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S.S. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

THIS is the first of three twin-screw steel steamers built to the order of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It forms a necessary link between two important parts of our colonial empire, and will enable the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to carry passengers for China and Japan with great speed and comfort. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which was commenced in 1880, and, under contract with the Government of the Dominion of Canada, was to be completed in October 1890, was actually finished, and had trains running through from Halifax and Quebec to Vancouver in November, 1885. The Imperial Government called for tenders for a mail-service by first-class steam-ships between Vancouver and Japan and China, specially constructed to carry troops and guns. The three vessels now building by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, Limited, at Barrow-in-Furness, are contracted to do 18 knots on the measured mile, and 16½ knots on a 400-miles sea trial. Their engines indicate about 10,000 horse power, and they are propelled by twin-screws, the engine-room being divided by a fore-and-aft bulkhead, and the propeller, or tail-end shaft, being carried within the structure of the hull to the very extremity, thus doing away with the external support known as the 'A' bracket principle. The hull is subdivided by twelve transverse watertight bulkheads. Of these, three forward and two aft are without doors of any kind, while the remaining seven have specially constructed watertight doors, and all sluice doors in the bunkers are provided with screens to prevent falling coal blocking the doors. The four boilers supplying the engines with steam are placed in two compartments divided by a cross bunker, and are fully protected by wing bulkheads and side bunkers. Arrangement is also made for the protection of the engines by coal in the event of the vessels being taken up as armed cruisers.

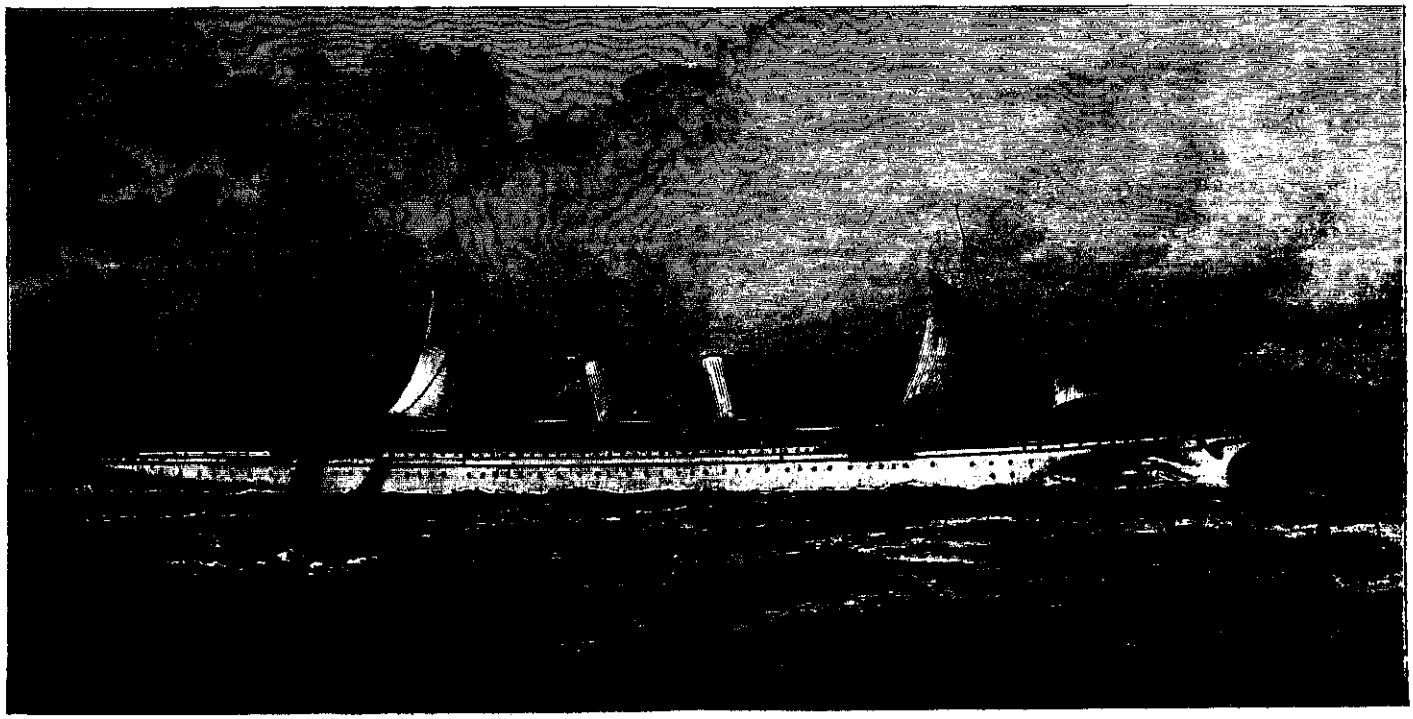
The dimensions of the vessels are: Length over all, 485ft.; between perpendiculars, 440ft.; breadth, moulded, 51ft.; depth, moulded, 36ft.; tonnage, 5700 tons gross. They are lightly rigged with pole masts and fore-and-aft canvas, and their form, both under and above water, is of such symmetry and fineness as to insure their easily attaining the high speed required. The steering engines, which are of the best and strongest make, are connected with a drum working on the rudder head, which is again controlled by a patent hydraulic brake. The arrangements and fittings for passengers are of the most complete and luxurious kind. The vessels are lighted throughout by electricity, and are thoroughly ventilated by a series of electric fans, each three feet in diameter and delivering about 400,000 cubic feet of air per hour. The vessels will carry, in addition to passengers, about 4000 tons of tea, and are specially designed with side ports and side hatches, arranged with a view to the speedy reception and delivery of cargo.

The armament of the ships will consist of the latest type of 4·7-in. guns, which will be stored at Vancouver and Hong-Kong, so that the ships can be fully armed and made ready for their cruiser duties in the space of a few hours.

W. J. Moir. H. S. Cocks. J. F. Grierson. D. Wood.
CHRISTCHURCH REPRESENTATIVES.
Auckland Champion Meeting, February 13-14, 1891.

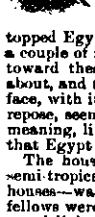
LONG LIVES.

'MORE women attain greater ages than men on an average, although more of the latter attain the utmost extent of longevity.' Hufeland thus endeavoured to account for this important fact:—'The equilibrium and pliability of the female body seem for a certain time to give it more durability, and to render it less susceptible of injury from distinctive influences. But male strength is without doubt necessary to arrive at a very great age. More women, therefore, become old, but fewer very old. In the first half of a man's age, an active, even a fatiguing, life is conducive to longevity; but in the last half a life that is peaceful and uniform. No instance can be found of an idler having attained to a remarkable great age. Rich and nourishing food, and an immoderate use of flesh, do not prolong life. Instances of the greatest age are to be found among men who, from their youth, lived principally on vegetables, and, in some cases, had never tasted flesh.' Moreover, let those who *will not marry* take heed. There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained a great age, and that the fact was as applicable to the female as to the male sex. Many examples illustrative of this sensible theory will occur to the reader.



S.S. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

A TEXAN EPISODE.



WAS spending Christmas at Dos Hermanos' sheep ranch in southern Texas. It was a big and beautiful ranch in a beautiful country. Fine open valleys and draws, and cosey sheltered hollows, clothed with rich mesquite grass and the various little weeds that the dainty and fastidious sheep loves, were flanked and buttressed by low, conical, or humpy, flat-topped Egyptian looking hills. The plains, too, were only a couple of miles to the northward, and looking from them toward these pyramidal hills, with the everlasting silence about, and the sunlight lying softly over all the landscape's face, with its brooding loveliness, its majestic serenity and repose, seemed to wear a significance, a smile of inscrutable meaning, like that of Egypt, but lacking the awe, the dread that Egypt inspires.

The house—a large and comfortable one for this almost semi-tropical region of tents and two or three-roomed box-houses—was full and running over, and a half dozen young fellows were camped in a little hollow close by; the weather was delightful, fairly meriting the adjective superb; one day followed another, warm, soft, brilliant, the air dry, crisp and bracing, like the brightest and best of October weather in the middle states.

The boys had worked hard all day long on the 23rd, when we arrived, rigging rings, making lances, and arranging seats for a grand tournament on Christmas eve; everybody was tired, and by mutual consent we went to bed early to be ready for the next day's festivities.

When the contestants all rode up and saluted, my eye was at once caught by two figures that came from a tent a little apart from the general camp in the draw.

One was a big, fair Saxon, six feet two or three inches in height, with his fair skin burned to a uniform dark red, from which a pair of fine, honest eyes looked out with startling blueness. His features were of a singularly large and regular mould, with a throat and chin so beautiful, a mouth so heavy yet correct, and a nose so high between the eyes that it gave him a slightly bucolic look, like ancient Apollo. His proportions were more fine and just than you would often see in so big a man; he carried his head and shoulders magnificently, and his bearing in the saddle was past criticism.

Beside him rode a boy of about twenty. He was of ordinary size, slightly but strongly built, had a pale, olive face, great black eyes and clustering, dark hair. It was a face that somehow appealed to you. Although so full now of life and spirit, it had a suggestion of keen sensitiveness, of hidden capacity for suffering. He was on an uncommonly fine and spirited black pony; his saddle was of superb and ornate Mexican workmanship, and a big white sombrero, glittering with silver, shaded the splendid eyes. While they paused in front of us I saw him look among the spectators as though seeking some one, then an electric smile passed over his face, he raised the big hat and touched a knot of red ribbon on the side of it. I looked up and saw Louie, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of the house, blushing and bowing, and I smiled to myself.

'Who are they?' I asked Mrs Flint, and she replied quite as if I had indicated them. 'O, David and ——' 'Goliath,' I interrupted.

'No, indeed, David and Jonathan. The tall one is Paul Melton, a young sheep man over on Live Oak, and the boy is his inseparable, a sort of protége, and a partner, I believe in a small way.

'Mark used to drink and gamble, I think, and young Melton got hold of him, straightened him up, and has held on to him ever since. They are always together; you never see one without the other.'

Mark—I don't believe I ever knew his other name—carried off the most rings and rode up glowing with victory, to crown Louie queen of love and beauty.

As I looked away from the pretty picture, I saw the blonde giant standing near in a studiously unconcerned attitude, but with an expression of affectionate pride on his great frank face. After this we had a general display of horsemanship and a great deal of sky-larking.

There is no finer sight to my mind, than a troop of well-mounted men; there is nothing arouses my enthusiasm and admiration more than fine riding. This is true of a single horseman, and the enthusiasm and enjoyment increases in a geometrical progression with the number of horsemen engaged.

Here there were twelve or fifteen, among the best riders I have ever seen, all mounted on fine and well-trained horses. It is very easy to talk about picking up handkerchiefs and quarters from the ground, leaping on and off a horse, or hanging on one side of him and firing under his neck, all the while going at full gallop, but there are not so many, even among thorough-going cow men, who can perform these feats, as is supposed. However, there were several in the party that could perform all these and many more to admiration; there was no poor or even mediocre work. Young Melton's riding was something magnificent. He sat like a tower on his strong iron gray, and as he came sweeping down the track the impression of force and power was tremendous, overwhelming—he was like an embodied thunderbolt. He bore down upon two fellows who were racing, ran the gray between them, grasped right and left and went on with a man in each arm while the two horses sprang away with empty saddles. Everybody applauded loudly: 'Melt's scooped the whole race. Hurrah for Melt!' 'What 'd ye leave the horses for, Melt?'

But the boy's was a very form for the eyes of young love to linger on. The spare young outline, the lithe springing grace, the light alertness and vigour, and fearlessness! He seemed a glowing incarnation of youth and love and valour. Whether he bent forward or back, twisted sideways or sat erect, he seemed just poised in the saddle; every movement, every attitude charmed and satisfied the eye with its perfection of unstudied grace, like the something ineffable in the slant of a bird's wing, the turn of its glossy head, or the glance of its quick, bright eye.

The big fellow rode as finely as a man could ride, but there was something more than horsemanship in the boy's riding.

We danced that night to the peculiar and beautiful Mexican music. A harp, a viol and two violins, played by Mexicans who were musicians all the time and shearers in the season, comprised our orchestra. We had the Golondrina, La Palonia and soft dreamy waltzes with their singular intervals piercing, sweetness and unexpected and tender accompaniments.

I saw my boy waltzing with Louie. They came past me once and both young faces were flushed and bright with smiles. Presently they passed again—walking—and on Mark's face was the shadow that somehow I had felt a prescience of from the first. The light was gone from his eyes, the colour and smile from his lips. Louie was chattering gayly and laughing up at him, but he looked past her, with a look of fierce pain in the great black eyes, at a young man, a new comer, on the other side of the room.

'Come and look at the tables,' whispered Mrs Flint. We went out, and in running about, helping, arranging and devising, I forgot the boy for a time.

Presently I slipped out on to a side verandah to cool my heated face a moment in the soft and chilly air. The full moon, the great white Texas moon, rode almost up to mid-heaven, pouring its flood of white radiance down through the silent and crystal air. It was like the sublimation, the apotheosis of daylight; the beauty, lustrous effulgence, without the harsh or unlovely details. Almost simultaneously with my opening the door two men rushed together just in front of me with knives in their hands, and the next instant the towering form of young Melton dashed noiselessly on to the porch. He plucked them apart as though they had been two kittens, held the stranger in his right hand, fairly shaking the knife from his grasp, and pushed Mark gently, but hastily, toward me, against me, and through the open door.

'Don't Melt, don't,' said the boy, 'one of us has got—'

'Wait with him till I come back,' said young Melton, and away he went, carrying the other fellow, like a rat, by the back of the neck.

Mark turned on me a look of agonised desperation, a face drawn and blanched and blackened almost beyond recognition, all the beauty and softness struck out of it; the great lustrous eyes blazing, the fine sensitive features quivering fiercely.

I slipped my arm through his and we walked silently up and down the silent hallway. I could hear his heavy, gasping breath. I could feel his heart leap and his frame tremble and was still striving to think of some word to say that might soften the savage thrust it must have been that tore him so, when Melton came up, and with a grasp of his hand and a kindly look from his blue eyes, drew Mark away.

'Hullo! Where's Jake Shackelford?' called someone, just as the pair went through the gate.

'O, I sent Lum home with him. He'd got too much and was noisy,' I heard Melton rejoin in a lower key.

After they had left the crowd behind I saw Melton's great arm thrown across the boy's shoulders, and was sure I heard a choking sob.

An hour later I saw them at supper, and I do not think the others found anything amiss; but to me there was visible a fleeting but frequent shadow on the boy's face, and a pathetic solicitude and concern in his big friend's manner.

The next day, which was Christmas, the men went bear-hunting up a very wild and rocky canyon, while such of us women folk as liked to ride and were fond of sport set off to find a certain wild cat that held forth in a low bluff some six or eight miles away across the plains. Mr Melton was our guide and protector, while Mark was dragged away by the bear hunters.

As we rode home in the late afternoon, full of scratches and glory, with a big cat skin and a tiny, snarling puff of a kitten as trophies, Mr Melton and I got far ahead of the others, and this is the story of Mark's troubles as he told it to me.

'His folks moved out to Esperanza, a couple of miles above my sheep camp, about four years ago. They were New England people. Everybody hated the old man on sight. He was a mean, close fisted, cold-blooded, snaky sort of fellow. His wife was a warm-hearted woman, but she hadn't much sense. She ran the house, and him, too, though, when it came to the pinch.

'One day the old man, who was abusing Mark, was so outrageous and insulting, and called him such vile names, that the boy went and got down a gun to shoot him. His mother screamed, and threw her arms around him and held him. I reckon she was wild with terror, but she took Mark off and told him how she was not his mother. His own mother was a poor, pretty young servant girl she had had in the first years of her marriage, and whose ignorance and youth her husband had wronged. The girl had died and she had raised and loved Mark as her own.

'Now, there was a nice thing for a sixteen-year-old boy to have to bear. He came down to my camp the next morning and told me about it. He sat about like some poor dumb creature that's been one half killed by a bad shot. It must be so, he said, for this fellow, Jake Shackelford, that came out with them and was afterward discharged by his father, had told some other people.

'I was awfully rushed with shearing, and before I knew it the boy was gone. He never was home again, but went up to Esperanza and got a place in a lumber yard.

'He made some awful bad plays, and no wonder. He got drunk and got to running with a gang of pretty rough men. But the old lady always loved him; she wrote to him, and finally went up to Esperanza, bought him an outfit and sent him over to east Texas to school. He was away two years. He hadn't been back a month, keeping books in Esperanza, when he saw Louie Flint, whom Jake Shackelford was crazy in love with. Anybody would love the boy; of course Louie preferred him, so Shackelford, like the low dog he is, went about telling his tale, and the next I heard of Mark he was all broke up and drinking again.

'I went up and got him to go down to my ranch with me. He's been with me ever since. I've got a bunch of cattle and he has charge of them. He never drinks, nor gambles, nor swears; he's got lots of courage, and he's all life and go; but there is something like a woman about him that makes him more to me than any brother could ever be.

'Can't he ride the prettiest you ever saw? That saddle and sombrero of his are both premiums he won at roping contests and tournaments. He—'

We were within half a mile of the house, with one or two rises and dips between it and ourselves. Suddenly a shot rang out on the still air, then another. My companion started, beckoned me, stuck spurs into his horse and launched forward like an avalanche. I followed as fast as I could, but I was fully five minutes behind him as I rode over the last rise.

There, in the hollow was a group of men, standing in the full glory of a prairie sunset, the golden splendour all about and upon them. In the midst knelt young Melton beside Mark's motionless form. Mark's head was upon his arm. I rode up and dismounted. The big tears were running down his face as he tried to staunch the bleeding of a great wound in the boy's breast. 'O, Mark! O, Mark!' he said.

In a moment later the fathomless eyes unclosed and gazed long and calmly into the west, then turned suddenly toward Melton with a look in their lambent depths, which I can never forget.

'Melt, I'm glad,' he said; then after a pause, 'It's better.'

The look of yearning love and trust slowly faded from his eyes; then a mist clouded their splendour, he turned his cheek upon Melt's arm and breathed no more.

Four men rode up on steaming horses. 'Where is he?' said Melton, rising and struggling with his sobs.

'He turned and fired on us, and we shot him,' said Mr Flint. 'Bennett's bringing his body in.'

EMPEROR WILLIAM.

IN spite of the fact that the young German Emperor has a shrivelled arm, he is, among his intimates, a jolly, good fellow, fond of all the pleasures of life, and much given to practical joking and nonsense in general. His left arm, the shrivelled one, is not only considerably shorter than the other, but is almost absolutely without strength. The only use he can put it to is to remove his cigar or cigarette. However, the right arm is endowed with extraordinary strength and vigour, and this youthful monarch is not averse to putting it to a very noble use at times, to wit, encircling a taper waist. During the trip to Norway this summer he took great pleasure in ranging about incognito, and one day an officer of the imperial yacht had the misfortune to come face to face with the young Emperor when the latter had a very pretty girl by his side. What was to be done? It was too late to turn back. To halt, face front, and salute would put the youthful monarch in a bad fix. Under these circumstances, the officer turned his back and pretended to be gazing into a shop window. Suddenly he felt a sharp pinch on his arm and heard a voice whispering: 'You did that very nicely. Try to find as pretty a girl as I have. You have leaveof absence until to-morrow.'

The young German Emperor is fond of a practical joke, and scarcely a day passes that some member of his personal household doesn't fall a victim to this penchant for harmless mischief. As a great lover of art, he never neglects to have some artist of acknowledged ability on board when out on a cruise. The business of this artist is to make sketches of places visited, and, above all, of fetes, reviews, triumphal entries, etc., in which the young Emperor figures as the bright particular star. One morning, while the imperial yacht was at anchor, the Emperor summoned his artist and expressed a desire for a sketch of the landscape. The artist pleaded indisposition for work. The Emperor, however, insisted on one half hour. But no sooner had the artist settled down to the task than William gave the signal to get under headway. At first the artist was too intent upon his canvas to notice that his landscape was slipping away from him, but suddenly he realised the position he was in and, turning suddenly about, found his royal tormentor with a group of choice spirits, all convulsed with mirth. The painter made a motion as if to stop, but William called out: 'No, no, one-half hour was the time set.'

'But the landscape, your majesty?'

'Will be a panorama!' cried William, amid shouts of laughter.

EVERY YEAR.

AH! how sad to look before us
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year.
When the blossoms are all faded,
That to bloom we might have aided
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
Come no new ones in their places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the coming dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

'You are growing old,' they tell us
Every year;
'You are more alone,' they tell us
Every year.
'You can win no new affection;
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrows and dejection,
Every year.'

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year.
Old places changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

Thank God, no clouds are shifting
Every year
O'er the land to which we're drifting
Every year;
No lowes there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us
Every year.

CURIOUS CAIRO.

ONE of the most interesting and attractive towns in the world is Cairo. All time and all the nations of to-day seem to be represented here. The great museum presents to us statues of wonderful life and real beauty and artistic merit older than the pyramids—not less than five thousand years old now—whilst we can see the same type of men exactly, walking in the streets of Cairo. Besides the great annual influx of winter visitors, principally English and Americans, there are some regular residents in Cairo, of which twenty or thirty thousand are Europeans of all the nations of Europe. The rest are Orientals from all parts of Africa, with a good many from Arabia and other parts of Asia.

The first thing that strikes the eye on entering the city is the charm and novelty of seeing nearly all the men and boys dressed in long white or pale blue garments. These hang quite loose and look like long night-shirts, coming down to the feet. The feet are covered, when covered at all, with bright yellow or bright red slippers, and the head is enveloped in a white turban, generally wound round a cap, which shows above it. This is either the well-known red fez with its black tassel, or the pale brown felt cap characteristic of the fellaheen.

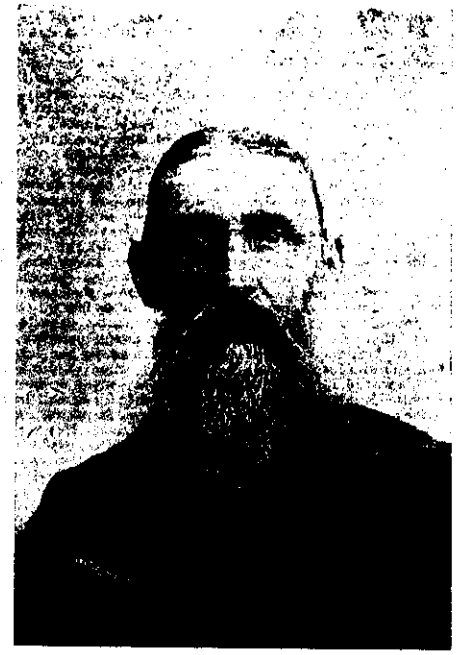
Next to the very picturesque effect of these airy, pretty garments, perhaps the most surprising thing was the great number of donkeys, carrying large bright-coloured cloth saddles, that thronged the streets. Each of these is attended by a boy in the dress described above, who runs behind it and shouts at it and whips it. At first sight it looked as though there were almost as many donkeys as people in the streets.

The native women constantly ride donkeys and very curious figures they look in the saddle. Of course a woman in this country thinks it as great a disgrace, unless one of the very lowest class of the people, to expose her face as to expose any other part of her person. The eyes only are visible, the mouth being kept most scrupulously covered. Very large, loose garments, generally of shiny, black silk, are worn by ladies when out of doors, and they ride cross legged, but with stirrups so short that their limbs do not hang down at all, but are in an almost horizontal position. In fact, they rather suggest trussed chickens. In this way they have hardly any hold on the saddle, and one or often two men run beside them and support them. Some of the donkeys are magnificent, proud-looking white or grey animals as large as a rather small mule, and carry gorgeous embroidered saddles and saddle-cloths of red velvet or blue cloth. Most of the hack donkeys, on the other hand, are insignificant-looking little animals, which are most inappropriate when carrying some great fat Turkish merchant, or a long-legged, red-coated English soldier. The wealthy Egyptians will often pay five hundred dollars for a really good donkey, while excellent ponies can be bought for a quarter or a third of the money.

The most remarkable sight, perhaps, is the number of camels to be seen slowly marching through the streets of Cairo. Camels in the desert one expect to find, but few people are prepared to see so many of them in the city. The fact is they largely supply the place of carts, of which very few indeed are to be seen, and nearly all the alfalfa used in Cairo is brought in, stacked on and around camels. Both donkeys and the numerous horses in small hack carriages, which abound here, seem to be fed almost entirely on alfalfa. Till one is accustomed to the sight, it is most strange to see a stream of large stacks of this bright, green herb perambulating the streets, with a little bit of four legs shown beneath each, a weak, foolish-looking head, rather like an ostrich's, at the end of a long neck, peering out in front and carelessly chewing the cud, and the smallest possible piece of the camel's rather slight hind-quarters just visible behind. The alfalfa is so stacked at either side of the animal in nets of rope, and on his back, that no more of the camel than I have described is visible from a side view.

The camels may often be seen going about singly, but very often as many as six of them are tied together by a slight string and march along, always in single file, very silently, for their great soft pads of feet, intended for walking on sand, make no noise, yet by their very size and character clearing a path for themselves without difficulty through the swarms of humanity, whose noise and excitement contrast most unfavourably with the dignity and quiet of these great, tall denizens of the desert.

Another strange sight to see is the water carriers going about the streets. Water is laid all through Cairo, but the water rate is high, and many of the poor people prefer to buy their water from the carriers, as they or their ancestors have been doing from time immemorial, rather than impoverish themselves by adopting such new-fangled European fads as mysterious jets coming out of iron pipes. Some of the water-sellers carry the water in large earthenware vessels with brass spouts, that are strapped on to their backs, and from which they pour the water very cleverly over their shoulder by just stooping forward, into a cup which they hold in their hands. The majority, however, still use goatskins, which look most uninviting, being black skins with the hair only roughly shaved off them and with the four legs and tail cut off not very short, and tied up, while the water runs out through the neck of the skin, where a small orifice only is left. These large skins are sometimes on the backs of donkeys, but more often the men carry them on their own backs, yet looking most cheerful, and clinking two brass cups in one of their hands to call the attention of the passer-by to the fact that a drink of the good water of the river Nile may be obtained on payment of a very small piece of money.



W. J. STEWARD, ESQ., M.H.R.

(Speaker of the House of Representatives.)

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MR WILLIAM JUKES STEWARD, M.H.R. for Waimate, Major in the New Zealand Volunteer Force, and a Justice of the Peace for the colony, was born in 1841 at Reading, Berks, and educated at King Edward VI. Grammar School, Ludlow, Salop. He arrived in New Zealand in September, 1862, and was for some years resident in Christchurch, where he took an active part in volunteer matters, raising and commanding the No. 6 Company C.V.R., now the City Guards. Having removed to Oamaru in 1867, he edited the *North Otago Times* for twelve and a-half years, and eventually became the principal proprietor. Mr Steward was elected for Waitaki at the general election in 1870, and sat for that electorate during the Parliament of 1871-75. Being defeated at the general election in 1875, he became mayor of Oamaru, and occupied the civic chair for three years in succession, 1876-7-8. He sat in the last Provincial Council of Otago, representing Oamaru county district, and was a member of the last Provincial Executive. Having raised companies of rifle volunteers in Oamaru, Otepopo, and Hampden, which, with the Oamaru Artillery, were formed into a battalion, he held the command as major for over five years. In 1879 Major Steward removed to Waimate, where he remained for six years editing the *Waimate Times*. Subsequently he became proprietor of the *Ashburton Mail*, and also editor. In 1881 he appealed successfully to the electors of the Waimate constituency, and entered the House as their representative. There Major Steward has established a reputation for the moderation of his views, and for such a sound knowledge of the forms of Parliament, that on the meeting of the present House of Representatives he was elected Speaker over Mr Rolleston by a majority of thirty-six to twenty-nine.

GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

AT noon on Tuesday, December 30, a fire broke out in a block of warehouses on the south side of Queen Victoria-street, in the City, in the paper warehouse of Messrs Davidson and Co., in an upper room occupied by working girls. It quickly spread, with a north-easterly wind, to the adjacent premises of Messrs Adolph Frankau and Co., importers of tobacconists' fancy wares, thence to the Victoria Luncheon Rooms of Mr T. Baze, and to Messrs Revillon's wholesale fur warehouse. These premises, with much valuable stock, were destroyed, and the damage is estimated at £300,000. In spite of the efforts of the Fire Brigade, with twenty-three steam-engines, under Captain Shaw, the fire was not subdued till four o'clock in the afternoon. The woodwork of the tower of the Welsh Church, St. Benet's, close to Messrs Davidson's warehouse, soon caught fire, and it was much damaged. There were some fears of the conflagration extending down Benet-hill to Thames-street. Happily there was no loss of life, most of the workpeople being out at the dinner hour. The fire caused great alarm in that part of London. It was immediately followed by another, at Hackney-wick, destroying the chemical factory of Messrs Hope, with 100,000 gallons of oil.

We append to the above the description of an eye-witness of the conflagration, gathered from the premises of the London agency of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, which lie in the same street, and had a narrow escape of being involved in the general catastrophe:—'I saw it travelling down the street towards 147 with fearful rapidity. The flames leaped out from the windows, and were carried from one window to another by the strong, biting, bitter wind, until it seemed the whole block from Frankau's to Shaw's building would be involved. We got our publications out from 147 as quickly as possible, Messrs Story and Lingey's and Nops affording a shelter for mine, while the people below deposited many of theirs in a cab in Thames-street. The firemen were at one time in fear lest the fire would reach 143, where it was understood there was a store of cartridges, and if so the result would have been—well, we don't know. Fortunately, the wind shifted when the fire had reached Revillon Freres, which was of the greatest help to the firemen, who then seemed to get the upper hand of the fire, which was thus stopped three doors from our place. You will see by the papers it was no child's play for the firemen. One poor fellow was brought into our place who had been overcome with heat and smoke, and had a fall. They gave him some brandy, and he was removed in an ambulance. I have seen a few fires here, but I never saw one spread with such rapidity. The men came off the escapes and ladders with beards and clothes covered with ice. One man came down, and could hardly move himself when he reached the ground. Yesterday the ruins, ladders, lamps, pavement, roadway, etc., were covered with ice, and crowds of people have been to "have a look," the police having to request the "lookers" to move on.'

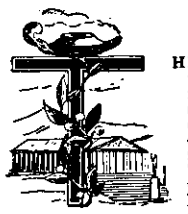
FIRE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

This serial commenced in the 'Graphic' on November 15. Back numbers may be obtained.

JANET:

THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of 'Laird of Norlaw,' 'Agnes.'



CHAPTER LXI.

HE policeman's epigrammatic assertion that it was difficult for a known man to struggle with the police is still more true when it is only a door which stands before a couple of men, excited and exasperated by failure and a probable discovery. The door was a strong door, it was partially plated with iron, and its lock was cunningly devised; but after a while it began to give way. Meredith, altogether absorbed in this new turn of affairs, and carried away by the prospect which it opened to him, as well as to its assailants, seemed to the bystanders to have altogether gone over to the enemy. He stood by them, encouraging them in a low tone, suggesting how to strike, examining into the weak points with the keenest critical eye; in fact, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting all his precautions and pretence of indifference, and throwing on the side of the assailants. He had, it is true, the safe ground to fall back upon, that as he had always been assured there was nothing there, he could do no possible harm in helping to prove that to the men who would not be convinced in any other way. Mrs Harwood sat with her face to the door, her arms crossed upon her breast, her whole frame swaying and moving with the strokes that rained upon it. When a crash came she shivered and shrank into herself as if the blow had struck her—a low moan came involuntarily to her lips. Gussy, who had abandoned Meredith after trying in vain to recall him, came and stood by her mother's chair, with a hand upon her shoulder, trying to restrain her. 'Oh, mamma, for God's sake,' said Gussy in her ear, 'don't! Don't let them see that you mind it so.' The mother half turned to her a face which was livid in its terror. Her eyes, so clear usually, had lost their colour even, and seemed to float in a sort of liquefication, the iris disappearing into the watery blank globe, her mouth being open. She uttered a murmur of inarticulate passion, and made as though she would have struck the soothing hand. But the men at this exciting work took no notice of Mrs Harwood. The officer of the law was more fit to break down a resisting door than to draw subtle deductions from the looks of the besieged family. The practical matter was within his sphere. He only looked round with an exclamation of triumph when the door at last burst from its holdings, and the dark passage gaped open before them with its curtains drawn back. 'There!' he shouted, turning back for a moment, 'there's your door that never was used,' and would have dashed in had not his attendant held him back. 'I say,' said the man who had hitherto followed him like a shadow, 'how do you know that he hasn't got a revolver up there?' The detective fell back for a moment. 'You've got to risk it,' he said with the professional stoicism of a man bound to meet danger at any time. He was not of much use in scenting out a mystery, but he could face a possible revolver with the stolid courage of his class. He made a pause, however, and added with a raw effort of reflection, 'And this one's new to it; he's not up to their dodges—' *They* were the criminal class with which a straightforward policeman is accustomed to deal.

Meredith followed with an excitement which made him forget everything, even the group of women bewildered in the hall. He knew his way, though he dared not show it. He followed the burly figure, and the smaller ill-trained one of the attendant informer and witness, as they wound themselves up in the curtains and came to a pause opposite every obstacle. The passage was perfectly dark, but the inner doors were not closed, notwithstanding the sounds of assault which those within must have heard. It turned out that the only individual within who had his wits about him had been too closely occupied to be able to look to those means of defence.

For a moment the group of the ladies below hung together in bewildered horror. Then Julia launched herself after the men into the dark passage, drawn by inextinguishable curiosity and the excitement of a child in sight of the unknown. Mrs Harwood had covered her face with her hands, and lay back in her chair, fallen upon herself like a fallen house, lying, so to speak, in ruins. Gussy, with her arm round her mother's shoulders, whispered, with tears and a little gasping, frightened crying, some words that were intended to be consolatory in her inattentive ears. 'It is nothing wrong,' Gussy said; 'it is nothing wrong. It was to save him. It is nothing wrong.' But by and by the strong attraction of that open way along which the unseen party were stumbling seized upon her also. And her patient, who had to be taken care of—who was throwing himself back! Gussy cast a piteous glance upon her mother, lying there with her face in her hands, paying no attention, whatever comfort might be poured into her ear, and presently impatience got the better of her sympathy, and she, too, followed in the train. She knew the secret of the wing. She was the only other in the house, except Mrs Harwood, to whom the secret was known. But in how soft and simple a way. She was troubled, but she had no sense of guilt; and Gussy said to herself that it was her duty to go and explain, to make it known to the others how simple it all was, when the fascination became too much for her to resist, and, with one glance at her mother, she too stole away. As for Dolff, he had disappeared from their minds, and the incredible suspicion attached to him, as if he had never been born. From the moment that the search began it had been to Mrs Harwood a search for her secret and nothing more.

Janet had been all this time hanging about unseen. She could not rest, she who knew so much more than anyone else in the house—both the mystery of the wing and the single miserable story of Dolff and his guilt, both of them—as nobody else did, neither Mrs Harwood, whose thoughts were concentrated upon one, nor Meredith, who had discovered that and divined the other, but did not know as Janet did, who knew everything, what had been the cause of Dolff's terrible folly, and what its results, and even when and how he had disappeared. She had been hanging about, now in one room, now in another, terrified to show herself, incapable of concealing herself, her very terror of being mixed up in it yielding to the fellow-feeling of a general misery in which she had but her share, and that not so great a share as the others. When she saw that the mother of the house, who was the most to be pitied of all in this dreadful emergency, was left there forlorn and alone, lying helpless, unable to go after the others, to confront the catastrophe, at least, as her children could, Janet's heart was touched. She stole down the stairs where she had been watching, looking down upon them all, and came to Mrs Harwood's side. It was not for her to console or comfort. Janet was aware that she had been more or less the cause of all the trouble. She had found out the family secret, without in the least understanding it, and this was no blame of hers; but she had betrayed it to one who did understand it, and who might, for all she knew, use his knowledge unmercifully, being, as she knew him to be, a man with very little ruth or inclination to spare another. And she had been, without any doubt, the cause of Dolff's misfortune in every step. She had taken him into her toils innocently enough, with no more guiltiness than that of any other girl who had let a foolish young man fall in love with her, and then had driven him mad by her falsehood, and him into crime—almost to the crime of murder. All this was in Janet's mind as she stole down the stairs to his mother's side. She had plenty of excuse for herself had anyone accused her, but in her heart she was impartial, and knew very well how much she was to blame. Her heart beat loudly in consonance with the sounds of that exploring party in the dark passage, going to find out—how much more than they sought! She understood it all better than anyone. Meredith's keen satisfaction in unveiling the mystery, and the stupid astonishment of the strangers, who had no suspicion, and Gussy—— But what Gussy would feel was the one thing that Janet did not divine, for she was unaware how much or how little Gussy knew.

She stood by the chair in which Mrs Harwood lay, all sunken upon herself like a fallen tower, her face hidden, her shoulders drawn together, sinking to her knees. Janet dared not say anything. She put her hand upon the arm of her chair, not even upon the unhappy lady's arm, which she felt that she dared not touch, and stood by her. It was all anyone could do. The two were left there like a wreck on the shore, from which everything had ebbed away, even the tumult and the storm which had been raging round. The sounds went on getting fainter, the voices dropped, the footsteps seemed to mount and then grow still, stumbling at first a little, gradually dying out. Mrs Harwood did not move, nor did Janet, standing by her, scarcely breathing. Were they both following, in imagination, the darkling way which both knew, or had the mother, at last, fallen into a blind insensibility, hearing and knowing no more?

This imagination was, however, suddenly put an end to by a moaning from the chair, 'I can't bear this any longer; I can't bear this!' said Mrs Harwood. 'Oh, my God! my God! Have they got *there*?' Then she cried loudly, 'I can't bear it. I can't bear it;' and, with a sudden wrench, as if she were tearing herself like a limb from its socket, the disabled woman rose. Janet, terrified, gave a cry of dismay as, stumbling and tottering, she flung herself out of the chair. Whether Mrs Harwood had been aware of her presence before this she could not tell; but, at all events, now she was beyond all sentiment of displeasure or reproof. She put out her shaking hand and grasped at Janet's arm as if it had been a post. The girl's slight figure swayed and almost gave way at the sudden weight flung upon it; but the burden steadied her after the first moment's uncertainty. Mrs Harwood's face had collapsed with the extreme anguish of the crisis past; her features seemed blurred, like the half-liquid, vaguely floating eyes, which did not seem to see anything. She made a heavy, uncertain step forward, carrying her prop with her by mere momentum of weight and weakness. 'Come,' she said hoarsely, 'come!'

Janet never knew how those dark passages were got through. She was herself enfolded, carried away in the bearing of the helpless woman who leaned upon her guidance for every step. Their progress was wildly devious and uneven, every step being a sort of falling forward, which nevertheless carried them on with spasmodic rapidity, though terrible effort. The voices and steps in front of them grew audible again, but before they reached the door, which stood open with curtains drawn aside, disclosing a warm blaze of light, there arose a sudden tumult, a roar as of some wild creature, with answering cries of panic and dismay. The opened doorway suddenly darkened with a crowd of retreating figures, and Julia darted out from the midst and came blindly flying upon the tottering group that was struggling forward. 'Go back, go back!' cried Julia, 'whoever you are. There's a madman there!' And then she gave a shriek as wild as the sounds that came from the room. 'Oh,' cried the girl, her shrill voice dominating even that riot, 'it's mamma! My mother's here!'

CHAPTER XLII.

NEXT moment they had surged as on the top of a wave to the room within. Nothing could be more strange than the scene presented there. The room was curtained all round with red, hung above a man's height with the ruddy thick folds, upon which the firelight threw a still warmer flicker. A shaded lamp filled it with softened light, and from above, from what seemed a large skylight, a white stream of moonlight fell in, making a curious disturbing effect in the warm artificial light. These accessories, however, though they told afterwards, were as nothing to the sight that burst upon the eyes of the new comers. In the centre of the room stood a tall old man, with a long pallid face, straggling white hair, and a white beard. His face was distorted with excitement, his voice bellowing forth a succession of cries, or rather roars, like the roars of a wild animal. His loose lips gave forth these utterances with flying foam and a sort of mechanical rapidity: 'I know what you've come for! I can pay up! I can pay up! I've plenty of money, and I can pay up! But I won't be taken, not if it costs me my life!' These were the words that finally emancipated themselves from the stammering utterance and became clear.

Vicars stood behind this wild figure holding both his arms, but it was only by glimpses that the smaller man was visible holding the other as in a vice. 'Come, sir, come, sir, no more of this, they'll take you for a fool,' he said. And then this King Lear resumed. The foam flew from his lips; his great voice came out in its wild bellowing, the very voice which Janet had heard so often. It had seemed to her to utter but an inarticulate cry, but this, it would seem, was what it had been saying all the time—words in which there were some meaning—though what that meaning was, or whether the speaker himself understood it, who would say?

The policeman and his attendant had edged towards the doorway, and stood there huddled upon one another. The leader of the search had been willing to face a revolver, but the madman was a thing for which he was not prepared. He stood against the doorway ready to retreat still further in case there should be any further advance. Meredith and Gussy had passed into the room, and stood together, she very anxious, he very eager at the side, where his wild eyes had not caught them. Behind was Dolff very pale, standing half concealed by the group formed by the madman and his attendant, raising his head to look over them to the two in the doorway who had come to look for him, and had received so unexpected a check.

Mrs Harwood stumbled into the midst of this strange scene with her tottering uncertain stride, driving Janet with her. She put up her hand to hold back the dreadful insane figure. She was at one of the moments in life when one is afraid of nothing—shrinks from nothing. 'Take him back to his seat, Vicars, she said, 'take him back. Adolphus!' The tottering, helpless woman stood up straight, and put her hand upon the madman's breast. The eyes that had been blind with misery changed and dissolved as if to dew in their orbits, consolidated again, opened blue and strong like a relighted flame. She fixed them upon the staring red eyes of the maniac. 'Adolphus, go back, be silent, calm yourself. There is no need for you to say anything. I am here to take care of you. Let Vicars put you back in your chair.'

'I will not be taken,' he said, 'I will not be taken. I can pay up. I have got money, plenty of money. I will pay up.'

'Vicars,' cried Mrs Harwood, imperiously, 'put him back in his chair.' She held her hand on his breast, and fixed her eyes upon his, pushing him softly back. The roarings grew fainter, fell into a kind of whimpering cry. 'I'll pay it all—I have plenty of money. Don't let them take me away—I'll pay everything up.'

'Go back and rest in your chair, Adolphus. Put him in his chair.'

The astonished spectators all stood looking on while the old servant and this woman, whom force of necessity had moved from her own helplessness, subdued the maniac. Vicars had partially lost his head, he had lost control of his patient, but this unlooked-for help restored him to himself. Between them they drew and guided the patient back to the chair, which was fitted with some mechanical appliances, and held him fast. Mrs Harwood seemed to forget her weakness entirely; she tottered no longer, but moved with a free step. She turned round upon the frightened policeman at the door: 'Now go,' she said, 'you have done your worst; whatever you want, go; you can get no satisfaction here.'

The intruder breathed more freely when he saw the madman sink into quietude. He said with a voice that quivered slightly, 'I am very willing to go, but that young gentleman has to come along with me!'

'Come on,' cried the attendant, whose teeth were chattering in his head. 'Come on; we can stay no longer here.'

'I'm going when that young gentleman makes up his mind to go with me.'

'What young gentleman? Why, bless you, that ain't the young gentleman,' said the man who had struggled out into the passage, and was now only kept from running by the other's strong retaining grasp. It was not wonderful that the policeman was indignant. He let his friend go with an oath, and with a sudden push which precipitated him into the outer room. 'You d——d fool! to have led me such a dance; and as much as our lives are worth, and come to nothing at the end.'

The man fell backward, but got up again in a moment and took to his heels, with the noise as of a runaway horse in the dark passage. The policeman, reassured to see that the madman was secured, had the courage to linger a moment. He turned to Meredith with a defiant look. 'It has come to nothing, sir, and I ask your pardon that I've been led into giving you this trouble by an ass. But I make bold to ask is this house licensed? and what right has anyone got to keep a dangerous madman in it without inspection, or any eye over 'im? I'll have to report it to my superior.'

'Report it to the—devil, and be off with you,' Meredith said.

The party stood round staring into each other's faces, when the strangers then withdrew. The madman struggled against the fastenings that secured him. 'Julia,' he said, 'don't let them take me!' He tried to get hold of her with his hands, feeling for her as if he did not see, and began to cry feebly, in a childish, broken voice, 'Don't let them take me. I have got enough to pay everybody. I kept it for you and the children. It was for you and the children; but I'll pay up, I'll pay everybody; only don't let them take me, don't let them take me,' he whimpered, tears, piteous, childish tears suffusing the venerable face.

'Oh,' cried Gussy, 'don't let him cry; for God's sake don't let him cry. I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it—it is too much.'

'I'll never complain any more,' said the patient; 'I'm very comfortable, I don't want for anything. You shall pay them all up yourself if you don't believe me. I'll give you the money, the money—only don't let them send me away. I've got it all safe here,' he said. 'Stop a moment, I'll give it you, and all these ladies and gentlemen can prove it that I gave it you to pay up.' He struggled to get his arms free, trying to reach his breast pocket with one hand. 'Vicars, get it out, and give it to your mistress. The money—the money, you know, to pay everybody up. Only,' he cried, putting the piteous hands together which were held fast and could do so little, 'don't, Julia; don't let them take me away.'

'Oh, mamma,' cried Gussy, 'I can't bear it, I can't bear it.' She fell on her knees, and covered her face.

'Who is he?' said Dolff. They had all of them, and even Dolff himself, forgotten what was the cause of this revelation. The young man came forward, very pale. 'I know nothing about this,' he said, looking round; 'nothing. I hope everybody will believe me. I want to know who he is?'

No one said a word. They all stood round, struck silent, not knowing what to think. Mrs Harwood stood with her hand upon the table, supporting herself, yet asking no other support. She was perfectly pale, but her countenance had recovered its features and expression. She did not even look at her children, one on her knees, one standing up confronting her, demanding to know the truth. To neither of them did she give a word or look. Her eyes were fixed upon the man who was thus utterly in her hands. Vicars extracted an old, large pocket-book from the pocket of the patient, and handed it to her, not without a sort of smile—half-mocking—on his face. She took it, and, glancing at it with a certain disdain, as if a trick often employed but no longer necessary had disgusted her, flung it on the table.

'There are in this book,' she said, 'old scraps of paper of no value. This is what I am to pay his debts with. He has given it to me twenty times before. I get tired in the end of playing the old game over and over.'

'Mother, who is he?' cried Dolff. 'You have had him in your house in secret, never seeing the light of day, and I your son never knew. Who is he?'

Mrs Harwood made no reply.

It was a question to which no one there could give any answer, except perhaps Gussy on her knees, with her hands covering her face, who did not look up or give any attention to what was going on. Meredith alone seemed to have some clear idea in his mind; his face shone with aroused interest and eagerness, like a man on the very trace of knowledge of the utmost importance to him. A rapid process of thought was going on in his mind, his intelligence was leaping from point to point. 'You will perhaps be surprised,' he said, 'to hear that I have known this for some time.'

'You!' Mrs Harwood half turned to him, a glance as of fire passing over her face. 'You!'

'Yes, I who have several interests involved. I had just received certain information on the subject when that young fool, thinking heaven knows what other folly, knocked me down, taking me at unawares, and nearly killed me. Oh, yes, it is perfectly true it was Dolff who did it. You start as if I was likely to make any fuss on that subject. Is it true that he had the money to pay everybody?—that is what I want to know.'

'Charley, Charley, do you mean to say that Dolff——'

'Oh, I mean nothing about Dolff,' he said, impatiently; 'answer me, Mrs Harwood.'

'I can't answer for nothing, Mrs Harwood,' cried Vicars, 'if you keep a lot of folks round him. He is working himself up into a fury again.'

The madman was twisting in his chair, fighting against the mechanical bonds that secured him. He was looking towards the pocketbook which lay on the table. 'She has got my money, and she throws it down for anybody to pick up,' he cried. 'My money! there's money there to pay everything! Why don't you pay those people and let 'em go—pay them, pay them and let them go—or else give me back my money,' he cried, wildly straining forward, with his white hair falling back, his reddened eyes blazing, struggling against his bonds. Mrs Harwood took up the pocketbook, and, weighing it, with a sort of forced laugh, in her hand—

'You think there may be a fortune here—enough to pay? And he thinks so. Give it to him, Vicars. We've tried to keep it all quiet, but it seems we have failed. You may have the door open now—you may do as you please. It can't matter any longer. I have thought of the credit of the family, and of many things that nobody else thinks of. And of his comfort.—nobody can say I have not thought of his comfort. Look round you, everything, everything we could think of. But it is all of no use.'

The old man had caught the pocketbook from Vicars' hands with a pitiful demonstration of joy. He made a pretence of examining its contents, eagerly turning them over as if to make sure that nothing was lost, kissing the covers in enthusiasm and delight. He made an attempt with his confined arms to return it to his pocket, but, failing in that, kept it embraced in both his hands, from time to time kissing it with extravagant satisfaction. 'As long as I have got this they can do nothing to me,' he said.

While this pantomime was going on, and while still Mrs Harwood was speaking, a little movement and rustle in the group caught everybody's attention as if it had been a new fact, but it was only Janet stealing away behind the others who had a right there which she did not possess. She had been watching her moment. She herself, who had nothing to do with it, had received her share of discomfiture too. Her heart was sinking with humiliation and shame. What had she to do with the mysteries of the Harwoods, the things they might have to conceal? What was she to them but a stranger of no account, never thought of, dragged into the midst of their troubles when it pleased them, thrown off again when they chose? Nobody would have said that Janet had any share in this crisis, and yet it was she who had received the sharpest arrow of all; or so, at least, she thought. She slipped behind Julia, who was bigger and more prominent than she, and stole through the bewildering stairs and passages. How well she seemed to know the way, as if it had been familiar to her for years. And it was she who had given information—she who had been the cause of everything, drawn here and drawn there into affairs alike alien to her, with which she had nothing to do. They were all moved by her departure; not morally, indeed, but by the mere stir it caused. Gussy rose from her knees, showing a countenance as pale as death and still glistening with tears. She said, 'Mamma shall we go away? Whatever there may be to be said or explained, it ought not to be done here.' She went up to the old man in the chair, who was still embracing his pocket-book, and kissed him on the forehead. 'If any wrong has been done to you, I don't know of it,' she said; 'I thought it was nothing but good.'

'No wrong has been done to him—none—none,' cried Mrs Harwood, suddenly dropping from her self-command and strength. 'Children, you may not believe me, since I've kept it secret from you. There has been no wrong to him—none—none. If there has been wrong it has not been to him. Oh, you may believe me at least, for I have never told you a lie. Everything has been done for him. Look round you—look round you and you will see.'

'Who is he?' said Dolff, obstinate and pale, standing behind the chair.

'You have no thought for me,' said the mother. 'You see me standing here, come here to defend you all, in desperation for you, and you never ask how I am to get back, whether it will kill me—— No, no, Janet has gone, who supported me, who was a stranger, and asked no questions, but only helped a poor woman half mad with trouble and distress Ah!' she said, 'he would go mad and get free—he who was the cause of it all, but I have had to keep my sanity and my courage and bear it all, and look as if nothing was the matter, for fifteen years. For whom? Was it for me? It would have been better for me to have died and been done with it all. For you children, to give you a happy life, to do away with all disgrace, to give you every advantage. Yes, I'll take your arm, Ju; you have not been a good child, but you know no better. Get me to my chair before I drop down; get me to my chair—' She paused a moment, and looked round with a hard laugh. 'For I am very heavy,' she said, 'and I would have to be carried, and who would do it I don't know. Ju, make haste, before my strength is all gone. Get me to my chair.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

Gussy was the last to leave of that strange procession, of whom no one spoke to the other. She closed the door after her, and the curtains, and followed the erect figure of Dolff, drawn up as it never had been in his life before, and walking stiffly, as if carrying a new weight and occupying a position unknown. They all came into the hall, defiling solemnly one after the other, to find Mrs Harwood deposited in her chair and awaiting them, almost as if the whole events of the evening had been a dream and she had never left that spot. It was with a strange embarrassment, however, that they looked at each other in the pale, clear light as they emerged from the doorway, almost like making new acquaintances, as if they had never seen each other before. Nobody certainly had seen Dolff in that new manifestation; nor was Gussy, she whose very existence had been wrapt up in that of Meredith, who had only lived to watch him for weeks past, recognisable. It was she who came out the last, but who made herself the first of the group. 'There may be a great many things to say,' said Gussy; 'but not to-night. We have all had a great many agitations to-night. My brother has been hunted for his life. My mother has done a thing which, so far as we know, she hasn't been able to do for years. Mr Meredith has had a bad illness, for which it appears this unfortunate family is responsible too. I only and my little sister'—she paused here with an effort—'no; I will not pretend; I have had my share of the shock, too. We'd better all separate for the night.'

'Gussy!' cried Mrs Harwood, with a sharp tone of appeal.

'Gussy!' cried Meredith, astonished, trying to take her hand to draw her towards him.

'Gussy!' said Dolff, with a certain indignation.

'It is no use,' she said 'to appeal to me. I think I am the one who has been deceived all round. I thought I knew everything, and I've known nothing. Whatever may be the meaning of it, I for one am not able for any more to-night, and none of the rest ought to be able for it. I don't know whether I may have been deceived there, too, about how much invalids could bear. Good-night, mamma. I advise you to go to bed.'

Gussy waved her hand to the others without a word, and walked upstairs without turning her head. The sudden failure of a perfect faith in all the world, such as she had entertained without entering into complications for which her mind was not adapted, is no small matter. It is alarming even for others to see. They all stood huddled together for a moment as if a rock or a tower had fallen before their eyes. They could scarcely see each other for the dust and darkness it made. All the other events of this startling night seemed to fall into the background. Gussy! who had been the central prop of the house, who had kept everybody together, done everything! When she thus threw up her arms they were all left in dismay and fell into an assemblage of atoms, of units—no longer a united party ready to meet all comers. Meredith, perhaps, he who had been the most eager, was the most discomfited of all. He had claimed Gussy's interest as his right for years. When she thus withdrew, not even asking if he were fatigued, speaking almost as if she thought that fatigue a pretence, he was so bewildered that he could do nothing. An anxious believer like this is accepted perhaps with too much faith and considered too inalienable a possession; and when she fails the shock is proportionately great. Without Gussy to stand by him, to make him believe himself a universal conqueror, always interesting, Meredith for the moment was like an idol thrown from his pedestal. He was more astonished than words could say. He said, hurriedly, 'I think Gussy is right, as she always is. Mrs Harwood, I will say good-night.'

Mrs Harwood was altogether in a different mind. The period of reaction had not come with her as yet. She had got herself deposited in her chair in time enough to save her from any breaking down. And her spirit was full of excitement. 'I am ready,' she said, with a panting hot breath of mental commotion, 'to explain—whatever it is necessary to explain. Take me back to my room, Dolff. It is cold here.'

'Good-night,' said Meredith. 'I will not encroach upon you longer to-night.'

'As you like,' she said. 'I warn you, however, that to-morrow—— Dolff, take me back to my fire.'

Dolff was unsubdued like his mother. The reaction from a long period of repression, and the sense of safety after a great alarm, no doubt acted upon his mind, though, so far as he was aware, he was moved by nothing save the overwhelming discovery he had made, and his indignant sense of wrong in finding such a secret retreat unsuspected in his mother's—in his own—house. 'We'll be better alone,' he said in the stern tone which was so new to him, putting his hand upon her chair; 'but perhaps you could walk if you tried,' he added, with rude sarcasm. He drove rather than wheeled her before him into the deserted room, where all was so brilliant and warm, the light blinking in the bright brass and steel, the lamps serenely burning, everything telling of the tranquil life, unbroken by any but cheerful incidents, which had gone on there for so many years.

