The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

No. 11. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891. Vol. VII.

FRENCH DOMESTIC LIFE.

IT is, I believe, the firm conviction of foreigners that Frenchmen marry for money—that is to say, that all Frenchmen marry for money. As a rule the foreigners, discussing these matters, have a wonderful faculty for generalisation. The fact that they often do so is not to be denied, and the explanation of it is this:—There are in France a number of men belonging to a class almost unknown in other countries—small bourgeois, of genteel breeding and habits, but relatively poor, who occupy posts in the administration offices. Their name is legion and their salary something like $400 or $500. These men have an appearance to keep, and unless a wife brings them enough to at least double their income they cannot marry. These young men are often sought after by parents for their daughters, because they are steady, cultured, gentlemanly and occupy an honourable post which brings them a pension for their old age. With the wife's dowry, the couple can easily get along and lead a peaceful, uneventful and happy jog-trot life, which is the great aim of the majority of the French people. But on the other hand there is no country where you will see so many cases of *mésalliance* as in France. Indeed, it is a most common thing for a young Frenchman of good family to fall in love with a girl of a much lower station in life than his, to court her at first with only the idea of killing time, to soon discover that the girl is highly respectable and to finally marry her. French parents frown on this sort of thing and do their best to discourage it, but rather than cross their son's love they give their consent and trust to that adaptability of French women of which I was speaking just now—raise herself to her husband's level and make a wife he will never be ashamed of.

VIEW OF DUNEDIN, SHOWING GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

The Frenchman is the slave of his womankind, but not in the same way as the American is. The Frenchman is brought up by his mother and remains under her sway till she dies. When he marries his wife leads him by the nose, and when, besides, he has a daughter, on whom he generally dotes, this lady soon joins the other two in ruling this easy going, good-humoured man.

The American, I believe, will lavish attention and luxury on his wife and daughters, but he will save them the trouble of being mixed in his affairs. His business is his, his office private. His womankind is the sun and glory of his life whose company he will hasten to enjoy as soon as he can throw away the cares of his business. In France a wife is a partner, a cashier who takes care of the money, an adviser on stocks and speculations. In the mercantile class, she is both cashier and bookkeeper. Enter a shop in France, Paris included, and behind 'Pay-Here' you will see madam smiling all over as she pockets the money for the firm. When I say she is a partner, I might safely have said that she is the active partner and by far the shrewder of the two. She brings to bear her native suppleness, her fascinating little ways, her persuasive manners, and many a customer whom her husband was allowing to go away without a purchase has been brought back by the wife and induced to part with his cash in the shop. Last summer I arrived in Paris on my way home from Germany to spend a few days visiting the exposition. I one day went into a shop on the Boulevard to buy a white hat. The new-fashioned hat, the only one which the husband showed me, was narrow-brimmed, and I declined to buy any. I was just going to leave, when the wife, who from the back parlour had listened to my conversation with her husband, stepped in and said, 'But, Adolph, why do you let monsieur go? Perhaps he does not care to follow the fashion. We have a few white broad brimmed hats left from last year that we can let monsieur have *à bon compte*. They are upstairs; go and fetch them.' And, sure enough, there was one which fitted and pleased me, and I left in that shop a little sum of twenty-five francs which the husband was going to let me take elsewhere, but which the wife managed to secure for the firm.

No one who has lived in France has failed to be struck with the intelligence of the women, and there exist few Frenchmen who do not readily admit how intellectually inferior they are to their countrywomen, chiefly among the middle and lower middle classes. And this is not due to any special training, for the education received by the women of this class is of the most limited kind; how to read, write and reckon and their education is finished. Shrewdness is inborn in them and a peculiar talent for getting a hundred cents' worth for every dollar they spend. To make a house look pretty and attractive with small outlay; how to make a dress or turn out a bonnet with a few knick-knacks; how to make a savoury dish out of a remnant of beef, mutton and veal, all this is a science not to be despised when a husband in receipt of a five hundred dollar salary wants to make a good dinner and see his wife look pretty. No doubt the aristocratic inhabitants of Mayfair and Belgravia in London, and the Four Hundred (with capital letters) of New York, may think all this very small, and these French people very uninteresting. They can, perhaps, hardly imagine that such people live. But they do live, and live very happy lives, too. And I will go so far as to say that happiness, real happiness, is chiefly found among clerks of limited income. The husband, who for a whole year has put quietly by a dollar every week, so as to be able to give his dear wife a nice present at Christmas, gives her a far more valuable present than the millionaire who orders Tiffany to send a few diamond rings to his wife. That quiet little French couple you see at the upper circle of a theatre, and who have saved the money to enable them to come and hear such a play, are happier than the occupants of the boxes on the first tier.

In speaking of nations, I have always taken much more interest in observing the 'million' who differ in every country than the 'upper ten' who are alike all over the world.

People who have millions at their disposal generally discover and adopt the same way of living. People who only have a small income show their native instincts in the intelligent use of it. All these differ and these only are worth studying unless you belong to the staff of a society paper. I am proud to say England and America are the only two countries in the world where these official organs of Anglo-Saxon snobbery can be found.

The source of French happiness is to be found in the thrift of the women from the best middle class to the peasantry. This thrift is also the source of French wealth. We have no railway kings, no oil kings, no silver kings, but we have no tenement houses, no unions, no workhouses. Our lower classes do not ape in ridiculous attires the upper class, either in their habits or dress. The wife of a peasant or of a mechanic wears a simple snowy cap and a serge or cotton dress. The wife of a shopkeeper does not wear any jewellery, because she cannot afford to buy real stones, and her taste is too good to allow of her wearing any false ones. She is not ashamed of her husband's occupation. She does not play the fine lady while her husband is at work; she saves him the expense of a cashier or of an extra clerk by helping him in his business. When the shutters are up she enjoys life with him and is the companion of his pleasures as well as of his hardships. Club life in unknown in France, except among the very upper classes. Man and wife are constantly together and France is a nation of Darby and Joans.

There is, I believe, no country where men and women go through life on such equal terms as in France. In England

VIEW OF DUNEDIN, SHOWING FIRST CHURCH.

—and here again I speak of the masses only—the man thinks himself a much superior being to the woman. It is the same in Germany. In America I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt. She receives at his hands attentions of all sorts, but I cannot say that I have ever discovered in her the slightest trace of gratitude to man. Will you have a fair illustration of the position of women in France, in England, and in America? Go to an hotel and watch the arrivals of couples in the dining-room. In France you will see them arrive together, walk abreast toward the seat assigned to them, very often arm in arm. In England you will see John Bull leading the way, followed by his meek wife with her eyes cast down. In America behold the dignified, nay, majestic entry of Mrs Jonathan, a queen going towards her throne, and Jonathan behind!—*Max O'Rell.*

HOW THE KING OF SIAM CHOOSES HIS ELEPHANTS.

WHEN the herd entered the wide mouth of the funnel that narrowed down to the stockade, it became frantic with rage and terror. Dozens at a time stood on their hind legs, waving their trunks wildly and bellowing with open mouths. The panic became terrific. In the ensuing crush, the mothers steadfastly guarded their young. Many a baby elephant stood bleating beneath its mother's chest, protected by her strong fore legs, her active proboscis and her body set as a bulwark for its defence. In many cases two mothers united in the care of some little one. Shoulder to shoulder they leaned over the youngster that was between them and shielded it under frightful pressure and peril with courage and calmness.

So perfect was the protection of the babies, that more than a score of these—some weaklings no larger than a sheep—survived the crush of entrance into the stockade, while ten full-grown elephants were therein killed.

When they got within the stockade the maddened herd rushed round and round the arena. As they passed and repassed the stand, the official, a commissioner of elephants, indicated to the hunters which ones were to be taken. When these happened to come upon the outside of the swirling mass, and near the circumference of the enclosure, they were passed around the ankles as they raised their feet in walking, and the cables that formed the nooses were made fast to the posts of the stockade. Several cables bound the feet of each captive and held him from further travel with his companions. Having secured as many of the elephants as would be required by the government for several years, the remainder of the herd was led out upon the plain, while a few more were lassooed for sport.

One frenzied animal came trumpeting up the steps of the stand occupied by the officers and guests. The official shouted commands to the hunters; gentlemen climbed pillars; ladies mounted tables and shrieked; consternation reigned until the hunters scaled the stand, and with their sharp goads prodded the intruder off to a safe distance.

The dismissed elephants gradually made their way to the jungles, there to feed and grow until the king should appoint another hunt. The prisoners would be tamed and then used in lifting lumber, in carrying goods and travellers across the country, and in war. The trained beasts are manifestly larger, stronger, healthier and wiser than their wild fellows. They bathe, eat, exercise, and sleep regularly, and apparently gain much in cunning and sagacity under human instruction.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road, a ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow, the blackberry vines are running.
Within the master's desk is seen, deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats, the jack-knife's carved initial,
The charcoal frescoes on its wall; the doors worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school, went storming out to playing!
Long years ago a winter's sun shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes and low eaves' icy fretting.
It touched the golden, tangled curls, and brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed when all the school were leaving.
For near her stood the little boy her childish favour singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face where pride and shame were mingled;
Pushing with restless feet the snow to right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands the blue-checked apron fingered.
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt the soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice, as if a fault confessing.
'I'm sorry that I spelt the word; I hate to go above you,
Because'—the brown eyes lower fell—'because you see, I love you!'
Still memory to a gray-haired man that sweet child-face is showing—
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave have forty years been growing.
He lives to learn in life's hard school, how few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss, like her, because they love him.

GOETHE AND HIS DANCING MASTER'S DAUGHTERS.

FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WHILST I employed myself in various studies and researches, I did not neglect the pleasures incident to youth. At Strasburg every day and hour offers to the sight the magnificent monument of the Minister, and to the ear the movements and music of the dance. My father himself had given my sister and me our first lessons in this art. We had learned the grave minuet from him. The solos and pas de deux of the French theatre, whilst it was with us at Francfort, had given me a greater relish for the pleasures of dancing, but, for the unfortunate termination of my love affair with Margaret, I had entirely neglected it. The taste revived in me at Strasburg. On Sundays and holy days, joyous troops, met for the purpose of dancing, were to be seen in all directions. There were little balls in all the country houses, and nothing was talked of but the brilliant routs expected in the winter. I was therefore apprehensive of finding myself out of my element in company, unless I qualified myself to figure as a dancer, and I accordingly took lessons of a master recommended by one of my friends. He was a true French character, cold and polished. He taught with care, but without pedantry. As I had already had some practice, he was not dissatisfied with me.

He had two daughters who were both pretty, and the elder of whom was not twenty. They were both good dancers. This circumstance greatly facilitated my progress, for the awkwardest scholar in the world must soon have become a passable dancer with such agreeable partners. They were both extremely amiable; they spoke only French; I endeavoured to appear neither awkward nor ridiculous to them, and I had the good fortune to please them. Their father did not seem to have many scholars, and they lived very much alone. They several times asked me to stay and converse after my lesson, which I very readily did. I was much pleased with the younger one; the manners of both were very becoming; the elder, who was at least as handsome as her sister, did not please me so much although she took more pains to do so. At the hour of my lesson she was always ready to be my partner, and she frequently prolonged the dance. The younger, although she behaved in a friendly manner towards me, kept a greater distance, and her father had to call her to take her sister's place.

One evening, after the dance, I was going to lead the elder to the apartment, but she detained me, 'Let us stay here awhile,' said she; 'my sister, I must own to you, is at this moment engaged with a fortune teller, who is giving her some intelligence from the cards respecting an absent lover, a youth extremely attached to Emily, and in whom all her hopes are placed. My heart,' continued she, 'is free; I suppose I shall often see the gift of it despised.'

On this subject I paid her some compliments. 'You may,' said I, 'consult the oracle and then you will know what to expect. I have a mind to consult it likewise; I shall be glad to ascertain the merit of an art in which I have never had much confidence.'

As soon as she assured me the operation was ended, I led her into the room. We found her sister in good humour—she behaved in a more friendly manner than usual. Sure, as she seemed to be, of her absent lover, she thought there was no harm in showing some attention to her sister's, for in that light she regarded me. We engaged the fortune-teller, by the promise of a handsome recompense, to tell the elder of the young ladies and me our fortunes also. After the usual preparation and ceremonies, she shuffled the cards for this beautiful girl; but having carefully examined them, she stopped short and refused to explain herself.

'I see plainly,' said the younger of the girls, who was already partially initiated into the mysteries of this kind of magic, 'there is something unpleasant which you hesitate to tell my sister.'

The other sister turned pale, but recovering herself, entreated the sybil to tell her all she had seen in the cards without reserve. The latter, after a deep sigh, told her that she loved, but was not beloved in return; that a third stood between her and her beloved; with several other tales of the same kind. The embarrassment of the poor girl was visible.

'Let us see whether a second trial will be more fortunate,' said the old woman, again shuffling and cutting the cards, but it was still worse this time. She wished to make a third trial in hopes of better success, but the inquisitive fair one could bear it no longer, and burst into a flood of tears. Her beautiful bosom was violently agitated. She turned her back on us and ran into the next room. I knew not what to do; inclination detained me with her sister—compassion urged me to follow the afflicted one.

'Console Lucinda,' said the former, 'go to her.'

'How can I console her,' said I, 'without showing the least signs of attachment? I should be cold and reserved. Is this the moment to be? Come with me yourself.'

'I know not,' replied Emily, 'whether my presence would be agreeable to her.'

We were, however, going in to speak to her, but we found the door bolted. In vain we knocked, called, and entreated Lucinda; no answer. 'Let us leave her to herself,' said Emily—'she will see no one.' What could I do? I paid the fortune-teller liberally for the harm she had done us, and withdrew.

I durst not return to the sisters the next day.

On the third day, Emily sent to desire me to come to them without fail. I went accordingly. Towards the end of the lesson Emily appeared; she danced a minuet with me; she never displayed so much grace and the father declared he had never seen a handsomer couple dancing in his room. After the lesson the father went out, and I inquired for Lucinda.

'She is in bed,' said Emily, 'but do not be uneasy; when she thinks herself ill, she suffers the less from her afflictions; and whatever she may say, she has no inclination to die, it is only her passion that torments her. Last night she declared to me she should certainly sink under her great grief this time, and desired that when she should be near her end, the ungrateful man who had gained her heart for the purpose of ill-treating her, should be brought to her.'

'I cannot reproach myself with giving her any reason to imagine me in love with her,' I exclaimed. 'I know one who can very well testify in my favour on this occasion.'

'I understand you,' answered Emily. 'It is necessary to come to a resolution to spare us all much vexation. Will you take it ill if I entreat you to give over your lessons? My father says you have now no further occasion for them, and that you know as much as a young man has occasion to know for his amusement.'

'And is it you, Emily, who bid me banish myself from your presence?'

'Yes, but not merely of my own accord. Listen to me. After you left us the day before yesterday, I made the fortune-teller cut the cards for you; the same fortune appeared thrice, and more clearly each time. You were surrounded by friends, by great lords—in short, by all kinds of happiness and pleasure; you did not want for money; women were at a certain distance from you; my poor sister, in particular, remained afar off. Another was nearer to you, and I will not conceal from you that I think it was myself. After this confession you ought not to take my advice amiss. I have promised my heart and hand to an absent friend whom I have hitherto loved above all the world. What a situation would be yours, between two sisters, one of whom would torment you with her passion, the other with her reserve; and all this for nothing, for a momentary attachment; for even had we not known who you are, and the hopes you have, the cards would have informed us. Farewell,' added she, leading me to the door, 'and since it is the last time we shall see each other, accept a mark of friendship which I could not otherwise have given you.' At these words she threw her arms round my neck, and gave me a kiss in the most tender manner.

At the same time a concealed door opened and her sister, in a pretty morning undress, rushed toward us, and exclaimed, 'You shall not be the only one to take leave of him. Emily let me go.' Lucinda embraced me, and held me closely to her bosom. Her beautiful black hair caressed my face. She remained for some time in this situation, and thus had I found myself between the two sisters in the very distressing predicament that Emily had warned me of. At length, Lucinda, quitting her hold of me, fixed her eyes on me with a serious air, and then walking up and down the room with hurried steps, at length threw herself upon a sofa. Emily approached her, but Lucinda pushed her back. Then commenced a scene which I still recollect with pain. It was not a threatrical one, there was too much truth in the passion of this young and lively Frenchwoman.

Lucinda overwhelmed her sister with reproaches. 'This,' said she, 'is not the first heart favourably disposed towards me that you have deprived me of. It was the same with that absent friend whom you drew into your snares before my eyes! You have now robbed me of this one, without relinquishing the other. How many more will you take from me? I am frank and artless; people think they know me well and therefore they neglect me. You are calm and dissembling; they think to find something wonderful in you; but your outward form covers a cold and selfish heart, which only seeks victims.'

Emily had seated herself near her sister, she remained silent. Lucinda, growing warmer, entered into particulars to which it did not become me to listen. Emily endeavoured to pacify her, and made me a sign to retire. But jealousy has the eyes of Argus; and this sign did not escape Lucinda's notice. She arose with a pensive air, and said, 'I know you are lost to me. I renounce all pretensions to you; but as to you, sister, he shall no more be yours than mine.' Saying this, she embraced me again, pressed my face to hers and repeatedly joined her lips to mine. 'And now,' she cried, 'I dread my malediction. Woe on woe, eternal woe to her who shall press those lips after me! Embrace him now if you dare. I am sure that Heaven has heard me. And you, sir, retire without delay.'

I did not wait for a repetition of the command; and I left them with a resolution never more to set foot in a house where I had innocently done so much mischief.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

THE first funeral of a Salvation Army dosser took place recently in London. The deceased was George Cheffings, aged 38 years. He went to the shelter some six weeks ago, and had been a regular visitor since that time. The poor fellow belonged to a highly-respectable and well-to-do family, but in consequence of his life of drunkenness he had become an outcast of society, and his friends refused even the last respects of burying him. This duty, therefore, devolved upon the Salvation Army, and a coffin with red panels and borders of blue and yellow was made in the army's workshops in Hanbury-street. On either side the army's crest was painted on the coffin, and a plate also adorned the lid stating the name and age of the deceased. Under the command of Staff-Captain Potts some 250 dossers (*i.e.*, occupants of the shelters who either pay 4d or earn that amount in the workshop of the Army for their supper, doss, and breakfast) assembled at the Whitechapel Shelter, each wearing a white armlet with the letter 'S' in red upon it, the Army's token of mourning. The coffin, the colour of which attracted much attention, was placed in an open bier drawn by two horses, and headed by the International Trade Headquarters Brass Band with the colours, followed by the officers from the various shelters, the procession proceeded along the Mile-End Road to Bow Cemetery. Notwithstanding the snow, which fell heavily the whole time, the procession attracted much attention, and was the subject of respectful comment. The rougher element doffed their hats as the coffin passed them, and one was heard to say, 'Well, they are giving the poor chap a decent funeral, and that's more 'an a good many would do.' As evidence of the feeling of sympathy existing among their fellows the dossers had from their pence purchased an artificial wreath of flowers, which they placed on the coffin, on which also laid a holly wreath with a card, 'From the Westminster dossers.' At the graveside Staff-Captain Potts officiated, and his remark that their comrade had gone to a city where hunger and rags were unknown, brought forth an exclamation of deep 'amens' from the assembled dossers.

A REDUCED GENTLEWOMAN.

SHE is a dainty little gentlewoman—'an unappropriated blessing' seventy years old. Once she was rich and lived in swelldom and had her maids to serve her and a coachman and a carriage. She graduated as a winsome belle, gladsome and gracious and the dispenser of many joy-giving hospitalities.

Lacking the prudent genius of financiering, after her parents died, one way and another she lost a great deal of money, and one day she realised with keen foreboding that she was almost alone in this big world with very little to keep her from starvation. She was only learned in gracious household ways, which are of little money value in the practical work-a-day world. She finally invested her bit of money in goods, hoping to make a living by 'keeping shop.' She established herself in a quiet street and for a time her enterprise succeeded, but gradually the large stores grew more attractive and the street less desirable for the better class of people, and the little old lady was forgotten, and the problem of getting a living was harder to solve than before.

The shop began to look seedy and empty and the storekeeper's courage was almost gone when one day a child came in to buy 'the doll in the shoe.' It was a rag doll with a group of gay pigmies about it—'the old woman in the shoe'—which a kind friend had made for her window when she first opened the store. She was glad to sell it now, but soon replaced it with another, which was also sold, and so on till the worrying problem of how to earn her bread solved itself in this happy, providential way, and she decided to make rag dolls for a living. Her aged sister sewed the dresses on the machine until she had the 'old-fashioned rheumatism' so badly she could do nothing, and a helper had to be hired to do them.

The dolls are very cute and *chic*, notwithstanding they are made of stout corset jean stuffed with cotton and dressed in simple wash calico, but the dresses are pretty and so are the coquettish bonnets made of the same material. A dainty bit of lace at the neck and sleeves, and artistic touches here and there, add an air of delicacy to the rig, which tells in a subtle yet convincing way that long ago the cheery little gentlewoman delighted in pretty femininities of exquisite style and of texture dainty and sheer.

At the Mutual Benefit and Exchange for Woman's Work the aged maiden is affectionally called the 'cheery little doll woman,' and the name suits her signally well. She had no misgivings, no repinings, and like a true little gentlewoman that she is, never refers to the 'days when she was better off.' Her only worry—a great one to her—is to get clothes for her rag dolls. This question absorbs her thoughts more than anything else, and she has to buy with exacting judgment and cut her cloth with close economy. In her sunny personality one forgets how pathetic her life history is. To be making rag dolls in a dismal, sunless, stuffy little store in a forlorn, uninviting by-street at the age of seventy is a heartaching contrast to the time when she was cosily housed in luxurious surroundings not far off some fifty years ago. This story is but one of the many pathetic histories of struggles to earn a living, told to the philanthropic women at the 'Mutual Benefit and Exchange for Woman's Work,' where the strugglers seem to unburden themselves more freely than anywhere else.

Editor: 'James, what is that moving in the waste basket—a mouse?' James (examining basket): 'No, sir. It's one of them throbbing, passionate poems, sir.' Editor: 'Pour some water on it, and throw it in the ash barrel. The place isn't insured.'

CHICAGO SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY the last census Chicago is shown to have doubled her population in ten years. In a decade she has progressed from half a million to a million of inhabitants, a growth unequalled by any city of similar size in any age. The following description of the site of the coming Worlds Fair was gathered by the Rev. Sidney Dyer in 1831:—

The writer was one of a small body of troops sent to garrison old Fort Dearborn, then occupying the site of the almost unknown hamlet of Chicago. This measure was made necessary by a number of murders that had been committed by the Indians and which had caused the few settlers to take refuge in the stockade. As no harbour existed on that part of Lake Michigan where the hamlet of Chicago had taken root, vessels were compelled to anchor off shore, somewhere near where the crib is now located, and to communicate with the fort by means of large boats.

The gloomy impression made by a first view of the place will never be forgotten. The land was low and flat, fringed along the shore by clumps of willow and alder bushes, interspersed with drifting sand hills, shifting in shape and place with every strong wind which swept across the lake. The Chicago River was sluggish and turpid, trending south for half a mile or more, when it entered the lake over a shallow bar of sand where the depth of water was constantly changing, thereby greatly increasing the difficulties of effecting a safe landing. Indeed, in rough weather vessels would have to ride at anchor until the storm subsided.

Near where Indiana avenue fronts on the park, a sand-bank stretched along the shore, which was constantly being washed away by the beating of the surf and the wash of the river. This bank had been used as a burying-ground; and as we passed up this stretch to make a landing, the gloom of the scene was made more repelling by a long row of half-decayed coffins protruding from the bank, giving a repulsive glimpse of grinning skulls and mouldy skeletons. The fort was found to be occupied by a frightened crowd of refugees, squalid and half-starved, who threatened to resist our commander when he required them to yield possession. To be compelled to give up the refuge of the fort, they regarded as little less than being turned over to the tomahawks and scalping-knives of the merciless savages.

A nearer view of Chicago did not lessen the repulsiveness of the first impression. Except along near the shore, the whole ground was low and water soaked, dropping into marshes and ponds, where muskrats and minks had established their homes among the grasses. As for the place itself, it could hardly be called a village. There were a few shanties wearing the look of dilapidation and age. The old Kenzie house, the largest in the place, was unoccupied. It stood in the bend of the river, opposite to the east front of the garrison. Not far from the gate on the west, an old French trader, named Beaubieu, had his home; and still farther on, Colonel Owen, the Indian-agent, resided in a small one-story frame-house, and the best in the place.

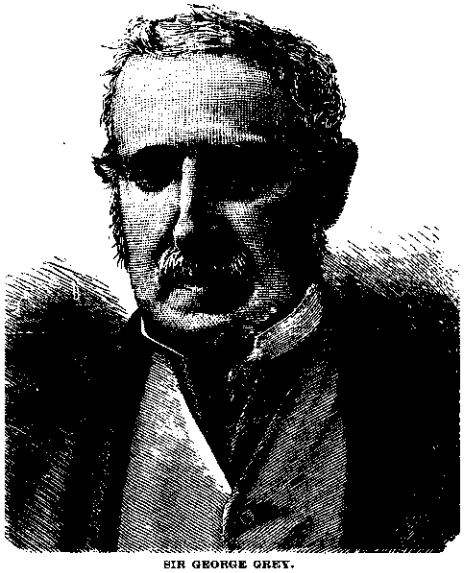
The only tavern was a double log-house on the west side, directly opposite the forks of the river, while the post office stood on the south branch. The post-office edifice was a log-house, in which a trader kept a small stock of goods suited for traffic with Indians and trappers. Communication between the two sides of the river was kept up by means of two hewed logs fastened together side by side, and an old flat boat for transporting horses and waggons.

Nearly sixty years have passed away, and the old time-repelling scenes of sand-banks, frog-ponds, log shanties and rotting coffins have given place to one of the grandest and busiest cities on the continent, and where soon will be held an exhibition to celebrate the discovery of this wonderful New World, and the most marvellous of all the exhibits will be Chicago itself.

THE PRANKS OF THE WILFUL WIND.

WHAT pranks the winds will play! They conspire to make a man appear like a perfect fool; they do make him ridiculous; but there is no use in his getting angry about

The train had just drawn up to the station. It hadn't a minute to wait, and a good-looking young fellow who was struggling to get a bundle out of a farm waggon, in which he had evidently come from the interior, apparently knew it. There was a girl waiting on the platform to bid him good-bye. She was an awfully pretty girl, with cheeks the colour of the red onions they grew across the bay. She was as nervous as the young man, and they were both afraid he would miss the train. He got the bundle out at last, rushed to the platform and grasped the pretty girl's hand. He bent his head, she raised her ruby red lips, the passengers in the car who had caught on held their breath, when, just as the two pairs of lips were about to touch, the wicked wind sent the young man's hat flying. He stopped right there, to the great disappointment of the onlookers and the boundless dismay of the girl, and started for his hat. He got it, but in his excitement tripped over his own feet, and fell all over himself. The people on the train roared with laughter, and even the pretty girl on the platform smiled while she cast a shy glance at whence came the sound of mirth. There was no more time to be lost, and the young man managed to gather himself together and leap upon the train. Everybody felt sorry for him, and a commercial traveller in the smoking carriage grieved so much over what the young lady lost, he blew her a kiss through the carriage window himself, apologizing to his companions by saying that was the best he could do under the circumstances.



SIR GEORGE GREY.

THE HON. CAPTAIN RUSSELL.

SIR HARRY ATKINSON.

NEW ZEALAND DELEGATES TO AUSTRALASIAN FEDERATION CONFERENCE.

AFTER SEDAN.

I HAD not prepared myself for the sight of much which met my eye when, in the month of September, 1870, I walked over the battlefield of Sedan. The dead, of course (except it might be a horse with inflated body and legs sticking up stiffly in the air), were all buried. This is soon done, after a shallow fashion; those who are hastily covered over with earth in graves twelve inches deep being afterwards dug up and transferred to some hole or pit where they would not interfere with subsequent agricultural operations. Some are put into ditches, the bank being pulled down upon them. Others are hid away in meadows where no plough is likely to come; and the place is bushed with thorns, or what not, to keep off prowling dogs. But the thing which struck me most in walking over the scene of Sedan was the 'paper' which lay about. One expected to see battered or pierced helmets, discarded knapsacks, empty cartridge-cases, and holes where percussion shells had struck the ground and burst. There were plenty of them. I did not expect to find 'paper.' And yet where the struggle had been sharpest, and thus the dead had fallen thickest, the ground was littered with torn-up letters. It looked at first as if the contents of a thousand waste-paper baskets had been emptied there, or an enormous picnic had been held in which visitors, brought by all the excursion trains in the world, had been lunching on packets of sandwiches and left their messy wrappings behind them. I picked up some of these scraps, and found, however, that they consisted mostly of private correspondence. And presently it was borne in upon me that hundreds of ghouls swarm after slaughter, and soon empty all pockets and knapsacks in their search for money, post-office orders, and notes. Every letter is eagerly thrown open in hope of a surviving 'remittance,' and angrily thrown aside if containing only 'sentiment.' I picked up a score or so. They were from mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. So a civilised battlefield (Zulus carry no pocket-books to be rifled) is soon white with scraps, and I met with a mean (though pathetic) disillusion when wandering about that of Sedan.

