forth is a *sine qua non*. Here the scanty number of professionals, properly so called, increases the difficulty fifty-fold, though even so I do not regard it as insuperable.

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The most striking combination of talent as musician and reciter that I ever encountered was in Mr Clifford Harrison, a gentleman whose entertainments are, or at all events used to be, very popular in London. He delivered his recitations sitting at the piano, and accompanied them with a constant undercurrent of music expressive of his subject.

Thus in reciting Praed's 'Belle of the Ball,' while speaking the text with great force and humour, and gazing directly at his audience, he never ceased to produce with his hands a flow of dance music subordinate to the recitation, but supplementary to it and highly effective. Nor did he ever show the least inclination to sing the words, though the temptation must have been almost irresistible. Indeed it was hard to believe that the performance was the work of one man, so independent of each other did the two parts seem to be, and yet so perfectly blended.

ECHOES FROM THE SOUTH.

It goes without saying that Christie Murray tells some good stories. Have you heard that one about the professional deserter? Well, you ought to hear him tell it to appreciate it properly, but I will give you the substance. It is in the course of Mr Murray's journeyings in the guise of an 'amateur casual' in search of curious characters and phases of life that he came across a man who made a practice of enlisting in one regiment, remaining until he got his bounty, and then deserting. He would then go to another part of the country, enlist again, get his bounty, and desert again. He carried on this little game very successfully for a long while, and, had he been a Russian and so had some thousands of regiments to enlist in, he would undoubtedly have become a millionaire. Unfortunately for him, he was an Englishman, and the number of regiments was so limited that he inadvertently enlisted in one which he had already honoured. The result was, of course, detection and punishment. I hear the gentleman's real profession was discovered, and the records were searched, the result being that it was found that he had solemnly sworn to serve 'Her Most Gracious' for twelve hundred years!

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Dr. Frederick Fitchett, M.H.R. for one of the Dunedin seats, who went for a tour of America and Europe with Mr T. McKenzie, M.H.R. for Clutha, did not return with that gentleman. Dr. Fitchett had the good fortune to lose his heart on the trip, and on 16th of April was quietly married, at St. Saviour's Church, Cadogan Square, to Miss Lina Valerie Blain, eldest daughter of Mr John Blain, of London. The doctor met the lady on the trip Home. He and his bride will return to the colony shortly, having secured passages in the Orizaba.

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By the last San Francisco mail Mr McKenzie, M.H.R. for Clutha, returned to the colony after an extended trip through America and Europe, made in company with Dr. Fitchett. Mr McKenzie's attention was chiefly devoted to an inquiry into the prospects of New Zealand products in the markets of the older communities. He found that on the Continent of Europe, and even in England, there prevails among all classes a lamentable ignorance of this colony and its resources. In conversation with some of the leading men of the other colonies he found a growing desire for intercolonial free trade, one of the most important steps towards federation. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr McKenzie that there is no immediate danger of a serious fall in the flax market, though he says it must be remembered that sisal will be a dangerous competitor. It cannot be too strongly impressed on manufacturers that they will ruin their show of making the industry payable and permanent by sending an inferior article. There is a good market for dairy produce, especially cheese, but the butter must be more carefully packed. New Zealand mutton is gradually overcoming the prejudice that existed against it. On the whole the result of Mr McKenzie's investigation must be considered satisfactory to the colony.

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It would seem, from the utterances of the Hon. Mr Fergus to his constituents last week, that an attempt will be made next session to throw on the general taxpayer the burden of several of our local bodies, such as the New Plymouth and Gisborne Harbour Boards. These bodies raised loans for local purposes, paying a pretty high rate of interest, owing to the fact that there was more risk to the lender than in the case of Government borrowing. Now they find the paying of that interest a somewhat troublesome work, and they naturally wish to relieve themselves of it. Of course they don't care who bears the burden so long as they can shake it off. Mr Fergus is inclined to help them, and his argument is that the credit of the colony must suffer if these local bodies cannot meet their engagements. But the credit of the colony was never pledged in regard to these loans. The lenders knew the risk they were taking, and they got a higher rate of interest on account of that risk. The local bodies were allowed to borrow on the distinct understanding that their own districts were to be responsible. It will be a very nice thing for them, no doubt, if after borrowing to their hearts' content they can get somebody else to pay for them. We may expect an interesting discussion when Parliament meets.

How busy the Trades Councils, and especially the Maritime Council, have been of late. If they get all that they demand they will be well off indeed. One of the most curious features in this programme was the different contrivances for securing the representation of seamen in Parliament. The delegates suggested that seamen should be disfranchised as citizens and return a member of their own, the master of the ship to act as returning officer. This did not commend itself to the Premier, so another delegate proposed (1) that seamen should be able to record their vote at the first port that they came to, and (2) that the poll might be open to them six weeks earlier than to other people. It is easy to see what power would be placed in the hands of shipping agents if the first of these propositions were accepted. A rendezvous of a dozen U.S.S. Co.'s ships in one port on polling day might upset many calculations. And again, if the principle were extended to other countries, one does not exactly see why the same men should not take the opportunity of voting at Melbourne, Sydney, and Hobart, as well as in New Zealand ports. Then as to the suggestion to open the poll to seamen six weeks beforehand, is it the lowest period for which a man employed on New Zealand vessels may expect to be absent from the colony? And how about sailing ships, upon which no man can depend? And again, if six weeks were the fair period, are the names of all the candidates always known so long before polling day? A great deal may happen in six weeks. A candidate may die, or be put in gaol, or abscond from his creditors, or be otherwise disqualified. 'At present,' complained the sailors' representative, 'we seem to be considered out of society altogether—a sort of animal.' Now, I am far from wishing to deprive seamen of the privilege of the franchise, but men who spend their lives at sea cannot stand upon quite the same footing as their brothers ashore. Though they may forfeit some of the privileges of citizenship, they are certainly exempt from many of its burdens, notably, from that of serving on juries, escape from which I am sure many would be glad to purchase at the price of their votes. As to being a sort of animal, I have always considered myself to be such, and an extremely ill-used sort of animal too. Nor does the possession of a vote the least console me. I never voted but once in my life, and then I had to travel 400 miles to do it. The journey lost me a night's rest, a new umbrella, £3 10s, and in return I received nothing but abuse. My man was indeed elected, and I tried to comfort myself with that; but no. I was told that he was the biggest fool in the House, so my pride would not allow me to believe that I was worthily represented. Since then I have abstained from voting, and now Sir Harry Atkinson says that he would almost go to the length of crossing men who do not vote off the rolls. Let him cross them off the jury lists as well, and I quite agree with him.

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Parliament will meet in a few weeks hence, and of course rumours are floating in the air. I am told that Sir H. Atkinson will retire, and that Sir J. Hall will succeed him, that Mr Bryce will have a place in the Cabinet, that the Opposition meditate a serious attack on the Ministry, and a great many other things equally probable. The session will be a short one, no doubt, and both parties will be speaking 'to the gallery' in view of the approaching general elections. It is not likely that any determined attempt will be made to oust the Government from office during the session. The real fight will be after the House dissolves, and much will then depend on the skill with which the elections are fought. The increased activity of Sir John Hall, and the rumours about his succeeding the Premier, point to the fact that there will be a movement on his part to lead on the Conservative forces, while there are more unlikely possibilities than that Sir Robert Stout will again be to the fore on the Liberal platform. Altogether the next few months will give plenty of interesting political food for reflection.

ORIGIN OF 'BLUE BLOOD.'

THIS term comes from the Spanish expression *sangre azul* applied to the aristocracy of Castile and Aragon. After the Moors were driven out of Spain, the aristocracy was held to consist of those who traced their lineage back to the time before the Moorish conquest, and especially to the fair-haired and light-complexioned Goths. Their veins naturally appear through their skin of a blue colour, while the blood of the masses, contaminated by the Moorish infusion and to a lesser degree by miscegenation with negroes and Basques, showed dark upon their hands and faces. So the white Spaniards of old race came to declare that their blood was blue, while that of the common people was black. Owing to intermarriage, there is very little genuine blue blood left in Spain, but a Spanish family remaining perfectly fair and purely Gothic, and holding position and rank for centuries, is to be found in Yucatan at the present day. In England, however, it was anciently held that the thick and dark blood was the best. 'Thin-blood' or 'pale-blood' means weak and cowardly. Shakespere never loaded words more heavily with significance than when he made Lucia call Angelo, in 'Measure for Measure'—

> A man whose blood
> Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
> The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

H. M. STANLEY AND THE MASHER.

MR STANLEY has at last confessed why he never married. 'The fact is,' said he, 'although I admire the ladies very much indeed, somehow I have never been successful with them. I've explored Africa with success, but have never yet learned the secret of exploring the female heart.

'I don't know why I shouldn't be a success with them, I'm sure. They are always greatly interested in my conversation; I'm still a young man; nobody can say I'm not fairly good-looking; and in many other respects I compare favourably with men who have been markedly successful among the ladies; but I have always fallen short of success.

'I thought I'd made a capture once,' Stanley went on to explain. 'It was aboard an Atlantic steamer. I was going across to New York. The captain, with whom I was well acquainted, was a firm friend of mine. His great delight was to get me seated next to him and get me to tell stories of my African experiences.

'Well, on this occasion I sat on his right, and opposite me, on his left, was a very charming young woman. She was strikingly handsome, and looked very lovable and all that. She seemed as delighted as my friend the captain was at my stories of African adventure. I, at the same time, was charmed with her. With me it was a case of love at first sight.

'The captain introduced us to one another, and for several days my suit seemed to progress swimmingly. She seemed to have eyes and ears for none but me.

'My next neighbour to the left was a young masher, all collars and cuffs, who didn't seem to have two ideas in his head, and had never achieved anything more heroic than smoking cigarettes and wearing an eyeglass.

'Well, this youth hardly ever said a word at the table, but one day at dinner he happened to remark that he knew how to make an exceptionally good salad. At the mention of salad the angelic young fairy opposite immediately dropped all interest in what I was saying to her, and bestowed her attentions on him.

'Very well, the masher was not blind to this display of interest in his salad, and that evening had a dish of it prepared, and invited her to help him eat it. The end of it all was that she cruelly threw me over, and shortly after reaching New York married the young man, whose sole recommendation, as far as I could see, was that he knew how to make a good salad, and whose accomplishments consisted in wearing an eyeglass and puffing cigarettes.

'Yes, it's sad,' mused Mr. Stanley, 'but it seems to be only too true that a salad will make a deeper impression on the daintiest piece of femininity you might meet in a month than all the chivalric devotion in the world.'

In spite of his little story of the masher and the salad, our illustrious explorer would never have got any farther along with the young lady in the case than making himself agreeable. He would have been too scared to have seriously sought her hand, simply because she was young and beautiful.

Mr. Stanley thinks a lovely young woman a sort of wingless angel—a superior being who was made for rough man to admire at a respectful distance, but not to be approached too closely without sacrilege. Which is all very well and very proper; but until he gets over this feeling of awe some bold masher, with a recipe for salad, will always step in and cut him out.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WIFE.

THE blunders that are made in regard to literary people by those who should know better are absurd enough, but those who have had no opportunity to inform themselves in such matters can go even beyond these mistakes in droll errors.

At an author's reading recently given in Boston for the benefit of a working girls' club, there were present a number of working girls who have for the most part small chance to keep themselves informed of the history or personality of authors.

Among the readers was Mrs Maud Howe Eliot, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and author of several novels. When the reading of her selection came, one girl was overheard to say to another:

'Aint she lovely? I'm awfully glad to see her. I always did want to see George Eliot's wife.'

The confusion of ideas in the speaker's mind between the living authors of America and the departed novelists of England must have been pretty complete.

FUNNYISMS.

THE undertaker's favourite exercise is boxing.

A prudent man is like a pin—his head prevents him going too far.

Love is a species of intoxication that swells the heart instead of the head.

Resolutions are like messenger boys. They are the easiest things imaginable to pass.

'When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone.' 'The drinking?' 'No, the working.'

Brown: 'Does your wife keep her temper very well?' Jones: 'Um—er—some; but I get the most of it.'

'What are you going to buy your wife for a birthday present?' asked a Colonel Jones of Squire Johnson. 'I'm thinking of getting her a piano.' 'Can she play?' 'No, of course not. Do you think I'd be such a fool as to buy her a piano if she could play?'

'John,' said the wife tenderly, 'promise me that if I should be taken away you will never marry Nance Tarbox.' 'Certainly, Maria,' said the husband reassuringly, 'I can promise you that. She refused me three times when I was a much handsomer man than I am now.'

Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours' sleep, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age everyone finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six or eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure.

New Zealand Society Gossip.

CHRISTCHURCH.

MAY 29.

DEAR BEE,

At the beginning of this month some weather prophet gave it out we were going to have an 'Indian summer,' or second summer as they have there, but alas! it did not come, as many other prognostications are never fulfilled, and we are fairly launched into winter of the old-fashioned sort—cold sleety showers; then the clouds will all huddle themselves in a corner of the sky, the sun shine out so bright and warm, and you are sure it is all over, no more to follow, so you think you will have a good walk and get warm and cheerful again. You get about half an hour away from the house and the rain comes down. Eugh! Tableau. Have you ever seen a fowl walking in the rain? That describes everything.

There is one good thing about it gardeners can do their planting: they say they have been waiting for this, and the huntsmen will find the ground soft enough to fall on. There were several meets last week, a bye day or two, and on Saturday a good meeting, in spite of the weather, at Mr F. Overton's, Leeston, who was most kind and hospitable, providing a splendid luncheon.

The 'Pack of Cards' which played whist so successfully under Mr O'Brien Hoare's guidance and the ten emergencies were entertained at a dance in Hobb's buildings on Thursday night. Each girl sent the name of a gentleman under cover to Mr Hoare. Now I should have liked to have been in the secret and helped to open them! Well, it was a very jolly dance. The girls all wore their whist dresses and the marshals theirs, which must have been rather uncomfortably tight for dancing. There was a little sore feeling amongst the gentlemen, caused by some of them not being what Dick in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' called 'straight.' It was agreed not to have programmes, but all kinds of devices were resorted to by most of them to secure the partner they wished for, only about half-a-dozen keeping to the original arrangement, and they found themselves quite out of it, at which they were very angry, and justly so. I like people who are 'straight' myself.

Bishop Julius is still being 'welcomed.' Every parish is having a social meeting, where he and Mrs Julius are introduced to their parishioners, and songs and light refreshments, with a bouquet for Mrs Julius, are part of the entertainment. There is just one thing I don't understand about it, and when it comes to our parish I hope it will not happen, and that is charging eighteen-pence admission. The ladies give the light refreshments, so why charge and keep out the poor parishioner who has to study every sixpence? No doubt in 2000 this will all be rectified; they are going to manage things in a very different way. I have not seen yet how the Sundays are disposed of then, but there is no question of equality.

A wedding took place at St. Mark's, Opawa, last Thursday, which created great interest in the district, many going from town to see it. The bride was Miss Gertrude Mary Reeves, third daughter of the Hon. W. Reeves, of Risingholme, and the bridegroom Mr James Stevens Thomson, of Plymiard Park, Cheshire, but at present living at the Waimea Plains, Southland. Mr Bell and Mr Bunn acted as groomsmen; they are also from the Waimea Plains. The bridesmaids were her sister (Miss Nellie Reeves), Miss Robison, and her little niece (daughter of Mr N. P. Reeves). The church was beautifully decorated with white chrysanthemums and variegated periwinkle and green leaves. The Ven. Archdeacon Cholmondeley performed the ceremony. There was full choral service, Mr L. Cane, the organist, presiding. The bride wore a very tasteful but unassuming costume of soft white silk, with handsome broche side panels and folds on the bodice, the dress being made without a train; a handsome Honiton lace veil fell over all, being fastened to her hair by a lovely pearl spray, a gift of the bridegroom. She carried a lovely bouquet with long ribbon streamers. The bridesmaids wore simply-made creme serge dresses, with trimmings of turquoise blue, long moire sashes to match, crinoline boat-shaped hats with soft crowns of blue, and white feathers in front; white bouquets with long blue ribbons. The little girl looked sweet in pale pink. Mrs Reeves (mother of the bride) wore a shot silk of blue and crimson, bonnet to match, seal mantle, bouquet of white crysanthemums and scarlet geraniums; Miss Reeves, a very becoming dark green costume, bonnet trimmed with buttercups, bouquet of yellow crysanthemums; Mrs N. P. Reeves' gown was of terra cotta and black, stylishly made, hat to match; Mrs Robison wore a brown and white check tweed, sealette mantle, brownish bonnet with orange wing; Miss G. Robison, a red brown dress, hat trimmed to match; Mrs Greenwood, grey dress, black velvet bonnet with grey feathers; Mrs Harley, petunia velvet gown, bonnet to match; Mrs Murray-Aynsley, a black dress and brown bonnet; Miss Murray-Aynsley, brown tweed dress, straw hat with vieux rose trimming of a dark shade; her sister, a green dress, felt hat to match with grey wings; Mrs A. Ollivier, navy blue gown, small round hat with pale blue wing; also among the guests I saw Mrs T. W. Maude, Mrs T. M. Hassal and Mrs F. M. Robinson. Nearly all carried bouquets of crysanthemums, and a number of the gentlemen wore wedding favours, so I suppose the old fashion is coming in again. The bride's travelling dress was brown cloth, with a lining of crimson silk showing here and there, brown silk vest, the revers of the crimson; altogether it was a very pretty combination; hat to match. The wedding presents were, some of them, very handsome, including several from the bridegroom.

The latest engagement is Mrs J. L. Coster and Mr Secretan. They evidently approve of the married state, as both have tried it before.

Miln and his Shaksperian company occupy the Theatre Royal for a three weeks' season. Our old friend Mr Collet Dobson is amongst them, and has made great strides in his art, I believe. I hope to see how he shines after five years.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

MAY 27.

DEAR MAUDE,

Miss Alice Wooldridge's farewell benefit concert came off on Friday night in the Garrison Hall. 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' opening the same evening at the theatre materially affected the house, but not the concert, which was one of the best held in Dunedin for years. This is great praise considering the Exhibition series, including Santley's concerts, are included in the remark. Not only was Miss Wooldridge herself in magnificent voice, but she was supported by some of our best artists. Mr Bath was musical director, a position which he has so long filled in Dunedin to the great pleasure of all those who come within his range. His accompaniment is always so soft and expressive, and the soloists always hail his presence at the piano with delight. Mr Bath and Mr Timson opened the concert by playing a piano duet.

The ladies who assisted Miss Wooldridge were Mrs Murphy and Miss Rose Blaney. Mrs Murphy sang in her very best style, while Miss Blaney brought down the house with 'Nea.' This young lady has a grand musical future before her if she receives a professional education. She is only eighteen, but she has a glorious voice, and sings as easily as a bird. There is no effort or facial contortions, and it will be a thousand pities if she is not able to use to the utmost her gift. A good voice is a great gift, yet some of those who possess it do not appreciate it as they should, especially among men. The folly life of singers goes very much against the voice. But, to return to the concert. The gentlemen vocalists were Messrs Densem, Smith, Bennat, Young, and Umbers. Mr Young sang 'Queen of My Heart' splendidly, his deep rich voice showing to great advantage. The stage was prettily decorated with pot plants, and several bouquets were handed to the lady during the evening. She leaves by the Arawa next week for England.

The Savage Club had their first meeting last night. It was not a ladies' meeting: that will come later on.

'Little Lord Fauntleroy' has, of course, been drawing crowded houses. Perhaps it was hearing so much about it, but I did not care for it quite so much as I thought I should. The child calling its mother 'dearest' does not sound to me as sweet as 'mother,' but the authoress declares it was a way of the child's own. That dear old word, mother, will never be beaten. La grippe laid in for the company, and on Saturday night the leading lady was so hoarse as to be scarcely audible, and on Sunday the agent was running about looking for some one to take her part. No one, however, being forthcoming, the programme was the same, although Miss Winthrop was evidently suffering. Several others of the company are feeling the sickness, and a good many coughs interrupt the play.

The Horticultural Society's Autumn Show was held on Thursday. There was a splendid display of fruit, and the chrysanthemums were gorgeous in endless variety and shades. Most people love a flower show, and there are so few private entertainments just now that people are glad to go anywhere.

Mrs Ritchie gave an entertainment one evening last week, at which there were private theatricals. With the exception of this there has been nothing at all socially.

Nothing is heard here of the rink this winter. The craze for it seems quite to have died out, although I believe in England last winter it was all the rage. We generally follow the fashion that is set at Home, but in this instance New Zealand has ventured to go its own way. What the girls will do for excitement during the winter I do not know; they will be reduced to keeping house.

The Hon. Mrs Reynolds takes a great interest in the Kindergarten, and has from time to time got up concerts. One takes place to-night, a number of ladies taking part in it. I shall have more to say about it in my next letter.

The weather is cold and wintry, and 'not to be depended upon,' as the visitors used to say when they were here. There is every prospect of a wet winter, a fact that will be hailed with delight by farmers, who complained last season that it was far too dry.

Messrs Bath and Schacht have started a series of chamber concerts for Saturday evenings. The music is of a very good character, as it is sure to be if presided over by Mr Bath. He is a great favourite among musical people.

RUBY.

WELLINGTON.

MAY 30.

DEAR JENNIE,

Government House no longer looks the deserted mansion that it has for the last few months, for Lord and Lady Onslow have now returned, and are comfortably settled down, I hear, for the winter. The Ladies Dorothy and Gwendoline Onslow are at present living at Lowry Bay (a pretty little place across our harbour), where they have often visited before.

Lady Onslow held her first afternoon reception last Monday from four to half-past five o'clock. It turned out a very dull, cold day, but nevertheless a very large gathering assembled, and very brilliant indeed did the large and handsome drawing-rooms look, filled, as they were, with all the youth, beauty and fashion of Wellington. The rooms were prettily decorated with a number of hot-house plants in artistically-draped pots, and the lovely chrysanthemums about the room were much admired. The Countess looked exceptionally well in a rich dull black silk gown, very plainly made, and quite devoid of trimming of any kind, and her only ornaments were two magnificent diamond brooches fastened at the throat, and a number of jewelled rings.

Tea was served in the dining-room, which was well patronised during the afternoon, and altogether it was a very pleasant affair, the Governor and Mr Walrond also being there helping Lady Onslow to entertain her visitors.

Some of the dresses worn were very handsome, but I am sorry to say they were not seen to advantage, for although the gas was lit there was not a good light, and most of them were quite lost. I noticed Lady Buller and her daughter, who have just arrived from England, the former wearing a handsome black gown profusely trimmed with jet, and the latter a tight-fitting dark tailor-made dress, with a tiny flat stringless bonnet. Mrs Izard wore a rich-looking black costume, and her daughter wore an effective combination of sage green and fawn, with a small brown straw hat trimmed with shot ribbon. Miss Webb, of the Hutt, a recent arrival from Ireland, looked very stylish in a handsome fawn-coloured silk gown trimmed with braided lace, and a bonnet to match. Mrs W. H. Levin wore a long sealskin jacket and a bonnet of checked ribbon, and Mrs (Dr.) Collins looked well in a plainly-made navy blue costume and blue tulle hat. Mrs (Dr.) Grace wore a hat with feathers to match her dark dress, and Mrs Riddiford (Hutt) was dressed in black plain and watered silk, with a large black hat with ostrich feathers. Miss (Captain) Russell wore a navy blue dress, and a pale grey boat-shape hat trimmed with grey and white ribbon bows, and Miss Cooper also wore a blue costume. Miss Willis's gown was terra-cotta braided with black, and Miss Wilford's (Hutt) brown, and plush jacket with beaver lapels. Mrs Melville wore a very pretty blue and grey wing bonnet with a blue and grey gown; Mrs (Dr.) Henry, brown trimmed with fawn and brown satin; Mrs G. Knight, a wine-coloured dress, and bonnet to match with feathers; Mrs J. S. M. Thompson, a handsome tight fitting shawl pattern cloak, with long open sleeves falling to the hem; Mrs (Dr.) Gillon, a fawn costume, with cape and bonnet to match. Amongst others there were Mrs Tolhurst, Mrs Parfitt, Mrs Gore, Mrs Cooper, Mrs Menteath, Mrs Tanner (Christchurch), Miss L. Krull (Wanganui), Miss Harding, the Misses Richardson, but I really could not see what they wore, or who else was there.

It is rumoured that there will be no Birthday ball, but that the Governor will give one in the beginning of the session. The young people are naturally very disappointed, especially as there are several young ladies who had quite made up their minds to make their *début* on the Queen's Birthday. Another rumour says that one of our Minister's wives will shortly issue invitations for a large fancy dress ball. From what I have heard in various quarters I anticipate a very gay session for the young people, at anyrate as I think most of the dances will be private and small. I have also heard of numbers of young ladies who intend visiting Wellington during the session, so I hope for their sakes that it will be more lively than last year.

