

going, and knew that if he waited much longer he would not be able to carry a heavy person like Mrs Burton.

What a strange thing is a mother's love! Can man ever fathom its depth? It is truly wonderfully inspiring and divine! No pain, no trouble seems too great for a mother! She will endure extreme hardship, deprive herself of all necessities, aye, willingly give up her life for the sake of a loved offspring that never can conceive the value of a good mother. After asking her boy whether he was afraid or not, and telling him to pray to God all the time while he was alone, she allowed herself to be wrapped in a couple of blankets and be carried out into the flood by the stalwart German, who lifted her about as gently as she would one of her own little ones when it was but three weeks old. The flood was still rising, and rising with increasing rapidity. When Charlie stepped outside the door he found the water already up to his waist, but he bravely struggled on. He had scarcely made ten yards, when the boy who was left behind began to scream and yell as if he were being murdered, and thereby so terrified the poor mother that she begged and prayed of Charlie to return and rescue her darling first. Her beseechings were so pitiful and hysterical that he saw it would only kill her if he continued on his course, so the valorous hero retraced his steps and found the boy almost mad with fear and loneliness. He carefully placed the unfortunate Mrs Burton on the table, then lifted it on to the bed, made this fast so that the water, which was now about two feet six high in the room, could not shift it about. Taking the boy on his back he again sought the tree. As he was about half-way a log struck him on the legs, and he fell with his charge into the rushing water.

the intention of placing Charlie in it, but he soon saw that his weight was too great. However, he made it fairly safe by means of a clothes line. Charlie, who was unable to stand, and who could scarcely speak, was tied into it and safely dispatched across. Jim Burton also arrived safely. It was thought necessary to take Charlie to the hospital at Westport without delay, but his pains were so great that he could not be moved. (One of the men volunteered to go to Westport and fetch Dr. Thorpe. The next day the kind genial doctor arrived, and attended with his usual care and skill to the sufferer. Three months elapsed before Charlie was again able to get about.

The story of his noble deed and indomitable pluck is known to all old Westcoasters, and when I heard it I considered it an action that eclipsed those of a Drake, a Nelson, or a Arcton, and take great pleasure in perpetuating it.

J.E.P.C.L.

POPULAR RACING CLUB OFFICIALS.

THERE are few figures better known in New Zealand racing circles than those presented in our well-executed group of Racing Club officials on this page. The burly form of Mr J. O. Evett will be quickly recognised as a faithful likeness. In performing the handicapping duties for the Auckland Racing Club, Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, Wellington Racing Club, and other kindred institutions, this gentleman has justly earned for himself the proud distinction of the

MR. W. PERCIVAL
Sec. Auckland R.C.

MR. J. O. EVETT
Hnd'c'pr for W., A., and H.B.



MR. H. M. LYON
Sec. Wellington R.C.

MR. F. D. LUCKIE
Sec. Hawke's Bay J.C.

Wrightsworth & Binns, photo., Well.

POPULAR RACING CLUB OFFICIALS.

In a moment he was on his feet again, and having rescued the boy, who had fallen off his back, he continued his course. The boy was strapped into the basket in just the same way as his sisters were, and landed safely on the other side.

Charlie was now compelled to rest a little, for he felt that he was exhausted, and incapable of fetching Mrs Burton. As he looked across to where the men were he saw Burton endeavouring to come to him along the rope in a hand-over-hand fashion, but Charlie could not wait for him. He made his way back to Mrs Burton, and after again resting a little time and taking some more brandy to strengthen himself, once more faced the sullen waters. She was a heavy woman, and he thought that neither of them could be saved, but he had been so lucky so far that he still hoped. On, on he struggled; he was getting weaker, weaker every minute; his eyes are getting dim; he feels dizzy; he is reeling; he hears a voice; he feels that he no longer holds Mrs Burton; then he remembers nothing more. Just as he was getting so weak Jim Burton had reached him, and immediately relieved him of his burden; he had fainted. Jim carried his wife to the basket, then hurried back to save Charlie. He was just in time, for in another moment that brave fellow would have given up the ghost. Jim rubbed him well for several minutes, and had the satisfaction to see consciousness returning. In about ten minutes more he was perfectly sensible. Burton then made his wife safe in the basket, and she was pulled across in a precarious condition. They were all very doubtful whether the basket would bear her weight or not; but it did. Jim pulled the basket back again with

