

# THE NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC

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MR. W. C. MIRFIN.  
(Vice-President, 1890-91.)



MR. A. W. THOMSON.  
(President, 1890-91.)



MR. JAMES FRATER.  
(Vice-President, 1890-91.)



AUCKLAND BOWLING GREEN.—See Page 77.



pride in the one she loved, and the intense pleasure and surprise on meeting him here, when she imagined he would be far away. If her appearance was improved by this unexpected meeting, Grosvenor's most certainly was not. Although, to a superficial observer, I must allow he was not a bad-looking fellow, and could perhaps disguise his real feelings better than any man I had ever met; yet at this moment I saw one short, transient gleam of baffled rage and enmity pass over his features, which rendered it, to my mind, that of a demon. One moment, and it was gone—I do not think anyone else observed it—and the nasal bland, smiling look had taken its place; but having seen the other, I could not help observing how forced and unnatural this was. Deeper and more bitter curses are often expressed by a momentary movement of the features of men of evil natures than ever emanate from their lips—deeper and more bitter from the fact that time and circumstance will not allow them utterance.

And if such an immense amount of annoyance can be suffered in a few short moments, so also can an equal amount of wild joy be experienced. In the same brief space of time I saw Grosvenor's pretensions shattered, and my chance of persuading Fanny to become my wife almost a certainty. I saw this, and was almost overcome, but not quite, for joy is a sensation of which most of us could endure a considerable amount, and I among the number. But in this instance my endurance was not strained after all. However, I must return to the others. Fanny all unconscious of these contrary sensations, which had such different effects on her two lovers, for she had not noticed Grosvenor's wild look, came up with conscious blushes, and the natural pride of a girl on first introducing her intended husband to her friends—pride in that he belongs to her, and to her alone; that no other living soul has a right to him. She looked so radiantly beautiful, and—I must write it, though it still causes me a

'She's a shingle short. Always imagining she is engaged to some one. I agreed with her merely to keep her quiet and save a scene. She becomes almost frantic if contradicted. I'll explain more by-and-by.'

Fanny did not appear to be entirely reassured by this false speech, but I noted with alarm that though her blind faith in her lover had been sorely tried, it did not quite give way. At the moment of his acknowledgment to Miss Julia that he was engaged to her, I could see the expression of almost savage hatred which reminded me so forcibly of her mother's race, flash across my cousin's face. I prayed that that look might never be directed at me, whatever might happen. It was, to do her justice, of very rare occurrence, and when directed at another I could see a wild beauty in its majestic wrath. On this occasion both Miss Julia and Grosvenor got the benefit of it.

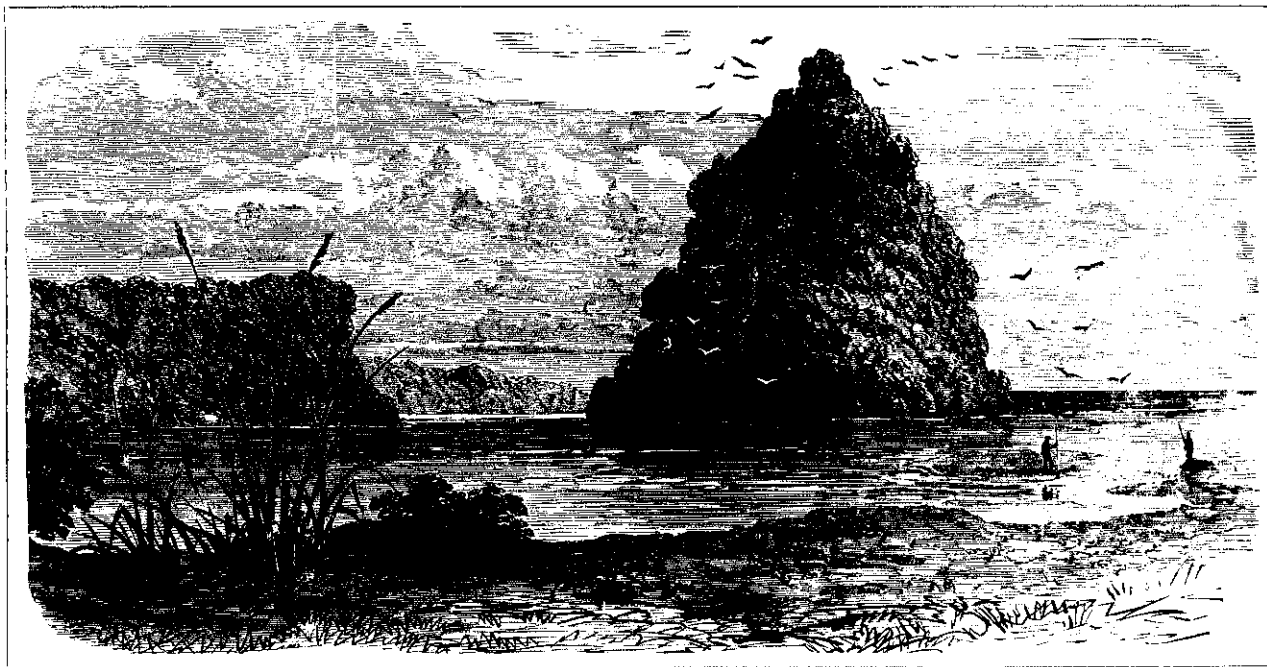
After the explanation that the poor girl was not quite in her right mind, compassion for her calmed the feeling of bitter hatred which jealousy had at first caused. Fanny immediately explained to her stepmother what Grosvenor had said, and whispered to her that a horrid girl she must be. Aunt at once went up to her husband who had only just entered the room, and had not, of course, heard the conversation recorded above, and related the incident to him, asking his advice as to the best course to pursue, as she did in most of her difficulties.

'Don't bother about their nonsensical quarrels, that's my advice. I dare say he's been spooning with 'em both. Most boys do, eh! and girls, too. But Fanny's got him. Sure to be jealousy and all that. They'll get over it. Let 'em rip.'

This latter sentence, more brief than polite, was his favourite solution of a difficulty which proved to be a little out of his province. The word rip, as doubtless most of my readers are aware, is formed of the initial

Grosvenor got through the evening far better than he could possibly have expected or deserved. He managed with his wonderful powers of intrigue and deceit, to conciliate both ladies, and impressed each of them with the firm conviction that he would marry her. There was now little doubt in my mind, owing to a statement Miss Julia made to the effect that her marriage would take place in a few months, that his original plans were to marry Fanny, get hold of all the property he could, then abandon her, slip across to Hawke's Bay, marry Julia, and quit the country with her. He had not reckoned on the Robinsons moving to Wanganui and the two families becoming intimate. Thus he proved a blacker-hearted villain even than I had given him credit for being. Now the young ladies to whom he aspired had met, he must renounce one part of his plot, and concentrate his whole energies in obtaining the hand of one of them, lest between two stools he should fall to the ground. He might think himself wonderfully lucky if he succeeded. Still with his consummate impudence and utter disregard for truth and honour, I felt he would in all probability succeed, the more especially when I noticed that Mrs Robinson's vindictive remarks had, aided by her daughter's reputed peccolity (which, by the bye, soon got magnified into insanity), created a complete breach of the friendliness just commenced between the two families.

Grosvenor visited the Robinsons frequently, it is true. He gave himself great credit for this self-sacrifice, as he termed it, leaving dear Fanny to spend a few hours with a girl like Miss Julia. Self-interest, I called it. He led the Robinsons to believe that he was staying about Wanganui to look for land, not with any idea of marrying something little better than a Maori *rahine*, as he scornfully termed my adorable cousin Fanny, to Miss Julia's intense delight. This little fact, unfortunately, did not come to our ears till long after. He was afraid of breaking altogether with Miss



MOUTH OF THE WANGANUI RIVER.—SEE CHAPTER XXXII.

twinge—so supremely happy, that I felt, even amid my delight at my rival's impending downfall, a sensation of great pity for the suffering which I knew my cousin must undergo at the humiliation of finding that one who professed to give her all his love had made the same profession to another. Yet, as she came up with the look of a queen, I knew, however bitter the disappointment might be, she would bear it as she ought, as she had already borne much from the hands of this villain.

'Why, Gus,' Miss Julia exclaimed, 'is that really you? Come back without letting me know to give me a pleasant surprise, eh?' In your last letter you said you would not be able to return for nearly six months; but I am delighted to see you, you naughty boy. How did you hear we had moved here? I don't think I mentioned it in any of my letters.' Without waiting for an answer she turned to aunt. 'And fancy you being in the secret, too, dear Mrs Melton! How excessively kind of you to ask Gus here to meet me. I did not know that you were aware to whom I was engaged. Isn't he a dear fellow? Ah, Fanny, I have beaten you. I said I should have the pleasure of introducing my lover to you before you introduced yours to me. I now formally introduce to you my future husband, although he appears well known to you in his bachelor character. Where did you meet him?'

Fanny's look of astonished indignation was superb, and the rest of the guests who had gathered round appeared to be struck dumb. You might have heard a pin drop. Fanny soon found words.

'Miss Robinson, I do not understand you. We have scarcely been long enough acquainted for you to indulge in this sort of fun at my expense, for I presume that is what you intend it for.'

'Fanny! There's no fun about it, except your delightful indignation. I'll soon prove my words. We are engaged, are we not, Gus?'

'Yes, yes, Julia, we are engaged; it's all right,' replied Grosvenor, with a face, to outward appearance, imperturbably calm; but I could read by the help of the knowledge I had, the passion of doubt, fear, and even hatred of Julia, which was raging within. Bending over Fanny, he took advantage of Miss Julia's having turned aside to answer her mother's inquiry what it all meant to whisper to her

letters of the words, *requiescat in pace*—rest in peace. Now, although uncle advised aunt to allow the young ladies to do this, yet they by no means did it. Firm friends as they had promised to be before this evening's episode, they now regarded one another with feelings of dislike and distrust. Aunt appeared far from satisfied with either Grosvenor's explanation or uncle's careless disposal of the difficulty, but as she always depended on his opinion, and disliked acting in opposition to it, she took no steps to clear up the peculiar turn that affairs had taken.

The dance meanwhile went on, and with Fanny's consent Grosvenor divided his time between the two ladies. On his again referring to the poor girl's mental misfortune—which this inveterate perverter of the truth actually put down to my scandalously trifling with her affections on the voyage—my kind-hearted cousin positively requested him not to neglect her on any consideration. He obeyed this request to the letter, much to the satisfaction of the poor afflicted creature. Mr Robinson was not at the dance, but his good lady made some remarks to my aunt, which were by no means agreeable, referring to Miss Melton's bold-faced attempts to steal her daughter's lover away from her. After a tirade of abuse she finished up by remarking 'that considering her birth, she could not be expected to know better.' After quietly endeavoring to calm the irate old lady, my aunt judged it wisest to leave a field where her adversary used ammunition of so coarse a nature. This added to the irritation and indignation of her guest in a far greater degree than if she had remained and argued with her. She was, however, reduced to the necessity of expending it on the company in general, though with very little effect, as I believe Grosvenor's version of the story was more generally believed.

I had by this time come to the conclusion that he would yet manage matters so as to blind my cousin and her relatives as to his real character, and the true state of affairs. I had a dance with her, and attempted once more to convince her that I was right, and that he was engaged to Miss Julia, but in vain. Nothing that I could do was of any avail. Fanny even hinted that I was as cranky as Miss Julia on this particular subject, and it was a judgment on me for driving her out of her mind. I said nothing in reply to this cruel accusation. Where was the good?

Julia for fear anything should yet prevent his marriage with Fanny. At all events he succeeded admirably in keeping either family in entire ignorance of the terms on which he stood with the other. This would have been impossible but for the aforesaid breach. Even Mr Robinson was so biased by his wife's exaggerated, or rather fabricated, account of the treatment they received at the Melton's, that he refused to speak to uncle when he met him. The old lady had laid much stress on the rude manner in which Mrs Melton had walked off, and refused to listen to her, oblivious, doubtless, of the fact that no one unaccustomed to her vituperations could possibly be expected to stand calmly by and receive them, much less (if a lady) to return them in kind. Thus, in his whole courtship, everything seemed to favour Grosvenor. He wound himself with his insidious manner into the good graces of almost everyone, including our clergyman, an elderly gentleman in weak health, whom he went so far as to assist in the capacity of lay-reader. The doctor, the only man who I believe would have been capable of coping with him, had, unfortunately, left the district.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

AUCKLAND ONCE MORE.—THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL.—HARRY AND THE STUDIOS' VISIT WANGANUI.

I WAS longing for the steamer to start that I might return to Auckland, for though I had unaccountably made up my mind that nothing should prevent my being present at the wedding, which I was convinced must now occur, yet the sight of my favoured rival's happiness was too much for me. His supercilious air of condescending superiority when addressing me was too maddening to be borne with equanimity. I always felt an intense desire to kick him unmercifully, and it was only the thought that it would pain Fanny more than him which enabled me to suppress my violent inclinations in this direction. Charlie hated him as intensely as I did, and it was all Fanny and her father could do to prevent the young scamp from playing tricks on him. He improved a little in his riding under Fanny's tuition, but it was her greatest trouble that she feared she would never make a horseman of him. Almost living in the saddle herself, and being passionately fond of horses, it must have tried her



# THE AUCKLAND BOWLING CLUB.



QUEEN.—What sport shall we devise here in this garden.  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?  
LADY.—Madam, we'll play at bowls.  
RICHARD II.

THE Auckland Bowling Club can undoubtedly, rank as the oldest in the colony, having been formed as far back as the end of the 'fifties' by a few enthusiastic Caletonians, the most prominent and energetic among them being the late Mr Thomas Macfarlane, who is justly entitled to be remembered as the 'father' of the game of bowls in New Zealand. Among those associated with him were Messrs Walter Grahame, W. Aitken, John Ogilvie, Robert Paterson, George Webster, James Crawford, John Kirkwood, Fred. Ring, James Y. Stevenson, David Grahame, and John Taylor.

Mr Thomas Macfarlane was elected first President of the Club, and retained that office until his lamented death, the result of a sad accident, in 1885. In the year 1860, the piece of ground, consisting of 2½ acres in extent, situated at the corner of Grafton Road and Domain-street, then little better than a swamp, was obtained from the Government under a letter from the Colonial Secretary to Mr Thomas Macfarlane, to be held for recreative purposes by the Auckland Bowling and Archery Club until required for the extension of Stanley-street. From first to last there has been expended a sum considerably over £2,000 in reclaiming and improving the grounds, which are now a credit and ornament to the city. In those early days the genial and witty President was the life and soul of the game, and many old 'identities' can recall the happy hours they spent on the merry bowling green, and found then, as now, that

"There's muckle pleasure on the green, in the long, long summer night,  
When bowlers keen, crowd round the "jack," as long as they ha'e licht."

Mr John Reid was secretary of the Club at the period referred to, and was succeeded by Mr P. Oliphant, who resigned in 1882, and was succeeded by Mr W. Tait. Mr Tait retained the secretaryship for over six years, and worked hard to place the Club in its present flourishing position. His services were acknowledged in the Club's report of 1885-6, and he was presented with a handsome and valuable davenport of New Zealand wood, suitably inscribed. To Mr Tait belongs the credit of drafting the rules and bye-laws of the Club, and initiating the present system of prize competition, the Club Cup being the only trophy competed for up to 1882.

In 1885 Mr E. A. Mackechnie was elected President, and during that year the present grounds were acquired.

During the season 1885-6, the Club received an invitation from the New Plymouth Club to play a friendly match, and for the first time in the history of the Club, its representatives ventured abroad, and were defeated.

