

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

LADY TENNYSON.

THE ranks of musical composers are about to receive a distinguished recruit. Lady Tennyson, who is known to be an excellent amateur musician, is about to publish a volume of her husband's poems, set to her own arrangement of crochets and quavers. She has for years been in the habit of writing melodies to several of the Laureate's unpublished fragments, fifteen of which are now to be given to the public.

A NOVEL DINNER IDEA.

A NEW experiment, that of serving a dinner-party with salad grown under the guests' own eyes, was successfully tried at the house of Prince and Princess Blucher the other day. Here is the recipe; take good germinating lettuce seed and soak it in alcohol for about six hours, sow it into an equal mixture of rich soil and unslaked lime and place it on the table. After the soup, water it with lukewarm water, whereupon it commences to sprout immediately. At the Prince's party the thing worked like a charm, and the lettuce when plucked and prepared for eating were of the size of Barcelona nuts.

WORSE THAN THE GIRLS.

A STRANGE fad of the young men of the present day is darkening the eyebrows and eyelashes. They imagine this process gives an expression of strength to the face which is otherwise lacking. The stuff used for the purpose comes in a tiny box, and is a black powder. In the box is a little kid pencil, similar in form to the stump of a blender used by a crayon or pastel artist. This tiny kid implement is dipped in the black powder and applied in a dexterous manner, first to trace the eyebrows darker and into the desired shape. After this the eyelashes are touched, and then a slight line is drawn under the eyes on the lower lid. At each corner is put the final touch, a little dash of the dark powder, which gives a languid look presumed to be captivating.

MONOSYLLABLES.

AN amusing story is printed by *The Bear*, a rather high-class weekly publication which makes a speciality of the unearthing of interesting facts and incidents of Prussian History. King Frederick William III., father of the old Emperor, was a man who was remarkably laconic in his style of speech. Most of his utterances were confined to one word, blurted out either as an interrogation or a command. When staying at the Tepitz watering place, where baths and mineral springs are at the service of patients, he heard of a Hungarian magnate residing there, who like himself, never said a word more than he was actually obliged. "Genius," said His Majesty; "see him." Next day he met the magnate on the promenade, when the following conversation took place between the two great masters of monosyllables:—King: "Bathing?" Magnate: "Drinking!" King: "Army?" Magnate: "Rich!" King: "Congratulate!" Magnate: "Police?" King: "Sovereign!" Magnate: "Congratulate!"

THE CHERRY AND ITS NAME.

THOUGH we cannot expect any nice discrimination of merely specific characters in the early times, from which most of our genuinely vernacular plant-names have their origin, it is remarkable that for so conspicuously beautiful a group of trees as the cherries, with the exception of the Gean, all the common forms of the name are derivatives from the Latin *Cerasus*. No doubt the Romans first introduced the cultivation of the tree as an orchard fruit into Britain, and thus their name gave rise to the 'ceris beam' of the Anglo-Saxon, and the 'cherry' of our Normandised modern English; but it is also said that in the 'Dark Ages' this cultivation was lost, and that the tree was again introduced about the time of Henry VIII. Certainly, though he can hardly be quoted as referring to its cultivation, Shakespeare was perfectly familiar with the cherry, the main ideas associated with it in his mind being, to judge from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' the close resemblance of one fruit on the tree to another—as we say, 'like two peas in a pod'—and the union in diversity of the two stalks that so often separate themselves from the rest of the umbel, each bearing its cherry, like sisters growing up together, or like two ruly lips inviting kisses.

FEARFUL OF CONSEQUENCES.

A CYNICAL person has said foolishly, that the chief evil connected with wrong-doing is that of being found out; a statement which might come appropriately enough from the mouth of a savage, and which finds apt illustration in the following anecdote, taken from the life of John G. Paton, missionary to the Island of Tanna in the New Hebrides.

One morning the Tannese, rushing toward me in great excitement, cried: 'Missi, missi, there is a God, or ship on fire, or something of fear, coming over the sea. We see no flames, but it smokes like a volcano. Is it a spirit?'

One party after another followed, in quick succession, shouting the same questions, to which I replied: 'I cannot go at once. I must dress first in my best clothes. It is probably one of Queen Victoria's men of war, coming to ask me if your conduct is good or bad, if you are stealing my property, threatening my life, or how you are using me.'

They pleaded with me to go and see it, but I would not. The two principal chiefs came running up and asked, 'Missi, will it be a ship of war?'

'I think it will, but I have no time to speak to you now; I must get on my best clothes.'

'Missi, only tell us, will he ask you if we have been stealing your things?'

'I expect he will.'

'And shall you tell him?'

'I must tell him the truth.'

'O Missi, tell him not! Everything shall be brought back to you at once, and no one will be allowed to steal from you again.'