Mrs Coleridge gave a very pleasant afternoon tea last Saturday, which was largely attended. The hostess wore a black merveilleux gown trimmed with jet, and Mrs Werry looked very well in a black satin gown slightly trained and trimmed with jet beads, and a small lace mantle, and a becoming pure white bonnet with feathers. Mrs R. Pharazyn, Mrs Medley, and others were also there.

I must tell you something about Mrs Tolhurst's ball before I close, for it was one of the nicest we have had for a long time. It took place last night at Mrs Swanson's new schoolroom in Fitzherbert Terrace, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and Mrs Tolhurst proved an excellent hostess, so that the affair was most enjoyable. One or two of the dresses were lovely, the Misses Grace both looking well—one in pale pink and one in white. Miss Buller also looked well in a handsome black fancy net relieved with deep crimson colour, and Miss Webb (Hutt) and Miss Brandon both wore very striking gowns. Curiously enough they were almost exactly alike, made in Directoire fashion, of a lovely shade (between pale blue and green) and pale pink, the combination being very effective, made, as they were, with long bands of pink from the shoulder to the [illegible] of the dress. Miss (Captain) Russell and Miss Izard [illegible] wore beautiful pure white gowns, and Miss Effie Williams also wore white, made very prettily with large puffed sleeves. Miss Willis wore black, Miss Cooper pink, Miss Barron crimson, and Miss Elliott white net with large blue moire sash. The Misses Harding, Hart, Worgan, Morrah, Mr Walrond, and many others were also present. Miss Tolhurst, who has lately come from England, wore a pretty creme dress with a bunch of roses and leaves up the shoulder; the Misses Tolhurst wore white dresses with pretty sashes.

RUBY.

AUCKLAND.

MAY 30.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We were favoured with glorious weather for the Queen's Birthday, and also on the following Monday, which was observed as a close holiday. It is now rather late in the season for much out-door enjoyment, but nevertheless I noticed that the various excursion steamers were very well patronised, Lake Takapuna, North Shore, St. Helier's Bay, Northcote, and Birkenhead apparently being the favourite resorts for pleasure-seekers. The Winter Meeting of the Takapuna Jockey Club was the only amusement advertised for the day. The attendance was a large and fashionable one.

The Remuera Social, Literary, and Musical Society held the first meeting of the season on Thursday evening, in the Mount Hobson Hall, and, as is usual with these enjoyable reunions, the building was crowded to its utmost capacity. The chair was occupied by Mr Justice Conolly, who in a few words introduced the various performers. Unfortunately, owing to a family bereavement, the prevalent complaint, 'La grippe,' and other causes, no less than nine apologies were received on Thursday by the secretary from friends who had promised their assistance for the opening entertainment. However, an excellent, almost impromptu, programme was gone through, members most willingly coming forward with

assistance at the last moment. Pianoforte selections were contributed by the Misses Law (two) and Chapman, songs by Mr George Reid and others, and readings and recitations by Messrs J. J. Boak and Montague. I must not omit to tell you that during the interval for conversation, tea, coffee, and light refreshments, provided by the ladies, were handed round and duly discussed. I saw there Mrs Lennox, Mrs and the Misses Robertson, Misses Pickmere, Mrs Hardy, Miss Hardy, Mrs Ernest Burton, Miss Spiers, Mrs Conolly, Miss Conolly, Mrs Finlayson, Miss Finlayson, Mrs Tewsley, Mrs Buckland, Mrs and Miss Russell, Miss Carr, Mrs Ransome, Mrs Roach, and a number of others.

The Art Exhibition in the Choral Hall since its opening has been a favourite place of resort, and, indeed, so large is the number of exhibits that one requires to visit it again and again before one has by any means examined the whole of the works of art. During my several visits I have there met Mrs Payton, who was attired in a stylish dark brown costume, bonnet to match; Mrs J. H. Keep, very pretty creme flowered pongee silk gown, fichu of handsome real lace; Miss Rees, very pretty grey brocaded silk, with vest of white silk, grey hat; Mrs David Goldie, seal brown paletot trimmed with fur, stylish bonnet; Miss Berry, stylish black grenadine costume; Miss Masefield, very pretty black and white silk; Miss Alice Tye, stylish costume of silver grey surah silk; Mrs T. Morrin, very handsome costume of electric blue cashmere, with bonnet to match; Mrs Upton, black silk gown, pretty mantle of ruby plush; Mrs Devore, stylish black silk gown, black velvet bonnet; Miss Devore, handsome costume of reseda green cloth, trimmed with moire silk; Miss Gorrie, pretty peacock blue gown, hat to match; her sister wore a stylish grenat costume, gem hat, sable victorine; Miss Bartley, black cashmere gown, stylish hat, fur boa; Mrs Cotter, cardinal satin and black lace costume, cardinal plush mantle; Mrs A. P. Wilson, handsome black satin costume, richly trimmed with jet; Mrs Seegner, long black paletot, trimmed with fur, black bonnet; Mrs Haworth, handsome long paletot of cinnamon brown plush, bonnet to match; Mrs J. Edmiston, black silk and lace costume, stylish black and creme bonnet; Miss M. Edmiston, pretty peacock blue gown, with peacock iridescent trimming, seal plush jacket, black hat; Miss McLachlan, stylish grey costume.

The St. Maur dramatic company produced for the first time in Auckland a specially dramatized version of Mr Fergus Hume's successful novel, 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,' before a crowded house on Monday night. The drama was splendidly produced, the scenery and stage appointments were first class, the scenes 'Collins-street, Melbourne, by night,' and 'Mark Frettleby's Mansion' being especially beautiful. Miss Seymour played with much success the small and not very congenial part of Rosanna Moore, Miss Eily Mayo appeared as Miss Frettleby, Miss Kennedy as Kate Rawlins, and Miss Georgie Smithson caused much amusement by her impersonation of the garrulous boarding-housekeeper, Mrs Sampson. Mr Saint Maur played with the utmost success the part of the manly young Irishman, Brian Fitzgerald, while the other characters in the drama were in every case well sustained. Evening dress was conspicuous by its absence, in the dress circle dark gowns being very generally worn, and amongst the number I did not see any specially worth mentioning. I notice that the company, for the first time on any stage, produce Mr David Christie Murray's new play, 'Chums,' next Monday night.

I may mention that Mr Robert Lamb, a former resident of Auckland, is at present visiting our city, accompanied by his wife, on an extended wedding tour. Mrs Lamb, it may interest you to know, is a cousin of Mr Robert A. Atkinson, the well-known artist, and was married in England in November last. It is, I understand, the intention of Mr and Mrs Lamb shortly to return to England, via Sydney and Melbourne, there to take up their future residence.

Mr A. L. Edwards, well-known and a general favourite in social and musical circles, returned from a lengthened visit to England last week.

The bachelor members of the Ponsonby 'At Home,' it is rumoured, intend giving a ball to the Committee at an early date. The 'event' is looked forward to with anticipations of pleasure by the young ladies of the Western suburb.

It is whispered that an engagement has recently taken place between Mr T. Whitelaw, of Ponsonby, and Miss Peacock, daughter of Mr T. Peacock, M.H.R.

MURIEL.

NOTES.

A LITTLE girl who had not been in school long enough to know all the ins and outs of education, was late one morning during her first term. 'Bring a written excuse from your mother this afternoon,' said the teacher, and Hattie retired to her desk, where she began laboriously writing.

Presently she accomplished the following note, and laid it triumphantly on the teacher's desk:

'Please ex-cuse Hattie for being Tardie.'

'But this isn't from your mother,' objected the recipient.

'No'm,' said Hattie, innocently. 'But I thought if I wrote it myself, I shouldn't have to 'splain it to her that I was late.'

A certain little boy, according to the Chicago *Herald*, had greatly annoyed his mother by running away to the house of a neighbour, and staying there until some one was sent for him. Tired of hunting for him, his mother at length called on the mother of the children whom he thus sought, and came to an understanding with her.

'When I am willing that George should call on your children,' she said, 'I will write a note to that effect and pin it on his arm. In the note I will state what time I want him sent home, and you can act accordingly.'

The other lady agreed to this plan, and a day or two afterward the child appeared at her house with a note pinned on his sleeve. She did not look at it immediately, but allowed him to play with her children until she thought it might be time to send him home. Then she opened the note, and found it contained nothing but scribblings.

'Why, George,' said she, 'what does this mean?'

'Well,' answered George, 'my mamma was asleep when I wanted to come up here, so I wrote the note myself.'

'How much older is your elder sister than you?' 'I don't know. She loses a year annually. I expect we shall be twins before long.'

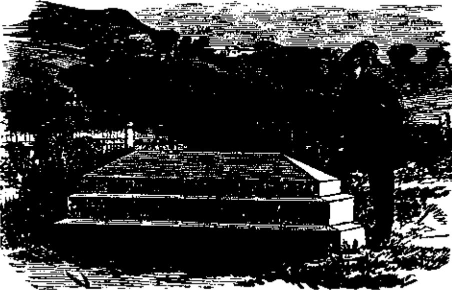
WRECK OF H.M.S. ORPHEUS.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

HOW THE ORPHEUS WENT DOWN ON THE MANAKAU BAR.

(See illustrations, front page.)

S Aucklanders and a good many others throughout the colony are already aware, a relic of old times of the colony of more than ordinary interest, in the shape of a portion of the hull of Her Majesty's ill-fated corvette Orpheus, which went down on the Manukau bar on February 7th, 1863, has been found washed up on the beach near the North Manukau Head. Our illustrations on title page show the Orpheus stranded on the bar; also a capital view of the Manukau Harbour. There is an interesting history connected with the remains of the wreck itself. It appears that after the wreck took place the remains of the ship were sold by the Government to Messrs Coombes and Daldy, an Auckland firm of that day, for the sum of £100. For twenty-seven years the hull of the old ship lay imbedded in the sand, though pieces of the wreckage of masts, topsides, spars, etc., came ashore in large quantities and strewed the ocean beach for miles and miles. The purchasers had about forgotten all about the matter when the unexpected news came into town that the hull of the teak-built warship had been drifted up on shore through the action of shifting sands and tide, and was lying near the Heads in a position which would enable it to be boarded at



COMMODORE BURNETT'S TOMB.

half tide. As might be expected, only part of the hull is there; but it is wonderful that after the lapse of such a long period a wreck should unexpectedly turn up on shore. There is supposed to be a quantity of gold specie on board. Many stories are told about the manner in which residents of the West Coast in the 'sixties' used to ransack the beach round the North Manukau Head for the flotsam and jetsam of the sea from the wrecked Orpheus. Whenever shipwrights of the Manukau, it is said, were in need of a piece of good timber they took a cruise round the Ocean Beach and picked out a bit of teak from the Orpheus. A resident of Onehunga built a small schooner, the Halcione, out of the timber wreckage on the beach.

Captain Daldy is the now living representative of the Auckland firm who purchased the wreck, and he is intending to make arrangements to save from the hull if possible anything of value it might contain. The ship's timbers and frame were of teak, strongly sheathed with copper.

HOW THE ORPHEUS WAS LOST.

It is interesting to turn up old files of 1863 and read the accounts of the tragic fate of nearly two hundred British seamen, who met a watery grave twenty-seven years ago so near port in the Orpheus. The *Illustrated London News* of April 18th, 1863, contained a graphically-written description of the wreck with an illustration of the fine full-rigged corvette as she lay bumping on the bar with the seas breaking over her. From the account given it appears that the Orpheus was a new steam corvette of 1706 tons and twenty-one guns, ship-rigged, with a crew of 280 men, was commissioned at Portsmouth late in the year of 1860 for the broad pennant of the Commodore in Australia, and was at Spithead waiting orders when the news of the Trent affair reached England. Commodore Burnett, who was in command, was at once despatched to convey the Melbourne transport with a valuable freight of rifles and ammunition across the Atlantic. He remained on the North American coast directing the disembarking of the little army of Canada all through the winter months, when he received orders from the Admiralty to proceed to his command in Australia.

The Orpheus arrived in Sydney in July, 1862. After refitting in dock and replacing copper torn off in the ice, the Commodore visited Cape York and Tasmania. On January 31st he left to visit the Auckland station. After a very fine passage under canvas the ship made the New Zealand coast off the Manukau Heads on February 7th, 1863.

A bar with 30ft. at top of high water extends at a distance of three miles right across the entrance to the Manukau Harbour. Inshore of this there are large shifting sandbanks, upon which the sea is constantly breaking with the uninterrupted force of the great Pacific Ocean.