Mr J. Winks was elected President for the year 1886-7, the Club now numbering over sixty-one members. During the season, the return match with the New Plymouth Club took place at Auckland, and resulted in a victory for the visitors. The match was played in thirty-one heads, the highest aggregate number of points winning the game.

Mr John Kirkwood was elected President for the year 1887-8. During the early part of the

season the Club were unable to send two rinks to Christchurch to compete for the Cunningham Challenge Cup, as it was found impossible to induce the requisite number of players to leave Auckland.

Mr W. Tait was elected President of the Club for year 1888-89. During this season the Club's representatives paid their second visit to New Plymouth. This afforded the Club players an opportunity of taking part in the first Bowling Carnival which has eventuated in the North Island. Four Clubs were represented at the Carnival—viz., New Plymouth, Wellington, Wanganui, and Auckland. A series of matches were arranged, in four of which most of the Club representatives took part—viz., in the combined match North (New Plymouth and Auckland), v. South (Wellington and Wanganui); and in the Club matches against Wellington, Wanganui, and New Plymouth. The following are the results of the contests:—

North—116 (New Plymouth and Auckland) v. South—91 (Wellington and Wanganui); 4 rinks, 31 heads. North won by 25 points.

Auckland—68 v. Wellington—58; 3 rinks, 21 heads. Auckland won by 10 points.

Auckland—69 v. Wanganui—45; 3 rinks, 21 heads. Auckland won by 24 points.

Auckland—86 v. New Plymouth—116; 4 rinks, 26 heads. New Plymouth won by 30 points.

Mr W. Gorrie was elected President for the year 1889-90, which proved a period of prosperity and success. During the season, representatives of the Club proceeded to Wellington, and engaged successfully in tournament matches played there, and on their way back to Auckland stopped at New Plymouth and defeated the local bowlers.

Mr A. W. Thomson, whose portrait we give in this issue, is President-elect for the current season, 1890-91, and during his Presidency the Club continues to prosper, and has now permanently established itself in popular favour. Messrs James Frater and W. C. Mirfin are the Vice-Presidents; Mr A. L. Edwards, Secretary; and Mr G. Cozens, Treasurer for the current year. During the past season that old veteran, Mr J. Miller, won the Champion Bowls.



MR. W. TAIT.  
(Hon. Secretary for over six years.)



MR. J. MILLER.  
(Winner of Champion Bowls, 1891.)

The Club Cup, a handsome solid silver trophy, valued at £15 15s was first competed for during the season 1881-82. The competitive conditions imposed required that the Cup be won by the same player during three separate years to entitle him to absolute possession. Mr Oliphant won the Cup during season 1881-82. The competition during 1882-1883 not being fully completed, the Cup still remained in the possession of Mr Oliphant. The following are the names of the subsequent winners of the trophy, viz.:—1883-84, E. A. Mackechnie; 1884-85, J. Chadwick; 1885-86, A. Saunders; 1886-7, C. Oliphant; 1887-88, J. Scott; 1888-90, C. Oliphant. Mr C. Oliphant having successfully completed, and complied with the necessary conditions, thus became the absolute owner of the valuable trophy.

[We shall be pleased to insert sketches similar to above from other Bowling Clubs throughout the colony, if the Secretaries will forward photographs, with letterpress descriptions, to the Editor.]

## YOUTHFUL CHAPERONS.

I HAVE a little cousin no bigger than my thumb.

Well, that is not strictly true and substantial as a fact, but it will do as a figure of speech.

She is a wonderful little creature, as bright as a new pin, and as pretty as a fairy. She went through school and went through college like a streak of greased lightning, feminine gender. She graduated at the top of the class, and the only limit to her honours was that the supply gave out. I would not dare to tell the age at which she got her sheep-skin, it was so little.

Now, there is a certain kind of fame which travels quick, and when my pretty little cousin made up her mind to teach for a year or two pending the time when the hero should come and set her to darning socks and making cake, the offers poured in from all quarters of the compass. You would have thought that teachers were the scarcest kind of an article, and so I suppose they are—that is, real smart ones.

She took her pick of a number of gilded offers, modestly declining to be made president of a Southern college and sticking up her nose at a mere public school principalship.

As a happy medium, and a good thing to practise on, she took a position in a fashionable young ladies' seminary in the city, with about three hours a day of work and a nice fat salary attached. Oh, my little cousin is smart in more ways than one. She knows on which side of her bread to look for butter and molasses.

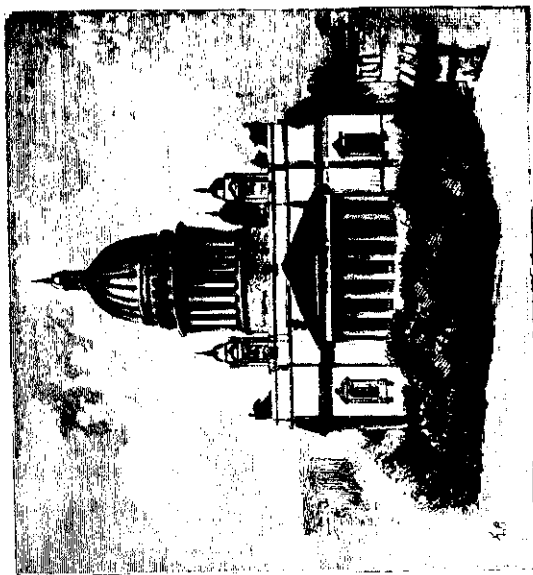
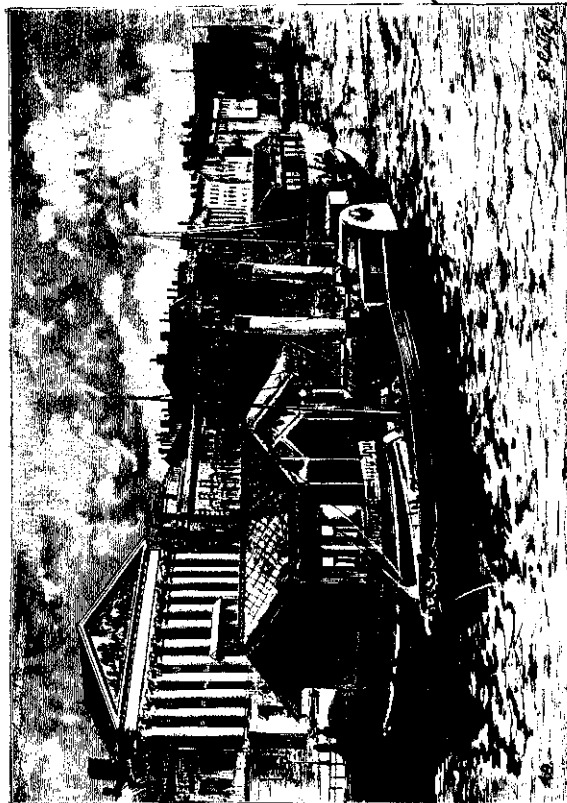
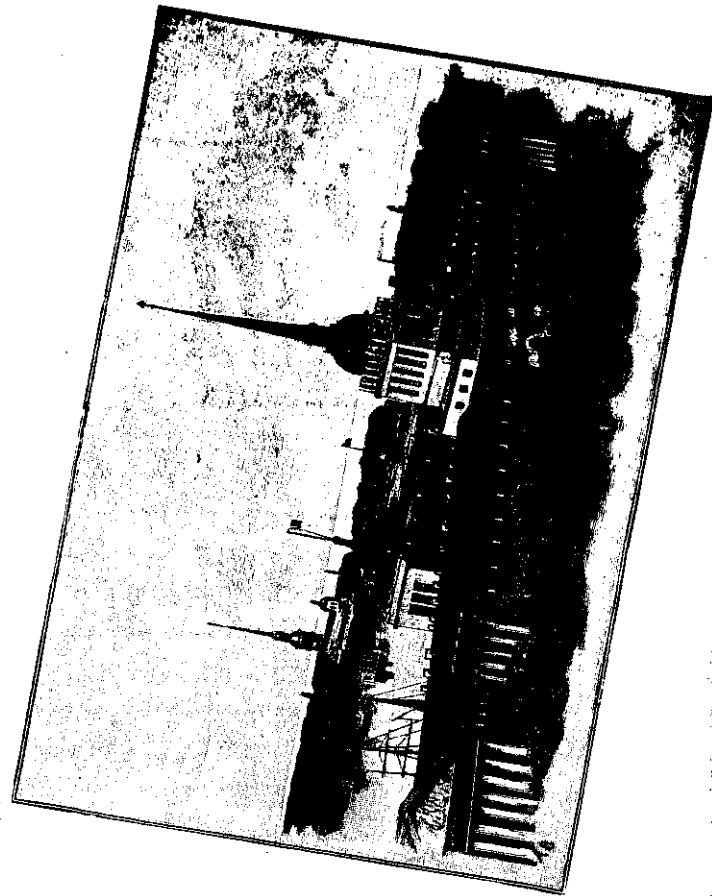
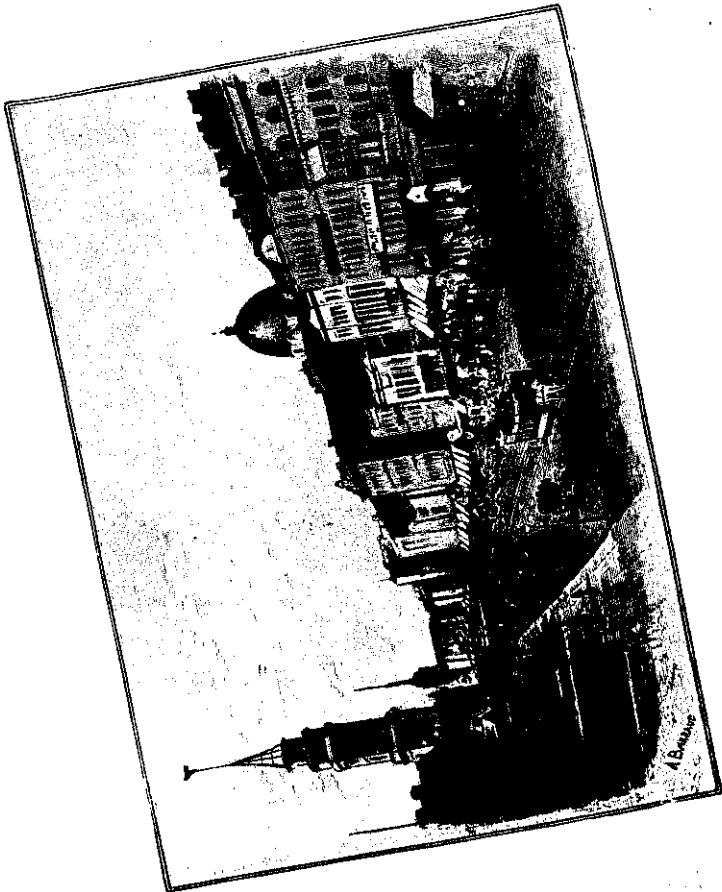
But the joke of it is that, in the school to which she has gone, the teachers have to play the part of chaperons to the young ladies when they wish to add Daly's or Theodore Thomas' special branches to the curriculum of their studies. It is all very pretty in theory, but it looks decidedly funny to see my sweet little seventeen-year-old cousin, just as full of fun as she is of Greek and mathematics, engaged in the solemn duty of escorting a lot of nineteen-year-old misses to places of amusement. I don't wish to give my cousin away, not will I mention the particular school which is blessed by her presence and dignity, but I don't mind telling in confidence that it is not many miles from Queen street, and that when she is going to convey a dozzles of darlings she sends me warning word, and if over a fellow gets the worth of his matinee tickets I happen to know the man.

My blessings on the youthful chaperon! She is filling a long felt want.



FRONT ROW.—D. Stewart, H. Gurlick, J. C. Tunnst, John Reid, J. J. Holland, J. Paterson, A. Hawkins, L. Moritzon, W. S. Jones, A. L. Edwards (Hon. Secretary), J. A. Lyell.  
SECOND ROW.—H. Kent, W. Dennison, J. McDermott, W. E. Payne, W. Culpin, G. Cozens, —Green, A. Nutherland, D. Dingwell, J. Winks, J. H. A. Lyell, W. S. Lyell.  
THIRD ROW.—J. C. Mackechnie, N. Nowcome, H. W. Hoath, D. Ross, J. Hardy, J. Frater, J. Lawson, Dr. Hooper, A. W. Thomson, W. C. Mirfin, H. Worthington, W. Gorrie, J. A. Miller, H. Brett.





1. NEVSKY PROSPECT (FROM THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, SHOWING ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH ON THE RIGHT, TOWN HALL ON THE LEFT, AND ADMIRALTY SPIRE IN THE DISTANCE).  
 2. VIEW FROM THE DOME OF ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.—MONUMENT TO PETER, THE GREAT.

3. VIEW FROM THE DOME OF ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.—MONUMENT TO PETER, THE GREAT.  
 4. ENGLISH QUAY.

5. VIEW OF NEVA EMBANKMENT FROM THE DOME OF ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.  
 5. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC.

'GLIMPSES OF THE MUSCOVITE EMPIRE'—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

WITHOUT THE WEDDING GARMENT.



One of Lady George Athol's 'first Thursdays' her rooms were filling to overflow.

Her tongue was tired, too, and so was her smile, but each was kept in active work. 'How do you do?' 'How do you do?'

'She is coming up now. There, with the fair hair. No—in front of the Brabazons.' Lady George had the mischance to drop her bouquet, and in the momentary confusion the name was lost.

The lady who advanced behind the unheard name was fair to whiteness almost. Her hair was of a peculiar shade of yellow like pale sulphur. Her eyes were of the lightest grey.

Mr Brabazon was talking to Mrs Keith, who as soon as he had moved away turned to her hostess.

'I'll show you,' said Mrs Keith. 'She was interested. The two moved away, but like the raven from the ark they did not return.'

'There are dozens of them. Which?' 'I'll show you,' said Mrs Keith. 'She was interested. The two moved away, but like the raven from the ark they did not return.'

'I know the one you mean,' said Joan, 'but I don't know who she is. She has very curious hair and she is in white.'

'I will see later on,' said Joan. 'Just now I want you to tell me something. What is the name of the lady you were talking to a few minutes ago?'

'I was standing near her when she turned round and put out her hand. She said, 'Mr Vincent, isn't it?' And I said yes, and then she said she hadn't seen me for ever so long, and I did not like to pretend that I did not know her, so I said that it was rather a long time; and then we talked for a bit.'

'I will see later on,' said Joan. 'Just now I want you to tell me something. What is the name of the lady you were talking to a few minutes ago?'

'Well, you see, that didn't come out till quite the end. She said it must be two years since the days at Nice, and by that time I was so steeped in deception and I had allowed my reminiscences of our former acquaintance to go such lengths in order to coincide with hers, that I had not the face to tell her that I had never been at Nice in my life. She mistook me for someone else; I knew that after the first half-dozen words; but you see I had woven such a tangled

web that I couldn't get out of it, even if I had wanted to, and those two chaps say I didn't.'

Joan laughed. 'She is very handsome,' she said, 'but I am not quite sure that she is good style.' 'And you won't come down to supper?'

'I would ask her if I knew her name,' said Vincent. 'I must get Lady George to tell me when I see her.'

'You won't do that,' said Joan, and she left him with a smile that he failed to interpret.

Miss Athol went back to her mother. On the way she passed the fair unknown talking to Mr Brabazon.

'I watched that,' Mrs Keith was saying; 'she dropped her fan. Well, Joan, what had Mr Vincent to tell you?'

