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# Miss Wentworth's Idea

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## CHAPTER XIV.

THE reason why parents so frequently lose all control over their children is doubtless to be found in the inefficiency of their memories. They forget—most of us, unfortunately, do—how they themselves felt when they were young; they forget that a very few years suffice to convert a child into a man or a woman; they are unable to realise that after a certain time it is not enough to hold the reins, and that those who wish to retain authority must know how to drive. Mr Wentworth, being convinced as he had every right and reason to be, that a marriage between his daughter and Sir Harry Brewster was a preposterous project, anticipated no great difficulty in placing his veto upon it. Tears, of course, he did anticipate, and there would be the nuisance and expense of going abroad for a few months; but that this trouble would prove anything more than a transitory one he did not for a moment imagine.

It was, therefore, without any misgivings as to his power to enforce his will upon his daughter that he requested her to accompany him into his study after a dinner during which it had not been easy to keep up appearances before the servants and to maintain the customary flow of conversation. He had made up his mind to be very patient and forbearing; he was prepared to find Sylvia unreasonable, and he knew that he would not enjoy his first cigar; but he had the magnanimity to acknowledge that he had been in some degree to blame for what had occurred, and he was willing to submit to the disagreeable consequences of his own heedlessness.

'This is an unfortunate business, my dear child,' he began, when he had settled himself in an armchair and had motioned to Sylvia to take one on the opposite side of the fireplace. 'I need not tell you that it has distressed me very much; nor, I presume, is it necessary for me to say that it cannot be allowed to go on. Brewster has behaved very badly, I think; but that is a question between him and me; so far as you are concerned, there is only one thing to be done, and that is to forget as soon as possible how foolish you have been. We shall do what we can to help you to forget your folly, and you may be sure that we shall not remind you of it.'

'Is that all, papa?' inquired Sylvia, after waiting for a few seconds.

'Practically, my dear, that appears to me to be all,' answered Mr Wentworth, smiling.

'Then I suppose I may have my say. I didn't expect you to consent to our engagement; I know that Sir Harry Brewster is neither young nor rich, nor virtuous; I know that he has been divorced from his wife, and that he is in every way an unsuitable person for me to marry. Only I shall never marry anybody else.'

This declaration did not perturb Mr Wentworth, who thought that, all things considered, it was decidedly moderate both in substance and in tone. 'You think so,' said he; 'that is what everybody thinks at first starting, and it is only after a good many years of experience that we realise our subjection to the universal and beneficent law of change. A day will come—it will not be a very distant day either—when you will get quite red in the face every time that you recollect having once fancied yourself in love with Sir Harry Brewster. You will then, I have no doubt, thank Heaven that you were not an orphan and your own mistress at the time when he had the impudence to propose to you. Meanwhile, the less said about him the better. I have been talking things over with Muriel, and my idea is that our best plan will be to leave England for a month or two. You have no idea what an old story this chapter in your life will seem to you when we return in the spring.'

'You may make any plans that you like, papa,' answered Sylvia composedly, 'and you can take me to any place that you please; but I shall not give up Sir Harry Brewster, and I don't think he will give me up.'

Mr Wentworth laughed. 'You have faith in yourself and faith in human nature,' he remarked. 'That is very pretty, and at your age is very becoming. It can't hold out long against the hard facts of existence, though. Well, I don't know that I have anything more to say. I couldn't say more without hurting your feelings, and I am sure I have no wish to do that.'

'You wouldn't hurt my feelings by anything that you could say against Sir Harry, papa,' answered Sylvia, as she dutifully kissed her father and wished him good-night; 'I have heard it all from Lady Morecambe and other people, and I don't mind. It makes no difference.'

The truth was that she understood that complacent philosopher a good deal better than he understood her, and was very well aware that he was incapable of persistent opposition.

If he congratulated himself upon the comparative smoothness with which their interview had passed off, so did she. He had seemed to gain his point; but in reality he had gained nothing except time, and that much it had been certain that he must gain. As a matter of fact, time was her ally, and not her enemy.

Before she went to bed she wrote a letter to Sir Harry wherein she gave a full account of the manner in which the news of her engagement had been received by those who exercised nominal authority over her.

'They did not scold me so much as I thought they would,' she concluded, 'and though their taking me abroad is a bore, it wasn't worth while to make a grievance out of that. Muriel is horrified; but I think I know how to manage Muriel. As for papa, he simply doesn't believe that anybody can care very much for anybody else. When he finds out that he is mistaken, he will sigh and shrug his shoulders and let me go my own way. That is what he always ends by doing, because he likes a quiet life. Of course you will have to call upon him, if only to show him that you are not ashamed or afraid. The best time would be about eleven o'clock in the morning, when he has finished his breakfast and read the paper.'

It is needless to quote further from a missive of which the wording was not quite so unimpassioned throughout as in the above extract. It was not Sylvia's way to do things by halves, and, having given her whole heart to Sir Harry Brewster, she found it only natural to tell him without affectation of reticence how dearly she loved him.

The conscience of that elderly miscreant pricked him a little as he perused the girl's artless love-letter. To do him justice, fear was a sensation with which he had but scant acquaintance, and he was certainly not afraid of Mr Wentworth; but as for not being ashamed—well, that was another affair. His remorse, no doubt, was somewhat tardy, and duty now commanded him to stand by Sylvia as imperatively as it had commanded him a short time ago, to avoid her; still charitable persons may perhaps be disposed to count it as a sign of grace in him that he did feel remorseful. He told himself that he did not deserve her pure and unsuspecting affection; he likewise told himself that he would do what in him lay to deserve it for the future; and these unexceptionable sentiments made him, it must be confessed, a good deal more comfortable. For the present his obvious course was to call in Upper Brook-street at eleven o'clock on the following morning, and this he did with strict punctuality.

Mr Wentworth greeted him as a man whose confidence has been betrayed is justified in greeting his deceiver. More in sorrow than in anger, he dwelt upon the injury that had been done to him and to his daughter, and regretted that one whom he had supposed to be his friend should have acted in such a manner as to render a continuance of friendly relations between them impossible. Sir Harry, he said, would probably understand that the question of a marriage or an engagement could not even be discussed; the amazing thing was that such a suggestion should ever have been put forward.

'One does not quarrel with the ignorance of a child in her teens; but I think you must allow, Brewster, that I should have some right to quarrel with you if I were a quarrelsome man.'

'My dear Wentworth,' answered Sir Harry, 'you have a right to say anything and everything that is bad of me. I can't even expect you to believe me when I tell you that I love your daughter; it was inexcusable on my part to tell her so, and I shall not attempt to excuse myself. But let me ask you, as a practical man—what, under the circumstances, is it that you would have me do?'

'Nothing, except to go away. I am sorry to be so discourteous; but you have left me no choice. For the matter of that, we also shall go away. I have decided to take Sylvia abroad for the rest of the winter.'

'That is perhaps the best plan that you can adopt; but you will come home again, and if, as I firmly believe will be the case, she and I remain faithful to one another——'

'Really, Brewster,' interrupted Mr Wentworth in a tone of gentle remonstrance, 'I think you might know better than to talk such nonsense as that to me.'

'I assure you I am honestly persuaded that I am talking sense. I won't make protestations, because, as I said before, I can't expect you to believe me; but I suppose you will admit that so long as your daughter continues to be true to me I am bound to be true to her.'

'I confess that I should not have imagined you to be an upholder of that particular form of moral obligation. However, it is of no great consequence; because, wherever Sylvia may be, you cannot be permitted to approach her. The episode, in short, is at an end. You will very likely never see my daughter again: but if by chance you should meet, I trust that it will be a long time hence.'

'I don't dispute your authority,' answered Sir Harry, 'although I may doubt whether it is in the power of any human being to enforce such a decision. You will allow me, perhaps, to see Sylvia for a few minutes and to say good-bye to her.'

'Certainly not. Why should I allow it?'

'I know of no reason why you should, although I think you might make that concession without danger. I will write to her then, and she can show you my letter, if you wish to see it. I shall say nothing, or very little more to her than I have said to you; but I think I owe it to her to explain that I have not been cowed into deserting her. My position, you understand is this. I cannot—especially in view of what my antecedents have been—persist in forcing my attentions against her father's wish, upon a girl who is still under age; but I am entitled to tell her that, if she continues in the same mind she may count on my fidelity.'

'I am not sure,' answered Mr Wentworth, with a smile, 'that you are entitled to tell her anything; but probably your saying that will do no harm. After all, one must say something.'

And indeed, it was in a very tolerant and self-satisfied frame of mind that this peremptory parent bowed his visitor out. His victory had been achieved with singularly little difficulty or unpleasantness, and he was beginning to think that a trip to the south of France might not be quite such a nuisance as he had represented it to be. He spent the remainder of the morning in consulting guide-books and railway time-tables, and became mildly interested in his studies. There were plenty of places, it seemed, which he had not visited and amongst which a few months might be spent agreeably enough. If the guide-books were to be trusted, creature comforts were obtainable at Pau, Biarritz, Nice, Cannes, and numerous other winter resorts of invalided Britons.

'It is all settled,' he told Muriel later in the day. 'Brewster retires—under protest, of course, still he retires; and Father Time will now step in and perform his customary work. We are well out of it at the price of an expensive journey and a more or less dreary sojourn in foreign hotels.'

Muriel intimated—as possibly she may have been expected to do—that she was prepared to take the lion's share of the expense upon herself; but she was a good deal less sanguine than her brother as to results. Sylvia had always been wilful; but her wilfulness had hitherto been displayed after a very different fashion, and it was not a little disquieting to find that the girl had no complaint to make on being informed that Sir Harry Brewster had allowed himself to be turned out of the house without even insisting upon a farewell interview with her.

And when Sir Harry's promised letter arrived, Sylvia at once handed it to her aunt, merely remarking that it was the letter of a gentleman. It was a letter, Muriel thought, which had obviously been written with the knowledge that it would be inspected by others besides its recipient; but what was the use of saying that? Exception could not be taken to its terms, which were scrupulously correct. The writer disclaimed any idea or intention of fettering the girl whom he loved and of whom he admitted himself to be utterly unworthy. He was bound, but she was free, and her freedom would never be interfered with, directly or indirectly by him. He would only ask her to believe that his enforced absence and silence did not and never would imply any lessening of his love.

'It is quite hopeless and quite impossible, you know,' Muriel said, as she handed this admirably worded document back to its rightful owner.

'Would you think so if you were in my place and if you loved him?' inquired Sylvia quietly.

'Yes; I am sure I should. I might not be able to help loving him; but I should feel that it would be disgraceful to marry him while his wife was still alive.'

'Well, I suppose I am not as good as you are; for I don't feel in that way about it at all. Lady Brewster, if that is what she calls herself, isn't his wife any longer, and he never cared for her, and he does care for me. That is all that I want to know. I don't mind his having been wicked; everybody is wicked in one way or another, and I daresay I am quite as bad as he is in reality, though I haven't had the chance of doing anything scandalous. I think I might become downright wicked if he were to abandon me to my fate; but he won't abandon me. He is willing to wait for me, and I am willing to wait any length of time for him.'

Distressed though Muriel was by this speech (for of course nothing was more likely than that Sir Harry Brewster would abandon the girl who so blindly trusted him), she was nevertheless more drawn towards her niece by it than she had ever felt before. Sylvia, it seemed, was by no means the heartless and selfish flirt that she had sometimes appeared to be, and although one might deplore her infatuation, it was impossible to help sympathising with her.

'Oh, my poor child,' she exclaimed almost involuntarily, 'I wish I could help you! I wish it were possible to give you what you want!'

'I know I can't have what I want at once,' answered the girl; 'but it is quite possible for you to help me, and I believe you will when you have got over the first shock of the thing. You are not like papa; you understand that I am in earnest.'

Then the two women kissed each other, and there was a tacit agreement between them that the trouble which the younger had brought upon herself should at least be no longer made a subject of reproach by the elder. It will be perceived that Sylvia had indulged in no very extravagant boast when she asserted that she knew how to manage her aunt.

Muriel, however, was not conscious of having taken any step towards countenancing an alliance which she still considered to be absolutely out of the question. What she did fully realise was that there was going to be a good deal more difficulty and a good deal more unhappiness over this affair than her brother imagined, and she foresaw that if she was to be of any service to Sylvia, she would have her work cut out for her for a considerable length of time to come. Meanwhile, what was to become of the other work she had undertaken?—and what would Mr Compton think of a residence in continental watering-places as qualifying her for ultimate admission into the society of St. Francis?

Well, the shortest way was, no doubt, to ask him; and this she did on the earliest opportunity, though she could not refrain from answering for him before he had opened his lips.

'I know exactly what you are going to say,' she declared; 'you told me from the first that I had home duties to attend to and that I had no business to neglect them. Well, I don't mean to neglect them, you see; I don't mean to leave Sylvia until she is—consoled; but if you are at all fair, I think you will admit that I shall be sacrificing myself far more by consenting to a kind of life which I shall hate than I could be by working under you in London, which I should love.'

'By what sort of hateful life do you propose to console your niece?' Compton inquired.

'Oh, by going as much as possible into society, I suppose, and by making as many new friends for her as we can. Don't you think that is our best chance?'

'I am without the means of forming an opinion; but, from what you tell me about her, I should say that she might very probably beat you. If her will is stronger than yours, and if Sir Harry Brewster behaves himself, this is what will happen. Some fine morning you will say to yourself that you can't bear to see people miserable, that you have money enough to overcome financial objections and that divorce, after all, is sanctioned by the law of the land.

Then you will proceed to despoil yourself in favour of your niece and you will come to me to ask whether you haven't given as convincing proofs of unworldliness as any rules of ours could demand.'

'You are very cruel and very unjust!' returned Muriel, the colour mounting into her cheeks. 'You have no right to say that I shall act in that way, and one thing I can promise you—if ever I ask you again to let me join your Society, I will not come to you empty-handed.'

Mr Compton smiled. 'You will not find me cruel or unjust when you are empty-handed or in any real trouble,' said he; 'if I make cruel predictions now, it is only because I want to put you on your guard against verifying them. The danger is real, though you don't believe in it—we'll say no more upon the subject. The children will miss you terribly and you may be sure that we shall all welcome you if you care to come back to us on your return home.'

This was cold comfort; but it was all that poor Muriel could obtain from her hard-hearted clerical adviser, and she was fain to make the best of it.

## CHAPTER XV.

ARTISTS who have reached a certain age—painters or musicians or whatever they may be—will remember that, in the days when they were still students and were ignorant of the existence of that great gulf which separates mere promise from proficiency, they had to pass through a period of profound discouragement and disappointment. Of students some are diffident from the outset, while others, whose intelligence moves more quickly, make light of preliminary obstacles and outstrip their competitors by sheer force of self-confidence. Teachers, as a rule, prefer the latter class, because there is better work to be got out of them at starting, yet it may be doubted whether their lot is an enviable one. For sooner or later the inevitable time must come when they find out that they are only just beginning to face difficulties instead of being within sight of their goal, and the re-action which sets in after this discovery is fatal to not a few amongst them. Somewhat analogous is the lot of those who have fondly and prematurely imagined that they understood their own characters and knew exactly what they were worth. All of a sudden something occurs which opens their eyes; they see themselves as others see them; they realise that they are not in the least what they had supposed, that they do not possess the qualities upon which they had plumed themselves; and then, if they are in any degree sensitive or conscientious, they are very apt to jump to the conclusion that they are worth nothing at all.

Such, at any rate, was the melancholy conclusion at which Muriel Wentworth arrived when she reached home and pondered over the conversation of which a part was recorded in the last chapter. It was not that she believed in the fulfilment of Compton's prophecy; he himself had as good as admitted that he was only warning her against a possible danger, though he had called it a real one. But what hurt her was the idea that she was a person about whom a prophecy of that kind could be made, and what caused her to despair was an inward conviction that the keen-witted little Superior of the Society of St. Francis had not wholly misjudged her. He had always refused to take her seriously, and it might very well be that he had been right. Perhaps she was not of the stuff of which his followers must needs be composed; when she examined herself she felt almost sure that she was not. She had too many misgivings; she was too much given to looking back after putting her hand to the plough; the world, in short, was a very complicated place of habitation, and it was no such simple matter to retire from it and all its complications. Of course she was determined that she would never under any circumstances be a consenting party to anything so monstrous as Sylvia's marriage with Sir Harry Brewster, yet something whispered to her that she was not altogether incapable of such criminal weakness, and so she lost faith in herself and in her strength of purpose. When all was said, what was she but a discontented woman who, for no better reason than that she was discontented, had fancied herself fitted to fill a more lofty position than the very commonplace and uninteresting one which had been assigned to her by Providence?

Self-knowledge is doubtless salutary; but self-distrust and self-disgust can do nobody any good; so that it was just as well for Muriel that she was interrupted in the midst of these gloomy meditations by the entrance of a visitor who had always recognised and rendered full justice to her virtues.

'I thought I might venture to look in upon you, since your niece is away from home,' Colonel Medhurst said. 'You told me the other day that you didn't wish me to meet her.'

'Did I? I only meant that you probably would not wish to meet her,' answered Muriel. 'She has come back; but she isn't in the room as you see, and I am glad of it, because I have something that I must tell you about her.'

'Indeed?' said the Colonel with a startled look. 'Surely not that she—but I know that cannot be so, I spoke to your brother—perhaps he told you about it?—and although I could not get him to say that he would turn his back upon Brewster, he seemed to be quite alive to the fact that the man is a scoundrel. It is inconceivable that he can have consented to give his daughter to such a brute. Besides, she has been out of London.'

'Yes; and so has Sir Harry Brewster. I had better tell you the truth at once, though of course we do not wish it to be talked about. Sir Harry deliberately followed Sylvia to Morecambe Priory, where she was staying, and he has proposed to her and she has accepted him. It is horrible and shameful; but that is what has happened, and I would rather that you heard of it from me than from somebody else—as I suppose you would have been almost sure to do, sooner or later. Naturally, James has forbidden the engagement, and will not allow her to see Sir Harry again; still I am afraid we must not flatter ourselves that the affair can be put an end to in that summary way. Sylvia submits after a fashion; but she declares that she will marry the man as soon as she is of age, and he has given her a release which is nothing more than nominal. My brother is persuaded that it will be all right; I wish I could think so!'

Colonel Medhurst bit his moustache and frowned. Mr Wentworth had apparently done his duty as a father; but that there should be any question of Sir Harry Brewster's according a release, nominal or otherwise, to the girl whom he had insulted by an offer of marriage was surely evidence that indulgence had been stretched a little too far.

'She can't possibly marry him, you know,' he said in a somewhat sharp tone of voice.

'I hope not,' answered Muriel despondently; 'but even if the marriage never takes place, her youth will have been spoilt all the same. What can we do? We are to go abroad immediately and we shall be away for some months I believe; but I don't know that the change will make much difference.'

Colonel Medhurst's face fell. 'You are going abroad?' he echoed disconsolately. 'And when you return, I shall have gone back to my regiment, I suppose. Will you like it?—the going abroad I mean.'

'I? Oh, no, I shall not like it at all; but it is not on my account that we are going. Perhaps it is the best thing we can do for Sylvia, though it seems a doubtful sort of remedy. At all events, by taking her away we shall prevent her seeing or hearing of Sir Harry Brewster.'

'I should have thought you might have prevented that without leaving home. And it does seem to me that your wishes are entitled to *some* slight consideration. Won't it be rather a wrench to you to have to give up your visits to the children's hospital and—and all that?'

'Yes; but I am not sure that I mind quite so much as I thought I should. Although I liked being with the children and helping to amuse them, that wasn't the kind of work that I could have gone on with for an indefinite time, and I never intended to stop short there. To tell the truth, I looked upon myself as a sort of probationer; but this afternoon Mr Compton has completely undeceived me. He never had any idea of admitting me into the Society; he does not think me fit for it.'

'Well, if you come to that,' observed Colonel Medhurst, smiling, 'nor do I. I think you are fitted for something better than such a life.'

'That is absurd. What can be better than to give all that you possess—your money and your labour and your whole heart—to your fellow-creatures? Mr Compton is convinced that I should never give my whole heart to them; and I can't feel certain that he is mistaken.'

'I sincerely trust that he is not,' declared Medhurst, who for the moment had forgotten all about Sylvia and Sir Harry Brewster and who was decidedly of opinion that a portion of Miss Wentworth's heart ought to be reserved for less general purposes; 'it is easy to serve one's fellow-creatures without taking vows or wearing a poke-bonnet, and though the life of a Sister of Charity may be the best for some exceptional persons, I am sure it can't be the best for everybody.'

'Exactly so. I fancied myself an exceptional person, whereas I am nothing of the sort it appears. You and Mr Compton may have judged me quite correctly; but I can't pretend to feel exhilarated by your judgment, and that is one reason why I don't so very much object to leaving the country.'

'I understand,' gravely observed Colonel Medhurst—who, however, did not understand in the least. 'I am sorry that you should have been disappointed; but I confess I shan't be sorry if your disappointment causes you to give up the notions that you have had. I wish you weren't going away though!'

'Thank you; but I should imagine that there can hardly be another individual in London whose absence would be less noticed or less regretted. I am taking with me the only two human beings who want me; and it is doubtful whether even they are conscious of wanting me. There's no use in wondering; still I do wonder for what possible purpose I can have been sent into the world!'

Colonel Medhurst was deeply and honestly in love; but perhaps he had passed the age at which lovers are blind to any absurdities that can be uttered by the objects of their adoration. 'All that,' he exclaimed, laughing, 'because Compton is wise enough and kind enough to forbid you taking a leap in the dark.'

'No; not because of that, but because I feel that I am useless and that I always shall be useless. You, being a man, can't understand what I mean or what there is to make such a fuss about. A man has his profession; if he doesn't distinguish himself in it, at least it gives him work, and perhaps he doesn't particularly care about being distinguished. But women—or, at all events, women who are like me—must either be something out of the ordinary or else nothing at all. Is it a sign of inordinate vanity or ambition that I can't submit very cheerfully to the prospect of being nothing at all?'

'It is certainly no sign of vanity, and there isn't anything to be ashamed of in ambition. Only I should like to convince you, if I could, that the prospect before you is not in the least what you say it is.'

Muriel shook her head. 'I'm afraid you won't be able to do that,' said she.

'I'll have a try, anyhow, though I know that in about an hour's time I shall repent of having said what I am going to say. Now, Miss Wentworth, what is the matter with you is just this—isn't it?—that you think nobody cares for you. I wouldn't for the world accuse you of a yearning to be loved, which I suppose you would consider a very maudlin and school-girlish sort of sentiment; but when you come to think of it, it amounts to pretty much the same thing, and it's a wish which is common to all mortals whether they admit it or not. You say you want to be of use? but isn't your real meaning that you want to feel yourself essential to somebody or other's happiness?'

'To the best of my belief, I only mean what I say,' answered Muriel 'But Mr Compton has put me out of all conceit with myself, and if you demonstrate to me that I am a humbug you won't astonish me. Well; to whose happiness am I essential?'

'Oh, only to mine, so far as I know; but my reason for making that ridiculous confession—because of course it is rather ridiculous—is that it may suggest consolatory inferences to you. If, without making any effort to do so, and indeed without the faintest suspicion of what you have done, you can win the heart of an elderly well-seasoned colonel of cavalry and can reduce him to such a condition of idiocy that he worships the very ground you tread upon; doesn't it seem to follow that you can win other people's hearts, easily enough? Other people, you may be sure, will turn up. The right person may not be the first or the second or the third, but he will make his appearance some day, and when he does—well, I presume that you will feel very grateful to Compton, and very thankful that you are not a Sister of Charity.'

Never, perhaps, was a declaration of love worded in a manner more awkward to respond to. Muriel was genuinely surprised and taken aback; but her annoyance was greater than her surprise. Colonel Medhurst, she thought, had no business to place her in so embarrassing a position. An offer of marriage may be declined, with suitable expressions of sympathy and regret; but what is to be said to a man who avows himself a lover, yet abstains from putting himself forward as a suitor?

'I can't imagine that you are speaking seriously,' she said at length, in default of any better rejoinder.

'I am as serious as it is possible to be, although I don't wonder at your scepticism. Falling in love is what nobody can help; it may be a blessing or a misfortune, according to circumstances; but I don't deny that a man of my age who falls in love with a girl of yours deserves to be laughed at.'

'Age has nothing to do with it,' returned Muriel; 'look at Sylvia and Sir Harry Brewster! Only—'

'Only if I were five and twenty, that wouldn't help me? Well, that may or may not be so; one can't tell. In any event, I am quite aware that I am not the right person of whom I was speaking just now, and I only mentioned my case by way of an example and illustration. However, since I have mentioned it, I shan't make matters worse by dwelling upon it for one minute more. There is a sort of satisfaction, which I am sure you won't grudge me, in telling you what I believe to be the truth, that nobody can ever love you more than I do. I won't say that nobody will ever love you as much, because that would be nonsense, I suppose; but I want you, if you will, to let me be your friend still and to remember that if at any time I can be of service to you, you will do me the greatest of kindnesses by telling me so. I shall be quartered at Colchester for the next two years in all probability. Now I'll say no more about myself. I wonder whether I have comforted you at all by letting you into my secret.'

By this time Muriel had recovered her self-possession and was able to frame something in the shape of a fitting reply. She did not say that Colonel Medhurst's avowal had comforted her, nor did she think it worth while to point out to him how wide he was of the mark in his estimate of her requirements; but she assured him that she was not ungrateful for the high compliment that he had paid her, and she expressed the hope which every woman who refuses an offer is bound to express, that he would soon meet with somebody more worthy of his affection than she could pretend to be.

He made her feel somewhat ashamed of her trite phrases by ignoring them and merely answering that his back was broad enough for his burden.

'As you said just now, a man has always his profession, and I have been tolerably lucky in mine, so that there is no great danger of my being superannuated. I shall reconcile myself to my fate somehow or other, and I hope and think that you will reconcile yourself to yours. Only, if I might ask a small favour of you, it would be that you will allow me credit for knowing my own mind.'

She might have retorted that that was more than he had been willing to allow her; but she did not, and she cried a little after he had gone away. It was not that she regretted the refusal which he had taken for granted; she did not love him, and for marriage in the abstract she had no inclination. Still it seemed a great pity that she could not be satisfied with what would satisfy the generality of women, and she was more sorry for herself than she was for the man who had proclaimed his ability to reconcile himself to his fate.

To grumble because one differs from the rest of one's species is, no doubt, a form of complaint to which the rest of the species find it difficult to listen with patience; yet we, who enjoy the blessings of being commonplace, should not be too hard upon those who do not share our advantages. After all, they are not to blame. Their peculiarities result from heredity or from the conformation of the skull or from some cause for which poor human nature cannot be held responsible, and we are still as far as ever from being able to answer that queer question, 'Did this man sin or his parents that he was born blind?'

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE average young Englishman of the present period is, as all fair-minded observers will acknowledge, equal as regards manly attributes to his predecessors. He is probably not much more of a fool than they used to be; if he cannot be said to have made any great advance upon their intellectual level, he seems to have scored a point or two against them in a physical sense, and when called upon to fight he is seldom found wanting. There are, of course, exceptions; but the smooth-shaven pseudo-sportsman of to-day are not more representative of their class than were the Dundrearys of a former epoch, and a fair proportion even of these, it may be, formed of more solid stuff than might be inferred from their manners and appearance.

It was for instance, far more poor Johnny Hill's misfortune than his fault that the greater part of his time was spent in loafing aimlessly about the streets of London, that he was a frequenter of music-halls, a diligent reader of sporting papers and that he did what in him lay to earn the enviable reputation of being no end of a dog. In early life one must needs have ambitions of one kind or another, and that his had taken this somewhat ignoble form was chiefly due to circumstances beyond his control. His home was in London; he was very well off; he had passed through public school and university life without having the good luck to secure any friends whose friendship was worth possessing; he had a mother who worshipped him and of whose wisdom and knowledge he entertained, by one of those strange perversities for which there is no accounting, an exalted opinion; finally, he was rather stupid and unaffectedly humble. Something might have been made of him if he had been put into the army; but nothing was likely to be made of him now except an oaf—which indeed was the unflattering description that was too often given of him by his acquaintances.

It was the description that had always been given of him by Miss Sylvia Wentworth, to whom in all probability, he would never have dreamt of raising his eyes, had he not been urged thereto by maternal anxiety. Mrs Hill rather liked being told that her son belonged to a fast set, and her pride was gratified when she heard that he was upon terms of intimacy with certain harum-scarum young noblemen; but as she did not wish him to ruin himself, even in aristocratic company, she had made up her mind that the best thing to do was to provide him as speedily as might be with a charming wife, by whose aid he might hope to achieve social successes of a less perilous order. It was by her instigation he had begun to pay his addresses to Sylvia, and of

this duty he had at first, it must be confessed, acquitted himself grudgingly and of necessity; for, unassuming as he was he did not particularly enjoy being snubbed, nor did the young lady find favour in his eyes. But by degrees his point of view underwent a change. Sylvia, who was nothing if not capricious, did not always snub him; sometimes—when she wanted to annoy somebody else—she even gave him marked encouragement; moreover the difficulty of the task which he had taken in hand, and which became every day more perceptible to him, affected him as difficulty is apt to affect the majority of human beings. He was now as determined to win Sylvia Wentworth for his wife as a diffident and not over sanguine youth could be, and it had been of his own accord, not as the result of any promptings on his mother's part, that he had sought out Mr Wentworth for the purpose of denouncing Sir Harry Brewster. His mother, in fact, knew nothing about Sir Harry Brewster; for he had refrained from mentioning that graceless personage to her, being aware that she was capable of serious indiscretions when excited, and fearing lest she should rush straight off to Upper Brook street and say things which it would be more prudent to leave unsaid.

It was not from Mr Wentworth that Mrs Hill was likely to obtain any information upon the subject of Sylvia's escapade; but he did call upon her one afternoon for the sake of seeing what sort of a face she would make on being told that he proposed to take his family to the south of France for a few months, and the consequence of this visit was that her son found her much agitated at breakfast time on the following morning.

'At what time did you come home last night?' she began.

'Well, I won't ask; though I do think it must be injurious to health to keep such late hours. I sat up for you as long as I could; but one can't sit up until daylight. At least, I can't.'

'Of course not,' answered Johnny, 'and I wish you wouldn't sit up for me. What's the good of it?'

'I wanted to see you, because I had some news to give you. Very unpleasant news too, I call it. Mr Wentworth was here yesterday afternoon. He came to say good-bye, for it seems that they are all going abroad immediately and won't be back much before the summer.'

'Quite right,' muttered Johnny meditatively. 'Very glad to hear it.'

'Glad to hear it, you extraordinary boy! What do you mean? I do trust there has been no foolish quarrel between you and dear Sylvia.'

'Oh, no, nothing of that sort,' answered Johnny, somewhat confused; 'but—but she isn't very strong, you know, and it's as well to get away from the spring east winds.'

'Rubbish! she is as strong as I am; I never saw a girl with a better colour. Now, Johnny, mark my words: if Sylvia Wentworth leaves England without being engaged to you, it will be your own fault and I won't answer for the consequences. You must remember that she has a fortune, or the prospect of one, and that there are sure to be plenty of needy fortune-hunters at such places as Cannes and Nice. The time has come for you to assert yourself, unless you wish to be elbowed out of the way by somebody else.'

Johnny was by no means sure that he had not already been elbowed out of the way; yet he recognised that his mother's advice was sound in itself, although offered in ignorance of all the circumstances, and he resolved to act upon it. If the worst came to the worst, he could lose nothing by having made his own position clear. Sylvia would very likely reject him; but at least she should know that, whatever might happen, she would have his unalterable love to fall back upon. He therefore fortified himself with an additional glass of sherry at luncheon and immediately afterwards drove to Upper Brook street, where, as he had anticipated would be the case, he ascertained that Mr Wentworth was at home. He was shown at his request into that gentleman's study, and was offered a cigarette, which he declined. However certain one may feel of being refused, it is but prudent to refrain from smoking upon the eve of making an offer of marriage.

'It sounds rather rude to inquire what has procured me the pleasure of your visit,' remarked Mr Wentworth (who in truth could have answered his own question without any difficulty), 'but you so seldom honour me in this way that I must plead guilty to a shade of curiosity.'

'You remember what I said to you the other day,' replied Johnny. 'You advised me not to be in too great a hurry. Well I don't know that I should be in any hurry if there were time for me to feel my way; but it seems that there isn't. My mother tells me that you are going abroad, and I think I can guess why you are going.'

Mr Wentworth did not care to confirm or refute any conjectures that his visitor might have formed; but he smilingly acknowledged the accuracy of his information. 'Oh, yes, we are going abroad,' said he. 'Is there any particular reason why you shouldn't go abroad too?'

'With you, do you mean?' asked Johnny, flushing suddenly.

'Well no. Pleasant as your company would be I could hardly recommend in your own interests that you should offer it to us. But I should think that you might follow us without too much indiscretion. Every British citizen is entitled to travel in foreign lands, and a tolerably large number avail themselves of the privilege.'

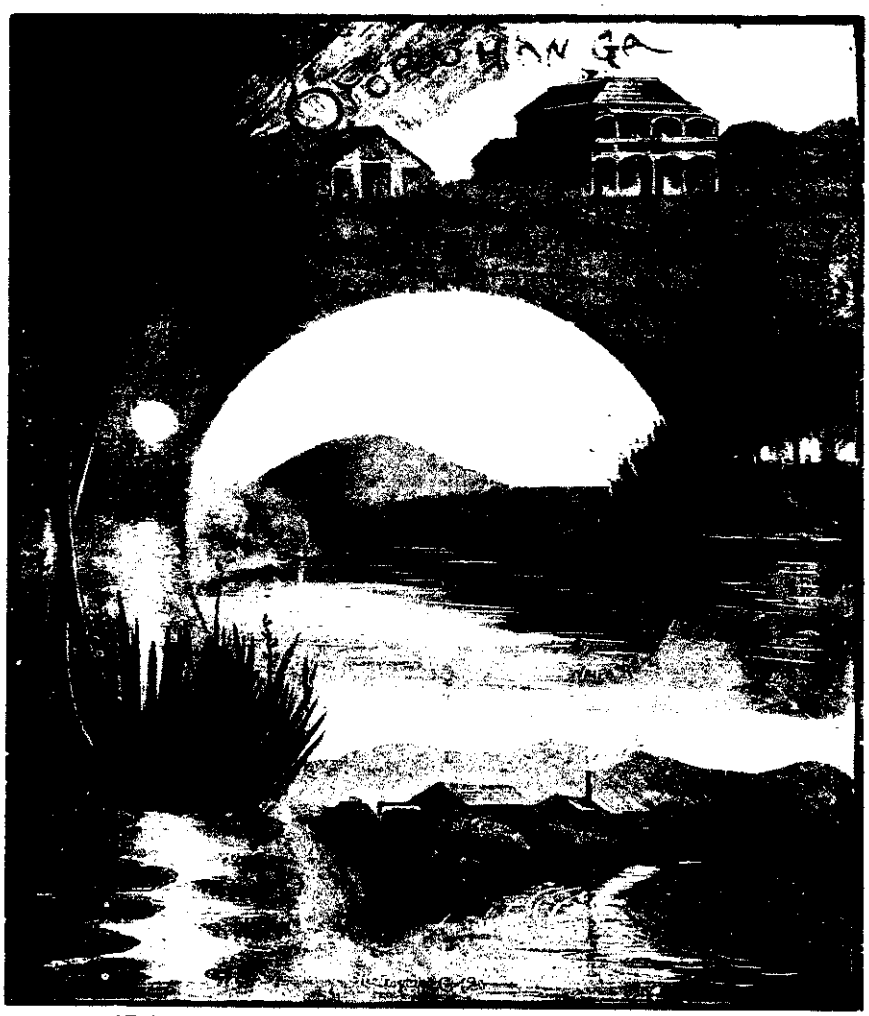
'Yes; but upon the whole I think I would rather speak before you go, and get it done with,' answered Johnny doubtfully. 'I daresay that may not be the best policy; but it seems to me to be the most straightforward. Is Miss Sylvia at home?—and may I see her?'

