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INVERCARGILL.



THE first thing that strikes a stranger on his entering the town of Invercargill is the width of the streets and the excellent way in which they are laid out at right angles to one another. He will also be struck by the fine appearance of the buildings, and all his first impressions will force on his mind the conclusion that the founders of the city looked well into the future in their work. Had all the other founders in New Zealand been possessed of the same

forethought we should not now see the crooked, narrow, inconvenient streets that are such a blot on some of our larger centres. The main streets are named Esk, Dee, and Tay, showing the nationality of the early settlers. In these are many fine public buildings, banks, hotels, and business houses. A considerable part of the town is yet uncovered with buildings, but when its importance increases, as it must, and on all the property within city limits buildings are erected, the town will have a very fine appearance. The site of the town is level, so that a good general view of it is somewhat difficult to obtain. In Dee and Tay streets trams now run to the great convenience of the public. Light is supplied by the Corporation gas-works at a reasonable rate.

The water supply was for long a matter of some difficulty, but in 1887 Messrs Anderson and Morrison, of Dunedin, took the contract to carry out a scheme for the supply of the city with water. In November, 1887, they began work: the first length of pipes being laid by Councillor Lumsden, then the oldest living mayor of the town. The water is pumped from a deep well in the outskirts of the town to a large water-tower in the city, and it is from that point distributed to the houses requiring it. A very good pressure is obtained.

Invercargill is situated on what is known as New River Harbour, an estuary of the Oreti or New River. Seventeen miles to the south is the Bluff Harbour, which is connected with Invercargill by rail. Another railway line runs to Dunedin, which is about 140 miles to the north. Other branch lines run to the smaller agricultural centres.

The town was at one time the capital of Southland province, when provinces existed; but that glory is now de-

parted. It remains, however, a most important centre for the fine agricultural and pastoral country around. The land is excellent, as good as any in the colonies, and wheat, oats, barley, turnips, and artificial grasses can be grown with great success. Extensive forests are situated in the vicinity, and the timber trade is important. There are a number of sawmills in and around the town. Meat-preserving is also largely carried on, and a feature is the tinning of rabbits, which are a great nuisance in the surrounding

four newspapers in the town, two dailies and two weeklies very well-conducted journals.

The climate is, of course, cold, owing to its southerly position, and its exposure to Foveaux Strait causes a greater rainfall than at most other towns, with sudden changes.

Invercargill is a centre for tourists on the way to the Otago Lake Country. Tourists from Melbourne get off at the Bluff, then proceed by rail to Invercargill, and thence to Lumsden for Lakes Te Anau and Manapouri, or to Kingston for Lake Wakatipu. An interesting excursion from Invercargill itself is that across Foveaux Strait to Stewart Island, where the tin mines have lately been discovered.



THE MAYOR OF WELLINGTON.

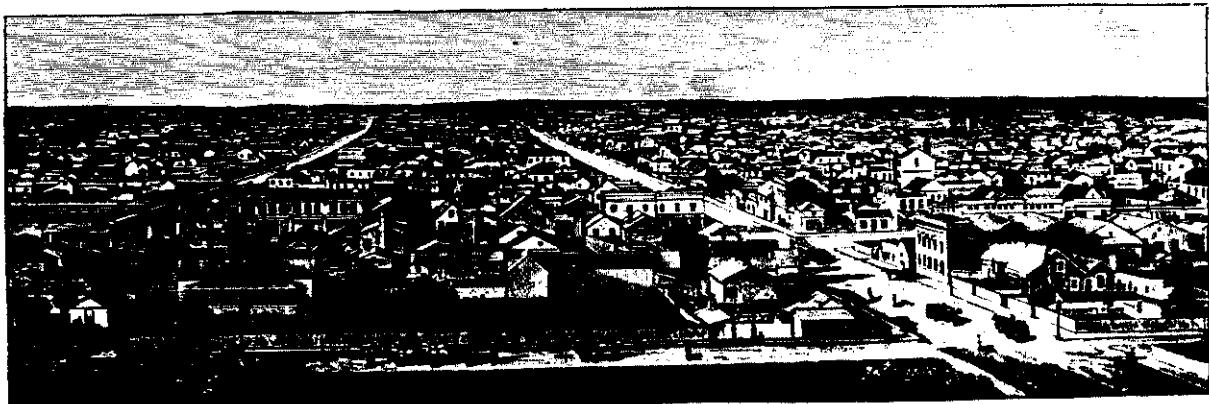
THE MAYOR OF WELLINGTON.



MR CHARLES JOHN JOHNSTON, who was by common consent chosen as the right person to fill the important position of Mayor of Wellington during the Jubilee year, is a son of the late Hon. John Johnston, a gentleman well-known throughout the colony as one of the most respected of those enterprising spirits who, selecting New Zealand as their future home, laboured both in public and private to advance the best interests of the colony.

Mr Charles Johnston was born in Wellington in the year 1845, and was educated in England. He is a member of the firm of Johnston and Co., was one of the first directors of the Wellington and Manuwatu Railway Company, and is Deputy-Chairman of the New Zealand branch of the Australian Mutual Provident Society.

In 1882 Mr Johnston was elected to represent one of the sub-divisions (Te Aro) of the city of Wellington in Parliament, and was again returned by the same constituency in 1885. Mr Johnston has always taken an active interest in the Volunteers, and was Captain-Commandant of the Wellington division of the Naval Brigade. Mr Johnston is a Catholic, was married in 1870 to a daughter of the late Dr. Featherston, and has a large family. He is Consul for Belgium and for the Netherlands at Wellington. He is thoroughly respected by all who have any dealings with him as a good business man, of unblemished probity, and of great ability. His private friends are many, and all speak of him in the highest terms.



INVERCARGILL—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON BROS., DUNEDIN.

Nation Making:

A STORY OF

NEW ZEALAND SAVAGEISM AND CIVILIZATION.

By J. C. FIRTH,

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

CHAPTER VI. THE MAORI NATION-MAKER.

William Thompson pursues his policy—Combination—Secrecy—A Maori witenagemot—The wharo runanga (council house)—Description—Carved ancestors—Woman's rights—The subject for discussion—Maori oratory—Let us drive the white men into the sea—A painted orator—The island ours—A silent oration—A great meeting—The fatal day—The election of the king—A bold protest—A prophetic warning—The contest commenced—The ten years' war—Heroic struggles—Enormous odds—The Maori remnant—All is lost save honour—The broken-hearted patriot—Destruction of his nation—A wasted life—The noblest of the Maoris—The dying patriot—I die, but let my words remain—At the resting place of the sea.



DURING the next two years, William Thompson actively prosecuted his great policy of making the Maori people into a nation. From the native districts where his influence was paramount nearly all the Pakeha Maoris (white squatters) were driven away. Not long afterwards the missionaries were ordered to depart. The Maoris were proving the truth of my surmise, that they could both combine and keep a secret, for the son of Te Waharoa had welded many of the most powerful tribes into a great combination, who kept their plans so secret that very little reliable information of their intentions or actions reached the New Zealand Government.

Notwithstanding Thompson's efforts, however, the Arawa tribes did not join the confederation, though many of their chiefs were shaken in their loyalty to English rule. In many of the Arawa villages meetings were held to discuss their relations towards the proposed Maori king and the colonists.

One of these meetings I may describe, as it conveys a fair idea of the gravity and decorum with which the Maoris conducted their assemblies. Like our Saxon ancestors, the whole people—men and women—had the right to attend and speak if they had anything to say. There was no representative system amongst them, nor were there any secret conclaves which exercised any compulsory powers. I therefore readily describe the proceedings at this particular assembly, because it gives a fair idea of Maori meetings, and it contrasts favourably with the rudeness and uproar which are marked features in most of our colonial parliaments, and for which the great parliament of the Empire, the British House of Commons itself, is becoming notorious.

The meeting was held at a village on the western shore of Lake Taupo, in a large *wharo runanga* (council house), which I more particularly describe here because these 'carved houses' are rapidly disappearing.

The 'council house' was a low-eaved building of wood, one hundred and fifty feet long by forty-five feet wide, with a high gable roof and a verandah or porch at one end. The front gable was ornamented by deep barge-boards, boldly and richly carved in open scroll work, the terminal at the peak of the gable being the figure-head of a renowned ancestor of the tribe, the face tattooed with the *moko* (practically 'the tartan') of the tribe. Within the porch were a low doorway and two small square openings to admit light and air, closed when required by sliding panels. Six massive posts, twenty-five feet in length, running down the centre, supported the heavy roof-tree. From this roof-tree, rafters, usually six feet apart, came down to a heavy wallplate, this being supported by carved massive wooden figures six feet apart, each representing an ancestor, and every face tattooed with the *moko* of the tribe. These figures were carved in a grotesque, sometimes in a hideous manner, but considering the rude implements employed, not without great artistic skill and boldness. Every face wore a strange, placid gravity, almost Egyptian in character. The eyes were represented by pieces of mutton-fish shell, like mother-of-pearl, the usual three-fingered hands resting on the breast. The walls between the carved figures were filled in with reeds, plain and coloured, arranged in various patterns. The spaces in the roof between the rafters were filled with fronds of the *nikau* palm, and were blackened with the smoke of many council fires.

In this council hall the meeting I am about to describe was held. Like all important assemblies, it was held at night. A lighted candle was attached to each of the carved figures round the runanga house. In these halls, as I may call them, there were no seats, the people—men and women—squatting or lying on the earthen floor. In such meetings the women take part and sometimes speak. I may perhaps best notice here that amongst the Maoris 'women's rights' are recognized, one reason arising probably from the safe custom of tracing descent through the female line. The women rarely took part in a battle, but they were the chief cultivators of the ground—they doing the work, their lords the fighting.

The hall was well filled with men and women, some in native costume, many in European clothing.

The subject for discussion was:—
'What was to be done with the *pakehas* (colonists).'
The usual grave and dignified demeanour pervaded the

assembly. Smoking was not 'strictly prohibited,' for many, both men and women, were smoking, the short black pipes being passed from mouth to mouth as occasion required.

'At length a chief rose and said:

'Salutations to you, O chiefs of Taupo. The pakehas are many. Every day a *kai-puke* (ship) brings a tribe of men and women to the anchorage of the sea at Auckland. Hearken! I hear the tramp of their horses as they spread over the plains. They cut down the forests, and make their roads over the mountains. They bring axes and plogins, guns and tobacco, rum and clothing. The waters of Lake Taupo ripple on the shore, but they never overflow the lands. The pakehas have crossed the *moemau* (the ocean). They rise like the tide. Hearken! This is my word. They will cover the land, and sweep the Maoris away. Enough, I have spoken.'

After this oration, listened to in profound silence, a young chief rose and said:

'This is my word. The pakehas will eat us up. Let us drive them into the sea.'

Grunts of approbation followed. The next speaker said: 'This island is mine. I love not the white faces. Their rum and their guns and tobacco are good. Hearken! This is my word. Let us take all the rum and guns, all the tobacco and blankets they have, and drive the white faces into the sea.'

At short intervals chief followed chief to the same purport, amongst them being a young chief with painted cheeks and feather-plumed head. Brandishing a tomahawk, he said:

'Listen, I will kill them all. I will drink their rum.'

An old chief now stood up, leaning on a spear, whose face was black with deeply-scared lines of tattoo, and whose eyes were red with the smoke of a hundred council fires. He said:

'Let the pakehas be driven into the sea. Then the voices of the white-faced strangers will be no more heard in the land. The graves where our ancestors sleep will be sacred from the hated feet of the stranger. The island will be ours. Our sacred river (Waikato) carries the worthless punice stones into the salt water. Hearken! This is my word. In like manner let the pakehas be swept into the sea. *Kati!* (I have finished).

This speech met the approval of the assembly, evidenced by general cries of '*Kapāi, kapāi, kamupai!*' (Good, good, very good.)

Silence once more reigned in the hall, in the midst of which stood up an aged chief, renowned for his warlike deeds and for his wise counsels. Leaning on his spear, with grave dignity he looked round the assemblage. For a few moments he stood silent and motionless, then turning to the carved ancestral pillar nearest him, he put out the lighted candle attached to it. Slowly moving to the next light he extinguished that also. With stately step he passed round the hall, putting out every light.

The assembly was in darkness, save the glow from the fires. Not a sound broke the profound silence.

Then the voice of the venerable chief was heard:

'I have driven the pakeha and all his works into the sea. Enough, I have ended.'

A Maori does not need a surgical operation to enable him to set a joke. If its point or moral lie a little below the surface he loves it the better.

Not a word more was spoken. One by one, every man and woman silently left the council hall. The wise old man, with his grave humour, had reversed the opinions of the assembly more completely than if, with many words, he had explained that if the colonists were driven from the island, the Maoris would be deprived of every article they had brought with them, many of which had become indispensable to the Maori people.

Thus, this parliament of gentlemen savages conducted its proceedings and dispersed, setting an example worthy of imitation by the parliaments of savage gentlemen nearer home.

In almost every runanga house south of the city of Auckland, meeting of Maoris were held to discuss the questions of making the Maori people into a nation, and of electing a King as the natural consequence. After endless *korero* (talk), it was at length decided to elect a king, and a great meeting of the Maori tribes was held at Ngaruawahia in 1858 for the purpose.

For war or woe the ir retrievable step was then to be taken.

Nor was William Thompson without warning that his proposal to set up a king would be attended with disastrous results to the young nation he was endeavouring with such patient energy to make. For on many previous occasions, and specially at the great meeting of the Maori tribes held at Ngaruawahia in 1858, for the purpose of electing a king, a near kinsman of his own, the chief Te Raihi, who—without Thompson's higher nature possessed a clearer discernment, and a more practical recognition of probabilities, and with more hard-headed common sense than any Maori chief I have ever known—resolutely stood alone on the fatal day which decided the fortunes and the future of the Maori nation; he on one side and the whole people on the other, and boldly protested against the step about to be taken.

He was a chief of rank, and renowned for his courage, wisdom and eloquence.

Separating himself from the assembled multitude when the flagstaff had been erected, he said:

'O chiefs, warriors, and people, hearken! I am one, and you are many. There cannot be two masters in one house. There can be but one ruler in this land. That ruler must be the Queen of England. The flagstaff you have raised is the

signal for your destruction. In your mouths are words of peace. The message your flagstaff proclaims is a call to arms. If you desire to save the Maori nation, pull down your flagstaff. Go to your *kaingas* (villages). Elect no king. If you want peace, do you and your king go to work, and plant wheat and potatoes. Your king means war. On your side, I hear the shouts of the warriors. I see the war dance. The din of battle, the groans of the dying are in my ears. On the other side, I hear the tramp of the soldiers, the roar of the cannon. Your standard will be broken, your king a slave or a fugitive, your lands will go from you. Where your ancestors lie buried in their ancient graves will be the homes of the white men. Enough, I have spoken.'

His words were listened to with the usual grave attention, but they were not heeded. The king (Potatau) was elected.

No words of sage or statesmen were ever more prophetic than those spoken by Te Raihi.

In two short years the inevitable contest commenced. Ten years of war followed. Te Raihi, now an old man, has lived to see every one of his predictions fulfilled.

It is not necessary for me to repeat the story of the war. Has it not been recorded in despatches from the British General in command, and in the newspaper reports of the 'war correspondents' of the day? In these are recorded the brave deeds of the ten thousand soldiers and sailors, assisted by ten thousand colonial troops, supplied with Armstrong guns and all the appliances of modern warfare.

That is one side of the story.

The other side can never now be told.

The Maoris gallantly defending their native land, had no despatch writers, no newspaper correspondents to narrate how a few thousand half-naked savages with their double-barrelled guns and such ammunition as they had been able to buy and store in previous years, with no commissariat save such as isolated patches of potatoes and wild pigs from the forest could supply—had held at bay for so long the trained troops of a powerful nation.

Even more gallant struggles against such enormous odds have ever been made. Bravely defending every earthwork fortress, every stretch of fern-clad plain, every forest range; their numbers thinned in every engagement; the flower of their chiefs captured at the storming of Rangiriri; they contested every foot of ground, until the British Government having had enough of it, confiscated the lands their troops had overrun, and abandoned New Zealand.

The Colonial Government established fortified posts to hold the conquered country, and the unyielding Maori remnant, greatly reduced in numbers, but not broken in spirit, retreated across the frontier, sullen but unconquered, having lost everything but the love of their beautiful country.

No Greek epic ever recorded more gallant deeds, more patient suffering, more tragic events, more undying patriotism.

In the year 1865 William Thompson, feeling that the struggle was hopeless, made a partial truce with General Carey, the great majority of the king party continuing the contest in a desultory manner. (See illustration.)

Broken-hearted, this great chief, the king maker, the nation maker, the noblest Maori of them all, retired from the control of Maori affairs, and left the struggle to be carried on by the remnant of those whom his eloquence had fired to enter the unequal contest. For himself, he felt his work was done. His bright dreams, his patriotic designs had ended in disaster to his people, in destruction to his nation.

During the last two years of his life I had many opportunities of learning his hopes, his fears, his despair. He felt that his life and labours had been in vain. Full of a pathetic melancholy, unselfish as he had ever been, one of nature's noblemen, a true and simple-minded Christian, he slowly approached the end of a career, unstained by a crime, hardly by a fault, unless the loving his people 'not too wisely, but too well,' could be called a fault.

On December 24th, 1866, I received a letter from him, which I make no apology for quoting—

'Friend,' he wrote, 'greetings to you. Come to me. I am dying. I have words to speak to you. In three days you will see me no more. I shall die on the 27th. Come quickly.'

I took horse the same evening. On the 26th I arrived at Peria, his ancestral home, his favourite village, alas! a shorn of its former beauty. Its churches and schoolhouse destroyed, its simple dwellings deserted and in ruins, his own home falling to decay.

It was sunset. The purple mountains kept their silent watch over the great valley, as of old. The dying chief lay feebly under the shadow of a remnant of the primeval forest, surrounded by hundreds of his weeping retainers.

Dismounting, I knelt at his side. He opened his eyes, and wearily raising himself, feebly took my hand, and greeting me with his old gentle smile, he said:

'Do not leave me; continue to be the friend of my people.'

Then turning to his followers, he said: 'My children, I die, but let my words remain. Obey the laws of God and man.'

Then falling back exhausted, he closed his eyes and spoke no more.

He lingered wearily through the night. Next morning he was conveyed to Turanga-o-maua (the resting place of the sea), and there, on December 27th, as he had said, in the bright sunlight, with the blue sky above him, in the land he loved so well, his gentle, loving spirit departed.

So died one of nature's noblemen, the greatest and the best of his race.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



TE WHEROWHERO (POTATAU). THE FIRST MAORI KING.—See preceding page.



THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEF, WILLIAM THOMPSON, NEGOTIATING WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL CARKE.—See preceding page.

Blind Love.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.)

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., AND IX.

SIR GILES MOUNTJOY, of Arden, knight and banker, sends for his head clerk, Dennis Howmore, early in the morn'g. 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 Invinibles.

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.

It is a very dark night, and Iris Henley has some difficulty in finding the milestone. She meets a tall man, whom she at once recognises as Lord Harry by his voice. She, without betraying herself, warns him that Sir Giles has told the police. Lord Harry flees, and the police take Iris prisoner and conduct her to her god-father, who is furious with her. As he will not listen to her, she and her maid leave the house, and Sir Giles gives orders to the servants not to admit her again. Iris goes to Arthur Mountjoy's farm. She knows the housekeeper, who assures her that Arthur is away, but will return on the morrow. The maid, Rhoda, has read something about Lord Harry in a London paper, and repeats it to her mistress. The father is dead, and the eldest son, the present Earl, will have nothing to do with his scapegrace brother Harry. After Iris has retired to her room that night she sees, in the semi-darkness, a groom ride up to the door, and a voice she recognises again as Lord Harry's asks, 'Is that you, Miles?'

THE PROLOGUE.—(Concluded.)

X.



HERE was the Irish lord, at the very time when Iris was most patiently resigned never to think of him as her husband again—reminding her of the first days of their love, and of their mutual confession of it! Fear of herself kept

her behind the curtain; while interest in Lord Harry detained her at the window in hiding.

'All well at Rathco?' he asked—mentioning the name of the house in which Arthur was one of the guests.

'Yes, my lord. Mr Mountjoy leaves us to-morrow.'

'Does he mean to return to the farm?'

'Sorry I am to say it; he does mean that.'

'Has he fixed any time, Miles, for starting on his journey?'

Miles instituted a search through his pockets, and accompanied it by an explanation. Yes, indeed, Master Arthur had fixed a time; he had written a note to say so to Mistress Lewson, the housekeeper; he had said, 'Drop the note at the farm, on your way to the village.' And what might Miles want at the village, in the dark? Medicine, in a hurry, for one of his master's horses that was sick and sinking. And, speaking of that, here, thank God, was the note!

Iris, listening and watching alternately, saw to her surprise the note intended for Mrs Lewson handed to Lord Harry. 'Am I expected,' he asked jocosely, 'to read writing without a light?' Miles produced a small lantern which was strapped to his groom's belt. 'There's parts of the road not over safe in the dark,' he said as he raised the shade which guarded the light. The wild lord coolly opened the letter, and read there very careless words which it contained. 'To Mrs Lewson:—Dear old girl, expect me back to-morrow to dinner at three o'clock. Yours, ARTHUR.'

There was a pause.

'Are there any strangers at Rathco?' Lord Harry asked.

'Two new men,' Miles replied, 'at work in the grounds.'

There was another pause. 'How can I protect him?' the young lord said, partly to himself, partly to Miles. He suspected the two new men—spies probably who knew of Arthur's proposed journey home, and who had already reported to their employers the hour at which he would set out.

Miles ventured to say a word: 'I hope you won't be angry with me, my lord—'

'Stuff and nonsense! Was I ever angry with you, when I was rich enough to keep a servant, and when you were the man?'

The Irish groom answered in a voice that trembled with strong feeling. 'You were the best and kindest master that ever lived on this earth. I can't see you putting your precious life in peril—'

'My precious life?' Lord Harry repeated lightly. 'You're thinking of Mr Mountjoy, when you say that. His life is worth saving. As for my life—' He ended the sentence by a whistle, as the best way he could hit on of expressing his contempt for his own existence.

'My lord! my lord!' Miles persisted: 'the Invinibles are beginning to doubt you. If any of them find you hanging about Mr Mountjoy's farm, they'll try a shot at you first, and ask afterwards whether it was right to kill you or not.'