'Now, mother,' said Dolff, 'we have got to have it out. Who is that man upstairs?'

Julia had followed them unremarked, and remained behind her mother's chair. Dolff stood before them, in the full firelight, very erect, inspired with indignation and that sense of superiority which injury gives. It had elevated him altogether in the scale of being. His own shortcomings had fallen from his consciousness. He was aware of nothing but that he, Dolff, in reality the head of the family, had been deceived and compromised.

Mrs Harwood took but little notice of her son. She took up her work which had been thrown upon the table and turned it over in her fingers. 'Gussy was right,' she said, 'though she was a little brusque in her way of saying it. I am certainly unable to bear anything more to-night.'

'I suppose, however, you can answer my question,' said Dolff.

'Go to bed, boy,' said his mother, 'and don't worry me. We have two or three things to talk over, you and I, which are too much for to-night.'

'I am not a boy any longer,' cried Dolff; 'you have made me a man. Who is it you have been hiding for years upstairs?'

She gave vent to a little fierce laugh. 'For my pleasure,' she said; 'for my amusement, as anybody may see.'

'Whether it is for your amusement or not,' said Dolff, 'I am of age, and I have a right to know who is living in my house.'

'In *your* house!' Her exasperation was growing. 'Don't force me, Dolff, to go into other questions to-night.'

'Whose house is it?' he said. 'There's been no question, because you have kept everything in your hands; but if I am to be driven to it, and claim my rights——'

'Your rights!' she cried, again repeating his words. 'Was it one of your rights to knock down a man like a coward from behind? It appears this is what you think you may be permitted to do with impunity—to have my house searched in every corner and to destroy all that I have been doing for years, and to bring shame and disgrace to a house that I have kept free of this, almost at the risk of my life.'

'I did not,' cried Dolff, interrupting her eagerly. 'I did not knock him down from behind. I had not time to think. I let fly at him as I passed. It's a lie to say I knocked him down from behind.'

'You did the same thing; you took him unawares. And you dare to question me! You killed a man at my door—or meant to do it—and never breathed a word to warn us, to keep us from the disgrace——'

Dolff was not clever enough to know what to say. His snort of rage was not attended by any force of bitter words. He only could repeat, with rage and incompetence, 'At *your* door?'

'Perhaps,' said Mrs Harwood, half carried away by passion, half influenced by the dismay which she knew she had it in her mind to call forth, 'it would be better, since you are exact, to say at your father's door.'

Dolff responded with a strange cry. He did not understand it, but he felt all the same that a blow which stunned him had been directed at him, and that the ground was cut from beneath his feet.

'He has neither been tried, nor sentenced, nor anything proved against him,' cried Mrs Harwood, carried away now by the heat of her own excitement. 'All that has to be gone through before he can be put aside. And at this moment everything's his—the roof that covers you, the money you have been spending. It is no more your house—*your* house!—than it is Julia's. It is your father's house.'

'My father is dead,' said Dolff, who had again grown very pale, the flush of passion dying out of his face.

'Yes,' said Mrs Harwood, 'and night have remained so, had it not been for your cowardly folly and Vicars' infatuation for you. How was it the man had not the sense to see that a fool like you would spoil all?'

'You are dreaming, you are mad,' said Dolff; 'you are telling me another lie.' But though he said this with almost undiminished passion, the young fellow's superiority, his erect pose, his sense of being able to cow and overwhelm her, had come to an end. He fell into his usual attitude, his shoulders dropped and curved, his head hung down. He could fling a last insult at his mother, but no more. And his own mind began to be filled with unfathomable dismay.

Julia had been very uncertain what side to take. Her mind went naturally with her brother, who was most near herself. But a mother is a mother after all. You may feel her to be in some way your natural enemy when the matter is between yourself and her; but when another hand plucks at her it is different. A girl is not going to let her mother be insulted, who after all means her own side, without interposing. Julia suddenly flew forth from behind her mother's chair and flung herself upon Dolff's arm, seizing it and shaking him violently. 'How dare you speak to her like that?' cried Ju, 'you that can't do anything you try—not even kill Charley Meredith when you have the chance! I should be ashamed to look anyone in the face. Go away, go away, and leave us quiet, you that have done it all, that brought the police into the house, and yet did not hurt him to speak of, you great, useless, disappointing boy!'

Dolff did not know how to sustain this sudden assault. He looked round stupidly at the active assailant at his shoulder with a little pang, even in his agitated and helpless state, to find that Julia was no longer on his side. His head was going round and round, already in his soul he had entirely collapsed, although he still kept his feet in outward appearance. And it would have been difficult to end this scene without an entire breakdown on one side or the other, had not the pensive little voice of the parlourmaid become audible at this moment over their heads, making them all start and draw back into themselves. 'If you please, ma'am,' said Priscilla, 'for I can't find Miss Gussy, shall I take Mr Meredith's tray to his room, or shall I bring it in here?'

'I think Mr Meredith is going to bed,' said Mrs Harwood; 'he is a little tired. Take it into his room, Priscilla. And Miss Gussy has gone to bed: you may come now and help me to get into my room, and then shut up everything. It is later than I thought.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Priscilla, in those quiet tones of the commonplace which calm down every excitement. Priscilla indeed was herself bursting with curiosity and eagerness to find out what had happened. The long-shut-up door stood ajar, and every maid in the house had already come to peep into the dark passage and wonder what it led to, and the keenest excitement filled the house. But a parlourmaid has as high a standard of duty as anyone, were it an archbishop. It was against the unwritten household law to show any such commotion. She took hold of the handle of her mistress's chair as she did on the mildest of domestic evenings, and drew her very steadily and gently away. The only revelation she made of knowing anything was in the suggestion that a little gruel with a glass of wine in it would be a proper thing for Mrs Harwood to take. 'You may bring me the glass of wine without the gruel,' Mrs Harwood was heard saying as the sound of her wheels

moved slowly across that hall, an hour ago the scene of such passionate agitation. 'I don't think I have caught cold. A glass of wine——and a few biscuits,' she said as by an afterthought. Was this part of the elaborate make-believe intended to deceive the servants and persuade them that nothing particular had happened? or was she indeed capable of munching those biscuits after such a night of fate?

'Ju, don't you turn against me,' said Dolff, feebly, throwing himself into a chair when they were thus left alone.

'Oh!' cried Julia, still panting with her outburst, 'to think you had hold of him and didn't really hurt him, not to matter! I can never, never forgive you, Dolff.'

'Oh, hold your tongue, you little fool; the only thing I'm glad of is that I didn't hurt him—to matter! You don't know what it is to live for a long week, all the time he was insensible, thinking you have killed a man!'

'When it was only Charley Meredith!' Julia said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BETHIA'S FATE.

MAWDELEY—CALL.—On the 7th inst., at St. Matthew's, Birchfield, by the Rev. J. Clarke, Edbert, grandson of the late General Mawdeley, of Birchfield Manor, to Janette, eldest daughter of John Call, M.D., Birchfield.

THIS announcement was read by a girl in the reading-room of the Hôtel du Faucon, Lausanne. She had just come in from a walk with some friends, and entered the reading-room in search of her father. She found him deep in a budget of letters. He looked up as she took a seat beside him, and informed her the English post was in.

'Here are some letters and a paper for you,' he added, handing them to her.

'I wonder who is sending me a paper,' she wondered, as she looked at the wrapper. 'Well, it can wait. I shall read my letters first.'

Having finished them, she took up the paper again and opened it. A marriage notice marked in blue pencil attracted her eye, and she read the above paragraph.

'I am glad he is married,' she said, and then, letting the paper drop and her thoughts wander, her mind swiftly traversed the past, and brought vividly before her mental vision the tragedy of the past. A shudder shook her frame, and her father looked up anxiously.

'You have not caught a chill, have you, Aleen?'

'Oh, no, father! I was only thinking—thinking,' with a shiver, 'of Mr Rait. This paper contains the announcement of young Mawdeley's marriage.'

'Poor child, no wonder the name revived unpleasant memories. You must not think about what is past. I am glad the young fellow is happy. Now tell me what you have been doing to-day.'

Aleen complied, and strove hard to cast off all thoughts of that dark past, but the memory haunted her continually, till one day, finding herself alone, seated before the writing-table in her room, the impulse seized her to commit her recollections of the one terrible experience of her life to paper, and she wrote as follows:—

ALEEN'S STORY.

My great friend at school was Bethia Rait, a girl of my own age, but very different in character. She was shy and shrinking, with large, soft, plaintive brown eyes that gazed out on to the world with such a wistful look it gave one the heartache to see it. Her highly strung nerves and keenly sensitive disposition were not suited to a school life, but on her first arrival at school she had attached herself to me, and I, who knew not the meaning of nerves, and was, indeed, the most thorough of tomboys, warmly returned this attachment, and did my best to protect her from the disagreeables of a boarding school. We usually spent our holidays together, generally at my own home, for I was one of a large and merry family circle, and she was the only child of a widower, who always, to me, seemed to desire his daughter's absence rather than her presence.

He had rooms in London, but he was in the habit of coming down occasionally to Birchfield Manor on visits to its owner, General Mawdeley. He was the General's cousin and next heir, and, as the General was getting on in years, he regarded himself, and was looked upon by others, as almost the owner of the General's large property.

It was to Birchfield Manor that I accompanied Bethia on the few occasions that Mr Rait desired her company during the holidays, and when our schooling was over, after a long visit from Bethia to us, I returned with her to Birchfield to spend some time there.

We had only been a month at Birchfield when the General caught a chill while out driving, inflammation set in, and in a few days he was gone. Mr Rait, who was absent on the Continent, was telegraphed for, and arrived in time for the funeral.

I had never liked Mr Rait, and I fairly detested him now, when I saw how promptly he took his place as master, showing no signs of grief for the cousin who had been his best friend, and evincing a most indecent desire to obtain his money and be off to London to spend it.

'London and Paris,' as we had frequently heard him remark, 'were the only two places in the world to live in.' And to do him justice, he suited practice to theory, by spending most of his time in these two capitals. 'The only drawback,' as we had also heard him remark, 'being want of money, but with Birchfield Manor at his back he had been enabled to get along pretty well.'

My mother had written to him asking if he would let Bethia return home with me for the present, but he had answered that he wished her to remain at Birchfield, and would be glad if she would let me stay also. Consequently I stayed, but I did not like it at all, and if it had not been for Bethia, would have insisted on going home.

The night before the funeral—he had only arrived that morning—he showed an utter disregard for all decency and solemnity, talking most openly of all his plans of pleasure for the future. 'I shall take a house for the next two months in London, and introduce you to a London season, Bethia, and Miss Tuberville must come, too, and we will see what we can do for her in the way of gaiety.'

'Thank you, Mr Rait,' I said, with all the dignity of seventeen, 'but I do not know that my mother would like me to come.'

He laughed at my tone as he answered: 'Well, we shall see. If you expect me to shut myself up in seclusion and mourn because I have come in for a lot of money, which I sorely needed, you are greatly mistaken. But you are only babies yet,' he added, impatiently. 'In a few years you will have learnt more sense.'

I drew myself up, but remained silent. Bethia breathed the softest sigh, but, low as it was, her father heard it, and, turning impatiently, left the room.

But when the will was opened there was a great surprise, for it was discovered that the General's property in land and money were bequeathed to his grandson Edbert, only child of his only son, whose very existence had been a secret till now.

Bethia and I had not been present at the reading of the will, for which I felt keenly thankful when I heard of Mr Rait's unrestrained wrath at finding himself deprived of his anticipated inheritance. He was only slightly mollified after some time on discovering he had been appointed sole guardian of the boy with a legacy of £10,000.

'Not much,' he grumbled, 'when I expected twice that amount as a yearly income.'

The old housekeeper, coming to look after Bethia and me in our boudoir, was easily persuaded to sit down and repeat to us all she had been able to discover concerning the heir.

She had only known the General since he came to live at Birchfield, having inherited the property from a relative of his mother, and then he had neither wife nor child. But it turned out that the General had been early left a widower with one child, a son on whom he lavished the most devoted affection. Years went on, the son grew up, fell in love and desired to marry. He was only twenty; she was below him in position, and the General refused his consent. Some violent scenes followed between father and son, and finally, on his twenty-first birthday, young Mawdeley married his Kate, and his father solemnly renounced him.

Only one effort at reconciliation had the son since made, and that was on the birth of his own son, an event which awoke tender recollection of his own father in his breast. He wrote to announce the birth, and to beg forgiveness. But the General wrapped himself in his pride, and answered that while he lived he would never see his son nor grandson, nor hold any communication with them, nor should they touch a penny of his money during his life. Ten years later young Mrs Mawdeley had written to announce her husband's death, ending with the assurance that she needed no assistance, for she earned enough by her needle to support herself and her son Edbert. This letter had been received only a few months before the General's death, and the news had doubtless contributed to his illness. The two letters were found in the secret drawer of the General's escritoire.

Mr Dill, the lawyer, had been the only one whom the General had taken into his confidence regarding the whereabouts of his daughter-in-law and grandson, and he started off the day after the funeral to find them and bring them to Birchfield. The following day he returned, accompanied only by the boy, and told us he had found him in the charge of a friend, his mother having died suddenly a few days previously.

Bethia and I did our best to make the boy feel at home, and to comfort him for his loss, but it was long before he seemed in any degree to have overcome his grief.

Mr Rait at first treated the poor boy with contemptuous dislike, and seemed always so irritated by his presence that Bethia and I did our best to keep him out of sight. But one day Mr Rait's mood changed, and he graciously invited Edbert to accompany him in a ride. The boy went unwillingly, but returned enchanted, and from that time forth the two became inseparable, and his guardian's praises were always on Edbert's lips.

Bethia rejoiced exceedingly that her father had overcome his dislike to his innocent supplanter, and I would have been glad but that I never trusted Mr Rait's affection for Edbert. I once saw him look at his ward with an expression which frightened me. I was reading in the window seat of the morning-room, when I saw Mr Rait and Edbert come along the terrace. The latter caught sight of something, and went to the edge of the terrace to look. Then it was that I noticed the murderous expression on his guardian's face as he looked for an instant at the boy's averted face. Almost immediately afterwards, however, he was smiling pleasantly as Edbert turned and came back to him. They moved on, and when next I saw them they were riding down the avenue, Edbert listening intently to the story of some wonderful adventure of which his guardian had been the hero.

I did not wonder at Edbert's devotion, for Mr Rait could be most charming and the most delightful of companions when he pleased, and he seemed always so to please when with Edbert.

About two months after Edbert's arrival at Birchfield, Mr Rait, one morning at breakfast, announced to us that he intended to take the whole party to Horley, a very small seaside place, about two hours' journey by rail. Scarcely any visitors ever went there, but Bethia and I had sometimes gone for a day when at Birchfield, and we were very fond of the quiet little place with its sandy coves and beautiful cliffs, and had often wished to spend some time there so as to thoroughly explore the neighbourhood.

'And Miss Tuberville is to come, too,' continued Mr Rait, 'for I wrote and asked Mrs Tuberville's permission, which she has kindly given, only stipulating that on your return from Horley you two young ladies are to go to her. I have taken a cottage at Horley for a month. I shall not stay there myself, but I shall run down sometimes from London and take a look at you.'

'You are going to London, then, father?' asked Bethia.

'Yes, my dear, but I shall see you settled in at Horley first, and go on from there.'

We were soon settled at Rose Cottage, as we named our picturesque little abode, with its roses, both red and white, climbing up, round, and about it, some nodding their beautiful heads coquettishly in at the latticed windows.

We had lovely weather, and every morning we rose early and ran down to a tiny sheltered bay where we enjoyed a dip in the sparkling blue ocean rippling in on the yellow sand. Then we would go for a walk along the cliffs, returning home with large appetites for breakfast. After that we would pack a basket full of provisions, and the three of us would wander off on our explorations, either going out in our landlord's boat, under the charge of his son, a stalwart young fellow of five-and-twenty, or else we would wander inland, and find a shady place in some wood, where we would spend an idle time, reading and talking and eating, and occasionally strolling about.

What a happy time we had during those first three weeks! There was a cosy nook up the cliff, a hundred feet or so above the beach, and here we loved to sit, our books lying unheeded on our laps, our hands clasped, our lips silent, or occasionally wondering over problems to which neither of us could give an answer. It is strange the wonderful influence the ocean has over one's thoughts, what problems of life do not seem to rise up before one's mind as you watch the rise and fall of that mighty breast! How small and contemptible you feel yourself in presence of that mighty force! How powerless in the hands of Him who made us, and to Whose will even that wonderful ocean has to submit. We would feel crushed beneath the sense of nothingness did we not remember that we are greater than the ocean in that we have immortal souls, and it rests with ourselves to gain everlasting happiness or sink to depths of woe.

How we loved to watch that ocean with the white sails of yachts shining so brightly in the sunlight as they skimmed over the waters; then a puff of smoke would come round the corner of the cliff, and a tiny coasting steamer would cross the bay on her way to her next port. Further out at sea we would watch the great sailing vessels as they moved on in stately fashion, dressed out in the splendour of their spotless sails, reminding us of court dames of a bygone age, while the black hulks of the ocean liners, with their long line of grey smoke issuing from their funnels, speeding rapidly over the ocean, seemed to us fit representatives of this go-ahead century.

Mr Rait paid us a weekly visit, and each time he seemed to me to be labouring under some trouble or anxiety. When with Edbert he would make an effort to be as bright and lively as usual, but it was an effort, though the boy did not seem to notice it. When alone with Bethia and me, however, he would relapse into moodiness, and sit silent, gazing gloomily at the floor, or else start up and, taking his hat, go off for long solitary walks. He generally came from Saturday till Monday, and on Sunday it was his custom to take Edbert for a long walk. The third Sunday he came down he took Edbert, as usual, for a walk, but when they returned to the cottage, instead of coming in he went on to the beach for a smoke and talk with our landlord, and Edbert came in alone. He was full of the delightful walk they had taken, a further one than they had been yet, to quite a new part, a sandy little bay shut in by cliffs.

'At least,' added Edbert, 'we didn't go down into the bay, we only looked into it from above. Mr Rait sat down on the top and said I might climb down and explore, but when I was half-way down he called to me to come back, as it was time to start for home, but he has promised I shall go another day.'

'We must go, too,' said Bethia. 'Father!' as Mr Rait entered, 'Aleen and I want to go with you next time you take Edbert to this new bay.'

'What on earth are you talking about?' said her father, angrily. 'Edbert has been romancing, I suppose.'

'I was only telling them about that new bay we discovered to-day,' answered Edbert.

'Well, it was nothing so very wonderful after all. Now, mind, girls! I am not going to have you exploring by yourselves. I warned you before not to go about the cliffs—it is all very well for Edbert when he is with me, but they are dangerous in places, and girls are such helpless things.'

I was indignant at the aspersion cast on our sex, but held my tongue while Bethia humbly promised not to climb the cliffs without permission. Next day Mr Rait departed, and we had some more happy days. Then came the tragedy.

MR TUBERVILLE CONTINUES.

My daughter is too overcome to proceed, so I will write from what she has told me at different times when her horror permitted her to return to the subject, and from what I have gathered from others. The girls and Edbert were to leave Horley on the Saturday, and on the Thursday Bethia received a letter from her father, in which he told her he would be unable to come and escort them to Birchfield, but that he would meet them on their arrival there on Saturday evening. He went on to give them some news of his doings, and continued with an account of a meeting he had had with a distinguished conchologist, who, on hearing he had a daughter staying at Horley, had eagerly asked if she could do him the great favour of looking for a certain shell and sending it to him. He was most anxious to get it, and had just heard it was to be found in the neighbourhood of Horley. He was very much occupied at present, and could not spare the time to run down. Mr Rait had assured him of his daughter's willingness to oblige him, and his letter continued:

'Tell Edbert to go to the little bay he and I were at last Sunday, for I know this shell used to be found there, and most probably will be now. I enclose a sketch and description of the shell which the professor gave me. Edbert can take them. I don't want you girls to go, because it is a tiring climb, and Edbert can easily do it; he is very active, and it will him no harm.'

This letter was received on Thursday afternoon, and it was decided Edbert should go next morning. They went to their favourite seat on the cliffs, and while the girls sat and read Edbert climbed up the cliff. Presently there was a scream and the rattling noise of falling stones, and before the girls had time to realise what had happened, Edbert was lying at their feet pale and motionless. Aleen, fortunately, caught sight of the doctor's gig standing in front of the little hotel close by, and flew to fetch him, while Bethia watched by Edbert. Aleen speedily returned with the doctor to find the boy had recovered consciousness, and, after a close examination, the doctor pronounced he had dislocated his ankle, but there was no serious injury. They soon got him to bed, and the doctor, after settling him comfortably, left, saying he would call again in the morning. The next morning he called, and expressed himself very satisfied with his patient. A day or two's rest in bed, and then care for a time would soon set him all right.

'You can easily go home on Monday,' he told Bethia, 'only be careful you don't let him walk too soon.'

'I shall be very careful,' promised Bethia, 'and when we get home there will be our own doctor.'

The doctor took his leave, and Bethia sat down to write to her father and explain the reason for their delay in returning to Birchfield. 'He will get this letter by the first post to-morrow morning,' she observed, 'so that he need not leave London on our account so soon.'

She finished her letter and posted it, and then came in to see how Edbert was, and found him lamenting to Aleen his inability to fulfil Mr Rait's commission. And 'he seemed so anxious to get it for the professor,' he lamented.

'I don't see at all why you and I should not go, Aleen,' said Bethia. 'Papa did not want us to go when he thought Edbert could, but I am sure he would rather we got it than not go at all. We are not children; we can be trusted not to go into danger.'

'Yes, do go!' exclaimed Edbert. 'I'll explain the exact spot, and you cannot mistake it.'

Aleen, too, thought there could be no harm in going as Mr Rait appeared so desirous to obtain the shell. Accordingly, after lunch, the girls, after particular instructions from Edbert, started on their search. They followed the path along the top of the cliffs, now receding from the water, and then carrying them to the overhanging brink of bold headlands. They passed one bay after another, till finally they stopped at the spot Edbert had described to them, and looked down at the short strip of sand below.

'Are you sure this is the place?' asked Bethia, doubtingly. 'I thought it was much more unget-at-able than this. Why, this is a very easy descent.'

'Edbert told me it was quite easy,' answered Aleen. 'He could not understand why Mr Rait made such a fuss about it.'

'It was his care for me,' answered Bethia, and Aleen has told me she can never forget the look of satisfied love on her face. A very sweet face hers always was, poor little Bethia! but generally far too sad; such a pathetic look in the lovely eyes. But on this day Aleen says her face was bright, her eyes dancing with fun, and her manner animated as she gaily talked of future pleasures, and merrily wondered over what their lives would be. She had been growing more light-hearted each day of that month, and losing her old manner. The sea air and out-of-door life seemed to make her younger day by day, but on this last day she was gayest of all.

'I really believe my father is fond of me,' she had told Aleen that morning. 'I used to doubt it, but now I think he is. In his last letter he plans all sorts of delights—a long trip on the Continent, travelling about and seeing all the places one reads of, just we two alone. He says he won't require any other company.'

'What is to become of Edbert, then?' Aleen asked.

'Oh, he doesn't mention him, but I suppose he will send him to school.'

'Now for the descent,' said Bethia, after the girls had stood for a few minutes at the top of the cliff looking at the view.

They rapidly descended till close to the bottom. Aleen suddenly spied a plant she had long desired to possess growing in a crevice of the rock, and instantly went down on her knees and began trying to uproot it.

'I'll go on and get the shell,' exclaimed Bethia, 'while you secure your plant.'

She hurried on. Aleen, who was kneeling with her back to the beach, suddenly heard a wild scream of terror, and, springing to her feet, faced round, and, horror struck, beheld Bethia sinking in the sand. She uttered a piercing scream and sprang forward, but stayed her steps at Bethia's cry.

'Don't come! don't come! Call someone to help me out!'

The rest of that time is a nightmare to Aleen. She is conscious that she sought wildly to reach her friend, but even kneeling on the edge of the quicksand and stretching out her hand as far as she could, she was unable to touch Bethia's. She shouted continually, but no one heard. She looked for rope or stout sticks, but there was none, and still her friend was sinking before her eyes. She climbed the cliff, aided by the wings of love and fear, and, shouting for help at the top of her voice, ran along the path. Then a feeble cry from her friend below reached her ears, and she caught sight of a man running towards her.

'Oh, come! come!' she cried, and flew down the cliff, followed by the man.

Alas! as they reached the foot, the unintended victim of a man's avaricious hatred closed her eyes on this world which had most of her life been a 'vale of tears' to her and opened them, let us trust, on a world where she will be rewarded for all her suffering in this.

Poor Aleen was brought home by the man who had witnessed with her her friend's end, and that night she was raving in brain fever. Her mother and I were telegraphed for, but it took months of tenderest care, and after her health improved, years of easy travelling to restore her even to the shadow of her former bright self, and I fear the memory of that terrible episode will never be effaced from her mind.

We were so absorbed in our daughter that it was long before we thought of Mr Rait. Then we learned that on hearing of his daughter's fearful end he had fled the country. But the shock had unhinged his brain, and when he reached Calais he was raving. In his delirium he betrayed his deep-laid plan for getting rid of his ward by decoying him into the quicksand, the existence of which he knew well. In the event of Edbert's death without issue Mr Rait would have succeeded to the Birchfield property. But the innocent child was the victim of her father's sin, and on that father himself descended the curse of insanity.

Mr Drill undertook the charge of Edbert Mawdeley, and we hear occasionally of and from him. He has turned out a fine young fellow, I believe, but Aleen has never had the courage to look on his face since that fearful day when Bethia went forth gay and light hearted to meet her fate.

A.

IS HE RICH?

A STRANGER comes into the town and takes up his residence.

Naturally enough people talk over the circumstance, and inquire concerning the personal attributes of the young man.

Is he rich? This is the all-important question.

It is a chance if anybody inquires concerning his character. Characters belong only to servants or governesses. What does a rich young man want with a character?

Pretty, pure young girls ask the question; and, when the affirmative response comes, visions of stately mansions, and costly furniture, and gilded carriages flit before their imaginations, not to mention Paris bonnets, and Lyons velvets, and diamonds like the Kohinoor. And these innocent little darlings are quite ready to sacrifice Charles, or Sam, or Thomas, for the sake of the new-comer, who is rich.

Old ladies ask the momentous question, and wipe their spectacles in ecstacy when they learn that he is rich. They glance affectionately at their marriageable daughters, and at once set themselves to work to get up a party for the young man, 'who must feel so lonely among a community of entire strangers.'

Bless their tender and charitable old hearts! It is beautiful to think of so much goodness embodied in these female patriarchs, but it seems a little strange that they never get up parties for any of the hundreds of poor young men who wander lonely and forlorn the streets of our great cities.

Portly papas ask the question, and twirl their gaudy watch-seals, and ask Brown to introduce them, because forsooth, young men need encouragement, and 'it is deuced unpleasant not to know anybody.'

And, while they look over their bank accounts, they think how convenient would be a rich son-in-law in case of a breaking down of some 'corner,' or a financial crisis. Is he rich?

The door of society is flung open at once to him if he is rich. Gold is the 'open sesame' to the gilded portals, whose curtains never unfold to the man who counts his pounds by the score. The silken robes of wealth do not care to touch the floating rags of poverty.

The rich young man is received without question. No matter though his hands be red with the crime of extortion—though he may have taken bread from the mouths of the fatherless, and crushed the heart of the widow in the dust—if he has staked his gold at the gaming-table, blasphemed the name of the God who created him, hardened his brain by the foul stuff called alcohol, and betrayed the woman who loved him, it is no hindrance to his success in what we call society.

'THE ROMANCE OF A SPAHI.'

FRANCE'S occupations in Africa are little understood by those who simply read that troops are stationed in certain places, and advances are made into the interior occasionally by the soldiers to suppress tribal disputes or to contend against the cruel and barbarous natives who rebel against foreign control. The life of a soldier is of little moment to those who watch the advances of Europeans in that Dark Continent, and the trials endured and the barrack life which is led are almost hidden secrets. Pierre Loti has given the public some idea of those minor details of occupation in a country where solitudes spread everywhere with a sad monotony, without a vestige of life—only the moving sand hills, the boundless horizons and the blazing light of the sun.