'I believe she is at home, and you can see her in the drawing-room, because Muriel has gone out. Only I warn you that you must be prepared for the results of precipitation.'

'I am quite prepared for them,' Johnny declared. 'I only want her to know the truth. I'm not the sort of fellow to change my mind, and although I suppose she will have nothing to say to me now, a day may come when she will think differently about it. Anyhow, I mean to tell her that I love her before she leaves the country.'

'As you please,' returned Mr Wentworth, ringing the bell. 'I am quite inclined to agree with you as to the main question; I would only venture to suggest that for the present you should be content to accept such an answer as you may get, without inquiring too closely into motives.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



OTOROHANGA, MAORI KING COUNTRY.—SKETCH BY MARY E. MORTON.

## CONTENTS OF INTERPLANETARY SPACE.

With regard to the contents of interplanetary space three hypotheses says Sydney Lupton in *Nature*, seems to be more or less in vogue:—(1) That it is filled with ether, differing entirely in its properties from ordinary matter, and offering no resistance to the passage of solid or gaseous bodies. (2) That it is filled with a substance more or less analagous to ordinary matter—a highly rarified gaseous medium which offers *some* resistance. (3) That it is filled with ether through which innumerable solid bodies of comparatively small size fly singly or in swarms, and by collision give rise to meteorites, shooting stars, comets, etc. If the first hypothesis be true, and space offers no resistance to the passage of the planets, the present condition of the solar system may continue indefinitely; if the second, the resistance, however slight it may be, will tend to retard both the rotatory and orbital motions of the planets, and cause them to fall towards the sun; if the third, the rain of meteorites will have no effect on the earth's rotation, but will tend to lessen the orbital velocity.

## LITTLE BELLE.

In a Russian village the wife of Joseph Emmanuel lay dying. Beside her sat her husband, holding in his arms their only child, little Belle. This little girl, now eight years of age, had been a deaf mute for five years. For a few months after being deprived of her hearing she had talked in her broken baby way, but now but two words still lingered in her memory—papa and mamma. These she continued to use, and they were the sweetest music to her father and mother. Now the little girl was leaning toward her dying mother, and young as she was she tried with all her little strength to restrain the heart-breaking sobs and keep back the blinding tears, until she could gather her mother's last message, as she feebly and at intervals spelled the words with her thin, white hands. These were the words—the last words—formed by the faltering hands.

'Love your father, and comfort him, my darling, when I am gone. Never, never leave him alone. Always stay with him. Fill mother's place, dear little one, and God in heaven bless you.'

She wished to say more, but her hands fell lifeless upon her breast. In a few moments the father and child were alone with their dead.

In the five years since little Belle had lost her hearing, her father, a thorough scholar, had devoted every leisure moment to the education of his beautiful little daughter. Her bright, active mind and eager desire to acquire knowledge made his task an exceedingly interesting one. From her earliest babyhood she had manifested a most affectionate and lovable disposition. During the terrible illness which had left her maimed for life, she had shown the patience and sweetness of her nature.

As she lay apparently dying, her parents, with the agonizing longing for still another word felt by all who watch the death-beds of their loved ones, repeatedly called her back before utter insensibility could seal her lips. At last her father, in his despair, with almost cruel persistency, gently shook her and said, 'Do you love me, darling?' For the last time a sound entered the gradually closing chamber, and in a clear, earnest voice, she answered, 'Yes, papa, I love everybody.' Her father felt that her answer had awaked the music of all the spheres. After she aroused from days of insensibility she was perfectly deaf.

Now the father and child were left alone, with a gradually darkening atmosphere about them. Day by day the injustice and oppression of Russia towards her Jewish subjects increased. Joseph Emmanuel was being gradually stripped of the comfortable competence he and his fathers had acquired. He had often pondered upon the desirability, perhaps even necessity, for emigrating to a country where freedom and equal rights existed, but he was living in the home of his fathers and near the graves of his kindred. His was a patient, affectionate, unworldly nature, deeply immersed in the love of his people, and he waited with half closed eyes for better days.

Now, however, he began to realise, when too late, the enormity of the persecution to which his people were being subjected. His property by one mode of extortion and another was gradually being taken from him. At last the day came when he was obliged to leave his home, the roof to which he had brought his beautiful bride Miriam. His books and pictures went with the house. He took little Belle and the few necessaries left him and moved into a poor cottage. Here he hoped to hide in peace, and for a time his tormentors seemed to be satisfied with the spoils they had secured.

A small income still remained, and it afforded the father and daughter a supply equal to their moderate demands. Luxuries were a thing of the past, but it took little to satisfy the contented child, and Joseph Emmanuel, as he sat with a book in his hand, his beloved pipe in his mouth, and watched the busy, happy little girl as she went about her duties, did not too severely miss the things of the past. He sometimes felt that smoking was a selfish indulgence, and he firmly took himself to task for the small sum he expended in this way. He counted the little luxuries he could buy for Belle by saving this sum, and at last determined to deny himself this indulgence. The first time he attempted to sit down after his evening meal without his customary smoke little Belle was filled with consternation. It had been her greatest pleasure almost from her babyhood to fill her father's pipe and take it to him. Her mother had taught her this, and when her father, for the first time she could remember since a spell of illness had stopped him for a few days, refused to take his pipe no explanation or excuse would suffice. She knew he must be sick, and that

he would die like her mother. At last she burst into tears and then her father gladly took the peace offering from her dear little hands and allowed himself to be forced into the solace more dearly prized than ever.

In the two years since the mother's death the circumstances of the family had changed rapidly, but the little girl's education had gone on, and she had become a neat little housekeeper. She and her father lived alone now, and she took the greatest pleasure in keeping the house quite clean and in preparing her father's meals with the greatest care. She had also learned to sew, and proudly kept the linen in order.

Another year passed in peace, and Mr Emmanuel began to think the great troubles of his life were over. Many of his neighbours were suffering from religious persecutions, but for the sake of his little girl he had attended no religious gatherings and had in no way called attention to the fact that he still existed.

But, like all Russian Jews, he had been standing upon the crust that covered an active volcano. Suddenly there came an officer to his door with an order that he should immediately join a party *en route* to —— to undergo an examination for admission into the army. He appealed to the officer in every moving term he could call to his mind; he showed him his little deaf and dumb girl; he implored; he reminded the man, whom he knew to be a father, of his own children.

Words were useless and time pressing. He snatched poor little Belle frantically to his heart and was torn away without even time to explain to the frightened child the cause of his departure. Belle picked up her hat and followed. When the officer saw her he ordered the soldier who accompanied him to drive her back. Her father watched her and found she was begging to know where he was going. He stopped, but was forced along. 'One word, dear father,' she spelled.

He was handcuffed and could not answer. For an instant Belle hesitated, and then ran wildly back to her deserted home. She looked hurriedly about, quickly found her father's pipe and tobacco, and then again followed the receding figures.

As she approached, breathless, she called 'papa.' The officer made threatening gestures. Suddenly by a violent wrench the father freed himself from the hold of the two men and ran toward his child. He was instantly recaptured and brutally beaten. Belle caught the arm of one of the men and was knocked down in the struggle. She was stunned for a moment, but recovering she picked up the pipe and tobacco and again followed though this time without trying to approach her father.

She saw the officer take him to a large party of men and women already under way. They were ordered to halt, and her father was chained to a great, burly, wicked-looking convict. Even this man seemed to resent the contact with a Jew, and kicked his helpless companion viciously. The party started and Belle followed, but always at a sufficient distance to escape notice. All the forenoon she patiently trudged along. At intervals she managed to catch a glimpse of her father. With that stimulus hunger, thirst, weariness were unfelt.

At 12 o'clock the company had reached their first halting place. Now if she could only look in her dear father's face and give him his pipe. Maybe, oh, happy thought, they would allow her to walk by his side. She circled round until she could see her father's white agonized face. Nothing could keep her from him now. She flew toward him. She had nearly reached him when the officer who had arrested her father caught her by the arm. 'Well, I'm —— if this Jewish brat hasn't followed us. Get home again, quick, or I'll —' and he again threatened her.

Belle ran until she fell exhausted behind some shrubs growing by the road.

From this time she did not try to approach her father again. She seemed to have settled it in her mind that he would some time reach his destination, and then she might go to him.

After their wretched noonday meal the party again resumed their march. Poor as the meal had been the weary little girl following them had less. Once during the day a peasant gave her a piece of bread, and the following morning a woman gave her a drink of milk.

As the evening of the third day drew near, she could scarcely drag one foot after another. Incredible as it may seem she had kept up with the party, and at night had lain down as near them as she dared to.

Now she determined to try once more to see her father. She was utterly worn out, and maybe a premonition that her end was near had deprived her of fear. She had stopped by the wayside and bathed her face and taken a drink of water. That day nothing had been given her and she was very weak. As she came slowly up, her white, lovely little face attracted the attention of a young officer who had a little sister at home about her age. He spoke to her kindly and asked her for whom she was looking.

Seeing that he had spoken to her she raised her hand to her face and made the touching sign of the deaf mute.

Then she looked at him eagerly and said 'Papa.'

'Where is your papa, my child?'

Again she repeated the sign, but finding that he did not understand, yet looked at her with kindly eyes, she began to search about for her father. In a moment she found him lying flat upon the ground. What unheard of cruelty could have in these days reduced him to the wreck he now appeared to be?

With a glad cry the child ran and fell into his arms. After the first frantic embrace she sat up, and taking the pipe and tobacco from her pocket, filled the bowl and placed it in her father's hands. Then, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, she leaned her head upon her father's shoulder and fainted.

In the night little Belle died in her father's arms.

MARIE VALHASKY.

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THE SPORTING MANIA IN FRANCE.—The English sporting mania is now rapidly invading France. It has become usual for women to ride daily in the Bois de Boulogne in the early morning returning in time for breakfast, for men to play polo in the afternoon, and for both sexes to attend race-meetings pretty constantly. Lawn tennis, too, has grown in popularity, while pretty women may be seen driving a pair of stepping ponies, with more or less success, and men seated rather clumsily on the box-seat of a four-in-hand do their best to emulate their brethren from over the water.

## HOW THEY PLAYED THE DEVIL AT MADRAS.

THE following description of the way in which the Governor of Madras played the devil will perhaps attract some attention.

'To the Madras Presidency,' says the *Bombay Gazette*, 'is due the honour of having introduced a new feature into official entertainments. A ball was given at Ootacamund at the bungalow of Sir James Dormer, the new commander in chief, at which fancy dress was *de rigueur* and the nineteenth century gentleman was mercilessly excluded. It was a *bal poudré*—the choice lying between black and white, but the most attractive feature was a "Devil's Dance." The gentlemen representatives of his Satanic Majesty included his Excellency the Governor, the Commander in Chief, etc. Their partners were, of course, angels, and these included Lady Wenlock, Miss Dormer, etc.'

The correspondent of a local paper describes the dance as follows:—'At a sign from one of the A.D.C.'s the band struck up the "Bogie Man," and there was a sort of buzz — each devil made a rush up above, and brought down his particular angel. No one but the eight from heaven and the other eight from somewhere else took part in this dance, the rest of the guests being content to watch the flying angels and the long-tailed devils. Lady Wenlock simply flew about, her feet scarcely touching the ground. The devils' get up was equally good of its kind. Long black forked tails; tufts of hair on either side of the head gave the idea of pointed ears. Black coats, with a kind of bat's wing under the arm and joined to the side, black bands of silk across the shirt front, to cover all gleams of white—knee breeches, silk stockings and pumps.'

In the *Madras Mail* we find another account of this performance. 'When the first discordant crash of fiendish music was heard (the introduction to the "Bogie Man Lancers") each devil seized a reluctant angel and dragged her to a place in the set. The angels were most becomingly attired in loose flowing robes of white, with silver girdles and stars in their hair, flowing wing sleeves and a big spray of lilies in their hands. The devils danced with the most wonderful fiendish grace and agility, dragging their partners, whirling them round and pirouetting round them. They ended by giving yells of triumph and truly unearthly shrieks.'

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## A CHINESE VIEW OF ANGLO-SAXON COURTSHIP.

YUAN HSING-FU, who recently recorded his impressions of England from a Celestial standpoint, was a good deal puzzled by what he evidently regards as the free-and-easy methods of courtship.

'Besides invitations to dinner,' he writes, 'there are invitations to tea parties, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes an equal number of men and women assemble and tea, sugar, milk, bread and the like are set out as aids to conversation. More particularly are there invitations to skip and posture when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man.

'Then, with both arms grasping each other, they leave the table in pairs, and leap, skip, posture and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping *tanshen* (dancing).' The reason of this curious proceeding on the part of our countrymen was well explained by a recent writer in a Chinese illustrated paper, the *Hwa Pao*.

'Western etiquette requires,' he says, 'the man in search of a wife to write to the girl's home and agree upon some time and place for a skipping match (*wiliet*, a dance). The day arrived, "youth in red and maid in green," they come in pairs to the brilliant, spacious hall, where, to the emulous sound of flute and drum, the youth clasping the maiden's waist and the maid resting upon her partner's shoulder, one pair will skip forward, another prance backward, round and round the room until they are forced to stop for want of breath.

'After this they will become acquainted — only after this, observe—and then by occasional attentions over a bottle of wine or exchange of confidences at the tea table, their intimacy will deepen, the maiden's heart become filled with love and they will mate.'

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## THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

'WHOSE steps are those? Who comes so late?'
'Let me come in—the door unlock.'
'Tis midnight now; my lonely gate
I open to no stranger's knock.

'Who art thou? Speak!' 'Men call me Fame.
To immortality I lead.'
'Pass, idle phantom of a name.'
'Listen again, and now take heed.

'Twas false. My names are Song, Love, Art,
My poet, now unbar the door.'
'Art's dead, Song cannot touch my heart,
My once Love's name I chant no more.'

'Open then, now—for see, I stand,
Riches my name, with endless gold—
Gold and your wish in either hand.'
'Too late—my youth you still withhold.'

'Then, if it must be, since the door
Stands shut, my last true name do know,
Men call me Death. Delay no more;
I bring the cure of every woe.'

The door flies wide. 'Ah, guest so wan,
Forgive the poor place where I dwell—
An ice-cold hearth, a heart sick man,
Stand here to welcome thee full well.'

WALT WHITMAN.

# SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

### THE PLANET MERCURY.

OBSERVATIONS made during the recent transit of Mercury by Mr J. K Winder, Detroit, convince him that the planet is surrounded by a dense atmosphere, which in a more attenuated state, extends for two or three hundred miles beyond his surface. The appearance of the spectrum also indicated the presence of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere of Mercury.

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### A POWERFUL PROJECTILE.

The British naval authorities are exhibiting with pride and satisfaction a projectile which, fired from a 110 ton gun, passed in succession through a 20 inch steel plate, 8 inches of iron, 20 feet of oak balks, 5 feet of granite and 11 feet of concrete, being finally staid in its path of destruction by a mass of brick masonry, into which it made its way to a depth of three feet. That projectile must have been well made, and of good metal.

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### ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

A curious and intimate relationship exists between some animals and plants, especially in tropical countries, where the struggle for existence is so fierce. One plant, known as the bull's horn acacia, of Central America, provides a species of ant not only with food and drink, in the shape of tiny egg-like bodies upon its leaves, and a sweet liquid contained in special wells on the stalk, but in addition it furnishes a tenement for the ant in the hollow spines with which it is armed. In return for these favours the ant protects the acacia from its enemies.

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### PINEAPPLE CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

One of my children was down with diphtheria and was in a critical condition. An old man who heard of the case asked if we had tried pineapple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice and let the patient swallow it. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will eat out diphtheritic mucus, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucous membrane of his throat sore.

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### CAST-IRON TUNNELS FOR RAILROADS.

Two tunnels of cast iron for an electric railway have been built in London and put in operation for rapid transit. They are three miles in length and lie between forty and sixty feet below the surface of the city's streets. The tunnels for the up and down lines are formed of cast-iron from beginning to end, save where the stations are built and their diameter is ten and one-half feet, the tubes being formed of rings one foot seven inches long, made in sections and bolted together. The tunnels were driven by means of a short cylinder, a trifle larger in its inner diameter than the exterior diameter of the cast-iron tunnel lining. This cylinder has a cutting edge and is forced forward by hydraulic jacks, butting a circular way into which the lining plates are fitted, the narrow space between the lining and the soil being filled with lime and cement forced in under high pressure. In their course the tunnels pass beneath the bed of the Thames and through the bed of an old water-course, where loose, wet gravel offered some trying obstacles to be overcome.

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### THE SWALLOW-SNAKE.

The London *Graphic* is responsible for the following:—A particularly interesting serpent among those interested is the 'swallow-snake,' so called because, when the inclination seizes him, he takes his tail in his mouth, swallowing some of it, and thus transforms himself into a hoop, which rolls along with extreme velocity in pursuit of prey. Judging from the illustration the chief occupation of the swallow-snake is to chase bicyclists along the roads of India, always overtaking the rider, unless he chances to have a bigger wheel than the snake can form. A 15-foot swallowing-snake, giving a wheel diameter of about five feet, can catch any bicyclist in India. From the description the swallow-snake must be nearly allied to the American hoop snake, which, as is well known, takes its tail in its mouth and chases boys out of meadows, the swallow-snake, though, appears to be non-poisonous, in singular contrast with the nature of the hoop-snake, which, when angered, is poisonous throughout its entire length, as we demonstrated in the case of the hired man who struck recklessly with a hoehandle at a hoop-snake rolling past him, the hoehandle immediately swelling up to the size of a man's leg.

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### MIND PICTURES.

The uses to which the power of mental visualisation are put are most interesting. It is, as a rule, well developed in painters, some of whom are able to paint a portrait after seeing the subject but once. Doré, for one, possessed this faculty. His memory of anything he had once seen was marvellous, and he seemed to work at night as if the scenes he had made note of during the day were still before his eyes. After once driving through Windsor Park, he knew by heart every tree he had glanced at, and said that he could draw all from memory. Chess players of note have the faculty of visualising the board in their minds, and are thus enabled to play many games simultaneously blindfolded. One of the great chess players could play twelve games at once without seeing the board. He expressly stated that he had before him a perfectly vivid picture of each board which altered instantaneously as each move was made, and thus remained printed on his mind till another move again changed the situation. Some persons see mentally in print every word that they hear or which they speak. One statesman assured Galton that a certain hesitation in utterance which he has at times is due to his being plagued by the image of his manuscript speech with its original erasures and corrections. He cannot lay the ghost, and he puzzles in trying to decipher it.

# THE CITY OF THE PLAINS.

(BY M.H., 'N.Z. GRAPHIC.')

MAN nature has a strange propensity to pick holes in the persons and places of its acquaintance. If anybody has a failing, or any town a disadvantage, that is sure to be the first point of commentary upon the name cropping up. Sydney is, perhaps, the great exception, that 'beautiful harbour' being inseparably associated with the mention of its name. Even Sydney, however, gets condemned on the score of its hot summer nights, while Melbourne is abused on account of its 'brickfielders,' London for its fogs, Wellington for its winds, Auckland for its 'mugginess,' and Dunedin for its capriciousness of chilly showers. If there is a bad point anywhere it is magnified from being the exception into the rule, and if destiny is taking you thither, kind friends do their best to impress upon your mind that you are going to a spot where life will speedily become unendurable.

Thus, when anyone purposes taking up their residence in Christchurch, they are at once apprised of the two facts—'that it is awfully flat,' and 'that the nor'-westers are terrible.' The imputation of flatness comes, of course, from the towns of New Zealand, such as Dunedin, Wellington, Oamaru, Nelson, Auckland, Picton, Whangarei, and others which are specially favoured in the matter of variety of situation within and about themselves. Indeed, so common is the possession of a picturesque site all around the coast of New Zealand, that any town possessing what would be held as a very passable location in Europe or America is deemed uninteresting.

Christchurch is situated upon a plain. Its position is such as that in which the founders of a potential city in the United States delight, and its design one of the rectangular chess-board principle, followed at Salt Lake and others of the young mushroom communities of the Great West. Like other towns cast upon this plan, it is most commodious for movement, every thoroughfare radiating from or communicating with Cathedral Square as a centre. Thither all business has a tendency to converge and from that point any destination can be speedily reached.

The central artery, Colombo-street, is about four miles in length, starting at the foot of the Port Hills, and running out over the Plains in the direction of the Southern Alps. The Port Hills, which rise to something like 1,200 feet, are easily accessible from the Cathedral in half an hour, and for those who are willing to test the assertion that Christchurch is not unpicturesque, a magnificent panorama of the Canterbury Plains and its snow-capped ranges unrolls itself yonder. Travellers who know the Plain of Piedmont in Northern Italy say that no finer vistas exist there than those which can be obtained near Christchurch on any of the exquisitely clear days, of which there are so many between April and October, when the snow is upon the mountains.

Despite its much abused summer siroccos, the climate of the Canterbury Plains is in autumn one of the most charming in the world. The rainfall is only about half that of the other provinces of New Zealand, and the rain comes deliberately preceded by premonitory symptoms there is no mistaking. Weeks, or even months of sunshine, are quite usual, and day after day often goes by displaying a sky of the softest and milkiest of blues undotted by the slightest streak of cloudland. Admitting sundry defects, there is probably no climate more calculated to develop to their utmost the best points of the English race, or to breed a handsome, athletic, and romantic people than that of the region of which Christchurch is the coming metropolis. There is also among its population a cohesion and a definiteness of tone and purpose more marked than in the other chief towns of Southern Britain. This was originally owing to the Episcopalian and the squattocratic elements, and though these are ceasing to be so prominent, the feeling of corporate pride and *esprit de corps* remains, promising to make Canterbury the Virginia of New Zealand. The stamp of 'Biz' is not obtrusive, and is never likely to become rampant over the face of society upon the Plains, as it will always be tempered by the educational, sporting, and agricultural influences which have obtained such a long start in Christchurch during the impressionable days of its infancy.

Christchurch lies athwart the courses of two winding streams, designated, respectively, the Avon and the Heathcote, which discharge themselves into the sea at less than six miles from the town. Sketches taken forty years ago show nothing but a dusty, tussock-tufted moorland with two ditches threading their way at the foot of the Port Hills towards the ocean. Now, on debouching from the tunnel leading from Port Lyttelton through the Port Hills, the eye of the spectator is greeted with a verdant panorama of successive fields, of coppices, of hedges and ditches, of great waving lines of poplars, and with glimpses of river scenery not unlike that of the willow-hung Thames a hundred miles above London. 'Quite English, you know,' and more English it grows as the suburb of Opawa is reached, and pretty villas peep out from between the trees over trimly-kept lawns. The only un-English points are the grand expanse of plain bounded in the distance by an interminable wall of snowy-white, and the overarching canopy of cloudless milky-blue. In these respects it is England and Italy in one.

It is the river which gives Opawa its peculiar beauty and superiority over the other suburbs, unless it have a rival in Avonside on the north, which is extending down the chief of the Christchurch streams. There is a tendency in the town to develop eastward into both of these faubourgs, as they lie in the way to the seaside resorts of Sumner and New Brighton, six miles distant on the open shore. The suburbs which are likely to retain longest their secluded and select character are those on the opposite or south-east side of the city, Riccarton and Fendalton, as they are protected from the invasions of builders by intervention of the public gardens and Hagley Park, which, with the deviously-winding Avon, break the continuity of Christchurch in that quarter. To the north-west, on either side of the Papanui Road, which is the continuation of the main street of Christchurch, towards the ranges, lie respectively the suburbs of Merival and St. Albans. Southward toward the Port Hills lie the less aristocratic borough of Sydenham. These seven suburbs, Opawa, Avonside, St. Albans, Merival, Fendalton, Riccarton, and Sydenham enclose the municipality of Christchurch, which extends over a complete square surface of one mile between them all. Each side of it is bounded by a belt a mile in length. On the north, the south and the east the Belt is a perfectly straight road or boulevard; on the west it is the public Domain, comprising Hagley Park and the Public Gardens.

From the railway station, which you enter almost immediately after passing Opawa it is but five minutes' drive to the Cathedral. Though passing through that part where the streets are most broken and intersecting, still a visitor from the three other chief New Zealand towns cannot but be struck at the long peeps and vistas which open up on each side as he goes. Everything seems so orderly and on the rule of square. On alighting at the foot of the Godley statue—a sadly ironical tribute to the memory of the public benefactor—the new arrival finds himself looking directly in at the Cathedral door, and with almost every building or object of urban interest around him. There is

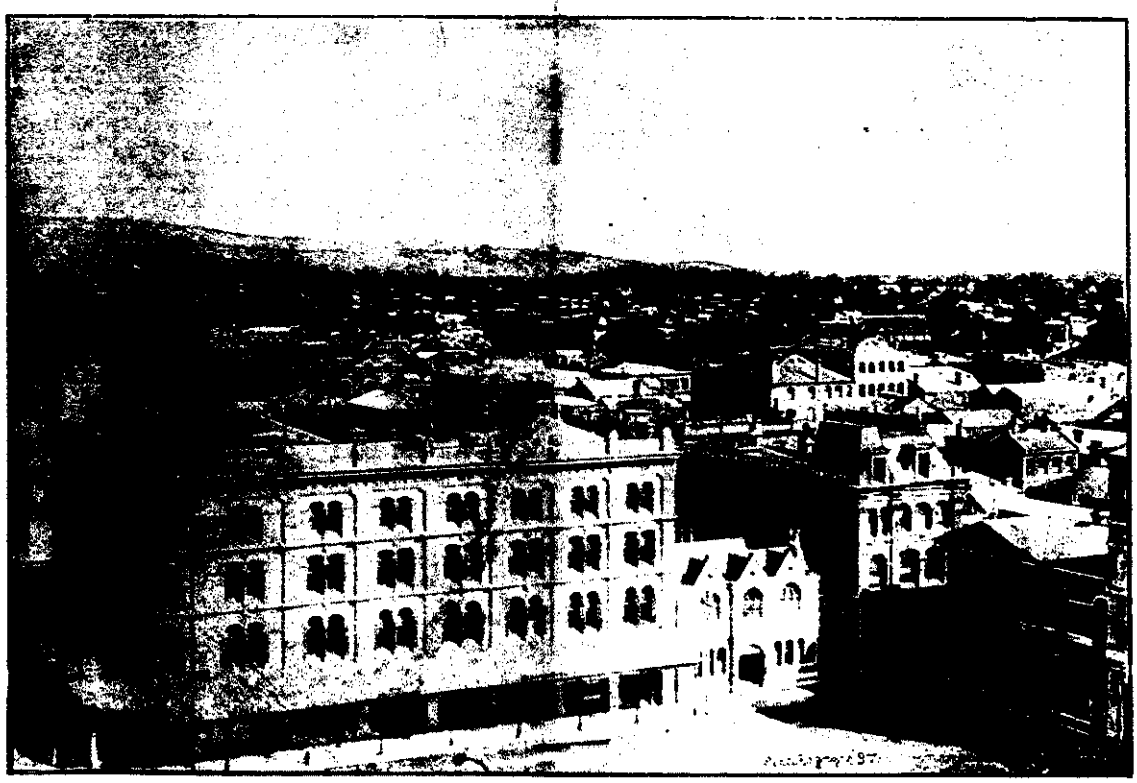
CHRISTCHURCH, LOOKING TOWARDS OPAWA. *J. Martin, photo., Auckland.*

the soft grey Gothic of the Cathedral, the dark grey classic of the Bank of New Zealand, the dark brown domestic of the Hereford block, the red brick of the Italianesque of the Post-office, and the elegant mixed of the A.M.P. Building in its pure white Oamaru stone. Turning about from the Cathedral so as to look past the Godley statue along Worcester-street, he can see near the trees which mark the course of the Avon the red Elizabethan villa of the Town Council, and a quarter of a mile beyond that lie the scholastic piles of the University and the Museum. Behind these lie those characteristically charming 'lions' of Christchurch—the river, the gardens, and the park.

Walking down in that direction to the Town Council building, he catches his first glimpse of the Avon, a tortuous stream on which you are always unexpectedly coming, and which will meet you again further on. Just to the right here is the old Provincial Council House—a sort of curiosity and antiquity in its way, now chiefly devoted to the purposes of the dance rather than of debate. In the hall of the University beyond, you have a very truthful counterpart of some of the fine English college halls or dining halls of the Inns of Court. If you pass across the pretty avenue in Antigua-street into the Museum you will see the largest collection of moa skeletons in the world, and other objects of scientific interest.

Round here extends the best residential quarter within the city, chiefly villa houses with tasteful gardens, and a striking aspect of gentle ease and refinement. It is much the same on the opposite side of the Cathedral in the direction of the East Belt, only in a rather less degree. Those who give Christchurch a reputation for monotony can have an eye for only a certain kind of beauty. To appreciate it one must see its streets towards the close of a calm summer

COLUMBO STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE CATHEDRAL.



CHRISTCHURCH, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST FROM CATHEDRAL.

*J. Martin, photo., Auckland.*

# CHRISTCHURCH VIEWS.

day, under a sky of cloudless turquoise blue. The air is so pure and clear, everything is so distinct, and over its long vistas of mingled houses and trees an exquisite peacefulness seems to be descending. To stand on such a Sunday evening where the park, the gardens, the river and Armagh-street meet, as the sun is setting and the bells are calling to prayer, is, perhaps, to enjoy the most sweetly religious picture presented by any town in the world.

It is, indeed, astonishing that such various phases of natural and artificial beauty should be met in a place which has been entirely created by the hand of man within the space of a generation. It shows what an extraordinarily gifted land New Zealand is. With its glorious sky and its bountiful, though not vexatious moisture, you have only to tickle and plant its empty plain, and your city is smiling with a mature beauty ere your last-born has well had time to grow his whiskers. And this is but a mild earnest of the wonderful things to come, as our land develops. Given the good taste of the Christchurch architects and gardeners, and not only the whole Canterbury Plain, but all over New Zealand our great-grandchildren will see towns and landscapes which will be miracles of beauty. When our chief cities number their quarter of a million or more, what are but small towns or hamlets, or mere names upon the map, will then be more than what Christchurch is now, and as closer cultivation and population increase, the intervening country will become but one continuous park and garden land, dotted with happy villages.

But Christchurch has other pleasurable aspects. One can linger in its handsome gardens or Domain on a fresh November morning, wandering round along the willow-hung banks of the Avon, which divides them, or lying under the trees listening to the songs of countless birds. Or one can as sundown closes and the blustering nor'-wester sinks to rest in the still warmth and starry beauty of an almost Australian night, take a boat and row the one you love best up the limpid stream—courting, yes, courting—the shadows before and the sweet reality at the back of the vessel. Or as summer is on the wane, you can walk through the pleasing suburb of Fendalton, and coming back through the Park when the afternoon sun is low, note the expansive meadow-land fringed with trees in every direction, and naught indicating the presence of man but the slight grey cathedral spire rising gracefully in front.

Or when at mid-autumn the leaves are in their decay, the early snows have fallen upon the distant ranges, and a balmy nor'-west breeze is taking the edge off the frosty morning air, go out into the Park and watch the glorious sunlight flashing on the leaves like gold, and gleaming white on the Alps as on mountains of powdered sugar. Or if you think Christchurch is too flat start from the Cathedral south along Colombo-street on an August morning. In half an hour you will be at the foot of the Port Hills, in another twenty minutes you will be up a thousand feet or more overlooking the Canterbury Plains. What are England or Scotland to this? It is Piedmont over again. Beyond you is the Gulf of Lyttelton Harbour with its deep blue waters and the peninsula of Akaroa rolling away seawards; at your feet the noble plains with a tiny-tiny Christchurch dotted on them, an endless expanse of greenish-brown melting away north and south into indistinguishable haze, and bounding all, a giant wall of white, irregular along its crest and bulging buttress like along its sides. Those are the Eternal Ranges sixty miles distant and thousands of feet in height.

But, to be fair and give the devil his due, we must paint some reverse to the medal. One should see Christchurch in its sloppy and flatulent fits. It has a way of becoming occasionally, in winter time, characteristically English. In its best moments it is too light and bright and rectangularly beautiful to resemble anything other than itself; but when its sky gets influenza and weeps for a month at a stretch, the damp, muddy, and bedraggled look of it is not a bad imitation of the face which our venerable mother country turns to her children with depressing frequency. Then in some summers it gets a terrible attack of the wind, which has given it an evil name. The nor'-westers will rage several times a week for months filling everything with dust, spoiling your food and soiling your clothes. It may be said, however, that they scarcely ever blow after sundown, and the evenings which follow them are those most luxurious and suited for water parties in the whole year. A season of mildish nor'-westers is, indeed, rather desirable than otherwise, and they are yearly losing some of their virulence.

The average of height in Christchurch people of both sexes is considerable, the average of good looks is also high, and that of taste in dress noteworthy. Whether the accumulated wealth around Canterbury is great, as the number of fashionable suburbs in Christchurch would seem to indicate, it is certain there are shops in all lines on a scale out of all proportion to the size of the town. Drapers, mercers, tailors, hardware men, booksellers, photographers, and music-sellers, all things in a style worthy of a place of double the size in England. The business centre is around what is known as 'The Triangle,' just before you reach the Bank of New Zealand, where the five chief streets intersect, forming a natural focus for that purpose. In consequence of its flatness and convenient design it is one of the most accessible places in which a stranger can find himself for the first time. Standing here on the morning of Saturday, the market day or of a holiday, you get the concentrated life of the place passing before you—bicyclists, cricketers, boating parties, horsemen, tramcars laden with holiday-makers, for Lyttelton, Sumner, and New Brighton, and tennis enthusiasts. They are a pleasant, prosperous, happy-looking community, and take their pleasures with becoming cheerfulness.

It takes about an hour to reach Sumner, seven miles away, and a quarter less to reach New Brighton. They are places of an entirely different character, the former lying directly beneath the cliffs of the Port Hills, and the latter on the bleak, open sand dunes, some six miles to the north. Sumner is not an uncommon type of watering-place, with cliffs and its beach; but New Brighton, with its apparently interminable strand, is cast upon lines to accommodate a public equal to that of Paris or New York. The The sandy 'links,' with intermittent scrub, seem to extend for miles, and when the tide is far out the sands look wide enough and long enough to gallop all the cavalry in Europe.



## THE LADIES AND THE BADGER.

WE ask five minutes' attention to an adventure of two ladies and a badger, the account of which we find in a carefully edited newspaper printed and published in the city of St. Louis, says the New York *Tribune*. In the consideration of this subject there are several things which we must not forget, the first of which is that the badger is a small animal, standing some seven or eight inches high, though it is somewhat wider, being built considerably on the architectural design of a single-deck East river ferryboat. Its hair is quite long, its skin loose and very thick, and beneath this there is a layer of an inch or two of fat, so that the real badger, or, if we may so venture to put it, the *per se* badger, is even smaller than would be supposed from his outside appearance. With these facts firmly rooted in our memories, we may proceed to a careful and unprejudiced consideration of the tale in question.

Two young ladies, wives of cavalry officers, left Fort Riley, in Kansas, one afternoon recently for a walk. While returning they were obliged to cross a little canon or ravine. At the bottom of this they came to a large tree which had been blown down. They scrambled up on the tree trunk to get across. They had scarcely done so when they heard an 'angry growl,' and on looking up they saw a badger on a ledge of rocks above them, the 'fierce and angered creature' being 'just ready for a spring.' We must not forget that the badger never gives vent to angry growls, unless, possibly, when driven into a corner by a dog, when (we desire to do full justice to the beast) he will fight stubbornly. We must remember, too, that the badger is not fierce, and that on this occasion he could not have been angered. Let us also keep in mind, in connection with the expected spring, that the badger's legs are only some four inches long.