To hear this said—and said seriously—after the saving of him at the milestone, was a trial of her firmness which Iris was unable to resist. Love got the better of prudence. She drew back the window-curtain. In another moment, she would have added her persuasion to the servant's warning, if Lord Harry himself had not accidentally checked her by a proceeding, on his part, for which she was not prepared.

'Show the light,' he said; 'I'll write a line to Mr Mountjoy.'

He tore off the blank page from the note to the housekeeper, and wrote to Arthur, entreating him to change the time of his departure from Rathco, and to tell no creature in the house, or out of the house, at what new hour he had arranged to go. 'Saddle your horse yourself,' the letter concluded. It was written in a feigned hand, without a signature.

'Give that to Mr Mountjoy,' Lord Harry said. 'If he asks you wrote it, don't frighten him about me by telling the truth. Lie, Miles! Say you don't know.' He next returned the note for Mrs Lewson. 'If she notices that it has been opened,' he resumed, 'and asks who has done it, lie again. Good-night, Miles—and mind those dangerous places on your road home.'

The groom darkened his lantern; and the wild lord was lost to view, round the side of the house.

Left by himself, Miles rapped at the door with the handle of his whip. 'A letter from Mr Arthur,' he called out. Mrs Lewson at once took the note, and examined it by the light of the candle on the hall table. 'Somebody has been reading this!' she exclaimed, stepping out to the groom, and showing him the torn envelope. Miles, promptly obeying his instructions, declared that he knew nothing about it, and rode away.

Iris descended the stairs, and joined Mrs Lewson in the hall before she had closed the door. The housekeeper at once produced Arthur's letter.

'It's on my mind, Miss,' she said, 'to write an answer, and say something to Mr Arthur which will persuade him to take care of himself, on his way back to the farm. The difficulty is, how am I to express it? You would be doing a kind thing if you would give me a word of advice.'

Iris willingly complied. A second note, from the anxious housekeeper, might help the effect of the few lines which Lord Harry had written.

Arthur's letter informed Iris that he had arranged to return at three o'clock. Lord Harry's question to the groom, and the man's reply, instantly recurred to her memory: 'Are there any strangers at Rathco?'—'Two new men at work in the grounds.' Arriving at the same conclusion which had already occurred to Lord Harry, Iris advised the housekeeper, in writing to Arthur, to entreat him to change the hour, secretly, at which he left his friend's house on the next day. Warmly approving of this idea, Mrs Lewson hurried into the parlour to write her letter. 'Don't go to bed yet, Miss,' she said, 'I want you to read it before I send it away this first thing to-morrow morning.'

Left alone in the hall, with the door open before her, Iris looked out on the night, thinking.

The lives of the two men in whom she was interested—in widely different ways—were now both threatened; and the imminent danger, at that moment, was the danger of Lord Harry. He was an outlaw whose character would not bear investigation; but, to give him his due, there was no risk which he was not ready to confront for Arthur's sake. If he was still recklessly lingering, on the watch for assassins in the dangerous neighbourhood of the farm, who but herself possessed the influence which would prevail on him to leave the place? She had joined Mrs Lewson at the door with that conviction in her mind. In another instant, she was out of the house, and beginning her search in the dark.

Iris made the round of the building; sometimes feeling her way in obscure places; sometimes calling to Lord Harry cautiously by his name. No living creature appeared; no sound of a movement disturbed the stillness of the night. The discovery of his absence, which she had not dared to hope for, was the cheering discovery which she had now made.

On her way back to the house, she became conscious of the rashness of the act into which her own generous impulse had betrayed her.

If she and Lord Harry had met, could she have denied the tender interest in him which her own conduct would then have revealed? Would he not have been justified in concluding that she had pardoned the errors and the vices of his life, and that he might without impropriety remind her of their engagement, and claim her hand in marriage? She trembled as she thought of the concessions which he might have wrung from her. 'Never more,' she determined, 'shall my own folly be answerable for it, if he and I meet again.'

She had returned to Mrs Lewson, and had read over the letter to Arthur, when the farm clock, striking the hour, reminded them that it was time to retire. They slept badly that night.

At six in the morning, one of the two labourers who had remained faithful to Arthur was sent away on horseback with the housekeeper's reply, and with orders to wait for an

answer. Allowing time for giving the horse a rest, the man might be expected to return before noon.

XI.

It was a fine sunshiny day, Mrs Lewson's spirits began to improve. 'I have always had the belief,' the worthy old woman confessed, 'that bright weather brings good luck—of course provided the day is not a Friday. This is Wednesday. Cheer up, Miss.'

The messenger returned with good news. Mr Arthur had been as merry as usual. He had made fun of another letter of good advice, received without a signature. 'But Mrs Lewson must have her way,' he said. 'My love to the old dear—I'll start two hours later, and be back to dinner at five.'

'Where did Mr Arthur give you that message?' Iris inquired.

'At the stables, Miss, while I was putting up the horse. The men about were all on the broad grin when they heard Mr Arthur's message.'

Still in a morbid state of mind, Iris silently regretted that the message had not been written, instead of being delivered by word of mouth. Here, again, she (like the wild lord) had been afraid of listeners.

The hours wore slowly on until it was past four o'clock. Iris could endure the suspense no longer. 'It's a lovely afternoon,' she said to Mrs Lewson. 'Let us take a walk along the road, and meet Arthur.' To this the housekeeper readily agreed.

It was nearly five o'clock when they reached a place at which a bye-road branched off, through a wood from the highway which they had hitherto followed. Mrs Lewson found a seat on a felled tree. 'We had better not go any farther,' she said.

Iris asked if there was any reason for this.

There was an excellent reason. A few yards further on, the high road had been diverted from the straight line (in the interest of a large agricultural village), and was then directed again into its former course. The bye-road through the wood served as a short cut, for horsemen and pedestrians, from one divergent point to the other. It was next to a certainty that Arthur would return by the short cut. But, if accident or caprice led to his preferring the highway, it was clearly necessary to wait for him within view of both the roads.

Too restless to submit to a state of passive expectation, Iris proposed to follow the bridle-path through the wood for a little way, and to return if she failed to see anything of Arthur. 'You are tired,' she said kindly to her companion; 'pray don't move.'

Mrs Lewson looked needlessly uneasy: 'You might lose yourself, Miss. Mind you keep to the path!'

Iris followed the pleasant windings of the woodland track. In the hope of meeting Arthur she considerably extended the length of her walk. The white line of the high road as it passed the farther end of the wood, showed itself through the trees. She turned at once to rejoin Mrs Lewson.

On her way back she made a discovery. A ruin which she had not previously noticed showed itself among the trees on her left hand. Her curiosity was excited; she strayed aside to examine it more closely. The crumbling walls, as she approached them, looked like the remains of an ordinary dwelling-house. As its essential natural and picturesque effect of decay; a modern ruin is an unnatural and depressing object—and here the horrid thing was.

As she turned to retrace her steps to the road, a man walked out of the inner space enclosed by all that was left of the dismantled house. A cry of alarm escaped her. Was she the victim of destiny, or the sport of chance? There was the wild lord whom she had vowed never to see again: the master of her heart—perhaps the master of her fate!

Any other man would have been amazed to see her, and would have asked how it had happened that the English lady presented herself to him in an Irish wood. This man enjoyed the delight of seeing her, and accepted it as a blessing that was not to be questioned. 'My angel has dropped from Heaven,' he said. 'May Heaven be praised!'

He approached her, his arms closed round her. She struggled to free herself from his embrace. At that moment they both heard the crackle of breaking underwood among the trees behind them. Lord Harry looked round. 'This is a dangerous place, he whispered, 'I am waiting to see Arthur pass safely. Submit to be kissed or I am a dead man.' His eyes told her that he was truly and fearfully in earnest. Her head sank on his bosom. As he bent down and kissed her, three men approached from their hiding place among the trees. They had no doubt been watching him, under orders from the murderous brotherhood to which they belonged. Their pistols were ready in their hands—and what discovery had they made? 'There was the brother who had been denounced as having betrayed them, guilty of no worse treason than meeting his sweetheart in the wood! 'We beg your pardon, my lord,' they cried, with a thoroughly Irish enjoyment of their own discomfiture—and burst into a roar of laughter—and left the lovers together. For a second time, Iris had saved Lord Harry at a crisis in his life.

'Let me go!' she pleaded faintly, trembling with superstitious fear for the first time in her experience of herself.

He held her to him as if he would never let her go again. 'Oh, my Sweet, give me a last chance. Help me to be a better man! You have only to will it, Iris, and to make me worthy of you.'

His arms suddenly trembled round her, and dropped. The silence was followed by a distant sound, like the report of a shot. He looked towards the farther end of the wood. In a minute more, the thump of a horse's hoofs at a gallop was audible, where the bridle-path was hidden among the trees. It came nearer—nearer—the creature burst into view, wild with fright, and carrying an empty saddle. Lord Harry rushed into the path, and seized the horse as it swerved at the sight of him. There was a leather pocket attached to the front of the saddle. 'Search it!' he cried to Iris, forcing the terrified animal back on its haunches. She drew out a silver travelling-flask. One glance at the name engraved on it told him the terrible truth. His trembling hands lost their hold. The horse escaped; the words burst from his lips:

'Oh, God, they've killed him!'

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

THE STORY. FIRST PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE SOUR FRENCH WINE.

WHILE the line to be taken by the new railway Culm and Everill, was still under discussion the engineer caused some difference of opinion among the moneyed men who were the first Directors of the Company, by asking if they proposed to include among their Stations the little old town of Honey-buzzard.

For years past, commerce had declined, and population had decreased in this ancient and curious place. Painters knew it well, and prized its mediæval houses as a mine of valuable material for their art. Persons of cultivated tastes, who were interested in church architecture of the fourteenth century, sometimes pleased and flattered the Rector by subscribing to his fund for the restoration of the tower, and the removal of the accumulated rubbish of hundreds of years from the crypt. Small speculators, not otherwise in a state of insanity, settled themselves in the town, and tried the desperate experiment of opening a shop; spent their little capital, put up the shutters and disappeared. The old market-place still showed its list of market-laws, issued by the Mayor and Corporation in the prosperous bygone times; and every week there were fewer and fewer people to obey the laws. The great empty enclosure looked more cheerful, when there was no market held, and when the boys of the town played in the deserted place. In the last warehouse left in a state of repair, the crane was generally idle; the windows were mostly shut up; and a solitary man represented languishing trade, idling at a half-opened door. The muddy river rose and fell with the distant tide. At rare intervals a collier discharged its cargo on the mouldering quay, or an empty barge took in a load of hay. One bold house advertised, in a dirty window, apartments to let. There was a lawyer in the town, who had no occasion to keep a clerk; and there was a doctor who hoped to sell his practice for anything that it would fetch. The directors of the new railway, after a stormy meeting, decided on offering (by means of a Station) a last chance of revival to the dying town. The town had not vitality enough left to be grateful; the railway stimulant produced no effect. Of all his colleagues in Great Britain and Ireland, the station-master at Honey-buzzard was the idlest man—and this, as he said to the unemployed porter, through no want of energy on his own part.

Late on a rainy autumn afternoon, the slow train left one traveller at the Station. He got out of a first-class carriage, he carried an umbrella and a travelling bag; and he asked his way to the best inn. The station-master and the porter compared the notes. One of them said: 'Evidently a gentleman.' The other added: 'What can he possibly want here?'

The stranger twice lost his way in the tortuous old streets of the town before he reached the inn. On giving his orders, it appeared that he wanted three things: a private room, something to eat, and, while the dinner was being cooked, materials for writing a letter.

Answering her daughter's questions downstairs, the landlady described her guest as a nice-looking man dressed in deep mourning. 'Young, my dear, with beautiful dark brown hair, and a grand beard, and a sweet sorrowful look. Ah, his eyes would tell anybody that his black clothes are not a mere sham. Whether married or single, of course I can't say. But I noticed the name on his travelling bag. A distinguished name, in my opinion—Hugh Mountjoy. I wonder what he'll order to drink when he has his dinner? What a mercy it will be if we can get rid of another bottle of the sour French wine!'

The bell in the private room rang at that moment; and the landlady's daughter, it is needless to say, took the opportunity of forming her own opinion of Mr Hugh Mountjoy.

She returned with a letter in her hand, consumed by a vain longing for the advantages of gentle birth. 'Ah, mother, if I was a young lady of the higher classes, I know whose wife I should like to be!' Not particularly interested in sentimental aspirations, the landlady asked to see Mr Mountjoy's letter. The messenger who delivered it was to wait for an answer. It was addressed to: 'Miss Henley, care of Clarence Vimpany, Esquire, Honey-buzzard.' Urged by an excited imagination, the daughter longed to see Miss Henley. The mother was at a loss to understand why Mr Mountjoy should have troubled to write the letter at all. 'If he knows the young lady who is staying at the doctor's house,' she said, 'why doesn't he call on Miss Henley?' She handed the letter back to her daughter. 'There! let the ostler take it; he's not nothing to do.'

'No, mother, he's not nothing to do. I'll take the letter myself. Perhaps I may see Miss Henley.' Such was the impression which Mr Hugh Mountjoy had innocently produced on a sensitive young person, condemned by destiny to the barren sphere of action afforded by a country inn!

The landlady herself took the dinner upstairs—a first course of mutton chops and potatoes; cooked to a degree of imperfection only attained in an English kitchen. The sour French wine was still on the good woman's mind. 'What would you choose to drink, sir?' she asked. Mr Mountjoy seemed to feel no interest in what he might have to drink. 'We have some French wine, sir.' 'Thank you ma'am; that will do.'

When the bell rang again, and the time came to produce the second course of cheese and celery, the landlady allowed the waiter to take her place. Her experience of the farmers who frequented the inn, and who had in some few cases been induced to taste the wine, warned her to anticipate an outbreak of just anger from Mr Mountjoy. He, like the others, would probably ask what she meant by poisoning him with such stuff as that. On the return of the waiter, she put the question: 'Did the gentleman complain of the French wine?'

'He wants to see you about it, ma'am.'

The landlady turned pale. The expression of Mr Mountjoy's indignation was evidently reserved for the mistress of the house. 'Did he swear, she asked, 'when he tasted it?'

'Lord bless you, ma'am, no! Drank it out of a tumbler, and—if you will believe me—actually seemed to like it.'

The landlady recovered her colour. Gratitude to Providence for having sent a customer to the inn, who could drink sour wine without discovering it, was the uppermost feeling in her ample bosom as she entered the private room. Mr Mountjoy justified her anticipations. He was simple enough—with his tumbler before him, and the wine as it were under his nose—to begin with an apology.

'I am sorry to trouble you, ma'am. May I ask where you got this wine?'

'The wine, sir, was one of my late husband's bad debts.



She drew out a silver travelling-flask. One glance at the name engraved on it told him the terrible truth.

It was all he could get from a Frenchman that owed him money.'

'It's worth money, ma'am.'

'Indeed, sir?'

'Yes, indeed. This is some of the finest and purest claret that I have tasted for many a long day past.'

An alarming suspicion disturbed the serenity of the landlady's mind. Was this extraordinary opinion of the wine sincere? Or was it Mr Mountjoy's wicked design to entrap her into praising her claret, and then to imply that she was a cheat by declaring what he really thought of it? She took refuge in a cautious reply:

'You are the first gentleman, sir, who has not found fault with it.'

'In that case, perhaps you would like to get rid of the wine? Mr Mountjoy suggested.

The landlady was still cautious. 'Who will buy it of me, sir?'

'I will. How much do you charge for it by the bottle?'

It was, by this time, clear that he was not mischievous—only a little crazy. The worldly-wise hostess took advantage of that circumstance to double the price. Without hesitation, she said: 'Five shillings a bottle, sir.'

Often, too often, the irony of circumstances brings together, on this earthly scene, the opposite types of vice and virtue. A lying landlady and a guest incapable of deceit were looking at each other across a narrow table; equally

unconscious of the immeasurable moral gulf that lay between them. Influenced by honourable feeling, inn-cent Hugh Mountjoy lashed the landlady's greed for money to the full-gallop of human cupidity.

'I don't think you are aware of the value of your wine,' he said. 'I have claret in my cellar which is not so good as this, and which costs more than you have asked. It is only fair to offer you seven-and-sixpence a bottle.'

When an eccentric traveller is asked to pay a price, and deliberately raises that price against himself, where is the sensible woman—especially if she happens to be a widow conducting an unprofitable business—who would hesitate to improve the opportunity? The greedy landlady raised her terms.

'In reflection, sir, I think I ought to have ten shillings a bottle, if you please.'

'The wine may be worth it,' Mountjoy answered quietly; 'but it is more than I can afford to pay. No, ma'am; I will leave you to find some lover of good claret with a longer purse than mine.'

It was in this man's character, when he said No, to mean No. Mr Mountjoy's hostess perceived that her crazy customer was not to be trifled with. She lowered her terms again with the headlong hurry of terror. 'You shall have it, sir, at your own price,' said this entirely shameless and perfectly respectable woman.

The bargain having been closed under these circumstances, the landlady's daughter knocked at the door. 'I took your letter myself, sir,' she said modestly; 'and here is the answer.'

(She had seen Miss Henley, and did not think much of her.) Mountjoy offered the expression of his thanks, in words never to be forgotten by a sensitive young person, and opened his letter. It was short enough to be read in a moment; but it was evidently a favourable reply. He took his hat in a hurry, and asked to be shown the way to Mr Vimpany's house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DOCTOR ON A FEW OF HIS INFLUENZA PATIENTS.

It's all very well to pity the influenza patients, but I tell you it's the doctors who ought to be pitied. Of course, it is very gratifying to be in perpetual request, but how would you like to be run off your legs, as I have been during the last week or two? It is 'If you please, sir, Mrs Sniffles thinks she has got the influenza, and will you go at once?' or, 'General McFidgetts presents his compliments, and begs for an immediate visit. His dear little Blanche has sneezed twice, and he fears she has got the influenza.' This patient sends for you at six o'clock in the morning; that one at twelve at night. Of course they all think they have got the epidemic, though half of them haven't, and there isn't one that hasn't all the symptoms pat off by heart.

Seen some queer cases! I should just think I had! Why, there was that old lady who sent for me late one evening. She had been doctoring herself, and, would you believe it? besides poulticing, fomenting, and inhaling, she had swallowed anti-pyrene, quinine pills, and no less than two doses each of the three famous prescriptions published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; all in one day too! She said, not knowing which was best, she tried them all! Yes, naturally she felt rather bad, and nothing less than emetics and the stomach-pump pulled her through.

Then there was Mr B., well he wasn't very bad, but he was quite determined he was going to die—selected his epitaph, invited his friends to his funeral, and almost insisted on his wife choosing her widow's mourning; however, on her remarking that it was useless her getting any, as, if he died, she should marry again immediately, he changed his mind and recovered!

Another man took the greatest delight in cutting out of the obituaries in the newspapers the announcements of deaths from influenza—lively for his family, wasn't it?—and pasting them all round his bed!

Yes, it's very curious how universal the symptoms of depression are, though it takes various forms.

By-the-by, did I tell you of Mr — . He was convinced that although you might not be able to ward off an attack of the epidemic altogether, yet that, by sheer force of will, you could localise it in one member of your body. Well, when his wife succumbed, he implored her to concentrate her whole will into confining the malady to her nose, which organ was, in her case, the most affected. 'John,' she answered, 'it is the duty of every woman to look as pretty as she can, and what the result might be if all the microbes were settled at the end of my nose, I dare not imagine. Rather, a thousand times, would I prefer them dispersed over my body, be the pains what they may.'

Of course he was very indignant, and at the first touch of the disease in his own person, he announced his intention of bottling it up in his left leg. And, by Jove, sir, if he didn't sit for five days and nights with that precious limb propped up on the back of a chair in front of them, staring at it—concentrating his will, he called it, till I expected him to develop into a roaring, raving lunatic.

Did his theory hold good? Humph! I'm bound to confess that though he vowed he suffered excruciating pains in the leg in question, yet that he showed no signs of aches elsewhere, or indeed of any other symptoms save those betokened by pulse and temperature. But there—I told you so—another urgent appeal—can't eat my dinner in peace, and the energetic little doctor bustled away to his new patient.

STRONGHOLM.

Willie Gordon

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM.

A TALE OF OTAGO.

BY ALEXANDER STUART.

CHAPTER I.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.



HORTLY after the opening of a telegraph office at Clutha Ferry, Otago, in the summer of 1867-68, I received the first telegram I ever had in my life. (We called it a telegraphic message in those days; the word telegram had either not been invented, or was unknown to us down at the Clutha.) I have had hundreds of telegrams and a few cablegrams since then, but the message I refer to, besides being the first, was also the strangest and most mysterious I ever received. I have the document still in my possession. Here it is, pasted on a piece of white silk with a black border—the only moment I have of an old friend and shipmate, whose memory is still very dear to me. It is signed 'William Gordon.' Poor Willie Gordon! What a fine, strapping, healthy, ruddy-faced, whole-hearted young fellow he was! The message shows on the face of it that it was sent from Oamaru on February 20th, 1868. It was delivered to me on the same day in the afternoon, and early next morning I was a passenger by the coach from Clutha Ferry to Dunedin.

The first time I spoke to Willie Gordon, or rather the first time he spoke to me, was somewhere in the Bay of Biscay a few days before Christmas, 1865. We were then steerage passengers together on board the ship *Resolute*, Captain Wallace, bound from the Clyde to Port Chalmers, New Zealand. We had very rough weather in the Bay, and I was dreadfully sea-sick. I was sitting on a coil of rope or a tarpaulin on the deck, feeling very miserable, when a cheery voice accosted me and asked me how I was getting on. I answered that I was progressing very badly indeed.

'Well,' said the voice, 'you must cheer up, you know.'

I looked up as if I did not cheer up, and saw that the speaker was Willie Gordon. I knew him by name and sight, but had not spoken to him before. He sat down beside me, and tried his best to make me feel better, and succeeded.

I had seen Willie Gordon come on board at Greenock before we sailed, accompanied by a man and woman and a young girl who I conjectured were probably his father, mother, and sister. I afterwards learned that my surmise was correct. They had come on board to bid him farewell, and they stayed with him till the ship was ready to leave the wharf.

