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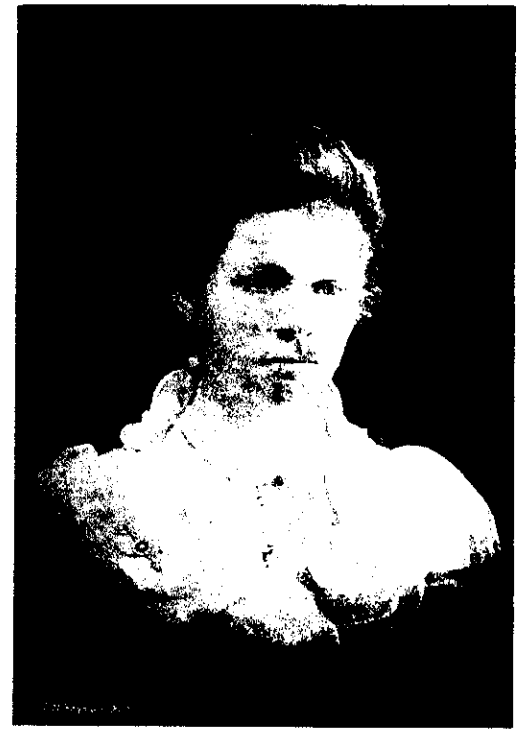
LORD ADMIRAL SCOTT AND LADY CHARLES SCOTT.

RECENTLY New Zealand has been the scene of the visit of the English fleet, consisting of the Orlando (Admiral Scott's flagship), the Curaçoa, the Goldfinch, the Lizard, and the Rapid, together with a German, an Austrian, and two French ships of war, and Auckland was at one time over-run with more than two thousand English sailors and other tars of divers nationalities. Conspicuous in the numerous entertainments which have been given in honour of the nautical visitors have been Lord and Lady Charles Scott, who, as guests of the Governor and the Countess of Onslow, figured prominently in all the various social functions of note, and made themselves much liked by their kindly English ways.

When in Auckland the Admiral made the welcome statement that there was every probability of New Zealand becoming a permanent naval station for at least two vessels, so that there are more stirring times in store for the ladies who love to mingle in the mazy waltz and find the conventional swallow-tail growing irksome.

Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Scott, at present in command of the Australian squadron, is the fourth son of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. He was born in the year 1839, and is therefore in his fifty-second year. From the year 1879 to the year 1882 he commanded H.M.S. Bacchante. In 1888 he attained his majority, and towards the end of 1889 he assumed the command of the flagship of the English fleet in Australasian waters. Lord Admiral Scott is an excellent type of the modern British naval officer, in whom the graces of the landsman and the *bon-homie* of the sailor intermingle in a way differing from that of the old days of long voyages and seclusion in remote un-Europeanised stations. Lady Charles Scott is the daughter of a wealthy Melbournian, and during the period of his command Lord and Lady Charles Scott intend making their home in the neighbourhood of the Victorian capital.

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES SCOTT



LADY CHARLES SCOTT.

ON LIVING LIFE AGAIN.

A DISCUSSION is going on in the *Forum* as to whether we would like to live our lives over again—as if it were a matter of theory! I know lots of people who are doing it. Their whole existence is an endless repetition; and we must conclude they like it, since they continue the practice. To men of business it is certainly pleasurable, or, at all events, preferable to any novel course, or why, after having 'made their pile,' should they pass their days—with no other object than to make it a little higher—in a city office? With men of pleasure, when they grow old, the system is more difficult to carry out, but it is certain that they would if they could, for they try their best. As to the question whether one would like to be a child again and cut one's teeth, and have the measles, or to be a boy, and learn Greek, I cannot conceive any person of intelligence, entertaining such aspirations. The 'myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty' are indeed very attractive, but a man cannot be always two-and-twenty (nor even a woman beyond ten years or so), and, even if he could, it would be necessary on coming of age that he should come into something else in the way of a little property, which does not always happen. Beranger, it is true, describes himself as happy as a lark at that age, though he lived in an attic; but we are not all poets, nor even philosophers. Poets themselves do not always 'begin in gladness,' or, at all events their bliss is transient. Byron tells us that he had but two happy days in all his life, an Goethe could only count up eight of them (including Sundays). These calculations, let us hope, are below the average; but a man must have been exceptionally fortunate indeed, or be very easily satisfied, who would have all his experiences of existence duplicated. It is not, of course, surprising that when some people come to the end of their tether they should cry, 'Oh, if I could live my life again!' but what they mean is that they would live it quite differently (which, it is ten to one, if they had the chance, they would not). They are not enamoured of this world, but alarmed at that which is to come, and remind one of the gentleman on board ship in Rabelais, who exclaimed, 'Oh that I were safe on dry land, with somebody kicking me behind!'—not that he liked being kicked, but was in fear of being drowned.

JAMES PAYN

Frank Melton's Luck;

OR,

OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

AN ORIGINAL STORY. BY THOMAS COTTLE, REMUERA, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HAUHAUS—WAR AT PATEA—DEATH OF VON TEMPSKY.

SHORTLY after my safe return to Wanganui with the cattle, war broke out again, this time at Patea, a township to the north of us. Nearly all the young men about were joining the volunteers, so, not to be behindhand, I begged uncle to spare me for a time, and as he agreed, I was lucky enough to get enlisted in the company of Forest Rangers to which Harry belonged. They were engaged in trying to quell the disturbance at Patea. I have previously mentioned the Hauhaus, but it might not be out of place to give a short account of them here. About the year 1865 a Maori named Te Ua taught this new religion, if it could be termed such. There is little doubt but that he was a lunatic. It is, however, well known that no religious teacher can be so mad that he will not find any quantity of followers, even amongst the most civilized races. How much more, then, amongst a race as excitable as the Maori. The principal ceremony indulged in by these followers of the false prophet was a dance round a pole, on which was fixed the preserved head of one of their enemies, who happened to have fallen into their cruel hands, singing some meaningless words over and over again, and making a hideous noise resembling as much as possible the word Hauhau, or the barking of a dog, from which originated the name of their sect. They were taught that their god required them to kill missionaries, and burn all the Bibles they could get hold of.

I must now return to the time of my joining the Rangers. My aunt and uncle appeared to be a model husband and wife. They had certainly both had previous experience, which must be a great advantage. Fanny had received a letter from Grosvenor, but to her astonishment, instead of having English stamps and postmarks on it, it had evidently been posted in New Zealand. The envelope had inscribed on it, 'Per favour Mr Blake.' The writer mentioned to explain this that he had been writing to Blake on business, and had enclosed Fanny's note to save postage. Blake had therefore posted it on. I could see at a glance, when someone alluded to this in my presence, that Fanny was awfully annoyed at it, although she only remarked that she was surprised that he thought of petty economies; it was not like him. He requested also that she would send her answers to Blake, who was always posted up in his different addresses, and would forward letters straight to him. He was, in fact, his confidential agent in New Zealand.

My two fair cousins did not at all appreciate my determination to join the forces. Fanny in particular was very urgent in her entreaties that I should not go. The tears were in her beautiful eyes as I rode away, and I did not soon forget the warmth of her handclasp, or her kind, sisterly salute—only sisterly, though. 'God bless you, Frank, and send you back safe to us,' she said, in feeling tones. I confess I was much touched, and almost altered my determination at the last moment. It is more than probable that, but for Grosvenor's assertion in his letter that he did not hope to be with her till the end of the year, I should never have done my little towards settling the Maori disturbances. He said that his father's illness had caused business entanglements which imperatively required his presence to unravel. I therefore thought it would be quite safe to leave her for a month or so, by which time I hoped the war might be over.

Major Von Tempsky had just arrived from Auckland, having been summoned to lead his men against the Hauhaus at Patea. Harry informed him of my desire to join the Rangers, and he replied that he would be only too happy to enrol any of Harry's friends, especially if they were lads of his spirit.

I was no sooner with them than we were off to Waihi, where several murders had recently been committed by the fanatics, who were acting under the order of their leader, Titokowaru. Just after our arrival, a redoubt, occupied by Captain Ross and twenty-five men, situated about three miles to the south of our camp, was attacked by the rebels at about four o'clock on a Sunday morning. We heard firing, and, mounting our horses, galloped to the redoubt at full speed. They had, however, seen us coming, and bolted into the bush. To pursue them in the dense underscrub, in the darkness of the early morning, would have been worse than useless, as they knew every hole and corner, and we did not. We therefore rode back to the redoubt.

The sight that met our eyes there was one which, at this distance of time, makes my heart sick as I write. Judge, then, the effect it would have on a raw recruit, who had never before witnessed a fellow-creature in the power of our universal foe—Death—in any form. I felt a cold, creeping horror in all my limbs, and I could not for weeks afterwards efface from my aching eyelids the horrible scene. Just inside the gateway, covered with gore, and fearfully mutilated with the cruel tomahawk, his heart literally torn out, lay the body of Captain Ross, while strewed around, and all more or less disfigured—some, indeed, almost chopped to pieces—were the still reeking remains of nine or ten of his men. We could only find three of the enemy dead on the field, but doubtless they carried off all they could, fearful that we should follow their example by wreaking vengeance on the slain.

About a fortnight afterwards the escort of the commissariat cart was attacked by seventy or eighty Hauhaus, not far from one of our outposts. We were soon on the spot, and they again fled. We managed to give them a volley ere they reached the bush, which gave them additional burdens to carry in the way of corpses.

Comparative inaction while our enemy were thus employed was little to our taste, and we were delighted when the word was passed that Colonel McDonnell would proceed with two hundred men to try and capture the stronghold in which these incarnate fiends were ensconced, and from which they, every now and again, emerged on the excursions described above. It rejoiced in the euphonious name of 'Te Ngutu o te Manu,' signifying in English the 'Beak of the Bird.' It was pouring with rain as we marched in the early morning, and the Waingongoro River, which we had to cross, was flooded. We passed some rifle pits and earthworks, constructed by the enemy with the idea of serving for a cover to harass us when we approached. Had we happened to use that road a day sooner, we should, undoubtedly, have received too warm a welcome, for there were recent footprints of gentlemen who did not generally wear boots, showing they had but lately left. The peaceful natives now rarely go barefoot, but these sable warriors found that they could glide about more swiftly and silently without these luxuries. We tramped on, wet and weary, till we came to the pa, which was surrounded by a strong palisading of stakes driven into the ground, and strongly bound together with vines and creepers. We halted while the colonel and a few men reconnoitred. The natives evidently had neither seen nor heard us. The order to advance was given, and with a mighty yell, rendered as diabolical as we knew how to make it, we rushed up to the pa. Finding a track in, we made use of it, and fired several volleys at the astonished natives. They returned our fire, but soon retreated to the bush which surrounded it. We found nine of them dead, and a goodly number of bullets, a few arms, and some cartridges of very primitive manufacture. Although the law was very stringent, forbidding the sale of firearms and ammunition to the native race, yet there were dishonest white men who made enough out of this trade to pay the fines had they been ten times as large, and secure a handsome profit besides. Our loss at this engagement was trifling.

These were not times for dallying, and orders were soon again passed round to be in readiness to leave our outpost at three o'clock the next morning, to the number of about three hundred, one hundred of whom were friendly Wanganui natives, to attack another pa, in which the famous Hauhau leader, Titokowaru, was known to be at the time. The division in which Harry and I served was, as usual, commanded by our brave and gallant Major Von Tempsky. Poor fellow, little he knew — yet none the less boldly would he have marched forth had he known—that that day would be his last on earth. Such was his utter disregard of—or I might more aptly say his ignorance of—the very sensation of fear, even were it the fear of the Grim Destroyer, himself. Captain McDonnell commanded the native contingent, and few men better understood how to manage, to the greatest advantage, this most serviceable body of men. Major Hunter had charge of the third division, while Colonel McDonnell had command of the whole force. The march was again a most wearisome one. We crossed the Waingongoro River, as usual, and when at last we had to traverse the bush, the track, while we were able to follow it, was execrable—knee deep in mud, with slippery roots sticking up every here and there like man-traps. But bad as this was, the difficulties were as nothing compared to those when we were ordered to take a detour through the trackless bush, forcing our way through the tangled underscrub as best we could, with due regard to the imperative necessity of moving as quietly as we possibly were able. At last we approached the pa, and we had no sooner halted at some little distance from it than we received a heavy fire. The very heavens appeared to be raining bullets, for, cunningly concealed admist the gnarled and twisted branches of the mighty rata trees, were doubtless some of the best shots amongst the rebels, who picked off all too many of our men with unerring aim. We endeavoured in vain to dislodge them by returning their fire wherever we saw the deadly flash and smoke of a shot dart from the dense foliage. They attributed our failure in hitting them to the fact that their god had rendered them invulnerable while engaged in such a conflict. They did not perceive in their blind devotion that, in this case, they did not pay the old gentleman a very great compliment in according to him the power of guarding them from harm, when they were safely bidden from it by the impervious nature of their ambush. Our fearless Von Tempsky pleaded to be permitted to rush the pa with his boys, but I candidly own, I for one, was not grieved to hear that Colonel McDonnell had refused his sanction. I felt, as doubtless he did, that it would be too reckless a wasting of life. I was not a coward, but I was hardly cut out for a volunteer in a forlorn hope. Here in this mighty forest, usually a scene of sublime and peaceful grandeur, giving one a sensation of almost holy calm, the sight of men—nay, rather incarnate fiends (for are not men engaged in deadly strife better so described?) doing their utmost to destroy one another, and the consciousness that I was one of them, jarred on me, and made me wish that I was far away, and regret that I had ever become a soldier. Harry, on the contrary, was mad to be at them, and swore roundly when we were ordered to cover the retreat of the rest of the force. We were still exposed to a very heavy fire, and it was now that our dearly-loved Von Tempsky, in his strenuous efforts to keep his men, who were disorganized by this unexpected and disastrous repulse, as much as possible under cover, fell, struck by a bullet. Captain Buck and Lieutenant Hunter fell shortly after, the former while stooping down to try and remove poor Von Tempsky's body. Colonel McDonnell was now beating a retreat with as many of the wounded as his men could carry, and he managed to get back to camp by about ten o'clock that night; but having to bring up the rear and harass the pursuing enemy, we did well to get off at all ourselves. Our officers were almost all either shot dead, or badly wounded.

It was not the least of our troubles that we had to leave the bodies of some of our boldest comrades on the field to be abused by the fiendish foe. We were closely pursued, and the Hauhaus kept up a murderous fire. Sub-Inspector Roberts was now in charge, and his task of extricating us from the bush was no ordinary one. Lieutenant Hastings and seventeen men fell as we retreated. The screams of the wounded as the enemy reached them were heartrending. To try to assist them would mean simply going back into the jaws of a death of hellish torture ourselves. At dusk the foe ceased their pursuit, and we halted till the moon should rise, that we might see our way out of the murky bush. There were men among us whose tongues were far more apt at curses than at prayers, yet who prayed that night that God would mercifully grant speedy insensibility to the badly wounded who were in the power of the relentless Hauhaus. Not a few of them were hurled, screaming with agony from rough handling, on to slow fires. War is at all times cruel. It would be difficult, however, to imagine an attack fraught with more danger and destruction than one on an enemy, whose numbers were not even known, in a bush as dense as I have described, and where each tree near the pa might contain amid its matted branches, as in this case, warriors who are no mean proficients in the art of sharp-shooting, and whose natural home is the bush. All honour, then, to those brave spirits who, even at the last, wished to charge and drive the devils from their den.

I have admitted I was not of them, but I envy them. I will not here enter into the wisdom or otherwise of the attack. I am only writing a history of our lives, therefore I only mention it as it affected us. Many of Von Tempsky's men, feeling that they would never again have the chance of serving under such a leader, and thoroughly disgusted with their defeat, deserted. Titokowaru, emboldened by his success, advanced on Wanganui, burning houses and creating as much destruction as possible. However, he was at length driven off, and the war on the West Coast died out. The friendly natives deserved great praise. Knowing the country so well, and thoroughly understanding the mode of warfare, they rendered us great assistance. Indeed, if one-half the money expended in bringing out the Imperial troops, and sustaining them in New Zealand, had been expended in the better training and paying colonial volunteers, both English and Maori, the war would have been of much shorter duration.

CHAPTER XXV.

WELCOME HOME—OUR DOCTOR.

I SHALL have little or no more to write on war-like topics. Indeed, some of my fair readers may have wished that I had omitted them altogether, but as I wished to make this a true chronicle of our daily lives, I could not well leave out the discordant elements. I was, I need hardly affirm, most heartily glad to get back to the old home again. I found uncle and the family had all returned to the run after having, in company with other scattered settlers, taken refuge in the town during these troublous times. They had been delighted to find, on returning, that no damage had been done to the old homestead, as it fortunately lay out of the track taken by the rebels. I rode up unexpectedly to the gate one evening, and, giving my horse to Tim, went quietly into the house. In the hall I surprised Fanny, who had heard a step on the verandah. The dear girl threw her shapely arms around me, and pressed her full, warm lips to mine in a clinging embrace, in her delight at seeing me safe at home. What though it was a thought too cousinly, it was none the less welcome to me who had just returned from scenes of war, hatred and strife. I clasped her to my breast, and she had no cause to find fault with the warmth of my responses. There was nothing amiss in them. Aunt and Alice hearing my voice, hurried out of the dining-room. The former grasped my hand, and declaring she must hug her brave soldier nephew, gave me a warm salute. It was by no means bad for an aunt, but I did not care for it as much as for Fanny's. Alice also ventured a very mild one, while the tears of pleasure at my safe return stood in her gentle eyes.

'Now, fair ladies,' I observed at last, 'allow me to retire to my room and exchange this ragged uniform for a more fitting dress. But what is that?' A noise such as I had never heard before in that house attracted my attention. It evidently originated in the dining-room, and entering, I beheld, reclining on a new and somewhat startling piece of furniture, a stranger. His features, although I was certain I had never before beheld them, bore a ridiculous resemblance to uncle's. They were, however, much more minute, and less hirsute.

'What's that, Frank? How can you ask such a stupid question? Don't you see it's a baby? and a lovely little fellow you are, arn't you pet? exclaimed Fanny, addressing the last query to the stranger, who crowed with pleasure at the soft impeachment.

I paid my respects to the new cousin, and even kissed him. I particularly disliked babies in those days, as a rule, and am not going to admit that I made an exception of this one. No; all they could get out of me was that 'I thought he might be a nice boy when he grew up.' He certainly was not now, for whether it was through having arrived in the midst of war's alarms and the disquietude of the times I cannot venture to affirm, but a more noisy and restless young reprobate never existed.

By the time I had changed my clothes and returned to the dining-room uncle came in, vigorously grasped my hand, and showed how pleased he was at my return. He always proved the heartiness and geniality of his disposition by that firm handshake. Preserve me from the man who allows your hand to barely touch his cold clammy one, then drops it! The ladies inquired whether I had been wounded. I showed them what I regarded as a few slight scratches. They thought them severe. I allowed them to have their

own opinion. Sympathy from one's lady friends is, to say the least, balmy.

Altogether I spent a very happy evening. Charlie came in later on, and I found his thirst for information about the various skirmishes, in which I had taken part, difficult to satisfy. He had been very vexed that he was not allowed to join us. After talking myself hoarse, and fighting my battles over again by my uncle's hearth—far the most pleasant place to fight them, by-the-bye—we heard a knock at the door, and on Charlie opening it, our doctor appeared.

'Good evening, ladies and gents. Late visit this, but you know, Mrs Melton, I promised to see you once again, and as I had to pass your gate on my way back from visiting a sick man up the road, I thought I'd give you a call, especially as I heard Mr Forest Ranger had returned from the war-path. I thought my services might be required to patch up some holes in him.'

'Thank you, doctor,' I replied, 'but I do not think I shall require your services.'

'Well, I am sure you do,' interposed aunt. 'Show him that bullet mark on your arm, Frank. In my opinion it looks very queer.'

'Oh, that's nothing, aunt. Not worth talking about, I'm sure.'

'Well, don't talk about it, but let's have a look at it. It won't do you any harm, and I never like to miss the chance of a job. Blood-poisoning, by Jove!' as I showed it to him. 'I must see to this at once.'

The doctor was an oddity, about the medium height, with considerable corpulence. A professional or dressy appearance was not his strong point. His costume was generally a plain snuff-coloured suit with a black billy-cock hat. His worst fault was an excessive fondness for whiskey, a by no means uncommon failing in the profession in the old days up-country. The long journeys they had to perform, often in the roughest weather on execrable roads, at all hours of the day or night, together with the unpleasant tasks they had to undertake, and the invariable habit of shouting, which has been previously mentioned, when even the merest acquaintances met—the doctor was, of course, 'hail-fellow-well-met' with the whole country side—all these reasons combined were some little excuse for the failing. He had great faith in the virtues of many of the shrubs and trees common to New Zealand, and especially in those of the blue gum, originally imported here, but which we look on almost as a native, and he always held that an All-wise Providence had placed remedies at our doors if we only had the sense to make use of them, instead of wasting money by sending to other countries for drugs not half so benelicial. He therefore made for himself a variety of preparations of the eucalyptus, the koromiko, the kohekohe, and a host of others, and was remarkably successful in curing the patients who put themselves under his care.

His peculiar hobby was match-making. It pleased him mightily when, by his efforts, a pair were brought together and 'hitched up,' as he termed it. Nor did it trouble him how they suited one another afterwards. If it was pointed out to him that they were leading a 'cat-and-dog' life, he always affirmed that it was their own faults; that they were admirably adapted for one another by constitution, family history, etc.; that they ought to be happy, and if they were not, he couldn't help it.

A diffident young friend of ours, with a painfully slow enunciation, once sought his assistance in securing a partner. The doctor, after a little consideration, sent him to call on an old couple at Patea who possessed a pair of marriageable daughters, the elder very nice-looking, but the younger decidedly plain.

The youth presented the doctor's letter of introduction, and was asked to stay and take dinner with them. The old gentleman was absent, but the ladies were particularly gracious to the doctor's young friend, though highly amused at his keen surreptitious glances at them, when he thought he was unobserved. If detected he blushed scarlet, and occupied himself with his plate The result of this scrutiny became plain on the young ladies leaving the room to clear the table. The doctor's instructions were carried out to the letter, but far more abruptly than they should have been. With much stuttering and stammering, which I need not inflict on the reader, he preferred his request.

'Would you have any objection, dear madam, to my calling here occasionally to pay my addresses to your eldest daughter?'

'I am really very sorry, Mr Tombkins,' exclaimed his hostess, with a quiet, mischievous smile, for she heard, though he did not, the subdued titter of the young ladies at the keyhole, 'but my eldest daughter is engaged' (which was the case). Then, after a pause, 'but the younger is not, and we shall be very proud to receive your visits.'

'But she is so horribly ugly,' he exclaimed, the bare idea frightening him to such an extent that he expressed his thoughts in plain words.

A convulsive shriek of laughter from the passage did not, I believe, decrease his haste in taking his leave. His confusion at this frightful breach of good manners made him quite forget to bid the young ladies adieu.

To return to our friend, the doctor, we did not, of course, allow him to go further that night. We all thoroughly enjoyed his company. His stories of his colonial experiences were delightfully varied and entertaining. A doctor who depended entirely on his profession in a scattered up country district for a livelihood, would soon have need of neither profession nor livelihood, for all his skill would not save him from starving. Knowing this, the worthy doctor attempted to improve matters by farming, but the eccentric manner in which he carried out everything he undertook prevented him from amassing much wealth. He experimented recklessly on the vital powers of any members of his flocks and herds which happened to be sick, and they did not appear to thrive under the treatment. His liberality was also a considerable bar to the successful accumulation of property, for it was as unbounded as the mode of exercising it was peculiar. One example will suffice. In going to pay a professional call on a working man with a large family, who-e continued ill-health and consequent inability to work had rendered him almost penniless, our friend would put a sack of flour in the buggy, if it was a road he could drive on, and after roughly asking the man to settle his account, he would answer his entreaties for time by telling him to let his boys work it out by carrying the flour bag into the house. When the recipient endeavoured to thank him for his kindness, he would exhibit much annoyance, and relapse into his usual rough manner of speaking. Benevolence was his motive, not the applause or thanks of men, and he would not endure them.

The morning after his arrival it was pouring with rain, and he said as he was in such good quarters and had no urgent cases to visit he would remain where he was. We were not sorry to hear him arrive at this decision. I was especially pleased, as my wound had been very painful all night—in revenge, I presume, for my having termed it a scratch—and I felt far from well when I came down to breakfast. The doctor immediately ordered me off to bed again. This proved to me that I was seriously ill, for he had a great scorn of any one who would lie in bed for a trifle. And, indeed, I was not far wrong, for the rough life I had lately led, exposure to wet and cold, often sleeping in clothes drenched with fording rivers, had, together with my wound, completely prostrated me. It was now that I fully appreciated Fanny's kindness of heart, for at my sick bed she threw off all reserve, all little differences and unkind words were forgotten, and she was again the tender-hearted woman to me—not the easy offended, imperious girl she had been previous to my military experiences. But although it was grand to feel her soothing presence, yet the distracting thought was ever present with me, that it was only as a cousin she treated me, that another might take my darling from me sooner or later, and that other——

One day she had been more than usually kind to me. I was getting much better and was sitting up. We were

MAJOR VON TEMPSKY

alone together, and I thought I would again endeavour to persuade her to listen to my tale of love.

'What a happy couple aunt and uncle make, do they not Fanny?' I began.

'Yes, they seem particularly adapted for one another. It is a perfect marriage as far as we can judge,' returned my cousin, and thinking I noticed a blush on her soft cheeks, I took it for encouragement.

'Fanny, my darling,' I said, grasping her hand, which she did not withdraw, 'I have just risen from a sick bed, and you have been excessively kind to me. I owe you a debt of gratitude, which it shall be my aim to repay.'

'Repay it at once then by never alluding to it again, my boy,' was her unsatisfactory answer.

'I cannot do it that way. I must allude to it again, and endeavour to persuade you to allow me to save your life's happiness in return for your having probably saved my life by your careful nursing. I cannot, Fanny, no, I cannot bear to see you going on the way you are going, without stepping forward and telling you that, loving you as passionately and devotedly as I do, it is killing me to see you made the sport of a fellow like Grosvenor. He is playing a double game with you and Julia Robinson. I know for a positive fact he is engaged to her as well as you.'

Had I watched her face, as in my emotion I failed to do, I should have seen that her colour was not a signal of encouragement but of danger. She was simply speechless from amazement at my audacity in daring to make such statements, not as I fondly imagined, from a tender desire to hear me out. She petulantly withdrew her hand. I did not interpret this movement rightly, but resumed my subject quite innocently.

'And then to think of his not having written you for such a time. I have very good reason to believe he is not at home at all. Oh, Fanny! pause while you yet have time. I do not ask you to love me, but for God's sake do not marry this man. Though I love you as a man only loves once in a life time, yet I only say, have nothing to do with him.'

The rich crimson hue which now suffused the usual roses in her cheeks, the quick upraising of her dewy eyelids as her glance met mine, showed that her deeper nature was touched—that it was not all displeasure which they manifested. There was a tenderness striving for possession with the wrath, but what would be the result?

'Frank, I really do believe now that you love me more than he does. You are capable of a deeper love, yet he——'

'A letter for you, Fanny, from your boy,' interposed Charlie, bursting into the room, and darting off again with a significant look at me.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DOCTOR GIVES ADVICE—FANNY NURSES ME—I TRY TO MAKE LOVE.

THE sight of a letter from her lover had the effect of shattering all the good which I flattered myself I had effected, and called back all her faith in him. Clasping it tightly in her hand, her wrath burst forth in no measured tones. 'Frank, I thought I had commanded you never to mention his name to me again! And now, in return for my trying to be nice to you, you have aspersed him most cruelly for your own ends! If this love you boast so much about induces you to repeat lying reports about him, preserve me from it!' and she left the room like an offended princess. Yes, left the room—simple words describing a simple act. But what a tangled mass of unexplained trouble? What a load of unalleviated sorrow, often cruelly or carelessly, as the case may be, is also left behind when one party takes this means of ending a conversation?

'Would to Heaven,' I inwardly exclaimed, 'that I had never uttered a word on the subject!' It seemed there was no help for me. I was continually making matters worse instead of better. From the contents of Grosvenor's letter it would appear that he was getting very tired of his enforced absence from his lady love, and sincerely hoped he would soon be able to come and claim her; that business of importance, as well as his father's continued very feeble health, still chained him at home; that he was glad to say the business was progressing favourably to his interests, and a lot more in the same strain. How Fanny could have credited these everlasting excuses I could never understand. She became, however, most capricious and changeable, at times as affable and pleasant as usual, at others irritable and depressed. It added considerably to my trouble to see her o. I always felt that if I had but had a fair chance I could have won her love. Had she not been influenced by her womanly pride at having secured the affections of a gentleman who was all the rage, as Grosvenor appeared to be, in the circle in which she first met him, which pride she had mistaken for love, I am firmly convinced I should have been favoured with the true love of her heart. But what credit would there be in gaining an uncontested battle. No; to meet the foe in a fair field and vanquish him, that was the true test. But was the field a fair one? The weapons my adversary used were deceit and lies to which I would not stoop. Truth shall prevail, it has been said, but Fanny would not listen to my truth. But if I could not use his weapons neither could he use mine. True love in its best sense, honourably and uprightly expressed, would be as foreign to him as his pretensions and falsehoods would to me. I must yet have patience and await my opportunity. The fact that I could not believe that my cousin really loved my rival gave me some comfort. I will do her the credit to allow that it was her firm impression that she did, that she was deceived as to her true feelings. She had inherited from her father an obstinacy in her likes and dislikes, which would brook no opposition or dictation, and which, in unreasoning stubbornness, outdid his. When she had once made up her mind that she loved Grosvenor, every opposing argument served only to strengthen it, and enlisted sympathy in its cause, and consequently the ideal love was increased, until in her imagination it became a very real one. The reader will naturally inquire why on earth I remained at home to suffer the misery I did from always having the object of my unrequited affections before my eyes. The reason was that I always hoped against hope that my rival's misdeeds would be discovered, and that I should then perhaps have a chance of making my life—what I fervently wished to make it some day—as near perfection as life can be made, even in New Zealand, which is quite near enough to please me.

The doctor who had been attending me quickly discovered my mental trouble, and being so intimate with us all, knew very well what was the reason of it. He volunteered a speedy cure if I would but follow his instructions.

'You must know,' he said, 'if you have any sense, that your cousin will marry Grosvenor. Go for another girl. Never waste your love, time, and trouble on one already booked, unless you are certain you can cut the other fellow out, which, from all I see, I doubt. Now, there is old Frost's eldest daughter. She's a marriageable age, and on the lookout for a husband. Why don't you go for her? She'd be the very thing for you. Grand girl to work, and a first-rate housekeeper.'

This Miss Frost was the venerable damsel whose attempts at condolence had been so effectively silenced by Fanny on the day which was to have seen her wedding.

'Well, doctor,' I replied, 'strange to say, I have made up my mind, when I do marry, to take a less antiquated and more aniounted partner than Miss Frost will prove. I will have Fanny or none. I then informed him of my knowledge of Grosvenor's engagement to Julia, and my great difficulty in convincing my cousin of the fact, on account of her always accusing me of making spiteful misstatements when I uttered a word about her lover.

'Well, Frank, this looks awkward for him, but a good deal better for you. Certainly, from what you tell me, the fellow must be a bad egg. I have never met him, and of course it would not do for me to judge him by your account of him alone, for I don't think you would like to be judged by his account of you. Rivals cannot be expected to do one another justice, so I'll wait till I have a chance of forming an impartial opinion about him. There seems to be no

hurry, as from his letter, or what you say about it, he won't turn up yet awhile. Manage when he does come to arrange that he shall meet Julia in your house when Fanny is present; that's your lay. I don't suppose he knows that they have moved over here, and you'll catch him properly.'