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 XLIV.

IT was strange that it should be Gussy, who was not ideal or visionary, but very matter of fact in all her ways, who was the most cruelly offended by the events of this night. It seemed to Gussy that she had been deceived and played upon by everybody. By her mother, who had evidently never narrated to her the gravity of the position, though she had known the fact for years; by Meredith, who had seemed to know more of it than Gussy did, and whose eyes had been keen with understanding, following every word of what was to Gussy merely the ravings without consequence of a madman; he knew more of it than she did, who had helped to take care of the secret inmate. And then Dolff, her brother. What was the meaning of this cloud of tempest which had come into Dolff's trivial schoolboyish life? Why had he tried to kill, if that was what he wanted, or, at least, to injure, to assault Meredith? It was all a mystery to Gussy. She understood nothing except that many things had been going on in the house which she either did not know at all, or knew imperfectly—that she had been possibly made a dupe of, brought down from the position which she had seemed to hold of right as the chief influence in the family. She had thought this was how it was: her mother's confidant, the nurse and guardian angel of her love, the controller, more or less, of all the house. And it turned out that she knew nothing, that there were all kinds of passions and mysteries in her own house with which she was unacquainted, that what she knew she knew imperfectly, and that even in confidence she was kept in the dark. Gussy was not imaginative, and consequently had little power of entering into the feelings or divining the movements of the minds of others. She was wounded, mortified to the depth of her heart, and angry, with a deep, silent anger not easily to be overcome. She did not linger nor ask for explanations, but went straight up to her room without a moment's pause, careless that both her mother, whom she generally attended through the troublesome process of undressing, and Julia, whom she usually held under such strict authority, were left behind, the latter in contempt of all ordinary hours. Janet, whose charge she was, was not visible, she had stolen away, as it had lately been her habit to do. Janet, Gussy felt sure, was mixed up in it too; but how was she mixed up in it? Think as she would, Miss Harwood could not make out to her satisfaction how it could be that Janet could have influenced Dolff to assault Meredith. Janet had no quarrel with Meredith, could not have. He had been civil to her—too civil, Gussy had sometimes thought. She remembered that there was a time when she had felt it very tiresome to have to discuss Miss Summerhayes so often; and on the night of the ball, certainly, they had danced and talked together almost more than was becoming. How, then, could Janet have moved Dolff to attack Meredith? It seemed impossible to discern any plausible reason; and yet Gussy had a moral certainty that Janet was somehow mixed up in it. Could it be that the joke about Dolff and his accompaniments had been the cause? Gussy felt involuntarily that it must be something more serious than that.

She went to bed resolutely, for, indeed, there are times when it requires a severe effort to do this—to shut out the commotions which are around, and turn one's back upon all the questions that require solving. Gussy felt bitterly that she had no certainty as to what might be going on in the house, which she had lately been as sure of as if she had created it. Her mother, for anything she knew, might be going from room to room, her chair set aside, and all her pretences with it. To think that she, Gussy, should have been taken in by it so long, and have believed whatever was told her. Her brother, Dolff, so good-natured, of so little account as he was! might have caught Meredith again at a disadvantage, and have accomplished now what he tried before. The house, her calm and secure domain, seemed now full of incomprehensible noises and mysterious sounds to Gussy. But she would not even look over the banisters to see what was going on. She would not open her door, much less steal downstairs, as another woman might have done, to find out everything. She went to bed. She asked no explanation. She shut her door, and drew her curtains, and closed her eyes. Whatever might be going on within or without, the gateways of her mind were closely fastened up, so that she might hear or see no more.

It was Priscilla who put her mistress to bed, and Mrs Harwood was very angry with her children, feeling that Gussy had deserted her and that Dolff had insulted her. But it takes more than that to make a woman betray her sons and daughters. With the flush of anger still on her cheek and the tremble on her lips she told Priscilla how tired Miss Harwood was, how she had been overdoing herself, how she had made her go to bed. 'I told her you could see to all I want quite nicely, Priscilla.' 'Yes, ma'am,' said Priscilla; but it was doubtful how far she was taken in, for, of course, the servants knew a great deal more than they were supposed to know, and where they did not know they guessed freely, and with wonderful success.

It was curious to see them all assemble in the morning at the breakfast-table as if nothing had happened. Nay, that was not a thing that was possible. There were traces of last night's excitement on every face; but yet they came in and sat down opposite each other, and Gussy helped Dolff to his coffee and again wondered how in all the world Janet could be the cause of his attack on Meredith, for it was evident that now, at least, Dolff was not in a state of mind to do anything for Janet. He never spoke to her during breakfast. He avoided her eye. When she spoke, he turned away as if he could not let her voice reach his ears if he could help it. How then could Janet be mixed up in it? Gussy was sorely perplexed by this problem. As for Janet, though she was pale, she put on an elaborate appearance of composure and of knowing nothing which (in her readiness to be exasperated with everything) provoked Gussy most of all. She said to herself that it was a worse offence to pretend not to know when everybody was aware that she must know, than to show her knowledge in the most irritating way. No doubt, however, that if Janet had betrayed any knowledge, Gussy would have found that the most ill-timed exhibition that could be. There was very little conversation, except between Janet and Julia, during this embarrassing meal. And Mrs Harwood came out of her room as she had gone into it, unattended by her daughters. There was less signs about her than about any of them of the perturbation of last night. Sometimes an old woman will bear agitation better than the young. She had probably had so much of it, been compelled to gulp it down so often! Her eyes were less bright than usual—nay, they had a glance of fire in them which was not usual in their calmer state, and the colour in her cheeks was fresher than that of anyone else in the house. The girls were all pale—even Julia, and Dolff of a sort of dusky pallor, which made his light hair and moustache stand out from his face. But Mrs Harwood's pretty complexion was unchanged — perhaps because they had all made so many discoveries she had made none, but had been aware of everything and of far more than anyone else knew for years.

Early in the day the policeman of last night appeared with a summons to Mrs Harwood, directing her to appear before some board to show cause why she should have kept, unregistered and unsuspected, a lunatic shut up in her house. Mrs Harwood saw the man herself, and begged to be allowed to make him a little present 'for your great civility last night.' The policeman almost blushed, as he was a man who bore a conscience, for he was not conscious of being very civil; but he accepted the gratuity, let us hope, with the intention of being civil next time he was employed on any such piece of business. While he spoke to Mrs Harwood in the hall, whither she had been wheeled out to see him, Meredith came from his room and joined her. He had not escaped so well as she the excitement of the previous night, and it was with unfeigned astonishment that he contemplated this old lady, fresh and smiling, her pretty colour unimpaired, her eyes as bright as usual. She was over sixty; she had just been baffled in an object which had been the chief inspiration of her life for years, disappointed, exposed to universal censure, perhaps to punishment, but her wonderful force of nature was not abated; the extraordinary crises which had passed over her, breaking the bonds of her silment, delivering her from her weakness, had left no signs of exhaustion upon her. She looked like a woman who had never known what trouble or anxiety was as she sat there smiling, assuring the policeman that she could fully explain everything, and would not fail to do so in the proper quarter. She turned to Meredith as he appeared, and held out her hand to him. 'Good morning, my dear Charley; I hope you are not the worse for last night's agitation. You see our friend here has come to summon me to make explanations about my poor dear upstairs. You will appear for me and settle everything, won't you? You see this gentleman is a barrister,' she explained, smiling to the man who stood looking on.

'Of course I will,' Meredith said.

Upon this the policeman took courage, and with a scrape made his *amende honorable*. 'I ought to beg your pardon, sir, and yours too, lady, for all the trouble last night. I had every confidence in Jim Harrison, the man that said that he could identify the culprit—that is the fellow as nearly killed you, sir—and rumours have been getting up all over the place as it was the young gentleman here as had been a bit wild and hated you like poison.'

'Dolff never hated me like poison, did he?' said Meredith, elevating his eyebrows and appealing to Mrs Harwood.

'Never! you have always been one of his best friends.'

'Well!' said the officer, who was not too confident either in this assurance or in the conclusion he had been obliged to come to, 'There was a parcel of tales about. You can never tell how these tales gets up. However, it's all been a mistake, for when Jim sees yon young gentleman he says in a moment, "Nothing of the sort—that's not 'im." So it all falls to the ground, as you'll see, sir, being used to these questions, as the lady says—for want of evidence.'

'Exactly,' said Meredith, 'and you'll do me the justice to say, officer, that I told you it would from the first. It's worth while occasionally taking a man's advice that knows something about it, you perceive, instead of your Mr Jim, who evidently knows nothing but what he thinks he saw or didn't see.'

'That's it, sir, I suppose,' said the policeman, 'and if he did see it, or if he didn't, I couldn't tell, not if it was as much as my place was worth.'

'He would have looked rather foolish, though, don't you think, in the witness-box? You see,' added Meredith, with a laugh. 'You might have spared this lady the trouble of last night.

'No, I don't see that, sir,' said the policeman, promptly, 'for if it didn't answer one query, it did another. I'm very sorry to upset a lady, but she didn't ought to bottle up a madman in a private house without no register nor information to the commissioners, nor proper precautions. You know that, sir, just as well as me.'

'How do you know that the lady has no license?' said Meredith, 'or that her relation's illness is not perfectly known? I think you will find a little difficulty in proving that, and then your superiors will be less pleased with the discovery. However that's my business, as Mrs Harwood has confided that to me,' he added, with a laugh which he could not restrain at the man's sudden look of alarm.

'Don't find fault with our friend; he was as civil as it was possible to be. Good-morning, and thank you,' said Mrs Harwood, sitting, with her placid smile, watching the visitor, stiff and uneasy in his plain clothes, as he went away. When the door was shut upon him by Priscilla, who sniffed and tossed her head at the necessity of being thus civil to a man who had made so much commotion in the house—much as she and her fellow servants had enjoyed the excitement—Mrs Harwood's countenance underwent a certain change. The smile faded; a look of age crept round the still beaming eyes. 'If you will wheel me back to my room, Charley, we can talk,' she said. She could not but be conscious that he was thinking, asking himself why she could not walk, she who had found power to do so when she wanted it; but she betrayed no consciousness of this inevitable thought. She was very grave when he came round from the back of her chair and stood facing her in the firelight, which on a dull London morning in the end of January was the chief light in the room. Perhaps the dreary atmosphere threw a cloud upon her face. Her soft, half-caressing tone was gone. She had become hard and business-like in a moment. 'You want me to explain,' she said.

'If you please. You know how much my father was involved—that craze about the money to be paid back. Even a mad repetition like that seems likely to have a foundation in fact. Is it true?'

She bent her head a little, and for the moment cast down her eyes. 'It was true.'

'It *was* true; then you have alienated——'

'Wait a little. There were no such creditors as his own children, who would have been ruined had not I saved them. They knew nothing of any question of money. They knew nothing of——'

'Of his existence at all—till last night?'

'I am bound to furnish you with every information I can. The young ones knew nothing of his existence. Gussy did; but only that I kept him there to save him from an asylum where he might have been treated cruelly—nothing more. You will not take a high moral tone against me, as she is ready to do, and Dolff——'

'No; I will take up no high moral tone,' said Meredith; 'but the position is very difficult. You have not, I suppose, done away with the money?'

'It is well invested; it is intact. We could not have lived as we have done on my own money. Now, of course, I must give it up——And no injustice need be done,' she added with a sigh; 'it can be paid—at last.'

'With interest for all these years?' said Meredith, with a smile.

'Oh, what are you talking of?' she said. 'People will be so glad to get anything so unexpectedly, that they will say nothing about the interest. I even think——'

'What do you even think?' he said, as she paused.

'How can I tell how you may take it, whether it will commend itself to you or not? There might still be an arrangement by which things might be managed.

'After it gets into the papers and it is known that you have been concealing——'

'Oh,' she cried again, 'you are more dull then I gave you credit for being, Charley Meredith! Who will notice up in Liverpool a romantic story (which is all the papers will make of it) occurring in St. John's Wood? Who will link one thing to another and understand exactly what has happened, or believe that——I might have taken him in a miserable wreck, out of sheer love and kindness. I did, I did!' she cried, suddenly, her face melting out of its hardness, her eyes filling with tears. 'You may not believe me, but I did. I thought he had not a penny. I went to all the expense of fitting up the wing for him—working with my own hands at it, that nobody should suspect—believing that Vicars had brought him back with his own money—that *he* had done—I did, though you may not believe me,' she said.

'I have not said I did not believe you. We are all very queer creatures—mixed up. And then when you found he had that old pocket-book—for it was full of something better than old papers then—you were tempted, and you——'

She nodded her head; then said, after a while, 'I do not accept that formula. I was tempted—and I did what I had a right to do. *I* had wronged nobody—I knew nothing about them. If I had divided *that* among them, what would it have been?—a trifle to each, but enough to dry up all the sympathy they were meeting with. He had made ducks and drakes of more than that belonging to me. And the children were the most deeply wronged. I took it for their sakes, to make up what they had been robbed of. It can go to the others now, and you will see how much it will be.'

'You said something,' said Meredith, 'about an arrangement that might still be made?'

'Yes—if you could lend yourself to it, Charley. It could not be done without you.'

'I cannot tell whether I could lend myself to it or not, until I hear what it is.'

She looked at him, and two or three times made as if she would speak, but shut her lips again. Her eyes searched his face with an anxious expression. 'I don't know how you will take it,' she said, hesitating; 'I don't know how you will take it.' Then, after a pause, she added, 'I will begin by asking you a question. Do you want to marry my daughter Gussy? Yes or no?'

Meredith made a step backwards, and put his hand to his breast as if he had received a blow. In that moment various dreams swept through his mind. Janet's image was not the only one, though it had the freshness of being the last. One of those dreams, indeed, was no other than the freedom of his own bachelor estate, and the advantage of life which was not bound by any social ties. He avowed, however, at length soberly—'I think I may say yes, Mrs Harwood—that is what has been for a long time in my mind.'

CHAPTER XLV.

THE conduct of affairs in the house of the Harwoods was very dreary during the whole of this day. It was, to begin with, a very dreary day, not fog, which can be borne, but one of those dark days which are the scourge of London, when everything is dull and without colour without and within, the skies grey, the earth grey, the leafless branches rising like a black tracery upon the colourless background, the light scarcely enough to swear by, to make it seem unnatural to shut the shutters and light the lamp, which is what every well-constituted mind desires to do in the circumstances. And in the moral atmosphere the same atmosphere reigned. Gussy had a countenance like the day. She, who had at no time much colour, had now none. She was like the landscape; hair, eyes, and cheeks seemed all the same. Every glimmer of light seemed to have been

suppressed in her eyes. She kept them down, or she turned her gaze inward, or she veiled them with some film which is at the command of those who are angry whether with or without a cause. She made no inquiry even after the health of Meredith, which had been hitherto her chief preoccupation, except in so far as was implied in the conventional 'How d'you do,' with which they met. Even he was daunted by the determined indifference of her aspect. When he talked of the drive which the doctor had suggested to him as a preliminary to getting out on foot, Gussy never lifted her eyes or made the least inquiry. Yesterday this step of decided progress would have been the most exciting event in the world to her. She took no notice of it now. There was scarcely anything said at table when they took their midday meal, with a candle or two lit on the mantelpiece, 'to add a little cheerfulness,' as Mrs Harwood said. 'For certainly we are not a very cheerful party,' added the mother, who was more full of life than all the rest put together. She it was who took the lead in the conversation till Gussy retired. She talked to Meredith and a little to Janet, whom this curious aspect of the family interested greatly, though she did not quite understand it. But Gussy and Dolff both sat bolt upright and said nothing. They ate nothing, too, which, perhaps, was a more effectual weapon against their mother's heart, and when luncheon was over, they separated gloomily, Dolff disappearing no one knew where, Gussy to her room, where she said she had something to do, while Mrs Harwood retired with Meredith, between her and whom a curious intimacy seemed to have struck up, to the great drawing-room, his room as it was called, to work there.

In this universal gloom and strangeness Julia drew Janet out into the garden. The day grew darker as it approached its end, the atmosphere became more yellow, signs as of a fog appeared in the air. The governess and the pupil put on their ulsters, and began to walk up and down the garden walks, Julia hanging with all her might upon the arm of her companion, dragging down Janet almost to the ground.

'Did you ever know,' Julia said, 'such a detestable day?'

'It is turning to fog,' said Janet, trying to keep to what was commonplace. 'It was better that we did not go out.'

'Oh, was I thinking of the fog?' said Julia. 'I would rather see a dozen fogs than Gussy shut up like that, pursing up her lips as if she were afraid something would drop out when she spoke. And poor Dolff, so dismal, not knowing what to do with himself. Janet, do you think there could be any truth in all that story about Dolff?'

'My dear,' said Janet, 'how should I have any opinion? I cannot be supposed to know about your brother, what he is likely to do.'

'Oh,' said Julia, 'I did not ask you what you know, but what you *think*; everybody must have an opinion. Besides, after all, it is not so very little that you know about Dolff. He has been at home for six weeks, and you have always seen a great deal of him, at least, I am sure he has always tried to see as much as he could of you.'

'I think,' said Janet, 'that it is very bad taste for us to discuss people, especially for you to talk with me about your own family. You forget that I am the governess, Julia.'

'I think you are very nasty and not nice at all. Whoever thinks of you as the governess? I wonder what you mean, saying such unkind things.'

'They are not unkind, they are true. Your mother and Gussy have been very good to me, but——'

'Oh, Janet, when you know we were very fond of you, and we thought you were fond of us!'

Here Janet was suddenly visited by a great compunction which changed at once her countenance and her feelings. 'Julia,' she said, 'don't speak to me. I feel so horrible sometimes, I don't know what to do with myself. I don't think I am nice or good at all. Perhaps,' she added, with a faint revulsion of self-defence after this impulsive confession, 'it is not quite my fault.'

'I don't understand you,' said Julia. 'I ask you a question, quite a simple question, and you go off into reproaching yourself and saying you are not nice. What I want to know is whether you think it was Dolff knocked Charley Meredith down? If it was, he has not had the strength of mind to stick to it, as I should have done. And what do you think that man meant, who came to identify him, and then said it wasn't he? And do you think that man last night really meant anything about Dolff, or did they only pretend to find out about the wing? And, oh Janet, did you ever know, did you ever suspect anything about the wing? Please don't run away to other subjects, but tell me what you think.'

'Where am I to begin? I can't answer all those questions at once.'

'Oh,' said Julia with impatience, 'how tiresome you are to-day! You don't want to answer me at all. Do you remember that first night when you heard that cry, and were so frightened? I had heard it before, but mamma told me it was nothing, it was the wind in the empty rooms. One thinks it strange,' said Julia, 'but at first one is stupid, you know, and just believes anything. But you see we were right; and you needn't look surprised at all, not even to see mamma walking upstairs, she who never moves. Or, do you think she only pretends not to be able to move, to take us all in?' Julia added, after a pause.

'Oh, Julia, hush! How dare you say such a thing of your mother?'

'It is because she has deceived us about things,' said Julia, hanging her head. 'It was Dolff that said so, not me. She has deceived us in one thing, and how are we to believe her in another. Both Dolff and Gussy think so, though Gussy says nothing; they think she has kept it secret all this time, and never let even the elder ones know, and how can we tell if it is not a deceit about the chair too?'

'If you had seen how she tore herself out of it last night! It was only her misery and anxiety that gave her power to do it. It is very hard to judge anyone like that. I daresay,' said Janet, indignantly, 'that the other was done for your sakes, too, not to trouble you, when you were still so young, with knowing what was a great secret, I suppose?'

'Ah, but why was it a secret? and who do you think the man is, Janet?' said Julia, clinging ever and ever closer to her arm.

'Julia, what have I to do with the secrets of your family?'

'Why, you are one of the family,' said Julia; 'you can't help knowing; and again I tell you, Janet, it isn't what you know, it's what you think I am asking. Why don't you give me your opinion. Dolff and I, we don't know what to think.'

Dolff himself came hurriedly up behind the girls at this moment. He had not gone out after all.

'Why do you trouble Miss Summerhayes, Ju? It is very interesting for us, but not for—a stanger.'

'That is what I have just been saying, Mr Harwood.'

'Who can't take any particular interest, except just as a wonder and a thing to talk about, with what happens to us.'

Dolff's hands were thrust to the very bottom of his pockets, his shoulders were up to his ears, his head upon his breast. Gloom and anger and misery were on Dolff's face. As for Janet, she had stiffened more and more with every word he said, and Julia, who had been clinging, with all a

'I THINK I MAY SAY YES, MRS HARWOOD.

child's affection, to the arm of her governess, felt herself repulsed and detached, she could not tell how, and protested loudly:

'Janet, because Dolff is disagreeable, that's no reason for shaking me off!'

'I have no intention of being disagreeable,' said Dolff walking slowly with them. 'I only say what every one must perceive to be the fact. We have all supposed there was a miracle to be performed, and Miss Summerhayes was to think of us as if—as if—she was, as you say, Ju, one of the family; but she does not feel like that; our affairs are nothing to her, only something that is odd and makes a story to talk about, as they would be to any other stranger.'

'Oh, if you are going to quarrel,' said Julia, 'you had better get it over between yourselves. I don't like people who are quarrelling. You had better have it out with him, Janet, and then perhaps he will not be so dreadful as he has been all these days.'

'There is nothing for us to quarrel about. I am, as Mr Harwood says, only a stranger,' said Janet, endeavouring to hold the girl's hand upon her arm. But Julia slipped it out and ran indoors, not without a thought that she had managed matters well. Julia had long ago made up her mind that a romantic attachment between Dolff and Janet would add great interest to her own life, and that the probable struggles of a love that would not run too smooth would be very desirable for a young lady to witness. And Dolff, under Janet's influence, had been so much 'nicer' than Dolff without that. He had stayed at home; he had been ready for anything (though there was always too much of that horrid music), he had not objected even to a round game. It was true that all these domestic pleasures had come to an end since Charley Meredith's accident. But Julia, in her inexperience could not see why they might not come to an explanation and 'get over it,' and everything go on as before.

Janet did not follow her pupil as she would have liked to do. She consented to the explanation as it seemed necessary, but she neither hoped nor intended that everything should go on as before.

'Yes,' said Dolff, 'you are only a stranger, Miss Summerhayes. My mother, I think, took to you as if you had been her own, and everybody was at your feet, but you did not respond—that is to say, you were very kind, and the things you could not help but see, being in the house with us, though we never saw them who belonged to it, you told—as amusing incidents, I suppose, to——'

'What did I tell, Mr Harwood?'

'Oh, I have not been taken into any one's confidence. You gave information—you heard him say it—which made a secret meeting necessary, and—all that followed it. One might say,' said Dolff, with a cheerless laugh, 'that everything had followed. I went mad, I suppose, for a little while; and you know as well as I do what I did. Oh, I am very well aware that you know. You saved me in your way after you had ruined me. Fellows say that women are like that driving you mad first, and then—— But I never was one that talked about women—till I knew you.'

'I am very sorry,' said Janet, 'to have given you a bad opinion of women; but I don't know why, Mr Meredith——' Here her voice faltered a little in spite of herself.

'Ah!' cried Dolff fiercely, 'you have found out that fellow is not worth his salt, yet you could cry when you say his name.'

'It is nothing of the sort!' exclaimed Janet. 'I cry for any man in the world! You don't know me, Mr Harwood. Mr Meredith, I say, walked home a part of the road with me as it was a dark night. There are some men who think that it is a right thing when they meet a lady alone; and, though I am the governess, I am not very old. I think it very old-fashioned and unnecessary, and I am not afraid to go anywhere alone.'

'You know very well if you had wished for an escort, Miss Summerhayes——'

'Yes, Mrs Harwood would have liked her son to be at the command of the governess! Mr Meredith walked home with me out of a civility which is old-fashioned, and he stood talking, which it seems is his way—with ladies. A man like that,' said Janet, almost fiercely, 'will never learn that all girls are not alike, and that some detest these old-fashioned ways of being polite. But there was not in all that reason for knocking the man down. I supposed when I saw you that you were, perhaps, working out some old quarrel.'

'You thought,' said Dolff grinding his teeth, 'that I had watched him then, and flew at him, by premeditation, to take him at a disadvantage, not because I was driven mad to see him holding you by the hands.'

'How could I know one thing or another? There was no reason for any one being mad about me; I can take care of myself without anyone interfering. But I did not want any scandal, I did not want to be mixed up in it; when a girl's name is mentioned it is always she who gets the whole blame. You know what they say, "Oh there was a woman at the bottom of it." Now, I had done nothing wrong, I was not at the bottom of it. Whatever you choose to say, it was no doing of mine.'

'One of the things that fellows say,' said Dolff, 'is that a woman has always reasons to show she is never wrong.'

'They say everything that is brutal and cruel,' said Janet, with a sound of tears in her voice, 'and therefore I was determined not to be mixed up in it, and I did my best to save you from what was—not a very fine action, Mr Harwood. You did take him at a disadvantage. I don't doubt that you were very angry, though you had no reason——'

'If you think it was all for you!' cried Dolff, transported with boyish passion and anxious to give a blow in his turn. 'But to think of that fellow, jeering and laughing at everybody, those who trusted in him——'

'You see,' said Janet, with a smile, 'that I was right when I said I was not at the bottom of it!'

Dolff gave her a look which might have killed her where she stood, had the fire which passion struck even from his dull eyes been effectual, and yet which had in it a strange mixture of love and hate. He was not clever enough, however, to note that in Janet's smile there was a mixture, too, of malicious triumph and of mortification, for, notwithstanding all that she had said, it would no doubt have been more agreeable to Janet's pride to have been told that the sudden assault was entirely on her own account from fierce jealousy and passion. She was a little girl who was full of reason, and understood the complication of things, yet there was enough of the primitive in her to have been pleased, even had she not fully believed it, by such an asseveration as that.

'In that case,' she said, 'I don't know what you have to find fault with in me. I did my best to smooth it all away that nobody might have known anything. What use is there in telling things that are so easily misrepresented? If it would shock anyone who trusted in him to know that Mr Meredith had walked home with the governess——'

'Oh,' cried Dolff, 'you will drive me out of my senses! Who calls you the governess, Miss Summerhayes?'

'I do, myself,' said Janet, 'it is my right title. I never have been one of those who despise it; but if it would vex anyone—who trusted in him—to hear that Mr Meredith had walked home because it was dark and late with the——'

'You are anxious to defend Meredith,' said Dolff, bitterly.

'Am I?' cried Janet. There was a dart out of her eyes at that moment that was more powerful than any dull spark that could come from Dolff's. 'If I am,' she added, with a laugh, 'it is only for the sake of those who, as you say, trusted in him, Mr Harwood. For me, I find those old-fashioned ways of his intolerable. He is like a man in an old novel,' cried Janet, 'who kisses the maid and gives her half-a-crown, and is what he calls civil to every girl. It is eighteenth-century—it is mock Lovelace—it is the most antiquated vanity and conceit. And he thinks he takes people in by it, which shows how foolish and imbecile it is, besides being the worst taste in the world!'

Dolff stared open-eyed at this tirade. He had a faint idea that Lovelace meant a seductive villain, but what Meredith had to do with the eighteenth century, or how he was old-fashioned, this young man devoid of literature, understood not at all. He did understand, however, that Janet was angry with Meredith and this went to his heart. The dull yellow sky began to look a little clearer. It became a possibility that things might brighten, that a new world might arise, that these misty shadows might blow away.

'If I could think,' he said, 'that you ever could forget all this, Miss Summerhayes. I heard you taking my mother's part with Ju, and you are thinking of Guesy, who doesn't deserve it very much, perhaps, and you have saved me, for I never could have faced it out but for what you said to me—though I have seemed so ungrateful—and if you think it possible that we could all forget what has happened—in time——'

'No,' said Janet, 'I think there are several things in it which neither you nor I could ever forget.'

'I am not so sure,' said Dolff. 'It would depend upon you. If you would promise never to see or speak to——'

'Whom?' said Janet, rising several inches out of her shoes, and looking down upon him with a glance that froze Dolff; and then she added interrogatively, 'For you?' and, turning round upon her heel, walked away into the house without a glance behind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

PARISIAN BEGGARS.