The account in the *London News* says:—'The Orpheus made the land about 11 a.m., on the 7th, in beautiful fine clear weather with a moderate S.W. breeze. Soon after was observed the Head's signal station, with the signal flying 'Take the bar,' the ship being under all plain sail. Steam was got up for half-speed, and she proceeded across the bar, the tide being just on the turn to ebb. Steering by the Admiralty sailing directions, the pilotage being altered now and then in obedience to the signals, all precautions were to be taken with the steerage, and to keep the ship in perfect command, keeping as was thought in mid channel, making a good rate for the entrance.

'It appears that either she was not kept far enough to the northward, or that the middle-bank had recently extended itself unknown to the pilots, for very shortly after passing the bar, and when about two miles from the Heads, at about 1.30 p.m., the ship struck on what was subsequently discovered to be the extreme northern end of the middle bank, and at about fifty feet from deep water.

'The order was given to back astern, but the engines never moved. The ship immediately broached to, with her head to the north, and the rollers made one complete sweep over the port broadside, tearing to pieces and sweeping everything before them, whilst the heavy bumping of the ship forced up the hatchway fastenings, and she subsequently filled with water.

All hands were employed righting the ship of her heavy broadside guns and getting out the boats.

'Just at this moment (2 o'clock), a small steamer (the Wonga-wonga), was seen coming out of the harbour, but finding that she did not intend to near him, the Commodore despatched first of all a cutter with the records and valuable papers to shore, and in half an hour another boat, with Lieutenant Hill and Mr Amphlett (now in Sydney), to obtain the services of the life-boat at the Heads, and to give the alarm to H.M.S. Harrier, known to be in the port.

'With great difficulty, and in imminent danger of swamping in the rollers, both the boats succeeded in reaching the Heads at five o'clock, where they met the pilot, and observed the small steamer Wonga-Wonga, which had a few hours previously proceeded to sea, returning by the south channel into port. The life-boats having been reported unserviceable, the steamer closed the boats, took them in tow, and steamed out to the scene of the wreck, which they did not reach till six o'clock. They found the ship almost buried in the water, the seas breaking clear over all and halfway up the rigging. All the people in the tops had mounted in the rigging; the Commodore, with all his young officers, being in the mizentop.

'It was at once seen that the only chance of saving lives was from the bowsprit and jibboom, which overhung the deep, still water. The boats were placed to pick up all that ventured to jump and swim for it. With the exception of the boat's crews, all that survive were saved in this manner. Nearly all that left the ship abaft the foremast were taken down by the eddies and undercurrents around the ship. Some of the more young, active sailors slid down the stays from head to mast until they reached the jibboom. It was stated by the men who were picked up that, shortly after the two boats had left the ship, the launch was got out and manned with forty hands, but in endeavouring to clear the ship had got swamped alongside, and that all were drowned.

'At about seven o'clock the flood-tide set in strong, and the rollers became very high and dangerous; the bowsprit soon broke short off, the boats being occasionally towed to windward by the steamer, which kept burning blue-lights.

'Towards nine o'clock the masts went one by one; the people in the tops were heard cheering and encouraging each other as they fell. The passengers in the Wonga-Wonga speak of this as a most heartrending scene, for the ship seemed at the time to break thoroughly up. Fragments of spars and large masses of wreck could be seen (it was a beautifully clear, bright moonlight night) passing in shore with the tide, clinging to which a number of poor fellows were picked up, most of them in the last state of exhaustion. The boats kept on the spot, until all had disappeared. Nothing could be heard or seen during the remainder of the night. At daylight the wind had subsided; the sea was a perfect calm. The Wonga-Wonga steamed close to the reef, but nothing was visible but the stump of one mast and a few bare ribs. It was difficult to realise, even to a person on the spot, and after a night of painful anxiety, that such a dreadful calamity had happened—that of that noble ship, and of her complement of gallant fellows so lately full of hope and life, nothing now remained but the few half-naked sailors that stood around us.

'Numerous instances occurred of personal courage and endurance of the very highest order. One case, that of a young seaman named Johnson, who at the risk of his own life, on four different occasions saved the lives of drowning men, deserves especial notice; whilst the pilot's boat's crew—four marines—were among the first and foremost.'

THE GRAVE OF COMMODORE BURNETT.

To commemorate the wreck of H.M.S. Orpheus a tomb was erected in the Cemetery of Auckland at the expense of the surviving officers of that ship and others who served under Commodore Burnett. The inscription on the upper part of the tomb is as follows:—'Sacred to the memory of William Farquharson Burnett, Esq., C.B., who perished, with 22 officers and 167 men, in the total loss of H.M.S. Orpheus, on the Manakau Bar, New Zealand, on February 9th, 1863.' On the side of the tomb are inscribed these words: 'Erected by the officers of Her Majesty's ships under his command.' Our engraving, which is taken from a photograph, shows Commodore Burnett's tomb, and on this side of the grave is buried Captain Swift, of the 65th Regiment, who was killed in a fight with the Maoris at Pukekohe, September 11th, 1863.

He: 'What did your father say when you told him that we were engaged?' She: 'O, Augustus, you must not ask me to repeat such language!'

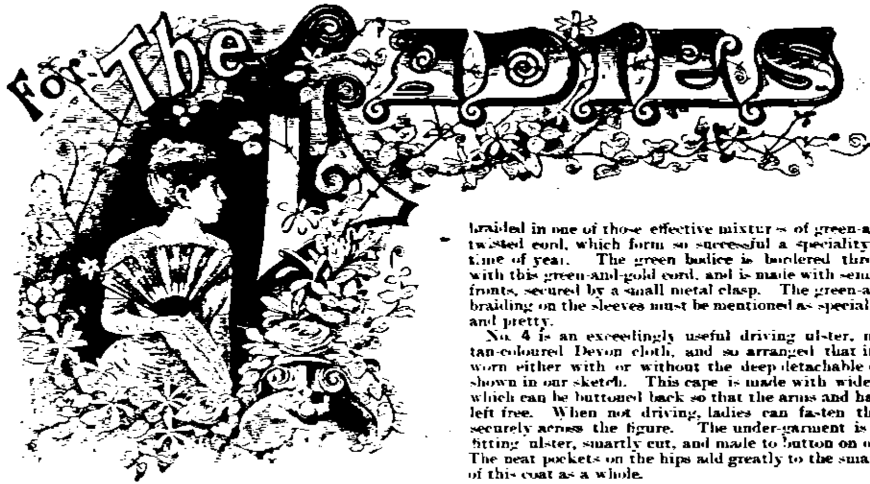
A boy holding a candle to a tradesman allowed something to attract his attention from the job, so the candle came in contact with the man's head and ignited his hair. After scolding the boy, he made the remark that if the master was to come in, judging by the smell, he would think they had been singeing a sheep's head. 'Weel,' replied the boy, 'he maybe wadna be far wrang.'

Encouraging to Authors.—Griggs: 'Do you mean to tell me there's no money in literature? Look at Dawson; he's worth his millions.' Penman: 'Dawson? What did he ever write?' Griggs: 'Nothing; he's a publisher.'

WHAT IS LIFE?

A dainty kiss, a little hug,
To the parson's then skedaddle;
For food and raiment then to tug,
Then o'er the Styx to paddle.

THE RECEPTION OF H. M. STANLEY IN LONDON.



QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, *Auckland,' and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope, 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The* RULES *for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the* NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC *are requested to comply with them.*

RULES.

No. 1.—*All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.*

No. 2.—*All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.*

No. 3.—*The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.*

QUERIES.

PERQUISITES.—Will you or one of your numerous readers kindly tell me how you manage about perquisites? Can you also tell me of any substitue for eggs wherewith to cover fish or anything which is to be bread crumbed?—MARCELLA.

ROUGH PUFF PASTRY.—Can anyone tell me how this is made, and is it wholesome?—ROOK.

CRAMP IN DUCKS' FEET.—What causes this, and can it be cured?—CHICKEN.

CROUTES A LA JUBILEE.—'Herman' asks for a recipe in this novelty.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

H.M. Tea stains may be removed from china cups by applying a little muriatic acid.

B. Get a bit of waterproof cloth from a dealer in the article, and some cement used in making waterproofs. Coat the piece of waterproof with the cement, and put on back of torn place, put weight on top and allow to dry.

POTATO PIE (P.P.).—Two pounds of potatoes; two ounces of onions (cut small); one ounce of butter, and half an ounce of tapioca. Pare and cut the potatoes; season with pepper and salt; put them in a pie-dish, adding the onion, tapioca, a few pieces of butter, and half a pint of water; cover with paste, and bake in a moderately hot oven. A little celery, or powdered sage, may be added.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE NO. I. (*See Fashion Plate.*)

NEAT and yet smart-looking tailor-made garments, cleverly cut and fitted, are always in fashion and always appropriate, no matter what the season of the year may be. We feel sure, therefore, that our readers will be glad to see the sketches which they will find on pages 16 and 17.

No. 1 is a very neat coat in dark blue cloth, cut in the Portland shape, which has been so successful all through the summer, made in lighter fabrics. The double-breasted shape is most becoming to the figure, and the large buttons with which the coat is fastened, as well as the flap-pockets on the hips, must be noticed as very effective. The deep roll collar is of astrachan, and the same fur is also used to trim the front of the jacket and to border the pockets in the manner shown in the sketch.

No. 2 is a graceful gown, made in two shades of grey, and arranged in quite a novel fashion. The dark grey bodice is bordered with a narrow edging of pale grey cloth, and made to open over a double-breasted vest of pale grey, with *revers* of the same cloth. The skirt is made of dark grey cloth in the plain full style now so fashionable, and trimmed all round with three rows of the paler grey.

No. 3 is a very pretty little gown in Lincoln-green cloth, with panels on the skirt and a vest of tan coloured cloth, braided in one of those effective mixtures of green-and-gold twisted cord, which form so successful a speciality at this time of year. The green bodice is bordered throughout with this green-and-gold cord, and is made with semi-fitting fronts, secured by a small metal clasp. The green-and-gold braiding on the sleeves must be mentioned as specially novel and pretty.

No. 4 is an exceedingly useful driving ulster, made in tan-coloured Devon cloth, and so arranged that it can be worn either with or without the deep detachable cape, as shown in our sketch. This cape is made with wide *revers*, which can be buttoned back so that the arms and hands are left free. When not driving, ladies can fasten this cape securely across the figure. The under-garment is a tight-fitting ulster, smartly cut, and made to button on one side. The neat pockets on the hips add greatly to the smart effect of this coat as a whole.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE NO. II. (*See Fashion Plate.*)

No. 1 is a smart ball-gown suitable for a young married lady, and gracefully arranged somewhat *a la Grecque*, with a bodice, full draperies at the back, and pointed draperies on either side of rich yellow duchesse satin. The side draperies terminate in cups and ornaments of multi-coloured passementerie, similar ornaments being also used on the points of satin which form the sleeves. The front of the skirt is draped with a tablier of ivory-white lisse, embroidered with small Pompadour bouquets of coloured flowers in silk, shades of myrtle-green, old rose, and gobelin-blue predominating. Round the underskirt there is a *chicoree* frill of silk in green, pink, and blue, repeating the colours of the embroideries. The bodice is very prettily cut, and is drawn to a point in front under a V-shaped band of multi-coloured passementerie.

No. 2 is an exceedingly handsome gown with a bodice and train of dark ruby velvet. The train is detachable, and can be removed without the slightest trouble or difficulty, so that this beautiful gown can be changed at a moment's notice from a dignified dinner toilette to a short-skirted dress suitable for dancing. The whole of the underskirt and the panels at the side are of a rich brocade in a delicate shade of pale pink, while the front of the skirt is draped from waist to hem with a beautiful tablier of cream lisse, closely embroidered with an elaborate design of fine pearls. The bodice is of dark ruby velvet, arranged with a vest of brocade, and a chemisette of *mousseline de chiffon*, bordered with pearls.

No. 3 is a beautiful dinner gown in two shades of green. It is one of the model dresses from the Paris Exhibition, and it is made in a design which cannot fail to please the tastes of English ladies. The bodice is of dark green velvet, with a vest and side pieces of pale green silk, closely covered with glittering green crystal beads and a rich chenille embroidery in various harmonising shades of green. This same exquisite design is repeated on the front of the skirt, the whole of which is of pale green silk, embroidered with beads and chenille to correspond. Near the hem the silk draperies are fringed out, the same idea being repeated in the short sleeves of dark green velvet, the outer parts of which are of pale green silk, embroidered with beads and chenille. The side panels are of dark velvet with centre folds of silk.