'Yes, that would be a good move. If I can fix it up so, I will. But won't you speak to uncle about him yourself, doctor? He would listen to you.'

'Certainly not till I know more of him. If Melton was to ask where I got the information from, I should have to say from Frank. "Pshaw!" he would answer. "I have heard all that before," or something to that effect.'

'But I have not told him. I would much rather you did. He'd pay much more attention to you.'

'I never repeat what I hear till I can prove the truth of it,' returned the stubborn old man. 'Wait, as I say, and arrange the meeting properly, and there will be ructions. Mind you ask me to see the fun.'

'But doctor, you know the Robinsons, after remaining a week or so in their new place, left for a trip round the South Island. Goodness knows when they will be back. Mr Robinson left a man in charge, but he neither knows when they will return, nor their address. If I had known where to address a letter to him, I would have written myself, and put him on his guard against the scoundrel.'

'Oh, they will be back before Grosvenor. You may depend on that.'

I did not relate to Aunt and Alice what I had heard in Auckland, for I found that Fanny and her father had so imbued them with the idea that I would either do or say anything to break off the match, and they had often desired me not to mention his name unless I could say something good about him. This I knew would signify silence about him for the rest of my natural life. I must wait till the Robinsons' returned, and trust to Providence.

I had regained my health, and started work again, doing whatever was required of me, but not with the old vigour or energy. While I was in this restless and depressed state, increased by Fanny's fitful behaviour and evident unhappiness, I came to the conclusion that I could not bear to remain in the same house with her any longer. I found myself totally unable to carry out my previously expressed determination to stay and await patiently whatever might betide. I therefore sought an interview with uncle in his private room.

'Uncle, I am come to have a little serious conversation with you.'

'Oh, about Fanny, eh? My dear boy it's no good. What do you keep bothering about her for. She's fixed her mind on Grosvenor. If she hadn't it would be no good you bothering about her. You couldn't keep a wife for years yet.'

'Wait a bit, uncle. It is about Fanny, but I wasn't going to urge my claim, for I have none, worse luck. I was only going to say that I cannot remain longer in the house to be constantly seeing her as miserable as that cursed wretch is making her by his infernal shilly-shallying behaviour.'

'Miserable! Who says she's miserable? It's only your lovesick imagination. The girl's right enough.'

'Indeed she is not. You never see the bright smiles on her face she used to wear so constantly.'

'Bright smiles! Rot! She can't be always smiling, especially at you. You go about looking as miserable as a bandicoot, and expect a girl to smile at you. Ha! ha! Frank, I didn't think you were such a fool.'

'Well, uncle, I feel I shall be better away for a time.'

'By Jove! you are right, my lad. If you can't act like a man, by all means clear. Didn't think you'd have turned out such a namby-pamby—like a great schoolgirl—with your love nonsense! Pshaw! Let's talk about something else. I was just going to call you. Old Miller, the dealer, wants a score or so of prime fat beasts to make up an order for shipment. Think we can find him any? He says they're hard to get just now. Those that have 'em can't get 'em out of the bush. He offers a rattling good price; but they must be good.'

'I can hardly say. The last draught cleared all the primest of the paddock cattle. If we could only get that far back lot of wild ones out, that have been on the ranges so long, there'd be safe to be some grand ones amongst them, but it would be a caution of a job.'

'It would be a devil of a job. Just the thing, though, to knock the nonsense out of you. Tim and four or five Maoris went after them awhile ago. You were hunting the Hauhaus. I wanted to sell 'em to the commissariat. But I told 'em they'd managed badly; they didn't get a hoof. Tim's a grand hand to follow 'em, but he wants a head for planning a job like that. Tell you what I'll do, give you and Charlie half of the price of all you get out. You can take Tim and one or two Maoris if you want 'em. What d'you say?'

'I'll go if Charlie will, gladly, uncle, or if he won't, I'll undertake it myself, and get an extra Maori or two. But I'm certain he'll go with me.'

I consulted with Charlie, and we agreed to have a thorough good trial at the bush-hunting, and to start as soon as we could possibly make the necessary preparations.

Uncle's offer was a most generous one, for if we succeeded we should have a nice little sum in our pockets. On the other hand, it was a very arduous undertaking. It might mean weeks of weary tramping in the trackless bush, with the result that the cattle were driven further back instead of getting them out. The work, of course, had to be done on foot on account of the density and tangled nature of the undergrub. It is surprising, however, to see the rate at which these wild bush cattle smash through it, turning their heads from side to side to allow the tough supplejack canes to slide off them, if they do not break with the force applied to them. For men on foot to imagine that they could head or turn in the direction they wished a mob of these animals, would be absurd in the extreme. Our idea was to take provisions with us, and after we had found the cattle—which, by-the-bye, would be not unlike finding a needle in a bundle of hay—never to let them rest a moment longer than we could help, but keep dogging them on till they began to consider open country preferable to a bush, haunted by such relentless tormentors as we and our dogs should prove. Our preparations were soon made. We each of us were supplied with a very light blanket. For provisions, a few biscuits, some tea and sugar, billy and pannikins were distributed amongst us. Charlie carried a pig spear, and I had my double barrel, fortunately, a very light one. For clothing we wore moleskin trousers, and blue serge shirts stuffed into them, a leather strap, to which the inevitable sheath knife was attached, and in the case of Tim and the Maori a tomahawk also. For meat we relied on getting a wild pig now and then. Horses were to be tethered in a certain gully, where, from the nature of the country, we guessed it most likely that the cattle would break cover, so that we could immediately mount, and so gain complete command of our prey, and prevent them breaking again for the bush. Uncle and a boy we employed about the place would ride out every now and then on the open to be ready to give assistance if it was required, and to tether our horses on fresh feed, or pick up stray cattle which might have been hurried out, before we came up with a lot worth our following. This job I felt would be altogether the best thing that could happen to me, for it led my thoughts into a fresh channel, and would entail severe bodily exercise, which must cause sleep, and prevent the wakeful or dream-distorted restless nights I had lately so often spent. Aunt, in mistaken kindness, endeavoured to persuade me not to go, and gave uncle a severe lecture for thinking of sending a poor boy only just off a sick bed on such an expedition. However, I made her understand that I required something quite out of the common to stir me up, and this would answer the purpose.

Fanny, who was in one of her fits of depression, gave me but a cold adieu, and I felt about as depressed as it was possible for a youth of my age, and in my state of unrequited affection to feel, as I left the homestead that morning with my three companions, whose high spirits and lively banter jarred on my nerves, and made me feel, if possible, even worse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY DIVORCES INCREASE.

THE large number of divorces granted every day by the courts is commonly understood to signify a corresponding amount of depravity in social life. It is, no doubt, true that this conclusion may be logically drawn from the divorce statistics, but there is another no less legitimate. So large a number of women are now making their own living, and so many avenues to employment are open to them, that they have become more independent than ever before, and will no longer submit to ill-treatment which was once endured without a murmur. Women are not now so dependent on their husbands, and, feeling their independence, often rush off to the divorce courts about matters, which, fifty years ago, would have been lightly regarded. The frequency of divorces show, of course, that the marriage tie sits lightly on their shoulders, and this is an exceedingly unfavourable feature, but the increasing responsibility of woman's position in the world has undoubtedly something to do with her restlessness when yoked to an unsuitable companion.

BRILLIANT WIVES AND STUPID HUSBANDS.

MATRIMONY cannot change human character, and when two persons of essentially antagonistic natures are unfortunately united in its bonds, it is only by the exercise of mutual forbearance that they can hope to live together in peace and amity. Intellect, therefore, should never mate with imbecility, nor principle with immorality, nor purity with grossness. No good ever came of such unions, yet they take place every day. Passion blinds the judgment in these cases, and when the love-lamp goes out and the ordinary daylight looks in, *one* of the parties at least is sure to stand aghast at the realities which it reveals.

The most foolish thing that a fool can do is to marry a highly gifted woman. His vanity—for all weak men are vain—is sure to take fire at the discovery, which will soon be forced upon him in spite of his stupidity, that his wife is his superior. If he is of a brutal nature, he will endeavour to shelter his natural inferiority behind his marital authority and taunt and torture the being who, by right of mind, if not by law, is his suzerain. If, on the contrary, he falls helplessly into the position of a dependent and submits quietly to be guided and governed by the stronger nature to which he has allied himself, he will simply be pitied and despised. In either case he will have cause to regret that he married above his intellectual degree; and the lady, that she *stooped* to conquer.

THE LOVERS' LITANY.

EYES of grey—a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for faith and hope are high!
None so true as you and I.
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
'Love like ours can never die!'

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the southern sky,
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany
'Love like ours can never die!'

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain
Split and parched with heat of June;
Flying hoof and tightened rein;
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly;
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:
'Love like ours can never die!'

Eyes of blue—the Simla hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
'Mabel,' 'Officers,' 'Good-by,'
Glamour, wine and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity
'Love like ours can never die!'

Maidens, of your charity
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet despise this evil case,
If a maiden showed me grace,
Four and forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
'Love like ours can never die!'

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

CHARLES MATHEWS was wont to take things as they came. 'I have played to an audience of one,' said he to a friend. 'It was in the Sandwich Islands. I had advertised the play to commence at two o'clock. I had the scene set, and as I make it a rule never to disappoint the public I determined to go on with the show. I came on and bowed to a man of colour, who, in a white hat, was seated in the stalls. He returned my salute with becoming solemnity. I went through the entire first act of "A Game of Speculation," and that man of colour never once smiled—he never changed his position. At one time I was nearly sending the prompter to feel him to see if he were alive. I lowered the curtain on the second act, and he was, like the House of Commons "still sttting." I felt bound in honour to reward persistency of this kind, and I gave him the third act, gag and all. A quarter of an hour after my coloured friend was still in the same attitude, so I went round and told him the show was over. He shook hands with me and smiled, and asked me what it was all about.'

'UP NORTH WITH THE GOVERNOR.'—TAHEKE FALLS.

THE GOVERNOR'S TRIP NORTH.

SOME HISTORICAL SCENES VISITED BY THE EARL OF ONSLOW.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MAORI WAR.

(By 'THE NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC' SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

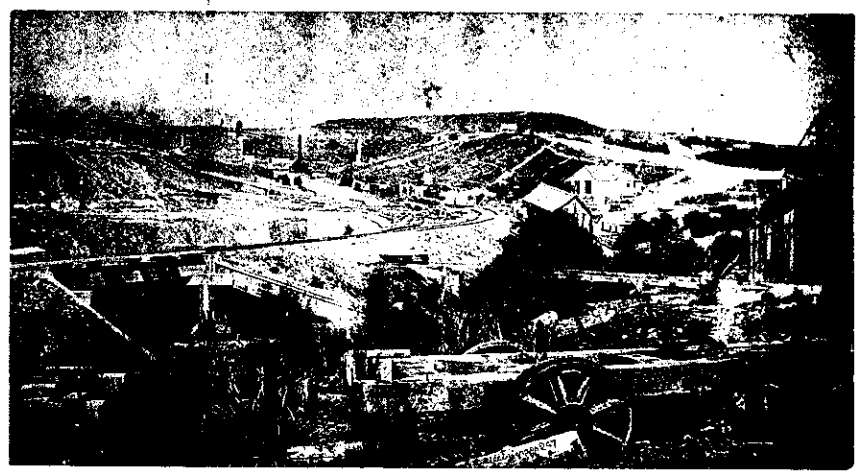
COMING over the brow of the hill to Waimate, a most charming scene bursts upon the view, resembling in almost every detail the scenery of a gentleman's park in the old country. The turf-like aspect of the grass, which has now been laid down for so many years, the spire of the little church peeping out from among the trees, the large size of the enclosures, and the appearance of the puriri trees—which, in the distance, might easily have been mistaken for the English horse-chestnut—all tended to increase the similarity. The parasite growth on the trees behind the church gave an aspect which from afar might even lead one to suspect the existence of the nests of a rookery. Waimate township, the home of the early missionaries and the puriri, is one of the prettiest localities in the North, but with the exception of cattle raising, no progress for the past twenty years is perceptible. The infusion of new blood, though, has caused the Bay of Islands Industrial Association to become an institution of importance, their last schedule offering no less than 600 prizes for blood stock, cattle, farm and dairy produce, fruit, flowers, and handiwork of varied description. Waimate has a couple of stores, church, public school, etc., and as the coach proceeds, is left about two miles to the right of Ohaeawai.

The Vice-regal party were most hospitably entertained by the Misses Clarke, aided by their brother, Archdeacon Clarke, and at the luncheon party most of the principal residents and two leading chiefs were included. After luncheon the Governor addressed the Maoris who had assembled to greet him, the Archdeacon undertaking the dual rôle of initiating the welcome to His Excellency in the Maori tongue, and afterwards interpreting the Governor's reply to the natives.

Starting early on the following morning, under the guidance of Mr William Webster, the party rode as far as Ohaeawai pa, the site of a memorable battle during Heke's war. The various positions occupied by the belligerents were pointed out by Mr Webster, and His Excellency dismounted and stood on the spot now occupied by the church, which was formerly the site of the redoubtable pa, so bravely defended by Heke and his followers. This pa was situated nineteen miles from the Bay of Islands, and seven from the Waimate mission station. It was put up with great rapidity, but made unusually strong, and occupied an excellent position. On each side there was a thickly-wooded ravine, in the rear a dense forest. Here the Maoris waited further operations on the part of the troops, fighting constantly in the meantime with our Maori allies. More troops arrived from Sydney under Colonel Despard, who, as senior officer took the command. The new commander was an old soldier who had seen service in India. On the 16th June the whole of the forces were assembled at the Kerikeri, where they halted for the night. They consisted of five hundred and twenty soldiers, thirty sailors from H.M.S. Hazard, and eighty volunteers from Auckland. They had four of the Hazard guns, and after nine days of difficult and tedious marching were before Ohaeawai on the 25th June. The attack began next day, but the cannon (twelve pounders) made no impression. A few days later another party of the Hazard's men arrived with a thirty-two pounder, which proved more effective. On the 1st of July, in spite of the strongly expressed opinions of Waka Nene, and the adverse opinion of the officer of Engineers, Colonel Despard ordered an assault. A storming party was formed of one hundred and sixty soldiers under Majors Macpherson and Bridge, with forty sailors and volunteers under Lieutenant Philpotts, of H.M.S. Hazard. The result was a disastrous repulse. In vain the brave men threw themselves against the palisades. They were shot down by the Maoris behind, and in ten minutes one hundred and seven were lying dead or disabled before the pa. For ordering this attack in the face of such hopeless difficulties, the Duke of Wellington thought, as Commander-in-Chief, that Colonel Despard should have been tried by court-martial, if one of due rank could at that distance have been assembled. In spite of his heavy losses, Colonel Despard was induced, by the information as to Maori customs of war given to him by the Rev. Mr Burrows, and by the persuasion of friendly chiefs, not to quit his camp. As they anticipated, the Maoris from the pa did not attempt to molest him, being satisfied with having killed so many of the enemy with so little loss to themselves. More ammunition came up for the thirty-two pounder, and fire was re-opened on the 9th July. Next evening the Maoris evacuated the pa, leaving some of the noisiest of their dogs tied up to deceive the besiegers into the belief that they were still in occupation. Here the party were joined by Mr Dickeson and other settlers, and Mr Dickeson, in view of the long ride before Lady Onslow, kindly offered to drive her a portion of the way in his buggy. This offer was, of course, accepted.

Arrived at Kaikohe, the party rested at Mr Dickeson's house for a short time, and then proceeded on their way to the native settlement, where His Excellency was welcomed by a large number of Maoris, and subsequently addressed them. About an hour was spent in this locality, and then the party proceeded to Taheke, where luncheon was served at the Taheke Hotel. Taheke is situated about twenty miles to the south-east of Rawene, on a tidal river of the same name. Rather more than three years ago, the only European establishment at Teheke was the hotel and store kept by Messrs Marriner and Co. About that time a block of land close by was cut up into sections and offered for selection under the Special Village Settlement Scheme. There are, at the present time, about twenty-five settlers on the block. These have been steadily improving their holdings, and will probably remain. There are three stores in the neighbourhood and two post-offices. A good school has been built about the middle of the settlement. It is attended by between twenty and thirty scholars.

A number of natives hearing of the Governor's arrival at Takeho, assembled during the afternoon to make His Excellency's acquaintance; but inasmuch as it was intended he should receive them officially at Rawene, Lord Onslow contented himself with a formal introduction. The beautiful scenery of the river and the immediate surroundings were greatly admired by the party, and Mr Webster expressed regret that he had not earlier thought of the possibility of bringing a steamer up as far as Taheke, so that His Excellency and Lady Onslow might have had an opportunity of seeing the beauties of the Taheke river.



COAL MINES, KAWA KAWA.

The stay at Taheke was brief, but pleasant, and the party having obtained needful rest and refreshment, pushed on towards Rawene. This is the 'capital' of Hokianga,

WAIMATE.

and, although containing very few Europeans, is a neat, flourishing and agreeable townshtp, with church, public hall, courthouse, two hotels, stores, baker, good wharf accomodation, etc. From the 'Point,' all parts of the numerous branches of the Hokianga river are reached by water, and the main features about the whole country are its rivers, mountainous scenery, and forests.

The approach of the party to Rawene was heralded by the loud booming of a gun, which had evidently been improvised for the occasion. Its salute of seventeen guns took some considerable time to fire, owing to the difficulties attendant upon the reloading of a very primitive weapon. Mr John Webster, who had ridden some distance from his house on the river, was found ready to welcome the party, whose comforts he had already seen to at the hotel. He was accompanied by Mr Yarborough, a settler of considerable experience in the Hokianga district, and whom Lord Onslow immediately recognised as an athletic hero of earlier days, when he rowed in the Oxford University 'Eight' and in the celebrated 'Four,' which defeated the 'Four' of the Harwood University in the great international contest of 1868.

Mr Webster, who has a large interest in the Northern s.s. Company, had persuaded that Company to place at the disposal of the Governor's party the steamer which plies on the Hokianga river, and a trip was made as far as the native settlement of Kohukohu, where there is one hotel, a school,

MR WEBSTER'S HOUSE, HOKIANGA, WHERE LORD ONSLOW STAYED.

smithy, stores, etc. The mills, formerly owned by the Hokianga Sawmill Company, are now owned by the Kauri Syndicate. Happily, for the good of the district, after two years' cessation of work, the process of liquidation, want of logs, etc., they are now in full operation, making things

THE OLD MISSION HOUSE, WAIMATE.

quite lively, as it were. The site upon which the mill now stands was formerly occupied by Mr John Webster's residence. A short time was spent by the Governor and party in an examination of the machinery, and the old Wesleyan settlement adjoining Mr Webster's place was duly pointed out.

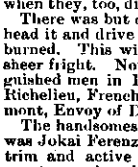
After luncheon the steamer slowly descended the beautiful narrows, passing the residence formerly occupied by Judge Maning, and where stands the tree close to which the 'judge' scrambled ashore on his arrival in New Zealand, as related by the 'Pakeha Maori.' As the steamer brought the party into full view of Hokianga Heads a large party of Maori women was seen in front of Mr Webster's house performing the *haerremai*, waving towels and various articles of wearing apparel. A *feu-de-joie* announced the presence of the male portion of the tribe, and as soon as the steamer came abreast of the wharf the Maoris performed a war dance. This dance was executed entirely by the elder members of the tribe, the young men never having acquired the art. Mr Webster, with great kindness and forethought, had provided a bullock for the entertainment of the natives assembled, and they were nothing loth to remain in such hospitable quarters until the following morning, when it was proposed that the Governor should address them. Hokianga is well worthy a visit, and though sparsely populated, possesses many small settlements, containing a store, post office, and licensed accomodation house. There is any amount of room for the tourist's curiosity and enjoyment of nature here, while the settler, willing to make his home in the county, has any quantity of good soil and locality to choose from. Every port of call and every village inland or on the coast just passing Whangarei, is designated the 'North,' but Hokianga, bounded by the Pacific Ocean on the west, with a climate that knows neither frost nor extreme heat, drought nor floods, where bananas, oranges, and other sub-tropical fruits grow in the greatest luxuriance, is 'north-west,' of New Zealand, bounded by higher ranges of mountains north and south. This is the land of the Maori in all its glory.

The river of Hokianga is navigable for vessels drawing sixteen to eighteen feet of water for twenty miles: beyond that small craft can go a further distance of fifteen miles. If it is not the largest river, it is, without doubt, the finest in point of scenery and surroundings of any in the colony. It is estimated that the whole frontage of the river, with its numerous tributaries and branches, all of which are headed by alluvial flats, measures 300 miles, and independent of the river, there are numerous inland roads. There are many heavy bushes in the county. Fruit of every description grows with the greatest luxuriance, while fish abound in the rivers and on the mud flats in millions. The wonder is that Hokianga before now is not a large tinning factory and wine-making centre, for the preserving of fish, fruit, and jam. The grape-vine grows to perfection here. There are over a quarter of a million acres of Crown lands in the country, nearly all forest. The white population is under 1,000, while the Maoris number considerably more. A couple of years ago the new Village Homestead Special Settlement scheme, instituted by the Hon. Mr Ballance, caused large blocks of land at Herekino, Motokaraka, Kohukohu, Waimamaku, Taheke, and other places to be taken up under special conditions, and lumped together, according to returns laid before the House of Representatives last session, amounted to 6,234 acres. The original number of settlers was 222. Many changes have since taken place.

Two days were spent in admiring the beauties and wealth of fruit in the arbours around Mr Webster's house, and on the third day the Governor and Mr Webster proceeded to make an inspection of the neighbouring village settlements. His Excellency, who has taken considerable interest in matters of *la petite* culture in England, was anxious to inform himself of the manner in which the Government of New Zealand have dealt with the settlement of persons with little or no capital upon the waste lands of the colony. The track leading to the settlements, which has not yet been completed, proved a somewhat difficult one to traverse, only one horse having as yet undertaken the journey; but the obstacles did not prove insurmountable to one of Lord Onslow's experience in 'roughing it.' The settlements in question are of two different kinds. One is a village settlement, established under the usual conditions of the Government, the other is a settlement in the immediate neighbourhood which was selected by a competent expert sent thither for that purpose by certain persons interested in the matter in the province of Canterbury. These selections having been made, the Government were induced to construct the necessary road, and to provide a footbridge across the river. His Excellency had the opportunity of comparing the two settlements identical in character, one constituted by the State, and the other self-supported. On visiting both he was impressed with the magnificent provision made for the education of children, the schools being of such proportions as to indicate that they are designed to meet the requirements of the future rather than present needs. At the Government settlement Lord Onslow visited several of the cultivations, and closely questioned the settlers as to their condition and welfare, and he found that in no single instance did any of the them, wish to return to their former occupations. After inspecting the children in the school, a start was made for the Canterbury settlement. Notice of His Excellency's intention to visit this settlement had only been given about an hour before, but the settlers, in the usual hospitable fashion of all colonists, insisted on entertaining the Governor at luncheon. A rough table was knocked up, under an enormous spreading puriri tree, and each of the settlers brought some contribution to the meal. One could be seen covered over with a wire gauze veil taking honey from his bees; another was plucking the green shoots of the maize; while others brought butter, eggs, tomatoes, and such other products of their cultivations as could be gathered and prepared at very short notice. The most striking feature of the meal was, that everything placed on the table was part of what the settlers were themselves accustomed to partake of every day, and that no special preparation was made for the entertainment of the distinguished guests. All sat down to the repast together, with the exception of the children, who appeared in the very best of health and spirits, and amused themselves playing round the table and swinging in the branches of the puriri.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A STORY OF HUNGARY.



THE village of Kiroslava, in the Banat, earned in 1725 an evil name that extended all over Europe then, and is not forgotten even now. Corpses that had lain for a month under ground were dug up as fresh and uncorrupted as when committed to the earth. Blood flowed from the mouth and nostrils so as to fill the coffins, the hair and nails had grown, and the skin had been renewed. These were the vampires, the wroklak, who left their graves at night to prey upon the living, who, when they, too, died of vampireism became vampires in turn.

There was but one recourse. To dig the vampire up, behead it and drive a stake through the body, which was then burned. This wild tale caused the death of hundreds from sheer fright. Not only the peasants, but the most distinguished men in Hungary believed it, as did the Duke de Richelieu, French Ambassador at Vienna, and M. D. Vasemont, Envoy of Duke Leopold of Lorraine.

The handsomest Czikos or horseherder about Kiroslava was Jokai Ferenz. He had served as a hussar and was as trim and active a lad as ever galloped across the dusty puszta, a prime dancer of Zardas, and a favourite of many a merry Mazyas maiden.

He, like the others, was carried away by the vampire frenzy that took hold on his imagination and tormented him with horrid dreams, that only ceased when the vampires ceased to haunt the village.

Of his sweethearts, Mitzie or Minnie Kalisch, the innkeeper's daughter was his favourite; a brown-skinned, black eyed lass, to whom half Kiroslava paid court. The innkeeper, however, thought Mitzie better mated with some substantial farmer than with a reckless Czikos, whose life was passed galloping like mad among herds of wild horses.

The wroklak had vanished and quiet reigned in the village. But a dreadful discovery made the morning after St. Sylvester's Eve spread dismay once more among them. The innkeeper's stablemen had found at dawn the body of poor Mitzie lying in the courtyard almost naked and covered with wounds, inflicted with a knife. No weapon however, was found, nor any other clue. The cattle in the courtyard had trampled out the marks of the murderer's feet. By the body lay the broken fragments of a pitcher, and it appeared that it must have been while going to fetch water at the well in the night that poor Mitzie had been slain.

No face was sadder at the funeral than that of the Czikos, who excited compassion among all those in the little 'God's acre.' He and the old innkeeper remained until the last, when each went his way without a word.

All attempts to trace the assassin were in vain, and after a time people only spoke of the matter at intervals. But about a year afterward an event occurred that brought back to mind all the details of Mitzie's murder.

There was a camp of Tsizanes in the woods behind Kiroslava and in it a beautiful gypsy girl, Saralta. A forester going his rounds in the woods came upon the mangled body of the Tsizane, whose hands and feet had been hacked off and the body afterward dragged to where it was found in the bush. The reeds by the water were trampled down as if the murderer had gone there to wash his hands after his bloody work.

No attempt was made to connect the two murders. But in both cases the victim had been surprised and overpowered. There was no signs of a struggle. Arrests were made, but after a time the prisoners were allowed to go. The dead woman had been noted for her gallantries, and it was supposed that one of her swains, maddened at her faithlessness, had killed her. Among gypsies the case was not uncommon.

Another year passed, and the fate of this village Carmen was almost forgotten, when a third murder, the most atrocious of them all, cast a black shadow over the little community. This time the victim was Ilma Starik, wife of Sandor, or Alexander Marcovics, the miller. In the wood behind the mill was a little open space where the timber had been cleared away, and it was here that Sandor, alarmed at her disappearance, found her dead body after a long and exhausting search.

The neighbours, who hurried to the spot on hearing Sandor's awful cry, had trouble in bringing him back to his senses, nor could he give any intelligible account of what had happened.

A small detachment of hussars were stationed at Kiroslava and two were at once despatched to the neighbouring town to tell their colonel. It was night, but the moon was at its full, and their sabres and spurs kept up a merry jingling as their horses cantered over the country road. After half an hour they caught up with a man on foot going in the same direction as themselve. Both recognised the Czikos. It struck them both that as he walked his eyes were fixed upon some distant object, nor did he seem to be aware of their presence.

They came up with him, and no wonder they stared. The white dress of the Czikos was all smeared with blood and in his right hand he carried open a large claspknife, bloody from point to hilt.

They called to him. He did not reply. Then one drew his sabre and struck him smartly across the shoulders with the flat of it. The Czikos started and stretched out his hands as if to save himself from falling. He dropped his knife, then tried to pick it up and failed, but stood facing them, swaying from side to side like a drunken man.

Then, for the first time he spoke. 'What are you doing here?' he asked. Then further, 'What are we doing here?'

'Ask that of the colonel when we get to his quarters,' answered the trooper.

'Why?' said the Czikos, simply.

'Because, then you can tell how you got those stains on your coat.'

'Stains,' repeated the Czikos. He looked at them and his face became clouded. Then at a sign from the hussars he placed himself between them and walked along.

The rest is soon told. The Czikos was tried, convicted, and hanged. He died bravely and swore to the last that as far as the fatal three nights were concerned his memory was a blank.

No one believed him except the old German surgeon of the hussars. 'When he killed those women,' said the old man, 'he was perfectly passive. His moral nature was asleep.'

The peasants declared the Czikos to be a vampire.

'But he was alive,' some one answered.

'No, no,' they replied, 'dead, but his people were afraid to bury him.'

This talk went on until the body of the Czikos was dug up, a stake driven through it and buried. Some said a groan was heard, others, that a succession of stifled cries issued from the body as the cart jolted along. 'Idiots,' said the old German surgeon, 'fooled by the creaking of those confounded axles.'

Who will ever know the truth?

THE WHITE, WHITE ROSE.

O GEORGIA girl, with the storm-black eye,
Don't you mind long ago when the troops marched by,
Down the quaint old town of Maryland,
The sorry little lad in Stonewall's band?
'Twas a beautiful eve of a blue June day,
In his tattered cap and jacket of gray;
You smiled, but you pressed the sun-brown hand
Of the sorry little lad in Stonewall's band.

O Georgia girl, with the hanging hair
Of russet and gold in the sundown air,
Don't you mind that rose from the borderland
That you gave to the lad in Stonewall's band?
'Twas a white rose, white as rose could be,
And you stood 'neath the leaves of a maple tree,
A queen all crowned. 'Twas a beautiful thing,
And the lad on the chestnut horse was king.

O Georgia girl, with the tripping feet,
Don't you mind that house on the great, big street?
And the ball that night, and the banner-decked hill?
For a bold old rebel was Dr. McGill!
Oh, the waltz, and the seat on the winding stair,
And the storm-black eyes, and the red-gold hair,
And smile, ah! smile, like the noontide sun;
O Georgia girl, was it all for fun?

O Georgia girl, 'twas a sweet farewell
To exchange for the burst of shot and shell
At Gettysburg. But the gold-red hair,
And the eyes and the smile with the rose went there.
Up by the guns of the dauntless foes
Went the eyes, and the smile, and the white, white rose,
Safe under the stars of that flaming cross,
But the bullets made merry with the chestnut horse.

O Georgia girl, 'tis a long time ago;
Still the seasons come, and the roses blow,
There's the white, white rose, and the rose that is grand,
But none like the rose from the borderland.
'Tis a long time ago Ah! sad are the years,
And broken the lute that was swept in tears;
Shattered the spear, and crumbled with rust;
Tired are the feet with the battle dust,
But the white, white rose the dews still unfurl
For the sorry little lad from the Georgia girl.

WILLIAM PAGE CARTER.

OLD WESLEYAN MISSION CEMETERY, HOKIANGA. *J. Martin, photo.*

A MAORI 'WAHI TAPU,' OR BURIAL PLACE.
Skulls at Puketona, on the road to Waimate, Bay of Islands.

THE GOVERNOR'S TRIP NORTH.

SCENES ON THE WAY.

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER.

I.

NO other art can vie with music after all. Poetry, painting and sculpture require attention and respond only to an effort, but music takes possession of you, reluctant though you be. Like a rising tide it surrounds you and pours its rhythmic waves into every nook and crevice of your soul. It is the only art too that can send thrills and shivers down one's back, and you must admit that this is a confession for a landscape painter to make, but I know whereof I speak.

