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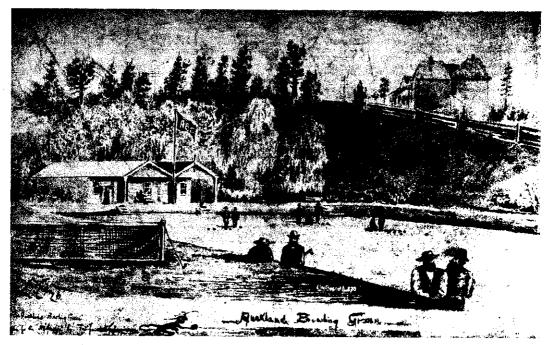
MR. W. C. MIRFIN. (Vice-President, 1890-91.)



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



M. R. JAMES FRATER, (Vice-President, 1890-91.)



AUCKLAND BOWLING GREEN.-See Page 77.

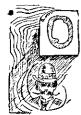
# Frank Melton's Lugk;

# OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

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

CHAPTER XXX.

HARRY'S EXPERIENCE-AN UNEXPECTED LEGACY.



N opening the note I had anatched from Miss Rosa's fat little fists, I found a 'fiver' carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which were written the words: 'A loan from a loving sister, which please use to extricate yourself from a situation in which it grieves her to see you, and must grieve you to occupy. I showed Rosa the words 'loving sister,' and she was satisfied I wasn't cramming her, and laid herself out for a grand time with me, for the people had nearly all cleared that day and went up to my room, and ctied like a great haby over those few words, and made up niy mind to leave next day.

Use that note I not much! I'll keep it as long as I live. By the next morning's post I received the lawyer's letter of which I told yon, but I did not tell you it contained besides the news of my good luck, a welcome advance; but if it had not, and I hadn't another cent in the world, I would have swagged it before I would have spent a copper of that note. Of course I sent her back the amount of her kind loan, but not that identical note. I informed her of my good fortune, but I tell yon, Frank, I would give up every 'stiver' of it if I could only by that means persuade that noble girl that she has all my love. To be her adopted brother is something, certainly, but it isn't good enough. To be her huaband would be, I must confeas, a greater happiness than I deserve.

'Well, Harry, I daresay you are right, but, thank God,

thing, certainly, but it isn't good enough. To be her husband would be, I must confess, a greater happiness than I deserve.

'Well, Harry, I daresay you are right, but, thank God, neither happiness nor punishment are meted out in this world exactly according to our deserts, so there is hope for you yet, my boy. But you say you want to make Miss Grave believe she has all your love. How about the spoon with the little chamber-maid?

'Oh, that was only to pass the time, you know. Besides, I'll own I mean to give those little affairs best now. A fellow thinks they are grand till he once feels the right thing, then he sees what awful rot they are. My word, the little denon did give me beans, though, when she found I was clearing out.

I doubted much whether Master Harry would stick to his new resolutions. He promised to pay us a visit at Wanganui when I returned. In the meantime he was amusing himself by a little speculation in mining scrip, though he appeared to be very much more cautious than I should have anticipated. The business that I had come up about book a peculiar turn, and, acting on my best judgment, I deemed it necessary to run down and consult uncle on some matter that had cropped up. I regretted the necessity, as I had just received another letter from Cecilia, stating that, shortly after sending her last, her husband had accepted a living near Auckland, and expected to be in that town in about three weeks or a month, when they hoped I would meet them there, so that, had I not been obliged to take this journey down the coast, I could have remained in town till they arrived. However, I should most likely be compelled to return to Auckland, so it did not really matter much.

My Bright Smiles had certainly risen in price the evening

most likely be compelled to return to Auckland, so it did not really matter much.

My Bright Smiles had certainly risen in price the evening of the purchase as Harry had informed me, but only on a false report of a good reef being struck. When the truth of the matter was discovered next day, prices fell considerably below the ligure at which I had bought. 'Like many of their namesakes,' I thought, 'they are deceiving,' and I wished I had not touched them. My hundred pounds 'worth would now only fetch fifty or sixty pounds. I felt a sadder, but a wiser man.

would now only fetch fifty or sixty pounds. I felt a sadder, but a wiser man. We spent, as usual, the last evening before my departure together. On this occasion we visited the theatre, and were much entertained with the company performing there. Sometimes we used to take a pull round the harbour, or a walk round the town. I noticed particularly that Harry's thirst was not nearly so insatiable as I remembered to fold. An occasional cull at the Occidental to inspect Perkin's fatest curiosities, for in those days the hotel was quite a museum, and imbibe a glass of colonial ale would satisfy him: whereas formerly he never liked to pass a bar without calling, and ardent spirits would be his 'particular vamity' instead of beer. The presiding Hebes at these places of resort had lost their influence. Formerly, to be in their good graces would seem to have been the one aim of his existence. I ventured to remark on this improvement, and asked the cause of it. asked the cause of it.

askel the cause of it.

'A sister's prayers, dear boy. God for ever bless her,' replied he, with a warmth of emotion very uncommon in him. 'I know a change for the better has come over me since that girl took an interest in me, or rather, perhaps, aince I discovered, which I have only very lately, the disinterestedness of her great kindness to me in the hospital by the light of her last act at the hote! I have really tried to become more worthy of her. When once a fellow manages to got clear of the drink and folly in which he has become entangled, he wonders where the fun comes in, and gets disgusted with the thing altogether.'

The next morning saw me on board, bound for Wanganul. I had not advised them of my intention to return, for, as my

resolve was a hasty one, I should have arrived at the same time as the letter. On reaching hone, I found the house in a state of discomfort, which clearly foretold that a dance was intended. As it happened to be Fanny's birthday, I was not suprised. Everyone seemed busy at the back of the house, although evidences of previous efforts in the front were everywhere visible. The drawing room furniture was collected in the hall, and the room furniture was collected in the hall, and the room furniture was collected in the hall, and the room furniture was collected in the hall, and the room lat was standing in a corner, evidently for the purpose of being used to elevate the fair decorator, whom from former experience, I rightly judged would be Fanny, to enable her to put some finishing conches on the mass of verdant drapery in that particular locality. I remember vividly the delicious sensations which lexperienced as I sat in the corner of that empty room, the fresh, cool breeze from the open window stirring and waving about the filmy fern leaves over my head. Already I could see in anticipation Fanny's look of pleased surprise at my unexpected return; already I had prepared the few effective and graceful sentences with which I intended to show her I had not forpotten her birthday, and beg her acceptance of a handsome locket I had brought with me; already I could feel, in anticipation, the thrillof delinious delight which would possess me at the pressure of her ruby lips, as she gave me her warm kiss of cousinly welcome. Though I had been glad to get away from the object of my our equited devotion, yet with the ever-changing restless humour of a young man under the influence of the tender passion, I was in an erstacy of happiness at the idea of meeting her again. How long to remain so I neither knew nor cared. It was sufficient for the time to feel that perfection of blisful expectancy; let the future take care of itself. It did, but how? I heard the tunfell voice singing a favorities on a firm of the time of the time

concerned.

Toor old Rowdy came bounding up to me, having recognised his master, and in the exuberance of his joy almost knocked me over. I fear he was repulsed with a cruel kick in the irritation and disquiet of mind consequent on the manner in which my own anticipations had been crushed. When I saw the look of ruter reproach on his simple, honest tace, I felt what a brute I was to trample on the affections of a dumb animal just because mine had been cast into the dust. A pat or two on his stripid old head put matters right in a twinkling, and he was again bounding about me as if nothing lad happened. Happy dog! Would that my memory for trouble was as short.

Uncle at this moment came in from his negal ride round.

memory for truthe was as short.

Uncle at this moment came in from his usual ride round the place. I at once explained to him the reason of my return, and also informed him of my wish to meet my sister and her husband on their arrival in Auckland. He was very vexed at my considering it necessary to see him, and said that the matter could have been easily delayed until my return after meeting my relatives.

'But, nucle, I acted for the beat. I really thought it most important to consult you myself on this point, and the lawyer said the same.'

'Oh, bosh! what did it matter for a few weeks? Only too glad of an excuse I expect. Sneaking after Fanny again. That's about the truth of it, you young idiot. First you say you want to get away, then back you come before you can say "knife." A nice buy to send on business, truly I

Comes back with paltry excuse before it's half dona. You'll just go back by next boat. That's all about it!

I had great difficulty in keeping my tempor, yet I knew that nothing was to be gained by losing it, so, again reiterating that I had acted on my best judgment, and also on advice, I left him muttering and grumbling to himself in about as bad a temper as I had ever seen him. Aunt, who was engaged nursing Melton Minimus, and superintending the preparations for the evening, welcomed me more warmly, although I could see also in her manner something of disappointment at my return, mingled with pity for me.

'Mr Growenor came up last evening, Frank, she said. 'He is just back from England. He wanted to have the wedding at once, but we have persuaded him to wait for three weeks to give time for proper preparations. We had hoped you would have remained away till the ceremony was over, as we think it would be so much better for yon, and save you much pain.

'I think otherwise, aunt. I have already suffered as much as it is possible to suffer in the way you mean and I think I can stand the rest. It would not look well if I was absent from my cousin's wedding, so I will be there, for I fear now nothing can prevent it. Who are coming to your party to-night?

'I think the only people besides the usual lot will be the Robinsons, who have just returned. We called on them the other day, and Fanny took rather a fancy to Julia. She was once a great friend of yours, wasn't she?'

'Oh, yes, I know them all,' I replied wearily.

'Fanny appears to have exchanged confidences with her, and it appears she is also engaged to be married, and is waiting for her adored one to return from England, just as Fanny was at the time we called. A curious coincidence, wasn't it? I don't think she told Fanny his name. It is quite probable he came in the same ship with Augustua.'

'Why, sunt, surely you remember? ob, no, I don't think I told you; but didn't Fanny tell you what I had heard in Auckland—that Grosvenor was also engaged to Julia Ro

one of these minute answers the been given.

After tea I overheard Growenor warning Fanny against dancing too much with that gloomy cousin of hers. 'Helooks as if he would like to eat me,'he added.

'Oh, does he,' I exclaimed aloud, in a tone and with a look which made him regard me with terror for the rest of the avening.

# CHAPTER XXXI.

# AN EXCESSIVELY AWKWARD MEETING.

AN EXCESSIVELY AWKWARD MEETING.

Our guests had mostly arrived, and Fanny's birthday dance commenced. Grosvenor made a great point of having moved heaven and earth to be present on this auspicious day. I do not myself believe he ever thought of it being her birthday, It is true he brought her a handsome present, but this he would have done in any case. I was glad, when I saw how it threw the one I had purchased for her in the shade, that I had not presented mine.

The Robinsons entered after the dancing had commenced. Fanny was enjoying a galop with Grosvenor. As they came

It there the one i had purchased for her in the shade, that I had not presented mine.

The Robinsons entered after the dancing hal commenced. Fanny was enjoying a galup with Grosvenor. As they came to a pause in a corner of the room, I was standing unobserved about a yard behind them, by chance half-hidden amid the leafy decorations, jealously watching their movements and awaiting results.

'Why, there are the Robinson's, Fanny exclaimed, 'come at last. I must go and speak to Julia. Take me acroes to her, please.'

'Damnation!' muttered her partner between his elenched teeth, turning sharply round to prevent the remark, which he had failed to suppress, from being heard by my cousin, by which means he most unexpectedly found himself confronted by me, to whom, of course, it was distinctly audible. His face was white as death with dismay, combined with rage at my being a witness of his discomposure, and at the mocking smile with which I acknowledged it. There was not time for him to resent it, so he quickly regained his composure and turned to obey his partner's wishes. 'Why did you not let me know they were coming?' he asked. 'How on earth did they get over here?'

'I forgot that you knew them. Mr Robinson has bought the farm you were looking at.'

'I am sorry for that, for Miss Julia is a bad lot. She swore I had made love to her on board, and also when I net her casually in Hawke's Bay. She is always imagining something of the sort. I shouldn't be aurprised if she nakes a scene here, but remember, dearest, whatever she says about me in that respect is false, so don't take any notice of it.

After these few words he took her, with as much coolneas as he could lurriedly assume, across the room to where

any motice of it.

After these few words he took her, with as much coolness as he could hurriedly assume, across the room to where Julia was chatting with aunt and her mother. They had not as yet seen him. I had myself quickly walked over to speak to the Robinsons, and to watch my rival's meeting with the girl he meant to treat so falsely.

Miss Julia had commenced a playful conversation with me, which she cut very short as her wandering eye caught sight of Grosvenor and Fanny approaching. Now, although my opinion of Miss Julia's good looks had decidedly suffered much since I had been acquainted with Fanny, yet I had never seen her to greater advantage than when her face, already animated and excited at the idea of a dance, became auddenly lit up with an expression comprised of fond love,

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 had-looking fellow, and could perhaps disquise his real feelings better than any man I had ever met; yet at this moment I saw one short, transient gleam of baffied rage and smitty pass over his features, which rendered it, to my mind, that of a demon. One moment, and it was gone—I do not think snyone else observed it—and the namal bland, smilling 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 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

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 (froevenor's pretensions shattered, and my chance of persuadding 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 resurr to the others. Fanny all unconscious of these contrary sensations, which had such different effects on her two lovers, for she had not noticed Groavenor'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 slone; 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 explais more by and bye.'

Fanny did not appear to be entirely reasoned 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 occurence, 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.

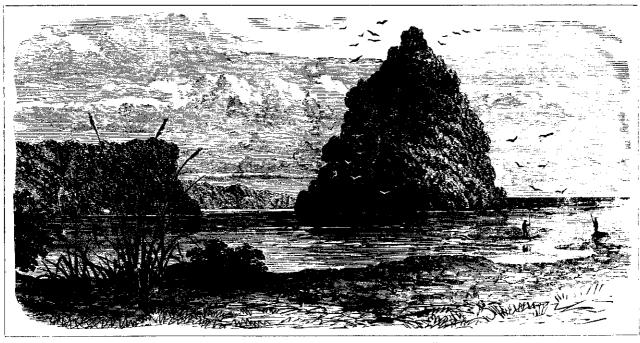
After the explanation that the poor girl was not quite in her right mind, compassion for her calmed the feeling of bitter hatred which jealousy had at first caused. Fanny immediately explained to her stepnother what Grosvenor had said, and whispered to her what a horrid girl she must be. Aunt at once 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, wking his advice as to the best course to pursue, as ahe did in most of her difficulties.

'Don't bother about their non-ensical quarrels, that's my advice. I dare say he's been spooning with 'em both. Most boys do, eh! I 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 Ray, 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 sapired 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 inpudence and utter disregard for truth and honour, I fet 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 peculiarity (which, by the bye, soon got magnified into insanity), created a complete breach of the friendliness just commenced hetween the two families.

Grosvenor visited the Robinsons frequently, it is true. He gave himself great credit for this self-ascrifice, 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 realine, 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 WANGANUL RIVER. - SEE C HAPTER 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 ahe 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.

Who 'Cine' Mine India and the country of the

she ought, as she had already borne much from the hands of this villain.

"Why, Gus," Miss Julia exclaimed, 'iz 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, ton, dear Mrs Melton! how excessively kind of you to ask Gus here to meet me. I did not know that you were awars to whom I was engaged. Isn't he a dear fellow? Ab, 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 introduced 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

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.

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.'

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

dignation. 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 arpearance, insperturably calm but I could read by the help of the knowledge I had, the passion of doubt, fear, and even hatted of Julia, which was raging within. Bending over Fanny, he took advantage of Miss Julia's having turned saids to answer her mother's inquiry what it all meant to whisper to her.

letters of the words, requiescat in prace—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 trilling 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 Molton'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 endeavonning to calm the inate old lady, my sunt judged it wisest to leave a field where her adversary used amnunition 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 algued 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 throsvenor's version of the story was more generally believed.

I had adnee with her, and attempted once more to convince her that I was right, and that he was a gingd with a first of the face of the could do was of any avail. Fanny even hinted that I w

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 apeak 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 unaccustoned to her vituperations could possibly be expected to stand calonly by and receive them, much less (if a lady) to return them in kind. Thus, in his whole contribin, everything seemed to favour trosvenor. He wound himself with his insidious manner into the good graces of almost everyone, including Julia for fear anything should yet prevent his marriage with favour Grosvenor. He wound himself with his insideous 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 district.

# CHAPTER XXXII.

AUCKLAND ONCE MORE—THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL -HARRY AND THE STUBBS'S VISIT WANGANUL

AND THE STEBES' VISIT WANDANT.

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 my. His supercilious air of condescending superiority when adversing me was too maddening to be borne with equaminity. I always felt an intense desire to kick him unmercifu'ly, and it was only the thought that it would pain l'anny more than him which enabled me to suppress my violent indinations 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 all regreatest 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

considerably to witness her lover bullying his horse (poor old Bob, the quietest we had) because, as he asserted, he was so full of tricks (said tricks being caused by his rider's permicious habit of holding on by his spurs).

In a few days I was again in Auckland, and striding down Queen-street. Wharf to meet my sister and her husband. The steamer from Dunedin just hauled up along-ide as I approached, and I was in plenty of time to see them land. Cecilia was little altered since I had last seen her, except that she had grown more matronly. She still had the will to command, which I so well remembered. The possession of a willing subject and slave had doubtless increased rather than dinnished it. The greatest alteration I noticed in Stubbs was but a temporary one, caused by sea sickness, to which he had been a martyr. He was, if possible, several shades whiter than usual. His wife had not suffered in the least, but had entertained great sympathy for him, and been most kind on the voyage, he affirmed. Now they had arrived in port, she evidently thought he ought to be well, and ordered him here, there, and everywhere to get her multitude of small parcela, as well as larger luggage. The poor fellow obeyed, although I could see it was pain and grief to him. They both expressed themselves lightly delighted at seeing me. On asking them where they intended to stay, Cecilia said they must go to some quiet hoarding-house for a few days until her husband should meet his predecessor in the charge he was abont to take, and inquired from him when the parsonage would be vacant. I accordingly took them to a snituble place, and the next day Stubbs called on the gentleman in question, whereupon it transpired that for some reason best known himself that gentleman would not or could not give up the parsonage for three weeks. He had written to Stubbs to that effect, and posted the letter himself. Stubbs replied that he had never received it. After wondering for sone time and blaming the excessive carelessness of the post office of

hand in my pocker and round one received. According to the coat since, he had not previously discovered his negligence.

'But, sir,' suggested Stuble, in his mildest manner, 'could you not manage to let us have one room—a very small one would do—till you leave.'

'No, no. With all my family the place is full. Not room for a mouse. We will be ready for you on this day three weeks, my dear sir.'

When Cecilia heard of this delay she was greetly vexed. 'Why did you not insist on his giving you accommodation in his house or paying your bill here, as it was on account of his stupid carelessness. If you had received his letter you would have remained down there earning something. You know very well we cannot afford to pay for lodgings and everything now there is nothing coming in.' Then her tone waxed sarcastic, as she continued: 'If that great friend of yours had not borrowed so much of your money, it would not have mattered, but as it is, you know how pressed we are.'

would not have mattered, but as it is, you know how pressed we are.'