I heard Willie Gordon at the time address his sister as Annie. I noticed that she was very beautiful, or at least I thought her so. She appeared to be very fond of her brother, and shed tears at parting with him. When she left the ship I think I was as sorry as her brother could possibly be. I had hoped, on seeing her first, that she might be a fellow passenger, but I was disappointed. I had to wait several years and undergo some strange and sad experiences ere Annie Gordon and myself sailed together to New Zealand at the beginning of our voyage together on the ocean of life.

From the day that he first spoke to me on the Bay of Biscay Willie and myself became sworn comrades and fast friends. He was twenty-one at the time and I twenty-two—glorious period of life when (after getting better of *mal de mer*, of course) we seem to tread on air and are full of hope and joy and eager expectation of some great good future that we think will soon be ours!

My new friend and myself soon made the pleasing discovery that we belonged to adjoining parishes in Perthshire, and that our homes were not twenty miles apart. We also found that, although previous to our meeting on board ship we were ignorant of each other's existence, yet we possessed numerous friends and acquaintances in common, and talking over old scenes, old times, and mutual friends, helped to wile away many a weary hour on the long three months' voyage to New Zealand.

We were both fond of reading, and as we had each a number of good books, we were able to exchange them and get through a great amount of instructive and miscellaneous reading on the voyage. Among the books we read and discussed were the works of Burns, Byron, Scott, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Longfellow, Macaulay—besides biographies, travels, histories, etc.

We were only two poor lads from two moorland farms in Perthshire, but we probably knew more than many of the young swells from the colleges going out in the cabin first-class to make their fortunes in New Zealand with kid gloves on. Poor deluded beggars, what a sad awakening from their dreams of easily-acquired greatness was in store for many of them!

It is not my intention to describe the voyage to New Zealand twenty-six years ago. It was so very different from what it is at the present day that a description of it would no doubt be interesting and amusing, but if I ever write one I will postpone it for some future narrative.

The ship *Resolute* arrived safely at Port Chalmers on March 20th, 1864. Her passengers are now scattered all over New Zealand; many of them are dead. One of them who came out a poor steerage passenger, is now partner and manager of the largest wholesale business in the colony, whose operations in New Zealand alone must amount in value to at least a million sterling every year. And he came from a Scotch moorland farm, and got all the education he

ever got in a country parish school. I do not think the parish schools in Scotland can be easily improved on, if they are still as good as they were in my time.

For two or three years after landing at Dunedin Willie Gordon and myself worked as mates in the diggings together in various places with varying success. On the whole we would have done better working on farms or stations, and we came to the conclusion at last to give up the alluring life of the gold-digger and settle down to something more reliable. Willie ultimately got employment as a stockman on Totara Station, near Oamaru, while I some time afterwards with the aid of a friend, started a store at Clutha Ferry, a small township about fifty miles to the south of Dunedin. We wrote several letters to each other between the time of our separation and the events I am about to describe, but nothing of any consequence happened until the date mentioned in the beginning of this narrative, when I received the following telegram—

Oamaru, February 20th, 1868. To Mr A. Stuart, Clutha Ferry. Come up to Totara Station, where your presence is urgently required.—WILLIE GORDON.

As a consequence of receiving this message, next morning saw me a passenger on Cobb and Co.'s coach from Clutha Ferry to Dunedin. It is needless to say that the message caused me considerable anxiety, if not alarm. I thought that Willie Gordon must have met with some accident of a serious nature. It must have been something out of the common, I naturally thought, which caused him to summon me such a long distance without any explanation. However, he was my friend, and it was my duty to obey the summons, and I obeyed it without delay. Had I acted otherwise, I should not be worthy the name of friend. As the sequel will show, my presence was urgently required by the sender of the telegram, but how he came to know on the day he sent it that my presence would be needed is a mystery which I have not been able to understand, although I have since got an explanation of it which, however, still leaves the matter nearly as mysterious and wonderful as before.

CHAPTER II.

MANY people still living in Otago and Canterbury will probably remember the summer of 1867-68, and especially the month of February in the latter year. That summer was exceedingly cold, wet, and backward generally, but the week previous to February 20th was especially marked by fearful storms of wind and rain. Before I left the Clutha I heard there had been heavy floods in the Taieri district, and from there right up north as far as Oamaru, Timaru, and even Christchurch.

The day on which I started on my journey, in answer to the message I had received, was a particularly fine one. The sun shone brightly, and the road, although muddy and slippery in some places, was drying up very fast after the rain. A fine fresh breeze had sprung up, and the drive through Lovell's Flat and the Tokomairiro Plain was thoroughly enjoyable. In the afternoon the coach, after passing Waihola Lake, entered the Taieri Plain. Before crossing the Taieri Bridge we could see that a great part of the level plain was under water. Many of the farm houses and buildings were surrounded on all sides, and boats were seen plying here and there over the fields. The coach road, after crossing the bridge, was in several places a foot or two under water, and the driver had to go slow and feel his way carefully in case of accidents. Fortunately, we found no serious obstacles in getting through, and by and by, when we had passed Adams' Accommodation House, the road began to rise from the plain and climb the lower spurs of Saddle Hill. On our left the flooded plain lay at our feet, and we could see large fields of wheat, oats, and potatoes completely covered with water—the grain lying flat on the soil, and the flood-water flowing mudily over it. Many a poor hard-working Taieri farmer was ruined by that disastrous storm, and never afterwards recovered from its effect.

We arrived safely in Dunedin late in the afternoon, and I went to Wain's Hotel on Manse-street, which was at that time the favourite stopping-place of country settlers when they came to town. Having secured a bedroom, I went downstairs to the dining-room and joined a large company who were sitting down to an excellent spread. Several members of the company there gathered together I could see, were, like myself, from the country, and when I entered the room they were discussing a subject which appeared to create some excitement.

'When did it happen?' one of them asked.

'Last night,' was the answer. 'Sometime between bedtime and early this morning. Old Campbell, the manager, told me when he went to bed the creek was bank high, the rain had stopped, but it still looked very black away at the back towards the hills. The hut was about twenty yards from the creek, and nobody thought there was any danger. The men were all in the hut and in bed before ten o'clock. When Mr Campbell got up early this morning he found the hut swept away, and not a man to be seen, dead or alive.'

'Most extraordinary! What a fearful catastrophe!' said another.

'Where did this happen? Tell me all about it!' I cried rather excitedly, a sudden fear taking possession of me and deterring me of all appetite for dinner.

The name of old Campbell, the manager, I may explain, was familiar to me, for that, I remember, was the name of the manager of Totara Station, and when I heard it mentioned in connection with some dreadful occurrence you may be sure my fears lest some accident had happened to my friend were now awakened with redoubled anxiety.

The narrator looked at me fixedly for a minute or so, probably wondering at my excitement, and then began as follows:—

'The sad event I was telling these gentlemen about when you entered happened last night at a place called Totara, near Oamaru. As you perhaps know, there has been a dreadful storm of thunder, wind, and rain raging up Oamaru way for the past week. There are now half-a-dozen large vessels which were up there loading wool and grain lying high and dry on the beach with their backs broken, all total wrecks. Fortunately there's been no loss of life in connection with them, as the ships were thrown up so high on the beach that the men were able to jump ashore. There has been a sad affair, however, at Totara Station. That station is a few miles on the side of Oamaru, by the side of a little stream or creek, which you

can jump over in most places. There were eight or nine men working on the station, and the hut they lived in was on a flat piece of ground near the creek. The manager's house is behind that again, on a higher part of the estate. When he went to bed last night the creek was full to the banks, but did not overflow on the flat ground where the men's hut was built. The men are supposed to have gone to bed at the usual hour last night. When Mr Campbell got up this morning he found the hut had been swept away during the night, and it is considered a dead certainty that they are all drowned. The strangest part of the affair is that the creek was no bigger this morning than it was last night; but you could see that it had risen tremendously some time in the night, and must have swept down the valley at least twenty feet deep and as wide as a river.'

'And do you think all the men were drowned?' I asked, taking out my telegram and looking at it with great anxiety.

'Well, all I can tell you,' he said, 'is this. I saw Mr Campbell at Otepopo this morning, and he told me about it, and he said some of the bodies had been found. When I saw him he was in a state of great excitement, and had no time to enter into particulars.'

'Did he tell you any of the names of those who were drowned?' I asked.

'Well, I dare say he did, now that you mention it, but I did not know any of them, and I don't recollect who they were.'

'I have a friend working on that station,' I said. 'His name is Gordon.'

'The 's one of the names Mr Campbell mentioned to me,' said the traveller. 'I remember now distinctly that Gordon was one of the names.'

This information distressed and shocked me terribly. The food I was trying to eat stuck in my throat, and I had to rise from the table and go outside to think over what I had heard.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was no evening paper published in Dunedin at the time I refer to, or if there was I did not know of its existence. I knew the office of the Otago *Daily Times*, however, in Princess-street, and thither I went in search of fresh information about the Totara disaster. I found the office open, and a crowd of people standing about the pavement, some of them with slips of paper which they were reading. I entered the office and saw a few extras on the counter, and took one up and began reading it. The account of the occurrence at Totara, published as an extra, was substantially the same as I had heard from the traveller at the hotel. The news was telegraphed from Oamaru, and was very brief, but to me at least it was terribly distressing. The names of eight men who were supposed to be drowned were given, and amongst them was that of William Gordon. It also gave the names of those whose bodies had been recovered, but his name was not among them.

On inquiry at the office I ascertained that no farther particulars had been received.

I went back to the hotel very sad and sick at heart, with my worst fears confirmed.

After what I heard from the traveller at the dinner table and read for myself in the *Times* extra, I scarcely dared to hope that some mistake had been made, and that instead of being drowned my friend was really alive and waiting for my coming. The telegram certainly showed that he had been in Oamaru the day before the catastrophe, and this fact in consideration raised my spirits considerably, and gave me at last a slender hope that he had not gone back to Totara that night, and had escaped the disaster. If that was so, he must have wanted me in Oamaru for some urgent purpose unknown to me. At the same time in this supposition it was very strange that his name should appear on the list of those who were lost, as he must have heard of the affair very early that morning in Oamaru, and would naturally have hurried back to the station to see what had happened to his late companions. If he had done so he would have been one of the first to give information concerning those who slept in the hut that night, and this consideration made it all the more difficult for me to understand how his name could have been included with those of the victims. Again I thought, if he was really drowned in such a sudden and extraordinary manner, how passing strange that he should have sent me an urgent message the day before the sad event, asking me to come and see him.

I was brooding over this matter in the commercial room when I heard a coach drive to the door. I looked out, and saw that it was the Oamaru coach, an hour behind time. I went outside and saw a man coming off the coach whose face was familiar to me. As soon as I saw him properly I knew him to be the late Mr Reid, of the since then extensively-known firm of Reid and Gray. At that time he was in business at Oamaru. About a year previously Willie Gordon and I had passed through that town on horseback on our way back from the Hokitika diggings. We had walked overland to Christchurch, where we bought a couple of horses and saddles for the rest of our journey. When we came to Oamaru we stopped a day or two to look about us, and while there we had our horses shod at Mr Reid's. We had several times visited his place afterwards to have a chat with him about our affairs, and this eventually led to Willie Gordon getting employment on Totara Station.

As soon as I saw Mr Reid and recollected who he was, I rushed up to him and said:

'Mr Reid, I am glad to see you. You remember me, don't you?'

'I do,' he said. 'I remember you well. I was thinking about you to-day coming down in the coach. You have heard the bad news, I can see.'

'Yes,' I said; 'I heard there was a fearful affair happened at Totara, but I do not know the particulars. You remember my old mate Gordon, who was with me last year. Is it true that he is drowned?'

'I'm afraid it's too true,' said Mr Reid. 'When we came through his body had not been found, but there can be no doubt he was lost with the others.'

'Well,' I said, 'I cannot understand it. I got an urgent message by telegraph from him yesterday asking me to come up. He must have been then in Oamaru, and I was beginning to hope he had not gone back to the station last night.'

'I saw him in Oamaru yesterday,' said Mr Reid, 'about dinner-time, but I did not speak to him. I saw him go into the bank, and after that into the telegraph office. In the

afternoon I had occasion to go down the Dunedin road a few miles on business, and when coming back I met him and another man on horseback going towards Totara. They were riding fast, and only said 'Good evening' in passing, but it was getting on towards dusk, and I think there is no doubt but what he was there last night with the others. I heard his name mentioned by several people as being one of the victims, and I fear you will find it is too true.

From further conversation with Mr Reid I learned that the day previous to the terrible event was the first one of ordinary good weather they had had in Oamaru for a fortnight. The forenoon was showery, but it cleared up in the afternoon. There were very black storm clouds, however, among the mountains behind Totara, and Mr Reid said he could hear the thunder growling and rumbling among the hills all the afternoon. His theory of the cause of the catastrophe was that an enormous waterpout had burst on the hills during the night, and that the creek came down in a wall of water so suddenly that there was no time for escape. It was either that which caused it, he said, or else a slip among the hills during the wet weather which dammed up the creek for some time until a large lake had been formed, which must have burst its banks and rushed down the valley, carrying everything before it.

My interview with Mr Reid dispelled any hope I had formed of my friend's safety. After parting with him I went into Cobb and Co.'s looking-office and secured a box seat on the Oamaru coach for next morning.

CHAPTER IV.

I LAY wide awake for a long time during the night, tossing and turning on my bed. I went over in my mind all the pleasant time Gordon and myself had spent together on board ship, at the diggings in Otago, and on the West Coast. I thought of him as he was then, always cheerful, light-hearted, and merry, a helpful mate, an agreeable companion, and a true friend. Thinking of these thoughts, I could scarcely believe it possible that he whom I loved so well could be lying at that very time cold and lifeless at the bottom of some deep water-hole in the Totara Creek. During the time we had been together he was frequently getting letters from his sister in Scotland, telling all about his father and mother and their little farm on the banks of the Tay. The farm, it seems, was a very poor one, the rent was high, but the family had lived on it for generations, and it was for the purpose of making money at the diggings to enable them either to buy it altogether and be rent free, or else look out for an opening at the Antipodes, that Willie Gordon left his home to seek his fortune in New Zealand.

It was agreed between Willie and myself that as soon as we made our pile we were to go home together, and I was to marry his sister, that is to say, of course, if she was still disengaged and would accept me.

Although I had never spoken a word to his relations at Home, and only saw them once, as already related, yet, from the many letters I had seen or had read to me, I seemed now to know them intimately, and as I tossed and turned on my bed I thought of the sorrow that was in store for these loving hearts, if all I feared was true, when the news reached them some three months from that time. While I was busy thinking of these things I at last fell asleep.

That night I dreamed a very strange dream, which I can never forget. During the time that Gordon and myself worked together we had, like all other diggers, the great hope and expectation always before our eyes of making our fortunes, or as we called it, 'our pile.' We often talked of this, and joked about it in our own way; but although we had a certain amount of success in one or two of our ventures, yet we never were able to save much money up to the time of our separation. This was more disheartening to my companion than to me, as he wanted to send some assistance to his people at Home. It was the necessity for saving a little hard cash which induced him at last to take a steady billet on a station and give up the more pleasant life of gold-digging for a time, as we then intended.

Yes, we frequently talked and joked about 'making our pile,' as who does not in the colonies? Since I parted with him the tide of my own fortune had turned in my favour, and I was at last in a fair way of doing well. During our sojourn together we of course always addressed each other in the most familiar way. He was Willie to me and I was Sandy to him. As I said, I dreamed a strange dream that night. I dreamed that a voice which I knew well called out to me in a very sad tone, and from what seemed to be a very far-off place, 'Sandy! Sandy!'

In my dream I knew I was asleep, and the voice seemed to wake me up, but I only dreamed that I woke up. I knew the voice to be Willie's, but oh, how strange and sad and far away it seemed to be!

'Is that you, Willie?' I cried. 'Where are you?'

'Here I am. Look up, look up!' was the reply. The voice had now a joyous tone.

I looked up. I knew, or dreamed I knew, that I was lying on my bed, and then it seemed as if the roof had opened and I saw Willie Gordon standing far away and very high up, surrounded with a shining light which was far too bright for my eyes to look at. His appearance, and the great distance between us and the bright light in which he stood, terrified me very much, and I cried out:

'Oh, Willie! What is the matter? Where are you going?'

He answered, 'I have made my pile at last. It is all right. I am going to my long home. Good-bye.'

The vision fled. I dreamed that I was sobbing and moaning in my sleep, but did not awake. I slept on, and another vision soon presented itself. I thought I saw a large pool of water, and that I was searching eagerly for something I expected to find, and I said to myself, 'I have found it.' I thought I stood on one side of the pool where there was a flat piece of ground, the bank being only about a foot above the water. Opposite where I stood there was the end of a ridge, from which a rocky point protruded over the pool. Above the rocky point stood a cabbage tree, its spiky leaves quivering and rustling in the breeze.

I looked into the pool of water and deep down, dimly at first, but as I looked, gradually growing clearer and more distinct, I saw Willie Gordon's dead face upturned with eyes wide open looking steadily at me.

I woke up with a cry and a start. I knew that it was a dream, but I also knew that the dream was true; that I had seen poor Willie Gordon in the spirit, and that I had also seen his mortal remains lying cold and lifeless at the bottom

of Totara Creek, where I knew before many hours had passed over my head I was surely destined to find him.

CHAPTER V.

IN the afternoon of next day I was at Totara Station. When I arrived an inquest was being held. The coroner and jury were in the manager's house, and a number of settlers and station people were gathered around talking of what had happened. One of these men I knew to be Mr Duncan, who is now, I believe, member of Parliament for that part of the country.

I asked this gentleman if all the bodies had been recovered.

'They have all been found,' he said, 'except that of one young fellow of the name of Gordon. He is still missing.'

'Have they given up the search?' I asked.

'No,' he replied, 'there are still several men down the creek side on the look-out, but I do not think they will find anything more to-day. The creek is still muddy, and if he is in a deep hole he will not be easily seen. The drag they have is not a very good one.'

'Where were the other bodies found?' I asked.

'Well, they were in different places,' he said. 'Some of them not very far from the hut, and others a good way down the valley; some in the water, and some on dry land. The hut, which was built of sods, must have fallen on them and smothered them first of all, and then it was swept clean away, and the sods are lying scattered all down the flat as far as you can see. There's where the hut stood.'

He pointed to a place a few hundred yards below, and I saw a square mark on the ground where the hut had been, and pieces of turf scattered here and there down the valley.

'Do you know a place down the creek side,' I asked, 'where there is a rocky point overhanging a pool of water, and a cabbage tree growing above the point?'

'I do,' he replied. 'I can see you have been there yourself. I was down that way to-day and searched all about.'

We got the last man found in a water-hole, but that was a good bit on this side of the place you mean. I can see the place from here, and I see the men down that way now. If you look you can see them from here.'

He pointed down the valley about two miles, and I could see the men like little black spots moving about. I thought I could also see the cabbage tree.

'Have they anything to drag the water with?' I inquired.

'Yes, they have, and I believe they have been dragging all day.'

'Well,' I said, 'Mr Duncan, if you come with me I think I can find the body.'

He assented willingly, but I could see, as we walked hastily together, that he was somewhat sceptical about my ability to find it. When I told him about my dream, however, his doubts vanished, and he was as eager as I was myself to get there and put my dream to the test. As we walked along we could trace the course of the flood by the debris of sticks, grass, and scrub left on the bank at its highest mark. It was very evident that a terrific body of water had rushed down from the mountains, and as the valley has a pretty quick fall to the sea, the water must have come down with tremendous force and velocity.

In reply to a question on the subject, Mr Duncan said he had no doubt the flood was caused by a landslip in the hills damming back the water. As yet, however, no one had gone up the creek to ascertain, but the question would probably be set at rest in a day or two.

When we were within a short distance of the place we were making for we met four men coming back, one of them carrying a drag. Mr Duncan stopped them, and we explained the reason I had for thinking I could find the remains, and they willingly turned back with us to see the result.

I need not say that I was greatly agitated on nearing the spot I had so strangely seen in my dream. I recognised it when a good way off, and then hurried on as fast as my agitation would permit, until at last I stood breathless with beating heart on the bank of the creek. There, at my feet, was the deep pool, there on the other side was the rocky point, and above it the old cabbage tree with its long spiky leaves rustling and quivering weirdly in the evening breeze, all as I had seen them in my dream.

I gazed into the water at my feet, but at first saw nothing. I looked again, however, peering keenly into the deep and dark pool, and then I seemed to feel rather than see the object of my search.

'I have found it,' I said in my dream. 'I have found it,' I said again, this time wide awake, turning to those who were with me.

I looked once more to point out the spot, and there, as plainly as possible, I saw my poor friend's dead face, with eyes wide open staring at me from the bottom of the creek.

Although my agitation was great, I would not let anyone touch him but myself. I took the drag from the man who carried it, fearing he might use it too roughly. Slowly and tenderly I touched the body with the hook and raised it to the surface as carefully as if it were made of glass. The men lent a hand and lifted it out of the water on the bank. There was very little clothing on it when taken out of the water. The other men, I was told, were all found in the same state, some of them with a blanket or some article of clothing clasped in their hands, showing that they had no time to dress, or indeed perhaps to wake properly up.

When we took Gordon's body from the water the right hand was holding an article of clothing. I released it gently from the clenched hand, and saw that it was a man's coat. I put my hand in a breast pocket and found it contained a pocket-book.

The men who were with Mr Duncan and myself made a stretcher with some rails from a broken fence, and placing the body on it, we started back to the station. We got back fortunately before the coroner and jury had left. The inquest on the other bodies had resulted in a verdict of 'Found drowned.'