It was at Les Baux last September that I learned the true nature of melody. I had visited the Exposition at Paris from a sense of duty. For two weeks I had been elbowed and crushed, persecuted by cabmen and defrauded by landlords. It was impossible to enjoy even the pictures in the midst of a noisy, gaping crowd. At last I fled from the turmoil and hubbub, and as I was determined to avoid mankind as much as possible, I went at once to the south of France, where few tourists are to be found in summer or early autumn. For some days I stopped at Avignon, and spent my time very agreeably in sketching the parched scenery of the neighbourhood. Then I pushed on to Tarascon, a town prouder now of its Tartarin than of the bones of St. Martha, which repose in one of its churches, and it was there that I painted a baobab tree in a green tub. Les Baux is only ten miles from Tarascon, and the glowing description of it in Murray induced me to make it my headquarters. I found it to be without exception the most peculiar village in Christendom. I drove out from Tarascon, taking my luggage with me, and my first view of the place was not encouraging. I could see it from a great distance, the yellowish-white houses scarcely distinguishable from the limestone cliffs which form the tops of the arid range of hills known as the 'Alpines.' My carriage ascended by a winding road and at last entered the main street, when for the first time I was able to see that half of the houses were deserted and that some of them were mere caverns in the rock. The little hotel, which the guide-book calls 'clean and respectable,' was soon reached, and I alighted with some misgivings as to the possibility of securing a comfortable room.

When I had taken my *déjeûner* I started out for a walk, as I always do on my first arrival at a town. I wandered through the narrow, crooked streets, now almost depopulated, and examined the primitive cave dwellings of the Middle Ages and the handsome marble façades of the Renaissance, wondering why the 4,000 inhabitants of two centuries ago should have dwindled down to about three hundred. At the crest of the hill rose the ruined castle of the robber counts, and from it I had a magnificent view of the plain below. The air was most invigorating, and I did not feel in the least tired, so I resolved to climb down from the ridge and explore for myself the country lying about its base under the village.

After making my way downwards for half an hour or more, and just before reaching the level ground, I sat down to rest at the mouth of an old marble quarry no longer in use, which afforded a refreshing shade from the afternoon sun. I had not been seated many minutes before there struck my ears a strain of marvellous music. At first I scarcely knew what it was. I felt a delicious, intoxicating, inspiriting sensation, that was all, and for some time I was so completely carried away that I did not attempt to define the nature and cause of my feelings. I have no idea how long I listened, but at last silence ensued, and I awoke as from an enchantment. I sat for a time perplexed, trying to recall my experience. It was evidently a voice, but such a voice! That of a woman, too, unless indeed it proceeded from some supernatural being. It was song, or something transcending song, and unlike anything I had ever imagined. When I had sufficiently recovered my senses I arose and walked in the direction from which the sound had seemed to come. Turning a sharp corner of the rock I saw a small two-story cottage close to the foot of the hill, and not more than one hundred yards from where I had been resting. There was no enclosure about the house, and a single dusty olive tree shaded the porch. I went at once to the door and knocked, but no one answered. I knocked again, and even peered in at the windows, but it was of no use. The sinking sun admonished me to set out on my way back to the inn, and I unwillingly gave up the quest for the time. I crossed the fields to the nearest highway, which was at least half a mile distant, and ascended by the road again to the village, passing no one except an elderly, white-haired man dressed in black and carrying a basket, who had the air of a Protestant pasteur, and saluted me with grave politeness.

II.

IT was dark when I reached the hotel, and the table d'hôte, at which I was the only guest, was just ready. I found my host in the dining-room superintending the final arrangements, and asked him at once who it was whom I had heard singing in the valley.

'Oh, that!' said he, 'that is the daughter of the professor.'

'But who is the professor?'

'Well, to tell the truth, I know nothing about him. He has only lived there two months. The house belongs to a merchant at Arles, and has been empty for a year, but one day we found it occupied. The professor had driven out there with his daughter the night before from Arles, and they have lived there alone ever since.'

'What does she look like?' I asked. 'She must be very handsome.'

'We have never seen her. The professor keeps her in the house. He comes here every day and buys some meat and bread and vegetables, but he never brings her.'

'But what reason does he give for hiding her from everyone?'

'Oh, we cannot ask him. He is a strange man, and gets angry when we speak to him of his daughter.'

'Do you mean to say,' I cried indignantly, 'that you can hear such singing as that without trying to see her?'

'Eh bien, what do you wish?' he replied, shrugging his shoulders. 'We must live. He comes here and buys from us, and we must not vex him. We cannot live on music.'

The sordid creature did not even know the professor's name, nor his former home, but in his description of him I recognized the old man whom I had met on the road. I determined to make his acquaintance on the morrow and seek an introduction to his daughter. I slept but little that night. The song I had heard was ever hovering near, but just beyond the reach of my memory. I could not recall it, but its effect was still upon me and I longed to enjoy it again. With this object in view I was about to start off after breakfast, when it occurred to me that it would be best to meet the professor in the village, for he might resent intrusion at his house. I passed most of the day in pacing nervously up and down before the hotel, and I am sure that never before to traveller did the ruins of Les Baux appear more desolate nor its inhabitants more degenerate.

It was late in the afternoon that I saw the old gentleman whom I had met the day before, toiling up the road with his basket and a white umbrella.

'There he is,' said mine host.

In appearance the professor was a very ordinary and unmusical mortal, but I felt very ill at ease at his approach, regarding him somewhat as the mythical sire of some new divinity. He ascended the steps of the inn slowly, wiping his heated brow with a red handkerchief. He bowed to me and gave his basket to the landlord, who took it into the kitchen to replenish, while its owner sat down on a bench opposite me on the porch, and I seized the opportunity to study him closely. He was a short, stout man, with an expansive, ruddy, shaven face and a pair of blue glasses, and his black broadcloth suit was well worn. I kept silent for some minutes hoping that he would speak first, but as he did not I was forced to begin, of course, in French.

'I have the honour to address Professor—r—, I believe,' I said, slurring over the place where his name should have been.

'Perfectly,' he answered.

I did not know exactly what to say next, and we sat still for a while. I am not sure, but I think his eyes were shut behind his spectacles.

'What do you think of the country here?' I ventured. This remark he apparently did not hear, and after mature consideration I concluded that it was not worth repeating. I was preparing a series of questions on the weather, when the utter hopelessness of gaining his attention by general conversation broke upon me, and I resolved to jump in, *medias res*.

'Professor!' I shouted. He awoke with a start and his glasses fell into his lap. 'Professor, I had the good fortune to hear Mademoiselle, your daughter, sing yesterday. May I ask of you if it is possible for me to hear her again; that is to say, to meet her and pay my respects to you both at your house?'

His mouth opened and formed a very small O, a vacant stare of amazement came over his face, and his blue spectacles slid down his trousers to the floor.

'Did I understand you to say that you wished to see my —daughter?' he stammered out at last.

I nodded assent.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'this is a piece of presumption which I can hardly comprehend. My daughter comes here to complete her musical education under my care without interruption. We have expressly sought solitude. We desire to work, to study, to make progress alone. And you, a stranger, propose to yourself to derange us? This is indeed unworthy conduct.'

In vain I pleaded. I depicted myself as a wanderer in search of the beautiful. He did not care. I represented that his daughter needed recreation and society. He actually laughed at me. I am afraid that I might have retaliated forcibly if the conversion had lasted much longer, but fortunately his basket was brought to him, and he took his departure before I had lost my self-control.

III.

I WAS grievously disappointed, and I did not know precisely what course to pursue. I resolved finally after much thought to make my way into the professor's good graces, if possible, and in the meantime to listen to his daughter every day from my hiding-place in the old quarry. Early on the morrow I set out and took up my former position near the cottage. I arrived there at about eight o'clock and waited impatiently for the music. An hour passed; ten o'clock was approaching, but still I heard nothing. Could it be that the professor had sent his daughter away to escape me? But no; suddenly and without warning the full stream of song burst forth on the morning air. It thrilled me like an electric spe l, and held me in a kind of ecstasy. I felt its power more indeed than I had before. After an hour had passed the music came to an end, but still I could not persuade myself to leave the spot, and I was rewarded by another hour of bliss in the afternoon, after which I saw the professor sally forth on his daily walk to Les Baux. I had a strong impulse to break into his house and carry off his daughter, who must surely have been an unwilling prisoner, but I was sensible enough to see that there would be great risk in such a proceeding. She might refuse to come, and all hope of reaching her through her father would have vanished. I must make him my friend, I thought, and with the intention of gaining the town before him, I made my way across country. When he arrived at the inn I was quietly sitting before the door.

The fortnight that followed was one of intense happiness to me. I spent the day regularly at the quarry and carried my lunch with me. I also took my canvas and easel, at first to disarm the suspicion of the gossips at Les Baux, for I had no idea of painting, and I merely gave myself up unreservedly to my passion. I am aware that this account of my feelings sounds exaggerated and improbable, and a twelvemonth ago I should not have been able to appreciate it myself, but my readers must take it on faith that the voice was little short of miraculous. One day, as I was recovering from the delirium of the morning hour, a sudden vision of the face of the daughter of the professor came into my mind and seemed to float before my eyes. Before it vanished I had grasped my brush and begun to paint under the inspiration. Thereafter my pleasure was double, alternating between the passive delight of receiving ever fresh revelations of musical beauty, and the invigorating effort to arrest in colour, however faintly, the echo of what I had heard. My idol thus became a real person to me, and I was sure that I knew her form and expression. I felt then the necessity of giving her a name. 'The Daughter of the Professor' would not do; it was altogether too suggestive of Ollendorff. I thought of 'Cecilia,' but there was nothing of the Christian saint in the voice I had heard. At last I chose 'Sirena,' not that it suited exactly, but there was a kind of self-sufficient energy in her song that reminded me of the ancient tempters of Ulysses.

Every afternoon I hastened to the hotel in time to meet the professor and court his intimacy. I carefully avoided all reference to Sirena and we became very good friends, although he never confided to me either his name or his antecedents. I passed the evenings dreamily smoking in front of the inn door, while the neighbours gathered in groups in the street, bringing their chairs with them and chatting all at once in Provençal. I did not understand a word of their *patois*, but I have always believed that they were usually amusing themselves at the expense of my personal appearance and deriding me as a lunatic for spending more than six hours at Les Baux. I have consequently carried away a strong prejudice against the townsfolk.

Night after night I lay awake trying to devise some method of approaching the professor on the subject nearest my heart, and finally it occurred to me that my picture might form a sort of introduction. One afternoon as he was about to leave the hotel on his homeward walk I called him back and asked him to come into my bedroom as I wished to show him something. He followed me through the dining-room and went in at my door, which I held open for him.

'Do you know who this is?' I asked, as I boldly held up the portrait before him. It was far from being finished, but there was enough there to shadow forth my conception. He looked puzzled and said nothing.

'Professor,' I added, 'that is your daughter. I have made her likeness although I have never seen her.'

He frowned for a moment and then half smiled.

'Yes, yes, yes!' said he. 'I understand, mon cher. That is not bad either, but it cannot sing. Bah! You cannot paint her voice; but it is well done—well done!'

I was satisfied with my success in securing his attention. Now, thought I, is the time to press my claims.

'Professor,' said I, 'may I not walk home with you and show it to her?'

With an innocuous French oath he turned on his heel.

'Mon cher!' he cried from the door, shaking his puffy fist at me—he was so used to calling me 'mon cher' that he did not remark the absurdity of it—'Mon cher, this is a little too much. Let me never see you again.' And in a moment he was gone and on his way down the hill.

IV.

I HAD indeed made matters worse, and there was clearly but one thing left for me to do. I must see Sirena at all hazards, and the only way to accomplish this was to enter the house during her father's absence. The next day I was at the quarry as usual, and in the afternoon, as soon as the professor took the road to Les Baux, I came out of my hiding place and hurried to the porch. I tried the door and it proved to be locked, as I had expected. There was a window on each side and I turned to the one on the left. It opened easily with a push and when I had climbed through it I found myself in a large, poorly furnished sitting room, into which the front door also gave access. There was another door opposite and by it I went into the kitchen. These were the only rooms on that floor. On one side of the kitchen to my left was a flight of stairs leading to the upper story, and I lost no time in ascending them. This floor was divided into four rooms of equal size, communicating with each other. In one corner was the room into which the stairway conducted me, a kind of hall in which there was nothing but the ordinary rubbish of an attic. Next to it, and also over the kitchen, was a room which was absolutely empty. Beyond this again to the right, in the corner opposite to the stairs, was a bedroom evidently occupied by the professor, for his clothes were lying about. Only one quarter of the surface of this story now remained unexplored, and with some trepidation I tried the door of the fourth room; but it was fastened. This, then, was Sirena's room. My heart beat rapidly as I thought that only a thin partition separated me from her. I tapped gently, but there was no answer. I struck the panel harder and harder again and again. Finally I called out and implored her to admit me, but all was silent. Then I retraced my steps through the other rooms, to the door which connected her room with the stairway, but it, too, was bolted. I sat down on a bench in despair, utterly at a loss what to do, when, by chance, the key in the door through which I had passed caught my eye, and at once I pulled it out and put it into the other lock. It fitted perfectly and the door yielded. To my astonishment I saw what seemed to be a workroom. It contained a deal work-table and one wooden chair. On the table was a small case of tools which looked like a dentist's instruments, some strips of tinfoil and a very large oaken box. On the other side was a single window wide open, and directly over the window by which I had come into the house. It commanded a view of the rock which concealed my quarry, into which I could have thrown a stone. Everything in the room was in plain sight, and unquestionably Sirena was not there. I examined the window to see if she might have jumped out, but it was impossible. No man would have dared to attempt it. In turning from the window my eyes fell again on the oaken box and I noticed a large opening in the side toward me, with the end of a trumpet protruding from it. I quickly raised the lid of the box and the truth at once flashed upon me. I had seen the phonograph at the Exposition and here was a similar instrument, only instead of the appliances for the ears the trumpet opening had been substituted. I examined it hurriedly, bellows, clockwork and all, and then closed the box and retreated through the house, looking under and behind the furniture, and even feeling the walls to make sure that no one was concealed there, but carefully leaving everything as I found it. I leaped out of the window by which I had entered and went back to my lair, scarcely knowing what my discovery signified. For a long time I thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that the professor was engaged in some secret experiments for perfecting the phonograph so that it might produce sounds with their original or a greater volume; but this did not interest me. The fact of importance was that he had obtained the impressions of some marvellous voice, whether his daughter's or someone's else. And now I must find the woman, as my happiness in life depended on it. On my way home I revolved the question in my mind and the only plan I could devise was to go back to the cottage the following day and search for letters,

papers, books, in short, anything which might indicate where the professor had previously lived. If that failed I might apply to him again, but that was almost hopeless.

V.

On the ensuing afternoon I visited the house again and systematically studied its contents, but I did not find a single clue. There were a few books on electricity, but they were published at Paris and there was no name on the fly leaves. While I was searching for some mark in the oaken box I accidently touched a cog wheel and two or three exquisite notes came forth. I could not resist the temptation to wind up the works, and before I knew what I was doing the flood-gates were open. The music, without being too loud for my ears, overwhelmed me. I sank into the chair and remained there I know not how long until the last sound had died away. Then I arose with a sigh and went downstairs. As I went into the sitting-room I saw with dismay the professor crossing the threshold. He must have heard the phonograph in the distance, for he had been running and was puffing like an engine.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, and for a time he was unable to say anything more, while I stood looking guilty and foolish before him. At last he gained his breath, and with an effort controlling his indignation he said, slowly and deliberately:

'Mon cher, you know my secret and it is necessary that I should kill you.'

I was not prepared for this solemn utterance, and the absurdity of his appearance and of my situation almost overcame my gravity. If he had threatened me with the police I might have been frightened, for I certainly had been engaged in housebreaking; but the idea of this venerable little Frenchman taking the law into his own hands was much more comical that terrifying. However, he was evidently in earnest, for he nervously took off his blue glasses, fumbled in his pocket for his spectacles, put them on his nose and then stared about the room until his eyes rested on a rusty, old-fashioned shot-gun which was reposing in a corner. I perceived his object and determined to resort to diplomacy.

'Professor,' said I, dexterously stepping between him and the fowling piece, 'I acknowledge that I have done wrong and am quite ready to suffer for it, but you of all men know how I was tempted. You can imagine what it is to hear such music and be forbidden to see its author. I admit that I know a part of your secret. These wonderful notes which I have heard came from your phonograph up-stairs. It is a remarkable invention, and I would not injure you in reaping your reward for the world. But what I wish to know is, whose voice does it reproduce? Tell me where this miraculous daughter of yours is and show me her photograph as a last favour.'

He showed by his expression that my eloquence had touched him.

'Ah, my poor young friend,' he replied, 'I cannot assist you. She does not exist in this world.'

'Do you mean to say that she is dead?' I asked, as my heart sank within me.

'No, no; she will never die; but she only lives here;' and he pointed to his bald forehead.

'I see that you do not understand,' he continued, 'and since you know so much you might as well know all. Come, sit down and I will tell you.' He offered me a cigarette, and when we had seated ourselves and begun to smoke he went on with his story.

'I am Professor Bernard of the law school at Dijon, but there are two things which I have always cared more about than law. One is music. I play very well on the violin, but I have given it up since my daughter was born,' and he pointed upstairs with his thumb. 'It sounds like nothing now in comparison with her. My other favourite pursuit is electricity, and I have a little laboratory at home where I repeat all the latest experiments, and I have made electric lights and telephones and phonographs. But my music follows me everywhere, and I have often tried to use electricity for it. Once I made a charming little organ that is worked by an electric engine, and the idea of employing science for art is always in my mind. Have you ever seen the marks which the phonograph makes on strips of tinfoil? Well, one day I was trying my phonograph; two of my friends had sung into it the day before; one of them was a young lady, the other a law student. Neither of them had good voices, but on listening to my machine I was struck by the difference between them. His tones were so much harsher, and I wondered how the marks of the needle differed. I took out the strips and studied the indentations with a microscope. All at once the thought came to me that it would be possible to improve the marks if one only knew how to do it. I set to work at the lady's voice, and when I came to a poor note I stopped and tried to change it, and before long I had some success. It is hard work, for one must have very fine tools and a powerful glass, but I made a study of it for months. While I was toiling at this I happened by the purest accident to discover the invention which makes the voice so loud. But that is nothing, and you would not understand if I explained it. Your American workmen will find it out soon by mere brute force of mind. That is a low, material thing; but my great triumph will be in art.' He rubbed his hands with enthusiasm, and an ecstatic smile spread over his face.

'Do you mean to say, professor,' said I, 'that this music of yours is nothing but the voice of your lady friend improved by you? I should like to know her, for she must sing superbly.

'Aha! I thought people would say that and give some of the credit to the original singer; so now I only use my own voice.'

I was horror-struck at the thought.

'But the voice I have heard surely sounds like a woman's,' I ventured.

'Yes, it is true, and that is the reason I call it my daughter, for it is my own daughter. My voice is rather high, and then I have altogether changed it with my instruments. Perhaps a woman's voice is the nearest to perfect tone, and that accounts for it; for my daughter's is perfect, or soon will be. I have no other stripe but my own with me here.'

His intonation when he spoke was a strident falsetto, and I could easily believe that it was worse when he sang. My vision of a paradise on earth was dissolved in a moment; but still he kept on talking.

'No one must know of this until it is completed. I came down here, in fact, to perfect it out of everyone's hearing, for they were beginning to question me at home. Oh, what a discovery it is! When it is announced you will not know me, the celebrated Professor Bernard, Commander of the Legion of Honour. And then, of course, there will be a statue of me at Dijon. I have selected the spot for it in the middle of the Place d'Armes opposite the Hotel de Ville. I shall stand like this,' and he got up and posed himself with his arms folded, his head well back and his feet apart. 'And then underneath will be a bronze group in alto-relief, "Art leading Science captive." Ah, what a day it will be for Dijon when they unveil it. Alas! it will have to be after my death—but you can be there, and how I envy you! All the world will be in the streets from early in the morning, and they will point out my house and say to strangers: "We often used to see the great man come out of that door, and walk along the street there toward the left, and turn down that corner to the law school." And then the procession will come; first a carriage with a cabinet minister and the prefect; but I hope the monarchy will have been restored by that time and then we shall have a royal prince. After them you will see the bishop and senators and deputies—what a magnificent spectacle! There will be no band, though, but my dear daughter will sing the "Marseillaise." I have it almost ready; but I have not touched it for several weeks, and I must be patient and wait until I can do the work perfectly. I shall go up and play it for you now.'

He left the room, quite forgetful of his murderous designs, and I took the opportunity to escape by the other door. I rushed away, actually fearing to hear the sound again, but from the distance it was borne to my ears, the French national anthem, sung as never before, and I felt indeed, like Ulysses, bound to the mast. From that day to this I have not heard a word regarding the professor or his daughter.

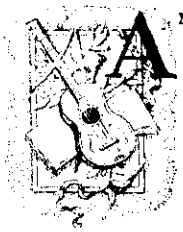
VI.

I can readily see that there seems to be a comic element in this recital; but I assure you the experience was a tragedy for me. The dream of my life, just as it was apparently on the verge of realization, had shrivelled into worse than nothing—I might almost say into a piece of buffoonery. Since then the future has been bereft of its interest for me, and my picture has been my only consolation. I have altered it much since I showed it to the professor, and it is not yet quite finished, for I dread to give it the last touches and thus, as it were, bid it 'farewell.' I have thrown all the intensity of my passion into it. You can see the face there and the throat and mouth, but all vague, colour rather than outline. But why should I endeavour vainly to put the picture into words, when you may see it if you wish at the next Salon? You will not appreciate it at first, but go back to it again and again, and at last I am sure that you will hear a wondrous strain of melody and you will understand why I have called it 'Song Triumphant' and written under it, '*Vox et præterea nihil.*' For me at least it is a success. The very bitterness of my bereavement has given it strength. I sometimes think that that is the noblest work of art which is most fully the incarnation of a sorrow—a great grief transformed into a thing of beauty, so that we remember no more the anguish, for joy that something worthy to live is born into the world.

E. H. Crosby.

MADAME PATEY.

MADAME PATEY.



Among the other advantages of frequent communication with Europe must be included the rapidly-increasing opportunities we are now given in Australasia of hearing the shining lights of the old world in literature, music, and the drama. The feature which strikes every highly-cultured traveller from what is still the acknowledged focus of high development in all the branches of intellectual effort is the great abundance of aspiring ability in these colonies which is groping its way about imperfectly for want of a high standard whereon to model itself. In proportion to their age and size these communities are extraordinarily full of live ambition merely seeking direction. It is therefore a cause for congratulation that Madame Patey, after her late excursion from Australia to China and Japan, did not continue her course homewards, but turned back in order to give the people of New Zealand a taste of that quality which has made her famous.

For the last generation no name has been more familiarly on the lips of the lovers of high-class music in the British Isles than that of Madame Patey. In England there is an operatic season, generally falling in the summer, and an oratorio and concert season, beginning in October, and lasting till the close of April, when the great classical concerts at the Crystal Palace cease. For twenty-five years the reigning contralto in the latter arena has been Madame Patey. With Lemmens-Sherrington, Sims Reeves, and Santley she has represented the English school of singers in the department of oratorio and ballad as contrasted with the operatic school in which Tietjens, Trebelli, Mongini, and Faure were for years the names most conspicuously appearing.

Madame Patey, originally Miss Whytock, was born in London forty-eight years ago. When she was twenty-three years of age, and was just breaking fairly upon the notice of the public—in 1866—Miss Whytock married Mr J. G. Patey, the son of a clergyman, who had renounced the calling of medicine for that of a singer, and was favourably known in opera and concert as a promising baritone. Her position as an interpreter of the oratorio school of music, so dear to a large proportion of the English people, may be said to date from her appearance at the Worcester Festival in 1866. In 1870, when Madame Sainton-Dolby, who held then the same place in the affections of the English public as Madame Patey does now, retired, Madame Patey, in natural course of succession, dropped into her place, and had been a standing dish at every great performance of oratorio or ballad concert since. It would be mystifying to enumerate even the most prominent appearances made by Madame Patey in her triumphant career. They cover the whole region of oratorio, and have been repeated again and again through twenty-five years.

Like most singers of the English school, Madame Patey has not been given to roaming. When the English public have once taken a singer into their good graces they keep them there until they choose to retire, and are rather averse to their favourites forsaking them for foreign lands. Once, however, in 1871, Madame Patey made a tour of the United States with Santley, Mr Patey, and two other English singers. Again in 1875 she went to Paris, on the invitation of the French musical authorities there, and was most successful in her rendering of oratorio—so much so that the directors of the Conservatoire of Paris presented her with a gold medal in testimony of their appreciation. This tribute, coming from a body so national and critical in its taste, is, perhaps, one of the most gratifying which a singer can enjoy.

Madame Patey's voice is contralto. It has an extraordinary range of nearly three octaves, and descends lower than any voice of similar character which has been hitherto known to exist. Its weight, too, is quite exceptional. In her rendering of the class of music with which her name has always been identified, she is unsurpassed. At her farewell concerts in the great Sydney Town Hall every seat was reserved, and yet the building was packed. The number of the auditors on the two occasions amounted to 8,000, and the receipts reached the enormous total of £650.

Madame Patey has a high opinion of the musical capacity of the rising generation in Australasia. She notes, however, that the most ravishing of the arts does not receive the same solid encouragement from the wealthy and well-to-do class here as it does at Home, which may be attributable to the fact that in the colonies the culture is as yet more peculiar to the unmoneyed many than to the few successful amassers of great riches.

Madame Patey will pass through New Zealand to Melbourne. From thence she will proceed to England, where she is under engagement to tour in company with Adelina Patti. It is to be hoped that the experience gained from hearing her will not be lost upon the singers of the colony, and that we may owe to her visit another impulse onwards towards the attainment of artistic excellence. Mr Patey accompanies his wife, and contributes in his capacity of baritone towards completing the vocal quartette of the company.

SOME MYSTERIES OF CHILD ADOPTION.

THE following is the account of some experimental investigations made recently by a party of gentlemen in New York through the medium of an agent regarding the readiness of mothers to part with their children. The premium offered by advertisement for the child accepted was £50, with the conditions that the mother should never again see it or know aught about its welfare.

The first letter received was from a widow named Mrs Nora Murphy, which read as follows:—

H., 244 World, Uptown.

I have seen your advertisement in The World. I have a child two years and four months of age, and am willing to give her up to good parents. I am a young widow and have to work hard to support myself. Please send me a postal card if you wish to see me on the matter.—Sincerely yours, Mrs NORA MURPHY.
No. 2 Ferry-street, Hoboken, N. J.

The advertiser's agent took the ferry to Hoboken the following day. At the corner of Ferry and Hudson streets stands a grim, smoky-looking, six-story brick tenement. Mrs Murphy lives on the second floor. She is a widow, and has only one child, a girl named Tessie. She is described as a sweet little child, with large blue eyes and fair hair, and full of childish happiness. Mrs Murphy's husband died four months ago. The widow was left in straightened circumstances, and in order to gain a livelihood accepted the position of housekeeper for Michael Murphy, a brother of the widow's late husband. Mr Murphy is a longshoreman, and has four children of his own. He didn't like Tessie, and so Mrs Murphy confided the child to the care of Charley Geiger, of No. 50, Madison-street, a boxer of no mean fame in Hoboken circles.

Mrs Murphy herself is a comely-looking woman. She welcomed the agent warmly, and was not at all inquisitive as to who was to be the child's future owner or where he lived. The agent did not offer any information, and the conversation that took place was purely of a business nature.

The next letter came from a fashionable west side flat-house. It read:—

H. 244 World, Uptown, City, February 22, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Please call at once in reference to advertisement in to-day's World. Very respectfully yours, W. J.
No. — West Fifty-eighth-street.

The agent found (Mrs J.) her residing at a cheap boarding-house on Straight-street. Mrs J. is an unusually handsome woman of twenty-two years of age, refined in appearance, and possesses many accomplishments. She is an artiste of genius, a splendid performer on the piano, a master of the violin, and has an exquisite touch in the moulding of pottery. She is the very idol of a poet's dream. Her figure is a charming one, and there is a tinge of sadness in her dreamy blue eyes.

'I received Mr Whitney's letter,' she said, 'and hoped and yet dreaded you would come. Tell me,' she said after the agent had been seated, 'what kind of a man is Mr Whitney and will he take good care of my little Robby? You seem to be a gentleman. I am sure there can be no harm meant. Of course if you will answer no questions I must confide my child to an uncertain fate, but God will watch over my Robby—yes. I am sure he will get a better home than he now has.'

The room which Mrs J. and her child occupied was cold, damp, and of mean proportions. The plaster was broken off in chunks from the wall in many places, and the furniture was very crude. Only two articles of wearing apparel were visible in the room. One was a threadbare skirt of fine material and hung suspended from a hook—the room afforded no cupboard or wardrobe. The other was Robby's overcoat, a fashionable little coat, with a soft fur collar, trimmed with braid.

Little Robby was the very picture of his mother. He had the same clear-cut features, his blue eyes were quite as dreamy, but were lighted up with childish innocence. His skin was fair and his prettily little face round and chubby. He wore a little 'Pinafore' cap perched back on his head and took a great fancy to the visitor. The agent felt a little guilty over the deception he was practising, but he had a duty to perform, and after all the mother was really the guilty one. Robby was put into his snug little coat and while he stood there talking to the visitor his mother sketched him. She showed herself an excellent sketch artiste, for the portrait is a good likeness of the boy, and was done within a few moments. Mrs J. offered this explanation for agreeing to surrender her child for a money consideration:

'Four years ago,' said she, 'when I was eighteen years of age, I met a Welsh gentleman in Scotland, who was an American citizen. I had a good home and kind parents. I was brought up in luxury and was given a good education in music, painting, drawing and other studies. My father objected very much to Mr J., but my love for him was so strong that one night we eloped, and came to America. My husband accepted a situation in Philadelphia in a large silk dye mill, and earned good wages. We had been married scarcely a year when he began to neglect me for another woman. Finally he totally deserted me, leaving me penniless. A few months later my Robby was born. It was a hard struggle for existence, and now I am in my darkest hour. I pawned all my jewelery and made what little I could by the brush.

'We became poorer and poorer, and I decided to move to New York, where I hoped to find a better market for my paintings. I have been living at——Flat in New York until a few days ago, when I was obliged to move here to reduce expenses. No one seems to consider my work well executed, and I hardly know how I shall manage to support myself. My husband lives in this city and now works in a silk dye mill in Brooklyn. He makes $40 a week, but spends it on a woman with whom he is infatuated.'

Two days later Mr Whitney received the following letter:

Mr F. H. Whitney.
DEAR SIR: I wish to inform you that I am once more united to my husband, so wish to cancel the negotiations which against my conscience I entered into. Thank heaven, Robby need never leave his mother's side. Sincerely,
Miss J.

Another letter ran:

NEW YORK, February 22nd, 1891.

H. 244 World Uptown.
DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—Your advertisement in to-day's World (Personal Column) I beg leave to reply to, and may you be charitable to what I have to say. I hope you are serious, and will not make my burden the harder by telling me that it is a mistake. I have a female child twenty-three months old, with large, pretty brown eyes, and red, cherry lips, in fact, I must say it is a pretty child, and hope it may fall into good hands. I will concede to your conditions and deliver the child to you or agent, providing we can arrange it so that I should not be known. Of course you will take good care of it. The money consideration, I do not care for same. You could place it in child's name in some trust company. If you are serious, you may address a letter so we could meet and fix details. I shall not trouble you in the future; for the present I can say no more.
Miss M.R., care Station K., P.O., city.
P.S.—I shall demand a personal interview with you.

A reply was written asking Miss M. R. to name a place and hour for meeting. This was the response:

NEW YORK, February, 26, 1891.

Mr F. H. Witney.
DEAR SIR,—Please have your agent meet me in front of the Plaza Hotel, Fifty-ninth-street and Fifth avenue, at 9 p.m. sharp. Saturday. I will wear a light-coloured jacket. Yours in confidence, Miss M.R.