Yes, yes, my dear, but what could I do? We must try and borrow a tew pounds somewhere,' with an appealing look in my direction.

But who would lend us money? We are strangers here,' returned my sister, not noticing his reference to me.

Well, under certain conditions, I will, my dear Cissy. These conditions are that you will spend it in a trip to Wanganni to see our relatives there. They perticularly wish you to do so, as this note from aunt will testify. A short visit will pleasantly fill up your spare time. If you are a little longer than the specified period I don't doubt the old gentleman will not object to take another Sunday or two.'

'It would certainly be very nice, Frank, and I think we will accept your kind offer. I do enjoy the sea so much. My poor husband will be very sick again though, I'm afraid.'

'Yes. I fear I shall 'nut in poor Stubba suefully that se

will accept your kind offer. I do enjoy the sees so much. My poor husband will be very sick again though, I'm afraid.

'Yes, I fear I shall,' put in poor Stubbs, rusefully, 'but as long as you enjoy it I don't mind what I suffer—at least not very much.' The last few words were evidently added to counteract the apparent disregard of truth in his assertion. They were delivered after a pause, and a sad cadence seemed to cling to them.

'Well, it's settled,' replied the practical Cissy. 'I suppose they don't give chaplains a free passage on these coastal steamers, Frank. They would not when we came up from Dunedin, though I tried them hard. I am afraid they would not lave got much good out of you though, dear, for you were so awfully sick.'

'No, they do not require the assistance of the church, as the voyage rarely includes Sunday. By the bye, how did you leave your young convert at the gaol, Stubbs! I suppose he was deeply grieved at your departure. A pity you couldn't have brought him up, and turned him into a Sunday school teacher, or something.'

'He deeply grieved at my departure! No, it was the other way about, 'replied my brother-in-law, in more excited tones than I had yet heard him use.' I was deeply grieved at his departure, for he managed to escape a short time before I left.'

'Yes,' interposed Cissy,' and took a sum of money with him, which my hurband was foolish enough to lend him. That was the worst of it.'

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'Yes,' interposed Cissy,' and took a sum of money with lim, which my hurband was foolish enough to lend him. Then he told mo, with tears in his eyes, that if be could only get twenty pounds t

meekly.

Harry walked in at this moment, and I introduced him to my sister and her husband.

'I heard you were in town, Frank, so I felt sure you would be here. I have made a few lucky hits in the sharemarket since I last saw you, which have considerably increased the little legacy my uncle left me. I shall now atop speculating, for I often see fellows who have made a rise, wire in heavy till they drop the lot. It is not good

enough. I have learnt a lot of experience from them, and mean to profit by it. When are you off for Wanganui? I'm ready to look out for a good farm there as soon as you like.'

'We are off by the next steamer. By Jove! old boy, I wish I had your luck.'

'Luck, man! It isn't luck! there's no auch thing. If a man studies every chance, and carries on with caution, he is pretty sure to come out right. It's those fools that rush blindly into a thing without troubling or knowing anything about it that cry out about not being lucky.'

Mr and Mrs Stubbs had by this time left the room.

'I don't agree with you, there, Harry. Now, take my case in my love affairs. I have studied every chance, and taken every opportunity of letting Fanny know what an out-and out villain tirosvenor is, yet he is winning and I am losing. I believe it is all luck, and that he has the luck of the devil, as they say.'

'Not a bit of it, old man. You've been going in for a game you don't understand, while he's up to all the ropes. I do not believe you understand women an atom. Frank; excuse me saying so. If you did you wouldn't have been such a muff as to always run down Gosvenor to this girl of yours. It did him far more good than you. Begin that game with a girl, abusing a fellow she cares for, and the fat's in the fire, directly.'

'Well, Harry, I didn't think you could teach me anything on the subject. How do you come to be so wise about the dear girls, eh?'

'By studying the subject. You remember how cranky I used to be, shifting about from one to the other, and suffering greatly from the mistakes I made, and also from my hasty way of taking offence at trifling things they said and did. After a lot too much of this sort of thing, I saw there must be something wong, so I began to consider. First, I thought there were mone of them worth bothering about, but when Miss Grave was kind enough to trouble to carry on a sisterly correspondence with me, her letters full of womanly sympathy and advice for one so tossed about by his own temper and wayw

'No, she was not. The old lady said she had a headache,' replied I.

replied I.

'That old beast always prevents her going if she can, for Julia complains that she never gets so many dances when she is there. The old cat made up that headache yarn.' I related the scene between Julia and Fanny, and informed Harry that we should be down in time for the wedding, and that Miss Grave would be there, as she had not been in the row.'

'That will be grand for me, but it's rough on you. Can't we manage to expose the detestable villain somehow?'

'No, the game's np. They won't believe us. He's got a way of making them all believe him. How he does it I don't know. I wish to herven I did.'

The day previous to the departure of our steamer for

No, the game's up. They won't believe us. He's got a way of making them all believe him. How he does it I don't know. I wish to beaven I did.'

The day previous to the departure of our steamer for Wanganii we hired a biggy, and took Cisys and her husband for a drive to give them some idea of the varied beauty of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Auckland. From the road which winds along the bills in the Remuera districts, even at that time a favourite locality for suburban residencies, we saw beneath in the blue waters of the harbour, that vast sheet of water so snugly sheltered on the seaward side by the North Shore and the sloping sides of Rangitoto, beyond which gleamed in the sunlight the mighty ocean, its monotony relieved in the distance by the lowlying Tiri Tiri Island, while further sway again in the blue haze loomed the misty outline of the Great Barrier, forming altogether a scene of which the eye never wearied. My brother-in-law was most enthusiastic in his admiration of the sea, providing always he was not too near it, and could gaze on it from the land. In this case the scene suited him admirably, as long rolling spurs divided by deep gullies clothed in verdure, and in some parts planted with onnamental trees and built on, formed a most pleasing foreground to the view, and gave him a sense of security, to be, alast too speedily lost, for the next day found us being tossed and rolled about on the Manukau Bar. Cissy, Harry, and I enjoyed it immensely, but poor Stubbs had no sooner stepped on board at Onehunga than he remarked that, if we would excuse him, he thought he would go and lie down. He did not sufficiently recover to leave his cabin till we steamed up the Wanganui river, which, owing to mearty six hours' delay occasioned hy some breakages in our machinery, was not until shortly after one o'clock on the day fixed for the wedding. This delay had been most irksome to me, as I reflected that in all probability we should not arrive intinne to attend it. Cissy, to whom I had not confided my love

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Saracens, in the ninth century, having become possessed of certain islands in the Mediterranean, began to cultivate the sugar cane which they brought from Arabia. To them we are indebted for the introduction of the sugar-cane, and also for the manufacture of augar from it.

ORB' CORRUGATED IRON is the best and cheapest

# UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION.

'Dro you ever notice the fact,' said a physician, 'that when a person's mind is concentrated upon a certain subject that the person will usually, unintentionally and unknowingly, imitate the actions of others! The statement is true, and if you will watch my actions and those of the other persons present, you will be somewhat surprised. You see they are all in conversation, reading papers or their thoughts are concentrated upon some subject. Now I propose to start everyone of them walking around the building, and I will do it before five minutes have elapsed.'

There were about ten or a dozen belated clerks and business men in the ferry boase. Some were perusing the evening newspapers, others were conversing among themselves, and several of them were leaning carelessly against the wall, their hands in their pockets, smoking cigars, while their faces were that peculiar, vacant expression assumed generally when a person's thoughts are on some incident of the day or business transaction of the morrow.

The physician clasped his hands behind his back, and with his head bent forward as though in deep thought, he began with slow step to pace up and down the room. No attention whatever, at first, was apparently paid to his actions on the part of the persons present for several minutes. Then a pale, sickly looking young clerk left his seat, and without even looking in the direction of the physician began a walking match of his own. A florid man about forty years old, who had been engaged in smoking a fragrant cigar while leaning against the ferry railing, unbuttoned his overcoat and followed the clerk. Two men who had been conversing near the gangway turned and began pacing the floor, at the same time continuing their talk.

Four others had been reading and these one by one left their seats and followed the example set by the nhvaision.

Four others had been reading and these one by one left their seats and followed the example set by the physician. Every man present had begun to walk up and down the room. I looked at the clock and found that the physician had accomplished his task, and that he did it in four minutes

had accomplished his task, and that he did it in four minutes.

'You are satisfied now, I presume? Just wait a moment and I will stop them.'

The physician strolled out into the centre of the room conghed loudly, and then walked over to one of the seats and sat down. The clerk, who appeared to be one of those young men who grasp at an idea as a drowning man grasps at a straw, immediately followed suit, and in five minutes more every man had resumed the position he occupied before the physician began his extraordinary experiment.

There happened to be one young woman present who regarded the physician attentively, but failed to leave her seat or to have apparently noticed what had happened. When the boat arrived I inquired of the physician how it happened that he failed to control her as he had the men.

'In the first place,' said he, 'women laok power of concentration and continuity of thought as a general rule, and for this reason they are more or less conscious of their surroundings. A woman is self-conscious, and believes herself to be, whether she is or not, the person most observed in the room. Consequently she seldom gets into what is known commonly as a "brown study" when in public places. A man, on the contrary, when alone is usually planning something, and is unconscious of his surroundings. Then, unless there is some strong reason to prevent it, he will, to a certain extent, imitate the actions of others.

Try it yourself.

# A RUINED GARDEN,

All my roses are dead in my garden— What shall I do? Winds in the night, without pity or pardon, Came there and slew.

All my song birds are dead in their bushes— Woe for such things! Robins and linnets and blackbirds and thrushes Dead, with stiff wings.

Oh, my garden! rifled and flowerless, Waste now, and drear; Oh, my garden! barren and bowerless, Through all the year.

Oh, my dead birds! each in his nest there, So cold and stark; What was the horrible death that pressed there When skies were dark!

What shall I do for my roses' sweetness, The summer round— For all my garden's divine completeness Of scent and sound;

I will leave my garden for winds to harry;
Where once was peace,
Let the branble vine and the wild brier marry,
And greatly increase.

But I will go to a land men know not—
A far, still land,
Where no birds come, and where roses blow not—
And no trees stand—

Where no fruit grows, where no spring makes riot,
But, row on row,
Heavy, and red, and pregnant with quiet
The popples blow.

And there shall I be made whole of sorrow,
Have no more care—
No bitter thought of the coming morrow,
Or days that were.

Bertie Brilliant (driving home from the club, after having taken rather more champagne than he ought): 'I say, how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk, than it is to walk and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab that it is to walk.

# THE AUCKLAND BOWLING CLUB.



QUEEN.-What sport shall we dovise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady.-Madam, we'll play at bowls.

RICHARD II.

HE 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 Caledonians, 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 Ogilive, Robert Paterson, George Webster, James Crawford, John Kirkwood, Fred. Ring, James Y. Stevenson, David Grahame, and John Taylor.

Mr Thomas Macffarlane 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 24 acres in extent, situated at the corner of Grafton Road and Domain-street, then little 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 Macfiarlane, 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 nicht, when bowlers keen, crowd round the "jack," as long as they had licht."

has 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 secretary-hip 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. Mr E. A. Mackechnie

being the only trophy competed for up to 1882.

In 1885 Mr E. A. Mackeehnie 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 Christ-church 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 (Welngton and Wanganui); 4 rinks, 31 heads. North won by 25 lington and Wanganuij; 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—69 v. Wanganui—45; 4 rinks, 25 heads. New Plymouth won by 30 points.

Plymouth won by 20 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 President-elect for the current season, 1890-91, and during his President-elect for the current season, favour, mesers James Frater and W. C. Mirin are the Vice-Presidents; Mr A. L. Edwards, Secretary; and Mr G. Cozens, Treasurer for the current year. During the past cases on that old veteran, Mr J. Miller, won the Champion Bowls.



(Hon. Secretary for over six years.)



Fight Row.-D. Stiwart, R. Garlick, J. C. Taunt, John Reld, J. J. Holland, J. Paterson, A. Hoskins, L. Moritzon, W. S. Jones, A. L. Edwards (Hon. Secretary), J. A. Lyell, Stevens Row.-H. Kent, W. Hennison, J. McDermott, W. E. Payne, W. Culpan, G. Cozens, — Green, A. Sutherland, D. Dingwell, J. Winks, J. H. A. Lyell, W. S. Lyell, Thinn Row.-J. C. Mackerbide, N. Newconge, H. W. Hetth, D. Ros, J. Hardy, J. Frator, J. Lawson, Dr. Hooper, A. W. Thomson, W. C. Mirân, H. Worthington, W. Gorrie, J. A. Miller, H. Brett.

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

(Winner of Champion Bowls, 1891.)

The Club Cup, a handsome solid silver trophy, valued at £15-15s was first competed for during the season 1881-62. The competitive conditions imposed required that the Cup he 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 competed, the Cup still remained in the possession of Mr Oliphant. The following are the names of the trophy, viz. -1883-84, E. A. Mackechine; 1884-85, J. Chadwick; 1885-86, A. Saunders; 1886-7, C. Oliphant; 1887-88, J. Scott; 1888-90, C. Oliphant, C. Oliphant having successfully competed, and compiled with the necessary conditions, thus because the absolute owner of the valuable trophy.

[We shall be pleased to insert sketches similar to above from

[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.

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 ligure 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 consin made up her mind to teach for a year or two pending the time when the hero should come and set her to daming 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 principal-ship.

mere public school principalship.

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

But the index of it is that if

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 chancers have to play the part of chancers have to play the part of chancers 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 annusement, I don't wish to give my cousin away, nor 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 convoy a flotilla of darlings she sends me warning word, and if ever a fellow gets the worth of his matince tickets I happen to know the man.

My blessings on the youthful haseront. She is filling a lone

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

MEMBERS OF THE AUCKLAND BOWLING CLUB.

# CLIMPSES OF THE MUSCOVITE EMPIRE.

A NEW ZEALANDER'S HOLIDAY TRIP.

BY 'KIWI.



ROM time to time public interest

centres upon the course of affairs in Russia. Either Europe is being disturbed by the prospect of Russian aggression, or observers of political progress are exercised over the doings of the discontented element within the Empire itself as it strives to make its voice heard before the world. The attempt to forcibly convert the Finns from Lutheranism to the Greek Church also strikes upon the imagination of peoples enjoying a full measure of religious liberty. The expulsion of the Jews from that unhappy country, and their reported intended emigration to Australia, moreover makes the Russian situation one of considerable importance to colonists; consequently, the following notes of 'A New Zealander's Holiday Trip' in and about the Russian capital will be perused with interest:

I shall not here give, much as I would like to, a description of my voyage across the noisy North Sea (the finest fishing-ground there is, perhaps, in the world), nor dilate upon the rugged beauty of the Swedish coast, or the contrasting flats of Holland on the opposite shore, but enter at once upon the relation of what I saw, and how I was impressed thereby, in that wonderful city, which is a litting monument to its truly wonderful founder, 'Peter, the Great.' Notwithstanding this resolution, my readers will pardon me, I am sure, if, out of respect to our greatest post, we pause to notice at Elsinore, in the island, after which our own colony has been named, Hamlet's Castle. As the vessel steams closely in-shore here, we are enabled to observe that the building, made famous by the play, is a fine, clean, massive, and apparently modern piece of architecture, and is, therefore, interesting from this point, though, undoubtedly, its chief attraction is to be found in its associations.

We have eighteen miles of our journey yet to traverse to reach St. Petersburg when we arrive at Cronstadt. The

clean, massive, and apparently modern piece as accurate, and is, therefore, interesting from this point, though, undoubtedly, its chief attraction is to be found in its associations.

We have eighteen miles of our journey yet to traverse to reach St. Petersburg when we arrive at Cronstadt. The first thing which strikes the eye on nearing this port is the appearance of the justly-celebrated forts, built on small rocky sisands, which guard the entrance of the liver Neva. It would be but faint praise to call Cronstadt 'strongly fortified,' for there are about half-adozen batteries, each mounted with three rows of guns, the which it is the pride of the Russian to consider impregnable. Before entering the harbour the Custom-house officers (as we would call thom) come aboard to examine your passports, without which examination you are not allowed to land; and even when ashore you are liable at any time to be asked to produce, your papers, and a bad look-out it is for you if you cannot do so; and, further, I found that when desirons of returning to England, I had to procure a passport from the British Consul permitting me to do so before the Russian authorities would allow me to leave the country. The ships ail lay in the middle of the harbour, and when you wish to go asnore you must hire a boat, so most of the vessels engage a native boatman who stays with the ship all the time she is in port. These fellows keep themselves very clean for Russians (who are diriter, I verity believe, than the lazy, beer-drinking pakens Maori), and dress generally in red shirts (which hang outside their long trousers), peaked caps, and Wellington boots. Their boats being picturesquely painted green inside and red out, there is enough colour about to make a Maori rub his hands and chuckle with delight till domisday, unless the sight of the gorgeous red sant killed him outright with envy. Most of these boatmen have small farms near Moscow, to which they retire in the winter.

shirt killed inm outlight with envy. Most of these boatmen have small farms near Moscow, to which they retire in the winter.

There is a kind of monopoly in the unloading of ships, two or three firms employing hundreds of men for the purpose. These are the filthiest creatures I have ever seen. They dress very similarly to the boatmen, but unlike them, they very rarely undress, wearing their clothes until they drop of their backs, when they have a wash whether they need it or nor—a most exciting event with them. Instead of wearing boots and stockings they wrap their legs round with some coarse material, and fasten it on with string. Their chief food consists of 'black bread.' It is made of rye, and is really very dark and coarse brown bread. I tasted it once, but only once, as it was so sour and soft that it nearly made me sick. For supper these lumpers place a large pot containing some sickly-looking mess, very like thin porrulge on the floor, and all sit found it, each provided with a wooden spoon shaped like a miniature ladle, and dip in as rapidly as possible, the trick being who can eat the most in the shortest time. They are dreadful thieves, and will steal anything for a glass of volks, their national slicholic drink. Their wages are about twenty kopecs [51] a day, of which amount the Government take about one-third, as it has to keep these labources during the winter. To the New Zealander who has peeped at all the principal towns and cities en route from his home large, square markets, painted yellow, constitute the principal features of the town. Kound these there is a covered walk, and in every nook and corner fundreds of pigeons build their neets and rear their young unmolested by anybody, that bird being sacred in Russia, no one daring to kill them.

The religion of the people is that of the Greek Church, and very rengious they all are in their own way. In most of kill them.

kit them. The religion of the people is that of the Greek Church, and very rengious they all are in their own way. In most of the large shops they have a picture of the Virgin Mary and Child with a candle burning before it, and whou passing any of these the Russian devoutly takes off his cap and crosses the Russian devoutly takes off his cap and crosses city, small but elaborate buildings, with candles and all the other paraphernalia in them, in which the Itussian may

cross himself and pray as much as he likes. It is no succommon sight to see before these places men kneel down to pray, but owing to the strong affect of the volki, they are unable to rise, and just roll over, and go to alexa mention of photographic views of St. Petersburg (from which the accompanying illustrations have been re-produced), so was enabled when yet some miles below the city, to recognise the golden dome of a colossal building, standing head and shoulders, as it were, above everything, and not unlike that of St. Paul's (London) in appearance, as that of St. Isaac'a Cathedhal (London) in appearance, as that of St. Isaac'a Cathedhal (London) in appearance, as that of St. Isaac'a Cathedhal (London) in appearance, as that of St. Isaac'a Cathedhal (London) in appearance, as the colossal (London) in appearance, as the colossal

his head to interfere with and hamper the proceedings of any law abiding foreign visitor.