As early as the eighth century an effort was made by the Council of Tours in France to compel each city to provide for its poor, and thus by keeping them at home prevent vagabondage. Similar efforts were thenceforward continued for over a thousand years, laws being made especially for the punishment of beggars, the penalties varying in severity according as they became more numerous and lawless. During one or two epochs the vagabonds had elaborate organisations, with kings and the subordinate grades of rank, with places of meeting, into which even the police did not dare to venture. They practiced every known vice and committed every kind of crime, carrying off young girls and selling them into slavery, robbing on the highways, murdering, assassinating, attacking country houses, sacking and burning villages, and making in every possible manner peace and public safety a byword. Persons guilty of these excesses when taken were put to death with every refinement of cruelty known to mediæval legislation. St. Louis, a mild-mannered king, simply banished able-bodied men who refused to work.

In 1350 beggars were put in the pillory and whipped, and a law was made forbidding the giving of alms under any pretext. In 1495 they were put to work on the roads. In 1547 if able to labour they were employed on the public works. During the reign of Louis XIII. they were sent to the galleys if able-bodied and the more miserable were provided with asylums. The evil, so far from being diminished, was greatly augmented under Louis XIV., owing to the impoverishment and demoralization of the country caused by his numerous wars.

At the time of the revolution the country was in a horrible state. Beggars were never more numerous or more audacious, and the condition of mendicity remained much the same till the laws regulating it passed by Napoleon I., which have formed the basis of all ulterior legislation. The history of beggary in England and Spain has been much the same as that in France, though it has more rarely assumed dangerous forms. The penalties applied have been the same—the scourge, the pillory, the galleys, cropping the ears and other punishments such as applied usually to offences deemed ignominious. The results achieved have been much the same, that is, that while mendicity remains an evil the general amelioration of the condition of the labouring classes and the increase of charitable institutions have greatly circumscribed it and shorn it of its more pitiable and revolting features.

THE SILENT LIFE.

We lead two lives—the outward seeming fair,
And full of smiles that on the surface lie;
The other spent in many a silent prayer,
With thoughts and feeling hidden from the eye.

The weary, weary hours of mental pain,
Unspoken yearnings for the dear ones gone
The wishes half defined yet crushed again,
Make up the silent life we lead alone.

And happy visions we may never show
Gild all the silent life with sweet romance;
That they will fade like sunset's clouds we know,
Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.

This silent life—we little reck its power
To strengthen us for either good or ill,
Whether we train our thoughts like birds to soar
Or let them wander wheresoe'er they will.

This silent life not those we love may share,
Though day by day we strive to draw them close;
Our secret chamber—none may enter there,
Save that one eye that never seeks repose.

And if beneath that eye we do not quail,
Though all the world may turn from us aside,
We own a secret power that shall prevail
When every motive of our life is tried.

EDISON.

HIS WORK AND HIS WORK-SHOP.

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

A QUARTER of a century ago a bright-faced lad, stout and sturdy but somewhat undersized for his age, which was not above fourteen years, ran through the cars of the through trains on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada, selling newspapers and the somewhat archaic traveller's literature of that day. He had a winsome manner and a ready tongue, so that his stock disappeared rapidly enough to insure him what was for a boy of his years a fair weekly wage. With the conductors and engineers, and indeed all the employés of the road, he was on excellent terms, and his jokes were quoted from one end of the line to the other; but the officials whose society he most affected in his leisure time were the telegraph operators, the click of whose primitive instruments he was never tired of hearing. Not that he had much leisure time to speak of, for, in addition to his paper and book selling duties, he edited, printed, and published a paper of his own, grandiloquently styled *The Grand Trunk Herald*, which found its circulation among the officials and train-hands. A copy of it, creased and tattered, lies before me as I write. So the lad sold his wares, printed his toy newspaper, joked with his customers and fellows, and was apparently as practical a little youngster as one might meet with, intent only on turning an honest dollar and laying up a trifle for the proverbial rainy day, while under the bustling, prosaic exterior he hid a nature which was essentially that of a dreamer. Above the roar of the swaying trains, and the clatter of the cars, he heard all day the click of the telegraph instrument, which to him represented an illimitable opportunity; and the message it spelt out ran somewhat in this wise: 'Some day you will be famous, Tom Edison. Some day you will rich, Tom Edison.'

To trace the career of Thomas A. Edison from his comparatively humble beginning as a newsboy on a Canadian railroad to his present position as the most widely known inventor of this or perhaps any other age, would be to retell a tale known by heart to Macaulay's favourite schoolboy. Still, though the main road may be well trodden, the side-tracks yet possess some of the interests of the unfamiliar, and a long acquaintance with Mr Edison enables me, I think, to act as at least a trustworthy guide to those—there must be many—who would like a closer knowledge of 'The Wizard' than can be gained from occasional newspaper paragraphs. To give this glimpse of the actual man, no better method suggests itself to me than to take readers on the trip which I have so often made of late, and spend a day with the electrician in that wonderful laboratory of his at Orange, the secrets of which are kept so carefully guarded from the outside world.

As the train whirls us over the desolate New Jersey meadows, let me try and picture the man we are on our way to see,—a man of medium height, squarely built, and latterly somewhat inclined to amplitude of girth; his long grayish hair is thrown back from a broad, intellectual forehead dominating a clean shaven face, which, with its mobile mouth and Dantesque contour, would be essentially that of a poet and dreamer, were it not for the twinkling, deep-set grey eyes, forever questioning, which bespeaks the keen, cool-headed, practical man of affairs. So here at least is a case in which the face is an index of the character, for it is this union of imagination and every-day shrewdness which has helped to make of Edison a discover as well as an inventor. The quality of nature is carried still further, and all sorts of whimsical contradictions are in him found side by side, and serve to form the sum of a character entirely lovable and absolutely individual.

There is an innate modesty about Edison; yet this does not prevent, but rather accentuates, at times, the display of self-reliance on his own powers proceeding doubtless from the consciousness of unsurpassed achievement, which possesses the appearance rather than the substance of egotism. Only lately, to illustrate the former characteristic, we were talking of a recently published 'autobiography.' 'Why don't you write yours?' asked I. 'I could not,' was the reply, given with evident sincerity, and in the almost boyish fashion of speech which is a part of him. 'Some fellows can, and I wish I could. But I haven't the *cheek!*' And nothing would persuade him but that it would be the height of presumption on his part to talk to the public about himself. On the other hand, when talking about his work, he will plan Aladdin-like schemes, dependent solely on his own inventive powers, with a confidence which makes them seem almost accomplished facts instead of theoretical anticipations.

Again, there may be pointed out the contrast between his simple, unostentatious mode of life, as well as his hatred of display, and his lavish extravagance on all that concerns his beloved scientific pursuits. I have seen him eating his noonday meal, carried to him in a basket, with a simplicity befitting the purse of one of his junior clerks, while sitting at a table in the library of his laboratory—a library which, in its artistic finishing, its size, and its appointments generally, would not be out of place in the capital of some wealthy State. So also, to an almost reckless heedlessness of money for money's sake, he unites a genius for financing and for the appreciation of the pecuniary advantages of a speculation, which enabled him to truthfully declare once in my presence, that he had never in his life lost money in any scheme into which he had ventured. I might go on indefinitely multiplying instances of these strange contradictions.

I have mentioned Edison's boyish habit of expression, and this unconventional juvenility is more than a mere habit of speech. There is a breeziness of thought as well as manner about this gray-haired boy, who has made millions of dollars with his brain alone as capital, and whose name is a household word among the nations. In his soft, mellifluous voice, which in some inexplicable manner by its very tones affords a sad suggestion of the great misfortune which in late years has afflicted Edison—his increasing deafness—he is, when not immersed in some knotty problem, continually joking, telling humorous stories, or 'chaffing' his business associates or subordinates. By every one in his employ 'The Old Man,' as with affectionate familiarity he is universally called, is loved as well as obeyed, and held as fellow as well as master.

But while we have been chatting the train has sped across the meadows, has rattled through the busy city of Newark, has passed Menlo Park, where formerly stood the workshop of the wizard, and has touched at one after another of those trimly-kept and comfort-exhaling villages which, grouped together, are known as 'The Oranges,' and at the station of Orange proper our destination is reached. The day is fine and spring-like, and we, unencumbered by baggage, may easily walk along the bustling village highway and past the closely shaven lawns and quaint nineteenth-century echoes of by-gone architecture, until we turn off at the quiet country road, some half mile down which we espy the huge but not altogether ungainly pile of red brick with its succession of wings, thrown out like the teeth of some Brobdignaggian comb, and its aspiring round brick chimney-shaft. It looks more like some county institution than the private workshop of one scientific investigator.

The main building, which faces the road, is fifty or sixty feet wide by about two hundred in length, and rises to the height of about four ordinary stories. To the left, as one faces it, stretch out the one-story wings, each of which houses a special department of research. Far to the rear rises the tall smoke tower, at the base of which are clustered the low brick buildings containing the gigantic engines which give life to the multitude of throbbing, pulsating machines on each floor of the edifice.

We touch the button of an electric bell at the road-side wicket, and a bright-eyed boy comes in response to the summons and gives us admittance to the carefully guarded precincts from which strangers are so jealously excluded, more, perhaps, from fear of the loss of time entailed by the presence of inquisitive sight-seers than from a desire for secrecy. Our entrance to the laboratory is made through an insignificant looking doorway, which admits us into a high room extending the whole width of the building, and about as long as it is wide. Through large openings at the further end are caught tantalizing glimpses of ponderous engines and Leviathan driving wheels, while passing workmen, smoke-begrimed and oily of visage, suggest the machine-shop rather than the scientist's laboratory. But when we turn to the right and step into the library, we see at once that we are in no mere utilitarian factory. Here we are in the world of restful contemplation, the monastic peacefulness and repose being emphasized by the bustle of the work-a-day world which lies on the other side of the door.

The library occupies that portion of the building which faces the roadway, and is about square in plan. On two of its sides it is lighted by tall semicircular-headed windows, which reach nearly up to the pine-panelled ceilings, with its deep coffers and sturdy cross-beams which stretch above our heads at the height of some forty feet or so from the polished parquet floor, bestrewn with soft rugs of those rich but quietly blended colourings which bespeak the Oriental loom. At regular intervals round the room bookcases of polished wood showing its natural grain are so arranged as to form convenient alcoves, each lit with its swinging incandescent electric lamps, easily adjustable by an ingenious device to any required height. Round three sides and midway between floor and ceiling, runs a gallery reached by a flight of steps in one corner, and here is repeated the same arrangement of bookcases and alcoves as prevails below. A substantial table, a couple of business-like writing-desks, and a sufficiency of comfortable chairs furnish the room, while in the centre, resting on a square of mosaic tiling sunk level with the floor, a mass of flowering shrubs and spreading palms give a delightful touch of tropical luxury to the noble apartment. Should the air outside be chilly, a couple of hickory logs blaze cheerfully in the cavernous open fire-place, with its old-fashioned brass dogs and smoke-encrusted chimney-throat. The elaborate mantelpiece which surmounts this is one of the architectural features of the place, its chief decorative effect being gained by an elaborately carved clock-dial, so intricately arranged that it can denote not only the time of day, but the direction of the wind and the day of the month as well.

Here is the nucleus of a scientific library which in a very few years will probably be unequalled. It would doubtless be so already were there added to its shelves the marvellous collection, resulting from years of patient acquisition, now in the picturesque Queen Anne home which Edison has built for himself on a slope of the Orange Mountains. The books found here, however, are intended solely for the use of those employed in the laboratory, and a generous collection it is. To us, however, the most interesting volumes will doubtless be those which relate to the inventor himself, and they are many. Half a dozen shelves are occupied by scrap-books, neatly titled and indexed, which contain all the newspaper clippings of past years bearing in any way on Edison or his inventions. Here are the materials for that biography which must some day be written, and curious enough some of it is. Here, for instance, is the history from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year, of the incandescent electric light, including the editorial articles in prominent scientific papers, and the statements from leading electricians to the effect that the whole thing was a fraud and humbug, and would never, could never, become a working reality. These articles were written and these statements signed but a few years ago, and to-day probably the very rooms in which they were penned are lighted by that incandescent filament enclosed in its airless bulb which has laid the foundations of its inventor's fortunes. Here too is a French novel, pasted into the book as it appeared in its *feuilleton* form at the bottom of succeeding issues of the leading Parisian newspaper; and the marvellous hero of this blood-curdling romance, the scenes of which are laid in a New York possible only to the imagination of a French novelist, is Thomas A. Edison. Other Edisoniana there are, too, in the shape of several bulky volumes which consist merely of the drawings and specifications of patents granted to Edison, reaching back as far as the first 'stock-ticker,' and ending with the latest improvement on the phonograph. One can scarcely believe that one man's brain can have conceived this multitude of devices, some of them showing merely the ingenuity of the mechanician, while others betray the influence of the harnessed imagination of the latter day scientist. The number of patents granted him runs well up into the hundreds. Edison himself will tell us, as he has told me more than once, that one invention may represent the result of thousands of careful experiments, each dealing with a complete theory, first conceived, and then laboriously demonstrated to be incorrect, until at last comes the one theory which corresponds with the facts, and, Eureka! the inventor is repaid for all his toil.

Now we have waited long enough, and the grinning lad who has taken out cards (I know not why, but all the lads in Edison's employ seem in a state of perennial good humour and happiness) returns with an answer. Perhaps the 'Old Man' is engaged on some intricate problem of invention, or the improvement of some detail of an invention, in a remote nook of the building. In such a case it is as much as anyone's life is worth to disturb him. Or suppose, more happily, as more rarely, he has an hour or two to spare, and will himself start us on our tour of investigation, laughing and joking the while, but with an air of allowable pride in the completeness of the establishment, which is charming in its frank ingenuousness.

Stepping out of the library, we find ourselves in the room, already described, through which we entered. A closer examination shows that it is divided into narrow aisles running the width of the building, by a series of high shelves partitioned off somewhat after the fashion of bookcases, so as to form large pigeon holes, while the lower portions are occupied with nests of neatly labelled drawers. There are thousands of pigeon-holes and hundreds of drawers, and in them is to be found as heterogeneous an assortment of articles as can well be imagined. This is the 'stock-room,' but the stock therein contained would supply more than half the shops in Christendom with a sample at least of each of their particular goods. The drawers, some of which are marked with half a dozen names as guides to the varied contents, are filled with such strange things as seal, squirrel, bear, sable, fox, marten, ermine, and beaver skins; tight rolls of the furs or hairy coverings of even rarer animals; feathers of every bird that flies or swims; snake skins, fish skins; hides, raw and tanned; bones, teeth, and tusks of all sorts of creatures, including hippopotami, narwhals, whales, rhinoceri, and sharks; minerals, ores, crystals, and precious stones (cut and in the rough); barks and sections of the trunk of every species of tree; bundles of dried grasses; dried fruits, nuts and beans, salts, sugars; grains such as wheat and maize, both whole and crushed to flour; gums and spices, some of the former so rare that the grains are kept in little folded papers such as diamond merchants use. In short, the whole of nature seems to have been laid under contribution to stock these long, deep drawers. In the pigeon holes above are manufactured articles, the hundreds and hundreds of drugs, chemical solutions, and essences being contained in small glass vials, each plainly ticketed with the name of the contents. There are rolls of woven stuffs, sheet metals, and all sorts of papers, gums, and linings. Then there are bits of machinery, bolts, screws, nuts, angle-irons; tools such as hammers, vises, drills; while blocking up the passage-ways are such out-of-place looking objects as ice cream freezers, wheelbarrows, pumps and so on. Everything one can think of, from a packet of needles or a toothpick, to a sledge-hammer or a sewing-machine, can here be found. You turn in amazement to Mr Edison, and his eyes twinkle as he replies to your unspoken query. 'I have tried,' says he, 'to gather together here samples of every material to be found in the habitable world, and I think I have succeeded'; and then, perhaps, having just whetted your curiosity, he hurriedly excuses himself, turns his visitors over to one of his assistants, and plunging up stairs again is presumably soon immersed in his beloved occupations. Whichever of his assistants may have been deputed as guide, you will surely find him cultivated, courteous, an acknowledged expert in one or more branches of scientific research, and proudly interested in the establishment of which he forms a part.

'It is one of Mr Edison's peculiarities,' he will tell you, 'to push on with an experiment or investigation when he has once begun, without pause or break, hardly stopping to bolt a morsel of food or snatch a few hours sleep. Now, in the course of these investigations, he often finds that he needs some material which in the ordinary way he would find it nearly impossible to procure, and in his early days he was from this cause subjected to much inconvenience and delay. Now all this is obviated, and in five minutes he can have anything in reason that he wants.'

'But how can he ever want such weird things as sharks' teeth or rhinoceros-horn?' you ask. 'They are reminiscent of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth."'

'That shows that you don't know what queer things electricians use,' replies our modern Virgil. 'During the progress of the experiments with the incandescent electric light, for instance, nearly everything one can think of was tried as a primary material from which to form the delicate carbon filament whose incandescence is the source of light. Finally, as perhaps you know, shreds of one particular variety of bamboo were found to give the most gratifying results; and there, by the way, you can see a few bales of the very reeds from which those strips are cut. Again, the delicate needle, which, affixed to the under side of the vibrating diaphragm of the phonogram, indents the smooth, revolving surface of the waxen cylinder, had to be formed of some material possessing peculiar properties of elasticity and rigidity. Scores of the most unlikely substances, both organic and inorganic, natural and artificial, were tried before the right one was hit upon. And so it goes with all the little details of electric appliances.'

But there is too much to see to linger long in this old and new curiosity shop, and we pass through it to the farther end of the building, and are standing in the lower machine shop amid a bewildering roar of whirling wheels and swiftly speeding leather bands. Grimy workmen are hammering and chipping grotesque looking castings of iron and steel at benches placed in front of the wide windows, while all around others are directing the movements of enormous machines, which seem almost like sentient beings themselves, as they perform their allotted tasks, planing, boring, cutting, and shaping the hardest metal, as a carpenter plays with a block of soft pine. This shop, we are told, is devoted to the manufacture of the heavier parts of such machinery as may be necessary in forming new models of electric motors and so forth. There are machines here, and workmen who can handle them, capable of turning out a monster locomotive or an eighty-ton gun.

We clamber up a steep staircase, and find ourselves in another room as large as the one we have just left, and, like that, filled with the busy hum of revolving wheels overhead and clanking machinery below, only in this case everything is of a daintier, lighter make and appearance. This is the shop where instruments of precision and all the more delicate portions of the mechanical work are turned out. More wonderful in many ways are these mechanical aids to human power, for these iron and brass levers and cog-wheels seem capable of doing all that man can do, and more. In this shop can be made the most delicate instruments possible,—machines so tiny that they would not outbalance a nickel placed in the opposing scale; while below, so our Virgil tells us, motors weighing many tons can be just as easily manufactured. Here are workmen, evidently of highly nervous organisation, filing and polishing the almost imperceptible needles, which, when inserted in their proper place in the phonograph, will 'keep track' even of a woman's tongue; and others are putting together the nicely proportioned and delicate brass work which goes to make the rest of the 'talk-recorder.' Others again, are finishing off to an exquisite smoothness the surfaces of the wax cylinders on which the record is made, and later on we shall find more than one workman busy casting these same cylinders by pouring the queerly odoriferous melted wax from a ladle into brass moulds. The moulds look not unlike a row of greasy rockets, but are of highly ingenious construction, specially adapted for their peculiar task.

Virgil, however, warns us that we must not linger, and we are soon poking our heads into large, light, and airy rooms, where spectacled men in their shirt-sleeves are draughting, from the rough sketches of Mr Edison, carefully plotted plans and elevations of inventions of greater or less importance, while others are pursuing scientific investigations with all the careful laboriousness and patience of enthusiasts. Here, surrounded by cabinets of minerals, saucers of acids, scales able to detect the variation in weight of a single hair, and clever magnetic contrivances, are a couple of investigators prying into the affinities of various ores, having in view the perfection of the novel ore separator which will be Edison's next gift to the commercial world. In yet another room interesting experiments in electro-metallurgy are being conducted, and in great jars of evil-smelling liquid, phonograph cylinders, covered with the microscopic dots and dashes which are the visible memorial of sound, are receiving deposits of various metals. The outcome of all this tentative work will be the still further perfecting of the already patented scheme for limitless reduplication of phonographic records.

Then we are shown a larger apartment, wherein are arranged in frames thousands of the glass globes in which, when exhausted of all air, incandescent filaments will become a source of grateful light. They are undergoing the exhausting process under the careful gaze of sundry other assistants; and, numerous as they are, they will be chiefly used for experimental purposes, those for the use of the public being prepared elsewhere. A long, low room is devoted to testing the average 'lives' of these experimental lamps, and presents a curious appearance, with its hundreds of brilliant lights covering the ceiling in closely parallel lines,—a firmament of tangible stars. We are told here, that the ideal lamp, for the realization of which all these investigators are constantly striving, will burn for an indefinite period, and, save when it meets with an accident, will not require renewal for years and years. Not the least interesting of these little scientific headquarters is the photographic studio, under the superintendence of a good-looking young artist, who, like every one else about the place, is refreshingly enthusiastic about his own speciality. He has an establishment which a leading professional 'knight of the camera' might envy, for he has one lens which enables him to use plates about the size of an ordinary newspaper, and so prevents the necessity of enlarging. Some of his exterior views betray the skilled artist in their picturesqueness and the cleverness with which the one point of view which is the right one has been taken advantage of. Hanging on the walls are pictures of inventions and machines in their various stages of development, and this little gallery forms a fitting complemen to the scrap-books we looked over down stairs; for here is the old 'barrel-organ' phonograph of ten years ago side by side with the perfect little instrument of to-day, while the electric-light lamp is shown in its infancy as well as in its maturity.

Up still higher we mount, and come to a large, airy, well-lit room directly over the library. One end of this is occupied by a rostrum, in front of which benches are disposed. This is the lecture room, and here at least once a week the staff of assistants and their friends listen to a lecture on some topic of practical interest to them, delivered either by one of the heads of departments or by some acknowledged expert from the outer scientific world. These lectures which are given at Mr Edison's sole expense, are viewed by him simply as an indirect means of increasing the efficiency and the enthusiasm of his corps of helpers.

At Virgil's suggestion we waste no time here, but follow him down the winding staircases and past the hive of busy workers, until we have reached the ground floor, and are in the outer air once more, though our travels are not yet over. There are still the outbuildings to be investigated, and before we begin we have to visit the engine-house, and admire the powerful giant with his tireless arms turning for ever, like Ixion, the huge wheel which represents the motive power of all those whirring machines in the great throbbing building. We deliver up our watches to a swarthy bandit, who grins cheerfully as he relieves us of them, and this act of spoliation accomplished we visit the electric motors, which furnish electricity not only to the countless lamps in the laboratory itself, but also to a large portion of the town of Orange and to the larger suburban residences hereabouts. When we have wondered at these, and have been pleased like children at the sight of the constant stream of many-coloured sparks which fly off at various places with Mephistophelian energy, we prevail on the dusky bandit to render up to us once more our time-pieces, and emerge once more to take a peep at the ten-feet-long astronomical telescope, which has its little observatory all to itself, set up in a convenient part of the grounds.

Then we visit the four one-story buildings, which I have already described as running out at right angles to the main edifice. In one of these is housed the large ore separator, which has been above referred too. It is a ponderous affair, with the cruel-looking crusher attached which grinds up the big masses of hematite and quartz as though they were loaf sugar, and then passes the pulverized result by means of an endless chain of little buckets to the hopper, down which the metallic stream falls, to separate into two minor currents ere it reaches the ground,—the sheep, or pure ore, on one side: the goats, or refuse rock, on the other.

The next building is devoted to storage purposes, and contains naught of special interest. Of the two remaining, one, which is full of noisome fumes, is devoted to the chemist of the establishment and all his works. Here, far from his fellows, he is allowed to make all the horrible compounds, with their still more horrible smells, he pleases, and so presumably enjoys the closest approach to happiness a chemist can know, and varies the monotony of existence by an occasional explosion.

The last building is in some respects the most interesting of all. It contains some of the most marvellous instruments of precision to be found in the world, for here are to be found those ingenious arrangements for accurately measuring electricity and ligh, which are known as galvanometers and photometers. With these the strength of a current or the brilliancy of a light can be absolutely measured to the minutest fraction, and so delicate are the galvanometers that even a bunch of keys carried in one's pocket as one stands near them will disarrange their exquisite sensibilities and render them useless. In this room too are various examples of magnetic coils, one of which, an innocent looking affair about a foot in length, but containing many miles of the finest silk-covered wire, can throw a spark twelve inches long, and kill a man or half a dozen men in a fraction of an instant. Other curious contrivances there are also, including a mechanical calculator, which will add up bewildering rows of figures, subtract and divide with the precision of a normal schoolmaster, by the mere turning of a crank.

So we have 'made the rounds,' and, entering once more the laboratory proper, may chance to meet Edison himself, his labours over, starting homewards. He is as full of animal spirits as a lad released from his Latin lesson, and we stroll with him up the hill, and spend a few minutes with him in the library of the magnificent home, standing in the centre of its trimly kept lawns, and shaded by its leafy trees, which he has built for himself away from the bustle of New York, the noise of which city he declares drives him almost insane, when for business reasons he has to visit it. Then, as time and trains wait not even for us, we take our way to the station, through the dusky evening shadows of the country roads, and wag our heads wisely as we think, first, of the little newsboy crying his wares but a comparatively few years ago, and then of that marvellous building we have just left, the weekly running expenses of which are far up in the thousands, and which was built and is maintained simply as the private workshop of one man —surely the grandest workshop in the whole world.

Hanna, Photo. MR ARCHIBALD. SIR G. GREY. MAYOR OF AUCKLAND.

SIR GEORGE GREY AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

SIR GEORGE GREY AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

Recently, when Professor Archibald had concluded his exhibition of the phonograph in Auckland and was on the point of departing, it was suggested by Mr Mitchell to Mr Upton, the Mayor, that the opportunity should be taken of preserving for future generations a record of the utterances of Sir George Grey. Mr Upton thereupon addressed a letter to Sir George Grey, expressing to him the idea. Of this the latter thought fit to approve, and a day was accordingly appointed on which Sir George Grey Professor Archibald, and Mr Upton met together at the studio of Mr Hanna, in Queen-street, and enacted a scene

mony to which posterity will look back with deep interest. Sir George Grey, Professor Archibald, and Mr Upton each in turn repeated to the phonograph the remarks cited below, which were duly recorded by the instrument. The cylinder was then transmitted to the Public Librarian to be preserved there for verification in the future, accompanied by photographs of the *scance*, an illustration of which we reproduce by express permission of Mr Hanna.

The following are the phonograms :—

Sir George Grey spoke: 'Auckland, February 24th, 1891. Citizens of Auckland,—You are amongst the heralds who introduce, and the rulers who must guide and direct a new age, and who must establish an as yet unknown nation. Back upon you will have to look a new race and millions of people. The duty devolving on you is a great one. With humility, yet with fortitude, pursue your task. Falter not! march resolutely on, with truth and justice upon either hand of you, with the love of mankind as your guiding star, your duty to your Maker as the staff on which you lean. Then will God bless you, and render you a Blessing to the ages yet to come.—GEORGE GREY.'

Professor Archibald spoke: 'Mr Mayor,—I have much pleasure in handing over to you this phonogram containing Sir George Grey's message to the citizens of Auckland. I am, yours very truly, DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.'

The Mayor spoke: 'I thank you, Mr Archibald, for the phonogram containing Sir George Grey's words, which you have just presented to me for the citizens of Auckland, and I shall deposit it in the Public Library, which owes so much to Sir George Grey's generosity.—J. H. UPTON.'

HOW MR. QUAILCOME LOST HIS AFFIANCED.

NOT only was Lucy Bracebey a brave and high-spirited girl, but incontestably one of the finest types of feminine English beauty as perhaps would be found in any region of the dual hemispheres. Almost as pretty a sight as eye could dwell on was to see Lucy's regal-chiselled, oval face, with the fresh carnation on her cheeks, lustre in her decidedly Saxon-blue eyes, long auburn locks tossing abont her neck and shoulders as she steeplechased around her father's bush clearing upon his spirited 'Cleveland' high-back, yclept 'Tipton Slasher.'

It may have been through some foreboding of approaching more eligible rivals that caused Philip Quailcome, who had for some time previously wooed the lass, to ask her at such an untoward time as March, 1860, in the beginning of the Taranaki war, to 'name the day.'

'Defer your question, Phil,' returned Lucy, 'until this bit of a "tiff" with the Maori is over. You acquit yourself with befitting manliness through it, then, I can tell you, you need have no fear about the answer which you'll receive. Like those, sir, being initiated into knighthood of old, consider these hostilities with the aborigines as your ordeal!'

'Then, what if I am tipped over and mortally wounded?' Mr Quailcome practically put.