This is on the coast of Africa after passing the southern extremity of Morocco, and at the Saint Louis of the Senegal, the capital of Senegambia, where there is no fruit, nothing but the arachis and the bitter pistachio. In the sad autumns there are great hot plains, gloomy and desolate, and withered herbs and stunted palms, and vultures, bats and lizards. But there are wonderful fish in the river Senegal. 'The women carry on their heads baskets full of them and the young black girls return to their lodgings crowned with crawling fishes pierced through the gills.' The life at St. Louis is dreary and monotonous and the idle cavalryman or spahi seeks pleasure where he can find it, and it is not strange that a cabaret should be visited, where wild bacchanalian orgies are held and where the morning finds the floor covered with broken glasses and bottles, and here and there a soldier in a sea of beer and alcohol. Occasionally a march is made where great marshes, covered with the dreary vegetation of mangroves, are passed, and stunted trees and pools of stagnant water covered with thick white vapour and the air heavy with the sickening odour, and everywhere skeletons and decaying bodies of camels and at night the jackal and hyena's sharp cries.

In the month of May come the first rains and the tornado, when the skies are terrible and the rain is torrential, and a grand confusion among the unsheltered human beings and horses and other domestic animals with the elements make a pandemonium of noises. But nature is rejuvenated. The celebrations then come of the fleeting and feverish spring time and the native marriages. It is the return of butterflies and of life. The griots, native minstrels, strike their tam-tams and the wild and voluptuous dances are held and the drinking of the kouss-kouss, made from coarse meal of millet, which is beaten with pestles in mortars, follows. These scenes are always noisy, and to the European disgusting at first, but the constant witnessing of them wears off the edge of civilized criticism, and something like music is found in the droning of the Nubians and the wild beating of the tam-tams.

It is in such a country where have been exiled so many young soldiers, whose return to their native country, while an oft-repeated dream, has never been realised. Their bones were left to bleach upon the arid sands.

The only rich man is he that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented; for there is no sum of money or quantity of estate that can denote a man rich, since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more. The desire of more is want, and want is poverty.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

TIME is the rider that breaks youth.

Employment for women—Matchmaking.

Two is company—three is being chaperoned.

Grown people feel the truth, but it is the children who tell it.

A woman forgets when she forgives; a man forgives when he forgets.

A church bazaar is like a bad scrape. It's easier to get into it than it is to get out.

If you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, cultivate your heart.

When a man starts out to a lecture he puts on a dress suit. When a woman starts out to lecture she puts on a nightgown.

It is a good plan never to become well acquainted with the people who have been held up to you as shining examples.

Probably one reason why a woman's sins are never forgiven is that she never claims that she was drunk when they were committed.

She: 'You should introduce a little change in your style of dancing.' He: 'How do you mean?' She: 'You might occasionally step on my left foot; the right has had enough.'

True happiness never flows into a man, but always out of him. Hence, heaven is sometimes found in cottages and hell in palaces. Heaven itself is more internal than external.

A common error of men and women is to look for happiness outside of useful work. It has never been found when thus sought, and never will be while the sun revolves and the earth stands.

EVERYTHING PROVIDED FOR.—Guest: 'I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire; but what is the use of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?' Bell Boy: 'Dat am intended foh use, sah, in case de fire am too far advanced foh yoh to make yoh escape, sah.'

THE INDIAN'S PHYSIQUE.—Dr. Winder of California, who has been among the Indians for thirty years, says that no white man can hope to equal their physical development. They do not train, but are born that way, and the average Indian boy of fifteen can stand more fatigue than an athlete among the white men. Small-pox and bullets are about the only things which can kill them.

There is always one disadvantage in keeping very closely to the fashion, and that is that one is the surer to be soon notably out of fashion. This is a fact that people in moderate circumstances should take to heart. It will prevent their wearing *outre* styles which are stamped openly with the season to which they belong, and are not to be mistaken. They cannot be carried over to next year.

THE USE OF SLEEP.—The question is often asked, 'How long can a man live without sleep?' The victim of the Chinese 'waking torture' seldom survives more than ten days. Those condemned to die by the waking torture are given all they wish to eat and drink, but sleep is denied them. Whenever the poor victim closes his eyes he is jabbed with spears and sharp sticks until he is awake. There is no torture more horrible.

THE 'HAPPY DESPATCH.'—'Hari-kari,' or 'the happy despatch,' was a Japanese method of execution. When an official of rank was condemned to death, a sword was sent to him; he took leave of his family, performed certain religious rites, and then plunged the sword into his bowels, drawing it down and across. If a gentleman had been insulted, he would commit hari-kari on the doorstep of his enemy; who, by the Japanese code of honour, was compelled to do the same. Only old-fashioned persons perform the 'happy despatch' nowadays in Japan; it has been shelved along with many other old customs of that empire.

MARRIAGE OF CORPSES.—A Chinese girl, recently deceased, was married to a dead boy in another village. It not infrequently happens that the son in the family dies before he is married, and that it is desirable to adopt a grandson. The family cast about for some young girl who has also died recently, and a proposition is made for the union of the two corpses in the bonds of matrimony. If it is accepted there is a combination of a wedding and a funeral, in the process of which the deceased bride is taken by a large number of bearers to the cemetery of the other family and laid beside her husband. In this case the real motive for the ceremony is the desire to have a showy funeral at the expense of another family.

DEMORALIZING A BRASS BAND.—One of the most annoying and at the same time amusing sights ever witnessed was a scene on a river excursion recently. There was a brass band on board the boat, and while the band was in the middle of a grand piece of music a small boy secured a conspicuous position in front of the players and began sucking a lemon. He acted so as to attract the attention of several of the players who seemed to be unable to avoid watching the urchin as he pulled away at the sour fruit. Now every one knows how the sight of a lemon will make one's mouth water, and that is just what the musicians wish to avoid. The harder the boy sucked the lemon the more watery became the mouths of the players, and finally they had to stop to clean their instruments, and the leader of the band had the boy removed.

HOW HIGH CAN MAN LIVE?—A traveller states that in Thibet he has lived for months together at a height of more than 15,000 feet above sea level and that the result was as follows: 'His pulse, at the normal heights only 65 beats per minute, seldom fell below 100 beats per minute during the whole time he resided at that level. His respirations were often twice as numerous in the minute as they were in the ordinary levels. A run of 100 yards would quicken both pulse and respiration more than a run of 1,000 yards at sea level, and he found that the higher the level the greater the difficulty of running or walking fast. He crossed the Gurla Mandhata mountains at a height of 20,000 feet, and found that he had the utmost difficulty in getting his breath fast enough. The native guides of the mountains suffered equally as much as the visitor.'

CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY.

THE present month will witness all over the world a re-union of the professors of Wesleyanism in a celebration of the hundreth anniversary of the decease of their founder. The development of Methodism a century and a half ago appeared to the English people living under King George II. much in the same light as that of the Salvation Army does to us in the present day. At that time Wesleyanism, or Methodism, as it was called came as a visible awakening of the religious feeling in the Church of England, which had fallen into that condition of torpidity and social over-weeningness which inevitably overtakes all wealthy and solidly-established institutions. In those times to be a Methodist was as much a sign of eccentricity in a decently reared and educated person as to be a Salvationist now; but the radical and reforming spirit, generated by the diffusion of knowledge, found a vent through this religious channel with effects of which mankind is to-day reaping the benefit.

John Wesley, founder of the English Methodists, was born 17th June 1703, at Epworth in Lincolnshire, where his father was clergyman. He was educated at the Charterhouse school, and in his seventeenth year entered Christ Church, Oxford. In 1726 he was elected a fellow of Lincoln. After officiating for a short time as his father's curate, Wesley returned to Oxford, where he became a member of a little devotional society which his brother Charles Wesley (1708—1788, still remembered for his noble *Hymns*), had established. This was the first germ of Methodism (q. v.). At this time the two Wesleys were much under the influence of William Law (q. v.), author of the *Serious Call*. On 14th October, 1735, they sailed for Georgia bound on mission work. John Wesley had much intercourse with the Moravians during his sojurn in America, and on his return in 1738 this was continued, till two years later he separated from them. Although to all appearance he had long been an earnest God-fearing man, he has himself given us the exact date of his conversion—the evening of the 24th May, 1738, at a quarter to nine evening, when he felt an irresistible assurance that Christ had taken away his sins. Certainly from this period his profound religious activity begins. He travelled for a while preaching 'repentance and judgment to come,' and when the cold formalism of the established religion quickly changed into angry opposition, he was obliged in self-defence to form his adherents into a regular organisation—in other words, to establish a new sect. On 12th May, 1739, the first Methodist chapel was founded. The rest of Wesley's life was given to continuous and earnest work in the cause which he had made his own. During over half a century of eager activity 'it was computed that he travelled about 225,000 miles and preached more than 40,500 sermons, not including addresses, exhortations, and speeches.' He died March 2nd, 1791, and was buried in the City Road Chapel. Wesley held the evangelical creed with but few modifications, though he recoiled from the extreme deductions of Calvinism. But he breathed into this creed the breath of life. His sermons were simple, straight, direct appeals, spoken from the heart to the heart, without the waste of one superfluous word; hence their extraordinary effect. His power, in short, was that not unfitly named 'revivalist'; what men already held as an intellectual belief, he made them hold as a living reality.

In anticipation of this centennial celebration public interest has already centered round the London home and City area wherein some of the most signal triumphs of the great Founder of Methodism were wrought. Bunhill Fields Burial Ground—that *Campo Santo* of the Dissenters—the Tabernacle in Moorfields, and various spots in and about Finsbury and the City Road, have long been regarded as historic ground whereon the great battle of Nonconformity was fought and won. In the early days of Wesley and Whitfield, Old Moorfields was the favourite haunt of open-air preachers. Both these remarkable men chose this spot for their London lectures, which were first delivered in the churches, and then—as the vast crowds that flocked to hear them—computed by a print of the period, at twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand—made that practice dangerous, under the wide dome of heaven itself.

One of the most interesting cradles of Methodism is the old chapel in the City Road, which has now, through stress of age, become reduced to a state of sad decay, and it has been thoughtfully proposed that this monument of a mighty movement should not be effaced, but that the centenary of John Wesley's death should be fittingly marked by the reverend restoration of the building in which, in his later life, he regularly preached. Adjacent to the chapel stands the house in which he dwelt, and this will also be included in the scheme of renovation—so that it may be, hereafter, devoted to a Methodist library and museum. Through the courtesy of the officials in charge of this most interesting home, our artist is enabled to produce a couple of sketches of the interior aspect. He gives us two views, one of which was originally Wesley's bedroom, now used as a sitting room, with the old clock and the historic three-quarter length portrait of Wesley himself, over the mantelpiece, holding the red Bible—the symbol of his presidential office—in his hand; and the other of the great divine's modest little study. Both these apartments have been maintained in as nearly as possible the same state as when occupied by the illustrious preacher; and it is hoped that they may enduringly continue in this state through the aid of the Restoration Fund which has been already started.

The engraving of the death-bed scene is taken from a plate belonging to Mr H. White, law-stationer, Coombes' Arcade, Auckland, where photos. of the scene can be purchased for 2s 6d each.

It has been shown that if the sun were a burning sphere of solid coal it could not last 6,000 years.

It is just as easy to tell the truth as it is to tell a lie—especially when you know that your mother-in-law saw you.

When the railway across Siberia is completed it is estimated that the tour of the world in fifty days will be feasible.

A LITTLE FURTHER ON.

THE things we've sought for all these years,
The phantoms we have chased, the pow'rs
That hidden lie, the glitt'ring gold,
The things we've sighed for, shall be ours
A little further on.

The gods shall smile on us and come
To lay their trophies at our feet,
And after all our vain attempts
The joys we've sought so long we'll meet
A little further on.

The cherished hopes of bygone years,
The castles reared high in the air,
The long-lost friends we, too, shall meet,
And rest in peace from toil and care
A little further on.

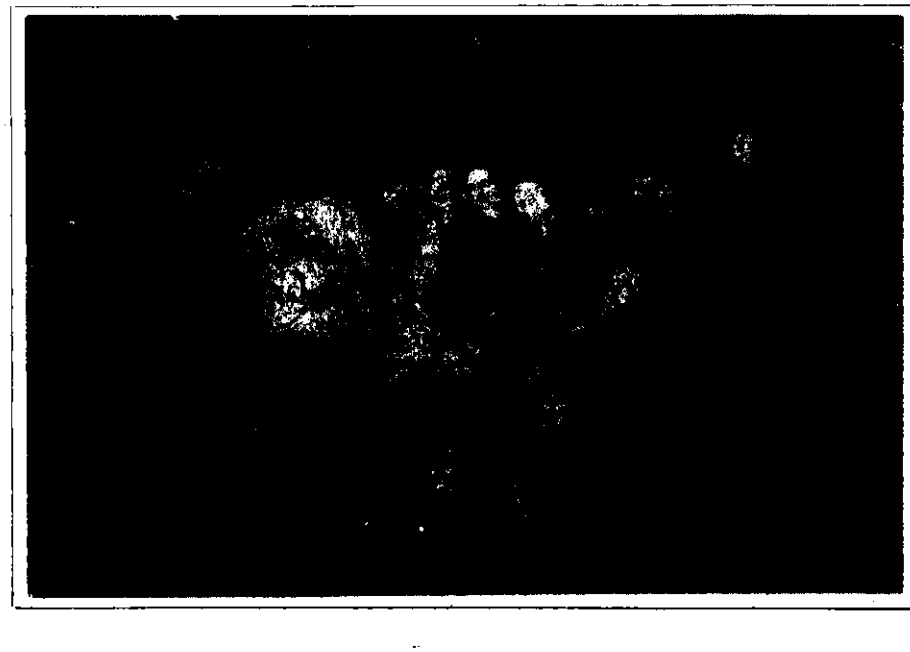
ON PARTY CALLS.

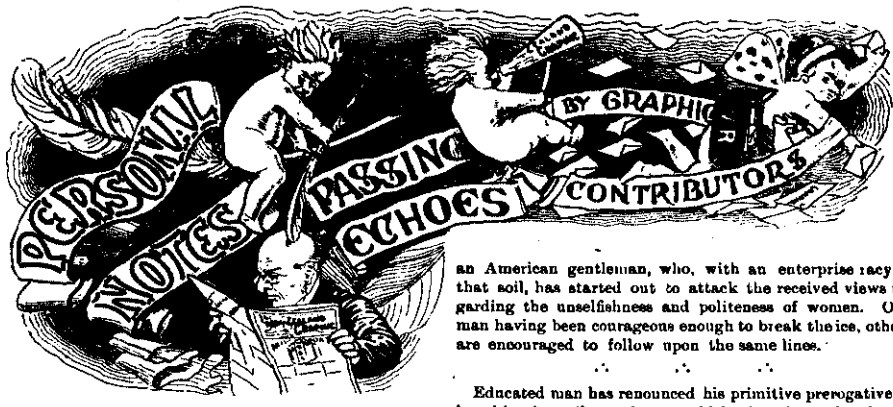
IT is admittedly useless to quarrel with or even question social usages and customs, since they are decreed by a ruler practically omnipotent; but the philosopher who believes that every effect must have a cause may ponder, in the security of his sanctum, over the observances which the rulers of society dictate, and wonder why things should be as they are, and wonder there is any logical or reasonable or historical basis for some customs which it is high treason to society to omit.

For example, our general philosopher must be sadly puzzled to know the whys and wherefores of what is known as paying party calls. He recognises to its fullest extent the generality of the custom, and, when he cannot escape, complies with it, but the puzzling and vexing 'why' will recur to him. He remembers that in the olden time, when a party was a gigantic feast, and when the guests were usually kept beneath the same roof until the next day, it was deemed a mark of politeness for the cavalier to call on his ladylove the next afternoon and express the hope that the venison pasty or the spiced wine or the sack or the hippocras or the what not had not caused her any discomfort; but between that custom and the modern custom of party calls he sees a gulf which not even tradition can cross.

Nowadays our philosophic friend knows that at some time within a week or so after an entertainment has been given each lady who has been a guest must attire herself in all her bravery, chain her husband or brother or lover a reluctant captive to her chariot wheels, and go and make a party call; but still he asks why? It cannot be out of consideration for the welfare of the host and hostess, for too much time intervenes. It cannot be to convince the host and hostess that none of their silver spoons have strayed inadvertently into the guests' pockets, for again the intervening time is long enough to turn all the spoons into bullion and the bullion into coin. It cannot be to allow the hostess to take a second and more leisurely look at the adornment of her guests, for the party call is not made in full party dress. Nor can it be on account of any overpowering belief on the part of the guests that their host and hostess are hungering and thirsting to see them again, for while polite society contains many shams and humbugs its votaries are not over-addicted to self-deception.

By this time our genial philosopher's geniality begins to evaporate. He finds himself confronted by that terror of all philosophic minds, an insoluble problem. In despair he takes refuge in his library, and being conscious that the evolution and development of social customs is due chiefly to the fair sex, he consoles himself for his disappointment with Amiel's opinion of woman: 'A woman is sometimes fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical and contradictory. A great deal of forbearance ought to be shown her and a good deal of prudence exercised with regard to her, for, capable of all kinds of devotion and of all kinds of treason, she is at once the delight and terror of man.' And with this incomplete answer to his question our genial philosopher blows out his candle and goes to bed.





The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

ONE of the latest sensations—and how, nowadays, can life be endured without an ever-succeeding excitement of some kind?—has been the phonograph. One effect of witnessing the performances of this wonderful instrument will be to dissipate the exaggerated notions regarding its dangerousness. There has been an idea current of late, towards the dissemination of which the comic papers have not slightly contributed, that the existence of a phonograph in the locality, say anywhere within the same room or below the same seat, is likely to result in the recording of testimony of the most incriminating kind—the testimony of one's own voice.

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Closer experience, however, shows that the new invention is not the treacherous monster it is represented. For this certainly the phonograph deserves no thanks. Its intentions to betray you at all times and in all places are evidently of the best. Like the deaf old scandal-monger who sits concealed behind the foliage of the conservatory, its innocence is the result of causes beyond its own control, and if the phonograph were capable of desires it would, like that cheated old dame, doubtless shed tears over its present defects of construction. The point of perfection to which it has so far attained is indeed very wonderful, but judging from the closeness and distinctness of utterance required when speaking into it, Edison will have to devote a considerable amount more of time to its improvement before it can become the boon to inquisitive old chaperones and man-hooking mammas which was anticipated.

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The size of the contrivance at present precludes the possibility of its concealment in the torso of the fair and 'fetching' *ingenue* who has got her heedless victim on the string. The march of science is, however, so mysteriously rapid that ere long a combination of the flash camera and phonograph may be perfected so diminutive as to bear concealment in the spray of flowers decorating the bodice of the adored one, and the one great difficulty of procuring sufficient evidence against the halting celibate will be overcome.

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Oh, those clandestine interviews, those stolen moments which are viewed with such jealousy by the women not admitted to them! What will become of them when this modern demon shall have been perfected? The few sweet rays of memory which brighten the monotonous flat of the matrimonial pilgrimage will be extinguished. May they not, however, perhaps be intensified by the increased danger? Man is a creature who revels in hazards. All life is a speculation, and beset with risks at every turn. The phonograph will add another zest to love-making by increasing its hazards, and these need not necessarily be fatal. Many a phonograph studiously regulated and concealed by an astute mother on her daughter's person will incomprehensibly get deranged and return giving no echo of Lothario's vows, possibly owing to the maiden's complicity or the indiscreet pressure to which it has been subjected.

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Nowadays nothing is sacred from discussion. A growing unrest is the characteristic of the modern intellect, and that implicit trust and contentment with certain social and religious dogmas which were so marked in the life of our predecessors, is fast disappearing. In fact there is so much writing and publishing in these times that, unless a journal has something astonishing in the way of news or views to communicate, it is speedily left in the rear, and passes over to join the majority of defunct periodicals. The latest exhibition of iconoclasm or idol-smashing has been given by an American gentleman, who, with an enterprise racy of that soil, has started out to attack the received views regarding the unselfishness and politeness of women. One man having been courageous enough to break the ice, others are encouraged to follow upon the same lines.

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Educated man has renounced his primitive prerogative of knocking into silence the sex which, though weaker in the biceps and the lumbar regions, displays remarkable vigour and endurance in the neighbourhood of the jaw. Simultaneously with this deliberate renunciation of his one advantage, man has foolishly directed his intellectual powers to a literary idealisation of that other sex for which he has naturally a marked prejudice quite apart from reason. During the last century or more he has gone on 'puffing' woman in the abstract until woman has come to believe all that he has said about her is true, and having now acquired a certain facility of writing herself, has proceeded to perpetuate and enchance the process of her self-glorification until she exhibits an inclination to become tyrannical.

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That thing called 'society' is in reality the creation of woman, and naturally the more she can increase the scope and domination of the views current in 'society,' the more she can subjugate man. Hence 'society' tries to establish the principle that a working man fagged out by his day's labour, or any other man, shall rise in a public conveyance and give up his seat to some fashionable woman who has perhaps been lolling away half her day upon the sofa. The result of the establishment of this principle, which in exceptional cases may be justifiable enough, is to make women ignore the rights of men altogether in connection with public vehicles, and come forth and tyrannise over the husbands and brothers of other women overtly as many do privately among their own men folk.

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The time was truly when women were subject to all sorts of legal injustice of the most glaring kind, and in communities other than the most advanced of European peoples this is still the case. There are also certain kinds of social disabilities under which they labour, such as the customs restricting their freedom of action, or discountenancing their trying to earn their own living, or that of spying upon their actions, for the maintenance of which they have chiefly to thank their own sex. The more progressive and liberal-minded among men have succeeded in getting the worst of these ancient laws against women abolished, and have encouraged a small minority of women to embark actively in the emancipation propaganda for which they are still regarded with suspicion or contempt by their weak-kneed sisters. These latter, however, while they are very cautious about getting involved in the heat and burden of the fray, or of falling foul of the tongue of Mrs Grundy, are quite content to grasp lighter and less riskily-acquired privileges under cover of their sisters' efforts.

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Of these, the right to oust the tyrant man from his legitimate seat in the tramcars is one. Now, the tyrant man is not unwilling to sacrifice his comfort occasionally for a woman with a baby, or for one who has just caught the last car of the day, or is in some way subjected to unavoidable inconvenience, but the tyrant man being in some sense a reasonable being, and especially so where his own comfort is concerned, perceives that there is a certain sort of injustice in women refusing to wait a few minutes for another vehicle, and crowding in recklessly with all their damp skirts and fal-de-rals upon a body of unfortunate males. And, moreover, the tyrant man being an eminently reasonable being, and much more ready to compromise a difficulty than the tyrant woman, would probably see no objection to the ladies sitting down upon him (which they so enjoy doing), provided they are of moderate dimensions, and as the reverend gentleman in the 'Sorcerer' terms 'distinctly comely.' This 'splitting of the difference,' so to speak, seems to be the most rational solution of the problem. If the ladies don't like it, let them stay behind for the next train, or seek their homes by the methods of locomotion granted them by nature.

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From the tone of the cablegrams coming from London it looks as if the commerce of the world were about to receive another jar from a strike on the part of the body of the federated unions there. The question in dispute is the old one of the free worker. Outside every union there is still an element of floating or unorganised labour which affects to sell itself to capital in the open market, and this the body of capitalists and the body of labourers are alike anxious to control, for therein lies the whole question of victory and domination.

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So far the law is on the side of the capitalists in that it lays down the right of every person to sell his labour to whomsoever may choose to buy it. Even in this question, however, the law is not exactly consistent, for it denies to anybody the right of selling his services for a lifetime, or for any purpose which hitherto has been regarded as immoral. It does this on the ground that such contracts tend to the enslavement and debasement of society, and are therefore injurious. But again, here the law was not formerly consistent either, for it allowed soldiers to enlist for a lifetime, and permitted press-gangs to enslave free citizens for an indefinite period of service in the navy. All these anomalies were excused on the ground that the public need was urgent, and somebody must be sacrificed.

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The teaching of these facts is that a dominant party can generally succeed in wresting the laws to suit their purpose. The present struggle after all is a question of might and not of right—at all events not of right as it is expressed upon the face of the legal system. The capitalists have for generations considered that they were masters of the situation, and, indeed, they were so long as the majority of mankind remained ignorant, isolated, and disorganised, and the enthroned or landed plutocrat could use his humble fellows pretty much for any purpose connected with his own exaltation he might choose. The result was that the page of history is stained with the narrations of countless enterprises set on foot by persons, the object of which was the aggrandizement of themselves and the proportionate sacrifice of other human beings. In such causes multitudes have perished in every way suborned by the pittance of pay tendered to them, or even dying violent deaths when reluctantly endeavouring to slay their fellow-men.

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Many consider that a pitched battle between the forces of capital and labour is going to be the outcome of the increasingly frequent deadlocks which we are nowadays witnessing. That entirely depends upon the success of the present struggle. If the capitalists can manage to detach a sufficient body of the labourers—it calls them free labourers—from the unions, or can prevent the unions dominating these, they will be, as their predecessors were, in a position to get their work done or their battles fought by these instruments on something like their own terms. Society will then be no further advanced than the ancient Roman plutocracy or the medieval feudal tyranny, for the uncontrolled rich will dominate the unorganised and unserried many. The happiness of society in the future depends upon the subordination of capital to labour, for the simple reason that capital is the accretion of labour and not existent without labour. The possessor of accumulated capital is helpless without somebody to help him, and the millionaires of the world know that they will be helpless to coerce the labourers so soon as there is no body of unorganised 'free' labourers on whom they can work their will, restricted only by the feeble law of wages.

ONLY TEN YEARS.

ONLY ten years of joys and tears—
It seems not very long—
Only ten years of hopes and fears
That to my memory throng;
And as you are standing again at my side,
So fair and so young, my bonnie bride,
Now breaks from my heart this song:

Only ten years of joys and tears,
Of merry and cloudy weather,
Have blended our lives together, my love,
Have welded our hearts together.

So we'll dream once again of the happy days when
We timidly stood in the morning
With hearts full of love, with the blue skies above,
And roses our garden adorning.
And now you are standing again at my side,
So fair and so young, my bonny bride,
With roses our pathway adorning.

Only ten years of joys and tears,
And the tears into pearls are turning;
Only ten years of hopes and fears,
And now a sweet incense is burning
On the altar of Love, whose diadem
Now shimmers and glistens with many a gem
Of sanctified sorrow and yearning.

Only ten years of joys and tears,
Of merry and cloudy weather,
Have blended our lives together, my love,
Have welded our hearts together.
Only ten years of hopes and fears!
Their passing was fleet,
But their living was sweet
In merry and cloudy weather, my love,
As we've journeyed along together.

We shall always be pleased to receive accounts of entertainments, dances, etc., from any place where we have no regular correspondent. All letters to be signed in full, not for publication but as a guarantee of accuracy.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 24.

A wedding of some interest eventuated in All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, when Miss Mary R. Leighton, second daughter of Mr J. F. Leighton, was united to Mr R. A. Bent, second son of Mr Robert Bent, of Lamb Hill, Waiuku, the Rev. W. Calder being the officiating clergyman The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a tasteful electric blue travelling costume trimmed with bands of dark blue velvet, pretty little hat composed of crême ostrich feathers, white tulle veil and white kid gloves, and carried a beautiful bridal bouquet, from which depended streamers of white ribbon. She was attended by her two younger sisters as bridesmaids, wearing pretty gowns alike of soft pale pink material with tiny stripes, large hats trimmed with crême ostrich feathers, and each carried a very pretty bouquet. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's father, Collingwood-street, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was provided, and where the many handsome presents were displayed and duly admired. The happy wedded couple left by the afternoon steamer for their new home at Waiuku, taking with them the congratulations and good wishes of their many Auckland friends.