A second inquest being necessary, and the jury having viewed the body, we entered the manager's house, and the proceedings commenced. I was one of the principal witnesses.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER being put on my oath in the usual way, I was told by the coroner to state what I knew of the matter under consideration. I told the jury about the mysterious telegram I

had received, which I produced and read, and also about my strange dream in Dunedin, which enabled me without any difficulty to find the body after the search had been given up by the other men. I related all I knew about the antecedents of the deceased, and my own connection with him since our arrival in the colony. I then produced the coat found with the body and the pocket-book which I found in the coat. Mr Campbell, the manager of the station, identified the coat as the one which deceased was wearing on the day preceding the disaster. I was instructed by the coroner to open the pocket-book and show the jury its contents. I found the book difficult to open, as the leather was swollen with the wet, and the elastic round it was as tight as if it were an iron band. There was very little in it, only a few shillings in silver and a letter and some documents which, although damp and wet at the edges, were still apparently in a readable condition. The swollen leather and tight band had no doubt, preserved them by keeping the water out. The coroner asked me to read the letter. The address and date at the top were not legible, but I saw from the signature that it came from his sister. I have the letter still in my possession carefully preserved. It reads as follows:—

MY DEAR WILLIE.—I wrote this to let you know that we are all well at present, hoping this will find you the same. We received a letter from you the one you wrote on July 25th a few days ago, and although I sent you all the news when I wrote you last, yet I think it only right to let you know that we got your letter and how glad we were to hear you are well and doing well. Besides, I am sorry to say, and think you ought to know of it, that your father has fallen behind with his roof, and the Duke's factor has been here about it, and making things very unpleasant for poor father. I think it is about £50 he is owing. Father says as the lease is nearly out and the rent is too high he would like us to go to New Zealand. Mother says the same. They are tired of paying all they make to the Duke, and would like a farm of their own; but we must pay the rent to prevent them taking all we have, or else we would be ruined. If you can assist them to see you will do it. Tommy and Robert have left school, and are now working on the farm. We were glad to hear your friend Mr S. is now getting on so well after all your hardships together.—With love from all, your affectionate sister, ANNIE.

After reading the letter I was asked by the coroner if there was anything else, and I then opened the other papers which were folded in an envelope without any address, and showed him what they were—a bank draft in triplicate issued at Oamaru by the Bank of New Zealand drawn on the Bank of Scotland, and payable to the order of Thomas Gordon. I informed the coroner and jury that the name on the draft was that of my late friend's father, and I had no doubt it was his intention to send the money Home in answer to the letter I had just read.

In reply to inquiries made by the coroner it transpired that I was the only person present who knew where the deceased had come from.

The manager, Mr Campbell, explained with regard to the draft that the young man asked him to settle up with him the day before his death, as he wished to send some money Home. He accordingly paid him what was due, and Willie then obtained leave to go to Oamaru, where he could get a bank order to send to his friends, but he (Mr Campbell) did not know where they lived.

The coroner remarked that whatever may have been the intention of the deceased in telegraphing to me, it was certainly most providential that he had done so, as my presence would enable his friends to obtain the remittance intended for them without delay. He then authorised me to take charge of the draft, and send it Home with a full account of the circumstances under which it came into my possession. This I promised to do, and the proceedings terminated with a verdict similar to that already arrived at in the inquiry on the other bodies.

Two days afterwards the funeral, which was largely attended by settlers and people from Oamaru, took place. The bodies were buried in one grave, side by side, in the local cemetery. After the funeral I wrote a full account of Willie Gordon's death to his parents, enclosing the first of the triplicate bills of exchange, retaining the other two, which I afterwards sent by succeeding mails. About six months afterwards I received a brief and mournful acknowledgment of my letter, with the thanks of my friends for what I had done.

Within a year of the events narrated above my business enabled me to pay a visit to my native land, after an absence of several years. On reaching Scotland, after seeing my own relations, I lost no time in visiting the farm of Mr Gordon, near Pitlochry, on the banks of the Tay. The meeting with Mr and Mrs Gordon I need scarcely say was affecting in the extreme. In spite of their bereavement Mr and Mrs Gordon were still strong and vigorous, being both in the prime of life. Their daughter Annie, with whom, I may confess, I fell in love at first sight at Greenock, was now a full-grown and beautiful young lady, lovelier, I thought, notwithstanding the sorrow visible on her face, than she was when I first saw her. The two younger sons of the Gordons were now grown into a couple of strong and strapping young fellows, the very sort, I thought, to make their way in New Zealand if they could only get over the prejudice against it, which was, no doubt, inseparable from a recollection of their brother's untimely end.

Before leaving the Oamaru district I had satisfied myself that the accident through which Willie Gordon had lost his life was due to a landslip, as was generally supposed at the time. About ten miles up among the mountains I found the place, and saw that a great body of water had been dammed back until it eventually burst its barriers and rushed down the valley, bringing destruction in its path. I had explained this in my letters of some time ago. I did not, however, mention the mysterious telegram in any of my letters, nor my strange dream in Dunedin.

I thought, however, there would be no harm in telling them now. I had always felt so mystified on the subject of the telegram, which puzzled me more than the dream, that I wanted to know what his own nearest and dearest relations would think of it.

As soon as I related the circumstance and my own inability to understand it, I noticed Mr and Mrs Gordon look at each other in a peculiar way.

'It was second sight,' said Mrs Gordon; 'my mother had it. She could see things that were to happen, sometimes clearly, sometimes darkly; and when in that state she would do and say strange things which she knew nothing about afterwards, as if she had been in a trance or waking sleep. I am sure that was the way with poor Willie. He must have foreseen that something terrible was to happen to him, although he might not know what it was to be. I

THE NEW SOUTH WALES

ATHLETIC CHAMPION MEETING.

an error when he sent you the message he was not himself, and did not know what he was doing, or he would not have sent it. He was guided by a higher Power than his own in doing what he did.

"There can be no doubt about that," said Mr Gordon solemnly. "You will understand how important the message you received was to us, when I tell you that on the very day we got your letter and the bank draft for £50, the Duke's Agent was here to take possession of all we had in the world, and if we had not received it on that very day we would have been sold out of house and home. Poor Willie lived just long enough to save us from poverty and want."

I stayed for a few days with the Gordon family, and the more I saw of them the more I was pleased with their peasant ways and charmed with the gentle and endearing disposition and graces of my host's only daughter Annie. When I left there at last to attend to some business in London I promised to come back in a few weeks after, am bidding Annie good-bye I could see a tear gathering in her eye, but it was a tear of joy lighted up with the rainbow of sweet hope.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE not much more to tell, although the little that follows concerns the happiest, and, to me, most interesting, period of my life. As may be readily imagined, as soon as my business permitted I was back again in the vicinity of Pilsbrie, and a frequent visitor at Mr Gordon's house. Shakespeare says that the course of true love never did run smooth, but I suppose my case must have been the exception which proves the rule. I was staying at a hotel at Pilsbrie, about a mile from the farm, and I used to make pretence of fishing in the river. I passed Mr Gordon's house several times a day, and on seeing and coming I always looked in for a chat, and often when I left I asked the old people if Annie might come up the river side for a walk with me, a request which was always granted with apparent pleasure. After a bit I dispensed with the fishing-rod and baskets, as I found they were sometimes in the way, and as I had never caught any fish bigger than my little finger, I had a good excuse for giving up the gentle craft. This is not a love story, so I need not tell any of our love secrets, sufficient to say that when I asked Annie Gordon for her hand and heart she consented to be mine. I found that my course of true love had been smoothed over for me long before my appearance on the scene. Poor Willie Gordon had frequently written about me to his sister, and, fortunately for me, kept up an interest on my behalf which had been sufficiently strong to keep her fancy free till the time of our meeting and introduction. On my first visit to the farm Mr Gordon and myself had talked over the future prospects of the family. The lease of their farm expired at the Martinmas-term following, and owing to the rise in rents all round, Mr Gordon and his wife decided not to compete for a renewal. They were thoroughly disgusted with the conduct of the young Duke, who was evicting tenants, whose forefathers had lived on the estate for hundreds of years, without the least scruple or compunction, many of them being doomed to pass the rest of their lives, in their old age, in poverty and want, after expending all the strength and prowess of their youth and manhood in working hard, early and late, to raise from the inferior and stubborn soil the heavy taxes for which they were rack-rented so grievously. I was able to give Mr Gordon such a good account of the condition of the farming classes in New Zealand, and the opportunities offered them of acquiring good farms for little more than one year's rental of the poor land in the Highlands, that he felt very much inclined to leave Scotland with his family as soon as his lease expired.

By the time I came to make a proposal to Mr and Mrs Gordon for the hand of their daughter matters were so far agreed between us that, in giving their consent with many blessings and kind congratulations, they knew that they were not to be separated from their child, but that we should all leave Scotland together after the wedding and become fellow voyagers to the other end of the world.

My visit to Scotland took place in the summer of 1861, on the 15th of September following I was married to Annie Gordon, and thus one of the dreams of my life for several years past was at last realised.

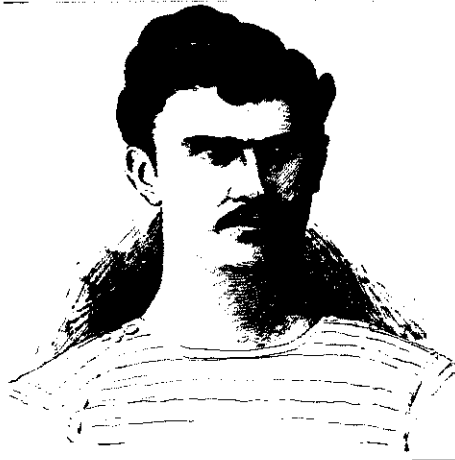
When the winter snows of that year were white on Schiehallion the Gordon family, my wife and myself, were sailing through the tropics in the ship City of Dunedin, bound for New Zealand, which we reached in safety after a prosperous voyage.

Mr Gordon secured a suitable farm within a few miles of what is now the beautiful city of Tamaru. In 1862, when I stayed there a few days after the death of my friend, Tamaru consisted of a few wooden cottages and galvanised iron stores, and one or two small hotels, while the seaboard was covered with the wrecks of six or seven vessels washed ashore during the previous storm.

As soon as I got the family settled in their new home I took my wife and her father, mother, and two brothers to see Willie Gordon's grave—that grave which his remains occupied in common with the other victims of the Tōgara Creek disaster. A beautiful monument of Tamaru stone now marks the spot in memory of Willie and those who were with him when sudden death overtook them. Mr Gordon afterwards bought a piece of ground adjoining this common grave, so that in his own words, his old bones and those of the mother might be laid beside those of their beloved one.

Twenty years have since elapsed, but the old people are still hale and hearty. Their two sons, Gordon Brothers, as they are known, have long ago taken their place among the foremost agriculturists of the district. At every agricultural show, from Invercargill to Christchurch, you can see their names every year heading the principal prize lists.

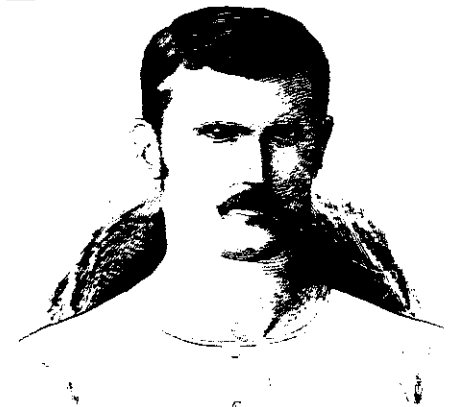
For myself and my dear wife it is enough to say that the blessing of a happy home have been during the past twenty years our greatest fortune.



E. J. MCKELVEY.



R. B. LUSK.



J. H. HEMPTON.



P. MORRISON.



F. WHITE.



L. A. CUFF.

The last thing in this newspaper is the 'cork.' Envelopes and paper are made heavier by resembling cork as closely as possible. People with the best taste, however, seldom change their style, using always one particular kind of paper, taking care that this shall be as perfect as they can have it, so that at last it becomes part and parcel of their individuality.

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TO OUR READERS.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
 We regret that a large number of people have been disappointed in consequence of being unable to procure copies of THE GRAPHIC. The first and second numbers were rapidly sold out, and we have had very reluctantly to decline a considerable number of orders for those parts. A larger issue of the present number has been printed, but readers must remember that the paper is a very costly one to produce, and we cannot allow a large margin for chance sales. The only way in which those who desire to obtain the paper regularly can ensure themselves against disappointment is by subscribing, or giving a standing order to one of the runners. The subscription, post paid, is ten shillings a half-year.
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The New Zealand Graphic
 AND LADIES' JOURNAL.
 With which is incorporated "The New Zealand Family Friend."
 SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1896.

CURRENT TOPICS.
ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.
 [BY GRAPHIC CONTRIBUTORS.]

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR and Lady Onslow, with their two little girls, are living at Lowry Bay, Wellington, a picturesque little place across the harbour. After their dreadful experience of typhoid last winter it is not to be wondered at that they do not care to expose their daughters to the risk of catching that terrible complaint. The Governor wants a telephone to be fitted on to this marine residence, which would cost between £40 and £50, as although the wire would have to come from Wellington, the posts would only have to be extended from the Hutt Race-

course. This is being opposed by some of the Wellington papers in language immoderate enough to protest against the erection of a marble palace.

Dr. Grace, who while travelling recently in Europe was made a Count of the Holy Roman — (some say 'Empire,' some say 'Church,' but probably 'See' is right,) has now been made a C.M.G. This dignity has been conferred in recognition of his medical services as Director-General to the troops in New Zealand during the Maori war. It is said that the Roman Countship was conferred on the doctor, not so much for his own services to the church, which, however, are by no means to be despised, but more especially to do honour to his brother, who was Mayor of New York, and who is a man of great wealth and princely hospitality in that city, but being a Republican, was unable to accept anything in the way of a title.

Poor Civil Servants! Mr Withy, M.H.R. for Newton, thinks you ought all to be disfranchised. And why? Because you exert enormous influence in the political sphere. It seems the fashion with everybody outside the Civil Service to throw all the mud possible at the members of that body. If anything goes wrong you are overwhelmed with blame. If you do anything for the public good you get no praise. You are debarred from discussing in the papers any questions affecting your own work, and from taking any active part in public affairs. If attacked you cannot answer back—probably that explains the frequency of the attacks. Now Mr Withy proposes to take from you one of the greatest privileges of a free man, the right to have a voice in the choice of men to govern him. Does Mr Withy think that loss of voting power will mean loss of political influence? The few who do exercise a bad influence on elections will still exercise that influence, while the many who now do their public duties honestly and exercise their votes honestly would be in bad case; or to protect themselves, would have to resort to back-stairs work. Give the Civil Servants a chance. In the main they are obliging, honest fellows, with a few pigs and puppies among them, no doubt, but not half so black as they are painted. Surely the great body of voters in the colony are not afraid of the twelve hundred public servants. Even if the latter can return a member or two as their own particular representatives, they surely deserve to have somebody to put in a good word for them. The general body of members and of the public can keep their eyes well enough peeled to prevent much danger.

The ways of the merry printer are sometimes very wicked. We all know stories of the ludicrous hash that has been made of articles by 'printers' errors,' such as that of the Chicago reporter who wrote of a young lady as a dance, 'her feet were encased in fairy boots,' and the printer set it up 'her feet were encased in jerry boats.' Not long since a reporter on an Auckland daily, in his remarks about a lecture on the Irish language, said, 'their eyes sparkled as they heald again the accents of their childhood's tongue.' The copy set it up 'childish tongue,' and for a week that reporter never saw an Irishman without fear and trembling. Of a similar character was the error made in an up-country paper in New Zealand when the printer made it say 'There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguards' works of imagination.' This appeared very rough, and had Jules come across it he would have had a nice little action for libel. Perhaps fearing something of the sort, the editor in his next issue said, 'For "other blackguards" please read "Rider Haggard's." Apologetic, but rough on Rider.

How merrily the Trades Unions are getting on with their work; fresh organisations formed and new demands formulated almost every day. New Zealand used to be the working man's paradise; from benevolence it is to be the Unionist working man's paradise. And how about the Non-Unionist working men? Well, they, I suppose, must face the paradox and form a Non-Unionists' Union, striking against strikes and binding themselves to free competition. Really it seems rather as if the colony were settling down to an entirely new condition, wherein one half of the population shall be employed and the other half idle, which can easily develop into one half of the population keeping the other half. Each half might take the burden turn and turn about if the matter were only reduced to a system, the only objection being that there would probably be much changing of sides when the time came for shifting the burden. Party Government, which is the nearest approach to this state of things to which we have yet attained, teaches us this much. No wonder that our most thoughtful living historian, Mr Lecky, puts it down as his opinion that Party Government cannot last for ever because it excludes half the best men from office. And if a political system built on party cannot last, what can we expect of an industrial system on the same foundation? Parliament ought to intervene, say some. Well, Parliament having itself submitted to a general re-

duction of wages could no doubt speak with great superiority on the question; but the basis, if I may use the expression of so august a body, were by no means unanimous on the question of the reduction, as it is quite possible that a majority might refuse to consider any measure of intervention that might be laid before them, on the ground that it might cost them all future chance of employment. Perhaps our next Parliamentary parties may bear the names of Unionist- and Non-Unionist- as in England, with a different signification. Who knows?

Mr Malcolm M. Irving, formerly manager of the New Zealand Drug Company, Christchurch, returned to Auckland last week from Australia. He left for the South on the 5th. Mr Irving is now representing the firm of Evans, Lecher and Webb, of London and elsewhere, in the Australasian colonies and the East. For the past five years he has been in Australia, Straits Settlements, Java, and other of the East Indies. Mr Irving was one of the best known and popular men in business in New Zealand, and his many friends will be glad to welcome him back, and to know that he is in the best health.

Those who do confine the church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it. These words were written by that charming old author, Sir Thomas Browne, more than 250 years ago. But no words that have ever been spoken by mortal man have had the effect of making the Christian church a united body. The division of creeds continues, and the believers in each send the believers in the others to Haies with charming resignation. Men like Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, may lament that 'in little townships of about 200 inhabitants there were sometimes as many as half a dozen Christian churches all in a row, each tinkling its own little bell, with half-starved clergymen, and supported by a wretched system of rag-doll fairs, bun fairs, bazaars, and other devices.' But the voice of Bishop Julius, eloquent and manly though it be, is but as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. There may be an interchange of pulpits on some special Sunday, as happened in Auckland the other day, but there is no permanent union. If all the churches united to-morrow next day we should have half a dozen sects branching off. At least I believe the English people are sceptical. They must inquire about their religion as about other things. When one inquirer finds an error he soon has a following, and a new sect is formed. No Christian unity is still far off. It will probably remain a subject for the hopes of such men as Bishop Julius until everybody knows as little of the differences among churches as the small boy who was going to a Catholic church for the first time. He knew he had some ceremony to go through before taking his seat. On inquiring from another small boy he was told that he must kick three times as high as possible. This he did to the huge delight of his small friend, while the congregation and the good priest were lost in astonishment and laughter.

The resurrection of the bones of the Orpheus brings up a long-forgotten sorrow, and one's thoughts pass on from wreck to wreck—Orpheus and Eurydice, unlucky in their loves centuries ago, and recently both wrecked on entering port. The old ship Orpheus was content to bury his bones in the Manukau sands so long as Eurydice sailed the seas, but now that she is gone he sings the old song, 'The faro-zena Eurydice,' and rolls his weary old frame ashore in the vain hope of being broken up near her resting-place. 'Vain hope! The Eurydice was torn plank from plank on the historic mud of Port-mouth Harbour, and old Orpheus will show his relics to gaping larrikins at a penny a head ten thousand miles away.'

The Atalanta, a sister ship of the Eurydice, was totally lost on the voyage from the West Indies to England, and neither of her nor of the ill-fated Wasp, which foundered somewhere in the China Seas only a year or two ago, have any vestiges been found. Seven Phoenixes have risen, one from the wreck of the other. There must be luck, good or bad, in names.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cowie, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, has ever since his return from the South, been confined to his house, owing to an injury received on the steamer on the way up from Wellington. He fell on his side, hurting himself somewhat severely. On Sunday week, however, he was well enough to leave the house, and his strength is fast returning.

An electoral reform that I notice none of our politicians advocate I should like to bring under their notice. It is the abolition of personal solicitation of votes, with severe penalties against anyone daring to make such personal canvass. What a world of worry would be avoided by such a change. We all know that nowadays candidates depend not so much on the principles enunciated in their public

speeches, as on the influence they can exert by the button-holding process. Men with self-respect will not descend to the meanness of which many candidates are guilty to gain election. They know that under the present system they must promise a billet to Tom's son, kiss Dick's latest addition to the family, and crack coarse jokes with Harry. These things they can't do, and the result is that they either keep out of politics altogether, or if they do venture to contest a seat they fail in most cases to gain it. But let a man put forth his views before the electors in a public manner by his speeches, and let him be judged on those views alone, and we should get good men to come forward. The trade of the trickster would be gone, and a new tone would soon be felt in politics. We get many good men even as it is, but we get many bad ones—many who owe their position merely to their ability in wheedling the votes and in practical political bribery. I offer these suggestions to the members of Parliament, knowing that they are about to deliberate for the good of the nation, and knowing also that very soon we shall have another election in progress, when we all hope honourable men will in every case be returned.

A discovery has been made which is likely very materially to influence the flax trade in New Zealand. It is a process, partly chemical and partly mechanical, for cleaning flax, and it will, if it keeps up the reputation it has already gained at its trials, be a very valuable acquisition to its inventor. Mr Bull, who is at present accountant in the Wellington Survey Office. Mr Bull claims that his process will produce a ton of flax for £4 less than any other known method, and that it is also very economical of the raw material, making very little tow. This invention, coupled with the re-jection of the American duty, ought to set all the mills going again. In fact many of them in the Foxton district have already started.

The Wellington Agricultural and Pastoral Association lately advertised for secretary, offering a salary of £150 per annum and some insignificant extras in the way of small commissions, and they received no less than 89 applications. Now a billet of this kind requires a certain knowledge of farming matters, and yet many of these applicants came from people absolutely ignorant of the whole matter, many of them men who would hardly know the difference between a haystack and a paddock. This a very good instance of the irresponsibility of the colonial youth. If applications were invited for the positions of Astronomer Royal, Archbishop of Canterbury and first Lord of the Treasury, he would apply for all three, trusting to pick up the work, if appointed, as he went along, and in many cases he would do it, too, in a slovenly sort of way.

Mr Ryan, formerly of the firm of Ryan and Bell, Auckland, has been appointed secretary of the Auckland Club, *vice* Captain Olive, who has gone to Australia. Mr Ryan was for many years in the Royal Navy, is a very popular man, and will no doubt prove an excellent successor to Captain Olive.

The following excellent recipe for making a live town is as applicable to any town in New Zealand as to that in whose local paper it first appeared:—'Grit, push, snap, vim, energy, churches, schools, academies, morality, enterprise, harmony, cordiality, cheap property, advertising, healthy location, talk about it, help to improve it, patronise its merchants, faith exhibited by good works, honest competition in business: help all public enterprises, elect good men to office, speak well for its public spirited citizens, and be one of them yourself. Remember that every dollar invested in permanent local improvements is that much on interest. Always cheer on the men that go in for improvements.'