'If you are, and have showed good courage, and any parson conveniently about, I'll marry you, though the sun should never shine again upon your quickened body. Oh, you may laugh, dear,' said Lucy, with a sort of forced smile, yet withal unmistakable fervidness in her looks, 'but every word which I've now been saying I mean!'

Then, in answer to a coo e-e from outside the parental porch, Lucy hurriedly bade a good-night, and sped to perform some urgent duty awaiting for her to do at home.

'If ever there were a prize upon this earth worth seeking to obtain,' soliloquised this temporary deserted swain, 'by Jove! that prize is certainly Lucy Bracebey. She most unquestionably is a priceless gem! But this ordeal, as she calls it, is not quite to my taste. Hang me if the very thoughts of it don't act insedatively on my nerves! Confound this Maori war, I say! It puts me into a queer fix more ways than one. How can a chap who has never yet handled a gun, or, as far as that goes, any other weapon, be expected to stand up in front of these cruel, naked savages? Well, there is one consolation about it, that is, if there's a chance of shirking or of untargetting one's self in a confused crowd, such, second to none, can Phil Quailcome do, and do it, too, also on the quiet.'

Not many days subsequent to the above noted incident the battle of Mahoetahi was fought and won. This was Mr Philip Quailcome's baptism of fire. It also was the first advantage on the field that the white skin had managed to wrest from the swarthy, and, as a matter of course, microscopically was regarded as a rather large affair. Ay! in those days for one to have stood at Mahoetahi was one to be invested amongst his fellows with more than ordinary significance. It was not until the lapse of several days that the individual conduct on the field came to be minutely criticised. Men gibbering away amongst themselves enter much deeper into trifling details than is either necessary or even possible for a commander to notice in official reports. Still all are more or less convinced that it is from a combination, or aggregate of small matters, that results, favourable or otherwise, are produced.

At this time a hearsay rumour reached Lucy Bracebey's ears inimical to the conception of manhood. It was her wish to be sustained by her chosen knight. However, by and by, greatly to Lucy's relief, the direct *lie* seemed to be given to these aspersions, as Philip, by his immediate superior officers, was promoted to the rank of sergeant; and, indeed, not only at this grade was his elevation arrested, but ere another year he was commissioned as lieutenant. Lucy, many's the time afterwards, secretly congratulated herself upon her prudent reticence in not at any time having so much as even hinted to her lover what had been whispered about to this effect: That he had shammed a fit in order to withdraw from the ranks confronting the enemy. His recently rapid promotions fully satisfied Lucy that such dastardly reports were nothing more than spiteful venom, which she could never have forgiven herself had she broached the like to the individual whom they assailed.

Notwithstanding the cloud of war, even then there were intermittent periods of light-hearted exuberations, of which Miss Lucy Bracebey was no stinted sharer. Never, perhaps, was Lucy more beatified in her life than when she was threading the intricate convolutions of quadrilles, or whirling in a circular dance with the partner she had plighted her word to. At no time does pleasurable excitement ascend to such a pitch of ecstacy as that in which it follows excitement of a less acceptable kind. It is, like many things else, considerably enhanced by diversity of circumstances. Glimpses of sunshine are more appraised than could not readily be 'wiped out.' A meed of excellence is not so well deserved when those such awarded cling to attraction as it is to those who tenaciously adhere to that which apparently seems repellant.

Two or three years more were round and still persistently continued to hover over this region the demon of war. At this stage, whatever advance was made on hostile ground, earthen redoubts were constructed in order to make the acquired footing good. In one of these, named Potuko, situated ten or eleven miles south from New Plymouth, Lieutenant Quailcome was temporarily placed in command. None know, saving those who have happened to have been pent up for some time in these places of confinement, the extreme irksomeness of the situation, and this Potuko Redoubt especially seemed as an epitome of all that was miserable and dispiriting, with wily savage foes in front, deep, dark, and treacherous scrub-covered gullies in the rear, trackless, precipitate hills on the left, and the frowning billows of the continuous uninterrupted beams. Lucy could honestly say that which many of her congeners at that time could not, despite the large influx of masculine attraction which surrounded her, no errant thought had ever had a place in her mind. Like the magnet, no matter what extraneous force is brought to make it move, it still veers to its sympathetic point. Yet let not candour be withheld. Although such should modify a little Lucy's exemplary loyalty, Mr Philip Quailcome, in his neat, half-dress uniform presented a figure and mien which for handsomeness—to use a vulgarism—great Pacific on the right. Those holding this retired work under Lieutenant Quailcome consisted of six sergeants, as many more corporals, and about four score of men. The only intercourse with these in the Redoubt and the outer world at this time was an occasional visiting friend, who came under the protection of the convoy which brought their periodical supplies. On more than one occasion Miss Bracebey had availed herself of this opportunity, when she was regarded, not alone by the Lieutenant, but likewise by all under him, almost in the light of a divinity.

'Pluck up your courage, Phil; take heart of grace,' Lucy would say when conversing apart. 'This sort of precarious mode of living cannot last a great while longer. The Maori, it is true, is now maddened with sheer desperation. Possibly he may give one or two more inconsequent flickers, and then his light will be out. They cannot be supposed to support themselves on air alone any more than Europeans.'

'I wish you were as true a prophet, Lucy, as you are a model of true loveliness,' responded the lieutenant ecstatically. 'As for myself, I don't care so much about danger when it comes short and sweet; but really this dreary, dragging game, which we are now playing, would tire the patience of Job. Do you know, Lucy,' continued he, 'that I do wish sometimes from the bottom of my heart that these plaguey, swarthy devils would think fit to make an attack upon this position, as a fellow then, if he escaped being knocked heels over head, might stand a better chance of getting removed out of this cursed boxed-in place; whereas as things are now I see no chance whatever. Hang it! there's the convoy about to start back again. Good-bye, Lucy. I hope to see you out soon again.'

'Bye-bye, Phil,' rejoined Lucy, cheerily, as she sprung on her saddle. 'Mind the Scotch saying, "It's a lang lane that's got nae turn." If I can't get away by the next convoy I'll not fail to write.'

It was not a very great while after the above expressions of Mr Quailcome were made in regard to an attack before that in reality it seriously looked as if his wishes were going to be realised. It was a dark, moonless night, or rather morning, drawing on towards four o'clock, when all in the *enciente* of Potuko Redoubt were suddenly called to arms. The sentry upon the parapet thereof had fired off his piece and reported to the sergeant of the guard that he had distinctly heard a subdued shuffling and like the sound of low, rapid-speaking voices in the scrub near by. Unquestionably Mr Quailcome, at this alarm, did not specially evince any great profoundity of martial tact, but rather, as the French would term it, that of being *insense*. He went striding and jumping about here and there like a cockerel on a hot gridiron, brandishing aloft his sword in the air in rococco style, and vociferating loudly as the men were falling in: 'Now, prepare to die like Britons! Now or never, men, die like Britons, and spare not the steel! Sergeant-Major Free, march the company in quick time through the embrasure, then deploy into line, and charge at the double the moment you set eyes on the treacherous cannibals. Meanwhile, I'll hazard going round to the rear by myself, so as to be satisfied whether or not our retreat is clear. Heaven help us if we are surrounded!'

The sun once more had been visible for fully two hours in the horizon, when, palidly and stealthily, Lieutenant Quailcome re entered the Potuko Redoubt, his servant merely remarking, as his master threw himself down unbooted and unclothed on a couch in the marquee, 'By Jove, sir, didn't we give these brutes a fine dressing!'

How it was perhaps will for ever remain an insoluble mystery; that win of Potuko getting surprised was bruited about New Plymouth that same morning, by daylight, but such, indeed, nevertheless was the case. The story ran that the position had been rushed by the enemy, who after a fearful, sanquinary struggle were expelled by the defenders. In short, so circumstantially were the incidents of the *melee* detailed, that the Adjutant-General of the forces, under an escort, accompanied by a few privileged friends, Lucy in the number, set out in hot haste for the supposed theatre of conflict. On reaching thither they were apprised that the *facile princeps* of the redoubt was still recumbent on his couch under the influence of the heavy goddess. However, Sergeant-Major Felix Free, next in rank, was in attendance.

'I am curious to learn, Sergeant-Major Free,' spoke the visiting official, 'with what force you followed up the pursuit?'

'With the whole of the troops in the fort, sir, barring the Lieutenant.'

'And pray, where was he?'

'When he gave me orders to sally out with every man-jack we had, he said that he would by himself venture round to inspect the rear to see if the ground for a retreat was clear.'

'Christopher! what an unwarrantable proceeding!' exclaimed the A.A.G., who then proceeded to further catechise.

'What was the result of the charge? I mean what were the casualties?'

'We nailed together, sir, five full-grown and two half-grown hogs, besides a mother with a litter of young, which afterwards we let go!'

'Five full-grown and two half-grown hogs! Incomprehensible, Ajax! And do you mean to say that all this jumped-up hullabaloo is only a dastardly hoax, merely a pig hunt? March off at once the convoy. The sooner the better I send someone out here as a relief.'

Mr Philip Quailcome shortly after had the opportunity of presenting himself before Lucy Bracebey, but felt considerably non-plussed by the lady whom he interviewed reaching him a small packet out of her pocket, saying, 'Here are your letters and presents. Mine you can return or retain as it pleases you. *I have ventured looking behind and seen the retreat clear, thereby I've effected an escape.*'

ON PIPES.

LORD BYRON in his Eastern travels became a great pipe fancier; and Disraeli, when in Cairo, proved himself an accomplished smoker. He possessed a great variety of pipes, from hookahs to dhudeens. He christened some of his pipes in a magniloquent fashion. One he called Bosphorous, and another Sultan. The stems of some of them were many feet long, made of wood covered with fluted silk. It is considered the cherry tree and jasmine make the best pipe stems; the longer and straighter the stem the greater is the value. The bowls of such pipes are usually of red clay, and ornamented.

The narghilé is said to be a favourite with Syrian ladies, who inhale the smoke through a globular glass vessel filled with scented water. In Egypt, too, this kind of pipe is more in fashion than the chiboque. Splendid pipes with their attendant ceremonies of filling, cleaning, and presenting by special servants, form one of the most ostentatious of Oriental extravagances. The influence of European habits is, we believe, causing the hookah, with all its pomp and display, to disappear in India. The pipes used in Morocco are very fanciful and profusely decorated. The Celestials' pipes have long delicate tubes with tiny bowls. Opium is smoked from pipes having a sort of bowl in the centre, instead of at the end of the stem. A slender bamboo, with a hole bored near the closed end of a joint, forms a handy smoking arrangement for a Chinaman of the poor classes; but his richer neighbours use a handsome little water pipe made of brass or silver. The bowl is filled with a little pinch of tobacco which only provides one or two whiffs, so, of course, this pipe has to be refilled again and again. This is scarcely the sort of smoke that could be indulged in during work.

Nor is the German pipe much better in this respect, for its long gaudily-pictured china bowl requires to be supported by the hand like a long clay. As these large bowls hold many ounces of tobacco, they suggested an idea to a coffee-house keeper of Vienna of attracting customers. He had a china pipe bowl suspended over a large circular table, of such gigantic dimensions as to be capable of containing a pound of tobacco, and supplied with a sufficient number of tubes to accommodate thirty persons at one time. The novelty is said to have succeeded, and the coffee house was constantly crowded. In spite of all rivals, clay pipes have held their own. They have been manufactured in great numbers by the Dutch, who were very jealous of rivalry. They once took a curious method to ruin a manufactory of pipes which had been set up in Flanders. As the high duty rendered a large importation too expensive, they loaded a large ship with pipes, and purposely wrecked her near Ostend. The pipes were landed from the wreck, in accordance with the maritime laws of that city, and sold at such low prices as defied competition; consequently, the new manufactory was ruined. Some Swiss pipes are formed of many pieces, ornamented with carvings, and the bowls protected from rough weather with metal caps.

THE

New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

Published once a week, at Shortland and Fort Streets Auckland.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PER ANNUM (post free)	£1	0 0
HALF YEARLY ,, ...	0	10 0

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BACHELOR APARTMENTS.

THERE is always an air of mystery and romance to the feminine mind in the mere name of clubs and bachelor apartments.

When a club gives an entertainment of any kind the fair sex are certain to respond to the invitation with alacrity and with the intention and avowed purpose of examining man's haunts, seeing what men do in their clubs and going away with a general impression that a club is always *en fête* and turned upside down.

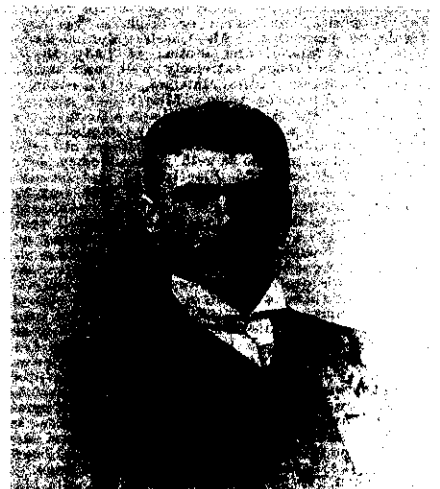
If there is such a disposition to examine clubs, there is a still greater one to see a bachelor apartment, and an invitation to dinner at one of these would be far more eagerly accepted than one to a dinner given by the more prosaic married people.

There is a *soupçon* of wickedness about the idea of a dinner at a bachelor's house, even though the dinner is chaperoned by a dame as proper and correct as Mrs Grundy herself. It is, however, a chance given to few, as there are but few bachelors who keep establishments capable of giving dinners, though the apartments themselves are in many cases every way suitable.

The great army of bachelors in great cities have to be housed as well as fed, and in all these cities there are plenty of apartments for bachelors only. Paris takes the palm of them for apartments, the luxuries of which are simply wonderful. And next to Paris come New York, though individual instances here can compare with anything the Parisian capital can produce in the way of perfect comfort, good taste and perfection of appointment.

One often hears the remark, 'I wonder why —— don't marry.' Perhaps if his apartments were seen and his life watched the reason could be given. A bachelor with cultivated tastes can get around him a combination of comfort and luxury that cannot be found in most married people's houses, however wealthy. There is also the freedom of bachelor life that has its charm, the capability of packing a portmanteau and departing to the uttermost ends of the earth if the spirit so wills, with none to question, no one to gainsay, only one's self to consult.

There may be another side to the question, for when sickness or depression takes a strong hold, the care of the servant, however excellent a man he may be in the cleaning of trousers, varnishing of boots and scientific oiling of hats, is but a poor exchange for the tender nursing of a wife, mother or sister. A bachelor's life on the whole, however, if he be a rich bachelor, makes him a man who need not be pitied, and when his time does come—as come it almost always does—he will settle down into double harness as quietly as if he had been broken to it years ago, and though the contemplation of the flickering flames of the winter fire may recall the days when he was a gay young dog and a festive bachelor, the pleasant little card parties and the festive suppers, he will arouse from his cogitation as a cry from the nursery reminds him that times have changed, and think that after all he has made a change for the better.



J. Martin, Photo.

ROBIN WHITNEY.

Drowned near Wairoa South, Auckland, February 15th.

YACHTING FATALITY AT WAIROA SOUTH.

WE publish in the present issue the portraits of three of the four young men who were so unfortunate as to lose their lives in the yachting accident near Auckland on Sunday, the 15th of February. The party consisted of Robin Whitney, Alfred Stevens, Gordon John Hale, and John Burnside. They started early in the day to pass over from Wairoa South to Chamberlin's Island, a distance of some five miles, and reached their destination in safety. In the evening they set out to return, but never reached home. On the following Friday the body of Whitney was discovered near the shore, with his watch stopped at a quarter past eight. Two days later the bodies of Burnside and Stevens were also recovered, and subsequently Gordon Hale's body was found. So far nothing has been seen of the yacht.

We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs Burton Bros., Dunedin, for the permission to reproduce the views of Dunedin, on the first page of this issue.

ADVANTAGES OF A BAD MEMORY.

A BAD memory, says a satirical writer, is always a good thing to a bad poet. He finds his mind full of fine thoughts and fancies, which make him feel proud of himself. Not remembering that they are the fine thoughts and fancies of other poets, he naturally imagines that they are his own, and makes free use of them accordingly, and thereby acquires the fame of an original bard among the section of the public that is blessed with memories no better than his own. Then, too, the benefits of a bad memory to a man who is fond of reading can scarcely be over-estimated. It at once makes his small library as inexhaustible as that marvellous pitcher of water from which everyone might drink as much as he required, and still it always remained full to the brim. He may read a good novel or a good poem and enjoy its beauties to the utmost; but in a short time he has quite forgotten them, and can take up the same book and read it again with as much delight as if he had never read it before. This is a joy in which the man with the good memory cannot indulge. The exquisite pleasure one feels in reading some of our best books for the first time he can enjoy but once. If he takes up the book a second time he too clearly remembers the whole plot and how it will end; it is stale and unprofitable to him; it has lost its gloss of newness, and he marvels at the delight it gave him when he read it before. But to the man with a bad memory the book never becomes stale; he can always read it again after a short interval and renew his former raptures over it. He is a happy man. For him the rose never loses its fragrance. He eats his cake and has it, in spite of the proverb, and will continue to eat and have it as long as he lives.

ALFRED STEVENS.

Drowned near Wairoa South, Auckland, February 15th.

A CLEVER FRAUD.

THE police records of the French capital have just been enriched by another of those clever bits of Parisian roguery that make plain ordinary swindling appear in comparison as inartistic as hod-carrying. The Parisian dailies published lately this announcement:—

'A splendid wedding will take place here toward the end of the month. M. W. Thompson, a millionaire American broker, will marry Miss Ellen Barber, the only daughter of the highly respected Rev. J. M. Barber of New Zealand.'

About ten days after this notice appeared a man with a white beard and in clerical garments introduced himself at the jewellery shop of Mme. Prevost as Rev. Dr. Barber, and asked that an attendant be sent with a great variety of jewels to his house in Bassano, in order that Mr Thompson, his future son-in-law, might choose fitting wedding gifts for the coming bride. The old man designated some £2,000 worth of jewels as the most likely lot for his future son-in-law's taste and left. The next morning Mme. Prevost herself took the jewels designated and some £1,000 worth more to the house in Bassano-street. She was led into a splendid reception-room by a maid servant, who took her card to the 'pastor.' She was received in a few minutes by the old man in a salon crowded with evidences of the wealth of the occupants. He said:

'My daughter is too ill to rise. Her *fiance* is with her, and if you will step in they will make their selection together.'

The 'pastor' opened the door to admit the caller to his daughter's bedside, but was stopped by a woman's voice:

'The woman must come to-morrow. I am not able to see strangers to-day.'

'But, my dear child, you can just take a glance or two, so as to tell us what you wish,' remonstrated the 'pastor,' and then turning to Mme. Prevost: 'The poor girl has a terrible headache and objects to seeing strangers. I will just give her a look at the things myself, and then give the order.'

He took the tray with the £3,000 worth of jewels, gave Mme. Prevost an album of views of the Yosemite for her entertainment, and then went to the woman in the next room. He returned to chat with Mme. Prevost, but was called away by the announcement, 'I have made my choice.' The pastor remained away five, ten, fifteen minutes. Mme. Prevost became nervous, and knocked at the bedroom door. No answer. She tried it. It was locked. She hurried to the other doors. They, too, were fast. She screamed and pounded until the janitor came to her rescue. The false pastor and daughter and maid servant had gone and have not been seen since. They had taken the rooms the day before and had not even paid the rent.

Sunday School Superintendent: 'Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?' (No reply.) Superintendent (somewhat sternly): 'Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?' Little Boy (badly frightened): 'It wasn't me; I—we jist moved yere last week.'

THE MERCER REGATTA.

LAST Saturday the Mercer Annual Regatta was held at that locality on the Waikato River, and was attended by quite a number of visitors from Auckland by special excursion train. A page of illustrations elsewhere will afford those readers of THE GRAPHIC who have not visited Mercer some idea of the locality, and of the very interesting aquatic sports which comprise the Regatta. Mercer is now about the only place in New Zealand where a genuine Maori canoe race can be seen, and the Maori sports constitute the chief attraction in the Regatta there. The Maoris of the vicinity entered into the preparations for the regatta with great zeal, and in order to get up a race for large canoes (Wakatiwai), one *Aapu* had a very large canoe cut out at Mangatawhiri, on the Waikato, last month specially for this contest. The sight of a number of well-manned canoes paddling up or down the river gives visitors some slight idea of the spectacle the noble Waikato often presented in the old times of Maoridom, with whole fleets of plumed and decorated *Waka-taua* sweeping along its surface on some warlike excursion. Those times are changed now, and at the most all the use John Maori can find for his canoe is to paddle himself and *wahine* or a few potatoes and pigs across the river. One of the most amusing contests in regattas of this sort is the canoe hurdle race, which often, as depicted in our illustration, causes great fun through the inability or tardiness of the craft to leap the obstacle. The Maori *wahine* race, too, is often productive of much merriment. We should mention that it is very greatly owing to the untiring exertions of Mr 'Tommy' Porter, a well-known Mercer boniface, that the success of these annual regattas is due.

A PERSEVERING CONTRIBUTOR.

A GOOD many years ago a magazinist whose name is now famous sent his first manuscript to a magazine. It was rejected. After a time he sent another, which was also rejected, and next month another, which met the same fate.

Instead of being crushed by all this ill-fortune he began to send in two or three manuscripts every month, consisting of essays, sketches, poems, romances and tales of adventure, but not one of them all was accepted by the editor of the magazine in the course of the half year during which the patient writer kept up his merry labours.

This writer, however, did not become discouraged, but continued to send more and more manuscript to the office of the magazine, and at last they are thrown into a waste paper barrel near the editorial table without being looked at for the editor had become disgusted over the scribbler's pertinacity. The receptacle in which the manuscripts were kept came to be known in the office as '——'s barrel,' and every month to the end of the year, he continued to add to its stock. The editor had ceased to take any interest in this paper stock, or in its growth or in the barrel, but often told humorous stories about it to his literary visitors, who laughed at them, as a matter of course.

One of these visitors, after laughing at a story about the barrel and the prolific contributor to it, got the notion that there must be 'something in' a writer of such extraordinary pertinacity. He took out of the barrel a manuscript, which happened to be a poem, looked at it, liked its opening, grew enthusiastic as he continued to read it, and when he had finished its perusal glorified the writer of it and told the editor of the magazine that this was a grand work which ought to be given to the world at once. It was printed in next month's magazine, to the amazement of its writer.

The popularity of the new poet was soon made manifest, and further productions of his pen were now in demand. The old barrel was ransacked. The essays and other things there were eagerly seized by the editor of the magazine and were printed month after month.

The writer of the rejected manuscripts began to hear of his renown. High remuneration was offered to him for his handiwork. His name is now known far and wide. He has for years past been enjoying the rewards of that extraordinary pertinacity and patience which he displayed when he first strove to gain admission into the literary field.

JOHN BURNSIDE.

Drowned near Wairoa South, Auckland, February 15th.

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, MARCH 3.

Lady Onslow's reception at Government House was a most successful and charming affair. I believe that fully five hundred ladies and gentlemen availed themselves of this opportunity of testifying their loyalty to Her Majesty through her representatives in Auckland, for I am sure the ladies look upon the Governor's wife as quite as important a personage as himself. Her Excellency has such pleasant, unaffectedly gracious manners that she put all those who had the honour of a few minutes' conversation with her immediately at their ease. The large drawing-room was prettily decorated with flowers, whilst in the dining-room opposite, several tables accommodated tea and coffee, with variations in confectionery, beautiful grapes, with stronger beverages for the tea-scorning male element. Shortly after four o'clock the Countess entered the reception-room, and greeted cordially those visitors who had already assembled. His Excellency the Governor, Mr Walrond and Captain Guthrie were with Lady Onslow, and exerted themselves to find topics of conversation interesting to the diverse company, which speedily filled the spacious room, and was presently drafted off to the dining-room to make havoc of the afternoon tea so liberally provided. Lady Onslow's costume was very tasteful and pretty, though simple. It consisted of a gown of lavender blue trimmed with ficelle lace, high puffed sleeves, a dainty little bonnet tied under the chin with moss-green velvet strings completing a charming *tout ensemble*. There were so very many ladies present, most of them strangers to me, and so many pretty gowns, that to describe them all is an absolutely impossible task. Therefore those ladies whose *chic* costumes do not appear will please accept this explanation. Now for a few dresses whose wearers happened to come within reach of my visual organs. Mrs F. Nelson George (Wapiti) was gowned in a very handsome brown dress with brocade trimming, pretty bonnet to match; Miss Effie Murdoch (Palmerston South), who is visiting her, wore a very pretty dress of sultan trimmed with white braided embroidery, floral hat; Mrs Napier was wearing one of the most elegant dresses of the afternoon, of a dainty cream with shell pink flowers contrasted with maroon plush; Mrs Shera, claret costume handsomely beaded, bonnet with orange ostrich feather; Mrs Tait, stylish black costume; Mrs Masefield flowered dark crushed strawberry; Mrs Roche, tasteful mauve and black toilette; Miss Jones (Sydney), greyish gown, brown silk sleeves, floral toque with scarlet poppies; Miss Shirley Baker, pretty cream costume; Mrs Martin, black; Miss Martin, all white; Mrs Allan Kerr Taylor, mourning toilette; her daughters were in white with black ribbons; Mrs Gascoigne, black silk and black lace; Mrs I. Coates, green dress, crushed strawberry ribbons in her bonnet; Mrs G. Chambers Taylor, handsome black costume; her sister, Miss White, pretty lilac dress, bonnet to correspond; Miss Jessie Taylor, all white; Miss Louie Taylor, flowered delaine with moss green velvet ribbon trimmings; Mrs Mahoney, very pretty flowered heliotrope trimmed with velvet of the same shade; Mrs J. M. Alexander, very pale grey striped poplin dress, becoming bonnet of two shades electric blue and forget-me nots; Mrs W. Rattray, stone-coloured and blue-spotted silk, cream hat with narrow black velvet; Mrs Charles Heseketh, stylish black costume; Miss Binney, pansy flowered delaine; Mrs Houghton, pretty navy blue with velvet trimmings, white feathered bonnet; Mrs F. Ireland, very handsome lace-pannelled costume, black bonnet relieved with grey; Miss Ireland, pretty rose-coloured gown with white braided work trimming, white ostrich plumed hat; Miss Battley, cream dress with Roman striped sleeves cream hat; Miss Bartley, olive green with shot silk trimming; Mrs Tewsley, navy blue; Mrs Pritt, black, white in her bonnet; Mrs Williams, black; Mrs Upton, whom I ought to have mentioned before as she is the mayoress, only I am writing just as I recall the dresses, wore a handsome black silk; her daughter, a pretty grey costume; Miss Devore, claret-coloured costume; Miss Clayton, pink; Mrs Goodhue was dressed in a gown of bright flowers on a black ground; Miss Stevenson, French grey cashmere, dark jacket, grey feathered hat to match; Mrs Howard Keep, stylish tailor-made black cloth costume; Miss Chambers, white; Mrs John Reid, China blue, with silver braid zouave trimming, becoming cream bonnet; Mrs Cremonini, rose, with black braided zouave trimming; Mrs Dixon, black; Miss Dixon, Yokohama costume; Mrs Brigham, very stylishly made black watered silk; her daughter was garmented in pretty lilac with what the boys call 'black fixings;' Mrs Tebbs, black silky dress with tiny coloured flowers all over it, trimmed with black ribbon-velvet, white bonnet; Mrs Bourne, navy blue costume with white spots; Mrs S. Hesketh, grey, black bonnet, a crimson rose relieving it; Mrs A. Buckland, silver-grey; Mrs Cling, sage-green and white lace (a pretty dress); Mrs C. M. Nelson, light navy costume; Mrs Dudley, black, lace mantle, white flowers in her bonnet; Mrs Cotter wore, as she always does, a strikingly handsome dress. The little Ladies Gwendoline and Dorothy put in an appearance about five o'clock, dressed in dainty white frocks, with large Leghorn hats trimmed with ostrich feathers. They made their way at once to Lady Onslow's side and answered prettily, though shyly, when spoken to. Lord Hiua was not present, which some baby-worshipping mothers regretted. At least he had not come in when we left.

Mrs Motion (Western Spring's Lodge) gave a very pleasant little 'at home' the other afternoon to bid farewell to Mrs Carey Hill, who is returning to Christchurch. Mrs Motion was wearing a pretty brown and white flowered dress; Mrs McArthur (Upper Queen-street), blue flowered costume; Mrs F. Ireland, handsome shot silk; Mrs Joseland (Sydney), flowered delaine, bronze silk sleeves; Mrs Hill, black, relieved by a cream flowered bonnet; Mrs Greenwood, handsome surah silk, white bonnet; Mrs Upton, black silk. Several of those present appear in the list of names in Lady Onslow's reception, so I will not repeat them. A charming afternoon tea was provided, Mr Motion's beautiful grapes being an important feature.