'Nothing,' said Miss Athol. 'The mystery remains a mystery. She mistook him for someone else.'

'She bowed to Lady Beckenham, I think. Here is Lady Beckenham. I will ask her.'

'Not to me,' said Lady Beckenham.

Lady George explained the situation.

'If I were in your case I should go to her myself,' said Lady Beckenham.

'I must, I think,' said Lady George, and she sought her unknown guest.

'You will pardon me,' she said; 'but I did not hear your name, and—my memory is bad. I do not recall your face.'

'I am Mrs Darbishire,' said the lady. 'I was so sorry not to return your call on Monday. It was good of you to come and see me so soon.'

'Darbishire!—Call!' Lady George looked at her vacantly.

The lady caught something of her hostess's expression.

'Can there be any mistake?' she said. 'I don't know you of course, because I did not see you when you called. You heard from my dear friends the Van Lindens, of New York, and you came to see me and asked me to your party?'

Lady George looked more vacant.

'You are Mrs Sefton, surely,' said the lady.

'There is some mistake,' said Lady George. 'I am Lady George Athol.'

Mrs Darbishire started to her feet.

'How can I sufficiently apologise!' she said. 'I am a stranger in London, and I only arrived from New York last week. I had an introduction to Mrs Sefton. I do not know her personally, so I did not discover my mistake. I came in a hansom, and I suppose the driver mistook my directions.'

Lady George smiled graciously.

The mistake is easily explained if Mrs—Mrs Sefton lives in Barn Square.

'That is it, I think,' said Mrs Darbishire.

'And this is Barn-street.'

'I am so distressed this should have happened,' said Mrs Darbishire.

'Not at all,' said Lady George. 'You found some friend's here, I hope, and it has given us the pleasure of your company.'

The lady, with reiterated apologies, bowed and took her departure.

A man who passed her on the stairs looked at her fixedly and hurried up to his hostess.

'Will you tell me that lady's name?' he said.

'Five minutes ago I might have asked you, Colonel Weston. She is a Mrs Darbishire, I believe. Her cabman mistook Barn-street for Barn Square.'

'You know nothing about her?'

'Nothing.'

'Then excuse me.'

Colonel Weston hurried down to the hall. Mrs Darbishire was coming from the cloak room.

'Mlle. Lestocq will permit me to see her to her hotel?' he said quietly.

The lady started, then smiled and bowed.

'Monsieur est bien aimable, she said.

He followed her to the hansom and got in. He spoke up through the trap.

'Drive slowly to the end of the street, and I will direct you.'

He turned then to his companion.

'We meet again, Mademoiselle.'

'Oui, Monsieur.'

'Mademoiselle has, perhaps, few friends in London.'

'Not many, Monsieur.'

'Mademoiselle, however, starts well under such a wing as that of Lady George Athol.'

'Without doubt, Monsieur.'

'A more softly feathered wing than that of the law, Mademoiselle. You should know.'

'Monsieur is facetious.'

'I should like to see what you have in your pocket, Mademoiselle.'

'My handkerchief, Monsieur.'

'What else?'

'A meagre purse.'

'What else?'

'That is all.'

'That figure clad in dark blue is a policeman. What else, Mademoiselle?'

'Only this,' said Mrs Darbishire. She handed him a small diamond brooch as she spoke.

'Only that.'

'That is all, Monsieur. I have had no luck.'

'You are sure that is all. A word to my friend in blue—'

'Save yourself the trouble, Monsieur. That is all.'

'Good-night, Mademoiselle. Good-night for the old sake's sake.'

'Good-night,' said Mrs Darbishire.

Colonel Weston called another cab and drove back to Barn-street.

'A chance likeness, perhaps, to someone I met in Paris,' he said to Lady George. 'One is easily mistaken. I have just picked this up,' he added, putting the brooch into her hand; 'do you know whose it is?'

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE OCEAN DEEP.

At the depth of about 3,500 feet in the ocean, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the North Pole to the burning sun of the Equator.

THE COMING LOCOMOTIVE.

The dead weight due to the carrying of the boiler, fuel, and water in the old locomotive will be entirely unnecessary in the railways of the future, which will be propelled electrically.

A PRIMITIVE PIANO.

The oldest piano in America is a harpsichord, made by John Bland, of London, in 1611. It is a tiny affair, not much bigger than some of the musical boxes of to-day, and stands on a pier.

CAN IT BE?

A gentleman, carrying on farming in Mariboga, Buchuanaland, Africa, writing to the Mark Lane Express says: 'You shoot your cattle affected with lung sickness. We know a dodge here worth two of that. An animal that has once had the disease will not have it again, which we know from the fact that such an animal can be inoculated and will not be affected.'

REMARKABLE SURGICAL EXPERIMENT.

Regarding the recent attempt to graft a piece of living dog's leg into that of a boy, which has excited so much attention in the surgical world, it appears from a recent detailed account of the operation published in the Medical Record by Dr. A. M. Phelps, the operating surgeon, that the boy's segment of the leg failed to adhere to the bone of the boy's leg; but parts of the flesh of both boy and dog united perfectly, which proved conclusively that flesh of animals can be grafted to flesh of human beings.

AN UNWELCOME INVENTION.

The so-called 'necktie camera' does not, it appears, meet with the approval of the Societe Francaise de Photographie. M. Londe, one of the members, has reminded the society of the embarrassing indiscretions that have been committed by amateurs going about in a reckless fashion with 'detective cameras.'

GLOBULAR LIGHTNING.

Among the disputed points in the subject of electrical discharges is the phenomenon of globular lightning. Many treat this as an optical illusion due to the excessively minute duration of the spark discharge.

THE FIRST OF LIVING THINGS.

We know within a fair degree of certitude, the oldest fossil form—that is the oldest trace of life which has been preserved in the crust of the earth. But that this was the first of creation is uncertain. Most geologists elect to believe that in certain Archean rocks we meet with the most ancient of the traces of life. These rocks derive their name from the bed of the St. Lawrence River in Canada.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD.



WITH the decease of Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, there has passed away one of the half-a-dozen commanding personalities of the world. England has her 'Grand Old Man' in Gladstone, Germany hers in Bismarck, and outside Europe the two sections of the British race in Canada and Australia had, till recently, three in the persons of Sir John Macdonald, Sir Henry Parkes, and Sir George Grey. In all these

we see men who may be regarded as representative, that is, as the highest outcome of their peculiar surroundings.

Sir John Macdonald died two weeks ago. He was the eldest son of Mr Hugh Macdonald, who emigrated from Sutherlandshire, Scotland, to Ontario, Canada. Sir John Macdonald was born in Glasgow eighty years since, but received his education in Canada. He was Premier of Canada in 1858, and the first Premier of the Dominion on its formation in 1867. In 1872 he was appointed by the Queen a member of the Privy Council. In distinct Sir John Macdonald was an Imperial Englishman, and all his efforts during later life, including the projection of the Canadian Pacific Railway, have been directed to the retention of the Canadian Dominion within the British Empire. At the present crisis in Canada the loss of his influence will be seriously felt, but he has left an example which it is to be hoped will have the effect of educating a successor equal to the task of assuming the mantle he has left behind.

From the following vivid description of Sir John Macdonald, as he appeared in the Canadian Legislature, can be gathered the notion of how strong and admirable a man he was. 'He is now seventy-five years of age, but increasing years appear only to rejuvenate instead of to weigh him down. His friends and enemies note with different feelings that every session he resumes his duties in the House with a fresh stock of youthfulness and energy. His head is somewhat of the oblong type, and his features are generous and irregular. His nose is large and prominent, rather Hebrew in shape; his lips thin and firm; and his chin is of that delicate narrowness, square withal, which at once denotes the man born a leader among men, with the firmness and resoluteness of purpose necessary to command. He is clean shaven after the manner of the old school politicians, and his hair, though it has receded from off a noble forehead, wrinkled with the cares of statecraft, grows in luxuriant profusion around the sides and back of his head. He is tall and erect, and bears himself with something of military alertness. In his dress he is most scrupulous. He generally wears a black diagonal morning coat and vest, and a collar of the Gladstone shape. Sometimes, however, he appears in a tailless and jaunty Bohemian velvet coat; but there is one peculiarity of his dress which he seldom varies; he has a penchant for bright-red London ties, and except when in evening dress, rarely wears any other hue. Several people have endeavoured to discover the secret of Sir John's London tie-maker, but in vain; the genius remains an interesting incognito. He is very epigrammatic and witty, and some of his brief retorts and asides have the infection and brilliancy of Sheridan, and make more impression than a speech of four hours' laboured argument. It is not, however, his utterances in the House, nor the wonderful administrative ability of which he is possessed, that enable him to exercise such an immense and almost unprecedented influence in the political life of the country, but his marvellous personal magnetism, which reconciles hundreds of conflicting interests and prejudices, and moulds all to his purpose. Mr Gladstone is the only other political leader in the world whose power approaches that of Sir John.'

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE love of athletics, always existent amongst English-speaking communities, broke out into a perfect epidemic on the Saturday before Holy Week, for in addition to the last football matches of the season, the House of Commons Steeplechase and a number of other events of greater or lesser importance, it was the day on which the annual boat race between the two great universities was decided. There are many reasons which combine to make this the great aquatic event of the year. It comes at a season when the long winter is drawing to a close and everyone is looking with a certain amount of hope to the tardily coming spring, and marks the approaching end of

men when they see the gallant struggle between the rival blues, and indulge in the reminiscences of which garrulous old age is so fond. All this is intelligible enough. But what strikes me as the most remarkable feature about the great boat race is that tens of thousands of people, men and women, too, who were never up at either of the Universities, who never even had any friend or relative at them, and to whom the words Oxford and Cambridge are mere geographical expressions crowded upon the towing path between Putney and Mottlake, seized every point of vantage on either bank of the river, from which a view of the race could be obtained, shivered in the snowstorm which fell before the start, and apparently took as much interest in the contest as if they had at one period of their lives rowed in the University eights, and if their sons, their brothers, or their sweethearts formed portion of the crews upon the present occasion.

Until a very few years ago the annual eight-oared race between the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was a sort of family party. Past University oarsmen, most of them clad in the decorous garments of country clergyman, watched the practice of the crews from the towing path, talked over old times, and criticised the style and form of their successors. They talked about the aquatic feats of Justice Romer and Sir Charles Dilke, the boating performances of Justices Denman and Chitty, who told him Oxford won once with only seven oars, No. 7 having broken his blade just after starting, while on another occasion the Cambridge boat sank altogether.

One of the best stories told in these days is about Dr. Selwyn, the present Bishop of Melanesia, the son of the first Bishop of New Zealand, who afterwards became Bishop of Liebfeld, and who might have been seen pulling a remarkably good oar on the Waikato River, during the New Zealand war. Selwyn, the son, rowed stroke in one of the worst crews that Cambridge ever sent from the Cam to the Thames, and even when he became a dignified ecclesiastic he remembered his boating days. He was lately going out to Australia in a P. and O. steamer, and landed at Aden on the day after the boat race had been rowed. The passengers ran eagerly to the telegraph station in order to learn the news. 'Very sorry,' said the manager, 'but its against regulations to tell you anything.' 'Of course, I know the result because the news went through here last night to Bombay, but I must not tell you.' The bishop was nonplussed for a moment, but he proved equal to the occasion. 'How long will it take to send a telegram to Bombay and get a reply?' 'About an hour and a half.' 'Well then, send it over and ask which won.' The bishop paid the fee demanded, and in an incredibly short space of time he received the information that his old University had proved the victor.

In those days there were but comparatively few rowing clubs; the river had not become the fashion; the professional tout and tipster had not fastened on the boat race as a means of making money, it was almost the only event of the year which seemed to be sport, pure sport without much infusion of the gambling element. But in an evil-day, perhaps, for the Universities the sporting press fastened upon the boat race, every incident about the men, their form, their past exploits and their prowess, were dilated upon, and nowadays the interest taken in the race for weeks before it is run has become almost ludicrous. The faults and peculiarities of every member of the crew are criticised with as much acumen and particularity as if he were a Cabinet Minister at the very least, and every scrap of gossip is devoured with as much zest as if he were the favourite for the Derby. Every butcher boy and cab driver in London, almost every servant girl manages to sport the colours of the University which he or she fancies. The race is betted upon as regularly and as openly as the Grand National, the dark blue of Oxford and the light blue of Cambridge fill the hosier's and draper's shops in the shape of scarves and ties; every publican who has a flagstaff covers it with a light or dark blue bunting, many of them in order to show their impartiality displaying both, the very locomotive of the train which haled me back from Chiswick on the present occasion was covered with light blue roses. In short, the day of the boat race is one of the great annual holidays. The first outing of the year for tens of thousands of people who do not know one end of a boat from the other, but who enjoy the fresh, if rather keen air, the locomotion, the noise and the excitement.

Mr Blobson—'Is your papa in the house, Johnny?' Johnny Dunphey—'Yes, sir, he is asleep.' Blobson—'How do you know?' Johnny—'I can hear him.'

HELD HER TOO CHEAPLY.—'Sir, this familiarity must cease instantly.' 'But, Alice—' 'I will not stand it. You call me the star of your existence, and then try to treat me as though I was a chorus girl.'

A VALUABLE PUP.—Bilkins: 'Bothered by a piano next door, eh? Well, I have a dog which always howls when my wife plays the piano—howls so she has to stop; and I'd let you have him if it wasn't for one thing.' Wilkins: 'Is he crows?' Bilkins: 'No; I can't spare him.'



THE LATE SIR JOHN MACDONALD, PREMIER OF CANADA.

the long and dreary winter. The fact that the competitors are all young men adds to its interest. The rising generation regard them as their contemporaries, while men in their prime, their decline, and even in their fall, seem to derive a considerable amount of pleasure at witnessing the struggles of youth. Mr Gladstone alluded in his own eloquent and feeling manner at Eton to the pleasure which it gave him to be once more brought into contact with a number of boys who were surrounded by the scenery of his own youth. A similar feeling seems to animate the thousands of old University men, lawyers, farmers, statesmen, merchants and private gentle-

WRECK OF THE WANAKA.

THE steamer Wanaka, of which we give an illustration, reproduced from a photo taken as she lay on the Puketapu reef, near Waitara, Taranaki; two days after she went ashore there in April last, was one of the most popular coastal boats in the Union Steamship Company's fleet. The Wanaka went ashore on the rocks between Waitara and New Plymouth on April 2nd last while bound from Onehunga to New Plymouth. The weather was, happily, fine at the time, so that all the ship's company and passengers were landed safely. Although attempts have been made to float her, she is still on the reef, and should any very rough weather set in, it is feared she cannot hold together much longer. When the tide is out the steamer can almost be reached by foot from the beach. The Court of Inquiry held into the cause of the wreck decided that neither the captain nor the chief officer were guilty of negligence. The Wanaka is an iron steamer of 277 tons net register, with a gross tonnage of close on 500 tons. She was built at Whiteinch, Scotland, for the U.S.S. Company in 1876, and arrived in the colony early in 1877. Her cost £19,000.



UNION COMPANY'S S.A. WANAKA ON PUKETAPU REEF, NEAR WAITARA, TARANAKI.