Another very pretty evening gown (not included in our page of sketches) was also shown to me, and deserves special mention as an example of successful and ingenious accordeon pleating. The gown in question is made of daffodil-yellow *crepe de soie*, accordeon-pleated from the shoulder downwards back and front, the waist being confined by a heavy knotted girdle of gold coloured silk cord, reaching to the hem of the garment in front. The bodice part is arranged with a yoke-shaped pleated chemisette of white *mousseline de chiffon*, the effect of which is very light and pretty. The sleeves are of white *mousseline de chiffon*, with puffs on the shoulders, and very fine tucks on the outer part of the arm. This accordeon-pleated gown would look very pretty in grey, with a pale pink chemisette, or in two shades of heliotrope. It is really an ideal evening dress for a young lady.

THE DILEMMA OF THE GIANTESS.

SOME commotion was caused on Saturday in a South London omnibus from a novel cause. There was only one seat vacant, and for this one of Barnum's giantesses put in a claim. The poor lady, who was due for a 'side show' at Addison Road, found herself late on her road to the District Railway. The conductor expostulated that she was three ordinary ladies rolled into one, but she insisted upon her right to the vacant seat, and declined to leave the step of the omnibus. In the end, two ladies doubled up on each other's knees, and the giantess went rejoicing upon her way.

MR G. A. SALA'S SECOND WIFE.

ALTHOUGH Mr Sala's marriage was kept a profound secret, his many friends have for some time reasonably suspected him of matrimonial intentions. In his public appearances the distinguished journalist had a distinctly bridegroom-elect appearance. Mr Sala, notwithstanding his exacting career, is still in the prime of life. Neither time nor hard work seems to have affected him. He has married his amanuensis, a niece or 'John Strange Winter' (Mrs Arthur Stannard), and herself a journalist. Mrs Sala will preside over a home rendered interesting by its wealth of rare books and manuscripts, *bric-a-brac*, and the luxurious conceits of many capitals.

NEEDLEWORK.

EIDER-DOWN SILK QUILT.

NOW that the cold weather has set in, the following description of an eider-down quilt may be useful. It could also be made of much smaller pieces than those used in the illustration by making four of the pattern given, and joining them together.

Decide upon the size you wish for your pieces, and cut them each exactly square, and of the same size. Be very

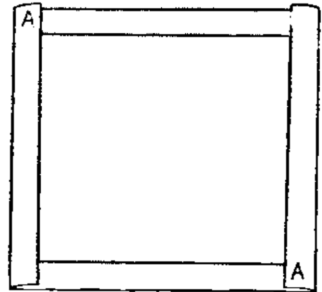
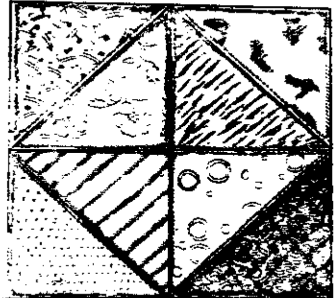


FIG. 1.

particular about this, because the whole beauty of the quilt depends upon exactness of measure. Fold in and baste down the edges of each piece, as in Fig. 1; then fold again diagonally through the centre, making the two corners A A (in Fig. 1) meet.

Baste the edges together, forming a three-cornered piece. Leave a small opening in one side, and through this fill the little bag half-full of eider-down. Then baste up the hole.

Proceed in the same manner with each square of silk; and when four or eight are made, overhand them together with a fine needle and sewing silk, having the stiches show



as little as possible. Sew the others together, and then join all in one, as in diagram of finished square.

This is such a very simple way to make a silk quilt that a small girl could do it well; and as the quilt is filled with down and lined while it is being pierced, when the pieces are all sewed together the quilt is entirely finished and ready for use.

And it is so beautiful, light and warm, it is truly a 'thing of beauty' and a 'joy,' if not forever, for a very long time.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

THE STANLEY PUDDING.—Take four penny sponge cakes, crumbed—or you could use four ounces of crushed ratafia biscuits instead—pour over them the strained juice of four lemons, add the grated rind of two, a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, three-quarters of a pint of cream or milk; a little nutmeg (grated), and the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three; the latter must be beaten well before being added. Line a pie-dish with puff paste very thinly, and pour the mixture into it; bake the pudding for half an hour. The brown, burnt-looking sauce is the caramel; it is simply made of castor sugar and lemon juice. They must be put into the mould the pudding is going to be made in, and then the mould must be placed on the top of the stove, and the sugar and lemon juice will very quickly become a golden colour, which is the colour it should be. While the caramel is quite hot, the mould must be lined with it. This is done by turning the mould round and round. When a thin coating has been formed all over the mould, it must be dipped at once into cold water to set the caramel. The custard must then be poured into the mould and strained. The caramel must always be served with this pudding, otherwise it should not be called caramel, as the sauce is what the pudding takes its name from.

THICK OXTAIL SOUP.—Cut the ox-tail up in lengths by the joints, and the large joints should be divided into three or four pieces. Put them into a saucepan, cover them with cold water, add a pinch of salt, and bring the water to the boil; then strain the water off and well rinse the oxtail with water, after which put it in a stewpan with plenty of vegetables, onions, leeks, celery, carrots, turnips, a good bunch of herbs, four or five cloves, a dozen peppercorns, two blades of mace; cover with six or seven pints of stock, of water if you have not any stock, and let all simmer gently for four or five hours. The meat should then be quite tender. Strain the stock through a hair sieve, and when cold remove any fat there may be on the top. Take all the vegetables and pound them; thicken the soup with a little cornflour—two tea-poonfuls will be enough—and when the soup boils add the vegetables which have been pounded, then pass all through a hair sieve or tammy cloth, taking care to rub as much of the thick part through as possible. Make the soup hot again, and add the pieces of the tail, allowing two or three pieces for each person. A little sherry may be added to this soup, if you like.

THE DRESSMAKING ART

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOW TO CUT AND FIT GOWNS.

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES ON DRESSMAKING.

SKIRTS.

As this instruction in dressmaking is intended for the novice, our first advice is, learn to sew. If possible the student in dressmaking should give her services in a workroom for a week or a month. One week would be invaluable to an intelligent young woman, and in that time she could acquire a practical knowledge of the art not to be obtained in a year's reading.

In the supposition of rudimentary knowledge the necessity for a sewing-room is as imperative for the success of the dressmaker as a kitchen for the cook or a studio for an artist. You want a machine oiled, cleaned and in good order; a table or cutting-board at least 5 feet long and 3 feet wide; a pair of shears designed for cutting purposes; an inch-measure; a wire figure; a mirror; a foot-rest; a press-board, such as tailors use for pressing pantaloons; a flat iron and some means of heating it and good light. The best mirror is an easel glass. A cheaper article is the purchase of a German plate, four or five feet by eighteen or twenty inches, framed in an inch of oak and hung resting on the floor. If your means will not allow this, take any ordinary looking-glass and stand it up on the floor so as to satisfy yourself in regard to the hang of the skirt and the general effect of the trimming. You know better than anybody else what you want, and as you are going to wear the garment it should be in harmony with yourself. The gown and the wearer at odds means discord. Suitable is beautiful, and unless you are pleased you cannot lend to it the life and influence of your personality, which we call taste.

A wire figure is very useful, as the frame can be adjusted to any hip measurement and the drapery applied without the perplexing and harassing inconvenience of putting on and taking off the dress during the process of construction. Except for gathering, the short needles known in trade as betweens are better than sharps. Tailors never use anything else; they also prefer the open thimble; they use short lengths of thread; they are careful to baste everything and pin nothing; no seam ever goes unpressed, and being the best and neatest sewers in the world their methods are worthy of imitation.

Don't try to work with crumpled material. Get an iron and press out the lining or dress goods; if the latter, have a cloth under the iron to avoid gloss.

And now to make a skirt, which, by the way, is a composite affair, consisting of the foundation, the little skirt and the drapery.

SHOWING SKIRT FOUNDATION WITH SLASHED HEM.

Here are the dimensions for a fashionable skirt by which any one can cut it.

Entire width, round the bottom, 84 inches; length of front and side gores, 42 inches; length of back gore, 43 inches.

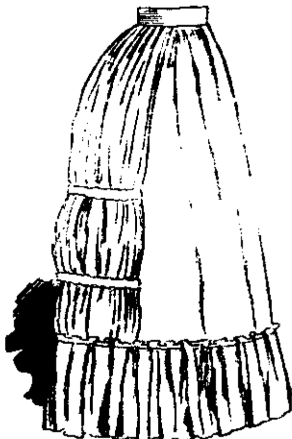
Lay the French cambric on the table double, and with tape measure and chalk mark off the front gore 8 inches at the top and 10 at the bottom. The first gores should be 8 inches wide at the top and 11 at the bottom; the second set 6 inches above and 9 below, and the back a straight breadth 43 inches long and 24 wide.

Don't tear any kind of cloth. Use a measure and tailor's chalk and cut in the chalk-line. Don't be afraid to baste; it will save the novice a world of trouble. Never try to cut or baste in your lap. It is the laggard's method. Spread the cloth on the table, use weights if necessary to hold it in place and work like a draughtsman or a merchant tailor. A rocking-chair is out of place in a sewing-room. If you must rock it will be better to lay aside the sewing. It is to this rocking-chair, lap-cutting system employed by so many domestic seamstresses that sweet tempers and pretty toilets are sacrificed. Too much cannot be said on the subject of neatness. Have the machine clean; begin to stitch up the seams at the bottom; tie the threads if there is danger of ripping and cut off all ends. Double-stitch the seams, for strength as well as neatness. Have a care about holding the work; don't stretch bias edges and never sew with the cloth wrapped about the forefinger, a habit contracted in doll-days which some sewers never outgrow.

When the seams are stitched put on the casings, which should be made of cambric, for the reed and draw-string. Have the strips one inch wide and thirty inches long to cover the whole back breadth and half the side gore; if more of the skirt is gathered it will be too tight for ease in walking. The first casing is for the elastic and should be placed thirteen inches from the top; the second, for the extender, place eight inches below the first. Many dressmakers omit the reed, running both casings with rubber, but if the material has weight and the dress is intended for the street the steel is desirable, as it holds the skirt out from the feet.

A thirteen-inch steel is hardly perceptible and the graceful effect produced is not easily obtained in any other way. Use tape at the ends of both casings to tie or draw back the gathers.

The pocket in and the slit faced in the back, cut a piece of cross-bar crinoline six inches wide and baste round the inside of the skirt; on this lay a piece of the goods the same width, turning the edge over the crinoline. In the



SKIRT AND LITTLE SKIRT.

right side baste another piece of the dress material the same width as the other. One row of stitching will suffice, and when finished you will have a very neatly faced skirt alike on both sides. If the material is cloth, heavy woollen or delicate silk, use cashmere or alpaca for the inside facing, but have it the same colour as the goods.

If the three applied pieces are well basted the edges will be even, but before putting on the braid lay the skirt on the table folded down the front gore so that the seams come together. Pare off the bottom edge straight and then put on the braid, beginning in the middle of the back. Before using dip it in cold water and dry it. This will prevent it from shrinking or drawing up on the skirt. Baste it round the facing one-eighth of an inch from the bottom and stitch in the basting thread. Unless the front of the skirt is slashed at the foot it will pull in walking. To get this spring or freedom two or three Vs are put in the front gore; if three, one in the centre and one at each end; if two, which for light-weight dresses are sufficient, have them over the feet, eight inches apart, and three inches high. Don't cut into the facing before stitching on the braid, for if you do you will have trouble, as the cloth will slip, and unless you are skilful the openings will be clumsily finished. Baste and stitch the braid on till you come to the front gore, and when within four inches of the middle run the binding up on a four-inch slant and down again to complete the A or angle.

Eight inches further along fashion another caret and don't cut the cloth away until you are ready to fell on the braid. The turn-over-round braid wears better than the flat arrangement. Use strong thread and a little wax to keep it from ripping.

The braid on, the foundation, as shown in the first cut, is ready for the little skirt, which is nothing more than a deep ruffle or plaiting put on to hide the lining in case the drapery flies up.

If the material is delicate and airy, make the little skirt knee deep; if of cashmere weight, an eight-inch ruffle, about forty inches wider than the skirt, will suffice. This short skirt, if made with a two-inch hem, stiffened with crinoline and finished with five or six rows of machine stitching, will form a pleasing and simple relief for the drapery. In the second cut the skirt is shown with the little skirt and the draw-strings ready for the drapery.