When destious of riding, I made use of the few Russian words I had picked up to get a droski (Russian cab), and after interviewing about half-a-dozen people at least, I at last got what I wanted. These droskis are fine things to drive about in, and though they have no backs to lean against, with level, wood-paved street and high-atepping ponies you shoot along in good style. The drivers are mostly dressed alike in long blue cloaks reaching to their heels, and tied in the middle with a piece of ribbon, and wearing on their heads peculiar flat silk hats. Their charge to residents is very moderate—about two miles for 6d—but I found them to be great regues, trying to extort money out of us poor innocent

foreigners. I always used to give them 30 kopects (6d) and then walk away. I found it answered very well. I only once paid more, and that was when I went to the Zoo Gardens, one of the best menageries in the world. It is the promenade of the St. Petersburg military and middle-class people. There is here an immense concert room where the tuesian talent display the vocat powers, and in the open air a large stage where acting and trapeze business goes on. Sight-seeing in St. Petersburg took up the best part of a fortnight, and when standing on the steamer's deck, watching the city fade from sight, I thought of the future that lay before Australisais; and who can tell but that those visionary pictures of her greatness and grandeur which rose before me may in the not-very-distant future prove to be a reality!

# FEMININE FRIENDSKIP.

The following little comedy night be called 'Woman's Inhumanity to Woman.' The scene is in a trancar. The characters are three very pretty girls, one with brown eyes and blonde hair, another with grey eyes and dark hair, and the other with violet eyes and auburn hair. The girl with violet eyes and auburn hair. The girl with violet eyes and auburn hair has just entered the carette, and recognising an acquaintance in Miss Browneyes, sita down beside her, and receives effueive greeting.

'Oh, I'm so giad to see you, my dear,' cried Miss Browneyes, fairly bobbing up and down with emotional joy. 'How lovely you are looking. How perfectly sweet. Oh, let me introduce you to my dear friend, Miss Greyeyes. You must like each other, for I love you both.'

Miss Voleteyes and Miss Greyeyes touch fingers and smile sweetly at one another. For a distance of twenty blocks a fusilade of ejaculatory conversationenues. Through the noise of the street and the rattle of the carette, a jumbled notion of the dialogue is obtained.—

'Beantiful little jacket, my dear. Such sweet buttons.'

'Positively don't have time to dress. Always at a luncheon, a dinner, or something else. I can't look well to save me.'

'Dearest boy in the world. Wants to give me a saddle

Save me. Dearest boy in the world. Wants to give me a saddle horse, but inshima won't let me accept it. 'How hortid. Did you enjoy yourself abroad this summer?'

Delightful; yachting was the best fun. The prince is

Delightful; yachting was the best fun. The prince is so charming.

Papa is going to cut my allowance, he says. Jolly shame of him. He gave me a hundred to-day, and I'm going down now to spend every penny of it on a hat, a pair of shoes, and (whispered) corseta.

'No, I'm not engaged, really. I can't imagine how that English fellow, should have started that story. To be sure he's a viscount, but he's awfully fast, and I never did more than go riding in the park with him on one or two occasions, and always his mother drove in a carriage near us.

'Yes, I am a little stouter. Oh, please don't flatter me. I know it's not becoming. Oh, hush! Your friend will laugh at me if I sit up and take your praise. I'm really losing whatever good looks I ever had.'

'Yes, do call. Come and I'll show you a lot of pretty dresses I brought home from Paris. Here is my atreet. Good-bye, Jear. Good morning Miss Greyeyes. When my dear friend calls you come with her. I shall like to know you better.'

dear friend calls you come with her. I shall like to know you better.

Miss Violeteyes alights from the carette and flutters to the sidewalk. The two young women, left to themselves, make a few remarks.

'Isn't she dowly? There isn't the slightest use of her going abroad. She never gets a thing that's pretty.

'Well, she used to have a sort of washed-out style of beauty that a few of the men liked, but now she hasn't an admirer. I think she puts something on her hair to make it auburn. I'm sure it used to be a dusty brown.'

'Quite outside of society, you know. I never meet her except on the street. Her mother is a great schemer, and manages to get her dangher's name into the papers.'

'Her father is a shirt manufacturer. Makes money, but vulgar to a degree.'

'Her father is a shirt manufacturer. Makes money, but vulgar to a degree.'
'Well, she flirts, you know, and the gossips do say —'At this point the listener reaches his destination and escapes from the carette, saddened by the lesson he has learned from this comedy of female friendship.

# SWEETHEART DAISY.

The sunset all its golden rays
Athwart the skies of amber threw,
When down among the woodland ways
My bright haired Daisy came in view,
(Soft dintings of a dainty shoe
Had pointed me the path she chose,
And why I followed up the clue
I know—and sweetheart Daisy knows.)

We met; she turned an absent gaze
To where, far off, a heron flew
Nor spoke she till, with trembling phrase,
Her hand into my own I drew;
Then sweetheart Dainy rosier grew
Than her small namesakes when they close;
And why she flushed so fair a hue
I know—and sweetheart Daisy knows.

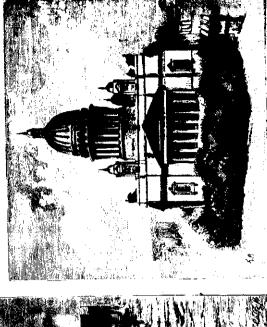
What time the trailing garden sprays
Were heavy with the summer dew;
When quenched was the geranium's blaze
And dimmed the gay lobelia blue,
Daisy and I came pushing through
The long, loose hedge of briar rose,
And why we were so glad, we two,
I know—and sweetheart Daisy knows.

Prince love, all potent sovereigu, who
The fate of lovers dost dispose,
Why this old world to me is new
I know—and sweetheart Daisy knows.

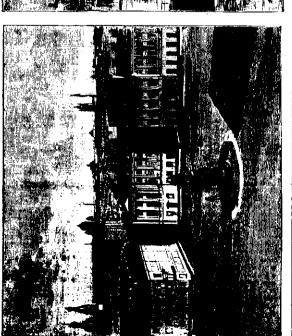
He (mathetic, as they went down to supper): 'Agh, d'you like etchinga?' She (from the country): 'Ye-es, but I don't think I'll take any to-night; it's rather late.'

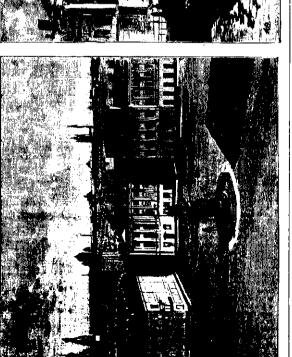
# EMPIRE'—SEE PRECEDING PAGE. THE MUSCOVITE

2, VIEW OF NEVA EMBANEMENT FROM THE DOME OF ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL. 5, CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC.











# WITHOUT THE WEDDING CARMENT.



None of Lady George Athol's 'first Thursdays' her rooms were filling to overflow. Barn street was blocked with carriages. Lady George stood on the big square landing at the top of the stairs, and gave her hand so often that after a time it seemed no longer her own. The people thronged up and up. The current appeared unending, and she felt almost as if the circle must be complete, and the string of guests must be revolving, as in a child's toy the figures that are gummed on to a tape and go up to the mill moves in endless succession up and up and up.

string of guests must be revolving, as in a child's toy the figures that are gummed on to a tape and go up to the mill moves in endless succession up and up and up.

Her tongue was tired, too and up and up to the mill moves in endless succession up and up? "How do you do?" 'How do you do?" 'How do you do?" 'How do you do?" 'How do you do?" 'Your son not with you? No? I am sorry." 'What lovely flowers!' 'How do you do? 'Yes, stilling.' 'Ah, Mrs Keith—I scarcely thought you would get away. Dull—was it? What, none of the right people? Didn't suppose for an instant there would be. 'Let me stann here for one mousent. I want so much to know who someone is who came in just before us. A beautiful woman. Quite too lovely.'

'Mrs Venables probably. Not Mrs Venables? Fair! Lady Fleet? No? Miss Admi? No? Then I can't tell you till I see her.'

'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. Lady George gave her hand and said.' How do you do? The Birabazons occupied her with some elaborate explanation about why they had been unable to dine in Bain-street, and in the meantime the lady, with a murmured word, had passed on. Laily George looked after her. She was bowing pasin—and now again. Apparently she had many friends in the room.

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

'She is handsome. I hope your flowers were not spoilt. I didn't catch the name.' The lady was lost in the smart crowd.' Neither did I, said Lady George, blankly; and I don't know her from Adam. She must be some friend of the grifs'. Joan or Maud must have sent her a caud—my memory is so bad. I can't leave this; if you come across either of my daughters, will you send her to me. Mrs Keith' Oh, here is

that woman with the joint know.'

'In white?...I don't know.'

'But neither do I. I thought you would be able to tell me. Find Joan and send her to me.'

It was twenty minutes before Lady George's second daughter appeared before her. By that time the lady had moved her place.

'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.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I don't know.'

Mrs Keith came up.

well, I don't know. Mrs Keith came up. 'Hord George doesn't know,' she said. 'I can easily find out,' said Joan. 'She has been talking to Charlie Vincent for the last ten minutes; I'll ask

talking to Charlle vincent for the same of the him.'

She moved away as she spoke.

Young Vincent was learning against a pillar and laughing heartily. He was the butt for the moment of the chaff of two of his friends. Josn heard a few of their remarks.

'He didn't mind, don't you know—awfully pretty woman like that. Neither would you.'

'Said she met him at Nice, and dear old Charlie's never been out of the constry in his life.'

Vincent caught Miss Athol's eye.

'You are going to let me take you down to supper?' he

- streem caught Miss Athol's eye.

  You are going to let me take you down to supper? he said to her.

  '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?' He began to langh.

  'At what?' said Joan.

  'Well, the whole thing. Those two chaps have been chaffing me like anything as it is. You mean the handsome woman with the fair hair?'

  'Yes.'

  '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.'

  'And you don't know who she is?'

  'Never any her before is me iffer.

for a bit.

And you don't know who she is?

And you don't know who she is?

Never saw her before in my life. Who is she?

Where slid she think she had met you? said Joan, without answering his question.

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 only reminierences 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 nover been at Nice in my life. She mistok me for someone else; I knew that after the first half dezen 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?'

'Not now.'

'I would not have.'

'Not now,'
'Not now,'
'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 unkown talking to Mr Brahazon.
'I watched that,' Mrs Keith was asying; '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.

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

'You will paidon 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 friunds 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.

There is some mistane, fem. (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 say directione.' 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.

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

'And this is Barn-treet.'

'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 com-

pany.

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! night have asked you, Colonel Weston. She is a Mrs Darbishire, I believe. Her cabman mistook Barn-arteet for Barn Square!

'You know nothing about her?'
'Nothing.'
'Then excuse me.'

Colonel Weston hurried down to the hall. Mrs Darbi-

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

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

The lady a 'arted, then smiled and bowed.

'Monsieur est bien animable, 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 von.'

you.'

He turned then to his companion.

'We meet again, Mademoiselle.'

'Oui, Monsieur.'

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

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

'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.'

'A meagre purse.'
'What else!'
'That is all.'
'That figure clad in dark blue is a policeman. What

'That figure clad in dark blue is a policeman. What else, Madeunoiselle?'
'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, and Mrs Darbishire.

Colonel

te's sake.' 'Good-night,' said Mrs Darbishire. Colonel Weston called another cab and drove back to Barn-street.

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 broach into her hand; 'do you know whose it is!'
 Someone is sure to claim it,' said Lady George.

A few day's later it chanced that Lady George Athol and Mrs Sefton met. 'I suppose you heard from your friend Mrs Darbishire of her coming to my crush in tuistake for yours,' said Lady

fer coming to my crisis in mastake for yours, said Lady George, 'Mrs Darbishire!' said Mrs Sefton; 'but she came to me the night before last for you. Her cabman mistorik—' Lady George opened her eyes. 'When did that happen!' 'On Wednesday. I have good reason to remember the day, for I lost an emerald bracelet.'

# 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. A mile down (5,280 feet) the water has a pressure Equator. A mile down (5,280 to of over a ton to the square inch.

# 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. The future electro-locomotion will show a motor on every axle, or, at any rate, upon two axles of each carriage, and every car running as a unit, in which case they can run coupled together in a train or not, as may be convenient.

# 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 boxen of to-day, and stands on a hier. It has but one string, like a dulcimer, but its tones are very sweet and geolian. It was purchased and brought to Philadelphia by William Burd. He abbsequently gave it to his daughter, Sarah Burd, and after many years it came into the possession of Mr C. J. Heppe, who exhibited it in the Centennial Exhibition.

# 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. So we shoot a diseased animal, steep cotton rags in the virus around its lungs, and then with a packing needle pieces the tails of the other stock, about four inches above the brush, pulling the cotton through and tie, and it acts in the same way as vaccination in children.'

# REMARKABLE SURGICAL EXPERIMENT.

REMARKABLE STIGHTEAL 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 bony segment of the dog 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, and Dr. Phelps is encouraged to think that under certain more favourable circumstances and conditions there might result a union of bones as well.

# AN UNWELCOME INVENTION.

AN UNWELCOME INVENTION.

The so-called 'necktie camera' does not, it appears, meet with the approval of the 'Societe Française 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.' With the 'photo-cravate' as Frenchmen call this new instrument of terror, the case it is prophesied, will be much worse. When these come into fashion it will be difficult for the most astate to avoid being occasionally caught. As, however, the lens is fixed conspicuously in the head of an unusually large scarf-pin, it will become advisable to avoid all persons with a cravat of that kind.

# 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. Just as, when we have for an instant gazed upon the monday sun and turned away, we see a reddish globe of fire float slowly straight before our eyes. So singularly do the descriptions of globular lightning tally with this well-known phenomenon, that this explanation would be irresistible were it not for the fact that these portentous spheres are alleged to tenuinate their alarming promenades by a deafening explosion. On the other hand it is impossible to explain away the many records of persons who have seen the slowly moving globes of fire. Among these persons was the electrician Cavallo, who saw a luminous ball slowly ascend the stem of a Leyden jar, then slowly descend and burst with a loud report. The ex-Emperor of Brazil narrates how, nearly 40 years ago, when travelling on horseback in the southern province of Rio Grande, he saw a globe of lightning fall, traverse the fields for some instants, and then burst with a loud sound.

# 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 Archivan 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. Now, in these most ancient of the fossiliferous rocks—presuming that they are to be so legarded—a singular fossil has been found. About the nature of this fossil much geological controversy has taken place. It has been declared to be merely a mineral appearance which was never associated with life at all—this view, of course, denying in toto its animal nature. By other observers—among whose natures those of the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter and Principal Sir W. Dawson stand conspicuous—this forsil appearance in the Laurentian rocks has been stoutly maintained to represent the remains of an animal form. On this latter supposition the Eucoon or 'Dawn of Life' animalcule, as it has been named, claims to be the earliest life relic of our globe. It belongs to the group of the chalk animalcules, the shells of which form the true cretaceous rocks.

# SIR JOHN MACDONALD.



ITH the decease of Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, there has passed away one of the half-adozen commanding personalties 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. It was the eldest son of Mr Hugh Macdonald, who emigrated from Sutherlandshire, Sculland, who engiated from Sutherlandshire, Sculland, who emigrated from Sutherlandshire, Sculland, who engiated from Sutherlandshire, Sculland, who may be a suppointed by the Queen a menber of the Privy Council. In instinct Sir John Macdonald was an Imperial Englishmun, 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 educing 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-tive years of arce, but increasing years appear only to rejuvenate instead of to weigh him down. 'His friends and enough the secondary to command. He is clean showed the secondary to the firs

# 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 iesser 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



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 amout of pleasure awitnessing 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, statesman, merchants and private pentlelawyers, farmers, statesman, merchants and private gentlemen 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 boatrace 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 Mottake, seized every point of vantage on either bank of the river, from which a view of the race could be obtained, shivered in the anowstorm 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 sona, their brothers, or their sweetheatte formed portion of the crews upon the present occasion.

agots, and it mean considerable that the present occasion.

Until a very few years ago the annual eightoared face 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 clergymen, 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 teld him Oxford won once with only seven cars, 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

blade just after starting, while on snother occasion the Cambridge boat sank altogether.

One of the best stories told in these days is about Dr. Selwyn, the present Hishop of Melanesis, the son of the hirst Bishop of New Zealand, who afterwards became Bishop of Lichfield, 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 boatrails 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 I niversity had proved the victor.

In those days there were but comparatively few rowing clubs: the river had not heccure the factors.

credibly 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 boatrace, 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 of the crew are criticised with as much scumen 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 roseltes. 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 Dumpsey—' 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 VALUAULE PUT.—Bilkins:

'Bothered by a piano next disor, eh! Weil, I have a dog which always howls when my wile plays the piano—howls so she has to stop; and I'd let you have him if it wasn't for one? thing.' Wilkins: 'I he cross? lilkins: 'No; I can't spare him.'

# WRECK OF THE WANAKA.

WRECK OF THE WANAKA.

The steamer Wanaka, of which we give an illustration, reproduced from a photo taken as she lay on the Puketapn reef, near Waitara, Taranaka; two days after she went sahore there in April last, was one of the most popular coastal boats in the Union Steamship Company's fine 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 guity of negligence. The Wanaka is an irru sceamer of 277 tone net register, with a gross tonage of close on 500 tons. She was built at Whiteinel, Scotland, for the U.S. Company in 1876, and arrived in the colony early in 1877. She cost £19,000.



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

# WAIFS AND STRAYS,

IT is the late cat that catches the early bootjack.

If you would be as happy as a child, please one.

The longer a man has been dead the better man he is, As an all-around musician the organ grinder has few equals.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name don't have it inscribed upon your umbrella.

He is a very unusual man who hasn't a woman somewhere in the world who is exaggerating his virtues.

There is not in the world so toilsome a trade as the pur-suit of fame; life concludes before you have so much as sketched your work.

It is said that five scientists died in investigating germ diseases at the Koch laboratory in Berlin, having contracted the diseases they were investigating.

There was a stage of civilization before the tinder-box came in, and that was a time when fire had to be kept in, and if it went out, borrowed from a neighbour.

Rose (on the divan): 'I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore. Dolly: 'But it's so much easier to love men than to respect them.

It is an astonishing fact that a gold dollar can be beat into a sheet that will carpet a room thirty-three feet square. A firm in Cincinnati each year beats 21,000 gold dollars into such a fabric.