'Admiral Rous of the North Island.' Mr F. B. Luckie, the genial secretary of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, likewise has made himself popular among all classes through his business tact and genial disposition, and the same can be said of Mr Wm. Percival (secretary of the Auckland Racing Club), and Mr H. M. Lyon (secretary of the Wellington Racing Club).

AMID PLEASANT SCENES.

THEY strolled along in a quiet way,
And neither one with a word to say,
He wasn't morose, exactly, nor
Was she in the pouts or tantrums, for
The sun was bright and the sky was blue
In a lovely way above these two;
And the roses bloomed in her fair young face,
While in his there wasn't the faintest trace
Of the faintest sorrow, or the slightest care;
But about the couple there was the air
Of something intangible—don't know what—
A kind of a was, and I wish there was not,
As they strolled along in a quiet way,
And neither a one with a word to say,
Indifferent? Maybe. Unsatisfied? Yes.
Though neither one would care to confess
So much as that. It was simply a case
Of what you will find in every place,
Be it country or town, or large or small,
They two were long married. That was all.

WOMAN.

'THIS is undoubtedly the age of woman, the world is at last beginning to understand the true position and true influence of women. The world needs women who will speak out and not be ashamed, women who will speak in their own homes as well as in public, and the voice of woman must in these days speak with no uncertain sound, and must say boldly and clearly that the law of morality for men and women is one and the same thing, and that in the Almighty's eyes there can be no distinction or difference.'

There have, indeed, been several startling changes during the last forty-six years in the position of woman as Miss Yonge in a recent interesting article pointed out. In those days girls could not walk in London unattended, could not go in a hansom, did not travel alone by railway, nor, indeed, were third-class carriages used by anyone above the rank of a labourer. As to university training, hospital nursing, public speaking, these were as much out of their reach as commanding a ship. . . . The Sunday school, clothing clubs, and cottage visiting were, in those past days, almost the only forms of dealing with the poor open to ladies, and everyone fought for her own hand, and had to form her own system, untested except by remote, often unknown results. Now everything is organised; great networks of associations cross one another, and the work in each department, although voluntary, is directed, stimulated and tried by periodical inspection. . . . Freedom of locomotion and rapidity of communication have

made an enormous difference in all our lives; it has rendered our women and girls far more independent, and given openings for usefulness, and likewise for amusement, of which our ancestresses never dreamt, or would have looked on with horror as unfeminine.

Twenty years ago the world would have wondered, and Mrs Ginnly sighed over the demonstration which took place a few days ago at Hampstead Physical Training College for Girls. The students who had completed the two years' course of practical and theoretical physical training first lectured to the delighted friends who were present on various anatomical, physiological, and hygienic subjects; they discoursed learnedly on 'the shoulder joint,' as well as 'the heat and circulation.' Wise counsels were followed by admirable gymnastic feats and skilful fencing. The girls were masked, and used ordinary foils. Swimming was the next part of the programme, and the side-strokes and under-water swimming triumphs were watched with keen interest by all the visitors. Five students gained certificates and appointments, three becoming teachers at the training college, one goes to the Friends' School at York, and the fifth to the Ellerslie College, Victoria Park, Manchester. In the days to which Miss Yonge alluded, what would have been thought of a ladies' cricket match on a public ground, gate money taken, or of Miss Leale—a member of the National Rifle Association—winning the 50s silver cup at Bisley, against 2300 of the best shots England can produce, before a crowd of eager spectators, handling her Martini-Henry in a manner which proved her equality with every man on the common, after an experience of only 18 months' duration!