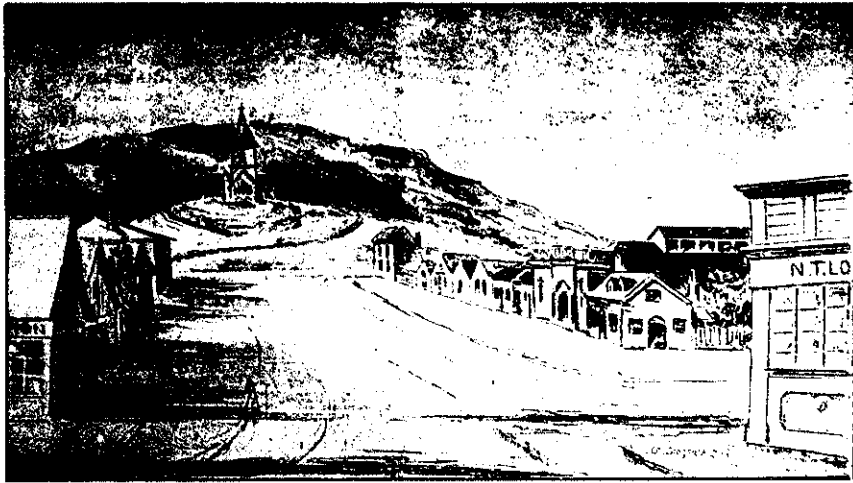


Examiner  
Office.

Christ Church.

Pelchard's Old  
Chemist. Union Bank.

N. T. Lockhart,  
Auctioneer.



Stanton's Store. Griffin, Baker.

Snow's Store. Masonic Hall. Commercial Hotel.

TRAFALGAR STREET, NELSON, IN 1858.

From a sketch in the possession of A. S. Atkinson, Esq., Nelson. Taken in 1858.





## The New Zealand Graphic AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1891.

The history of the Sicilian Mafia is instructive as showing how impossible it is now-a-days for nations to remain indifferent to the condition of each other. Gradually the human race is becoming connected, and a sort of *solidarité* is arising which would have been incomprehensible to our forefathers. One by one the members of outer barbarianism are by growing contact becoming incorporated with the advancing family of the race. Even by their quarrels are mankind now cemented, the more backward being compelled to adopt the methods and appliances of the more progressive if they would prevail, and thereby unconsciously assimilating themselves to the common type.

Macaulay remarks that by perfidiously robbing Maria Theresa of her province of Silesia, in Europe, Frederick the Great of Prussia kindled the flames of a war in which Mussulman fought with Hindoo and Red Indians scalped one another in the American backwoods. Even to-day we are seeing the growth of two enormous alliances, one around Russia, and the other around England, which involve the destiny of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia. In the recent difficulty between the United States and Italy we have another example. Here we can perceive the way in which misgovernment of a distant land during the past may entail inconvenience and a danger of embroglio upon a great and innocent community. In moral matters as in physical it is beginning to appear that the insanitary sins of one's neighbour may be visited upon one's self, despite their utmost rectitude and well-doing.

A hundred years ago Europe was rife with dissension, distraction, and abuses. Since then greater consolidation and order have arisen by dint of blood and struggling, and with this amelioration of things has come the unity and purification of Italy. That land of romance was in reality the seat of much disorder, oppression, superstition, suffering, and dirt. It is doubtful whether even in the vaunted times of Imperial Rome the remoter districts of Italy and Sicily enjoyed what we consider a condition of law and order in the present day. Just across the Adriatic Sea brigandage seems to have been suspiciously frequent according to our notions of good government. Certain it is that as the mists of the middle ages clear away from the face of history, Italy re-appears as a land which the worst ignorance and passions of mankind had contributed to deaden and distract.

Twenty years ago, however, Italia, having been drawn together by the chains of growing enlightenment, united and proceeded to a sort of comprehensive house-cleaning, such as she had not been able to indulge in for many centuries. Among the other excrescences which she set about ruthlessly excising were those of the Camorra and the Mafia. These were two secret societies, the former existing in Naples, and the other in Sicily, but of similar nature. They were the outcome of a combination of the criminal element bred in the pestilential atmosphere of the prisons of the petty Bourbon tyrants—the fruit of a system of indiscriminate maltreatment and oppression. The object of these societies was to levy blackmail on everybody to the extent of a tenth of their possessions, and as the option was payment or assassination, the bills were usually collected upon the nail. Compared with this the government methods of exacting taxes were so mild that the thought of paying them was not seriously entertained.

Sixteen years ago the Italian Government stamped out these monstrous births. In Sicily it simply shot all suspicious characters who might by any possibility be connected with the Mafia, and this so hurt the feelings of the others that they renounced such an inhospitable motherland

and passed over to the United States. There at New Orleans they thought to erect the same secret despotism of brigandage, and for a time the free and easy modes of American life favoured the institution. But they reckoned without the collective intelligence and love of order native to the Trans-Atlantic democracy, which, though longer suffering than the strongly-organized European governments, never fails to rise at the critical moment. The treatment which the Mafia has received at New Orleans is merely a repetition of that which it encountered in its old home, and to which the Italian Government could not therefore reasonably object. Its history, however, is instructive as showing that the different races of mankind are beginning to act and re-act upon the welfare of each other in a way which formerly could not have been conceived.

The wail emitted for the higher culture of the colonial woman is already bearing fruit. The ladies threaten to give us a public exhibition of football. Lovely woman may always be relied upon for discovering the weak point of the other sex. She knows from experience that all this talk about ministering to the intellectual hunger of the colonial man is just so much flustian. That no one would look more surprised than he if he were encountered by a girl with economics at a Lancaster Park cricket-match, or treated to a dissertation on the metaphysics of love at a Government House ball. 'It's very dry hash the girls give a fellow now-a-days,' remarks the colonial Crichton, as he makes for the refreshment-room. 'It takes a lot to wash that sort of thing down. Why on earth can't they talk about something practical? Who the deuce cares about the law of wages or an analysis of the nature of the affections? Do you see the girls are advertised to play a football match at Potter's Paddock next Saturday? Now, that's what I call progress. We shall have to challenge them.' And the Admirable Crichton buries his nose in the claret-cup and rolls his eyes rapturously around.

In the effort to keep up with the new evangel women are reaching out in every direction. Even in the domain of field-sports they shew a disposition to rival men. Many think that this is a symptom of decadence. It is not a new phenomenon. Our modern nerves shrink back appalled from a consideration of the ancient gladiatorial games of Rome. The modern Spanish bull-fight is a sort of relic of these, and it puzzles an English mind to understand how men and women can take delight in such a spectacle. So intense, however, did the rage for such forms of athleticism rise eighteen hundred years ago, that women at Rome not only grew passionately excited over the sight of the death struggle, but would make bets on the result just as they do now-a-days at a horse race. So utterly demented did some of them become on the subject, that they espoused the calling of a gladiator and went down to fight in the arena. So true is it that where men lead women will follow in order to win that admiration without which life appears to them insipid.

The ideals of mankind are altering in the present days. In no two ages are exactly the same ideals current. The savage man's ideal of womanhood is of a creature who looks after children, bears the heaviest burdens, and is dragged about as a sort of chattel in his train. The next stage is that of the Chinese, Hindoos, and Mahometans, where the wife is treated as a sort of child, with scarcely any freedom of movement, and sometimes denied by religion the possession of a soul. In the early days of Greece and Rome the matron was held in such sort of tutelage and dependence as this; but with the increase of wealth and knowledge, consequent on the extension of the empire, the position of women began to alter until, as is happening in the present day, they became individually free both in person and in property, and began to act naturally like men.

One of the consequences of this developed freedom was their intrusion, as mentioned above, into the gladiatorial arena. History, as we see, repeats itself. So soon as the British race fairly began to expand over America, Africa, and Australia, that is to say, within the last fifty years, the views of women's mission and privileges began to alter. Their right, like men, to develop what special faculties they might have received from nature, their right to lead an independent life, if they chose aloof from men, their right to possess their own property, their right to follow occupations hitherto considered masculine, all these again are

beginning to be recognised. The tendency of modern democracy is to lead and not to drive people, to allow common sense and natural love to act unshackled by cast-iron custom. Inflexible custom is a peculiarity of barbarism, and has in the past ground the zest and brightness out of the lives of countless persons, who descended to the grave defrauded of much of the pleasures for which they had by nature been generously adapted.

There is an old proverb, 'You can't argue on matters of taste.' This is especially true of the fair sex. Not that it is untrue with regard to the other; but while it is very rarely that a man is discoverable who will dispute the truth of the exact sciences, a woman, especially in the iteme of a milliner's bill, can often be found questioning the most palpable rules of arithmetic. 'Why, you silly old thing, just as if two shilling and two shillings made four shillings. It makes just two shillings and sixpence, that's what it is, and dirt cheap, too, for such a beautiful flower; and I think you're perfectly horrid, and I'm sure you don't love me, and I'm sure you love somebody else, and er-er-er (into tears)' Thus she proves that two and two make two and a half, and logical man is for the nonce compelled to admit it.

It is, however, when one comes to the fine arts that the manifestation of the variability of opinion by both sexes becomes most apparent. If anybody disputes the plain axioms of Euclid with us, we are content to view them with silent scorn. Even if another differs with us regarding the merits of olives and Limburg cheese, or a particular brand of cigars or Highland cordial, we are not inclined to proselytise in order to make converts to the cause of our palate. When, however, the question resolves itself into the powers of appreciation of the eyes and the ear, then it is that the full force of human self-belief comes prominently into view. 'Just as if I can't believe my own eyes,' uttered as you both stand before an elementary dab of a landscape with which you are both well acquainted. 'Why, it is the very picture of the spot, most life-like, most real, beautiful. I feel as if I were there now,' etc., etc. It is no use denying the assertion. The eye of the spectator has not been artistically educated, and no amount of language on your part can obliterate the sense of satisfaction the painting creates. Nor, indeed, is there any need it should. The curious part, however, is that many people regard a disinclination to agree with their taste as a personal reflection upon themselves, and will do their best to show their opponent that he is 'prejudiced.'

In music the difficulty of agreeing is still greater, for sound, unlike fixed colours, is fleeting, and once gone can rarely be re-presented for verification. Perhaps there is no sense more capable of long and high cultivation than the ear, or that differs more in various persons. The primitive ear can perceive melody, but is at first indifferent to harmony. By and by, with cultivation, the more richly a melody is harmonized the more satisfying it is to the progressive ear. At last the highly-trained ear can come to revel in an orchestral passage from which momentarily proceeds fifty different sounds and tones, while to the mass of people only the melody is apparent. The same cultivation is possible in the appreciation of voices.

With such latitude for differing, therefore, it is not wonderful that what ought to be the sweetest and most soothing of the arts is the one most productive of broils and ructions. Ere this, musical partisanship has divided society into two parties at both London and Paris, in ages when there was even less scope for divergence of opinion than there is to-day. Hence the musical world has become a sort of bye word to the lay public, who say derisively, 'See how these musicians love one another.' However, like marriage, music is a great bond, and in spite of bitches great and small the art is ever winning disciples who are content to struggle along in a state of harmonious discord.

### SUNSHINE LAND.

THEY came in sight of a lovely shore,  
Yellow as gold in the morning light;  
The sun's own colour at noon it wore,  
And had faded not at the fall of night;  
Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one,  
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun  
Its secret the sailors could not understand,  
But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? A simple thing—  
It will make you smile when once you know—  
Touched by the tender finger of spring,  
A million blossoms were all aglow;  
So many, so many, so small and bright,  
They covered the hills with a mantle of light;  
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned  
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound  
What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?  
We would sail and sail till at last we found,  
This fairy gold of a million flowers,  
Yes, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,  
Of many and small joys our pleasures are made;  
More near than we think—very close at hand,  
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

EDITH THOMAS.

A QUARTETTE OF COLONIAL ARTISTES.

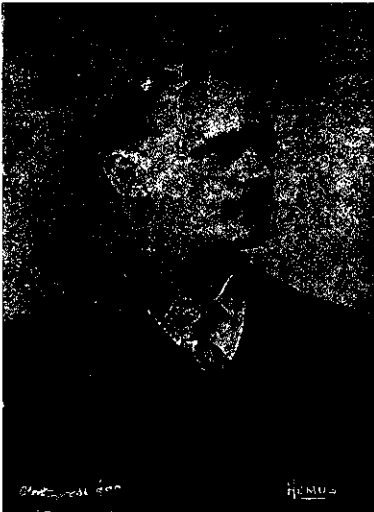


It is now two weeks since we published an illustration of Madame Patey, the greatest contralto who has yet visited the shores of New Zealand. We now present portraits of four of her coadjutors, for all of whom it may be claimed that they are colonial bred.

MISS BERTHA ROSSOW.

Next to Madame Patey comes Miss Bertha Rossow. It may be said, and it is no small compliment to pay so young a singer, that she can succeed Madame Patey at her best without creating any sense of disappointment. To many persons who were at the Dunedin Exhibition, the re-appearance of Miss Rossow will be no novelty. There from her *debut* until her departure she secured a firmer hold upon the appreciation of her audiences than any who preceded or followed her. Since that time she has made marked progress in every way, and there may be prognosticated for her without much risk a fine future on the concert-platform.

Miss Bertha Marie Rossow was born at Sandhurst, in Australia, and is of German parentage. It is not more than two years since Miss Rossow began to emerge from the domain of the local concert in Melbourne. About that time she attracted the notice of Cowen, who brought her forward towards the close of the Melbourne Exhibition. She subsequently made appearances at the Melbourne Liedertafel, notably before the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun early in December, 1889. After this came her visit to Dunedin. She then returned to Melbourne, and sang intermittently there until the arrival of Madame Patey, with whom she most opportunely concluded an engagement last November. Since that time Miss Rossow has remained with Madame Patey, singing at her concerts in Sydney and Melbourne, and accompanying her on a tour to China and Japan. Miss Rossow has a most pleasing concert presence. Her voice is a clear, ringing soprano, and is capable of grappling with the most ostentatious of operatic solos, while she can also at



MR. C. R. JONES.

times sing a drawing-room song with great pathos. Her *repertoire* is an extended one, covering, in addition to the above, selections from oratorio, German *Lieder*, and national ballads. In brilliant music she is most effective, but there is no style wherein she could not, with special cultivation, excel. She has a slight tendency to the tremolo, which operatic music aggravates, but at present this does not give more than a piquancy to the tone, and actually adds to the charm of her rendering of certain songs. In 'Cherry Ripe' this is most apparent. Among her other noticeable efforts are 'Ah, fors'è lui,' 'Sing, Sweet Bird,' 'Killarney,' 'Why Must we say Good-bye,' 'Call me Back,' and 'Angela ever Bright and Fair.' Miss Rossow has made as rapid a mark in Auckland as she formally made in Dunedin, and the probability is that throughout New Zealand her name will long be favourably remembered.

MISS EMILIA WOOD.

Miss Emilia Ranscombe Wood is the daughter of Mr Wood, the headmaster of the Normal School of Petersham, near Sydney. She was educated under the superintendence of her father, and was contemplating the arts course at Sydney University, but changed it for that of a professional pianist. She made her first public *debut* at seven years of age at Bathurst, and ultimately became the show pupil of Mr Kowalski, the well known Sydney *virtuoso*. In that character she has attracted the attention of Sir Charles Hallé, who heard her privately, and was much struck by the powers of memory and execution shown by one so young, and of colonial training. She is also incidentally mentioned by Oscar Comettant in his 'Land of the Kangaroos,' published at Paris last year.

Miss Wood exhibits wonderful fluency and mnemonic ability. In scale and staccato passages, in shake and turn, and all relating to horizontal action she is conspicuous, and the perpendicular action of wrist in chords and octaves must arrive with increasing strength. It is to be regretted that the instruments Miss Wood had in Auckland did not enable her to do full justice to the works of Liszt and Chopin, but in the 'Carnival of Venice,' 'Lucia,' the 'Tremolo of Gottschalk,' and the works of her master, Kowalski, she was most effective and successful.

MR. C. R. JONES.