'Be quick,' I said. 'Everything must be returned before he comes. Away, away, and let me get ready to meet the great chief of the man-of-war.'

Hitherto, no thief could ever be found, and no chief had power to cause anything to be restored to me; but now, in an incredibly brief space of time, one came running to the Mission House with a pot, another with a pan, another with a blanket, others with knives, forks, plates, and all sorts of stolen property. The chiefs called me to receive these things, but I replied: 'Lay them all down at the door; I have no time to speak with you.'

I delayed my toilet, enjoying mischievously the magical effect of that approaching vessel. At last, the chiefs running about in breathless haste, called out to me: 'Missi, missi, do tell us, is the stolen property all here?'

'Of course I could not tell, but running out I looked on the promiscuous-heap of my belongings, and said: 'I don't see the lid of my kettle!'

'No, missi,' said one chief, 'for it is on the other side of the island. But tell him not, for I have sent for it, and it will be here to-morrow.'

And next day it appeared.

LOST.

'T'WAS a summer ago when he left me here—
A summer of smiles with never a tear,
'Till I said to him with a sob, my dear—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars loved night!
And my cheeks for him flushed red and white
When first he called me his heart's delight—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine
And drank of my love as men drink wine—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

And never a night, as I knelt in prayer,
In a gown as white as our own souls wear,
But in fancy he came and he kissed me there—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

But now, oh God! what an empty place
My whole heart is! Of the old embrace
And the kiss I loved there lives no trace—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

He sailed not over the stormy sea;
And he went not down in the waves—not he—
But, oh, he is lost—for he married me—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHAT NOT TO WEAR.

'No woman is ugly when she is dressed.'
Only Lord Chesterfield could have been guilty of such a gallant perversion of the truth.

If he used the word 'dressed' advisedly, and meant clothed with a due regard to the selection of becoming colours, and to the cut and style of the gown to suit the individuality of the wearer, he was undoubtedly right—no woman is ugly who is artistically and becomingly dressed.

But so few women seem to know what colours will enhance or destroy their good looks, what style of gown will conceal their defects and heighten their charms, and what way of arranging their hair will improve their faces, that dress oftentimes, instead of adding beauty to the appearance, has the contrary effect.

People who are florid must be careful what reds they use, even more than pale people.

A deep blue red, that red suggested in a plum or the velvet leaf of a red pansy that has caught a shade from the petals of its near neighbour, the dark blue pansy, is the colour for florid complexions.

Grown people should be careful not to wear bright red. As Modjeska observes:

'As one red is more becoming above the face than below it.

Dark cardinal velvet above grey hair and dark eyes has a most charming effect.

Pink is most becoming for fair young people.

Rose colour, combined with black, white, or grey, can be worn with impunity by the youthful and fair.

Magenta should be suppressed.

Only a dazzling beautiful being could survive the ugly effect of this depraved colour, and then it must be combined with white.

Dark sage-green is an almost universally becoming colour.

It annuls any tinge of green there may be in the complexion; for this reason brunette people generally look well in green.

Only those who have an exquisite complexion should dare to wear pale green.

If the complexions are clear, rosy, and fair, pale and dark have equal privileges.

Dark green combined with pale blue, is becoming to brunets with a clear, pallid complexion.

Yellow is a delicious colour—a favourite hue of the old masters and Dame Nature.

Warm yellow has a good effect on the complexion.

It makes the skin look fairer than it really is. It goes pleasingly with many colours.

A brunette will look particularly handsome in a green yellow.

Mustard colour, which is insufferable by daylight, is simply delicious in the gaslight.

Pure blue and yellow are harsh.

A good rule is never to combine two colours of equal intensity.

One of two colours should be dull and not too pure.

Yellow will blend well with old goblin blue, with heliotropes, and certain shades of blue greys.

Amber, of all shades, is exceedingly becoming to dark people.

People with blue eyes should not wear bright blue. It makes their eyes look faded, and detracts from the bloom of the complexion.

Black should be worn advisedly by both old and young.

The young can wear it better than the old. It brings out

clearly the hard lines in the face, and seems to deaden the bloom of the skin.

Golden-haired blondes, red-haired maids and matrons, and dark people with clear, rosy complexions, can wear black and look well.

All others can modify its hardening effects by combining white, red, orange, grey or yellow with it.

All but people with coarse complexions look exceedingly well in white.

Every colour can be made becoming by being artistically arranged and relieved by another colour, or by the soft and doing effects of net or lace, or airy tulle.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE,

JULY 31.