It was a lady who had long presided over a cultivated home of wealth and who had there received many persons of distinction and a host of friends who once remarked: "My rule for entertaining is a very simple one. The first day I try to entertain my guests. The second day I leave them to entertain themselves. The third day I expect them to entertain me."

NEW VERSE OF THE ENGLISH ANTHEM. VERSE OF THE ENGLISH ANTHE FRANKChildren not a few, With great-grandchildren, too, She blest has been. We've been their sureties, Parklohs, annuities, God save the Queen.

London Truth

AN EARLY START.—Mation Smith, a young man only twenty-one years of age, was taken to Greenwood, in Arkansas, U.S.A., to be tried for bigamy. He admitted that he had eight wives living in the county. He married the first one when but twelve years of age. He gave the names of the last two. He said that none had children; that as tast as he became tired of one he married another; that they ranged in age from sixteen to twenty-five years. Officer Dyer, who had Smith in charge, said the eight wives would all be at the train at night at Greenwood to meet the husband. What a family re-union!

A DECEPTIVE LIFE.—The life of the actress is as full of hard work as is that of the girl who stands behind the counter or the one who is mastress of the telegraph key. Do not imagine that the gold glittering on the gown of the beautiful adventuress is a symbol of the golden liteshe leads, and do not believe that the simpering ingenue who wonders with a smile 'how anybody ever does any work' is not just as full of study and absolute physical work as is that of most other women. She works till late at night, consequently she must sleep a little in the morning. She gets up then and goes to a long and tiresome rehearsal, then only las time to get a bite, and half-an-hour's sleep or reading before she starts again for the theatre.

Sybil Sanderson's High Notes.—The only soprano in

Sybil Sanderson's High Notes,—The only soprano in the world who make higher tones than Patti is Miss Sybil Sanderson, daughter of Judge Sanderson of San Francisco. She is a tail, willowy girl, with throat like a white pillar, gold blonde hair and black eyes, with great depths of dialerie in them. She dresses beautifully, is extremely bright and intelligent, and, as her father was a wealthy man, was quite a belle when the unusual capabilities of her voice first became apparent, and she went to Europe for study. She was twenty one then; she is now about twenty-four. Masenet, the composer, was one of the first to testify to her unquestioned gifts. He has just completed an opera for her, in which occurs the musical marvel of a run to second upper A !

pper A I

MOURNING FADS.—Of all the fashionable fads of to day

domestic crief which shows itself in a MOURNING FADS.—Of all the fashionable fade of to day that accentration of domestic grief which shows itself in a black shirt, black collar and cuffs and white studs, white cuff buttons and white necktie is about the most ridiculous. Fashionable London will soon be promenading Piccadilly with miniature coffins for jewellery and artificial tears painted on the cheeks, says an English writer. It is doubtful whether such people could readly shed any other kind but hand-painted tears. When women put their toddling children in deep mourning and rode in the park with their poodles dressed in crape it seemed that this sort of thing could go no further. Now that men have taken to black shirts and sable handkerchiefs, the onus of tomfoolery is removed from the shoulders of womankind. 'It is enough to make the dead turn over in their graves and tear their shrouds to ribbons.'

A Very Dry Nurse.—A strange story of a sham nurse has been unfolded before a Paris magistrate. Some weeks ago (says a Paris correspondent) a Madame Dubossel had occasion to call in a dry nurse. She engaged a tall good-coasion to call in a dry nurse. She engaged a tall good-coasion to call in a dry nurse. She engaged a tall good-coasion to call in a dry nurse to the name of Angustine Leroux. Augustine performed her duties admirably, and was the only one in the house who could soothe and soften the rather petulant infant left to her care. All went on well for some time, until a remarkable communication was made to Madame Dubossel by her lady's maid Anais, a rather attractive Abigail. This was to the effect that Anais, while lingering one evening among the pots and pans in the kitchen, received a passionate declaration of love from the dry nurse of the family, who in a moment of anorous audacity had literally flung off the mask and had praclaimed herself to be a man. It is no exaggeration to say that consternation was immediately the order of the day, and the night too, in that eminently respectable homeshold. Auguste Leroux, as he now gave his name, was summoned before a Justice of the Peace, but that official discharged him with a caution.

# THE CITY OF NELSON.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, NEXT PAGE.)



HO has not heard of Nelson? Of the dreamy lotus eating paradise of New Zealand, where crisp spring and bainy Summer intermingle throughout the year, and the only glimpse of the rigours of winter are those of the anow lying upon the distant mountain peaks. To persons living outside New Zealand the beauties and the indulgent influences of Nelson are perhaps better known than those of any other of our provinces. In a land of fine climates and prolific soils there are none better suited for the infirmities of the invalid or the labours of the agriculturist than are those of this favoured corner of what Professor Strong calls the Cleopatra of countries. In our Cleopatra of New Zealand, Nelson appears as perhaps the forefront jewel, though many are found to support the claims of Wanganui or Taranaki on the other side of the Straita. In any case the problem as to which is the Garden of New Zealand is one which admits of a very legitimate difference of opinion. Certainly as regards the soutability of a climate for persons labouring under poor health Nelson is the place which is most widely and favourably known to outsiders. Whenever English people seek New Zealand in pursuit of Hygeia, their destination is usually somewhere in the neighbourhood of the subject of this notice.

The general aspect of Nelson is that of a pretty little town nestling at the foot of a semicircle of grass-clad hills, and the willow-bordered Maitai runs through the town, which is throughout dotted over by a variety of fresh verdure contrasting noticeably with eyes accustomed to the sombre bush and ever-occurring pivus insignis in the northern island. The climate is admirable, and life in Nelson has heen described as a perpetual holiday. At all events, it possesses many of those natural enjoyments which contribute largely to the sum of earthly happines. The approach to Nelson adds very considerably to the natural attractions of the place. From Wellington the trip is a charming one up the Picton Sound, where the scenery never fails to charm the e

What business there is, is done quietly, and the air of comfort about the town shows that the business done is not inconsiderable.

One of the principal industries of Nelson is the growing of fruit. Large quantities of choice fruits are shipped to the various markets of the colony, while immense quantities are converted into jams. Hops are also grown to a considerable extent, and farming in the out districts pays very well. Much of the land is used for pastoral purposes.

There is a tradition in the other towns of the colony that the population of Nelson consists almost exclusively of girls. Of course, the tradition is not warranted by actual facts, but nevertheless it is true that in Nelson young ladies preponderate to an alarming extent over the eligible bachelors. The only reason we have heard suggested for this singular state of affairs is that, speaking comparatively, there are so few industries in it to absord the young men that many are compelled to go to other towns in the colony to obtain employment. In this way, it is said, the male population is kept low, and that of unmarried girls abnormally high. This may or may not be so, but it is, at anyrate, the popular belief in other parts of New Zealand.

The convens of Nelson are very pretty, affording the visitor some delightful drives. The residents, too, are sociable and English in their ways, and, on the whole, one could not wish for a more charming holiday than would be afforded by three mouths in Nelson.

Nelson, like other towns in the colony, has had its primitive days, when the structures were of a more unpretentious nature than they are now. In the accompanying illustration is represented the aspect of Nelson as it appeared some thirty-three years ago, in 1858. The point of view is at the lower part of Trafalgar-street, from which place the sketch was made by Mr Jordan. Trafalgar street is the chief thoroughfare of Nelson, and in this picture the then condition of the upper portion of Trafalgar-street, from which place the sketch was made by Mr J

this memento of thirty years ago at the disposal of our artist.

Nelson contains at the present time a large number of fine wooden buildings, chief among them being Christchurch Cathedral, an imposing structure at the head of Trafalgarstreet. The Weelyans, Catholics, and Church of England liave all finely-built places of worship. The Government Buildings, the Girls' and Boys' Colleges, Literary Institute and Museum, the Public schools, Hospital and Asylum, are all creditable structures. The Bank of New Zealand, the National, N.S.W., the Union Bank, and the Colonial have all branches in the town, as have also the leading Insurance Companies. Sclanders and Co., and Cock and Co., have large business premises, while among the higher class retail business houses may be mentioned Meesrs Beath, Everett Bros., and Warner, and the New Zealand Clothing Factory's soft goods houses. Mr Jackson has a very complete stationer's business on Trafalgarstreet, and almost opposite is the stadio of Mr Tyree, whose well known artistic photographic productions speak for themselves. Nelson is well off in the matter of hotels. The Masonic, in the centre of the town, the Panama, on the corner of Collingwood and Hardy-streets, the Commercial, and the Trafalgar are all first-class houses. Other comfortable hostelries are The Golden Fleece, Waimea Road, in the suburbs; the Customs House, Pier and Ship Hotels, at the Port; The Coach and Hurses, Nelson Hotel, and Royal Hotel in the town. Measrs Buxton, Snodgrass,

and the firm of Wilkins and Field have all fins commodious premises, as have also Measrs Bisley Bros., and J. Sharp, the principal anctioneers in the district. Mr James Canning has a first-class livery stable in Hardy-street, and Mr Gay has a well-kept establishment of the same kind at the lower end of Trafalgar-street.

Large quantities of barley and hope are exported from the district, whilst malting is carried on to a considerable extent. The brewing industry is represented by the City Brewery, Mr T. Harley; the Raglan Brewery, Mr J. A. Harley; and the Nelson Brewery, Measrs J. R. Dodson and Sons, proprietors; whilst Mr J. Hamilton has a cordial manufactory on Upper Bridge-street capable of turning out 600doz. per day. Close by is Kirkpatrick's famous jam manufactory, the largest in New Zealand. The grape industry is growing into prominence, Messra Hales, Chapman, Burford, and Sunly, being among the principal growers. There are two sons factories and three large timber mills, owned, respectively, by Messra John Scott, Baigent, and Baker Bros. There are two iron foundries—the Soho, on Bridge-street, and the Anchor foundry at the Port. Coach and carriage-building is carried on by F. Scholtz, Gorrie and Sons, and H. Balon. Griffin and Sons have a large flour mill and biscuit manufactory on Alton-street, and export largely to other colonial towns.

The Union S.S. Company, the Anchor Line (Cock and Co.), and the Red Cross ateamers afford frequent communication between Nelson and other parts of the colony by sea, whilst a railway extends from the port up to the town, and thence to Belgrove, 22 miles distant, via Richmond. The borongh is exceptionally well supplied with gas, and has an excellent water supply. The Newspapers are The Colonist, and the Nelson Evening Mail.

We shall give an account of municipal affairs, and some leading clergy and citizens in a future issue.

# THE USE OF THE BRUSH.

One of the most important qualifications necessary for producing a clever and effective picture is a thorough command of the use of the brush. Very frequently the cause of failure in painting is not so much in mistaking the exact colour as in indifference shown for, or an incapacity of representing, the exact form. Where there is an imperiectability to draw the object, from the first arrangement to its minutest details, there must necessarily be a corresponding deficiency in the power of execution required with the brush, and it must be borne in mind that everything introduced into a picture must bear its own individual character. The porte-crayon and the brush are the only instruments we have for representing form, and although this is a duty shared by both, yet they have each their own peculiar mode of fulfilling it.

The greater freedom of execution afforded in the handling of the brush is a great temptation to many young painters to place too much dependence upon it for continuing that which the pencil alone ought to have completed, and, when this is the case one cannot be surprised at failures; and though we allow that the successful handling of the brush is the result of careful and correct drawing, at the eame time, and for this very reason, we maintain that the power thus given by the pencil must be further cultivated to enables the done by the brush alone. Its fine point can, by gentle pressure, be spread out, and made capable of describing broad markings and effective indications in a way that can by no other instrument possibly be produced; but to handle it in such a manner as to obtain its fullest capabilities must be the result of much practice, and a correct knowledge of the object to be painted. The duty of the brush is take up the work where the pencil stops and can go no further. The latter must first define the boundaries and extent of the masses, and all important details, but the brush must fill them in, and, in so doing, lend its assistance to bring out altered must be charged according to

# SHE WAS NEUTRAL.

The tollowing story of 'Life in Kentucky' being in print, ought, of course, to be believed: —'Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard in the village. All ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a man and a bear engaged in a combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under, the man's wife standing by and hallooing, "Fair play." The company ran up and insisted on parting them. "No, no," said the woman, "let them fight it out; for it's the first fight I ever saw that I didn't care which whipped!"

ONLY A LITTLE ONE.—Phyllis (solus): Where can he be? I told him not to be foolish when he proposed last night, but I am afraid he is foolish. The idea of his taking no for an answer! Particularly when it was such a little no.



TRAFALGAR STREET, NELSON, IN 1858.

From a sketch in the possession of A. S. Atkinson, Esq., Nelson. Taken in 1358.



'THE CITY OF NELSON."-SEE PAGE 82.



# The Rew Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1891.

The history of the Sicilian Matia 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 Prussiakindled the flames of a war in which Mussulman fought with Hindooand 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, dispite their utmost rectitude and well-doing. . .

A hundred years ago Europe was rife with dissension, distraction, and abuses. Since then greater consolidation and order havearisenby 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, supersition, 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 enlightment, united and proceeded to a sort of comprehensive house-cleaning, such as she had not been able to include in for many centuries. Among the other excrescences which she set about rathlessly 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 pay-ment 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 monatrous 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 bunger of the colonial man is just so much fustian. 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 nowa 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 1apturously around. ٠.

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 show 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. 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 bitherto 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 items 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 Ti. ٠.

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 eye 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,' nttered as you both stand before an elementary daub 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 effitivation 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 aweetest 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 Pasis, 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 blossoma were all sglow;
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,
Yet, darling, wed 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. -----



T 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 of all of whom it may be claimed that they are colonial bred.

MISS BERTHA ROSSOW.

Next to Madame Patey comes 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 debit until her departure she secured a firmer hold upon the appreciation of her andiences 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 ostentations 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 ballada. 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 'e 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 if that throughout New Zealand her name will long be favourably remembered.

# MISS EMILIA WOOD.

Miss Emilia Rranscombe 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 Kowlaski, the well known Sydney virtuso. 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 Panis 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 compicuous, and the perpendicular action of wiist 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 Liezt and Chopin, but in the 'Carnival of Venice,' 'Lucia,' the 'Tremolo of Gottachalk,' and the works of her master, Kowlaski, she was most effective and successful.

MR C. R. JONES.

MR.C. E. 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 amsteur, having aung 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 paints aking, and in Elly Mavourneen, and "The Death of Nelson succeeded in making a very favourable impression, besides adding valuable aid to Mr Patey in the duets. Mr Patey in the dueta.

## 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 peneil 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.

'In'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 en blems of silence. 'I want some oysters sent np; escolloped 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 Reginald 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.

"Those lovely pink onions will just match my china.

How do you sell them a dozen?"

"Seventy-five cente 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 infection, 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 yon. Humph!' He went down to the second counter and repeated the query, 'Socks!' A leisurely young woman looked at him, addressed a few bantering remarks to a shorthaired youth leaning over the counter, and finally said to Old Hodge, 'The lady down there will wait on you.' 'Socks.' observed Old Hodge, with rome asperity to the slender young person with corpulent frizzes who came forwarded. 'Half hose!' she suggested. 'No, ma'am,' he retorted. 'Socks. That suits me as well as half hose. I know what they are. I'm in the habit of wearing them. I'm no sockless statesman.' 'Yes, sir. What sire!' '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 hersell' 'She's the forelady.' 'Humph!' Old Hodge picked up his bundle, thrust the change into his pockst 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 washladies are sick.' 'Humph!' Old Hodge strode out of the building in disgust, and entered a dairy restaurant to get a funch 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! He looked round and '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 stuation.' 'I'm the cashlady.' 'Humph? With a snort Old Hodge turned a corner and ran blindly gainst a baby-carriage, nearly upsetting it. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' he apologised, 'I hope I have not burt 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 jammed his hat on his head, climbed into a passing tram ear, 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 atumbled against somebody as he was climbing the stairs leading to his room in a dingy boarding-house up-hown. 'I'n suppose you are the scrub lady,' he ejaculated savagely. 'No, sir,' was the reply, as a somewhatuntidy but comely and good natured girl rose up and confronted him. 'I'm the kitchen scullion.' 'Young woman,' said tild 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 narry 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 sumy temper and good sense Old Hodge is fast becoming a gentleman.

A Base Instruction.—Mr Morose 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 Thrommation.—Mrs Quicklyrich: 'Oh, you ought to have heard Professor Bookwarm's lecture on 'Extinct Birds,' last might! What he said about the dodo was simply wonderful,' Mrs Parvenu: 'Dear me, how unfortunate to have mi sed it—especially as we are to have a dodo painted on our dining room this week.'



# CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE,

JUNE 3.

There is nothing much going on now. The weather is so wintry that a good fire and a cosy room, with a little congenial and bright company, is the most delightful thing one can have. To begin where I left off when last addressing you. The final farewell afternoon tea to the Misses Brown and Garrick was given by Mrs H. O. D. Meares, Strathleaven. About thirty young friends were present, all looking so neat and trin, and in well-fitting tweed or serge dresses. I wished our friend of the press could see some of 'our girls,' and know some of them as they deserve to be known. His remarks are an ever-present thorn in the flesh, but yesterday 'our boys' caught their share of the lecture. I don't at all agree in his idea they are too economical. They are much too selfish, and spend every penny on themselves. It was very nice of him to suggest 'making their lady friends birthday presents,' or an 'occasional pair of gloves.' But what a digression!

At Almora Miss Sanders gave a charming little dance, Miss Queenic Campbell being the guest of the evening. It is so pleasant to have her amongst us again. She seems delighted to be back, but has most thoroughly enjoyed her trip to England. Miss Delamain looked well in ret; Miss Meeson siso, in black; Miss Mande, Miss Cocks, Miss Irving, and Miss Knight were amongst the guest, but no new dresses were worn. Some of the Curaçoa officers were present, also the midshipman who came to grief out hunting, and he managed to scramble through the barn dance, so he was not to be done, though one leg was a good deal disabled.

Unfortunately on a pouring wet day Miss Murray-Ayneley, Riverslaw, had a few friends to lunch. Mrs and Miss Warray-Ayneley, Riverslaw, had a few friends to lunch. Mrs and Miss Warray-Ayneley, Riverslaw, had a few friends to lunch. Mrs and Miss Warray-Ayneley, Riverslaw, had a few friends to lunch. Mrs and Miss Warray-Ayneley, Riverslaw, had a few friends to lunch. Mrs and Miss Warray-Ayneley, Riverslaw, had a few friends to lunch. Mrs and Miss Warray-Ayneley.

abled.
Unfortunately on a pouring wet day Mis Murray-Aynsley, Riverslaw, had a few friends to lunch. Mrs and Miss Wynn-Williams, Mrs Cowlishaw, and Mrs H. P. Murray-Aynsley but the wet journey down was soon forgotten. In the afternoon Miss Wynn-Williams and Mrs H. P. Aynsley sang some pretty songs. 'In Old Madrid' was one. Mrs Alan Scott's working party for the Kilbnin Home met, as usual, at her house the same afternoon, and very few were absent. Mrs E. W. Humphreys delighted all present by recounting some experiences which really happened to herself when abroad, and told in her bright, sinusing way, were very droll. Mrs Burns and Miss E. Loughnan sang, Miss Cowlishaw recited, and Miss I. Cowlishaw played, so altogether a profitable and amusing afternoon was spent.

was spent.