At five minutes of 9 no white sacque was visible from in front of the Plaza Hotel. For fifteen minutes the agent waited. It was 9.10. and no light coloured jacket yet. Wondering whether he was the victim of a joke, the agent walked impatiently back and forth. A cab came clattering down the avenue. It stopped at the corner and a young lady, heavily veiled, peered out. The agent was standing fairly on the corner. The cab door was opened by the coachman, and the young woman stepped out. She wore a very light coloured jacket. The agent ventured a nod of recognition. It was returned. There was no delay in arriving at an understanding, and the young woman suggested a walk west on Fifty-ninth-street.

She was attired in a neat, close-fitting dress of dark material. The jacket fitted snugly, and showed off a slender, willowy form to good advantage. A pert little black bonnet rested jauntily on her head, and from it fell a heavy veil.

'I demanded an interview,' the young lady said, 'not that I care to know who you are or who Mr Whitney is. I want to know whether you require identification. If you do there is no need of our proceeding any further. I am willing to surrender the child absolutely, and will ask no questions. I hope, however, it will receive a good home. I do not want the $250, and you can deposit that amount with some trust company in favour of the child or not, just as you choose. Your advertisement does not specify sex, so I presume either will do. This child is a girl, and she is not quite three years of age. She is now in care of a family on Washington-street. She isn't what might be called a lovely child, but she is very bright and loving. She has no name, so if you take the child you can call her any name you choose. I will answer no questions regarding the child's parentage. It is of good family, I assure you. Here is her photograph.'

With that the mysterious yet business-like young miss produced a picture which she said had been taken six months ago. The child's features are interesting and not badly formed. It is evidently of American birth.

'I suppose,' she continued, 'you are not prepared to make final terms. If Mr Whitney is satisfied with the photograph address me as before, and I will tell you where to call for her and give you a letter to the people who have her in charge. Now, will you be so kind as to accompany me back to the cab?' With a pleasant 'good-night' she entered the cab and was driven rapidly away.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.

THE temptation to abandon one vocation for another is greatly increased by the false lights in which we see other people's work and other people's circumstances. Most men seem prosperous to their neighbours, who see only their mode of life and their expenditures, knowing nothing of their toil or of the economy which they find it necessary to practise in private. So, too, every man's work seems easier and more agreeable than our own, simply because we see it from the outside, knowing nothing of the drudgery incident to it, the difficulty of doing it, or the poverty of its results as its doer knows them. Of our own work we tire now and then, and when we do we exaggerate its difficulty and the disagreeable things attending it. Its results are much smaller than we have hoped, perhaps, and we naturally assume that they are smaller than those attained by our neighbours. We draw unjust comparisons between his lot or his work and our own, knowing our own perfectly, and his imperfectly.

Now, it is a well-ascertained fact that the profits of different handicrafts, do not materially vary from one standard, and it is safe to say that there is no great difference between the net results of all the different vocations open to any one man. In other words, every man's money-making power is limited by his character, his intellectual capacity, his education, and his capital. These enable him to follow any one of certain vocations, and his earnings will be substantially the same whether he adopt one or another of the callings thus open to him. What the result would be if he had a larger capital, or a better education, or greater capacity, and so were fitted for some business which he cannot follow at all as he is, it is not worth while to inquire. Such as he is, he is capable of making a certain amount of money, and he could hardly increase the amount of his business were it other than it is. To change, therefore, from one of the businesses open to him to another which cannot pay better, it is useless in any case, and when the change is from a calling in which the man is an expert to one in which he is a mere tyro, it is sheer folly.

And yet changes of this kind are made every day by men who seriously hope to better their condition in this way. Now and then one does benefit himself by such a change, and this fact serves to tempt others all the more strongly. But cases of this kind are rare exceptions to a well-nigh universal rule, and when they occur at all there is nearly always some factor involved which is not common to all other cases at all. The man has some special fitness for the new undertaking, or was in some way specially unfitted for the old; or he is a man of more than ordinary versatility; or he has entered upon his new calling under peculiarly favourable auspices; or, as is sometimes the case, pure accident has come to his assistance. Whatever the cause of his success may be, it is exceptional, and in no way affects the rule that it is always dangerous and often disastrous to change from one vocation to another.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE WATER LILY AS FOOD.

THE water lily is said to be largely used in some parts of India as a foodstuff. The fruit of one species which grows plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch, and has much the flavour of a chestnut. If the nuts are dried, they will keep for a long time, and when ground, may be made into cakes or porridge; or they may be soaked for some hours and then boiled. The seeds of the lotus are also much used in India. When green they are eaten raw; when ripe they are boiled. The root, too, is often boiled, and served as a vegetable.

DURATION OF LIFE.

It is believed that there are traces in the animal kingdom of a law that fixes the extreme duration of life at five times that of growth. This latter period in man may be said to average twenty-one years; hence the full span of a perfectly healthy man's life should range from one hundred to one hundred and five years. As, however, none are born perfectly free from taint, the expectation of life varies greatly. Every human being starts on his life journey with a certain life force—or, in other words, like a clock, he is constructed to run a certain time under given conditions.

FUNCTIONS OF LOW ORGANISMS.

The bacillus now reigns in the place of the atom. Certainly during the last few years chemists have not only learned to make compounds hitherto formed solely by means of organic life, for example indigo and musk, but they have also shown that mineral changes hitherto supposed to be due entirely to chemical action, are in reality due to organisms. The nitrification of soils, and the decomposition of sulphates in brakish waters are illustrations in point. The lowest organisms, as well as the highest, man, all have their duties to perform in the world, and help to keep it 'wagging.'

AGENCY OF PLANTS.

Quite recently Mr W. H. Weed, of the United States Geological Survey, has proved that plants of a low grade are important agents in the production of travertine, tufas, and sinters, hitherto believed to be the effect of ignoramic chemistry. The abundance of algæ in hot springs has often been observed, but passed over as a curiosity of biological science, in spite of the well known fact that certain water plants extract carbonate of lime from its solution. Some years ago a writer drew attention to the fact that most of the 'coral sand' on a certain West Indian Island is really the calcareous skeleton of a seaweed, and not, as was imagined, the *débris* of rock coral. Cohn, a German naturalist, has shown that vegetation is an agent in the production of travertine in the Carlsbad springs.

TRUE HISTORY OF THE WINE PLANT.

St. Dionysius was on his way from his monastery on Mount Olympus to Naxos, and he sat down to rest during the heat of the day. Close to him he saw a pretty plant, which he wished to take with him, and lest it should wither by the way, he put it into the leg-bone of a bird, and, to his surprise, at his next halting-place he found it had sprouted; so, accordingly, he put it into the leg-bone of a lion, and the same thing occurred; finally he put it into the leg-bone of an ass, and on reaching Naxos, he found the plant so rooted in the bones that he planted them altogether, and up came a vine, from the fruit of which he made the first wine, a little of which made the saint sing like a bird, a little more made him strong as a lion, and yet a little more made him foolish as an ass.

EASTERN LOCKS.

An Egyptian lock, in use more than 4,000 years ago, made of wood and with a wooden key, has been discovered in an ancient tomb. One one side of the door to which it was fastened there was a staple, and into this staple fitted a wooden bolt that was fixed to the door itself. When this bolt was pushed into the staple as far as it would go, three pins in the upper part of the staple dropped into holes in the bolt and held it in its place, so that it could not be moved back again until the pins were lifted. The key is a straight piece of wood, at the end of which are three pegs the same distance apart as the pins which hold the bolt firm. When the key is pushed into the bolt through a hole made to receive it, the pegs come into such a position that they are able to lift the pins that fixed the bolt, and when these are lifted the bolt can be lifted out of the staple. There should be ample scope for a treatise on the locks of all nations. The Chinese use a very simple but ingenious device for boxes, etc., while their mode of securing doors combines strength with simplicity to a striking degree. Time locks, alphabetical locks, and a host of other types would lend themselves to interesting description and illustration.

WASHING OUT THE STOMACH.

During the past year several physicians in New York have tried, with a gratifying success, a novel treatment for dyspepsia and cancer of the stomach by washing out that organ. The process is very simple and not dangerous. A long flexible pipe is passed down the throat until one end is in the stomach. The upper end has a funnel attached, into which hot water is poured until the stomach is filled. The weight of the water in the pipe and funnel gives a hydraulic pressure sufficient to distend the stomach. The pipe has an aperture big enough to hold a lead pencil. After the stomach has been filled, the funnel end of the pipe is turned down until it is lower than the bottom of the stomach, and the stomach is emptied as a barrel of any fluid is emptied through a siphon. The process may be repeated several times. The result is that the undigested food and mucus are washed out, and the hot water closes the blood vessels and reduces inflammation. The relief is immediate. The dyspeptic may have his stomach washed out before a meal, so that he can take a fresh start. After the lapse of a sufficient time for ordinary digestion the stomach may be washed out again.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

THERE is perhaps nothing connected with the ancient institution of matrimony which men and women agree to believe in more thoroughly than its first phase.

The rash young man about to throw himself headlong into the matrimonial sea spends more time upon the formula of popping the question than upon the prospect of after felicity or the advisability of getting married at all. His restless days and sleepless nights are generally devoted to grinding out a host of happy phrases which, when the time comes, will induce the fair one to be his'n (provided her predilections run in that direction), and he eagerly cons book after book to discover how other heroes and lovers met the difficulty. When the ordeal is all over he usually awakes to the highly disagreeable truth that he hasn't, strictly speaking, popped at all,

It appears to have been a mute and mutual arrangement between swain and damsel in which mere words have no place and are entirely superfluous. It is a very pleasant feeling while the spell is on, but when it is all over he wonders whether, after all, he met the emergency in the proper manner, and whether that masterly silence of two souls wasn't a big blunder to be regretted all his life.

Thousands of young married men are going about to-day firmly convinced that their married lives would have been much happier if their ccurtship hadn't been so prosy and unromantic.

DECADENCE OF POPPING.

But the fact is that there isn't nearly so much 'popping' done as there used to be. A century or two ago the lovesick youth flung himself down upon his knees, declared his love, and waited tremblingly for the lady's assent. Now, if we are to believe the iconoclasts, Edwin throws away his cigarette stump and observes nonchalantly—we were going to say almost flippantly—

'By the way, Angelina, what d'ye think of our getting married?'

Angelina averring that the idea is not half bad, the bargain is forthwith struck.

In novel literature it has always been understood that the strongest situation is that in which the hero proposes to the heroine. In it culminates the real interest of all novels which hinge upon love and the exploits of lovers. If popping the question were left out, and it occasionally is done for effect, the artist must be a very great one who will not thereby spoil his or her story not insensibly. And if it is so in novels, why shouldn't it be so in real life?

There are hundreds of ways of doing the business, however, besides flinging ones's self down on one's knees after the fashion of Don Quixote and the early romancers. A good novel is a pretty safe rule or guide to go by if a love affair is to be brought to a real and serious issue.

A woman naturally expects at least a slight flavour of romance when she is being wooed and won, and marriages will be all the happier if the lady feels that she has not been robbed of that emotional gallantry and earnest persuasion which she has always been led to regard as part of the rapture of accepting the man of her choice. In olden times, and in the country districts at the present day, matches have been broken up or prolonged for years, because the lover could not nerve himself to make the fatal query. If he had read novels he would have been bound to find some case which almost precisely fitted his own, and both would have been relieved of that long agony of suspense.

INGENUITY TO BE CULTIVATED.

'Let me call you my Edith?' says Harry Coningsby in Disraeli's novel, and that is the way thousands of people in real life propose. The liberty of using the young lady's Christian name is tantamount to a declaration of love.

'I may call you Rachel, then?' asks one of Mr Trolloppe's lovers. 'Oh, no; please don't,' murmurs the bashful girl. 'What would people think?' 'Perhaps they would think the truth,' said he. 'Perhaps they would imagine I called you so because I liked you. But perhaps they might think also that you let me do so because you liked me. People do make such mistakes.'

An aspect of humility is sometimes effective.

'Forgive me!' say a number of Mr Beasant's suitors.

'Forgive me!' exclaims Daburon in Gaboriau's 'Le Rouge Case.' 'A word from your lips will decide my future happiness or misery. Claire, do not spurn me. I love you'—pronounced with the trembling accents of the most devoted passion.

'In vain have I struggled,' says Darcy in 'Pride and Prejudice.' 'It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you.'

'Romola,' says Tito in George Eliot's masterpiece, 'if you will only let me say I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little.'

STOOPING TO CONQUER.

They nearly all go down on their knees, these very earnest lovers, and some that are not so earnest.

'You'll take somebody else,' says Mr Jingle, in 'Pickwick,' to the fair Rachel.

'Yes.'

'You shall.' Mr Jingle fell on his knees, remained thereupon for five minutes thereafter, and rose the accepted lover of the spinster aunt.'

'Miss Sammerson!' declares Mr Guppy, the attorney's clerk in 'Bleak House,' 'I adore you! Would you be so kind as to allow me (as I may say) to file a declaration—to make an offer?' Mr Guppy then went down on his knees.

Young Pendennis falls upon his knees before his lady love. 'And—now—now, Laura!' he says.

'"Esther," said Felix Holt reproachfully.

'She heard Felix say the word with an entreating cry and went toward him with the swift movement of a frightened child toward its protector. He clasped her and they kissed each other.'

'Before I see you I thought all women alike,' declares the ingenious Mr Sam Weller. But now I find what a soft headed, incredulous turnip I've been, for they ain't nobody like you, although I like you better than nothing at all.'

Selected at random from the sensational novelists of the day, among whom were Ouida, The Duchess, Charlotte M. Braeme and several American writers, are such varied declarations of love as the following:—

'At last, most perfect of women, I have an opportunity of saying what has so long hung like a cloud upon my heart!'

'I would gladly defer what I have to say, Corinne, but I cannot, I dare not. I love you.'

'You are not like other women,' he murmured. 'From the first night we met I have been your suitor and your slave!'

VARIETY IN SAMENESS.

'Promise me, Agnes, you will not say no to what I have to ask. I wish to call you mine—mine forever!'

'I know I am unworthy to even raise my eyes to your dear face. You know my faults—will you—can you accept me?'

'I have been waiting for months to tell you how much I admire—worship you. If I thought—if I thought you would not forever spurn me I would ask you to—to be my wife.'

'This is not the place, Miss Audley, to tell you how much I love you—to open up my heart to the woman I esteem above all others. Jane Audley, listen to me. I love you!'

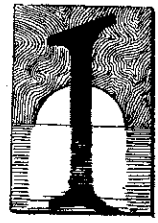
But, it is very doubtful, even with these examples before him, if every lovelorn person won't go on popping in his own way—that is, of course, if he pops at all. Every fellow loves his particular damsel 'as woman was never loved before,' consequently he is rather uppish about the particular individual method which he employs. He forgets that in not coming out with a direct verbal proposal he is knocking all the romance out of the business and his only thought is how he can best get out of the scrape with the least trouble. He never thinks of her, bless you. The poor girl in all probability has been filling her mind with how the business ought to be done and is done—in novels—and has doubtless got ready for the emergency if it ever should arrive. That shrinking and timid 'Yes' that ought to send George into the empyrean of bliss must remain unsaid if George doesn't first say:—'Clara, will you be my wife?'

FOOTLIGHT PROPOSALS.

The stage proposal of marriage is also effective, artistic, and diverse. Modern playwrights have made their heroes pop in every conceivable way, but very often in their attempts at complete originality they enter the domain of real life. This is wrong.

'Er—will you be my wife?' asks the lovesick bachelor in Mr De Mille's clever 'Men and Women.' The lady doesn't pause in sweet and doubting diffidence, blush and make believe she didn't hear. She just wheels around and snickers a regular Girton snicker. 'Why, cert'nly!' she says.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.



I HAD finished reading the trial of the last somnambulist brought before the correctional police tribunal, and, as I concluded, I fell to thinking that the second sight so often talked about, but which until now has remained in the state of a fantastic hypothesis, would in truth be an exceedingly precious faculty for the man exceptionally gifted with it.

I had scarcely entered upon this mental commentary when my door opened, and I saw an unknown, of appearance, enter my apartment. He was feature for feature the personage described by Frederic Soulie in his prologue to the 'Memoires du Diable.' He had the same sardonic countenance, the same sarcastic glance. As in the 'Memoires du Diable,' my singular visitor seated himself without even waiting for me to offer him a chair, took nonchalantly in his hooked fingers a glowing coal picked up from the fire on the hearth, and, having lighted his cigar, said:

'Pardon me, my dear monsieur, this unceremonious entrance, but I never make any others. Just now I was idling in the neighbourhood, and my glance having by chance made its way through the walls of the house in which you live, I surprised you in the act of formulating within yourself a regret and a desire.'

'What does this mean?' stammered I, somewhat disconcerted. 'Is it your intention to make me believe that you are——'

'Astaroth, Satan, Beelzebub—the name is not of the slightest consequence. What concerns you is that I can give you that double sight, for which an instant ago you seemed to me to be sighing.'

'You?'

'I.'

'I should, indeed, be curious——'

'Take care; I warn you that it is not a very brilliant present I am about to give you.'

'You are joking! Think of being able to decipher thought through people's skulls, to bid defiance to every secret, to lift every veil! If Nature had not made us as miserable and as powerless as we are, would she not have given us all this indispensible power? Would she——'

'You want it? Very well, I do not insist. Let your wish be accomplished!'

My unknown had hardly finished this phrase when a revolution seemed to take place within me. My eyes were no longer those circumscribed organs I had hitherto possessed. They traversed space. They surmounted all obstacles. It appeared to me that the whole world was filing off around me like a panorama. And, carried away by my enthusiasm, I exclaimed:

'How agreeable this is, how sublime, how——'

My phrase was interrupted by the entrance of my servant, who, affable and smiling, said:

'Monsieur, here is a month's account. Will Monsieur be so kind as to glance over it? I have followed his directions and am happy to be able to show that the expenditures have been notably less under me than under my predecessor. I hope that——'

My eyes while he was speaking had passed alternately from the paper he was showing me to his visage. Beneath the figures of the account the real figures had appeared to me, and I was able to convince myself that I had been robbed of a good third. At the same time I thus read his thoughts like an open book:

'Imbecile! I am wheedling you! I have stolen a trifle less than the other for the first month, and, as you are used to being duped, you will take me for an honest man. Triple idiot! You believe yourself sharper than we are and despise us because we have no education! We always know enough to stuff you, anyway!'

I had no need to decipher further and shouted, in a voice of thunder:

'Here's a week's wages; now, get out, shark that you are!'

'Eh! parbleu! What is the matter with you? How came you by that upset look? What has happened to you this morning?'

It was my friend Paul, who had dropped in unexpectedly a few instants after the execution to which I had proceeded—my friend Paul, the cream of friends, a Pylades.

'Only think, my dear boy, that I have just driven off that miserable Joseph!'

'He has played you some trick after his fashion? That don't astonish me; the best of them are worthless. But let me speak of more important things. I met the Minister in the salon of the Comtesse de B—— yesterday. He spoke to me a great deal about you. Your pictures please him. Judge if I played my cards well! You will be decorated at the next Salon, and I can say without boasting that my efforts——'

I looked my friend Paul in the white of the eyes, and while the words were crowding to his lips, read through his eyeballs:

'You know, my boy, that well-ordered charity begins at home; I caused myself to be presented to the Minister and pressed him for the place I covet. As to your decoration I do not even feel the slightest desire to trouble myself about it! Besides, you don't deserve it as much as that, and you can wait, my boy!'

Nevertheless, he was still perorating.

'Why this is shameful!' cried I, suddenly, 'to think that a man can lie with such brazen impudence!'

'What do you mean?'

'That you are a scoundrel, that I was stupid ever to have the slightest confidence in you, and that I want you to slide down the stairway with the utmost rapidity!'

'Monsieur, you are an insolent puppy, and my seconds will wait upon you this evening.'

He had hardly gone when there was a violent pull at the bell.

'Who's that now? The deuce!—that rich amateur who is going to buy my last two pictures! Monsieur the Baron, take the trouble to step in.'

The Baron entered and, with his eye-glass in his hand, exclaimed:

'Delicious, those two canvasses, perfectly delicious; that's the kind of painting I like. No, without compliment, it is altogether remarkable.'

Meanwhile the satanic double sight was reading:

'As for me, I think it frightful! But you are in fashion, my boy, and, as I keep a gallery merely for show, I will make you a figure in it. Besides, you are talked of, and I can probably sell off your pictures at a profit if I make haste, for your renown will not last long. You are very much over-rated. Before ten years have passed there will be no sale whatever for your daubs.'

'Well, what is your lowest figure, my friend?' asked the Baron, winding up his little speech.

'I have no figure at all. I don't sell to idiots like you! I am not a grocer who deals in cinnamon. I don't want people to merely buy pictures; I want them to appreciate them.'

'You are a boor or a fool, monsieur! I will relate this affair to all my friends, and if you get any further orders I will lose my reputation!'

I was suffocating. I needed air, and also consolation. At a furious rate I rushed down the stairway behind the stupid Baron. 'I'll go to her home,' thought I. 'The sight of her will do me good.'

She was an adorable creature, an ideal young girl, to whom I was betrothed. We awaited only the formalities for the marriage. I entered. She received me with her angelic smile.

'How kind in you to give me this surprise! I did not hope to see you during the day.'

'Dear Berthe!'

'I was just talking about you with my mother. Could I ever forget you?'

Abomination! The double sight read:

'Mamma explained to me a little while ago that this marriage was an excellent affair. I understood. You displease me horribly. I think you are too old for me, as well as an awkward and disagreeable coxcomb! But there are five girls of us in the family, and the first thing to make sure of is money.'

'Berthe! exclaimed I, choking with rage, 'this is scandalous! Seek a dupe elsewhere; you will never see me again!'

After having run about at random like a lunatic, I found myself, I know not how, in my arm-chair at the corner of my fire. I was shedding a flood of bitter tears. A finger was placed upon my shoulder; it was the unknown of the morning.

'I told you that your wish was ridiculous!'

'Is that you? Cursed be your presentiment! Everybody has deserted me! I have lost in a single day my best friend, the girl I loved and all my patrons; I have not even a servant upon whom to vent my anger. All this is the fault of that infernal second sight of which——'

'It was you who asked for it, my dear boy.'

'I was an imbecile!'

'I shall not contradict you.'

'Impertinent! You shall give me satisfaction.'

'After you have finished cutting throats with your friend Paul.'

'True—I had forgotten that. 'That's another felicity for which I am indebted to you. Triple fool that I was to aspire to improve on nature! But I'll have my revenge on you at least, and you shall——'

With these words I leaped for the tongs. I brandished them and awoke with a start. All this had been only a frightful nightmare, caused by the trial of the somnambulist.

The Gazette des Tribunaux had fallen at my feet during my doze. I had lost neither my betrothed nor my friend. I was still the fashionable artist. My servant, more obsequious than ever, announced to me that my breakfast was ready.

In short, I had preserved that precious ignorance without which life would be impossible. And I passed into the dining-room humming the air from 'Galatea:'

'Ah! how delightful not to see everything!'

The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

SOMEBODY (presumably a man) has of late been guilty of utterances in one of the Christchurch papers which savour of treason against the girls of that 'toney' place, and have kicked up the usual dust which arises whenever lovely women is the subject of dispute. It is astonishing how seriously the girls, and even the *sex* generally (for is there not but one sex worth talking about?) take any uncomplimentary reflections supposed to proceed from the pen of a man. One is always a little suspicious of this sensitiveness to criticism. It suggests the story of the illiterate cobbler who went to hear some disputants arguing in Latin, and drew his conclusions as to who was getting the worst of it by noting which grew angry the first.

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There is something eminently philosophical in the way men take an indiscriminate attack made upon them from the other side. They are too stupid, or indifferent, or lazy, or conceited to pay much regard to the anathemas hurled at their patient ears by women. Probably they have sense enough to feel that the noisy vituperation showered on them by the female tongue is a sort of blank cartridge fusillade, mere sound and fury signifying nothing, and that the whole display is, after all, merely a sham-fight. Says lovely woman, sitting down in tears, 'All men are brutes; they are selfish to the backbone.' Just then a harmless obese cow strolls round the corner, and lovely woman is, with a shriek, affectionately seeking protection from the subject of her tirade. Man, feeling quite valorous under the circumstances, sweetly strokes her down, says that he will die for her if need be—well knowing it is wildly unnecessary—and thus order is restored in the human nursery. How many men writhing helplessly under the lash of feminine volubility do not sigh for the presence of such an opportune old cow, or the apparition of a still more redoubtable mouse. In the face of such dangers the sense of his shortcomings are forgotten by his detractor, and she starts up and makes tracks for his sheltering bosom.

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But in default of such a useful ally, let man, proud man, be careful how he ventures to criticize the last perfected work of creation. Burns, who was the boy for the girls, knew what he was about when he sung of them as the *chef d'œuvre* of the Creator. That alone would have made him immortal, for when a man bows unreservedly at the feet of woman she is no niggard in exalting him. He might have gone further and said that the Creator was so pleased with his masterwork that he has made a good many more of them than of men, and for these the more women means the merrier time. Most men, who feel like Burns, are more impressed by this fact as an evidence of a superintending Providence than any other in the mundane scheme, as far as it is known.

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The writer, who under a safe anonymity has been telling colonial girls some unpalatable things in Christchurch, is on the whole rather hypercritical. It is in the main correct that everywhere the intelligence and information of women is of the degree agreeable to the mass of men with whom they come into habitual contact. In the present condition of the colonies there is a much greater sameness in the female population than there is in that of the British Isles. Great wealth has not yet created distinct social grades, and the refinement and culture is much more generally diffused. In this country there are no classes similar to those of the factory hands and the peasant labourers at home. This is similarly true of the male population of New Zealand. With the exception of the wail emitted by the Christchurch Press, there appears to be no discontent on the part of the mass of men here with the mental state of their prospective wives. Even among the few who affect the ways of 'society' there is no such passion for intellectual culture on the part of the men-folk as to induce the women to humour it. If there were, the wishes of the men would be complied with. Where, however, is the bank clerk who wants from a woman dissertations on the mysteries of currency or a scientific exposition of the law of bills and promissory notes?

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It is very easy for a carping mind, coming fresh from a circle composed of the aristocracy, gentry, and professional middle class of England, to perceive in the ordinary colonial girl an absence of the manners and information which their more fortunate sisters in the old country insensibly acquire. This circle, though quite a minority in the population, numbers several millions, the outcome of an enormous concentration of wealth in an area no larger than that of New Zealand. The polished classes at home amount to more than ten times the population of the whole of New Zealand, and move chiefly among one another, so as to acquire the tone which is known as characteristically 'English, you know.' Owing to their greater propinquity to the populous centres of Europe, the women of this class imperceptibly learn much which a colonial girl could only acquire by dint of reading and application. Truly there has of recent years been a great advance in the matter of hard study and intelligent converse among these English girls, and general intercourse is not so inane as it used to be. If the colonial girls generally be compared with picked specimens of this class, it is not to be expected that they will bear the test. It is not a fair one. But if they be put in contrast with the average middle-class women of the English county districts, it will be found that in every respect the better class girl of New Zealand will more than hold her own.

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It has occurred to a gentleman connected with the daily press to ask why so many men are found in New Zealand ostensibly willing to engage in public affairs without hope of reward? The office of legislator and mayor are the two to which some pecuniary emolument is attaching, but the cost of 'shouting' drinks to your constituents, and of entertaining in proportion to the views of your wife (the mayoress) must leave very little profit remaining when the demands of the position have been satisfied. To the person who enjoys the pleasures of a quiet evening by his own fireside, the ambition which carries certain men out upon the pursuit of that elusive and wayward siren, the airy breath of popular applause, is unintelligible.

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If the object is not to descend into the grave with the consciousness of having passed a life-time usefully in scratching your neighbour's back while he returns the compliment upon your own, what can be the motive? Is it pure vanity? A very slight acquaintance with a public career, and an observation of the rapidity with which a vanished notability is forgotten, must convince even the most optimistic aspirant that there is 'little in it' from that point of view. A flaming obituary notice, perhaps, penned by men whose whole interest in the decedent is centred for the time on writing him up with *eclat* to themselves. Possibly there follows what Byron calls 'a name, a wretched picture and worse bust' (*vide* that statue of Mr Godley in Cathedral square, Christchurch), the which will not profit a man much in the great hereafter, and is often a cause for lamentation among those he has left behind. 'Just to think that my poor, dear husband looked a bit like that thing,' as the sorrowing widow exclaims when she sees his posthumous presentment arising, and thereupon goes down to consult her lawyer about obtaining an injunction pending the passing an act making such atrocity libellous.

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Putting aside vanity and gain, therefore, what can be the motive which induces many husbands to 'play the wag' with the wife of their bosom, and go wild-goosing after the bubble reputation. 'Tell it not in Gath,' but there is a reason which tempts o'er-laden pater-familias to sneak out of nights and chase that bewitching hussy, 'fame,' through an unceasing round of public meetings. He is bored, and devotion to the public service is an excellent excuse for getting a little variety of occupation and respectable excitement when the effervescence of early married life is o'er. The mirage of the family fireside as it appeared to him in all its pathetic beauty once, seems on closer acquaintance to still elude him. There it is, but it does not satisfy. It is a lovely phantasm, but, like *orange souffle*, most unfilling at the price.

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The time was when Chloe was to be all in all unto Damon, and the off-hours of existence were to be spent in poring into each other's eyes, or sitting intertwined before the fire constructing the sweetest of airy castles in the ruddy embers. Otherwhiles Damon was to take out his flute and play the dear old tunes as in the days of their courtship. But Chloe is ignorant of the variations in coal, and gets a kind which only smoulders and smokes, and while the temperature sinks the 'castles in the air' won't rise. Damon, thereupon, gets cross, and asks Chloe, 'Why she bought that stuff?' Chloe whimpers, and on Damon getting out his flute to play the dear old airs, says, 'Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the baby.' 'Yes,' says Damon, sadly, I did not reckon with the baby in those days, for I did not see him anywhere about. I can, however, hear him now. Just go and see what is the matter with him, my dear. I have to attend a meeting of the Board for the Housing and Entertainment of Neglected Children. Don't sit up. We have some important measures to discuss, and I shall be late.' So Damon goes to sacrifice himself for his country's good, and returns in an excitement which he says is due to the animated nature of the debate, and which Chloe is content to believe. So Damon progresses to public distinction, and other women tell Chloe how proud she ought to be.

THE HILLS OF LYNN.

WE wandered down the hills of Lynn,
My love and I together;
Cicalas, chanting fine and thin,
Made musical the heather;
Within the vale the lamps, like stars,
Shone in the dusk, and ruddy Mars
On high his pennon floated,
Oh, love, oh, love, a song bird there
Sang for us silver-throated.

Oh, pleasant are the hills of Lynn
In summer greenly growing,
When stars the twilight usher in;
The reapers from the mowing
Come whistling homeward through the glade
And each one watches for the maid
To him most dear and pleasing,
While down the lanes the loaded wains
Creak after loudly wheezing.

The hills of Lynn, to me so dear,
How shall I tread them lonely?
My sweet love is not with me here,
Yon moon marks one shape only,
One shadow drawn across the grass,
Where once were two, dear love, alas!
I'd fain be here laid sleeping;
For wandering down the hills of Lynn
Alone sets me a weeping.

The hills of Lynn, oh, the hills of Lynn,
Where we used to walk together,
I wish me dead on the hills of Lynn
At the end of the golden weather;
I wish me dead in a cold, cold shroud,
Beneath the withered clover.
For since he has gone has come a cloud
The golden hill slopes over.

ROYAL LADIES WHO SMOKE.

THE Empress Elizabeth of Austria smokes from thirty to forty Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day, and for many years it has been her inveterate custom to puff away after dinner at a strong Italian cigar, one of those with a straw running through it, and which is brought to her with her cup of Turkish coffee every evening on a gold salver.

On her writing-table are always a large silver box of *repoussé* work, filled with cigarettes, a matchbox of carved Chinese jade, and a capacious ash receiver. Almost mechanically Her Majesty lights cigarette after cigarette, as she sits in her great writing-room at Godöllö, which is fitted up with carved oak panels and Gobelins tapestries, the sombre hue of the walls being relieved here and there by trophies of the chase.