We had such a treat when one of your Auckland artists was persuaded to give an exhibition of his oil paintings, which were open to a few of us on Friday as a private view, and on the following day to the public. I must tell you some of the dresses. Miss Curtis wore a plain grey tweed, I think tailor-made, large grey felt hat with feathers, grey Snede gloves, and shoes with grey tweed inserted; Mrs J. Sharp, navy blue dotted with red, long blue cloth jacket, black leather hat and patent shoes; Mrs A. Glasgow, brown tailor-made dress, sealink jacket, brown hat with feathers; Miss Morgan, a becoming dress of dark green with embroidered girdle; Mrs Webb-Bowen, dark green, with handsome mantle; Mrs Roger Kingdon, black, with black jacket, astrachan sleeves, and long cords, black feather hat, and sweet little shoes. Amongst others I noticed Mrs Tomlinson, Miss Cummings (Dunedin), sealette jacket, green dress; Mrs Jones, handsome mantle, black dress and bonnet to match; Miss Jones, black, and Miss S. Jones, black and pilot jacket (blue); Mrs and Miss Pressure, Miss Gibson, and others I am unable to remember.

Some ladies have taken to promenading on the wharves and the rocks lately. I noticed Mrs Kingdon, in grey; Miss Curtis, in dark red; Mrs Sharp, in black; Mrs Thornton, in brown; Mrs Langley Adams, in black; Miss Worsley, in black; Mrs Jones, in dark green; Miss King looked well in dark brown.

We have much enjoyed a concert in which children only were the performers. I believe the credit is due to Miss Harris for the management and Mrs Houliker for the singing. England was represented by Miss G. Wright and Master F. Nalder; France, Master E. Nalder; China, Master Malcolm Stewart; Russia, Master T. Scott; Switzerland, Miss E. Gilbert; Spain, Miss Alice Nalder; Italy, Miss Amy Stewart; Denmark, Miss Mabel Magninny; America, Master Chisholm; Holland, Master Houliker; Minnesota, Miss F. Gilbert. I think the sweetest dress was that which represented Switzerland.

MOLLIE.

M. Leon Driver had a capital programme for his concert in the Exchange Hall, Mr Sainton, a tenor singer from Sydney, making his first appearance, and singing, 'My Life for Thee,' and also a duet with Mr Arthur Lewcott, another tenor singer. Lady Campbell sang, Tosti's 'Good-bye,' Miss Fisher, 'The Worker,' by Gounod, and Mr E. J. Hill gave 'Once More I Tune my Lute.' M. Leon Driver chose the Paganini Study, Op. 4 (Abbe Liszt), Chopin's Nocturne in F. Flat, and others. Miss Medley accompanied.

We were terribly shocked to hear of Miss Katie Larnach's death, for it was reported the day before that she was very much better and out of danger, but the following day she had a relapse, and died suddenly on Friday evening. Up to a few weeks ago she had been entering into all the gaieties, which seems to make it all the more sad. She was in her twenty-fifth year, and typhoid fever was what she died of. The greatest sympathy is felt for Mr and Mrs Larnach in their sad bereavement.

I hear rumours of a ball to be given at Government House shortly, which I trust there is truth in, for the last one left pleasurable memories. Then I hear we are to have another fancy dress ball, and that the hostess on that occasion will suggest her guests to wear the same dresses. Mrs Robert Pharaon is to give a ball soon, just after the Star Boating Club's ball, which is fixed for the 13th of August.

LONDON.

DEAR BEE,

JULY 10.

I am sorry to notice that Lady Violet Greville says that 'the womanliness of woman is on the decline.' The modern society woman smokes and gambles, and speculates quietly in stocks and shares, even 'betting naughtily' by telegram and telephone. This revelation of the pastimes of *les grandes dames* has been made in consequence of the celebrated baccarat case, in which, as you have doubtless heard, two ladies were, most unfortunately, mixed up. But I am thankful to say there are still many womanly women even amongst those who have to mingle with all sorts of men in earning their daily bread, and who are, invariably, treated with respect.

Did you know that again the highest place in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge is held by a woman? Miss A. H. Blomfield, of Newnham College, stands alone in the second division of the first class, no male candidate at all being placed in the first class.

The Royal Red Cross, so deservedly won by Mrs Grimwood, consists of a crimson cross, gold edged, and bearing the words, 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.' It is attached to a bow of dark blue ribbon edged with red, worn on the left shoulder. I must say I think that for once the Victoria Cross should have been given to a lady. No man ever earned it more signally than has this brave lady.

Present-giving to Royalty is a heavy tax on the ladies of England. Not only have handsome gifts to be offered on the occasion of a wedding, but now that a second celebration of the tying of the nuptial knot, in the shape of silver weddings, has been inaugurated, a fresh demand for subscriptions for a present is made. Two silver weddings in the Royal family are very close together—those of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and of Prince and Princess Christian. One gift for the former consists of jewellery and a grand piano for the Duchess, a horse and trappings for the Duke, while for the latter the ladies of England are giving a diamond and pearl ornament, suitable for either a necklace or a tiara.

A CITY MOUSE.