For the average woman a 42-inch skirt will allow a small hem at the top, although it is not advisable to have it more than half an inch. Too many gathers about the waist mar the fit of the basque.

In fitting the skirt about the hips the figure will suggest the width of the darts. Ordinarily the one in the front placed in the centre of the gore is three-quarters of an inch wide, narrowed to the depth of four inches. Stitch the side ones three inches from the first and the same depth to give the necessary spring over the hips. Three inches back lay three plaits, one inch wide, and gather the rest of the lining with two rows of shirring. Measure the band, allowing an inch at the ends to turn in for the hook and eye. Tack the centre of the skirt and belt together and sew by hand. Machine work, while stronger, is difficult to rip if alterations are needed. Clumsiness can and should be avoided. When finished press with a hot iron. The novice has presumably tried on the skirt and, satisfied ... it hangs well, is perfectly even and easy, the work of draping it can begin, and also the comforting thought that all is well.

And now for the drapery. If the material is fifty-six inches wide four breadths will be needed. If cashmere is used five will be required, three in the back and one for the front. Cut them straight, the three back ones 46 inches long and the front 54 inches, which provides for some graceful arrangements about the sides. Stitch the goods, press the seams flat and turn up the bottom with a three-inch hem. This hem can be stiffened with crinoline and stitched in rows of plain or coloured silks or made up soft and felled. Gather the back into a six inch thread, run a second thread three-quarters of an inch below the first and pin the drapery to the band of the skirt.

The drapery and skirt should be even at the bottom. Here and there place a pin to connect the two and draw the front up at the side in one or two plaits, or to both hips in some graceful gathers. If you have a wire figure this will be an easy matter. If you haven't that convenience stand in front of the glass and play with the pins and drapery until you get an arrangement sufficiently artistic to please your fancy. If you turn down half an inch at the belt and loop up the fulness at the side you will have a very tasteful effect. In stitching the drapery lay it on the band of the skirt and cover the sewing with a piece of galloon or braid. So much for the construction of the skirt, which is the basis on which all dresses are designed. The rest is ornamental and must be an expression for the taste of the wearer. Innumerable avenues are open to the novice for ideas.

Fashion plates are inexpensive and so admirable in print and detail that each will be a suggestion as well as a model to the domestic modiste. Every shop of importance devotes one day in each season to an opening, to which the world is welcome and at liberty to plunder and borrow and appropriate ideas. It may interest the reader whose means are limited to know that the most ladylike costumes for the street are made after the manner described without a particle of decoration further than machine stitching.

While there is an indefinable charm about the garment, it belongs to the woman. It comes from her manner of walking, standing or wearing it. Therein is the success of the skirt. We are all conscious of our personal defects. If they cannot be corrected, at least let them be covered. If the posture is such that the stomach protrudes and the back hollows, conceal the fact by making the skirt several inches longer in front than in the back. Women with flat backs should never make the skirt round; allow for an inch fall at the back, and when the dress settles it will be straight. Students of physical culture and professional clothiers are well aware that people who walk on their heels measure less in the back than they do in front from the belt down.

Although very stylish just at present, plaids are more expensive and more difficult to make than plain goods or small figures. At the seams it is necessary to match the blocks, whether used on the straight or bias of the cloth. It is equally difficult to handle wide stripes and pronounced patterns, designs, by the way, intended only for tall, thin women.

DRAPED WALKING SKIRT.

Before leaving the subject the inexperienced dressmaker is warned against attempting too much. When you begin the skirt make it as well as you can and with all reasonable speed. Very often the work drags until the finish wears from the cloth and the pride of the owner gives place to dislike any discouragement. The task begun, complete it, but whatever the time consumed, attempt nothing else. It is easy to understand the difficulty of mastering a waist, but there should be no obstacles in the way of a skirtmaker.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two Parisian novelties for the benefit of the Orleanist ladies are called, respectively, the *Chapeau gamelle* and the *Flot Conscrit*. The bonnet suggests the shape of the soldier's provision-bowl, while the 'flot' is a bunch of tri-coloured streamers, which can be attached to the shoulder of a ball dress, or worn at the throat of a high bodice.

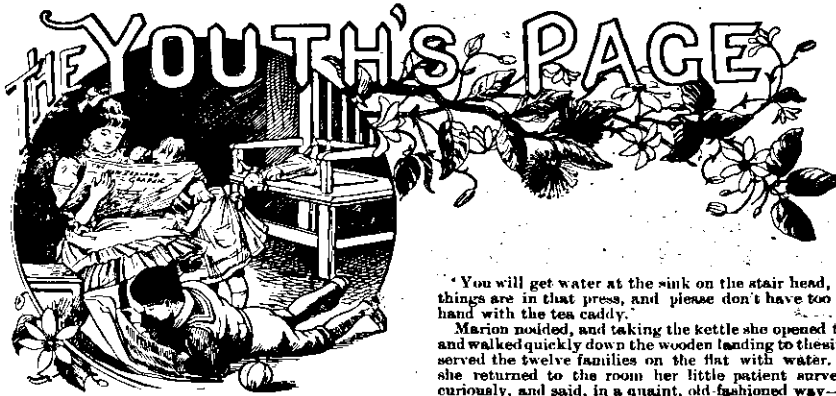
Braided jackets (sleeveless) and beaded zouaves (a sort of cape of beads reaching to within four inches of the waist, and two or more on the shoulders) are much worn. They are made of jet, or crystal and pearl.

LA GRIPPE.

'Give it not to me,' she said;
'Would you see your darling dead?
Leave the house then—vanish—skip!
Ere I take from you the *grippe*.'
Then her father, old and grim,
Set the bull-dog on to him.
Bull-dog smote him thigh and hip:
Even dogs can give the *grippe*.

USEFUL TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS, LONDON AND PARIS.—*See page 14.*

PARIS EVENING AND BALL DRESSES.—*See page 14.*



POETRY COMPETITION.

Any girl or boy, under sixteen, being a reader of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, *is invited to send in a poem.*

CONDITIONS.

1. The poem must be original and the bona fide work of the sender.

2. The poems may be on any subject, but must not be less than ten, or more than sixteen lines.

3. The poems to be addressed, 'The Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, *Auckland,' and in the top left-hand corner must be the words, 'Poetry Competition.'*

4. Each poem must be signed with a motto, and a sealed envelope must accompany it with the motto on the outside, and the poet's real name and address on the inside.

5. The best and worst poems will each receive the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC *for a quarter, free.*

6. The poems must reach the Editor not later than June 19th.

MATTIE'S FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

'Then you may feel like me, half-ashamed of the good you can do,
Compared with the good you are getting from lives so human and true.'

IT was a lovely day in spring, one of those warm, sunny days that everyone likes. A day that slatternly housewives hate because of the brilliant sunshine that exposes forgotten corners, and a day that thrifty wives love, for it is to them the herald of the spring cleaning, with all its attendant glories of paint and white-wash. Even smoky Glasgow looked clear and smelt fresh, for the smoke curled upwards, and the West wind blew away all obnoxious vapours.

'How the sun shows up the dirt,' said Marion Clark, as she climbed up a steep wooden stair in one of the most densely populated districts of the city. She was beating up recruits for the mission school that she taught in on Sundays. It was very discouraging work, but she persevered. Suddenly she paused as the sound of passionate sobbing fell on her ear, and as the sobs did not abate she pushed open the door. As her eyes fell on the sole occupant of the scrupulously clean room she went forward quietly and swiftly.

'My poor child, are you ill?' she asked in a tender, sympathetic tone, that caused the little figure in the baby chair to sob more vehemently than ever. In a quiet, womanly way the girl soothed the little sufferer.

'It is my back; I have taken bad; I want to lie down, and Lizzie won't be home till night,' sobbed the child.

'Will I do instead of Lizzie?' asked Marion, as she smoothed the child's hair back from her hot brow.

'I am frightened you let me fall. I want Lizzie. Oh! I want her badly,' cried the little girl, as a spasm of pain flashed over her face and left her deadly pale.

'Why, dear, you may trust me,' and stooping down Marion gathered the tiny figure in her strong young arms, and carried her over to the bed.

'Please don't go away,' begged the child, as she caught hold of Marion's dress; 'I will be better in a little.'

Silently Marion stood beside the bed, and watched the little girl battle with her pain. Her eyes took a deeper hue as the little face before her twitched and the tiny limbs writhed and twisted. Instinctively she took the little sufferer's hands in her own, and they closed upon hers like a vice. In a few minutes the attack was over, and the child lay exhausted.

'You are better now, little one; can I give you anything?' said Marion, her impulsive manner returning as she saw the child smile faintly.

'I would like some tea. Can you make tea?' asked the little girl, innocently.

Marion bent down and kissed the old-fashioned face, and answered gaily.—

'It is a very funny woman that can't make tea. Tell me where to get the things and we shall have tea in a trice.'

'You will get water at the sink on the stair head, and the things are in that press, and please don't have too heavy a hand with the tea caddy.'

Marion nodded, and taking the kettle she opened the door and walked quickly down the wooden landing to the sink, that served the twelve families on the flat with water. When she returned to the room her little patient surveyed her curiously, and said, in a quaint, old-fashioned way—

'You are a very nice lady. Will you tell me your name?'

Marion told her, and as she put on the kettle, she asked—

'What is yours?'

'Martha Jackson; but Lizzie calls me Mattie. I will let you call me Mattie too if you like,' was the grave reply; and she added, 'I am twelve years old. The way I am only the size of a baby is because my legs have never grown since since I met with an accident,' she added in a more reserved tone.

'Well, Mattie, I am going out for some cream, and as I was not expected to tea you will be my guest,' and picking up a basket she ran out before Mattie could speak.

It was a good quarter of an hour before Marion returned, and she at once ordered Mattie to turn her face to the wall, or shut her eyes tight until the tea was ready. Then she threw off her hat and jacket and bustled about in a most mysterious fashion. It seemed a very long time to Mattie before she got permission to open her eyes. But when the word came she gave a cry, for in the middle of the table stood a jug without a handle filled with tall, white lilies.

'Oh! the pretty, pretty flowers! Please put me in my chair.'

'Now, Mattie, you must eat a lot,' said Marion, as she pushed the chair close to the table.

'Yes, so I will, but please let me say grace.' With an effort she reached forward her thin, little arms, and drawing the jug towards her, she said, with touching simplicity—'O Lord, thank you for the pretty flowers, the nice lady, and the good things for tea—Amen.'

'Now, Mattie, tell me all about Lizzie.'

A bright smile passed over the little girl's face. Her strong, beautiful sister, who worked for them both, was the one theme that she could be eloquent about. Before they had finished tea Marion had heard their whole family history, and a sad one it was.

'We are very poor, but we are quite honest, and father won't come and ask money to get drunk with as long as I am here.' The child lowered her voice as she continued—'It is father's fault that I am like this, but he was drunk, poor father! so one must not be too hard on him.'

There was a little pause, which Marion broke by saying—'Are you not afraid to stay all day by yourself, Mattie?'

'Yes, dreadful! I am frightened father comes,' answered the child, in a scared way, as she looked apprehensively towards the door. 'He came one day and swore at me. I just lifted my frock and showed him my legs. He turned quite white and went away, and has never come back since. I would have liked a nice father,' she continued, in a wistful tone; 'Jamie Duncan is a cripple, and his father carries him to the West End Park every fine Sunday.'

'And when your father comes back, Mattie, he will be a good man, and will carry you to the park to see the trees, the flowers, and the swans,' said Marion, impulsively, as she bent forward and patted the little girl on the shoulder.

Mattie shook her head doubtfully, and for a little there was no sound save the subdued roar of the great city's traffic.

'Have you got a nice father, Marion?' asked the deformed child.

'Yes, dear, and a mother too; but I have no sister Lizzie,' she added, as Mattie looked enviously at her.

There was another pause, which Mattie broke by saying, in a tremulous tone—

'Do I look very funny? I am such an old girl to sit in a baby-chair;' and the child burst into a piteous fit of sobbing. Marion took the tiny figure on to her lap, and soothed her tenderly.

'Even father can't bear to look at me, and I am such a hindrance to Lizzie,' said Mattie, between her sobs.

Marion had to swallow her own tears before she could reply.

'Mattie, shall I tell you why I think your father can't bear to look at you?' And as the little girl nodded, Marion continued, gently—'I think he is away trying to overcome his enemy, and when he can pass the public-house without being tempted, he will come back again and be a good father to you.'

'Do you really think so? But I am frightened for him,' and, sitting erect, she added, quickly, 'I would like to be fond of father when he comes back good. Do you think he will be long in coming?'