The Czarina of Russia, who is likewise one of the vassals of King Nicotine, smokes in a somewhat more indolent and almost Oriental fashion. Stretched on the silken cushions of a broad low divan, at Gatschina, she follows dreamily with her beautiful dark eyes the rings of blue smoke which her crimson lips part to send upward into the perfumed air of her boudoir—a boudoir which she calls her 'den,' and which is copied from one of the loveliest rooms of the Alhambra, with palms raising their banners against the gorgeous colours and diapered gold of the walls.

Queen Marguerite of Italy is another of the royal ladies who sees no harm in the use of tobacco. Her flashing black eyes look laughingly through fragrant clouds of smoke, and she is wont to declare that her cigarette is more essential to her comfort than anything else in life.

Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, is a great advocate of tobacco. She consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and there is nothing that her little 'Bubi,' his Majesty, King Alphonso XIII., enjoys more than when his mother permits him to strike a match and apply the flame to the end of her cigarette.

The smoking paraphernalia of the beautiful ex-Queen Natalie of Servia is of the most elaborate and magnificent description; while the poet-Queen of Roumania, so well-known in the literary world under the pseudonym of 'Carman Sylva,' is content with the gold cigarette case suspended to her chatelaine. The Comptesse de Paris, the Queen *de jure* of France, is addicted to mild Havannahs of delicious flavour; and her daughter, Queen Amelia of Portugal, is a source of considerable fortune to the manufacturers of cigarettes at Dresden.

THE AUDIENCE.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, MAY 26.

The opening meeting of the Remuera Musical, Social, and Literary Society, held in the Mount Hobson Hall, was most successful, and thoroughly enjoyable. The building was crowded to the doors, and the very excellent programme provided for the evening's enjoyment proved both entertaining and amusing. The first part was miscellaneous, and included musical selections by Mrs Kilgour, Mr Hesketh, Misses Law, and others. In the second part the amusing little comedy, entitled 'Chiselling,' was capitally performed by Miss Buckland, and Messrs Theo Queree, J. Quinn, Russell, and C. White. During the interval light refreshments, provided by the ladies' committee, were handed round and duly enjoyed, ample time being also allowed for moving about to meet and hold converse with friends and acquaintances. The night was fine, but rather cold, and in consequence evening dress was not generally worn, most of the ladies appearing in warm gowns, many of them being of tweed. Miss Law wore a pretty black grenadine gown; Mrs Edmund Mahoney, handsome gown of old gold plush and gold silk; Mrs Nichol, pretty grey silk gown, crimson plush opera cloak; Mrs Kilgour, handsome black lace gown; Miss Kilgour, réséda green costume; Mrs H. C. Tewsley, stylish gown of black fish net over crimson and black. Amongst others present were Misses Hardy, Misses Westwood, Mrs J. J. Boak, Miss James, Mrs Finlayson, Mrs Clark, Miss Stevenson, and others.

Jennie Lee has attracted large audiences to the Opera House since her opening, the lower parts of the house being especially well filled. As you have no doubt seen the talented and clever little lady for yourself, it is unnecessary for me to describe the performance. I will, however, give you a description of some of the toilettes worn. Mrs Thomas wore a handsome biscuit-coloured merveilleux gown made with long train; Miss Russell, a dark gown and ruby plush opera mantle; the younger Misses Russell were respectively attired in pretty frocks of blue and pale yellow veiling; Mrs Innes, black gown, plush mantle; Miss Whitaker, black evening dress, the sleeves of lace, handsome opera cloak; a lady with her wore a pretty crimson gown, and stylish opera cloak; Mrs Day, crimson gown; Mrs Lusk, black gown, crimson plush mantle; Miss Lusk also wore black and fur-lined cloak; Mrs Pearce, grey costume; Mrs Douglas, black gown, cardinal plush mantle. In the orchestra stalls I noticed Mrs Haines, Mrs F. Earl, Mrs Laurie and her daughters, Mrs Myers, and a number of others.

The members of the Ponsonby 'At Homes' held the first dance of their season in the Ponsonby Hall. There was a very good attendance, and as all the arrangements were well carried out by the committee, consisting of Mesdames and Messrs Devore, Masefield, T. Cotter, Buchanan, Macindoe, and Taylor, success was assured, and the result was an exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable evening. Delicious dance music was supplied by Adam's Band. The supper was both dainty and appetising, while the floor could not have been in better condition. Mrs Devore wore a handsome gown of cardinal silk; Mrs Upton, a rich black silk gown; Miss Devore looked exceedingly well in a pretty white net gown; Miss Harley, who is on a visit from Australia, wore a stylish gown of pink net; Miss Masefield, pretty black net gown, tastefully relieved with pink roses; Miss A. Tye, pretty gown of buttercup yellow tarlatan, tastefully finished with variegated leaves; Miss Beale looked nice in crême Russian net; her sister, Miss K. Beale, also wore a pretty gown of lavender Russian net; Miss Holland, tasteful all white gown; Miss Wallnutt, becoming cardinal silk evening dress; Miss Evans, stylish gown of green tarlatan.

I met Mrs Lawry the other day wearing a stylish and well-fitting navy blue gown, and becoming navy and cardinal bonnet; Miss Chew looked exceedingly well in a cinnamon brown costume trimmed with astrachan, and toque hat to match with a border of astrachan; Miss Zeenie Davis wore a stylish navy gown, and felt hat to match; Mrs Purchas, jun., pretty myrtle green gown striped with red, green felt hat; Mrs H. B. Lusk, black costume, black felt hat trimmed with tiny birds; Miss Durrieu, fawn tweed gown, gem hat; Mrs I. Alexander, handsome gown of greenish grey cashmere, elaborately and beautifully braided with black, small black hat trimmed with feathers, black net veil; Mrs A. Nathan, handsome brown costume, hat to correspond, lovely sealskin jacket; Miss Lawford, pretty grey gown, gem hat; Mrs Nashelski, claret-coloured cloth costume trimmed with astrachan to match, hat *en suite*; Miss Nashelski, stylish fawn tweed gown with tiny brown cross-bar stripe, brown and fawn hat; Miss Gorrie, grey costume, hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs McArthur, black gown, handsome seal plush mantle, brown bonnet; Mrs Lusher, jun., fawn tweed gown, braided with brown, fawn and brown hat; Miss Holland, navy costume, hat to match; Mrs A. J. Entican, stylish tailor-made grey tweed gown, trimmed with astrachan to match, grey hat; Mrs Ashton, brown costume, bonnet to match; Mrs G. Raynes, handsome seal brown costume trimmed with fawn applique, brown and fawn hat; Mrs Dargaville, handsome grey tweed gown, trimmed with cut steel passementerie, black hat trimmed with ostrich tips; Miss Mackay, peacock blue gown trimmed with plush, grey hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Isaacs, brown costume, hat to match.

The conversazione held at the Mount Albert Hall (kindly lent by Mrs A. K. Taylor), partly to welcome the Rev. F. and Miss Larkins, partly to raise funds for the church (alas, Bee! we always want funds), was very successful. The room was well filled by a thoroughly sympathetic audience, amongst whom I noticed Mrs A. K. Taylor in a very becoming mourning costume; Miss A. K. Taylor, also in black, but relieved by red in her toque; her sisters were in black; Mrs Motion, handsome black velvet and satin striped gown, fur mantle, dark shades of red and green bonnet; Mrs and Miss Metcalfe; Miss Larkins, nasturtium-coloured dress, fur cape, black and white bonnet; Mrs J. May, long seal-plush coat, brown boat-shaped toque; Mrs Charles Taylor, dove-grey skirt, black jacket, sailor hat; Mrs James, black costume; Miss Martin, black velvet; Miss Dixon black; Miss Laura Dixon, red dress, grey toque; Mrs Vosper, green gown, black lace hat with red poppies. The entertainment took the form of a concert which was opened by the Misses Sellers in a duet, followed by Mr J. Sykes in a song. Mrs A. K. Taylor and her eldest daughter sang, the full, rich voice of the latter recalling pleasant memories of the mother's recent charming singing. The feature of the evening was undoubtedly the vocal contributions of Mr Archdale Tayler, who, with one or two others, very kindly came from town to assist our local talent. The trio between the Misses Chambers-Taylor (one dressed in green, with black hat and red poppies, the other also in green, with gem hat and cream chiffon and feather trimmings) and Mr J. Sykes was scarcely loud enough to be heard as far as the middle of the hall. The trouble seemed to be that each was afraid of drowning the other's voice. Miss Harper was much applauded for two freshly-sung items, her clear voice and hearty singing making an agreeable impression on the audience. Mr Culpan and Miss Katie Taylor also sang. The latter has a very nice voice. A delightful interval for a supper of hot tea and coffee, sandwiches, cakes, and fruit, was much appreciated that cold night, and a warmed-up audience enjoyed the latter part of the programme, even to the inevitable, but sensibly short, speeches at the close of the performance, when Mr Rattray thanked the contributors on behalf of the vestry, and Mr Larkins expressed his pleasure at meeting so many of his parishioners.

What will probably be regarded as the most successful private dance of the season was given by Mr and Mrs Edwin Hesketh at their residence at Epsom a few days back. They have such a beautiful house, that a dance in it could not fail to be a success, and then, too, they are an ideal host and hostess. Dancing was conducted in the large dining-room, and the floor was, at the time of building, purposely laid that the room might be used as a ball-room. The floor was therefore perfect, and the big windows kept the room comfortably cool during the whole evening. Where the music came from I don't know, but it was just lovely. The waltzes were all pretty, and the time just perfect. The drawing-room made a splendid sitting-out room for non-dancers, and Mr Hesketh played some charming pieces on the organ, which is certainly the finest I have ever seen in a private house. The balconies, the stairs, and the grounds were patronised by those who, between the dances, wished to get cool, and as it was a cloudless, moon-lit night, you can just imagine how scrumptious it was—there is really no other word. The programmes, too, were so pretty, and everything was so thoroughly, kindly done—to say well would simply be an impertinence. I enjoyed myself so hugely that for once in a way I forgot my duty, and therefore can tell you but little about the dresses. Mrs Hesketh wore a very handsome black evening dress with white and black sleeves; Miss Hesketh and Miss Emily Hesketh were in azure blue tulle; Miss Alice Hesketh and Miss Grace Hesketh in pink cashmere; Miss M. Hesketh in deep maroon cashmere; they all looked so well, and were indefatigable in seeing that everyone danced everything, or rather had partners; Miss Banks, pretty pink gown; Miss Blanche, in cream; Miss Chew, cream lace; Miss Essie, dainty pink frock; Miss Burcell, black; as was also Miss Buddle; the Misses Von Sturmer, in pink and cream, respectively; Miss Jackson, ivory costume; the Misses Buckland, and Miss Conolly. These are about all I recollect, but I have visions of some other pretty gowns flitting before my mind's eye, though I cannot transfer them to paper.

We are longing to hear Madame Patey, but I shall not be able to tell you anything of her in this letter, though in my next I hope to give you an account of an interview with her, and her concerts.

Madame Sara Bernhardt passed through Auckland so late at night that I could not see her. A gentleman who did, told me that she is not so thin as she is represented, that she has fine eyes, a wonderfully clever face, lovely hair, and a marvellous voice. She walked about the wharf at twelve o'clock at night with nothing on her head, but otherwise wrapped up in a warm cloak. She has gone to Sydney, and may possibly return through New Zealand. She had several real live snakes on board the steamer, part of her stage property. Her luggage was nearly a ship-load in itself. She has a good company with her.

MURIEL.

DEAR BEE, MAY 25.

Again my amusements have had more to do with 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war' than with anything else, and I must try and describe the very pretty sight at the North Shore on the Queen's birthday, when our gallant volunteers were out in force.

My only pacific bit of dissipation last week was a luncheon party at Mr Ware's pretty house in Remuera. It was what I call a 'hen party,' there being about a dozen of us womenfolk present. Our hostess wore a very pretty gown of silver grey cashmere, made *en polonaise*, opening over a petticoat of silk of the same hue, and with white vest, collar and cuffs thickly embroidered in silver. Mrs Dargaville also was in grey, trimmed with steel embroidery. The table decorations were very pretty, being chiefly trails of the small Virginian creeper in all its brilliant autumn tints, ranging from pale gold to deepest crimson.

Now for the sham-fight. It was an early affair, and anyone wishing to see the whole engagement had to be up at cock-crow so as to be in a good position by 9 o'clock, soon after which hour hostilities commenced. As you will remember, the day was just as perfect as it was possible to make it—a sea of glass, from which the brilliant sun soon dispersed the morning fog which shrouded everything for a short time, and a splendid warm day. It was very pretty to see the different bodies of men marching to their several positions, with the sun glancing off their arms, and the field battery went by with a clatter and a clash to its appointed place. This battery opened the ball, and soon we had firing on all sides. The guns from Fort Takapuna, which was manned by the 'O' Battery, pounded away at the advancing enemies on the land side, and also at a harmless-looking ferry steamer, which, with the Irish Rifles on board, was enacting the part of a cruiser for the nonce. Soon lines of red were visible advancing upon the fort, and the Victoria and Newton Rifles, under cover of the field guns of the 'A' Battery, had the glory of taking and causing the 'O' Battery to evacuate it. Meanwhile the City Guards assaulted Mount Victoria, and put the Engineers to the rout, causing them to retire on Fort Cautley. The Ponsonby and Auckland Navals held the latter Fort, and the gallant tars from Ponsonby prepared an ambuscade for the reception of their enemies. This corps showed its courtesy, even on the war-trail, for, meeting a party of ladies on a narrow pathway, their officer made them turn off, it and give the 'pass' to the privileged sex. Meanwhile, the 'A' Battery had advanced and opened fire on Fort Cautley, while the two corps that had taken Fort Takapuna, eager to add fresh laurels to those already gained, and reinforced by the Irish Rifles, who had been landed on the Cheltenham Beach, combined in the attack upon it. After much firing and deeds of great heroism on both sides, the 'cease fire' sounded, and we found that Fort Cautley had resisted all the attempts to take it. Meanwhile the Torpedo Corps, under command of Captain Powell, had not been idle, but had added their quota to the general defence. To show how easy the warfare of the present day is, in some respects, two submarine mines were exploded by Mrs Goring and Mrs Powell, respectively. The first, which contained fifty pounds of gun cotton in water of about fifteen feet in depth, not only sent the water up into a magnificent column of spray, but blew an old raft above it to atoms. I suppose this raft represented the cruiser! The second mine was of only half the power, but the display was equally pretty, owing to its being in shallower water. Both explosions had the effect of a huge geyser in full play, and were lovely with the sun playing hide-and-seek in the spray, and bringing out exquisite prismatic colours. After this all the troops were assembled together, and we had a royal salute. The 'A.' Battery fired the twenty-one guns and the Garrison Band played 'God Save the Queen,' while Major Goring (the commanding officer) led the three cheers for Her Majesty, which were given with much vigour by both troops and spectators. Everything seemed to go off without the least hitch. All the points of vantage, in especial Mount Victoria, were covered with onlookers. Mrs Goring had a large party of friends with her, amongst whom I observed Colonel Carré, Colonel and Mrs Burton, Colonel Shepherd, several of the officers of Le Champiain, Mr and Miss Birch, and Professor Brown. Most of the party were entertained at luncheon by Major and Mrs Goring after all the display was over, with the addition of Major Tonks, who had made a most active and efficient *aide-de-camp* to the commanding officer all the morning. Having the fight so early in the day, it was over in time to enable the men to go off and enjoy the rest of their holiday in any way they liked. Judging by the bright specks of colour about the stand and course at the Takapuna Races, these sports were largely patronised by the military element.

GRUFFANUFF.

PAPAKURA.

The evening of May 18th will be memorable as the occasion of the first fancy dress ball given at Papakura, and the gathering was an unqualified success. Much more was attempted than was looked for, and all that was attempted was done well. The ball took place in the fine new hall at Papakura, and the one hundred and fifty guests who responded to the one hundred and seventy invitations issued, comfortably filled the space at command. The hall was adorned with well-arranged greenery, and illuminated with many partly-coloured Chinese lanterns. The catering was choice and ample, and the arrangements, as a whole, won the plaudits of the guests who had accepted the hospitality of the Lawn Tennis Club, who were the hosts of the evening. The music was supplied by the Messrs Reed, of Auckland, and the encores, especially for the round dances, attested the satisfaction given to the dancers. Of the guests present, fully eighty per cent. were in fancy costume, and the effect produced was that of a pageant of good tone and artistic effect. The opening promenade would favourably compare with those of a far more pretentious character, and reflected credit alike upon the choice of the individuals and the general character of the gathering. To describe every costume in detail would, even though merited, reach far beyond the space at command; still some of the more characteristic of the dresses call for special comment. A pale blue figured costume with gloves and shoes to match, worn by Mrs Danberry, as, Polly Put the Kettle On, was, for its thorough keeping, one of the tastiest in the Hall. Mrs MacCurdy as a Spanish Zingara was a marked contrast with the foregoing, and the rich colouring and vivid effect sorted well with the lady's figure and personal appearance. Mrs Niblock, as a Flower Girl, attracted considerable notice and favourable comment. Miss Norrie as Queen Elizabeth looked very imposing, and her stately statue effectively helped out the character assumed. Miss Mary McLennan as a Geneva Cross Nurse was admirably suited by her choice of a costume which, simple in itself, served to show how effective a tasteful simplicity can be. Miss Gerrard was a 'sweet girl graduate,' not 'with golden hair,' but a

graduate of law—in brief, Portia. Miss L. C. Norrie as Nancy Lee looked her nicest as the heroine of the old-time popular song. Miss Hinton was one of the quaintest little school-girls of the Kate Greenaway type, and with Miss J. M. Norrie as a Gipsy Queen was among the most vivacious of the dancers. Miss Fanny Willis was one of the finest Starry Nights ever seen in Papakura. Miss Reid invested her costume of an Italian Peasant Girl with a rustic piquancy worthy of the Campagna, and Miss Dicky as Ruth from the 'Pirates of Penzance' recalled histrionic memories of the amateur stage. Undoubtedly premier amongst the gentlemen was Mr J. Sims in his very well-chosen Court costume, in which he moved as to the 'manner born.' In quite an opposite style was the Stockman of Mr Atchison, a touch of local colour very telling. Mr Alfred Fallwell, a most efficient M.C., looked Romeo to the life, but the most startling disguise in the room was the General Gordon of Mr Kekwick, which, for likeness, might have passed muster at Madame Tussaud's. In proper associations with Gordon was the Emin Pasha of Mr J. Dickson, who looked military, if not Teutonic, while no one looked the character betokened by the costume better than Mr E. D. McLennan as a decidedly gallant and attentive Jack Tar. Mr McCurdy was well suited as a college don in full canonicals. Where'er he walked a hush of reverence pervaded space. Turks and artillery officers were plentiful enough, but there was only one Highlander, and a chief at that, Mr Lankham, a Highland host in himself. Among the evening dress costumes of the ladies that of Miss Lynch may be noticed as more especially telling. It was a simple costume with epaulettes of black swallows with outstretched wings, another swallow of the same kind being perched upon her hair. There was a restful interlude of singing, contributed to by Mr W. Sims and Dr. Carolan, that came as a welcome break in the pleasurable toil of a long night's dancing, and at two in the morning the assemblage broke up with three hearty and well-deserved cheers for the Lawn Tennis Club.

ZINGARELLA.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, MAY 22.

I forget whether I told you that we are to lose Mr J. B. Conolly, one of our leading musicians. He is shortly to leave for Australia, where he has received some musical appointment. We will miss him greatly, for there is hardly any concert got up without his able assistance, and then his pupils, I feel sure, will regret his departure. The Orchestral Society, perhaps, will suffer more than any one, for Mr Conolly has been a most energetic and enthusiastic conductor to them for the last few years; and it is mainly due to his efforts that the recent orchestral concerts have been so successful. But these efforts have not been unappreciated, for his fellow musicians, a few evenings ago, rallied round him, and gave him a complimentary farewell concert at the Opera House; but owing to the short notice given to the public, the audience was not nearly as large as it should have been. Indeed, few people beyond those interested knew when it was to take place, but this was unavoidable, as Mr Conolly so suddenly made up his mind to accept the appointment. The *beneficiare* conducted for the last time, the Orchestral Society choosing some of their best music, including Bèla's 'Butterfly Chase,' 'Lutspeil,' and Sir Arthur Sullivan's 'Incidental music to Henry VIII.,' and the Garrison band played 'Linda de Chamounix,' Mr Herd conducting this. Lady Campbell's song, Sphor's 'The Maiden and the Bird,' was, to my mind, the gem of the evening, and Mr Sewell played the beautiful clarionet obligato perfectly; indeed, it was so good that both had to respond to a most enthusiastic encore. Mrs Parsons was also encored for her song, 'The Mountaineer's Home,' Mr Conolly playing the violin obligato. Miss Ross sang Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' and Mr S. Robinson gave 'Imperfectus,' and 'Oh, Loving Heart, Trust On,' but could hardly do himself justice, owing to a bad cold. St. Mary of the Angels Choir sang some part music, being conducted by Mr Cemino. Miss Medley played the accompaniments, and Mr Cemino officiated at the organ.

Then another evening we again wended our way to the Opera House, but this time to see the opera 'Iolanthe' performed by our Amateur Dramatic Company, who were greeted by a very good audience. The arrangements, scenery, etc., could hardly have been better, but, though I am loth to admit it, I must confess that the acting was not 'up to the mark,' and not to be compared with the excellence attained at the last performance of 'Iolanthe by the same company, but with a different caste.

The cast of characters was as follows:—The Lord Chancellor, Mr W. D. Lyon; Earl of Mountararat, Mr A. E. Mabin; Earl of Tolloler, Mr G. H. Munt; Private Willis, Mr J. W. Kilner; Strephon, Mr E. J. Hill; Queen, Miss Rigg; Iolanthe, Miss Wilson; Leila, Miss Mouat; Celia, Mrs Moore; Fleta, Mrs Woolcott; Phyllis, Miss Samuel; and a powerful chorus of about fifty voices. Miss Wilson, as Iolanthe, pleased me more than any of them, I think, and she looked very well after she had thrown off the green robe on emerging from the pond, in a pure white soft clinging robe and veil, and her song, when she knelt and pleaded for her boy, was very pleasing, and was rewarded with the only bouquet thrown on the opening night. Miss Rigg, as the Queen of the Fairies, wore a handsome dress of white sparkling with silver, and had a silver helmet. Phyllis was not at all becomingly dressed. I cannot understand why, what could possibly be prettier or more becoming than a shepherdess dress if properly carried out, and it is so easy, and can be made to suit almost anyone. The bodice was red, and the skirt blue, the shoes and stockings red, and the large hat turned up and trimmed with red ribbons. The chorus girls, as fairies, looked very nice, and sang well. Mr Lyon and Mr Hill shared the honours of the evening, Mr Hill's singing being so good, and Mr Lyon's acting is always appreciated. Perhaps it is hardly fair to criticise the first night. No doubt everything will be smoother after a few performances, for I believe they are to have six nights. Among those present were Mrs Coleridge, Mr and Mrs Travers, Mrs Leonard Reid, Miss Reid, Miss Knight, Mrs and Miss Swainson, the Misses Johnson, etc. The Governor has promised to go one night. Mr Tallis Trimnell conducted throughout.

Mrs Coleridge gave a pleasant musical evening to welcome home the bride and bridegroom, Mr and Mrs W. T. L. Travers, the latter wearing her beautiful white satin wedding gown.

Miss Holmes has been getting up a large moonlight boating picnic, but as I write it is pouring with rain, and bitterly cold, so I suppose it will have to be put off until some fine night. It would have been great fun, for the party were to return and have supper at the boat sheds.

Next week I shall tell you all about the Birthday Ball at Government House, for the invitations are already out, and I hear it is to be a very large affair. The Governor and Lady Onslow are expected any day. We will not be at all sorry to see Government House inhabited once more.

Lady Buller gave a pleasant afternoon tea, but the horrid weather kept some away.

RUBY.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, MAY 20.

The children have been having a good time of it this week. Several of those who know right well how to entertain them have been upon their pleasure bent. Mrs H. Reynolds gave a large juvenile dance, and Mrs De Zouche a large party, at which some very pretty *tableaux* were performed by the children. The week was closed by Mrs Denniston's children's party.

Mrs Cutten had a large afternoon tea, and Mrs J. Wright gave a dinner, and Mrs Wright gave a large and most enjoyable musical afternoon, at which Herr Barmyer performed exquisitely. Miss Reid also played, Mr H. Martin and Miss Marshall being among those who sang. There were among many others present Mrs and Miss Tolmie, Mrs and Miss Haggitt, Mrs Denniston, Mr and Mrs Houghton, Mr and the Misses Macandrew, and the Misses Gibson, Ross, and Sise. Other enjoyable afternoon teas were given by Mrs Alex. Ferguson and Mrs Ogston. Among Mrs Ferguson's guests were Mesdames Maitland, Chapman, Twopenny, Towsey, Baldwin, Melland, and the Misses Baldwin, Robert, Wilson, Reynolds, Renyon, Sievwright, Loughnan, Rattray, and Williams. At Mrs Ogston's were Mesdames Cutten, Lindo Ferguson, McNeill, Reynolds, Sievwright, Ulrich, Colquhon, Holmes, Webster, and Johnson. There was some very good music at Mrs Ferguson's. Miss Wilson played, and Mrs Ferguson and Miss Sievwright sang. Now that it is too cold for tennis or garden parties, the musical afternoons are most pleasant—outside the cold and fog of a wintry afternoon, inside warmth, delicious tea, music, and all the pleasant chit-chat that makes the charm of these re-unions.

We have quite a pleasing outlook for this week—the last of the Squarise-Barmeyer concerts, the 'Octoroon,' and the Liedertagle concert. Each performance is sure to be first-class of its kind, for each separate society contains some of our cleverest musical and dramatic favourites, but as I shall tell you all about it in my next letter, I will say no more now.

There was a very pleasant social in connection with St. Paul's Church, held in the schoolroom. A number of young ladies provided tea, and presiding over the tables were, Miss Pollow, and the Misses Le Brun, M'Carthy, White, Muller, Buchanan, Robinson, Hintz, Albert, Kinvig, Gregory, Carver, Hanlon, Beissell, Churley, Campbell, Frederic, Walls, and Powell. Later in the evening a very funny farce, 'Wanted a General Servant,' was played by the Misses Hanlon, Campbell, Hintz, Robinson, Churley, and Powell.

There is not much said about the Queen's Birthday holidays, but it does not do to say too much about holidays in Dunedin, in case the weather hears us. The Otago Hussars intend camping out in spite of the fact that they are rather short of tents. Mrs Ireland, of Sea View, has kindly provided quarters for them and their horses. There is to be a sham-fight.

There are a great many sore throats among the children just now in all the towns as well as ours, and mothers may not all know that sulphur is a splendid thing. Burnt in the room it destroys the germs, and a little of the raw sulphur drawn into the throat at intervals in almost every case, no matter how bad, will cure it in a short time. There is for chest complaints a wrong method in vogue of applying the hot applications. They are applied to the chest, while really the hot flannel or poultice should be applied between the shoulders, where the roots, so to speak, of the chest affection is, and a cloth wrung out of cold water applied to the chest. This sounds funny to some people, but if it is practised will prove itself right. The hot linseed or bran poultices have far more effect applied in this way. It is cruel to see the children this cold weather with their little blue, bare legs. It is true that this fashion of displaying children's limbs is not nearly so prevalent as it once was, but even yet little toddlers may be seen who are only half clad—muffled up round the throat perhaps, and all uncovered from the ankle to the knee, and then the mother wonders how it is the child coughs so much. The wonder is with ourselves, and our present fashion of evening dress how we are alive to tell the tale. Arms and necks uncovered two or three evenings a week, and the remainder well rolled up before the fire. The doctor's say that whenever fur boa's are in fashion there is always a lot more throat complaints. If that be so there ought to be plenty of patients this season, for ten out of twelve women you meet are wrapped up to the ears in furs. What are we going to do in the winters when high fur collars are not worn? It makes one shiver to think of it.

The hunting season has been favoured with one or two fine Saturdays. The last run was to Mrs J. Stephenson's farm at the Taeiri, where Mrs and the Misses Stephenson entertained their guests right royally.

MAUDE.

NEW CONCERT SONGS.—Two very pretty songs, arranged in all keys to suit any voice, have just come out. One, 'At Even,' words by Fergus Hume, music by Charles Willeby, is very popular in English society. The other, 'Bon Jour, Suzanne,' was specially composed for Madame Mary Davies, and sung by her to enthusiastic audiences. It has been translated into English by Fergus Hume under the title of 'Good day, Susan.'

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, MAY 23.

I meant to have told you in my last letter that the Amateur Athletic Association had held another very successful meeting, but thought you would growl at me for sending you too long a letter. I may mention the Veteran's Race as being of special interest, such a number of well-known 'young' veterans taking part in it. Mr Gollan came in first, but was hard pushed by Mr Nelson Pierce, who would have won had he not been too anxious to find out how his opponents were getting along. Mrs Sainsbury wore a handsome black braided gown, black bonnet; Mrs Logan, grey; Miss Cotterill, grey; white Gainsboro' hat with white feathers; Miss Rhodes, grey checked tweed, tailor-made; Miss Milly Rhodes, blue foulard silk, black straw hat with grey wings; Miss Nelson, grey skirt, black jacket, white chic hat; Miss Hitchings, pink; Miss Kate Hitchings, brick red tweed; Mrs Herman, navy blue braided skirt, white shirt navy blue jacket, and white chic hat; Mrs Parker, black, with very handsome black beaded lace mantle, black bonnet; Mrs Kettle, brown tweed. Afternoon tea was dispensed by the Misses Hitchings and Hughes, and, judging by the way the cakes all disappeared, was much appreciated.

We have had another cricket match at Hastings, played by eleven ladies against eleven well-known cricketers of Hawke's Bay. I am sorry to tell you that the ladies, who were captained by Mrs Ernest Tanner, were beaten by nine runs, although the opposition team played with broom-sticks. Mrs Ernest Tanner made the highest score, but was closely followed by Miss Wardell (Wairarapa.) The other players were Mrs Norman Beetham, Mrs Burke, Miss Tanner (Christchurch), Mrs Fenwick, the Misses Seale (2), the Misses Nelson (2), and Miss St. Hill.

I am sure you will be sorry for us when you hear that Mr S. R. Kennedy, the accountant of the Colonial Bank, has been transferred to Wellington. Previous to his departure Mr Kennedy received a substantial present from the Napier Operatic Society, of which he has been one of the most prominent members. The presentation consisted of a pair of handsome electro-plated serviette rings, also half a dozen each of table, dessert, and teaspoons, and an equal number of table and dessert forks. I think you will agree with me that the Napier Operatic Society chose very suitable presents when you hear that Mr Kennedy is shortly to be married to Miss Roy, a sister of Mrs Neil Heath.

This reminds me I have to tell you of the marriage of Mr Tom Hunter, son of the late Mr William Hunter, to Miss Florrie, second daughter of Mr Thos. Price, of the Ruataniwha Plains. Such a pouring wet day, I quite pitied the bride, although, luckily, the old saying, 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on,' could not take much effect, as the ceremony was celebrated at the residence of the bride's father. As none but the most intimate friends and relations were present, I am unable to supply you with any particulars, and only know that Canon St. Hill journeyed all the way from Hastings for the express purpose.

I hear that the marriage of Mrs Ulick Burke and Mr Gore is fixed for the third week in June.

CHARITY.

DEAR BEE. MAY 22.