The Sheridan Company are now performing the burlesque of 'Little Black-Eyed Susan' at the Opera House to large audiences. The piece is prettily staged, the music throughout excellent, and the local allusions occasionally exceedingly amusing. Altogether I liked the performance much better than 'Fun on the Bristol.' The night I was present evening dress in the circle was conspicuous only by its absence. Mrs Blair wore a handsome black silk gown tastefully trimmed with jet, grey gloves; Mrs Ross, pretty gobelin blue gown; Miss Connolly, white gown tastefully trimmed with embroidery; Mrs White, pretty grey silk gown; Miss Scott, réséda green gown, the bodice prettily braided; Miss Henderson, stylish flowered delaine gown trimmed with bands of moss green ribbon velvet; Miss Reid, pretty silver-grey gown trimmed with ribbon velvet to match; Miss Young, pretty white costume trimmed with fine embroidery; Miss Lynch, black silk and lace gown; Miss Owen, pretty pale pink flowered costume; her younger sister wore white with pale blue sash; Mrs Hanna, black silk costume; Mrs Austin, black silk costume; Mrs Cameron wine-coloured merveilleux gown; her little daughter wore a pretty pale blue frock; Mrs Weston, pretty heliotrope gown; Mrs H. R. Brown, black silk costume; Miss Hill, pale green costume; her sister wore white; Miss Harris, crême embroidered costume, the waist encircled with a sash of pale green silk; Miss Graham, all white costume; Mrs Lewis, black silk.

Great interest was manifested at the pretty marine suburb of North Shore in the nuptials of Miss Bartley and Mr Frank Ernest Mason. The families to which the young couple belong are well known and respected residents of the Shore, and long before the hour fixed for the ceremony (half-past three) Holy Trinity Church was crowded to the doors with friends and interested spectators. The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers, and a pretty archway of flowers and evergreens was placed at the foot of the aisle. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Bates, the service being choral. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr E. Bartley, wore a handsome gown of ivory white Indian silk made with long train; the front of the skirt was perfectly plain with the exception of three tiny frills at the foot. She also wore the usual wreath of orange blossoms and long talle veil, and carried a very beautiful bouquet of pure white blossoms and delicate ferns and greenery. The bridesmaids, four in number, were the Misses Mason (2), sisters of the bridegroom, and Bartley, sisters of the bride. The first couple wore pretty crême costumes with long loops of heliotrope ribbon from the shoulder, and the other couple tasteful heliotrope gowns. Each maid wore a spray of flowers in the hair, and each carried a handsome bouquet of flowers. The groomsmen were Messrs Whitaker (best man), Alf. Bartley, Theo. Queree, and Bartley. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Rev. J. Bates presented the bride with a handsome family Bible from the vestrymen of Holy Trinity Church in recognition of her long and valuable services in connection with the musical portion of the service. Mr and Mrs Bartley gave a large and very enjoyable party in honour of the event, dancing being kept up until long after midnight. On the following evening a children's party was given, the hours passing most pleasantly with dancing, music and games.

I understand the marriage of Miss Challis, of Parnell, to a son of Judge Munro takes place shortly.

Mrs Edward Cooper gave a children's party at her residence, Hamilton Road, Ponsonby, in honour of her little daughter Evelyn's seventh birthday. Upwards of forty little guests were present, and the afternoon was spent most enjoyably. Tea was served on the lawn, a few lady friends assisting Mrs Cooper in entertaining and amusing the children.

Mr W. Simms, ledger-keeper at the Bank of New Zealand, left by the s.s. Manapouri for Christchurch for the purpose of entering the holy state of matrimony, his bride-elect being a resident of that city. Prior to his departure the employés in the bank presented him with a very chaste and handsome silver tea-urn bearing a suitable inscription. Mr Hobart, assistant accountant, in making the presentation, referred in complimentary terms to the high esteem and regard in which the recipient was held by his fellow employés, and expressed the wish that the new life he was about to enter upon would be one of the utmost happiness and prosperity.

His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Lady Onslow, who wore a stylish blue flowered silk gown and dainty little bonnet, Mr Fuller, an English gentleman, and His Worship the Mayor, Mr Upton, paid a visit to the Truant School, Albert-street. Mr Burlinson, head-master, put the children through a number of exercises, and the distinguished visitors expressed themselves highly pleased with the good order and discipline maintained, and also with the general conduct of the children. The school, as you are aware, is the only one of the kind in the colonies, the pupils being the little waifs and strays gathered from the streets, who are through the kindness and firmness of their teachers educated and trained so that they may become respected members of the community. Before leaving His Excellency kindly invited the children to tea at Government House, stipulating that only those who attended school regularly until the date would be allowed to be present. In consequence the sevices of the truant officer are not now required, for not only do the children attend regularly, but the backsliders and incorrigibles have also returned, so that the school is at present full to overflowing.

The 2nd of April is the date fixed for the Citizens' Ball. What to wear is the question now agitating feminine minds. One dressmaking firm, I hear, have already received orders for upwards of thirty new gowns. The Northern Club also purpose giving a ball to the Governor and Lady Onslow. Admiral Lord Charles Scott, Lady Scott, and family, and the vessels comprising the Squadron have also arrived, so that the next month or two promises to be exceptionally gay and lively.

Lord Onslow has consented to open the Society of Arts Exhibition when the usual conversazione will be held.

Ere closing I must describe a few pretty gowns I have seen lately. Mrs Coom, stylish black silk and lace gown, dainty little chip bonnet trimmed with ribbon; Mrs Tapper, stylish gown of 'blue and sixpences,' the bodice finished with Directoire frilling, black lace hat; Mrs Schappe, black silk gown trimmed with ribbon velvet, grey hat trimmed with ostrich feathers to match; Mrs Haworth, dark blue gown flowered with white, biscuit-coloured bonnet; Miss Fenton, pretty biscuit-coloured gown, gem hat; Mrs Best, crême gown trimmed with moss-green ribbon, hat to correspond.

MURIEL.

WELLINGTON.

(Delayed in transmission.)

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 21.

The two chief events in *le beau monde* this week have been Lady Campbell's grand concert and a farewell ball given to Captain and Mrs Russell, the former of which you shall hear first. It was given in the Theatre Royal, which large building was crowded in every part, especially so in the dress circle, where even the steps were occupied. Lady Campbell's singing, of course, was *the* feature of the evening, and she happened to be in splendid voice, and delighted everyone, and besides her three solos she joined others in duet, quartette, and trio. She sang 'I will extol Thee,' 'Solvej,' and 'O Love of Mine.' Mr R. B. Williams is always a favourite, but was even more so than usual on this occasion, and was particularly happy in his choice of Lohr's 'Margarita,' in which he displayed his sweet tenor voice to perfection. Mr Charles Monro, son of the late David Monro, and brother of Lady Hector, sang two Italian songs extremely well, and another visitor to Wellington, Miss Matthias, of Christchurch, displayed a very pleasing voice. Miss Fisher sang, 'O, rest in the Lord,' and Miss Hilda Williams a German song of Schumann's. Mrs Levin joined Lady Campbell in the duet, 'The Mermaids,' and Mr J. E. Hill assisted in Leslie's trio, 'Love,' and sang a solo as well. Miss Medley played two pianoforte pieces very brilliantly, and that beautiful stringed quartette, 'The Trout,' was given with very fine effect. Mr R. Parker played most of the accompaniments, and sang in some of the part songs. Lady Campbell wore a very handsome gown of pink satin with long train, and draped with soft white lace, and Mrs Levin crimson silk with panels and front of cream silk, the corsage cut square and trimmed with lace. Miss Medley wore cream silk with train; Miss Matthias, soft pink gown with high sleeves; Miss H. Williams, cream soft silk with bunch of green leaves in the corsage; Miss Fisher, all white, high to the throat, and large puffs on the shoulders. In the dress circle I saw His Excellency the Governor, Lady Onslow, the Misses Webb (one dressed in black and the other in a creamy gown trimmed with silk cord), and Mr Walrond. The Countess wore a peculiar shade of satin, a sort of mouse grey colour, curiously mingled with a red sash, and carried a lovely grey feather fan. In the audience I also saw Lady and Miss Hector, Mrs T. C. Williams, Mrs and Miss Cooper, Mrs Grace, Miss Russell, Miss Buller, Mrs Coleridge, the Misses Brandon, Mrs W. Ferguson, Mrs Rose, Mrs Maskell, Miss McClean, Mrs O'Connor, Miss Barclay, Mrs Swainson, besides many others. Sir Norman Campbell was present, and received the Earl and Countess and escorted them to their seats. It appears this concert is to be the first of a series to be given by Lady Campbell annually. The stage was furnished as a drawing-room, and was artistically draped, and chiefly decorated with dahlias and pot plants.

Now for the ball, which came off a few days later in the Masonic Hall. Both Captain and Mrs Russell have been so exceedingly kind and hospitable during their stay in Wellington that we all felt that we would like to show how very much it had been appreciated, especially by the bachelors and young people generally. Mrs Grace was asked to receive the guests, and Mr G. St. Hill proved an energetic secretary. The supper was delicious, and the table very tastefully decorated with wreaths of scarlet geraniums, and a few pink ones here and there, and fairy lamps between the wreaths. Mr Hugh Gully made a nice speech at supper, thanking Captain and Mrs Russell for their hospitality, etc., and then asked the assembled company to drink their health, which, you may be sure, we were all very glad to do, for even in the short time they have been with us we have got to know and like them so much, and I feel sure I express the general feeling of regret at their departure when I say that everybody who knew them will miss them. Captain Russell replied in his usual courteous way, and both he and Mrs Russell were made much of generally during the evening. The Hon. Charles Johnston, M.L.C., took Mrs Russell in to supper, and Captain Russell took Mrs Grace. Mrs Russell was richly dressed in black, with train, and tiny lace cap, and Mrs Grace wore black moiré with Medici collar, and white satin front covered with black openwork net, and magnificent diamonds; Miss Russell wore a pretty cream gauze gown embroidered all round the

hem with coloured chenille flowers; Mrs Levin, maroon velvet and cream lace, and diamond necklet; Mrs W. P. Reeves (Christchurch), a combination of orange silk and black and gold passementerie, with velvet sleeves; Mrs W. Ferguson, her wedding gown of white satin and moiré stripes; Mrs Collins, white satin draped with black lace, and clusters of white feathers; Mrs W. Moorhouse, cream satin; Miss Marian Pharazyn (a *debutante*), a pretty soft white gown with narrow ribbons run through the hem; Mrs Wm. Pharazyn, black with train; Mrs Werry, slate grey and pink silk; Mrs Monteath, blue silk; Miss Medley, orange gown with gold embroidery; Miss L. Krull (Wanganui), a very pretty white gown with ivy leaves as ornamentation; Miss H. Williams, cream; Miss E. Williams, sky blue gauze, with ruffles of same; Miss Buller, black, with wreath of flowers down one side of the skirt; Miss Lord, soft white silk, high to throat; Miss M. Grace, white; Miss Studholme (Christchurch), pale mauve gown studded all over with gold spangles; Miss Cooper, mauve; and her sister, pink net; Miss Barclay, blue; and her sister, black; Miss George, white; and her sister, pale blue veiled with white net; Miss Knight, all white with sash; Miss E. Barron, pink fishing net; Miss L. Miller (Wairarapa), white net with silk bodice; Miss Harding, cream silk embroidered with flowers; Mrs Mantell, jun., pink; Mrs W. Martin (Wairarapa), pale blue gauze; Miss Duthie, pink; Miss Borlaise (Wanganui), white; Mrs Elliott, slate grey; Miss J. Gray, pale blue; Miss Dransfield, black; Miss Lee, white; Miss Brandon, black; and one dress I admired was of pale bluish grey with crimson-worked sash crossing the bodice and tied at one side. Mrs Edwin was there, and Mrs Cooper, Mrs Barron, Mrs Coleridge, Mrs Harding, and the Misses Hammerton, Halse, Allan, Fairchild, and many others. A marked feature was the absence of gentlemen—not altogether, but what I mean is that there were at least twenty young ladies more than gentlemen, but, at this time of year, when so many are away from town, I suppose it can hardly be avoided.

FEBRUARY 27.

With the exception of the Lawn Tennis tournaments at the Thorndon Courts, there is absolutely nothing of interest going on, but I do not think we ought to complain, for we have had, if anything, more than enough gaiety during the last six months, and even now it only wants a month or two to the session, when I suppose we will begin again with renewed vigour. The tennis tournaments this year have been more than usually interesting, and the weather has been so perfect that the competitors have hardly missed an afternoon's practice for months. In the Ladies' Double Handicap Tournament there was some excellent play, and in the final sets between Miss Maggie Kennedy and Miss Milly George against Miss Campbell and Miss Maude Grace, great excitement prevailed among the on-lookers, the former couple winning after a well-fought game. The next contest was for the first-class champion singles among the gentlemen, and after some good play the competition last week narrowed itself down to three players—Mr Frank Kebbell, Mr H. Gore, and Mr Boddington. Then Mr Boddington beat Mr Kebbell, and had to play off the final with Mr Gore, which he won after a capital game. The gentlemen's doubles and the ladies' singles have yet to be played, and you shall hear later on about them. The new ground is looking very pretty, surrounded as it is by hedges of marigolds of all colours, and is in perfect order, chiefly, I hear, owing to the energy of Mr Frank Kebbell, who has interested himself greatly in forming the new club, and his time lately has been chiefly occupied in scoring at the tournaments. Among the lady players who are to be met there nearly every afternoon are Mrs Dr. Newman, Mrs R. Fitzherbert, Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mrs D. Irvine, Mrs and Miss Milly George, the Misses Kennedy, the Misses Izard, Miss M. Grace, Miss Russell, Miss Lord, Miss M. Reid, the Misses Cooper, Miss Campbell, Miss (Percy) Smith, Miss Trimnell, Miss Mason, Miss Knight, Miss Koch, and Miss K. Johnston, and all the lady members take it in turn to supply afternoon tea and cakes on certain days of each week, thus making the gatherings take rather the form of a garden party than a club meeting. Most of the lady players wear Garibaldi bodices with dark skirts and small low-crowned sailor hats, which dress is very sensible and useful for such purposes.

Lady Hector has opened a new Tennis Court at Petone, and frequently gives tennis parties, and until quite lately Miss Buckley regularly gave parties at her beautiful country residence. Since the death of her father (Sir William Fitzherbert), of course they have been given up. I noticed a new court at Dr. Whitehead's and at Mr Clement Kirk's (both in Petone), so that tennis is by no means dying down. Some pleasant afternoons have been spent at Mrs E. Riddiford's court at the Hutt during the summer.

I cannot tell you how sorry we all are to lose Mrs Ferguson, who left for England last week by one of the direct steamers. She has lived so long amongst us, extending her kind hospitality in every direction, that we almost began to take it as a matter of course, and hardly realised how much we should miss the dear old lady. Her pleasant 'Monday evenings,' and latterly 'Tuesday evenings,' will long be remembered by her many friends in Wellington, who hope to see her again at some future time, for, I believe, her trip is to be regarded in the light of a *visit* to the old country, chiefly to see her son, Mr Reggie Ferguson.

While on the subject of returning to England, I must tell you that I am afraid we are to lose several Wellington families almost directly. Mr and Mrs Edward Reid and their family are to leave in March, and Mr and Mrs Melville and family a little later on, and the Misses Webb, I hear, are going almost directly, and Mrs and Miss Black also leave us shortly for Germany, where Miss Black intends to still further pursue her study of music and singing. Then Miss Kebbell and Messrs F. and Mark Kebbell are going for a nine months' visit, so you see we are losing a good many all at once.

The Harmonic Society have begun their rehearsals again this year, and intend giving 'The Creation' for the first concert, and during the year have promised to produce Cowen's latest work, 'St. John's Eve,' and Dr. McKenzie's 'Rose of Sharon,' the last mentioned having never been given in New Zealand.

Admiral Lord Charles Scott and Lady Scott are expected here shortly, and are going to occupy Government House during the Governor's absence. We are very glad, for it seems a pity to see Government House deserted for so many months out of the year, and the gardens are so pretty, and the beautiful tennis courts shut up almost entirely. The fact is, we are not used to this state of affairs and until now hardly appreciated the frequent pleasant gatherings which used to be the order of the day at Government House some two or three years ago.

Mr J. N. Blair, who has just passed through a long and very severe illness, is now recovering, and has been granted six months' leave of absence in which to recruit his strength.

The latest engagement is between Mr Thomas Lock Travers, the well-known lawyer, and Miss Barclay, eldest daughter of Captain Barclay.

There is really nothing else of interest that I can think of, but being Lent, you will hardly expect much news, but I may as well tell you that the Ladies' Christian Association gave a large tea to upwards of eighty orphans one evening, Mrs J. D. Fitzgerald, the president, Mrs Roberts, and others helping. The Christmas tree was loaded with toys and sweeties, and was presided over by the Rev. Van Staveren. Other amusements were also provided, and the little ones appeared highly delighted with their entertainment.

RUDY.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 26.

The Bowling Tournament has caused great excitement. I never thought it was such a popular game, being always under the impression it was an old man's game, but it is not altogether so. There is much skill required, I am told, to get the necessary curve. There were about three hundred players taking part in the tournament, and to see the keen interest shown over the games was surprising to many on the Christchurch Green. Our players have been very self-denying over their practising, and taking care of the green for this great event, consequently it was like a velvet carpet. There was a great crowd on the ladies' day to watch the proceedings, and though not understanding it, the greatest interest was apparent. The Club were most attentive to the visitors, and their hospitality was much appreciated. I saw Mrs Stevens, Mrs Moorhouse, Mrs Cuff, Mrs Thomas, Mrs Carrick, Mrs Louisson, Mrs Webster, Mrs Marshall and others.

Mrs Wynn-Williams also had a large party on her fourth Thursday, a few strangers being amongst them, Mr H. Reeves and his son, who have just returned from the Sounds trip, being there, and Mr Clark, son of Mr Charles Clark, who has returned from England, Mr George Kimbell from Wellington, Mrs Murray-Aynsley, Mrs Gerald Westeura, Mrs Maclean, Mr and Mrs A. Strachey, Mrs and Miss M. Moorhouse, Mr Fenwick, Mrs and the Misses Helmore, Mrs and the Misses Tabart, Mrs and the Misses Neave, Mrs Wigram, Mrs Wilding, Mrs Izard, Mrs and the Misses Hallimore, Miss Grey, Miss Gould, Mr Arthur Rolleston, Dr. Murray-Aynsley, Mr T. Maude, Mr D. Wynn-Williams, Mrs and Miss Reeves, Mr and Mrs Baker, the Misses Rhodes, Miss Greenwood, Miss Tabart, Mrs and Miss Harper, and numbers more. The dresses were nothing new. It is getting so late in the season now, yet we shall be loath to part with old garments, for it means winter.

Lake Forsyth Regatta must be looking up, for Christchurch people were granted a holiday for the occasion, not but what we are ready for one on the slightest provocation. I don't think everybody went out to Little River, but there were numbers of picnics, and Mr Maude took some of his Riccarton friends out in his yacht, the Fleetwing. The Zephyr also took a party, I hear.

Mrs Wilding gave a ladies' luncheon party at Opawa one day last week. I heard the table decorations were greatly admired, the flowers being exquisitely arranged in white china vases.

Mrs Reeves, Risingholme, had an 'at home' to bid farewell to Miss Reeves before her departure for England. They had an immense gathering. There was tennis going on, croquet, music, and a lovely garden, greenhouse, and fernery to inspect, besides chatting with one's friends. Miss Reeves received many presents with the good wishes of all her friends; in fact, had a 'good send off.' Among the guests I saw Mrs Rhodes, of Elmwood, in a handsome black silk dress, and jet and lace mantle; Miss Rhodes, dark skirt and white blouse; Miss E. Rhodes and Miss Clark wore white; Mrs Burns, a lovely cream silk crêpe trimmed with lace; Mrs Westley Perceval, brown merveilleux satin; Miss Greenwood, blue, with large white spots; Miss Alexander, a fawn tweed tailor-made costume; Miss Robison, pale blue; Miss M. Tabart, white dress, and lace and violet hat; Miss Kimbell, dark blue; Miss Hutton, pretty pink zephyr; Mrs L. Harper, Mrs R. Wilson, Mrs Loughman, Mrs Wilding, Mrs Kimbell, Mrs Tabart and Mrs Robison.

Mrs Nedwill had a small tennis party, but it was too intensely hot to play much. The Misses Wynn-Williams, in pretty white dresses, were about the most energetic. The Misses Helmore were there, Miss Cowlishaw, and Messrs Golden, Hall, and Rolleston. I hear Mr Golden is leaving too, by the Tongariro with the other friends I mentioned, and Mr Walibi Edwards has left us for a time, journeying in the same steamer as Mr and Mrs George Rhodes. Mr and Mrs R. H. Rhodes, of Bluecliffs, have started on a tour to England, *via* America.

I am glad to think of some returning to us to make up for all this desertion. Mr and Mrs R. Macdonald are expected after twelve months' absence, having travelled in America, Great Britain, and Europe. The Hon. E. W. and and Mrs Parker are back, and Mr and Mrs G. Maclean-Buckley are on their way to New Zealand to take up their residence at Laghmor.

There are one or two marriages spoken of to come off shortly. Miss Lucy Cuff and Mr Kenneth Turner, of Timaru; Miss Allen, of Opawa, and Mr Laurie; and Miss Ethel Ford, who has just returned from England, to Mr Priestman, a fellow passenger.

The Bishop and Mrs Julius are away just now visiting Mount Cook. I believe there are quite a number of people touring that particular part of the colony at present.

It is with the deepest regret I have to tell you of the sudden death of Mr Caleb Whitefoord at Dunedin. About two months ago he had rather a severe illness, supposed to be from sunstroke. He was carefully tended by Dr. Mickle, in whose house he stayed for some little time and improved in a wonderful way. He afterwards got six months leave of absence, and had gone to Dunedin with Mrs Whitefoord, intending to visit Tasmania shortly, his old home. He went to bed one night in his usual health, and in a few hours was dead. Recent letters from Mrs Whitefoord and himself to friends in Christchurch spoke so hopefully of his steady convalescence that the news of his death was a great shock. His remains were brought up and interred at the Papanui Cemetery, being one of the largest funerals I have seen, his official position as well as his bright genial nature bringing him into contact with all sorts and conditions. He was much beloved as well as esteemed and respected, and has been cut off at the early age of fifty-one.

Another of the pioneer settlers has joined the great majority in the person of Mr John Price Quaife, who arrived in the Cressy, one of the first four ships, and has reached the good old age of fourscore years.

Lent is upon us, yet we are planning festivities as soon as it shall be over. Mrs Rhodes, Elmwood, is talking of a ball then, and the Girls' Boating Club wish to do a little entertaining of the same kind.

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON

(Delayed in transmission.)

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 21.

Our little town is looking more like itself again now the holidays are over, and people have resumed their every-day life. Our two colleges are again open, and the pupils returned from their various homes with renewed vigour for a fresh year's work. It is now quite a pleasure to walk past either of these residences at about quarter past four o'clock, for such a gay scene presents itself to the view of the passer-by. At the Boys' College cricket is the order of the day, and at the Girls', tennis, each presenting a very different appearance to a few weeks back, when they wore a deserted and doleful look. In writing of the Girls' College I must not forget to welcome back an old friend, Miss Gribben. She is well remembered here as being one of the school pupils a few years back, and now she has returned to us again, but this time as an assistant mistress after having taken her B.A. degree at the New Zealand University. We all congratulate her on her promotion, and wish her every success in her new sphere of life. The numbers at the Boys' College have materially increased. The excellent discipline maintained by Mr Joynt, as well as the tone of earnestness he has given to the institution, have begun to tell. Then parents appreciate the domestic arrangements, which are under the control of Miss Bell, who, as you know, is an Auckland lady.

I never saw so many houses deserted before as there were this summer. In our small community we can ill spare many, and when it comes to one or two dozen families going into the country for the summer months the effect on the town is dismal in the extreme.

Camping out parties were numerous this year, and if the weather had only been our usually lovely summer sunshine, they would have been all most enjoyable; but, alas! here as well as elsewhere we are feeling to some extent the very unnatural weather which seems prevailing all over the colony for this time of the year. Our poor farmers must be great sufferers from the constant rain we have had.

We had a most enjoyable concert, given by Herr Von Zimmerman, Professor of the violin here. It was really one of the best that has ever been held in Nelson. Of Professor Zimmerman's playing itself there is nothing to say except that it was perfect. He is a real master of his art. Mrs Adams, wearing her pretty heliotrope gown, sang, as usual, very sweetly, as also did Mrs Houlker. This lady's singing is a rare treat, and always a pleasure to listen to. She wore a becoming black lace gown relieved with white. Mrs Houlker and Mrs Adams sang a duet, 'Venezia' (C. Pinsuti), which was the gem of the evening. Mr Fell sang with much taste, 'Fair is my Love,' his daughter, Miss L. Fell, who wore a pretty green gauze dress, accompanying him. Mr Houston also sang well. Miss Jackson, gowned in her pretty black lace dress with canary ribbons, as usual played splendidly and proved herself a real musician; her accompanying of the 'Keutzer Sonata,' a duet for the piano and violin, was delightful. Miss Atkinson, too, proved herself an able accompanist. Mr Chatterton acquitted himself well, and his rendering of the song, 'Honour and Arms,' was much appreciated. Altogether Professor Zimmerman has reason to be congratulated on the great success of his concert. Everyone seemed to be there. Among others I noticed Mrs Fell, Mrs Evans, Mrs Atkinson, Mrs Harkness, Mrs Jackson, Mrs Wood, Miss Sealy, Miss Pitt, Miss G. Moss, Miss Fell, Miss Johnson, Miss Watson, and several more, whom I was unable to see owing to the crush.

Major, now Lieut.-Colonel Webb, has been moved to Dunedin to be the Commanding Officer there. Both he and Mrs Webb will be greatly missed by their numerous friends. A day or two before the gallant Major left he was the recipient of a handsome present in the shape of a purse of sovereigns from the members of the Nelson Club, whose energetic secretary he has been for some years.

Another old Nelsonian, Mr Alfred Greenfield, is also away taking the late Mr Whiteford's position at Rangiora. We hope only for a time, as he and his wife would be greatly missed here, where they have lived for so many years.

Nelson just at present is full of ministers, who have assembled from all parts of the colony for the Congregational Union, which is being held. The meetings are all crowded. I was sorry I was unable to be present at the one when Mr C. F. Fell took the chair and an able address was delivered by the Rev. W. A. Evans.

The Bishop and Mrs Suter have gone to the Northern Lakes for a short time. We hope the change and rest will quite restore his lordship to his usual health. Mr and Mrs Sclanders are also away at Lake Whakatipu, chiefly for the former's health, which we are glad to hear is much improved, so we hope soon to see them home gain. Mrs William Atkinson and her daughter, Miss Beatrix, have gone to England for a short time. We wish them *bon voyage*. Mrs Andrew Richmond and her two daughters are in Dunedin, so there are quite a number of Nelsonians still away.

We are very busy at tennis, practising hard for the Ladies' Singles, and for the lucky winner of which Mr Ledger has kindly presented a beautiful tennis racquet. The gentlemen, too, are quite (for a wonder) as energetic as the ladies, and are having doubles.

One has heard and seen very little of cricket since Christmas. It seems to be wet every Saturday, so it is hard to get a day for a match, as most of the gentlemen are unable to leave their offices to play during the week. Twice the match between the Town and College has had to be postponed on account of the wet.

Great excitement is prevailing over the wedding of Miss Nightingale to Mr Chase, of Melbourne. The bride lives at Richmond, and as every one seems to be going to the wedding, for that day at least the train is sure to be well patronised.

We had such a jolly picnic to Cable Bay, when we again played them at tennis, and beat them, too. It was pouring with rain early in the morning, but about half-past ten o'clock it cleared off a little, and we made a start, but our carriages had to be entirely closed in, as the rain came on worse than ever. The drive certainly was the least enjoyable part of the picnic. When we arrived at the Bay the sun came out to greet us, so we were very glad we had gone. The members of the Staff kindly lent us the billiard room to have our lunch in, as the ground outside was too wet. Directly after lunch a move was made to the tennis lawn, and notwithstanding the softness of the ground, play was commenced. We all thoroughly appreciated the *recherché* afternoon tea, kindly dispensed by Mrs Browning and Mrs Buckland. A start was made for town about half-past six, where we arrived tired, but quite delighted with our day's outing.

PHYLLIS.

NAPIER.

(Delayed in transmission.)

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 20.