ECHOES FROM THE SOUTH.

With the disappearance of the Exhibition all our distinguished visitors have left us, except a certain Mr Collins, who is reported to have arrived in Dunedin from Melbourne or Auckland. It is not known exactly which. There is another Mr Collins in these parts who is going around telling all sorts of stories about the Pope; but this one, christened 'Tom,' is ubiquitous, and in the matter of everybody's private affairs a perfect demon of omniscience. He seems to know all your friends, and to have communicated to them the most harrowing account of your antecedents elsewhere. Hence he has been waited upon by many of our leading citizens, both singly and *in posse comitatus*, but never apparently at the right place, for no one has enjoyed the satisfaction of an interview. One evening, when after high tea I was sitting smoking the cigarette of peace before the fire, reflecting upon the many virtuous actions of a long and well-spent lifetime, a fellow-boarder casually remarked that he had met a Mr Collins from Auckland, a traveller in the oils and varnish line, who had known me: that Mr

Collins was credibly informed of my record there; of my depredations in the money-box at St. Thomas'; of my attempt to cash a worthless cheque at the Bank of New Zealand; and of the troop of infuriated husbands, fathers, and brothers whose inability to leave their businesses alone prevented them pursuing me hither. Like the man who doesn't know he has a stomach until he gets indigestion I instantly realised that I possessed a character, and muttering the Shakespearean words, 'he who steals my purse steals trash,' we ran down the street to the spot where Mr Collins was reported to be found. On the way I met a friend coming out of Watsons'. 'Do you know a man Collins?' said he. 'I am looking for him.' 'No,' I replied, 'but I am dying to make his acquaintance.' We then compared notes, and it gradually began to dawn upon us that Collins must be more than mortal to know so much, and turned into a neighbouring bar, where, on recounting our troubles, we were greeted with shouts of laughter. Since then, though relieved in mind, I have felt somewhat smaller at thus being taken in by the creation of a joker's imagination.

Fauntleroy is such an ideally chivalresque name, has such a *sans peur et sans reproche* sort about it, that one fancies it must have been communicated by an angel of inspiration to the hard-bound brains of the labouring novelist; but it is no invention, and really figures on the page of history, or at least on that part of it known as 'The Newgate Calendar.' Some sixty years ago a banker of that name died. If he were descended from Paladins bedied as a Paladin should die, with his boots on, for Fauntleroy was hanged. He had lived speculatively, and had got into the deep waters, and at last found himself in the 'Stone Jug' awaiting the summons of Jack Ketch, for those were the good old times when fraudulent bank directors and bubble projectors did not always escape. Now, Fauntleroy had been a sort of 'lion' in good society; his dinners had been so good, his cigars so superb, and his champagne superlative. Every guest longed to know where Fauntleroy got such champagne. The thought of such a connoisseur going away where there is no dining or giving of dinners with the secret of that champagne unrevealed, seemed intolerable. A friend, therefore, in the interests of good living here below, called p.p.c. on poor Fauntleroy at Newgate, and after having bade him an affecting farewell, concluded with, 'And now, my dear Fauntleroy, as you can have no earthly motive for concealing the fact any longer, just tell us, ere it is too late, where you used to buy that excellent champagne.'

What does the Calabrian brigand do for a living in the slack season when no tourists are abroad? Does he sit upon a rock and pipe the most melodious airs of his native land, in the hopes of attracting some victim? What does the insurance man do in desperation, having exhausted all known methods for taking life? Man is apparently too sanguine ever to be convinced of his mortality—at least sufficiently for the purposes of a brisk business in policies. Even octogenarians think that they are never going to die. I knew one who commiserated the 'shakiness' of a man ten years his junior, who has, however, outlived him; and another who, six months before he died, would have his 'shaky' octogenarian sister insure her life to carry out some speculative project of his own. Hope is apparently stronger than love, despite the poets, for neither of the gentlemen seemed at all apprehensive of the future. If then the insurance man cannot overcome this, what is he to do to strike the imagination? An ingenious member of the craft in Otago having been warned off the premises during office hours, has hit upon the diabolical expedient of invading the sanctity of our evenings with popular lectures on insurance. In these, sandwiched in between music, recitations, and singing, the mysteries of premiums, bonuses, paid-up policies, rates, risk, and preferential payments in the event of decease, are to be elucidated. Where is this going to end? Some company more enterprising than the others will perhaps engage a Gilbert and Sullivan to write them an operetta bearing on the subject of insurance, with a patter song like that of Wellington Wells, holding forth the advantage they offer, so that even in the drawing-room we shall not escape from the grisly spectre from the skeleton at the banquet. What would Froissart, who said that the English took their pleasures sadly four centuries ago, say to this?

After much toil and talk Bishop Julius has managed to get ahead upon his See; but despite his good qualities, which he is quickly showing, the Bishop will not lead a happy life if he immediately attacks the fundamentals of the church. Perhaps he is taking advantage of the fact that at present there is no Metropolitan to bring him to task. But if the Bishop is going wrong at all let it not be upon the cardinal point of religion, compared with which Luther's impugning of the Papal infallibility was a mere trifle. What, after all, are questions of transubstantiation, or vestments, or doctrines of redemption, and atonement, compared with the all-absorbing dogmas of the lawbees? There are miracles compared with which those worked by

saints, apostles, and martyrs pale into insignificance, and that is how, in a village of 200 inhabitants, six ministers professing religions as obviously different as are half a dozen Chinamen seen so often endeavouring to raise the wind. It was much easier in the olden times to raise the dead, but then faith was strong, and the standard of living was low. The clergy were not married, and as a consequence there was no appropriation in the supplies of an annual spring bonnet and frequent nocturnal summonses of the neighbouring asenapius. The ladies, therefore, realizing how much their earthly failure turns upon the doctrine of ways and means, have with a prescient clergy devised the bazaar. It is strange that Bishop Julius condemns this. As his huge mouth is to the whale, his tentacles to the octopus, his long legs to the hare, his keen eyes and swift flight to the eagle, so is the bazaar to the modern hard-pressed ecclesiastic. It is in his sheet-anchor, his strong bower and defence at Christmas-time, when the bills come in, the outcome of his necessities, and an evidence of the doctrine of evolution. They all protest, but they all do it; and so it will continue until the end of the world.

EARLY CHINESE INVENTION.

LONG before water-tight compartments were built in the ships of the 'civilised' world, the Chinese divided the holds of their ships by water-tight partitions into about a dozen distinct compartments with strong planks, and the seams were caulked with a cement composed of lime, oil, and the scrapings of bamboo. This cement was rendered impervious to water, and was greatly preferable to pitch, tar, and tallow, since it is incombustible. This division of their vessels seems to have been well experienced, for the practice was universal throughout the empire.

A SIMPLE CREED.

To the Rev. Walpole Warren, on one occasion, when in America, was put this question:—'How shall people be brought into the Church?' 'By preaching the Gospel to them,' he answered. 'That is all I do to fill a church. To preach the gospel from experience, without fine language, without dabbling in modern science unless prepared to go deep enough; without theorizing, personally, plainly. This will fill any church. After fifteen years of mission work, with crowded churches wherever I have held a mission, this has never failed. Too little is made in this age of simple life depicting creed.'

'Do you believe in long sermons?' 'I believe in giving half an hour's direct, personal teaching, stating plain truths in plain language personally believed in by the hearer. I don't believe in fine music, but good music and congregational singing.'

MIND YOUR LAMPS.

It is very imprudent to defer cleaning and filling your lamps until the latter part of the day, or until wanted for actual use, as the vapour of the oil about a freshly filled lamp is liable to explosion. A lamp should be filled at least two-thirds its depth, and one which has but a spoonful or two of oil in it should never be lighted, as the empty oil space is filled with explosive vapour.

The disagreeable flickering of a student lamp is often caused by small particles of the wick dropping into the inside tube of the cylinder surrounding the wick, which prevents the oil flowing freely from the barrel. Remove the oil barrel before you insert a new wick, and empty the lamp entirely of oil; then pour into the opening, down the wick cylinder and wherever fluid will touch inside, boiling water, to which has been added a spoonful of spirits of ammonia.

In lighting a lamp be careful not to touch the wick with the match, as by so doing you are liable to roughen or spread it. The proper way is to hold the match over the wick very close to it and wait until the flame reaches it. When the lamp is lighted the wick should be turned down, and then slowly raised.

When nearly burned away a wick may be lengthened by a fold of Canton flannel pinned to the end of the wick, which, reaching to the bottom of the lamp, will feed the wick as the oil burns out. Don't cut your wick, but, turning it just above the tube, take a match and shave off the charred end, thus insuring an even flame.

Wicks should be dipped in vinegar and dried thoroughly at the fire before being put into lamps to prevent their smoking. The wick should be turned down below the top of the burner as soon as the lamp is extinguished.

Many people after filling and trimming a lamp leave the wick turned up ready to light. This should never be done. If you are annoyed by not being able to keep your lamp chimney clear, try using warm water and soda, or rub the smoky spot with dry salt.

Lamps should be emptied occasionally and washed out with soap-suds containing soda or ammonia. This will remove the greasy sediment from the bottom, but care must be taken to dry it thoroughly before refilling, or it will spatter when lighted.

Harry: 'Dearest Amelia, can you, will you, give me your hand?' Amelia (looking at Harry's grimy fingers): 'I don't know, Harry—no, I'd better not. It would be so hard for you to keep it clean, you know; I think you have rather more hands already than you can attend to.'

There is only one letter in a man's alphabet, and that is 'I'; only one in a girl's, and that is 'O'; only one in a married woman's, and that is 'U'.

A Poor Investment.—I should think photography would be awfully jolly. 'Well, I found that my camera took more time and money than it did pictures, so I gave it up.'

New Zealand Society Gossip.

CHRISTCHURCH.

JUNE 5.

DEAR BEE,

On Thursday last the Canterbury Rowing Club had a most enjoyable evening—a social concert it was called. Mrs R. D. Thomas and the Misses Turner were in charge of the refreshments, and with many able assistants had a very busy time. Some members of the Liedertafel gave very good songs, also other friends. It is a pleasure to spend an evening in the nice room they have now, either for a dance or any other way, and the building is quite an ornament to the river side.

Mrs Hartman gave a very pleasant dance on Tuesday, and I am happy to say we all enjoyed it very much; so did most of the young men, I should think. It is supposed to be the fashion for a young man to demand your programme (if any are allowed) in a languid way, and if he thinks he would care to have any dance you are disengaged for he will put his name down. I should like one of these 'languid ones' to come and demand my programme. Don't you think what is called the 'petal' dress very pretty for evening wear? It is tulle or net thickly sprinkled with rose petals, and garlands of roses trim the bodice, and perhaps the foot of the skirt in front to meet the train. I saw one in yellow on white ground; it looked very dainty.

Mrs Wilding's afternoon on Tuesday was, as usual, very enjoyable, the tennis being very good. There is a great tournament to be commenced at once at the Cranmer-square courts, and will be very interesting to watch.

There is much talk here since the production of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' of Mrs Hodgson Burnett's having plagiarised the plot, and some intensely straight people would not go to see the play. Such very proper persons are very amusing, but I am really sorry they missed such a pretty play, and the book also is very 'interesting.' Very successful people will always find some equally clever one to pick a hole in their coat.

There was a grand day's hunting at Rolleston on Monday, excepting for poor pussy, for there were three kills. Among the ladies present were Mrs Alan Scott, Mrs Woodman, Miss Coe, Miss Buchanan, and Miss Haydon.

There is great anxiety felt here for the safety of the good ship Marlborough. She is nearly one hundred and forty days out now, and usually makes such fast trips. Captain Herd is so well and favourably known; everyone is sorry at her non-appearance. The general opinion is she has collided with an iceberg before reaching Cape Horn, and we shall never hear of her again. There was one passenger, I believe, a Mrs Anderson, from Dunedin.

The Minn Company is not being well supported. I am very sorry they have come at such an unfortunate time. We have had so much going on at the theatre for weeks there is nothing left for them, and then we shall be the whole dreary winter without anything at the theatre at all I expect. It is ever thus—on several occasions with marked success as an amateur, takes the part of Lady Macbeth with them to-morrow night. She is handsome and stately, and has a magnificent stage voice. No doubt there will be a great house to see her; curiosity is a powerful magnet.

Miss Hutton had an 'afternoon tea' on Friday for her sister, Mrs Gordon Rich, who is on a visit from Southland. The Misses Wynn-Williams also had a large party of girl friends.

On Wednesday Miss Hicks, Avonside, had a charming 'afternoon.' Among those present were Mrs Hardy Johnstone (who looks even more handsome now her hair has become grey), Miss Lulu and Miss Hardy Johnstone, the latter wearing a very becoming terra cotta dress. Miss Hicks was gowned in a very pretty grey green cashmere with handsome brocade panel and on the bodice; Mrs G. Roberts, handsome black silk and brocade, made with the fashionable zouave; Mrs Skinner, Mrs N. Jameson, Mrs Peak, Miss Connal, Mrs E. D. Carter, Miss Burnes, and Mrs Garrard, the latter and Mrs Roberts singing some very pretty songs. One was 'The Angels' Song' by Pinsuti, another 'The Children's Pilgrimage' by Blumenthal, another 'Old Madrid' by Froster.

Mrs Maude provided delicious afternoon tea at the Park on Saturday, where the Association football had a game. Things generally are awfully quiet, and I have no more news.

DOLLY VALE.

WELLINGTON.

JUNE 5.

DEAR BEE,

We have had rather a gay time in Wellington. First there was the Governor's levee on Friday last at 5 o'clock. It was undress, or rather gentlemen's morning costume, except in the case of Volunteers or Militia officers, who appeared in uniform. There was a very good attendance, but not a crowd. Those admitted to the private entrance were received at a quarter to five, and the general public punctually at five, and as soon as there was a break in the line of visitors the Governor left the chamber, and many gentlemen who arrived a little late were not presented. This was rather disappointing to those who arrived only a few minutes after the appointed hour, many having some distance to come from their places of business.

A dinner was given on Saturday evening at Government House in honour of the Birthday, to which only the ministers, judges, and one or two high and titled officials were invited. Of course it was a gentleman's dinner party.

On Monday we had a general holiday instead of on the 24th, and the weather was splendid. There were excursions by train and steamer, picnic parties and riding parties, and the harbour looked unusually gay with yachts and boats. Numbers of people went across the harbour to the different bays to wander

about and enjoy themselves. In the afternoon there was a review by the Volunteers, and the Royal salute was fired by the artillery and the *feu-de-joie* by the infantry. Altogether Wellington had a very gay appearance, and numbers of visitors came from all parts of the country and took the opportunity of attending the performance of 'La Mascotte' at the Opera House in the evening. The piece went splendidly, and the house was crowded to excess. This is certainly the most successful opera the company have given here. It has always been the best attired.

The Opera Company have lately given a most amusing little after-piece called 'Charity begins at Home,' a musical proverb written by B. C. Stephens, and the music by Alfred Cellier. It is immensely funny and pretty, the chief part being taken by Mr Elton, who makes people laugh to a painful degree. They have only two more nights to appear, and then go on to Napier and Auckland. They must have done extremely well here, for the house has been well filled.

On Tuesday, Lady Onslow gave a garden party to celebrate the Queen's Birthday. It was not precisely the ideal sort of day for such an entertainment, for though it was fine overhead it was wet underneath, and there was a rapping northerly wind. 'Nebulous masses' of white muslin, 'dreams' of blue gauze, and 'faery creations' of pink tulle were not to be seen. Gossamer hats with landscape garlands on the top were absent, and delicate *chapeaux* gave way to strong waterproof walking boots. Ladies wore furs and men wore overcoats. A band under a tree sent shivering false music over the gardens; there was also a tent for refreshments. Had there been a charcoal burner's hut (at sixpence a head), or a witch's cave with glowing brazier in aid of the hospital, that institution would have thought of the advisability of building a new wing. A hot potato man with some variety in the way of chestnuts and popped corn would have made his fortune. It is also safe to say that if the entertainment had been anywhere else than at Government House no one would have gone. Later on in the evening the guests went inside, and it was more comfortable. This is hardly the time of year for an open-air gathering. Lady Onslow received in the large ballroom, and wore a dark dress with fur cloak and small bonnet trimmed with black and white; indeed many of the ladies had warm wraps, especially while walking in the grounds. It was a pity that the party had not been held the previous day, which was simply lovely, and almost like summer. I should like to have described some of the dresses worn by the ladies, but as so many had cloaks or wraps on, it was not easy to see the costumes, and many left early to escape the very cold night wind. There must have been about 300 persons present, and had the weather been favourable the party would have been more enjoyable.

The Governor and Lady Onslow generally go over to Lowry Bay on Saturday, and remain until the following Monday, spending the time with their children, who reside there. It is no doubt a delightful place, and most enjoyable and healthy in fine bright weather, and I am sure the children must like being there. In the summer quite a number of families spend a month or so either in Lowry Bay, York Bay, or Days Bay. The scenery is very fine, and there are numbers of pretty spots to visit and hold picnics in. It is becoming quite a favourite seaside resort.

In Auckland they are well off for summer residences in and about the city. I know there are many delightful places within easy reach of the town where people go to enjoy themselves for a few weeks' rest in the hot and trying weather. The charming locality of Waiwera is in itself sufficient to attract not only those who live in that neighbourhood, but all who visit New Zealand.

All who know the Hon. Mr Waterhouse and Mrs Waterhouse will be sorry to hear that they do not intend returning to New Zealand on account of the failing health of the former. They are now residing at Torquay, in England. Mr Waterhouse finds the climate suits him so well that he has purchased a residence there. His beautiful house and grounds in Hobson Street, Wellington, will be sold. Mrs Waterhouse had many friends, and was greatly liked, and we are sorry to lose her from amongst us.

The following are some of the ladies I noticed at the Opera last evening and the dresses they wore:—Mrs Cole-ridge, black satin; Mrs Hislop, black satin dress and peacock blue plush opera cloak; the Misses Hislop, pretty white dresses and pale blue sashes; Mrs Barron, black dress relieved with red, and handsome dark red cloak; Miss Barron, white dress and fan with orange coloured tips; Miss M. Gore, white dress and white plush cloak with fur; Lady Buller, rich black silk; Miss Buller, black lace dress, Y shaped body, and red plush cloak; Mrs W. Mantell, black lace dress and red plush opera cloak; Miss L. Krull, soft white silk dress and square and white plush cloak; Miss Garrett, pale blue, and her sister a pale pink dress; Mrs Dr. Gillon, dark red silk dress with white front. Miss Hadfield wore a handsome dark red plush cloak; Mrs Robert Pharaizon, black silk dress and white silk shawl; Miss Swainson, a sapphire blue opera cloak. The opera performed was 'Patience,' and the dresses of the lady performers were very handsome. The company repeat this piece this evening for their last night, so that they will soon visit Auckland, and I hope the opera season will be as much enjoyed there as here.

RUBY.

A very interesting competition took place the other day between some of the girls of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, in order to try and determine the vexed question of the effects of corset wearing and non-corset wearing upon the general health and strength. There were sixteen on each side, and one side wore corsets while the other side did not. Unfortunately, however, for the cause of science, the results in each case were almost exactly equal, a trifling advantage in the matter of pulling (in *toga* of war) on the part of the corsetless maidens being fully counterbalanced by an advantage in the matter of leaping on the part of the corset-wearing ones.

AUCKLAND.

JUNE 7.

DEAR BEE,

The promenade concert given in the Choral Hall in aid of the Ladies' Benevolent Society proved one of the most successful we have had for some considerable time. The hall was simply packed, promenading being in the earlier part of the evening impossible, while the gallery and orchestra seats were also filled. The programme of vocal and instrumental music was an unusually good one, many of our leading amateurs taking part, amongst the number being Mrs Kilgour, Mrs Moss Davis, Mrs Tebb, Mrs Edgar, Miss Baume, Miss Zeenie Davis, Miss E. Chew, Misses Hamilton, Miss C. Wright, Messrs A. L. Edwards, Walpole, Long, Chambers, Herr Tutchka, and others. Mr David Christie Murray gave two splendid recitations, both of them original; and, in addition to the excellent programme, the Art Society had kindly allowed the pictures, etc., to remain just as they were at the Exhibition. Is it any wonder, dear, with so many attractions the hall was packed? Mrs Moss Davis wore a black silk evening dress richly trimmed with jet, shoulders and elbow sleeves of fine lace, cream gloves; Mrs Kilgour wore a handsome black mervilleux gown; Miss Baume, evening dress of black lace, aigrette of pale blue flowers in the hair; Mrs Tebb, black silk gown; Mrs Edgar, ruby mervilleux, with vest of white silk. Walking costumes were generally worn by the audience. Amongst the crush I saw Mrs Bell, who wore a black silk gown and plush mantle, small black bonnet with a wreath of crimson poppies resting on the hair; Miss Bell, myrtle green costume, hat to match; Mrs E. Isaacs, handsome gown of rich black mervilleux and plush brocade, real lace collar, and two younger daughters wore handsome costumes of fawn and grey respectively; Mrs Worsp, very rich black brocade gown, fur peleries, black bonnet; Miss Worsp, tweed costume, short fawn jacket, fawn and brown hat; Mrs Sharland, dark green tweed costume, green felt hat; Lady Chute, beautiful gown of black and grey satin combined, bonnet to match, plush mantle; Mrs Bourne, handsome stone-coloured gown trimmed with silk embroidery, cream bonnet; Miss Rees, grey silk brocade gown, hat to match. Mrs (Dr.) Purchas, black silk gown, mantle of striped silk and plush, black bonnet with terra cotta trimmings; Miss Birch, very stylish grey and brown tweed costume, hat to match; Misses Firth, myrtle green costumes beautifully braided, green felt hats; Mrs Taylor, black silk gown, terra cotta plush mantle, white felt hat trimmed with terra cotta and white ostrich feathers; Mrs (Dr.) Lewis, black and white checked gown relieved with black velvet, black felt hat. I also saw there Mrs J. R. Russell and her daughters, Mrs Baume, Mrs Nichols, Mrs J. Reid, Misses Holiday, Mrs Harrop, Misses White, Miss Williamson, Misses Gorrie, Mrs and Miss Brigham, Mrs Herman Brown, and many others.