'I hope not,' answered Marion, wishing with all her heart that she had not spoken so impulsively.

'I will watch for him. You have come like an angel and comforted me, and I will always love you, Marion,' said Mattie, as she raised the girl's white hand to her lips and kissed it.

'I shall write to you, Mattie, and perhaps I shall come and see you soon. Good-bye.' And as Marion kissed the little face turned towards her the child said, in a gentle, patient way.—

'I will keep looking for you and father.'

CHAPTER II.

'The right man casually met, the curious coincidence of matters;
The fruits to-day is gathering from plantings of old yesterdays.'

'MISS CLARK, I have got a new orchid which you must come and see,' said Mr Hamilton, the genial owner of Holmhurst, to Marion Clark, as he offered her his arm to take her to dinner.

Mr Hamilton was an old friend of her father's, and their nearest neighbour. They were dining at the house of a mutual friend, and it was with a sigh of relief that Marion took his arm. She had been in mortal horror that the simpering young man with the waxed moustache and rimless eyeglass, who had been introduced to her as 'My nephew,' by her hostess would fall to her share.

'I have found out which is my favourite flower, Mr Hamilton,' said Marion, with unusual animation.

'Indeed!'

'Yes; but I am afraid sentiment has a good deal to do with my choice,' and as it was the first time Marion had seen her friend since her visit to Mattie Jackson, she told him about the deformed child and the lilies.

'It is very sad, poor little thing! If you are sending flowers or fruit to her, my hot-houses and vinery are at your service. My new gardener is rather stiff, but I will speak to him. I have been trying an experiment and it is turning out very well.'

'It is nice when our experiments turn out successful. Have you raised some wonderful plant, Mr Hamilton?'

'No, not exactly, but I took this man without a character. Can you imagine me trusting my orchids to a man who came to me without a single recommendation?'

'Scarcely,' answered Marion with a smile, for her companion was popularly supposed to be orchid-mad.

'I am very much interested in him; he seems to have no home ties. I wish he would marry, but I am afraid some woman has twisted him.'

'This is quite thrilling; what is your theory about him? Gardeners are interesting,' said Marion, her thoughts roving to Claude Melnotte.

'I have no particular theory about him, but I would like to square things for him.'

'Is he old?' asked Marion, as she chased some jelly round her plate.

'Ah! there you have me. How can I tell what a young lady like you considers old?'

'I consider that young man opposite to me old; I shudder to think what he would be without the barber, the tailor, and the optician. Any man who shows, or rather whose complexion shows, that he has an alimentary canal is old,' explained Marion, as she captured the jelly and swallowed it.

'Dear me!' ejaculated Mr Hamilton, 'where did you pick up such astonishing ideas about age?'

Marion laughed, and answered his question with—

'What is your gardener's name?'

'John Jackson! My dear Marion, what is wrong?'

'Tell me more about him. Does he drink?'

'My dear child, do you for one moment imagine I would give my hothouses into the care of a man who *drinks?* Jackson is a teetotaller.'

'Do you think he can be Mattie's father? Jackson is not a very common name, and you say he looks as if he had something on his conscience.'

'I did not exactly—but I would not be at all astonished if he turns out to be that little girl's father,' answered Mr Hamilton, with unwonted energy, as he recalled many trifling things he had observed about his gardener. 'He is a stern, morose man, and appears to dislike children.'

Marion's face lengthened as she repeated 'Seems to dislike children.'

'Yes, it is rather curious,' remarked Mr Hamilton, reflectively. 'As a rule, a person who is fond of flowers likes animals and children.'

'I feel quite sure he is Mattie's father, but if you think he would not be kind to his children it would be better not to move in the matter.'

'The best plan will be for you to come and judge for yourself. He seems to be a hard, dour kind of man, but I do not think he would be deliberately unkind to any one.'

'Mattie told me that her father was to blame for her deformity; he was drunk at the time. If you had only heard her wail when she said. "Poor father—one must not be hard on him." I cannot forget the wistful way she asked me if I had a nice father.'

'I hope it is her father. How strange that she should have said, "I will keep looking for you and father,"' thought Marion, as she trifled with the clasp of her bracelet.

Immediately after breakfast the following morning Marion started for Holmhurst. She met Mr Hamilton on the way, who at once accosted her with—

'It is the right man, sure enough.' And in a few words he told Marion how he had gone into his hothouses to look at the new orchid, and in turning he had upset the plant and broken the blossom. I was terribly vexed about it, for it was a fine specimen when Jackson startled me by saying—'Thank God it is only a plant and not a human being that you have blighted;' so I concluded he was thinking of his little girl.

'Did he seem sorry?' asked Marion, eagerly.

'He looked so broken-hearted I felt inclined to tell him —— There he is,' he added, quickly, as a tall man passed from the vinery into the hothouse.

'Now, look here,' said Marion, 'you will take me in and I will talk to him. If he does not offer me any flowers, you must tell him to cut me some; and when I take them I shall mention my intention of sending them to a little friend in Glasgow who cannot walk, and I will tell him her name. If he turns pale or upsets anything it will prove that he is the man.'

'And what next?'

'We will see how he takes it,' replied Marion.

When they entered the hothouse the gardener was bending over the broken orchid. He was exactly what Mr Hamilton had described him, a stern, morose man; but he thawed before Marion's frank questioning.

'I suppose you like the delicate plants that require a lot of care best?' she asked, as she seated herself in a cane chair and surveyed the two men before her.

A shadow passed over the gardener's face. Marion noticed it, and adroitly turned the conversation to the approaching flower show.

'Jackson, are you going to cut some flowers for Miss Clark?' asked his master, as he swung a miniature watering-can on his forefinger.

'If the young lady will tell me her favourites, I will soon cut her a bouquet.'

'Please give me your favourites, Mr Jackson; they are all so lovely, I could not make a choice,' returned Marion, quickly.

The man looked pleased, and moved from one table to another cutting his choicest blossoms, and as he passed into another house Marion looked up at her companion and nodded gravely.

When he returned Marion uttered a cry of admiration. It was certainly a lovely basket of flowers.

'They will carry better in a basket,' he explained.

'They are very beautiful—too beautiful to waste on me. I will send them to a little girl in Glasgow who cannot walk. Her name is Mattie Jackson. Oh! I knew you were her father!' she exclaimed impulsively, as the man started violently.

'Why did you not send for your children when you got this good situation?' demanded Marion, as she dried her eyes.

'Send for them,' echoed the man. 'My God, had you seen the look that Mattie gave me when she lifted up her frock and showed me her poor, little, shrunken limbs. I tell you, my children loathe and hate me.'

'They do not,' said Marion, firmly.

'You do not know how Mattie— —'

'I do know,' interrupted Marion, 'and I also know that Mattie is waiting and watching for you. We will both go down this very day.'

'They will not come, for they are afraid of me.'

'Of course, if you don't want them,' said Marion, with a little gust of passion. 'But I must say it is selfish of you living in the country like a gentleman, and poor little Mattie shut up all the year round in a box about six feet square, and Lizzie working herself to death.'

'Do you think they would come? God only knows the agony I have endured. I have seen my child's reproachful eyes gaze at me out of the very flowers I tend.'

'But you are changed now, and you can make up for it all,' said Marion, comfortingly.

'I will do whatever you wish, but I I could not stand another such look from Mattie. My poor little broken flower! I was not myself she—she—their mother- —'

'Perhaps it would be as well to forget her,' interrupted Marion gently. She is dead.'

CHAPTER III.

'AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.'

'Lizzie, Lizzie! You are not losing heart?'

There was a wondering note in Mattie's voice as she lifted her head and looked at her sister, who had flung herself down on the bed in an agony of tears. The room was very bare, and there was no fire. The reason was not far to seek - trade was slack, and Lizzie had lost her situation. She had been idle for more than a month—bit-by-bit the furniture had gone -even Mattie's chair was away. Lizzie had been out all day looking for work. She had offered to wash stairs, clean windows, or beat rugs, but no one had employed her.

'I have not a single penny in the world, Mattie, the rent is due to-morrow, and we will be turned out to the street if we don't pay.'

'The blankets will pay the rent, Lizzie, and you must write to Marion.'

'No, no, let us both lie still and die; I am tired, there is no room for us, and there is no work.'

'"And it shall be light at evening time,"' quoted Mattie, softly, as she nestled down beside her sister.

The door opened gently from the outside, and Marion Clark entered quietly. In her hand she carried a basket of rare flowers, and dangling from the handle by a blue ribbon was a card.

'Mattie,' she cried, her eyes travelling round the bare room.

'Lizzie, wake up, Marion has come, and she has brought ——' The little girl gave a peculiar cry, and fainted.

'I want to sleep; I am not hungry now,' murmured Lizzie, in a dull heavy tone. The next thing Mattie remembered was drinking something out of a cup, and being folded close in somebody's arms.

'Has father come too?' she asked in a weak voice, as she was laid down.

'Yes, Mattie,' answered Marion, and bending over the child she whispered something in her ear.

'A home in the country with father for Lizzie and me,' she cried, 'a radiant smile lighting up her pale little face; and holding out her arms to her father she murmured, brokenly 'Dear father, I am so glad.'

'And Lizzie?' there was a tremor in the man's voice as he looked earnestly at his elder daughter.

'I am glad too,' replied Lizzie, as she came towards him. 'You were sorely tried,' she added; as his arms folded round her, 'but she is dead.'

'Ay, thank God, she is dead.'

Marion slipped out of the room very quietly, and before they had missed her she returned, and for the second time she made tea in that little room. They were a very thankful quartette, and two hours later they were on their way to Helensburgh. Marion had telegraphed to Mr Hamilton to expect them. He was waiting on the platform, and as Jackson with Mattie in his arms, stepped out of the train, he wrung his gardener's hand in silent congratulation and sympathy.

'I have the carriage here for you to take your daughters home. Miss Clark will go with me in the dog-cart,' said Mr Hamilton, quietly, as he led the way out of the station.

'I will come and see you to-morrow, Lizzie,' said Marion, as the girl turned to her impetuously.

'We have never said "Thank you,"' she exclaimed.

'We never can,' interrupted her father.

'Indeed, Mr Jackson, you had better wait and see how they turn out,' returned Marion, with a queer little smile, and then she turned away to the dog-cart.

'They were starving,' she muttered, as she waved her hand to Mattie, who was looking at her from the carriage window. To the two girls who had been pent up in the city for years that drive was a revelation. On one side lay the Gareloch, its white-tipped waves dancing and gurgling in the evening sunshine, the sea-gulls skimmed lightly over the water, and the fresh, cool breeze fanned the girls' faces lovingly.

'Children, there is your home,' said Mr Jackson, as he pointed to a lodge shaded by a lilac tree in full blossom.

Little Mattie fell asleep that night with a spray of lilac in her hand. In her quaint way she had told her father and sister that the perfume of the lilac was like Marion.

J. T. ORD.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

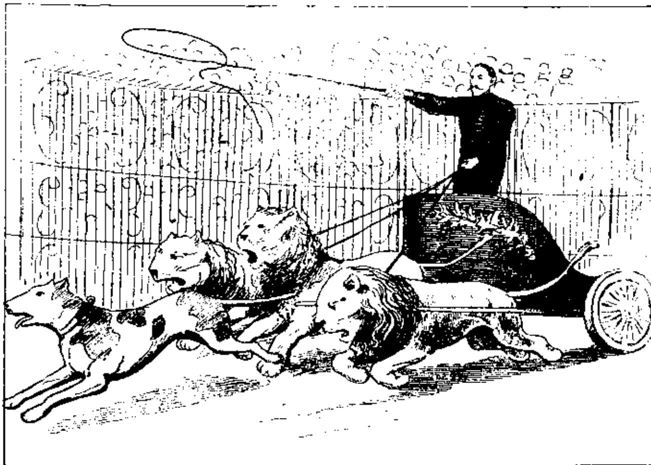
A POEM POSTPONED.

I WANT to tell you about my kitten—
The prettiest kitten that ever purred;
But I've looked my speller through and through,
And I can't discover a single word
That rhymes with kitten,
Excepting mitten—
And that is old, and too absurd,
So the only thing for me to do
Is just to send you what I've written,
And wait till she grows to be a cat—
There are ever so many to rhyme with that!

PERFORMING LIONS.