Mrs Carrick had a small afternoon tea the same day for Miss Turton, a visitor from Dunedin to Mrs Denniston. The weather did not frighten all, and those who braved it were very glad. Mrs Harrison, Miss A. Thomson, Miss Batlgate, Miss Ollivier, and Miss E. Tabart were amongst

Mrs Mathias had an afternoon, which was very enjoy

Bathgate, Miss Ollivier, and Miss E. Tabart were amongst the number.

Mrs Mathias had an afternoon, which was very enjoyable. Some excellent music was given. Among those who contributed to the success of it were Mrs Barns, Mrs Wilding, Mrs Leonard Harper, Miss Helmore, and several others. The same afternoon the 'Wahine' Club held their first meeting of the season, Miss A. Thomson, Opawa, being hostess. Work, music, and reading hurried an afternoon all too quickly away.

Mrs Wilding gave a luncleon party at Fawnhope. Lady Wilson, Mrs Alex Wilson, Mrs J. R. Campbell, Mrs Baker, Mrs R. Wilson, Mrs Willock, and Mrs H. P. Murray-Aynsley were there. In the afternoon Mrs Wilding played some exquisite pieces, and Mrs Murray-Aynsley sang some songs with great taste.

The end of the week we had a most perfect day. We all thought it meant just to tantalise us for the coming holiday, Mrs Andrew Anderson took advantage of the lovely day, and gave about thirty children a grand picnic over the hills to Governor's Buy. They drove to the foot of the hills, then walked over, and the view from the top was lovely—the sea on one side, and looking back the snowy ranges standing out so clearly with miles and miles of plain in between.

I hear Mr A. Hindel Gear was married a few weeks ago in London to an English girl. Many people here will remember some of his beautiful pictures. It has also been told to me Miss Jessie Gould is engaged to the Rev. C. Bowden, curate of St. Michael's.

The holiday was indeed Queen's weather, but I heard neither a royal salute nor anything to remind one of the day. On Sunday in several of the churches the National Anthem was sung or played, and perhaps that was how the two days got nixed up; but I like to hear gaus firing, and belle ringing, and a great sound of joility. The volunteers had a grand skirmish at the Lower Hentheote, very early in the morning, so we did not see or hear anything of them. There were aports at Lancaste! Park, races on the Heathcote course, conving at Plumpton Park, and the usua

therefore interesting. In one part of their performance they dance a set of quadrilles with full grown people, and they look like two little dolls. The father, who introduces them,

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

Since I last wrote we have had a capital little dance, given by the bachelore, in the Masonic Hall. The usual complaint—lack of gentlemen—marred the general enjoyment a wee bit, but on the whole, and considering the short notice given, it was a most ancessful affair. The invitations were only out one day, and the dance took provides the following night. Mr. J. O. Asson powed an able secretary, but really there is not much bother in connection with a tea and coffee dance such as this was, and it is most enjoyable. I only hope there was something in the auggestion that these dances should be entitined, ray, once a month, during the winter. The floor is always so good as the Mason it Hall, and the music, supplied by King's band, was of the very best. Of course, you want to hear about the drevery best. Of course, you want to hear about the drevery best. Of course, you want to hear about the drever being also of jewelled lace surmounted by jewelled butterflies, and she wore gold shoes, and carried a fan which seemed to be a hage pink shaded poppy flapping about—allogether a very handsome English toilette; Mrs. Colertige wore a lovely pale electric blue silk with train, trimmed with a darker colonied velvet, and pearl ornaments; Mrs. W. T. L. Travers, her wedding dress, of cream satin and Malesse lace; Mrs. Larnach, as beautiful pale blue buff silk with a pompadour pattern of mauve tlowers, and long train; Mrs. Cooper, black satin; Mrs. W. Ferguson, black velvet with train; Mrs. C. Izard, black velvet, with rufles of white face; Mrs. Mantell, pink; Miss Moorhouse (Christehurch), black lace; Mrs. Butterworth (Dunedin), white silk with long angel slevers of lace; Miss Moorhouse (Christehurch), black lace; Miss Butterworth (Dunedin), white silk with long angel slevers of lace; Miss M. Grace, white net and manve; Miss Williams, and net; Miss L. Hard, white; the Misses Cooper, white; Miss Williams, and net; Miss H. Moorhouse, white; it wiss Barron, pale blue; Miss Knight, white silk; Miss A. Halse,

accompaniments, the latter also playing a beautiful violin solo.

Lady Onslow holds an afternoon reception at 4.30 o'clock. I expect it will be a large affair, and will afford you a good deal of information next week.

Yet another stir in the fashionable world occasioned by a wedding—we have had so many lately—that of Mr H. J. Hosking, barrister, of Dunedin, and Miss Kathleen Reader, youngest daughter of the late Lieutrant-Colonel Reader. The weather, so important an item with affairs of this kind, was just as bad as it could possibly be—ponred with rain the whole day long. Notwithstanding this, St. Paul's procathedral was fairly filled with friends and relations. Derival to illette was of soft thick white silk, trained, and made with a high collar and puffed sleeves, and finished by a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and white kid gloves. Her two bidesmaids—Misses Emmis Richmond and Daplne Werry (the bride's stepaister)—were becomingly dressed in white velvet trimmed with white fur, and hats to match, each wearing her present from the bridegroom—gold bangles. Mr N. W. Werry, her stepfather, gave the bride away, Mr J. Reid, of Dunedin, acting as best man. Mrs England played the 'Wedding March' as they left the church to

adjourn to her father's house, where the wedding breakfast was held. Mrs Werry was handsomely dressed in bronze-brown silk with small bosnet to match, and carried a bouquet, as did also the bride and bridesmaids. At the breakfast Mr H. D. Bell proposed the health of the bride, Mr Hosking suitably responding. There were not very many guests—Mr and Mrs Charles Johnston, Mr Edward Pearce, Mr and Mrs Ed. Richardson, Mrs Brandon, Mrs Richmond. Mr and Mrs Ed. Richardson, Mrs Brandon, Mrs Richmond. Mr and Mrs Hole, Mr and Mrs Hell, Miss Holmes and Miss Butterworth, both of Dunedin, and others. The dress that particularly took my fancy was that of Mrs C. Johnston—of soft green material, made with the long coat back, the taba being edged with green beads. The front was of lovely salmon pink silk brocaded with green flowers, and finished with a pink chiflon ruftic round the throat, and her tiny gold and green bonnet was trimmed with pink roses under the brim. Mrs Brandon wore grey silk, bonnet with grey feathers; Miss Holmes, chrushed strawberry, half the bodice and sleeves of brocade, and bonnet covered with pink poppies. Mr and Mrs Hoskings left for their honeymoon after the ceremony, the bride wearing a dark travelling dress and hat. A large number of presents were received, many being from Dunedin friends. The Rev. Mr Tuckey, assisted by the Rev. Mr Still, matried them.

The Rev. Mr Ogg gave a good lecture in St. John's School-room on 'The American Civil War,' and during the evening several members of St. Andrew's choir sang songs, etc. Mrs McDuff Boyd sang, 'Carrry Me Back to Tennessee,' and played her own accompaniment on the guitar. The other soloists were Miss Leatham, Miss Greig, Miss Watson, and Messrs McGuwan, Pierard, G. Wright, A. W. Newton, Orr, Martin, and Stenhouse. The Rev. Mr Patterson and the Rev. Mr Stherbore on the spike. The first of the proposed series of concerts in St. Mark's Schoolroom passed off most successfully, in spite of the bad weather. The performers wire Mrs Weston, Miss Smith, Mrs Meek

# NELSON

DEAR BEE.

We had such fun some days ago in the shape of a huge meeting, held in the Harmonic Hall, of all those interested in anusements for the winter evenings in place of the ordinary assembly dances. You know, my dear, we had given up the idea of having a dance this winter at all, for there was such a scarcity of partners that dances seemed out of the question. However the meeting proved otherwise. There were such a number there, nearly every family being represented by one or more members. It was decided to begin by arranging for three entertainments, one each month, and if funds allow (and from the number who already have subscribed I should think they would), a fourth. The first is to be an 'At Home,' followed by a dance. The 'At Home,' part is to consist of music, readings, and recitations, which are to last for two hours, and then dancing is to begin. A committee has been formed to carry out all these plans, and when I tell you that our sex is well represented, it will be needless to add that the project is almost sure to be a success. The second evening is to consist entirely of theatricals, and the third—now, you really must not be startled at sober little Nelson, but we must certainly be waking up, for we are going to have a fancy dress masked ball, and it is made compulsory for everyone to wear a mask until twelve o'clock, so you see for the future I shall bave plenty to tell you. In mentioning the committee, I might add that I was surprised that popular amateur actor, Mr Kirkby, was not a member of it, especially as thestricals are on the tapis.

to tell you. In mentioning the committee, I might add that I was surprised that popular amateur actor, Mr Kirkby, was not a member of it, especially as theatricals are on the tapis.

The Rev. Mr Evaus is not well, and the papers announce that Mrs Evans will take her husband's place one Sunday evening and read a sermon. Whether her husband's or her own is not stated, but the daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Edger, the author of that interesting work, 'Problems of Life,' is quite able, I have no doubt, to write a sermon, and a good one, too, for she has in more ways than one already proved she has inherited some of her father's powers of philosophical observation.

In my walke lately I have seen one or two becoming winter costumes. Mrs J. Sharp is wearing a pretty tweed gown with long jacket, black hat covered with black feathers, Mrs Sclanders, becoming robe of a dark mulberry colour, with velvet the same shade forming a vest and sleeves, stylish little bonnet of mulberry velvet; Mrs Pith, fawn embroidered gown, handsome black mantle, black velvet bonnet; Mrs Adams, such a pretty costume of slate-coloured cloth, the whole front of the skirt being alternate stripes of velvet and material emboidered, stylish little bonnet of slate-coloured velvet; Mrs Thornton, pretty tweed gown, little fawn velvet hat.

We are glad to welcome Mrs Richmond and her daughters back to Nelson. They all look very well after their trip.

Nelson this winter is apparently quite an invalid's resort. Boarding-houses and hotels are well occupied, and one hears from our visitors loud praises of our lovely climate. Well, it has been for some time very delightful weather, beantifully anny days that make one wish one was a tortoise that one might lie and bask in its warmth. The nights are rather cold, and slightly frosty. Let me give a hint to capitalists at a distance. There is a first-rate opening for a really good boarding-house in Nelson. It would have to be conducted on high-class lines, and the charges moderate, but it would be nearly alwa

Here, as elsewhere, there has been a passing atorm in the ahape of prohibition and tectotal meetings. It seems a little out of place in Nelson, which, according to the statistics issued by the Government, is the most soher town in New Zeaout of place in Nelson, which, according to the statistics issued by the Government, is the most soher town in New Zealand. It is butrarely a man overtaken with "weed roppie too much is brought up at our Police Court, and it is notorious that the hotels are well and quietly conducted. Street rows are unknown. Here, then, one would have fondly thought moderation and temperance are the distinguishing characteristics of the place, but the tectotallers won't let the thing alone even here. I fear the result will be to put up the backs of those who are really in the majority, namely, the 'moderates,' and that harm rather than good will come to the place in the long run by the intemperance of the tectotallers. We are not, say my gentlemen friends, going to be driven out of our quiet enjoyment in a reasonable way of a glass of wine when we feel inclined for one. Why should we? Now, my dear, there must be a difference of opinion upon this as upon other social subjects, and likewise there must be giving and taking on both sides if we are to bring about the only thing possible to bring about, viz., a sober, temperate people. There will never be a world of drunkards, and there never has been a world of drunkards, and there never has been a world of drunkards, and there never has been a world of the tectotallers, and there never has been a world of the total goesip who goes about cacking domestic scandal is a far viler poisoner than the conscious seller of adulterated liquor. There, what do you think of that for a yarn! Since I attended the women's rights' meeting here I have been longing to work off something in the 'high faluin' style. Please don't laugh, Bee, and I'll promise not to do it any more.

# MARLBOROUGH,

DEAR BEE,

DEAR BEE,

JUNE 3.

There was much disappointment amongst sightseers when they journeyed down to Picton to visit the Duke
of Westminster, the second direct steamer which has called
at our purt for frozen mutton and other produce. There
was absolutely nothing to be seen except an immensity of
holk, as all the saloon and cabine had been sacritied to
make room for cargo. Our injured feelings were somewhat
mollified by a sumptuous afternoon tea, with which we
were regaled in the deck saloon. After that we felt equal
to take an interest in the process of transferring the frozen
meat from the Prince of Waiest to the Duke of Westminster,
and watching the lumpers' breath turning to snow down
the hatch. The men had to relieve each other at stated
intervals on account of the extreme cold.

Miss Maisie Pritt, daughter of Archdeacon Pritt, and
niece of Mrs James Hodson, was '4t Home' to her young
friends one evening lately. Music, singing, dancing, and
games occupied the evening in a very pleasant manner, and
Miss Pritt received the congratulations of her friends on her
recent engagement to Mr Harry Sharp, a son of Mr John
Sharp, of Nelson. Several other engagements are on the
tapis, amongst them that of Miss Laura Worthington to Mr
McLean, of the National Bank, Blenheim.

The Queen's Birthday was most loyally celebrated in
Marlborough. There was a church parade, and the next
day Caledonian sports and two balls, one in Blenheim and
one in Picton. The Hussar ball in Blenheim had been
looked forward to with much anxiety by all lovers of the
terpsichorean art, as well as by the members of the Hussar
corps, who have been working for some time past most
energetically to make the affair a success. The Drill-shed
was so completely metamorphosed with gagis, nikau, treeferns, flowers, and lycopodium, that we on-lookers were
fain to imagine ourselves watching the fairies dancing in
some forest glade. The musicians were hidlen away in a
miniature swanp, formed with bullrushes, toitoi, and Hax
at the end of the room. The supper—pr at the end of the room. The supper—provided by the ladies whose husbands belong to the corps—comprised everything it was possible to obtain round and about Blenheim, and was a sort of epicurean feast to remember for a lifetime. Amongst the ladies present I noticed Mrs Howard Dodson, wife of Captain Dodson, in a very handsome salmon pink silk dress with a train; Mrs Jackson looked charming in black lace, and a lovely spray of pink roses nestling amongst the lace of her bodice; Mrs A. Farmar was, in my opinion, the belle, and wore a stylish black satin merveilleux with a handsome beaded lace front; Mrs J. P. Lucas wore yellow Liberty silk; Mrs Hanna, white satin; Mrs Michtosh, heliotrope net over silk; Mrs Suodgrass, black, with yellow flowers; Mrs T. Carter, black net over black satin; Mrs Chaytor, Mrs McIntire, and Mrs Hiley were also present; Mrs Clousten wore a pretty pale blue silk with train; Miss Pickering (Christchurch) looked well in canary-coloured Liberty silk; Miss Chaytor wore white: and Miss Welford (Wanganui) and Miss Munro, two debutantes, looked sweet and pretty in white net frocks, and bouquets of white and purple violets; Miss Dodeon wore pink gauze, which suited her; Misses Horton (2) wore canary colour and white; Miss Farmar, white; Miss Carter, white; Miss Worthington, pale blue. I noticed also Misses Young (2), Misses Raynor (2), and several others whose names I did not know, all looking nice. Dancing was kept up till four a.m.

There is some talk of a volunteer ball to come off during the winter, which ought to be a success, as the corps is rather a strong one, and contains a good deal of the most energetic element in Blenheim. Besides the ball there were various excursions, some up country, and others to Picton and down the Sound, from whence several of our young men returned triumphantly, ladem with fish, and boasting, as only men can boast, of their prowess as fishermen.

There was also a public ball in Picton which, though not largely attended, was very successfully carried out. Public

frowned down into insignificance—into notice, the people should wake up to the fact that the rising generation require food for the mind as well as the body, and re-open their Institute upon a more satisfactory footing than

should wake up to the fact that the rising generation require food for the usind as well as the body, and re-open their Institute upon a more satisfactory footing than formerly.

An interesting little wedding took place in Holy Trinity Church, Picton, the parents of the bride and bridegroun being some of the first settlers in the district. The wedding was a very quiet one, owing to recent deaths in both families, though numbers of the very ollest residents of Picton attended at the church to witness the ceremony and salute the happy pair with the usual shower of rice. The bridegroom was Mr Charles Western, of Mount Pleasant, and the bride Miss Carrie Mclieth, who wore a pretty costume of white Polar cloth trimmed with swamsdown, with train, veil, and wreath. She carried a lovely bouquet of white flowers. Miss Carrie Western was the only bridesmaid, and was dreased in white Polar cloth, with pale pink velvet facings and Marie Stuart collar. The best man was Mr John Welford, of Wanganui, cousin to the bride.

The bachelors of Picton got up a little dance for the 28th. They undertook to do everything else if the ladies, who are adepts at the work, would provide the supper. The result was a great deal of supper, and very few to eat it. Only mine gentlemen put in an appearance, and just three times the number of ladies, and though Messra H. Baillie and A. Scott worked most energetically to make the sifair a success, there seemed to be an undercurrent of coldiness which froze all their efforts, and made even the young people glad to go home at an unusually early hour. A novelty was introduced which ought to have created a little fun. The young ladies were to have the prize of the evening some time before, and they oung lady who was soliciting 'the pleasure, etc.,' with half a dozen others who were about to follow suit, being informed that he was 'engaged,' retired in disgust and positively declined to place themselves in such a position again, and, had the next dance not been erased from the programme, they intending

to the wall.

The first Cup match of the football season has been played at Picton, and resulted in a win for the Picton boys by thirteen points to nil. The Blenheim men were astonished when they appeared on the ground to find themselves opposed by a 'parcel of boys,' about from fourteen up to twenty-one, and wanted to know where the Picton men were. They were more than astonished when the boys began to play, and they found that, try as they would, they could not get the ball within cone-y of their own goal. They all agreed that never before had they received such a drubbing. The game was a very rough one, and the Picton boys will bear the marks for some time to come. Only their pluck carried them through.

Jean.

JEAN.

# LONDON.

DEAR BEE,

MAY 1.

Dear Bee,

Do you ever indulge in fancy dress balls! I saw some very pretty dominoes the other night at a Paris musquerade. They were of pale, soft surah and Sultane silks. The hood was very exquisitely triumed with blonde and other laces, which is exceeding becoming when the mask is removed. A new idea was the Spanish mantle, which can be worn with either a high or low dress, or with a sort of sleeveless high dress, the back and front of the corsage having V openings.

The wedding of the Princess Victoria is announced to take place in June, when the Empress Frederick will come to England with her daughter, Princess Margaret, who is to be one of the bridesmaids. What a blending of relationships it would be if one of the sons of the Prince of Wales were to marry this young lady!