I have yet another interesting and fashionable wedding to record, the bride being Miss Frances Emma Rich, youngest daughter of Mr F. D. Rich of Patetere, and the bridegroom Mr A. R. Hine, son of Dr. Hine, of Ilminster, Somerset, England. The church, which was very tastefully and beautifully decorated for the occasion with tree-ferns, palms, evergreens, and flowers, was filled with the many friends of the young couple. The Rev. T. P. Hewlett performed the ceremony, the service being choral. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids, and my correspondent tells me the wedding was an exceedingly pretty one, but she has omitted to send me a description of the gowns worn. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests drove to Fernleigh, the residence of the bride's father, where they were most hospitably entertained. The wedding presents were both numerous and beautiful, the display being an extremely handsome one.

The marriage of Mr Frank Mason to Miss Bartley takes place at the North Shore. I will give you a description of the wedding in my next epistle.

The Opera House is now occupied by the 'Fun on the Bristol' Company, and nightly the building is filled to excess in all parts with audiences who are kept in a constant simmer of merriment with the absurd sayings and doings of the extremely unladylike Widow O'Brien. Most probably you have witnessed the performance, so I will not describe it, but will give you a description of some of the toilettes worn amongst the audience. Mrs T. Hope Lewis, handsome black lace gown with vest of white satin; her sister, Miss Fenton, wore a pretty coral pink evening gown; Mrs P. A. Edminston, very pretty evening dress of crême silk effectively trimmed with revers and bands of moss green silk; Mrs McArthur, black silk and lace evening dress, aigrette of pale blue feathers in the hair; Mrs Innes, handsome black lace gown, with trimmings of jet; Mrs Fairclough, black costume; little Miss Fairclough, pretty crême frock; Miss Easton, stylish gown of crême Liberty silk; Mrs Hanna, fawn costume; Miss Watson, very pretty white costume trimmed with embroidery; Miss Cameron, handsome crême flowered silk gown trimmed with bands of ruby velvet; Miss Mason, pretty dove grey gown trimmed with ribbon velvet to match; Miss Scott, pretty crême costume; Miss Nearing, crushed strawberry gown; her sister, Miss J. Nearing, stylish white costume; Mrs J. Reid, black costume, dainty little ruby and crême bonnet; Miss M. Chapman, black skirt, pale blue blouse bodice, gem hat banded with blue and white ribbon: Mrs Hall, black silk gown; Mrs Durance, black silk gown, pretty little bonnet composed of foliage; her daughter, Miss Grattan, wore a pretty white gown, and gem hat banded with cardinal ribbon; Miss Harrison, handsome ruby silk gown, small hat covered with crême ostrich feathers; Miss Daveney, lovely gown of silver grey silk effectively trimmed with bands of pale blue ribbon velvet, grey hat trimmed with feathers to match: Mrs H. Millar, dark green silk gown, dainty little crême hat composed of feathers; Mrs J. McK. Geddes, black gown, crême bonnet, handsome crême feather fan; Mrs Burton, pretty heliotrope flowered delaine gown; Miss Briton, grey gown, crême hat; Miss A. Briton, black costume; Mrs Harry Niccol, crushed strawberry gown, stylish hat trimmed with feathers to match; Mrs Cashel, blue dress, white vest; Mrs Jackson, ficelle costume, brown velvet sleeves and collar; Mrs D. Cruickshank, figured brown silk, white silk front, seal plush wrap; Miss Cashel, white, black hat.

The annual picnic of the Auckland Yacht Club, proposed to be held at Lake Takapuna, was, unfortunately, spoilt by the downpour of rain, which very suddenly commenced to fall about the time fixed for the yachts to leave the wharf.

The ball to be given by the citizens of Auckland to His Excellency the Governor and Lady Onslow during their visit is the all absorbing topic for conversation in social circles at present. The date has not yet been fixed, many considering it would be inadvisible to hold it during the season of Lent. An excellent committee, comprising His Worship the Mayor (Mr Upton) and a large number of influential and representative citizens, has been appointed to carry out the necessary arrangements. The ball is sure to be the best held in Auckland for years.

Sir George Grey is about to leave us for Australia to take part in the Federation Conference. As he has done so much for Auckland—his munificent gifts to the Art Gallery and Free Library standing forth as mute witnesses of his generosity—many of the grateful citizens are going to present him with an address wishing him *bon voyage* and a speedy and safe return.

I regret to have to mention a fatal boat accident to a party of young fellows who left Ponui Island for Wairoa South, a distance of only six miles or so, in very rough water. It is believed the sail was too large for the boat. She is supposed to have shipped a heavy sea and have foundered. One body has been washed ashore, which was at first decided to be that of young Mr Hale. Subsequently it was discovered to be young Whitney's, son of Captain Whitney, and brother of the Mr Whitney whose marriage with Miss Wilson I lately described. Great sympathy is felt on all sides for the friends of the unfortunate boating party. The bodies of Messrs Stevens and Burnside have also been discovered.

We are very pleased to welcome His Excellency the Governor and Lady Onslow amongst us once more. If only that dreadful Captain Edwin, whom Tom says must really 'get the sack' if he goes on as he is now doing, sending rain, rain, rain, will kindly allow us a little Auckland weather, they ought to enjoy their stay in our lovely city. Government House has been tidied up, the garden put in order, and flowers and foliage are looking their best to greet Her Majesty's worthy representative.

I am sorry to say that Miss Wright, sister of Mr A. B. Wright, surveyor, has broken her collar-bone, being knocked down by the horse, whose blinkers fell off as she was getting her brother's children out of the buggy. The horse had been frightened by nearly running into a train at one of the two dangerous level crossings which, unfortunately, exist in Mount Albert.

MURIEL.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 19.

We have had some intensely hot weather again; the few showers only seem to make the sun feel more scorching. How unevenly things are divided in this world is only more apparent every day. In Wanganui they have had a terrible flood, carrying haystacks, cattle, sheep, etc., out to sea, and we crave only a little of this rain; but it is no use moralising, so to more pleasant subjects.

Mrs Maude gave a garden party, and though we have had so many, and one is very much like another, there were a great many present, and all spent a very pleasant time wandering about in the pretty garden, or playing tennis, others watching. The fruit garden, laden as it is, was a most interesting spot to visit, and the day was not insufferably hot. A large drag conveyed a big party to and from town. Among others I saw Mrs and Miss E. Rhodes, Miss Clark, Mr and Mrs Bowen, and a visitor from England with them, Mrs and Miss Harper, Mrs Lance, Mrs Boyle, Mrs and Miss Stanford, Mrs and the Misses Wynn-Williams, Mr and Mrs Kimbell, Miss Kimbell, and Mr George Kimbell, Mrs T. Barker, the Rev. W. Winter and Mrs Winter, Miss Arndt, Mrs J. T. Brown, Mrs and the Misses Fraser, Miss Clepham, Mrs and Miss Davie, Mrs R. Wilson (Compton), Mrs Robison, the Misses Reeves, Mr and Miss Wilson (Comberton), Miss Alexander (of Dunedin), Mr J. Gould, and Mr A. Rolleston.

The same day great interest was taken in a wedding at St. Luke's Church—that of Miss Gertrude M. Strange, third daughter of Mr E. Strange, with Mr William Goss, second son of Mr James Goss. The church was nearly filled with ladies, and Mr Wells played some delightful music from the wedding music in Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and afterwards the 'Wedding March.' The Ven. Archdeacon Lingard, assisted by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, performed the ceremony, the choir singing 'The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden,' as the bride entered the church with her father, who gave her away. Her dress was simple, but she looked very handsome in white cashmere trimmed with broché silk, long tulle veil, and wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms. She was attended by four bridesmaids, two of them little children—the Misses Ravena and Madeline Strange, and Miss Edith Strange and Miss Alice Goss. The two latter wore heliotrope dresses braided with silver, white aerophane hats with heliotrope trimming, and carried beautiful bouquets. The two little girls wore white smocked nun's veiling frocks, white drawn hats, and carried baskets of flowers. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Broughton as best man. The wedding party adjourned to the residence of Mr Strange for breakfast, after which the newly-wedded pair started on their honeymoon trip. The bride's travelling dress was navy blue serge with astrakan trimming.

Mr D. Wynn-Williams gave a river picnic the other afternoon, Mrs Wynn-Williams acting as chaperone. Mrs J. H. Lee was there, the Misses Helmore, Rhodes, Wynn-Williams, Reeves, Hutton (who, by the way, has just returned from England), Tabart, Delamain, and others—about thirty in all. It was a most enjoyable outing, and after a refreshing repast, rounders, singing, etc., we returned about ten o'clock.

Mrs Wynn-Williams' third 'At Home' has taken place, and was quite as successful as usual. A shower of rain came on late in the afternoon, but, fortunately, did not spoil our pleasure. Such a number of girls wore pretty white dresses, amongst them the Misses Harper, Reeves, Maude, Stoddart, and Wynn-Williams. Mrs J. Lee was wearing a very handsome and becoming gown of terra cotta Liberty silk trimmed with guipure lace, bonnet to match; Mrs Otterson, whom every one is pleased to see back once more, looked charming in a white Indian linen costume, and bonnet of white lilac; Mrs J. R. Campbell, soft grey cashmere embroidered in self-coloured silk, the sleeves and back drapery being of dark brown ribbed plush; Miss Hutton wore a pretty coral pink zephyr trimmed with lace; Mrs Perceval and her niece, Miss Grace, of Wellington, was with her, and wore a lovely white silk, and large hat with honeysuckle; the Misses Rhodes wore dark skirts and blouses; Mrs Maude, Mrs and Miss Cowlishaw, Mrs Fenwick, and a great many others that have been at the previous ones.

Later in the week the mid-day train took a merry cargo to Lyttelton in the shape of picnic parties bound for the yachts. The Neva took a party up to some of the bays at the top of the harbour, and the Fleetwing and Zephyr went Puran Bay way.

The opening of the Polo was a great attraction that day. The weather was beautiful, and a great number visited the ground, but not many of the players turned up. Mrs Archer dispensed afternoon tea, and was ably assisted by a bevy of young ladies. Mrs Strachey was there, Mrs Leonard Harper and her daughters, Mrs Harley, Mrs Humphries, Mrs Tabart, the Misses Rhodes, Williams, Reeves, and a number of others.

Mrs Maling, a daughter of our dear old Bishop, with her husband and family, have just returned from England to take up their residence once more amongst us. I am delighted to be able to record some returns to the colony, as with the present exodus raging things were inclined to be melancholy.

There are also one or two engagements spoken of, and these are cheerful subjects. I hear Mr Heaton Rhodes is engaged to Miss Clark, whose brother married Miss Edith Rhodes about two years ago, and Miss Ethel Harley and Mr J. Milton.

I regret to have to tell you of two more deaths from among the old residents of Canterbury—that of Mr R. A. Barker, who died at the Orari, his late residence, and Mr Bowron, of Heywood, Christchurch.

There is to be a Bowling Tournament next week, when ladies are invited. A lot of the bowlers have arrived, and are busy practising. I hope the green has a little colour left in it; usually it is perfection, but we are not allowed to even peep during practices, and though I do not understand 'bowls,' I like going on open days to meet friends and discuss the Club's delicious tea, which they always provide well.

The Ven. Archdeacon Lingard, who has had charge of the parish of St. Luke's for twenty-four years, is about to leave for a few months' change. He is going to Akaroa, and will do duty on the Peninsula, but no doubt he will find it rest compared with his late duties. The Rev. McKenzie Gibson will have charge of the parish during his absence.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN

(Delayed in transmission.)

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 11.

One of the most pleasing events of the week was the garden party given by Mrs John Roberts at her beautiful house at Roslyn. The house itself is one of the stateliest mansions in Dunedin, and but newly built, but the garden itself is a very old one, surrounded on all sides by hills and trees, and giving one of the best views of the harbour. At all times a lovely spot, this afternoon it looked particularly beautiful, for it was one of those warm, still, glorious days that, from their very rarity this summer, stand out with distinct brightness; indeed, it seemed made for a garden party. The dresses were very bright and pretty, and were set off to the greatest advantage by the background of green foliage. There were a number of the strangers that are in our midst present, and among the well-known faces were those of Mrs Williams, Miss Williams, Mrs and the Misses Kattray, Mrs and Miss Gibson, Miss Larnach, Mrs Maunsell, Mrs James Mills, Mrs Linda Ferguson, the Misses Stephenson, the Misses Sievwright, Miss Gilkison, and a great crowd of others. Music and feasting was the order of the afternoon, and when at length the evening shadows fell the guests departed, highly delighted with their entertainment.

A good deal of interest is being taken in the swimming tournament which is held at St. Clair.

I believe I shall have a wedding to tell you of at Easter, if not two. One is Miss Berds to Mr Grey.

The last trip to the Sounds is one of the most interesting topics of conversation just now, and I am happy to say that my next letter will contain a full account of it, with all its vanities and beauties, for I shall be aboard, which is far better for descriptive purposes than hearsay. My letter this week will be fragmentary, for in the prospect of such a trip nothing else seems of much importance.

The grand concert in aid of the North East Valley Roman Catholic building fund came off at the Garrison Hall under the direction of Signor R. Squarise, R.C.M.T. The hall was crowded, and the whole thing a great success. Owing to the fact, doubtless, that there has been no concert for some time, more were present than might have been under other circumstances—a matter for congratulation. The first part of the programme comprised a string quartette by Signor Squarise, Messrs Parker, Barrett, and Moss, which was, of course, most artistically rendered, and one of the gems of the evening. I should have said the piece was Mozart's No. 15 'Allegro vivace, adagio, allegro, assai.' Mrs Angus, who was in particularly good voice, and look-

ing well, followed with the song, 'When the Flowing Tide Comes In.' Mr F. L. Jones was also in good voice in his song. 'Queen of the Earth.' Miss M. Morrison gave a beautiful rendering of the 'Serenade,' with a violin obligato by Signor Squarise. 'The Village Blacksmith' was well rendered by Mr H. S. Rennert, and by special request a flute solo by Mr H. Mass, Fantasia on Paganini's 'Witchs' Dance.' The second part opened with a piano solo, Rhaspodie Hongroise No. 2, by A. Barmeyer. Miss Blaney, of whom very pleasant recollections were entertained, was very warmly welcomed. Her lovely voice was heard to advantage in 'Call Me Back,' with violin obligato by Signor Squarise. 'Father O'Flynn' suited Mr Densem admirably, and then came a violin obligato by Signor Squarise, which brought forth much applause. 'Too Late' was another favourite by Mrs Angus. The concert closed with a vocal quartette, 'Madrigal,' from 'Mikado,' by Miss Blaney, Mrs Angus, Messrs Jones and Densem.

Much regret is felt here at the unexpected death of Mr James Clark Brown, for many years M.H.R. for Tuapeka. He died at St. Clair after an illness of some months, from which he partly rallied several times. He was well enough during the recent contest to give several addresses.

The Rev. W. Scorgie, Presbyterian minister at Tapanui, was made the recipient of a handsome purse of sovereigns prior to his departure on a holiday trip to the old country.

My next letter, I hope, will be brimful of interesting news about the Sounds trip, which will make up for the uninteresting character of this.

MAUDE.

LONDON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 8.

We are in the midst of our winter of discontent. For my own part, I greatly enjoy the frost, but I regret to learn that the extraordinarily cold weather of Christmas week, with its horrible combination of fog, frost, and snow, has caused an incalculable loss of money to London tradespeople. The fancy shops suffered especially, for the biting cold prevented foot passengers from gazing admiringly at the pretty articles in the windows, and then going in to buy. All outdoor movement, in fact, was difficult and dangerous. The old suggestion of glass-covered streets has consequently been revived, but it is very unlikely we shall ever go to that expense.

I have just seen a photograph of the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, the Rev. John Elliott, Vicar of Randwick, Gloucester, who on December 19th entered upon his hundreth year. He has been rector of the parish for just seventy-three years. A pretty long time, don't you think? He is a little deaf, otherwise he shows few signs of his great age, and can walk quite well. He delivered a short address in September, 1890. His youngest son is sixty, his eldest daughter seventy-two.

I am not at all sure that the very latest form of improved dress will be popular, although it has certainly much to recommend it. Mrs Charles Hancock is responsible for the new departure, which is described as having for its most characteristic features the substitution of a waistcoat for the bodice, with neat supplementary chest pieces, an over-jacket, a short skirt reaching to within five inches of the ground, knickerbockers in place of petticoats, and gaiters. Lightness and warmth have been studied in the choice of material. It offers no marked contrast with methods already known and accepted by custom, but is rather an adaptation to the conditions of city life in winter of the dress now frequently worn by ladies on the moors or hunting with beagles. The shortness of the skirt is its most striking characteristic, and for wear, cleanliness, and comfort, the shortened dress will compare favourably with the more familiar flowing garment now in use. To ladies who are the slaves of fashion the convenience of reduced length in the skirt may seem too dearly bought at the cost of appearance, but, except for this, the new dress has certainly much to commend it.

I saw a lovely old teapot the other day, made out of—what do you think? You couldn't guess, so I will tell you. A retired general has had the gold lace which adorned his uniforms made into a teapot. The gold lace is really silver, with a gold thread outside. The handle is of ivory, on one side are the crest and monogram of the owner, on the other his regimental motto; the lid is surmounted by the royal crown. What lovely things some of us could make by appropriating the gold lace of our military relatives!

The marriage of Jeanne Hugo with Alphonse Daudet's son will take place very soon. These two fortunate scions of a literary house will start life in very luxurious circumstances, for Jeanne has an income of 120,000 francs, and the celebrated novelist is dowering his son with an income of 60,000 francs, and these two sums represent over £7,000 a year. Scribbling pays better in France than in England. All classes, high and low, have an insatiable passion for novel-reading.

The Queen spent a quiet Christmas at Osborne, only her three youngest children and their consorts being of the party. Princess Beatrice, who, as you know, has become very fond of acting, is getting up some more *tableaux vivants*. These must be a delightful break in the monotony of Court life.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had their Christmas family party augmented this year by the presence of the Duchess of Albany and her two little children—Princess Alice, who is not yet eight years of age, and the little Duke, who is only six. It was the first time for many years that children's voices had rung through the corridors at Sandringham at this season—not, in fact, since the young Princesses of Wales were merry children, laughing and romping all through the house, and it must have brought back happy memories of those days to the Prince and Princess; yet the happiness was o'ershadowed as the presence of the little fatherless Duke of Albany vividly recalled the loss of a beloved brother so early called away. The absence (I believe for the first time in her life) of the Duchess of Fife from the home circle, and also of Prince George, who is at present on the other side of the world, made the Prince's family party seem very incomplete and many loving thoughts and words were bestowed on the absent ones. The Royal party have had some good sleighing and skating at Sandringham. The Princesses Victoria and Maud, like the Princess of Wales, are accomplished skaters, and cut figures very gracefully, but they chiefly delight in playing hockey on the ice, and with their 'crook' sticks send the balls spinning over the ice in all directions. The whole of the Royal party joined merrily in the game this Christmas, and the laughter and shouts from the lively group on the lake broke the solemn stillness of the snow-clad park.

The proper place of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale (eldest son of the Prince of Wales) has just been announced. He is fourth in order of precedence, coming after the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, but before the little Duke of Albany.

I think I have given you about enough gossip for this time, at all events, so will close after just describing a lovely gown from Worth's which has attracted some attention. It was of *crêpe de soie*, not amber, not maize, but just the tint of ripe corn. A deep border of bullion fringe shaded with amethysts was round the edge, and this same magnificent passementerie appeared in bands across the full bodice. The fan was of ostrich plumes, shaded from deep plum to palest lilac, and the dainty shoes were plum coloured velvet, with an amethyst on each. It was a robe to dream about. With best wishes for the New Year,

A CITY MOUSE.

Owing to the accident to the Taravera, some of our usual letters have not arrived in time to appear this week.

HOW TO KEEP YOUTHFUL IN APPEARANCE.

UNDER the heading of 'Another Strange Profession' I read the following:—'We have our "manicures" and our "massages." What do you think of the latest feminine profession, the "facewasher"? According to one of the professional facewashers in London very few women know what it is to possess a clean face. This is how you manage it. The face is washed in various waters. The first is tepid, the second is warm, the third is hot, and the fourth is boiling. At this point the face may be compared to a lace handkerchief that has been washed and rough dried. Before it can be ironed the handkerchief must be sprinkled with water, or the wrinkles won't come out, and the same rule applies to the face, only cream must be substituted for water. The facewasher gently anoints the skin with this, and then starts on the ironing. She uses the first and second fingers on both hands, nothing else, for the iron. First the forehead is attacked, then the eyes, then the corners of the mouth, and lastly the throat. The lines gradually get fainter, and some of the young ones disappear altogether, but the ironing goes on for twenty minutes. But this is not the end. The face is washed again, and precisely in the same numbers of waters as before. This time the first water is boiling hot and the last cold. Then the face is gently tapped with the forefingers until a pretty pink colour fills each cheek; then you have done after an hour and a-half's work.' Fancy, and yet women mostly waste quite that time each day, and some spend as long in 'getting up,' so that for those who wish to look young and beautiful for ever this is a far cleaner, and almost certainly a more effectual way of attaining the object, and does away with the grimy, dirty appearance on the edge of some people's collars, which betrays the too free use of cosmetics. After a few more generations I do believe women will turn out quite sensible. The 'massage' is one of the most delightful and health-giving of our fads, and when a good substitute is found for youth by a youthful face and form gained by natural means, and the paint box and powder, corsets, high-heeled shoes abolished, and a few other reforms appertaining to the toilet and costume are brought about, men will have to declare that the higher education of women has had some good results. Never until men cease to admire beauty will women cease to strive to be beautiful, so that every healthful and natural means should be welcomed, and even applauded, so that those harmful follies that so many women and girls indulge in may vanish one by one.—*Dunedin Correspondent.*

A GREAT STATESMAN AND HIS ROSES.

THERE is a pretty incident in the private life of Lamoignon de Malesherbes, the French statesman and naturalist, which illustrates better than any noble actions of his public career the love and esteem he inspired.

The good old man loved roses above all things, and during the summer which he passed at his Château de Verneuil, near Versailles, all his leisure moments were spent in caring for these cherished flowers. With his own hand he had cleared and prepared the ground in a woodland space, and planted it with young bushes, which after a time formed a most beautiful rose grove. He also made a grassy bank and an arbour where he could find shelter from the too ardent rays of the sun, and in this secluded spot he spent whole hours reading and working.

It was the frequent boast of M. de Malesherbes that he never lost a rosebud; they seemed to grow by magic, each variety realising his fondest hopes. 'Lamoignon of the Roses' was the name given to him by his intimates, and he was never weary of showing his friends his 'Solitude,' as he called his favourite spot.

One morning M. de Malesherbes went down to his garden much earlier than was his wont, and seating himself on the turf near his arbour, gave himself up to the delight of the scene, fairer than ever in its dewy freshness. A light sound called him from his reverie, and thinking it might be some timid fawn come to the stream near by to drink, he watched in silence. What he saw was the prettiest milkmaid in the world who, filling her pail at the stream, proceeded to water the roses.

The pail was filled and emptied many times, every bush receiving full measure, till finally at the last clump M. de Malesherbes, who had been watching in breathless astonishment, came forward, and in his turn surprised the young girl, who gave a startled little cry.

'How came you to be watering my roses, my child?' said the kind old man reassuringly.

'Oh, monseigneur, it is my turn to-day,' stammered the girl.

'How your turn?'

'Oh, yes, monseigneur; to-morrow it is Jeannette's turn, and yesterday it was Angèle's!'

'But, my dear, I do not understand.'

'It is a secret,' said the poor girl blushing rosy red, 'but since monseigneur has seen for himself, I will explain, that he may see no harm was intended.'

And thereupon the little milkmaid, reassured by a kind smile, told her little story. How the villagers from the surrounding hamlets loved monseigneur for his benevolence and ever kind interest in their work, and how they had established a rule by which they could make some return to their patron. 'And when we saw monseigneur at work among his roses we thought what to do. And a rule was made that every young girl who had come to her fifteen years should be of age to help, each in her turn on her way back from carrying milk to Verneuil, and it is now four years that I've had the honour of watering the roses of our benefactor and father.'

M. de Malesherbes was deeply touched by this little confession. 'I no longer wonder,' he said, 'that my roses bloom as they do, and from this time my Solitude shall be dearer to me than ever before, for it is my children that have made it beautiful!'

Then as the young girl curtsied and turned to go, M. de Malesherbes said:

'And your name, *ma belle*?'

'Jeannette Dubois, at your service, monseigneur.'

'Thank you, Jeannette; if I can ever serve you, let me know. There may some day be a marriage portion hard to make up; I will answer for it if I may have a kiss in exchange.' And the venerable man stooped and kissed the rosy upturned cheeks of the proud little maid, who ran home to tell of the honour conferred upon her.

Not long after this there was a fête and the young villagers met to have a dance in the immediate neighbourhood of the little arbour.

'Farewell to my roses,' sighed M. de Malesherbes, 'for what rustic swain can forgo the pleasure of decking his sweetheart with the freshest buds.' But the next day when M. de Malesherbes went down to his retreat at early morn bearing a spade and rake to restore order, behold! all was freshly raked, and not a bush had suffered. And the good man exclaimed, 'I would not exchange my grove and arbour for the richest palace of the world.'

One day his valet told him that a young girl in the greatest grief wished to see him, and on her appearing all in tears he inquired into the cause of her trouble.

'Ah, monseigneur,' she cried, 'you only can help me.'

'Say on, my child.'

'This morning, monseigneur, it was my turn to water your honour's roses, and I picked one of them and so broke my vow,' sobbed the poor maiden.

'One little rose. That surely is not much,' smiled M. de Malesherbes.

'It is enough to disgrace me in the village,' said the unhappy girl, 'for that malicious Jacques saw me and has spread the report, so that for a year I cannot enter the grove, and the lads passed me by in the dance, even Mathieu, and I must stay single all my life.'

'No, my dear child,' said M. de Malesherbes, both touched and amused, 'that punishment is too great; come, and I will plead for you;' and taking the poor girl by the hand he led the way to the village green where the dance was being held. Here the great statesman pleaded her cause, and so eloquently that the disgraced milkmaid was forgiven and her honours restored.

Soon after the now happy girl and Jeanette too were married, and M. de Malesherbes added to their *dots* a bouquet of his choicest roses. This was the beginning of a custom, and for many a long year the roses from the 'Solitude' formed the bridal bouquets of the village brides.

SEWING SONG.

I HAVE a little servant
With a single eye:
She always does my bidding
Very faithfully;
But she eats me no meat
And she drinks me no drink,
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Another little servant
On my finger sits,
She the one-eyed little servant
Very neatly fits;
But she eats me no meat
And she drinks me no drink,
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Now, one more little servant,
Through the single eye,
Does both the other's bidding
Very faithfully;
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink,
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

A needle and a thimble,
And a spool of thread,
Without the fingers nimble,
And the knowing head,
They would never make out,
If they tried the whole day,
To sew a square of patchwork, as you well may say.

MARY J. JACQUES.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, REMUERA, AUCKLAND.

PAST AND PRESENT.

REMUERA is by general consent considered the prettiest of the suburbs around Auckland. The name originally given by the natives to Mount Hobson and the country round it is now applied to the district extending from Hobson's Bay on the north to the Manukau Road and Market Road on the south, and including the greater part of what is now the Remuera Highway District, together with a portion of the Epsom and One Tree Hill Highway Districts, and the areas of the Junction Hotel, Mr Dilworth's, Mr Edwin Hesketh's, and Mr Murdoch's residences, and Mount St. John. It is traversed from east to west by the road to the Tamaki, which, keeping on a high level round the foot of Mount Hobson, commands charming views over the slopes leading down to the sea, with the North Head, the entrance to the harbour, Rangitoto, and Orakei Point beyond, and with Cape Colville and the Barrier Islands visible in the distance. The whole has long been enclosed and well cultivated, dotted over with pretty homesteads and the more pretentious mansions of the wealthier inhabitants, each with its garden, pleasure grounds, and orchards, interspersed with grass paddocks, and thickly planted with trees. There is perhaps more variety in these plantations than elsewhere about Auckland. Several patches of native bush have been preserved on Mr Shipherd's (now Mr Dilworth's) estate. Mr W. S. Graham, the original owner of the land between the Portland Road and the district school, took care many years ago to have it planted with totara, karaka, and pohutukawa, intermixed with a few English trees, and Mr Newman has also some totaras that are attaining a good size. Still, it is admitted that the pinus insignis and macrocarpa are too predominant. In this respect Auckland compares unfavourably with Dunedin and Christchurch. At Dunedin the native vegetation of the town belt has been preserved almost intact instead of being ruined (like the Auckland Domain) with pines and poplars, while at Christchurch the variety of foliage in summer gives a charm to the place, which compensates for the tame flatness of the site.