Mr Charles Richard Jones, the tenor of the company, comes originally from London, but developed musically in Brisbane, Queensland. Until the present tour Mr Jones was known there merely as an amateur, having sung with distinction at the Pavilion Promenade Concerts in that colony. Mr Jones has a pleasing tenor voice, to which he will do justice as the novelty of appearing professionally wears away. He is most painstaking, and in 'Eily Mavourneen,' and 'The Death of Nelson' succeeded in making a very favourable impression, besides adding valuable aid to Mr Patey in the duets.

MR HERMANN MORRIS.

Mr Hermann Morris, who officiates most ably as accompanist to the Company, will be recollected in Timaru as



MISS BERTHA ROSSOW.

having been a resident there but a few years ago. He was educated at Bromberg, near Berlin, under Goebel, the Royal Musical Director. It is only recently that Mr Morris deserted the path of commerce for that of art at Melbourne, and in which he has already secured a conspicuous position.

SHE WAS MARKETING.

In a close fitting tailor-made dress and a light coloured cape of Persian lamb she appeared before the stallkeepers of Washington Market. She carried a Russia leather notebook with a gold pencil and the most artistic little willow basket imaginable. 'Oh, the dear little piggies,' she exclaimed, walking up to where a number of pigs were incarcerated. 'How much are they a pair?' 'Eight and a half, mum,' said the butcher. 'Isn't that pretty dear?' she asked, timidly. 'I guess



MISS EMILIA WOOD.

I'll take some oysters instead,' she said, walking over to where the men were busy opening the oblongs of silence. 'I want some oysters sent up; escalloped oysters,' she said, 'with plenty of raisins in them.'

'Oh, those lovely purple pumpkins,' she said, walking over to a stand where a lot of Edam cheese was displayed.

'I'll take four of these. I know it's plebeian, but Kegi-nald does like pumpkin pies.'

'Are all hams yellow like these?' she asked, pointing to a counter full. 'No, Miss, that's only the cover,' said the man in charge.

'Those lovely pink onions will just match my china. How do you sell them a dozen?'

'Seventy-five cents a bushel,' said the huckster. 'Send me up two bushels,' she said.

LOTS OF LADIES—NO WOMEN.

Old Hodge came down town one morning and went into a draper's shop to make a purchase. 'Socks!' he said, with a rising inflection, to the gentlemanly floor-walker. 'Gent's halfhose?' replied that official. 'Certainly. Second aisle. Turn to the right.' Old Hodge went in the direction indicated. 'Socks?' he inquired, addressing a young woman behind a counter in the second aisle. 'Half hose, second counter down. The lady there will wait on you. Humph!' He went down to the second counter and repeated the query, 'Socks!' A leisuredly young woman looked at him, addressed a few bantering remarks to a short-haired youth leaning over the counter, and finally said to Old Hodge, 'The lady down there will wait on you.' 'Socks,' observed Old Hodge, with some asperity to the slender young person with curling frizzes who came forward. 'Half hose?' she suggested. 'No, ma'am, I know what they are. I'm in the habit of wearing them. I'm no sockless statesman.' 'Yes, sir. What size?' 'Ten-inch foot.' He made a selection from the various pairs submitted for inspection, handed out a £5 note, and while he was waiting for his goods and his change he said— 'Why couldn't the other one have waited on me herself?' 'She's the forelady.' 'Humph!' Old Hodge picked up his bundle, thrust the change into his pocket and stalked out of the store.

His next call was at the laundry, where he was in the habit of having his shirts, collars, and cuffs washed and ironed. 'Your garments are not ready this morning, I am sorry to say,' explained the elderly matron behind the counter. 'We are behind this week. Two of our wash-ladies are sick.' 'Humph!' Old Hodge strode out of the building in disgust, and entered a dairy restaurant to get a lunch to take to his office. He asked one of the young women to wrap up a cut of apple pie and some doughnuts. 'The saleslady at the other showcase will wait on you,' she said. 'Humph!' Old Hodge did not wait to be waited on. He hurried out, crossed the street, and walked along grumbling to himself. Somebody touched him on the arm. 'How do you do, Mr Hodge?' He looked round and



MR. HERMANN MORRIS.

recognised an old acquaintance. 'How are you, Fauny? Folks well?' 'Pretty well, but I'm not living at home now. I've got a situation.' 'What kind of a situation?' 'In a big grocery house. I'm the cashlady.' 'Humph!' With a snort Old Hodge turned a corner and ran blindly against a baby-carriage, nearly upsetting it. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' he apologised, 'I hope I have not hurt your little child.' 'It's not mine,' replied the vinegary but dignified maid who was wheeling the perambulator. 'I'm the nursery-lady that takes care on it.' 'Humph!'

Old Hodge janned his hat on his head, climbed into a passing tram car, and went to another quarter of the city to see a man with whom he had business. He rang the bell and a young woman came to the door. 'Is Mr Bradley at home?' 'No sir.' 'Perhaps you can tell me what I want to know. Are you Mrs Bradley?' 'No sir; I am the cooklady.' 'Humph!' Half-an-hour later Old Hodge stumbled against somebody as he was climbing the stairs leading to his room in a dingy boarding-house up-town. 'I suppose you are the scrub lady,' he ejaculated savagely. 'No, sir, was the reply, as a somewhat untidy but comely and good-natured girl rose up and confronted him. 'I'm the kitchen scullion.' 'Young woman,' said Old Hodge, taking his hat off, 'I have a good house, and it needs somebody to take care of it. I think you're the one I am hunting for. Take a good square look at me. Will you marry me, young woman?' 'Yes, sir. They were married the same day, and went to housekeeping at once. The neighbours say she makes an excellent wife, and that in the atmosphere of her sunny temper and good sense Old Hodge is fast becoming a gentleman.

A BASE INSINUATION.—Mr MOJOSE was an old acquaintance, and with the usual freedom incident to that relation they were talking about him. 'He never laughed in his life,' said one. 'That's so,' responded the other. Then after a moment's thought: 'I wonder what was the matter with him before he got married.'

LOST INFORMATION.—Mrs QUICKLYRICH: 'Oh, you ought to have heard Professor Bookman's lecture on 'Extinct Birds,' last night! What he said about the dodo was simply wonderful!' Mrs PARVENY: 'Dear me, how unfortunate to have me sit especially as we are to have a dodo painted on our dining-room this week.'





Haultain, Mrs Goldie, Misses Goldie, Mrs Johnstone, Mrs and Misses Pughan, Mrs Lindsay, and numerous others.

The Amateur Opera Club are now engaged in the active rehearsal of 'Princess Ida' under the direction of Professor Carl Schmitt.

I will give you a description of a few smart new walking costumes I have seen recently. Mrs Devore was wearing a stylish navy gown made with the Newmarket basque, small bonnet to match; Mrs (Dr.) Kilgour, pretty black gown, fur pelierine, black hat relieved with cardinal; Miss Buddle, black gown, mauve floral hat; Miss Berry, seal brown costume, hat to match trimmed with feathers, plush jacket; Miss Graham, stylish green gown trimmed with passementerie, large felt hat with ostrich tips; Mrs Henderson, brown plaid tweed costume, fur pelierine, pretty little brown bonnet; Mrs Williams (Remuera) very handsome black silk, and cloak with fur trimmings; Mrs Charles Stone, pretty tweed costume, navy blue hat and veil; Mrs Hassell, tweed walking gown, seal coat, jaunty toque.

Our young people are coming out, I am glad to notice, and have lately shown that they are capable of devising a pleasant evening's entertainment, and are not obliged to amuse themselves and their friends by *toujours la danse*. At Fernside the other night, the juveniles (under twenty-one) members of the Mutual Improvement Society took charge of the programme, Miss Sellers being president, and Mr H. Battley, secretary. The intellectual bill-of-fare was varied and well-carried out. Miss and Master James opened the evening with a nicely-played piano duet, then an amusing and instructive character dialogue was undertaken by the following young people:—Pluckwell (a magistrate), Mr C. Priestley; Wrangle (a barrister), Mr John Durant; Grab (an attorney), Mr H. A. Battley; Grimes (man with the carpet-bag), Mr A. Martin; Mr Stokes (inn-keeper), H. Garlick; Tom (waiter), Mr Tomson Garlick; Fred, (waiter), Mr Clifford Dawson; Boots and coachman, Mr Cecil Dawson; Harriet (Pluckwell's daughter), Miss Sellers; Gumbermaid, Miss Garlick. It was wonderfully well done considering the extreme difficulty of managing so many characters, and the juveniles may be congratulated heartily on their success. The dialogue was divided into three parts, between which several interesting items were sandwiched, viz., a recitation by Mr Martin, who improved the original language of the elderly naval man on the Deal Beach; a piano solo, played by Miss Brooks with deft fingers; a very pretty tale, 'The Apple of Discord,' sustained by the three fascinating daughters of Mrs Sellers, and Mr C. Priestley; and a recitation, 'The Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,' given with dramatic expression by Miss E. Scherff; the evening winding up with an excellent gypsy character chorus consisting of Miss R. Garlick, Misses F. and M. Sellers, Miss Brooks, Miss L. Dixon, Miss C. Durant, Messrs H. Battley, Cecil Dawson, Clifford Dawson, Tomson Garlick, John Durant, and C. Priestly. Then followed the usual criticism, during which someone undertook the thankless task of pointing out the faults of the performers, with a view to their correction on future occasions. The young people took it all in good part, but received more gratefully the hearty vote of thanks bestowed on them from everyone.

Have you heard, dear Bee, that we actually have some lady footballers in our midst? I, for one, am very willing to allow that in a great many things women are quite the equals of men, and that there are very few occupations and amusements in which they cannot join, but amongst the few which are most decidedly unsuited to women is certainly the game of football. Feminine garments are not adapted to elegant kicking, and I should think the game by no means good for girls and women from a medical point of view. Let them indulge in suitable gymnastics by all means, but let modest ladies leave football to the rougher, stronger sex.

Two parties have come off about which I can tell you little. The young ladies here have not kindly responded to my earnest request for information (the giver of which shall in no case be betrayed by me) as to the balls and entertainments which I do not attend. It is impossible to be in more than one place at once, and I do think those interested in Society Gossip—as who indeed, is not?—might help me a little. One dance came off in the Parnell Oldfellows' Hall, and was, I understand, a great success. A little bird told me that the Misses Ruck looked the best, but I have heard no more names.

Another dance was given in Remuera by Mr and Mrs Alfred Buckland. It was rather too crowded, as the rooms are not large, but was enjoyed by the young people.

Sir George Grey is once more amongst us, en route for his labours in the House of Representatives. May his efforts to put down useless expenditure, extend the franchise to widows and spinsters, and generally improve the government of our colony be crowned with success.

You will be glad to learn that very good accounts have been received from Mr and Mrs F. Battley (Loan and Mercantile). Mr Battley's health was much improved by the voyage, and the medical men say that all he needs is complete rest. Mr Battley says that the Rev. J. S. Hill, who is well known in Lyttelton and Auckland, is, as usual, working very hard.

Have you seen any of that pretty work called pounah-painting? It is done on velvet or satin, and is used for all sorts of things—mantel drapes, tea-cosies, ottomans, cushions, etc. It looks so artistic and delicate that you would be afraid to use anything decorated with these lovely designs, but, as a matter of fact, it will stand brushing well, and the ottomans can really be sat upon. Mrs W. G. Connolly is disposing of some exquisite articles just now, all her own work, by art union. She has discovered how to apply white so as to look white without being heavy. Her lilies are lovely. The work is easy—far easier than ordinary painting. Almost one used to fancy-work can learn it very rapidly. It is also quickly done, and remarkably effective.

MURIEL.

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BE HAPPY.

NEVER DESPOND.—The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man. But—it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world—if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, and with unconquerable will, determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him kills; it is what is within that makes or unmakes him.

CHEERFULNESS.—A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that is necessary is to look half-dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look sunny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

THE UGLY CHARMER.

It has been said that when a man falls in love with a beautiful woman, there is always a chance of his recovery, but when with an ugly woman none whatever.

Why this should be so is one of those curious mysteries of human nature that baffle sounding.

The fact remains that an ugly charming woman is very often apt to be more fascinating than a beauty with equal attractions.

That ugly men, with the power to charm, have always had the greatest successes with women, all history, fiction and experience attest.

But women think, practically speaking, very little of the beauty of men.

Men, on the contrary, are always understood to value the softer sex for its beauty primarily.

How comes it, then, that one will often see a man pass by the handsome and apparently equally attractive members of a family to become bewitched with the plainest sister of all?

These cases are not the most frequent, of course, but they are quite the most desperate.

A clever girl was heard to say that she could not be a Venus or Helen of Troy, were the option given her, she would elect to have a face of original, refined ugliness, striking and piquant and distinguished, rather than the average more or less ordinary prettiness which formed the ambition of most of her sex.

And a woman who had herself been beautiful in her youth expressed, as the outcome of her wide experience, the belief that the wise old Greek who called beauty a 'short-lived tyranny,' knew very perfectly whereof he spoke.

She had observed that plainer women, if endowed with brilliant parts, felt the necessity of especially cultivating the same, and thus acquired, in the long run, wider intellectual sympathies than their sisters, which intellectual sympathies begot attractiveness for man.

LOVES FAITH.

OVER the silver sea,  
Into the distance din,  
Where magic shores may be,  
I send my heart to him—  
To him who sailed afar,  
Once on a dreary day,  
Over the harbour bar,  
Out from the land-locked bay.

The moon is shining fair  
Over the waves to night;  
The hawthorn scents the air,  
The lilies glimmer white,  
Does he remember yet  
The garden once so dear  
The night when first we met—  
The love-vows whispered here!

Out in the dusk I lean  
From my open lattice dim,  
The hawthorn boughs between,  
And send my love to him.  
Smile, oh, thou silver moon!  
Sing, oh, thou silver sea!  
I know he is coming soon—  
I know he is true to me!

'Better late than never' is a saying that was used three hundred years ago by Thomas Tucker, an English author.

A hundred laying hens will produce in egg shells about 137 pounds of ebsk or limestone annually.

Girls between sixteen and eighteen have bigger feet than after twenty to twenty-four. The foot is fleshy at that time and large, but as years come the foot decreases and the muscles grow more firm.

Some of the reckless and singularly shaped hats the handsome girls are raving over, look like the wreck of a woman's side-saddle taken off the back of a horse after he had been wallowing all over it for half-an-hour.

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WITH this week's issue the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC enters upon the second year of its existence, and it becomes necessary to review its past achievements and consider its future prospects. In projecting the GRAPHIC, we set out with the conviction that there was room in New Zealand for a high-class illustrated weekly paper. This assumption, it must be confessed, judged by colonial standards, was a bold one, for not even in the populous cities of Australia has any kindred venture obtained a footing. We discounted the want of success there by giving weight to two important considerations: First of all, we believe the population of New Zealand is on the average more intelligent and better capable of appreciating good literature than the people of the neighbouring colonies; and in the second place, no literary venture having the same aims as the GRAPHIC has ever been offered to Australasian readers.

A year's experience has fully borne out our expectations in these respects. The GRAPHIC rapidly attained to a large circulation in all parts of New Zealand. Using every endeavour to avoid provincialism, and to appeal to the national spirit of New Zealanders, we found a cordial response—one that has been very encouraging indeed, and giving promise of even better results in the future.

The object which the conductors of this journal have kept steadily in view has been to create a medium through which the literary and artistic talent of the colony could find worthy expression—to strive to make the publication, in fact, redolent of New Zealand—a mirror in which its bright sunshine, its majestic mountains, its ever-green forests and fields, and rapidly-growing cities would be reflected. We have striven to make it a publication which colonists could send with pleasure and advantage to their friends in the home country. That these objects have been at least fairly well attained we think we are justified in inferring from the large and growing circulation of the paper.