Hastings is coming to the fore, as the country folk are trying to get up 'Cinderella dances' for the winter. Hastings is growing, and there are now many nice families in the heart of the town, as well as on the outskirts. Our street gowns will compare favourably with those of larger places. Some of them are very smart. Mrs Fitzroy is wearing a fawn dress, stylish little bonnet; Mrs Howard, navy serge, navy toque with tips; Miss St. Hill, stylish grey gown trimmed with black velvet, large black hat; Miss A. St. Hill, green skirt, fawn jacket, black sailor hat with red band; the Misses Beamish are wearing such pretty lady-like costumes; the bodices are seamless, and are so quaint; Miss F. Beamish wears a very effective red cloak trimmed with black fur; Miss Lean looks very nice in a brown tweed; it suits the fair wearer; brown is so becoming to fair women. Mrs Loughnan, navy serge, black hat with red band; Mrs Vickerman looks exceedingly well (she always does) in a stylish blue frock trimmed with camels' hair plaid. A dainty little zouave and red *chic* hat completes this pretty costume. I think those *chic* hats suit a *piquante* face so charmingly. Miss Nelson, dark tweed, very handsome seal jacket, black velvet turban with plaid scarf. I do like a jacket; it looks so smart on a pretty figure. Mrs E. Tanner is wearing a dark skirt, jacket, black *chic* hat with red band. We notice Miss H. Williams (Wellington) in a very smart habit with the three quarter basque; also Mrs Fenwick in green habit, white shirt front.

DOLLY.

People were never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very object of our creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the best preservative of health.

A novelty was introduced at Marlborough House on the occasion of the dinner party last week, when the band engaged was composed entirely of ladies! I hear the Prince was quite delighted with their playing, and so expressed himself to the leader or 'leaderess,' whom he sent for after dinner.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, MAY 19.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place recently at Amberley—that of Miss Florence Woodhouse to Mr Edgar Jones. Among those who went from town for the ceremony were Mr and Mrs Reginald Foster, Miss Foster, Mrs H. R. Webb, and Miss Webb. The day was bitterly cold, and the newly-married pair had a long drive to P—— Station, their future home.

Mrs Cowlishaw's, Avonside, presented a very animated appearance, a stream of people coming and going all the afternoon, paying their respects after the ball.

We went to hear Stainer's cantata, 'Jairus' Daughter,' and the jubilee anthem, given by the Cathedral choir, and beautifully rendered they were, Master Bing taking the soprano part delightfully. Everyone was sorry to hear Master Harper's lovely young voice had got to the breaking stage, but we are fortunate in having such a successor. Mr Weir and Mr Millar were both at their best, and, I am glad to say, people responded a shade more liberally than usual at the Cathedral when the collection was taken up.

The same evening the first of the social card parties held at Papanui was given by Mrs W. D. Meares, and a very pleasant time was spent. Mr and Mrs Stead were there, Mr and Mrs P. Cunningham, Mr and Mrs W. B Common, Mr and Mrs Carrick, and Mr and Mrs Thomas. Mrs Meares and her little daughters leave very shortly for Sydney, where they intend spending the greater part of the winter.

The Chrysanthemum Show was held in the Oddfellow's Hall, and a lovely garden it was turned into. The sides were a mass of these flowers, grown in pots and grouped for show, while down the centre were the cut blooms which far surpassed anything we have had before for size, for being well grown, and for colour. Some of them were superb. Mrs Thomas Gordon was very successful with her exhibits in the amateur class, carrying off several prizes, while Mr Porter (Ashburton) took the champion prize. There were some very pretty baskets of cut blooms from Mrs Carrick, Mrs Bowen, and Mrs Garrard. Mrs Gordon, the energetic secretary, was busy enough, and the society should congratulate itself that it has a secretary who has its interests so much at heart. There was music each evening by the Septette Band, and an art union at the close. Amongst the many visitors I saw Mrs Julius, Mrs Morten Ollivier, Mrs Harley, Mrs Ronalds, Mrs Cunningham, Mrs J. Aiken, Mrs Wynn-Williams, Mrs Murray-Aynsley, Mrs H. P. Murray-Aynsley (wearing the Murray tartan), Mrs Willock, Mrs Clark, Mrs Fenwick, Mrs Carrick, Mrs Robison, Mrs Hutton, Miss Povey, and many others.

A great treat was afforded some of our little ones by the kindness of the captain and officers of H.M.S. Curaçoa in giving a children's party on board. Quite a host left town by the 2.40 train in charge of a few adults. They were met at the Lyttelton station by some of the officers, and taken out to the big ship in boats. It was a perfect day, and everything passed off splendidly. Tea, cakes of all kinds, and fruit were temptingly laid out in the captain's room, the table beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums. The officers were unceasing in their efforts to amuse their little guests, of whom I should think there were upwards of one hundred. Musical chairs, the barn dance, Sir Roger de Coverly, all came in turn to the music of the harp. Then the wonders on board had to be inspected—the African sheep, the goat, the diving apparatus, and when it came to firing off some guns, which the little ones themselves did, the excitement was intense. Mrs Wilding was there, and Mrs Alan Scott, Mrs Wilson, Mrs Boyle, Mrs Burns, Mrs Rouse, Mrs A. Anderson, Mrs Malet, Mrs Willock, the Misses Cowlishaw, Tabart, Thomson, Saunders, and Harper, all in charge of parties of small people. After spending a most delightful afternoon, all were returned to the station at Lyttleton soon after five.

Mrs Ollivier had a small dinner party that evening, when Captain Scott and Lieutenant Maude were present with Mr and Mrs Marciel, Miss B. Loughnan, and others.

Mrs Fenwick had an afternoon tea for Miss M'Laren, who is her guest at present. The Misses Greenwood were there, Miss Tanner, Miss Robison, Miss R. Tabart, and the Misses Cotterill.

In the evening Mrs Leonard Harper (Ham) gave a small dance to the members of the Girl's Boating Club. The hall was utilised as a ballroom, and a capital one it makes, Mrs Hutton, Mrs Harper and her young son, Tristram, providing excellent music. Among the guests were a good many officers of H.M.S. Curaçoa, and Mrs Hunter-Browne (Nelson). Mrs Harper wore a becoming gown of black velvet and silk; Miss Harper, a pretty dress of soft white silk; the 'Girls,' all in their colours of white and red. The dining-room, where supper was laid, looked a perfect picture. Down the centre of the table was soft eau-de-nil silk, and the lamps with crimson shades, and the glitter of silver and glass, to say nothing of the pretty eatables, looked almost too pretty to disturb.

The weather at the end of the week was perfect, and tempted a good many people out to see the meet, which was at the Racecourse Hotel, Riccarton. Among the ladies riding I noticed Mrs Alan Scott, Miss E. Helmore, Miss Delamain, the Misses Cowlishaw, and Miss Spensley. The Hon. Mrs Parker and numbers of others drove out.

On the first Sunday in May the Rev. C. J. Merton was formally inducted to the parish of Merivale by His Lordship the Bishop, who afterwards preached a most sensible sermon. I wish all his sermons could be printed, that they might be spread far and wide. The church was more than full, many standing. A social and welcome to Mr and Mrs Merton was held the following week, presided over by the church officers and their wives, which was a great success. The schoolroom was most tastefuly decorated—the platform for the speakers and singers, one end of the room as a drawing-room, the other the refreshment tables, which were laden with pretty things. I saw Mrs W. D. Meares, Mrs G. Humphreys, Mrs Wm. Adams, Mrs Acton-Adams, Mrs Black, Mrs F. W. Thompson, Mrs H. R. Webb, Mrs Common, Mrs Newton, Mrs G. Merton, and others. A few nights after there was a great gathering of the children of the parish to meet Mr and Mrs Merton, but, unfortunately, Mr Merton was ill, and could not attend, but the children were highly amused by Mr W. E. Seager's mirth and magic entertainment, a little music, and a plentiful supply of cake, buns, and apples, with each a bag of sweets as they departed, not to mention a book or show card of unique design with Bovril in some shape or form printed on it.

A recent engagement is that of Miss Nina Wiggins (Sumner) to Mr Bolton, of boating fame.

There is such a rage here for navy blue. Snowflakes and checks have a few admirers, but navy is *the* colour, some wearing fawn felt hat or grey, others hat to match with crimson velvet or wing, the flatted bent-up shapes being most worn, the very flat ones only becoming to a few. The D.I.C. have a splendid assortment of furs, cloaks, and jackets, some beautiful long sealskin coats, but the seal plush with grey astrachan collar are most becoming, and not so unattainable.

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON

DEAR BEE, MAY 22.

The Harmonic Society's concert was a great success. The first part consisted of Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle,' and although the choruses were by no means as strong as usual, upon the whole it was very creditably performed. Mrs Percy Adams, who looked very well robed in pale pink surah, sang the soprano solos most sweetly. The second part was miscellaneous. Great praise is due to Herr Von Zimmerman for the way he conducted. The Society is fortunate in having obtained the services of so skilled a conductor. The hall was well filled, and I noticed among the audience Mrs Pitt, Mrs Fell, Mrs Sealy, Mrs Sclanders, Mrs Cock, the Misses Hunter-Brown, Levien, Sealy, Pitt, Heaps. There were several others, of whom I was unable to catch a glimpse.

A sale of work was held by the ladies attending All Saints' Church. Every stall was tastefully arranged, and laden with attractive articles, and presided over by numerous fair sirens. The flowers were lovely, and the different exhibits of chrysanthemums greatly to be admired. I always think the fern and flower stall is the prettiest, and to judge by the number which usually surround it, apparently others are of the same opinion. There were so many there the first evening that I found it hard to see any of the dresses, but managed to obtain a view of a few. Mrs Sclanders wore a becoming gown of dark terra-cotta cloth trimmed with velvet of the same shade, small bonnet of terra-cotta velvet to match; Mrs Adams, pretty grey cloth braided with white; black hat with red chrysanthemums; Mrs Sweete, dark green cloth with gold embroidered waistcoat, small green cloth bonnet; Miss Levien, pretty fawn gown with bright red waistcoat, large fawn straw hat with feathers and red ribbon; Miss G. Pitt, grey cloth, grey felt hat with ostrich feather, sealette jacket; Miss Fell, pretty scarlet cloak; Miss L. Fell, grey cloth trimmed with grey astrachan, large grey hat (a very pretty costume); Miss Perry, fawn cloth with crême yolk, large straw hat to match; Mrs J. Sharp, peacock green, with black hat covered with black feathers.

A very quiet wedding took place at the Cathedral, the bride being Miss Robina Raikes, youngest daughter of the late Judge Raikes, and the bridegroom Mr W. Read, of New Plymouth. Only the bride's relatives were present. The whole affair was kept so unusually secret that I never heard of it until it was all over, so am unable to tell you what the bride and her attendant bridesmaids wore.

Fancy, Bee, what will you say when I tell you that the Nelson Club gentlemen are actually thinking of opening wide their doors and admitting us ladies into their sacred precincts once a month? Such is really the case, however. They are to have concerts and entertainments every fortnight, and once a month the lady friends of the members are to be admitted. Won't it be fun? The billiard table is to be taken out for the concerts, and the large room left at the disposal of the visitors. It is very good of our male friends thus to think of us; and I can assure them we all thoroughly appreciate their kindness—that is, if it really comes off.

Mrs Pearson has returned from Christchurch. We were all glad to see her home again. I hear Mrs Andrew Richmond and her daughters are returning. They will be warmly welcomed on their arrival. I know of no one who is more missed than Mrs Richmond; she identifies herself so with all our local hopes, joys, and sorrows.

The Rev. Mr and Mrs Watson were the recipients of two handsome presents from their friends at Wakapuaka before their departure for England. Mr Watson was presented with two handsome albums, containing one hundred and fifty views of Nelson and the surrounding districts, and Mrs Watson received a pretty inlaid jewellery case made of New Zealand woods.

I am sorry to have to chronicle another departure—that of Mr and Mrs Turnbull, who leave us for Napier, where Mr Turnbull has been appointed R.M. They will be greatly missed here, as being such old Nelson identities they have so many friends. Judge Broad will remain, so the papers say, District Judge for Nelson, Westport, and Reefton, as well as doing all the work hitherto performed by Mr Turnbull. As he did the whole District Court work for the Middle Island whilst Judge Ward was acting as Supreme Court Judge, I don't suppose he will find any difficulty in getting through the work; but some of it must be distasteful, and unsuitable for a man whose experience has been entirely judicial. But these times the jamming of a square peg into a round hole seems to be the perfection of Government, if only you can save a paltry penny by it.

The City Club (fancy Nelson having two clubs!) had, I hear, a very enjoyable smoke concert a few nights ago, and intend repeating it, so taking this in connection with the rumoured intentions of the Nelson Club, it is evident that seasonable and enjoyable amusement will be forthcoming during the winter months, in which it is said our pastors, who are not by any means our masters, but our friendly friends, are likely to take an active part. By the way, my dear, I think of going the round of our churches promiscuously, and giving you a sketch of the manner of different preachers, and the substance of the discourses. Don't you remember what a rumpus there was in Melbourne a few years ago when a reporter took down *verbatim* the discourses in various churches Sunday after Sunday and published them? Well, I do not propose to do that, but I think you would be interested if I gave you a slight sketch of our local clerical celebrities and their modes of thought. And, by the way, you might do as much for me. By this means we might work up between ourselves a sort of literary criticism of our 'pastors.' Awful idea! Whatever will happen to us if we are found out?

PHYLLIS.

LONDON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 24.

We are all a little excited over one of the—indeed, I may say *the* chief marriage this season, viz., that of the Marquis of Hartington to the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. The bride is very pretty and charming. A society paper says: 'It is anticipated that the ceremony will take place very soon.' Indeed, so little is actually known as to the plans for the marriage, that I should be no more surprised to learn that ere these lines are in print the event has taken place than that it was fixed for July, as both Easter and the end of the season have been mentiond as the probable date. I understand that the honeymoon will be spent at Compton Place, Eastbourne, and that, although the Marquis will not take up his residence yet awhile at Devonshire House, some extensive entertaining may be looked for in that lordly house next winter, so that whenever the wedding may take place, it cannot fail to be of exceptional interest to our readers, and their interest will be accentuated by the air of romance imparted to the alliance by the very mystery which has surrounded it.'

Have you heard that several ladies have started as house-agents? I believe they are doing very well. It is really work that seems quite suitable to our sex, does it not?

Did you see that *Punch* has been taking off the Ibsen plays? He writes quite a different ending to 'A Doll's House,' making Nora leave her husband, intending to commence her education by attending the theatres. But she presently returns home because, forsooth, she has only threepence halfpenny in her pocket, and the theatres are all closed for the night! She resolves to wait until the next morning after breakfast. Taking down a showily-bound dictionary, she begins her education at once, whilst Helmer feeds her with macaroons. I see that colonial opinion was greatly divided about the meaning of the Ibsen dramas.

'Charles I.' is being played at the Lyceum with Mr Irving as the King and Miss Terry as the Queen. It is charming, and if ever it comes your way, do not fail to see it.

I told you about the Coming Race Bazaar at the Albert Hall in my last letter. Would you believe it, but these specimens of a coming race behave no better, nay, even worse, than we do? The poor Princess Henry of Battenburg looked thoroughly frightened and nervous as the crowd elbowed and pushed, and even fought to get close to her. 'What is she doing?' 'What is she saying?' 'Where is she now?' were the incessant cries to be heard as the crowd eagerly tried to crush each other's toes and climb over one another. One lady, in a burst of enthusiasm, breathlessly remarked, 'I heard her laugh,' and apparently went home well satisfied with the outlay of her half-guinea. Well, after all it is gratifying to find at this pessimistic end of the century that there are people who can be pleased with so little, and if the only evidence of the 'Coming Race' was the race round after the princess and the fancy-dressed titled ladies, presumably the public had their half-guineas' worth and the promoters their reward.

Probably 'Lady Bountiful,' a first-rate melodrama, will be staged in the colonies. The dresses are very good, so that I will give you one or two, as they may serve as hints for fancy dress or reception gowns. Miss Ferrar's first gown is of green crêpon, a young girl's dress with Normandy embroidered yoke and plain full skirt. The sleeves are very full, and tied round the waist with a sash of chinese silk the same colour as the embroidery. Miss Ferrar's second dress is of terra-cotta cloth made *en princesse*, with black soft silk accordion-pleated front, and sleeves of the same accordion pleating, trimmed round the neck and down the fronts of the coat with brown beaver. Miss Ferrar also wears a grey-and-pink camel's-hair cloth dress over a Lyons velvet petticoat. Round the edge of the drapery there is a band of flat gold braid with a steel passementerie laid on to it. The bodice has a yoke of velvet with bands of gold and steel, the material arranged in flutes and confined at the waist with a Swiss belt to correspond with the yoke.

We are singing and sighing for our fluctuating spring, but we have had some deliciously warm days, and the crocuses and spring flowers in the Park have been exceptionally lovely.

A CITY MOUSE.

MR SIMKINS'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR and Mrs Simkins lived together in accord, but it seems that Mrs Simkins has a habit, which has disturbed Mr Simkins a great deal, of searching her husband's pockets after he has gone to bed at night. One afternoon a friend of Mr Simkins met him as he was on his way home. Mr Simkins's face wore a fierce and tragical expression, which was so very unusual with him that his friend could not help exclaiming:

'Why, what is the matter with you, Mr Simkins?'

'What seems to be the matter with me?'

'Why your face has a look of determination that is perfectly ferocious.'

'Ha!' said Mr Simkins. 'I have resolved to be revenged upon my wife. She searches my pockets at night. To-night I am going to search her pockets!'

Next morning the same friend met Mr Simkins. Instead of a look of fierce determination, he wore an expression of extreme weariness and languor.

'Well,' said the friend, laughing, 'what's the matter now?'

'Didn't sleep a wink last night.'

'What? Did you find something dreadful in Mrs Simkin's pockets?'

'Hum! I worked half the night trying to find her pockets, and couldn't find one.'

Very few hearts are ever so badly broken that a little golden salve will not make them better than new.

Human life is like a game of chess—each piece holds its place upon the chess-board—king, queen, bishop and pawn. Death comes, the game is up, and all are thrown, without distinction, pell-mell into the same bag.

THE BAVARIAN CARNIVAL.

FEBRUARY is the great carnival season in Munich, a gala time for all, old and young artists and children, a time when the carnival spirit is so high that people feel privileged to walk the streets in masks, if they so choose. Then is the 'children's day,' and tiny little ones from two to five years of age are to be seen on the streets in gay peasant costumes, or in suits of other times and centuries, quite unconscious of the attention they attracted. Masked processions walk the streets, often so ludicrous that crowds follow them, laughing and joking with them. The spirit of fun seems to be at large. The girls, too, have a hand in these festivities. Munich being the great art centre, there are many female artists here, as well as men. These women varying in age from sixteen to fifty, are in the habit of giving costume balls in the winter. From these parties the men are excluded, thus giving the ladies free chance to appear in masculine costume or ballet if they choose, without feeling embarrassed or uncomfortable. These balls are kept as select as possible, anyone wishing to buy tickets having first to show their invitation from a lady member, and this invitation is carefully compared with the list before the ticket is sold.

There have been three or four such balls in Munich this winter, but the largest and finest was given February 5th at the Bayerischer Hof, one of the oldest and best hotels in Munich, and where the fine military balls of the court society are given. It was really a very elegant and unique affair. Everyone was obliged to come in costume, though no masks were allowed. It opened at 7.30 p.m., and the grand march came about an hour later. The rooms were most fantastically decorated with paintings, statues, garlands of roses, palm trees and heavy oriental draperies. The procession or grand march was most elaborate. Egyptians, Turks, Nubian slaves carrying palanquins in which a gaudily decorated Eastern princess was to be seen; Grecians driving in their carts drawn by pretty girls dressed as slaves, Japanese of high rank, clowns and ballet girls came next, followed by girls in the well-known student garb of Munich, with enormous mock scars on their faces; Little Lord Fauntleroys followed by Little Kate Greenaways; costumes of Louis XV. and George Washington, Indians, white and black bears, Esquimaux, flowers of all kinds, night, morning and snow were all to be seen.

One of the finest military bands of Munich played a march as the procession made the rounds of the rooms. After they had been all around the room once the ranks broke and the fun began, and the girls in Germany understand how to make it, especially when unencumbered by the presence of these dignified officers and men. Left to themselves their humour and fun know no bounds, and their public barefaced love-making, the antics of the clowns, and the attempted ballets of inexperienced, but witty girls, was simply excruciating. I had heard much of the drinking and extreme hilarity of these parties, but I must say that I found nothing of that kind at this ball. Indeed, I thought it a very good compliment paid the young ladies of Munich that the hotel managers complained that the girls' balls didn't pay well because they drank so little. At 10.30 o'clock the first supper was served, consisting of sandwiches, salad, beer and ice cream. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and, indeed, all balls in Germany last until three or four o'clock in the morning.

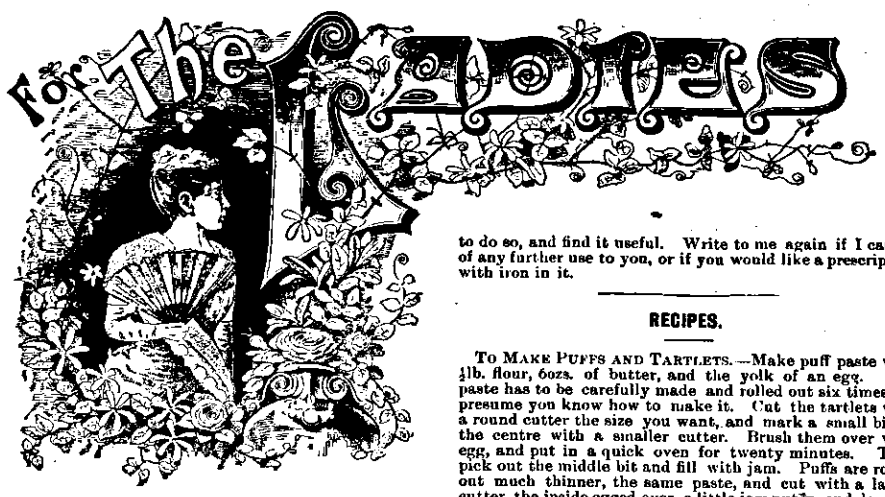
The artists also have their festivities. At one of their balls the whole interior was made to look like the bottom of the ocean. Great orbs of green and blue spread a mysterious and weird light. Through this dim and curious atmosphere gleamed from every corner the most astounding and grotesque figures that would have puzzled the most learned of the upper regions to name and classify. From every dark and shadowy corner stared with ferocious eyes monsters with glowing mouths, smoking nostrils, and sparkling eyes; creatures of the antediluvian times brought back to life, and as if breathing vengeance for their extinction from the world, were prepared to pounce upon the first unfortunate who should venture too near. Mussels, sea anemones, and starfish of such immoderate size that surely no natural museum can boast of anything like it.

At every step something new met the eye. Here wedged between two rocks, was a wreck, a sad and pitiable sight, with broken spars and hanging ropes, and the moss of ages clinging to its bottom. Strange to say, the veritable people who perished were to be seen walking the decks in apparent peace of mind, some lazily mounting the still remaining bits of rope and ladders, while others sat upon the deck and listened to the singing of Lorelei and Nixen below, who here and there were seen floating on the top of the green waves. The fantasie of Boecklin could create no better. A little farther was to be seen a curious creature, half-amphibious, half four-footed, that trilled like a nightingale when one stroked his back. Sea nymphs with long blonde hair and dangerous dark eyes were here and there lazily singing enticing strains, and luring, as of old, the idle passer-by. Close by, as if to break the spell of this charm, were monstrous crocodiles, whose quaint jaws incessantly opened, and enormous snakes, writhing and turning and hissing at all who came that way. A mammoth frog as large as a ten-foot square room opened his mouth occasionally, and one could see a merry group inside eating and drinking.

Through this curious and uncanny place were wandering a motley crowd of Tyrolers, Italians, soldiers, students, characters from well-known books and pictures, sailors with grotesque markings on face, neck and arms, convicts with hair shaved, disclosing their branded number, artists with enormous palattes. A pfahldorf, or primitive German village, built on piles over the water for protection, held a band of music and another eating-room. Later, a great creature with enormous body and dragon's head wound itself through the midst of this throng, rousing screams of laughter from the crowd that was only rendered more deafening by the dim lights and general confusion. Pen fails to tell more of what the young artist humour of the present winter in Munich created. It is sufficient to say that nothing like it was ever before given here, and the older artists admit that the young brains have outwitted them in fantasie.

Politeness is like an air-cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

H. BRETT, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, 'STAR' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.



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.

(Please address all queries to the Lady Editor.)

SEALSKIN.—Will it hurt my sealskin coat to get wet? And if it does get caught in a shower, what am I to do?—FURRY.

TO BLEACH FERNS.—Can any one oblige me with the mode to bleach ferns?—F.S.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Josephine.'—In answer to your question and similar ones from about a dozen other correspondents, freckles are usually constitutional, appearing in childhood and lasting through life. Occasionally they are caused by exposure to sun and wind, in which case they disappear to an extent when the cause is removed. It is not often possible to lessen to any great extent the conspicuousness of permanent freckles. The following application, however, sometimes has some effect: One drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain-water, half a teaspoonful of spirits of lavender. These ingredients should be well mixed, and applied three or four times a day to the freckles with a camel-hair pencil or a bit of linen. This application has been used with some effect: Scrape horseradish into a cup of sour milk; let the mixture stand for twelve hours, and then strain; apply to the freckles three or four times daily. I have given several recipes for the cure of freckles, though I greatly fear they can only be modified—not altogether removed. I should be very glad if some of my readers would send me their experience. You might try the following which is safer than above recipes:—One ounce of lemon juice, ½drachm powdered borax. Mix, and let it stand a few days before using. At all events it can do no harm, and borax is decidedly good for the face. For a hairwash get some rosemary leaves. Pour boiling water upon them, and wash the head once or twice a week. A little cantharides added to this is an improvement.

'Lily.'—I am always pleased to help my correspondents if possible. You tell me very little about yourself, but I should fancy your 'high colour' sometimes arises from indigestion. Try drinking a cup of water every morning before breakfast as hot as you can swallow. Another good thing for clearing the complexion is a cold bath every morning. You can easily discover if this suits you. If it does, you will feel a delicious glow after it; if not, and you feel cold and headachy, you must simply sponge yourself well and quickly with tepid water, or take a tepid bath. In any case, do not remain more than a couple of minutes in the water, and rub yourself well afterwards. For your face, when it is very red, try bathing with *hot* water, in which a little powdered borax is dissolved. You can also powder it occasionally at night with flour of sulphur. Perhaps you are suffering from anæmia. If so, some iron medicine would do you good, and tend to lessen the flushing. Passing from a cold room to a hot one will frequently cause redness in the face. To keep the complexion nice, great care should be taken with diet—no tea, no pastry, very few sweets, plenty of vegetables and wholesome food. Exercise in the fresh air is very beneficial; few young girls walk sufficiently. If the flushing arises from weakness, riding or driving would be more suitable, but be in the fresh air as much as possible. Avoid stooping either when sewing or reading. As regards moles, I fear I cannot tell you much, but I believe they are distinctly lucky. I am so glad you enjoy reading the GRAPHIC, and hope you will continue to do so, and find it useful. Write to me again if I can be of any further use to you, or if you would like a prescription with iron in it.

RECIPES.

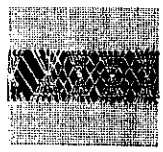
TO MAKE PUFFS AND TARTLETS.—Make puff paste with ¼lb. flour, 6ozs. of butter, and the yolk of an egg. The paste has to be carefully made and rolled out six times. I presume you know how to make it. Cut the tartlets with a round cutter the size you want, and mark a small bit in the centre with a smaller cutter. Brush them over with egg, and put in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Then pick out the middle bit and fill with jam. Puffs are rolled out much thinner, the same paste, and cut with a larger cutter, the inside egged over, a little jam put in, and doubled over. The top brushed with egg or water and dusted with sugar, and baked twenty minutes.

INVALID JELLY.—We heard, the other day, of a capital way of making a thoroughly strengthening jelly for an invalid, without all the trouble and time jelly-making always involves; and as, simple as it is, some of our readers, like ourselves, may not have thought of the method, we think it may be found an acceptable hint, for with the change of weather to wintry blasts and winds, so many suffer at first with bronchitis and lowering colds, that strengthening and nourishing odds and ends are much in demand. It is simply as follows:—Thoroughly wash, then boil down to a jelly, as much tapioca as you think likely to be required. When nearly cooked flavour with a little nutmeg and sugar (and, if liked, a little lemon). Get it as thick as possible, and then add sufficient port wine to thoroughly flavour and add to its nourishing and stimulating properties, without making the jelly too thin. Put in mould in cool place, and, if properly mixed, it will turn out firm like the usual port wine jelly.

FANCY WORK.

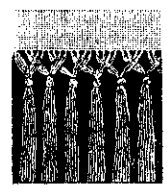
STUDIES IN DRAWN WORK.

FOR drawn work, any material, crash, canvas, etc., that is tolerably open, and will 'draw' well, can be used. First the depth of the work must be decided upon. Then carefully cut the threads at each end, the depth required, and draw them out, being careful not to break the crossing threads you leave in. When beginning this work, a dividing line left in the centre is a great help, but after a little practice this can be dispensed with. So many pretty designs can be made with a little ingenuity, that it is difficult to choose one to illustrate, but I think No. 1 will be found very satisfactory. Each group of six strands is tied firmly in the centre on the wrong side, and carried up to the margin each time. It might be easier, after tying each group, to cut off the thread, but that would leave raw edges, which would be sure to show. Then take a thread, and twist it as in the illustration, in a zig-zag line, then a second, which will cross it at right angles. It is a great help in work of this kind to have a wooden frame of the depth of the drawn work. Fasten the material carefully on to the frame with drawing pins before you draw out any threads. This will prevent the work being puckered.



No. 1.

Fringes make such a pretty finish that an illustration of a very simple one is sure to be useful. More difficult ones can be easily adapted from this idea, such as intervening the strands two or three times before making the knot. If you will use a crochet needle to draw the strands through in weaving or knotting, you can work much more quickly than without its use. Begin always at the right hand side of your work, follow carefully every detail of the pattern you are copying, and bend all your efforts towards making the rows of knots even.



No. 2.

MARTHA.

HINTS FOR THE CURE OF INDICESTION.

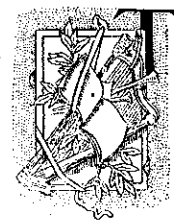
IT does not occur to us that an ailment is less troublesome because it is common; there is certainly nothing more common than indigestion, and probably nothing more trying either; it not only weakens the physical powers, but it also affects the mental organisation in a very distressing manner; its victim is constantly filled with nervous dread, feels that he is acting like a coward, yet cannot throw off his cowardice, and has frequent periods of unconquerable gloom and depression, during which the most hopeless views as to his future affect him, and he may taste by anticipation the very bitterness of death itself. There are many cases which will yield only to a well-devised course of medicine; but as no doctor can do as much for a man in the throes of dyspepsia as he can do for himself, we have recommended this course: A morning sponging of whole body, or to waist at least, followed by rubbing with rough towel till the operator feels as if his clothes were wholly unnecessary, owing to the glow he has induced. An extra three minutes given to this exercise is well spent, and it should always be done near an open window in order that the bather may inhale fresh air while he is at it. The throat should be well gargled, and the teeth washed with cold water, this being finished with the swallowing of two good mouthfuls of cold water. In cases where there is obstinate constipation, instead of the water a glassful of solution of Rochelle salts may be taken, say a full teaspoonful, in lukewarm water. Dressing may now proceed, except a little time is spent with dumb-bells. The meal should be of porridge and milk—granola, just tasted with sugar, if oatmeal heats the stomach—followed by cocoa with cold dry buttered toast. During the forenoon we recommend a cupful of hough soup with dry toast; for dinner, another cupful of soup, a little bit of lean roast meat, or steak or chop done before or over fire; one spoonful of stewed apple with biscuit or cold toast again, and milk of course; during afternoon, cup of cocoa or soup, as in forenoon; at 'tea' a bit of whitefish boiled; supper, dry toast buttered and drink of water. The science of the arrangement lies in frequent very light meals; on no occasion should more be taken than just suffices to take the edge off the appetite. The cold toast, as we have explained, is good in itself, being easily digested; it speedily kills the insatiable craving for food which annoys the dyspeptic, and there is not the slightest danger of anyone over-eating himself on it. As we have frequently stated, tomato, lentil, and fish soups may be taken occasionally instead of hough and tripe, both meat and soup, is invaluable. Then fish can be taken at breakfast and granola at night, to vary things if necessary. Some benefit by using the quassia mixture for a time—half ounce citrate of quinine and iron, with 2d worth of quassia chips, place in quart bottle, fill up with water, let stand for twenty-four hours, then take one to two tablespoonfuls in water half an hour thrice daily before meals.—*Exchange.*

BOILED MILK FOR BABES.