There can be no doubt that the predominance of pine and cypress gives a triste and sombre character to the landscape about Auckland (especially in summer time when the grass has lost its green) little in keeping with its sunny skies and sparkling waters. However, as has been said, there is perhaps greater variety in Remuera than elsewhere in Auckland, and it is to be hoped that a better taste may prevail in the future even there, and the age of pines in due time come to an end as the age of bluegums has done before it.

The first opening of the land at Remuera for settlement dates from the great native meeting in 1844, under Governor Fitzroy, held in the fields lying a little to the south-east of Mount Hobson. At this meeting it was agreed that the Ngatiwhatua who lived at Kaipara, and also at Orakei, should with the consent of Te Wherowhero of the Waikato natives, sell their land direct to Europeans. The pre-emptive right of the Queen was waived by the Governor, and a fee of 10s an acre levied by the Government on the transaction. In this way a beginning of settlement was made, and the first purchasers—Mr George Graham, Mr Dilworth, Mr Shipherd, Mr Newman, Mr Rutherford, Mr S. A. Wood, and perhaps a few others—secured properties which subsequently, by their owners' energy, labour and expense, afterwards became of considerable value. Captain Kelly (Registrar of Deeds), Mr W. S. Graham, Mr Keir, and Mr Baber followed soon after as purchasers.

In 1856 a large addition was made to the land open for settlement by the Government purchase of the whole of the promontory running down from the Tamaki Road to Morrin's Point. The price had by this time risen considerably. Mr Dilworth purchased 51 acres from Mr Graham for £850, and about £25 per acre was obtained for the best sites. But, though sold, the land was little built upon for some time, Mr Christmas's (original owner of Morrin's Point), Captain Chapman's, and the late Mr Greenaway's (now Melrose Hall, the property of Mr Edward Withy), being the first houses erected there. By degrees, in the prosperous times of the war, some of the leading merchants, especially Messrs David, Robert, and John Graham, and Mr Archibald Clark, and Sir George Arney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, found their way out to Remuera, and built good houses on and near the main road, among which may be mentioned the 'Tower,' now owned by Mr J. McCosh Clark. To the south and at the foot of the slope of Mount St. John, stood the residence of Mr James Dilworth, which has now been removed, and in its stead, but upon the same site, there stands a handsome two-story mansion surrounded by numerous fine specimens of Norfolk Island pine, as also specimens of the native kauri, rimu, totara, etc.

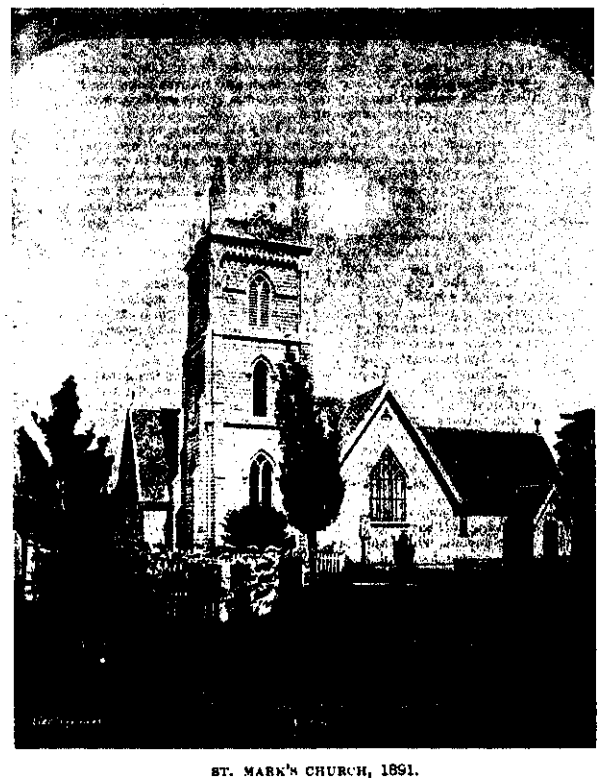
In the time of depression, which followed the removal of the seat of government to Wellington, many properties changed hands, and though there was a slow gradual growth in the population, there was no marked increase until the opening of the railway in 1876, and better times encouraged the subdivision of the larger properties. Mr Hunt, of the Thames goldfield notoriety, built the house now owned by Mr C. C. McMillan, who has made large additions to it. In 1881 the Remuera Land Company was formed by Mr Morrin, and land sold as high as £250 per acre. Sir George Arney's land, and also that of Mr James Williamson, was subsequently cut up and sold at high figures. All this contributed very much to the rapid progress of the district, and a good number of handsome houses - Mr Ware's, Mr Mitchelson's, Mr Shera's, Mr Browning's, Mr Jagger's, Mr Parker's, Mr A. Clark's, Mr D. B. Cruickshank's, Mr Westwood's, Mr S. Morrin's (now Mr T. Buddle's), Mr Lennox's, and Mr E. Hesketh's have given a new character to the neighbourhood.

(From a painting by Dr. Kinder.)

ST. MARK'S CHURCH 1846-7.

The little church, of which we give a view, was built in the early days of the settlement, in 1846 or 1847, by Bishop Selwyn, who bought the land (one acre) from Mr George Graham for £2, presumably a fair advance on the original purchase. This acre, together with an additional piece on the eastern side, generously given by Mr Dilworth, and fenced and planted by him, now forms St. Mark's churchyard. The design of the church was made by the Rev. F. Thatcher in the same style as the chapel at St. John's College at Tamaki and St. Barnabas's Church, which formerly stood on the point between Mechanics' and St. George's Bays, but is now removed to Mount Eden. The framing of the original St. Mark's Church was all prepared at St. John's College by Mr A. H. Hunter, the Bishop's builder, and put up with the assistance of the young men (English and Maori) under instruction at the College. It was originally thatched with wheaten straw from the College farm. It held about seventy or eighty people. It was removed when the new church (of which we also give a view) was built to the corner of the Remuera and Brighton roads, where the greater part of it may still be seen used as a school and parish room.

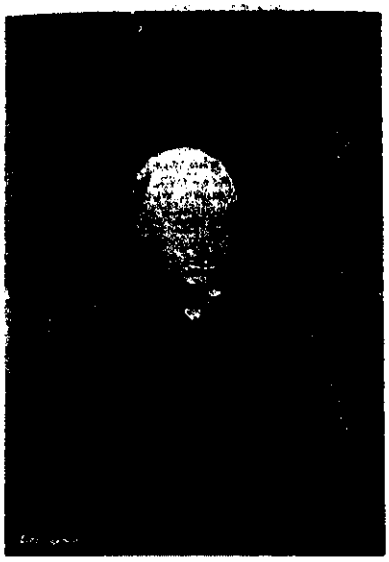
The church was first served by the young clergy at St. John's College, with the Bishop, and after a time the Rev. W. St. Hill was appointed resident clergyman, with the charge of a school in the neighbourhood. Upon his departure for Hawke's Bay in 1856 he was succeeded by the Rev. George Kingdon, who built the nave of the present building, and also the old-fashioned house adjoining the churchyard, now occupied by Major Pirie, as a residence for himself. In connection with the opening of this new nave a circumstance happened which shows very forcibly how Bishop Selwyn was in the habit of meeting and removing obstacles and difficulties. On the Saturday preceding the Sunday when the nave was to be opened, it was discovered that a sum of about £80, balance of contract, had to be paid before the key of the church could be obtained. This sum the office-bearers were not prepared to pay upon such an unexpected turn of events, and the Bishop was informed of this, and that the opening could not take place the next morning. What was to be done? His Lordship was not long in answering the question, for he at once set off and went over that scattered district and saw the different members of the congregation, and informed them of the difficulty, and by 4 p.m. he had the whole of the money collected, and the opening service took place as announced.



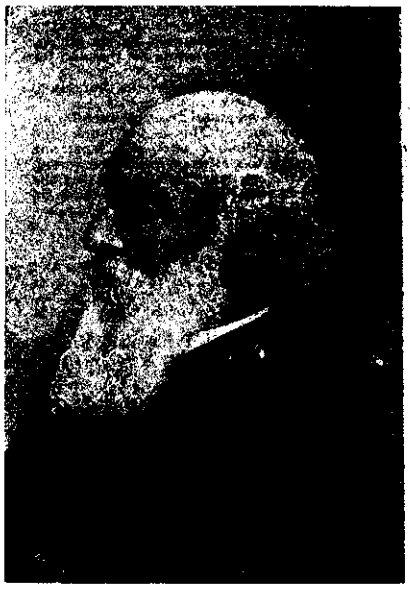
ST. MARK'S CHURCH, 1891.

To continue our story, the Rev. Mr Kingdon resigned the charge in 1859, and the Rev. J. Kinder, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, now Dr. Kinder, of Remuera, then Headmaster of the Church Grammar School at Parnell, was after a short interval appointed by Bishop Selwyn to hold divine service in the church on Sunday mornings. In 1863 the population had so far increased as to make it desirable to appoint a resident clergyman to the district, and the Rev. E. H. Heywood succeeded to the charge, which he held for eight years, till his death. In his time the present parsonage was built on the ground at the corner of the Remuera and Brighton roads and subsequently the church was much improved. Upon Mr Heywood's death he was succeeded by the Ven. Archdeacon Pritt, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was also given the charge of St. Andrew's at Epsom, and in his time further improvements and extensions to the church were made. The present chancel and transepts were added, and also the beautiful carved screen representing so effectively, as it does, New Zealand and English foliage. In 1884 the present tower was added, and now serves partly as an organ chamber. Subsequently in 1884 a fine organ was obtained for the church from Messrs Henry Jones and Sons, of Brompton, London. It has two manuals and twenty stops, with a full compass of pedals, thirty notes, and a bourdon, a cello, and a 16ft open diapason on the pedals. The services of the choir, organist and choirmaster are honorary. The offices of organist and choirmaster have been held by Mr Edwin Hesketh for twenty seven years.

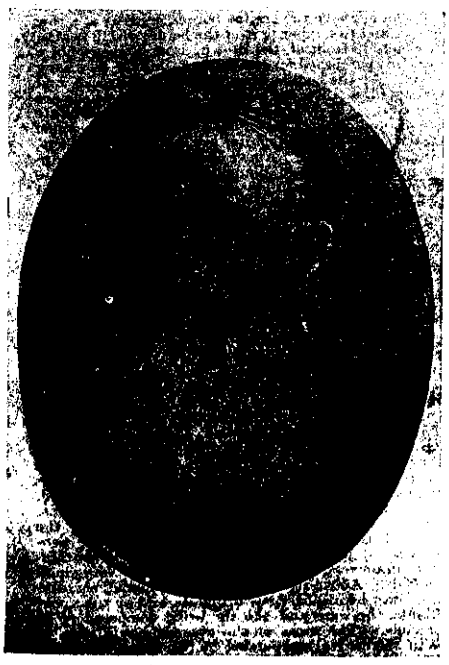
In 1876 stained glass was inserted in the east end window, the subject of the centre light being St. Mark. Subsequently the two side memorial windows in the chancel were added. These three windows are the work of Messrs Luric and Ferguson, of Melbourne, and they were erected by different members of the congregation. In the west end there is another beautiful window by J. B. Capronnier, of Brussels, the subject being 'The Angel Reaper.' This also is a memorial window, and was erected by the sons of a deceased lady member of the congregation. A *facsimile* of this beautiful window, and by the same



REV. E. H. HEYWOOD.



REV. DR. KINDER.



VEN. ARCHDEACON PRITT.

artist, is to be found in Blackadder's crypt in Glasgow Cathedral. In 1883 the district was separated from St. Andrew's, Epsom, and formed into a parish by the Diocesan Synod. The Ven. Archdeacon Pritt died in 1885, and the income of the parish had now so far increased, owing to the number of new houses which had been erected, that the vestry felt themselves warranted in sending to England for a successor. In consequence of this the Rev. Isaac Richards, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford (curate of St. Paul's, Truro), received the appointment, and entered upon his duties as incumbent in April, 1886. Coming from England, where surpliced choirs are now so usual even in country places, and being himself musical, he in 1888 set about training a number of men and boys which, combined with the ladies already forming the choir, have carried on the musical portion of the service since 11th of August, 1889, when a commodious vestry was added to the church.

With the exception of a gift of the benefit arising from the investment of £100 left by the late Mr Rich, the church is not endowed. Its revenue is derived from voluntary contributions and seat rents.

We give portraits of three of the early clergymen of the church, viz., the Rev. Dr. Kinder, the Rev. E. H. Heywood, and the Ven. Archdeacon Pritt; also of the present incumbent, the Rev. Isaac Richards; and the wardens, Mr Charles Alexander and Mr W. S. Cochrane; and the organist and choirmaster, Mr Edwin Hesketh. Mr Alexander has been the People's Warden for eighteen years.

ART AND THE STATE.

THE policy of State-aided art, inaugurated by Napoleon, was continued under the various paternal Governments which succeeded him. Monuments were erected continually, palaces and public buildings were decorated with mural paintings; the Ecole des Beaux Arts was founded, and made free to the students of all nations; the use of the galleries of the Louvre, and afterwards of the splendid Palais de

MR. EDWIN HESKETH.

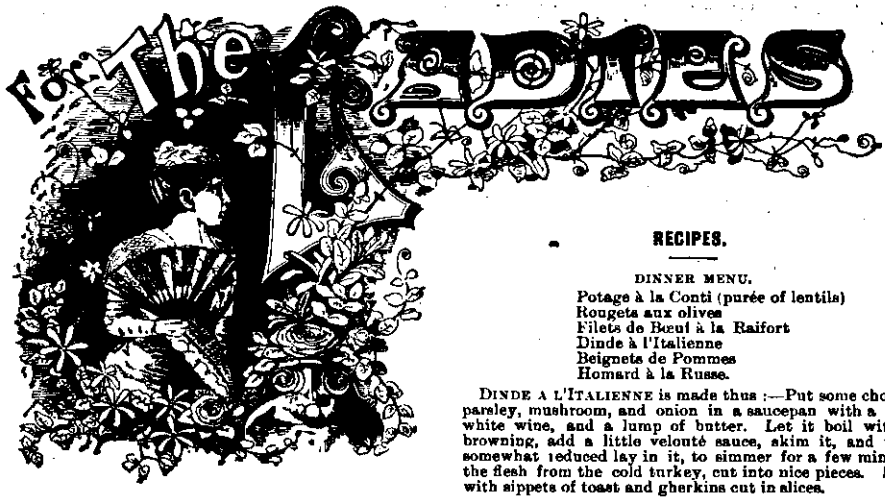
l'Industrie, was conceded to the artists for the purposes of their yearly exhibitions, and medals of considerable intrinsic value were awarded to the most meritorious works exhibited therein. All these things were paid for out of the public funds; and it was considered so natural and proper a thing that the State should thus support and encourage the art production of the nation that no one ever thought of questioning the legality or the advisability of the proceeding. With Frenchmen the financial part of the business never seemed worth discussing. With them the vital side of the whole question was the æsthetic side; and even to-day, those who are loudest in their condemnation of the policy leave the question of political economy entirely on one side, and base their objections to the system upon the ground that it has become deleterious to the best and highest interests of art itself. They do not deny that contemporary art owes much to the careful nursing and fostering which it received in its infancy at the hands of the Government, but they claim that the child of 1800 has grown to the estate of manhood, and is now only hampered by the leading strings which were useful enough in its earlier years. They also state that the system is responsible for a very great evil—an evil which was not contemplated by its founders—but is none the less a direct result and consequence of all its tendencies; and they further aver that this parasitic growth has obtained such formidable proportions as at last to smother and destroy all the good which may at one time have belonged to the system. The evil thus referred to is the formation of and gradual development of a distinctly official school of art—an art which is admirably adapted to the decoration of ceremonious apartments of state, smooth, polished, and impeccable in technique, but utterly lacking in the qualities of soul and sentiment.

There stood in the dock of the police-court a big, burly artisan, brought up on a charge of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm. 'Prisoner,' said the judge, 'have you engaged anyone to defend you?' 'What's that? Defend me! I don't want anybody to do that. Come on, any half-dozen of you!'

REV. ISAAC RICHARDS.

MR. W. S. COCHRANE.
(Minister's Warden.)

MR. CHAS. ALEXANDER.
People's Warden.)



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.

PRESERVING TOMATOES WHOLE.—Can you kindly give me a recipe for preserving tomatoes whole in your answers to correspondents? If so, you would greatly oblige—LASSIE.

FIG PUDDING.—A good recipe for this would be welcomed by—JANIE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Toots.'—You can make very excellent croquettes of fish in the following way:—Make a sauce with two ounces of butter and the same quantity of flour and half-a-pint of milk. The flour and butter must be fried together without being allowed to become discoloured. The milk, which must be put into another saucepan, must be flavoured with a blade of mace and half an eschalot. It must boil for about five minutes, and then be poured by degrees on to the butter and flour, and stirred into a smooth paste; a little pepper and salt must be added, and a dust of nutmeg, and the sauce must be brought to boiling point. The yolks of three raw eggs must now be added and the sauce stirred over the fire until it thickens; but on no account must it be allowed to boil, or it will curdle and be spoiled. After this it should be wrung through a tammy cloth; but this you need not do unless you like, but the sauce is made much smoother by so doing. Any cold fish you may have must now be added, all skin and bones should be taken from the fish, and it should be broken into small pieces. About eight teaspoonfuls will be required for the above amount of sauce. A dessertspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, also half an eschalot very finely minced, and a little fresh thyme, also finely minced, must be added, and a little saffron yellow (Marshall's). Mix well together, and then set aside the mixture to become cold, when you must take about a dessertspoonful at a time, roll it lightly in flour, then in whole beaten-up egg, and lastly in freshly-made breadcrumbs, and fry in a wire basket in clean hot grease or oil until a pretty golden colour. Serve in a pile, and garnish with fried parsley. You can make croquettes of fish in another way. Take some cold cooked fish and pound it until smooth with a little butter, using about three to four ounces of warmed butter to half a pound of fish; season with anchovy, cayenne pepper, and a little finely-chopped parsley, then form into small balls, roll lightly in flour, then in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a pretty golden colour.

'Maude.'—I think I can help you. How will this recipe do for your rice form? Take three ounces of rice, Carolina is the best kind to use, and blanch it, and rinse and drain it well. Then put it into a stew pan with a pint of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, a little lemon rind and a little cinnamon. The rice must be cooked until tender, and it should absorb all the milk. If it is not quite tender when the milk is absorbed, a very little more may be added, but only a very little. The lemon peel and cinnamon must be removed, and rather more than a quarter of an ounce of Marshall's gelatine added to the rice; then the mixture, when the gelatine has melted, must be set aside until cool, when the whipped cream should be added. Half a pint will not be too much for the above mixture. Pour the rice into a pretty mould with a pipe in the centre, and when it has set dip the mould into warm water and turn the rice out. An iced compôte of fruits served with this is very excellent, especially at this time of the year.

RECIPES.

DINNER MENU.

Potage à la Conti (purée of lentils)
Rougets aux olives
Filets de Bœuf à la Raifort
Dinde à l'Italienne
Beignets de Pommes
Homard à la Russe.

DINDE A L'ITALIENNE is made thus:—Put some chopped parsley, mushroom, and onion in a saucepan with a little white wine, and a lump of butter. Let it boil without browning, add a little velouté sauce, skim it, and when somewhat reduced lay in it, to simmer for a few minutes, the flesh from the cold turkey, cut into nice pieces. Serve with sippets of toast and gherkins cut in slices.

BEIGNETS DE POMMES.—These are usually made by peeling, coring, and slicing the apples, steeping them in a little brandy. Then each slice is dipped in batter, and fried. But another way is as follows;—Stew the apples with some sugar, a few currants, a flavouring of lemon juice, and a little water. When soft beat them up, removing any hard pieces; mix in some flour or grated bread, and sufficient egg to form a consistency; drop the mixture from a tablespoon into boiling butter; fry on both sides. Pile the fritters on a very hot dish, and sift sugar over them.

HOMARD A LA RUSSE.—Line some small round moulds with aspic; fill them with a macedoine of vegetables, moistened with mayonnaise sauce; cover with aspic. Place a lobster cut in small pieces, as for salad, in the centre of a dish; pour some mayonnaise over it. Turn out the moulds, and dish them round it; garnish with shredded lettuce, mustard and cress.

WATER BISCUITS.—Rub three ounces of butter into one pound of flour until it is quite smooth, then add a pinch of salt and mix the flour into a stiff paste with not quite a tumblerful of water. Roll it out as thin as possible; then cut it out in rounds, after having pricked the paste all over. place on lightly floured baking tins and bake for about a quarter of an hour in a moderately hot oven, taking care that they do not become too dark in colour. Of course, half the above quantities will make a very good quantity of biscuits; but if kept in a tin air-tight box they will keep quite well for a length of time.

PROPRIETIES WHICH SHOULD BE OBSERVED BETWEEN SWEETHEARTS.

WHEN he comes to see you, let me give you a few hints as to your treatment of him, said a writer on sweethearts in the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

First of all, my dear, don't let him get an idea that your one object is to get all you can out of him.

Don't let him believe that you think so lightly of yourself that whenever he has an idle moment he can find you ready and willing to listen to him.

Don't let him think that you are going out driving with him alone even if your mother should be lenient enough to permit this.

Don't let him think that you are going to the dance or the frolic with him; you are going with your brother or else you are going to make up a party which will all go together.

Don't let him spend his money on you; when he goes away, he may bring you a box of sweets, a book, or some music, but don't make him feel that you expect anything but courteous attention.

Don't let him call you by your first name, at least not until you are engaged to him, and then only when you are by yourselves.

Don't let him put his arms around you and kiss you; when he put the pretty ring on your finger it meant that you were to be his wife soon, he gained a few rights, but not the one of indiscriminate caressing. When he placed it there, he was right to put a kiss on your lips; it was the seal of your love; but if you give your kisses too freely they will prove of little value. A maiden fair is like a beautiful, rich, purple plum; it hangs high upon the tree and is looked at with envy. He who would get it must work for it, and all the trying should be on his side so that when he gets it he appreciates it. You know the story of the man who saw a beautiful plum on a tree, which he very much wanted. Next to it hung another plum; it seemed as beautiful, and it was apparently just as sweet as the one he wanted. The seeker for it stood under it for a moment, looked at it with longing eyes, and, behold, the plum dropped into his mouth. Of what value was it then? It was looked at and cast aside.

THE SMALLEST FLOWERING PLANT.

THE smallest flowering plant is *Wolffia microscopica*, a native of India. It belongs to the duckweed family. It is almost microscopic in size, destitute of proper stem, leaves and roots, but having these organs merged in one, forming a frond. There is a prolongation of the lower surface, the purpose of which seems to be to enable the plant to float upright in the water. The fronds multiply by sending out other fronds from a slit or concavity, and with such rapidity does this take place that a few days often suffice to produce from a few individuals enough similar ones to cover many square rods of pond surface with the minute green granules. Small as these plants are, they bear flowers. Two are produced on a plant, each of them very simple, one of a single stamen and the other of a single pistil, both of which burst through the upper surface of the frond.

THE STUPID STEWARD.

A CLEVER MAN'S HARD LUCK—HIS FRENCH BRINGS HIM INTO DISREPUTE.

IT was on board the Normandie, of the French line. There were only four passengers at the purser's table. The others had business elsewhere, owing to the motion of the ship. One of the four was a startling pretty blonde, as well bred as she was lovely.

Opposite her sat a young man who was telling his companion how well he spoke French. From time to time he gazed admiringly at the young woman, wondering how he could get introduced and trying to remark the effect of his linguistic attainments upon her.

Two hours later as the aforesaid young man was turning into the passage that led to his cabin he saw his vis-à-vis at the dinner table in the doorway of the cabin opposite his own engaged in trying to make the cabin steward understand that she wanted something.

A FORTUNATE CHANCE.

As the girl's eyes fell on the young man she looked at him appealingly and said:—

'I beg your pardon, but won't you please make this man understand that I want him to send me my stewardess at once?'

The young man naturally replied that nothing could possibly give him more pleasure, and turning to the steward he proudly rolled out a few sentences of the best French to be had. Then bowing to the young woman he disappeared behind the curtain that served instead of the door of his stateroom.

In a few moments a few sentences uttered excitedly in English drew him again into the passage, where he found the steward with a small bottle of campegne, a bowl of ice, and a single glass, which he was trying to set down in the fair passenger's cabin regardless of her expostulations.

AN AWKWARD POSITION.

'May I ask what this means?' asked the young lady, icily, of her countryman.

'It is some stupid mistake of the steward,' said the young man, confusedly. 'Let me remedy it,' he added, turning to the steward again and repeating his demand for mademoiselle's stewardess.

In two minutes the man was back with another glass, which he quietly set down on the waiter.

For a moment the girl stood dumbfounded, then bursting into tears she sobbed out:—'This is too much—too insulting.' Then, with her hands over her face, she rushed from the passage to the other side of the vessel, where her aunt's cabin was located. Left in this way the young man bit his lip with mortification, and then made up his mind to explain next day at dinner that really he understood the whole affair as little as she did.

STILL MORE AWKWARD.

But the next day he found that the young woman and her aunt had had their seats changed to the other side of the dining-room, and, whenever he tried to approach either of them on deck he was so carefully avoided as to make it impossible.

On the fourth day out, however, a Frenchman, a friend of his, said to him:—'I have the cabin next to yours, and this morning I asked our steward what time it was. In a few moments he came back and said, "106, Monsieur." That's the number of my seat at the table.'

'I inquired about it, and find the fellow is stone deaf, though he always pretends to hear well enough.'

'Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I see; very funny,' said the young man. 'Deaf is he? Hang him!'

HER MAJESTY'S STATE CROWN.

THE Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria, which her Majesty wears at the opening of Parliament, was made in 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39oz. 5dwt. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the border of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by his Majesty King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emerald and sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons, consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between the Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lys, with four rubies in the centre, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, and 87 rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; 32 pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds, and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns, 108 brilliant, 116 table, 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and on the upper 224 brilliants, the zone and the arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and 106 smaller brilliants.—*Silversmith's Trade Journal.*

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA CHAT.

A COLLECTION OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES YCLEPT SCIENCE—THE 'NEW MAGDALEN'—THE QUEEN'S FEATHER TRIMMING—HER JACKET—LADIES AS PHOTOGRAPHERS—THE BISHOP DID HIS BEST.

LADYS: 'I have heard so much about the wonderful phonograph, besides having attended one of the séances myself, that I want to know what it is that people are really interested in. Did they flock to see it, to hear its wonderful voices, because it was "the correct thing, *don't cher know*," as I heard one of our gilded youth remark to a soft-looking, fair-haired girl. She raised a pair of simpering blue eyes to his face and said: "Is it really? then I shall make papa take me to-night." Now, those two go because others have gone, but they are only a small part of society. The question therefore remains, why do the rest go?'

Dolly: 'Pure love of science takes some.'

Gladys: 'What is science?'

Dolly: 'I don't know.'

Vera: 'The dictionary says it is "knowledge; collection of general principles."'

Gladys: 'Ah, well, I will concede that some do go on a collection of general principles. When you come to think of it, we all do. The general principle of some minds is a desire for novelty. What do you think, Dolly?'

Dolly: 'Yes; but to be truly scientific you must, apparently, have several principles—a collection of them, in fact. So with a craving for novelty we poor women may unite a desire to see who else will be present, and what they will wear; also we may wish to display a new gown or a theatre bonnet; or a naughty girl may with these principles combine a desire to see the particular *him* of her temporary fancy, as she may not, perhaps, be allowed to attend theatre or Opera House except when a lecture is given in that desecrated building. All pure science, you see, Gladys.'