Did you hear that the brothers of two novelists—Miss Braddon and Miss Olive Schreine—have been created knights? I do not know what they have done to deserve the honour. Truth says: 'It has often occurred to me that it would be well to found an order for women, which would give them the right to prefix "Lady" to their names. Why should distinguished men be made knights and distinguished women not be made ladies? On the whole, ribbons look better on women than on men, do you not think so, Ree?

The health of the young Grand Duke George of Russia.

ribbons look better on women than on men, do you not think so, Bee?

The health of the young Grand Duke George of Russia, the Sailor Prince, is causing the greatest anxiety to his parents. His Imperial Highness, who is now on board a Russian iron-clad off Algiers, is suffering from intermittent fever of a very grave order, contracted whilst in India. The state of his health is so serious that the Czar and Czarina have abandoned their long projected visit to Central Asia next summer, and will not even go to the Crimea as usual. The Czarina will in all probability shortly proceed to her son, and spend the summer at the place recommended for him.

him.

I note in a London Society paper this interesting item, which, of course, will be quite news to you in New Zealand.

'The Queen is godmother to Lord Onslow's youngest son, who was baptized recently in New Zealand, the other sponsors being the Mayor of Wellington (representing the people of New Zealand), and Mr Herbert Gariner, M.P. The babe wore his great grandfather's white satin christening robe and his great grandmother's bridal veil of Honiton lane.'

Ing robe and his great-grandmother's ormatives of romaniaes."

I am sorry to hear that the health of our Mr Spungeon—I believe you have his son in Auckland—is again causing the greatest anxiety to his congregation and friends. More than once lately he has completined of great weakness, and has asked the indulgence of his hearers, not heing able to raise his voice. He preached on Palm Sunday with his hand resting on the back of his chair, and the congregation evidently had given up the hope of seeing him, as at the commencement of service the number present—a very rare occurrence—was unusually small. He is making a brave fight against what is feared to be failing strength and enfeebled energies.

Do you know that it is the custom for the Emperor and Empress of Austria to wash the feet of a dozen old men and a dozen old women, respectively, every Easter? There

must be soap, water, and towels used, and proper people are appointed to see that the ceremony is duly carried out. The Empress Elizabeth, being a sensitive, and not a sentimental woman, quietly goes away for Easter to escape the unpleasant task.

pleasant task.

The Marquis of Lorne is writing a new novel, entitled, 'From Shadow to Sunlight.' The heroine is an American girl, and the scene is laid in Scotland.

A CITY MOUSE.

# AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE,

JUNE 9.

We are now lamenting the departure of Madame Patey and her company, and I can assure you her series of delightful concerts will not soon be forgotten by lovers of music. Both financially and artistically the season has been phenomonally successful, for it is, indeed, seldom that any company visiting Auckland succeeds in drawing such immense andiences for seven consecutive nights. With nuch kindly condideration and thoughtfulness, the distinguished vocalit, accompanied by submisers of her company, paid a morning visit to the Cost Home at Epson, and afforded the poor old people there a musical treat they will long remember. In bidding farewall to Auckland, Madnue Patey expressed herself delighted and charmed with our city and surroundings, and promised to return at some future date. As I told you before, Madame Patey is gowns are lovely. As I told you before, Madame Patey is gowns are lovely. As I told you before, Madame Patey is gowns are lovely. As I told you before, Madame Patey is gowns are lovely. As I told you before, Madame Patey is gowns are lovely. As I told you before, and an expected to be of dull gold embroidered silk gaue aparkling with time! She wore her lovely diamond ornaments, and long light-coloured glodees, and satic slippers corresponding in colour with her gown completed a charming costume. Miss Rossow wore a black soft silk gown slightly trained, the bolkee low, and angel sleeves of lace falling to the bottom of her skirt. Miss Emilia Wood appeared in a simple but pretty gown of crime silk. It would be impossible for me to remember all the pretty deeper with the pretty deeper deeper with the pretty deeper with the pretty deeper deep

Haultain, Mrs Goldie, Misses Goldie, Mrs Johnstone, Mrs and Misses Purchas, Mrs Lindsay, and numerous others. The Amsteur Opers Club are now engaged in the active rehearsal of 'Princess Ida' under the direction of Professor

Haultain, Mrs Goldie, Missea Goldie, Mrs Johnstone, Mrs and Misses Purchas, Mrs Lindasy, and numerous othera.

The Amateur Opers 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 costunes 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 pelerine, black hat relieved with cardinal; Miss Buddle, black gown, mauve floral hat; Miss Herry, seal brown costume, hat to match trimmed with feathers, plush jacket; Miss Graham, stylish green gown trimmed with passementerie, large felthat with ostrich tips; Mrs Headerson, brown plaid tweed costume, fur pelerine, pretty little brown bonnet; Mrs Williams (Renuera) 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, dainty 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 anuse themselves and their friends by tonjours la danse. At Ferndale the other night, the juvenile (under twenty-one) members of the Mutual Improvement Society took charge of the programme, Miss Schers 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; Vrangle (a barrister), Mr John Durant; Grab (an attonney), Mr H. A. Hattley; Grimes (man with the carpet-bag), Mr A. Martin; Mr Stokes (inn-keeper), H. Garlick; Tom (waiter), Mr Tonson Garlick; Fred, (waiter), Mr C. Briestley; Jands and conchinan, Mr Cecil Dawson; Harriet (Pluckwell's daughter), Miss Sellers, Gamber-maid, Miss Garli

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 anusements 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) snent 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 l'arnell 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 Remuers by Mr and Mrs 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 she slatt was found improved by the voyage, and the medical men say that all he needs is complete. The medical men say that all he needs is complete. The medical men say that all he needs is complete. The medical men say that all he needs is complete. The medical men say that all he needs is complete, well known in Lyttelton and Auckland, is, as usual, working yery hard.

working very hard.

Have you seen any of that pretty work called poonahpainting? It is done on velvet or satin, and is used for all
soits of things — mantel drapes, tea-cosies, ottomans,
cushions, etc. It looks so artistic and delicate that you
would he 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.

# COKER'S FAMILY HOTEL,

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(Late Commander U.S.S.Co.) Proprietor.

# 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.

CHERPULYESS.—A cheefful face is nearly as good for an

that makes or unmakes him.

CHEERULEESS.—A cheeful 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 areas catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look annshiny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

# THE UCLY CHARMER.

has been said that when a man falls in love with a beau

when a man laist in love with a dean-tiful woman, there is a lways 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

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 is 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 piouant 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.

# LOVE'S FAITH.

Over the silver sea, Into the distance dim, Into the distance dim,
Where majic 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.

ne moon is sining 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? The moon is shining fair

Out in the dusk I lean Out in the dask 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 hene will produce in egg shells about 137 pounds of chalk or linuestone 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 nuscles grow more firm.

Some of the reckless and singularly shaped hats the hand-aome 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.

wallowing all over it for half-an-hour.

# NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC.

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H. BRETT, PUBLISHER,

SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.



TH this week's issue the NEW ZEA-

LAND 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 Australian 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 evergreen 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. 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 eitherthequality of the paper and the cost of production must be reduced, or the quality niust be ingintained and steadily improved, and the price advanced to the English rate for journals of the same class, prietor has decided upon the latter course, and in future the price of a single copy of the GRAPHIC will be SIXPENCE. 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.



has 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 apecially of her life in her Scotch Highland home. She is, to my mind, one of the most charming of

deal of her private life, and specially 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 Iodge, 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 hueband and son are the 'cup-bearers,' as no servents 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 goosp.

There is something charming about an afternoon tea served with all its delightful accessories of dainly 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 ho

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 Matio was superb as 'Raoul,' and that although Grisi sang the music splendidly, she never realized her idea of the character of 'Valentine.'

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 lurt myself, but, when she saw that I was all right, she burst out laughing. We all had been rather solenn 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 home 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-Gye, with many thanks for the lovely nosegay, and every good wish for her happiness in the New Year, from

1 V.R.I. January 1st, 1887.

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

For an old lady the Queen's wriving is a mount of an above and legibility.

The Queen rises early in the morning, and, after breakfast, reads and answers her letters, and transact business. She is fond of the open sir, 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 Loclinagar, its surrounding mountains and the valley of the Dec. 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 alterneon the Queen takes a long drive, often extending over thirty miles, and always in an open carriage. She dince 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 enormons. 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 husiness 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 tavourite collie.

When the court is at Windsor, the members of the royal household in attendance are one lady-in-waiting (always a peere's), two maists of honour, a lord-in-waiting, two equires, 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 women. The senior dresser, who has been many years with Her Majesty, is especially charged with the task of conveying orders to different tradespenyle—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 foudness for the child



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 familes and their occupations, and giving evidence of this at most unexpected moments.

unexpected momenta

and their occupations, and giving evidence of this at most unexpected momenta.

A cicumstance 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 embasty, and sitting next to me was one of the gentlemen of the Crown Princess' 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 them little comforts. During her stay in Scotland she takes a pleasure during her drives it 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 rea with me, my little boy was so much struck with this that he said to me after she had gone, 'Oh, manuma, 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 Ludius' 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. Botched work of any sort never has a market value, and this is especially true of the making of chromo photographs.

The outil 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 ligh; 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. j. 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 glasse for these first lessons, instead of the convex glasses, thus saving expense. Skill in painting may be gained with the fint glase, 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 merthe picture, then apply the flesh colour, according to the outlines of the face, neck an 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 beparate, 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 sgain. 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.

bright a picture never gives satisfaction.

# COUCHS.

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 uvuls, or to an inflamed mucous membrane in any part of the sir passages, from the backmouth 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 he no alarm about it; it has no connection with any organic disease.

Received the second of the season of the sea

ease.

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 conlined to the largux, which it partially closes.

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

In consumption the irrition is not in the mucous membrane, but in the lungs-substance. Hence, in the early stage of the disease, the cough is a mere 'back,' there being little or nothing to raise; the well known cough of the large.

later stage is connected with the ulcerous condition of the lungs.

It is the office of the nucous membrane everywhere to secrete a thin, lubricating fluid. When this membrane is inflamed, the secretion is not only nuch 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 specially irritable at such times, the cold inbreathed air may bring on a useless coughing spell. A sipping of linseed teals here helpful by protecting the sensitive nerves from the air with a thin coating, and care should be taken to breath through the nose, instead of through the mouth.

A PERFECT FORD.—Aulsebrook's Digestive Biscuits a origin remedy for Indigestion.—(ADVI.) The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed proved the World's Champion at the Paris Exhibition, 1889. April

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

The only 'Vertical Feed' Sewing Machine in the world is the New High Arm Davis. Head Office in New Zealand Hudson and Co., Christchurch.—Abyr.



# A NECESSITY.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

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 leethere must be who in pain must wrestle on their

Some there must be who must feel the fierce onslaught of

Some there must be who must kneel unheard outside the

Some there must be who must work nor goodly guerdon 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

# 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 alraid 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 yon 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 kid 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 each 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

grow quicker, while the second and third are counted vulgar.

As you want to hold your head well, get in the babit 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 incensive will cause you to hold yourself a traight and to make you walk in a less jerky manner. In New Orleans the coloured mannines used to make their little charges walk with a light-weight how if filed 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 bathing 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 shout 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

# THE LATEST IN STATIONERY.

THE TYPANT FASHION GROWS MORE DESPOTIC EVERY

THE tyrant fashion grows more despotic and exacting each year, and the unfortunate blase young lady finds '91 hard to keep apace with, but the dear little debutante grasps eagerly each new fad. She surely is one of fashion's most artery is the surely in the same of the

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 surgests.

bag filled with the pertume which the paper of surgests.

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 creats, or the address in silver, are very effective also on this shade. Mazanine 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 mongram. The paper being a delicate blue tint, will have a silver wreath at the top, the monogram inside being done in dark blue.

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.

of colour.

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 minute in the most stately fashion on a corner of our writing paper. Sometimes these ancient little dames, with their diminuitive 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 welcomely 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 Clindrella and many of the old Mother Goose rhymes appearing all decked in bright colours at the head of the sheet.

The little Lord Fanntleroy 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 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 walkenes.

week a visit at their nouse 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 sings which go on about the house?'

'Are an one 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 no but lots of other folks are good-natured, and yet no-body's visite 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 roundsbout way, some good quality of one of the children.'
'I guess that is so,' said Mr Perkins, 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.'

ings.'

Never 1'

'Then we've found her out.'

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

# 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 hnish 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, or is 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: Rinss 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 them 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 prouably smaller than the cost of silk or velvet frocks would be. Certainly white is most auitable 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 graticute 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 preper 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. gold coin.

Jenness-Miller awoke one day to find berself 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 adjoose. A word to the Jenness Miller dressnaker and the gown was fashioned. When first made it looks quiet, dignified, and ordinary, a sleepy 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 marvellous 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.

# QUERIES

Any queries, domestic or otherwiss, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, New ZEALANU GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The RULES for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the New ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

No. 1.--All communications must be written on one side of No. 1.—An community the paper only.

No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

# QUERIES.

GREEN VEGETABLES.—We are very fond of green vegetables, but we all dislike the smell in the house caused by cooking them. Can you give any suggestion which will help us to modify the annoyance!—Bertha.

SPICED BEEF.—Will you, or any of your readers, kindly give me a good recipe for above.—M.E.F.

CRYSTAL BASKETS.—Can you tell me how these are made, and what are the ingredients?—ROLF.

CORAL.—Is there any simple way of cleaning cotal. Shall be much obliged for an answer.—ELLEN.

# ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Pollie.—As you ask for directions for making a good baricot, I shall be pleased to give you a recipe, and I should advise you to wait a little while, until tender carrots are procurable, as you say you like plenty put into this dish. Take about two pounds of the neck of mutton, and remove all the unnecessary fat and cut up the meat in neat pieces, season the meat with pepper and salt, cut up five or six onions in dice-shaped pieces, two or three carrots and turnips also cut up in dice-shapes; put a very little grease into a stewpan, and then put the vegetables and meat into it, and fry them all together until a good brown colour, then sprinkle a little flour over the meat and cover with cold water; let it come gently to the boil, and then let the haricot simmer gently for about two and a half hours, removing any seum or grease which may rise to the surface. A bunch of herbs should be cooked in the haricot, and a short time before the haricot is ready to serve, some cooked French beams and some peas should be added. The vegetables should be arranged in the centre of the dish and the meat placed round them.

them.

"Beta'—I wonder whether you will like a cake made from this recipe. When well made, it is very good; and, if kept in a tin, will remain moist for some time. Take three-quarters of a pound of Vienna flour which has been passed through a sieve, a small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, and rub into it until smooth a quarter of a pound of butter, then add half a pound of sultanas, a quarter of a pound of raisins chopped finely, a quarter of a pound of mixed peel, and the same quantity of castor sugar. Mix half a teaspoonful of ground mixed spice in a wineglass of brandy, and add it to the above ingredients, together with not quite half a pint of milk and three eggs. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about an hour and a quarter. This is a very good luncheon cake.

'Secata'—I do not know whether you can manare to

'Scenta.'—I do not know whether you can manage to properly blend the ingredients, but the following simple and inexpensive recipe was considered the best among over 200 competitors in a recent prize competition for the best Ean de Cologne formula:—Essence of bergamot, two drachms; essence of lemon, one drachm; oil of neroli, twenty drops; oil of origanum, six drops; oil of rosemary, twenty drops; S.V.R. treble distilled, one pint; orange-flower water, one

# RECIPES.

To CLEAN GLOVES.—Damp slightly, stretch over a wooden hand, and clean with a spunge dipped in benzol. When dry hang out in the sir to remove the smell. If a wooden hand is not procurable, dip the glove in benzol, squeeze, draw on your own band, and rub with a clean cloth till dry.

A PERMANENT WHITEWASH.—Lime slacked with a solution of salt in water, and thinned with skim milk from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and, it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles, and for all farm buildings.

VERMIN, TO DESTOY.—A little powdered potash thrown into rat holes will drive the rodents away that are so annoying in cellar or kitchen. Cayenne pepper will have the same effect on rate and cockroaches, and a monse will never guaw through a piece of cotton sprinkled with cayenne that is stuffed into its hole.

COUGH MIXTURE.—An excellent cough mixture is an onnce each of sal ammoniac and liquorice dissolved in a quart of hot water; have that handy, and give a table-spoonful when the cough threatens or is troublesome; a dose taken at night on going to bed will often secure a good night's rest for the patient. Here is a gargie that may be used with the mixture:—Chlorate of potash, i ounce; honey, 2 ounces; dissolve in a pint hot water; use as a gargie; no harm in swallowing a little.

A lady says: 'I have tried the cough mixture with great success after a severe attack of the prevailing sore throat, cold and cough epidemic. It is better to mix about a quarter of each ounce with a pint of boiling water for children. Not more than one teaspoonful should be taken at a time, and not very frequently. It stopped my little gittl's cough like magic. I put a little perpermint in to give it a pleasanter teste.'

Now winterly evenings are beginning in real earnest, light and inexpensive hot dishes for late tea, or supper, are very acceptable, and for this purpose well made potato pies

are generally much liked, being bot and savoury without making much demand on the digestion. Igure two receipts for making below, which may be useful. The first is—Eight ounces of boiled potatoes, two eggs, quarter pint of cream (or milk), salt, juice and rind of one lemon. Beat all to a froth and bake to a nice brown. Up, boiled and mashed potato layer in the bottom of the dish, layer of finely minced meat, and then potato again. Well flavour with salt, pepper, well boiled and finely chopped onion, and a little chopped parsley. Bake as before.

MARQUIS CAKES.—To make marquis cakes, take three-quarters of a pound of Vienna flour, which has been passed through a fine sieve, and mix with it until smooth a quarter of a pound of butter, one and a half ounce of cornilour, two ounces of castor, two ounces of finely chopped almonds, a little salt, and a quarter of an ounce of carraway seeds. Mix all together, then add one and a half ounces of baking powder. Mix two raw yolks of eggs, with rather more than half a pint of milk, and pour by degrees on to the flour, etc., and work into a dough, then roll out on a floured board until about half an inch in thickness, and cut out in small rounds with a plain pastry cutter, and ornament the tops of the littlecakes with candied peel cut indiamonds and glacécherries and almonds which have been shredded. Place the cakes on lightly floured baking tins, and bake them in a moderate oven for about twenty to twenty-five minutes. Care must be taken that the slmonds and candied peel do not burn, as they will frequently do unless carefully watched, and to prevent this it is advisable to place a sheet of paper over them after they have been in the oven a short time.

TESTS FOR WATER.—For Carbonic Acid: Take equal parts of water and clear lime and candied peel on the formal clear lime water. If combined or free

them after they have been in the oven a short time.

TESTS FOR WATER.—For Carbonic Acid: Take equal parts of water and clear lime-water. If combined or free carbonic acid is present, a precipitate is seen, to which if a few drops of muriatic acid be added, effervescence commences. For Magnesia: Boil the water to a twentieth part of its weight, and then drop a few grains of neutral carbonate of ammonia into a glass of it, and a few drops of phosphate of soda. If magnesia is present it will fall to the bottom. For Iron: Boil a little nut-gall and add to the water. If it turn grey or slate black, iron is present. Second, dissolve a little prussiate of potash, and if iron is present it will turn blue. For Lime: Into a glass of water put two drops of oxalic acid. Blow upon it. If it gets milky, lime is present. For Lead: Take sulphuretted gas and water in equal quantity. If it contains lead it will turn a blackish brown. Again, the same result will take place if sniphate of ammonia be used. For Copper: If present, it will turn polished steel a copper colour.