DR. LAURENT, of Rouen (*Le Progres Medical*), considers boiled milk less healthy for young infants than milk that has not been boiled. Although boiling destroys microbes, it also destroys constituents of the milk which act as ferments and render it more digestible, especially in the case of young babes. Hence stomach and intestinal troubles follow the use of boiled milk in such cases. Dr. Laurent considers it preferable to use milk which has not been boiled, to ascertain that is of good quality, and to watch the state of health of the cows. Thus, in his opinion, may a great deal of infant tuberculosis be prevented.

VIOLIN PLAYING FOR WOMEN.

BY MAUD POWELL.



THERE are three essentials necessary to violin playing for a woman:—Musical talent, health, and application. The first is God-given; and unless a girl possesses perfect physical strength, she can never endure the extremely rigorous practice necessary in such a training—a training which requires from two to four hours of practice daily, standing with the violin in position, in order to acquire even ordinary execution; and from four to seven hours, to attain to the highest artistic excellence. For a girl in good health the training is most beneficial if the position held during practice is the correct one. For then the shoulders are so thrown back that the lungs and chest secure proper expansion and development. As standing motionless, for even the space of five minutes, is so intensely wearying, the usual method of practising should be while quietly and gently walking about. This calls into play all the muscles of the arms and back. The exercise tends to impart a graceful carriage, a flexibility and grace in the use of the arms, wrists and hands, and a roundness and firmness to the flesh of the arms.

'But may I not sit to practice?' I hear some would-be student ask. You may indeed; but it is not wise to make a habit of so doing. The draperies of your gown are apt to entangle your bow, and the position thus taken is not one of equal freedom or grace. Women do sit in *ensemble* playing, *i.e.*, trios, quartets, etc., but for ordinary practice and solo work the standing pose is the better one.

So much for the second essential, which seems to have led very naturally into the third and last application. In addition to the fatigues caused by the long hours of practice and study—back of which must be a genuine love for the work—devotion and sacrifice are necessary. Many social pleasures must be denied, and intense must be the application of the girl who would become proficient.

And to her who would become a professional *artiste*, let me say with 'Punch' when addressing those about to marry—'Don't.' The life is one of such incessant work—at least to the true artist—of nervous strain, of such denial and loss of social life, of home and family, that the rewards are but lightly to be weighed against it.

LITERARY BRIC-A-BRAC.

A 'TOMMY MOORE' STORY.—During a visit to Lord and Lady Lansdowne, at Bowood, Miss Berry saw much of Moore, and he records in his diary that she reminded him of her having been present when he made his first appearance as a singer before a large company—of the sort of contemptuous titter which went round the circle of fine gentlemen amateurs when the little Irish lad was led forward to exhibit before them; and of the change in their countenances, when they saw the effect he produced. 'I didn't so much like you in those days,' she said to him. 'You were too—too—what shall I say?' 'Too brisk and airy, perhaps?' suggested Moore. 'Yes,' she replied, taking hold of his 'grizzly locks;' 'I like you better since you have got these.' 'I could then overhear her,' adds Moore—whose hearing for praise was always acute—'say to the person with whom I had found her speaking, "That's as good a creature as ever lived."'—*Temple Bar for March.*

SKETCHING A POEM.—Few strangers have been admitted into a poet's study while he was at work composing a poem, for poet's agree with Browning:—

A peep through my window, if folks prefer;
But please you, no foot over threshold of mine.

Mr Gosse, however, has, in his 'Robert Browning, Personalia,' given us a glimpse of that poet while putting together the frame of a poem. Mr Browning, while at Cambridge, proposed to Mr Gosse, one June afternoon, a temporary retreat from society. They retired to a sequestrated part of the beautiful Fellows' Garden of Trinity, where, seated in a garden chair, under the shadow of a tree, Browning talked of his early life and aspirations, and of Italian memories. In the midst of these reminiscences he unconsciously betrayed his method of composing poems. He had told a story narrated to him by a Tuscan nobleman, who had shown him two miniature pictures, the work of a young artist, for which he had expected to receive the prize in some local contest. Being unjustly defrauded, the artist broke his ivories, burned his brushes, and indignantly swore he would abandon the thankless art for ever. Suddenly, Mr Browning reflected for a moment, and then said, 'There's stuff for a poem in that?' Immediately, with great vivacity, he began to sketch the form it should take, what features should be suppressed and what should be substituted. Finally he suggested the moral, in which the spirited defiance was shown to be an act of tame renunciation, the poverty of the artist's spirit being proved by his eagerness to snatch a benefit simply material. Browning said that he had never before reflected on this incident as one proper to be versified, but in five minutes he had left it, needing nothing but the mere outward crust of the versification.

We are all disappointed with the 'Memoirs of Talleyrand,' and now our hopes are built upon Barras. There is much said about the fall and death of Robespierre, and a visit to the imprisoned dauphin is mentioned. Barras relates also the marriage of Bonaparte, and boasts that Madame de Beauharnais cared more for him, the influential member of the Directory, than for the 'little artillery officer.' It seems that Barras wrote in so crude a style concerning Josephine's affection for himself that the compiler, Monsieur de Saint Albier, thought best to omit many passages.

A witty Frenchman said to me concerning Barras's scandalous treatment of Josephine, 'The public in presence of these "memoirs" will be like St. Augustine at a bull-fight. The saint placed his hand before his eyes, because so terrible a spectacle offended Divinity—but he was careful to separate his fingers.'

According to Barras, the son of his secretary, Botot, advanced to Madame Bonaparte large sums of money, and his fortune was so great he did not reclaim them. But ruin came, and nine autograph letters of Josephine were sold by the younger Botot to his father for a pension of 1,200 francs.

One of the letters is dated December 5, 1797, the day that Bonaparte returned suddenly from Italy:—

Bonaparte arrived to-night. I beg you, my dear Botot, to express my regrets to Barras, because I cannot dine with him: tell him not to forget me. You understand my position better than anyone, my dear Botot. Adieu.

LAPAGERIE BONAPARTE.

The little volume, entitled 'A Lady's Letters in Central Africa,' by Mrs Fred Moir, the wife of one of the managers of the African Lakes Company, is as interesting as it is brightly written. This lady has braved most of the dangers which fall to the lot of African explorers, and is the very first lady traveller in South Central Africa. The recital of her experiences lose none of their charm through being 'home letters,' which were not, when written, intended for publication. Her naive description of 'seeking for gold' strikes me as being particularly ingenous:

'Fred spends his time hunting for gold. He walks along with an iron crowbar, and breaks off pieces of rocks and stones, and gets specimens out of all the burns and watercourses. These he grinds in a mortar and washes, but as yet we have found no gold.' I suppose gold is almost as hard to find in Africa as it seems to be in the rest of the world.

MRS MAYBRICK'S PRISON LIFE.—The merest announcement has been made of the visit which the Baroness von Roques has just paid her unfortunate daughter, Florence Maybrick, at Woking Gaol. Mrs Maybrick, it is said, has changed very considerably since she appeared in the dock at her trial. Even then she looked wan and worn, but now in her prison dress she looks ever so much worse. She is engaged in the kitchen department at Woking. During the whole hour nothing was said with reference to any re-opening of the case, and, as can very well be imagined, the interview from beginning to end was of a very touching character. The Baroness herself has not said a word in any public sense about her visit to Woking—indeed, she left London on her return to France several days ago—but she is convinced, if something is not done without delay for her release, that she may lose her reason. In truth, her eighteen months' imprisonment has seriously told on Mrs Maybrick's mind. Fresh evidence, we are told, is being worked up. The case for reconsideration of the verdict and sentence will be complete, as nearly as may be calculated, by the end of April, and at the proper moment the Home Office will be approached.

'HOW TO GET MARRIED.'

BY MRS L. FRONT RATTRAY.

SECOND PAPER.

HE first thing to be considered is, of course, for young men, what sort of a wife they want; for maidens, what they require in the shape of a husband. Some marriages come about so naturally that neither of the young people interested is quite aware when he and she first realised that they loved, and so they fix the day, and go through the marriage ceremony still under the influence of 'love's young dream.' To some no awakening comes, and they pass through this illusion-dispelling world in a state of conjugal felicity, which awakens the half-envying, half-amused remark, 'What a singularly united couple they are!'

Then there are *marriages de convenance.* Juxtaposition of property is one factor in these unions. The want of someone to look after the house and mend socks on the one side, and the necessity of a house to live in and clothes to wear on the other, are frequent causes of a matrimonial alliance. But 'marriage is not to be enterprised, nor taken in hand, unadvisedly, lightly . . . . but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God.'

One of the chief reasons for the unhappy marriages that are, alas! too common, is the 'chaff' which greets any mention of the engagement or courting of two young people. Frequently a young man would pause and consider well what he was doing before proposing to the girl who—as far he then knows—will make him happy, were it not for the remarks and gossip of on-lookers. He would like to see a good deal of the lady whom he—in his heart—proposed to make his wife, especially in her own home. He would note her manner in the midst of her family; the tender care or the sharp words towards the little ones; the respect or disrespect shown towards her parents; her love of dress, or her quiet, inexpensive tastes; her aptitude for domestic work, or her fondness for dissipation. These and similar characteristics it is only right a young man should have the opportunity of studying before he actually proposes to any maiden. He is irrevocably bound to her. A great deal of his time will necessarily be passed in her company. His happiness and comfort will depend upon her. Therefore, ye idle gossips, leave the young people alone, for many a courting has been abruptly terminated either in a hasty, and, afterwards, broken engagement, or in an ill-considered marriage.

All this applies in equal force to the maidens. They have a perfect right to see as much as possible of any man who is paying them attentions which may result in a proposal of marriage. As a rule, a girl knows very little of the habits, character, and disposition of the man with whom she is willing to spend her life. She rarely sees him in his parents' house, unless, indeed, the whole family live near her home. Even then she has to be careful that her visits are not paid 'just when John happens to be in,' for neither John's sisters nor his watchful neighbours will spare a lady who, very naturally, is desirous of judging from his courteous, manly, cheerful and affectionate behaviour (or the reverse) towards his mother and sisters, what sort of a husband he is likely to make. And let none say this is unmaidenly, always provided it does not take that most objectionable form, viz., running after a young man. Why should a man have the opportunity of estimating pretty tolerably the chances of happiness from a union with Katie, whilst she is allowed little or no opportunity of deciding—as far as possible—whether she will find the loving friend, the pleasant companion, the tender protector her fancy longs for, in John?

One word about engagements—'Look before you leap.' A broken engagement is a very serious matter. There are cases, no doubt, in which it is better to give or suffer pain before marriage than after. But if engagements were entered into with more forethought, more seriousness, there would be fewer breach-of-promise cases, fewer broken hearts and blighted lives. With the heartless coquette and selfish male flirt—who take an unprincipled delight in boasting of their conquests, broken promises and ruined lives do not count. They must be amused. Bah! what does it matter at whose or what cost?

Too many an offer of marriage is made under the influence of a fleeting fascination. There is a dance, champagne is liberally provided, the conservatory is so sweet with the scent of flowers, so softly illumined, the girl is so charming, and the young man is sure she is the one particular star of his firmament. He whispers his love, they are engaged, and in the clearer atmosphere of the following day, both wonder how on earth they could be such fools. The engagement has been proclaimed by friends, and it is difficult to draw back. An unhappy marriage follows, or one or other of the couple is pronounced a jilt.

Therefore, by way of avoiding broken engagements or miserable marriages, let the following quotation from 'Counsel as to Marriage,' given in the 'Discipline of the Society of Friends,' be read and pondered by all those who have any desire, expectation, or hope of being married:—

'Marriage, being a divine ordinance, and a solemn engagement for the term of life, is of great importance to our peace and well-being in this world, and may prove of no small consequence respecting our state in that which is to come. It was designed for the mutual assistance and comfort of both sexes, that they might be helpmeets to each other, both in spirituals and temporals. (How few of our youths and maidens look upon it in this light.) And seeing that the real enjoyment of life is far more effectually secured by contentment, with simple habits, than by a mode of living which entails anxiety or risk, let parents, whilst they exercise a prudent care over the interests of their children, not be unduly anxious to secure worldly advantages for them on entering the marriage state. And we would affectionately encourage our younger members to set out in life in a manner befitting their circumstances; not seeking to imitate, in their style of living, the example of those who possess larger resources. Thus, on the one hand, they will avoid the necessity of unduly deferring their union, and, on the other, be less exposed to the temptation of launching into business beyond their means. May no right union be unduly delayed by overmuch carefulness as to a provision for the future. It would be far, indeed, from our desire to encourage a hasty and ill-advised procedure in this important matter; but we fear that, in the present day of increasing luxury and ease, there may have been a tendency, from considerations of mere worldly prudence, too long to defer unions, which, with moderate views and simpler faith, might have been productive of mutual help and joy, spiritual as well as temporal.' Parents are tenderly advised . . . to be careful that their children be joined in marriage with persons of suitable dispositions and temper, sobriety in manners, and diligence in business; and carefully to guard against all mixed marriages and unequal yoking of their children. As regards engagements to marry, the friends are also solemnly warned against allowing 'in any unfaithfulness or injustice one to another, to break or violate any such contract or engagement.'

I have been reading some of the letters which appeared in the London papers in answer to Mrs Mona Caird's article on marriage, and am much struck with the number from husbands complaining bitterly of the misery of their homes in consequence of the wife's intemperance, and their vain regret that they are bound to endure it until death mercifully interfers; and from wives whose lives are endangered, whose happiness is wrecked, whose children are rendered worse than fatherless by the intemperance of their husbands. Most earnestly would I entreat all young people to make certain that neither the maiden, who seems so pure and fair, nor the youth, who appears so noble and handsome, is addicted to the terrible vice of intemperance. I do not urge teetotalism. Many good people will take a glass of beer or wine occasionally, and are none the worse for it; but many a girl has deceived herself with the fond delusion that, though her lover is a bit merry sometimes from looking too much on the 'wine when it is red,' she will be able to exercise sufficient influence over him when they are married to restrain his too great partiality for drink. This is a fatal mistake. If he does not care enough for you to give it up before you are married—and you should prolong your engagement until you are perfectly certain on this point—he will not do it after marriage. Young ladies have so far forgotten themselves as to be actually amused when the non-appearance of their partner after a ball supper has been excused to them on the ground that 'he's had too much champagne.' What a compliment to you! He now cares for his own selfish gratification more than for you. Will he care less when you are his property, and it doesn't matter whether he pleases you or not? This applies equally on the other side, for, if possible, an intemperate wife is more intolerable than an intemperate husband. A cynical bachelor says:

This of marriage, they who do it,
All their life will have to rue it,

Congreve gives very good advice:

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure,
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

Though it is but fair to wind up with the opposite axiom:

Happy is the wooing,
That's not long a-doing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

NEWEST DESIGNS FROM PARIS OF BALL AND DINNER-GOWNS.

(SEE FASHION-PLATE, PAGE 17.)

No. 1 is a perfect harmony in yellow. The bodice and train are of golden-yellow brocade, with a floral design, outlined in silver thread. Turn-down frills of yellow *crêpe de chine* border the neck, while the short sleeves are formed of the same lovely material. The whole of the front of the skirt is of yellow *crêpe de chine*, very finely accordeon-pleated. Round the waist, and falling to the hem of the skirt, you see one of the new jewelled girdles, the design of which is carried out entirely in small turquoise stones, on a back-ground of gold.

No. 2 is a lovely little gown, suitable for quite a youthful wearer. The skirt is made quite simply of white *crêpe de chine*, completely covered with accordeon pleating. The very full bodice is also of white *crêpe de chine*, and is entirely novel in design. It is crossed back and front in a horizontal direction by three bands of gold embroidered lace, which pass right round the figure. Between these bands the folds of white *crêpe de chine* are prettily puffed and gathered, the short sleeves being finished with a band of gold embroidered lace to correspond. The châtelaine or girdle is of white satin ribbon, bordered with gold lace and fringe of gold silk cord.

No. 3 is a handsome dinner-gown with a bodice and train of pale heliotrope satin duchesse, draped on either side of the skirt with soft folds of white chiffon, and arranged with a white satin tablier, most gorgeously embroidered with floral designs, partly in silk cord and partly in precious stones, in which shades of pale mauve, emerald green, and sapphire blue predominate. This tablier is bordered by a soft ruching of white ostrich feathers. The bodice is prettily trimmed with bands of jewelled embroidery on white satin, and a vest of white chiffon, bordered with ostrich feathers. Puffs of white chiffon are drawn through the elbow sleeves of mauve satin with excellent effect.

AUNT ANNA.

By NAOMI.

(COMPLETE IN TWO CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER I.

MR CAMERON and his two pretty daughters, Margaret and Lilian, sat down to breakfast one fine summer morning towards Christmas.

'Here's a letter for you, papa,' said Lilian. 'Why, what's the matter? Is any friend ill?'

'Worse than that, my dear. No, I don't mean that. Your Aunt Anna is coming to spend Christmas with us.'

'You ought to be glad to see her, papa,' said Margaret, reprovingly. 'When is she coming?'

'To-morrow night,' answered Mr Cameron, with a sigh.

'What is she like?' asked Lilian. 'She must be very dreadful to make you sigh so.'

'She is a bullying sort of person as near as I remember, tall and masculine, with a deep voice, and very strong-minded and masculine she is, or rather was, ten years ago. She may have altered since we last met.'

'Let us hope so,' said Lilian.

To-morrow night soon arrived, and Mr Cameron went off to meet his sister-in-law, while Margaret and Lilian sat impatiently waiting in the drawing-room.

'I wish she were an old maid,' said Lilian, throwing herself lazily into an easy chair.

'Why, what difference can it make?' asked Margaret.

'Oh, old maids are much nicer than widows. If it wasn't for the Deceased Wife's Sister Act she might try to marry papa,' and she quoted Mr Weller on the subject.

'How silly you are,' said Margaret. 'Ah! here they are!'

The door-bell rang, and the next moment Mr Cameron, a little nervous, ushered in a large, bony lady as tall as himself. As she stood surveying the room with her arms akimbo the girls had a good look at her.

To begin with, her feet and hands were enormous, the latter cased in dirty white gloves out at the tips. Her bonnet was orange-coloured, with a green feather and green strings tied under her chin. Her dress was of some orange-coloured material also, and cut remarkably short, thereby displaying a clumsy pair of boots that had long been strangers to the blacking brush. A small green wool shawl and a large green umbrella completed her outfit. Her veil and bonnet were pushed back, displaying a sunburnt face with a square jaw, white teeth, and heavy nose. Her forehead and eyes were good, though not improved by the red-grey curls, which, dangling unnaturally about her eyes, did not make the least attempt to disguise that they had originally belonged to someone else. Though not at all a pretty face, it was a very pleasant one, and would have done very well for a man, but set on a woman's shoulders it was decidedly coarse.

'So these are my nieces,' she said, in a loud voice, walking across the room like a ploughboy. 'How do you do, my dears?'

The girls submitted to a bear-like embrace, which seemed to afford Aunt Anna great satisfaction, for she laughed 'as musically as a cockatoo' Lilian afterwards remarked, 'and wiped her face with a cotton handkerchief such as schoolboys love to flourish.'

'Dear aunt, you must be very tired,' said Lilian, sweetly.

'I am, very,' replied the lady, dropping heavily on the sofa, which emitted an expostulating creak.

'Wouldn't you like to come to your room and take off your bonnet,' said Margaret. 'The supper will be in in a moment.'

'No, thank you,' said Aunt Anna, unfastening her bonnet strings, which were tied in a most peculiar bow, 'I have not the strength to go so far until I have had something to sustain me. My health is so delicate just now.'

As she said this she closed her eyes and panted feebly, and Lilian bit her lip and walked to the window, where she was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

'What will you take, Aunt?' said Margaret, soberly, expecting to be told tea or coffee.

To her intense surprise Aunt Anna replied, brightening up wonderfully at the prospect, 'A little gin and water, my dear.'

'A little *what?*' said Margaret, opening her placid eyes pretty wide.

'A little gin and water, warm,' was the reply.

'We have nothing but tea and coffee, aunt,' said Margaret, scarcely believing her ears.

'Oh, dear,' said Aunt Anna, collapsing again, 'tea is *so* bad for my nerves.'

At this Lilian was obliged to leave the room to prevent an unseemly burst of laughter, but she presently returned bearing a tea-tray, and Aunt Anna, notwithstanding her health, set to and cleared it in a few moments, and soon afterwards retired.

'She doesn't look anything like fifty,' said Lilian, as she returned from showing Aunt Anna her room. 'But, oh! I say, when she began about the gin and water, and her *nerves*, I thought I should have had a fit.'

'She evidently thinks herself in delicate health,' said Margaret quietly.

'Did you ever see anything like the way she was dressed,' said Lilian again. 'Green and orange, and *such* boots and gloves! How can she be poor mamma's sister?' and Lilian went off into another fit of laughter.

'She certainly bids fair to afford you plenty of amusement, but I do hope no visitors will come while she is here,' said Margaret.

On her way to bed Lilian peeped in to see if her aunt wanted anything.

'Oh, Maggie,' she said to her sister a moment later, 'I looked into Aunt Anna's room just now to say good-night and see if she wanted anything, and she was sitting by the fire, with her heels on the grate, and there was such a strange smell in the room, something like tobacco. Directly she saw me she whisked her feet down, and began to cough and say something about her health and the draught, so I had to shut the door, but now I think of it there was some smoke in the room.'

In spite of her delicate health Aunt Anna was up betimes, and went through the house awakening the girls with her airy, ploughboy-like tread, and when Lilian went out soon after she found her trailing through the dewy grass with an utter disregard of the orange gown. On seeing Lilian she nodded cheerfully.

'Good morning,' she said, 'you are out early, er—'

'Lilian,' suggested the owner of that name.

'Yes, Lilian, and it seems to agree with you. You look as blooming as a rose, by Jove!'

'I beg your pardon,' said Lilian, startled.

'I only said you look as fresh as a daisy,' replied Aunt Anna, calmly.

Lilian thought Aunt Anna's memory deficient, but she said nothing.

'Aren't you getting your dress very wet,' she presently observed, as they went towards the house, whereupon Aunt Anna seized a great handful of her dress in the front, the only place where it did not reach the ground, and tramped serenely on.

After breakfast Mr Cameron went away on business of his own, and the girls excused themselves from accompanying her around the grounds on the plea of Christmas dinner cooking, which they could not leave entirely to the servant, 'unless,' said Margaret, 'you would like to help us.'

'Thanks, awfully,' said Aunt Anna, with—horror of horrors—a knowing wink, 'but cooking's not in my line. I'm all there for the eating. Good morning. I am off now to have a look around.'

The girls sat staring at one another in astonishment.

'Good Gracious!' said Margaret, 'did you see her *wink*?'

'And the slang she used,' gasped Lilian. 'She's the most extraordinary person I have ever met.'

'Look!' cried Margaret, a few moments later. 'Lilian, look here!'

Lilian came to the window and looked. Straight opposite the house was a low paling fence. They saw Aunt Anna, strolling across the garden, arrive at this, but instead of walking a few steps farther to the little gate, she cast a furtive glance round, and then ramming her hat down hard upon her head, she hitched up her skirt in her left hand, and, taking a short run, vaulted clean into the adjoining paddock with an activity wonderful in a person of her years.

Mr Cameron did not come home to dinner, but Aunt Anna came in swinging her spectacles in her hand, and with her broad-brimmed hat cocked rakishly over one ear.

'Old man not home?' she said, loudly. 'I'll carve!' and she took the carving knife from Margaret, whose face had assumed a suffering expression.

All through dinner she talked in a loud, harsh voice, scattering strange adjectives (not profane ones) right and left, such as had never before disturbed the peaceful atmosphere of Kirbank Farm.

'Captain Jackson's coming to spend the evening,' said Lilian that afternoon. 'Oh! if only Aunt Anna would get a headache.'

'I will leave the room,' said Margaret, decidedly, 'if she comes out with any of her dreadful slang or winks. Fancy, if she *winks*.'

'I won't leave the room,' said Lilian. 'Captain Jackson would never be such a donkey as to hold us accountable for the eccentricities of our aunt. But how could mamma have had such a sister?'

Just before tea Aunt Anna came into the dining-room, where the girls sat in their pretty tea-gowns, clad in the same orange dress with a green ribbon fastened round her neck in a bow which was certainly worth studying as a novelty.

'Aunt,' began Margaret, expostulatingly,' we are going to have a visitor to night.'

'I'm sure I'm very glad, my dear.'

'But Aunt, have you—have you no other dress to wear?'

'Indeed!' said Aunt Anna, with rising indignation, 'this is a very expensive dress. It cost—I forget what—but an awful lot, and I'm so fond of this colour.'

'But it doesn't suit your complexion,' cried Margaret in desperation.

The effect of these words was magical. The frown vanished from Aunt Anna's brow, and she threw herself into a chair screaming with laughter.

My complexion! Ho! ho! ho!' she roared. (There is positively no other word to describe the way in which she laughed.) 'My complexion!' she screamed, and went off into another convulsion so violent that she quite frightened her puzzled nieces.

'Really, I can't see the joke,' said Margaret, soberly, almost sadly, and immediately Aunt Anna went off again, and rising hastily, retired to the verandah, where they could hear her going off at intervals.

'I believe she is mad,' said Lilian, gravely.

Captain Jackson almost started out of his chair as the orange-coloured apparition swept into the drawing-room, filling up the whole doorway.

Margaret sat with red cheeks and downcast eyes, and Mr Cameron gave a nervous, embarrassed cough, but Lilian rose and introduced them.

'You are a stranger here, are you not, Mrs Smith?' said the captain, as she sat down.

'Yes,' she replied; 'but I took a walk this morning, and had a good look round. I went across those paddocks and out on to the road.'

'Not a very pleasant walk, I should think,' said Captain Jackson; 'too many fences and ditches.'

'Oh, that did not trouble me,' replied Aunt Anna. 'That didn't trouble me, but not being very strong, I got awfully tired coming up that road, and it was as hot as bla——, as hot as Central Africa, I mean.'

'Yes,' said Captain Jackson, 'it was very hot this morning,' remarking to himself, 'What a rum old card. Talks like a schoolboy. Girls don't seem to care about it.'

They did not. Margaret sat with a martyr-like expression on her face, and Lilian was apparently deaf and dumb.

'You know,' continued Aunt Anna, 'just as I was feeling ready to drop a butcher's cart came round the corner and overtook me. I sung out and asked for a lift, and, by Jove! the beggar took not a bit of notice. I had to run yards up the road before I caught him, and then the cart didn't smell very nice.'

Fearful lest she should begin again, Lilian cut in and asked Captain Jackson, with flattering eagerness, if he were going to the picnic which took place next day.

'Yes, I am,' he replied. 'Shall you be there, Miss Lilian?'

'Yes, we are both going,' she said, when Aunt Anna began again:

'Oh, I just dote on picnics. It was at one that I met your dear Uncle Augustus. Poor dear man, he was too good for this world!'

Here she rose, and after a severe struggle succeeded in extracting the same ancient handkerchief she had flourished the night before. After wiping her tearless eyes and sniffing once or twice, she folded it in a large square, and spreading it on her knee, remarked, 'These dress pockets are so abominably hard to get at. I believe the dressmakers do it on purpose. I'd twist their necks, every one of them.'

Never had Lilian and Margaret spent such an evening, and never were they so overjoyed as when Captain Jackson rose to go.

'It is such a lovely moonlight night,' said Aunt Anna, when they were alone once more, 'come and stroll round the garden, won't you Lilian?'

'If you like,' replied Lilian. 'It certainly is a beautiful evening.'

Aunt Anna drew Lilian's hand within her arm, and together they sauntered off into the garden. Through the sweet-scented flower gardens they went, and across the dewy lawn to the little rustic bridge which spanned the creek that ran through the garden. Lilian leaned upon the rail and looked at the grey water as it rippled musically over the stones. Aunt Anna leaned on the rail also, and looked at Lilian. Her dark eyes looked wonderfully soft and gentle.

'Lilian,' she said at length, 'did no one ever tell you what a little beauty you are?'

'My looking-glass told me I was pretty, but I am not vain,' answered Lilian, startled, 'so you need not try to make me so, Aunt Anna.'

'I am not child, but do you know, though I am not much given to poetry, you make me think of those lines:

> As thou sittest in the moonlight there,
> Its glory flooding thy golden hair,
> And the only darkness that which lies
> In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,
> I feel my soul drawn unto thee.

'Aunt!' exclaimed Lilian, confused but pleased, 'I am ashamed of you! What nonsense you talk; just like a ridiculous lover.'

'I wish I was, by Jove!' ejaculated Aunt Anna.

'Oh, Aunt,' said Lilian, thinking this a good opportunity, 'why will you say, "By Jove!" It sounds so dreadful.'

'Can't help it, really,' was the reply. 'By the way, Lilian, that Jackson seems to like you. What do you think of him?'

'He's very nice,' said Lilian.

'But do you like him?'

'Of course I do.'

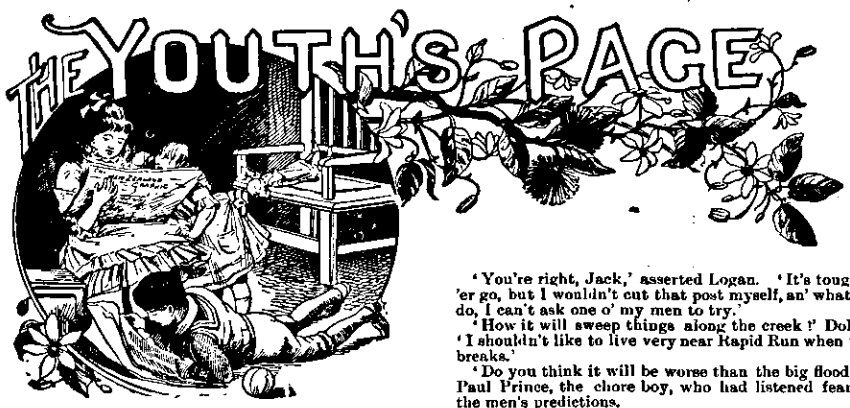
'Very much?'

'How funny you are,' laughed Lilian. 'Yes, I like him very much. Does that satisfy you?'

'No, it does not,' said Aunt Anna, almost savagely, and seized with an inexplicable fit of gloom, she spoke not another word until they reached the house, when she bade them gruffly 'Good-night,' and retired.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK).

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—NEWEST DESIGNS FROM PARIS OF BALL AND DINNER-GOWNS.



PRINCE PAUL.

DID you ever see such a rain?' asked Jack Sanders of the men in Logan's Camp, as they sat around a big log fire waiting for the heavy storm to abate. 'Paul, bring in some more wood, it's gettin' cold.'

'Yes, and don't forget to bring some pine,' added another lumberman. 'We want a lively blaze to keep up a light, and pine's cheaper'n kerosene.'

The person to whom these men spoke was the boy who built and kept up the fires, carried the men's dinner to the woods, helped the women about the camp, and made himself generally useful as chore-boy. He was about fifteen years old, strongly built, and his colourless face and clear earnest gray eyes indicated the coolness and courage which he had more than once displayed in times of peril.