The ladies at first were very much excited, as the animal appeared to them 'as large as a lion,' an optical illusion fortunately dispelled later on, or we should be obliged to remind the reader that the badger lives in a burrow rather less than six inches in diameter. One of the ladies jumped down from the tree trunk and ran up on a little ledge on the other side of the ravine some twenty feet or thereabouts from the badger. The fierce beast instantly began to make preparations to leap across to her. Let us not forget that his legs were four inches long. He began 'lashing his lean sides with his tail.' We should always keep clearly in mind the fact that a badger's tail is four and one-half inches in length and of a decidedly rigid nature. It might, perhaps, be convenient for the badger to sit down on while surveying a hillside with a view to sinking a winter burrow, but it should never be utilised for lashing purposes. Nor should we forget that the badger never has lean sides.

Fortunately the two ladies had their husbands' revolvers with them. Soon the infuriated badger 'sent his dark-brown body flying across the ravine.' We beg of the reader to remember the badger's four-inch legs and two inches of fat. Nor is the American badger endowed by nature with wings. As the badger leaped, however, each lady fired her revolver, or, as the account has it, 'two balls resounded through the air.' The badger fell to the bottom of the ravine with a broken leg.

At this point another badger, evidently the mate of the first one, appeared, with his 'ears laid back in anger.' Truth being our sole aim, let us bear in mind that the badger's ears are so small that they cannot be seen at all without brushing away the hair. The new badger leaped up on the ledge (we need not again remind the reader of the badger's legs and general build) and seized hold of the lady's skirts and began pulling her down the bank, also lashing the air with its tail. While this was going on the other lady, after several shots, succeeded in killing the first badger, and came to the rescue of her friend. The badger was too close to shoot, so she 'lifted a heavy rock' and 'sent it with all the force both her hands could command,' so that it 'crushed upon the creature's back.' This caused the badger to 'break from its shrieking victim,' 'taking away a large mouthful of dress material,' and to 'turn on its annoyer.' Both ladies now began shooting vigorously, and finally the infuriated monster, with a roar that shook the everlasting hills, rolled to the bottom of the ravine with a rumbling sound like an approaching earthquake, where it died.

We sincerely hope that the reader has derived much benefit from these few lines. To have done so, however, he must have kept constantly in mind these few well-known and indisputable facts:—First, that the Kansas badger does not range the country like a man eating tiger looking for human victims; second, that he is a small animal, rather broader than he is high; third that he is always fat to the point of obesity; fourth, that his legs are very short; fifth, that his ears are concealed by his long hair; sixth, that he has no wings or other flying apparatus; and seventh, that his tail is short and stubbly like a sweet potato, rather than long and flexible like a garden hose. If these few facts were kept continually in view, the intelligent reader cannot but have obtained great profit from our article.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

LIFE'S a jingle, life's a dance,
See the mummers everywhere
Hopping, tossing bells in air—
How the hobby-horses prance!
I advance,
Somewhat sick, the round to share.

Life's a yearning, life's a keen
Sense of moments and emotions,
Art and song and tone-devotions,
Moods intense and joy and teen;
I have been
Through the whole of such-like notions.

Life's a sad sepulchral song,
Chanting of an unseen choir,
Rising, falling, ever higher
Striving up through clouds of wrong
Life's a long
*De Profundis* from the mire.

Life's a jumble and a maze
Where we trip and blunder ever,
Halt performance, high endeavour,
Panting strife and withered bays:
Pass the days—
Rest at last from fret and fever.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ROYAL rakes bring a lot of rubbish to the surface.

Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to open your husband's letters.

Apples always look nice in the orchard that has a high fence around it.

A man's idea of being good to a woman is to give her opportunities to be good to him.

A man never wants anything so bad as when he is told he will have to fight for it to get it.

If the sweet girl graduate's gown looks all right her essay on the whole duty of man is bound to take with the audience.

Hindu women are forbidden to read or write. Indeed, those who dare to indulge in such luxuries are often 'accidentally' missing.

The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

Ethel: 'It is impossible to love more than one man at a time with sincerity.' Maud: 'True; but, thank heaven, we can make more than one man love us sincerely at a time.'

Spectacles were invented 600 years ago. The use of glass to aid the sight of defective eyes is, however, much older. Nero looked through a concave glass in watching the gladiatorial games.

TIME'S CHANGES.

The little girl in early days,
In childhood's time so fair,
Ere yet her world has widened out,
The doll is all her care.
But when the years, with flying feet,
Their wondrous change have wrought,
The dollar then, and not the doll,
Becomes her only thought.

Among the Congo negroes when a man wishes a wife he secures one and keeps her on probation a year. If her temper and deportment are satisfactory he, at the end of the year, formally marries her. But should she prove an incumbrance, he sends her back to the parental roof.

When the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was built, more than 1000 years ago, the stone and brick were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk, and the building, it is said, has been infected with the odour ever since. Probably age has imparted a musty odour, from which the musk story was fabricated.

Hamilton Aide declares in print that he never saw a lady at work all the time that he was in America. He went the length and breadth of the land and saw no pleasant litter of employment in the parlours that have nowhere the appearance of being much lived in. He has no doubt that American women do sometimes knit and sew, but they conceal it in some room which the visitor does not penetrate.

TRUE AND BRAVE.

One thing at least
Is left us, to be true and brave;
It is a short step to the grave.
And life is a vain thing at best,
And I had rather be a man
And choke my love and bear my part
In God's unalterable plan,
Though it be with a broken heart,
Than walk an easy, thornless way,
And gather blossoms as in play,
While the world marks its years away.

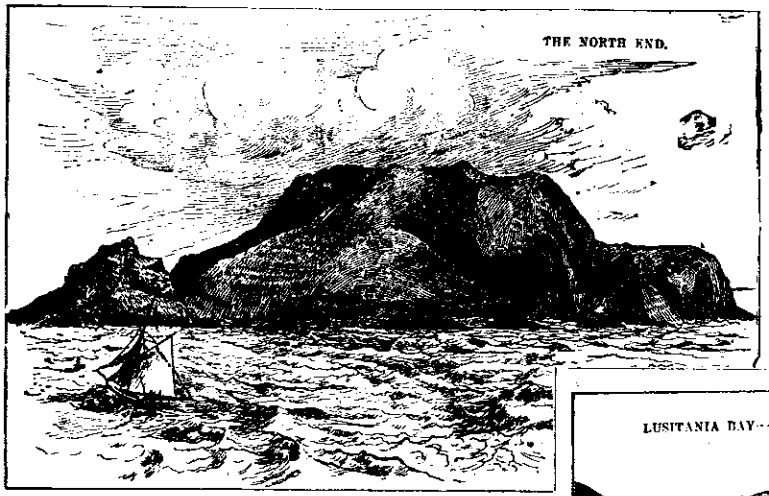
ISAAC HERR.

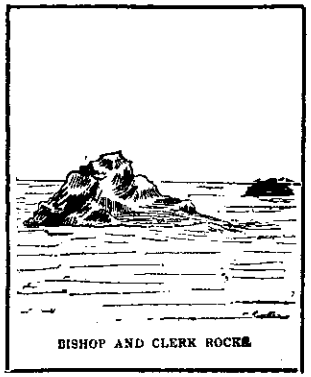
NEED OF MORE OLD MAIDS.—The Professor of Natural Science at Ann Arbour was discussing to the students the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying pollen from one plant to another, and to amuse them told how the old maids were the ultimate cause of it all. The humble bees carry the pollen; the field-mice eat humble bees; therefore the more field mice the fewer humble bees and the less pollen and variation of plants. But cats devour the field-mice and old maids protect cats. Therefore, the more old maids the more cats. The fewer field-mice the more bees. Hence, old maids are the cause of variety in plants.

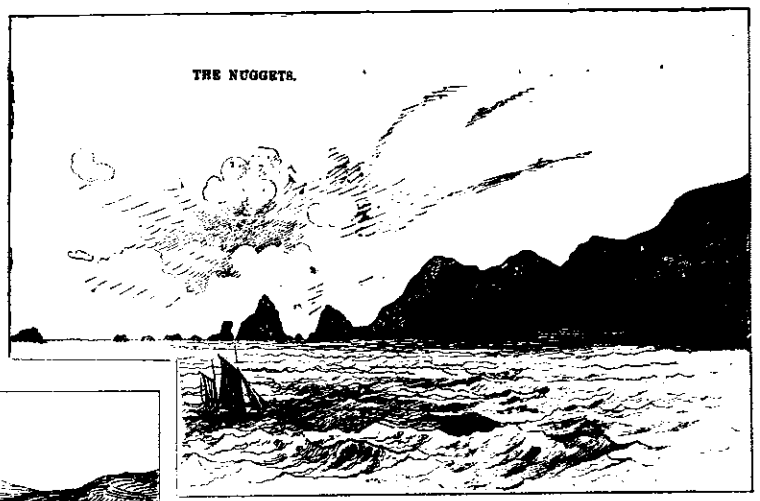
SWALLOWING A HAIRPIN.—A curious case has just been recorded by a surgeon. A young lady applied for treatment, with the statement that on the previous day, while dressing, she had swallowed a hairpin. Three other medical gentlemen to whom she had been had told her that this was only imagination on her part. However, she insisted upon the truth of her story, and emphatically reiterated that she had felt the foreign body in the 'back part of her nose.' Upon careful examination the surgeon found that some hard substance was present in the back part of the nostril. After much trouble the hairpin was removed. It was found to be about five inches in length from point to point.

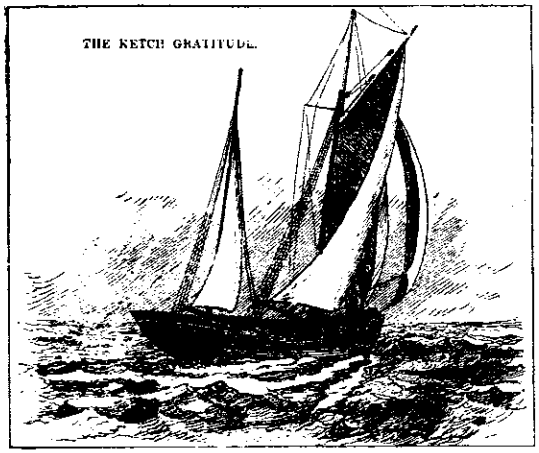
A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—A few days ago an old man of ninety-three arrived at Barcelona, who quitted the country at the age of twenty to seek his fortune in America and has now returned to Spain with his family, which is thus made up: Sixteen daughters of whom six are widows, 9 married and one young girl: 23 sons of whom 4 are widowers, 13 married and six single; 34 granddaughters, of whom 3 are widows, 22 married and 9 maidens; 47 grandsons, of whom 4 are widowers, 26 married and 17 single; 45 great granddaughters, of whom two are married and 43 are maidens; 35 great-grandsons, all single; 3 great-great-grandsons. Beside these there are 72 sons and daughters-in-law. In all 279 persons.

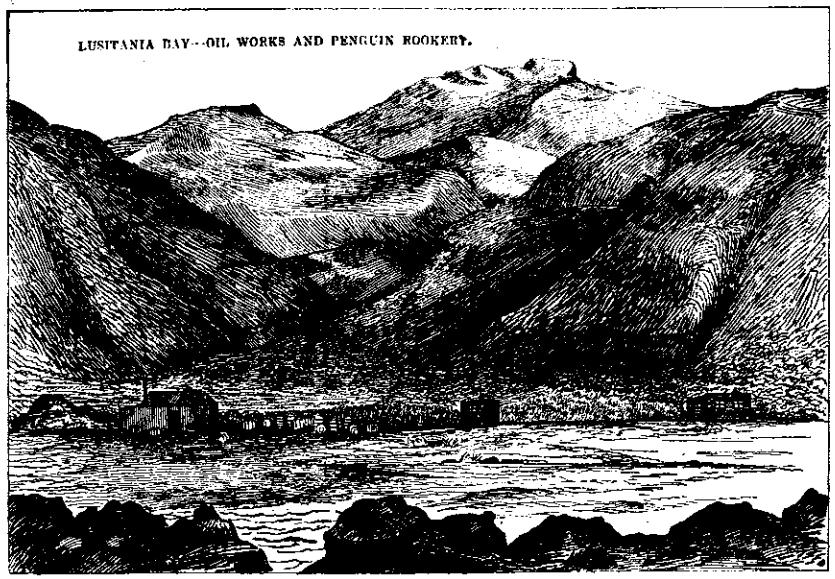
MACHINE MARRIAGES.—While France tries to increase her population by offering awards for large families and threatening to tax bachelors, Germany encourages the matrimonial bureau. One of these in Berlin received during eleven years 19,959 propositions for marriage from women varying in ages from sixteen to seventy-two years, and from men from eighteen and a half to seventy-nine years. That women not only are more desirous to wed than men, but that too earlier in life, was shown by the fact that 2,300 more applications came for husbands than for wives, while the average age of the male applicants was twenty-nine and a half years, or three years greater than that of the women. It is sad to relate, though perhaps their consolation is greater than their happiness might have been, that matches were brought about for 541 men, while only one-third of the would-be wives could secure helpmates.

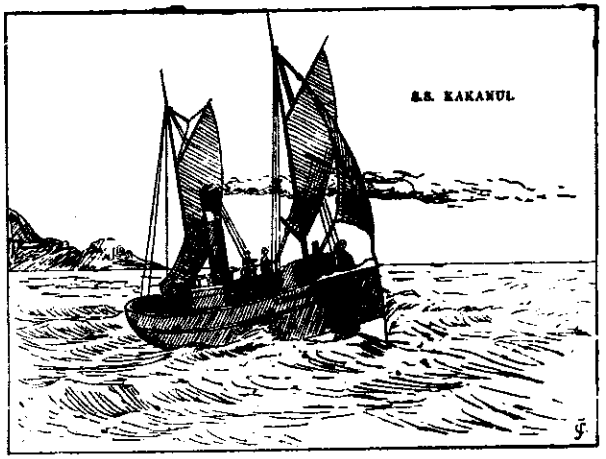

THE NORTH END.

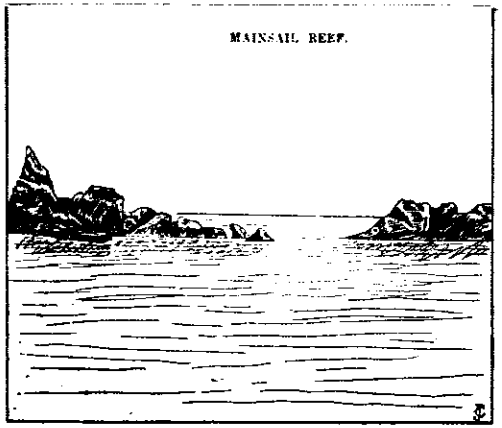

BISHOP AND CLERK ROCKS.

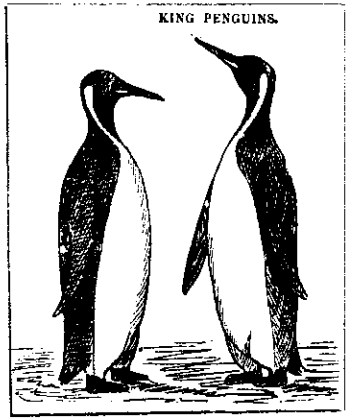

THE NUGGETS.


THE KETCH GRATITUDE.

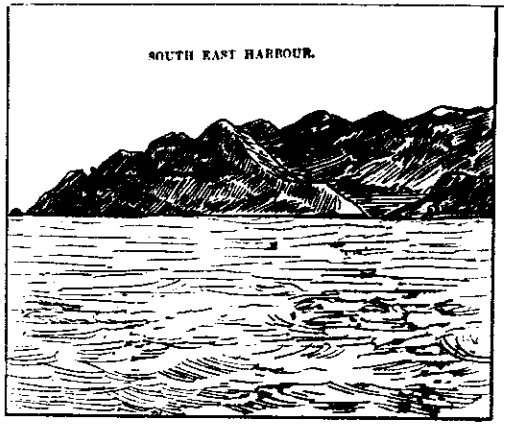

LUSITANIA BAY—OIL WORKS AND PENGUIN ROOKERY.


S.S. KAKANUI.


MAINSAIL REEF.


KING PENGUINS.


SEA ELEPHANT.


SOUTH EAST HARBOUR.

THE MACQUARRIE ISLANDS.—SEE LETTERPRESS.

## THE MACQUARRIE ISLANDS.

(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

OUR readers will remember that on the occasion of the loss of the Kaksnui last January, Captain Fairchild was despatched in the Hinemoa on a voyage of exploration in search of the ill-fated vessel. In the course of his cruise he touched at the Macquarrie Islands to the south of New Zealand.

The following notes of the Macquarrie Islands were made by Captain Fairchild, during his recent visit. He found the island to be in the shape of an elongated double-pointed wedge, each side being about twenty-five miles in length. Outlying rocks there were none, except at the south end, opposite Caroline Cove, there being many shingly beaches varying from one to two or more miles across. These were at low water uncovered for some distance, the rise and fall of the tide in that quarter being from five to six feet. Beyond limpets and periwinkles—the latter of excellent quality—the rocks and beach afforded no shell-fish, while in the deep water, beyond a variety of rock cod, the fish met with are few and far between. The Maori hen or weka is to be had in abundance. A species of mutton bird also at certain seasons frequents the island, the young being as much or even more of a delicacy than those obtained by the Maoris on the mutton bird islands nearer the mainland. The elephants' tongues afforded an agreeable variety of diet.

There are four kinds of penguins—the King, the Royal, the Victoria, and the Rock-hopper. The King penguin is an exceedingly pretty bird, and on his short, well-set legs stands as erect as a soldier; indeed, seen from the deck of a vessel the myriads of them look like a great army of men. Their gait, however, is very ungraceful. They are not particular where they hatch their young in water, mud, or on dry earth, and a notable peculiarity about them is that when pursued during the breeding season they pick up their eggs between their tail and the back of their legs, and hold them there as they walk, or rather waddle away. If a person attempts to touch them they hit out with their fins, and can strike a blow that will leave a marked impression. They have a beautiful plumage—a black head with a yellow streak under the beak, yellow sideboards, white breast, bluish grey back, and bushy tail. The Royal, which comes next in point of size, is a vicious bird, and will both bite and strike. On its head is a beautiful crest of interwoven yellow and black. The Victoria has also a crest across the head, and is smaller than the Royal, while the Rockhopper, the smallest of all, is as agile as a monkey. If kicked off a ledge of rock he invariably succeeds in landing on his feet, and resuming the perpendicular, even if he falls 15 or 20 feet. The four species live apart, keeping distinctly to themselves, and have different rookeries. The island is literally alive with the birds; they are not to be counted by thousands nor yet tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. The oilhunters do not travel far from their trying place to catch them. The *modus operandi* is very simple. A yard after the fashion of a sheep pen is erected and the birds are driven into it, following each other like so many sheep. Then the slaughter commences; they are seized by the neck, and a rapid cut with a knife decapitates them. The liver and heart are removed, and the body is thrown into the digester to be boiled down for its oil.

The sea elephants, which only come ashore to breed, have a trunk from nine inches to a foot long similar to the ordinary elephant, and run from 15 to 18 feet in length when full grown. A bull will yield about a tun of oil and a cow somewhat less. They wend their way on land by the aid of two flippers and travel about as fast as a man can walk. While breeding they subsist on their own fat.

The sea leopard, also known as the sea tiger and sea devil, is an exceedingly pretty animal with a silvery skin, a broad black stripe down the back and dark spots all round. It is about the same size as the sea elephant, and very vicious, with a powerful set of teeth and jaws. They are not very numerous on the island.

A bird known as the seahen about the same size as the Mollyhawk, also abounds, and if approached by a human being will not only assume the defensive but the aggressive, and fly at one's face with feet outstretched to scratch. It is of dark brown colour, and has long legs.

The irrepressible rabbit appears to have found on the Macquarries a congenial home, for there they are in great force, and their fur is much thicker and superior to that of bunny in New Zealand, no doubt due to the fact that the climate is colder. Probably owing to not being much hunted, they are tame compared to those on the mainland, and can be knocked down with stones at a short distance. At present, being the summer season, they are in splendid condition, just rolling in fat, and provide a really dainty meal.

Woodhens and mutton birds are also plentiful, and of course easily caught. Strange to say, there are paraquets on the island, but whether they are of the same species as infest the forests of New Zealand we were unable to learn.

Fish is an almost unknown commodity at the island; the surf is almost continually breaking, and this would keep them away from the shore. The probability is, however, that there are too many natural enemies for the trumpeter, moki, mackerel, or blue cod to visit the cold waters of the Far South.

What is known as the North End affords about the best landing place on the island, but even here there is not the semblance of a harbour, nor even a safe anchorage for a vessel except when the wind is from the N.W. About two miles further along the East Coast are the Nuggets, named after three pyramid shaped rocks, rising from 30ft to 50ft out of water; then comes South East harbour, and further along still—about 17 miles from the North End—Lusitania Bay, the head quarters of the try works. The lower extremity is named South End, or Mainsail Reef, taking its name from a very dangerous reef of rocks running about three quarters of a mile out from the land in an easterly direction. It is an exceedingly treacherous part, and a vessel caught there by an adverse wind would have a poor chance of escaping destruction. At all these places, North End, the Nuggets, S.E. Harbour, Lusitania Bay, and South End, or Mainsail Reef—try works are established.

The beach on the island is covered with jagged and keen-edged rocks and a day's walk on this is sufficient to completely ruin a pair of boots. There is not a vestige of bush to be found, but inshore is covered with tussock and Maori cabbage. In places the ground is so soft that it is necessary to pick your way along on the top of the Maori heads, and if one should chance to slip he will sink almost up to the neck in slush. The centre of the island rises to a height of about 600 feet, and at this elevation there are several miniature lakes which are infested with sea hens.

## THE SUN AND ARCTURUS.

THERE are three well-defined classes of stars, judged by the quality of light they yield. In the first class are the clear white and bluish-white stars like Sirius and Vega. These are supposed to be the hottest stars and the most luminous in proportion to the extent of their surface. Then there are the golden yellow or pale orange stars, of which Arcturus and Capella are fine examples. These have begun to cool. Finally, we have the deep orange and red stars like Aldebaran and Antares. These have advanced still further in the cooling process.

Now the spectroscope informs us that our sun belongs to the orange or Arcturus type, and if we could view it from distant space we should see a lovely star of a pale golden yellow. The question arises, then, how far would our sun have to be removed in order to shine with brightness no greater than that of Arcturus? It would have to be removed to 140,000 times its present distance, or about half the distance between us and Alpha Centauri.

But Arcturus is 11,500,000 times as far away as the sun, and if our sun were placed at that enormous distance its diameter would have to be eighty-two times as great to give a light equal to that received from Arcturus. I hesitate to present such figures, implying magnitudes far beyond any to which we have been accustomed, yet they are but the logical deductions of observed facts. In other words, Arcturus must be a gigantic sphere, 550,000 times larger than our sun, with a diameter of 70,000,000 miles, or more than large enough to fill the entire orbit of Mercury.

To make this contrast clearer, let us institute a simple comparison. Jupiter is larger than all the other planets and satellites of the solar system. The sun is a little more than 1,000 times larger than Jupiter. But Arcturus, if our information is correct, is 550,000 times larger than the sun. By the side of such a majestic orb our sun, grand and overwhelming as it is in our own system, would dwindle to an insignificant star.

Contemplating a world so vast, endowed with such mighty energies, and rushing with such resistless force through the great depths of space, we cannot resist the questions: Whence came this blazing world? Whither is it bound? What is its mission and destiny? Is it simply a visitor to our sidereal galaxy, rushing furiously through it like a comet? Is it being constantly fed and enlarged by the worlds it encounters and the meteoric matter it gathers up in its wonderful journey? What would be the effect if it chanced to pass through a nebula or a star cluster? Was the new star which suddenly blazed forth in the nebula of Andromeda in 1876 due to a similar cause?

As the mighty aggregation of attractive energies sweeps along his celestial path, thickly bordered with stellar worlds, how many of those worlds will yield forever to his disturbing forces? How many will be swerved from their appointed courses by his irresistible power? How many will plunge into his fiery bosom and be swallowed up as a pebble is swallowed by the ocean?

## IN A DEN OF LIONS.

'WHEN Ismail Pasha, the extravagant Khedive of Egypt, reigned over that historical land,' said an acquaintance of the notorious ruler, 'he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak, I never tired looking at them. One day, while walking with his highness in the garden, the keeper, accompanied by a pretty little girl entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions. The Khedive and I walked toward the cage to see the beasts eat. They were hungry and pounced upon their food with a ravenous fury that chilled me. Standing close by the stage, with her hands resting on the bars, was the little child, her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze inside the enclosure.

'"Why do you permit your daughter to go so near the lions?" the Khedive asked of the keeper.

'"Oh," replied the keeper, "they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her."

'"Then open the door and put her inside," said the Khedive.

'My blood froze at the command, for command it was. I tried to speak, but could not, I was unable even to move. The keeper, with the submissiveness of those who know their lives will pay forfeit if they disobey their ruler, made with his eyes a plea for mercy. But seeing none in the Khedive's face he kissed the little one tenderly, lifted her up, opened the door, placed her inside, and as the door swung to he turned his face away and groaned.

'The little one, though she did not stir, seemed not afraid. The lions appeared surprised, and as the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily, the father did not see the beast. The Khedive alone was unmoved and stood gazing at the scene calmly and with the curious smile I had so often seen play upon his features when watching the dance of a ballet. The lion went up to the child, smelled of her, looked at her for fully half a minute, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail.

'Another lion approached. The first one gave an ominous growl and the second lion went back. The others crouched low, and each second I expected them to spring, but they did not. This continued, I think, about five minutes, the big lion never taking his eyes from the girl, and ceaselessly lashing the floor.

'The Khedive by this time was evidently satisfied, and turned to the keeper and commanded him to thrust a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a celerity I have never seen equalled, the keeper caught a straying lamb and obeyed. As he did so every lion sprang upon the lamb.

'"Take out the child!" the Khedive commanded, and scarce had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out and clasped her in his arms. The Khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and taking my arm, walked on.'

## SEEKING WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

A FRENCH writer has just published in the *Nouvelles de Munich* a curious account of marriages by means of advertisements from their origin up to the present day. The oldest advertisement dates back to July 8th, 1738, and was inserted in the *Feuille d'Avis* of Frankfort. It was couched in these terms:

An honest young girl, single, well made and very pretty, with the aim of obtaining an inheritance of 100,000 francs, which justly belongs to her in this country, seeks a lawyer, a single man, who will engage to gain her lawsuit for her. In exchange the young girl offers to become the lawyer's wife.

It would be interesting to know if candidates presented themselves and if the lawsuit was won, but the German journalist has not pushed his searches that far.

Notwithstanding all the progress made in the science of advertising, the matrimonial advertisements of the past possess a savour which those put forth by our modern matrimonial agencies totally lack. One can judge of this from the following advertisement which appeared May 2, 1812, in the *Intelligenzblatt* of Leipsic:—

Four honest and very pretty girls, from eighteen to twenty-four years of age, belonging to a good country family, and each of whom possesses a marriage portion of 3,000 florins, desire to get married in order to live in town. They flatter themselves that they are good housekeepers, for they have been accustomed to all sorts of work, and they set greater store by honesty and good family than by fortune. For more extended information, gentlemen not older than forty, and having no personal defect, only can address the office of publication.

The above advertisement is perhaps a trifle long, but at least it is explicit. In this regard, however, the palm belongs to a card in the *Journal de Munich* of 1840. Assuredly advertisements must have cost much less than at present to judge by the dimensions of that one which read as follows:

According to the record I am already seventy, but according to my strength I am but twenty-five. She who I desire to wed must be between sixteen and twenty, must have beautiful hair, handsome teeth and small feet. She must be born of good and honest parents, and her reputation must be without stain. She must dress plainly in velvet and silk, and under no pretext wear any other stuff. Neither do I want her to wear ear-rings, chains, finger-rings, nor other like trinkets, nor false hair. She must never make her dresses in accordance with the prevailing fashion for there is nothing more detestable than aping the follies of others. I wish her dresses to have her dresses made in conformity with her particular taste and do not want her to pay any attention to the remarks of fashionable people.

I want her to know how to ride a horse, or to learn equestrianism if she is ignorant of it. She must never amuse herself by embroidering, for that kind of exercise of the fingers is good only to mask emptiness of mind. I want her to be able to play on some musical instrument, but to understand music thoroughly, for nothing is more insupportable than the din, miscalled music, with which young woman ordinarily afflict those who live in the same house with them. She shall be absolute mistress of the house, as I shall consider it a pleasure to submit to her reasonable caprices, it being odious in my opinion for the wife to be a slave of the husband. She will accompany me in all my travels and everywhere I may go, for it is a shame for men to pass their days and nights in the cafes while they leave their wives to worry themselves to death all alone at home.

In using the word 'must' as I have above, I have not wished to imply an idea of submission, but merely to indicate an understanding, an agreement wholly to the wife's advantage. On the day of her marriage she will receive 30,000 gulden in Russian or Prussian obligations, but she will engage to spend each year the revenue of that sum, for nothing is more repugnant than the vice of avarice. She must never dance, for I should not like to see my wife bob around like a fool. If she is rich, she will be the mistress of her fortune, but she must spend all her income, for I know of nothing more stupid than saving up for the benefit of others. Enjoy life—that is my principle and my philosophy.

We may still find some treasure-troves in the sheets of certain countries, where publicity is less costly. For example, quite recently at Loda, in Russian Poland, the journal of the town inserted the following advertisement:

I am an honest working-girl and I work in the factory. My father owns fifty hogs, each worth thirty rubles. I work at the factory, as I have said, and whoever wants me can have me in lawful marriage

America has the speciality of advertisements which are not commonplace, as, for instance, that which a certain Miss Georgina MacClarman recently published:

Fellow citizens! Can you remain indifferent in the presence of a well-bred compatriot, acquainted with music, possessing all that one can desire, even though she be reduced to seeking a husband through the medium of the newspapers? Make haste, fellow-citizens! Forward, march! Marriage or death! Advance without fear. Since the world has existed, never has a cowardly heart been able to win a woman!

An advertisement still more bizarre, and which proves that the redskins are decidedly in it is this one, culled from the *Prairie Journal*:

An Indian chief offers a thousand horses to the white man who will marry his daughter, aged 18 years. In exchange the white man will inhabit the Indian Territory and teach the Indians how to plough. The horses represent a capital of $80,000. The young Indian girl is of medium height. She has black eyes, abundant hair and charming.

Alas! even among the redskins the idyls have to-day bloomed in the form of advertisements! How far removed are we from Longfellow's poetic reveries!

In Paris singularly worded matrimonial advertisements are constantly published. Some of these are undoubtedly genuine, emanating from country girls who wish to make their way to the giddy capital, or from girls tired of poverty and toil who wish for relief from their misery in the agreeable shape of a husband; but experience will teach that the majority of these advertisements are so many traps laid by designing adventuresses to ensnare and capture unwary men with a view of despoiling them of what money they may possess.

Only recently thirty men, mostly Parisians who should have known better, were caught by the specious advertisements of a woman who kept them all on the hooks until she had beguiled them into making her all the gifts they would, when she abandoned them if she could, but if not married them and vanished immediately after the performance of the nuptial ceremony no one knew whither. She was finally exposed, and received her just deserts at the hands of the law she had outraged, but that afforded small satisfaction to her fleeced dupes, who of course, never again as much as caught sight of their precious cash.

If the real truth about nine-tenths of the matrimonial advertisements and matrimonial agencies could be reached and written up, it would afford some highly interesting reading of the sensational type worthy of comparison with the best detective romances ever conceived and published by Emile Gaboriau or that equally fertile genius, Xavier de Montepin.

# THE GOLDEN HEART.

## CHAPTER I.

N one of the fairest districts of Northern France there was an old Norman town, wonderfully beautiful and picturesque, with its quaintly carved houses, its superb galleries, and curious peaked roofs; its massive iron studded and ornamented doors; its shrines placed at almost every street corner, and containing the stone image of the Virgin and infant Saviour; its glorious greys and browns, its colour and rich still life.

The streets were paved with round grey pebbles—pebbles that tortured the feet of unwary strangers and made them long for the smooth asphalte of Paris—indeed, the pavements of this lovely little town were its sole drawback.

Its cathedral was noble, grand, and imposing. Outside were winged dragons fighting for the life of a saint against some evil power. Strange and unknown animals crouching submissively at the feet of holy men; long processions of sculptured disciples mingled with many episodes of the Saviour's life carven upon the ancient grey stones.

It was dignified, stately, and handsome. Inside the dim, cool church, rich with mellow tinted paintings, and the gorgeously coloured shadows that fell from the stained windows, its tapestries and crowded altars, its massive white columns and glitter of gold and silver, there was one plain oaken door that led to the cloisters above. They were noble not only by reason of their great age, for surely age lends dignity, but by the superbness of their marble arches and splendid carvings, their faded altars and lofty saints. Once seen, they were cloisters to be remembered, to be thought of with wistful regret and a sigh for their imperishable strength and beauty.

The river that ran through the town was sluggish and slow, but it bore the market boats and the corn barges and stole away to the brilliant blue sea, reflecting, as it crept along, the overhanging eaves and the dark dormer windows of the quaint wooden houses.

Fruitful orchards stretched around it; wide fields of yellow colza flamed in the sun, and low purple hills, covered with a mist in the early morning as beautiful as the bloom upon a cluster of grapes, hemmed it in from the busy, bustling, outer world. There were deep, green woods, golden here and there with patches of gorse, and far away northward was a faint streak of ocean, while from many a hill or by the roadside the tall Calvaries stretched out their arms sorrowfully, yearningly, to the travellers who passed beneath.

A beautiful, world-forgotten old place. Frequented by few strangers, and they only wandering antiquaries and artists who sought it for the art treasures it gave them freely and ungrudgingly.

There was a little wooden hamlet on the outskirts of the town, where the people grew an abundance of fruit and flowers for the market. The entrance to the village was marked by a cross, and in the winter a lantern swung there. Even in their busiest moments the people paused as they passed it, to cross themselves and murmur a prayer, to implore some greatly desired object and to beg Mary's guidance through the day and her assistance in their buying and selling, their bargaining and transferring.

Sometimes the women, on their way to the still, quiet town, bearing their baskets of richly-hued flowers and fruits, paused to rest there, and talked lightly and laughingly of their every day affairs, their husbands, or, if they were unmarried, of their lovers, whispering even beneath the shadow of the cross—that symbol of perfect, pitiful love—some choice bit of scandal concerning a neighbour, some idle rumour that destroyed, by its foulness, the fair fame of an innocent girl, or added to the shame of a weak and erring sister.

There was a cool, glistening fountain opposite the cross, noted for the sweetness and purity of its waters, and here the young girls and bent old women came with their pitchers, and the patient-eyed oxen refreshed themselves during the heat of the day. Upon the low stone seat the market women rested and the children played.

It was an intensely hot summer day. The roads were dry, and white with powdered dust. The grass of the wayside was burnt and scorched. There had been no rain for some weeks, and everything was drooping—dying. The birds had taken shelter from the dazzling ball of fire among the boughs of the trees, and occasionally a faint twitter betrayed their hiding place. All Nature slumbered—a leaden sleep.

The fields were brilliant with yellow mustard, golden with the ripening corn and red with the flame of thousands of poppies. The orchard trees were laden with fruit. Never had the villagers experienced a more plenteous season.

Between the long row of poplars that edged the road came two peasant girls. Two tall young creatures, each poising an empty basket upon her head, barefooted, lithe of movement, supple and erect, walking with the free, proud carriage of Eastern country women. One was wonderfully beautiful, with a pale oval face, arched brows, and deep, fathomless, purple black eyes that looked out upon the world with a strange, scornful expression smouldering in their depths.

Her companion was slight and fragile. Her face was round and fair, pink as an apple blossom, innocent and childish. She had large laughing eyes, and her hair shone like a golden net filled with imprisoned sunbeams.

Unlike as these girls were they were sisters.

They paused when they reached the well, each setting down her light burden and drawing a long breath of weariness. The younger girl rested herself upon the low seat, fanning herself with her blue apron. The slight movement lifted the little curls that strayed over her forehead and ruffled them.