A capital evening amusement was provided last week at the Public Hall, Mount Albert. Some really excellent tableaux, performed entirely by children; music by the pupils of Mrs Ross Watts (who reflect great credit on that lady's teaching), and the distribution of prizes (gained by the Sunday-school children, caused a couple of hours to pass rapidly. Those ladies who had the trouble of getting up the entertainment must have worked exceedingly well to attain such success, for everyone knows it is very hard to persuade children to keep still. Some of the little ones in the 'Shoe' were wonderfully good; in 'Cinderella' they evidently appreciated their grown-up costumes; whilst in 'Blue-beard' a really blood-curdling spectacle was perceived when the raising of the curtain disclosed five ghastly heads hanging on the wall. The boys rendered the 'Midshipmite' and 'The Mulligan Guard' in character, and evoked hearty applause from a large and well-pleased audience.

I am sorry to say that during the week the Saint Maur Company has not been nearly so well patronised by the habitués of the dress circle as it undoubtedly deserves to be. The reason appears inexplicable, unless it is that the people are waiting for the opening of the opera season next week, and are spending their spare cash on new gowns for the occasion. I can assure you, dear, the company I have mentioned is a first-class one, and in each play that I have had the pleasure of witnessing the dresses, scenery, and stage appointments generally have been unusually handsome and beautiful. On Saturday evening we went to see 'The Arabian Nights,' which proved most comical, and kept the audience in a constant state of merriment from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Mr Saint Maur, with his usual ability, appeared in the character of Mr Hummingtop, a young married man with a dreadful mother-in-law, while the part of Mrs Hummingtop, the young wife, was splendidly played by Miss Florence Seymour. Miss Seymour looked exceedingly charming and graceful in a stylish walking costume of cardinal cashmere combined with plush the same shade. The bodice was quite plain, but exquisitely fitting, and showed her splendid figure to the greatest advantage. The costume was completed by a dainty little bonnet. Mr Saint Maur and Miss Seymour were well supported by the other members of the company.

It is announced that an engagement has recently taken place between the Rev. Robertson, pastor of the Rossonby Presbyterian Church, and Miss Baker, of Wellington, sister of Messrs Bakers Brothers, the well-known land and estate agents of Auckland and Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Mr W. J. Napier, the successful young barrister and solicitor of this city, and Miss Mills, daughter of Mr E. W. Mills, iron founder, of Wellington. The marriage, I understand, is to take place at no very distant date.

The Art Exhibition was open daily during the whole of the week, and was very well patronised, especially in the evenings, when additional pleasure was added by listening to choice selections of instrumental music rendered by the Orchestral Union and other friends. On Wednesday evening the prizes won in the various competitions were presented by the Mayor, Mr Lupton, and on Thursday evening the Art Union was drawn, the fortunate winners being:—

P. Newcombe, Hugh Campbell, T. Mahoney, J. Marshall, Sir George Grey, Mrs. Esam, J. J. Holland, J. Jagger, James Stewart, J. H. Upton, W. H. Shakespere, W. Gardener, W. Coleman, A. A. Smith, Mrs. Richmond, and James Coates.

Mr David Christie Murray gave his second chatty, deeply interesting, and instructive lecture, entitled 'Notes from a Novelist's Notebook,' on Wednesday evening, and as upon the occasion of the previous lecture, the audience was a large and fashionable one. Evening dress, however, was not very general, and the dreadful draught the audience has to endure in the dress circle of the City Hall makes warm gowns and thick wraps a necessity. Mrs. Mack's Davis wore a handsome evening dress of black tulle embroidered with gold, ruby plush mantle, elbow light kid gloves, gold ornaments; Mrs Davis was accompanied by a lady whom I did not know, attired in a beautiful evening dress of black silk and tulle, gold ornaments; Miss Zeenie Davis wore a very pretty gown of bright crimson cashmere; Lady Chute, a dark gown and stylish little bonnet to match, thrown round her shoulders was a rich Indian crimson silk shawl; Miss White, stylish great-coloured costume, hat to match; Miss Kendelline, black costume, golden brown hat; Mrs. Dr. Dawson, pretty goblin blue gown, seal plush jacket, stylish little close fitting hat; Mrs. Owen, very pretty wine-coloured gown, trimmed with moire silk to match, tan gloves; Mrs. Russell, rich navy blue silk gown, tan gloves, gold ornaments; Miss Morton, dark green costume, pretty green and biscuit-coloured bonnet; Mrs. Rees, all black costume; Mrs. Moss, black silk gown; Mrs. Armitage, very handsome myrtle green merveillex gown, tan gloves, gold ornaments; Miss Weston, pretty wine bordered costume, seal plush jacket, ruby coloured hat; Mrs. Macdonald, stylish black silk gown.

A most enjoyable evening was spent last week in Professor Carrillo's late Gymnasium Room, Queen-street. It is seldom one sees so many pretty faces and beautiful costumes at one time. The young hostess, Miss Scott, wore a costume of blue veiling and old gold plush. Mrs. Lamb was very charming in a handsome dress of pink satin and black silk lace, the Medici collar suiting her exceedingly well; Mrs. Crawford, black silk evening dress; Miss Knight looked very graceful in pale blue and crimson trimmings; Miss Laurie, a very pretty evening dress of autumnal colours; Miss Morgan, black evening dress; the Misses Cosser, very pretty cream costumes with coloured trimmings; Mrs. Smart, black silk evening dress; Miss Buckland, a very pretty black lace evening dress; Miss Nicholas, wine-coloured silk; Miss A. Scott, cream satin and net. There were many others well worthy of notice, but space forbids our mentioning more.

SYDNEY GOSSIP.

MAY 22.

DEAR BEE.

A wedding is as essentially the grand coup in the brown paper parcel-like column of events making up the destiny of woman (our course through life is generally a waiting until called for)—as the delicate boxes of paint and powder in an actress's wardrobe. The very soulrest of spinsters will do the 'Dead March' for a mile to see a marriage, maybe to offer up her *Neve di neve* that she has escaped from the wiles of man. Be her motive what it may, matrimony has charms for the great majority. After this little bit of introductory eloquence you will naturally expect something hymenially interesting to New Zealand, and your expectations, contrary to the preacher, will not be vain. Hearing that Auckland was to be represented in the Matrimonial Contest a few days back, I hied me to pretty St Paul's, Burwood, to witness the ceremony, and found myself one of the scraps of humanity filling the church to overflowing who were crushed together to see the nuptial knot tied between Mr Arthur Colbeck, of New Zealand, and Miss Kate Remington, one of our Society girls. The church was literally rained over internally with flowers; two lovely arches of chrysanthemums crossed the steps to the chancel and the altar talls, forming a beautiful canopy for the bridal party. The bride, who had eschewed the orthodox paraphernalia of white satin and orange blossoms (which expensively showy regalia and its attendant ponderous breakfast and speechifying often make men, even eligible ones, look twice before they leap into matrimony, that most erratic of all seas) looked charming in her stylish travelling dress of pale terra cotta cloth and velvet with a dainty hat to match. Her one bridesmaid, Miss Mary Remington, wore a velveteen frock of the new shade of violet. The bride was given away by her father, her brother, Mr J. C. Remington (General Manager of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, acting as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home, 'Killarney,' when the numerous and beautiful presents to the happy pair were inspected by way of dessert to the wedding breakfast. When the last adieu had been spoken, instead of trying to injure the drums of the newly-married couple's ears by pelting them with rice, they left the paternal roof amid a shower of chrysanthemum blossoms, which made the lawn and path look as though old Father Snow had showered down his pure white flakes as a sign-manual of approval.

Another item of news, this time of a Thespian character, should be acceptable to Auckland, the gist of which is the successful reappearance of Miss Maribel Greenwood as 'Marianne' in 'The Two Orphans' at Her Majesty's. The *Morning Herald* speaks very favourably of the young New Zealand actress. The *Telegraph*, too, smiles benignly in critique, giving as its opinion that the fair Maribel showed touches of real dramatic power in the performance.

Pondering on matters theatrical reminds me of another clevant North Island resident, Mr Monte Severn, who was pointed out to me at the Royal among the large audience collected to applaud Mrs. Brown-Potter in 'Camillo.' Mrs. Severn, who was with her husband—one of the handsomest men I have seen in Sydney—wore a delicious pale blue silk frock surrounded with lace round the square-cut corsage. Mrs. Brown Potter's gowns in the *Lady of Lyons*, as Pauline, at which I was present two nights before, are too bewildering to pass over. Her dresses in the *Lady of Camellias* you have enjoyed descriptively in a previous poetic effusion. Her first triumph is a long train of foam green velvet, the delicate tone of which is forcibly enhanced by tongue-shaped embroideries of silver. The ivory satin skirt is veiled with soft lace striped

with silver. Diamonds encircle the Society actress's pretty head, one of her greatest charms, and the same gems seem to be rained over the bodice, sleeves, and even on the train. The second frock gracing the professional beauty—and she is beautiful beyond description—has a train of black broadened velvet lined with shell pink silk, and opening back from a satin petticoat of the same lovely shade clouded over with black and silver tulle, while from the throat hang long strings of silver beads. Splendid, too, are the jewels shown with this gown; the pretty fragile figure is fairly ablaze with diamonds. As an actress Mrs. Brown-Potter is certainly not a 'star of magnitude,' but she is lovely enough to make even a woman's content to feast her eyes on the fair face and overlook want of dramatic talent.

Society has been caught napping again—only one lone, lorn ball to record, namely, the 'charity hop' at the Exhibition Buildings in aid of the Carrington Centennial Hospital. Strange to say, though Lord and Lady Carrington were present, the affair was a dismal failure. The *club* did not 'bob up as serenely' as might have been expected. In the question of enjoyment this was a decided advantage, those who were there being able to dance without being partially transformed into pancakes, as the custom is on these occasions, though financially the result must have been next door neighbour to nil. Lady Carrington was in dawn grey tulle with tiara and necklet of superb diamonds. The tint paradoxically called dawn grey, now so fashionable, is a beautiful silvery hue, not, as its name would suggest, something resembling a London fog in November. Lady Scott was in buttercup silk, a plain rich gown with soft clinging folds quite guiltless of murdering artistic outline with puffs and furbelows. Mrs. Burdekin wore maize merveillex mixed with dark brown velvet. The very prettiest as well as most striking gown was a faint aqua green silk broadened with silver ferns. The panels falling over the skirt, composed entirely of water lilies, were a mass of pearl embroidery.

Corn-talkers are jealous politician-worshippers if they are anything. We one and all acle to do homage on every possible occasion to our illustrious R's P., most delightfully patriotic creatures, who accept the honorarium in the interest of the people, and merge all self feeling and petty spite peculiar to other men in one huge effort for their country's good. Taking this trait, for which we are peculiar, you will not be surprised to hear that we rushed the opening of Parliament. As the event is not the latest on record, I will give the cream lest I be accused of holding a *post mortem*. The cream, as the lightest substance, is, of course, the frocks. Lady Carrington looked charming, as is her wont, in fawn silk, broadened with gold-coloured blossoms, a delightfully unique finish given to the whole by full sleeves and bodice front of azure blue silk net. A spray of faint pink flowers peeped out from beneath her bonnet strings, the latter being a tiny basket straw with electric ribbon drawn down the back. Mrs. Sydney Burdekin wore fawn silk with brown velvet sleeves and collar. N.B. No one who wants to be thought fashionable dreams of any sleeves but velvet, and most contrasting with the rest of the costume, a rest of brown velvet darker in shade, and a bewitching little bonnet with a wee wreath of autumnal leaves perched on the brim. The most striking toilette coming within my range of vision—I often think what chances 'Argus' would have had as a writer of chit-chat—was a broadened silk with a black scroll-like device on a dark red ground, made almost as severely plain as though carved by a carpenter. The sole adornments were black velvet buttons fastening the perfectly-fitting bodice. The 'sensation' was a white silk, with vest and epaulettes of gold embroidery, the bonnet a spray of gold leaves. A broad band of velvet with a spray of flowers is the most patronised head-gear just now. Many of the hon. members looked as though they had donned their Sunday clothes for the occasion, and did not feel very comfortable in their gorgeous settings. I never remember to have seen such a cavalcade of carriages, some with liveried servants and prancing chargers, others less pretentious; wagnettes, and a third-class hansom, some drawn by a horse that looked like its own skeleton.

Touching the different phases of life, Sydney is suffering from an epidemic of blue-blooded domestics. It is quite a common occurrence to have a bank manager's widow, presiding over the culinary department, vulgarly called kitchen, or a naval officer's orphan child as housemaid. A friend of mine boasts of a cook who in her early days was presented at Court, not the R.M., and on whom Her Majesty smiled benignly. This aristocratic individual is an authority on all matters relative to life among what Byron, of comedy fame, calls the 'upper crust.' I should not marvel any day to come across a retired Governor enacting the duties of groom. This is the age when things are at 'sixes and at sevens.'

Cupid has been as energetic as an Assurance canvasser of late. No less than a whole quartette of marriages took place during one afternoon last week—all smart affairs. Unfortunately, not being ubiquitous, I had to content myself with one of the three to which I received invites. This ceremony was performed at the fashionable, gloomy St. James', Darlinghurst. The frocks were so charming I am tempted to quote them. The bride, a winsome girl, wore a white silk Court train over a petticoat covered with a network of pearls; her bright hair was roped with pearls under the long lace veil. Three of the bridesmaids had white pongee Greek dresses with bows and coronets of dark red roses; the remaining two wore dark red silk with white bows and coronets.

The wails of Sydney vegetable vendors are like the heathen Chinese—peculiar. A pensive and child-like voice is ringing in my oral members as I write, and this is the burden of its lay, 'New potatoes, clean inside and out' like a Blue-ribbon lecturer.

MAR.

In Paris they have opened a large skating rink, and this affords a capital opportunity for the display of striking and pretty rinking toilettes. One of mustard coloured cloth, very plain but perfectly cut, was trimmed with a band of tartan velvet in shades of blue, green, and yellow, bordered at each side by a broad band of black fox fur. Another was of olive green corduroy velvet, also very plainly made, edged round the bottom of the short skirt with black astrachan. A short tight-fitting coat and a toque of the same material were also trimmed with astrachan. This dress looked very effective.

NEW ZEALAND CHAMPION ATHLETES.

(See illustrations, page 8.)



THE splendid success of the team of New Zealand amateur athletes in Sydney has been the theme of conversation during the past week, not only for athletes and those closely interested in athletics, but for the public generally. It is a matter of pride

that in one branch of sport our young New Zealanders are able to excel their Australian brethren. Healthy rivalry is the life of sport. We must give way to Australia in cricket, rowing, and perhaps in horse-racing. But in football formerly, and now in amateur athletics, our men have shown themselves too good for the best Australia can produce. Both sides will find the advantage of these friendly contests. That they are friendly is shown by the splendid treatment accorded our men in Sydney, treatment which is not likely to be forgotten by the athletes of this colony.

We sent over to Sydney eight representatives, Messrs Cuff (manager), Hempton, Lusk, D. Wood, P. Morrison, H. M. Reeves, F. White, and E. J. McKelvey, and out of eleven championships they are now the holders of seven. Mr P. Morrison, of Timaru, won the One Mile and Three Mile Running Championships. Mr E. J. McKelvey is champion for the One Mile and Three Mile Walks, and made an Australian record of 6min. 55sec. for the mile. He is a Dunedin man. Mr H. J. Hempton, of Invercargill, who has been a resident of most of our New Zealand centres, holds the Hundred Yards Championship. Mr R. B. Lusk, of Auckland, is Champion for the Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdles; another New Zealander, Mr Fred White, an Auckland boy, now of Napier, being second. Mr White was also second in the High Jump. Mr L. A. Cuff, of Christchurch, is Champion in Long Jumping, and tied Mr White for second place in the High Jump. Mr D. Wood, of Christchurch, was a close second in the Half-Mile Championship. Mr H. M. Reeves got third in Hundred Yards race. Thus two of our men won doubles, three others won single championships, two got seconds, and the other got a third. Only four championships were lost, two to Queensland, and two to New South Wales. Of such a record we may well feel proud.

Messrs Morrison and Hempton are the oldest members of the team, being 23 and 27 years of age, respectively. Mr White is 24, Messrs D. Wood and Lusk 23, Mr McKelvey 22 and Mr Reeves 21—the youngest. Mr Morrison is the shortest and lightest of all. He is 5ft. 8in. in height, and 8st. 2lb. in weight. Mr Lusk is the tallest, being 6ft. 1 1/2in. in his stockings, while he is also the heaviest—about 12st. 2lb. Mr McKelvey is 5ft. 10 1/2in. high, and weighs 10st. 10lb. Mr Hempton is 5ft. 10in. high, weighing 11st. 2lb. His running record is a remarkable one. He has now started about 51 times, has been first 32 times, second 11, third 2, and unplaced 6.

LOOK AT YOUR WATCH.

'MARK down the figures on the face of a watch,' said a jeweller to a reporter.

'1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,' began the reporter, as he put pencil to the paper.

'No, I mean Roman numerals.'

'Then was produced—'

'I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII.'

'You are wrong,' said the jeweller.

'I guess not,' said the reporter.

'T'ry again,' said the jeweller.

'Perhaps I don't know how to count in Roman figures?'

'You know that well enough, but watchmakers use different ones. Look at your watch.'

'Haven't got one.'

'Well, look at mine. See the figures which stand for four o'clock.'

The reporter looked and was surprised. It was IIII, and not IV.

'Are all clocks and watches that way? he asked.

'Every one which has Roman figures on its dial.'

'Why?'

'Well, I'll tell you the story. It is nothing but a tradition among watch-makers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or may not know that the first clock that in any way resembles those now in use was made by Henry Vick in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France, who has been called "The Wise."

'Now, Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France. But his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in this enlightened age. Still he had a reputation for wisdom and thought that it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book-learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.'

'So the story runs in this fashion, though I will not vouch for the language, but will put in that of the present day:—'

'"Yes, the clock works well," said Charles, "but," being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, "you've got the figures on the dial wrong."

'"Wherein, your Majesty?" asked Vick.

'"That four should be four ones," said the king.

'"You are wrong, your Majesty," said Vick.

'"I am never wrong," thundered the king. "Take it away and correct the mistake," and corrected it was, and from that day to this four o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII, instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed.'



. SPANISH GIRL GOING TO MARKET.



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

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

No. 1 is a picturesque wide brimmed hat, in pale grey felt, very slightly turned up all round in front, but made with quite a close brim at the back. The trimming consists of two lovely pale grey ostrich feathers, which rest upon the brim all round, while the crown is draped with folds of darker grey velvet, held in place by a steel ornament.

No. 2 is a becoming seal plush mantle, entirely novel in shape. It is bordered round the neck and down the fronts with bear fur, while the ends in front are further ornamented with an edging of brown silk cords and barrels. At the back this mantle is quite short. The bonnet in this sketch is also entirely new and exceedingly becoming to almost any kind of face and style of coiffure. It is made with a crown of raised satin in two shades of brown, while the sides are of dark brown velvet, arranged with a diadem of shaded ostrich feather trimming and has a very soft and pretty effect. The strings are of satin ribbon.

No. 3 is a graceful little evening gown of pale pink satin *merrilline*, very prettily draped in the manner shown in the sketch, and arranged in front with wide panels of cream guipure lace, divided by bands of bronze-green velvet, reaching from waist to hem. On one side the satin draperies are caught together by a full rosette-bow of satin. The bodice is made in a very pretty fashion, and ornamented with guipure lace and black velvet to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

No. 4 is a smart but useful gown of cashmere in the new shade of dark heliotrope so much worn in Paris this winter. The folded bodice is arranged with a V-shaped vest of black velvet back and front, and a wide Empire band, with long sash ends at the side, also of black velvet. The skirt is slightly draped in front, and very fully gathered at the back. Three rows of black velvet ribbon are placed round the skirt some few inches above the hem. The black velvet sleeves are drawn high upon the shoulders, and form a characteristic feature of this smart little gown.

One of many pretty gowns shown to me, I was particularly pleased with a simple little dress in old-rose cloth, the square-cut draperies of the skirt being bordered throughout by a narrow edging of grey astrachan. This combination of colour is quite new and very effective. The bodice of this gown is particularly pretty. It is arranged with a Figaro jacket of cloth and a folded vest of silk, matching exactly the colour of the cloth, and headed at the throat by a V-shaped band of old-rose cloth. The high Medicis collar is smartly cut, and bordered with an edging of grey astrachan. A green velvet gown made with the bodice and skirt draperies cut all in one looks particularly well with one half of the bodice made of green *moire*, and the other half of velvet. The green velvet sleeves are laced near the shoulder in a quaint but very pretty fashion, and finished with fully-puffed epaulettes of *moire*. I was also much pleased with a very simple little gown of heliotrope cloth, bordered round the front with a deep fringe of silk in the same lovely shade of colour. A centre breadth of velvet was placed in the straightly-cut back draperies, and the bodice was made with a back entirely of velvet. In front there was a corslet of velvet, cut in points, and a deep Vandyke velvet collar, with folds of cloth between each point. The sleeves were prettily arranged with epaulettes of velvet.

NEW DANCE FROCKS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the present season of the year many inquiries reach me on the subject of suitable party frocks for young girls. I am therefore glad to be able to call the attention of my readers to a selection of original sketches of new dance dresses.

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

No. 1, 'The Bebe,' is a neat and charming little frock in fine white muslin, the whole of the front of the skirt being formed of white openwork embroidery. The front of the bodice is arranged with folds of muslin, while the sleeves are very prettily draped on the outside of the arm with an edging of embroidery. This would be suitable for a young girl from twelve to fourteen years of age.

No. 2, 'The Dagnair,' is a pretty dancing frock for a girl of seventeen or eighteen. It is made in black Russian net, draped over a foundation of apricot silk, in the exact shade of a *glorie de dijon* rose. The bodice is prettily draped across from either shoulder, while all the ribbons are of the same colour as the foundation skirt. Clusters of *glorie de dijon* roses are placed on the side of the bodice.

No. 3, 'The Eulalie,' is a delightfully simple frock in pale French grey pongee silk, the bodice very fully smocked across the figure. The full sash is of wide ribbon in a deep shade of maize, a colour which contrasts admirably with the pale grey of the silk. The ribbons on the shoulders and arms are also maize.

No. 4, 'The Marguerite,' is an exceedingly pretty gown. The draperies are of cream lace, over a cream silk skirt trimmed with long loops of cream *moire* ribbon, secured here and there by a dainty little bunch of marguerites. The same flowers are also used on the bodice which is of cream *moire* trimmed with ribbon and lace. This could be worn by a young girl from sixteen to seventeen years of age.