I WAS in Paris lately, and had the pleasure of seeing some very excellent circus shows. Some of these were very curious, especially the performance of the lions. It seemed like an ancient Roman Gladiatorial Exhibition. The arena of the Nouveau Cirque is a movable one, and when the time came for the number of the programme which is making all Paris run, this arena was allowed to sink, while all round the edge a formidable railing rose up for our great security, forming, as it were, a great cage through the gilded bars of which we could look down on the gladiatorial games below.

Gladiatorial all the more they appeared to be when a youth made his entrance holding in his hand a glittering trident. At the same time, two doors were flung open, a revolver was fired, and the performer, followed by four lions and a huge Danish hound, leapt down into the ring. The lions were rather disappointing. They were young, evidently undeveloped, and had the tenderness and affections of their age. It was not a blood-curdling sight, for they cuddled together, and were youthful and *gauche*, anxious for sugar and caresses, so that the reason for the glittering trident became a question. But perhaps the very clumsiness of these carnivorous hobbledehoys made it more surprising to see how cleverly they had been trained. They obeyed each word of command with the greatest readiness, in sleepy good nature. They formed pyramids and figures, they held ribbons for the Danish dog to leap over, they see-sawed on planks, they rode on tricycles propelled by the dog. The Danish dog was delightful to look at, quivering with intelligent enjoyment on his part of leader and fully appreciating the *role* he had to play. The lions seemed on very friendly terms with him, but I could not help thinking—and not without melancholy at the eternal inequalities of nature that the time would soon come when they would have outgrown him, and the friends of to-day must be separated for ever. The lions had the future; there was nothing beyond for the dog.



LIONS IN HARNESS.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A school-teacher asked a newly arrived Irish boy to describe an island. 'Shure, ma'am,' said Pat, 'it is a place that ye can't lave (leave) widout (without) a boat.'

Dwight, two years old, was very fond of strawberries, but knew nothing of other small fruits. Seeing a dish of blueberries, he exclaimed: 'Please give me some of those *boot-button* strawberries.'

'Oh, mamma!' cried Eddy, rushing in from school, 'there was two little girls at school to-day, and they both had on the same dress.'

A LESSON FOR LOUIE.

UNCLE JACK came in one cold morning looking for all the world like a bear, Louie thought, in his big, shaggy overcoat. He caught Louie up and gave her a real bear hug, too.

'Hello, Mopsey! where's Popsey?' he asked.

Popsey was Louie's baby-sister, two years old, and her name wasn't Popsey any more than Louie's was Mopsey. But Uncle Jack was all the time calling folks funny names, Louie thought.

'Her's gone to sleep,' said she.

Then Uncle Jack put his hand in his pocket and made a great rustling with paper for a minute, before he pulled out two sticks of red-and-white candy and gave them to Louie.

'Too bad Popsey's asleep,' said he.

But I'm afraid Louie was rather glad of it. She took her little rocking-chair and sat down by the window to eat her candy.

'Aren't you going to save one stick for Gracie?' asked mamma. Popsey's real name was Gracie.

'I guess I won't,' Louie said, speaking low. 'I don't b'lieve candy's good for little mitee o' bits o' girls. 'Sides I want it myself.'

Just as she swallowed the last bit there was a little call from the bedroom: 'Mamma!'

'Hello,' said Uncle Jack, 'Popsey's awake!' And in a minute out she came in mamma's arms, rosy and smiling and dimpled.

Then there was another great rustling in Uncle Jack's pocket, and pretty soon—

'Here's for Popsey!' said Uncle Jack.

She took the two sticks of candy in her dimpled hands and looked at them a second—dear little Popsey! and then she held out the one that was a little longer than the other to Louie.

'Dis for 'ou,' she cooed; 'and dis for me.'

Poor Louie! the tears rushed into her eyes. She hung her head and blushed. Somehow she didn't want to look at Uncle Jack or mamma. Can you guess why?

'Dis for 'ou!' repeated Popsey, cheerfully, pushing the candy into her hand.

'Take it, Louie,' said mamma.

And Louie took it. But a little while afterward mamma overheard her telling Popsey:

'I won't never be such a pig any more, Popsey Baker. And I'm always going to 'vide with you, all the time, after this, long's I live.'

And mamma said 'Amen.' A.C.S.

THE STORY HAZEL LIKES.

ONCE there was a little piggy who found out, all at once, that he had two little ears.

And he didn't know what to do with them.

So off he trotted to his mamma, and said:

'Wee! wee! wee! Big Mamma Piggy, what shall I do with my two little ears?'

And his mamma said:

'Ugh! ugh! ugh! You goose of a piggy, *listen* with your two little ears!'

So Baby Pig pricked up his two little ears, and listened with all his might.

And pretty soon he heard the sound of two tiny feet walking pat, pat, pat on the ground.

Then all at once this little piggy found out that he had two little eyes.

And he didn't know what in the world to do with them.

So off he ran to his mamma, and cried:

'Wee! wee! wee! Big Mamma Piggy, what shall I do with my two little eyes?'

And his mamma said:

'Ugh! ugh! ugh! You goose of a piggy, *look* with your two little eyes!'

So Baby Pig opened his two little eyes as wide as ever he could, and looked.

And pretty soon he saw a dear little girl, in a pink dress and white bonnet, carrying a little tin pail in her hand, and coming right toward the pig-pen! And when she got there, she poured some sweet, warm milk into piggy's little trough.

Then all at once this little piggy found out that he had a smooth little pink nose.

And he didn't know what in the world to do with it.

So off he scampered to his mamma and squealed:

'Wee! wee! wee! Big Mamma Piggy, what shall I do with my smooth little nose?'

And his mamma said:

'Ugh! ugh! ugh! You goose of a piggy, *smell* with your smooth little nose!'

So Baby Pig put his little nose down to the trough and smelled as hard as ever he could.

And oh dear, how good that milk did smell!

Then all at once this little piggy found out that he had a hungry little mouth.

And he really didn't know what to do with it.

So off he skipped to his mamma and asked:

'Wee! wee! wee! Big Mamma Piggy, what shall I do with my hungry little mouth?'

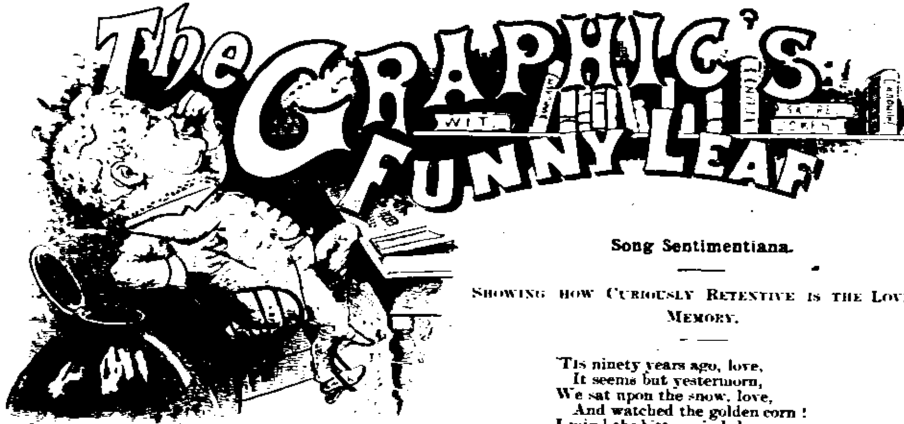
And his mamma said:

'Ugh! ugh! ugh! You duck of a piggy, *eat* with your hungry little mouth!'

So Baby Pig opened his mouth as wide as ever he could and put it down to the milk in the trough.

And he ate as fast as you can think, so that pretty soon that sweet warm milk was all gone!

So, darling, now you know what to do with your ears and eyes and nose and your hungry little mouth. H.F.P.



No Doubt of It.

The donkey that solemnly approached the Ohio State House the other day while the Legislature was in session and brayed was no doubt actuated solely by a fraternal feeling.

My Uncle.

HE'S not my father's brother nor
Is he a blood relation,
But still we're rather friendly, for
I own with hesitation,
Since in a speculative fight
My gold I did invest,
That he to me has taken quite
A compound interest.

He dwells in unpretentious state
High up a shady alley,
And there from early morn till late
The shabby genteel rally;
Each one the sport of fortunes grim,
Of schemes that in the end slip
And all of them are bound to him
By pledges—not of friendship.

Though not a philanthropic man,
He keeps from moth and dust
My clothes, and guards as best he can
My jewelry from rust:
The watch I carried till I wore
The plaiting rather thin,
Although it never went before,
Has gone at last with him.

He's quite retiring in his way,
And commonly it's known
At varied hours throughout the day
He's seen about a loan;
But keenest is my uncle then.
And principle he slaughters,
To catch the bread that other men
Have cast upon the waters.

I prithee, haste the happy time,
Oh, unpropitious fates,
When I shall show this friend of mine
That I've redeeming traits;
And once misfortune's tide above,
Throughout the coming years
I'll shun the baleful shadow of
The treble golden spheres.

And Yet it is Done.

It is difficult to see how a jockey driving a trotting horse can pull the horse when the horse pulls the jockey.

Song Sentimentiana.

SHOWING HOW CURIOUSLY RETENTIVE IS THE LOVER'S MEMORY.

'TIS ninety years ago, love,
It seems but yestermorn,
We sat upon the snow, love,
And watched the golden corn!
I mind the bitter wind, love—
I mind it well although
The wind I say I mind, love,
Blew ninety years ago!

The plough stood on the hill, love,
The horse stood in the plough!
And both were standing still, love,
I seem to see them now!
The lamb frisk'd in the glen, love,
A stranger *he* to *whoa*!
And so was I—but then, love,
'Twas ninety years ago!

The roses by the way, love,
Were large and, oh, so fair!
And so they are to-day, love,
For all I know or care,
And softly unto thou, love,
While yet among the snow,
I breathed that fatal vow, love,
Of ninety years ago!

Punch.

A Low Cut

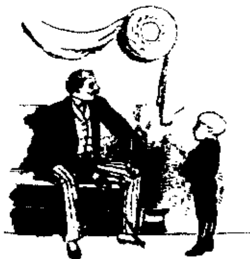
WIFE—George, dear, don't you think this dress would be better if it were cut a little lower in the back?

Husband—Oh no, it looks quite *low* enough.

A Riddle.

'ON Stanley on! Charge, Chester, charge!' were the last words of Marmion.

If I were put in Stanley's place I would bring tears to Chester's face.



Swelled the Fund.

'Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jamey?'

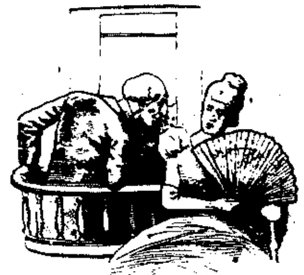
'You bet. You take her to the-a-tre and bring her candies.'

'I'm glad I can make her happy.'

'Yes, and the young feller what she's engaged to don't mind it either, for it saves him that much money towards going to housekeeping.'

A Very Practical Youngster.

Little Tommy passes for a very practical youngster. One day his uncle brought him, as a birthday present, a 'word-game,' which Tommy had never played, and which did not seem to be particularly attractive to him. Nevertheless Tommy thanked his uncle; and presently edging round his chair, he said, 'I say, Uncle John!' 'Well, my boy?' 'This game truly belongs to me now, doesn't it?' 'Why, of course!' 'To do just what I want with it?' Certainly.' 'Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sell it to you for sixpence?'



She Was in no Hurry About It.

OLD ADORER—And would you not care to be an old man's darling?

Miss Young—Why, yes—about fifty years hence!

Kertchoo.

KERTCHOO, kertchoo, kertchoo!
In maddening cadenza,
O hear 'em sneeze!
Each fellow he's
Laid up with influenza.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
It got its grip in Russia;
It drowned the czar,
Then hip, hurrah!
It posted on to Prussia.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
O verily it travelled
So fast that all
The folks in Gaul
By *grippe* eftsoon were gravelled.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
Tho' France was sorely smitten,
'Twas not a notch
To what the Scotch
Succumbed to in Great Britain.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
With what a stride gigantic
To torture men
It bounded then
Across the wide Atlantic.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
This *grippe* is no respecter
Of persons. No,
Of highness, O
It is a very Hector!

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
John Hay with all his millions
Can't bribe this foe,
And couldn't though
His millions they were billions.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
What blows among the bosses!
What clarion notes
From peasant throats
And princesses' probosces!

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
Since science much afraid is,
You move within
A circle spin
Back home, O *Grippe*, to Hades!

A Chilly Ceremony.

AUNTIE ROSE—We want help from d' sho'!

Deacon Rossiter—What's d' mattah?

Auntie Rose—Pahson Vanderbeck's said sech a long pray'r we's done frozed in.