The proprietor of a journal is obliged, however, to regard it from two aspects. While the public look only at the literary side, the publisher has to engage periodically in the prosaic and worldly task of counting up the pounds, shillings, and pence. The duty in the case of the GRAPHIC has not been a pleasant one. Despite a large circulation and liberal advertising support, the balance has been very much on the wrong side of the ledger. The production of an illustrated newspaper involves very heavy cost, and it has been found impossible even in England to produce a high-class illustrated journal that can be sold at less than sixpence per copy. The proprietor of the GRAPHIC has endeavoured to publish the paper at less than English rates, and is reluctantly obliged to admit that the feat is impracticable. After a trial of twelve months the conclusion has been arrived at that one of two alternatives must be adopted—either the quality of the paper and the cost of production must be reduced, or the quality must be maintained and steadily improved, and the price advanced to the English rate for journals of the same class. The proprietor has decided upon the latter course, and in future the price of a single copy of the GRAPHIC will be SIX PENCE. No increase, however, will be made in the annual subscription, paid in advance.

Those of our readers, therefore, who desire to see a journal like the GRAPHIC continued, should do their utmost to push it among their friends. By paying the annual subscription of £1 a year in advance, or a half-yearly subscription of 10s, they will still get the GRAPHIC at the old rates.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT MY TEA-TABLE.

BY EMMA ALBANI GYR.



I have been my good fortune to enjoy the friendship of Queen Victoria for some time past. I have seen a good deal of her private life, and especially of her life in her Scotch Highland home. She is, to my mind, one of the most charming of women.

I spend my autumn holiday on Dee Side in the Scotch Highlands, where I occupy Old Mar Lodge, a house belonging to the Duke of Fife, in Mar Forest. My house is less than fifteen miles from Balmoral Castle, the Scotch home of Queen Victoria. I have had the pleasure and the honour of being called there two or three times each season to pay a visit to Her Majesty and to sing for her; and once each season, in return, the Queen pays me the very unusual honour of coming to my old house to take tea with me. Of this mark of honour I am naturally proud. It is not everybody, you know, who can have the Queen for a visitor and who can sit at their own hearth and make tea for so great a woman. The visits are quite private and the Queen is only accompanied by one of the Princesses, and perhaps two ladies of the court. It may interest you—I suppose it will—if I say that a table is laid in the drawing-room, and there I sit with Her Majesty and pour the tea. The ladies—in waiting are seated at another table, and my husband and son are the 'cup-bearers,' as no servants are allowed in the room at the time. The repast is of no importance; it is only bread, butter, cake and tea; but I have noticed that it seemed to taste good to Her Majesty, for, on each occasion that she visited me, she has taken two cups of my very best, good black tea.

Knowing the interest all the readers of my own sex take in little details where royalty is concerned, I am giving particulars which possibly may seem trivial; but I think I can trust the 'gentle reader,' at least, to find something interesting in tea-table gossip. There is something charming about an afternoon tea served with all its delightful accessories of dainty china, pretty silver and cut glass, that the time spent over it is always remembered pleasantly.

The Queen spends from three-quarters of an hour to an hour in conversation and then drives back home. Last autumn she drove over in an open carriage in a snow-storm.

Her Majesty is very fond of music and is a very good musician. She studied music with Mendelssohn, and singing with Lablache. As a consequence of this teaching she prefers the old Italian music to any other; but, at the same time, she can appreciate anything that is good in the modern music. This I know from experience, as I have sung all kinds of music to her, the new as well as the old. The Queen is much touched by a simple, homely ballad, and after I have sung to her songs like 'Robin Adair' or 'Old Folks at Home' I have seen tears in her eyes.

She has been in retirement for a great many years, and during that time has not been present at a single operatic performance; yet she remembers well the old artists and the manner in which they rendered the well-known rôles. For instance, when I told her that I was studying the 'Huguenots,' and was going to sing it in America, she said that was one of her favourite operas; that she thought Mario was superb as 'Raoul,' and that although Gris sang the music splendidly, she never realised her idea of the character of 'Valentine.'

The Queen has been present at very few concerts for many years past. She occasionally has some artist to sing or play before her, but this always takes place in private, and when I sing at Balmoral, there is nobody in the room but the Queen, and perhaps one or two members of the royal family who may be staying at the castle.

With regard to these little concerts, I recall a funny incident: I sat down at the piano to accompany myself, and was just beginning to sing when the legs of the stool gave way and I rolled on the floor at the Queen's feet. Her Majesty was rather concerned at first, thinking I must have hurt myself, but, when she saw that I was all right, she burst out laughing. We all had been rather solemn before, but after my tumble everybody was so amused that it was a long while before I could proceed with my song.

I seldom sing at my own house for her. After tea has been served, if the weather is fine, we walk through the garden, but I do not think the Queen is particularly fond of flowers. She once picked a bouquet for me when I visited her at Balmoral Castle, saying as she gave it to me, 'I have heard you are very fond of flowers, so I have picked these for you.' She calls a bouquet by the good old-fashioned name of 'nosegay.'

Three years ago she sent me a Christmas card—a very pretty simple little card painted with a Scotch corn-flower. On the back of the card she had written:—

'To Madame Albani-Gyr, with many thanks for the lovely nosegay, and every good wish for her happiness in the New Year, from  
'V.R.I. January 1st, 1887.'

For an old lady the Queen's writing is a model of firmness and legibility.

The Queen rises early in the morning, and after breakfast, reads and answers her letters, and transacts business. She is fond of the open air, and, if the weather is favourable, often has her papers taken into a tent or summer-house upon the lawn, which commands an extensive and most lovely view of Lochinagar, its surrounding mountains and the valley of the Dee. After

this comes a walk or a drive in a pony carriage, and then luncheon, at which no one is ever present except members of the royal family. During the afternoon the Queen takes a long drive, often extending over thirty miles, and always in an open carriage. She dines late, never before 8.30 p.m. An hour spent in the drawing room talking with invited guests, finishes the day, and the Queen retires to rest.

She spends much time every day at her writing-desk. Not a day passes without the published 'Court Circular' being carefully edited, revised and corrected by the Queen's own hand; and this important document is a model of accuracy in every detail. The amount of correspondence that she gets through is simply enormous. In the private part of this correspondence the Queen is assisted by her private secretary, a lady-in-waiting and a maid of honour. This correspondence and all official business is attended to in the morning after a drive or a walk, when Her Majesty is accompanied by some of the ladies-in-waiting and followed by her Highland servants and a favourite collie.

When the court is at Windsor, the members of the royal household in attendance are one lady-in-waiting (always a peeress), two maids of honour, a lord-in-waiting, two squires, one groom-in-waiting, also the keeper of the privy purse, the private secretary, assistants in both departments and the master of the household.

To attend to Her Majesty's toilet and wardrobe, there are five maids, viz. three dressers and two wardrobe women. The senior dresser, who has been many years with Her Majesty, is especially charged with the task of conveying orders to different tradespeople—jewellers, drapers, and dressmakers; one dresser and one wardrobe woman are in constant attendance on the Queen, taking alternate days.

Among my photographs of the Queen the one that I specially treasure is one taken quite recently. The Queen has the little Princess Marguerite of Connaught with her, a child about six years old, and one of my pets. She often comes to visit me and hear me sing. The Queen, knowing my fondness for the child, had her photographed with her.



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

It is the Queen's real goodness and kindness of heart that has made her so beloved of her people. She had been a most kind friend to me, and I hope the reader will pardon me if I speak of myself too much in connection with this friendship.

The Queen is very faithful to her old friends and very thoughtful for everybody with whom she comes into contact, remembering the smallest details about them, their families and their occupations, and giving evidence of this at most unexpected moments.

A circumstance which happened to me justifies very strongly the truth of this. Four years ago I was singing at the Royal Opera, at Berlin, and I was not even aware that the Queen knew of my engagement there. Soon after my *debut*, I was at a large dinner party at the English Embassy, and sitting next to me was one of the gentlemen of the Crown Princess's household. During dinner he put into my hand a telegram, telling me to read it. This was from the Queen to her daughter (now the Empress Frederick) recommending me to her and desiring her to do all she could for me. Needless to say that, after this, I was so excited that I could eat no dinner, and I insisted on keeping the telegram, one of my most precious souvenirs.

The Queen herself looks after the welfare of all her tenants and servants, and, if any one of them is sick, she is the first one to pay them a visit and take their little comforts.

During her stay in Scotland she takes a pleasure during her drives in stopping at various cottages to ask after the welfare of the inmates. When so occupied the Queen is as kind and simple as any ordinary lady could be. When she paid me one of her first visits and took tea with me, my little boy was so much struck with this that he said to me after she had gone, 'Oh, mamma, what a little woman for such a big Queen.' It is all this that has made the Queen so beloved by all her subjects.—From the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

CHROMO PHOTOGRAPH WORK.

I KNOW of no pleasanter occupation for ladies than the making of chromo photographs, and if good work is done it may be made the source of a good income. Hotched work of any sort never has a market value, and this is especially true of the making of chromo photographs.

The outfit required is very simple. You can make it expensive if you wish, but I shall tell what must be had.

Use the tube paints, and get the best, since they are always reliable. Use red, yellow and white for flesh colour; black for black hair; flake white with a very little black for grey hair; yellow ochre, white and vandyke brown for light hair; red and black for brown eyes; rose madder for lips; and other colours as required by the picture.

Soak the photograph in warm water until it can be removed from the card, and wipe the back until every particle of mucilage is removed. Now place the picture, face upward, on a piece of heavy paper or cloth, and apply warm starch with the fingers until it is well covered, then place it with the face next to the hollow side of one of the glasses which are made for this work. Two glasses are used for each picture. Press the picture, carefully, until no sign of the starch is seen, and put it where it can dry, without being disturbed, for at least half an hour, then rub the back of the picture, softly, with No. 4 emery cloth until it is thin enough for you to see through. It must then be immersed in warm, melted white wax until it is perfectly transparent. Rub the wax off with a bit of soft cloth, while it is warm. Now, holding the picture to the light begin to lay on the colours. It will require practice to enable you to do this well, and you would best practice on a photograph that you do not prize highly, using a bit of window glass for these first lessons, instead of the convex glasses, thus saving expense. Skill in painting may be gained with the flat glass, but the best results are not obtained except with the convex glasses.

When you have painted hair, lips, eyes, dress, background, in fact every part except the flesh colour, lay the second glass over the picture, then apply the flesh colour, according to the outlines of the face, neck and hands. Hold this glass back of the picture, now, and if the tint is right, paste thin strips of paste-board at the corners to keep the glasses separate, then fasten them together by pasting a binding of thin paper round the edges.

If well done, your picture is now ready for a frame; if not satisfactory, try again. Be very careful not to get your colours too bright. The red for the lips is often improved by the addition of a little white. Too bright a picture never gives satisfaction.

COUGHS.

A COUGH is not a disease, but a symptom of disease. The body is a network of nerves, and sometimes a cough is a response to a remote irritation—some trouble in the ear, perhaps, a disturbance in the intestines, or a pressure on some distant nerve.

It may be due to enlarged tonsils, to a long uvula, or to an inflamed mucous membrane in any part of the air passages, from the back-mouth down through the bronchial tubes.

In hysteria there is often a most unmistakable but useless cough, for which there does not seem to be the slightest reason. It is a single loud bark, wholly unlike the peculiar rapid successions of sounds heard in most other coughs. There need be no alarm about it; it has no connection with any organic disease.

Every one is familiar with the spasmodic character of whooping-cough—the long, whooping inspiration, followed at length by the violent, repeated expirations. The spasm is wholly unlike that of asthma. It is confined to the larynx, which it partially closes.

The catching, painful character of the cough of pleurisy is due to the fact that the cough presses the lungs against the inflamed membrane, the pleura, by which they are invested. In asthma there is a temporary spasmodic closure of the bronchial tubes, producing a sense of suffocation. As the spasm yields, there is a copious expectoration of limpid mucus.

In consumption the irritation is not in the mucous membrane, but in the lung substance. Hence, in the early stage of the disease, the cough is a mere 'hack,' there being little or nothing to raise, the well known cough of the later stage is connected with the ulcerous condition of the lung.

It is the office of the mucous membrane everywhere to secrete a thin, lubricating fluid. When this membrane is inflamed, the secretion is not only much increased, but is changed in quality, becoming thick and tenacious. In inflammation of the bronchial membrane, as in bronchitis or a common cold, the cough is the only means of relieving the lungs of what otherwise might cause a fatal suffocation. To arrest the cough, and leave the real trouble behind, would be to kill the patient.

Much of our coughing, however, is useless. By an effort of the will we may often overcome the tendency to it. As the larynx is especially irritable at such times, the cold in-breathed air may bring on a useless coughing spell. A sipping of linseed tea is here helpful by protecting the sensitive nerves from the air with a thin coating, and care should be taken to breathe through the nose, instead of through the mouth.

A PERFECT FOOD.—Aulsebrook's Digestive Biscuits a certain remedy for indigestion.—(ADVT.)

The New High Arm David Vertical Feed proved the World's Champion at the Paris Exhibition, 1889.—ADVT.

Builders and others will save from one pound to thirty shillings per ton by using 'ORB' CONSOLIDATED IRON.

The only 'Vertical Feed' Sewing Machine in the world is the New High Arm David Head office in New Zealand Hudson and Co., Christchurch.—ADVT.



### A NECESSITY.

BY SUSIE M. HEST.

Some there must be who must bear the burden and the loss,  
Some there must be who must wear the thorny crown and cross.

Some there must be who must pace through battle and  
through blood.

Some there must be who must face the overwhelming flood.

Some there must be who must drain the bitter, bitter lees,  
Some there must be who in pain must wrestle on their knees.

Some there must be who must feel the fierce onslaught of  
fate.

Some there must be who must kneel unheard outside the gate.

Some there must be who must work nor goodly guerdon  
ask,

Some there must be who must shirk the unrewarded task.

Some there must be who must lay their hopes the altar on,  
Some there must be who must say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

### FOR OUR GIRLS.

A FEW SELF-IMPROVEMENT HINTS.

It is the right of every girl to want to look as pretty as possible. Remember I say a right, but I do not mean by that that she should make it a *rite* to which all her time is devoted. Somebody wants me to give her some hints about how to improve her appearance.

The first complaint is that she is bony. Well, angles may be converted into curves by a proper diet and the breathing of fresh air. Eat plenty of starchy food—fresh bread, potatoes, corn, beans; drink chocolate, or, better still, milk. Eat puddings and as much fruit as you like.

Don't be afraid to take regular exercise, and keep your digestion in good order.

Don't fret; fretting and fault-finding make more women thin and wrinkled than anything else in the world.

Now, about your hands. Wash them in hot water, using almond meal instead of soap, just before you go to bed, and during the day don't wash them too much in cold water. A woman who has very beautiful hands told me that during the day-time she wiped off any stain that might be upon them with a piece of kiel on which was a little vaseline. However, I am a bit old-fashioned, and prefer water to this. Then when you have the time, sit with your fingers tips in a bowl of hot water, and after they have soaked well, dry them and trim the nails, keeping the skin at the base of each, down in its place. Push it down either with the end of a soft ivory file, or a bit of wood, but do not cut it off. Do not point your nails, and do not polish them too much. The first makes the skin super-sensitive and causes it to grow quicker, while the second and third are counted vulgar.