No. 5, 'The Cordie,' is a pretty little frock suitable for a girl from twelve to fifteen. It is simply made, entirely in pale pink nun's veiling, with double box pleats and a prettily gathered skirt. Both bodice and sleeves are very fully gathered to correspond, while the skirt is further finished at the back with a handsome sash of pink *moire* ribbon.

HOUSEHOLD.

LADIES who do much house-work will find the following method of utilising an old stocking so as to save their hands very acceptable this winter, when it is difficult to prevent them from chapping and roughening:—

WARM MITTENS.

If you happen to have a pair of old worsted stockings too much worn to be again mended, you can soon transform them into a pair of nice warm winter mittens. To do this, first smooth out each stocking so it will lie flat, then cut the mitten out of the leg of the stocking as in Fig. 1, spare C enclosed in dotted lines. Next the thumb, Fig. 3, spare D enclosed in dotted lines.

Stitch the mitten together leaving two openings, one at the wrist for the hand to pass through, and another at the side where the thumb is to be sewed on the mitten.

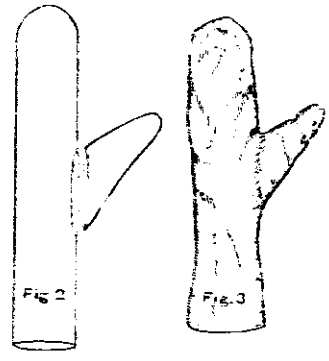
This done the mitten should resemble Fig. 2.

Stitch the thumb firmly on the mitten, and hem the edge at the wrist, turning it down only once to avoid bulk.

Make the other mitten in the same way.

Fig. 3 shows how the mitten appears when finished, and after having been on the hand and in a measure assumed its shape.

These warm coverings for the hands cost nothing except a very little labour and time, and they make good, substantial, serviceable mittens for sifting ashes or for hanging out the clothes.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CELERY AS A VEGETABLE.—Trim the celery and blanch it in this way. Tie it up, and put the sticks in a saucepan containing enough cold water to cover them, season the water with a little salt, and then bring it to a boiling point; then wash the celery well in cold water and drain it. Put in a stewpan a little butter and sufficient sliced vegetables of different kinds to cover the bottom of the pan well; place the celery on these vegetables, and cover it with a buttered paper; put the cover on the pan, and fry all gently for a quarter of an hour; add about a pint and a half of stock after this, and let the celery braise gently for about two hours and a half, keeping it well basted from time to time. When the celery is quite tender, take it up and split each piece into four pieces, and place on nicely-fried croûtons and serve. If care is taken to braise the celery nicely it makes a delicious dish.

A VERY ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—Take two cups of flour, and mix well with a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar; add one cup of fine bread-crumbs (stale), a small half-cup of raisins, a quarter of a cup of sugar, and mix well; break one or two eggs (as can be afforded) over this, and again mix; dissolve half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda in a little milk, and mix with sufficient other milk to make the pudding of the consistency of an ordinary plum pudding. A drop or two of lemon or vanilla is an improvement. Well grease a basin (cover the top with a piece of well-greased paper) allowing for the pudding to rise, and boil for three hours, taking great care that the water never stops boiling.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR is, they say, to be married early this year, but there are so many rumours about such an important event that it is very difficult to ascertain their truth or the reverse. As the Prince of Wales does not enjoy good health (to express it mildly), he intends to delegate to 'Prince Eddy' some of his onerous duties. Naturally a young and charming wife will now be necessary to lend a feminine attraction to any ceremony he may perform. It is said that the Prince of Wales introduced 'Prince Eddy' on one occasion as 'the last King of England.'

Princess Christian, who is much loved at home on account of her many acts of generosity and kindness, is said to be in her danger of completely losing her eyesight. The new style of dressing the hair is very elaborate. A Mr George Lichtenfeld has invented an artificial covering for the head called 'The Featherweight Headress.' It is very light, and can be easily slipped on the head, and the wearer has the comfortable conviction that her hair is fashionably dressed. It is made of naturally curly and wavy hair.

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.

CAN YOU or any of your readers give me a good recipe for icing cakes?—BERTHA.

RED HANDS.—I do not know if this is your line, but I should be very glad of a recipe for preventing or removing the redness from hands.—FAIRY.

WEDDING CAKE.—A nice recipe for this would greatly oblige D. E.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

ROUGH PUFF PASTRY.—You can have rough puff pastry made in this way. Take half a pound of flour and six ounces of butter or lard. Cut the butter up in small pieces and mix it with the flour, and a very little salt and a little lemon juice, then mix the flour and butter into a stiff paste with cold water, and put it on a floured board. Roll the paste out and fold it into three, turn it round so that the edges are towards you, and roll the paste again, then fold it and repeat this twice more, when it will be ready to use. This, I think, is the kind of pastry you mean.

CROUTES A LA JUBILEE.—I don't know a more simple, and at the same time a nicer dish, than croûtes à la jubilee. It is made of dried haddock and oysters. To begin with, some nicely-fried round croûtons must be made, about the size of the top of a wineglass; spread on each a little raw dried haddock, which has been scraped and passed through a wire-sieve, and moistened with a little warm butter, and seasoned with a little cayenne pepper. Take some oysters, allowing one for each croûton; beard them and season them with a little lemon juice and cayenne; place one on each of the croûtons, and entirely cover it with the haddock puree, using a warm wet knife to smooth the surface. The puree should be made into a conical shape. Place the croûtons on a baking tin, with a buttered paper over them, and cook them in the oven for about eight minutes. Before serving, sprinkle a very little lobster coral over the top of each, and place a small sprig of parsley in the top. I am quite certain your husband will enjoy this little savoury, and I am afraid I agree with him that these savouries are sufficiently antique to be put on the shelf, and only brought down on very rare occasions. Nevertheless, some of them are really very good dishes. Your cook tries the parsley in much too hot grease, and that is why the colour is so bad.

A correspondent kindly sends the following:—

HOW TO MEND A WATERPROOF COAT.—Answer to query by H. M.: If the coat is worn through nothing effectual can be done to it. If only torn sew tear neatly, and then on inside stick a small square of tough material of a suitable colour, using Hancock's indiarubber cement, which can be got at any good grinders store or ironmongers. This will render the tear waterproof, and will effectually prevent the tear reopening. H. M. will find the cement useful in a multitude of ways. If he cannot procure it, I shall be happy to give him a recipe for making it.

HOW TO GET TEA STAINS OUT OF A CHINA CUP.—Answer to query by R.: If the stains are in cracks in the china, I know of nothing which will remove them. In any other case strong soda water (hot) and a little fine sand or bath brick should remove the stains immediately.

THE DRESSMAKING ART

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOW TO CUT AND FIT GOWNS.

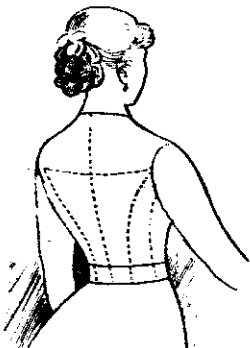
THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES ON DRESSMAKING.

BASQUES.



KNOWLEDGE comes from one of two sources—instruction or observation. Applied knowledge is talent. Dexterity is the result of imitation and a slight-of-hand obtained by practice. Familiar, practical knowledge united with dexterity produces skill, without which the dressmaker is handicapped. Unfortunately this important branch of industry is left to chance. Housewives and small girls learn to knit stockings, crochet lace and

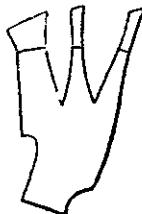
embroider table scarfs, but no study is given to the cutting or fitting of a dress waist. The cloth is cut by a flimsy tissue pattern or a ravelled, jagged lining and the fit is a venture, a risk, a hazardous undertaking, whereas it should be at the outset a conclusive certainty.



THE COMPLETED WAIST.

It is a common observation that there are no young seamstresses and no amiable home dressmakers. The premature age is not due so much to the occupation itself as to the worry caused by inefficiency. Ignorance is the bane of the sewing-room. The outcome is waste of material, loss of time and temper, and a violence to health more insidious than years of toil. There is nothing in the line of domestic science requiring more careful training than dressmaking, and nothing about which there is so much back work unless it is the raising of children. Considering the fact that women must have dresses all the time, the persistent ignorance regarding the theory and system by which they are designed is most remarkable. The fit or plan of a waist never changes.

The placing of darts, the setting of a collar or a sleeve, the handling of side-gores and fronts is exactly the same whether intended for the house, the street or the saddle. Women do not as a rule attach the same importance to fit that men do. Defects that are not readily corrected are passed over and an attempt is made to use trimming for the salvation of the costume. The result is shoddy's patch work. A change has come over the world of dress, however, and every day women are realizing the superiority of fit over fashion. Every fashionable dress does not fit, but every dress that fits the figure accurately is fashionable.



FRONT.

Although it is never too late to learn, it is difficult for the mother of a family to leave her home for the purpose of study. Help must come to her through her daughters, and any young girl of ordinary intelligence can readily master the rudiments of a system which will enable her later to become skilful. In a city like this ambition has every advantage. If some of the time women spend looking over styles and asking questions which make the life of the dressmaker hideous was devoted to perusing his methods, they might in a short time steal enough of his talent to serve a valuable purpose, and the same hint the struggling seamstress might appropriate with advantage.

Reduce to the task by necessity or preferring by choice to do her own sewing, the first requisite is a model. Let the novice go to a first-class dressmaker, be measured and fitted with a basque. As it is to serve a special purpose it will be well to let the artist find everything. Let him also understand that you will not accept the work unless it is superior in character and fit. Select a perfectly plain style, as simplicity is enduring. Have your wits about you and have a hand-glass, but hold your tongue. Your suggestions cannot be valuable and are sure to be impertinent. The operation finished, whether that of a first, second or third fit, it will be your privilege to criticise or comment. Have

what you want, but know what you want first. The waist done to your satisfaction will serve as a model to which you can refer for measurements, etc., in future work.

The dressmaker having drafted your garment from careful measurement, and remembering, too, the corrections that were necessary, is eminently able to cut you a pattern that will reduce the cost and trouble of making your next waist to a minimum.

Have him use thick paper, such as tailors employ; have it cut as once, and you proceed at once also to make use of it while your ideas are clear. Make a trial of the pattern in cheese-cloth or muslin, and ensure success before cutting good lining.

Again, there are plenty of specialists who will cut a lining to measure, indicate the seams, give it to the student customer to take home, cut the cloth by and baste up, then, by appointment he will fit the waist and sleeve and fit the collar on. With an understanding of sewing, the results are excellent. Incidentally this plan is successfully practiced by many seamstresses uncertain of their talent, and the well-to-do patrons whom employ them. A considerable business of this sort is done by teachers and instructors of various systems of dressmaking.

Mindful, however, that many sewers cannot afford to pursue this course, there remains the tissue paper and lining patterns to which the millions resort, but, unfortunately, with not the best results. When a woman buys a pattern the bust measure only is taken. Supposing it to be thirty-six inches, one buyer may be 6 feet tall, with a waist measure of 24 inches, and another 4 feet tall, measuring 17½ about the waist, both require thirty-six inches across the bust and the question is, who will the pattern fit? Certainly not both. Probably neither.

There, you see, is the difficulty of handling badly-cut patterns. They are cut proportionally. Few women are so designed. It will be seen, then, that although the same pattern is used by these women the alterations must be entirely different. It is also well to impress upon the mind of the novice that unless she knows something about striking a mean average her chances of ruining the dress are very large.

While mathematically accurate the embryonic Worth is advised to let tissue paper patterns alone until greater practice has been secured. They are ugly things to handle, even when brand new, for they will curl up and creep away and nothing short of nailing or gluing will keep them down, and they must be kept down for that nice accuracy necessary to the art.

Better success will redound to the inexperienced waist hand who uses the cheap waist lining first. Although cut and drafted exactly like the tissue pattern, there is a saving of time and an invaluable economy of nerve and amiability. The lining is sold by the yard piece, on which is traced the entire waist. When cut out and the seam basted the skeleton of the basque is ready to try on. Whereas, with the flimsy paper an entire afternoon will be consumed by a painstaking seamstress in tracing and cutting the cambric. However, quite as many alterations may be needed on the lining to approximate the more careful fit that will follow when the cloth is cut.

Ordinarily a basque has two side bodies. If the figure is large with a waist measure of twenty-six inches or more, three side gores are used. These with the two backs and two fronts comprise the body of the garment. Find the way the grain of the cloth runs by brushing it and remember that unless cut with that grain your waist will never fit right. All the gores must be cut with the cloth and all are straight but the round side body, as indicated in the cut.

Given the cloth, a good silicilia for the lining, a pair of sharp scissors and a table, the novice is ready to cut. That done, baste, using No. 60 cotton. Baste close and thick, baste on the table—never in your lap. Let the first basting run through the centre of the gore. Have the threads wound round the edge regular to be a guide in sewing and stitching the seams. Many women and among the number those who profess an understanding of the business, baste over their fingers. The result is a complete botch, for the top piece being shorter than the bottom, the garment becomes lop-sided. To repeat former advice, don't sew anything round the finger.

To join the different parts, begin with the backs. Every pattern is notched at the waist line, which must guide the seamstress. Begin at this line and baste up the backs. Commence again at the waist and baste down to the edge, keeping both ends and edges even. The round side body goes on next. Join it to the back at the waist line and baste up, holding the edges together until within three inches of the top, when by measuring you will find that the side is half an inch shorter than the back. Hold the back a little easy, to provide the necessary freedom for the shoulder blade, and stretch the side to make ends meet. Finish the seam below the waist line.

Join the straight side or under-arm gore to the round side above and below the waist line, keeping one side perfectly even with the other.

Now for the fronts which require the darts. Put a pin or tack at the waist line and baste down, gradually widening from the waist line down; the seam must be even.

The right hem of the front is basted over, allowing a quarter of an inch for bows and eyes or button-holes. The left edge is left flat or open to form a fly or facing under the button-holes.

To join the front and side body commence at the waist line and sew up, stretching the side seam a little if necessary to make ends meet and keeping the seams perfectly even below the waist. Join the other three gores to the back and then close the shoulder seams. The front or top of the shoulder is always shorter than at the back. This is necessary, as the back measurement is always greater than the chest or front. In sewing don't cut, but stretch the front and make it reach or take in the back, which will provide the needed fullness and make the waist fit smooth over the flat or hollow part of the shoulder. Try on the waist and see if there are any glaring faults. There is one sacred seam—that up the middle of the back—which must never be touched. If the waist is cut right it remains inviolate. Take in any other seam. If more room is wanted let out the seam under the arm, but never within on the round-side body.

If the back wrinkles between the shoulders, it is too long. Take it up on the shoulders. If it wrinkles at the waist, the lining is too short. Loosen it at the hem or bottom and allow it to run up. Wrinkles also come from the insufficiency of notches. Have plenty along the side seams at the belt line and cut them as near the stitching as possible without cutting the thread.

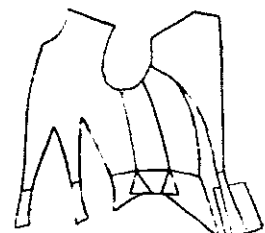
Few dresses are properly boned. Before using have the bones soaked in water a couple of hours. Whether you use galloon or hemmed muslin for the casing, stitch it on full enough to lie in gathers; the casings full and the bones tight will straighten the seams of any dress and defy waist wrinkles. Here is a scale for the correct placing of bones: The one up the back seam is not necessary. In the side seams let the bone run up four and a half inches above the waist line and two inches below; the bones under the arm must not come nearer than two inches of the sleeve.



BACK.



AROUND THE SIDE OF THE BODY.



HALF THE WAIST.



SIDE BODY.

In the darts have the bone end one inch below the casing. Run the bone to the bottom of the basque and tack it by sewing through at five different places above the waist line and two places below. Of these seven sewings have one half an inch on either side of the belt. At the top of the casings tack the bone in place, half an inch or so below, so as to prevent it breaking or pushing through. If properly soaked there will be no difficulty in sewing through the bone, and it is this sewing that will support the figure and sustain the shape of the bodice.

If books and eyes are used bone both front seams. Run a stitching along the under-arm, the width of the bone and insert the bone between the linings, having it as high as the darts and extending down to the bottom of the facing. As before stated, if properly cut, any waist will fit if abundantly and tightly boned. For the whalebone must be whole, to afford the pliability required, and securely held by strong sewing. Every waist should be provided with an inside belt, secured to each seam. This will hold the bodice in place and take the strain off the front piece.

Very often the shape and style is ruined in the alterations. In taking in a seam a sixteenth of an inch is frequently sufficient, whereas one-third is made and new troubles produced. It is imperative that care and patience be used to strike that nicey of correction that lies between perfection and ruin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE is no use in pretending that the question of dress is a frivolous or an idle one, or that sensible women are above it, or that a woman who finds herself with 'nothing to wear,' and takes time and thought in providing herself with something, must needs be a Flora McFlinsey.

All women are not pretty, all are not graceful, or 'stylish,' or attractive, or imposing; but every woman has a best side, and it is her duty to know it and to make the most of it, and keep it on view instead of the worst side, which so many of the dear creatures seem determined to present.

Every woman, if she means to fill her own place in the world, is bound to make the most of herself, and to keep on doing it as long as she lives.

Some ladies are complaining that instead of becoming more sensible the costumes designed for feminine wear are more inconvenient than ever. It is now the correct thing to ruin the hems of street dresses by allowing them to drag on the pavement. It is a most expensive and disgusting style. The skirt attracts to itself all the mud, etc. every much etc., too frequently, it can find on the foot path, and carries it into the dwelling-house of the wearer or of her friends. The carpet in the drawing room acts as a brush, and relieves the dress of part of its filth. No wonder gentlemen call ladies insane in their craze for being in the fashion, cost what it may.





LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS. NEW DANCE PROCKS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—See page 14.

THE YOUTH'S PAGE



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 15th.

BILLY AND THE CAPTAIN.



THE United States Revenue Cutter Joe Lane had for several years been cruising along the Pacific coast between the Columbia River and Lower California. She had now come up from the Santa Barbara Channel, and on this April day in 1857 lay anchored off San Francisco.

Captain Keyes had recently been transferred to the Atlantic coast, and the Lane was awaiting the arrival from the East of her new commander, Captain Ichabod Barnstable.

The Pacific Mail Steamer John L. Stephens, from Panama, was rounding Fort Point, and rapidly steaming toward her wharf. The wardroom officers of the Lane were gathered on the deck, watching the steamer with spy-glasses to catch, if possible, a sight of the new captain, who was expected by the Stephens.

"Just look at Billy!" said Lieutenant Wilson. "One would suppose he knew what was going on. I wonder what he will think of 'Old Barney'?"

"It would be more to the purpose to inquire what 'Old Barney' will think of him," remarked Mr Harris, the first lieutenant. "Some captains don't like pets on board."

"Oh, but Billy's such a well-behaved youngster. I don't see how any one can object to him," replied Mr Wilson.

"Yes, he'll make his way if any one can, but we must keep him in check till we find out the captain's temper."

The subject of the conversation was a young, quarter-grown black bear, which had just climbed up to the after-hammock netting, where he stood upon his hind feet, with his forepaws upon the head of a davit. His black ears were erect, his small nose sent out at everything about him, his sharp little eyes roved over the ship, or gazed intently at the incoming steamer.

When he was a very small cub he had been bought from an Indian on Puget Sound, for an old red shirt, a pocket mirror, and a plug of tobacco. The little animal was very good-natured and playful, and had become a favourite. He was given free range over the ship, where his position was that which in nautical phrase is known as 'in everybody's nose, and nobody's watch.'

Billy was curious to the last degree, and, despite all re- buds, would investigate every quarter, and scrape acquaintance with every one who came on board. The late commander, Captain Keyes, had been very fond of him, and had granted him the utmost freedom even in the cabin. There Billy had been in the habit of calling at all hours of the day, frequently disturbing the captain's slumbers, and even at times sharing his berth.

Since the departure of Captain Keyes several weeks before, the cabin had been closed, but Billy was often seen nosing about the companion-way. When he found that he could not get in, nor meet his old friend the captain, he would erect himself and look out over the rail, as if watching for him to come on board.

Billy had all the playfulness and more than the intelligence of young bears in general. He was forever in mischief. He was often seen to 'tail on' to a boat-fall with his teeth, and would climb out on a swinging boom, and scramble down into the dingy with the men in the morning to watch them scrub the outside of the ship.

He was quite expert at working the head pump, and would often steal upon the top-gallant fore-castle and take a few pulls upon the brake, if it had been left shipped. He generally 'fell in' at small-arm drill, and under the careful instruction of the sailors, with a beam for musket, went through the manual in a style highly amusing to his ship-mates.



BILLY ON THE CAPTAIN'S STOMACH.

In fact, Billy's disposition and accomplishments had made him a prime favourite.

On this day, he had noted the preparations to receive the new captain with much interest, and his curiosity was evidently piqued.

"There's a handkerchief waving on the Stephens! That may be the captain now. Answer it with the flag, quartermaster," cried Mr Wilson, peering through his spy-glass. "Yes, it must be he; there, he waves it again, in answer."

"Call away the gig," ordered Mr Harris; "I must go in it to meet him."

The boat, manned by five smart seamen in white shirts and caps, lay at the gangway. As Mr Harris stepped over the side he noticed the bear, which was hurrying down to follow him into the gig.

"Hold Billy back, and see that he is chained up to the fore-castle," he ordered, "or he will be climbing all over Captain Barnstable as soon as he gets on deck."

Away went the gig, while poor Billy was dragged forward, whining and vainly endeavouring to return aft to go with the boat, as he had done so often.

The gig soon returned with Captain Barnstable and his luggage. As she swept up to the side the new commanding officer came briskly up the steps and descended to the deck, raising his hat as he did so in answer to the respectful salutes of the officers, who were drawn up to receive him. The boatswain loudly blew his whistle, and two side boys stood by the step in honour of the captain: all in the fine old style of those days—a style now obsolete.

The new commander was a hale, portly man well on in the fifties, with a pleasant, genial face. He was well and favourably known in the service, and was much liked by his juniors. His nickname of 'old Barney' was used in an affectionate sense, and never in disrespect. The officers of the Lane had never met him before, but his manner was so hearty and pleasant that it was easy to make his acquaintance.