'Reine,' she said softly, addressing her sister who leant over the fountain dipping her slender brown fingers into the limpid water, 'Are you weary?'

'No.'

'Angry?'

'No.'

'Is it that you have not forgiven me?'

'There is nothing to forgive,' answered Reine shortly.

'If you are rested we will go on.'

'I am ready,' the elder girl said, rising as she spoke.

'It seems folly to rest when one is so near home, but our mother always sat here, and it was on this seat that you and I waited for her return from market. Do you remember, Reine?'

'Why should I forget it more than you, Toinou?'

'Ah, why,' said Toinou, sadly.

A shade passed over Reine's beautiful face. Her sombre eyes rested for a moment upon Toinou.

'It must be pleasant to have no work to do,' she said abruptly. 'No fruit nor flowers to gather; no cattle to feed and tend. Tell me, Toinou, are you quite happy working in the garden, going to market day after day, no change, always the same—ever the garden and the market—the market and the garden.'

'Why do you ask? Oh, Reine, has he spoken to you of another life—of Paris?'

'He! Whom?' demanded Reine, haughtily, but her eyes fell and a dark colour burnt in her cheeks.

'There is but one man who would talk of such things to a village girl,' answered Toinou. 'And I need not tell you who he is. So he has talked of Paris, and he tells you that life is dark and dull in our peaceful village. Oh, Reine, why will you listen to him? Why do you not close your ears and your heart against him. He has an evil spirit—he is a child of the unholy one.'

'So am I,' retorted Reine scornfully. 'Why should one pray to Mary? You have prayed to her night and morning, you have pleaded with her to save me, and yet she never hears you, she never prevents my meeting him. If the Blessed Mother is powerful and stronger than Satan, why cannot she keep me from him—tell me why not?'

Her voice had risen to a wail of despair, her hands clenched the basket with convulsive force, and her chest heaved stormily.

'Perhaps she needs another offering,' said Toinou after a pause. 'It is long since we gave her the silver heart. Shall we save our money and give her a golden one, Reine?'

'It is useless now,' said Reine bitterly. 'His words have sunk deep into my heart, and I cannot uproot them. In the night I think of Paris! I hear the roll of carriages; I see the gleaming lights, the fountains, and the great buildings. I dream in my sleep of silks and laces, of satins and velvets, of gleaming jewels, of servants that obey the slightest wish of their mistress, of everything the heart can desire, and of that bitter price that must be paid for them!'

'Reine! oh! my sister, you will not, not—think of good Father Josè—oh! Reine.' Toinou's voice broke down in a passionate fit of sobbing, while the elder girl looked calmly before her at the modern houses just coming into sight, and the tower of the plain little church rising tall and straight to the blue summer sky.

'Hush!' she said, not ungently. 'Dry your eyes. Someone may see you—Toinou, say nothing to Father Josè; when I go again to confession I will tell him everything.'

'And he will help you—oh! he will help you,' cried Toinou; but Reine's proud lips quivered as she murmured:

'No one can help me—nothing can save me now. The saints are dead and Satan alone hears our prayers and answers them.'

But in the evening she crept away, and Toinou, who saw her go fell down upon her knees before the crucifix.

'She has gone to meet the evil one! Oh! Holy Mother! if you will save her, I will give you a golden heart,' she cried piteously, and the waxen figure under the glass shade stared before her with unseeing eyes, and the smiling mouth seemed to scoff at the girl's heartbroken appeal.

## CHAPTER II.

THROUGH the Champs Elysées, green with the leafy chestnuts, gay with crowds of smartly dressed people all bent upon enjoyment, noisy with the laughter of children and the music of a brass band hidden somewhere among the trees, walked a girl.

A poor little peasant girl, blue-eyed and golden-haired, dressed in a simple stuff gown and carrying a tiny rose tree close to her beating heart. A timid little girl whose blue eyes wandered fearfully and anxiously around her and whose faltering feet seemed barely able to support her tired, trembling body. She was Toinou.

The people sitting beneath the trees looked carelessly after her—some little market girl from the Madeleine they thought, seeking the house of a purchaser who had brought or ordered the rose tree she was carrying with such care.

She was so weary, so faint and sick. It seemed years since she had awoke in the quaint old bedroom, where the roses crept in at the casement, and the starry-eyed jasmine made the air sweet with its perfume—to find the place by her side vacant and Reine missing.

It seemed years ago since she had read the note lying upon the settle downstairs, the letter Reine had written in the grey shadows of the early morning, before the crimson roses had shaken off the dewdrops or the tall lilies quite opened their snowy gold-dusted petals.

She remembered reading it in a vague, dazed manner, and something of the sharp pain that had pierced her heart at that bitter moment still lived in her bosom. It was only a small piece of paper, but it had crushed the youth out of her, and in the place of the child had left a woman, who suffered and hid her agony nobly and bravely.

This was what Reine had written with a hand that had never faltered nor trembled as it fulfilled its task, while Toinou was sleeping peacefully in the little white chamber, her golden head resting upon her arm and her lips smiling as she dreamt:

'I have gone to Paris.'

That was all. No tender expression of love for the sister she was leaving—the little sister she had promised her mother to guard and shield always. And Toinou had read it, and then with her throbbing heart filled with one great resolve had fought back her tears and sat down to think.

'I will go to Paris and save her.'

It was an easy thing to say, but very difficult to carry out. How could she, a weak, inexperienced country girl, find her way to Paris, and when she reached it how could she discover Reine among the many thousands who dwelt in that vast city? Love is strong; love is powerful. Toinou took out the little hoard that she had been saving, with shy tenderness and grave forethought for a day that came to nearly all the village girls—her wedding day. It was a pitiful sum. The shoeblacks of Paris would have earned more in one day, and the flower sellers in the street would have taken double for one big basket of fragrant violets in the early season; but to Toinou it seemed unlimited wealth.

She had no idea how far Paris was from the hamlet; no idea which way to take nor in what direction it lay, but she knelt before the altar in the church and prayed that the Holy Mother would take her safely to Reine. 'I have no offering to give you, dear Mother,' she sobbed, as she prostrated herself before the smiling figure. 'Only flowers, nothing else. But when I find Reine, I will bring you a golden heart.'

The white saint's mute eyes stared at the sad childish figure, and the light from a painted window streamed over the pale, piteous face, and so with the golden glow upon her she passed out of the church and went home. She fastened up the wooden house, and took the key to a kindly neighbour who had been good to the motherless girls, for she had children of her own.

'I am going a long journey, Marie,' she said, trying to speak bravely, and to steady her quivering voice. 'Will you see to the cow, and perhaps the children will water my flowers; and if Reine returns before I, tell her I have gone to Paris—she will know why.'

'Going to Paris?' screamed Marie. 'Paris, it will take many weeks to reach the city. Why are you going? It is filled with traps and pitfalls for such as you.'

'I may tell you nothing, dear madam, but for my mother's sake do as I ask,' pleaded Toinou, and Marie had promised, and so began Toinou's quest.

She had walked by day through the villages and towns, and the dusty roads, under the dazzling sun, that burnt and blistered her skin even as the cruel hard pavements hurt her feet.

Sometimes a friendly waggoner had given her a lift or a woman on her way home from market had placed her upon her mule. She was always grateful for these kind actions, and many good wishes followed her upon her journey. She had slept amongst trusses of hay and straw, and once beneath a hedge. And at last, haggard, weary and exhausted, she had reached the Paris end, the Champs Elysées.

Poor little Toinou! The crowds bewildered her; the music saddened her. Now that she had gained her goal she did not know where to go. She wandered on and on, through an immense place filled with statues, and where so many carriages passed to and fro that their number seemed countless and their procession endless. And the people laughed and talked, jostling her as they went by, everyone looking careless, happy, and prosperous.

She had carried her rose tree all the way. It had been planted by the dead mother, and was too sacred a treasure to entrust even to Marie. The gay beds of flowers that she passed in the gardens were not so beautiful in her eyes as this tree. The children were sailing boats upon a sheet of water, while the fountain played and the white spray fell, and the children's mirthful voices rang in her tired ears.

She sank upon a seat at last, and rested her weary head upon her arm. Her eyes were closed, when suddenly a thought flashed through her brain.

'Reine may be here among these gay people to-day.' The people passed by. Handsome women dressed in costly garments, fair and dark beauties, but no Reine. Another thought added now to Toinou's perplexities.

Where was she to find lodgings for the night?

The afternoon was waning, and the summer evening growing rapidly. Soon night would come. She counted up her poor stock of money—it was very small now, for her journey had taken many a silver coin from it. She looked hopelessly down the long garden. The crowds were leaving them. The smart nurses, in their fine caps and long ribbons, were carrying the children away. Everybody seemed going at once.

Toinou rose and mingled with the crowd. What mattered it where she went? So she passed out with them, and at length found herself drawn into the vortex of a struggling mob, who stood outside a great building, watching a long row of carriages pass.

Suddenly a murmur rang through the air. The people pressed eagerly forward. The cry passed from lip to lip 'Here she comes.'

Toinou bent forward with the rest. On came the carriage, drawn by magnificent horses and driven by high-liveried coachmen.

Among the luxuriant cushions a woman reclined. A beautiful, proud-faced woman, whose lovely eyes shone defiantly, and whose dusky cheeks were flushed with a glow of triumph. A woman dressed in delicate silk and lace, with flashing jewels shimmering at her ears, her throat and upon her slender wrists. And as she made her triumphant procession a cry of 'Reine, Reine,' rose from someone among the bystanders. A figure ran forward, right before the horses' heads, and under their feet. There was a confused babble of shouts mingled with the screams of terrified women and the exclamations of men, and then a man lifted the limp body of a golden-haired girl in his arms, whose fair childish face was crushed and bruised by the cruel hoofs of the horses, and whose blue eyes were closed never to open again upon the world, but closed for ever by the icy fingers of death.

In the road lay a trampled rose-tree and a broken flower hat.

The carriage passed on. The men carried the dead body away. She was nobody. There were no tender, reverent hands to lay flowers upon her cold breast, or among the silken meshes of her pretty hair. She was only a friendless country girl.

They buried her in the common ditch among the other city waifs, and Marie waits in vain for the home-coming of the two sisters.

But the Holy Mother has Toinou's gift of the Golden Heart, even though it was given in vain.



# The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

*SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.*


SEEING that there is a tendency to reform and alter everything that exists, it would not be surprising if some of our legislators were to start up and suggest that the name of this colony should be remodelled. If the attainment of the beautiful means aught, it should begin with the conferring convenient and euphonious labels upon the persons, and more particularly the places, of our environment. It cannot be said that the forefathers of these colonies have exhibited much taste or discretion in selecting the names which decorate the map of Australasia, though in this respect New Zealand has somewhat the advantage of her big sister over the seas. The United States present a still more remarkable instance of slovenliness in the choice of appellations for places and towns, few of them having any meaning or relation to the characteristics of the locality. The story goes that a whole region there was furnished with names by a public minister in forty-eight hours, who having exhausted Lemprière's Classical Dictionary and his own imagination, solicited contributions from his friends.

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The nomenclature of the United States is, however, on the whole superior to that of Australia, especially where it has been drawn from Indian, Spanish, or French sources. The Southern States of Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and Alabama show all three influences, and not only are the names of these States beautiful and wieldy, but their localities are euphoniously labelled. There is Atlanta, Savannah, Tallahassee, San Augustine, Pontchartrain, Baton Rouge, and many others. It would be difficult to find prettier names than those of the other States—Virginia, Carolina, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, Minnesota, California, and Oregon. If there be aught in a name, it is better to be designated 'an Oregonian' than a 'New South Welshman.' There is a noble roll about the former which makes the mind straighten up insensibly, and gives dignity to the citizen of Oregon. California is, however, the State which possesses the greatest proportion of sweetly-sounding names, and this tends, with its indulgent climate and productiveness, to give it a smack of romance and intensify the tendency to 'blow' in its inhabitants. Such are Marin, Mendocino, Martinez, Benicia, Sonoma, Alameda, Sacramento, Monterez, Santa Clara, Contra Costa, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and countless others. In other States, on the contrary, a commonplaceness or want of taste has been displayed in baptizing the young community, equal to or even surpassing those shown by the early settlers of Australia.

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Some five years ago it was proposed to the people of New South Wales that they should change the unmeaning and clumsy name of their colony to one more beautiful and more wieldy for purposes of writing and conversation. The outcome was a good deal of senseless ridicule and a collapse of the idea. Two pretty substitutes were suggested—Peronsellia and Aurolania—among many other crudely-sounding title, and one correspondent wittily proposed the name of 'Convictoria,' which he said would have quite a historical and geographical significance.

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If human beings were not so sluggish and custom-bound, every one of these Australasian colonies, except those of Victoria, Queensland, and Tasmania, would change its name to one in which there was the best combination of historical or geographical meaning, of beauty, and of convenience for the purposes of speaking and writing. Maoriland, Maorilandia, or Maoriora is, after all, a more truthfully descriptive name than that of New Zealand, which is mongrel Dutch. Even Zealandia, though historically obscure, would be a great improvement on our present appellation. Or following the Spanish example of calling Cuba Hispaniola, we might call New Zealand 'Britaniola.' 'New Zealand,' though useful in the form of N.Z. for the purpose of addressing parcels, is *in extenso* hopeless for the objects of literature or national designation. How absurd does the title to Manning's book, 'Old New Zealand,' strike a reader for the first time.

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South Australia and West Australia, too, are makeshift sort of names, while New South Wales is the clumsiest and most unmeaning of all. Nothing shows the poverty of ideas among new-comers from Europe more than the incessant reproduction of old-world names with the prefix 'New' or North, South, East, or West. In New South Wales, however, we have the climax of this absurdity. What resemblance has that colony with its heat, its great plains, its subtropical fruits, and its countless herds with a moist, hilly, green, misty little principality one thirtieth part of its size? Similarly New Zealand and Holland are the two most conceivably unlike lands, the former being perhaps the most varied and the latter the most monotonous on the earth.

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Young countries, towns, and localities ought to assume the right of naming themselves when they have arrived at years of discretion, and cease to be satisfied with those given to them by their forefathers. It has been done even in an old country like England, and the ridicule cast upon those who desired to re-label New South Wales seems very surprising in a country which professes to disregard tradition. Within New Zealand also there are some places with native names inelegant or clumsy to the European ear and eye which might be advantageously altered. By means of a plebescite, and the co-operation of the post-office and the newspapers it would not be difficult to retrace the past.

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In a certain city of New Zealand which shall be nameless, there is a debtor who has been guilty of paying his creditors. Among the native curios this one might very reasonably be paraded as being, if not unique, at least of increasing rarity with each successive year. It therefore behoves the community where he exists to be discreetly silent regarding his name and locality, and rest content, swelling with conscious pride. Dangers threaten us everywhere, and possibly some earthquake or eruption may be spared to the fortunate community out of consideration for this one righteous debtor.

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At the rate things are going the righteous debtor will soon be as extinct as the dodo. There is still enough of the old-fashioned respect for honest insolvency to point with something like admiration to the man who has made a frank and speedy breast of it to his creditors and paid their claims in full. Our forefathers were inclined to judge the insolvents harshly, and affix a social stigma upon him. The oldest Roman law gave his creditors the right of cutting him up. But in America and Australasia humanitarianism has so advanced that he is not only not 'cut' during life, but in death be 'cuts up' at a figure most satisfactory to all the claimants concerned.

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Improved modern methods have clearly reduced the art of secreting 'a little stocking somewhere' to a height undreamt of by our great-grandmothers. Now, as then, the ladies of the family manage the trick, and when the debtor is standing disconsolately with a rueful visage and his pockets turned inside out, appear like guardian angels bearing a hidden store mysteriously emanating from vacuum. As people say at the conjurer's *séance*, 'How is it done?' Woman has a genius equal to every emergency clearly, and the most melancholy feature about the bankruptcy of the righteous debtor above mentioned was that he was a bachelor and uncared for. Poor fellow! he had no help-meet on whom he could profitably unload in the day of extremity. On this point even his creditors were sympathetic; he had won eminence at too dear a price. The meeting therefore charitably suggested that he should be released on condition of taking unto himself a wife in order to obviate the recurrence of so lamentable a *contretemps*. Who shall say after this that romance does not rule even in the world of business-men, when they advise their debtor to divide the joys of prosperity and the sorrows of bankruptcy with a lady, at their expense.

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There is a book entitled 'Cæsar's Column' which is just now being much read in New Zealand. It is written by a well-known American, living at Minneapolis, the fastest growing city of the Far West, and in that region where the tendencies of democracy in the Great Republic are least controlled by what slight dead-weight of custom exists on the Atlantic sea-board. Americans are very sensitive of the criticism of foreigners upon their institutions, but nothing proceeding from an outsider could add to the lurid intensity of the hand-writing on the wall contained in this American Jeremiad upon the social and political conditions there. Inasmuch as some colonists have an indiscriminate admiration of and desire to copy the United States, 'Cæsar's Column' comes at an opportune moment. The fortunes of New Zealand are being re-shaped for good and evil on a new model, and a consideration of the difficulties which beset a larger and more rapidly-developing community may be instructive to one of smaller things.

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In 'Cæsar's Column' an attempt is made to depict the state of society which must logically proceed from the drift of affairs in America, if no effort is made on the part of society to control them. The life led in New Zealand is to the rushing life in America as a soft summer breeze is to a tropical cyclone. The rapid aggregation of wealth, the intense worship of riches, the feverish haste in order 'not to get left,' the blind hurrying after the almighty dollar is concentrated, as in a burning glass, at such cities as New York, Chicago, and Minneapolis. They are all 'rustlers' or real live men' there, according to the current phraseology of their business enthusiasts, and to be a rustler and real live man is the aim and object of existence. That any evils can result from the spirit of competition and the race for wealth has so far been unsuspected by the patriotic American, unless he be of the philosophical dreaming sort scouted by the practical mind. The author of 'Cæsar's Column' is one of these seers, and he has the advantage of possessing both an historical knowledge of the fate of past societies, and a practical acquaintance of the working of the greatest of modern times.

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For a century there have been in their day persons who pointed out the rocks towards which America was drifting. Some were natives, some were foreigners. If the wishes of the more far-seeing of the founders of the Independence had been regarded, slavery would have been abolished eighty years before it cost the nation a thousand millions sterling and a half a million of lives. Macaulay and Carlyle, both advocates of justice and freedom, warned America that she was fostering viperous institutions which would some day turn and corrupt her. The reply was always an appeal to the marked material prosperity of the States. Carlyle once roughly said to an American, 'Ye're a wonderful people, because you've got a large country and very few people in it.' Now, as land becomes more scarce and population more dense, the coming problems alarm even thoughtful Americans themselves. Yet the population is twelve times less dense than that of the British Isles.

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The moral pointed in 'Cæsar's Column' is that the gospel of wealth, if blindly preached and blindly practised, must first brutalize and ultimately dissolve society. The maxim that every person in a society is free to do as he or she likes is implicitly denied. Competition, if unchecked, must produce a condition of inequality, in which the conscience of the rich is callosified by prosperity, and the conscience of the poor benumbed by bitter poverty. Then the two classes fly at each other's throats and civilization perishes. The whole secret of the dilemma lies in the fact that no man or woman can be honest and honourable if necessity treads too closely on their heels. The lash of want is less effective for the purpose of symmetrically developing the character than the lesson of love.

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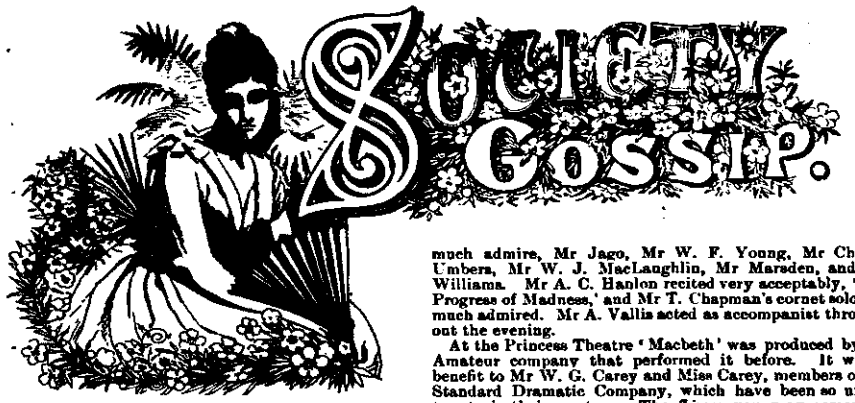
In America the huckstering spirit of mere gain has been idealised at the expense of the virtues of truth, self-sacrifice, and honour. The person who regulates his action, even spasmodically and imperfectly, from motives of professional dignity and contempt of gain, is regarded there as either eccentric or weak. 'He gets left.' The result is to create an aristocracy of glorified hucksters, a body of professional men with which gold is more potent than honour, a body of judges purchasable by wealth, and a body of low politicians controlling the elections, and a ready instrument in the hands of the plutocracy. Such, according to 'Cæsar's Column,' are the gods of America. Let us hope that the democracy of New Zealand will not fall down and worship them.




## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOLLIE.—*Thank you for your letter, but my excellent correspondent has given every name. I compared carefully.* —BEE.

## DUNEDIN.

*(Delayed in transmission.)*

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 19.

The weather here is beautiful just now, and all the rooms are growing sweet with spring flowers. The decorations are looking lovely. I saw a table the other day that looked so pretty. A strip of Liberty silk ran down the centre the colour of a violet leaf, and all the flowers on the table were violets. Mrs Royse's table, at a luncheon party she gave the other day, also looked remarkably well. The table was uncommonly unique, being decorated with moss, and small bunches of primroses and violets, tied with narrow white ribbon, placed here and there among the moss. Among the guests were Mesdames Driver, Webster, C. Turnbull, Gillies, Mackerras, Fotheringham, Gibson, Denniston, Cargill, Boyd, and Dymock.

The last evening of the Ladies' Savage or 'Kahanga Club' was held at Mrs Colquhoun's, Mrs Davidson being president for the evening. A capital programme was provided by the latter, the musical contributions including a piano solo, vocal trio, double quartette, and vocal solo, some of the ladies taking part in them being Mesdames R. Turnbull, Rose, Williams, De Zouche, Pim, Monkman, and the Misses M. Williams, Sievwright, and Dick. Other items on the programme were readings by Misses Dick and S. Webster, and Mrs Davidson; recitations, Miss M. Cargill; and a well-acted comedietta by Misses Hodgkins, Tubecki, and G. Rattray. There was a large gathering, among whom were Mesdames MacKenzie, Sinclair, Thompson, Rattray, Melland, Bridges, Ferguson, C. Turnbull, Bathgate, G. Denniston, and Misses Spence, Sise, and many other familiar names.

The gentlemen Savages have promised us an evening before long, the fulfilment of which promise we are eagerly looking forward to, as they always treat us well. A little later on their season is to be closed with a supper, to which, I believe, we are all to be invited. This is generous, for generally the gentlemen reserve the suppers for themselves.

The University Students gave a most enjoyable social, and although they met early, because being Saturday night, they had to break up early, the evening just flew away. Many enjoyable musical items were given, then the floor was cleared for dancing, which pleasant pastime was indulged in most heartily.

I must not forget to tell you of a nice afternoon tea which Mrs Stanford gave lately. There were present Mesdames Williams, Buller, Batchelor, Pim, W. Cargill, and the Misses Reynolds.

I have noticed among pretty street dresses Mrs Melland wearing a pretty grey costume, the black underskirt, collar, and cuffs of which are richly braided with gold.

The Juvenile Opera Company have left us after a very successful season. As the nights passed the clever little folks grew in favour, and the last two nights when 'The Pirates' was produced the house was literally packed upstairs and down. The children looked so pretty in their pirate costumes. In the first act Major-general Stanley's numerous family of girls all carried different coloured sunshades where down by the sea they paddle. Miss Lily Everett wore cream nun's veiling edged with ruching, and a broad pink sash tied high up under the arms, and pocket all complete, reminding one of the picture 'Quite Ready,' even to the bonnet. Miss Lily Stephenson, a delicate pink nun's veiling with pale green sash, and red silk umbrella and large white hat. I thought they would look remarkably well at a fancy dress ball. In the circle Miss Hales looked nice in pink, and Mrs Hales in handsome black lace; Mrs Rose also wore black; Miss McNeil white.

In my next letter I shall have the ladies' evening of the Shakespeare Club to tell you of, a dance, and various other things. We are not wildly gay. There is just enough excitement to prevent us going to sleep, and no more.

Several good concerts have intervened since my last letter, one given by the Catholic Literary Society in aid of their poor. This was held in the City Hall, which comes next in size to the Garrison, and which was crowded in every part. The sister of Miss Rose Blaney—Miss Kate Blaney—attracted a good deal of attention by her singing. Miss Morrison was also in splendid voice. The second concert was in aid of the Alhambra Football Club, and was also a success, and held, if I remember rightly, in the same hall. I was not present, as the opera proved the greater attraction, perhaps because one was certain of meeting one's friends there. A chat between the acts is half the pleasure of an entertainment, as the chat behind the scenes is more than half the pleasure to the performers. Those who went to the concert say that it was an excellent one. Among the vocalists were Mr A. F. Joel, Miss Rose Blaney, Mrs Israel, whose sweet voice I so much admire, Mr Jago, Mr W. F. Young, Mr Charles Umbers, Mr W. J. MacLaughlin, Mr Marsden, and Mrs Williams. Mr A. C. Hanlon recited very acceptably, 'The Progress of Madness,' and Mr T. Chapman's cornet solo was much admired. Mr A. Vallis acted as accompanist throughout the evening.

At the Princess Theatre 'Macbeth' was produced by the Amateur company that performed it before. It was a benefit to Mr W. G. Carey and Miss Carey, members of the Standard Dramatic Company, which have been so unfortunate in their venture. The *Times*, you may remember criticized this performance very unfavourably upon the first production by the amateurs, and although much praise was in this instance given to Mr Carey who played Macbeth, and to Miss Carey, who played Lady Macbeth, the others did not get much praise. However, their object was a worthy one, and deserves commendation in itself.

The football match between Wellington and Otago resulted, as you know, in a victory for Otago. In the afternoon, which had been declared a half-holiday in honour of the occasion, the streets were lined soon after two by a stream of people wending their way to the Caledonian Grounds, which before the commencement of the game presented a most animated appearance. The stand, too, was crowded with ladies, and the utmost interest was manifested in the game. I hope the hearty welcome accorded to our visitors consoled them somewhat for the loss of the game.

MAUDE.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 25.

We have had a glorious rain. For several days it poured in torrents, and now from every tree the birds are singing, and in the gardens the spring flowers are sweet.

I have been viewing the fashions, and find that the checks, which have so long been all the rage, are no longer to hold their place; in fact, they have almost died from the summer materials, being only plainly outlined where they exist at all. Fine stripes will be worn, and upon exquisitely tinted beiges, in fawns and greys, or pale sage greens, flowers of chenille, or in fine braid, are worn. The self-coloured materials, too, will be very much in vogue, and in all materials the colours are of the most delicate tints. Unless big efforts are made against innovation we shall lose our comfortable plain skirts. Already the bottom is frilled, and the fashion plates reveal the new skirts a little draped, and in some instances caught up on one side with a cluster of ribbons.

The last meeting of the Ladies' Savage Club was held at Mrs Henry Mackenzie's. Every third evening is a guest's evening, when a more than usually attractive programme is prepared, and as this was an invitation night, the evening was charmingly arranged and carried through. At one end of the room a small stage was erected, and beautifully decorated with greenery, among which gleamed Chinese lamps. Upon this twelve ladies represented the twelve different months and the four seasons of the year. They were appropriately attired, and made quite effective pictures, each reciting verses suitable to their part. The following ladies took part:—Mrs Mackenzie, Misses Cargill, Williams, Spence, Sievwright, Rattray (2), McLaren (3), Roberts, and Gaulter. Mrs Petre played appropriate music throughout. Another item quite a contrast, and one which caused a good deal of amusement, was a Toy Symphony, performed by a choir in uniform. Mrs De Zouche sang very nicely, and Mrs Sise showed how to make a delicious fruit salad. I was almost forgetting to tell you of the pretty scenery that was painted by Mrs Davidson, and the exquisitely-painted programmes by Miss Hodgkins. The Club journal contains advertisements recommending charwomen, sewing women, governesses, etc., useful recipes, and so on, as well as short articles, all of which are sent in unsigned. About seventy guests were present, among whom were Mesdames Boyd, Batchelor, Webster, Rattray, Belcher, Ferguson, Hosking, Colquhoun, Galaway, Misses Dick, Stanford, Reynolds, Fulton, Hodgkins, Stephenson, and many others.

Mrs Mackenzie, the following day, gave a small and delightful evening to the young ladies who had taken part.

Mrs Perston gave a large afternoon tea, to which were invited Mrs Rhind (Christchurch), as the entertained guest, and Mesdames Dymock, E. C. Reynolds, France (Wellington), Fenwick, Garratt, Smith, Stephenson, and Menlove.

This was quite a gala day, for as it happened, there were upon that evening, two dances, and the Ladies' evening of the Shakespeare Club. It does not often happen so, as sometimes we are weeks together without anything so nice. I must tell you about Mrs MacNeil's dance first, which she gave at her residence at Mornington, the rooms of which were beautifully decorated with flowers. The hostess received her guests in a rich green merveilleux gown; Miss Roberts wore a pretty old rose silk with white chiffon frills; Miss Garratt, very pretty dress of salmon pink muslin; Miss Livingston, cream surah silk; Miss Farquhar, cream merveilleux, with sprays of cream roses, Miss L. Mackerras, white net over white silk; Miss Butterworth, a pretty soft pink silk trimmed with lace; Miss Reynolds, crushed strawberry brocade; Miss B. Scott, black silk grenadine; Miss Stephenson looked nice in white satin veiled in lace, and ornamented with white lilac; Miss Tui Stephenson in black fisherman's net; Miss Menlove (Oamaru), lovely dress of white silk gauze, with white heath. Mrs Moore and Mrs Finch, both daughters of the house looked very nice. Mrs Moore wore yellow silk covered with embroidered lisse; Mrs Finch, rich white silk, with Medici collar, and long train; Miss MacNeil, a lovely dress of black merveilleux with cream roses; Miss L. McLaren, in white figured llama; Miss Ethel MacLaren, white Liberty silk with white roses round the skirt; Miss G. Rattray, cream satin covered with brown tulle; Miss Alexander, white satin and silver girdle; Miss Williams, pale blue satin covered with blue fisherman's net; Miss Gilkerson, red velvet and poppies; Miss Sise, white figured satin; and Miss Spence, white Liberty silk.

The members of the 'Jahn Club' gave another of their delightful dances, which was held the same evening in St. Paul's Schoolroom. In spite of the number who were elsewhere, there was quite a large assembly, and as gentlemen were not in the minority, the ladies had a good time of it. Conspicuous by their uniform were some of the midshipmen from the ships Waipa and Jessie Readman now in port. The Committee of the Club are to be congratulated, for they showed untiring zeal in their efforts to make the dance what it was—an unqualified success. Among those present were Mesdames Scott and Turner, and Misses Fodor, Pollon, Hardy, Wise, Muir, Nixon, Mitchell, Grant, Holland, and Inglis. Miss Fodor looked very pretty in pale green with pink roses; Miss Gregg wore black net, with velvet bodice finished with net; Miss Wilson wore a very pretty dress of soft white silk trimmed with a shade of terra-cotta; Miss M. Longford, a pretty terra-cotta Liberty silk; Miss Eliott, white Indian muslin.

Also the ladies' evening of the Shakespeare Club came off. It proved to be as enjoyable as usual, the Choral Hall being well filled. The proceedings opened by the president, Mr A. Wilson, M.A., giving one of his most interesting addresses, through which little gems of Shakespearian knowledge are always to be gleaned. The readings of the club were from 'Richard II.,' and 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and as a whole they were very successful, manifesting many evidences of careful study. Mr Joel gave a very nice reading of Richard II.; Mr Calvert gave a spirited rendering of the part of Bolingbroke; Mr Hanlon was dramatic as John of Gaunt; the Rev. W. Yorke gave a careful reading of the parts of York and Salisbury; while the minor characters were well represented by Messrs Sedger, Borrows, Stephens, and Adams. Miss de Carle was most successful as the Queen, dignity and grief being well depicted. In the selection from 'Much Ado About Nothing,' the members proved they could appreciate humour. The reading went with spirit and dash, and provoked frequent bursts of applause. Mr Whitson was in his element as Benedick. Not a point was missed. Mr Stephens' Claudio was a clever piece of character-reading; Mr Pasco made a capital Don Pedro; Mr Fulton gave an excellent reading of the part of Leonato, as did Mr Adams of the Messenger; Miss White made a spirited Beatrice, and the little Miss de Carle had to do as Hero she did well; Miss Gordon in the small part of Ursula read with good expression. The musical items were much enjoyed, Miss West and Herr Winckelmann both contributing.

MAUDE.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 25.

The conversazione of the Science Society at the Canterbury College was a decided success. There were between five and six hundred people present. The large hall was nicely decorated with pot plants, and used for the concert, when Miss M. Bell sang very pleasingly, 'Remember Me No More,' and Miss Packer gave a violin solo. But there was so much to see you could not stay in one room long at a time. Experiments were shown and explained by the students in various rooms, and telephonic communication was supposed to be established with the concert room, but with so many about it was not possible to get the full benefit of that. Among the numbers I saw Mrs H. R. Webb and Miss M. Webb, Mrs Bickerton, and her daughter, Mrs J. P. Firth, Mrs and Miss McRae, and hosts more, and as it was a very cold night, nearly everyone took cold crossing the quadrangle from one heated room to another, and as every second person you meet speaks to you from behind a pocket-handkerchief with a strong inclination to sound d for n, and they say pitifully, 'Oh, yes, I got it at the conversazione,' all one's acquaintances seem to have been there.

Mrs Kelsey is on a visit in town just now, and was at an afternoon tea given by Mrs Wilding, Fawnhope. Mrs H. Murray-Aynsley sang a pretty little song of Rubenstein's. Miss F. Wynn-Williams, and Miss Hutton also sang, and Miss Loughnan added the charm of the guitar.

Miss Wynn-Williams has returned from her long visit to the North Island, and the sisters had an afternoon tea, where a few of their girl friends were glad to meet her. The Misses Cowlishaw, Miss Greenwood, the Misses Wilson (Culverden), Miss E. Rhodes, Miss M. Tabart, Miss Hutton, Miss Thomson, and Miss Loughnan were there.