The Caledonian Society have held their annual sports. There were about four thousand people present—a wonderful crowd for us, you know, but I cannot say that the gathering could be called altogether a fashionable one. Mrs G. P. Donnelly wore a grey tweed tailor-made dress, black transparent hat covered with snowdrops; Miss Maud Donnelly, rich brown velvet; Miss Sutton, white skirt, pink blouse, and white *chic* hat with three narrow bands of black ribbon velvet; Miss Hindmarsh, grey checked gown; Mrs Kinross White, blue spotted zephyr, white waistcoat, black bonnet relieved with white wings; Mrs Wenley and her sister looked particularly stylish in their English gowns, the former in a pale pink and blue striped zephyr, white Tuscan straw hat with pink feathers; and the latter in a cream muslin, with bows and bands of cream velvet, and broad-brimmed fancy straw hat with cream feathers; Miss Binks (Auckland) was also wearing a very stylish gown of a brown checked material, brown silk sleeves and Medici collar, brown hat with brown feathers; Miss Bendall, a visitor from the empire city, and at present on a visit to Miss Hitchings, looked very well in a fawn costume, with brown velvet sleeves and collar, and brown toque hat covered with daisies. I noticed Miss Lony Kettle and Miss Violet Bogle dressed in their kilts amongst the procession of dancers.

Miss Nelson, at Tomoana, has given a small dance to a few favoured friends, and I suppose I had better make it my business to tell you about it. Mrs Ernest Tanner was decidedly the belle, and was gowned in a yellow tulle skirt, and corsage of satin to match; Miss Nelson, the hostess, wore black; Miss L. Nelson, white; Mrs Warren, pale blue China silk; Miss Eva Smith (Dunedin), black; Miss Nelly Tanner, white silk; Miss St. Hill, black; and Miss Lowry, white.

Mrs Horace Baker has had another enjoyable tennis party. Amongst the guests I noticed Mrs Logan and her sister, Miss Taylor, Miss Rhodes, the Misses Sutton, Mrs Parker, Mr Charlie Kennedy, Mrs Sainsbury, Mrs Hamlin, Mrs George Williams, Miss Cotterill and Miss Hamlin.

Have you heard the latest engagement—Mr Gore and Mrs Ulick Burke? Of course, this is *the* topic of conversation here just now, as they are both so well known.

Mr Frank Kennedy, the most popular man in all Napier, has, I am sorry to tell you, left us to take charge of the new branch Messrs Williams and Kettle are about to open in Gisborne. Amongst the many remembrances given him before leaving was a very handsome pipe and a silver tobacco case presented by his fellow clerks, a lovely horse-shoe pin set in diamonds, a set of gold sleeve-links, a beautifully illuminated address, and I know not what besides. We are all busy wondering what our Amateur Opera Company will do without their shining light. The football field, too, and indeed all our athletic sports and games have lost one of their warmest-hearted partisans.

Mr Sydney Hoben is back again amongst us. You will be glad to hear that his concert tour round the colony has been a great success, not only from a financial, but also from a social point of view. Christchurch especially seems to have been the chief scene of triumph, for during the interval which elapsed between the two concerts held there a great many entertainments were given chiefly in honour of our talented pianist.

Mr Macdonald and Miss Sutton have been, contrary to all expectations, very quietly married, and at such an early hour in the morning that there were no spectators. We were all so disappointed, all the more so after having heard such a lot about the lovely wedding gown which had arrived from England.

CHARITY.

DUNEDIN

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 26.

During my absence from Dunedin the swimming tournament at St. Clair came off. I believe it was very interesting, and drew a large crowd.

The first of Bath and Schacht's chamber concerts proved a great success. One always gets a musical feast at such concerts as these.

The operetta, 'Widow Bewitched,' was produced at the City Hall by the Dunedin Amateur Pinafore Company. It was extremely well done, and I will enter into details next week.

We are off now to the races. The town is full of visitors, and the weather cool—a little too cool for a very great display of dresses, but I will tell you all about that next week.

MAUDE.

A TRIP ROUND THE SOUNDS.

So much interest has been taken in the excursions made by the s.s. Tarawera round the West Coast Sounds, that a few extracts from a lady's letter on the subject will probably be gladly perused by our readers:—

It would be worse than vain to attempt a description in the short space here allotted. No pen could depict or brush paint one-third of the marvellous loveliness from which we have returned. Nothing has been written yet that gives one any realistic idea, and indeed our ten days' sojourn into fairyland has left but the desire for more. It was lovelier than any dream of enchanted regions, and no one who has been can tell half the story either by brush, camera, or pen. Nothing but the eye can embrace half the mystery of changing cloud and mystic light, the awful grandeur, the solemn majesty, the brilliance, the ever-changing kaleidoscope of colour. It must be seen, and tourists on board, who had tired of Switzerland, said that if one-third of the loveliness of the West Coasts Sounds was known at home hundreds of tourists would flock each year. It is marvellous, and were one quite alone, the intense loveliness would compensate; but these trips, as they are organised and carried through by the Union Company, are worth ten years off a life to participate in. The Tarawera was a floating palace, and by the time the first Sound was reached, peopled with a family that might all have been princes and princesses, so happy were they. Friendships were formed that the years would never destroy again, and delightful days and nights were passed that could never be forgotten. There was not a pause for dulness. Out on the deck in the early morning we were enraptured with what we saw, gliding, as we seemed to be, over a sea of glass into an enchanted region where mountains opened their arms to receive us and shut us in—vast, magnificent, and mighty, forest-clad and snow-crowned, while wonderful waterfalls thundered down their sides, and were lost in the sea. Amid such marvels that it is impossible to describe, the steamer would anchor whole days and nights, while the boats and steam launch would take us out and penetrate into nooks and corners among those deeply-wooded hills, the beauty of which would have been a feast for years, and with hampers packed with good things, day after day we were landed to wander through intermidable forests, green and scent-laden, where the silent birds, unaffrighted, gazed curiously at us, and did not fly away, to lakes nestling among the mountains and waterfalls miles away. Then a happy, hungry party would return to the shore, and enjoy the delicious tea and good things provided. Every night there was a dance or entertainment. It was a strange sight, the lighted ship at the foot of the mountains, and the merry, gaily-dressed crowd aboard. The ballroom was on the deck shut in with canvas, and gaily decorated with ferns and flags. Mr Jesse Timson was the musical director, and took charge of the musical part of the programmes, which were excellent. Mr Young made a proficient stage manager, and deserves great credit for the way in which he got up the tableaux, etc. Messrs Young, Jago, Umbers and Packer formed a quartette party, each of these gentlemen being among our musical favourites, so that with the assistance of some of the passengers we enjoyed musical treats. The first concert was given at Cuttle Cove, and a pretty sight the gaily-dressed crowd made in the carpeted cosy little theatre. The programme was as follows:—

Overture, Tarawera Orchestra; song, 'A Hundred Fathoms Deep' (Hatton), Mr W. F. Young; song, 'Remember me no More' (Robinson), Mr A. F. Anthony; song, 'Will o' the Wisp' (Cherry), Mr J. Jago; cornet solo, 'The Lost Chord' (Sullivan), Mr T. Connel; song, 'The Little Hero' (Adams), Mr C. H. Humphries; song, 'His Lordship winked at the Counsel' (Conroy), Mr E. Packer; song, 'Maid of Athens' (Christabel), Mr C. Umbers; recitation, 'Tragedy of Agnes' (Longfellow), Mr W. F. Young; song, 'The Gauntlet' (Stark), Mr A. F. Anthony; song, 'The Village Blacksmith' (Watts), Mr J. Jago; song, 'Tell me Mary how to woo thee' (Hodson), Mr E. Packer; song, 'An Awful Little Scrub' (Grossmith) Mr C. H. Humphries; song, 'Old and New' (Bonheur), Mr C. Umbers.

The next evening there was a dance, and early the following morning we proceeded to Dusky Sound, and anchored at Wet Jacket Arm after a glorious afternoon of picnicking. There was another entertainment in the evening, given to a most enthusiastic house. This was a passengers' concert, and was remarkably good. How the people did applaud! It set an example to many a cold audience ashore. Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, was in the chair, and the following ladies and gentlemen assisted:—

Duet (violin and piano), 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' Messrs G. Morris and J. Timson; song, 'Father O'Flinn,' Mr R. Timson; song, 'Marguerita,' Miss J. Timson; tableaux, 'Where are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?' old version, Miss Newell and Mr R. Timson; new version, Miss Moses and Mr C. Umbers; recitation, 'Yat You Please,' Mr Charles Morris; song, 'The Frenchman,' Mr Jones; tableau, 'England, Scotland, Ireland,' Mrs Furleur, Miss Dodds, Mrs Baker; song, 'Waiting,' Mr Jago; violin solo, 'Caprice,' Mr G. Morris; song, 'At My Window,' Miss Timson; tableau, 'Pears' Soap,' Messrs Young and Jones; song, 'After Sundown,' Miss Wallace; song, 'I'm Waiting for Him To-night,' Mr W. F. Young.

At the end of the week we reached George Sound, and here we remained all day, and spent a most exciting day, too. The Regatta was held in the morning, England wearing white and blue, Victoria blue, and New Zealand red. Everyone donned their colours, and displayed the greatest interest, which grew and grew until the ladies' race was pulled. England won the gentlemen's race, and New Zealand the ladies' race. The ladies all wore blue serge dresses, white blouses, and gentlemen's ties of their several colours. This effective costume was completed with sailor hats. Ringing cheers greeted the winning crew as they returned to the ship. The boats were manned as follows:—

LADIES' RACE.

WINNING CREW.—Miss Rowlands, Wellington; Miss Ormond, Napier; Miss Thompson, Invercargill; Miss Brodrick, Invercargill; Mr H. J. Williams, cox.

SECOND CREW.—Miss Clelland, Mrs Craige, Mrs Corben, Miss Newell; Mr T. Roberts, cox.

THIRD CREW.—Miss Inson, Miss Moses, Mrs Howie, Miss E. Inson; Mr T. Braidwood, cox.

In the evening the greatest social event of the week came off—the Regatta Ball—and among those who looked specially nice were Miss Brodick (Invercargill), Miss K. Clelland (Belfast), Mrs J. H. Coleman (Napier), Mrs J. W. Craig (Melbourne), Mrs J. Crozier (Melbourne), Miss J. Dodds (Melbourne), Mrs J. D. Law (Melbourne), Mrs H. Furber (London), Mrs A. H. Miles (Wellington), Mrs T. D. McCarthy (Melbourne), Mrs J. W. McGee (Melbourne), Miss Rowlands (Wellington), Mrs Whitson, sen. (Dunedin), Miss N. Thompson (Invercargill), Miss Wallace (Melbourne), Miss W. Wallace (Dumblane, Scotland), Miss Newell (Melbourne), Miss A. Ormond (Napier), Miss F. Ormond (Napier), Miss E. Campbell (Dumblane, Scotland).

Quartett, 'Thuringian Volkslied,' Messrs Packer, Umbers, Jago, and Young; song, 'Love's Proving,' Mrs Furber; tableau, 'The Princes in the Tower,' Miss Newell, Messrs Newton and Jago; song, 'The Englishman,' Mr Umbers; recitation, 'Shamus O'Brien,' Mr R. Timson; tableau, 'The Sleeping Beauty,' Miss E. Tuson, Mrs Baker, Misses Newell and L. Moses, Mr W. S. Henderson; distribution of Regatta prizes by Mrs Newell; song, 'The Silent March,' Mr Jago; quartett, 'The Rhine;' song, 'The Old Wherry,' Miss F. Tuson; recitation, Mr Morrison; song, 'Queen of the Earth,' Mr Taylor; song, 'There is a Flower that Bloometh,' Mr Packer; tableau, 'The Gipsies' Encampment' (introducing the gipsy trio), Misses Ormond, J. and E. Tuson, Messrs Umbers, Jago, Young, Williams, and Braidwood; chairman, D. C. Armstrong, Esq.

At the close of the concert Mr Armstrong passed a vote of thanks to Mr Young for the heartiness with which he had worked, saying truthfully that it was greatly owing to the spirit with which he had carried out the arrangements that is, the entertainments had been such a success. This was received with cheers, testifying to the fact that the excursionists were of the same opinion.

It was with the greatest regret that we 'steered for home,' lingering lovingly through every hour. A cricket match at the Bluff was the last diversion.

I must not forget to mention a delightful little afternoon tea given by Mr Humphries, the purser, to the New Zealand ladies, who wore their red ribbon proudly. While enjoying ourselves in the pretty little cabin where our host treated us so well, we were shown the prize brooches, which were in the form of silver life-belts and two oars marked Tarawera and the date.

Before passing on I must speak of the kindness of Mrs Murphy and Mrs Downs, the stewardesses. Their kindness and patience was limitless, acting as robing-maids on the nights of the tableaux, and doing all sorts of things for our comfort.

The noted artist from Melbourne, Mr James Peele, was on board, and as fast as he could paint his beautiful pictures they were sold. The Exhibition familiarised many with these gems, so delicate in their tints that the beauty of the spots selected for transference to canvas live there in a very real loveliness. The English and Melbourne tourists were loud in demand for them. Mr Perritt, from Invercargill, was also among the artists, doing good business, while Mr Coxhead (photographer) was everywhere with his camera, and has taken some very large and lovely views, which are precious momentoes of fairyland.

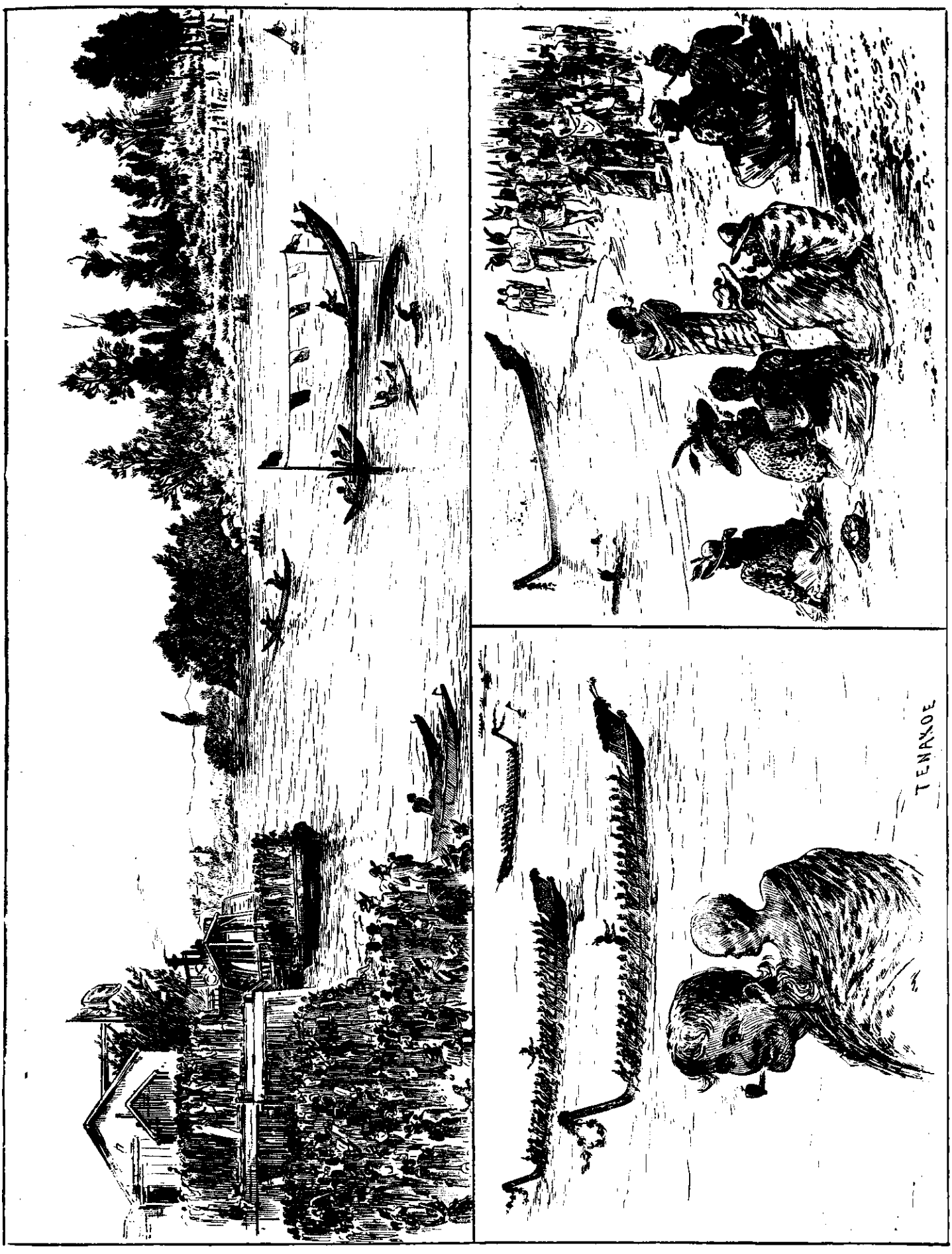
The illustrations show the entrance to Milford Sound, Mount Kimberley, and one of the many beautiful waterfalls which abound in this favoured region, Stirling Falls, Milford Sound, which descend in an unbroken stream a distance of 400 feet.

ENTRANCE TO MILFORD SOUND.

STIRLING FALLS, MILFORD SOUND.

Owner of Fish Pond (to one who is trespassing): 'Don't you see that sign, "No Fishing Here?"' Angler (with an injured air): 'Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look at this stringful. The man who put that board up must have been mad.'

'Did you tell the shopman that the fish he sent yesterday was bad?' 'Yes, mum.' 'And what did he say?' 'He said it was from the same lot you chose from last week, and you never complained then, mum.'



1. Starting Point. 2. Canoe Hurdle Race. 3. Whakatiwai Race. 4. Maori Korero.

SCENES AT THE MERCER REGATTA.

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.

HOUSE LINEN.—I want to ask you an unusual question, and shall be very pleased if you will answer it. I am going to be married, and would like to know whether I ought to provide the house linen, and what I require?—BRIDE.

RAILWAY PUDDING.—As well as I can recollect that is the name of a pudding, the recipe for which would greatly oblige—BABETTE.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.—Can you tell me how to make this?—ALICE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Lassie.'—I know of no way of preserving tomatoes whole except by making a thick syrup of sugar, and putting the tomatoes into it, letting them simmer gently until cooked. I think you could manage to cook green tomatoes like this, choosing perfectly sound fruit. I would take two days to do it. After letting the fruit simmer, take it out carefully, putting it in jars. The next day boil up the syrup again, pour over the fruit (when boiling), cover carefully. Perhaps the recipe for green tomato preserve will help you.

'Janie.'—Here is a recipe for fig pudding. Take six ounces of finely chopped beef suet, a quarter of a pound of flour, and the same quantity of freshly-made breadcrumbs which should be rubbed through a wire sieve, the finely-chopped rind of half a lemon, ten ounces of figs cut up finely, a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of Tucker's baking powder, and a quarter of a grated nutmeg. The suet should be rubbed into the flour until it is quite smooth, and then the other ingredients must be added, and when they are mixed moisten the whole with three large or four small eggs; then pour into a well-buttered basin which has been sprinkled with coarse brown sugar and ornamented with figs cut in narrow strips, and then arranged in points one above the other up the sides of the mould and in the centre. Place a buttered paper over the top of the pudding, and place it in a pan containing enough boiling water to come three parts of the way up the mould. Bring the water to boiling point again, and then draw the pan to the side of the stove, and let the pudding simmer for three hours and a-half.

'Mep.'—Pine-apple jam is a very troublesome preserve to make, owing to its tendency to stick to the pan and burn. I tried some myself, and though the result was pronounced a success, and eaten immediately, I have not again attempted it. Choose ripe but perfectly sound pineapples, pare and weigh them. To each pound of fruit allow not quite a whole pound of sugar. Put part of the sugar in your preserving kettle with a quarter of a pint of boiling water. When dissolved put in the pineapple cut rather thickly, and the rest of the sugar. Boil until tender.

RECIPES.

'Dolly Vale' writes:—'Have you ever tried frying your scones in lard, or even clarified dripping, instead of baking them? I assure you they are delicious, so crisp and brown, and lighter than done in the oven. Have a moderately hot fire, and when brown both sides they are done. Drain them on blotting paper or a cloth, and serve hot.'

PUREE OF PEAS.—Wash a pint of green peas in cold water; then put them in a saucepan with boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Have them dry when done. Press through a colander. Boil a pint of milk, add a small onion, three or four cloves, and a small sprig of parsley. Rub a tablespoonful of flour and butter each together. Strain the milk over the peas, put back in the saucepan, stir in the butter and flour, and let boil, stirring to prevent sticking. Season with salt and pepper, and serve.

TOMATOES FOR BREAKFAST.—Take two or three tomatoes and slice them, and put them in a stewpan with a little butter, a little finely chopped ham, pepper, and salt, and let them cook for a few minutes, then add two or three raw eggs, and stir altogether for a few minutes until the egg sets, then serve on buttered toast with a little finely-chopped parsley sprinkled over the top.

ICED CHAMPAGNE.—To properly *frapper* champagne, put in a pail small pieces of ice, then a layer of rock salt, alternately, till the tub is full. Put in the bottle, being careful to keep the neck free from ice, for the quantity of wine in the neck being small, it would be acted upon by the ice first. If possible turn the bottle every five minutes. In twenty-five minutes from the time it is put into the tub it should be in perfect condition to be served immediately. What I mean by perfect condition is that when the wine is poured from the bottle, it should contain little flakes of ice; that is real *frappé*. Connoisseurs, however, will never allow their wines to be iced, as it completely destroys the flavour. 'You might as well drink Saumur,' said a *bon vivcur* to me once, in answer to my remonstrance, the thermometer being 90 degrees in the shade; but women, for the most part, disregard these words of wisdom, and prefer 'real *frappé*.'

This is a literal translation of the bill of fare at Princess Victoria's wedding:—

SPEISE-KARTE (MENU).

Beef Soup, with Vegetables. Oysters.
Patties. Trout. Deer-back and Tomatoes. Alsace
Chicken, with Mushroom. Lobsters (Fresh).
Pheasants, with Fruits and Salad.
Artichokes. Apricot Pudding. Cheese Sandwiches.
Ices and Dessert.

This Speise-Karte was printed in the German language, in German letters, and there was not a bit of French flavour about it.

SISTER GERTRUDE TO RETURN.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND OBSTRUCTION IN HER WORK AMONG THE LEPERS.

AMY C. FOWLER is reported to be about to return from the leper settlement of Molokai. She is the English girl who, under the name of Sister Rose Gertrude, aroused so much attention a few months ago, when she crossed the United States, en route from the home of her parents, near Bath, England, to the Sandwich Islands, where, it was announced, she would spend her life in ministering to the victims of leprosy. It appears from the reports that she is shortly to be married to a German physician whom she met there, and return to civilization.

Her life there has not been all that her fancy pictured. The admiration and applause which greeted her all along the line of her journey from her home to Honolulu have been conspicuously absent. The Board of Health of that city did not take kindly to Sister Gertrude. They claimed that she was too aggressive and resented what they said was her desire to have her own way about everything, and the result was that she was quickly put into a little out-of-the-way settlement at Kinlihi.

This is a small enclosure, with a house and a hospital and about a score of patients. This was her particular domain, and it was in connection with her work here that she first became acquainted with Dr. Lutz, the man who is reported to be her future husband.

Dr. Lutz is a German materialist of the most pronounced type. Sister Gertrude was a devout Roman Catholic, who had consecrated her life to a self-sacrificing mission. On religious subjects at least there appeared to be nothing in common between them. Dr. Lutz is a man of brilliant wit and scholarly attainments, but he laughs at what he calls the superstitious folly of all creeds and religions. He is a skilled leprosy specialist and has made many friends among the natives by his successful treatment of this disease.

The first time that Sister Gertrude had any conversation with him was on the visit which she made to Molokai. Lutz was in the party, and Sister Gertrude was horrified at his expressions on religious topics, although as an intellectual woman she was forced to concede his unusual ability.

Lutz came to Kinlihi to live, and for some months past there have been rumours that Sister Gertrude had wholly recovered from the aversion with which she at first regarded the talented young physician. The couple were known to take frequent evening rides together, and this fact was seized upon and magnified out of all proportion. In some way certain officials of the Hawaiian Government became mixed up in the affair, and their hostility took the form of a religious persecution of the missionary party.

The trouble extended to the hospital management, and Sister Gertrude made bitter complaint against the restriction to which she was subjected. Dr. Lutz resigned his position as physician in charge, and thus the climax of the situation was hastened. The people took sides for and against the Sister, charges and counter charges were freely made, and Dr. Kinuball, the President of the Board of Health, has been asked to resign. And now Sister Gertrude herself, weary of the strife and dissension, seems to have decided to give up the struggle and leave the island. The doctor, it is said, will go with her as her husband.

EXPRESSIONS OF THE EYE.

WOMAN'S weapon is her eye, and the latest importation is the code for the manipulation of that organ. Within a certain range the female of our species has an instinctive perception of the manner in which her optical apparatus should be employed upon her complimentary creature in pantaloons, but science has reduced the subject to exact terms. Charts have been prepared showing that the eye has 729 distinctive expressions, conveying as many different shades of meaning.

The proper thing to do is to procure one of these charts and reproduce with your own eyes the 729 expressions before a mirror. When you have mastered them all try them on other people and see how they work. It is popularly imagined that the eyeball itself is an expressive-thing, but as a matter of fact the ball of the eye has scarce any expression. That all depends upon the lids and brows. The upper lid does the intellectual; its position is regulated by the sort of thinking you are doing. The lower lid expresses, by its drawing up or otherwise, the senses. The eyebrows are emotional, and so on.

All this, however, is only the beginning. Certain it would appear that young ladies of the future, trained to make eyes on exact principles, will be much more seductive creatures than hitherto. But you must not be surprised if you find a girl winking at you; it is ten to one that she is practicing the novel science of ocular expression.

TO FATHERS.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

WE mean your boy, the little fellow you left at home this morning when you started for the store or office. Don't forget that he has wants as real and tangible to him as yours are to you. Remember he is no more a born saint than you were. And if you just reflect a little you will be ashamed to think how far from it you were. Don't forget him as soon as his 'good-bye, papa,' fades away behind you. Didn't he ask you for something—a jack-knife, a hammer, or a new slate, or some pencils, or something or other? If you love your boy, and wish to show him that you do, you might better forget a business appointment down town than forget his request. If he asks you for something your better judgment says he should not have, don't be content with simply ignoring the boy's wish, but take the time and trouble to explain your reasons. Boys, even pretty young ones, are quicker than you may think to see a point. Always give a reason for refusal of his request, even if it is the one you too often give, that you can't afford it. And be careful how you give that reason. If he has lost or broken his jack-knife and asks you for a new one, don't scold him. Albeit you may give him a little lesson in carefulness, but don't tell him you can't afford to give him a shilling for a new one, and then, before you leave the house, pull out your cigar case and light a shilling cigar.

A LITTLE SERMON.

LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands, we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked but we cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take leave of earth and its inhabitants. Of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

BISHOP HEBER.

JUST A PARODY.

BY THE SUMMER GIRL.

I.

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
But, oh! for the presence of just one man
To come and make love to me!

II.

Oh! well for the fisher maid
As she sings with her brother at play;
But I am so envious of the jade
I could see her in Botany Bay.

III.

And well for everyone—
For everyone but me.
Oh! to be anywhere under the sun
Except by the tiresome sea!

IV.

Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
I'd give my fortune for just one man
To come and make love to me.

Mamma: 'I wonder what we shall call the baby?' Ethel: 'I don't think we had better call him any of the names papa called him last night when he was crying. He mightn't like it when he growed up.'

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.—THE LATEST HATS AND BONNETS.

(SEE FASHION-PLATE, PAGE 17.)

THE latest murmurs in millinery are interesting to ladies who like to be beforehand with the fashions, and who adopt a novelty before it has occurred to half the world to do likewise. Our artist has sketched some very new ideas in hats and bonnets, which will be found illustrated on page 17.

No. 1 is a hat made of black fancy Tuscan straw. The sides and crown are done with flat folds of pale maize-coloured china crêpe, mingled with black wing feathers, the strings from the back are velvet. It is an unusual composition and a very clever one.

No. 2 is a small and very smart bonnet in gold-coloured fancy satin straw. The crown is built up in tiny tiers, each one shown to great advantage by a roll of black velvet placed under it. A full black osprey and two black lace butterflies are placed slightly to one side, prettily overshadowing the brim.

No. 3 is a hat of fancy cream-coloured straw. The brim is raised, and shows rolled bands of mouse-coloured velvet. Bands of maize velvet are placed on the brims and a bunch of autumn leaves in front.