Vera: 'What nonsense you two are talking. People went to hear the phonograph from a desire to gain instruction.'

Gladys: 'And an evening's entertainment.'

Vera: 'That was thrown in. I think amusement and instruction should take hands to lead old and young.'

Dolly: 'I hate jam and Gregory's powder.'

Gladys: 'Do you remember the play of "The New Magdalen," one of the Janet Achurch repertoire?'

Vera: 'Who that has seen it could forget it?'

Gladys: 'When it was first placed on the stage, 1873, I believe, the part of Mercy Merrick being played by Miss Ada Cavendish, there was a perfect howl of public opinion against it. As it was here, the wonderful charm of the actress lulled all ethical feelings into a sweet sleep, and now it is being reproduced in London to immense audiences.'

Stella: 'Though we are far from home, yet we loyal Englishwomen like to hear about our dear Queen's mode of life, dress, and what not. Am I right?'

Dolly: 'Assuredly we do.'

Stella: 'You will be surprised to hear that Her Majesty, though despising fashions as such, is very particular about her dress. Comfort, above all else, is what Her Majesty requires in her garments. The gracious lady who reigns over us is that *rara avis*, a woman who knows her own mind, and, having given her orders plainly and exactly, she expects them to be executed to the letter. Not very long since, some beautiful feather trimming, made in Paris expressly for the Royal wear, was all sent back to be narrowed by half an inch. Her Majesty had named the width she desired to have, and at once perceived that the trimming supplied exceeded it by half-an-inch. One of the Queen's favourite materials is a fine black vicuna with a diagonal pattern on the right side. This is sold for two guineas the yard. To make a piece of this lovely stuff a thousand skins are often needed, as only the very finest down-like wool is used. Her Majesty takes the whole piece of fifty yards, although she seldom keeps more for herself than suffices to make one jacket or gown.'

Dolly: 'I wish she would send me the rest. If she only knew the depth of my loyalty.'

Gladys: 'Certainly, if she knew how cold it was she would send that material to kindle, if not flames of loyalty, at least sparks of gratitude.'

Stella: 'Each year the Queen has four cloth jackets made at a certain West end establishment. Each jacket is of a different thickness, to suit the different degrees of temperature; and our Royal mistress is so exceedingly sensitive that she detects the difference of half an ounce in the weight of her jacket. To prevent any mistake or dissatisfaction, each jacket is carefully weighed before it is sent home. In some cases one set of buttons has had to be replaced by another not so heavy before the Queen's jacket could be pronounced perfect.'

Dolly: '*Apropos* of nothing, I wonder more women do not take to photography as a profession.'

Gladys: 'The sordid question, "Will it pay?" at once rises to my lips.'

Dolly: 'I believe so. Two ladies in London have established themselves as photographers. Both ladies have had already a considerable amount of experience in their profession, and as they are assisted by a most skilful operator, we make no doubt that they will obtain the large measure of success which they so thoroughly deserve. Their rooms are most charmingly decorated, and arranged in such a way that it becomes a real pleasure to wait one's turn in the pretty ante-chamber specially prepared for that purpose. Another great advantage at this photographic establishment arises from the fact that the rooms and the studio are all on the ground floor, so that the visitors need never have to endure a tiring pilgrimage up endless flights of stairs before arriving at their final destination.'

Vera: 'I hope they are satisfied with moderate profits. I find that ladies when they take to business are usually dreadfully avaricious.'

Dolly: 'Well, these two are a remarkable exception to your acquaintance. For half-a-guinea you can have eight "head and bust" cartes-de-visite, while for a guinea ten cabinet photos will be supplied, either three-quarter or full length. The boudoir and panel portraits are charged in proportion.'

Stella: 'The Duchess of Portland is wearing my idea of luxury and comfort in fur garments. It is of the finest seal, made up in a long paletôt shape, and lined throughout with Russian sable. The price is a thousand guineas.'

Dolly: 'Fancy all that money invested in a cloak which one active New Zealand moth would ruin in a short time.'

Vera: 'Ah, yes, the moths *are* a nuisance. I do not wonder they are especially mentioned as being excluded from heaven.'

Dolly: 'That reminds me of a clerical story. I do hope you have not heard it. The Bishop of Manchester preached a special sermon at Holy Trinity Church, Hull, and he acquitted himself, as everyone thought, extremely well. An elderly and somewhat near-sighted clergyman, who was one of the congregation, chanced to be discussing the sermon that same night at a hotel, with an ecclesiastic whom he met there. "What a magnificent sermon Manchester preached!" said he. The stranger was silent. "Splendid, wasn't it?" pursued the man. "Oh, well," said the strange clergyman, "I suppose the Bishop did his best." "Did his best!" retorted the other, indignantly. "I should think so; I should like to hear *you* preach anything one-twentieth part as good!" Nothing further passed, and the stranger rose to go, but before he did so, he said, "I should like to have the pleasure of knowing your name, sir." "My name," was the reply, "is B——, I'm the Vicar of F.; and may I ask yours also?" "Oh, certainly," replied the other, in bland tones; "*I am the Bishop of Manchester*."'

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

PARIS NOTES.

IT is difficult to get anything light, airy, yet fashionable for head-gear for those of us who have begun to feel that some sort of cap will better suit our years than rolls of bought hair, crimpled fringes, waved fronts, and so on. To my mind, no one looks so sweet and loveable as an old lady wearing her own soft white or grey hair, surmounted by a becoming cap. Therefore I was very pleased when in one of our most *chic magazins* I was shown the very fascinating cap which I have sketched for you. 'C'est charmante,' said the demoiselle who expatiated on its various beauties, and I hope my fair readers across the sea will endorse her opinion. Quant à moi; well, the fact that I have reproduced it shows what I think of it. The component part is the very pretty and delicate-looking chiffon that is used so much this year for all kinds of dainty ruffles, *jabots*, etc., and makes up into

charming caps for elderly ladies, being so extremely soft and becoming, besides keeping well in order for a long time, with ordinary care. A successful way of building a head-dress with this fabric is shown in my sketch as follows:—Make a small oblong foundation of stiff white net, about half an inch deep (with a wire run through to keep in place, then frou-frou your chiffon fully on arranging, so as to form a Stuart shape in front, and when brought to the back on either side, spread upwards, and then pin to the hair, and frou-frou again down each side, which forms a becoming furnishing to the face when the hair is not very luxuriant. For colour a very pretty combination is cream chiffon edged with bronze beads, and a small humming bird perched among the folds; very pale grey, edged with steel beads, and a dark green bird; or plain white, with black-beaded edge (if an edge of any kind is preferred to a plain one), with a dark red velvet knot of ribbons, all make up prettily.

HELOISE.

DESCRIPTION OF GOWNS MADE BY REDFERN FOR H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

(SEE FASHION-PLATE, PAGE 17.)

MESSRS JOHN REDFERN AND SONS, of Cowes, I.W., the world-famed ladies' tailors, have been honoured with commands from H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, on her return from India, for various gowns, coats, mantles, etc., a few of which will be found illustrated on page 17.

First comes a plain but elegant gown of fine tweed in checks of buff colour on a ground of blue mixture. The bodice is cut with transverse revers showing button-holes, and a few folds of buff silk appear in the centre reaching from neck to waist. The skirt is plainly draped in front, buttoning on either side, and interlaced with folds or kilts to give freedom in walking.

Secondly, we notice a gown of grey and white tweed in fancy stripes, and of somewhat more fanciful design, the bodice arranged in a triple zouave over a waistcoat of white piqué spotted with grey; sleeves moderately high on shoulders, but plain, and tight at wrist. The skirt has a slightly full drapery formed by three transverse folds, starting from under a pocket flap on the right hip, and is finished at foot by a deep hem stitched on the right side in close rows.

3. A pretty little lounge bodice appears next of surah silk in navy blue shade, the fulness being kept in place by bands of silk across bust, and at waist embroidered in Grecian pattern of white and blue cord.

4. Another bodice of similar make is of blue and white spot pongee, and has blue ribbons interlacing the fulness across bust, wider ribbons being used for the belt.

5. Then comes a very beautiful coat of Venetian cloth in a delicate shade of réséda, lined with silk of the same shade. The gigot sleeves are made entirely of metal Venetian embroidery in most intricate and elaborate design, gold, silver, and steel threads being most curiously and beautifully interwoven, forming a beautiful transparent floral network, under which appear sleeves of the réséda silk, and triangular-shaped ornaments of the same embroidery are placed just below the collar, meeting in a point at the bust where the jacket is clasped together, falling open lower down to show the dress bodice or silk shirt underneath.

6. A long driving coat of Hungarian blue Melton cloth is cut with a triple shoulder cape braided in light brown Bretonne braid, finishing at the front corners in an Austrian knot.

7. A smart little jacket of navy serge arranged to wear open or closed, having revers reaching to the bust, and buttoning with gold R.Y.S. buttons. This coat is worn over a cambric spotted shirt, and with a plain serge skirt forms a useful yachting and boating gown.

8. Next we have to notice a very *chic* little jacket of navy blue Finling cloth with open fronts, and lined with salmon pink silk. A rich pattern of blue and gold mixed braiding forms small zouaves, and is used as a facing to the revers and bell-shaped sleeves.

9. A gown of fine heliotrope cloth for visiting and afternoon wear is richly embroidered in heliotrope and gold on the dart seams of bodice, giving a narrow appearance to the waist, and a deep conventional pattern of the same embroidery is carried round part of skirt.

10. A mountaineer cape of blue boating cloth checked with white has a novel fastening or clasp over the shoulders, allowing the cape to be opened and thrown back if found too warm when walking or climbing.

11. The last figure shows a natty little coat for yachting, made of 'Scouring' cloth, loose fronted in shape, and with large revers faced with navy silk, and under this it buttons over in a double-breasted shape. The linings are of old rose silk.

Though many of these garments are plain in design, it is scarcely necessary to remark that each bears the distinctive touch and finish which stamps it as 'one of Redferne,' thus giving it an individuality for which no other firm possesses so great or so deserved a reputation.

LADIES' CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

PUT LADIES ON HOSPITAL COMMITTEES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to call your attention to a sphere of work eminently suitable for ladies, but at the same time unremunerative, wearisome, and thankless. And yet, despite these drawbacks, there are good, practical, devoted women who would be willing and could afford to give up the time necessary for the work. My attention has been specially called to this subject at the present moment by two things: First, the little affair at the Auckland Hospital: second, an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, entitled 'Women as Public Servants.' I do not apologise for bringing this matter before your readers, for surely, if a magazine like the one mentioned thinks the matter of sufficient public importance to be paid for handsomely for publication in that paper, the GRAPHIC may well devote a few lines to its consideration. Allow me to make a few extracts. 'We feel surprised that so many essentially womanly duties should hitherto have been performed by men alone—duties which we have no hesitation in saying would be scorned by them were they asked even to give an opinion on them at home.' The writer adds: 'The following are some of the *important* questions that come before the male guardians:—The selection of a dress material for the nurses, the choice of marking-ink (with an inspection of articles of linen marked), the respective merits of crockery *versus* metal pie dishes; besides an examination of various garments from the laundry,' etc.

Now, sir, I venture to say that, for duties like these, a ladies' committee for refuges, hospitals, lunatic asylums, and similar institutions would be most suitable. How can a man tell whether the rooms, food, and patients' linen are kept in proper order? In a lunatic asylum especially, where the female patients are so much left to the care of attendants, who, says our author, 'as the work is unquestionably demoralising soon pick up bad language from, and use it to, the patients, I am quite sure that there ought to be *lady inspectors* also, visiting, like the magistrates, with full power to question and examine.' No one ought to have this power without special training. How can a business man, freshly appointed to a, say, hospital committee, who has no technical training of the kind necessary to fit him to discharge his duties properly, profess to know the best system of management? How can he tell if the female patients, for instance, are being properly looked after? And the poor little ones, who would be far too much afraid of the 'Board' to make any complaints, are they to be left to the kindness, or the reverse, of hard-worked nurses?

A ladies' committee composed of suitable, experienced women, with some idea of nursing added to their practical knowledge of housework, etc., would be of great assistance to any of the above mentioned institutions. Of course, their duties must be clearly defined, and on no account must they interfere in any way with medical orders. Tact and judgment are particularly necessary, and, as a rule, women possess these qualities in far larger measure than men. Dublin and Belfast Hospitals each rejoice in a ladies' committee, the working of which, I am told, is most satisfactory, and a clergyman informed me just now that at Brisbane the Children's Hospital is managed by a ladies' committee, who are subject to the medical man, and the arrangement works harmoniously and well.—I am, etc.,

FOR THE GOOD OF THE PATIENTS.

A BRIDE'S WHIM.

'IT seems a very stupid idea to have a wedding ball without the bride, don't you think so, Elaine?'

The speaker was a merry, blue-eyed damsel of some twenty summers, and she put down the soft silk she was embroidering, and knotted her hands behind her head.

Elaine, who was fashioning a few rich Gloire-de-Dijon roses into a trailing wreath, laughed, and her dark eyes danced with fun.

'Ingra,' she said, leaning forward, so that the listening breezes should have no chance of telling the secret. 'Ingra, I have such a splendid idea. Oh! if you only had courage enough to carry it out!'

'What is it? I have plenty of courage. Don't you remember cousin Dick always declared I had cheek enough for anything?'

'Very well, then. Now listen and I will tell you how you shall be a guest at your own wedding dance. First, it must be a masked ball; second, you must not let your mother know. She thinks and believes that a departure with a due supply of rice and slippers after the breakfast or reception tea is the only dignified and correct proceeding for a bride. To remain and enjoy a dance would savour too much of Bohemianism for her. "It would not be at all the thing, my dear."'

Elaine imitated the carefully modulated, well-bred tones of Mrs de Lacy, Ingra's mother, to perfection. Both girls laughed. Then a shadow crept over the bride-elect's face.

'There's Martin, you know, Elaine,' she said, as though the bridegroom's existence at all was quite an afterthought.

'He must enjoy the dance too,' cried Elaine. 'We can't very well leave him out.'

'But I'm afraid he won't like it,' said his *fiancée*, dubiously.

'Tell him if he doesn't agree to this, your first request, you won't marry him,' suggested Elaine.

'Then there would be no wedding and no dance! It would disappoint so many people.'

'What would disappoint so many people?' asked a pleasant, manly voice, as across the soft lawn turf a tall, well-built figure made its way.

'Oh, Martin, how you startled me! I was only telling Elaine that if our marriage did not take place a great many people would be put out.'

'Good gracious, Ingra, what an awful suggestion! And how calmly you speak of it too! What has happened?' he went on, hurriedly. 'Is anyone dead? Are you ill? Isn't the wedding-frock ready?'

'Frock!' exclaimed Ingra. 'One would think I was a mite of four going to her first party. No, there's nothing wrong, only——'

'Only what?'

'Only I do so want to dance at my own wedding.'

'And so you shall, dear. I'll take a musical-box with us, and as soon as we are safely in our cabin at Port Chalmers I'll set it going, and you shall have the barn-door dance, a waltz, polka, or whatever you like. You will only be somewhat restricted in your choice of partners.'

Elaine laughed heartily. 'Your next-cabin neighbours would appreciate the noise, I am sure. But Ingra wants to be present at the dance Mrs de Lacy is giving in the evening.'

'I do not see how she can possibly manage that, Miss Brickley. The steamer leaves the wharf at five o'clock.'

'Perhaps it will be a day late,' suggested Ingra.

'We can hardly base our arrangements on that slender chance,' said Martin Linn, seating himself in a wicker chair by the girls. 'Is the tea all gone?'

Elaine took up the tea-pot and held it against her round cheek.

'There's some liquid left, but I fear it's very chilly.' She set it down on the rustic table, and looked questioningly at Mr Linn. Then a happy thought came to her.

'I'll run in with it and get some more made,' she said. The lovers offered but a feeble protest, and with a chuckle at her own astuteness, Miss Brickley vanished in the direction of the house.

Her back was barely turned before Martin drew his chair close to Ingra's, and slipping his arm round her neck, turned her lovely face up to his.

'I suppose Miss Brickley has been putting you up to this extraordinary notion?' he asked.

Had the question been expressed differently, had Martin laughingly told her he meant to carry her off for his very own as soon as possible, and that he would not divide her with a lot of other people all the evening, Ingra would have yielded the point, and laughed at her own fancy. But he had always shown himself jealous of Elaine's influence over her friend, and had even once or twice twitted Ingra with being completely under her thumb. So at this reference to Miss Brickley she promptly fired up.

'It isn't at all extraordinary, and it's my own idea. Lots of brides appear for a little, and I am so fond of dancing, and it will be my last chance to dance with all my pet partners.'

Martin's brow darkened. He had often wished to prevent his betrothed dancing round dances with anyone but himself. The thought of his wife doing such a thing was intolerable.

'It is quite impossible, Ingra,' he said. 'All our plans have been made, and I cannot alter them to suit an absurd whim of yours and Miss Brickley's.'

'Very well,' said Ingra, rising from her seat, and letting her white silks fall on the grass, 'I will not marry you at all.'

She darted across the grass, and before Martin could recover from his amazement and overtake her, had entered the library through the open French window, and gone up to her own room. Thither Elaine followed her, and, after a long talk, took a message out to the still astonished and bewildered lover to the effect that if he would not speak again of what had happened that afternoon, Ingra would give up the dance and marry him.

But the steamer's departure *was* postponed. Martin told Ingra that they would go down to Port Chalmers as arranged, only by a later train, and leave the port next day by the boat. This was demurely agreed to, and the wedding-day came.

The ceremony was over. Afternoon tea had been imbibed, and the wedding-cake discussed. Then the happy pair, as the Society papers would term them, departed in a carriage drawn by grey horses, amidst a shower of traditional rice and slippers.

But after their arrival at the Port Chalmers Hotel Mrs Martin Linn declared that she had 'a dreadful sick headache,' which nothing but the most absolute rest and quiet would cure. If she had to come down to dinner, or to talk to anyone, it would certainly last three days.

Martin could only acquiesce sympathetically, and procure a fresh bottle of salts and some eau-de-cologne. He ate a solitary dinner, and having heard from the chambermaid that the lady was just going to sleep, he strolled down to the wharf, solacing himself with a pipe. After all the wedding fuss he was scarcely surprised that the bride was knocked up.

Having satisfied herself that her husband had left the hotel, Ingra, who had made all her preparations, locked her door, putting the key in her pocket, and stole softly down the stairs. She caught a train to her station, and made her way cautiously to her mother's house, which was brilliantly lighted. In a retired summer-house she found her ball-dress and mask. She waited here for her friend. Elaine soon appeared, and congratulated her on the success of her scheme. Together they returned to the house, and Ingra danced, outwardly as happily and lightly as the rest. Her gown was very handsome, and certainly of rather daring contrasts. The front of palest blue silk was covered with sprays of pink convolvulus; the bodice was of the blue, with a pink silk ruche, whilst the train of pale pink brocade was ornamented with ostrich feathers and loops of black velvet. She would not wear white for fear of attracting attention, though Elaine assured her that her striking coloured gown was much more risky. Thanks to the style of dress—unlike anything she had previously worn—and her mask, she was not recognised. But every moment she grew more unhappy. Was this deceit a good beginning of her married life? And, oh! what would Martin say if he found out? What had seemed an excellent joke began to assume a very different character to her awakened conscience.

Like Cinderella, she must vanish at twelve o'clock, for at that hour, during supper, the guests were all to unmask. Elaine met her as the various couples were making their way to the ballroom.

'Quick, Ingra,' she said. 'You can slip off now up to my room. What fun it has been!'

'I don't think so,' said the unhappy bride. 'Oh, Elaine, I believe I have wrecked my life's happiness for a whim.'

Elaine looked dismayed. 'Hurry up,' she said. 'The carriage will be ready for you, and I will never betray you.'

'I shall tell Martin myself,' sobbed Ingra.

'You had better not; he will never forgive you. Be sure——' But Ingra had slipped away to Elaine's room to wait for two or three hours.

It was a weary drive to Port Chalmers, and Ingra spent the time in bitter self-reproach. She did not wish to arrive at the hotel until daylight, and was glad that Boots, who let her in, looked too sleepy to be surprised.

But just outside her own door she met her husband. Anxious, and unable to sleep, he had risen early, and was listening at his wife's door to hear if she was breathing softly or tossing restlessly on her couch.

'Ingra!' he exclaimed, 'what does this mean?'

For an instant Ingra hesitated. His voice was very stern. The lie was on her lips, 'I couldn't sleep, and have been trying a little fresh air,' but her better nature triumphed.

She walked towards the sitting-room. 'Come here, Martin, and I will tell you all.' And, with tears of sorrow and self-reproach, she confessed her escapade.

Martin was dreadfully hurt by the deceit she had practised upon him, and for a long time did not seem inclined to forgive her. But her entreaties and caresses won the pardon she craved. Her punishment lay in the fact that for months afterwards her husband regarded every sign of weakness, weariness, or illness as counterfeit. It was long, indeed, before he fully trusted her, and Ingra felt this keenly.

L.F.R.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS. GOWNS MADE BY REDFERN FOR H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.—SEE PAGE 17.

RIDDLEMEREE.

ANSWER.—Milton.

Can any young readers solve this problem?—A man was going home with a goose, an open bag of wheat and a fox. He came to a river. The boat would hold only one of his purchases together with himself, so that he could only take over one at a time. How is he going to take them over without the fox eating the goose, or the goose the wheat?—MERIVALE.

BEGINNING ALONE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

NELLIE began to be exceedingly anxious as the minutes went by after the breaking up of the mock-trial. Mr Cornelius, seeing her sitting alone, had sauntered over and tried in vain to reassure her.

'Let us go over by the chapel,' he said. 'I thought I heard a shout.'

It was a short walk across the Park. Ascending the steps, they stood in the shadow of the great Doric columns of the portico and listened.

'He can't be in here,' said Nellie.

'Wait,' answered Mr Cornelius, going down the steps and around the corner of the building. At one of the windows, less overgrown by the vines than the others, he perceived a slight, dark figure vainly endeavouring to lift the heavy sash.

'Is that you, Walter?'

'If you don't let me out quick,' shouted Walter, 'I'll kick a hole in the glass!'

'Don't do anything rash,' said Mr Cornelius.

'Oh!' exclaimed Walter. 'Is that you?'

'Go to the gallery door. Nellie is there,' was the answer. 'He is in the chapel,' said Mr Cornelius to Nellie, 'and he is frightened, too, I think. I shall be back in a moment. I must go over to Dick's for the key.'

In a little while Nellie heard steps and some one panting.

'Walter,' she called, 'are you afraid?'

'There's nothing to be afraid of,' he answered, gruffly, 'but I wish some one would hurry and let me out!'

'I am right here by the door!' called Nellie.

'What good does that do if you can't open it? Hello! hello!'

'Walter, stop! Some one might hear you. Don't be so frightened. There's nothing there.

'I'm not frightened, and I *want* some one to hear me!' he retorted, violently shaking the door. Nellie again noted his quick, agitated breathing.

'They are coming. Do be patient!' she answered, a little angrily, as the boy began to kick and shout vigorously.

Mr Cornelius ran up the steps as rapidly as his lameness would permit, and the door was soon opened.

'I was afraid,' gasped Walter, staggering out into the air, '*of catching cold!*'

Mr Cornelius had too much tact to laugh just then, and Nellie's sympathy and resentment at what she considered very unjust treatment inclined her to tears rather than to amusement.

When the gossip about the mock-trial had finally subsided, the last excitement of the season was over, and studious Dulwich settled down to its books.

The chief pleasure that autumn of the two younger children had been to walk part of the way home with Belle Billingham when she returned to her home on Friday, after her week of school in Dulwich. The roads that led by old Mr Tucker's and the Dillingham farm formed what was called in Dulwich 'The Big Triangle.' At its apex stood Dulwich, at its right hand angle the Zion Methodist Church, and occupying its left corner was the Dillingham farm. The Tucker cottage on the hill-top, with its two tall pines, stood about midway of the base of the triangle opposite the village.

It was not a long walk for Belle Dillingham, as her father's house stood on the slope of a long hill on the left hand or mill road, only a little more than a mile and a half from Dulwich. A dilapidated bridge crossed the creek at the foot of the hill, and here the children loved to tarry and look between the broken planks at the water below which raced to the great Red Mill near by. It had been the Red Mill for fifty years, until a misguided and contrary miller painted it yellow; but it made no difference; the Red Mill it always had been, and Dulwich decreed the Red Mill it should remain in spite of chromatic variations.

As the cold weather came on these long walks were gradually discontinued, and later, when Mr Dillingham began to come in his waggon for Belle, they ceased entirely.

Generous and industrious little Elizabeth early began to work for Christmas, and before long had collected an array of articles over which from time to time she sadly shook her head.

'Couldn't you give her a little help about her things?' asked Walter of Nellie. 'The poor little dear is up there snarling her threads and breaking her needles, while the tears keep dropping down and spotting her work. I think you might lend her a hand.'

'I can't neglect my studies to make Elizabeth's Christmas presents!' Nellie grumbled as she mounted the stairs and opened the nursery door in no agreeable frame of mind. 'What *are* you doing, Elizabeth?'

Elizabeth looked up. There were great red circles about her eyes, and her voice trembled.

'It all gets so mussy,' she cried, despairingly, 'and I can't make the edges even, and I can *not* keep it clean!'

'Of course you can't if you never wash your hands. What makes you try to do such difficult things?'

'But I made a lovely one with mamma last year!'

'I suppose she did all the fine work.'

'No, I did every bit myself, Nellie. She only showed me.'

'Very well. Go wash your face and hands, and I will see what I can do.'

Nellie examined the work. It was soiled and defaced beyond redemption.

'You may as well throw this away,' was her greeting when, with damp hair and clean hands, Elizabeth came back to the nursery. Cold water and reviving hope had put a new expression in the tired little face, and the child advanced a step or two before it left it. Then as Nellie, suiting the action to the word, threw the work into the waste-basket, the overwrought nerves gave way, and with a wild scream Elizabeth flung herself on the floor. A torrent of angry words and cries burst from her lips.

ON THE WAY TO MR DILLINGHAM'S.

Walter came upstairs two steps at a time. 'What have you done to her?' he cried. 'What is the matter?'

'Nothing is the matter, and you might know that I hadn't "done" anything to her!' answered Nellie, crossly. 'She has simply worn herself out over those foolish presents.'

'She threw my needle-book into the waste-basket!' sobbed Elizabeth, as, kneeling by her side, Walter tried to lift her from the floor.

'You certainly have, along with your other abilities, remarkable talents for rubbing people the wrong way!' said Walter, looking up at Nellie indignantly over the dishevelled head which now rested on his shoulder.

'O Walter,' sobbed Elizabeth, as Nellie walked away, 'you are so dear!'

'Come,' said Walter, trying to raise her to her feet, 'there is nothing to cry about.'

'But I can never make my presents!' The sobs became more violent. 'Nellie hasn't the time to show me, and she says nobody would have anything I could make. There is not a person to care now whether I have my presents ready or not. Oh, if mamma only—'

'Hush, hush, that's a good girl!' pleaded Walter. 'You will make yourself ill.'

'Couldn't you help me, Walter?'

The boy hesitated. 'I can't help with sewing,' he began, thinking of the lessons of the morrow as yet unprepared, 'but I'll tell what I can do some day, Elizabeth. I can show you how to paste and cut. Are there no presents to be made without sewing?'

'Photograph frames are pasted,' hazarded Elizabeth.

'Oh, I can make those,' said Walter, 'but I really haven't time for it this afternoon; there are my lessons.'

'Here is a horrible one Ditty made for me,' said Reginald, going to a drawer where he kept his paper dolls and producing a pasty, uneven affair in which he had placed a picture of his mother. Walter took it out of his hands to examine it.

'Be careful of it,' said Reginald. 'That's my very precionest thing.'

Without removing his eyes from the picture, Walter put it slowly down on the table and seated himself in front of it.

'Get your things together,' he said, 'and we will see what we can do.'