As you want to hold your head well, get in the habit of walking about with a book—not too heavy a one—just on top of it, and you will be amazed to find how that slight incentive will cause you to hold yourself straight and to make you walk in a less jerky manner. In New Orleans the coloured mammys used to maketh their little charges walk with a light-weight bowl filled with water on their heads, until they carried themselves so easily that not a drop of water would spill, and that is one reason why so many of the New Orleans women walk well.

As to complexion, the secret of a good complexion is cleanliness; not just a dab at your face with a wash-rag, and a thought that you are then sufficiently clean, but an entire thought of the body; the face is simply the thermometer which tells of the body's condition, and where the skin is white and unspotted, the eyes clear and bright, the body is in good condition externally and internally.

And about the hair? Well, as Mr Rudyard Kipling says, that's another story, and you will have to hear of it some other time. But for a month just follow these hints and see if you don't notice an improvement.—From the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A tall, gaunt, angular, awkward woman will appear less so in something light and floating, some soft, clinging material that will follow every movement, multiple lines and obliterate angles.

### CHIT-CHAT,

The prettiest stockings are worn on slippery days.

Black ages any woman past thirty by deepening the lines in her face. Certain lines come with time and time forms character, but a woman is not obliged to advertise her age.

It is a very pretty finish to fancy slippers to use small gold or silver buckles on the vamp. A pair of simple buckles is not very expensive and you can change them from one pair of slippers to another as you may desire.

No bath is considered complete in which a bag does not float. The contents depend upon the resources of the bather. Almond meal, bran, orris root, crushed lavender flowers, borax and shaved castile soap are some of the accessories approved by fashion.

A petition, signed by 2,800 Greek ladies, has been presented to King George, demanding the establishment of ladies' colleges, in which they may be trained in commercial and industrial pursuits, so as to be enabled to compete with the sterner sex in the battle of existence.

The latest fad among the equestriennes is to ride one day to the left side, the next to the right. Since Mrs Jenness-Miller sounded a trumpet and informed women they were in danger of growing lopsided by not riding man-fashion there has been much anxiety felt over the situation of affairs. The physicians and the foreign barons who run our riding academies have evolved this panacea for one-sidedness.

When your best young man is coming to see you, you will want your mouth and chin to be as presentable as possible. Prepare them after this fashion: Rinse the mouth thoroughly with camphor and water. Then rub alcohol lightly upon the lips and chin, rub hard with the towel, treat to a wash of perfumery, and rub the lips with a rough cloth and then again with perfumery. Now, rinse the mouth with wintergreen or any sweet-smelling herb.

Princess Oscar Bernadotte is, like the Queen Regent of Holland, very partial to white for her children, who are seldom dressed in any other colour. In her case, the expense of a laundress, which to us less favoured mortals would be an important consideration, is probably smaller than the cost of silk or velvet frocks would be. Certainly white is most suitable and prettiest for children. How charming a golden-haired maiden in pure white fur from head to foot would look!

The latest change in the appointments for the five-o'clock tea is the brass tea-table. These are made in the highly polished and dull brass, and in fashionable houses have displaced the bamboo and highly polished wood table. Covered with a handsome embroidered tea-cloth they add an attractive bit of colour to a room. The tea-table is no longer confined to the reception or family room, but is frequently found in the fashionable boudoir.

If any of your hats are not quite to your taste as regards becomingness or style, don't abandon them or even worry any longer. Simply purchase the largest red rose with the largest stem possible and a single bunch of green leaves and stick straight up on the very back of your hat. On a windy day it will look like a revolving lamp in a lighthouse, but you head gear will be according to the latest whim in millinery.

A lady dentist is now no novelty, and one in London lately practises most successfully, and enjoys the confidence and gratitude of her patients. She has great patience, and treats her clients with kindness and sympathy, charging according to their circumstances. This lady wishes to find an assistant, and would do her best to give the needful instruction. Children especially are in fear of a visit to the dentist, but the terrible chair would lose half its terrors if a lady were the operator.

The hygienic girl sheds all her clothes at night and puts on a night wrap to take the place of the garments that she has worn during the day. The day garments are hung up and aired and put on in the morning fresh and sweet and unjaded by a night's personal association with the body. The union undergarments that extend from ankle to chin are doing a good work in this respect, compelling the nightly exchange. Night gowns are heavy, warm and thick, and very similar to bath robes in fashion. It is poor taste to wear bows and gee-gaws at the neck of night dresses. They do not enhance the beauty of a simple toilet.

A very desirable and sensible fashion was started some time ago in regard to the christening gifts from godparents. When a child is christened it is the proper thing for one of the godparents to give a teaspoon, and to announce the intention of repeating the gift on each anniversary until the dozen is complete, then to begin to give some other kind of spoon. By carrying out this idea, by the time a girl is launched in society, engaged and married, she will have quite a store of silver, endeared by association. If the child is a boy, after the first gift of a piece of silver the anniversary is to be remembered with the presentation of a gold coin.

Jenness-Miller awoke one day to find herself famous. In a brilliant, scintillating moment she thought of devising a gown with adjustable waist and skirt, warranted to fit all figures through all the fluctuations and variations of increasing adipose. A word to the Jenness-Miller dressmaker and the gown was fashioned. When first made it looks quiet, dignified, and ordinary, a sleep sort of dress that no one would look at twice. But arouse that frock, and it is awake all over. A little rubber band loosens the sleeves, the collar becomes freer in the same beautiful way. The waist knows a marvelous elasticity by means of ribbons and bands and tapes, and as for the front of the skirt, there is absolutely no limit to its adaptability. The woman has yet to be found who by any feat of prowess can get beyond the compass of this all-encompassing garment. Surely the halcyon days have come. It is time once more to be plunged in darkness, and left to grope our way back into the light of modern improvements. The full blaze of this last new glory will be overcoming and overpowering to the world of women.

### THE LATEST IN STATIONERY.

THE TYRANT FASHION GROWS MORE DESPOTIC EVERY YEAR.

The tyrant fashion grows more despotic and exacting each year, and the unfortunate blasé young lady finds '91 hard to keep pace with, but the dear little *débutante* grasps eagerly each new fad. She surely is one of fashion's most ardent slaves.

Much thought is given to the paper on which she sends her dainty notes. The young lady who is partial to violets will welcome one of the latest fads in the stationery line. It is in the shape of a fine quality of bond paper, tinted a faint violet, with a dark purple monogram and border of the same shade. It is something new. Violet ink is often used. In the box with this paper comes a small violet satin bag filled with the perfume which the paper so plainly suggests.

The most fashionable tints at present are on the blue sapphire, yachting blue and a delicate paper of a turquoise tint, with the monogram done in white, are favourites. Silver crests, or the address in silver, are very effective also on this shade. Magazine blue is a striking paper. Monograms in gold or silver show to good advantage on this tint.

A sample just out is decorated by a wreath within which you find a monogram. The paper being a delicate blue tint, will have a silver wreath at the top, the monogram inside being done in dark blue.

Many papers at present have the plain script initials. For mourning a fine white paper, with black border, the initials done in black script, makes a stylish paper, the envelopes being marked in the same way. The very last thing in mourning stationery is something startlingly unique. The paper itself is of a fine quality and the border being a broad band of dark purple just edged with black, while the monogram or address, just as the fancy may choose, is done in purple also.

The rose tints are very popular just now, and a pretty paper is of a delicate rose shade with the monogram done in black. The initials in script look well with this combination of colour.

Fashion, with its continuous longing for something new, yet seems partial to the times of long ago. We find quaint little figures dancing the minuet in the most stately fashion on a corner of our writing paper. Sometimes these ancient little dames, with their diminutive partners are exquisitely coloured, but often are just outlined in black, gold or silver.

Many people consider the plain white paper very much the best form. On white paper the egg-shell is something new, though after writing a lengthy epistle upon it one would welcome receive the Japanese bond which is smooth and much easier to work on. The repp paper is stylish though rather coarse. The kid finish is a delightful paper to use. A plain white paper, with its own special marking, can be made very characteristic of the person using it.

There are many new styles in paper for children. The tiny sheets are now decorated with little figures. Nellie, who has always had a tender spot in her heart for Little Red Riding Hood, will write in her childish hand on paper each sheet of which has a little figure at the top illustrating the story of Red Riding Hood. And so we find Cinderella and many of the old Mother Goose rhymes appearing all decked in bright colours at the head of the sheet.

The little Lord Fauntleroy paper is liked by most of the children. Then the tiny cards having a little Greenaway figure in one corner, with the printed words, 'Will you come to my party?' make many little people jump up and down with delight.

### HOW TO BE WELCOME.

THE secret of making one's self an agreeable guest, warmly welcomed when one comes and sincerely regretted when one goes, does not always lie in the possession of conversational talents or general accomplishments. The little authentic dialogue, which took place between Mr and Mrs Parkins the evening after their Aunt Sophronia Greene had ended a week's visit at their house indicates a surer means of making one's self welcome.

'How lonesome it is,' said Mr Parkins, 'now that the children have gone to bed! I wonder what it really is that makes Aunt Sophronia's visits so especially delightful?'

'Why, I suppose it's because she never finds any fault,' said Mrs Parkins.

'Are all our other guests accustomed to find fault with things which go on about the house?'

No, but—  
'But what? Aunt Sophronia seldom says anything particularly pertinent or entertaining. In fact, she says and does very little.'

'That's true; but she is always good-natured in a quiet way.'

'But lots of other folks are good-natured, and yet nobody's visits give us so much pleasure as Aunt Sophronia's. There must be some other and positive reason.'

Mrs Parkins knitted on silently for a few moments, as if in a brown study, and then, dropping her work, exclaimed: 'William, I know what it is!'

'Well?'

'Whenever Aunt Sophronia opens her mouth to speak, it is almost always to bring out, either flatly or else in some roundabout way, some good quality of one of the children.'

'I guess that is so,' said Mr Parkins, raising his eyebrows as if searching his recollection.

'And did you ever hear her so much as refer, in all the times she has been here, to any one of their numerous failings?'

'Never!'

'Then we've found her out.'

'Yes, we've found her out, but she can't come again any too soon!'









didn't scare me! 'Gainst rules, you know, to be in the top-house; but I guess the boss won't mind, as long as there's a sick mother in the case. Had a hard night, did you, young 'un? You look all beat out. There, go 'long, John, put that child to bed. I'll tend to this load, though it aint mine.'

'Thank you, Jim,' said Cronin. 'Come Mary, you must be tired.'

Not a word was spoken between the pair as they went down the ladder and hurried down the hill. The furnace men were lounging at the door of the furnace-room.

'Blest if, here aint Cronin and his girl! Hope the missus aint no worse,' said one.

'She's probably been up all night with her. Never seen such a plucky little woman as that girl in all my life!' said another.

Back over the red bridge Mary went, with her hand clasped tightly in her father's. She gave his hand a little squeeze once, when she felt a hot tear-drop on her own. There was a smile on her tired, pale face, and a great content in her heart. Father, mother, home, friends, reputation, all saved!

When they had passed the group of houses that clustered near the bridge and the woods were before them, her father said, 'Mary, does mother know?'

'No. Don't let's tell her father. She will think I went to meet you, if she is awake.'

'If you'd not followed me last night, Mary, do you know what might have happened?'

Mary nodded her head vigorously. She could not speak.

'Mary, you have saved my life and you have saved the works. As God hears me, I will never drink another drop!' He never broke the vow he made.

Mary cried with joy on her father's neck. All the terror, loneliness and labour of the night were over like a bad dream. Best of all, the burden of ceaseless anxiety which had weighed on her and her mother was laid down forever. Never again would she listen for his step, in the fear that it might be uncertain, or walk with tired feet seeking him through the slums of a city.

They softly opened the door and found the mother still sleeping. Mary opened the dampers of the 'Star of the East,' and soon a good breakfast was in preparation.

John Cronin told his wife of his resolution, as he sat by her bedside, after Mary had gone to sleep, but he did not tell her then at what a fearful cost of suffering to their child it had been bought.

His intelligence and perseverance won him the position of foreman; and to day Mary and her mother, who has recovered her health and gaiety in the Katakadin woods, rejoice in their new house, which exceeds Mary's day-dreams.

'That's a fine man, that Cronin,' said some one in authority, the other day. 'He and his daughter are studying chemistry together, and he has some first-rate notions about roasting the sulphur out of the ore. I shouldn't be surprised if we had a rare find in him!'

'The girl is a pretty and lady-like one, too,' said another. 'The whole settlement seems to be fond of her.'

John Cronin, passing on the other side of the red bridge, himself unseen, heard the words and smiled and thought, 'Where would Cronin be today if it were not for 'Cronin's girl?'

ANNIE SPRAGUE PACKARD.

**WHAT HE WOULD DO WITH RICHES.**

FOND MOTHER: 'Yes, the dear little fellow is just full of good impulses. Eddie, if you were rich, what would you do with your money?'

Eddie (who has travelled): 'I'd buy a billion stones, and take 'em out to Fielding for the poor little Maori boys out there to throw at cats.'

**A MERCENARY LITTLE WRETCH.**

'Pa, I'll be sorry when you get well,' said a little boy to his sick parent.

'Why, my son?'

'Because I won't get any more empty medicine bottles to sell. I sell 'em for one penny apiece at the chemist's.'

JUST TOUCH THE BELL and ask Mary to get one of Aulsebrook's delicious Oswego Cakes for afternoon tea.-(ADVT.)

FLAG BRAND SAUCE.—Try it, it's the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS., Christchurch.-(ADVT.)

'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON will cover more—a long way more—than any other iron, and for quality has no equal.

The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed is acknowledged by experts to be the most perfect Sewing Machine the World has yet seen.—ADVT.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE NEW SCHOOL.



UCH a breaking-off it was, such a rending of ties, when Nannie, who had lived for three years in the old seaport town on the Sound, went back to the great city which had once been her home but was no more familiar.

Little girls came, by twos and threes, to say good-bye the day she left, keepsakes were given, and promises of letters were exacted.

Nannie held herself serenely through it all, as one who should say: 'I go to a bigger world than you live in, but I will not forget you, my dears!'

I can't bear it, I can't bear it! I wish I was back in Miss Bingham's school again.'

Mamma felt sorry, and it was a sober pair that made their way to the school.

There they were passed from teacher to teacher, and then Nannie was led away to a distant room, after which her mother had nothing better to do than to go home and await results.

Twelve o'clock came, and a quarter-past twelve, but no Nannie.

At half past twelve, she dashed into the house, and with hot tears in her eyes, exclaimed: 'I lost my way coming home, and it is just a dreadful school! I can't bear it! The children don't look nice, they sit all crowded up together, and it's close there! I had to sit in a draught, and I sneezed half-a-dozen times or more!'

'How about the lessons?' asked mamma.

'Oh, I can't bear it!' Nannie broke forth again. 'They use a different arithmetic, and the weights and measures come before fractions! They are going to be examined in grammar to-morrow, and I never studied grammar at dear Miss Bingham's. Can't I go back to Miss Bingham's?'

'But you studied language lessons,' said mamma, 'so maybe you can answer the questions. I'll give you a little review after lunch.'

So by-and-by, mamma, with an anxious face, and Nannie with an utterly dependent one, sat down to the review lesson.

After a few simple questions, mamma began on the parts of speech, and presently asked, 'What is an article?'

Three little words we often see  
Are articles, a, an, or the.

repeated Nannie with fresh tears, for this was something she had learned at Miss Bingham's school and it made her homesick.

'What is an interjection?' asked mamma, hurrying on. But Nannie's grief increased.

An interjection shows surprise.  
As ah! how pretty! Oh! how wise!

'Form a sentence with an adjective in it,' said mamma.