No. 4 is a toque crinoline mohair straw. In front there is a large bow of perfect turquoise blue velvet, of so subtle a tone that it is difficult to decide whether it be blue or green. The back is trimmed with a cluster of black ostrich feather tips, which curl prettily over the bow, the colour being excellent.

No. 5 is a gem in the way of a bonnet. The crown is of cigar-brown fancy straw and is trimmed at either side with folds of pale primrose and blush-pink China crêpe, into which sprays of wonderfully natural-looking stocks are nestled. The colours of these are pink, yellow, and the new shade, which is deeper than pink and more delicate than magenta. All this millinery combines the greatest taste with the requisite amount of style to place their wearers in the front of the ranks of fashion. This millinery is such as will appeal most strongly to the fancy of gentlewomen.

PARIS NOTES.

I WAS told the other day that it is most *chic* now to affect a particular kind of perfume which conveys a suggestion of individuality wherever you are. A dainty little sachet well saturated with violet, rose, lily, mayflower, eau-de-cologne, or whatever you may select, is sewn into the bodice of your costume, and emits a faint but constant scent. A curious fashion, is it not?'

The newest bath perfume is called 'Sicilian Vespers,' a few spoonfuls of which added to a tub of warm water, will give you an idea of the luxuries of the Roman dames in the great days of the fourth Empire.

What a rage there is for velvet ribbons this season! Narrow ribbons tied under the chin, or hanging down the back in floating streamers; black velvet ribbons, or ribbons in all the new diseased Nathaniel Hawthorne morbid hues; white velvet ribbons in rows upon dresses, hats, parasols, bonnets, and ribbons everywhere.

Pretty collarettes of piece velvet, shaped to fit the neck and match the bonnet, are beginning to be worn, and are sometimes fringed with pearls or bordered with diamonds.

Serpents are in vogue again. I don't mean real, living ones, but all kinds of hideous imitations, made of every kind of colour, with emerald, ruby, and sapphire eyes.

A French bonnet is often composed of one huge black snake, coiled round the head of the wearer; and she may also have a gold one around her neck and another on her wrist.

Even marriage rings are fashioned of these reptiles, and I must say I don't admire them much.

The dresses I sketched this week are very pretty, and extremely suitable for late summer or early autumn wear. The first, taken from a costume which graced the figure of one of our Paris *élégantes*, is of pale grey surah. A flat band of velvet round the skirt is cut in bars, so that the grey silk shows through. The bodice trimming makes a pretty contrast. The hat is of black velvet, trimmed with bows of white ribbon, and the sunshade is of white silk. Worn with a bonnet this dress would look very well at an afternoon reception. The bonnet or toque should be made of the same grey shade, relieved with black velvet or some contrasting colour. *(See illustration.)*

The second tasteful costume is very appropriate for a dusty day. The pretty dust cloak is of pale beige hued foulard, trimmed with striped surah, alternately dark chestnut and beige-colour. The hat is a diadem of chestnut-coloured velvet with an aigrette of silk pleated gauze and a blush rose in front. *(See illustration.)*

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA CHAT.

NINETEENTH CENTURY BARBARIANS—FLOWING GARMENTS—JESS—A FRENCH DRAMA—THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AND WORTH—DARKEST ENGLAND—THE LITTLE KING AND QUEEN—CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

DOLLY: 'What barbarians the ladies of the present day are!'

Vera: 'A sweeping accusation, Dolly. In what does their barbarism consist? In tying up their little ones in clean frocks and forbidding them to get them soiled?'

Dolly: 'That is an old grievance of mine. This present trouble is that our fashionable girls are dressing their hair like savages—I mean particularly as regards the dagger pin that is stuck through the knot of hair at the back. It is a ridiculous, senseless, dangerous practice—a poor copy of their untaught, semi-garmented, black sisters' style of hair-dressing.'

Gladys: 'How is it dangerous, Dolly?'

Dolly: 'The other evening I was in a crowded omnibus. Next to me sat a lady with one of those ugly pins stuck through her untidy hair. The sharp point was nearest to me. As this person was nursing a fidgety little girl she frequently and rapidly moved her head. I had also to make frequent and rapid movements of my head to avoid receiving the point of her protruding pin in my eye. Further down the omnibus I noticed, with some amusement, a gentleman similarly occupied. He was more fortunate than I, and escaped without a scar, whilst on my cheek you can still see the nasty little scratch that woman's vanity and selfishness inflicted on innocent me. If ladies will wear such idiotic things, let them bury the points in their own heads where they can hurt no one but themselves.'

Vera: 'I have often thought that in case of a railway, tram, or carriage accident, if a lady were thrown on her head, the chances are that one of those long pins used to fasten on her hat or bonnet would probably be driven into her head. They easily get rusty being kept in damp warmth, and we all know the suffering frequently entailed by the prick of a rusty needle.'

Gladys: 'It is all very sad. Men lose their hair by ill-ventilated hats, their easy understanding by tight boots, their patience by limp collars and vanished studs, their comfort by their inappropriately ridiculous, conventional style of clothing, whilst women lose their health by tight-lacing, their complexion by using cosmetics, and run incredible risks of their lives by pins and needless other adornments. What fools we all are!'

Dolly: 'Oh, for one loose flowing garment reaching to one's ankles, and simply fastened at the throat and waist. Think of the saving of sewing, the saving of patience spent in waiting for the dressmaker!'

Stella: 'Let us be savages at once, and read no more, write no more, etc., etc.'

Gladys: 'Talking of reading recalls to me that I saw in a daily paper a sketch of that delightful little cottage in Pretoria, South Africa, made famous by the novel of Mr Rider Haggard's. Don't you remember when Jess came to Pretoria to visit her friends she lived in it?'

Vera: 'It was not a creation of his fancy, then? I always imagined it was.'

Gladys: 'Apparently not. It is described as a snug little place, buried amid creepers and wild hedge roses.'

Dolly: 'Is anyone here interested in Dr. Koch's new cure for consumption?'

Gladys: 'I wonder who is not? And fiction has already laid her grasping hand on the subject. I see that a French dramatic author—of course a French one—has just completed a five-act drama, the climax being the cure of a consumptive girl by Dr. Koch's inoculation in the fifth act. This author's motto ought to be "*Carpe diem fugit hora*;" anyhow, he hasn't lost much time in making literary capital out of the fashionable doctor's lymph cure. Dumas' "Dame aux Camélias" is now being acted in Brussels. It is suggested that the last act be entirely altered, and that instead of the plaintive cries and the hollow cough of the poor consumptive woman, Marguerite, the hypodermic syringe of Pravaz, with an injection of Dr. Koch's lymph, should be introduced on the stage, with the happy result of Marguerite's complete restoration to health and the arms of her only true lover. Or, why not, in this age, where high art has to take a back seat for realism, procure a real consumptive patient and hire Dr. Koch and his bacilli to come and perform his cure in front of the audience. What a draw it would be! But it seems horrid thus to play with our sufferings.'

Vera: 'We were talking about the Queen's dress the other day. Perhaps you would like to hear something about the Empress of Austria. She does not care at all about dress, her health has been bad so long that any kind of constraint is irksome to her. Yet she wears loose, comfortable and pretty things, and contrives to look very nice notwithstanding. Her chief gown is a straight pleated black skirt with a bodice like a Swiss peasant's; over this she wears a loose jacket which she changes three times a day, the material varying according to whether it is warm or cold. The Queen Dowager of Portugal, on the contrary, takes the most vivid interest in all sorts and conditions of attire, and goes in for the most lavish expenditure. On one occasion she ordered one thousand pairs of shoes from Paris, and again she ordered seventy dresses from Worth to be delivered at the same time; when these were subsequently lost at sea Her Majesty simply ordered Worth to send seventy duplicates, which he did.'

Gladys: 'I think I referred a few weeks ago to Mr Booth's book, "Darkest England." The Queen has sent him a womanly letter of sympathy in his great scheme, whilst on the other hand, many well informed people are strongly opposed to it. Sermons have been preached against the idea, and, in fact, there is, as might be expected, considerable opposition. The Marquis of Queensberry is uncompromisingly candid, sending a cheque for £100 from a "reverent agnostic."'

Vera: 'They say there is now a great friendship between Queen Emma of Holland (sister of the Duchess of Albany), who is now Queen-Regent for her little girl, and the mother of the baby King Alfonso of Spain. Happily for the former, her child gives her no anxiety on the score of health, whilst the Queen of Spain is always watching her delicate little boy. It is wrong to circulate the wonderful speeches with which he is credited. If they are half of them true, then he is being brought up to think himself the most important personage in the world.'

Dolly: 'Let us hope they are not true, only invented *pour passer le temps*.'

Vera: 'I am glad to see that someone has again been advocating the use of flour of sulphur to be blown down the throats of diphtheria patients. I believe it is a certain cure if used in time.'

Dolly: 'And everyone ought to know that in the event of a child swallowing a marble, stud, anything, holding him up by the heels *at once* and vigorously patting the back will dislodge the article. I have known of several little lives so saved.'

Gladys: 'Our public schools ought to give a little practical instruction on what to do in case of ordinary accidents.'

Dolly: 'So they will when women add a little common sense to the School Board brains.'

SEE PARIS NOTES.

BABY BRANDON.

'T was one of those evenings in earlier May when whatever is finest in the world of women and horses is still to be seen in the Park. We—my friend, Dr. Philip Duran of Paris, and myself—were standing at one of the windows of an up town club house, surveying with much satisfaction the splendid equipages dashing parkward with their bravery of stylish gowns and pretty faces.

Suddenly the doctor, who had been taking it all in with the rather blasé airs of a man who had seen the most gorgeous society of the world roll down the Bois de Boulogne, gave an exclamation of astonishment, and in his efforts to see more of the cause of it almost projected himself through the window.

'Well,' he said, recovering his equilibrium, but by no means his composure. 'Baby Brandon, of all the women in the world, alive and in London. And yet,' he added, musingly, 'she was a Londoner by birth. But,' turning to me, 'it's rather a shock to a fellow's sensibilities to find a woman on one occasion acting the part of the Tragic Muse, and on the very next, some twenty years after, driving here.'

Now I knew Miss Brandon very well; that is, as well as a man should pretend to know any woman not of his immediate household. (I think it is one of the most wretched compliments to the subtlety of the sex to say that you know any one of its members intimately.) Here was indeed a curious and charming personality. An old maid, perhaps, but with such a virginal freshness of face, such a tenderness in the brown eyes and, withal, such a great fortune that her hand was still considered quite a prize in Vanity Fair's matrimonial booth. And there was something so eerie in the doctor's white-faced surprise, and his reference to some tragedy that once disturbed the placid life, that I requested as a personal favour to hear the story.

'Well,' answered the doctor, 'she came with her mother to Paris in 1869. Long before I saw her at the great ball given by the wife of the English Ambassador I had heard her described as the English Bébée, and never did name better describe its bearer. Fancy a girl of 18, perhaps, with the rose-leaf face of a child and a child's unconscious delight with the great world, who looked unutterably lovely in the diamonds which she wore in profusion, in defiance of all the laws of good taste, and took a kittenish delight in the extreme annoyance of elder ladies thereat; such a girl as could not, under any circumstances, have been bred in France—at once gentle and capricious, imperative and loving, as only the solitary daughter of an American mamma could be.

'Well, being all this, it was the most natural thing in the world that my friend, Victor Dupressy, should fall in love with her. He was a handsome fellow and a good fellow, belonging to the bluest blood of the old regime and having the good sense to despise the fact. He had been a hero even to us young revolutionists in the old days in the military school of St. Cyr. And though he now disdained to seek notoriety by the low and ignoble devices common at all times to young men of Parisian fashion, he held a most enviable position, one which might have made the proudest woman still prouder to share.

'And Baby Brandon was proud indeed of her conquest. How I remember her, the small creature leaning on the arm of the tall Frenchman, sweeping through the room with an air of Cesarian triumph, her absurdly rich dress trailing behind her, the diamonds in her hair hardly as bright as her eyes.

'The dress was of a sort of mignonette, over a mauve petticoat; I can't tell you the stuff. The bodice was of silver, I think. And then there was the grand house in the Rue de Jena, in which they were to live after the wedding ceremony in Notre Dame. No two simple lovers of the provinces, surveying with ecstasy their small, new household arrangements, could have been more unaffectedly delighted than were these two with their grand ones.

'But trouble was coming. There happened at the time to be attached to the English Legation a very good-looking young Englishman, by name Courtenay Rivers. I suppose you guess the sequel—he, too, fell head over ears in love with the little Bébée. To speak the truth of the latter, and which any one with an unprejudiced judgment must have acknowledged, she didn't care a rap for the poor fellow. But some slight attentions on his part, some half unconscious acknowledgments of the same on hers, was enough to rouse a fierce and hitherto undreamt of jealousy of her fiancée. The feeling was encouraged by his sister, a very great lady, with whose plans for his matrimonial welfare this engagement to Miss Brandon had horribly interfered. It was at a ball given in her own house that matters came to a climax.

'It seemed that a very small devil of mischief had entered into Julia Brandon's heart that evening. She flirted with Courtenay Rivers; she made it a point to give him the best dances. Madame Leo Leisner, Victor's sister, had another very good reason to add to those she had already urged against the marriage. Once, when brother and sister were standing together, and Julia swept past on the arm of Courtenay Rivers, her face flushed, her eyes gleaming, a very golden butterfly, that had found its wings, I heard Madame Leisner say to Victor:

'"A girl who can flirt like that a few months before her marriage, what will she not do after? We have never yet had a married flirt in our family. It rests on us to keep up its dignity."

'The rest seems even yet like a dream. It was all in the gray of early morning. Julia Brandon and her mother had gone out for their wraps. I had strolled out on the balcony to smoke a cigar. When I came in I was struck with the excitement that had sprung up in my absence. Seeing M. Bertin, one of the greatest cynics and best editors in Paris, I at once asked the cause.

'The cause! Oh! a woman, of course. It seems your poor friend Victor has been rather annoyed by the attentions of that stupid Rivers to his pretty little fiancée. It seems that when she went for her wrape the two met in the doorway of the conservatory. Some words; a blow; and they have gone off to Fontainebleau for a duel with swords. They say that every third generation one of these Dupressey gets killed in a duel. Everyone is trying to keep it from Madame Leisner. Consequently she'll hear it in a minute or two.'

'And she did hear it, and the hearing seemed to turn her into a white statue. Her love for Victor was the one true thing of her life. While looking at her, I felt a light touch on my arm, and turning round met the face of Julia Brandon, grown white as that of a ghost, looking out pitifully from its masses of snowy swansdown.

'"For God's sake," she said, "come with me. I have heard it all, and it's all my fault—all my fault."

'Unhesitatingly I followed her. Before entering the carriage there was the tedious inquiries, the uncertainty of the direction taken by the duellists, to be got over. When we reached the dark woods of Fontainebleau one more life was slowly ebbing out where so many had gone in the same fashion before. They said it was the curse of Victor's family. He was one of the best swordsmen and best soldiers in Paris, and must, according to any calculation, have defeated the Englishman. But the latter had received only a flesh wound on the shoulder, while Victor lay on the ground, seeing the last of the fair earth that had opened so promisingly for him.

'I shall never forget that scene. Julia Brandon kneeling on the cozy soil in her gleaming ball dress, her face gray as the chilly morning, bent down in vain repentance to that other face where the endless shadow already lay. Something of his old life as a child in the Normandy chateau of his fathers floated over his mind in that death-delirium, for he murmured:

'"Listen, my mother! There is the Angelus! But—I have forgotten the prayer, and I cannot see your face. There is another face between us always—a child's face, vain and beautiful. Bah! it is gone now and it is night—night."'

'"Oh, Victor!" sobbed the childish creature, endeavouring by the light in her own eyes to call reason back into his. "See, my face is not scornful. See, it has forgotten its vanity; see that I love you better than all the world," and then the long cry of self-reproach, like the wailing of a Greek chorus, "All my own fault, all my own fault," went up again.

'I think it was the very force of her loving spirit that caused his to rally so unexpectedly during those last few moments. Anyhow there was time given him to make his confession to the white-haired curé of a neighbouring church and to forgive the small wife that was not to be now.

'"Till we meet again," was all he murmured, as the small fingers lay in his own still firm hand.

'"Dear love, dear husband, till we meet again," she answered aloud, in the presence of us all. And we knew that these two were as irrevocably wed as if the great bells of Notre Dame had pealed for the wedding. And she knelt there until his face had grown gray, and the kiss, the first and last she had given him, had grown cold on his lips.'

The doctor turned away, and I think for all his cynicism there were tears in his eyes. So this was the secret of the wistful lovely eyes, the wasted girlhood. Poor Baby Brandon!

NEW BOOKS.

'FOR SO LITTLE,' BY HELEN DAVIS.

THIS novel is one of the sensational kind, and to lovers of that class of fiction should prove most acceptable. The interest is wonderfully well sustained throughout. Having once taken the book up, it is too fascinating to put down until the end is reached. The child-wife, Elsie, indulged by her father, petted by her husband, recalls Nora in *A Doll's House*. Her wonderful love for and her belief in her husband is well portrayed by Mrs Davis. Her innocent acceptance of Dr. Langley's assistance in her troubles, her unconsciousness of his devotion to herself, are skilfully worked into the deeper plot of the story. The doctor himself is very attractive, and his struggles between honour and love give us glimpses of his genuinely good heart. He has always been an old friend of the family, and Major Legh, Elsie's father, who lives with the young couple, feeling ill, sends for the doctor soon after the wedding.

Virtually, Dominie Langley saw that it meant the appointment of family physician to the Mabers, as under all the circumstances it was hardly likely that another medical man would supersede him after he had been once called in by Major Legh; and he asked himself again if there was any necessity for an avoidance of this house in particular. For the moment it seemed to him that there was, for surely the right was his to protect himself against unnecessary distress of mind. On the other hand, so far as he knew, his attachment had never been positively disclosed, and his excuse would probably be received with amazement and pain. Strong liking, too, for Major Legh made him solicitous to attend him in his illness, so that, after weighing one thing with another, and turning each argument over in his mind, he decided to pay the visit in the morning.

Major Legh's illness is a curious one, and Lawrence Maber, the son-in law, who dabbles a little in medicine, avers it is dyspepsia. A hospital nurse, Beatrice Morte, whom Mrs Maber has previously known, is engaged to attend the sick man.

The young lady was about twenty-four and above the average height. There could be no doubt that she would be considered a handsome girl by some people. Moreover, hers was a face with a great deal in it. There was power expressed in the clearly defined chin, and in the firm lines of the mouth, while the brilliant black eyes gave further confirmation of strength of character.

But Major Legh, despite his nurse's care, dies. The end comes suddenly, and, unfortunately, Elsie has persuaded Miss Morte to take some much needed rest whilst she watches her father. The old man dies in great agony, pointing with his finger at the sleeping nurse, and crying, 'Look—to—Lawrence.' Elsie is very ill after the terrible shock, and Miss Morte naturally remains to nurse her. She is much thrown with Lawrence, and they become great friends. One evening, when Elsie is better and in the drawing-room, she tells her husband he is not looking well. He crosses the room, joining Miss Morte at the piano, and asking: 'Miss Morte, am I looking ill?'

The rich crimson had mounted into the girl's face as he approached, but her voice was steady, as she replied, 'You are not well, Mr Maber. I told you so last night.'

'Did you?' he said, sitting down on the music stool and looking at her in his quiet, amused way. 'I have forgotten purposely. It is like getting an encore from Patti to hear your sympathetic tones again. You didn't sleep well yourself. I saw your light burning at two this morning, and I heard you turning over the pages of your book furiously as if you could not read either. Your pulse at this moment isn't right. It's so quick that you know better then to let me feel it.'

'Indeed you shall not!' she cried, as he attempted playfully to seize her wrist. 'I'll rap you across the knuckles if you do—there! And she did.

But things go further than this. 'A séance is held in a bachelor's house, and thither Mr Maber escorts Miss Morte, he assuring her, in answer to a feeble protest, 'But people will talk?'—'My dear girl, people will talk about you whatever you do. A young and pretty woman must make up her mind to that.'

A young man named Lothian, who is preaching life insurance, is a great spiritualist, and, meeting him at this séance, Lawrence Maber invites him to give a Tontine lecture to the whole Maber family, dependents, servants, friends. This is done one evening, and Lothian, who stays all night, takes Mrs Maber's 'life' in the morning after her husband has gone to his office. Major Legh has left her £20,000, yielding an income of £500 a year, but Elsie has no power to will this money after her death. Supposing she has no children, it goes to another branch of the Legh family.

Elsie is delighted at the idea of making some provision for her husband in case of her death, and insures her life for £10,000. Lawrence professes to be very angry when he hears about it, and says she must allow the policy to lapse. Beatrice Morte had counselled her to say nothing to her husband about it.

Lawrence is in difficulties, but strives hard to pull through. Beatrice gets jealous of his love for his wife, and does her best to win it for herself. She is overheard by the servants calling him 'Laurie,' Elsie's pet name for him.

A little boy arrives, and Elsie's life is in danger. The baby, too, is so delicate they fear he will not live. Dr. Langley is unremitting in his attentions, and baby recovers, but Elsie grows worse, her case being extremely puzzling to the good doctor. Lawrence gets the medicines himself at the chemist's. Mrs Billings, the nurse, watches Elsie one night when Lawrence and Beatrice Morte have gone to a ball. She gives the wife some oysters for supper, which suit her very well. Miss Morte gives her some more the next day, which make her so terribly ill that another medical man is called in.

The story here is most fascinating. The reader is sure that Mrs Maber is being slowly poisoned, and gets very angry with the doctors for not discovering the fact, and for allowing her to grow worse and worse daily. Which of the two, the husband or the lady-companion, is administering the poison is doubtful, and it seems probable that they have joined hands in the dreadful crime.

A third doctor is sent for, and he gives no hope of Mrs Maber's recovery. Mrs Billings discovers Miss Morte arranging the medicine bottles, and sternly tells her to let them alone. Later, after taking some iced-water, Elsie goes into a state of collapse, and Dr. Langley says 'she won't last long.' Sending the faithful nurse to look what time it is, he snatches the moment alone with his beloved Elsie to give way to a torrent of passionate words. Mrs Billings returning, tells him about the iced water, and says Miss Morte immediately changed the glass when Elsie said it was nasty, but she, the nurse, has secured some for him.

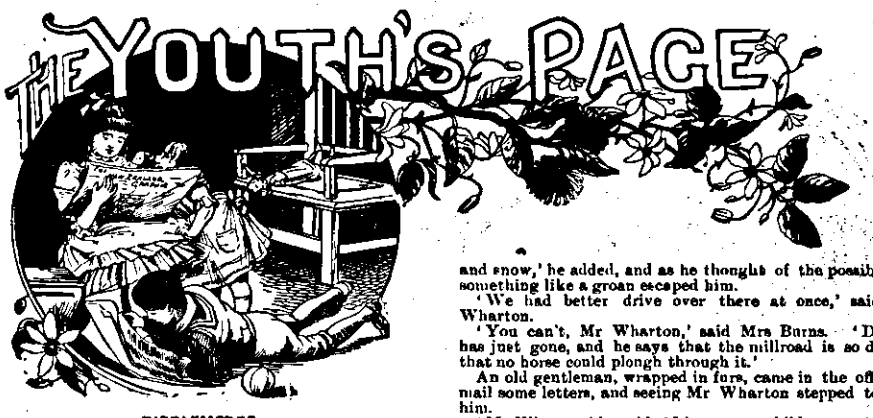
Dr. Langley takes it away with him, telling the nurse not to leave her patient on any pretext whatever, and to give her no food until his return. Then he analyses the iced-water, and immediately causes the arrest of Lawrence Maber and Beatrice Morte on a charge of attempting to poison Elsie Maber by administering antimony.

It would be unfair to Mrs Davis to tell the result of the trial. The book should be read to be fully appreciated. We congratulate Mrs Davis on her successful treatment of a plot which is evidently taken from life.

SIMPLE DIVERSIONS.

'THE simple tearing up of paper into pieces or cutting into snips with scissors is a great relief to the mind after hard work over problems, and even while trying to solve difficult ones,' said a teacher of mathematics. 'I have not studied out its psychological reasons, but it certainly has an influence on the mind. Time after time I have tried it with the pupils and found it had a very soothing effect when children have fretted themselves over hard problems until they have gotten into a state of nervous irritability. I tell them to just lay aside the problems for a while and tear up paper. It is astonishing how soon they get composed again. Tying strings into hard knots is another device, and works very well. It certainly has restful influence. Afterward the pupil goes to the problems again really refreshed.'

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS. AUTUMN MILLINERY.—SEE PAGE 15.



RIDDLEMEREE.

ANSWER.—He leaves the fox and wheat and takes over the goose. Then he goes back and takes over the wheat, and brings the goose with him back again. Then he leaves it, and takes over the fox. The fox and wheat are now over, so he just goes back again for his goose, and all three are over.

BEGINNING ALONE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

A BITTER SEARCH.

WHEN Nellie came home from her choir practice that morning — the morning of the twenty-third of December,— she was annoyed to find that the children had not returned, but supposing that they had been taken to Littleton by their father and Walter, she ordered dinner to be saved for them, and went about her daily duties.

The afternoon wore on. When she perceived signs of a gathering storm, Nellie began to be a little anxious for her father's return. From time to time she watched at the drawing-room window.

The wind had been howling fiercely for an hour or more, and the air was thick with flying snow, when at last she heard bells. The sleigh, scarcely visible in the darkness that had already gathered, dashed up to the gate.

'Where have they put the children?' she exclaimed, uneasily, as she ran to open the door. A sudden blast came in on her, almost wrenching the knob from her fingers, and the floor was white with snow in an instant.

'We have barely escaped it,' said her father, gaily running in with his arms full of parcels. 'A little more and the road would have been impassable. Drive back to Arragon's as quickly as you can, Walter. It is the most violent storm I have seen for years.'

'Father!' called Nellie. 'Where are the children?'

'The children! Are they out in this weather!'

'They have not been home since you went away this morning.'

Mr Wharton sprang to the door. 'Walter! Walter!' he cried.

Walter heard his loud call, and turned his horses, certain of some calamity. 'What has happened?' he cried.

'Drive to the post-office!' said his father, leaping into the sleigh. 'The children have stayed out somewhere in town all day, perhaps Mrs Burns kept them. They must not walk home in this storm.'

'I hope they have not tried to go over to the Dillingham's!' exclaimed Walter.

'Walter, do not imagine such a thing until we must!' said his father, desperately. 'Give me the reins.'

Driving furiously, Mr Wharton soon reached the little post-office, and was out of the sleigh before it had come to a stop.

'Mrs Burns!'

'In a minute,' said Mrs Burns, who was lighting her lamp behind the small glazed boxes.

'Mrs Burns, are the children here?'

'Mr Wharton, is that you? The children? They haven't been here since about noon. Perhaps they are playing with the little Cassons at the rectory.'

'They haven't been home since they left the post-office. Did they say anything when they were here that leads you to think they meant to go to the rectory?'

'No, they were full of their Christmas-tree. Poor little dears! I am afraid they will be disappointed, for I asked Joe White to take your card over to Dillingham's, and he told me that they are all gone to spend Christmas in Littleton, the Dillinghams and the Tuckers, too. Look over at the rectory, Mr Wharton; very likely they are there.'

'It is no use,' said Walter, coming in from the rectory. 'They are not there, and they have tried to go over to Dillingham's—with that broken bridge and all this wind and snow,' he added, and as he thought of the possibilities something like a groan escaped him.

'We had better drive over there at once,' said Mr Wharton.

'You can't, Mr Wharton,' said Mrs Burns. 'Dennet has just gone, and he says that the millroad is so drifted that no horse could plough through it.'

An old gentleman, wrapped in furs, came in the office to mail some letters, and seeing Mr Wharton stepped toward him.

'Mr Wharton,' he said, 'I hope your children came home in good season. My man met them a little after one o'clock going toward the Red Mill. They said they were going to Dillingham's, but he warned them not to cross the bridge; it is very unsafe.'

'They have not returned, my lord,' answered Mr Wharton, staggered at this confirmation of his worst fears.

'And the Dillinghams and Tuckers are both away from home,' said Walter.

'They have been taken in somewhere along the mill-road!' called Mrs Burns, who, pale and anxious, was putting on her bonnet and cloak. 'I am going down to Nellie.'

'But can you leave the office?' objected the bishop.

'Is any one in Dulwich going to think of the mail,' she cried, indignantly, 'and those two precious darlings out in a storm like this? Jennie, you can do your best without me.'

The door closed on her.

'WE MUST ROUSE THE TOWN.'

'Search should be made at once,' said the bishop. 'We must rouse the town. Where had we better meet?' He hesitated an instant. 'The church, I suppose, is the best place. Walter, go and tell Brown to ring the bell, and warn every one you meet to be there. I will drive up to Mr Casson's, and get him to summon the people up at that end of the town, if you will call out those at yours. Bring Cornelius; he is an excellent man to organise, and knows how to dispose large bodies of men.'