# **'HOW TO CET MARRIED.**

BY MRS L. FROST RATTRAY.

FOURTH PAPER.

' A man's best fortune or his worst is his wife,'-Old Proverb,



HEN an engaged pair wish to be married ac-cording to the service provided for the solemnization of mathinous by the Church of England, and are duly armed with the necessary Registrar's certificate or certifi-cates, they have the choice of being wed in

of England, and are duly armed with the necessary Registrar's certificate or certificate, they have the choice of being wed in three ways—by banns, by licence, or by special licence. It may be as well to mention here that the Government certificate holds good for three months only. If anything should occur to delay the marriage beyong that time, a fresh certificate must be obtained.

At one time it was fashionable to be married by banns; then some nouvnaux riches started the ides of a licence because it cost more; then, owing, I suppose, to the English aristocracy becoming poor, hanns again became the correct thing. There is no tee for calling the banns, which must be published for three Sundays before the wedding, but 55 must be paid the officiating minister, which he pays to the Pension Fund of the Diocese. I am not sure whether this rule exists all over New Zealand. Of course, the bridegroom can, and generally does, give the clergyman an oftering for his trouble, but this is not compulsory. The reading of the banns in a large pairsh church after the second lesson was always listened to with interest. I publish the banns of marriage between M., of —, and N., of —. If any of you know case or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the first (second or third) time of asking. There was always just a little hopeful pause. Perhaps someone would jump µ and forbid the banns. In one church, where no interruption of the kind had occurred in the memory of the parson, after two couples for the first, two for the second, and one for the third time, of asking had been duly called, and the clergyman had uttered the usual challenge, a man rose up in a back seat and said sternly, 'I forbid the banns.' Every head was instantly turned in the direction of the speaker, and the minister completely taken aback, stammered, 'Wh—wh—what, sir' T.e.n. as the man repeated his words with even more emphasis, the clergyman recovered his self-possession, and said:

seemed to enjoy reading the banns in a particular at tractive way. At all events, when John Smith to Ellem Mille came distinctly to the ears of Farmer and Mrs Mille, there was a sudden murmur of conversation in the pew occupied for generations by Miles, and Ellen, crimson to the roots of her hair, was obliged to own that she was the woman called for the third time that day. The result was that John Smith was sent about his business, and Ellen Mille wept bitter tears and married some one else within the year—but not by banns.

The second method of getting married is by licence. A licence can be issued immediately before the wedding by the Registrar of the Diucese, or by the cleryman. The cost is one pound (£1), which is paid to the Registrar's l'und. If the persons wishing to be married are poor, this licence can be issued for nothing at the discretion of the minister. The fee for marrying is 10s, which is paid to the Pension Fund; also, an offering can be made to the clergyman, but is not compulsory. The marriage lines are given free at the time of the wedding, but if applied for after some time has elapsed, the charge for obtaining them is 2s 6d.

A special license costs a good deal more, and is not very often demanded.

Many people think that the ring is a necessary part of the

often demanded.

Many people think that the ring is a necessary part of the ceremony. So it is in church, but not in a marriage before a Registrar. In the early days of the Church of England in Otago, wedding-rings were very scarce. The wife of the Resident Magistrate was married with the church key, and did not boats a plain gold ring until a lady arrived from England who possessed two and gave her one. The first Episcopalian clergyman in Dunedin told me that on one cocasion, when marries as a constant of the cocasion, when marries as a cocasion, when marries as a cocasion, when marries are constant of the constant of the cocasion.

England who possessed two and gave her one. The first Episcopalian clergyman in Dunedin told me that on one occasion, when marrying a couple, the man persisted in saying, 'With all thy worldy goods I me endow,' instead of the prescribed formula, 'With all my worldy goods I thee endow.' As she was rich and he was poor, the man was perfectly right.

This same clergyman married a couple away in the country and found on his arrival in Dunedin that this marriage and several others were rendered invalid by some mistake in the issuing of the certificates. Either they were issued by a person not legally appointed, or they were insome way informal. So the clergyman rode in hot haste to the last-married couple to tell them they must be re married. Of course, two or three days had elapsed, and when the news was communicated to them they were both delighted to find themselves free, and would not be pursuaded to go through the ceremony again. Some time later these marriages were all legalised, and again the clergyman sought these two, and this time told them they had no choice, they were really husband and wife. They very sensibly agreed to make the best of the situation and put up with each other.

On one occasion the minister said to the bridegroom.

On one occasion the minister said to the bridegroom, 'Now repeat after me, ''.), John, take thee, Mary, to be my wedded wife,"' when the bridegroom hastily interrupted him with, 'I say, parson, hold hard. I don't want you to marry the girl. 'Pm going to do that.'

Another husband in posse insisted on answering, 'All right, sir,' to the questions put to him; whilst another nudged the clergyman as he was telling the bride to repeat the words, 'to love, clerish, and to obey,' and said, 'That's it, parson. Make her say 'obey.''

It is on record that one fair damsel absolutely refused to promise this, though the clergyman stopped the service and reasoned with her, whereupon the bridegroom scowling significantly at the refractory bride, said, 'All right, gove nor, you go ahead. I'll make her understand that part afterwards.'

The wife of the rector of the little township of Waikouiti The wife of the rector of the little formship of Warkoutz was decorating the clurch one Christinas Eve, when she was interrupted by the arrival of a welding-party. The dusky bride, a half-caste, paused as she saw the partly-completed work. 'We've come too soon, the Maori maiden observed, graciously. 'She's not finished getting ready for us.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# A VIEW OF 'WOMEN'S WORK,'

What can a helpless female do!

Rock the craile and bake and brew;
Or, if no craile your fate afford,
Rock your brother's wife's for your board;
Or live in one room with an invalid cousin,
Or sew shop shirts for a dollar a dozen,
Or please some man by looking sweet,
Or please some man by looking sweet,
Or please him by sking much advice,
And thinking whatever be does is nice.
Visit the poor (under his supervision);
Doctor the sick who can't pay a physician;
Save men's time by doing their praying,
And other old jobbs there's no present pay in.
But if you presume to usurp employments
Reserved by them for their special enjoyments,
Or if you succeed when they knew you wouldn't,
Or learned to do things they'd proved were above you,
You'll hurt their feelings, and then they won't love you.

# THE POET'S CORNER.

THE poet's corner in a country newspaper is coveted by many a sentimental miss. Round corners are preferable to square ones. The latter burt the children's heads if tables are in question, and people's hearts if the angels are in the temperament. A corner, in a large company, gives one opportunity for observation. Withal, it is not entirely pleasant to be completely cornered. Puss in the corner is a great institution with the children, and poss in the corner parring sleepily, a seclative for the grown people. What would a woman's letter be without these facilities for the inevitable post-cript? Men laugh about it, and look for it, knowing that the items condensed in these happy after-thoughts are worth a dozen letters such as we prosy men write. But dearer than any of the some-said is that best of all corners, the one which you find has been kept warm for you, through years of trial and separation, in the heart of a friend. By-and-by the weary body will crave a little corner in some cheerful cemetery. Till then let us so live that we may not fail to secure an humble corner in Heaven.

# SUNDERED HEARTS.

BY MRS R BURKE COLLINS.



HE red flag of the auctioneer waved anctioneer wave a from the door of the Vance aristocratic Vames mansion, rude voices were heard in the marble-paved hall, coarse jest and harsh unmusical laughter resounded, while over all the loud resounded the voice of the country will be under the country will be unde sonant voice of the patiated upon the value of each article of furniture, the rare of furniture, the rate bronzes and fine paintings, the statu-ary and bric - h-brac, and the 'going 'ming — gone!' — going — gone !'
which ended each transaction.
Outside blue sky
and goldensunshine.

walking, busy crowds of sight-seers, impassive facial business men, merry children, fashionable ladies on their way down town bent upon shopping expeditions; everybody occupied with their own cares and enjoyment, each for himself. The way of the world

down town term are considered with their own cares and enjoyment, considered with their own cares and enjoyment, considered as elf. The way of the world.

L'patairs in a large handsome apartment Lionel Vance's family had assembled to hide themselves from the rude strife below until the red flag should be taken down, the sound of the auctioner's voice should cease, and the Creat Unwashed no longer held full possession of the splendid home which only a few days before they would not have dared to enter. But great changes had come in a few days. It was only fourteen days—its eemed as many years—since Lionel Vance had come home from his counting-room, pale and bewildered, his eyes full of worldess horror—come home to his wife and

had come home from his counting-room, pale and bewildered, his eyes full of wordless horror—come home to his wife and daughter with the awful tale of beggary that had come upon them like a thing in the night.

'I cannot bear it and live!' he moaned, brokeuly. 'It is more than I am able to endure. My wife, my wife! all hope is gone from me forever. What will become of us now? For myself, it is not so horrible, for I am a man; but you—for you and Irene—poverty will be far worse than death!'

The fail delicate little lady was transformed into a

more than I am able to endure. My wite, my wise; any hope is gone from me forever. What will become of us now? For myself, it is not so horrible, for I am a man; but you,—for you and Irene—poverty will be far worse than death!"

The fiail, delicate little lady was transformed into a heroine. She came to her husband's side and strove to cheer him, to plant one little seed of confort in his despairing heart. But all in vain. Three days later he was found dead in his bed; he had died of a broken heart. You think this an improbable story? The writer, however, has known just such a case. And so the two feeble women—mother and daughter—were left to bear the heavy burden alone.

'Mamma!'—I'rene Vance crept to her mother's side the night after the funeral of the husband and father—mamma, what is best for us to de? I propose that we sell the house and suction off the furniture, and then we shall have money enough to purchase a small house in the suburbs, and I will try to get something to do.'

Mrs Vance sighed.

'Darling, you do not know—you do not understand!' she said, brokenly. 'This house is ours no longer. The furniture, the rich and costly belongings, the horses and carriages—all belong by right to your father's creditors. We must sell everything, Irene, and pay the last pound. Then, and not until then, will we be free.

And so the red flag waved from the door, and upon the marble portice and in the great frescoed roomscrowds gathered. Ill-dressed, dirty, noisy, they had no respect for the dead man who had been borne from that door so short a time previous. They only came to gratify their curiosity and watch the buyers, who, with absorbed interest in the beautiful things around them, went on bidding, always cheapening where they could. A man may expend large sums in the paintings, the statuary, the various works of at the private of the search of the sum of the

proposed and was rejected. And at the same time Gerald Ross ceased to call at the Vance massion, and Irene had never met him again until she stood pale and trembling be-fore the deak in his private office and begged him to give her

employment.
He stood gazing into the pale, half-frightened face with
eyes full of interest.
Pardon me for referring to the past, Miss Irene, he said,
slowly, but I thought that you—that—you were Mrs Trehurns. How then can it be possible that you come here to

elowly, 'but I thought that you—that—you were Mrs Trehurns. How then can it be possible that you come here to
seek employment?'

Her face was pale as death.
'I never thought of auch a thing as marrying Mr Trehurne,' she cried, indignantly. 'I—I—detest him!'
'But your father certainly—Forgive me. I have no
right to distress you so. It is brutal in me. Please drink
this glass of wine; you are looking fearfully pale and wesry.'
He poured a glassful of wine from a cut-glass decanter
near, and Irene sipped it slowly.
At that very moment there was a rap at the door of the
office, and one of the employés appeared.
'Mrs Ross is waiting, sir,' he aunounced.
A flush shot athwart the young man's cheek. Irene turned
to him with sudden courage.
'I have never congratulated yon, Mr Ross,' she said,
quietly. 'Your marriage is a happy one, I am sure. May
you be always as happy as now.'
'Thank you. I hope to be a great deal happier,' he returned. 'Miss Vance, may I call upon you to-night—myself and Mrs Ross! I will tell you then of a cituation which
I can offer you, and which I hope you will accept. Let us
come, Irene,' he added, softly.
'Very well. We are living at No. 200 Ivy Terrace. It
is not like the old home,' she added, sadly.
He took her hand in his as she arose.
'Good-bye,' she murmured, brokenly; and then she was
gone.
How could she bear that meeting which must come—the

gone.

How could she bear that meeting which must come—the meeting with Gerald Ross's wife—when she loved him with all her heart? But she must put away all these mad thoughts, and remember only that he was married, and could be nothing to her. There could be no more friendship between them.

That evening Gerald Ross called at the neat cottage where Irene and her mother, in their deep mourning garments, awaited them.

awaited them.

Mrs Ross was a sprightly little blonde, very pleasant and

Mrs Ross was a sprightly little blonde, very pleasant and entertaining.

'I've been wanting Gerald to bring me here for some time,' she exclaimed. 'I am a real tyrant over him, I assure you, Miss Vance. But my hueband has not yet joined me here, and but for brother Gerald I should be quite lonely.'

'Her husband!' Brother Gerald!'

No wonder that the blood receded from Irene's heart and she felt faint and weak.

Gerald came to her side, and drew her away to an open

window.
"Come into the garden, Maud," he quoted, laughingly.
'I have much to tell you, Irene. I have come to offer you a situation. It is a position in my home—as you have long since gained possession of my heart. Darling, I love you—I have always loved you; but—but—your father assured me that Trehurne was the favoured suitor, and so I withdrew.'

Her face was nale as marble.

that Trehurne was the favoured suitor, and so I withdrew.' Her face was pale as marble.
'And he told me that you were married!' she panted. Gerald bowed gravely.
'It was my brother Jared,' he returned. 'Irene, I have never loved any woman but you. Let us forgive and forget the mistakes of your poor father. He thought that he was doing for the best, I suppose. Be my wife, Irene. Will you marry me at once? We have been separated for so long! Darling, we were sundered, but not forever.'
And the two who had been so cruelly parted knew now that the parting was over, and nothing could separate them while they lived.

# MARRIAGEABLE PRINCESSES.

MARRIAGEABLE PRINCESSES.

TURNING to the marriageable Princesses at the Courts of Europe, we find quite a bevy of fair maidens.

Taking first the Protestant Princesses, their number is somewhat limited, comprising our two Princesses of Wales, Victoria and Maud, respectively twenty-two and twenty-one; Princess Alice of Hesse, nineteen; Princess Cictoria of Teck, twenty-two; Princess Nictoria, of Schelswig Holstein, eighteen; Princess Louise Sophie of Augustenberg, twenty-three, sister of the German Empress; Princess Leiness Louise of Schleswig-Holstein; Princess Elizabeth of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, sister of the Grand Duke, twenty years of age; and, finally, Princess Olga of Saxe-Weimar, nineteen. To the above should be added for correctness aske, as single the Queen-Regent Emma of the Netherlands, a widow at the early age of thirty-three, and the Duchass of Albany, thirty-one. Moreover, we may also include Princess Louise of Denmark, daughter of the Crown Prince, although, as yet, only fifteen years of age.

# A MESSAGE.

How little the left hand knoweth
The deed that are done by the right,
How little the night time showeth
Its corrowful shades to the light!
How few of the hearts that are broken Betray to the breaker their grief; How many harsh words that are spo Are the crushed soul's only relief!

Are the crushed souls only relief!

Alas! for the childlike gladness
We never may know again;
And alas, and alas for the sadness
That broods like a spirit of pain!
Like some spirit of pain, that will hover
Still nearer when sunlight is fied,
Until youth, and youth's last changeful lover.
Grow old, and grow cold as the dead!

Grow old, and grow cold as the dead!
It is strange that the hands that might lead us
To heaven refuse us their hold;
That the dear lips that whisper, 'God speed us'
Are the lips that are first to grow cold!
But love, we are nearer the dawning,
Just there is the heavenly light,
And how little the glorious morning
Knows the sorrowful shades of the night!

# LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

# DAINTY BALL-COWNS.

(SEE PASHION-PLATE, PAGE 93.)

(SEE FASHION-PLATE, PAGE 93.)

THE sketches this week embody some of the prettiest notions of the London season in the way of fascinating ball gowns, especially suitable for young girls, who would not be suitably clothed in the heavy brocades so much patronized by their seniors.

No. 1 is a smart little ball-gown made in a combination of pale pink embroidered lisse, and plain pink lisse, profueely trimmed with pink ribbons.

No. 2 is an exceedingly pretty gown carried out in plain and spotted lisse in a lovely shade of car de nil. It is ornamented with bows of ribbon and feather trimming of the same colour,

No. 3 is a very charming frock, made in one of the new white talles, spotted with white velvet, and edged with a border of gold embroidery. The bodice is prettily trimmed to correspond.

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CREAM and acids do not curdle, while milk and acids will.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon, instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

If sponge cake is mixed with cold water, it is yellow; but if the water be boiling hot the cake will be white.

If doughnuts are cut out an hour before they are fried to allow a little time for rising, they will be much lighter. Try cutting at night and frying in the morning.

Gravy will generally be lumpy if the thickening is poured in while the pan is over the fire. Set the pan off until the thickening is well stirred in, then set it on the fire and cook thoroughly.

A teaspoonful of corn-starch mixed with a cupful of salt, will remove all possibility of dampness in the shaker.

When making white cakes use one-half teaspoonful more of cream of tartar than soda as this extra quantity of cream of tartar makes the egg whites stiffer.

Scald the bowl in which the lutter and sugar are to be creamed for cake; the hot dish heats the butter so that it will blend much easier with the sugar.

Icing for cake may be prevented from cracking when cut, by adding one tablespoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten erg. Stir all up together, then add sugar until as stiff as can be stirred.

To prevent layer cake from sticking, grease the tins and deat in a little force.

stiff as can be stirred.

To prevent layer cake from sticking, grease the tins and dust in a little flour.

Solution for cleaning silver and brass:—To one quart of rain water add two ounces of ammonia and three ounces of precipitated chalk. Bottle and keep well-corked, and shake before using. Wash silver in hot, soapy water and rinse in clean hot water.

precipitated chair. Bottle and keep well-corked, and shake before using. Wash silver in hot, soapy water and rinse in clean hot water.

A good cement for mending broken china: Dissolve a little gum arabic in a little water so that it is rather thick, put enough plaster of Paris into this to make a thick paste. Cement broken pieces of china together, and in half an hour they cannot be broken in the same place. Hot water seems to make it more firm.

they cannot be broken in the same place.

A valuable salve for cuts or wounds of any kind: Boil one-half cup of thick, sweet cream ten or fifteen minutes, stirring constantly; when cold, beat it thoroughly, when it will be a creamy paste. Bottle and cork tightly or make fresh exarv time.

fresh every time.

To keep the bread-jar and cake box sweet, rince after washing, with boiling water in which a little common soda has been dissolved; then set out of doors in the sun for a hours.