'Miss Bingham is beautiful!' exclaimed Nannie.

And so the review went on, Nannie catching at every chance to state that she wanted to be with those dear girls again, and that she could be happy now with even those she didn't like when there.

Even up to bed-time, with some intervals, the strain was continued, for Nannie did not omit a single phase of feeling. Now it was: 'There isn't a girl in this school that begins to be so pretty as May Lynch!'

And next it was, 'I wouldn't change my Edith Hall for all the girls in this school put together.'

Then the final touch, which wound up the evening, was:

'Oh! I want to be running down the hill again with Edith Hall, and feeling the wind in my face!'

The next morning she started for school, with shinking and protestation, and her mother thought of her anxiously all the forenoon. But at twelve, home came Nannie, and this time without tears.

She laid down her books in a capable manner, and said, 'They had that examination in grammar, and the questions were easy. I answered nearly all of them. Then the teacher read to us about some place where Sir Walter Raleigh once went, and she told us to write a composition about it. So I put in all I knew about Sir Walter Raleigh, what I remembered from "Kenilworth," mamma! I told how he flung his cloak down over a mud puddle so Queen Elizabeth could cross it without wetting her feet. And I said Queen Elizabeth was very fond of receiving attentions from young gentlemen, but she sometimes

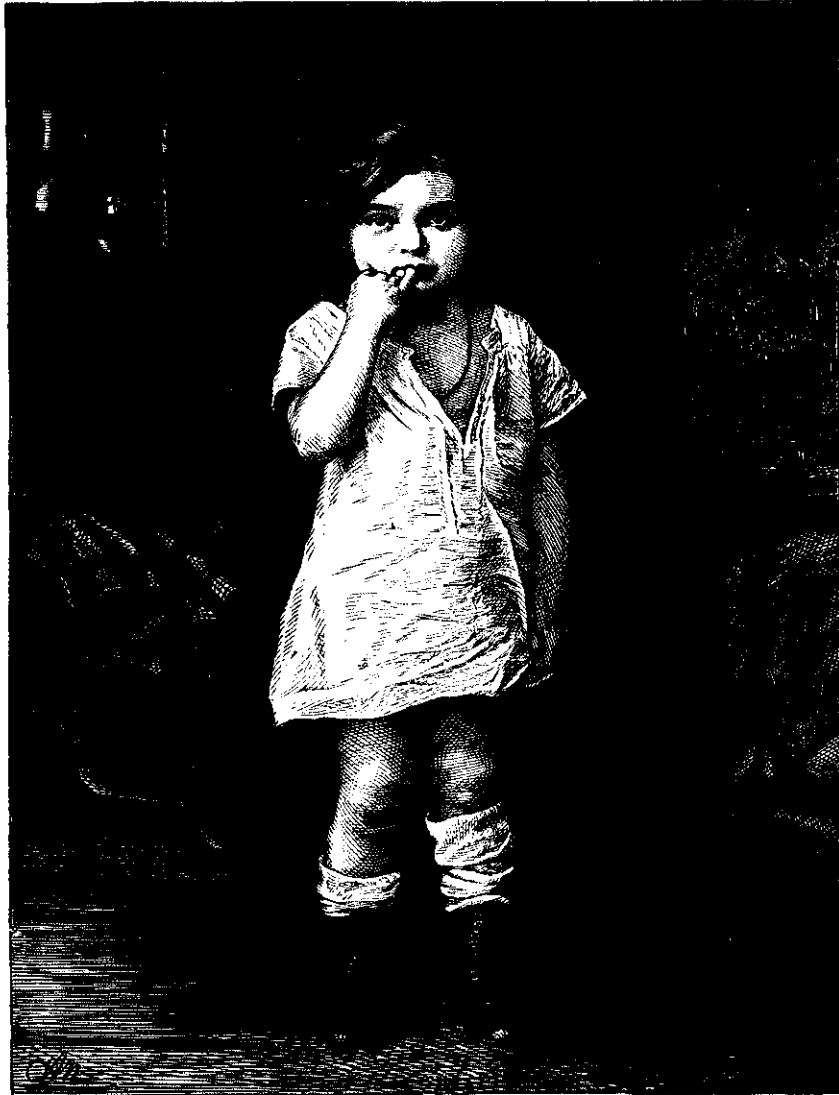
spoke very roughly to them, and once when Sir Walter Raleigh displeased her, she said to him, "you be hanged."

'Did you put that in?' exclaimed mamma.

'Yes,' said Nannie, 'and the teacher looked pleased. I like the school better than I did yesterday, and two girls walked all the way home with me. They are not as nice as Edie Hall, or May Lynch, but still they are pretty nice. I think I will keep on going there.'

And so there was peace.

MARY L. B. BRANDELL.



BED-TIME.

And at first it did seem like a big, beautiful world, where there were old friends to be hunted up, parks and museums to be visited, and gay, crowded shops where a little girl could find wonderful bargains for a very few pence.

But time was precious, and as soon as the household was settled, Nannie must go to school.

This was the beginning of woe.

In her dear old town she had gone to a school close by, with all the boys and girls of the neighbourhood.

There she had worked her way tremulously but faithfully through fractions, had stood high in spelling matches, and had drawn a map of New Zealand.

Her little friends had called for her in the morning, and attended her home again, usually rounding off the afternoon with an hour in the apple-tree, sitting about on the boughs. But a new school, a city school, with its many grades, its crowded ranks, its different books, its strange teachers!

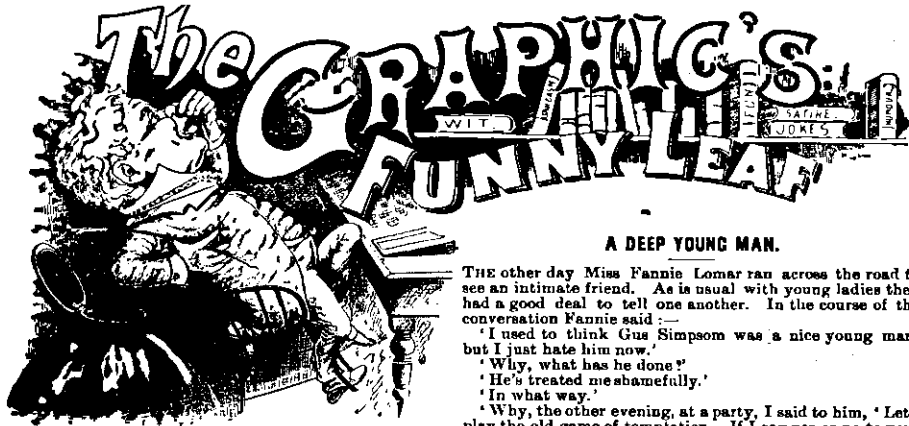
Nannie's heart sank as the hour drew near. She begged to be allowed to study at home, to recite to her papa, her aunt, to do anything but go to that terrible new school.

'They will ask me questions I don't understand,' she urged, 'out of books I never saw, and when I can't answer they will put me away down in the lowest class! O mamma,

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**A DEEP YOUNG MAN.**

THE other day Miss Fannie Lomar ran across the road to see an intimate friend. As is usual with young ladies they had a good deal to tell one another. In the course of the conversation Fannie said—

"I used to think Gus Simpson was a nice young man, but I just hate him now."

"Why, what has he done?"  
"He's treated me shamefully."  
"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening, at a party, I said to him, 'Let's play the old game of temptation. If I say yes or no to your questions I'll owe you a box of gloves; and if you say yes or no you'll give me a box.'"

"Then what?"  
"Well, after the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked as sweetly as could be about love, and that 'man should not live alone,' and all that, and when we got to the front gate he said, 'Fannie will you marry me?'" I answered "Yes," in a low voice.

"And what did he do then?" inquired her listener, eagerly.

"He—just—chuckled, and said, 'You've lost, Fannie, I take No. 9's'; and then laughed with all his might. That's what he did."

**SAINT AND SINNER.**

HALF hidden in the pew she sits,  
A truant sunbeam softly flits  
Across her modest, saint-like face,  
As if the angels thought to trace  
Upon those features that they love  
An Easter blessing from above.  
Demure, with modest eyes downcast,  
My angel sits. Ah, I would fain  
For forty days for just one look  
From those sweet eyes bent on the book;  
And if she'd give me three or four  
I'd be content to eat no more.

**HER THOUGHTS.**

Those horrid aisles (that dress is brown),  
I wish those people would sit down,  
Now where could she have got that fan?  
Oh, I suppose some silly man.  
Dear, dear, that choir-boy has a cold.  
How that man stares! He's really bold.  
My bonnet! Can it have a crook?  
I wish I'd taken one more look.  
Umph! Who is that with the Pratts?  
What sights they are in those new hats.  
There's Percy—won't he be enraged  
When 'Lara tells him she's engaged.

My! What a fright Bess is in blue;  
It cost her ninety dollars, too!  
Well, I paid eighty (what a nuisance!)  
But, then, pa *always* makes a fuss.  
Oh, my! there's the Smithy—such a face!  
(Those horrid psalms! I've lost my place).  
I hope his sermon won't be long!  
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.  
Why, there's Fred? Dear me, what next?  
I hope I won't forget the text.

**HER SIXTH SENSE.**

YABSLEY: "Of course you will admit that woman, as a rule, is far inferior to man in reasoning power, but she seems to have a sort of intuitive sixth sense—a—er—I don't exactly know what to call it—that, as I can testify from personal experience, man is lacking in."  
Miss Laura: "Do you refer to common sense, Mr Yabsley?"

**WHERE'S YOUR GIMLET?**

LITTLE Johnny Yerger has caused a breach between Gus DeSmith, a society gentleman, and the Yerger family. Gus called to make a friendly visit after supper, he having previously informed Colonel Yerger of the intended honour. The whole family and Gus were in the parlour, when Johnny riveted the attention of all present by asking Gus DeSmith:  
"Have you brought your gimlet with you?"  
"What do you mean, Johnny?" asked Gus.  
"I don't mean nuffin', except I heard pa say you were coming up this evening to bore us all."



**THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH OF IT.**

MR LATITUDE: "I am opposed to railway companies charging passengers by weight."  
MR LONGITUDE: "And I am opposed to their charging them by the mile."



**ADVERTISING FOR A SERVANT.**

"JOHN. I think we'd better advertise for a girl," said a newly-married lady who resides at Opawa, Christchurch, to her husband, the other day.

"I think so too, my darling," was the reply.

Then she brought pencil and paper to write the 'ad.'

"Wanted a good girl to do general housework," she wrote.

"That's not enough, interposed John, 'put in something about neat. I don't want a girl that isn't neat.'"

"All right, darling." "Wanted, a neat, good girl for general housework."

"Better say at the end, 'No red-headed girl need apply.'"

"Why, dearest?"

"Oh, I don't want any red-headed girl around."

"Very well. 'Wanted, a neat, good girl for general housework. No red-headed girl need apply.'"

"You might add, 'Black-eyed, plump girl preferred.'"

The husband looked reflectively at the ceiling.

"John." The pencil and paper dropped to the floor.

"What is it, my love?"

"I don't believe I want a girl. They are more bother than they are worth. No! I have decided not to advertise for a girl, John."

**THE WISE TRAMP.**

TRAMP: "Please, ma'am, couldn't you spare me a little—"  
Housekeeper: "Go right away from here, or I'll call the dog, you lazy, dirty—"

"Yes, ma'am, that's what I was about to remark. I'm travel-stained from my long journey, and I wanted to ask if you couldn't spare me a little soap."

"Soap! Soap! Mercy on me! Is the world coming to an end? Walk right in, sir, and stay to dinner. You're more than welcome."

**PROVIDED FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES.**

"I HOPE you are prepared for the solemn ordinance of baptism, Thomas," said the minister to one of the humblest of his parishioners, who had become a happy father.

"Well, sir," replied Thomas, "I'm noo badly prepared for a person in my humble condition in life. I've a kist fu' o' bannocks, twa stane o' guid cheese, an' a braxy ham."

"Ah Thomas," said the minister, "you are indeed carnally minded; 't's the letter, and not the spirit, of the ordinance you've been keeping in mind."

"No, sir," quite seriously rejoined Thomas; "I didna forget that either, far I borrowed a jar o' rale guid stuff frae Duncan, the innkeeper."

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

MISS TAYLORMAYD: "Do you like men's clothes? Miss Creedmoor: 'Yes; when there is a man inside of them.'"

"I like your cheek," exclaimed the girl when the young man kissed her. "So do I like yours, but I greatly prefer your lips, was the audacious youth's reply."

Bridges: "Is your new baby good-looking? Brooks: 'No; ugly as sin.' Bridges: 'What does your wife say?' Brooks: 'She's content; says it looks like me.'"

Medium: "If you are a spirit, tell me where you live. Spirit (of average woman): 'In Heaven.' 'Are you happy?' 'Not very.' 'Why?' 'There is nobody to look down on.'"

NOTHING AGAINST HIM.—"Lend you a shilling! Why, sir, I never saw you before in my life. I don't know you." "It's that fact which is my only hope you'll lend me the shilling."

Brown: "I say, Dumley, Robinson has threatened that the first time he meets you he proposes to knock some sense into you. You'd better look out for him." Dumley (contemptuously): "Pooh! It would take a dozen men like Robinson to knock any sense into me."

Physician's Wife: "What's the matter, George? You seem depressed to-night." Physician: "I am, my dear. I have a most puzzling case on hand. Old Robinson, whom I've been treating for three years, is getting well in spite of all I can do."

A fond mother having heard that the cholera was coming along the coast, sent her boys to a friend into the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from her friend, saying: "For any sake come and take your boys away, and send along the cholera instead."

"Im sorry to hear, Mrs Brown," said the minister, "that you were present last night at a Plymouth Brethren's tea-meeting. I have often told you that their doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs Brown: (Well, sir, their doctrines may be, but their cake with sultana raisins is excellent."

Rich merchant (to his daughter): "I say, Emma, I think that young man that calls on you so much really means business." Emma: "What makes you think so, pa?" Merchant: "Nothing, except that he called at the Commercial Agency last week to find out how much I was really worth."

A party of vegetarians, who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull, which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing!" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this I'll eat beef three times a day."

"Who is that terror over there in a green gown?" asked a careless stranger at an 'at home,' pointing out a lady to a man standing next to him. "That's my wife, indignantly answered the man. 'Well, my dear fellow,' was the wholly unexpected rejoinder, 'don't get angry about it. I'm sure you have my heartfelt sympathy.'"

A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a bracelet upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

Doctor, to wife of patient: "Just keep your husband quiet, and give him plenty of champagne and oysters for nourishment, and I will call again in a few days." He did so, and to his question as to whether she had kept to the diet he had prescribed, she replied, "Well, I did for yae day, but I fun' it was jist rather expensive, and he's thrivin' jist as weel on ginger-beer and wulks."

**MISUNDERSTOOD.**

An owlet into a garden flew,  
And perched high over the gate;  
A maiden roamed 'mid the flowers and dew,  
Although it was late and lonely too,  
Alas, she knew!

She warbled a ditty so sweet and clear,  
She sang: "To thee my heart is true;  
And the owl leaned over the better to hear,  
And murmured discreetly: 'To whoo, my dear.  
To whoo—to whoo!"

Then the maiden shrieked, as maidens will,  
And in trembling haste withdrew;  
But the owl stared and smiled in his bill,  
And said very blandly—he's saying it still—  
'To whoo—too whoo!'



**SIX MONTHS AFTER.**

SHE (bitterly): "If you had been frank in the first place you might have avoided this unhappiness."

He (thinking of unsuccessful rival): "That so. Frank had a narrow escape."