'Cornelius is away,' said Mr Wharton, 'on business of the college. He went yesterday morning, and will be gone three days.'

'That is a pity,' said the bishop, 'but let us lose no time.'

Before long the church bell rang out peal on peal into the frosty air, and the men gathered so quickly that the half-lighted nave was filled in less than fifteen minutes from the time the alarm was first sounded.

There was a short interval of silence. The men assembled waited undecidedly for some one to take the lead.

Then from the chancel, where, without book or light, he stood alone in the shadows, the bishop's majestic and melodious voice fell on their ears. The wind lashed the windows and howled in the organ-loft, but the full, deep, clear tones dominated the tumult without strain or effort in fervent supplication:

'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, Lord. Lord, hear my voice. Oh, let thine ear consider well the voice of my complaint. For there is mercy with thee, therefore shalt thou be feared. Thou, O Lord, who stillest the raging of the storm, hear, hear and save, that they perish not! O blessed Saviour, who didst save Thy disciples ready to perish in a storm, hear, hear, and save, we beseech Thee. Save, Lord, or else they perish. The living, the living shall praise Thee. Oh, send Thy word of command to rebuke the raging winds, that they being delivered from this distress may live to serve Thee and to glorify Thy name all the days of this life. Hear, Lord, and save them, for the infinite merits of our blessed Saviour, Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Joining their voices to his, the men in the nave responded 'Amen.'

When the search was at last fully organised two parties set out, one on each side of the Big Triangle, arranging to meet half-way at the Tucker's on the ridge opposite the town. The party on the Dillingham side was much the larger, and not an inch of the road—the mill-road—was left unscanned.

Before crossing the bridge some one picked up from the scattered snow a little spotted handkerchief, which Mr Wharton recognised as Reginald's, but beyond the bridge no further traces were discovered anywhere.

At the Dillinghams' the party carefully examined the yard and even the stables and other outhouses, which, according to the custom in that part of the country, were scattered over the place, and every drift was investigated. Shouting, calling, and swinging their lanterns, they proceeded not only along the road, but into the woods that lined its sides, though the stiff hedges and rail fences made it unlikely, if not impossible, that the children could have strayed from the travelled way.

At the Tucker place both parties traversed every foot of the garden and adjacent orchards. 'Reginald! Elizabeth!' they shouted again and again, throwing the light from their lanterns in every direction, even into the windows of the dark and closely locked cottage; but no one answered, and the wind blew their voices back into their faces.

At every house near the road they made unavailing inquiries. The children had been neither seen nor heard of. Wearied out and disheartened, they turned their steps homeward.

The fear that the children, in attempting to cross the bridge on their return, had fallen through in the storm and darkness, turned to a feeling of certainty. The snow-covered ice was crumbling and full of holes. Heavy stones thrown from the bridge crushed through and sank.

To venture upon the ice in that weather and at night would have been foolhardy and useless. Nevertheless one of the younger and lighter men, girded by a rope, made the attempt, only to be dragged back drenched with freezing water.

'It is nothing but slush and rotten ice,' he said. 'No man could live in it.'

On assembling at Mr Wharton's to make arrangements for the next day the searchers found the house well lighted, and Nellie walking restlessly from room to room, with shining eyes and haggard face.

'They are quite safe — I am sure they are; some one has taken them in,' she repeated from time to time, as one after another of the tired company, after drinking the hot coffee which Mrs Burns poured out, pressed her hand and silently went away.

'Some one has taken them in,' Nellie persisted, stopping a moment at her father's side, who was sitting, exhausted and broken, in his chair by the library fire.

'God grant it!' he answered, hopelessly.

Then Mrs Burns came to bid them good-night, and the wretched household were left alone.

Nellie went upstairs and closed her door. She even undressed and went to bed, but sleep was denied her. Waiting until the house was still, she slipped noiselessly along the hall to the deserted nursery. The wind was now coming only in fitful gusts, and the temperature was slowly rising. She softly opened the window and looked out.

'It is going to rain,' she said. Turning back, she found herself entangled in a maze of strings. It was one of Reginald's inventions. Nellie lighted a candle and patiently rearranged all the little cords and pulleys, kissing every one as she did so.

Then seating herself on the floor, she looked about on all the familiar toys and treasures, heaped upon the shelves and tables. Each one carried its own especial sting; just or unjust, deserved or the contrary, the pain was the same for all. The ship whose sails she had had no time to hem; the doll whose wig she would not glue to its head; the confiscated blocks, placed high on a shelf, out of reach, as a punishment for disorder.

'My darlings, my little darlings!' sobbed Nellie, 'what would life be without you?'

How proud she was of them, with their quaint, charming fancies, and odd ways! How little had she done to make life sweet to them! Oh, to live the last eight months over again! for one more opportunity.

She had not meant to go on in the way she had been following so long; she was only getting started. But they were coming home! she would not think otherwise. Thronging, terrible pictures stood at the portals of her imagination. They should not enter! the children, her mother's treasures,—how had she guarded them?

Nellie blew out the light. It was instinctive; there are times when truly we call on the darkness to cover us.

She knew not how long she had been lying on the nursery floor—perhaps she had slept, poor child! She reproached herself for being able to sleep. But the sound that aroused her was the heavy down-pour of rain on the roof of the porch.

She rose and looked out. A gray light was stealing over the dreary sky, and she went to her room and dressed.

The rain had frozen as it fell, and when, on the next day, the searching parties started out once more they found the roads a glaze and the trees coated with ice.

As soon as there was sufficient light, they again went over the mill-road, and it was significant that no one called the names so loudly shouted the previous night. Returning to

the bridge, they attempted a second search in the creek, but the men's coats froze upon their backs, and they gave up in despair.

Toward noon messengers came to Mr Wharton with the news that the creek had so risen that the ice had given way, and had floated down to Dulwich in a great heap, forming a dam at the foot of the hill.

'It is there that they will probably be found,' some one said, and the others sadly acquiesced.

All day long Nellie restlessly paced the floor. No one knew what was going on in her mind, for she seldom spoke, not even answering questions. Toward evening, however, as the storm began to clear away, a new idea seemed to possess her, and her look of dull, terrible endurance gave place to one of feverish interest.

'Walter,' she said, 'go, cut down that little Norway fir! when they get home to-morrow they must have their tree!'

'O, Nellie!' groaned the boy. 'You are mad; they cannot have lived through all this. By this time, they are—'

'Hush!' she cried, in shrill, piercing tones. 'Don't say it, Walter! You shall not say it. They are living, living—I tell you! Get me the tree, dear, or I shall go mad. Ask papa.'

Walter went in and told his father.

'Do as she says,' answered Mr Wharton. 'I fear she may become ill. Suspense is intolerable. I have ceased to feel it.'

'And I,' answered the boy.

Taking an axe, Walter went out and cut down a small Norway fir that the children had called 'the Christmas-tree.' It fell with all its load of gleaming crystals, and Walter took it into the kitchen. After the ice had melted off, he set it up before the window at the end of the drawing room, where the Christmas-tree had always been placed. Nellie immediately busied herself with its decoration.

Mr Wharton went out to arrange for a party of men to cut the ice-dam in the creek on the following morning, and when he came home he brought the village doctor with him. The old man looked at Nellie and shook his head doubtfully.

'Take this,' he said, after mixing some medicine in two glasses, 'and if it does no good take the other glass toward morning.' Without a word she took it.

'Let her alone,' he added, as he left the house. 'Don't interfere with her, and don't talk to her! mind that; don't talk to her!'

The work of trimming a Christmas tree is something that may be indefinitely prolonged. Nellie, dreading its completion, dressed dolls, strung long ropes of white pop-corn, made gauze bags for candy, and even sent the reluctant and bewildered little cook up to the shops, open this season until ten o'clock in the evening, to buy tinsel and candles.

'Miss Nellie is clean crazy!' was the apologetic preface with which the girl announced her errand.

When all was finished, even to the close-tied packages which Nellie found neatly done up in readiness on the nursery shelf and directed in Elizabeth's childish hand to each member of the family, labelled 'From Elizabeth' and 'From Reginald;' when the last shower of shining silver wire had been thrown over the branches and all the candles made to stand erect, Nellie looked at the clock, and found that it was nearly twelve.

'I must go!' she exclaimed, with sudden, breathless agitation, as with averted eyes she kissed her father and Walter good-night and ran upstairs.

'It is the bells,' said Walter. 'They will ring in a minute.'

Nellie closed her door, and sat down on the edge of her bed, her hands over her ears and her eyes fixed on the little clock which, ticking vigorously, stood near by on the mantel.

Every Christmas Eve, at midnight, the chimes in Dulwich rang out the *Adeste Fideles*, followed by peal on peal of the bells. Pleased by the name, which they had come across somewhere in their story-books, the children had always called this peculiarly jubilant performance 'Mr Francis Triple Bob Major.'

It was for this that Nellie waited.

'When it begins,' she said, aloud, 'I shall go mad!'

MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FATHER BURKE.

THE celebrated Dominican father, Tom Burke, the friend of Longfellow and an admired orator, had such unbounded popularity as a preacher, that, as an Irishman put it, in describing his large audiences, 'Bedad, the church is full within and without.' His power over an audience was probably due, in great measure, to his wonderful facial expression and speaking gestures. In his student days, says *Temple Bar*, he employed his idle moments in trying to twist his own features into the likeness of some caricature in *Punch*, and, when in Rome, would spend hours in the Vatican, imitating the pose of the statues there.

On one occasion, he stood for a long time before the Laocoon, and then, looking round, and finding no one in sight, said to a friend, 'I'll try him!'

In a moment, there was the Laocoon in flesh and blood, agonized and despairing. Just then, a party of ladies and gentlemen appeared, and gazed in amazement, first at the statue and then at its living copy.

'I was only trying my hand at the statue,' stammered Burke, and, greatly embarrassed, he disappeared from the room as quickly as he could.

At one time, an architect, knowing his power of facial contortion, asked him to give a few sittings for the faces and figures to be used as ornaments of a grand Gothic church. Burke was greatly amused at the idea of some time finding his own features confront him from the capital of a column.

'I won't to be a pillar of the church,' he replied laughing. 'You wish to make me only a grinning gargoyle.'

He was equally successful in his imitation of English subjects. During a session of the Vatican Council a large number of prelates were entertained by an Englishman in Rome. Among the guests were several Oriental bishops, and for these a suite of apartments had been arranged, after the Eastern fashion, with divans, delicious coffee and tobacco.

Burke was sitting with the English guests, but when he noticed a mysterious baize door, through which came the fumes of fragrant coffee, he opened it, peeped in, and seeing some Oriental garments hanging near, put them over his shoulders and slipped inside. Once there, he made a profound salaam, and sat down cross-legged with the others. Toward the end of the evening, the host came in, with his European guests, and Burke carried on a conversation with several of his intimate friends, who did not guess his identity. At length, one of them, an Irish bishop, detected him, after much study, and thereupon exclaimed:

'Why, Father Tom, is that you? What brought you here?'

'Well, my lord,' said Burke, 'there was plenty of tobacco and coffee to be enjoyed here, and I saw no reason why these good things should be resigned by a Western. I wanted also to show that there are wise men in the West as well as in the East.'

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

ROBIN, holding his mother's hand,
Says 'Good night' to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress
Slips her hand through his soft brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer,
'Holy angels keep watch and ward,
God's good angels my baby guard!'

'Mamma, what is an angel like?'
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
'How will they look if they come here,
'Watching me while I'm all alone?'
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he:
Answered the mother tenderly:—

'Prettiest faces ever were known,
'Kindest voices and sweetest eyes,'
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried with a look of pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
'I know, mamma, they're just like you!'

LOST IN THE BUSH.

A REMARKABLE story comes from Walcha, New South Wales. A little girl was lost in the bush, and although every effort was made to trace her she was not found for four days. At the end of that time she was found alive, and apparently little the worse for the exposure. The child, who had only a light print dress on, had no food during the whole of the time, and the weather was bitterly cold, with snow on the ground. A dog and a goat had accompanied the child for two days, but during the latter half of her wanderings she was in utter loneliness.

THE FLAPPER.

DEEP down in the sea, where the rough storms cannot be felt, and the movement of the water does not disturb the delicate shells which lie on the ocean bed, may be seen thousands of lovely objects. The divers who go to the bottom have brought us strange tales of fishes and plants to be seen there, and many a bucketful has been brought up of curious and wonderful things which have delighted and surprised the clever scientific men to whom they were submitted. Some day I hope to talk to you more of these curious things, but to-day I am going to tell you about a little fish who lived in the deep water. This fish was of the kind we call sole. He was a flat fish and had only been hatched a very short time. He darted about in the water very quickly, and thought that no one could move so gracefully as he did. The older fish used to lie at the bottom of the sea, and took little notice of the young ones who were swimming about. But one day our young fish, whose name was Flapper, thought he would speak to one of them; so, swimming to one of the largest, he thus began talking:—

'How is it you are not as pretty as I am, and why do you lie on the bottom all the while? I like to swim about and enjoy myself, why do you not do the same?'

The great old fish looked at him for a minute, and then said, 'Foolish Flapper, do you come to teach me who has lived here so long that the coral which was only just beginning to be formed when I was hatched is now out of sight. Why you have still an eye on each side of your head, and would you venture to question me that has for so great an age had both eyes on one side?'

Flapper was quite alarmed at the words of the old fish, and opened his mouth so wide with astonishment that a piece of seaweed floating by nearly went down his throat.

'Were your eyes one on each side of your head once?' he asked.

'Certainly,' said the old fish, 'but it is so long ago that I had almost forgotten it.'

You will notice that the fish did not mind saying he was old, as some people do. You see fish have no hair to turn grey, and they do not grow wrinkled, and lose their teeth, but only get larger and handsomer as they grow older, and so are thought much of, and boast of their age instead of trying to appear young.

Flapper darted off, and soon met some other young fish and told them what the old sole had said.

Now these young fish were not soles, and knew nothing of their ways, but they had heard a great deal of gossip among their own friends, and they replied to Flapper, 'Oh! yes, we know all about it. The soles lie on the sand and turn brown like the sand they lie on, but remain white underneath, and the eye that was on the white side travels round and appears on the brown side so that both eyes can see.'

'They are queer creatures,' said the mackerel. 'So ugly,' said the silvery herring. 'I wonder you are not ashamed of them. Come with us, we are going out with the shoal.'

Flapper had been proud of being a sole, but now that these vain and beautiful fish spoke so slightingly of his relations he felt ashamed of them, and instead of defending them he was mean enough to laugh, and determined to go with the new friends and see other parts.

He kept with his friends for a time, but at last he found that he was not wanted; the mackerel leaders nibbled at him, and the herrings played him all sorts of tricks. He was very miserable and would have gone back but he did not know his way. Then he heard an old herring talking about looking out for nets, and from what was said he felt sure that he was not very safe. But the moonlight shone upon the water, and the fish were too busy at last making for an old place they knew of to take any notice of him, so he enjoyed himself looking up and watching some great dark things on the water.

'What are those?' he said; but no one answered. 'I suppose,' said he, 'they are some kind of fish I have never seen.'

Just then he found he was entangled in something; and in a few minutes he was drawn up out of the water with hundreds of the beautiful, glittering herrings.

He felt very ill directly he left the water, and cried out, but no one heeded, for no one understood him. Fortunately there was a pool of water just where he was thrown down in the cruel net, and this saved his life.

How bitterly did he repent his naughty ways, and how he wished he could once more see the old brown soles, lying so quietly on the sandy bed of the sea.

Just then the fishermen who had caught the fish, began to empty their nets, and seizing hold of Flapper, one of them said:

'Here's another two small!' and, with a jerk, Flapper felt himself thrown through the air, and fell into the sea.

For a few minutes he was quite dazed, and when he recovered he saw a large cod fish looking at him.

'Hullo!' said the cod, 'how came you to jump like that?'

'I did not jump,' said Flapper, 'I fell.' Then he told the fish all his story.

'A lucky escape for you,' said the cod. 'Those creatures who caught you were men.'

'What do they catch fish for?' asked Flapper.

'To eat,' replied the cod.

'I suppose they thought me too young and pretty to be eaten,' said the little sole.

'No,' replied the cod, 'that was not the reason. You were not fat enough, and they threw you back that you might grow bigger for another day.'

These words horrified the young sole, and he determined to stay in his own home waters with his old brown friends. The cod kindly showed him the way back to his friends, where he soon was forgiven, and lived to grow a fine fish; and if any of his friends should chance to be caught, and your cook has to fry them for dinner, ask her to look and see if they have not turned brown on one side, and got both eyes on the same side of their heads.

LEENA.

STORY OF A KITTEN.

THERE was a kitten who had a marvellous talent for escaping from all kinds of perils. He was shut up in an oven by a heedless servant, and left there over a night, but although it seemed that he must be baked to a crisp, he came out in the morning none the worse for the fiery ordeal.

He was run over by a railroad train, but crouched close to the ground and escaped injury. He received a charge of bird-shot one day, while he was himself hunting birds in the woods, but we picked out as many of the shot as we could, and he began at once to recover, and soon was all right again.

Finally he was put into a bag with a stone, and thrown into a river, but he managed to find a small hole in one corner of the bag, and enlarged it so that he was able to get out. Then he swam ashore and came home.

In view of these marvellous escapes we decided to keep the cat, and gave him the name of Plutarch, because he had so many *lives*.

The name was a happy one and yet as the story of Plutarch's adventures had to be told each time his name was mentioned to a new acquaintance, his owners wished at last that they had named him plain Tom or Dick.

Similar explanations were necessary on the part of the man who named his two canaries Wheeler and Wilson, 'because neither was a Singer.'

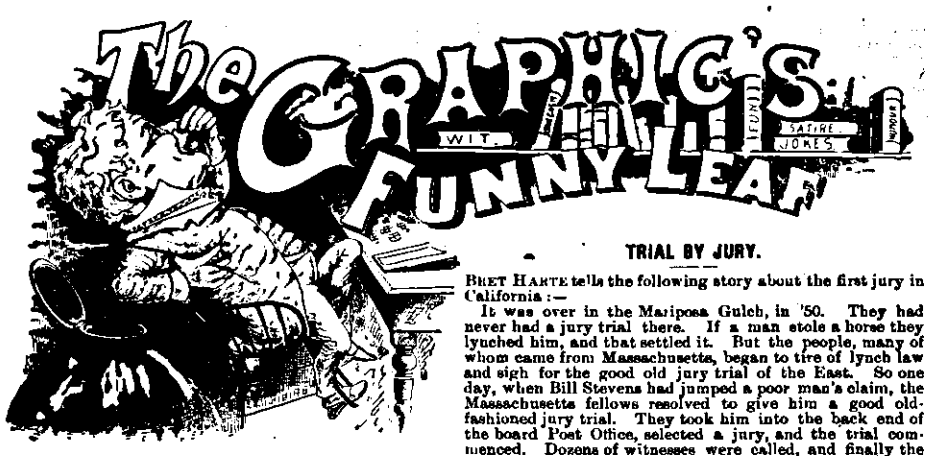
THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

THE Empress of Germany is known to be a devoted mother to her little sons, and to spend a great deal of time on their education. Her Majesty is fond of and takes an interest in all children. I have just heard a story of the Empress in Silesia, which, in addition to the story of the four-leaved clover which has gone the round of the papers, goes to prove the truth of this statement. Her Majesty, when at Lenthen, took out an enormous bag of bonbons in the carriage with her, and beckoned to the children in the crowd, saying to them, 'I have five little boys at home who are very fond of sweeties, so I have brought some of the kind they like best to give to you.'

There was no need to repeat the invitation—the children literally took the carriage by storm, clambering on the steps and even up at the back in their eagerness to get a share of the sweetmeats. The Empress laughingly filled their hands and their pockets, and then at last held up the bag inside out to show that it was empty.

Papa (after the *séance* in a back room): 'Do you know that it pains me more than it does you to have to whip you?' The Terror: 'No, papa, I didn't know it; but now that you have told me I feel better.'

THE BIRTH OF THE DIMPLE.—I spoke of the rose leaf within her chin, And she said, with a little nod, As she touched a dimple, as sweet as love, 'Oh, that was a kiss from God.'



THE 'BUSTED' MAN.

Let others sing of the heroes,
The honoured and cherished van;
But I sing of another
Less fortunate brother,
The neglected and busted man.

All join in singing the praises
Of the great, the good, and the trusted,
But seldom is heard
One sympathetic word
For the man entirely busted.

'Tis said the world is charitable,
That mankind is always just,
Though few there be
Who are able to see
That the noble sometimes bust.

Just let the wheel of fortune
Make the Crœsus poor again,
And friends will shy
And pass him by
As they do other busted men.

A CATCH TO IT.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman called at an insurance office one day to announce that she wanted to insure her house.

'For how much?' asked the agent.

'Oh, about £100.'

'Very well. I'll come up and investigate.'

'I don't know much about insurance,' she said.

'It's very plain, ma'am.'

'If I'm insured for £100 and the house burns up I get the money, do I?'

'Certainly.'

'And they don't ask who set afire?'

'Oh, but they do. We shall want to know all about it.'

'Then you needn't come up,' she said, as she rose to go. 'I heard there was some catch about it somewhere, and now I see where it is.'

THE CIGARETTE BACILLUS.

'I BELIEVE you have a son, madam,' said the seedy-looking person who stood between the lady of the house and the back yard.

'Well, what concern of your'n is it if I have twenty sons?'

'The interests of the human race, madam, are my interests. Your son is at this moment on the cigarette route to destruction. You have heard of Professor Koch's cure for consumption, I surmise?'

'I have.'

The seedy one struck a liberty-enlightening the world attitude and said:

'And I, madam, have discovered a cure for cigarette consumption. It is a secret which I keep locked in my overcoat breast pocket. But common humanity demands that I save your son from his fate. I am essentially an after-dinner speaker, however.'

The woman gave him a square meal, and after the chap had distended himself to a terrible degree he wrote a few magic words on a piece of paper, breathed on it, and gave it to his hostess, with the monition: 'Open in three minutes. It is a sure cure. Good-bye.' Then he went away quickly.

The paper, when opened, disclosed the words: 'Kill the boy.'

But the philanthropist had drifted thence.

A REMONSTRANCE BEFORE THE PARTY.

CLAUDIA NEELSON: 'Come, sister, is you ready?'

Rhody Neelson: 'Yo' little wretch, ef yo' doan' take dat hair down and arrange it some ways different, I'll pull it down. I yain't goin' t' be took for no twin.'

TRIAL BY JURY.

BRET HARTE tells the following story about the first jury in California:—

It was over in the Mariposa Gulch, in '50. They had never had a jury trial there. If a man stole a horse they lynched him, and that settled it. But the people, many of whom came from Massachusetts, began to tire of lynch law and sigh for the good old jury trial of the East. So one day, when Bill Stevens had jumped a poor man's claim, the Massachusetts fellows resolved to give him a good old-fashioned jury trial. They took him into the back end of the board Post Office, selected a jury, and the trial commenced. Dozens of witnesses were called, and finally the jury retired to agree on a verdict. When they had about concluded that Jim was innocent the boys outside came banging at the door.

'What do you fellows want?' asked the foreman through the keyhole.

'We want to know if you h'aint about agreed on the verdict. If you h'aint you'll have to get out. We want this room to lay out the corpse in!'

SOMETHING IMMINENT.

MCHAGGAN (indignantly): 'Foorst it's movin' th' sign 't wan ind o' th' ditch, an' thin it's movin' it t' th' other, all th' blissid day!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOMMY: 'What makes the world go round, papa?' Father: (absent-mindedly): 'Champagne generally, sometimes beer.'

Jones: 'Was it not disgraceful the way in which Smith snored in church yesterday?' Brown: 'I should think it was. Why, he wakened us all.'

'This,' said the dear girl, as she led the way into a secluded little nook in the conservatory, 'is what papa calls his "match-box." Everybody comes in here to propose.'

CREATION OF THE WORLD.—Teacher: 'Now, children, God made the world in six days.' Little Joe (with logical turn of mind): 'But He did not finish it. Look at all de houses buildin' and de boys and girls dat have to grow!'

Lawyer: 'Well, aunty, what can I do for you?' Aunt Ebony: 'I want a dee-vo'ce frum ma husban'.' Lawyer: 'What's he been doing?' Aunt Ebony: 'Doin'? Why, he gone got relig'n an' we ain't had a chickun on de table foh a month.'

'The idea of Diana kissing Endymion in his slumber,' said the girl. 'Would you kiss me if I fell asleep, Mr Harvard?' 'I'm afraid I would, Miss Beens.' 'Well, I'd like to see you,' she gently returned, as she removed her spectacles.

WHY HE DID IT.—Old Brown (bringing out the strap): 'Do you know why I'm going to whip you, my son?' Little Johnny: 'Cause I'm small. If I was as big as that man next door who called you a liar last night you wouldn't put a finger on me.'

Fred: 'What! Fight a duel on account of a woman? No, sir. If I caught a man flirting with my wife I'd invite him to come for a day's shooting—just as I've invited you—and then if an accident were to occur—' John: 'Heavens! I hope you don't suspect me!'

'My friends and fellow citizens,' began the impassioned orator, 'the gentleman whom we are about to nominate is a man beyond suspicion.' 'Sure that's what he is,' shouted an opposing voter. 'What we've got ag'in him is all facts.'

AN ANTI-CLIMAX.—Lady lecturer on Woman's Rights (growing warm): 'Where would man be if it had not been for woman.' (After a pause, and looking around the hall.) 'I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman?' Voice from the gallery: 'E'd be in Paradise, ma'am.'

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS.—Globetrotle: 'Did you ever travel on a personally conducted tour?' Mr Meeke: 'Often.' Globetrotle: 'Whom did you have for manager?' Mr Meeke: 'My wife.'

Mr Sampson (passionately): 'I love you devotedly, Miss Chumley, but my pecuniary affairs have prevented my making a declaration until now. But I have put enough away now to feel justified in asking you to become my wife.' Miss Chumley (hesitating, but sweetly): 'I confess that I am not wholly indifferent to you, but—but——' 'But what, dear?' 'Would you mind telling me how much you have put away?'

MISS GOWITT: 'Why did you come down to the beach, Mr Colday?'

Mr Colday: 'To see you.'

Miss Gowitt: 'Well, you may as well go back to the city. I don't bathe; I only stroll down to the beach to look on.'

TWO ANECDOTES.

THERE is a good story told of the Duke of Northumberland, who is said when he travels on the local railway to travel third-class. The officials, not liking this, tried to make him give up the habit, so filled his compartment with chimney-sweeps carrying sacks of soot; but when the duke arrived at his destination he took the sweeps to the booking office and bought them each a first class ticket back again, and put one in each first-class carriage, sacks and all. After this they gave up trying to make him travel first-class. This suggests the story about the Bishop of Newcastle, who, early in his career as a bishop, sometimes travelled third-class to mix with the lower orders. A pitman was one day his companion in a third class carriage. Talk commenced, and the miner put the query, 'Noo aw's warnd yer a country curate.'

The bishop, surprised and not altogether pleased, replied, 'No, I once was.'

The miner believing the bishop had come down in the world, 'Aye, aye, i'll just be drink agyen, my gox.'

Further explanations were necessary under the circumstances.

THE CITY DRUG CLERK.

He is well up in physic, has a recipe for phthisic, that will cure a case that's chronic in the quickest sort of style,
For while he was at college he absorbed all sorts of knowledge with a keenness and avidity that made his teachers smile.

He can tell you to a fraction, writing out the full reaction, how much maltose is converted when you brew a pint of beer,
For on subetances organic whose origin's botanic he's a mine of information and was never know to err.

He is up in mathematics, can explain electrostatics, when it comes to pharmacognosy he's a perfect mine of wealth.
He can analyze a water, and can tell you what you ought to do to make it fit to drink without injuring your health.

He explains the metric system with an air of sapient wisdom, he knows a little Latin, on a pinch 'spricht etwas Deutsch.'
He reads the leading journal, and his wit springs ever vernal, and when discussing politics he's never in the lurch.

He can draw you soda water with an air of freezing hauteur, that quite precludes neceseity for having any ice;
Though when customers are pretty he can be very witty, and the girls unite in saying that he's everything that's nice.

Such a brainy aggregation is quite fit to rule a nation, yet he deals out pills and powders with a condescending air
For a paltry compensation, that's a shame to his vocation, and I leave it to the public, do you think that this is fair?

IN EXTREMIS.

MRS PRUNELLE: 'What in the world are you doing, Robert?'

Mr Prunelle: 'Since that feminine craze for men's linen came in you've indulged in it so that this is the only thing I can find to put on.'