Then came the Grand National, and never was a finer day known on the race course, not even an east wind. The sun was too hot, indeed, and many ladies, were glad to leave sealskin jackets and other wraps while they paced the lawn and viewed horses and riders. It reminded one very much of Cup Day, the crowd was so large, especially of ladies. The members were allowed extra tickets for ladies, and this, with the unusually beautiful day tempted many. The large number of accidents marred the pleasure somewhat. In the first race Mr G. Murray-Aynsley was carried off the field on a stretcher, and no one knew how much he was hurt, but luckily he escaped with a sprained hand, though stunned with the fall. Then Morok's jockey, Mr J. Allen, was more seriously hurt, getting a broken collar-bone. Later two horses came to grief, Waihi, a North Island horse, putting his shoulder out (which we were told would be put right again) and Mr Murray-Aynsley's Lightning injuring himself so much he had to be destroyed. There was quite a spring look about the lawn as the ladies strolled past, many wearing light fawn, grey, and one or two in the fashionable cornflower blue. Many, of course, are in winter garb, navy blue serge being much in favour. The large plaids are very stylish, and look well on tall, slim figures, snowflake, rough tweeds, and here and there a red gown. The latest style in mantles, three-quarter length, gathered into a yoke on the shoulders, are also to be seen. Mrs G. G. Stead was in light fawn, with gold braided vest, and bonnet trimmed with brown velvet, three-quarter cloak of grey cloth; Mrs Alan Scott, brown cloth dress, with dove-coloured cloth three-quarter cloak lined with pink silk, the yoke thickly braided with gold, and Medici collar, and bonnet of violets; Mrs Denniston, myrtle green braided with black, and black bonnet; Mrs Otterson, dark blue-green cloth, with broad figured fawn stripe with a touch of pale blue, brown velvet bonnet; Mrs Gould, grey rough tweed with

large pattern in dark shade, black hat with red velvet bows; Mrs G. Rhodes, blue and green tartan, large black hat; Miss E. Rhodes, green cloth dress, with green and black brocaded velvet sleeves, beaver round the skirt, and black velvet bonnet; Mrs Rhodes, handsome black costume, with grey velvet bonnet with steel trimming; Mrs Michael Campbell, dove grey cashmere with straps of plush the same shade, bonnet to match, and seal jacket; Miss Campbell, fawn tweed, brown hat trimmed with brown velvet; Mrs G. Roberts, fawn dress showing underskirt of brown velvet, handsome black velvet mantle, and stylish fawn and brown velvet bonnet with brown tips; Miss Fell (Nelson), a rich plum-coloured dress, and three-quarter cloak edged with grey fur, felt hat of lighter shade and dark feathers (a most picturesque costume); Mrs P. Cunningham, light brown cloth with fawn vest braided in gold, and dark red-brown velvet bonnet; Miss Cunningham, cornflower blue dress with puff round the bottom of the bodice, and large black hat; Mrs Wynn-Williams, in black, the bonnet relieved with yellow; Miss Wynn-Williams, grey cloth with astrachan border, black hat and feathers; Miss F. Wynn-Williams, snowflake tweed, brown hat with white bird, and brown feather boa; Mrs Cowlishaw, black silk, and handsome velvet mantle, bonnet with buttercup bows; Mrs R. D. Thomas, dark tweed dress of red and brown plaid, bonnet of brown and red velvet and jet, sealskin jacket; Mrs G. Humphreys, red dress braided with black, drab corduroy jacket, black bonnet with red pompons; Mrs F. Thompson, grey check tweed dress, terra-cotta cloth jacket, braided sleeves in black, flat hat of terra-cotta, black lace, and feathers; Mrs R. Rutherford, cornflower blue dress of two shades, with three tiny frills round the skirt, black bonnet with blue feathers, and sealskin jacket; Mrs (Dr.) Townend, handsome smoke grey dress, bonnet to match, seal jacket; Mrs W. P. Townend, a rich dress of ruby velvet and brocade, bonnet to match; Miss A. Thompson, a pretty costume of brown serge, with the fashionable collar and pale blue tie, and pompons of the same shade in a brown beaver hat; the Hon. Mrs E. W. Parker, dark brown tweed in plaid, black three-quarter cloak with braided yolk, black hat with turquoise blue pompons; her sister, Miss Baldwin, a light brown dress in large plaid, red-brown beaver hat with black feathers, and feather boa; Mrs Parberry, brown corduroy velvet with fawn silk vest, hat to match with knife-pleated rim, and trimmed with feathers; Miss Burns, in red thickly braided with black; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, black silk and long lace mantle, petunia coloured bonnet and gloves, and white silk parasol; Mrs F. Graham, red dress handsomely braided in black, black and red velvet hat with jet; Mrs Cox and her sister, Miss T. Hardy Johnston, in small check fawn tweed of the rough make, with hats of the cloth and brown velvet and brown tips; Miss F. Greenwood, cornflower blue gown with black astrachan border in front, black hat; Miss Cowlishaw, fawn tweed, hat with feathers to match; her sister, in a pretty silver-grey costume; Mrs Morton Ollivier, navy blue serge, red in her bonnet; Mrs E. W. Humphreys, navy blue with large plaid in dull red, bonnet of the two shades in velvet and jet; Miss G. Thompson, the Misses Murray-Aynsley, and the Misses Maude, all wore navy blue; Mrs Ewing, snowflake tweed, and navy felt hat; Mrs Preston (Timaru), fawn merveilleux and brocade, pale pink rose bonnet; Miss M. Hennah, grey tweed, black hat, and feather boa; the Misses Helmore, red cloth dresses, black jackets and hats; Mrs H. P. Murray-Aynsley, dress of the Murray tartan, black bonnet; Miss Harley, pretty brown tweed, felt hat with touch of turquoise blue; Mrs Gerald Westeura, dark green braided with black, with crimson silk sleeves and full yoke; Mrs Wilder, sage green dress with epaulettes and panel of oriental embroidery; Mrs Clifford, black and brown small check, light felt hat with brown feathers; Mrs Lang (Napier), stylish light brown tweed, felt hat with brown feathers; Mrs Grigg (Longbeach), reddish-brown tweed, hat to match; her sister, Miss Hutton, fawn-coloured costume; Mrs W. Scringer brown and green plaid with pretty green bonnet; Miss Connal, black cashmere and brocade fawn mantle, and grey velvet bonnet with a touch of pink; Miss A. Matson, red serge with black astrachan, and black hat; Mrs Peache (Mount Somers), light and dark brown check tweed; and this is not nearly all, but I must stop and get home, for there is the Musical Society's concert at night. But as the train is about to come to a standstill, the most horrible accident of the day happens, and a man is killed—Mr Hackshaw—well known, I believe, in racing circles. He stepped on to the platform only a second or two before the train stopped, and after a number of others, but fell backwards, and was killed instantly, one wheel passing right over his body. How soon the train would have stopped you may tell, and all would have been well; the wheel was only a yard past his body. He leaves a wife and two little children.

The concert was a great success. The Oddfellows' Hall was well-filled, and both works were most satisfactorily performed. Mendelssohn's 'Lauda Sion' came first, the principal parts being taken by Miss M. Bell, Mrs Russell, Messrs C. Jennings, and G. H. Normington, the second part being Gade's 'Comala,' Miss Bell again taking the leading voice. An apology was made for her, as she had a severe cold, but it was quite unnecessary, as she sang very sweetly. Her three attendant maidens, the Misses L. Wood, A. and F. Greenwood, made a most successful *début*, and all looked very sweet in white silk gowns with chiffon frills, and were the recipients each of a lovely bouquet. Miss Bell was gowned in a soft cream, with green satin braces and shoulder knots, and also had a charming bouquet. Mr W. Day was 'Comala's' knight errant, and sang the music splendidly. The Bishop and Mrs Julius, with two daughters, were present, Mrs Embling, Mrs Day, Mrs H. R. Webb, Miss M. Webb, Miss Fairhurst (taking great interest in the three *débutantes*, who were pupils of hers), Mrs Ollivier, Miss Thomson, Mrs F. Thompson, Mrs and Miss Black, Mrs McRae, Mrs Firth, and others.

The Merivale Tennis Club dance was a delightful one. A committee of fifteen ladies, assisted by the gentlemen, had worked to such purpose that it is generally thought that there never was such a good dance given in Hobbs' Buildings before. The room looked perfect as we entered in the full blaze of rose-coloured lights. The walls were not to be seen with the artistic drapings of Liberty muslin, mirrors, greenery, and flags, while at one end the raised dais with lounges and chairs, small tables, and fairy lamps, was a fitting spot for the chaperones with their handsome dresses. Mrs J. T. Matson, happy and smiling in a handsome black merveilleux, and dainty lace and feather cap; Mrs Common, in an elegant dress of vieux rose watered silk trimmed with point lace, and Medici collar; Mrs G. Roberts, rich black velvet with train, point lace on bodice and sleeves; Mrs H. R. Webb, black silk, and pretty cap; Mrs E. G. Wright, black silk; Mrs Ronalds looked very handsome in her black velvet dress; Mrs P. Cunningham had a most becoming dress of black silk, with white panels veiled with black lace, and some lovely diamonds for ornaments; Mrs R. D. Thomas, vieux rose silk with white lace panier on the bodice; Mrs (Dr.) Townend, in an exquisite dress of white satin, the front brocaded with gold, white ostrich feathers on the shoulders and in her hair; Mrs F. Thompson, white satin and lace and pink tips on the shoulders, pink velvet mantle; Miss Fell (Nelson), rich red velvet; Miss A. Matson, very pretty dress of heliotrope and silver, white feather fan; Mrs R. Rutherford (Albury), crimson satin and coffee lace; Miss M. Way, black with cream front; Miss Way, maize chiffon, with frills over the shoulders, meeting at the waist; Mrs Ewen, white satin and net; Miss Clark, heliotrope spotted net with velvet bodice of deeper shade; Miss E. Turner, pretty cream dress with poppies; Miss L. Wood, in white silk and lovely bouquet; Miss Cunningham, black satin and net, with violets on the bodice, and beautiful bouquet of violets, maidenhair, and orchids; Mrs S. Palmer (Wellington), handsome black striped moiré, with wattle blossom posy; Miss Palmer, maize Grecian costume with gold girdle; Miss Fisher (Wellington), cream Grecian gown embroidered in gold; Miss McRae, pretty pale blue spotted net with satin bodice, pale blue band in her hair, fan to match; Mrs Willock, handsome dress of heliotrope satin with velvet of darker shade; Mrs Graham, crimson silk, with epaulets and other trimming of salmon pink; Miss Graham, pretty pink spotted net over satin; Miss M. Webb, a *débutante*, in a pretty white net, and lovely bouquet; Miss Harley, lovely dress of cream silk, and panels of Virginian creeper in velvet of the natural tone of the leaves in autumn; Mrs J. Gibbs, black silk, with heliotrope panel; Miss Hoare, black, with maize chiffon frills on the bodice, a high frill on the sleeves lined with maize; Mrs W. Stringer, an exquisite dress of palest dove colour brocaded with gold; Miss Ronalds, white; Miss Delamain and Miss Sutton, in black; and many more very pretty dresses I could tell you of.

For the Hunt Club Steeplechase the day was fine, but cold. A great many ladies were out at the races, but not nearly so many as on Thursday, and cloaks and wraps were a real comfort. Mrs George Rhodes wore a seal brown cloth bordered with beaver, hat to match; Mrs Wilder, brown tweed, Mrs Cowlishaw, long red figured cloak; Miss E. Rhodes, a red-brown tweed, velvet bonnet with turquoise blue; Mrs Harley, terra-cotta dress and mantle, with wattle in her bonnet; Mrs Stead, Mrs and Miss Cunningham, Mrs Carrick, the Hon. Mrs Parker, Miss Baldwin, Miss Grigg, Mrs Alan Scott, Mrs Laing (Napier), Mrs Boyle, the Misses Moorhouse, Greenwood, Cowlishaw, Wilson, (Culverden), Miss Smithson (Timaru), Mrs J. C. Grigg, and Miss Hutton were among those present.

In the evening the Riccarton parish fund must have been considerably augmented by the large attendance which filled the Oddfellows' Hall to witness the entertainment got up by Mrs Alan Scott and Miss Fairhurst for that purpose. The clever little comedy, 'My Uncle's Will,' and the musical fairy tale, 'Creatures of Impulse,' were the pieces chosen. The first was acted by Mrs Alan Scott, Messrs G. P. Williams and Wilder, and exceedingly well done. Mrs Scott wore a charming gown of soft eau-de-nil silk, bodice and train of darker shade of satin, which suited her to perfection. In 'Creatures of Impulse' Mrs Alan Scott was Pipette; Miss Greenwood, Martha; Miss Worthy, The Witch; Mr E. R. Anderson, Peter, and was most irresistibly funny; Mr Maitland Gardner, the Sergeant; and Mr G. P. Williams the Miser. The chorus consisted of the Misses Greenwood, Kimbell, E. Rhodes, Cowlishaw, Gladys Wilson, and Messrs Studholme, Harman, Hall, T. Cowlishaw, Harper, and a few more. Miss Fairhurst was musical directress, and the piece went capitally. In the Hall I noticed a good many of our visitors—Mrs G. Rhodes, Miss Smithson, Mrs Dalgety, Mrs J. Grigg, and others, Mrs Denniston, Mrs and the Misses Tabart, Mrs M. and Miss Campbell, the Misses Wynn-Williams, Mrs and the Misses Cowlishaw. Mrs R. Wilson, Mrs Wilding, Mrs Wilder, the Hon. Mrs Parker, Mrs J. Deans, Mrs Bowen, Miss Hutton, Mrs Gardiner, Mrs Humphreys, Mrs G. P. Williams, Miss Macfarlane, Miss Tanner, etc.

DOLLY VALE.

## NELSON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 27.

The first item of news I must tell you of this week is the *bal masqué*, which took place in the Provincial Hall, as usual. It really was the most delightful ball that I have ever been to. Most of us rather dreaded the masks, but although they were hot, and most decidedly unbecoming, still we all had such fun trying to rack our brains as to who everyone was, that the two hours seemed to fly, and I think we were all surprised to find how quickly the time for unmasking had come. Punctually at eleven o'clock everyone unmasked, and then the fun was immense. But before going any further you must hear how pretty the room looked. Very little had been done in the way of decorating, but that little was most effective. On one side of the hall there are three very ugly windows. These had been made quite pretty by Liberty muslin curtains draped from the top, and then across the wide ledges, and caught up here and there by pink camellias. The gallery was also draped with the muslin, in fact, wherever draping was possible it was done. The mantelpieces looked well covered thickly with green leaves, amongst which pink and white camellias had been arranged. At the upper end of the hall a small platform had been erected, and this was made into a pretty drawing-room, with couches and easy chairs, etc. The supper was of the most *recherché* description; in fact, the tables seemed to groan under their immense weight. The floor, too, was in perfect condition. And now, Bee, for what to me, as well as to you, is the most interesting part of the whole ball—the gowns. Everyone seemed to vie with each other as to who should have the prettiest robe, and I certainly never before saw so many artistic toilets. But one before all others excited my attention. It was worn by Miss L. Fell, in the character of Undine, and was just the sweetest thing in robes you can imagine, composed of a lovely shade of green Liberty silk, made plainly, with a short waist and a Watteau back. From her hair a green net veil hung, and long strings of green shells hung from her shoulders and all round the front of her skirt. Mrs Houlker, too, had a lovely gown of soft creamy satin, beautifully embroidered in gold, and trimmed with real lace, but I am not sure what her costume represented. Mrs Watts looked well in a handsome black velvet, the entire front of the corsage and skirt being pink satin of a very pale shade, over which was a finely embroidered gauze—Court Dress. Mrs J. Wood looked extremely well as a character from 'Iolanthe.' Her dress was pale blue Pongee cotton, with long flowing draperies, her hair hanging loosely and surmounted by a half crown of silver. Mrs Pearson was very taking as Esmeralda; in fact, her dress was one of the handsomest in the room. The skirt was of a bright red embossed silk, exquisitely worked in gold with a bold design of flowers, and all round the bottom of the skirt hung little gold sequins. The corsage was of a dull gold satin, embroidered like the skirt, with a black velvet zouave also worked in gold and bordered with sequins; little gold lace cap with sequins all round it. Miss G. Pitt, as a Magpie, was splendid, and the costume suited her perfectly. It was of black velvet and white satin, forming stripes for the front of the skirt, and the rest was black velvet, with white satin just peeping out at the back; on her shoulder a magpie, her hair powdered and surmounted by a magpie. Mrs Percy Adams, a Court Lady, wore a lovely robe of green plush with a long train, the entire front being pink satin, powdered hair. Mrs A. Glasgow, Spanish Lady of high rank, black merveilleux, long train, the corsage being almost entirely covered with lovely black ostrich feathers, the same bordering the front of the skirt; a half-crown of gold in her hair, from which fell a long black lace veil. Mrs J. Sharp, an Eastern Bride; the front of the gown was of white satin, the rest of black velvet bordered with gold braid, a white veil falling from her hair; Mrs Broad, Spanish Lady, in black merveilleux, and high comb, over which fell a black lace veil; Mrs Thornton, one of the characters from 'Dorothy'; Miss Catley, Grecian Girl, pretty gown of soft white Indian muslin made in the Grecian style; her sister looked well as a Gipsy; Mrs Buckland, Night, a becoming robe of black net over silk, dotted with gold stars, gold half-moon in her hair, from which fell a black net veil, also dotted with gold stars; Miss Broad, Incroyable; red, white and blue striped satin skirt, red satin coat, hair arranged in tiny curls, and powdered; Miss Gibson, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary; a simple but pretty dress of pink pongee silk, with rows of shells and tiny little bells all round the skirt, which jingled prettily as she danced; Miss Watson, The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe; such a quaint costume of some cotton material, with dolls all round the skirt, high hat, from the inside of which also appeared a doll; on her back a large shoe just full of dolls; Mrs Fell, a Maori Woman, a most splendid get-up, and when she squatted on the floor, and put a small clay pipe into her mouth just like the Maori women do, it was too much for every one's gravity; Miss Ledger, a Japanese; Miss Morgan, an Indian Dancer; Miss Wood also was an Indian character; Mrs Levien, Spanish Lady; Miss Oldham, Jeannette; Miss Lightfoot, Esmeralda; Miss Holmes, Daughter of the Regiment; Miss Chappelle, Snowball; Miss Worsley, Pink Domino; Miss Renwick, Powder and Patches; Mrs Duddy, Greek dress; Mrs Roger Kingdom and Miss Curtis as Brigand's Daughters were splendid; Mrs Thornton, Tambourine girl. I really cannot think of any more, although I am sure I must have forgotten some. Now, Bee, for the sterner sex. Some of their costumes were very good. The *Times* was a splendid get up, the whole figure being covered with the *Times* newspaper, and the face covered with a huge cardboard clock. Mr Fell was the wearer. He afterwards changed his dress for a Yachtsman; Mr Thornton, as Golo, was good; Mr Browning, as Punch, was also good; Mr Buckland, as the Nelson *Evening Mail*, was most amusing. Others there were Mr Cock, French Clown; Mr R. Richmond, Chinaman; Mr O'Moore, Chinaman; Mr E. L. Broad, Neapolitan Fisherman; Mr R. Kingdon, also a Neapolitan Fisherman; Mr Leggatt, Lord Darnley; Mr Oldham, old English Gentleman; Mr Booth, an Admiral; Mr Heaps, Cavalier; Mr A. Glasgow, Court Gentleman; Mr J. Sharp, Magpie; Mr G. Wither, University Student; Mr Cooke, Turk; Mr Percy Adams, Canadian Skater; Mr Macquarrie, Jack Tar; and several more that I am unable to remember. We danced until after three o'clock, and all went home thoroughly tired, but delighted with one of the most successful balls that there has been in Nelson for a long time. I must not omit to tell you we danced the 'Cotillon,' which looked so pretty with all the bright dresses, especially the 'Driving Figure,' which most of us had not before seen.

Professor Zimmerman gave a most enjoyable concert in aid of St. Mary's Church Organ Fund. Mrs Percy Adams, wearing a perfect robe of the palest shade of heliotrope, beautifully embroidered in silk, and trimmed with lovely lace, sang most sweetly; Mrs Houlker, in black lace relieved with white, also sang, as usual, perfectly; Miss L. Fell, in soft white cashmere, and Miss L. Jackson, in a mixture of cream and white cashmere, both played well. The other singers were Mr Grace and Mr Lucas. Professor Zimmerman gave two violin solos, which were much appreciated. I noticed among the audience Mrs Watts, in black, with pink ostrich feather cap; Mrs Glasgow, black merveilleux, with the tiniest cap; Mrs Macquarrie, black lace; Mrs J. Sharp, old gold plush opera cloak; Mrs Broad, black lace; Miss Glasgow, black net with red, grey plush opera cloak; Miss Gribben, crushed strawberry gown; Miss Broad, pale blue velvet opera cloak; Mrs Sealy, black cashmere, white lace cap.

Great excitement prevailed when Marlborough played against Nelson that much dreaded game (by mothers)—football. Nelson proved successful after a well-contested game. The day was rather cold, but people all flocked to Trafalgar Park. There must have been several thousand people watching the game all through. As I walked round I passed Mrs Pitt, Mrs J. Wood, Mrs T. Glasgow, Mrs Levien, Mrs J. Sharpe, Mrs Holmes, Misses Catley (2), Fell, Pitt, Renwick, Glasgow, Seymour (Picton), Watson, Gibson, Heaps, Sealy (2), Wood, Atkinson, and Mrs Littlejohn.

Miss Gibson gave an enjoyable little dance to the boarders of the Girls' College, which was kept up with great spirit until about half-past eleven.

'Princess Ida' is to be performed at the Boys' College, and another evening 'Mrs Jarley's Waxworks' are to be shown for the first time in Nelson, so in my next letter I hope to have some fun to tell you of.

PHYLLIS.

## NAPIER.

*(Delayed in transmission.)*

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 21.

We keep the ball rolling here in more ways than one; there is generally something going on. At present football is the great attraction, and on Saturdays crowds of people may be seen wending their way to the Recreation ground. A football tourney was held here. It was great fun, especially the Veterans' match. I think that was the most interesting of all the matches; anyway the fair sex seemed to enjoy it the most. The men who were playing were not by any means *old*; they were simply men who had not played football for some time, consequently it was great fun watching them. There were a number of ladies on the ground. Amongst them we noticed Mrs Logan, wearing a stylish tailor-made tweed gown, white vest and tie, small felt hat; Miss Taylor, neat tweed gown, small felt hat; Miss Lascelles, navy blue gown, white vest, tie, stylish sealette jacket, large brown velvet hat with birds; Miss Hamlin, very stylish light grey tweed gown, sealette jacket, a perfect gem of a hat (canoe shape), and such lovely birds; Mrs Hamlin, very neat dark tweed gown, jacket, and very becoming bonnet with terra-cotta flowers; Mrs Horace Baker, prune camel's hair gown, fawn-coloured cloth dolman, small prune bonnet; Miss Baker, grey tweed gown, stylish hat trimmed with brown birds; Miss Hitchings, fawn gown, small hat; Miss Kate Hitchings, smart fawn cloth gown, hat and muff of cloth to match trimmed with electric blue pom-poms. There were numbers of smart gowns worn, but I am afraid it would take up too much room to describe them all. We noticed the Misses Beamish, from Hastings, wearing neat brown tweed gowns, small hats, veils with beauty spots.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Gore have returned to Napier. Mrs Gore looks very nice in a grey tweed, small hat and veil.

A little bird has whispered there is likely to be a wedding here soon. We all hope the day will not be kept a secret, as we like to have a peep at the bride. Of course, she is always the centre of attraction.

We have heard it rumoured that there is likely to be a private dance at the end of this month. It will (if it comes off) be most delightful for those who are invited, as private dances are always so enjoyable. One appreciates a garden to promenade in, and in this instance there will be a most delightful garden.

The Cinderella dance I will tell you all about after it is over.

The Napier Amateur Operatic Society are very busy rehearsing the opera, 'Madame Favart.' We are all looking forward to a great treat when this opera is produced, as the ladies and gentlemen who are taking part in it are known to be so good. Miss Hitchings is taking a leading part; it is always a pleasure to see her act. I hear the dresses will be simply perfect.

I am so glad the girls have given up the idea of playing football. I am sure that is a game they may safely leave to the men. I think it would look perfectly horrible to see a number of girls kicking a ball about and tumbling over one another, etc. I daresay the match would attract a crowd out of pure curiosity, but I am afraid some of the remarks that would be passed would not be at all nice.

GLADYS.

## HASTINGS.

*(Delayed in transmission).*

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 21.

The long-talked-of farce, 'The Spectre Bridegroom,' came off at the Gymnasium Hall last week, and was a great success. A very pleasant evening was spent. We had a concert the first part of the evening, in which several of our leading amateurs took part. Mrs Vickerman sang in her usual good style. Her voice is so clear and sweet, and one of the charms of her singing is that you can hear every word distinctly. This is a great advantage. Many people have nice voices, but their singing is often spoilt by one not being able to hear the words. Mr J. A. Fraser's songs were much appreciated. After the concert there were some very pretty exercises with the clubs and dumb-bells, in which Mr Wrigley surpassed himself; then came the farce. It was a most creditable performance, and very amusing, but I cannot help thinking our lady friends would have been better pleased if some of their own sex had been acting. You know it is so much more interesting when ladies act. The dresses alone are something to look at, and then the love-making is always great fun. But notwithstanding this little drawback the piece created a great deal of amusement. I don't think Mr Barnard's best friend would have known him. I believe there is to be one more of these pleasant entertainments, and that will close the season, which has been a most enjoyable one for young and old.

*On dit* there is to be a monster tea-meeting shortly, to be held in St. Matthew's school-room. Afterwards there is to be a concert in the Town Hall, so we may look forward to spending a pleasant evening. I believe there are to be six tables for the tea, and I heard that each table is to provide for eighty people, so you see Hastings is by no means a small place. I will try and tell you all about the tea, who had the tables, etc., in a future letter.

There was to have been a bazaar at Havelock this month, but it has been unavoidably postponed until October, as two or three of the ladies who are going to have stalls are away just now. Just at present we are rather quiet here, so I think it is very wise to wait for the month of October, as the races and show are held in that month, and naturally there are far more people about. I hope they will run a coach from Hastings to enable us to buy some of the very pretty things I hear are to be exhibited.

The latest engagement is that of Miss Beamish to Mr Jamison.

DOLLY.



## AUCKLAND

DEAR BEE, SEPTEMBER 1.

One of the most delightful dances of the season took place at Lower Glenside, Symond-street, when Mrs Young entertained her pupils, past and present, together with a number of friends. Mrs Young's dances are long looked forward to, with anticipations of the utmost pleasure by her young friends, and I think the bright eyes, and unwearied happy faces of the girls up to the very close of the evening sufficiently proclaimed that every anticipation had been fully realised. There is no doubt that seeing young people dancing in the full enjoyment of health and strength before they have grown tired with a continual whirl of everyday excitement is beholding the very quintessence of pleasure. Mrs Young is such a charming hostess, and with the Misses Hall, Gill, and Bews to assist so ably as they did, everyone shared the same attention. The great success of the evening was also due to the young ladies of the school, for all worked with a will in decorating, etc. A special word of praise is due to the Misses A. Binney and O. Kelsey for the daintily-designed programmes prepared by them with pretty painted scenes and pen and ink sketches. I shall keep mine as a charming memento of the evening. The large verandah was covered in with canvas, and lit with different coloured lights, and proved a delightful promenade. The supper—well, it was perfect. The little ones left about ten. They all looked pretty, and danced most beautifully, thanks to the careful training bestowed upon them by their clever instructress, Miss Scott. To choose a belle from amongst the elder young ladies would be impossible, for all looked equally nice. Mrs Young wore a handsome black lace gown; Miss Hall and Miss Gill both wore tasteful black evening gowns; Miss Bews was in cream and Miss Bradley also wore cream; Miss Power, mauve satin gown; Miss Ching, pretty pale green gown; Miss Ireland looked well in a tasteful blue gown; Misses Hesketh (3), very pretty pink, cream, and maroon costumes; Miss Alexander, a charming dress of crushed strawberry Liberty silk and cream sash; Miss S. Alexander, pretty cream dress with old-gold sash; the Misses Moss-Davis wore very pretty and simple delaine dresses; Miss Marley, lovely dress of white chiffon; Miss Heisé, pretty white silk gown; Miss Henton looked nice in heliotrope; Miss C. Hull, a simple and dainty frock of white silk; Miss R. Buckland, pretty blue and white frock; Miss Percival, very pretty dress of white fish net; Miss Jagger, pretty pink dress; Miss E. Brett also wore a very pretty pink dress. Indeed pink seemed the prevailing colour in its many different shades, but I cannot remember the names of all the wearers. Miss Gilfillan, very becoming white dress; Miss Cameron, pretty cream dress; Miss Jackson, sage green relieved with pink; Miss Thompson, white dress; Miss Pearce also wore a pretty white dress; Miss Brett, very pretty pink gown; Miss Haliday looked pretty in white and large blue silk sash; Miss Reeve wore a becoming pink gown; Miss Neville, pretty combination of pink and cream; the Misses George looked exceedingly pretty in white. A great many other equally handsome gowns were worn, but the names of some of the wearers I have forgotten, and others were unknown to me, therefore you must excuse me. Most of the young ladies carried lovely bouquets, many of them most artistically arranged. One I especially admired was of immense size, and composed entirely of violets. There were sixteen dances on the programme, and three extras played by the Misses Bews, Scott, and Mr Gill.

The Choral Society Orchestra inaugurated their season of Orchestral Concerts in a most successful manner, their extra or exhibition concert being in every respect a pronounced success. Invitations were issued by the Committee of the Choral Society to the whole of the members, and in response the Choral Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with a fashionable assemblage. The pleasurable anticipations with which the concert was looked forward to were fully realized, the evening being a most enjoyable one. The programme was a really splendid one, and included in addition to the orchestral pieces a number of excellent vocal selections. A full attendance of the members of the orchestra were present under the leadership of Herr Tutschka. Professor Carl Schmitt, as usual, conducted with power and ability. The orchestral selections included the overture 'Marta' (Flotow's Potpourri); 'Faust' (Gounod), arranged by Herr Tutschka; overture, 'Merry Wives of Windsor' (Nicolai), and Mozart's 'March Turque.' The whole of the selections were delightfully rendered, and most highly appreciated by the audience. One of the successes of the evening was Miss Ada Yates' brilliant pianoforte selection, 'Concerstück,' with orchestral accompaniment. Miss Annie Stevenson charmed everyone with her violin solo 'Romance' (Vieuxtemps). Another delightful item was Mr F. Gribben's trumpet solo with orchestral accompaniment, Sullivan's 'Lost Chord' being most beautifully rendered. The gems of the vocal items were certainly contributed by Miss Rimmer, who was down upon the programme for two selections, both being most enthusiastically encored. The first was Gounod's beautiful 'Ave Maria,' with violin and organ obligato by Herr Tutschka and Mr Beale. In the second part the lady gave 'The Star of Bethlehem' (Adams), and in response to the encore, 'There's No One Like Mother To Me.' Miss Staunton gave the aria, 'La Gazza Ladra' (Rossini), very tastefully. Mr George Reid was also most successful with his solo, 'Good Night, Fair Maid' (Stark), the organ accompaniment by Mr Beale. The Orphens Quartette—Messrs W. Martin, A. L. Edwards, Hamerton, and Charter—gave three quartettes most pleasingly. A quartette by the Misses Moran and Reeve, and Messrs Martin and Hamerton was moderately successful. Miss Harding acted as accompanist most successfully. Miss Harding, Miss Stevenson, and Miss Reeve wore black evening dresses, also Miss Marsden; Miss Rimmer wore a cream gown, with bands of black velvet. Miss Moran was in white, also Miss Yates, Miss Staunton wore cream satin. Amongst the audience evening dress was not generally worn, the majority appearing in dark gowns. Mrs W. Coleman wore a stylish long crimson cloak, the yoke beautifully braided, and Medici collar lined with black feather trimming, Mrs Myers wore handsome black merveilleux gown, Mrs Cotter was in black, also Mrs Stevenson; Mrs Johnstone, handsome black merveilleux gown; Miss Johnstone wore a pretty pink evening dress, and plush opera cloak; Miss — Johnstone wore a black evening gown; Miss Gould looked nice in a black evening dress trimmed with jet; Miss Chapman wore a handsome cream gown; Miss Devore, black evening dress, the low corsage finished with natural flowers; Mrs Edmiston, handsome black silk gown, plush mantle; Miss Owen, cream Liberty silk gown (very pretty); Miss Binney, handsome black evening dress, stylish crimson cloak; Miss Fenton, black evening dress beautifully trimmed with jet; Mrs George, black silk gown; Mrs Edger, handsome gown of wine-coloured watered silk, elbow tan kid gloves; Mrs J. Edmiston wore a dark gown, and pretty cap of chiffon; Misses K. and N. Edmiston, very pretty cream and white gowns; Miss M. Edmiston, dark silk costume; Madame Schmitt, handsome green silk gown, pretty pink cap with pearls; Miss Horne, black silk gown; Mrs Atkinson, black silk; Miss Slator, handsome pale blue silk gown; Miss M. Slator looked nice in a black evening dress, the shoulders and sleeves of lace; Mrs Taylor, black silk gown, plush opera mantle; Miss Anderson (Parnell), evening dress of ruby velvet; Misses Rees (Parnell), Mrs Ireland (Parnell), and her daughters, Mrs Bunby (North Shore), Mrs Gribben, Mrs and Miss Wright, Mrs and Miss Thompson, Miss Peacock, Miss Evans, Mrs Bennett, Mrs Dickson, Mrs and Miss White, Mrs Williamson, Misses Russell, and hosts of others were attired in walking costumes.

At the annual meeting of the Auckland Benevolent Society the following were elected the office-bearers for the ensuing year:—President, Colonel Haultain; vice-presidents, Rev. C. M. Nelson and Dr. B. C. Beale; treasurer, Mr C. C. McMillan; secretary, Mr F. G. Ewington; gentlemen's committee, Messrs Moss-Davis, Ralph Keesing, G. S. Kissling, C. C. McMillan, H. B. Morton, T. Peacock, A. Thompson, W. Thorne. Ladies' committee, with power to add to their number, Mesdames Nelson, Tebbs, Moss-Davis, Haines, Hamilton, Goodall, Collins, Rake, Cowie, Ashwell, Kitchener, Pritt, Lindsey, Stone, and the Misses Ashton, Brett, and Barstow.

A very pleasant affair indeed was the fancy dress ball held as a *finale* to the season of the Elwin Quadrille Assembly conducted by Mr and Mrs Bassett. St. George's Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion by some of the members of the class. From the ceiling were suspended lines of flags of bright colours and varied designs, the walls were prettily ornamented by artistic groupings of flowers and foliage over a background of bannerettes, and coloured devices contributed to the general effect. The hall was crowded with dancers in costumes of all kinds, some beautiful, others grotesque, and others again remarkably picturesque. The costumes contrasted pleasantly with the decorations, and harmonised admirably, and the *tout ensemble* was charming in the extreme. Indeed, the interior of the hall when the dances were proceeding was as pretty as a transformation scene. It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the styles of dresses, or the characters, periods, or nationalities represented. Gipsies, sailors, courtiers, clowns, romps, school girls, court ladies, Grecian fishermen and Venetian boatmen, Chinamen, opera bouffe characters, brigands, flower girls, cricketers, and a hundred and one other characters passed before the eye with all the changing novelty of kaleidoscopic views, and it was interesting to note the amount of originality that was shown in some of the costumes. Amongst the many pretty dresses, Miss Hargreaves as Maritana might be singled out as wearing the most striking and attractive costume amongst the ladies, while Miss Whittington as Carmer, Mrs Scott in a white satin costume, and Miss Callaghan as a Court Lady were also worthy of especial mention. Mr Pyke wore a novel polar costume, the material representing snow, and Mr Adams as a Maori Chief was decidedly well got up. Miss Spiers went as an Indian Princess. Other good costumes were Miss Redgate, as Innocence; Mr Kelly, as a Brigand; Miss Marsden, as a Gipsy Queen; Mr T. Jones, a Clown; and Mr E. Jones, as a Chinaman. These two last caused no little merriment during the evening. The ball was in every respect a great success. Mr Bassett acted as M.C., the music was supplied by Messrs F. Reed and Davidson, and a capital supper was provided by Mr Wright. During the evening Mr and Mrs Bassett were presented by Mr Woods, on behalf of the members, with a silver eggstand in recognition of their exertions in the instruction of the members and the management of the class. Mr F. Bassett expressed the acknowledgements of himself and his wife in suitable terms.