Before long the three were deep in clipping cardboard and silk, while Walter made accurate measurements and delicately applied the glue. He was deft at all such things, and Elizabeth, who was much like him, soon acquired quite respectable skill.

'I've measured all the rest of these and marked them,' said Walter, at last. 'Can't you go on now without me?'

'Yes,' said Elizabeth, 'we can. Walter,' she added, solemnly, 'I have been comparing you, and I think you are very like mamma—very, very like her!'

'Walter is a comferd,' said Reginald. When in his Greek the next day Walter's recitation was below the average, it was a compensation to remember the sound of the two earnest voices assuring him that he was a comfort and like mamma.

The children looked forward to the near approach of Christmas with all the ardour of their childish hearts. Elizabeth's presents began to progress rapidly, and by the twentieth of December all was in readiness. Reginald had broken into his bank and invested in sundry articles, appropriate and otherwise, at the village store, and between themselves they had much discussion as to the mode of presentation.

'What time shall you have the tree, Nellie?' asked Elizabeth one morning at breakfast.

'Tree!' said Nellie. 'There is not going to be any tree.'

'No tree! Why, Nellie, we've always had a tree!'

'Is there anything to prevent?' said Mr Wharton. 'You know that the tree is an old institution.'

'I have not sent to Mr Dillingham for one,' said Nellie.

'You can get one up at the church,' suggested Walter.

'They have ordered all the decorations by the yard this year,' said Nellie, 'and there are no other evergreens to be put up. I think it is too late for a tree. Besides, we haven't anything to put on it.'

'It is not too late,' said Mr Wharton. 'Why, to-day is only the twenty-second! I will write to Dillingham about it this morning.'

'Papa,' said Nellie, 'it is so much trouble, and I have so many things to do. I think they will be just as happy to have the presents on the table. There are only a few little things, from Walter and me.'

Mr Wharton woke suddenly to the fact that he had himself forgotten the Christmas presents. Only a few little things! how the childish faces fell!

'*We* have lots of things to give you,' said Reginald, piteously, '*lovely* s'prises.'

'Never mind, Totie,' said Elizabeth, trying to be very brave, 'we can't expect to have as many presents as we used to when mamma——'

She stopped abruptly, for her father, unable to bear the disappointment shown on the two little faces, had risen from the table with something that sounded almost like a groan. He soon returned, however, with a postal-card in his hand addressed to Mr Dillingham.

'Walter,' he said, 'take this card up to the mail, and engage a buggy at Arragon's for me to-morrow morning. I am going in to Littleton. Do you want to go, Nellie?'

'I can't go,' answered Nellie, not very regretfully. 'I must practice the anthems all the morning. It will be dreadfully crowded in there.'

'Very well,' said her father. 'I can do my Christmas shopping alone.'

'*I* should like to go,' said Walter diffidently.

'Come, then. I think we can arrange it between us.'

Next morning, instead of a buggy, Arragon, the livery-stable keeper, sent down a sleigh. It had snowed heavily through the afternoon and night. At the sight of the sleigh the children were eager for a drive. Bundling them in, Walter and his father drove once or twice up and down the park, and then, leaving them at the gate with some letters to take to the post-office, jingled merrily off toward Littleton.

The trees on the middle path were loaded until their branches creaked with the weight, and from time to time showers of snow shook down upon the two little well-booted figures as they plodded along through the half-broken drifts. Everything was strangely quiet, and Elizabeth's laugh at Reginald, who was impelled to talk only in whispers, broke clearly on the air.

After depositing their letters they proceeded to carry on a conversation with the post-mistress upon the subject that interested them most.

'Mrs Burns,' called Reginald, 'how do you do?'

'Is that you, Reginald, and Elizabeth, too?' cried Mrs Burns, putting her face through the delivery door with a pleasant smile. 'Well, you *are* a big boy!'

'Mrs Burns, has Mr Dillingham been in lately for his mail?' asked Elizabeth.

'Jennie,' called Mrs Burns to some one at the back of the office, 'has Dillingham sent for his mail?'

'There isn't anything for him but a postal-card,' said Jennie. 'It is there in the box.'

'Sure enough,' said Mrs Burns, pointing to a letter-box, low enough for the children to see into. They pressed their noses against the glass; the postal-card was lying in the bottom of the box.

'Oh!' wailed Reginald, 'it's our Christmas tree!'

Mrs Burns took it up and read it. 'Dear me!' she cried, with consternation upon her kind, comely face; 'so it is! What shall we do about it?'

Elizabeth made no answer; she was quite pale—the calamity seemed so dreadful.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Mrs Burns. 'I will give it to the first man who comes in that lives over in that direction, and tell him to be sure and deliver it early to Mr Dillingham; and you'll have your tree before night.'

The children turned away, not much comforted.

'Don't fret,' called Mrs Burns after them, 'you'll have your tree!'

Silently the children retraced their steps. They walked quietly in the beaten track, and Elizabeth no longer laughed at Reginald because he whispered. Half way down the college park they stopped and looked out across the broad valley to where, on the opposite hills, Mr Tucker's two pine trees were outlined against the sky.

'It isn't so very far,' said Elizabeth. 'We could get over there before dinner-time.'

'And ride home on the tree!' answered Reginald.

Without further ado they started. Sturdily they trudged on through the snowy roads, unconscious of the length of time it was taking. They crossed the bridge and climbed the hill. They had not started as early as they had thought; they could go but slowly, and it was nearly four o'clock, and beginning to be dark, when they reached the Dillinghams'.

The gate stood ajar in the white drifts of snow which stretched unbroken up to the doorway. Not a track marred the perfect whiteness, and no smoke issued from any of the chimneys.

'There's no one at home!' exclaimed Elizabeth. But Reginald was so tired that she waded alone through the snow to the door, and knocked violently.

Everything was still; down the hill in the barn could be heard an occasional stamp from the horses, and the lowing of the cattle. The children could tell by the tracks in that direction that some one had been there earlier in the morning—probably Joe White, the hired man.

'We must go home,' said Elizabeth, going back to Reginald. 'Look at the sky; it is going to snow again.'

'I can't,' answered Reginald. 'I must ride home; I'm too tired.'

'But you must come, Reginald! There is no one to give us a ride.'

'But I can't walk any more,' said Reginald; 'I am cold and my legs would go.'

Elizabeth looked up at the sky. It was growing very dark; a great puff of icy wind swept suddenly over the hill top and down the slope, laden with flakes of snow.

'Totie,' she said, 'you can easily get to Mrs Tucker's.'

'I can't easily get anywhere,' answered Reginald, who had firmly seated himself on the horse-block.

'She always bakes lemon snaps on Monday,' said wily Elizabeth.

Reginald climbed down from his perch and wearily plodded forward; but he soon dragged behind.

The air was now thick with snow, and the darkness and wind constantly increased. The child who was tired and hungry, began to be benumbed by the cold. Tears rolled silently down his cheeks as he unsteadily planted one foot before the other. Elizabeth coaxed, scolded and pushed him onward, although herself almost falling from fatigue.

'O Ditty, Ditty, please let me rest!' Reginald begged, and from time to time in the midst of the whirling drifts she waited, shielding him in her arms until a nameless terror drove her to advance.

'Totie! Totie! Darling Totie, *mamma's* Totie, Ditty will save you,' she cried, panting and struggling against the blast.

'Leave me alone,' murmured Reginald, 'leave me alone!'

The storm, grown to a tempest, again rushed down upon them, almost blowing them from their feet.

'I'm not going any further!' said Reginald coming to a standstill.

Then Elizabeth's stout little loving heart seemed to break. Frantic and despairing, she lifted her voice and shrieked wildly again and again. The startling screams seemed to arouse Reginald from the lethargy into which he was sinking, and he made a feeble effort to go on.

Two tall, dark objects loomed up through the falling snow, and with a sudden throb of joy Elizabeth recognised Mr Tucker's pine trees; but no ray of light gleamed from any of the windows, and it was almost night.

'There is no one here either!' she murmured desperately, as, literally carrying Reginald, she staggered up the unbroken path, and fell helplessly with her burden against the closed door, knocking and calling loudly as she did so.

'I am sleepy, Ditty!' whispered Reginald, almost inaudibly.

The words conveyed a dreadful meaning to her fainting senses.

'You must wake up!' she cried. 'Wake up, Totie, or you will die!'

She shook him violently; she even slapped his cheeks and hands, but Reginald only muttered, 'Don't!' and sank in a little heap at her feet.

MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE SAVINGS-BANK.

IN the long procession that passes before the cashier of a savings-bank are many odd characters. The man behind the counter does not receive the deposits, little and great, without retaining also a good many amusing recollections. The other day a pleasant-faced woman handed her book to the cashier in a savings-bank, and said, with a good deal of what the French call *empressement*, 'I wish to draw the full amount of my deposit.'

'Very well, madam,' answered the cashier, looking at the book.

'I thought I would mention it to-day, and then it would not cause any inconvenience,' she continued, with a bright smile.

'Thank you very much,' replied the cashier. 'Come in any time next week and you shall have it. Or you can draw it to-day if you like. We have the amount on hand,' and he smiled upon his customer as if he took a personal interest in her plans.

'No, I will come in next Wednesday, thank you,' and she tripped happily away with her precious book.

The 'full amount of her deposit' was five pounds and nine pence.

Not long ago an Irishman explained to the cashier that he wished to draw a certain amount from the deposit of a friend, whose book he presented.

'Very well,' said the cashier, handing him a printed blank. 'You must have your friend sign this order. Let him put his name here, and write "Pay to Bearer" here, and we will give you the money.'

Not many hours later Mr Riley appeared again. He pointed to his friend's name properly signed to the order, and also to an inscription after the printed words, "Pay to—"

'I don't know what ye wanted that name there for,' he said, 'but I wrote it in as ye told me.'

The 'name' he had written in was 'Pater Barrer.'

There being no rule of the bank against phonetic spelling, Mr Riley received his money forthwith.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A VISIT TO GRANDMAMMA.

WHEN the corn was growing yellow, and the nuts were turning brown,
The children went to spend the day with grandma, out of town.
There were Robert, Grace and Reginald, Maud Estelle and Mollie—
But I ought to say, in passing, Maud Estelle was Grace's dolly.

A jolly little party! Just enough to fill the surry,
And when the coachman cracked his whip they started in a hurry;
And I rather think that mamma and pretty Auntie Flo
Were just as glad to see them start as they were glad to go.

They frolicked and they rollicked as they rolled along the road;
And grandmamma was waiting with a welcome for the load.
They saw her watching by the gate with many a smile and nod,
And said, 'How pretty grandma looks among the golden-rod!'

She kissed their happy faces, as they hung about her neck;
And then they asked for cakies—they wanted 'bout a peck.'
Now grandmamma was equal to a dozen hungry elves—
She knew what she was doing when she stocked her pantry shelves.

Such pans of golden gingerbread all sitting in a row—
With lovely men and animals, made out of cookie dough,
A score of tiny dainty pies, an' better than the rest,
Plump doughnuts, just the colour of a baby robin's breast.

When luncheon time was over, and they started for a run,
The leaden clouds came piling up, and quite obscured the sun;
And then the rain fell patter-patter on the roof and eaves,
And ran in little rivulets among the fallen leaves.

But grandmamma was equal to this emergency;
She called her disappointed brood around her ample knee,
And told them thrilling stories, with a patience quite sublime—
Beginning every one of them with 'Once upon a time.'

Too soon the coachman cracked his whip and shouted, 'All aboard!'
And when the last good-byes were said, the rain no longer poured,
But danced along the crimson boughs, and fell in pearly showers
Upon the little outstretched hands that plucked the wayside flowers.

Such a quiet little party! as into town they rolled,
Just as the sun went slowly down behind the gates of gold.
And I rather think that mamma and pretty Auntie Flo
Were quite as glad to seem them come as they were to have them go.

JULIA M. DANA.

FAIRY STICKS.

THE fairy Woodleaf has not been heard of for some time, has she, children? Well, I am glad to be able to tell you something about her to-day—something nice, of course. This fairy is one of the good kind, who always likes to do nice things for people, especially for children. One afternoon, when the leaves were falling off the oak trees, and off all others which have been planted in New Zealand and do not belong to the country, the fairy Woodleaf was sitting upon a branch of an oak tree. She was watching the leaves as the wind caught them, shook them, kissed them, and let them drop to the ground, where they all began to play at Kiss-in-the-Ring. Have you not often heard that little swiss-swiss-kiss, as two dry leaves touch each other? Some people say it is just

LOOKING AT THE FAGGOTS.

rustling leaves, but we know better, do we not? It is the leaves kissing when they catch each other. Woodleaf was busy watching two leaves which had been chasing each other for some time when the wind suddenly came behind the one that was trying to catch the other, gave a great push with his breath, and blew it right against the one that was running away. Such a loud kiss they gave each other that Woodleaf actually laughed aloud. The noise she made startled two children, who had come to the wood to gather faggots. Woodleaf sat further back, and hid behind the leaves which were not yet brown, and listened to what the children were saying.

'Did you hear that noise, Georgie?' asked the girl, Nellie.

'Yes,' answered Georgie. 'It sounded like someone laughing, but I cannot see anyone, can you?'

'No,' said Nellie. 'But let us be quiet and gather as much firewood as we can whilst it is dry enough to burn. Poor mother says we shall not be able to buy any coal this winter, and if we wait till rain comes the wood will be wet, and will not cook the dinner.'

'Well, we could make a fire and dry it,' said Georgie.

'You stupid boy,' said Nellie. 'How could we make a fire of nothing?'

George laughed, then sat down on a tree stump and said he was too tired to gather any more of those tiresome little sticks.

'Do help me, Georgie dear!' said Nellie. 'I shall never get enough myself. These small pieces do burn so fast.'

'I wish each little stick we pick up would turn into a big bundle of faggots, don't you, Nellie?' the tired little boy said.

'Indeed I do,' Nellie answered, sitting down beside him. 'Georgie, do you believe in fairies?'

'Of course I do,' said her brother.

'Then let's both wish as hard as ever we can that some good fairy would appear now and turn our sticks into bundles of faggots, all nicely tied up.'

'Hadn't we better say some rhymes, or something? That's the sort of way fairies like to be asked, I know,' George said.

'How would this do?' Nellie asked.

'Sticks, dear sticks, to faggots turn.
Then you in the fire shall burn;
Cook our dinner, boil our tea,
Your flames dancing merrily.'

'But,' George said, 'you shouldn't tell the faggots they are to be burned. They mayn't come if they think they are to be treated so unkindly.'

'They know that is all we want them for,' said Nellie. 'Come, Georgie, sing away.'

So the two sang heartily, and the good fairy slipped off the branch, let herself to the ground by a silken thread, crept quietly along to the little heap of sticks, touched them with her wand, when, lo! a large pile of nicely tied-up faggots appeared in their place. Two little sticks that were lying on the ground close by were also turned into two bundles of long sticks.

Both children cried, 'Oh, look!' and jumped up. George took one bundle off the ground and sat down, it was so heavy, to look at it closely to make sure the sticks were real, whilst Nellie picked up the other bundle and put it on the large pile. If you look at the picture you will see them doing this.

They wanted to thank the fairy, but she had disappeared. So they ran home and fetched the big wheelbarrow, and spent all the afternoon getting those faggots home, and I can tell you their mother was pleased.

JACK FROST.

HOW FOUR CHILDREN WENT TO THE EXHIBITION.

TOM and Helen and Kate and Jack all went to the same school, and were great friends.

When they were at home from school, they kept hearing their mammas and papas and older brothers and sisters talk about the exhibition that was being held in the great new hall, built for the purpose, in the city where they lived.

They heard of the wonderful machines, of the beautiful dresses and dress fabrics, of the elegant furniture and the splendid toys, of the lovely jewelry and the fancy pickle department, and of the man who painted a landscape in oil for you, free, in three minutes.

They heard of the phonograph exhibit where a lady sang out of a machine, and the sewing machine exhibit and the piano and organ exhibit. They heard about the fine band that played, and about the apple and cake stands, until they were wild to go and see all these things for themselves, and I do not wonder that they were.

So they talked about it after school one day.

'It costs sixpence apiece to get in,' said Jack.

'Who is ever going to give us two shillings?' said Helen, in despair.

'Let's each earn our own,' said hopeful Tom, 'and then we'll all go together.'

'That's easier said than done,' answered Kate.

But they all agreed to try, and on Friday to compare notes. Then if they had the money, they would go to the exhibition on Saturday. When Friday came each one had a sixpence.'

'I got mine for pulling all the bastings out of two of mamma's new dresses,' said Kate.

'Pooh! That isn't worth sixpence,' said Tom.

'Just try it and see,' replied Kate. 'How'd you make yours?'

'Cutting the lawn for my father,' said Tom, with an air of pride. 'There's some work in that.'

'And I made mine rocking the baby to sleep for mamma evenings,' said Helen.

'And I found mine in the alley,' said Jack.

'O-o-oh!' said all the children at once.

On Saturday they went to the great building. They paid their money to the man at the little window, and then went eagerly through the big turnstile in the doorway.

There they were in the great main room. They caught a glimpse of rows and rows of wonderful things, like a whole city-full of shop-windows all together, and then Master Tom said:

'This isn't the room to look at first. I know the way. We must go through that big door over there that says "Exhibit" over it,—that's where to begin, and then we come back here.'

So they followed Tom straight across the big room, and never stopped to look at anything, not even the card over the door.

They opened it wide and through they went—the door slamming behind them. Then they stopped short and stared at one another.

Where do you suppose they were?

Why,—the card over the door said 'Exit,' not 'Exhibit,' and there they were *outside* again, in another entrance-hall, and right alongside of a big, burly policeman, who wouldn't let them go back!

Poor little children! Their money was all gone, there stood that dreadful policeman, and, worst of all, it was the very last day of the exhibition.

The girls sat right down on the steps and cried, and the boys came as near it as they could and not let the girls see; while Kate sobbed out:

'I could 'a' read better than that if I can't mow a lawn!'

But it was of no use. Tears would not avail. So they got up and walked home, and that was the way they saw the exhibition.

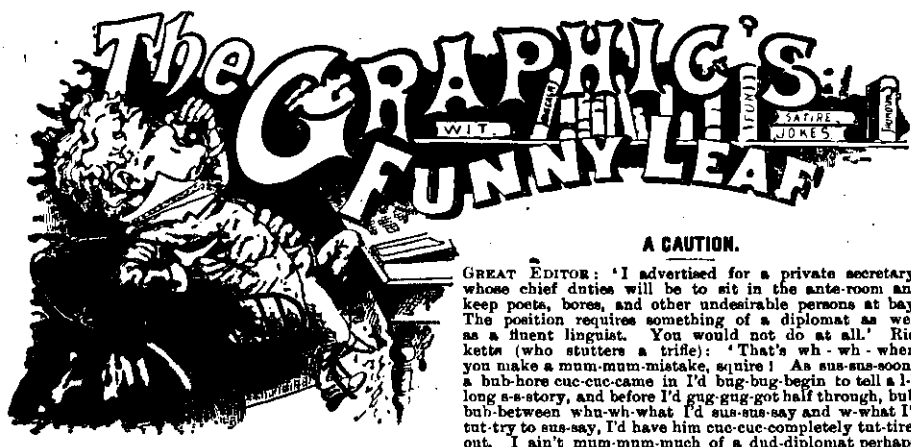
Before it opens again I think Tom had better learn to read more carefully, don't you?

WINIFRED BALLARD BLAKE.

FRED AND JOHNNY.

FRED came home with quite a rueful look on his face. He had been punished at school, and though it had been deserved felt very much abused. 'The teacher rules with an iron hand, eh?' asked Fred's papa, with a smile. 'His hand isn't iron,' Fred demurely replied, 'but it seems to me his ruler is.'

Three-year-old Johnny saw his papa making his garden, and set out to do some work himself. An hour later he was found busily engaged in sticking feathers up in the lettuce-bed, so he could 'raise chickens.'



A GIRL WORTH LOVING.

Oh, I know a maiden fair
Who inflates the wintor air;
With a wondrous wealth of melody a dozen times a day.
She can whistle, she can sing,
She can play on everything;
On at least a dozen instruments I've heard this maiden play.

She can snap the light guitar,
Till its notes are heard afar,
She can plunk the giddy banjo till it's tired in the face;
She can raise a mighty din
On the merry mandolin,
She can pick the lightsome zither with precision and with grace.

The piano she can thump
Till it makes the neighbours jump.
While the jewsharp and harmonica they simply make her smile,
When she tucks the violin
Up beneath her dimpled chin,
All the blackest kind of music she can polish off in style.

She can play the twangish harp.
Knows each little flat and sharp;
She can play the great church organ so it sets your brain awhirl;
And this maiden, who is she?
Why, that's plain enough to see,
She is nothing more than simply just the average London girl.

MAKING LOVE IN A FLAT.

A reporter has been studying incidents through open windows lately, and here are some of the results.

The young woman on the floor opposite seemed extremely agitated. She hung a large portion of her rather shapely form dangerously far out of the window, until the onlookers would have been alarmed had they not been convinced that somewhere within the room a pair of pedal anchors were securely holding fast. She looked anxiously up the street and down in a way significant of some one's coming, a waiting and watching that was soon rewarded by the appearance of a tall, thin young man on the horizon. The marvellous occurrences that followed the advent of the tall, thin young man in the parlour, on the top flat, beginning with a series of torpedo-like kisses and the sudden disappearance of gaslight, defy description.

In about three minutes the tall, thin young man and his hostess appeared at the window. They thoughtfully provided against wear and tear on the furniture by using only one chair.

'Awfully glad to see you,' he said, giving the other occupant of the chair an athletic hug.

'You horrid thing!' she screamed.

The thin young man disregarded this remark by administering another large hug, followed by a series of little tremor hugs and ten or a dozen pop kisses.

'Go 'way!'

'I won't.'

Four toy-pistol kisses.

'I like your cheek.'

'I know you do.'

At this juncture there was a dive and a jump, the external symptoms of a pinching match.

'O-o-oh!'

'Never do it again?'

'Never!' Bang, bang, depreciating into the long rattle of kissing musketry. The opportune arrival of a thunderstorm at this point compelled the shutting of windows, and incidents in the parlour of the top-floor flat no longer engrossed the attention of the opposite community.

O'MULLICAN'S ESCAPE.

The Alligator: 'I've eaten some strange things in my time, but hang me if I can go a man with a face like that!'—(*Swine essay.*)

A CAUTION.

Great Editor: 'I advertised for a private secretary, whose chief duties will be to sit in the ante-room and keep poets, bores, and other undesirable persons at bay. The position requires something of a diplomat as well as a fluent linguist. You would not do at all.' Ricketts (who stutters a trifle): 'That's wh-wh-where you make a mum-mum-mistake, squire! As sus-sus-soon's a bub-bore cuc-cuc-came in I'd bug-bug-begin to tell a l-l-long s-s-story, and before I'd gug-gug-got half through, bub-bub-between whu-wh-what I'd sus-sus-say and w-what I'd tut-try to sus-say, I'd have him cuc-cuc-completely tut-tired out. I ain't mum-mum-much of a dud-diplomat perhaps, but as a l-l-linguist I'm a cuc-cuc-caution!

NEAR THE END.

'Engaged!'

'Yes, last night, and to the noblest and best of men.'

'And you never told me, your old chum, you even had a beau! Pray, who is it? What's his name?'

'Char—Mr Jobwock.'

'What, Charley Jobwock. Still, I don't pity him, because when I refused him he had the impudence to say he was getting mighty near the end of his tether.'

Our Intellectual Boarder: 'Now, Mr Allibone, we will look for a good large piece of clouded red sandstone, and then I think we will return.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

She: 'Have you ever thought what an appropriate type of marriage the wedding ring is? A ring is a thing with no end.' He: 'Yes, and there's nothing in it.'

Chappie: 'It's very disagreeable when a fellah goes into society to meet one's trades-people.' Cynicus: 'Why, they don't dun you before the company, do they?'

Ethel: 'Don't you like those sofas that have just room enough for two?' Maud: 'Yes; but I like those that have hardly room enough for two far better.'

They were roasting chestnuts in the fire—'I am going to call that big one by your name,' she said. 'Why?' asked he. 'Because it seems to be cracked and won't pop.' But he did.

Constance wants us to tell her what a honeymoon is. 'Well, Constance, when a man and woman have been made one, the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavouring to discover which is that one.'

A prisoner, on being sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life, was consoled by one of his friends in the court shouting out: 'Be aisy, Tom, me jooil, we'll give ye a foine spree when ye've sarved yer toime!'

A Night of Horror.—Dashaway: 'The other night I went to an amateur theatrical performance, and then I went home and had a terrible dream.' Cleverton: 'What did you dream?' Dashaway: 'I dreamt I went to it again.'

Mother (to small son going to the country): 'Frank, have you taken everything you will need?' Frank: 'Yes'm.' Mother: 'Have you your toothbrush?' Frank (very indignantly): 'Toothbrush? Why, I thought I was going away for a vacation.'

Just as He Did at Present.—Mrs Nubbins: 'Josiah, are you going to get up?' Mr Nubbins (yawning): 'Well, I have one consolation; I shall have sleep enough when I'm dead.' Mrs N.: 'Yes, and you'll find the fire lit when you awake, just as you do now.'

His Only Need.—'Your father is very wealthy, I presume, Miss Makitinpork?' 'Very rich indeed. There's nothing, so to speak, he hasn't got.' 'Ah, yes there is. There is something he hasn't got, for all his wealth. I'd like to supply him. He hasn't got a son-in-law.'

Mrs Baggs (married five years): 'Why, Mrs Saggs, what in the world are you sobbing so about? Has anything gone wrong?' Mrs Saggs (married eight years): 'Oh, Mrs Baggs (sob), I can't help it (sob), but my heart is almost broken (sob). My husband kissed me so affectionately when he went away this morning (sob) that I can't help being afraid he is going to do something wrong.'

SHE WAS OUT SHOPPING.

Fogg: 'Yes, the young lady was walking along all unconscious of danger, when the wretch stole up and seized her pocketbook.'

Brown: 'And with the proceeds immediately took passage for Europe?'

Fogg: 'You are wrong. He boarded a horse tram, but on opening the pocket-book there was not enough to pay his fare. So he got off and walked home.'

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

Bill: 'Look, Tom, I took my winter overcoat down to the village, an' swopped it for a bottle of whisky!'

Tom: 'Take it away, Bill, take it away; (*bitterly*) if it hadn't been for whisky, I might ha' been a-rollin' in my own carriage this blessed day, instid of bein' what I am. Take it away, Bill, take it away!—but stop—your birthday's in a couple of months, isn't it? Hand me the bottle, Bill; you've bin a good friend o' mine, an' I'm a-goin' to drink your health, Bill, even if I have to drain the bottle to the dregs!'

THEY GOT UP.

It was on a crowded tram car at 6 o'clock. Among those who had seats were eight men. Among those standing up were two shop girls. After waiting for a reasonable time for some one to offer them seats one of the girls said:

'Mary, it's too bad, isn't it?'

'What, Sarah?' asked the other.

'That they are all bow-legged.'

'Who?'

'These eight gentlemen. I have patronised this line for five years, and I never saw a bow-legged man give himself away by standing up in a car. It wouldn't be reasonable to expect it.'

'Of course not.'

In just five seconds eight men were on their feet, bowing and smiling and asking Sarah and Mary if they wouldn't be so everlastingly kind and obliging as to take seats—take half the car, in fact, and they took it.

ALL WERE THERE.

Mr Straitlace: 'I understand your first husband was present at the wedding and gave your eldest daughter away?'

Chicago Lady: 'Oh, yes, it was quite a family affair. My second husband played the organ, my third husband served the breakfast, my fourth husband was the officiating clergyman—'

Mr Straitlace: 'And your fifth husband?'

Chicago Lady: 'Oh, I'm getting a divorce from him.'

Mr Straitlace: 'And whom did you come into church with?'

Chicago Lady (surprisedly): 'With my *fiancé*.'

A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

Spazzoni: 'Do you deny your handwriting?'

Veronica: 'Great heavins! Guzman has betrayed me, an' I am lost!'