The captain told Lieutenant Harris that he would not assume command on the day of the arrival. He spent the time in necessary visits and in conversation with the officers, who gained a very favourable impression of their new commander. The captain retired to his stateroom when the evening was well advanced.

There was one among the ship's company who was not at all happy under the new dispensation; that was Billy, the bear. Never before in his experience on the ship had he been so restricted and neglected as on this day. He had found consolation during the afternoon and early evening in the companionship of the sailors, but after eight o'clock, when he was left practically alone, he heard the noise of conversation in the wardroom with ill-concealed curiosity, and gradually worked himself into a condition of great discontent with the situation.

When all was quiet for the night, and nothing was heard but the tramp of the watch, Billy began to cry in a way that threatened to disturb the slumbers of all on board. As the readiest means of stilling his noise, several of the sailors boxed him, and began to play with him. In his gambol he soon reached the poop, which he suddenly ascended and ran across, and to the consternation of the watch, disappeared down the companion hatchway in the direction of the captain's cabin.

The surprised sailors remembered too late that they had untied him without leave, and might thereby get into trouble. But as no means of quietly getting the bear out of the cabin occurred to them, they crept forward, and kept their watch as far as possible from the cabin.

"Help! Murder! Help!"

The quiet was suddenly broken by the most startling outcries from the cabin. They were so loud and energetic that they instantly roused from their slumbers the inmates of the wardroom, and even penetrated as far as to the hammocks on the berth deck. What could be the matter? Was the captain in a nightmare, or had he gone crazy? Whatever the trouble might be, he certainly must be helped.

Springing from their beds, the officers rushed through the folding doors and to the captain's stateroom, whence calls for assistance continued to come.

The heads of the four officers soon crowded through his stateroom door. One had seized the wardroom night lantern and held it overhead, throwing a strong glare into the captain's berth. It disclosed the cause of the commotion—a sight that proved too much for official discipline, and caused an involuntary burst of laughter.

The captain lay on his back, his hands clutching the berth board on one side and the air-port on the other. His bulging eyes glared straight at Billy, who had climbed into the berth, and seated himself directly on the captain's stomach, as the best means of making his acquaintance.

"Help! Take it away! For Heaven's sake, help! Oh, take it away, and help me out of this!" cried the captain.

The officers were almost helpless with laughter for a moment. The captain began to realize something of the situation, and his terror changed to wrath. The etiquette of the service was forgotten, and he roared:

"Take him away, you idiots! Why do you stand guffawing there, when you see me in such a fix as this?"

This language, so different from the ceremonious though scintillating one of the hour before, brought the men to their senses at once. Lieutenant Wilson stepped to the berth, and reached for the bear, intending to hustle him out and up on deck.

But the noise and the entrance of the officers had in nowise disconcerted Billy, who had the best of intentions, and regarded the whole affair as a frolic. After the manner of bears he was expert at sparring, and he fancied that the present occasion had been selected by Mr Wilson for a companion set-to with him.

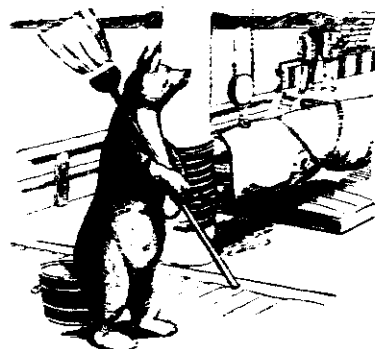
Quickly facing about, to the serious disarrangement of the bed-clothes, Billy reared upon his hind legs, and steadied himself on the rolling support of the captain's stomach by clutching tightly with his formidable hind claws. Parrying Wilson's first incautious grab, the bear returned him a cuff which, though playfully meant, tore the officer's sleeve, and landed him in one corner of the stateroom. Wilson returned to the charge, re-enforced by the others, but Billy was in high spirits, and sparred so vigorously that they could not get within reach.

All this time the captain was accompanying the contest with a running fire of obprobriations, which would have sounded both terrible and funny had not the bear exacted the undivided attention of all his audience.

Just how the struggle, if left to its natural course, would have ended is uncertain. The bear had all its own way until in making an unaccountably far-reaching pass at Mr Wilson, he lost his balance and came to the floor, dragging with him the bed-clothes, lambrequins and curtains.

A rush of the officers and a shower of kicks so demoralized Billy that he scrambled out of the room and up on deck, where he was ignominiously bundled forward, re-chained and left to ruminate over the treatment he had received.

Captain Barnstable's wrath was beyond full expression. However, he developed an unsuspected power of denunciation, and the whole ship's company was included in his left-handed compliments. The officers edged away as quickly as possible, and wondered what would happen in the morning.



BILLY ON "SENTRY GO."

Disregarding his announcement to Mr Harris that he should not take command of the ship until next day, Captain Barnstable, in a costume composed principally of a red woollen blanket, followed that officer to the deck.

"Does that animal belong to the ship, sir?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, returned Harris.

"Have him killed at once!"

"Very good, sir," said the lieutenant. "How shall I dispatch him?"

"I don't care how you do it, so long as he is killed," snapped the captain.

"He is securely chained now, sir. May I wait till morning, when we can see better?" asked Harris.

"You may wait till then, sir, but I shall hold you responsible if that bear gets adrift again." With this parting admonition the captain retired to the cabin, taking the precaution to close his stateroom door. Quiet once more settled upon the ship.

The officer was very reluctant to kill Billy, and thought of the duty with a heavy heart. He found an excuse to postpone the task in the earlier part of the morning watch, and looked sadly at Billy, who, on the top-gallant fore-castle, and all unconscious of his sentence, was clambering to and fro the length of his chain endeavouring to start a game with everybody that passed.

Running to the pump the little creature sat upright and began to help the men at the brack. He abandoned this to seize a coon-broom that lay near, rise on his hind legs, bring the broom to a carry and begin to 'do sentry' athwart-ships just about the pump.

Harris eyed his manoeuvres from the poop with a sad smile, thinking how much he would miss Billy's antics. He was startled by a hearty laugh just behind him, and turning saw the captain, who had come quietly on deck, and was watching Billy with much interest and amusement. He had evidently had a good-night's rest despite the interruption, and his natural good-temper had reasserted itself.

A broad and kindly smile came over his features as he returned the lieutenant's salute, and said:

'Is that the pirate, Mr Harris, that boarded me last night, and came near capturing me and my officers?'

'Yes, sir. He's a great favourite, sir, and perfectly harmless,' said Mr Harris, much astonished at the turn things were taking. 'It was only curiosity that led him to your room.'

'He's very amusing,' said the captain, genially. 'I think you made a mistake in not presenting him to me, and so compelling him to introduce himself. His roar for calling, though, was a little unreasonable.'

'He was supposed to be chained up, sir,' said the lieutenant. 'I don't know how he got adrift.'

'Well, he kind enough to see that he does not part his moorings again.'

'But the order for killing him, sir; must I carry that out?'

'Ha! ha! I am afraid I sentenced him without giving him a fair hearing. You may suspend his sentence until further notice.'

The subject of execution was never afterward brought up. Billy, as was predicted, made his own way with the new commander, who henceforth was one of his best friends. And when finally the bear grew so big that larger quarters than the ship afforded had to be found in the menagerie of a great public park, no one parted from Billy with more regret than Captain Ichabod Barnstable.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

BOY AND MAN.

TATTOOED Maoris make pilgrimages to Lichfield Cathedral that they may kneel before the tomb of the first bishop of New Zealand, George Augustus Selwyn. One day an old New Zealand chief, with grotesquely marked face, knelt beside the beautiful alabaster effigy of the bishop, and while tears fell from his eyes as he recalled the different features of the good missionary, said, 'That was his very chin, that was his forehead, and those were the very nails that I saw him bite in his nervousness, when he could not get the right Maori word in his first sermon.'

The Maori chief was drawn to that tomb by the same feeling which impelled hard-handed workmen and poor, toiling women to lift tearful eyes as the bishop's remains were borne to the grave, and say, 'He was a good man.'

'Under every human skin God has planted a human heart; go and find it.' He often used these words, and they ruled his life. They sent him among the tribes of New Zealand and the Melanesian Isles. When he was called back to England to become Bishop of Lichfield, these words bade him seek the pauper in the work-house, the prisoner in the jail, the collier in the pit, and the bargeman on the canal. He was mastered by the conviction that, as the servant of One Who had given him work to do, it was his duty to seek out the human heart which God had planted under every human skin.

At Eton he was the best boy on the river, and nearly the first boy in learning. He was the greatest diver of the school, its best swimmer and oarsman, and its most generous pupil, one who always took the labouring oar.

In those days athletics were not scientific. The Eton boats were clumsy, and the oars clumsy. To the boat in which Selwyn rowed there were seven oars not very good, and one superlatively bad. The boys used to run up to the boat-keeper's, where the oars were, and seize upon the seven moderately bad oars, leaving the 'punt-pole' to the last oar. Of course he was sulky; the seven boys abused him for not pulling, and every one was out of temper.

George Selwyn determined always to come last at the boat-keeper's. He always pulled the 'punt-pole,' and the other boys chafed him.

'It's worth my while taking that bad oar,' he said, with a laugh. 'I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good humour.'

At Cambridge University he was the leader in athletics, and an enthusiastic advocate of rowing. When he became a bishop, his advice to young men was, 'be temperate in all things. Bend to your oars.'

'The law cares nothing for trifles,' says a legal maxim; but the Master cared when on earth, for, having restored to life Jairus's little daughter, He commanded that something should be given her to eat.

George Selwyn showed a similar thoughtfulness about trifles. While he was curate of Windsor, long before the days of cooking-schools, he established a parish kitchen for the relief of the sick poor, and for the education of the children in the art of cooking.

'I contend,' he said, 'that every poor person when sick ought to be ministered to in the same way as the highest in the land.'

Once when on a tour of inspection as bishop of New Zealand, he found a lad of eighteen years, who had come out with him from England, sick unto death. He showed his regard for trifles by nursing the boy, poulticing chicken into powder that it might pass in a liquid form into his ulcerated mouth, making jellies, watching all night, and doing everything that a trained female nurse would have done.

When he rested from his labours, a poet struck the keynote of the noble life in these lines addressed to the bishop's widow:

'Oh, widowed partner of his toil,
Take comfort that his every hour—
With men in books, or with the pen—
Boded us hundred-fruitful flower.'

A Yankee globe trotter, met by a compatriot in Italy, was asked if he had come there by way of the Alps. 'Wal,' he replied meditatively, 'now you come to talk of it I calculate I did pass some risin' ground.'

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A WELCOME.

O, poor darling Papa is out in the storm,
I must hurry and see that his slippers are warm,
And run for his paper and put it down there,
Just where he will look for it, close by his chair.
And then I shall sit at the window and wait
And watch, till I see him come in at the gate,
And throw him some kisses—a dozen or more,
They'll do till he gets fairly in at the door.
And then—well; before he can shake off the rain
I shall have every kiss that I gave, back again.

I know he will say as he comes up the street:
'I don't care for rain or for snow or for sleet,
For when I get home I shall certainly see
A dear little girlie there, watching for me.'

SYDNEY DAYRE.

PERFORMING RABBITS.

CLIO VERNE was very fond of rabbits, and one day, after seeing some clever performances by tame mice, it struck her that she would teach her rabbits to execute various tricks. She had five pretty white ones with pink eyes. She taught two of them to play at see-saw, balancing each other at the end of a small board. At first they were very



stupid, but after a good deal of trouble and patience Clio managed to persuade them to take it in turns to go up and down, and not to jump off the minute they reached the top. Another little rabbit was taught to jump through a dram. Two more Clio kept in cages on the table ready to perform various other tricks.

THE CRY CLOSET.

ONE of the rooms in a certain comfortable house is so useful that I think I must tell the boys and girls about it, in order that they may select one in their own homes for the same purpose, if their elders have not already thought to do so.

The room, a small, dimly lighted one, is known by the name of the 'cry closet,' and is devoted to the use of such little people as are in trouble and quite likely to disturb the rest of the family.

Johnnie begins wailing at the breakfast table because he can't eat sugar and oatmeal instead of oatmeal and sugar.

'Go into the cry closet, Johnnie,' says papa, and Johnnie departs, still wailing, and shuts himself into his retreat. Presently, having been sufficiently doctored by silence and darkness, he emerges, rosy and smiling.

Little Katharine, who is prone to have sulky fits at unexpected intervals, refuses to answer when addressed. Mamma neither reasons with her nor punks her.

'Go into the cry closet,' she recommends, and Katharine disappears. Contemplation proves the best medicine, and it is not long before mamma hears a broken voice from the closet:

'I beg pardon, mamma. What did you say?'

Children of a larger growth may feel that their time for weeping is past, and so may despise such a place of repentance, but would it not be well for us all to withdraw and 'think it over' whenever we are angry, sullen or given to 'complaints'? What is good for children is very likely to be good for grown people, if they can only humble themselves to think so.

This temporary shutting-up of ourselves is but one of many ways of counting 'five-and-twenty,' and one of diminishing our liability to utter harsh or bitter words.

A. R.

THE TRUE TALE OF A TAILLESS CAT.

Do you know what a Manx cat is? No. Well, it is a cat that has no tail at all. There was one dear Manx cat called 'Sam' which belonged to a lady. He was sent to her for a Christmas present last year when he was only six weeks old. He looked so very funny that when he was taken out of the hamper everyone burst out laughing. His hind quarters were higher than the front legs, and were so even when he was quite grown up. He was quite black, and they all laughed so much when they saw the queer little black patch which was instead of his tail, that he grew sulky, and crept under a chair, sitting so that they could not see he had no tail. Poor little Pussie! It always seemed so sad that he had no tail to run after. He used to watch other kittens playing with their own tails, or impudently biting their mother's tail, and sometimes he even seemed to sigh. He was so good when his mistress was ill. He would run up to her room, jump on the bed, and lick her face, just as if he were trying to say, 'I'm sorry you can't come out with me in the garden.'

But Sam could not bear to have another cat in the house; and he would chase them from room to room, until at length he drove them out of the door. Then he would sit on the steps to keep watch that they did not attempt to re-enter the house. Somehow the other cats seemed rather afraid of Sam, and would often run away from him just as if he was a small boy.

One sad day Sam died. He was buried in the garden under an oleander tree, and they put a nice little board up by his grave, and wrote on it:

This is Sammie.
No tail had he.

GIMLET SOUP.

ONE fine Saturday Willie went to visit his old nurse, and it being a long walk, he was both tired and hungry when he got there.

Nurse Brown had something cooking on the stove which smelled oh! so good to the hungry boy, and when the dinner was ready, it tasted just as good as it smelled.

'What is this?' he asked.

'It's giblet soup,' said Nurse Brown. 'Do you like it?'

'She needn't have asked, for the way Willie was eating it told the whole story.'

'It's awfully good,' he said, 'but how did you make it?'

'Oh! I bought the giblets in the market, they come all strung together. It makes a cheap soup, but we all like it.'

When Willie was on his way home he had to pass the market, so he went in and asked a dapper young clerk: 'Do you keep gimlets here?'

'This isn't a hardware store, young man,' the clerk said.

'Well, have you any gimlets all strung together ready to make soup of?'

'Nurse Brown said you kept 'em.'

'Nurse Brown must be mistaken then, the young man said, and Willie went out disappointed.

He told his mother about it when he got home, and though the family all laughed at the idea of gimlet soup, he still stuck to his text until the next time his mother saw Nurse Brown, when she found out about the matter.

A COMFORTER.

A GENTLEMAN was going abroad for a six months' trip, and had just taken an affectionate leave of his wife and his only child, a little girl of two or three years. The pretty child felt that something was wrong, but hardly realised what, and stood beside a chair holding her thumb in her mouth—a favourite pastime with her, and a never-failing comfort.

The mother, meantime, sat gazing out of the window, and presently the tears began to drop one by one down her cheeks. The daughter looked at her, and at once stepped to her side.

'Mamma,' she said, in a comforting tone, 'mamma, suck 'oo rum!'

ALMOST.

THE little girl of whom this anecdote is related had been for some time trying to capture the fishes in a small brook by means of a bent pin and a thread line, when she came flying into the house in a state of breathless excitement.

'O mother, I got it!' she exclaimed.

'How what, my child?'

'Why, I got the fish.'

'But where is it? Why didn't you bring it home?'

'Why, mother,' said the innocent angel, her voice changing to a more subdued tone, 'I got it, but it unbit and div.'

WRINKLES.

A LADY asked her little boy how his grandmamma was. He replied, 'she says she is awfully nervous, but I don't see anything the matter with her except the cover on her cheeks is all rumpled up (wrinkles).'

JOHN HENRY JONES.

I THINK I'll be like Sir George Grey,
As dignified and wise;
Folks always say a boy can be
A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
People will celebrate
The birthday of John Henry Jones,
And I shall live in state.

John Henry Jones is me, you know—
Oh, 'twill be fine, some day
To have my birthday set apart
Like that of Sir George Grey.

A MIXED WEDDING.



BRINGING HIM UP TO THE SCRATCH.

Miss HERRYUP: 'Ah! George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.'

Mr Holdoff: 'Troubles, Carrie? Of what nature, pray?'

Miss H: 'Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and relatives are always saying, "When is it to come off?" as if marriage were a prize-fight. But that is not the worst. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such questions as, "Carrie, what are Mr Holdoff's intentions? What does he call upon you so regularly for, and stay so late when he does call?" And he sometimes looks so angry when he asks these questions that I actually tremble.'

Mr H: 'And what answer do you make to his questions, Carrie dearest?'

Miss H: 'I can't make any answer at all, for you see, you haven't said anything to me, and—and—of course I—'

Then Mr Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear and next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

THE WRONG BOY.

A VILLAGE schoolmaster was told by the parson that he intended to bring a friend next morning to hear the boys put through their paces in religious teaching. They had not received much instruction of that kind; but it was necessary to do something. Accordingly he called his little grey-snocked 'first-class' before him, arranged the members in a certain order, grafted into each blossoming yokel the particular question he intended to put him in the morning, and likewise added the correct answer. After printing



One for his Nob.

Landlord of an hotel in a mountainous district: 'Can you tell me, Herr Professor, how people manage to ascertain how high they are above the sea-level when travelling in the mountains?' Professor: 'By the height of the hotel bills.'

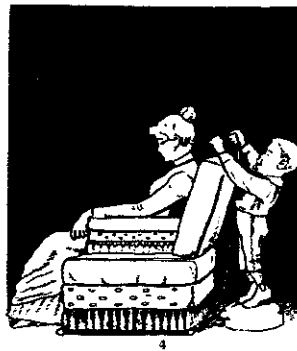
Very Cool.

A couple of burglars were trying to effect their entrance into a house. The master of the establishment heard them, and, opening the window, he courteously observed, 'You had better come again after a while, gentlemen, as we have not all gone to bed yet.'

the young hopefuls over and over again with their respective answers, he ventured to dismiss them. Next morning, while the visitors were being awaited, boy No. 2 was told to carry out two stone ink-bottles into the back porch, and ordered to clean off the great streaks of ink and the patches of matted dust. Shortly afterwards the two visitors walked in. The master, quite forgetting that one of his first-class boys was absent in the back yard, commenced to put his questions to the class in the particular order which he had arranged and promised. Pointing to one boy, he asked: 'What is that part of you, my lad, which can never die?' 'My soul, sir,' smartly replied the rustic, with an air of confidence and decision which was really quite admirable and surprising in one so young. The visitors nodded their approval, and the dominie continued his interrogations. 'Now you, my boy,' he said, pointing to the third boy in the back row, 'tell us who made you?' Now, the lad thus addressed occupied the very position which had been vacated by the industrious pupil out in the porch. Accordingly, this was not his proper question; and, remembering the master's positive instructions that he was only to give a certain answer to a certain question, he bravely remained dumb and quiescent. 'Will you be quick and tell me, sir?' the master cried out angrily, never dreaming, of course, that any hitch had occurred. No: the lad never opened his lips or twitched a muscle. Possibly he thought the master was 'trying it on' with him. 'Come, my dear child,' the visitor ventured to interject, seeing the painful chagrin of the dominie, 'you should try and give your master some sort of an answer. Surely you know that it was God who made you?' 'No, sir, it wasna me!' the lad at last burst forth. 'I'm sure it wasna, sir! The boy as God made is outside wa-shin' 'inkpots'

He's Been a Poacher.

Mr Justice Williams was a capital shot, and whilst enjoying the sport upon some gentleman's preserves, and knocking over the birds right and left, the gamekeeper whispered confidentially to his comrade, 'They tell me this 'ere gent is a judge. I'd take my swan he's been a poacher.'



Sour Grapes.

Miss Walnut: 'Oh! Claire, George and I are to be married next month. All the arrangements have been completed and—' Miss Chestnut (who has had designs on George herself) — 'I am glad, dear, and I do so wish that you will be happy. How good of George to say "yes," wasn't it?'

A Shrewd Nephew.

'Yes, certainly,' said a young man to an old bachelor uncle who was about to marry; 'settle as much on your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a penny.' The marriage didn't come off, and the young man became heir to his uncle's estate.



THE LITTLE VAGABOND—IN SIX EPISODES.

'HE'S GOT IT, MA'AM.'

AMONG the passengers on a Pullman car a few days ago was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse girl and a self-willed tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams and his viciousness towards his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face, without a word of remorse from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fifth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly:— 'Harry musn't touch. Bug will bite Harry. Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother without opening her eyes or lifting her head cried out sharply:—

'Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once.'

'But, ma'am, it's—'

'Let him have it, I say!'

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The screams that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes.

The mother awoke again.

'Mary?' she cried, 'let him have it.'

Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly:— 'He's got it, ma'am!'

CEREMONIOUS.

FRENCHMEN are noted for their punctiliousness, but they have no monopoly of that virtue. A nice sense of propriety occasionally crops out in quite unexpected quarters.

'Pat,' said the superintendent of one of our New England manufactories, 'go down to the firm's office and wash the windows.'

Pat presently appeared in the outer room with his bucket and sponges.

'An' I was tould to wash the windys in the firm's office,' he said to one of the clerks.

'All right, that's it right in there,' answered the clerk, pointing to the door.

'But they're in there,' said Pat.

'Oh, never mind, go right in.'

But Pat still hesitated. 'Faith,' said he, 'an' would ye please be after goin' in an' introducin' me?'