The members of the Mikado Social Club held the fourth dance of their season in St. George's Hall, and I am told the evening proved a most enjoyable one. The floor was in splendid order, while the dance music supplied by Messrs Burke and Davis was really delightful. About forty couples were present, many of the ladies wearing pretty gowns. Mrs Clayton wore a charming gown of black lace over old gold satin; Mrs Morrison, pretty gown of pink brocade and pink spangled net; Mrs Laurie, black lace, finished with crimson flowers; Mrs G. Laurie, jun., black net, gold ornaments; Miss A. Quinn, black lace; Miss Nogens, sea-green gown, red flowers; Miss Grey, electric blue gown trimmed with lace; Miss O'Dowd, pretty figured heliotrope gown; Miss K. O'Dowd, black lace costume; Miss Pansie Coldicutt, poppy red veiling combined with plush, and prettily finished with wild clematis; Miss Lulu Montgomery, crimson gauze with gold tinsel stripe running through; Misses Alice and Mabel Mackie, pretty all white dresses; Miss Williamson, cream relieved with crimson poppies; Miss White, black and crimson; Miss Jackson, black; Miss F. Jackson, pink; Miss Porter, poppy red cashmere; Miss J. Porter, pale blue veiling; Miss Kilgour, pretty pink fisherman's net; Miss Worthington, white with pale blue; Miss Farrell, pretty trained gown of black lace, with Medici collar; Miss Heron, pink muslin; Miss Gertrude Brown, black lace, and crimson flowers; Miss Nicholson, cream and gold; Miss Kelly, white lawn and crimson roses; Miss Aylett, pretty gown of black silk and fish net. Messrs S. Coldicutt and Lumsden acted as Masters of Ceremonies with the utmost satisfaction to all present. It is, I understand, proposed by the management to terminate the season of enjoyable dances with a fancy dress ball, which will take place next month, probably, in the Choral Hall.

MURIEL.

DEAR BEE, SEPTEMBER 1.

You must not think the Auckland ladies are wholly frivolous. The number who attended the interesting capping ceremony in the lecture hall of the Auckland College testifies to the fact that the Higher Education of Women is a favourite subject for the eye, ear, and tongue of our fair dames. There had been a few remarks in the daily papers anent the 'rowdy lot,' as Tom calls them, who had disturbed previous presentations of diplomas in the Choral Hall. But whether the students had resolved to show they

knew how to behave as gentlemen, or whether the University air of the buildings over-awed them, I know not; at all events they allowed the proceedings this time to be conducted without interference. Wasn't it sweet of them? On the platform I noticed the Misses Coleman and Edger, who have already taken their degrees. The Grammar School furnished one M.A., Mr F. J. Carter, who with Messrs George Lippiat (Master of Arts, with honours, chemistry), F. E. Baume (Bachelor of Laws), D. Jackson (Bachelor of Arts), R. C. Maclaurin (Senior Scholarship in Mathematics, Bachelor of Arts), all received diplomas. Two young ladies Miss Isabella Ecclesfield and Miss Jessie Knapp (Nelson), were not present to receive their diplomas. Miss S. E. Gifford, a daughter of the artist, Mr Edward Gifford, has taken the degree of Master of Arts. Mr T. J. Nott, another M.A., was not present. Professor Pond complimented the New Zealand University on the high standard set for its degrees. This, of course, makes our educational honours worth winning. Refreshments were kindly provided in the lower hall, and were much appreciated. The absorbing question now is, will they give us our right—the Franchise? We *were* very hopeful. But 'men were deceivers ever,' and, dear Bee, how can we trust them? They are so good in promising, but——

Miss Brigham, of 'Marino,' Parnell, gave a large afternoon tea to all her girl friends. Their house is beautifully situated, overlooking St. George's Bay, and the view is really enchanting.

The Pakuranga hounds met at Mr E. McLean's residence, Bleak House, Howick, where a sumptuous luncheon was provided, Miss Bailey making a charming hostess. She was prettily frocked in black (mourning). It was really a glorious day—when we started. Everybody you met greeted you with, 'Spring has come.' We reached our destination, had our horses nicely housed, and were seated comfortably at luncheon, and down came the rain in torrents. But of course none of us should have been surprised, as the name of the house ought to have been quite sufficient. The name is not appropriate as far as the appearance of the house goes. It stands on top of a hill surrounded with trees, and really it looks very snug. Those whom I saw present riding were Mesdames Bews, Browning, Bloomfield, Misses Buckland (3), Hesketh (2), Dunnett, Hardie, Percival, McLaughlin, Garrett (2), Bull, Wilkins, Firth, Herald, Ireland, and Messrs McLaughlin, England, Garrett, Yonge, Kettlewell, Lockhart, Johnson, Shera, Halstead, Percival, Dunnet, Tonks, Gorrie, Bloomfield, Ware, Haultain, Colonel Dawson, and his two sons, and others. I saw Miss Ireland with her mother steering her dogcart cleverly through the crowd. Mr Stewart was also driving, and so were Mr and Mrs Ching.

As for costumes, I have only a few street dresses for you. Mrs Ching, handsome brown dress and bonnet to match; Mrs Bloomfield (Parnell), stylish black dolman, and black bonnet; Mrs (Dr.) Haines, striking black coat, and gem hat; Miss H. Ruck, brown plaid dress, and hat *en suite*; Miss E. Scherff, a pretty dark green dress, becoming hat trimmed with red flowers; Mrs Bloomfield (The Pines, Epsom), navy dress and grey jacket; Miss Mary Firth, all black; Mrs F. D. Fenton (Kaipara), stylish mourning, a very pretty long cloak; her daughter, Mrs Lewis, was also in black.

I very much enjoyed the sacred concert and *tableaux* given in the schoolroom of All Saints', Ponsonby, which witnessed another triumph of the energy and skill of that indefatigible community. The building, brightly lit and decorated with evergreens, was crowded to the doors, seats having to be placed along the aisles to accommodate the increasing influx of visitors. Shortly after eight the performance opened with an overture, 'The Golden Gates,' excellently rendered under the able conductorship of Mr Philpot, Mr A. Bartley accompanying. Then followed *tableau* and invisible chorus, 'Angelus.' The curtain was raised, disclosing the limelight effect on a group so faultlessly arranged as not to offend the most artistic eye. It elicited warm demonstrations of appreciation from the audience, whose behaviour throughout was characterised by perfect orderliness and rapt attention. A solo, 'If With All Your Hearts,' by Mr A. Edwards, the popular tenor, and an aria, 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair,' by Mrs Kilgour, were rendered with the usual finish of these favourite vocalists. The following *tableaux* were exhibited intermittently throughout the evening:—'The Little Pilgrim,' 'David Singing Before Saul' in two scenes, 'Rebecca at the Well,' 'Simply to Thy Cross I Cling,' and 'Listening Angels.' The angelic expression on the 'Little Pilgrim's' face reminded one of the cherub productions of a Rubens or a Titian. The difficult postures in the two following were marvellously sustained. 'Simply to Thy Cross I Cling,' represented by a woman clinging to the cross, produced a subdued hush, in which a pin might have been heard to drop. The last, 'Listening Angels,' was the gem of the evening. It comprised a statuesque group as nearly resembling the heavenly host as we poor mortals can conceive of. Poised seemingly in mid air, the sacred light played and flickered on the flowing robes, wings and faces of the young aspirants in a manner that as the curtain fell drew forth deep sighs of delight and a ringing murmur of applause. All Saints' is, indeed, to be congratulated on the nerve and power of these amateur performers. All the *tableaux* were twice repeated, ensuring everyone a good view. The musical portion of the programme was further contributed to by Miss E. Chew, a 'cello solo, 'Ave Maria' (Gounod); baritone solo 'When Night is Darkest,' Mr F. Whittaker; another overture, 'March Pontifical,' by the orchestra; contralto solo, 'Calvary,' by Mrs Coates; solo, with violin obligato, 'The Angel's Call,' Miss Warren; baritone solo, 'The Prodigal Son,' Mr P. Dufaur; duet, 'Side by Side to the Better Land,' Mrs Coates and Mrs Kilgour; and a tenor song, 'Consider the Lilies,' Mr McGregor.

One of the most enjoyable private dances of the season was given by the Misses Hill and Miss Howard at the Victoria Hall. There were about eighty young people present, the gentlemen and ladies being equally divided, and everybody entered into the dance with zest. The floor was in excellent condition, whilst the music, which was played by the guests, was all that could be desired. The supper was something to dream about. The ladies were very becomingly dressed. Among the most noticeable were Miss Hill, wearing white and cardinal, Miss E. Hill, handsome rose satin and black net; Miss Howard, lovely dress of white surah silk; Miss Ethel Hill, black silk and lace; Miss K. Hill, pretty dress of pink veiling and ruby plush; Miss M. Hill, pale green silk net (very becoming); Mrs Howard, handsome black silk; Mrs Pittar, black silk; Mrs Bell, lovely blue silk; and her sister, Mrs N. Pierce, very pretty mauve silk; Miss Pittar, pretty white muslin; Miss Bullen, white satin; Miss Ryan, very pretty maize muslin; Miss Buchanan looked well in white silk; Miss Berry, black; Miss C. Berry, a lovely dress of white cashmere braided with silver; Miss Kempthorne, black lace; Miss M. Fenton, green satin and black net; Miss Atkinson, cream; Miss M. Atkinson, a most becoming dress of pink surah silk; Miss Wylde-Brown, pale green; her sister, pink; Miss Williamson, pink; Miss Lusk and Miss Blades, pink; Miss A. Clarke, pale green (very becoming); Miss Bingwood, pale blue. Dancing was kept up until an early hour in the morning.

HINEMOA.

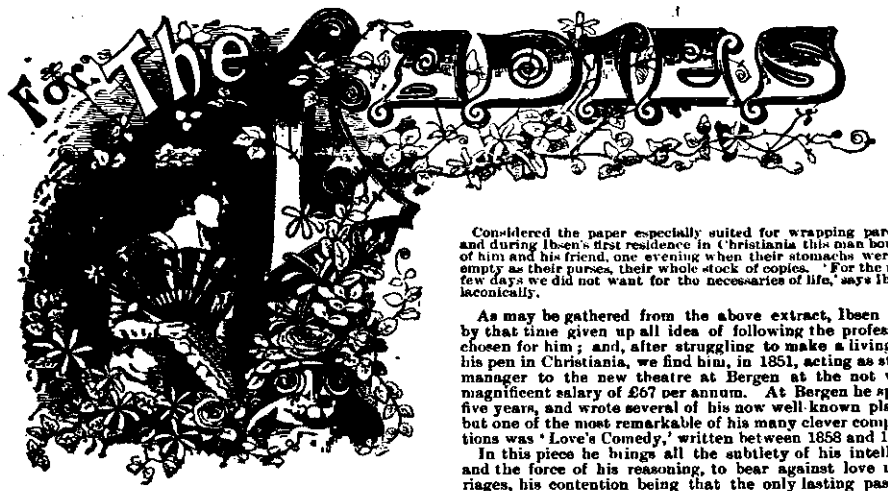
## WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 28.

Mrs Robert Pharazyn gave a splendid large ball at Thomas' new hall. It turned out such a wretchedly cold night—a very good thing for the cabmen, I have no doubt, for everyone had to have a carriage—but it made not the slightest difference after we got there, and were received with such warm welcome from our genial host and hostess, who stood at the entrance of the ballroom. The hall looked so pretty, the dais at one end being one mass of oriental-looking curtains, huge palm branches, ferns, and flowers, and fairy lamps of different colours were lit among the greenery. Then huge comfortable velvet lounges and chairs were scattered about, greatly to the comfort of the chaperones, of whom there were a great number. Then the ballroom was large enough to allow seats being put all round the wall intermingled with fern stands and curtains, so that one was never at a loss for a seat. The room adjoining the ballroom was prettily furnished as a drawing-room, the walls being artistically draped with art muslin, and hung with pictures, mirrors, etc., large screens chiefly ornamenting the room. The supper table was a mass of flowers, ferns, fairy lamps, and good things, all of which, you may be sure, were done ample justice to. King's band of four performers supplied the best of music, several extras being played at supper time, one by Mrs Charles Pharazyn, and another by Miss Borlase. Our hostess wore a magnificent gown of old rose silk with a long train, the high Medici collar and front being of jewelled embroidery, and both Mr and Mrs Pharazyn were indefatigable in their efforts to promote the enjoyment of their guests; indeed, this ball is looked upon as one of the greatest successes of the season, the dancing being particularly spirited from beginning to end, and that is saying a good deal of a ball with between three and four hundred guests present. There was a dinner party at Government House the same night, which kept several people away until late. Lady Hector wore a very handsome old rose silk, with broad satin stripe and long train, and Lady Buller was in black velvet trimmed with beautiful old lace; Madame de Lostalot wore blue silk covered with black lace, and crimson bows; Mrs (Dr.) Newman, a lovely light copper-coloured silk, the long basque edged with jewelled embroidery, and the long train quite plain, the openwork stockings and satin shoes and openwork silk net sleeves exactly matching, the completeness being its great charm; her sister, Mrs Charlie Johnston, was very handsomely dressed in palest sky blue, the whole front of the skirt being embroidered with jewels, the same lovely trimming also appearing on the bodice and sleeves; Mrs H. D. Bell wore a beautiful combination of pale green silk and pink chiffon, the bodice being green, edged with a deep flounce of chiffon; Mrs Izard was richly dressed in black, and Mrs C. Izard, in silver-grey silk with rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon; Mrs C. Pharazyn, (Wairarapa), bronze brown satin over a petticoat of cream lace, and a filigree pearl necklace; Mrs A. Russell, white satin brocaded with yellow, and draped with green tulle, moonstone ornaments; Mrs Coburn Hood, cream brocade, and lovely garnet necklet; Mrs Pratt, black and white, and pearl ornaments; Mrs Ballance, black, with white lace; Mrs Valentine (Otago), a beautiful pale blue gown with pink roses; Mrs Maxwell, maize, covered with black velvet and lace striped; Mrs T. C. Williams, a handsome black dress; Mrs G. Beetham, black and white; Mrs J. Mills (Dunedin), brown net and moiré; Mrs H. Crawford, lemon surah draped with black Chantilly lace; Mrs J. G. Wilson (Rangatikei), a handsome black dress with coloured embroidery; Mrs Gore, crimson velvet and pink brocade; Mrs Cyril Tanner, a lovely cream silk gown with long train; Mrs Capt. Russell was also there, and Mrs Butts, Mrs Coleridge, Mrs Barclay, Mrs Rawson, Mrs H. Rawson, Mrs Fitzherbert, Mrs F. Allen, Mrs Fell, Mrs Reynolds, Mrs Borlase, Mrs Harding, Mrs Knight, Mrs L. Reid, Mrs Brandon, Mrs Fisher, Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Mantell, Mrs Mair (Tauranga), Mrs Acland, Mrs Cooper, Mrs Gudgeon, Mrs Tregear, Mrs Halse, Mrs Irvine, Mrs Beere, Mrs Parfitt, Mrs M. Richmond, Mrs Elliot, Mrs P. Hunter, Mrs Friend, Mrs Lyon, Mrs Jänich, Mrs Amelius Smith, Mrs Dougles, Mrs Lingard, Mrs Rotheram, and Mrs Burns. Miss Johnston wore a lovely pearl grey brocade beautifully trimmed with pearl passementerie, and diamond ornaments; Miss Holmes, black; Miss Noake, a handsome black gown softened with cream lace; Miss R. Reynolds (Dunedin), her pretty mauve gown trimmed with pansies; Miss E. Bennett, her lovely mauve satin brocaded with a deeper shade, and trimmed with a deep flounce of mauve chiffon; Miss Clairmonte, a beautiful moss green silk trimmed round the long basque with handsome jewelled embroidery; Miss Rhodes (Christchurch), a lovely crushed strawberry silk, prettily trimmed with tiny deep crimson pompons; Miss W. Menzies, white; Miss Baillie (Blenheim), white; Miss Buller, black and white; Miss Duncan, pale blue; Miss Hector, white tulle and ribbons; Miss Izard, her lemon net with pearl embroidery; and her sister, pink and silver; Miss Cooper, mauve; and her sister, pink; Miss Lysaght (Patea), pink silk; Miss E. Richmond, buff net with black velvet ribbon; Miss Rolleston, black, with flowers, and moonstone necklet; Miss Gore, pale blue silk and silver; and her sister, white silk; the Misses Hawkins, cream silk and lace; Miss Robinson (Christchurch), white; Miss Hadfield, blue net; Miss Hall, pink; Miss Pharazyn, (Wairarapa), white; Miss McMasters (Masterton), black, with turquoise blue bows; Miss Russell (Hawke's Bay), white net prettily embroidered with flowers; Miss St. Hill (Hawke's Bay), soft white gown; Miss Medley, turquoise net; Miss R. Acland, the same; Miss Williams, pale yellow chiffon with long flounced bodice, and long crinkled chiffon sleeves; Miss Dransfield, black net embroidered with gold; Miss Spensley, white, with girdle of coloured flowers; Miss Hart, pink, with chiffon frills; Miss Barclay, cream; the Misses Harding, white; Miss Morrah, blue net; Miss M. Quick, grey velvet and white lace; Miss Barron, pink, with white bead embroidery; and her sister, white; Miss Elliot, white; Miss McLean, pink; Miss Allan, cream net and the Misses Kennedy, Duthie, Hartmann, Knight, Tunks, Brandon, M. Reid, Halse, Carr, Jury, Borlase, (Percy), Smith, etc., and Sir Kenneth Douglas, Captain Russell, Captain Duncan, and Messrs C. and W. Johnston, Walrond, Guthrie, Valentine, Rhodes, S. Mackenzie, Bell, C. Pharazyn, J. G. Wilson, etc., but I must not go on any longer, else I shall not have any room left to describe the private theatricals, which were given by Dr. and Mrs Grace two nights afterwards in the Theatre Royal, which was crowded with guests. Our host and hostess took up their position in front of the orchestral stalls, where they received His Excellency the Governor and Lady Onslow, and Captain Guthrie and Miss Ruth Atkinson, of Nelson, who made up the Government House party. The Countess was handsomely dressed in pink silk and coffee-coloured lace, with train, the low bodice and hair flashing with diamonds, and she carried a bouquet of violets, and wore a blue opera mantle bound with white fur. Mrs Grace was in dark slate silk, with quantities of slate passementerie and white satin, and wore a fur mantle and diamonds, Miss Grace looking well in a black lace dress and peacock plush cloak. The piece chosen was Simpson's 'Scrap of Paper,' and the caste was as follows:—Prosper Conramont, Mr Riversdale Walrond; Baron de la Glaçière, Mr W. H. S. Moorhouse; Brisemouche, Mr Ernest Hadfield; Anatole, Mr E. Izard; Baptiste and François, both taken by Mr Tancred Cooper; L. de la Glaçière, Miss Buller; Susanne de Roseville, Miss Maude Grace; Mathilde, Miss Elfie Williams; Mdlle. Zenobie, Miss Hilda Williams; Madame Dupout, Miss H. Moorhouse; Pauline, Miss Cooper. Without doubt Mr Walrond was by far the best on the stage. One could hear every word distinctly from one end of the theatre to the other, and he displayed no mean amount of dramatic talent in the clever interpretation of his part. Miss Grace was good, especially in the last act, when she fairly excelled herself. Then Miss Moorhouse also came in for a large share of praise, and her acting was really excellent. Miss H. Williams had an ungrateful part, but did it well, and Miss E. Williams acted her childish part very prettily. Miss Buller's voice was hardly strong enough for the building, some of her speeches being entirely lost, but her acting was very spirited. Miss Cooper did the Saucy Maid very well. All the gentlemen were good, Mr Hadfield looking so funny as the old naturalist, and Mr Izard making us roar with laughter at his boyish freaks. Mr Moorhouse was exactly suited to his stern part: indeed, Mrs Grace was most fortunate in her judicious choice of actors and actresses, the result being most happy. There were no 'hitches,' and the voice of the prompter was rarely needed. Mr Peter Parfitt held this responsible post, and moreover, after the performance both Mr and Mrs Parfitt took all the performers home to their house, and provided a delicious champagne supper in honour of the event. How we all wished to join them, for they were a very merry party. Mr Parfitt, Mr Walrond, and Mr Hadfield made complimentary speeches, and various toasts were honoured. Most of them kept to their stage dresses with very curious effect. Mrs Parfitt was in black trimmed with pale blue brocade. Now let me think who was there—not at the supper, but at the theatre:—Mrs Charles Johnston and several of her little ones; Mrs Williams and her little girls; Miss Williams, in black velvet, with high collar and ruffles of white chiffon; Miss Johnston, in a handsome black jetted dress and diamonds; her sister, Mrs Percival, a lovely crimson plush cloak, with high collar and lining of pink; Mrs J. Mills, a very pretty black dress trimmed with maize satin, and diamonds; the Misses Izard, velvet gowns, and cream opera cloaks embroidered with gold; Mrs Ed. Richardson, a long red plush cloak; Miss Robison, white; Miss Rhodes, bright red with angel sleeves, and fawn fur cloak; Miss Russel, a tan cloak bound with white goat; Mrs J. G. Wilson, black silk with stripes of old rose and gold tinselled plush, and pink feathers in her hair; Miss Duncan, black; Lady Hector, white fur cloak embroidered with steel; Miss Hector, Mrs A. Smith, Mrs Waldegrave, Mrs Howith, Mrs Hislop, Mrs and the Misses Cooper, Mrs Mantell, Mrs and the Misses Harding, Mrs and Miss Kemp, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mrs and Misses Hawkins, Mrs Newman, the Misses Menzies, Madame de Lostalot, Mrs Adams, Mrs Ferguson, Mrs Maskell, Mrs Irvine, Mesdames Robinson, Rous-Marten, Loughnan, Ballance, Higginson, Brandon, Richmond, Barron, Beetham, Crawford, Bell, Fitzherbert, Butts, Carrow, Fell, Acland, Gore, de Castro, Duncan, Rose, W. Moorhouse, P. Hunter, Still, Werry, Valentine, Fisher, Knight, Edwin, F. Allen, Friend, Tanner, Maxwell, Burns, Holt, Pratt, Buckley, A. Russell, and the Misses Hall, Baillie, Hadfield, Allan, Johnson, Graham, St. Hill, Henry, Reynolds, McLean, Holmes, Moorhouse, Tunks, Jury, Duthie, Lysaght, Richmond, Halse, Barron, Rolleston, Gore, Fitzgerald, Dransfield, Bennett, Medley, Clairmonte, Spensely, Carr, Kennedy, Willis, Quick, Huxtable, Borlase, Valentine, Eagleston, Morrah, Cemino, etc. Miss Grace wore a lovely dress in the last act—a ball dress of palest sky blue silk, the long basque and train edged with a deep flounce of black lace, the necessary touch of colour being given by one or two deep crimson roses here and there. Miss H. Williams wore a lovely wine-coloured satin trimmed with vandyked velvet of a deeper shade. Miss E. Williams looked very pretty in her riding habit, and large picture hat covered with feathers, and her hair flowing. Miss Buller looked best in a pretty gobelin blue tea-gown with a soft pink silk front. The stage was wonderfully pretty and bright, what with pot plants, ferns, drapery, and in the last scene amid the greenery were coloured fairy lamps. Too much can hardly be said of the appointments of the stage, which were perfect.

Next week you shall hear of Mr Elkington and Miss Clairmonte's wedding from

RUBY.




## ORIGINAL CHARADES.

I.

My *first's* a head-dress, though it may be foreign in its make,
If you are *next* to make my *first*, much money you may take;
Unless you're *whole* you never can make my *first*, 'tis reckoned,
For to make a handsome *first*, you must be *whole* and *second*.

II.

My *first* is a constellation,
And seen in the sky so blue;
A source of recreation,
'Twill hold both me and you.
A useful article my *next*,
Without it, this GRAPHIC page
Would ne'er propound to you a text,
Nor publish its precepts sage.
My *third* is always an attempt,
An effort which causes pain,
And none from failure are exempt,
Who do this again and again.
My *whole's* a very useful art,
And wherever you may stand,
You see a whole, or see a part,
On the sea or on the land.

## NEW BOOKS.

'The Life of Henrik Ibsen,' by Henrik Jæger. Translated by Clara Bell, with verse done into English from the Norwegian original by Edmund Gosse. (William Heinemann.)

THIS book (says a writer in the *Ladies' Pictorial*) will be read with interest, as the Ibsen fever, started by the performance of the 'Doll's House' nearly two years ago, has by no means abated. Indeed, amongst his admirers, and those who fail to find anything in him, the battle still rages fiercely; and we hear hot discussions about his 'ultimate place in literature,' his claim to be 'a teacher of ethics,' a 'new force' destined to advance the world a stage towards perfection. That he is the unflinching foe of cant, bigotry, and hypocrisy, all readers of his plays must candidly acknowledge; although the doubt always remains in many minds whether the stage ought to usurp the function of the pulpit or platform, and not confine itself strictly to the amusement of its patrons.

But there can be no doubt, I think, that to know something of the author may help somewhat to a solution of some of the difficulties presented by his books; therefore the publication of Jæger's life, which is based upon material supplied by the dramatist himself, is a welcome addition to 'Books of the Day.'

Ibsen was born in the little town of Skien, in Norway, in the year 1828; a sudden reverse in the fortunes of his parents whilst he was only eight years old gave him his first insight into the strong and painful contrast between poverty and riches, and we read that even as a mere child he attracted notice by his unusual gravity of demeanour:—

> He did not play like other children. When his four younger brothers and sisters were romping together out of doors, he would withdraw into a little room by the kitchen entrance, and bolt himself in to protect himself against the heedless incursions of the others. Here he would sit, not merely in the summer, but in the winter, through the severest cold. 'He was never a pleasant companion to us,' his sister writes in a letter before quoted, 'and we always did our utmost to disturb him by throwing stones or snowballs at the wall or door. We wanted him to play with us, and when he could no longer endure our teasing, he would rush out and drive us away. However, he was unskilled in all athletic exercises, and violence was not in him; nothing ever came of it. When he had chased us far enough, he went back into his room again.'
>
> What did he do there? Chiefly he sat absorbed in sundry old volumes of which he had obtained possession. In that little room he acquired that familiarity with old books of which Hedvig speaks in the third act of 'Vilanden' (The Wild Duck), and the words he puts into her mouth may very well be a reminiscence of his own childhood.

At the age of sixteen young Henrik was apprenticed to an apothecary, and we may imagine how he chafed against the uncongenial occupation. But he found consolation in the composition of a play. It was a brilliant effort for a lad of under twenty, and was, moreover, full of promise; but, alas! it was a total failure. The only person who showed appreciation for the work was, the biographer tells us, a huckster who—

> Considered the paper especially suited for wrapping parcels, and during Ibsen's first residence in Christiania this man bought of him and his friend, one evening when their stomachs were as empty as their purses, their whole stock of copies. 'For the next few days we did not want for the necessaries of life,' says Ibsen, laconically.

As may be gathered from the above extract, Ibsen had by that time given up all idea of following the profession chosen for him; and, after struggling to make a living by his pen in Christiania, we find him, in 1851, acting as stage manager to the new theatre at Bergen at the not very magnificent salary of £67 per annum. At Bergen he spent five years, and wrote several of his now well-known plays; but one of the most remarkable of his many clever compositions was 'Love's Comedy,' written between 1858 and 1862.

In this piece he brings all the subtlety of his intellect, and the force of his reasoning, to bear against love marriages, his contention being that the only lasting passion is that which runs no risk of satiety through fulfilment. Such ideas are bound to bring him into conflict with the spirit of the age, and hence the revolt against 'idealism run mad' so common amongst our anti-Ibsenites.

Becoming dissatisfied with his native country on various grounds, Ibsen petitioned the State to allow him to live abroad; and, soon after he left Norway, those marvellous productions, 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt,' were written. They are at present less well known in England than they ought to be, but by and bye, no doubt, Mr William Archer will try his hand upon them and let us have them in English dress.

In the following extract we have Peer Gynt's ideas of the relative positions of men and women. I fear our advanced section will not approve:—

> I will rivet thy desires,
> Captivate thy wandering fires;
> Thou shalt breathe for me alone;
> I am what my girl admires,
> Gold and jewels, all her own.
> Life is blank, if we are parted—
> Blank to thee, that is, remember!
> In this contract we have started,
> To thy being's lowest ember.
> Every inch and thread of thee
> I must know is filled with me.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Therefore it is well that just
> Empty is thy skull's formation:
> If one has a soul, one must
> Spare some time to contemplation:
> While these hours in thought I measure,
> If thou wilt, thou shalt, my treasure,
> Wear an anklet, round thy ankle.
> 'Twill be best for both, I trow;
> I will deal with thoughts that rankle,
> Thou'lt preserve—the status quo.

There we have the attitude of Helmer towards Nora in the 'Doll's House' foreshadowed. She was the petted plaything, but never the companion; and when she failed to preserve the *status quo* the husband, as we know, failed to understand.

I have no desire to be too severe upon our end-of-the-century men and women, as I believe we are all, more or less, tarred with the same brush; but surely the following lines from 'Brand' are not inapplicable—well, to civil, religious, and social time-servers of all countries—

> Just wander thro' this land to-day
> And listen to what people say,
> And thou wilt find to each man cling
> A little piece of everything;
> He's slightly loyal on the whole,
> A little serious for his soul,
> A little given to table-pleasure,—
> But so his fathers were, in measure,—
> A little warm, when hearth and hall
> Re-echo songs about 'the small
> But rock-firm people of the rock,
> Who at all foreign menace mock:'
> A little prodigal of pledges,
> A little smart to blunt their edges,
> A little quick to start, but clever,
> In dawdling on and on for ever.
> The words 'a little' gauge his spirit,
> He goes not far in fault or merit;
> In good and ill alike a fraction,
> Restlessly passive, faint in action,
> Made up of fragments, each sufficient
> To spoil the other's coefficient.

The biographer's discussion of Ibsen's dramas—more especially the modern dramas—is extremely interesting; but for his opinions and quotations you must go to the book itself; I have space only for a short quotation descriptive of the man himself as he appears to-day. And he is to be admired, if it were only for the fact that he not only thinks for, but believes in himself.

> As the originator of the analytical modern drama, Ibsen has now a high position in the literatures of the nineteenth century throughout the world. . . . But the multitude have not yet fully recognised his importance, either in Germany or in the north—indeed less in Norway than in Germany. The public do not feel easy face to face with this stern judge; his work has something uncanny in it, and his tremendous tragic sense terrifies them. . . .
>
> But he goes calmly on his way without caring for the applause of the general public. Neither thanks nor threats affect the man who wholly wills the thing he wills. He has solved the problem of 'being himself,' and for that reason he is so grand a figure.
>
> This absolute independence is recognisable even in the outer man. Ibsen is not a tall man, but he nevertheless gives an impression of importance. The torso is unusually powerfully built, and his head strikingly set on the shoulders. His face is completely framed in grey hair and beard, both far more abundant than is common with men of Ibsen's age (sixty-two in 1890). The firmly set mouth, steady gaze through his spectacles, and bushy eyebrows give the whole face a look of having just come to some determination, and above the other features rises so powerful a forehead that we are tempted to compare it to the idealised head of the Jupiter. . . . . .
>
> His life—a quiet happy family life—has been spent, since he quitted Norway, in Germany and Italy, with his wife—Susannah Daae Ibsen, a daughter of Provost Thoreson of Bergen. . . . . and, till within a few years, with his son Sigurd Ibsen, now attaché to the Norwegian Embassy at Washington, U.S.A.
>
> He is to the last degree methodical in all he does. . . . He rises at seven in summer, in winter a little later. He takes a very long time to dress, for he has acquired the habit of walking to and fro, and thinking out his compositions while performing his toilet; which therefore occupies him above an hour and a half. He then takes a light breakfast, and as the clock strikes nine he sits down to work. He stops work at one, and takes a walk before the mid-day meal. In the afternoon he reads, takes a light supper and goes early to bed.
>
> When the author of these notes went to see him at Munich, he was amazed to see how small Ibsen's work-room was. He explained this by the fact that he never shuts himself in when at work; he likes to walk about, in and out of three or four rooms.

Not having seen the original, I am, of course, unable to judge of the merits of Mrs Bell's translation; but it reads smoothly, and I have no doubt it is admirable. The quotations from his plays have been specially translated by Mr Edmund Gosse for this English edition of the life, and add very much to its interest. It is decidedly a book to buy.

## A SPRING IDYLL.

BY MRS L. FROST RATTRAY.

YES, he had better marry.

Not that his life seemed to lack anything. His books, his lectures, his studies, filled his mind, but some of his grown-up young lady pupils had become attentive—not attentive to their classes, or to the subject they were supposed to be studying, but to him.

And it was tiresome.

Instead of the rapt look bent on the board as the professor lightly sketched the geological formation of Mount Egmont, an earnest, absorbing, heart-searching gaze was fixed on the lecturer himself.

It was annoying.

His walk to the little cottage in the suburbs where he lived was a strangely favourite one with all the young ladies from far and near.

It was disturbing.

A man such as he was, without a particle of conceit, but endowed with an unusual amount of modesty, found this complimentary persecution interfered terribly with his work. So he sought counsel of a friend, laying the case clearly and concisely before him.

The friend advised marrying.

Before him now loomed an awful problem. The sweet scent of the violets and primroses, the auriculas, the azaleas, daphne, together with lovely bush creepers which filled his room, also filled his soul with puzzled, distracted thoughts of the givers.

He could not choose a wife.

In despair even more deep than that which had marked his previous visit, he again called on his friend, and laid this second perplexing problem before him.

His friend suggested drawing lots.

This prosaic idea revolted the pure soul of the professor, and for days the shadow of a great trouble hung over him. More careworn grew his handsome face. Even in his glorious dark hair and moustache a few white threads became visible.

And this sight wrung the hearts of his pupils.

So they met together, and wrote him a combined and eloquent little letter, entreating their honoured master and dear professor to impart to them his grief.

And the professor felt comforted.

For out of the whole class only one had not signed the loving epistle.

So she should be his wife.

Under the gumtrees one evening he met her. She was returning from visiting a poor neighbour, and it was not his usual way home.

He was no polished courtier, no skilful wooer.

He said, simply, 'I want a wife.'

And she said, 'Do you want *me*?'

And his whole heart and soul responded in the words his lips uttered,

'Yes, you, darling.'

And so they were betrothed. And later, very quietly were married.

And the professor's classes fell off considerably.

And at home in the little cottage, the wife worked her hardest, putting her whole true woman's soul into her household duties. Her grand woman's love and devotion she bestowed upon her husband.

And he?

At first it was strange, pleasantly strange. Then he became used to it.

New faces greeted him at his classes. He grew more popular than ever. He was busy, wrapt up in his work, tired when he reached home.

He talked so much all day, it was not to be expected he could talk in the evenings too—except when some special lecture had to be given.

He saw little of his wife. His house was clean and comfortable, his dinners well cooked, punctually served, his shirts and his socks cared for. What more could any man want?

So he thought.

For his life was full of diversified work, his mind occupied with congenial occupation. He saw plenty of people in the day-time, and he liked his silent evenings.

And she?

Perhaps she was disappointed of her ideal. Who can say Women have such strange fancies.

She had thought, perchance, of a long life of pleasant, intellectual companionship. She had a mind, an active, clever receptive brain. Did she dream of being a humble sharer in her husband's work?

Was all her irksome, housewifely toil brightened at first by the dear delight of knowing it was for the man she loved, and who, she fondly believed, loved her?

Ah! how foolish she was.

And day by day the dream of that early spring faded away. The hot summer sun scorched it. By autumn it was as a dead leaf, and when winter came, with its piercing winds, its blighting frosts, and cheerless snow, the wife, chilled to the heart, felt that, like the withered leaf, she, too, must become mould.

Again it was spring, and the professor's house was once more heavily scented with the perfume of the September flowers. But this time they were fashioned into wreaths and crosses, and lay on the still forms of his dead wife and his baby boy.

# QUERIES.

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

*Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though, owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.*—ED.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLA F.—*Thank you very much for the scraps. Will use and return them.*—LADY EDITOR.

## QUERIES.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Will you give me an easy recipe for this?—MONICA.

[Perhaps some lady reader will kindly give this.—ED.]

MAGIC-LANTERN SLIDES.—Could you or any of your correspondents kindly tell me how to paint slides for a magic-lantern—whether the glass needs to be prepared in any way, and what kind of paint is used?—ST. CLAIR.

[Will some clever reader kindly answer this?—LADY EDITOR.]