By his strength and intrepidity he had once saved the life of a man caught in one of the great log jams which sometimes formed on the creek during the spring floating season, and this act had firmly established him in the good opinion of the crew he served. He would make a good bushman, the men said, and a good jam-breaker, which was as high praise as they could give, for in every camp a good jam-breaker is held in high esteem.

The skilful breaker of the dangerous log jams which block the rapid-flowing streams must be a man of high courage and faultless nerve; a man quick to see and quick to act, and one who, in every perilous situation, is cool, agile and self-possessed. To be credited with the courage and manliness necessary for a jam-breaker was a compliment that Paul was honestly proud of, and he was resolved that it should never be said to be undeserved.

After he had brought in the wood, and made the fire in the large fireplace blaze and roar in cheerful defiance of the storm outside, the boy sat down among the men and listened to their stories of remarkable days' work done, of the astonishing number of logs trailed at one time by old Bill and Jenny, the heaviest team at the camp; of the surprising skill of Jem Hamilton in felling trees so that they would strike the ground exactly where he wanted them, and of other achievements dear to the bushman's heart. With stories, songs and games the evening passed, and nine o'clock, the woodsmen's bedtime, came.

The men were talking of 'turning in,' and some had gone up to their bunks, when a man came rushing in to tell them that the big dam was in danger.

'Some one has shut down the gates,' he said, 'an' the water is pourin' over the top o' the dam awful! I don't believe it'll stand half an hour, an' I shouldn't wonder if 'twas out afore this. The bridges are all gone now, an' if the dam breaks it'll just sweep things.'

Hurriedly snatching some axes, levers and saws, the men started for the threatened and threatening dam. Old Tom Dolan, more thoughtful than the other men, took along a lantern, a bag of pitch-pine knots and a can of kerosene oil.

'I think,' he said to the cook as he started out, 'that some kind of a light'll come pretty handy, an' there won't nothin' but pitch-pine and kerosene make a good one in this 'ere rain.'

Tom's precaution was a wise one, for when he reached the dam, he found the men standing in the darkness and the storm, unable to see anything or do anything. He quickly emptied his bag of pine knots on the bank near the turbulent stream, and after pouring two or three quarts of oil over the wood, lighted it. A bright blaze that illuminated the darkness for many yards around was the result, and by its light the danger to the dam became apparent, as did also the difficulty of relieving it.

The great double gates were closed, and the pond was full to overflowing. Over the top of the dam the water poured in many places, and logs and trees, dislodged by the unusual flood, were battering fiercely against its solid timbers and masonry. The big structure trembled under the weight of the struggling flood.

Below the dam the waters foamed and seethed, the great waves breaking thunderingly against one another. The grinding and thumping of the logs and the roaring of the flood drowned all other sounds, and the men had to shout to each other at close range to make themselves heard at all. The rain fell not in drops, but in sheets of water, and was driven in the men's faces by an angry wind.

Before the fury of the storm and flood the men stood awed and helpless, as dwellers by the sea might stand to watch a vessel in the relentless grasp of a tempest. All of them felt the hopelessness of the situation, and for a few moments no one spoke.

'There ain't nothing that we can do,' said Bill Logan, the boss of the camp, ruefully.

'Nothin', unless some man'll cut that middle post as holds the gates,' asserted Jack Sanders. 'It's as much as a man's life is worth to do it, and I don't want the job. I give notice o' that.'

'You're right, Jack,' asserted Logan. 'It's tough to see 'er go, but I wouldn't cut that post myself, an' what I won't do, I can't ask one o' my men to try.'

'How it will sweep things along the creek!' Dolan said. 'I shouldn't like to live very near Rapid Run when the dam breaks.'

'Do you think it will be worse than the big flood?' asked Paul Prince, the chore boy, who had listened fearfully to the men's predictions.

'Worse; a dozen times worse. That was a baby flood compared to what this will be,' answered Phil Kipp.

'No. Rapid Run never saw such a flood afore as it'll see to night when that dam breaks,' said Logan. 'This'll beat 'em all.'

'Boys,' said Paul, 'I'm afraid my mother and Sam and the girls are in danger. When the big flood came, the water rose into the house so it was two feet deep, and if this will be so much worse—'

'It'll sweep that house away, sure's death!' said Dolan. 'Run, Paul, for your life an' warn 'em!'

'But he can't get there!' declared the man who gave the alarm. 'The bridges are gone, and no man on earth can wade Rapid Run to-night.'

'There's only one thing to be done then,' said Paul. 'I'll cut the post and loose the gates.'

'You can't do that,' said Logan. 'There ain't a man here as dare undertake it, an' what the men are afraid of you'd better let alone.'

'If they had a mother and brother and sisters where mine are, they'd go quick enough,' replied Paul. 'I won't be in any more danger out on the dam than they are at home, and it's one to four, besides. I'll try it, and I believe I can do it and get back all right.'

Without heeding the dissuasions of the men, Paul threw off his coat, took up one of the long-helved and keen, double-bitted axes used in the lumber woods, and started for the dam.

'Hold on there, Paul! hold on!' said Bill Logan; 'I don't think I oughter let you go out there. It's too dangerous.'

RAPID RUN BEFORE THE FLOOD.

'But don't you see,' replied Paul, quickly, 'I'm going to save my mother and the children, and if I do that it'll be a great gain even if I'm lost. I couldn't live and always think of my mother and Sam and the girls all swept away without my making an effort for them. No; I'll try it.'

'Well, Paul, perhaps you're right,' was Logan's answer; 'anyhow I shan't stand in your way no longer. If you keep cool—an' I know you will—maybe you can do it.'

With this encouragement Paul started toward the water, and a moment later he was on the dangerous dam. Slowly and carefully he walked along the heavy beam that spanned the piers until he reached a spot where the water poured over it, making his progress more difficult and hazardous. He dared not try to walk through the water, but sat down astride the beam and cautiously worked his way along until he had passed the dangerous place.

When the boy at last reached the post which held the gates, Tom Dolan poured more oil on the fire, which blazed up brightly and gave Paul all the light he needed for the perilous work, which he began at once.

He could not stand to chop the post, which he had to cut a foot or more below the beam, but was obliged to wield the heavy axe as he sat. This was no light task for an ordinary boy of Paul's years, but he managed it more easily than many a full grown man would have done.

Strongly and steadily the sharp axe was wielded against the solid oaken post, and rapidly the firm chips fell with noiseless plash into the raging flood. From the shore the men watched eagerly the sure, swift blows of the flashing axe, and waited, breathlessly, to see the post fall and the gates fly open. They had not long to wait. The heavy pressure of the water assisted the boy's work, and when the post was little more than half-cut through the mighty force pushing at the gates broke it. With a heavy crash the timber fell, the pent-up water surged through the open gates, and the dam was safe.

Paul had saved his mother and the children in the little home which a few minutes before had been in such peril, and the men gave a little encouraging cheer as, his dangerous work done, he turned toward the shore and safety.

'He'll come it all right, don't you never fear,' said Phil Kipp, confidently.

'Yes, of course he will,' was Jack Sanders's comment; 'he's clear grit, he is, and Providence allers kind o' looks out for that sort.'

Tom Dolan and Logan, the camp's boss, said nothing. They only watched and hoped for the moment when Paul should be safe on shore again.

He had passed the middle of the dam, when Dolan, who watched every movement with intense anxiety, suddenly exclaimed, 'Look!'

Borne swiftly along on the current that set toward the gates was an uprooted tree with long limbs, and it came directly in Paul's path, while he, watching the beam he was walking, did not notice it.

The men saw his peril and shouted to him; but the roar of the flood drowned their voices, and the boy walked on unconscious of the danger, until he was struck by one of the long limbs and hurled into the mad, swirling, thundering flood, below the dam where the vast pond was struggling to empty itself through the gates.

In that wild water the most expert swimmer would have been overwhelmed, and the men knew that unless they could in some way help Paul there was no hope for him.

With one impulse they sprang to the water's edge and eagerly scanned the flood for some sign of the heroic boy, who, they knew, was hidden among the foaming waves. By some freak of the uncertain currents he was thrown near the shore, and with a spring Tom Dolan seized him by his heavy woollen shirt and pulled him upon the bank.

He was unconscious, and the first efforts of the men to revive him failed to reveal any sign of life in the limp, helpless form.

'He couldn't a' drowned, there wasn't time,' Logan said; 'he must 'a' been hit by some of the logs or else banged agin the rocks.'

'Yes, an'— I'm afraid he's gone,' Dolan replied. 'Such work as he's done deserves somethin' better'n dyin'.'

Paul was carried to the camp, and in their rude but kindly way the men did what they could for him. His clothes were loosened, he was rubbed with hot woollens to stimulate circulation, and the other simple methods which they knew were tried to bring back the brave young spirit.

After working upon him an hour or more their efforts were rewarded by a slight show of life in the boy, and hope sprang up in the hearts or the anxious watchers.

'He's a comin' to,' Tom Dolan said, thankfully; 'stand back, boys, and give him a better show for breathin'.'

The men stood back and awaited results. For a few moments he thought struggled with unconsciousness with Paul, and then, recognising the bushman who bent over him, he said, in a faint whisper, 'What's the matter, Tom?'

'Oh, nothin', Paul, nothin' much. You got knocked off the dam, but we got you out, an' you're all right now, safe here in the camp.'

'Oh, yes, I remember; but what makes it so dark and cold, Tom? Didn't I bring in enough wood?'

'Why, certainly you did, an' we'll have more light an' fire in a minute. You keep quiet an' it'll all be right in no time.'

'Something cold like keeps pressing me here,' he said, indicating his breast with his hand, 'and it's hard to breathe.'

'You was hurt, somehow,' the woodsman answered, 'but you'll be all right in a day or two. I'll raise ye up a little—there, isn't that better?'

'Yes, that's easier. Tom, do you think mother's safe?'

'I know she is. She's safe as I am.'

'And Sam, he's safe, too?'

'Yes.'

'And Maggie and little Fan?'

'Both safe.'

'Then it's all right; and tell 'em, Tom, not to feel sorry for me—not to feel sorry at all. Tell 'em I'm glad I did it—tell 'em I'm real glad, Tom, and tell 'em—tell——'

Then the faint voice stopped, the young head fell back upon the strong arm of the bushman, and Paul Prince was dead. For a few moments not a word was said, and the solemn quiet was only disturbed by the half-repressed sobs of the bushmen.

Logan's Camp had known several fatal accidents, but it had never before been so pathetically stirred, so tenderly touched, as by the loss of its heroic chore-boy, and for weeks after his death, whenever the bushmen spoke of him, it was with softened and often tremulous voices.

Paul was laid to rest in a quiet little graveyard by the log schoolhouse where he had attended school when too young to work, and over his grave was erected a modest headstone purchased by the men. Tom Dolan gave the orders regarding the inscription, which read:

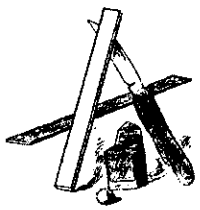
PRINCE PAUL.
LOST HIS LIFE SAVING OTHERS,
November, 13th 1887.
'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it!'

'His name was Paul Prince,' he said, 'but I think 'twon't be no offence to turn it round, for if he wa'n't a prince there ha'n't never been one, an' never will be. There couldn't any prince, nor a king neither, done braver or nobler than he did, an' they're pretty awful scarce as 'ud done so much, so I think that "Prince Paul's" all right, I thought, too, there oughter be some Scripter verse, an' I remembered there was one about them as lost their lives findin' 'em again, an' I told the gravestone man to put that on, for it jest seemed to fit.'

H. F. MARSH.

A CLEVER HOME-MADE TOY.

BY GEORGE FOLSOM.



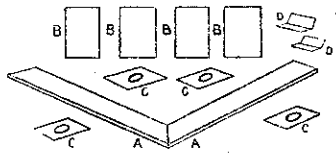
FEW evenings ago when the 'mechanic' of the house was, in the opinion of the younger members of the family, doing nothing but thinking—an operation which, important as it may be to a grown person, is always associated with idleness in a youngster's mind — there suddenly arose a demand from the three younger members for a new plaything. They had hosts of playthings, but big brother Jack could invent new ones, and they wanted one of his, and a brand new one at that.

Although Jack's thoughts were very important ones just at this time, he tucked them away for future consideration and prepared to humour the boys.

Taking a pencil and a piece of paper he marked out the figures shown on our diagram, lettering them A, B, C and D.

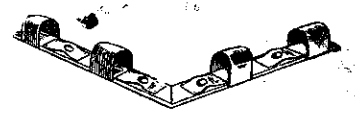
'Now, boys,' said he, 'if one of you will prepare two smooth pieces of wood, each of them ten inches long, and one-and-a-half inches wide, while another heats the glue, I will show you how to make a plaything which will afford you considerable amusement. The third boy may get a piece of strong cardboard and the scissors. Not the best scissors, however, for by the time we get through the scissors may have to be sent to the grinder.'

When everything was prepared, Jack cut one end of each of the sticks and mitred them together as they do a picture frame, so that they formed what may be described as two sides of a square. These are shown in the diagram, and marked A. He now cut out four pieces of card, two by three inches (see B), and two pieces the same width as the pieces of wood (see D), and four pieces C, with a round hole



about three-quarters of an inch in diameter in the centre of each. One of the boys found some very small tacks, and Jack proceeded to put the plaything together. Placing one of the B cards about a quarter of an inch from one end of the piece of wood, he tacked it to the edge. Then forming a hoop with it, he tacked it to the opposite edge. Three inches farther down the frame, he placed another hoop. The operation was repeated on the other side of the frame. The D pieces, which are each a single piece of card creased in the middle, are now tacked back of the two end hoops, and form a 'fence' to prevent anything falling out of the end of the frame. He next placed the C pieces, tacking them on the top of the frame so that they curved in the middle and formed a sort of hill between each of the hoops.

'Now boys,' said Jack, 'get one of your agates, or a large marble, and we will see how the plaything works. Tom, who is the eldest of you, can have the first chance at it. First of all, Tom, place your marble in one of the end hoops, and take hold of the frame where the two pieces join; now let your marble come down as far as the first hill, and catch it in the hole. Then incline your frame slightly, so the marble will start again, and when it comes down to the



second hill catch it in that hole. Now start it again, and have it turn the corner—a proceeding which will require a very steady hand, Tom—and catch it in the third hole. In this way get it down to the end hoop, and then take it back to where it started from. Your marble will fall to the floor a great many times before you accomplish this, Tom, but practice will enable you to do it astonishingly quick.'

After Tom had failed repeatedly, Jack did the trick at the third trial, and probably the younger boys are trying it yet, at intervals between supper time and bed time. Any bright boy can make this little plaything without its costing him a penny, and if he has a steady hand and a quick eye he can manage to successfully traverse what we have given the appropriate, but not copyrighted, title of 'The hard road to travel.'

AT THE OTHER END.

MCPHERSON was entertaining his aged father, who had come to spend a month in the city. Mac is a really good fellow, and willingly deserted his friends and his accustomed haunts for a while in order that he might spend his evenings in the old gentleman's company, chatting over the scenes and incidents of his boyhood's days.

'How well I remember,' he remarked one evening, 'when you caught me reading a story book in church, under cover of the big Bible, and what a whipping you gave me when we got home. My stars! sir, I can almost feel the tingle of that cane yet.'

'It's strange,' said the old man reflectively, 'but do you know, my boy, I can't recall that incident.'

'Perhaps not, sir,' returned Mac with a laugh, 'but you must remember that you were at the other end of the cane.'

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

BOBBY AND THE BAD BOY.

'BOBBY,' said his mother, 'I don't want you to go over and play with that little boy in the next house. He is not a nice little boy.'

Bobby was grieved. The other little boy knew such lots of games, and was the best fighter near. And then he had only just come to Bobby's street, and new boys are always the nicest.

Bobby went out into the yard, and looked over into the street where he could see the little new boy preparing to bury a dead rat with some other boys. The thought that he could not join in such a splendid new game, was almost breaking his heart, when it occured to him that his mother had provided for only one side of the question.

'Hallo, little boy,' he called softly, 'come over and play with me. *I've* got no bad tricks.'

KEEP STILL.

WHEN vexing words are said to you,
Smile, and keep bravely still;
Annoying tongues will have their way,
Let you say what you will;
Then shut your lips, speak not a word,—
This is the wisest plan,
And silence hurts tormentors more
Than any answer can.

TOMMY'S SHADOW.

BABY had a little playfellow come to see him almost every evening.

He was a little black boy.

When the lamps were lighted, mamma would say, 'Baby, where's Tommy?'

That was baby's name for the little black boy, and it was baby's name, too.

When mamma said that, baby would begin to hunt for him.

Sometimes he would find Tommy behind him, sometimes in front. Usually he would run all around the room, calling, Tommy! Tommy!'

When he found him, what fun they would have!

They ran races, played 'hide-and-seek' and 'bo-peep.'

Tommy was a very quiet little boy.

One curious thing about it was, whatever baby did, Tommy did.

Whenever baby took a drink, Tommy would too, but Tommy's cup was black.

If baby sat in a chair with a book, so did Tommy, but his chair and book were black.

Wasn't that funny? Baby liked to watch him.

One evening these two little Tommys were having so much fun that they didn't want to go when the time came.

They each had a little table with dishes, and baby was watching little black Tommy sit at his little black table with the little black dishes, and drink out of the little black cups.

Mamma told them it was bed-time, but they both shook their heads: what naughty little boys!

After a while, mamma and papa with big sister Grace left the room. They peeped through the door to see what baby would do—but he wasn't lonesome so long as Tommy was there.

Finally, mamma turned the light down, then baby ran to his mother crying, 'I go to bed now, Tommy gone.'

L.L.W.

DREADFUL.

'WHERE'S mamma?'

Dotty stole down from the nursery to see mamma for a little while, but mamma had gone out.

It was twilight, and the sitting-room was nearly dark, except for the glow which came from the fire in the grate.

'Who's zis?' said Dotty, going toward the lounge.

There was quite a heap of things on it. Edith, her big sister, often threw her hat and cloak there when she came in from school, and now they were mixed up with the slumber-robe, and somebody must be sleeping under them, for a bit of black hair peeped out from one end.

'Poor papa!' said Dotty, going up and stroking the hair with her soft little hand. 'He's tum home wiv a headache again. I'm sorry. I'll tomb his head, and I won't 'sturb him one bit.'

She brought a comb, and carefully worked away at the black locks, whispering to herself:

'Papa always likes his head tombed when he's dot a headache.'

'He's fast as'eep, I dess,' she went on, finding that he did not move. She put her little face close down to the hair, and half-whispered:

'Papa, does I 'sturb 'ou?'

But papa did not answer, so she kept on combing, saying to herself.

'How g'ad he'll be when he wates up and finds his headache all don!'

But just then the comb caught in a tangle.

'O papa, did that pull?'

No answer, and the combing went on. Another pull, and the head moved a little.

'Oh papa! I'll be more tareful; 'ou see if I don't!'

But a harder tangle came. The head moved toward her and—fell upon the floor at her feet.

'O-o-o-o-o!' What a scream went before Dotty as she rushed into the hall!

'What's the matter?' cried Edith, who was just coming down stairs.

'What's the matter?' asked mamma, who was just coming in the street-door.

'O-o-o-o-o!' Dotty was too much terrified to answer, but Edith caught her in her arms as she tried to run up stairs.

'What is it, dear?' she asked.

'O-o-o-o-o!' cried Dotty, sobbing as if her heart would break. 'Papa! Papa!'

'What about papa? He's down town.'

'No—I've—pulled his head off.'

'Nonsense, Dotty. What do you mean?'

'Oh, I have—I did. In there—' she pointed to the sitting-room, but kicked and screamed when Edith carried her toward the door.

'Papa isn't here,' said mamma.

Dotty hid her head on Edith's shoulder as mamma lit the gas, but took a little peep out as Edith said: 'See. Papa isn't here.'

'O-o-o-o-o! Yes he is—he's on the lounge.'

Mamma tossed over the things on the lounge. No papa was there.

'But—look on the floor,' sobbed Dotty.

Mamma picked up the thing of long, straight black hair which lay there.

'It's my new monkey-skin muff,' said Edith.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

OF COURSE.—'Mabel,' said the teacher, 'you may spell kitten.' 'K-double-i-t-e-n,' said Mabel. 'Kitten has two i's then, has it?' 'Yes, teacher, our kitten has.'

A little girl, who was told that her father had gone to the polls to vote, innocently asked 'if the people of the tropics voted at the equator.'

Little Jim was but a few years old when there was a wedding in the family. The aged grandmother kept her seat during the ceremony. In telling about it afterward, Jim said, 'We all stood up and got married 'cept grandma!'

One day, Willie carried his shoes to the cobbler's to have them mended. He entered the little shop unnoticed, for the minister was there talking with the cobbler. Willie heard the minister say: 'So your daughter is to be married soon? Whom is she to marry?' 'Mr Winter,' answered the cobbler. 'Oh,' spoke up Willie, with a shake of his small shoulders and a tremour in his voice, as if he were attacked by a sudden chill, 'Won't she shiver?'

Eddie came walking in one morning with a very solemn face and a large rent in his little kilt skirt, and, sidling up to his mother, he asked, 'Mamma, will you please glue my dress together?'

As we were having dinner, little four year-old Griswold jumped down from his chair and hastily closed the dining-room door. 'Are you cold, my son?' said mamma. 'No, *I'm* not, but the soup is.'

Little Florence, who had been trying to catch her new kitty, screamed and threw up her little hands as if greatly frightened. 'What is the matter, darling?' inquired her mother. 'The kitty sneezed at me,' replied Florence.

A DOG'S COURTESY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* writes:—'My little dog strictly observes the courtesy which is natural, not taught, of not beginning his dinner (served on white napery that is never soiled) until his master begins his own. No amount of coaxing on the part of the ladies (they do not wait) will induce him to eat. If I am late, he merely consents to have his muzzle taken off, inspects his dinner, and then seeks his master's room, where he awaits to accompany me in orderly fashion downstairs.'

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

'YESTERDAY,' said the moon to me, 'I looked down upon a small courtyard surrounded on all sides by houses. In the courtyard sat a clucking hen with eleven chickens, and a pretty little girl was running and jumping around them. The hen was frightened, and screamed and spread out her wings over the little brood. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her, and I glided away and thought no more of the matter.

'But this evening only a few minutes ago, I looked down into the same courtyard. Everything was quiet. But presently the little girl came forth again, crept quietly to the hen house, pushed back the bolt and slipped into the apartment of the hen and chickens. They cried out loudly and came fluttering down from their perches and ran about in dismay, and the little girl run after them.

'I saw it quite plainly, for I looked through a hole in the henhouse wall. I was angry with the wilful child, and felt glad when her father came out and scolded her more violently than yesterday, holding her roughly by the arm. She held down her head, and her blue eyes were full of tears.

'"What are you doing here?" he asked. She wept and said: "I wanted to kiss the hen and beg her pardon for frightening her yesterday, but I was afraid to tell you."

'And the father kissed the innocent child's forehead, and kissed her on the mouth and eyes.'

AN OPINION.

MY grandma says that little boys
Make too much noise—
Considering, of course, their size.
She's very wise!
I think the birds up in the trees,
The wax-eye wees,
Are noisier by far than I,
And don't half try.
And then the noise made on the pane
By drops of rain,
That patter early, patter late,
Is very great!
And so, I say, it seems to me,
To noisy be
Is what you should expect at all
Times from the small.

John Kendrick Bangs.

WHAT WORRIED HIM.

LIKEWISE WHAT DIDN'T WORRY HIM A BIT.

'THE sun's heat will give out in 10,000,000 years more,
And he worried about it.
'It will surely give out then, if it doesn't before,'
And he worried about it.

* * * * * * *

'And some day the earth will fall into the sun,'
And he worried about it;
'Just as sure and as straight as if shot from a gun,'
And he worried about it;
'When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps
Just picture,' he said, 'what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,'
And he worried about it.

'The earth will become much too small for the race,'
And he worried about it;
'When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,'
And he worried about it;
'The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,
That there'll be no room for one's tongue to stick out,
And no room for one's thoughts to wander about,'
And he worried about it.

* * * * * * *

'Just when the Ice Age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,'
And he worried about it.
His wife took in washing (a dollar a day),
He didn't worry about it;
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay,
He didn't worry about it.
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove and he just let her rub;
He didn't worry about it.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

'SIXTEEN years ago to-day I made a man very thankful, said one citizen to another.

'How was that?' asked one of his companions.

'It was a man who had been sent to our State Prison for horse stealing. I did not believe him guilty. In fact, I spent £100 and three months' time to prove him innocent.'

'Yes?'

'I got the Governor interested, and progressed far enough to have every hope that the man would be pardoned on Thanksgiving Day.

'And was he?'

'No.'

'Then how was he thankful?'

'Because at the very last of my work I came across positive evidence that he had stolen five horses and was known in only one case. When I told him that I would keep still on the other four cases he was so overcome with gratitude that he couldn't say a word. Ah! it makes me happy when I can do something good for my fellow-men.'

SHE WAS TAKING LESSONS IN COOKERY, TOO.

ROADSIDE BILL (handing back the pie): 'Madam, will you kindly change this for a piece of soap?'

Mrs Newhouse: 'Certainly, but you can have the pie too.'

Roadside Bill: 'Don't need it. I wanted the soap to get the taste of that one mouthful out.'

THEY WERE KIND.

THE two of them were rubbing their backs against the Broadway wall of the post-office to get up an artificial heat as they watched the people passing by intent on Santa Claus.

'Going to hang up your stocking, Jim?' finally asked one.

'Naw.'

'For why?'

'Down on the custom.'

'Beautiful sentiment, Jim.'

'Can't see it. Three years ago to-day I was in jail in a Kansas town.'

'No Santa Claus there, eh?'

'Too much of it. Crowd came about 4 p.m. and hung up both my stockings for me.'

'Shoo! Must be a kind lot o' people out there!'

'Werry, werry kind, considerin' I was inside the stockings when they were hung up. Throat feels sore yet. Let's make for some sidewalk ventilator.'

WHAT SHE SAW AT THE PLAY.

VISITING AUNTY: 'So you went to the theatre last evening?'

Sweet Girl: 'Yes, I went with Mr Softfello, the young gentleman you saw here the last time—you know; the one with the lovely moustache, and handsome eyes, and sweet mouth, you know; the one who——'

Visiting Aunty: 'Was the play a tragedy or a comedy?'

Sweet Girl: 'Um—I don't remember.'

BUSINESS FIRST.

AMINADAB JAWKER: 'Hi, Bill! d'ye see that chap with the Inverness cape?'

Bill Goggles: 'Pardon me; I never see anything in business hours.'

THE SCHOLAR AND THE PEDAGOGUE.

SOME men were sitting on the verandah of a hotel, when one looked sharply at the man on his left, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and asked—

'Isn't your name Graham?'

'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply.

'Didn't you used to teach school at ——?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Thirty years ago?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you remember a boy named Godkin?'

'Very distinctly, sir.'

'Do you remember that he put a package of firecrackers under his desk and touched them off?'

'As if it happened only yesterday.'

'And you basted him for it?'

'I did. I licked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it.'

'You have, eh?' said the other breathing fast and hard. 'Do you know that that boy swore a terrible oath?'

'I presume he did, as he was a thorough young villain.'

'He swore an oath that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life.'

'But I haven't heard from him yet.'

'You hear from him now! He stands before you! I am that boy?'

'Well?'

'Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last?'

He made a dive for the old pedagogue, but the latter evaded him, made a half-turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom schoolmaster piled into him and licked him until he cried 'Enough!' and it didn't take him over three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get on another collar and replace some buttons, and helped Godkin up and observed:—

'You didn't wait quite long enough, I guess.'

'Say! That's where I made a mis-cue!' he replied. 'I see now that I ought to have held off until he had got to be 150 years old. The old devil is all of 70 now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the cheek to stand up again. Here's thirty years of waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in three minutes!'

DEBERVED IT.

IT was at a ball given by a ladies' social organisation. She was one of the 'aides' of the floor manager, and young Hankinson was there.

'How do you think I look in my lemon-coloured dress?' she asked him.

'You are a lem-on-aide just sweetened to my taste,' he murmured, and she was ice-cold to him all the rest of the evening.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS PAST.

HARRY: 'Dearest, why this agitation? Why hide your face from me? Can you not speak one little word?'

Carry (in a choking manner): 'Really, Harry, I—I—cannot. Excuse me, but your emotion has caused you to burst your collar.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIRST TRAVELLER: Are you a married man?' Second Traveller: 'No, I'm an instance of the survival of the fittest.

IN CLOVER.—She: 'So you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins? How can you distinguish one from the other?' He: 'I don't try to.'

Pat (to parrot, who had just finished whistling 'God Save the Queen'): 'Begorra, it's a good thing ye have green fithers on yez; if yer was a canary I'd twist yer neck for yez.'

A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.—'How's this, Dauber? You've painted Father Time with a mowing machine instead of a scythe?' 'That's all right. We artists of the modern school keep up with inventive progress.'

Wife: 'You don't tell me that Professor A. has been struck dumb? Husband: 'Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages.' Wife: 'Is it possible. And was he struck dumb in all seven?'

FAST ENOUGH IN ALL CONSCIENCE.—Irate Customer: 'You said this cloth was a fast colour, yet it faded out in two weeks after it was made up. Dealer: 'Well, I don't think you ought to expect it to fade any faster than that.'

ILLICIT BREATH.—'I ain't drunk, mister,' he tried to explain to the policeman who was arresting him. 'Well,' said the officer, 'if you're not drunk you had better take out a license for that breath.'

An editor, who does not mind a joke at his own expense, says he went into a drug store recently, and asked for some morphine. The assistant objected to giving it without a prescription. 'Why,' asked the editor, 'do I look like a man who would kill himself?' 'I don't know said the assistant; 'if I looked like you I should be tempted.'

Algernon: 'Chawley, I heard that you kissed that horrid Miss Rosycheeks the other day while you were out driving.' Chawley: 'Naw, I didn't.'

Algernon: 'Because mothaw told me if I, aw, evah kissed a girl with painted cheeks I might get painter's colic, don't chew knaw.'

Mrs Blank: 'Do you remember, dear, that before we were married you always offered me your left arm?' Mr Blank: 'Yes. I wanted to have my right hand free. You see I had a lover's fear that someone would try to take you away from me, and I always kept it in readiness for defence.' 'How sweet! But how is it that now you generally offer me your right arm?' 'Well, I am not so afraid as I was.'

THE SERVANT GIRL'S RESPONSE.—A lady who keeps a highly respectable boarding-house in this city caught the recently hired chambermaid kissing one of the boarders, so she told the servant that would never do. 'I saw you kissing one of the boarders on the stairs. I don't want to see that again,' said the indignant landlady. 'Well, mum, nobody can compil ye to kape yer eyes open if ye don't want to,' was the reply.

A vagrant called at the house of a lady and begged for a pair of shoes. She gave him a nearly new pair of her husband's, which he had laid aside for some reason. A day or two afterwards the beggar returned. 'Mum,' he said, 'can't you give me a pair of shoes—some old ragged ones?' 'But,' said the lady, 'I have given you an entirely new pair; you have them on now.' 'Yes,' he said; 'but there's the trouble. They're so new, ye see, that they hurt my business!'

AN IRRESISTIBLE SUITOR.

TOM (at the club): 'Jack, you are an electrical expert. Your sister adores you and I adore your sister. She laughs at me for my ignorance of the science. Give me some pointers.'

Jack: 'Well?'

Tom: 'What's a volt?'

Jack: 'Pressure.'

Tom: 'What's an ampere?'

Jack: 'Quantity.'

Tom: 'What's an ohm?'

Jack: 'Resistance.'

Tom (same evening in the parlour): 'Lucy, dearest, why this ohm to the volt of my hand? Do you not realize the ampere of love?'

Lucy (rapturously): 'My own! I am yours.'