Keep sewer pipes, connected with stationary stands, clean and wholesome by scalding once a week with boiling water in which washing soda has been dissolved, remembering that many a case of diphtheria has been attributed to foul sewer

many a case of dipheneria has been attributed to not some pipes.

Sponge carpets occasionally with hot water in which either common salt or powdered alum has been dissolved. This not only brightens the carpet, but prevents moths.

A canton-flaunel bag, made up with the downy side out, is a great convenience on sweeping day. Slip it over the broom and dust walls and wood-work with it. The bag is convenient also for dusting hard wood floors. For this purpose, dampen it slightly, and the floor may be kept clean a long time without washing.

LADIES, for afternoon tea use Aulsebrook's Oswego Biscuits; a perfect delicacy.—(ADVI.)

\*ORB' CORRUGATED IRON is the best iron manu ctured, it has no equal.—ADVT. factured, it 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.—Apyr.

Patent Wheels, Cycles, Perambulators. Agents wanted. DUNKLEY, Birmingham, England.—(ADVT.
FLAG BRAND PICKLES.—Ask for them, the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS., Christchurch.—(ADVT.)

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STRANGERS visiting Christchurch are frequently at a loss to know where they can buy Additions to their TUILLT or OUTFIT to best advantage. We can recommend

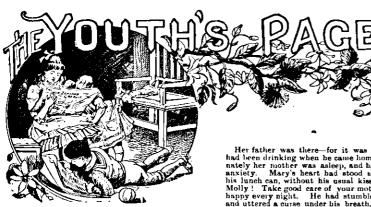
# MESSRS SHAW, ROBINSON, AND CO.,

THE HALL HIGH-STREET,

as holders of Extensive Stocks, who offer every facility for business, and are reliable people.



DAINTY BALL-GOWNS .-- LONDON



# AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Snow, snow, beautiful snow.
You look very nice when you come; but, oh!
You save very much nicer when you go!
Go, go, beautiful snow,
And don't come again for a year or so.

I picture you now on some Arctic floe, Along with Frost, Hail, Sleet, and Co., And while you're there I am ready to show Respect by calling you 'beautiful snow!' But do I wish you nearer? No! Absence makes hearts fonder grow, So don't come again for a year or so— If I want you sooner I'll let you know.

D. W. Shaw,

# THE FIGURE 9.

The wonderful peculiarites of the figure 9: Multiply it with whatever you like, it gives the same result. Begin with  $2 \times 9 = 18$ , I and 8 makes 9;  $3 \times 9 = 27$ , 2 and 7 are 9, and so on, say 339  $\times 9 = 3,051$ . Add up these numbers, and they will give 9. Again,  $5,071 \times 9 = 45,639$ , when added up, makes 27; 2 and 7 are 9.

Take any number of figures and reverse their order, making a subtraction sum of it, the result added up is seen to make 9.

Thus 5,071 1,705

3,366 added up = 18. 1 and 8 are 9.

3,366 added up = 10. 1 200 = 10. Write down any number of figures, for 7,549,132 = 31 example Subtract them from the sum when ailded up

These figures when added up 2 and 7 are 9.

7,549,101 = 27

A very good puzzle has been based on this principle. Set another to write down a horizontal row of figures; then they are to be added up. When this has been done order one of the figurestany figure he pleases) to be crossed of Supposing he give you the result as 37, be sure he has crossed out 8, being the figure required to restore it to 9, namely 45. 4 and 5 are 9. The sum would stand as under:—

405,678,237 – 42 et 42 Subtract 405.67s.195 = 37.

If the 8 was added it would be, as usual, 45. 4 and 5 are 9. If the result returned is 9, you will know that either 9 or 0

# CRONIN'S CIRL.



T was a still, cold night in the heart of the Maine woods. Mary Cronin drew her frayed shawl closely over her head and shoulders as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the night. She was very tired for the day's work had been hard, and her invalid mother had needed more care than usoal. The dishes had been washed, and the table reset for breakfast; the pail had been filled in the ice-encircled spring on the mountain road, her mother's grach made, her bed amouthed up, and Mary had anny one Pasin-tane after another, as she held her mother's wasted hand, till sleep came to the sufferer.

The girl shood motionless on the door-stone, and looked eagerly at the works. Through the windows and doors of the casting-room, which were open this winter night; a fiery gleam shone from the red hot iro; unning through the moulds. Now and then came a sharp explosion, with a superb play of fireworks around the mouth of the furnace. The violet, orange, green and crimson stars did not attract Mary's attention. It was on old story to her, and her heart was too heavy for her eyes to see any beauty in it. She looked above the easting-room, up the high brick chimney to the 'top-house,' which was perched on an immense staging just at the mouth of the chimney.

Her father was there—for it was his night on—and he had been drinking when he came home to supper. Fortunately her mother was asleep, and had been apared cruel anxiety. Mary's heart had stood still as her father took his lunch can, without his usual kiss or the 'Good night, Molly! Take good care of your mother,' which made her happy every night. He had stumbled over the rag mat, and uttered a curse under his breath. He never did this except when he had been drinking heavily.

Poor John Cronin! His appetite for liquor and his weak will had caused him to drift from one workshop to another, from city to city, carrying with him his wife and only child. The factory quarters of St. Louis, Newark, and other manufacturing centres are worldly alike, and had it not been for her mother a stories, Mary, the little girl, would have believed the whole world paved and cut into narrow, dirty streats, with a streak of sooty sky above, crossed with clothes-lines.

Her mother canne from a mountain region, and her nature revolted at the wretched places they had called home. The sunny, old brick farm-house, built in the Dutch way; the fertile fields, the crowded barn-yard, grandmother's flower-garden across the road, the mountains framing the little vale, the peace, the cleanness, the stability—Mary knew them all through her mother's words and sighs and tears.

A great resolve had crept into the child's heart to try and reproduce that peaceful life. 'To be respectable and to stay in one place' was what she lived for. If only her father would not drink!

reproduce that peaceful life. 'To be respectable and to stay in one place' was what she lived for. If only her father would not drink!

There came a day to the child when she began to see her way clear. A letter arrived from a man with whom her father had worked before his marriage. He wrote of an opening for the family at the Katahdin Iron works. Fair wages and a comfortable home were ready.

When John Cronio read the letter, all his old love for the woods came back to him. He could feel the cold steel of the gun-barrel, and the supple rod bend in his hand. Before long the money was got together which carried the family to the works, sixty miles north.

Six months had gone, and every day brought new beauties to Katahdin. Now and then the child-left the works, with its black, unsightly buildings, long row of charcoal-houses, heaps, of purple-tinted slag, the refuse of the iron, and acres of trees dead from the sulphur fames, and explored Pleasant River, leaping from one flat stone to another, and gathering the vivid cardinal flowers along the bank. She wandered beside Silver Lake, which reflected old mountains upon its polished surface. Her mother would not let her venture far. Two fierce bear cubs in their cages at the hotel told what the woods contained.

Under Mrs Cronion's touch the plain, wooden cottage grew into a home. There were a few pretty pictures and ornaments that she had brought with her—the reminders of better days, and Mary helped to arrange them in the bare, living-roon. The curtains on the windows were course but white, and then we stove shone resplendent with its silver-plated ornamentation and lettering. The Star of the East, Bangor, 'Mary read on the oven door many times a day.

'Mother,' she said, holding her stove rag in her hand as she knelt before the range, 'I always give the name an extra polish, for it seems to mean so much to us. This is our first real home! Nobody under us and nobody over us, and such heaps of room all round?'

Mary's intense delight in all she saw, and the deep gr

'Cronin's Girl.'

Was a child nuruly? The mother would call Mary in to help her, and soon the unhappy little one was listening, with wide-open eyes and dirty mouth expanding into a smile to her account of some Saint's Day parade, or a July exhibition of fireworks. To Mary, versed in city lore and sights, the country was the one thing to be desired, but the Katahdin children, tired of the monotony and loneliness of a life in the woods, could never hear enough of crowds and noise.

Katahdin children, tired of the monotony and loneliness of a life in the woods, could never hear enough of crowds and noise.

So 'Cronin's Girl' became the story-teller of the settlement. Often the workmen stopped and joined the circle of children that crowded around her in the summer twilight, and listened to her story.

'Seems a different place, somehow, since "Cronin's Girl" came, 'said many of the people. 'The children don't fight half so much as they did, nor torment the critters. They're nice folks them Cronins!'

Before her mother was taken ill Mary's hands and feet and head had been at the service of the whole settlement. Every one loved, petted and tyrannized over her.

In spite of the mother's sharp but short illness, from which she was now slowly recovering, the summer and autumn had passed happily with Mary. Her father kept sober, and no one suspected his past shame. John Cronin was a good workman, and soon he rose from being a driver of one of the four-horse waggons which carried the ore down from the mountain to the works to being a 'top-man'.

The duties of a top-man were of a very responsible nature. Eight times an hour the elevator, built beside the chimney, came creaking and groaning up to the top-house with its load of ore or himestone. The top-man fastened the elevator with a bolt, and then drew the iron car to the roaring mouth of the chimney. Over this the car rested while the top-man pulled a chain which opened the bottom and precipitated the mass of one and rock down the chimney, and into the furnace below. Then the car was returned to the elevator, the bolt pushed back, and a bell rung; the men below atarted the machinery, and the elevator began its downward journey.

All this required methodical care and wakefulness. The children of the settlement had told Mary of an awful night,

two winters before, when owing to the neglect of the night top-man, an explosion had occurred which wrecked and burned the works, and brought all the men in the tup-house to a fearful death.

No wonder Mary's bear at

borned the works, and brought all the men in the t.p-house to a fearful death.

No wonder Mary's heart had stood still with fright when her father reeled through the door, nor that she recolved to follow him to the top-house to make sure that he had not fallen asleep. She had watched the furnace, and knew by the shower of aparks that were sent up that the ore was being dumped regularly; but at any moment sleep might overtake him—a cleep which would surely mean dismissal and disgrace, and possibly death to himself and others.

The road was white and lonely. The frozen river had no word of encouragement for her as she crossed the old red bridge. The stars were far-away and cold. She avoided the front of the works for fear of being seen by some of the night-force in the casting-room. Around the charcoalhouses and through the thick amoke, up the hill, over a bridge and up the ladder the child went, with chilled hands and feet, but with a heart warm with love and desperation.

Surely that is the elevator that is rattling up beside her! Now she stops for breath on the landing, waiting for the welcome noise from above that will drive her fears away. How her father will laugh and kies her, and, with a cheery word, send her loone for the night! The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she thinks.

There was an ominous silence above, and the child hurried up the last ladder. John Cronin lay asleep on the floor!

Mary had no time for thought. She drew the bolt and

hurried up the last ladder. John Cronin lay asleep on the floor!

Mary had no time for thought. She drew the bolt and accured the elevator. Then she siezed the handles of the car and wheeled it toward the fiery pit. The weight was great, but she did not feel it. The heat grew more and more intense. Could she guide the car and dump it? Before she knew it, it was done. The car was replaced, the bolt pushed back, and the bell rung. The elevator had gone down, and the floor had been replaced.

Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried:

'O father! father! Wake up! I can't stay here all night! If I call for help, you'll be dismissed. I'm airsid to stay here alone!'

The man slept on. It was impossible to rouse him. Mary had fsared her own weakness, but suddenly she became conscious of her inner strength. She knew she would stay until morning, and hoped that by that time her father could be roused and that they might get home without suspicion.

came conscious of her inner strength. She knew she would stay until morning, and hoped that by that time her father could be roused and that they might get home without suspicion.

The elevator was coming again, and again she must nerve herself to roll the heavy car to that awful brink. Well, she had done it once and she could do it again.

Again and again she beat herself to the heavy task. The hours went by; Mary counted them by the loads -eight to an bour. At first they went quickly, for she dreaded the return of the car; but as the night wore on, the child became conscious of an overpowering desire to sleep.

The dreadful sense of the responsibility, the loneliness and the unnaturalness of her position left her. She even began to forget her desire to save her father. All emotions were swallowed up in this sea of sleep, which surged around her, making her sick and giddy.

At last he became conscious that she must do something. She struggled through the next dumping, and then opened the door of the warm top-house, which was enclosed on three sides, the fourth side opening on the chimmy. She closed it behind her, in order that her father might not feel the cruel cold, and sat on the icy platform, looking down, down on the shapeless works beneath her.

The intense cold revived her, and seemed to freeze the sleep out. The winter moon shone steadily, and the wind, now rising, blew the charcoal smoke awayfromher. From this great height, the settlement seemed crowded at her very feet. Each house stood out from its pure white surroundings, and Mary thought of the triends in each. What would it be to leave them all, and go back to the old wandering, disreputable life?

Her eyes traversed over the road, till they rested on her own home—her first home! Then something blurred them, and the old, frayed shawl answered another purposa. Her patient mother was there—her mother, who would have died in the city, the Brownville doctor said, had this illness overtaken her there—her mother, who would heed the fresh, bracing, bals

bracing, balsam air of the mountains for many a rong day and all the comforts that her father's good wages could buy.

For her mother's sake, for her father's sake, ahe must go on. 'O God, keep me awake!' was the fervent prayer that went up in the frosty air.

A shout from below, a rattle of chains, and again came the elevator, creeping up the chimney like some gigantic beetle. Mary went to work with fresh enthusiasm. Between trips, she sat outside and suffered with the cold. But such suffering was positive joy, after the deadly numbness she had fought within.

The worst hours—from one to three—were past. The moon set and the stars began to pale. A faint, pink light spread through the east. Lights appeared here and there in the houses below. The men of the 'day force' were being roused, and the women were preparing their morning meal.

One more load was dumped. It must be half-past five, Mary thought, but she was not sure. She might have lost count once or twice. Yes, she had, for there was the bell clanging below her. It lacked five minutes of eix, and Jim Brennan, the day top-man, would come in five minutes!

'Father, get up! Mary called, in a clear whisper, as she shook his shoulder. 'Father, do you hear?' Would he move, or had her awful night's work been in vain?

'Why, Mary, have I overslept?' said he, rising suddenly and leaving on his elbow.

'Why, Mary, have I overslept?' said he, rising suddenly and leaning on his elbow.

Then, like a lightning flash, the truth fell upon him.

Then, like a lightning flash, the truth fell upon him.

The vile liquor drank in the woods the afternoon before; his return to his home for supper; his difficulty in going up the ladder, at which Jim Brennan had unsuspectingly laughed; the first few hours during which he had fought the stupor that was coming on; this he remembered, but what had followed?

'Hush, father! don't speak a word. Jim Brennan is coming up the ladder! The furnace is all right. I have dumped all night! Jim will think I have just come to tell you how mother is. No one need ever know, father dear! John Cronin was on his feet in an instant, sobered for life. He took Mary's band, grimy from her work. 'Open the door,' he said, huskily,' or 'I'l choke!' Jim Brennan's red head appeared above the platform.

'Well, mate, how goes it! Hello, Mary! Blest if you

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 casa. Had a hard night, did you, young 'oun't You look all beat out. There, go 'long, John, put that child to bed. I'll tend to this load, though it aint

'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 ain't Cronin and his girl! Hope the missus ain't 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.

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, reputa-

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

night were over like a bad dream. Best of all, the burden of ceaseless anxiety which bad 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 slume 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 persever-

suffering to their child it had been bought.

His intelligence and persever-ance won him the position of foreman: and to day Mary and her nuther, who has recovered her health and gaiety in the Katahdin woods, rejoice in their new house, which exceeds Mary's day dreams. day dreams.

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.'

of her.'
John Cronia, 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 'Cronia's girl!'

ANNIE SPRAGUE PACKARD.

# WHAT HE WOULD DO WITH RICHES.

FOND MOTHER: 'Yes, the dear dittle 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 spices at the chemist's.'

JUST TOUCH THE BELL and ask Mavy to get one of Aubschrock's delicious Oswego Cakes for afternoon tes.—(ADVT.) FLAG BRAND SAUCE.—Try is, the best in the market. Hawwand Bros. Christchurch.—(ADVT.)

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# THE HILDREN S AGE.

# 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

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

Manuma 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

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

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 drudful 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 drught, and I sneezed half a dozen times or more!

'How about the lessons! asked manma.
'Oh, I can't bear it! Nannie broke torth 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 Binghan'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.' t half past twelve, she dashed into the house, and with

So by and by, mamma, with an anxious face, and Nannie with an utterly despondent one, sat down to the review leason.

After a few simple questions, mamma began on the parts of speech, and presently saked, "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 home-

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

An interjetion shows surprise, As ah! how pretty! Oh! how wise!

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

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

'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

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

She laid down her books in a capable manner, and said, 'They had that examination in grammer, and the questions were easy. I answered nearly all of them. Then the teacher 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 apoke 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.'

MARY L. B. BRANCH.

MARY L. B. BRANCH.



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BED TIME.

And at first it did seem like a big, beautiful would, 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 acttled, Namie must go to school.

This was the beginning of wee.

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.

had drawn a map or New Zenano.

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 usury grades, its crowded ranks, its different books, its strange teachers!

Nannie's heart sank as the hour drew near. She hegged to be allowed to study at home, to recite to her paps, her aunts, 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,



# SAINT AND SINNER.

HALF hidden in the pew she sits, 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 fast
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), Those horrid aisles (that dreas is brown), I wish those people would ait down, Now where could she have got that fan? Oh, I suppose some silly man. Dear, dear, that choir boy has a coid. 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 Fratts? What sights they are in those new hats. There's Percy—won't he be enraged. When Clara tells him she's engaged.

My! What a fright Bess is in blue; My! What a fright Beas is in blue; It cost ber minety dollars, too! Weil, I paid eighty (what a muss! But, then, pa chexays makes a fuss). Oh, my! there's 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.

YAISLEY: '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 CIMLET?

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 LATITIDE: 'I am opposed to railway companies e larging passengers by weight.'
Mr longitude: 'And I am opposed to their charging them by the mile.

# A DEEP YOUNG MAN.

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 Simpsom was a nice young man, but I just hate him now.'

'Wily, 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

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



# 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 daring,' 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 ien'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.'

'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.'

nore than welcome.

# PROVIDED FOR ALL CONTINCENCIES.

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

'Weel, 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 stame o' guid cheese, an' a braxy ham.

'Ah Thomas,' said the minister, 'you are indeed carnally minded; 'i'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 Buncan, the lunkeeper.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLAREOUS.

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

'I like your cheek,' exclaimed the girl when the young man kiesed her. 'So do! 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 nue 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, air, 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.'

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 (contemptionally): '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 teameeting. I have often told you that their detrines are highly erroneous.' Mrs Brown: (Well, sir, their doctrines may be, but their cake with sultans raisins is excellent.'

Rich merchant (to his daughter): 'I say, Emms, I think that young man that calls on you so much really means business.' Emms: '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.'

mercial 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,' jointing 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 augry 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 champague 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 dies he had prescribed, she replied, 'Well, I did for yae day, but I fan' it was jist raither expensive, and he's thrivin' jist as weel on ginger-beer and walks.'

# 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 letter 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 owlet 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 night have avoided this unhappiness.

He (thinking of unsuccessful rival): 'That so. Frank had a narrow secape.'