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Young Housekeeper.'—To make panard put into a saucepan half a pint of water, an ounce of butter and a pinch of salt; when boiling add four large tablespoonfuls of Vienna flour, and mix into a paste which should be sufficiently dry to leave the pan quite clean. Let the panard cook on the side of the stove for about ten minutes, taking care that it does not burn, then put it aside until cold before you use it. At this time of the year panard will keep some time in an airy place. To make Bechamel sauce, fry two ounces of butter, and two ounces of flour together, for about five or six minutes, taking care that they do not become brown. Boil half a pint of milk in a saucepan with a blade of mace and an eschalot in it, let it boil for five minutes so that it will be well flavoured, then pour it on to the butter and flour, and stir it until quite smooth, season it with a little pepper and salt, and a tiny dust of nutmeg, then let the sauce boil and strain and use. You will find that you can use up the remains of any game or poultry for breakfast very well by making half a pint of Bechamel sauce in the way I have described. Thicken the sauce with the yoke of three eggs, and stir it over the fire until it thickens, but on no account allow it to boil, then mix with it about eight tablespoonfuls of chicken, game, veal, or rabbit and ham or tongue, and a few button-mushrooms mixed with it and all should be either cut in fine shreds or else they should be finely minced. When cold divide in quantities of about a dessert spoonful, roll in flour, then in whole beaten egg and bread crumbs, and shape like cutlets and fry in a wire basket in clean hot grease for a few minutes. If the cutlets are made the day before they will not take very long to fry in the morning.

'Mabelle.'—Put one pound of prunes into a stewpan, having previously removed the stones. Add a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, a gill of claret and the same quantity of water, a little cinnamon and lemon peel, and one or two bay-leaves. Stew them gently until the fruit is quite tender, then strain the juice from the fruit and melt in it rather more than half an ounce of Marshall's gelatine. Add a little carmine to improve the flavour, and then mix the fruit with it and pour into a border mould. When cold, fill the centre of the gateau, after it has been turned out of the mould, with stiffly-whipped cream, which has been sweetened and flavoured, and ornament with almonds which have been blanched and shredded. They are also very nice simply boiled with very little water and sugar, and flavoured with lemon; then make a nest in the centre of a dish of very carefully-boiled rice, pour the prunes into it, and eat with cream or custard. This is very wholesome for children.

ALMOND CAKE (Ella).—The cake to which you refer is probably a good seed-cake or plum-cake, and, when baked, covered on the top with almond icing. This is the way to make the almond icing—½lb almonds, with a few bitter almonds among them, blanched and chopped and pounded, with 6oz of icing sugar and one teaspoonful of rose water; when well mixed and pounded put all in a pan, and heat over the fire till a little warm; spread on the cake smoothly and evenly. It gets hard very soon.

GUAVA JELLY.—To six pounds of guavas allow three pints of water. Pick the guavas free from leaves or bad fruit, put them with the water in a preserving pan, boil well for an hour (longer for a larger quantity), strain through a jelly bag or doubled piece of butter-cloth. The next day boil again, allowing one pound of sugar to every pint of juice. Boil for an hour, carefully removing every bit of scum. Some people like a little lemon rind boiled with the jelly and removed when cooked.

## RECIPES.

A CHARMING LITTLE LUNCHEON MENU.

Fricassee of oysters, Lyonnaise potatoes, cheese straws, sliced pineapple, Shrewsbury cakes.

FRICASSEE OF OYSTERS.—Drain a quart of oysters and put the liquor on to boil. Rub together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour; add to the boiling liquor and stir it until it thickens. Season with salt, a very little cayenne and a blade of mace. Remove it from the fire, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs; mix thoroughly, and return to the fire, stirring for a minute or two. Put in the oysters and boil up again. Pour over slices of buttered toast, and serve.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice; pepper and salt them; mince a small onion and fry it in a tablespoonful of butter, until light brown. Add the potatoes and stir them until they have absorbed the fat. Then stir in a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of vinegar; boil up and serve.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Mix together four tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, a very little cayenne pepper, and three ounces of grated English cheese. Add the beaten yolk of an egg, and then enough iced water to make a very stiff paste. Roll the paste out on a board into a sheet an eighth of an inch thick. Cut the paste into strips an eighth of an inch wide and five inches long, and bake them about ten minutes in a very hot oven. They should be a very light brown. If you have any scraps of paste left, roll them into a sheet, and cut it into small rings. Bake them and slip little bundles of the straws through them.

SLICED PINEAPPLE.—Cut off the ends of a pineapple and cut it in slices about half an inch thick. Remove the outer covering from each slice, taking care to cut out all the eyes. With a silver knife cut it into triangular pieces, cutting out the core. Sprinkle it thickly with sugar and let it stand on ice for an hour before serving.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.—Rub together a cup of butter and half a pint of sugar; add two beaten eggs and work in a pint and a half of flour. Roll very thin and cut into small cakes; bake them in a quick oven. Make them in a cool room and handle them as little as possible.

## GARDENING FOR LADIES.

A FEW SPRING HINTS.

DON'T be in too great a hurry to get to work in the garden. 'One swallow doesn't make a summer,' and one bright, warm day doesn't make the spring weather necessary to satisfactory garden work. The ground should be warm to the depth of six inches or a foot—or, at least, *comparatively* warm—before putting seed into it. What I mean by the use of the term 'comparative' is, that the chill of early spring should be gone. If damp and cold—as it is sure to be before the sun has had a chance to bring its influence on it, after the moisture of melting snows has drained away—seed will rot in nine cases out of ten. More failures to grow result from too great haste than from any other cause. The ground should be mellow enough to break apart easily when worked with the rake or hoe, and it will not do this unless the water has drained out of it and the sun has had an opportunity to do its work on it. It is well to spade up the beds as early as possible, and then wait awhile before attempting to make the soil in them fine and mellow. 'Haste makes waste,' is another old saying which applies here.

EVERY person who has a garden needs a good hoe, and an iron or steel-toothed rake and a sharp spade. The better your tools, the better work you can do, and the more pleasure it will afford you in the doing of it. Take good care of them and they will last for years. Have a place to put them in where they will be away from storms, still always at hand when wanted.

AND you need a good-sized watering-pot, with a long spout, and a fine rose nozzle. Use the spout only, when you water plants in the beds, and put it close to the roots of the plants, so that the water applied will get just where it will do the most good. Put on the nozzle when you shower your plants. It is a mistake to use it in watering plants as the water is so scattered that but little benefit results.

WHEN transplanting, or setting out plants recently received from the florist, be sure to shade them for two or three days, or until they have time to get a start in their new quarters. Water thoroughly when you set them.

GET potting-soil ready for the plants you care to grow in pots during summer, such as fuchsias, gloxinias and other summer bloomers. If you wait until the time you want to use it the chances are that it won't be prepared as it ought to be, because you will be in too great a hurry then. Go to the pasture and turn over the sods where the grass grows short and thick, in a sward. Just under the crown of the plants of grass, you will see tiny roots growing so thick and fine that there seems to be little else in the soil. Shave them off and take home with you roots and soil thus obtained. Add to this the same quantity of the best black loam you can find. If such loam is not at hand use garden soil, always getting the best there is to be had. Mix in with these sharp sand enough to make the mass friable—so much so that when you take up a handful of it, and press it together, it will fall apart on relaxing the pressure.

AND be sure to clean old pots thoroughly before using them again. Scour them, inside and out, with strong soap suds, in order to remove all fungus. Some persons will, perhaps, 'pooh!' at the idea of this being necessary, but I assure you that it *is* necessary, if you want to grow healthy plants, and, of course, you don't want to grow *un*healthy ones.

THE beautiful St. Brigid anemones, with their blooms of the chrysanthemum character, become more and more popular, and are planted in long borders, where they form objects of great beauty and brilliance. So also are the beds of narcissi, 'Ard Righ,' 'Horsefieldii,' 'Stella,' and other showy spring varieties. 'The Bride' gladiolus is much in demand, both forced and grown in the open air; and the beautiful Spanish and English irises and lilies have the advantage that, if cut in bud, every blossom expands in water.



## WHAT TO TEACH A DAUGHTER.

AT a social gathering some one proposed this question—'What shall I teach my daughter?' The following replies were handed in:—

Teach her that 20s make £1.

Teach her how to arrange the drawing-room and library.

Teach her to say 'No,' and mean it, or 'Yes,' and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings, and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule—'A place for everything and everything in its place.'

Teach her that music, drawing, and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism—That the more she lives within her income the more she will save and the further she will get away from the poorhouse.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.

## A QUARREL BETWEEN A PIN AND A NEEDLE.

A PIN and a needle, neighbours in a work contract, both being idle, began to quarrel as idle folks are apt to do.

'I should like to know,' said the pin to the needle, 'what you are good for, and how can you expect to get through the world without a head?'

'What's the use of your head,' replied the pin rather sharply, 'if you have no eye?'

'What's the use of an eye,' said the pin 'if there's always something in it?'

'I am more active, and go through more work than you can,' said the needle.

'Because you always have a stitch at your side,' said the pin.

'You are a crooked creature,' said the needle.

'And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back,' said the pin.

'I'll pull your head off if you insult me again,' said the needle.

'And I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head,' said the pin.

While they were thus contending, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull the thread through the cloth, she soon pulled its head off, and then threw it into the dirt, by the side of the broken needle.

'Well, here we are,' said the needle.

'We have nothing to fight about now,' said the pin.

'Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses,' said the needle; 'how much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together.'

## LINES.

I STOOD by the side of a silver brook,
In the glow of the morning light,
Which rippled away o'er the pebbles smooth,
Singing from morning till night.

The sunlight glancing across its breast,
Seemed happier there to stay,
Kissing the face of the little stream,
Laughing the livelong day.

Bright flowers sprang up on its mossy banks,
And nodded their heads at the stream;
And I thought as I gazed on the picture fair,
'Twas as bright as a midsummer dream.

But the little stream to a river grew,
Stretching away o'er the lea;
Wider and deeper its waters flow on,
Till lost in the deep blue sea.

So life like the brook in its childhood's morn,
Ripples and dances away,
With the sunshine of love and perfect trust
Lighting its gladsome day.

Sweet are the flowers which we pluck in our youth
With a hand that is careless and free;
And their fragrance will sweeten the cares that shall come,
As we onward float to the sea.

Ah, could we but tarry and rest on thy banks,
Content with the bliss that is ours,
Not hurrying on with the river's broad course
That shall bring added cares with its powers.

But Childhood and Youth, Noontide and Old Age
Sweep on with the River's dull roar;
And floating away on Eternity's Sea,
Our barque shall return nevermore.

AUNT LIBBIE.

# THE WORK CORNER.

## ORIGINAL FANCY WORK.

(BY MRS CONYERS MORRELL.)

### A DRAPED EASEL.

IT has of recent years become a pretty generally recognised fact that a very useful adjunct to interior decoration may be found in an easel, which placed in one of the corners or angles of a sitting-room not only affords support to some choice painting or sketch and thus extends the, perhaps, limited available wall space, but in a very satisfactory manner breaks up the uncompromising squareen of too many of our modern dwelling-rooms. While wood easels are procurable now at such an absurdly small cost, that the purchase of one is well within the reach of the most economically-minded housewife intent upon embellishment, and now that we have Aspinall's invaluable enamels at our disposal, the decoration of the woodwork of one of these easels can be accomplished in any colour most in accordance with the leading features of the room in which it is to be placed; or if, perhaps a more sober scheme of ornamentation should be desired, Abbot's Pyrographic Platinum Point may be called into requisition, and some effective and harmonious pattern be burnt on the wood, in which case but very slight, if any addenda in the way of drapery should be resorted to. When, however, drapery is wished for, and harmonises with the position of the easel, an extremely pretty and artistic effect may be achieved by the very simple ornamentation sketched upon this page, which consists simply of a long silk scarf loosely thrown over the easel, one end being brought down the side and carried over the pegs supporting the picture. As a matter of fact, this sketch is taken from a corner of my own drawing-room, and was in the first instance simply the outcome of a desire to conceal the frame-work of a time-honoured easel, which, for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,' it was considered best to leave in its normal condition, the lower part being entirely concealed behind an old-fashioned, rather high-backed couch, which is placed across the corner of the room in which the easel stands. Just now, spring cleaning having necessitated a rearrangment of the silk scarf, the end no longer crosses over the two pegs, as shown in the illustration, but is slightly drawn over the side of the frame, and falls down over the first peg, whilst on the second one has been placed, and so falls down over the stand, a palette brought some time ago from Paris, which bears upon its face a happy smudge of harmonious colour, and a tiny sketch from the gifted brush of some unknown French artist, and the latter arrangment I can recommend as being really an improvement on the original draping. Upon this easel stands a lovely sketch in water-colour, the frame in which it is placed being a broad band of rough wood plainly gilt, a method of framing which is at once economical and extremely decorative. Crushed down in one of the upper corners and not erect, as it has rather unfortunately been depicted in order to render the copying of the shape more easy to my readers, is placed a most beautiful and attractive sunflower of Brobdignagian proportions, the possession of which I owe to my amiable French correspondent 'Crevette,' who most kindly sent it over to me as an example of the large paper flowers being sold in Paris for the decoration of lamp shades. Not being myself able to utilise it for its legitimate purpose, a happy thought led me to place it on the easel, the scarf of which, I must not forget to name, is of yellow silk, and therefore lends itself well to the tones of yellow tissue paper of which the sunflower is composed. At least three shades of paper are required for the formation of the paper flowers, which are composed of a series of circles, subdivided into long, narrow petals, crinkled by passing through the fingers, the low one being cut from the lightest paper, and measuring from the outer extremity of each petal about twenty inches across. Eleven or twelve rows of petals form the flower, and the centre is composed of a strip of black tissue paper, doubled down and cut into narrow strips, similarly to those prepared for cake borders, the petals and centre being all fastened together by a few little black headed steel pins. Most of my readers are no doubt acquainted with the simple process of crinkling the paper, and will find no difficulty in manufacturing one of the sunflowers. A very pretty rose, constructed on the same principle, accompanied the sunflower when it reached me, the colouring of which would, no doubt, suit some rooms, though scarcely suitable for the use to which I have turned its companion, unless, perhaps, some black and white drawing, or pen-and-ink sketches were resting upon the easel, in which case, possibly, a creamy white scarf would assimilate well with the delicate hues of the rose petals, such an easel being, however, only appropriate to some very Dresden china-like fittings.—*Ladies' Pictorial.*

## A UNIVERSITY DEGREE.

CANON Barlow, the active young clergyman whose nomination to the Bishopric of North Queensland was objected to by the Australian bishops, because Mr Barlow possesses no University degree, is, after all, to be consecrated Bishop. Bishop Stanton, the former Bishop of North Queensland, urged the matter so strongly that the objectors have given way. North Queensland is a large diocese, and the climate is fearfully hot in some parts. Many of the people, moreover, in the rural parts and wilds, are of the least cultured description, and probably would neither know nor care what a University degree means.

First Village Maid: 'Do you know the new curate has arrived?' Second Village Maid: 'Yes, indeed I do. I saw him get out of the train, and followed him home from the station; and what do you think? When he stepped in the mud I saw that horrid Miss Sniffkins whip out a string, and take the measurement of his footmark; and I hear that the mean cat has already set to work making him a pair of embroidered slippers.'

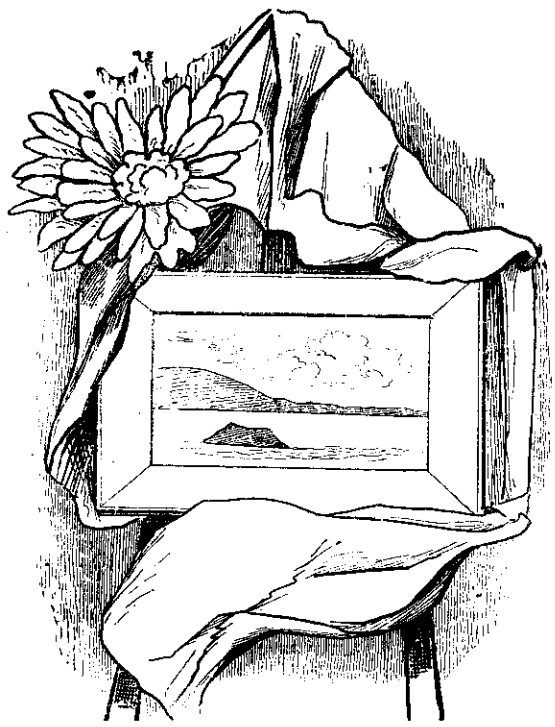
# TIME—BUY IT.

BY LILY SHERMAN RICE.

WHY not? You need it badly enough, surely. You have 'given up your music;' you 'can't get out to concerts;' you're 'too tired to enjoy the Association meetings;' your correspondents are 'all out of patience with you;' and you 'haven't read a new book for six months.'

You buy other things freely enough, not necessary things merely, but unnecessary ones. Lately, to my certain knowledge, you have bought a Woodstock rug, an escalloped oyster dish, and drapery curtains for the reception-room. I suspect you of meditating a set of fringed table linen this very minute. To be sure, I know all these comforts did not come simply by the saying. Most of them represent planning and self-denial. The oyster dish recalls those chamber carpets you made over and put down yourself, instead of hiring the help your goodman proposed; the Woodstock took several months' egg money; the drapery is a reminder of that sultry January when you 'got on' without help in your kitchen. I don't deny that you have to scheme and contrive for the pretty things you are gradually collecting in your house. But the fact remains, you do scheme, you do contrive, you do buy them. Then why not buy time?

You have tried saving it already, and you seem to have exhausted the possibilities in that direction. They are pretty quickly exhausted, in spite of all you have said to the contrary. That being careful of what one has will not take



the place, indefinitely, of supplying one's self with more, is a principle which applies as well to leisure as to clothing. And there is this peculiarity about time, as about health, that the stock is limited. What you do not secure at once you cannot have at all. If you cannot invite your friends to such a table as you would like, it is a small matter; your husband's income may allow of your doing more for them some time. The bare spaces on your walls need not disturb you; the children may hang pictures there for you, by and by. But the time that you do not have now—who shall give it to you? And who shall give to your husband and children, your friends and your neighbours, the happy, healthful companionship they might have had if you had been more free from care?

You are never so chary of money as when it is a question of buying time. Do you realise that? You take burden after burden upon yourself, dutifully, complacently even, so only there is a gain in money, and do not think at all of the loss in time. You are so glad of a chance to rip and turn and make over, so eager to learn to do yourself what before you had paid some one else to do for you! Last year you found out how much cheaper it was to have your dress-making carried on in the house; this year you hope to be able to cut and make your own gowns.

Do not misunderstand me, my friend. There is no wish to put a slight on the many women whose circumstances compel them to such economies as these, and to far harder ones. But circumstances alter cases, and yours—be thankful—is not such a case. To work early and late, to deny yourself rest and leisure and improvement, that your house may be decent and orderly and your children tidy and well-fed, is one thing. To make the same amount of sacrifice for millinery and upholstering is another. There is a line somewhere, and each of us must try to draw it, between the comfort which is worth working for and the luxury which had better be dispensed with. And one woman's comfort may be another woman's luxury. 'The materialistic tendency of the age' is felt in the home as well as on the street. Wherefore, covet earnestly the best gifts.

And the best gifts for us all—next to those which can come only from the Great Giver Himself—are the gifts of time: time to read and study and think and plan, time to talk with our friends, time to breathe the fresh air and walk over the hills and linger on the rocks by the sea, time to learn of the world's needs and pray for them, time to find rest after our work and comfort in it, time to grow strong and happy and helpful and hopeful and brave.

## SPURGEON AND THE BONNETS.

THERE is a story in Spurgeonese about the popular preacher having once been requested to rebuke from the pulpit the then prevailing fashion of invisible bonnets. He proceeded to do so in the following manner: 'I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the day,' he began. Immediately all faces were upturned. Casting a withering glance among the female portion of the congregation, he added, 'Really, I see none!' in scathing accents. It is just possible if the dimensions of our headgear go on increasing as they threaten to do, Mr Spurgeon's attention may be attracted to the evils of the gigantic hat.

Exaggeration is always an evil, especially in matters of dress, but, without doubt, the majority of women look better in a large hat than in a very small one. As for a medium-sized hat—*ça n'existe pas.*

## DRAWING-ROOM AND PUBLIC SINGING.

BY CLEMENTINE DE VERE.

IT does not always follow that every girl who makes a good drawing-room singer is a success upon the concert or operatic stage, and the reverse is equally true. The home singing is often a good preparation, though it is by no means a necessary one for the later and more professional work. Many singers make the step, direct from the conservatoire to the stage, though an intermediate condition of drawing-room singing may be most happy in its consequences. It doubtless does give a certain amount of confidence, which however, I think is apt to vanish when the singer appears for public approval. Should this be the case, she must be careful to conceal her feelings as much as possible, for fear begets awkwardness, and the effect of the latter upon an audience is unfortunate.

By drawing-room singing, too, a singer's *repertoire* may be extended, and, as a good singer should adopt more than one style if able to do so, this is most desirable. Ballad singing, which is so successful in a private house, loses as much of its effectiveness when transplanted to the stage as do the arias and more florid examples of concert and operatic music, if removed from their proper environment. A good drawing-room singer can do the former work, perhaps better than the average public singer, but the good public singer should be able to sing both styles of music equally well.

The criticism one receives in the two cases, is—paradoxical as it may seem—at the same time more severe and more lenient. A paid audience is always a critical audience, and one severe in its judgment, hence the public singer is at their mercy. But—and here is the explanation of the paradox—defects which are most apparent in a drawing-room, owing to the smallness of the room and the nearness of the audience to the singer, are to a certain degree lost when the singer is placed on a platform, a little distant from her hearers. Defects of enunciation and phrasing, I am alluding to, of course; tone and quality must be always true. A good public singer, will not allow herself to take advantage of these facts, but will endeavour always to have her work as near to perfection as she can approach.

Another thing girls must remember, if they wish to do much in the future with their voices, and that is to avoid singing too much. Sing as much for your friends as is wise, but avoid doing more under mistaken ideas of obligation.

And now, in conclusion, Which is the better—to sing well at home and in your friends' drawing-rooms or to be a public singer, of mediocre ability? Does not the question answer itself? Mediocrity is never desirable. Good public singers are scarce, and although good drawing-room singers are far from usual, the possibility of an increase in their numbers is rather more to be expected. A girl who can sing well at home, unless she possesses unusual talent, a voice of more than ordinary beauty, and be in a position to receive the best of instruction, will do well to remain there.

## EXAGGERATED.

IT is fashionable just now to say that women are wanting in politeness in public places, and true also. Mr Jones was discussing this subject the other day.

'You may talk as much as you please about the impoliteness of women in street-cars,' he declared, 'but I've been riding on this line for ten years now, twice a day, and I've never given up my seat yet that I haven't been thanked for it.'

'How many times have you given it up, do you suppose?' inquired his interested auditor.

'Once.'

# Ladies' STORY Column.

## ANNA'S LETTER.

THE factory-bells began to ring. They had hard, sharp, cruel voices, and seemed to cry aloud over the still, flat country as a termagant mistress might to her servants:

'Get to work! Get to work! Get to work!'

At the sound, you might, had you been a bird or the passenger in some great balloon flying before the wind over the village, have seen doors open anywhere all over the valley, and men, women and children come forth with tin cans or dinner-baskets in their hands, and turn toward the mills. Some plodded slowly along; some made great show of haste. The children ran awhile; then stopped to pick up green apples, chase stray pigs or pick wild cherries, and then ran faster.

As they passed the post-office, some stepped in, and came out again with letters in their hands, which they read as they walked on; for the mill people were generally strangers who had come from a distance to get employment—foreigners of many nations, English and Irish mostly, but mingled with Germans, Swiss and Swedes.

At the clang of the bells, one woman had appeared at the door of a poor little house on the roadside, to whom the fresh, bright morning had not brought either freshness or brightness. She was a sturdy, well-built woman, with a flat Danish face and mild blue eyes. Her dress was of some unusual woollen stuff, made with a short spare skirt and with a jacket much like a man's. On her head she wore a close-knitted hood or cap. Her skin was fair, her hair flaxen, and her expression extremely innocent. She would have looked young but for the brand of horizontal lines that trouble always sets on a woman's forehead. Comparatively young at least, for she was past girlhood.

She seemed to know everybody, but to have no intimates amongst the other mill workers—to them she only nodded as she went in. When she came to the post office she paused for a moment and stood looking in at the door. Her feet seemed inclined to ascend the steps, then she shook her head and turned away.

'No,' she said; 'best not make a fool of myself. What did I hear the postmaster say yesterday?

'"That's Anna Danner. Every morning for ten years she has stopped for a letter. She never gets one, but there she comes again."

'No; I'll not make a fool of myself. I shall never get a letter,' and she turned away.

Still keeping on toward the mill, she turned down to the lower road, along which a railway ran, and took the track. A fear of being laughed at had entered her soul, and she fancied that if she went along with others she might hear some one say:

'Oh, there's Anna Danner, who never gets a letter and always asks for one.'

As she gave the little jump from a jutting rock which was the step from the lower road to the upper, the owner of the store, grocer, dry-goods merchant and postmaster, came to his door. He held a letter in his hand and looked after her.

'Well, if ever!' he said. 'If that don't beat me! That girl has been for a letter every day for years, and the fust time I got one for her she goes apast. Hi, Anna! Miss Danner, there! Hi!'

Anna heard him. She looked over her shoulder.

'You didn't stop for no letter this morning!' shouted the old man.

Anna's face flushed scarlet, and she hurried on.

'Just as I thought,' she said. 'They begin to make fun of me as they did of crazy Peter in Copenhagen, who was always asking if the ship had come in. See what a fool I've been. Oh! oh! oh!'

There are in the world certain still, unexpressive women to whom ridicule would seem the worst calamity on earth. They can bear trouble, pain, grief; but to be 'made fun of' kills them.

Anna was one of those. Years before she had been engaged to Klaus Cristofer, a young sailor, who had pledged his eternal faith to her and then sailed away. She had waited and waited, but he had not returned. She had had good offers of marriage and refused them. Suddenly she discovered, or thought she did, that people were laughing at her for waiting for Klaus Cristofer—for believing he would return; and she left Denmark for America, to work for her bread amongst strangers. To one true friend she gave her address. If Klaus ever came back or was heard of there would be a letter for her. Through all those ten years she had hoped for one; and never before had she guessed that any one noticed none ever came for her. Now her humiliation was excessive.

'Why, I want to know!' said the postmaster; 'she thinks I'm poking fun at her; poor thing, she's a furriner, and this letter has come a good way. Well, I suppose she'll step in going back. Pobr soul, she always seems so lone-some-like.'

Meanwhile Anna plodded on. After awhile she heard a scream from the bank overhead:

'Miss Danner! Miss Danner! Why didn't you stop for your letter?'

It was a well-meaning boy who called to her. He had a letter from home and was glad over it, and something in the lonely figure troubled him.

But she hurried on seeming not to hear, only believing that she was mocked again; and the boy, fearing to be fined if he were late, ran on.

Later a man on horseback passed her, and shouted down:

'You don't seem to vally your letters, young woman. You don't expect one from your beau.'

Anything is a joke in the country.

Anna did not quite understand the words, but the tone was that in which a jest is uttered. She felt the blood rush to her face. The mill was in sight, and she saw a group of people looking at her.

'To make fun of me,' she thought.

Then the face of Klaus Cristofer arose before her. She remembered his last words, his kiss, his embrace, the farewell.

'Oh, Klaus! Klaus!' she sobbed. 'Can it be? Can it be that you, also, mocked me; that you never meant to come back; that, as the girls all said, I was a *fool!*'

'Anna! Anna!' shrieked twenty voices. 'Anna!'

They were pointing at her. So she thought. Pointing as the children in Copenhagen did, long before, at Crazy Peter, who watched for his imaginary ship to come in.

The blood rushed to her face. She began to run, hoping to pass them and get to her frame and hide herself behind her work.

'Anna! Anna! Anna!' shrieked the voices, and the fingers pointed still, and some were rushing toward her.

Then there was a noise, a rush, a shriek beyond human power. She knew too late that their voices, their gestures, their wildly pointing fingers were kindly warnings of the danger of which she was unaware; that the express-train on the down-track was behind her.

At dusk that evening a solemn group stood about the counter of the old store. The chief legal gentleman of the place was amongst them.

'It was awfully sudden,' said one.

'Almost as if she wanted it to happen,' said another.

'No; she was thinking of something else,' said a woman. 'She acted dazed-like.'

'And you think it's sort of justifiable for us to open the letter, squire?' asked the postmaster.

'Yes. In that way you may know who her friends are, and notify them,' replied the squire.

Then silence fell upon the group, and the red seal of the travel-worn envelope was opened, and one of the workmen present, who came from Denmark, offered to interpret.

This is what he read:—

Anna, my best beloved, the time has been long and the waiting weary, but my heart has never changed. I am home again in Copenhagen, and my first love is my last.

Olsen has seen you and knows you live and are in health. I send the money for your journey. Come home and we will be married at once. I have so much to tell that cannot be written, but most of all this: I love you—I love you, and I know you love me.

Your betrothed husband,
KLAUS CRISTOFER.

'She came here every morning for ten years and never got a letter,' said the old postmaster. 'And here it is at last, and she can't know. It does seem hard.'

But perhaps Anna knew; for if her freed soul could go whither it chose, it flew back to Copenhagen and Klaus Cristofer.

## A LONG NAME.

THERE is a young girl who has recently entered society, who, if she should write her name out in full would write it something like this: 'Anna Lucy Cecilia Lillian Virginia Katherine Helen Jones.' Not that this young girl's parents had a fancy for piling the names up for their only daughter in this way; not that she had so many distinguished ancestors to be perpetuated did it happen that she was christened to death in this way. The story is one that is not a common one, and she tells it herself in something this way:—

'Mamma is a very High Churchwoman and was anxious that the christening ceremony should be performed shortly after my birth. A list of names was written out and handed to her to indicate her preference from. She placed a mark over against the name Cecilia, which was the one she wished to have me bear. Now, the rector of the church was a young man not used to all the offices of his profession, and he was naturally somewhat abashed at having an infant placed in his arms for the ceremony. At the same time, a slip of paper was handed him with the name I was to bear marked, but in some way he misunderstood the directions, and, zealous of doing his entire duty, he began at the head of the list and solemnly piled every name on the paper on top of my bald head.

'My father tried very hard, he says, to shut him off, but without any success; therefore it remains to this day that my baptismal name is Anna Lucy Cecilia Lillian Virginia Katherine Helen.'

## A LATTER DAY HERO.

THE heroic 'run' of a dying engineer on his locomotive is a remarkable example of the power of a human will and resolute sense of duty, to prolong the vital vibration of the last clock stroke of life. The man suddenly felt the symptoms of paralysis, while running on the road and knew it meant death (as it had proved to several of his relations). He felt that he must hold out to reach the next station, and be able to stop his engine there, or it would dash past and create disaster. Consulting his watch he put on what speed he could, warned his fireman what to do in case he fell, and flew onward, feeling every moment the fatal numbness creeping up his limbs. He had just power of motion enough to pull the shut-off with his hand (the other being helpless) when the next station was reached. The train stopped and he was lifted off his engine and died in a few minutes.

## MR GLADSTONE AS A BOY.

JOHN GLADSTONE, the father of the ex-Premier of Great Britain, trained his children to give a reason for every opinion they offered. It was in this way that Wm. E. Gladstone was early trained in debate. On one occasion William and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder, and stood irresolute while the argument progressed, but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from the speech, though unconvinced, of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered, but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this, 'Aweel, Miss, that will do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come round to Master Willie's opesnion.' The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resources of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his father who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust never failed to encourage him by saying, 'Hear, hear! Well said! Well put, Willie!' if the young debater bore himself well in the encounter.



## LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

### VERY STYLISH WEDDING COSTUMES.

THE bride, whose wedding and going-away dresses, with her bridesmaid's toilette, appears in our fashion-plate this week, is a well-known leader in London society. She wore a dress of white duchesse satin, skirt entirely covered with point de gaze, and edged with a ruche of orange blossom; bodice draped with mousseline de chiffon and orange blossoms. Her veil was fastened with three diamond stars. She also wore a magnificent gold bracelet, on which was inscribed her name in diamonds (the gift of the tenantry) and carried a bouquet of choice white exotics. The bridesmaid's costumes consisted of ivory-coloured surah with gold and silver zouaves and girdles. Ten of the bridesmaids wore veils, and the two younger ones hats. They carried bouquets of gold and white chrysanthemums, and wore gold knotted brooches with pearls and diamonds (both the gifts of the bridegroom). Sixteen of the Sunday-school children, all dressed in scarlet cloaks, white aprons, sailor hats, and red ribbons, scattered flowers as the bridal pair left the church. After the ceremony a reception was held at Ashton Court, and later in the afternoon the happy pair left *en route* for the Continent, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling costume consisted of electric-blue cloth and velvet, trimmed with beaver and very rich passementerie, with jacket and bonnet to match.

## THE DUKE OF FIFE.

EVERYONE who is brought into contact with the Duke of Fife is more or less charmed with his pleasant, open manners, and most of us can quite understand his having attracted the girlish fancy of Princess Louise some years ago—that girlish fancy which has since ripened into the deeply rooted love of an admiring wife.

The little natural touch at the end of his address at the meeting of the Aborigines' Protection Society was delightful. It would have been such an easy thing to have alluded in rather stilted language to the event which had happened at Sheen and, considering the character of the meeting, many speakers would have considered it the proper thing.

The more excellent way which the Duke of Fife chose, however, was the 'one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.' As soon as he, in the capacity of chairman had advocated to the full the protection of the natives abroad, he apparently felt his duty was done, and began to wish himself at home. A few resolutions were proposed and seconded, and then the Duke simply stated 'He was sure they would well understand his anxiety to return to his wife and child as soon as possible.'

## ADVANCED RUSSIAN LADIES.

RUSSIA, so far behind other countries in Europe in other respects, is at all events in advance as regards female emancipation, of which there is just another proof. By Imperial ukase it has now been settled that in future female physicians may practise everywhere within the Russian Empire, provided they wear a badge supplied by the Crown, indicative of their calling. Moreover, women are to enjoy special privileges on practising in female hospitals, as well as charitable institutions, gymnasia, and schools for young women. Finally, the ukase lays down special regulations for the appearance and giving evidence in court of female physicians, so that womanly modesty shall not be outraged by some impertinent cross-examiner; and this lesson comes to us from 'Barbarian' Russia.

At present 229 lady students are studying at universities in Switzerland, of whom 6 are studying law, 156 medicine and 67 philosophy. Most of them, in fact more than half, are Russian.

## IGNORED.

PRINCE BISMARCK declares that he wishes it might be possible for him to travel about Germany without attracting attention. 'My ideal is,' he one day said, 'to be able to walk about Hamburg without seeing a single head turned to look at me.'

Such a declaration is full of a simple and sweet humility, but it is a question whether the Prince would not regret the incense of public recognition if he were really deprived of it.

A natural wish to avoid being mobbed by the vulgar herd has almost become a monomania with the poet Tennyson. Yet even he is capable of a pang when the annoyance is denied him.

One day he was taking a country walk with a friend, when a man was espied in the distance.

'We must turn back,' said the poet. 'That fellow means to waylay us.'

His companion, however, persuaded him to continue his walk. They overtook the enemy, and passed him; he took not the least notice of them.

'What an extraordinary thing!' cried the irate poet. 'The fellow seems to have no idea who I am!'

## PORTUGAL'S EXTRAVAGANT QUEEN.

THE Queen Dowager of Portugal, an Italian Princess, married at the age of fifteen, was very extravagant in her ideas. It is reported that on one occasion she brought home from Paris 1,000 pairs of shoes. On another occasion she ordered sixty-nine dresses from Worth and on the way home they were lost at sea. Not discommoded in the least, she duplicated the order.

## THE POTATO.

DR. JOHNSON was once seated in the midst of a large dinner party. He inadvertently placed in his mouth a hot potato; but, suddenly ejecting it, he turned to the hostess with this remark, 'Madam, a fool would have burned himself.'


LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—VERY STYLISH WEDDING COSTUMES. —SEE PAGE 360.


## THE HELENVILLE BURGLAR.

THE train rolled in two hours late. That meant two hours after dinner-time.

'*Helen*ville! *Helenville!*' shouted the officious brakeman, as he suspiciously eyed an uneasy passenger in the act of tripping over a basket, two bundles and an umbrella in his haste to leave the sooty car.

It was drizzlingly gloomy when Burtt Farrand emerged upon the platform, and the weather was so uncomfortable that he allowed himself to be put into a coach, and, contrary to his usual custom, drove to the hotel. He was a tall, robust young man, about eighteen or nineteen years old, and was dressed very plainly—in fact, rather queerly.

Burtt was an enthusiastic mineral collector. He had the best cabinet ever made by a student in his college, and he had come to Helenville during his vacation, to get a few of those gorgeous quartzes for which the Helenville coppermine had been famous. He wore a faded blue, soft felt hat crushed over his eyes, an old blue coat and flannel shirt, blue trousers that had seen their better days in many a mine, and rubber-soled tennis shoes. He carried an old leather bag with just room enough for a few necessities of life, two chisels and his pet four-pound geologist's hammer. These implements, as they bagged at the bottom, might easily have given the impression of workmen's tools.

As he stepped into the 'bus,' he did not notice the unusual crowd on the platform, nor the whispers and gestures that were evidently directed toward him. Had he been listening, he would have heard a station loafer say:

'That's him! No doubt about it. What cheek!'

The coach filled up. Then, for the first time, Burtt noticed that everyone looked at him with fixed and suspicious gaze.

'This is very strange!' he said to himself. 'I guess these natives have never seen a mineral crank before. I wonder if anything is the matter with my clothes?'

He took off his hat and examined it shifted uneasily under the prolonged scrutiny, and was vexed with himself that he minded it, and still more so that he finally blushed.

When at last the lumbering vehicle stopped in front of the hotel, the crowd seemed disproportionately enormous for so small a place. The jostling men parted, as Burtt thought, respectfully, to let him through when he went to sign his name at the desk.

'Perhaps they take me for a prince travelling incog.,' he thought.

'Dinner, sir?' asked the clerk, with a look as if he were inspecting a caged animal. 'Will you register? M—m, guess *you* won't need a room *here*. Take your bag?'

'N-no,' stammered the nonplussed lad. 'Y-es,—that is, I'll have dinner and a room for the night; but I'll keep my bag, thank you. Which way to the dining-room? By the way, what's all this fuss about? Local election, or has some show come to town?'

'They say some *show* has come to town,' answered the clerk, with a sardonic smile. 'That so, Bill, eh?' he added turning to a brawny, black-haired citizen near Burtt.

'Yaas, you've hit it.'

'That's good. I'm glad of it. I'll hear all about it after dinner. That way, did you say?' So airily passing the matter over, Burtt Farrand went in to dinner. All eyes followed him as he clung to his bag.

'Just my good luck to get here in time for some excitement!' So thought Burtt, as he took up the bill of fare. He made up his mind to see the 'show,' whatever it was, in the evening.

'But how queerly they act!' thought he. 'I should think they took *me* for the show.' In truth, the actions of the people seemed to justify his observation. All the women waiters in the hotel looked at him as he ate his dinner, trying to look unconscious. These girls pointed, whispered, giggled and looked scared. They made themselves thoroughly obnoxious to him.

Men, too, seemed to think the dining room a centre of interest. They swarmed through as if it were the hall. A pleasant-looking man came and talked with him as he ate—it was the proprietor of the hotel—and plied him with what seemed to Burtt impertinent personal questions. Every five minutes the brawny man with the shock of black hair looked in, as if to make sure his game was safe.

To say that these novel proceedings puzzled the simple-minded collector would be making a mild statement, but by the time he had finished his dessert he had made up his mind to enter into the spirit of the fun, whatever it might be, and to carry his part through at all hazards.

'What time do they play?' Burtt nonchalantly asked the observant clerk after dinner, while eight or ten muscular men hung like leeches on his words.

'Oh, pretty soon,' said the clerk, significantly. 'Have you ever been here before?' Then he flashed a look at the unconscious boy, and his question seemed to ring triumphant, as if it were an absolute poser.

'Well, no, and if it continues to rain like this, I won't come here again. Say, do you fellows have your shows in the afternoon so as to turn in at eight?' This was Burtt's poser. He burst into a hearty laugh, but it was a solo. None of his hearers joined in it.

'Yes, about once a year. We are glad to have you present when the curtain is rung up. Hey, boys?' said the sardonic clerk, nodding to the stalwart men behind Burtt.

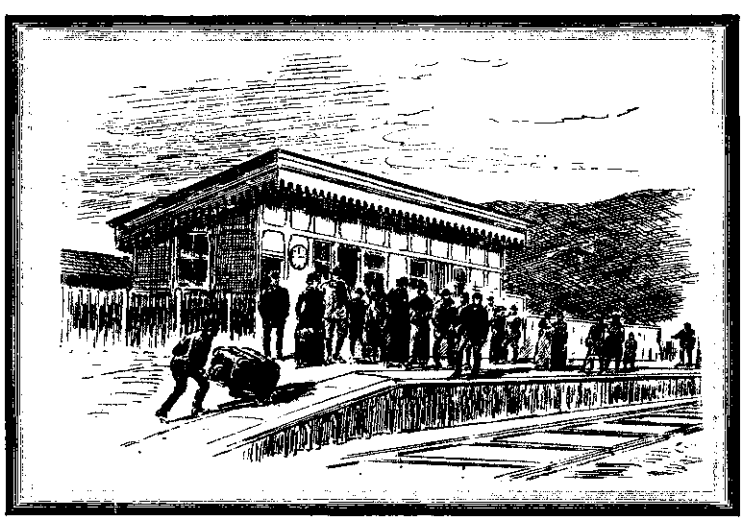
'Couldn't go on without him!' one gruff voice growled.

This was Sanscrit to Burtt. He puzzled awhile, then threw the conundrum off, and ejaculated, 'Oh, bother the rain! I'll take a stroll in spite of it. Can you lend me an umbrella? Where are the mines?' In the enthusiasm of his hobby he easily forgot the situation. He longed to get his hammer at work, and find some fine specimens.

The clerk cast an interrogatory look at the big man behind Burtt. The glance was answered with a nod. The hotel official then brought out a huge bombazine wreck, and handed it to Burtt with a sarcastic bow.

'It's a pretty old umbrella, but be sure you bring it *back*,' he said, portentously. 'Isn't it rather wet to take a trip to the mines? Leave your bag, sir?'

There was another breathless pause in the room. All



THE HELENVILLE RAILWAY STATION.

sounds seemed hushed when these two talked. Burtt might have been a prince, at least, if silence is a mark of deference.

'Oh, no, not a bit,' Burtt's voice cheerfully rang. 'I've been out in worse weather than this many a time. I'm after specimens, minerals, you know, *quartz crystals*.' He emphasised the last two words, as he observed a look of unmistakable incredulity stealing over the face opposite him, and then reflected around the entire room.

'I'll be back for supper, anyway. Excuse me, gentlemen.' He had waved the men back. He passed through the collected crowd in the street, motioning them aside with his head and hand. He was a strong, athletic fellow, one of the swell football team.

His eyes gleamed. Things were going too far. He didn't understand it, but he was not to be fooled with.

When they were left behind, he swung up the street toward the mines with a long, easy stride. The rain fell more heavily, but he was glad to get out of the oppressive atmosphere. Soon, breaking into a whistle, he disappeared into the woods. The dumps were not far away. The umbrella scarcely covered him. Specimens seemed scarce, and the drizzle was penetrative. The hottest enthusiasm can be put out by a steady rain.

Burtt entered the shaft of the mine with a sneaking motion, for he felt himself watched. He looked around often and though he saw no one, he had a criminal feeling for the first time in his life—the sensation that comes when one suspects that his liberty is being outraged by a paid 'shadow.' He felt that he must be out of the possibility of being seen at any cost, so he went deeper into the mine until the daylight was dim.

The shaft ran horizontally into the mountain. He saw the reflection from many a facet here and there. Helenville quartzes are peculiar in that they project from their matrix—that is, from the galenite and chalcopyrite—like quills from a porcupine. They bristle, transparent as glass, from a grey and golden background. They are not large, but perfect, with faces cut as clearly as if they were polished to order by an Amsterdam diamond-cutter.

Burtt found no such perfect quartzes here. They had been worked out several years before, and were now rare; but he picked out the best crystals he had so far seen. He stuffed them into his bag and pockets and started back to town.

When he emerged upon the highway, his thoughts were directed from his cabinet to an express waggon that seemed to stand ready to meet him. The rain had ceased, and he walked fast and faster, clutching the umbrella under his arm.

'They seem to be looking for someone,' he thought, and dismissed the waggon from his mind; but as he turned down the road, he heard the waggon following. He carelessly turned his head. Every eye in that conveyance was ominously directed upon him.

'Well, well! They *are* after me, sure enough! What on earth are they up to?' muttered the astonished boy. 'We'll have some fun, any way.'

He quickened his pace. The waggon had four men in it, and they urged the horse, keeping about a hundred yards behind him. Burtt, his eyes dancing with fun, accelerated his pace into a jog-trot. The horse was whipped up. Burtt then broke into a good run. By this time the quadruped was trotting with great speed.

'I'll make them puff for it!' His college spirit burst forth as he gathered himself for a spurt that his 'eleven' would have recognized.

Away he dashed, breaking down a side street. The horse galloped madly after him, urged by whip and shouts. The boy gained. He turned up to the woods now, forgetting in his excitement that he had no reason to wish to escape.

'Stop him! There he is!' rang out from the waggon.

'Don't shoot yet! Cut him off!'

One man, two men, three men joined the hunt. The chase was now all uphill. It grew hard. The bag, the full pockets and the umbrella were heavy. He was handicapped and panting. The running men were left behind, but the waggon now gained rapidly. Should he stop? Should he give in? At that moment a voice yelled:

'Go another step, and we'll shoot.'

He looked behind. Three revolvers were levelled at him. This was no longer fun, but dead earnest, and Burtt Farrand stopped. He was of the kind who take pleasantries with a laugh, but this had beaten all his experiences of that sort. But he did not lose his self-possession nor his self-confident smile.

At that moment the waggon halted. Three men jumped out and rushed upon him. One seized his right arm, another his left; both thrust pistols into his face, while the third made desperate dashes at his bulging pockets and bag. The black-haired, burly leader, whom he now recognised, broke in. 'Your game is up. You may as well come along quietly. We've got you and the stuff, too,' glancing at pockets and bag.

'Well, who do you think I am?' undauntedly asked the prisoner.

'We don't think, we *know!*'

'Know?' said Burtt, sarcastically, 'what do you know? Who am I?'

'Why, the third man,' answered all three, in chorus.

'The third what?'

'The third crook, the third burglar.'

'Oho!' cried Burtt, the real facts of the situation beginning to dawn upon him for the first time. 'You take me for a burglar, do you? Pray explain yourselves, gentlemen.'

'Now, it's no use trying to get out of it,' their chief continued. 'You're fool enough to keep on the same clothes, even the same shoes,' glancing down at the bedraggled but innocent tennis shoes. 'Them is the tracks we followed this morning. That so?' He looked at the others.

'Yes,' answered one. 'Them is the identical tracks that was found in the backyard of the bank and under the storewinder. He's the same chap, sure 'nough. I see him running away before the others were caught. You think you're mighty cool and safe, comin' to town in the first train, innocent like,' he said, looking at Burtt, 'but that didn't work, hey? Not with us. We spotted you last night; that's the trouble.'

'Look here!' Burtt's face suddenly became serious. 'You are making a big, foolish mistake. I am no thief. I am a mineralogist, and the son of the Rev. Dr. W. S. Farrand, of Amlesdale. I never saw this miserable town before, and never will again, and if you don't loosen my arms, and let me go,—I'll walk quietly enough to the hotel, or ride never fear,—I'll prosecute you, I'll sue you for damages!' He spoke so earnestly and honestly that they halted, looked over him, whispered together and then the leader said:

'You come with us quietly; no nonsense, We'll take the bag. It will be all right, if *you're* all right.'

They put him into the waggon. He sat on the front seat with the driver. The three stood up behind, resting their hands on the shoulders of the two sitting down.

When they reached the town the whole populace evidently was out. The burglar was caught! There were cheers for the clever detective. The people hooted and yelled as the waggon with difficulty made its way to the hotel. Some of them had been on the chase since two o'clock in the morning. They recognized the escaped thief.

'Yes, that's him!'

'Mighty smart to come back for his plunder!'

'You're catched, this time!'

'Shall we swing him up, boys?'

These cries were not calculated to cheer the belated mineralogist. How could he get out of it? What wouldn't that lawless crowd do in their vengeance?

At the hotel the excitement was prodigious. All three of the burglars, whose daring theft had convulsed this leaden village, were now captured. What a glory for the local police! The money and watches could not be far. The confession of this last confederate would locate the spot

where they were hidden. Perhaps they were in his pockets and bag. At that moment the clerk looked up sagaciously at the fallen hero.

'I thought you would bring the umbrella back,' he said. 'I guess I needn't prepare your room *here*.' A laugh arose at this sally.

In despair Burtt beckoned him to come nearer.

'Look here,' he said; 'I must send a telegram off.' He flashed a contemptuous look at the sheriff. 'Then take me to the gaol at your peril!'

His captors laughed. No one thought that a mistake could have been made. They had forgotten their momentary doubts in the applause of their admirers.

The clerk dubiously took the telegram from the boy's hand and promised to send it. It ran thus:

Dr. W. S. Farrand, Editorial Rooms of Amlesdale *Religious Influencer*.

I am in a fix. Have been arrested for a burglar. Put in gaol. Send word immediately or come to identify your son.

BURTT FARRAND.

Burtt slipped a half-crown into the hands of the clerk, who eyed it suspiciously, as if he thought it might be counterfeit. Burtt now breathed more freely. Whatever came could not last long. But the possibility of one night in gaol, and of the boys getting hold of the fact that he was arrested as a burglar acted as dampers to his rising buoyancy. He knew it would never be forgotten at college, and he sadly saw in his imagination cartoons in the *College News*, and squibs in the Junior periodical.

'We'll put him in Number Three,' whispered the gruff, black-haired man, with his hand on Burtt's arm, to the bank president.

'Have you got the cash?' was asked quietly, in return.

'No. There was rocks in his pockets and bag. A clever dodge to throw us off the scent. We'll run it down yet. Don't you worry.'

'All right,' was the hopeful response, 'Guard him carefully, or the boys will get after him. They are terribly angry now.'

So they were. It was best to whip up the jaded horse again. The gaol was at the other end of the town. An egg broke on Burtt's coat; jeers echoed on all sides. The officers protected him by surrounding him.

Two hours and a half after Burtt Farrand had come to Helenville, a happy, hopeful, innocent seeker after quartz crystals, he was locked up in cell Number Three in the town gaol.

Never before since a mob had assembled to prevent the painting of the Helenville school-house any other colour than yellow, or at least since the 'great' town-meeting was held to decide about continuing to ring the nine o'clock bell, had this tranquil town been thrown into such perturbation. Its only bank and jewellery store had been completely sacked. Two of the audacious villains had been captured immediately after the robbery. The third, who had been seen and closely pursued by several, had escaped. He had the treasure. Expecting a detective, the populace had turned out to watch the train. Burtt's irregular appearance, tallying closely, even down to his shoes, with the description of the thief, immediately turned the suspicion of the local police and town against him. He was dogged, permitted to go, as the people supposed, to get his plunder, and now was securely locked up.

During this hubbub, in which the entire village had joined—for real excitement was only to be had there once in two or three years—an old gentleman and a young lady walked up to the desk at the office of the hotel and examined the list of arrivals for that day.

'Why, father!' exclaimed the pretty girl, 'if Burtt Farrand isn't here! See, here is his name in his own writing. He wrote me he might come at any time this summer.'

'That's good. We'll hunt him up,' answered her father. 'What room did you put Mr Farrand in?' he said to the clerk, pointing to the name.

'That? Why, that's no real name! It's some bogus alias. He's the thief! They have got him in the lock-up now. He's just been carried there. He's one of the three that made the break last night.'

The old man could only utter an inarticulate 'Whew!' The daughter looked at her father blankly; then her face gradually brightened, and she finally burst into a hearty laugh.

'What a splendid joke on Mr Farrand! He will never hear the last of it. Why, you've made a perfectly ridiculous mistake,' she said, turning to the bewildered clerk. 'That is our friend, Burtt Farrand. That's his handwriting. He is the son of the editor of the *Religious Influencer*. What a joke on Helenville! What a joke on Burtt!'

She burst into another peal of laughter in which her father gaily joined.

'We will have to get him out immediately,' said the old gentleman.

'Here is a telegram he gave me,' said the clerk, beginning to look sheepish. 'I thought it was a bluff, and didn't send it. Will you look at it, sir?'

He produced from his pocket a paper that looked as if it had gone the rounds of fifty dirty hands. This the father and daughter read. The handwriting was Burtt's, beyond a doubt, and they laughed again.

'He has got a pretty specimen this time,' said the young lady. 'Do go and let him out, papa. Hurry!'

In about fifteen minutes Burtt Farrand, looking pale and decidedly the worse for his incarceration, was bowing his thanks to his old friend. In ten minutes more the town had heard of the mistake. Apologies were profuse. The young guest had become the martyr and hero of the hour.

'You see, you answered to the description almost to a dot,' said the hotel proprietor, trying to find an excuse for his part in the matter. 'Same complexion, same height, same clothes, same shoes. We thought you supposed you were unrecognised last night and so ventured to town boldly to get your plunder and rescue your pals. When you ran, that settled it. You oughtn't to have run.'

The 'detectives' were marched in and mumbled their apologies.

'He'd a' made a good burglar, anyhow,' said the black-haired man, as he made his way out again amid the taunts of the fickle crowd.

'Well,' said the proprietor, half to the crowd and half to Burtt, 'we'll have to make it up to you somehow. What do you want by way of a set-off?'

'Quartz crystals,' said Burtt. 'That's what I came here to get.'

Burtt remained two or three days at the house of his hospitable friends, the fact of whose residence there during the summer he had quite forgotten when his difficulty overtook him.

When he went to the station to take his departure the town had turned out again; and upon the platform were several bulky boxes marked with his address. All the local hoards of quartz crystals had been dispoiled of their best specimens for his benefit. They had been brought to the station in the same waggon and by the same horse which had pursued him on the road—both decorated for the occasion.

'Well,' said Burtt, as he glanced at the boxes, 'I don't know but I'm glad I ran, after all!'

HERBERT D. WARD.

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

### SOLUTION OF PICTURE PUZZLE.

THE LIVING SNOWBALL.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—You should have heard the yells of delight when Robin Hill first saw snow. He had lived all his short life in Wellington, and was spending his winter holidays in Dunedin. One morning, on looking out of the window, he saw that the ground and the trees were covered with snow. He became so excited that he could hardly wait to put his clothes on. As his aunt whose place he stayed at, lived in the country about two miles out of town, there were not many boys whom Robin could play with, so on this morning he had to play by himself, and he made snowballs and pelted them at the fence. Then the snow looked so tempting that he thought he would like a roll in it, forgetting that he was on the side of a hill. So he rolled and rolled down the hill till he came to the foot. If you had seen him then you wouldn't have thought there was a boy at all. There was just an immense snowball, with two boots sticking out at one end, and head at the other end. Robin might have stopped there till the snow melted if his howls had not been heard by a labourer who was going past. This man had a spade with him, and he soon dug Robin out. Robin was almost frozen, and he had a few bruises, but he managed to limp back to the house. He never wanted to see snow so much after that.—ZOE. Wellington.

[DEAR ZOE,—What a very nice little story you have made out of the puzzle! It was his father who dug him out, but your idea is very good, too. I hope to hear from you again. —COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—It was winter and the snow was on the ground. A boy stood with his hands in his pockets as if considering what to do for amusement. At last he seemed to have come to a conclusion, for he rolled over on the snow-covered ground till he was in the centre of a snowball. He continued to roll for some time, when he came in contact with a fence. A man, apparently his father, came to the rescue, and with a small spade dug him out. The boy seemed to be very frightened.—S.H.S. Bay of Islands.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—One day Jack Brown woke up and went to the door, and the ground was covered in snow. He had never seen snow before, and he was frightened, and didn't want to go to school, but his father made him go, so off he went. He had to go down a hill, and as he was going down the path he slipped a little way; then he thought it very nice, so he got up and slid down, and once he slid further than he thought, and he rolled over, and over, and over, and as he rolled the snow stuck to him so tight that when he got to the bottom he was like a big round snowball. He screamed, but nobody heard him, and screamed till he could scream no more, for he was so cold. At dinner he was missing, and they thought he had been throwing snowballs at somebody, or he had tumbled into a ditch, so Mr Brown went to look for him. When he got to the top of the hill he saw a snowman. He thought his son had put it there and played the tally, so he thought he would stand it up and frighten his son when he came back. He went down to it and tried to stand it up. To his surprise he found out it was his own son, with one leg sticking out one end, and his head sticking out the other, and his arms sticking out both sides. He got a spade and dug him out of the snow, then he got some snow and rubbed his arms and legs and face; then he took him home to bed.—BELLE ALLEN, aged 8 years. Picton.

I have never been to school before, but perhaps I may go next year.

[Yours is a most amusing little story, Belle, and a very good guess, too. You are the next youngest who has written it out correctly. I hope you will write again.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I read the GRAPHIC, and like it very much. I do not go to school, but we have a governess who teaches us at home. I am in the Second Standard. I have two sisters older than myself; they both learn the violin and the piano. I will give the readers a riddle to guess: 'As I was going o'er London bridge I met a London scholar; he took off his hat and drew off his glove; and what was his name?—AMY SINCLAIR, aged 9. Blenheim.



## OUR FAVOURITES.

IT is placing our horses in rather a humble position is it not? to bring them in at the very end of my little stories about our pets, but you see they really belong to father, and though we all are fond of them, they are kept for use, and not just for our own pleasure, as is the case with the others. We have had Kip for years and years, ever since I can remember, and now she is old, and only does a little work, but father says he will never part with her, but feed her and take care of her even when she is of no use, for she has done her best for him all these years. Her real name was 'Lassie' when we got her, but father always calls 'Kip, lass, kip, lass,' when he wants to feed her, and so somehow her own name was dropped, and we all call her 'Kip.' She is dark brown, and very prettily shaped, with such a pretty head, and the wisest, dearest face ever possessed by a horse. She is so sensible, she seems to understand every word that is said to her. She has plenty of spirit, but is so quiet with the children. One day, when Mollie and Guy were very small, we found them standing with Kip in the back yard, Mollie by her side with a soap dish full of warm water in one hand, and a nail brush with which she was scrubbing Kip's legs in the other, while Guy was actually under her, busily engaged in sponging her body, the pony standing quite still, her graceful neck arched as she turned her head to see what they were doing, and watched them with her big soft brown eyes. Guy sometimes leads her a sad life, making a most wonderful bridle and bit with the aid of string and a few links of old chain, which somehow came into his possession, and he canters about the paddock, his short fat legs stretched across Kip's bare back, to his own great delight, but not to hers, I am afraid. But she is a very indulgent old lady, and seems ready to give him pleasure even when at some cost to herself.

Father had one horse which mother liked very much, but father never cared much for him—a big white fellow called 'Shamrock.' He was devoted to father, and would hear his footsteps when he was quite a long way off, and would neigh with pleasure till father came up to him, when he would rub his head against him in the most affectionate manner. Sometimes in the evening when it was quite dark, and father was out, we would hear Shamrock neigh, and mother would say, 'That must be father coming,' and Shamrock was always right, for in a few minutes we would hear the front gate bang, and then the door would open and father would come in. He had such a funny way of kneeling down to drink if any water he wished to reach was too low down for him to get at it easily, and unless you knew what he was going to do, he was very apt to send you flying over his head when he suddenly popped down on his knees, and you felt as if he was going to double up.

We have got Selim now instead of Shamrock. He is all right as a horse, but not an atom interesting as a pet. He allows Kip to bounce him to any extent. I must own she is very greedy, and unless their feed boxes are well-separated, he has to submit to seeing her eat *his* feed, and then go happily off to her own. He does not seem to care for any of us, and I am sure none of us, except father, have the slightest regard for him. There is such a difference in horses' characters. Some are so interesting and lovable, and others are not the least attractive.

Guy came home one day in a great state of excitement, begging mother to give him sixpence. I believe he promised to be good for the rest of his life if *only* mother would give him the longed-for pennies. Poor mother was not overjoyed when she heard that with this wealth he desired to purchase two white rats, which a boy was willing to sell to him; but Guy's heart was so set on being the possessor of the coveted rats that mother yielded, and off went Guy with a rosy delighted face, and a box in which to carry his prize under his arm. Before long he returned, looking happier even than when he started, hugging the box, which with much importance he opened, showing mother the two sleek white rats inside. They are such plump wee things, with bright pink eyes, and with such queer little paws like tiny pink hands, with which they hold anything they want to eat, exactly as a squirrel holds a nut. Father made such a nice house for them with an upstairs, and part of the front closed in with fine wire netting, so that we can see them playing about, and when they are tired of being looked at they can retire into a little dark room which has a door outside, and a small opening into the other part of the cage, but no window. Here they love to store their food, and when mother puts in fresh hay for them to sleep on, she unearths so many crusts and other treasures which they have hidden away. Guy was so pleased with his two rats that he got another, a big black and white one; then Mollie got one, so we have quite a large family of rats now. Guy soon neglected his, so father gave them all to Mollie. She, for a time, was most attentive to them, but gradually she also seemed to think them a bother, and before she started for school in the morning her last cry would be, 'Mother, please feed my rats,' so they came to be left to mother's care entirely. She did not feel much interest in them at first, but now she is quite fond of them, and they know her, and all come to the door when they hear her voice. They have the most amusing little games amongst themselves, playing hide and seek, and whisking about up and down the inclined piece of wood, which serves them as a staircase, into their little dark room, then out again, and every movement is so quick and yet so graceful.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Little Ethel went to church with her grandmother, and for the first time put two pennies on the contribution plate. Leaning over, she whispered very audibly: 'That's all right, grandma; I paid for two.'


## THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

It looks quite solid, but who shall dare
To sit far back in that old arm-chair ;
I've treasured it long as a sweet surprise
For elderly dames of enormous size.
'Tis a pound to a thousand they fall on that part
Which is soft by nature and firm by art ;
Would you learn the spell, my mother sat there,
And she broke every spring in that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day
Sit down on a pin I had stuck in the way ;
It always pricked her, at which I smiled,
While she hurled the bottle and missed her child.
Years rolled on, but at last they said,
'The old girl gets fatter ; she's over-fed ;'
Then I learnt how much a seat can bear
When she fell slap through that old arm chair.

'Tis past repair, but I gaze on it now
As the scene of many a thundering row ;
'Twas there she cussed me, 'twas there she shied
Any mortal thing that lay at her side.
O' it was jolly to hear her shriek,
When I stole her chops or gave her cheek,
And I chuckle still at the rip and tear
Of eighteen stone in that old arm-chair.

F. H. SMITH.

## CAVE IT UP.

A SHIPMASTER having gone ashore some years ago in the Highlands of Scotland, on a Sunday morning, went to hear divine service. It was a very wet summer ; the rain had poured out incessantly for some weeks, and the hope of the husbandman had well-nigh failed. The parson mounted his rostrum, and began to wrestle most powerfully with the Lord in prayer. A transient blink of sunshine inspired the pious man with holy confidence, and he felt conscious of being the favourite of heaven, when, lo ! on a sudden—the heavens were darkened—the thunder roared, and the impetuous torrents seemed to threaten a second deluge. Unable to restrain his vexation, the disappointed preacher cried, in a transport of holy rage—'Pelt on, pelt on, good Lord, and spoil a' the puir folks' corn, as you did last year ; you'll ha'e meikle credit by your handy-work !'

## IN 1492.

MALE ABORIGINE (charging into the hut) : 'It's come at last, Hiyila ! We are discovered ! Christopher Columbus has just landed !'

Female Aborigine (triumphantly) : 'There ! I told you so, Howow ! You remember this morning when you dropped your stabber and it stuck in the floor, I told you it was a sign we would have visitors to-day. Now, for goodness sake, tie a string around your waist or Columbus will think you are a savage ! Is my hat on straight ?'

HE : 'Yes, I see it's to be the same old story with us—"marry in haste and repent at leisure."'

She : 'I don't see how you can say that, Harry : I'm sure it took me nearly two years to bring you to the point.'

## LET THE BEST MAN WIN.

THURLOW, when Attorney-General, was travelling from London to York with 'a very saintly, good man,' who undertook to while away the time by reading aloud 'Paradise Lost.' The good man began to read out his Milton. Presently he came to the passage where Satan exclaims : 'Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.' Upon which Thurlow exclaimed, 'A d——d fine fellow, and I hope he may win.'

## COULDN'T HAVE HIM.

A RICH and exacting man had a coloured servant boy employed named Jim. This Jim was expected to be on hand all the time. One fine morning Jim was absent, and his employer went to his old father's house and asked for the boy. The father said :—

'Boss, you can't have Jim any more.'

'Why, what is the matter ? I will have him.'

'Oh, no, boss ; you kain't hev him.'

'Well, why can't I ?'

'Kase he's dead.'

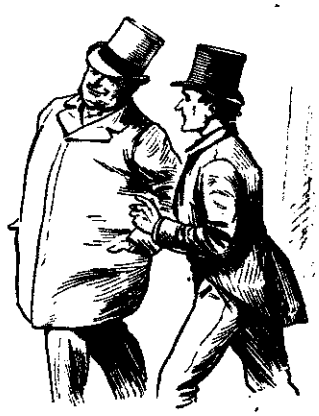
## RELIGION V. ROBES.

MILLICENT : 'Have you left Dr. Ritual's church ?'

Madge : 'Temporarily ; I can't go until these tight-fitting dresses go out of style.'

Millicent : 'How's that ?'

Madge : 'Why, in the High Church service there is so much kneeling that it makes one's skirt bag at the knees.'



NEEDHAM : 'Say, old boy, may I speak with you for a minute ?'

Lenham : 'Yes, if you don't want more than half a crown.'

## SHE WAS A SHOPPER.

FRIEND (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store) : 'Hello ! what's happened ? Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out ?'

Merchant : 'That shows how little you know about storekeeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.'

## THE DEADLY OPEN TRAMCAR.

'A VERY frequent cause of illness and death in this city,' said a prominent physician to me the other night, 'are the open street cars. In the middle of the summer they are all very well during the day time, but at night they are more dangerous to life than a mild smallpox epidemic. The man who can ride in an open car at night, no matter how he is dressed or how robust he may be, and not take cold, is a very rare individual. This year, owing to the early spring, the open cars were inflicted on us much ahead of the usual time. Of course cold days succeeded and the cars were still kept on and unfortunately well patronized.

'To this fact I trace a great many of the grip cases about which there has been so much complaint during the past month. The worst feature of the case is that, no matter how cold the day or how raw the night air, the public insist on riding in the open cars if there are any on the road. The people here seem to have an unconquerable weakness for them.

'In my opinion,' he concluded, 'it is almost criminal to allow the use of open trams in this city, where the atmospheric changes are so marked and so sudden.'

And then he snuffed, took a quinine pill and said, 'I rode in one myself last night. It was very pleasant.'

## A PITFALL.

SHE : 'Love is blind, you know.'

He : 'No, it's the lover—that's why he falls into it.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A KNOTTY POINT.—'There's one thing I never quite understood about Adam and Eve,' said old Mrs Bankerson ; 'that is, who was the clergyman that married em ?'

Old Million : 'My dear Miss Youngthing, if you'd only marry me I could die happy.' Miss Youngthing : 'Why, Mr Million, if you were dying I'd marry you in a minute.'

Popinjay : 'There goes a man who was brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth.' Ponsonby : 'I know a man who was brought up with a dozen silver spoons in his pocket.'

'How did you come to marry John ?' 'Well, he bothered me so that finally I told him I'd take him on trial.' 'But you've lived with him ever since ?' 'Yes, but he hasn't ceased to be a trial yet.'

Cashley : 'It's a fact, old man. Since I met that girl I cannot eat or sleep. I am a miserable man. Is there nothing I can do to cure myself of this mad infatuation ?' Dashley : 'You might try marrying her.'

'I see, Job,' said Mrs Shuttle, as she looked up from the evening paper, 'that there is going to be a balloon excursion to the North Pole.' 'Very well, my dear, You shall have one of the best seats in the car.' 'Brute !'

LITERARY NOTE.—'I see that in the preface of your book you state that it is written to fill a long-felt want. What do you mean by that ?' 'What do I mean by that ? Why, I've been needing a square meal for the last eighteen months. Don't you call that a long-felt want ?'

It is a season for loud dressing by the females, and the following conversation was overheard on a street car. First Dressmaker : 'Have you had many successes this season ?' Second Dressmaker (proudly) : 'Oh, dear, yes. Do you know, one of my dresses caused a runaway accident.'

DIFFERENT MEN, DIFFERENT MINDS.—'Why do the poker-players sometimes get up and walk around their chairs ?' 'They are superstitious, and think that will change their luck.' 'Why doesn't that old gambler do it ?' 'He's afraid he might shake some of the cards out of his sleeve.'

AT THE CHORAL CONCERT.—Mr N. : 'What's this—another solo ?' Miss G. : 'Yes ; do you prefer the choruses ?' Mr N. : 'Well, I don't see the use in dribbling the music out to us in solos, and duos, and trios, and quartets, when they can just as well let 'em all sing together, and get through with it.'

POPULAR SCIENCE.—'Oh, mamma, I'll never disobey you again.' Mamma : 'Why, Susie, what have you done ?' Susie : 'Well, I drank my milk at lunch and then I ate a pickle ; and the milk said to the pickle, "get out," and the pickle said, "I won't," and they are having an awful time.'

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.—Husband (suddenly waking up at dead of night) : 'What in the world was that noise ?' Wife (calmly) : 'It's all right, dear. The guests of the Astor ball are just coming home, and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so the neighbours would think we were there.'

'I do not believe in this nonsense about Friday being an unlucky day,' said Mrs Minks. 'Don't you, my dear ?' replied Minks, who was a trifle out of humour. 'I believe in it, though. Friday, you will remember, was the day I was foolish enough to ask you to marry me.' 'Ah, yes,' Mrs Minks responded, 'so it was, and I was foolish enough to accept you. Yes, Friday is an unlucky day.'

Wife (from the upper window at 1 a.m. to tipsy husband) : 'Well, what's your excuse for coming home at this hour ?' Husband : 'Let me in, M'ria. Just (hic) come from meeting of th' Labour Union. Been considerin' what (hic) we'd do about the recent strike.' Wife : 'Well, you just down on the doorstep and consider what you'll do about the recent lockout.' And she slammed down the window.

HIS HIGHEST AMBITION.—Visitor : 'Are you going to be a great man, when you grow up, Willie ?' Willie : 'You bet ! I'm going to be an Arctic explorer.' 'An Arctic explorer's life is full of hardships, Willie.' 'Yes, 'm. But I can stand 'em I reckon.' 'I like your spirit, my boy. There is a great deal of glory to be gained in a career of that kind.' 'Yes, 'm. And you don't never have to wash your face !'

## THE RIGHT LINE.

AN old woman returning from church, where she had been highly delighted with the striking expressions of her beloved minister, which had so seized upon her mind that even in the open air she was led to exclaim, 'What shall I do to be saved, what shall I do ? what shall I do ?' a person of rather weak intellect happened to overhear her, and turning round said to her, 'What will ye do ? just wait on an' see what the rest does.'

WIFE : 'Charles, where did you buy that parrot ?'

Charles : 'Why, what is the matter with it ? I bought it off a dealer, and it was young and speechless.'

Wife : 'Then why, when I kissed your photo in the album, did that wretched bird say : "Don't do that, Charlie, please don't ?"'